

MOTOR CYCLE DON QUIXOTE

(2nd draft / 25 May 2006)

Written by Akio Miyazawa

Translated by Mika Eglinton

MOTOR CYCLE DON QUIXOTE was produced by Yuenchi-Saisei-Jigyoudan and performed at the 3rd Floor Hall, Building 1, Yokohama Redbrick Warehouse, from 23rd to 29th May 2006. (8 performances in total)

The characters and cast are as follows:

Tadao TAKEUCHI : Yutaka ODA

Machiko TAKEUCHI: Norie TAKAHASHI

Hitoshi SAKAZAKI: Gentaro SHIMOHUSA

Shiro KAMIYAMA: Masanori IWASAKI

Hideo MATSUURA: Shoichiro SUZUKI

Yuka TAKEUCHI: Yume TANAKA

The staff as follows:

Writer and Director: Akio MIYAZAWA

Stage and Costume Designer: Makiko HAYASHI

Producer: Tadashi UCHINO

Translator and Dramaturg: Mika EGLINTON

Stage Director: Toshiaki OGAKI

Assistant Director: Yu OSAWA

Lighting Designer: Shigeo SAITO

Lighting Operator: Akitomo SUZUKI

Sound Designer and Operator: Mitsuru HANDA

Cinematographer: Kentaro KISHI

Projection Operator: Manabu KATO

Costume Makers: Asami NISHIGUCHI and Kiyomi ISHIZUKA

Publicity Designer: Izumi SAITO

Publicity Photographer: Keizo KIOKU

Stage Photographer: Nobuhiko HIKICHI

Web Designer: Sho SOMA

Assistant Manager: Kanami SAKAI

Manager: Ariko NAGAI / Ukulele

Acknowledgements

This play was written as part of an intercultural project to investigate what Professor Stephen J Greenblatt has termed ‘cultural mobility’. This is a process of tracking the changes made to Shakespeare’s so-called ‘lost play’, Cardenio, through different theatre companies operating in different social and aesthetic communities and contexts. We would like to express our utmost gratitude to the Andrew W Mellon Foundation that generously supported this project. We would also like to thank Stephen and his collaborator playwright Mr Chares Mee, the staff at Harvard University, especially Kate Pilson and Emily Peterson, who made this project possible, and Japan Arts Council.

1. Morning

The entrance to a motorcycle shop. At Night. In the darkness, the silhouettes of several motorcycles appear. A shadow looms, but its form is hardly recognisable, though it is definitely human. It is hard to discern what types of clothes the figure is wearing. The figure moves slowly and awkwardly to a metal shutter on the outside of the shop and opens it up.

A shaft of light leaks in from outside and the shadow of a man looms inside. When the man opens up the shutter, thunderous music invades the shop. The man shouts:

MAN: Hey! Do you know what time it is? I have to work all day! Turn that music down! BE QUIET! Let me sleep!

The music stops abruptly. Once the noise has gone, we hear the distant sound of traffic.

The man stands still.

Long silence.

As time passes, daylight beams into the space.

As it gets lighter, we see the space transform into a motorcycle shop. There are several motorcycles and tools. On the desk, there is a computer display and something that looks like a cheque book. Near to the desk, there is a sofa suite. On the shelf along the wall, there is a coffee maker, several mugs, manuals and technical books on motorcycles; a schedule board and working clothes too. The right side of the stage is used as the living space and the left side as a garage; however, the border between the motorcycle shop and garage is unclear. The shop, which is full of disorderly parts and tools, seems connected to the garage.

The man stands still.

Time passes.

Passing time is measured by the sound of the coffee maker: the sound of boiling water and dripping coffee.

*Note: the parts in parenthesis are not verbally articulated, but expressed physically.

As dawn breaks, it becomes possible to see the man (Tadao TAKEUCHI) in his working clothes.

He enters the shop and sits on one of the motorcycles. He rubs the gas tank. Then he gets off the bike and starts cleaning parts of it.

The coffee has been made all too soon.

Tadao's wife Machiko, who looks too young for Tadao, enters and pours the coffee into a cup which she then places on the table.

MACHIKO: Your coffee's there, no ...(sugar or) . . .milk.

TADAO: ...

MACHIKO: ...(Making sure) You don't want sugar or milk, do you?

TADAO: ...

MACHIKO: I'll put it there.

She is about to exit backstage.

TADAO: Sleepless. Need black coffee. Head feels numb. Didn't it wake you up last night? Didn't you hear it? He put on that loud music again, it woke me up. I tried to get back to sleep, but I could only dream. It was a very clear dream. I couldn't figure out whether I was asleep or awake.

MACHIKO: You sounded like you were suffering. You were shouting something. I don't know what you were saying. It was a bad dream, wasn't it?

TADAO: Ye...Yes...(trying to speak) No, no point talking about it. Other people's dreams are too boring to listen to. Dreams are always like that.

MACHIKO: I also had a dream.

TADAO: A dream? Did you?

MACHIKO: I heard noises in the distance. The shutters were rattling. Then I heard some music, somebody was outside, shouting in a loud voice, 'Hey! Do you know what time it is? '

TADAO: Was that a dream?

Tadao sits on the sofa and starts drinking the coffee.

MACHIKO: Was I asleep? Or was I awake? It's always like that. I'm never quite sure if I'm asleep or awake. Always. At night in bed, in the daytime . . . when I go out to the shops, and when I prepare for dinner . . . When there's nobody around and I'm alone at home, I hear a faint sound, from somewhere. I don't know what kind of sound it is. A tinkle. Slight, the slightest sound. The sound of a machine? It's so faint. Listening to it, I feel sleepy. Always, I feel my eyes are half closed . . .

TADAO: . . . Here, come here (*beckoning*)

MACHIKO: What?

Machiko comes close to Tadao and sits on the sofa in front of him.

TADAO: Not there. (*Pointing at the sofa next to himself*)

Machiko moves next to Tadao on the sofa.

All of a sudden, Tadao hugs Machiko tightly and she does not resist.

Silence.

TADAO: . . . (*Still holding Machiko*) Sakazaki will be here soon.

MACHIKO: Doesn't matter. Let him come.

TADAO: He can't see us like this.

MACHIKO: But, we're a couple.

TADAO: We're not doing anything wrong.

MACHIKO: Actually, we're doing it right.

TADAO: A couple in love, forever?

MACHIKO: A couple with an age difference, but in love, forever, for good.

TADAO: But, what would people think of a couple doing this sort of thing in the morning?

MACHIKO: A couple in a good relationship.

Tadao releases Machiko and stands up to start wiping the motorcycle with a towel again.

MACHIKO: Is that it?

TADAO: It was getting stupid.

MACHIKO: Why? (*Standing up*) Well if you can't do that, I will jump on you and hug you.

TADAO: (*Avoiding Machiko*) Don't force yourself onto-

MACHIKO: You, it's you who are forcing yourself. But why? Are you feeling your age? Have you already lost interest in holding a woman?

TADAO: It's not like that.

MACHIKO: You feel useless as a man, do you?

TADAO: (*Insistently*) It's not like that, I said.

Machiko looks surprised to hear Tadao, her body stiffens.

Tadao stares at her.

TADAO: I am forcing myself. You too. This is bad for our health.

MACHIKO: . . .

TADAO: Don't force yourself, it's . . .

MACHIKO: I'm not.

TADAO: That's fine.

MACHIKO: Do I look strange? Do I look different from other people?

TADAO: No. What I wanted to say . . .

MACHIKO: . . . I always feel vacant as though I'm sleeping. I'm not sure whether this world is real or not.

TADAO: Here is here, it's nothing like the other place. I am here for sure, but you aren't. That's how it must be.

MACHIKO: I am here.

TADAO: . . .

MACHIKO: . . . I, I exist here. But, I'm not so sure what here is.

TADAO: Here is my motorcycle shop. My shop in Tsurumi.

MACHIKO: (I do know) that.

TADAO: Then what is it that (you don't know).

MACHIKO: Ah . . . (I) . . . where (am I) . . . my (body) . . . where (is it) . . .

Silence.

Hitoshi Sakazaki enters on a 50cc scooter through the open shutter.

TADAO: *(Looks at Sakazaki as if to say ‘Morning’.)*

SAKAZAKI: *(Bows in response to Tadao’s greeting)*

MACHIKO: Good morning.

SAKAZAKI: *(Bows in silence)*

MACHIKO: Sakazaki-san, do you want a cup of coffee?

SAKAZAKI: (No) . . .

MACHIKO: Don’t you need it?

Sakazaki gets off the motorcycle and takes off his helmet. Then he takes his work clothes and walks off to the garage without saying a thing, as if insisting that this is his habit.

MACHIKO: You know, Sakazaki-san’s always the same. In the morning, he says nothing. Then after a while, he’ll mumble a few words. *(Laughs)* It’s funny. What was it he said the other day? He looked like he was talking to the wall. Then he looked at the palms of his hands and said, ‘I’ve got so many wrinkles? I’ve got so many wrinkles.’

TADAO: *(Staring at his own palms)* Full of wrinkles.

MACHIKO: He said ‘I’ve got so many wrinkles’.

TADAO: Very dirty.

MACHIKO: It’s natural. There are wrinkles on the palms of all human hands. Look, my palms have them too. *(Looking in the direction of the garage)* I was waiting to hear what Sakazaki would say next. But he said nothing. He stared at his hands for a while in silence.

TADAO: So did he say anything to you?

MACHIKO: To me what? You mean did Sakazaki-san want to say something to me?

TADAO: Never mind . . . Is that all he talked about, wrinkles?

MACHIKO: He went back to the garage, saying nothing, he just went back to work as usual.

TADAO: . . . That’s him. He’s a hard worker.

MACHIKO: Right, without him, we’d be in mess. An old shop master and his wife a bit out of tune but still managing. That’s a miracle. And it’s all thanks to him. We owe everything to Sakazaki-san.

TADAO: He’s still young. Young, but reliable. Especially when compared to *(suddenly looking in the direction of the shutter)* that lad, what’s his name again?

MACHIKO: Who?

TADAO: That lad! The Nakayama's stupid son. Masao, yes Masao. How old is he now? Playing rock music in the middle of the night, at such high volume! Rock's fine. I used to listen to Rock too when I was young. I still like it, but you can't listen to it that loud in the middle of the night. What a stupid son! What's his name again? Masa, is it? Yes, Masao, that's it, it's Masao. He never works, he's always hanging around. During the day he just hangs around there. He's weird.

MACHIKO: Masao-kun was a junior high or high school student when I first came here, wasn't he? So he must be over twenty now or is he still in his teens? I sometimes see him in the supermarket.

TADAO: Masao (goes to the) supermarket?

MACHIKO: I watch him to see what he's gonna buy, but he just stares vacantly at the shelves.

TADAO: Twenty. When I was twenty, I had already started working. I was in a motorcycle shop like this, and my hands were stained with oil like they are now. (*Looks at the palms of his hands again.*) I wash and wash, but the stain under the nails never goes away. How old is he? Yeah, is he twenty or still a teenager? Anyway, he's young. I also had free summers when I was a teenager. But look, now my hands have become like this, full of wrinkles and all dirty. Dirty sadness. This is the sort of sadness you become aware of when you get old like me.

MACHIKO: . . .

TADAO: . . . (*Stares at his hands*)

MACHIKO: (*Faint laugh*)

TADAO: Why do you laugh?

MACHIKO: You look so lost.

TADAO: Masao?

MACHIKO: You do. . . . Coffee, drink it before it gets cold. You wanted to have some didn't you? I made it for you.

Machiko is about to move.

TADAO: Machiko.

MACHIKO: (*Turns around slowly*) What?

TADAO: The dream I talked about . . . (*After second thought*) . . . No, nothing.

MACHIKO: Tell me. If you start talking, you have to finish . . . oh, I know you meant

Yuka-chan. Have you got something more to say? I think it's ok if Yuka-chan came to that decision by herself. She should do what she wants to do.

TADAO: I don't mean that.

MACHIKO: What then? You are strange today. It's strange for you to hold me like that, so early in the morning. What's wrong? Why are you so worried? She's already a high-school student and it's great that she can decide her future by herself. I wasn't like that. I wasn't so certain. I was a . . . (failure)

TADAO: That's enough about Yuka

MACHIKO: She asked me 'what do you think, Mom?'

TADAO: So what! I said that's enough. No more talking about that!

MACHIKO: . . .

TADAO: . . . (Sorry for) Shouting. I'm sleepless. Why did I shout....

Machiko exits silently to the living space.

Tadao sits down on the sofa and has the cup of coffee. He stands up to switch on the radio near the shelf. Music flows: a mellow movie type music. Probably because Tadao doesn't like it that much, he changes channel. Rock music flows.

Sakazaki who has changed into overalls re-enters and comes to the radio. He retunes it and Rap music flows.

TADAO: (Stares vacantly outside) ...

SAKAZAKI: . . . strange.

TADAO: The radio?

SAKAZAKI: No, Masao . . . (You know that weird guy.) Always hanging around. (Nobody knows what he's doing.) Right now, he's walking around (this early in the morning.) It's rare, isn't it? That guy, around at this (time).

TADAO: Last night, in the middle of night, Masao turned his music on real loud.

Tadao turns off the radio.

TADAO: Thanks to him, I'm totally sleepless.

SAKAZAKI: All the more (strange). (For him to walk around) this early in the morning.

Tadao and Sakazaki look outside as if peeping through the shutter.

TADAO: Is there a festival today?

SAKAZAKI: . . . (a festival)?

TADAO: Otherwise Masao wouldn't have come out? Those guys come out on festival days. If today is not a festival, then in that case it's. . .

SAKAZAKI: (Because of the) Good weather.

TADAO: An insect. Is he an insect? Because of the good weather, does he come out like an insect? He is still a man, right? Otherwise he must be an insect, always staying closed up at home. You know those kinds of insects. We don't see them around much these days . . .

SAKAZAKI: Grasshoppers?

TADAO: No, you know what I mean-

SAKAZAKI: Cicadas?

TADAO: No . . . (This area) has changed. This town too. When I was a kid, I often saw those insects. The population increased; even though this area was always packed with factories, they were in the yards.

SAKAZAKI: I'm not from around here. I'm not from Tsurumi so I don't know about the old days. Were there insects around at that time? Nowadays, I only find cockroaches.

TADAO: Masao is around.

SAKAZAKI: So Masao is an insect.

TADAO: Well, it's good, at least he's harmless. He just turns on that loud music and annoys the neighbours. What do you call them, those insects that hide in bags and hang from strings?

SAKAZAKI: Masao.

TADAO: That's Masao.

Tadao and Sakazaki observe the outside for a while.

Then Sakazaki becomes bored and is about to walk back to the garage.

SAKAZAKI: You haven't spoken to Machiko yet?

Hearing Tadao's words, Sakazaki stops.

SAKAZAKI: . . .

TADAO: What is it, can't you seduce her?

SAKAZAKI: . . .

TADAO: Fine, I can wait until you find the motivation. Have a cup of coffee. Take your time. (*Pointing out the sofa*) Why don't you have a seat? Relax. Drink the coffee first and then get started on the job.

Sakazaki remains still.

TADAO: Have a seat.

Saying so, Tadao pours the coffee into a cup.

As if he didn't have a choice, Sakazaki hesitates then sits down on the sofa.

TADAO: Are you still doing Satonaka-san's Kawasaki?

SAKAZAKI: It's done. I also repaired the Yamaha SR Takeda-san left us yesterday. I'm now working on Kuramoto-san's bike.

TADAO: Always good. You're such a fine workman, you do an efficient and excellent job.

SAKAZAKI: It's you who taught me.

TADAO: I didn't teach you anything.

SAKAZAKI: Anyone can do a good job if they take their time, but I learnt how to finish the job efficiently and how to customize a motorcycle quickly by watching you work.

TADAO: You're better than me now.

SAKAZAKI: You can't say that.

TADAO: I'm tired.

SAKAZAKI: Doesn't sound like you. I'm always trying to catch up with you, but if you keep moaning like this, I- (what can I do?)

TADAO: I'm too old now. I'm tired and weak.

SAKAZAKI: You look pale, that's for sure.

TADAO: I couldn't sleep.

SAKAZAKI: Because of Masao?

TADAO: I had a terrible dream. I didn't know whether I was asleep or awake. Desperately fighting, I was. There was . . . what's it called. . . you know . . . a windmill. I think it had wings. Yes, definitely wings. Looked like a huge electric fan. I was in it, spinning around. I was on a motorcycle. Riding, I held my sword like this, to avoid the

wings.

SAKAZAKI: . . .

TADAO: The wings were threatening to tear me apart. Whenever I ran they followed me. What kind of dream is that? A premonition? A symbol of something? Who was with me? There was a man on the bike as well... (Yeah, it was) you, Sakazaki. You had the audacity not to help me, you just kept laughing at me. How pitiless you were! When did you turn out to be such a man? You used to be a better person than that...

Whilst talking, Tadao gives Sakazaki a cup of coffee. Sakazaki drinks the coffee and listens to Tadao talk for a while.

SAKAZAKI: *(Interrupting Tadao's speech)* You're being absurd, surely.

TADAO: . . . Yes, I'm being absurd. It was my dream. A weird dream, so there's no point talking about it with others.

SAKAZAKI: No, that's not what I meant. I can't say (something like) that to Machiko-san.

TADAO: . . . (Oh, you're talking about that again.)

SAKAZAKI: Yes, that thing.

TADAO: So, it's a joke. Just a joke, is that what you think?

SAKAZAKI: . . . what happens if it's . . . serious?

TADAO: Machiko?

SAKAZAKI: Me.

TADAO: . . .

SAKAZAKI: I'm just wondering what will happen if I'm serious, if it's not a joke . . .

TADAO: Why not? If you're serious, that's even better. That means you're not pretending. If you pretend, Machiko will tell immediately; she's not that stupid. What's more . . . (she used to be an actress). If an amateur performs in front of her, she'll definitely be able to tell. Yes, it's better if you're serious and not lying. *(As if surprised at something)* . . . Are you serious? Are you really serious about Machiko?

SAKAZAKI: You are ridiculously stupid!

Tadao, who has been sitting on the sofa whilst narrating his dream, stands up again and sits on the motorcycle.

Silence.

TADAO: . . . Huge wings were spinning and threatening me. I fought against them so desperately, but the wings came to me to tear me apart.

Sakazaki's mobile phone rings. He takes it out from his overall pocket and checks the number display.

SAKAZAKI: Another fool calling. *(He answers the phone.)*

TADAO: The world is full of fools. Fools are controlling the world.

SAKAZAKI: *(Answering the phone)* Oh my-

TADAO: Fools are sad, fools are pathetic . . .

SAKAZAKI: *(Answering the phone)* Yeah.

While Sakazaki is talking on the phone, Tadao's daughter Yuka, dressed in her high-school uniform with a bag, enters from under the shutter.

TADAO: *(Noticing Yuka)* What's the matter?

YUKA: Morning.

Sakazaki nods to Yuka while he is talking on the phone.

TADAO: Are you sick? It's time to go. You'll be late.

Without saying anything, Yuka exits.

TADAO: Are you still angry? But, you can't do that, I can't allow you to do that.

SAKAZAKI: *(Still on the phone)* Yeah, yeah, I'll have a look at it, bring it over here. . . . Yeah, ok.

Sakazaki cuts off the call and walks off to the garage. Tadao is left sitting on the motorbike. He sends Yuka off.

TADAO: Yuka, why can't you understand that? Everyone has a few things that they don't accept. It's simply not acceptable for me, it's not good for me at all . . . I see, that's

why I had that weird dream . . . terrible dream. I tried to cut off the wings like this. Whenever I cut off one wing, another one appeared. A huge wing. Turning, spinning. I cut off one wing, but it kept turning; another wing came and I cut it off; then another and another turning, spinning. Gyrating wings trying to catch me. Spinning, spinning-spinning-spinning, spinning-spinning-spinning-spinning-spinning-spinning-spinning-spinning-spinning-spinning. . .

Over Tadao's voice, rock music at loud volume starts flowing in from outside. The space is surrounded by dusk.

2. A Lost Play

A man enters slowly from the other side of the shutter. His figure turns out to be a man in a very theatrical costume.

Tadao stares at the man whilst riding on the motorcycle.

MAN: Where art thou hiding?
Thou regardst me as a detested serpent?
Thou behavest thus due to my gentle birth?
Thou shalt not refrain from answering me.
Even thy birth is different from mine.
Like a beautiful bird avoids humans
Saying birds are different from humans.
Yet humans can never hate but only love
The heavenly song of birds.
Thy youth knowst not the hearts of men yet.
The legend says that an ancient king
Rapt with the sparkle of jewels
As if fallen in love with the colour of flowers
To lose everything.
Thou shalt not be afraid of me.
Yet thou singst in a voice exquisite and whispering.
That never suits men, in contrast to women.
Female whispering voices enrich the listeners
With a delicate God-like melody.
Please let me hear, thy beautiful bird
I wait for thee; I wait for thee til' thou singst a song.

VOICE: What is your will to make me suffer so much, my Lord?

A woman appears from the shadows, it looks like Machiko. In fact, it's Machiko at a young age.

MAN: Thou hast been hiding in such a place
That will destroy thy beautiful voice.

Like the story of Cinderella sleeping under an oven,
Thou hast an incompatible innocent heart.
Let me hear thy inquisitive voice.

WOMAN: Please forgive me

MAN: Not only thy voice, I love thine eyes, thine ears,
Thy white round cheeks.
Do not hide thy head, or thy beauty will fade
Beauty glories in the day under the shine of sun.
In the night under the shine of moon
Between day and night, what does beauty look like?
Come, show thy face.

WOMAN: My lord, please forgive me

Please permit me to go back to my home.

MAN: What shall I permit?

What dost thy sorrowful eyes narrate?
O thy sorrow is mine.
Wipe away thy tears.
Although tears are like sparkling crystals
Lamenting women are as pathetic as falling flowers.
Do not weep, frailty, thy name is woman.
Show thy face, thy beautiful face.

The Man comes close to the Woman and tries to hug her, but she escapes.

MAN: Dost thou intend to tease me, the King of this country?
Dost thou intend to ruin me by thy beauty?

WOMAN: No, 'tis not true.

There are reasons behind my tears.
Female tears cannot be shed without reasons.
Yet falling tears rarely wet a woman's cheek.
Who decided that women must shed tears?

MAN: Old tradition says that women weep
To ruin men's sanity.

WOMAN: I have my bride elect in my hometown.
I could never fail in my duty to him.

Numerous letters we exchanged
As many as the stars are numbered.

Silence.

MAN: Thou believest that I am unaware of that?
Fortunately the man is my old friend.
I found thy beauty at his house.

WOMAN: Then you must know that
He and I were raised as the bride and groom elect
Til' today without touching each other, even a finger.

MAN: Worry not, for he knows of our affair.
I negotiated with thy father to allow our marriage.

WOMAN: Now come, come to this bosom
As if the baby cries for the mother's smell.
I will accept thee in that soft bosom
Not to hurt thy beauty
As if parent birds nurture baby birds
I wait for thy pretty songs.

The Woman still tries to escape.

MAN: Dost thou dare escape me again?
Dost thou seek for my old friend?

WOMAN: Time. The time we shared together.

MAN: If so, show me the time here
I will examine the time
How thick it is
Time is the most unreliable of things
The awaited time never comes easily
The unwanted time comes so soon
The time between thee and that man is trivial
Short as a few years, days, hours.

WOMAN: That is fine by me
If the time together with him is shorter

It will be all the more heartrendingly passionate.
The life of the flower is short
Yet the time of its bloom is the shortest on earth.
All the more reason that the flower is beautiful.

MAN: Am I not beautiful?

WOMAN: Yes, your beauty is unique.

Yet it is too late for this encounter.
Everything has its own time.
All good liquor has a best time to be drunk.
It is no better to wait longer to drink.
Even the most tasteful and highest graded liquor
Cannot beat the liquor in the best time.
Everything has its own time; surplus is unnecessary.
I have the man, who is waiting in my hometown.

MAN: O, how irritating!

Let the man come here immediately.
You shall live in the basement cell for a while.
Does this order change thy mind?
Art thou prepared for it?
I have vast wealth, the nation's pride and the glory of power,
And human intelligence that rules all.
On the other hand, there is that wretched yokel.
To which thy heart does incline?
Nay, wait, thou shalt narrate the ideal
By exploiting thy rhetoric to narrate thy love for the man.
Yet is that true love?
The dream is here; thy beauty is here in the castle.
Sing a song for me; let me hear thy pretty song.

WOMAN: I cannot. My mouth is full of sorrow.

MAN: I see. Seize the woman and confine her to the underground.

The woman starts to run.

MAN: Dost thou not see there is no place to escape?
Thou canst never escape from thy ironic destiny.

That has been decided since I saw thee.
Thy father agrees with me.
Everything is prepared.
Deliberate which way thy shalt take in the underground.
From which direction the moon appears out disappear?
When is the season of blooming?
When do the stars glitter most?
Those are already destined.
Disseverance to thy destiny is useless.
Since that falls into my hands.

Tadao who has been observing the run of events gets off the motorcycle.

TADAO: Are you going to throw her away once you get tired with her?

MAN: I don't know about that. I may want to keep this graceful thing at hand.

TADAO: Women are ornaments for you?

MAN: I always obtain what I want.

WOMAN: Can you teach me your art of seduction?

As if surrounded by pursuers, the Woman runs back on stage and falls over; she seems to have injured her leg and is out of breath.

TADAO: Machiko!

Tadao runs to help Machiko.

TADAO: Are you hurt? Is your leg ok?

WOMAN: I don't know why I came back here. Maybe for his status. If I were married to him, I would be happy. Maybe I chose him. Love is such a thing, a fragile thing. Therefore I chose the King.

MAN: This is my art of coaxing. It's easy: fame, money and power.

Saying so, the Man is gone.

Tadao watches the Man leave, while tasting something bitter.

TADAO: You'll be dumped, some day. Like rubbish, you'll be dumped. Why do you like that kind of guy?

WOMAN: I don't mind being dumped. Before you get dumped, you can be happier than you are now. (*Impulsively*) Ouch!

TADAO: Your leg? Take a rest over there. Here, lean on my shoulder. Can you walk? If you cannot, take support on my shoulder.

The couple walk in a different direction than the Man took.

2. Strange Noises

There is nobody in the motorcycle shop.

Hisao Matsuura enters the shop pushing his scooter.

Perplexed, he looks around the shop.

MATSUURA: Sakazaki-san, are you there? Anybody there? Nobody? Master? (That's strange . . .)

Matsuura props up his bike and sits on the sofa. He lights a cigarette and starts smoking. While waiting, he calls out Sakazaki's name from time to time.

MATSUURA: Are you hiding somewhere? Are you hiding because you knew I was coming?

Silence.

Matsuura gets up to turn on the radio. Rap music flows.

He sits on the sofa again and drinks the coffee that Sakazaki left.

MATSUURA: Shit! (Bloody cold.)

Yuka enters.

YUKA: Nobody here? Only you, Matsuura-san.

MATSUURA: What, Yuka-chan, what about school? You're already late, aren't you? No point going now is there? Why don't you take a day off?

YUKA: My mobile phone. I forgot it so I quickly ran back here.

MATSUURA: Yeah, you definitely need it.

YUKA: I ran and ran.

MATSUURA: I get nervous if I don't have my mobile. If you don't have it, you can't do anything, you can't contact anybody.

YUKA: Mom's inside, shall I call her?

MATSUURA: Only Sakazaki-san can fix this.

YUKA: Is he working?

MATSUURA: I called him earlier. (*Showing his mobile phone to Yuka*) Sakazaki-san.

Matsuura goes to his scooter.

MATSUURA: It's making strange noises. So strange that I want to show it Sakazaki-san.
(*He checks his scooter.*)

YUKA: Matsuura-san, have you never thought about going to college?

MATSUURA: (*Checking his scooter*) You don't mix words!

YUKA: Have you never thought about it?

MATSUURA: I only got as far as junior-high.

YUKA: I see.

MATSUURA: Strictly speaking, I got into high school, but I never went, not even for a day.

YUKA: That's cool.

MATSUURA: Not at all.

YUKA: You're so determined, so manly.

MATSUURA: Are you worried about the future? I rather envy you, because you're able to worry about it. I just went to any school that'd take me. Well the place was full of kids like me . . . (Yuka-chan) are you worried? Are you already worried?

YUKA: Dad is against me.

MATSUURA: It's rare nowadays. He's a good dad, isn't he? Nowadays parents just let their children do what they like. As a result, lads like me come up. I'm the result of them letting go.

YUKA: I told him I want to study drama.

MATSUURA: What's that?

YUKA: I want to study drama at university and talk about the school I want to go to. He just said NO! No, no, drama is no good. Drama is not acceptable.

MATSUURA: Hmm. I don't know much about it, but what drama means to me is, well, that jungle thing? What d'you call it? It looks like dancing-

YUKA: Jungle? Lion?

MATSUURA: I dunno, but dancing and singing, is that what you wanna do?

YUKA: I don't want to do anything in particular.

MATSUURA: Oh, I don't understand (what you're saying).

YUKA: I'm still not clear about what I want to do. But I want to go to university. And if I go, I want to do something interesting.

MATSUURA: I, I've got something I wanna do.

YUKA: My mother used to be an actress.

MATSUURA: Mum, you've got a mum all of sudden.

YUKA: An actress...it sounds so nice.

MATSUURA: She's very beautiful. And still so young. Why did such a beauty get together with an old man? There's a big age gap, right? She's very attractive. (Your mum)

YUKA: . . . (There's no point talking to) this guy.

Yuka checks the time on her mobile phone.

YUKA: I should go.

MATSUURA: Take a day off. Even if you go there, the second class will've already started right? I can't tell cos I've never been to high school.

YUKA: I'll go.

MATSUURA: Take a day off, I said. (*Grasping Yuka's hand*)

YUKA: What's that on your hand?

MATSUURA: Let's go have some fun. (*Pulling Yuka's hand even stronger.*)

YUKA: It's dirty isn't it?

MATSUURA: Why not?

YUKA: Let me go.

MATSUURA: What? I've been polite to you then you-

YUKA: Sakazaki-san is coming.

Hearing the name of Sakazaki, Matsuura lets go of Yuka's hand.

Yuka motions shaking the dirt from her hand.

MATSUURA: (Sakazaki-san is) Scary. That guy...how do you say? ...Scares me. People often say it about him, he has an unspeakable past or something like that, don't you think so? He must have that sort of past. Sakazaki-san's past. Well, everybody has a past but not like his. How can I describe it? You can't even ask about it, because you feel like you shouldn't be talking about it to him...

Sakazaki enters.

MATSUURA: (*Realising that Sakazaki is coming*) Ah.

Sakazaki notices Matsuura's scooter.

SAKAZAKI: Get rid of that scooter. It'd be cheaper to buy a new one.

MATSUURA: (*Standing up*) That's why I'm asking you to fix it, Sakazaki-san.

YUKA: Sakazaki-san, do you have a past?

MATSUURA: Hey.

Sakazaki is checking Matsuura's scooter in detail.

SAKAZAKI: Past? . . . I have a past, of course, because I've been living all the way. . . you won't find a person without one. (*To Matsuura*) It's better to change the tyre. It's dangerous.

MATSUURA: (*Out of focus*) Ah, that's what (I thought).

YUKA: What about an actress? I don't know Mom's past.

MATSUURA: Don't you ask her about it?

YUKA: I ask her, but she rarely talks about it.

MATSUURA: How did they get to know each other? Yuka chan's Mom and Dad. Cause, they don't exactly fit together. I thought they were a brother and a sister, well, they don't look alike, but even so (how come they can be a couple) -

YUKA: Dunno. Before I realised, she was already here. She was at home, before I noticed, saying I've become your Mom . . .

Saying so, Yuka exits.

Sakazaki has been checking the scooter and pretending not to listen to anything.

SAKAZAKI: As I said, you should sell this. No, actually nobody will buy it. Get rid of it. It's useless anyway.

MATSUURA: But, this can still run. I can still ride on it. Cause I have no money, right now.

SAKAZAKI: What did you say was wrong with it?

MATSUURA: The engine. It sounds strange.

SAKAZAKI: What kind of sound?

Sakazaki starts the engine by turning the key in the ignition.

They check the noise of engine for a while and then cut it off.

*After the noise has gone, the sound of rock music becomes apparent from behind.
Perhaps Masao is listening to his music again.*

MATSUURA: Strange, right?

SAKAZAKI: What d'you mean?

MATSUURA: You can't tell? Slightly different than usual, isn't it? Don't you think something's wrong with this engine?

SAKAZAKI: When did you buy this?

MATSUURA: I got this from Shigehara. What, last year? No, the year before. Heisei, ah yes, the year Heisei sixteen. He said he didn't use it anymore so I could have it-

SAKAZAKI: Do you have a licence for mid-range bikes?

MATSUURA: I do, but I don't have the money. (*Looking at the motorcycle at centre stage*) Cool. That must be expensive. I wanna ride-

Saying so, Matsuura notices the music and looks for the source of the music. Sakazaki also notices it.

SAKAZAKI: Why don't you ride the customised SR bike? If you keep riding on a scooter like that, you'll become hopeless. Be a man! By the way, what do you do? What's your job?

MATSUURA: Well, I do side jobs. I go to the Daikoku Pier and get one-day jobs. I go there to pick up a daily allowance to play. But to work everyday is tight. It's tight working as a day labourer.

SAKAZAKI: Make money and ride either an SR or an XR. You'll become an idiot if you keep riding this. (*Pointing at the scooter*) People who ride this get more and more useless.

MATSUURA: Either way I'm useless.

SAKAZAKI: Are you living with your parents? You don't have eating problems do you? So you should save up some money. You should get a loan. Get a loan but make sure you never borrow money from a dodgy place. You'll get killed. If you're really unlucky, your body'll end up floating in the harbour.

Saying so, Sakazaki takes some motorcycle magazines from the shelf.

MATSUURA: Are there any easy-going ventures? I'd do anything to make big money.

SAKAZAKI: Look at this.

Pointing out a magazine, Sakazaki sits on the sofa. Matsuura follows Sakazaki and takes one of the magazines. They sit reading their magazines for a while.

SAKAZAKI: Seeing these bikes, makes you wanna take em' for a ride.

MATSUURA: I'd love to, but they're so expensive. *(Sitting in the sofa.)*

SAKAZAKI: This is beautiful. This one, the customised model. *(Showing him one of the pictures in the magazine.)* They changed the tyres and lights too. Standard speck is bigger than this.

Saying so, Sakazaki takes out a cigarette and puts it in his mouth. He puts the packet on the table.

MATSUURA: I wanna ride on that motorcycle. Don't you know a way to make a fast buck? If I could just get one million yen...I don't mind doing a few risky jobs here and there.

SAKAZAKI: Could you really do that?

MATSUURA: Of course.

SAKAZAKI: Do women and feed them dope. It's so easy, they can't live without dope. Their bodies will change just like that. After letting them play, I'll sell them off. Would you be able to do that? You've gotta have grit and guts.

MATSUURA: That's dodgy.

SAKAZAKI: You won't do it, right?

MATSUURA: Would you do it, Sakazaki-san?

Matsuura offers his cheap plastic lighter to Sakazaki, who still can't find his lighter.

SAKAZAKI: I used to do that, when I was young.

MATSUURA: . . .

They become silent again. Sakazaki starts reading though the magazines and Matsuura looks him vaguely.

Tadao enters from the house.

*He notices Sakazaki and Matsuura but just goes straight out under the shutter.
Sakazaki and Matsuura start reading their magazines again.
After a while, the music is turned off.*

Silence

Tadao returns.

TADAO: What an idiot!

SAKAZAKI: Masao?

Tadao finds Matsuura's scooter and looks at it.

TADAO: I'm sleepless. And he's playing loud music again and again. I tried to have a nap so as not to be annoyed by the music. *(Examining the scooter.)*

MATSUURA: *(To Sakazaki)* Does that music bother you?

SAKAZAKI: The boss is totally out of tune.

TADAO: If he is an insect, he should be strolling idly like an insect. I went inside his house and shouted at him, told him insects shouldn't listen to music.

MATSUURA: *(To Sakazaki)* Who's an insect?

SAKAZAKI: *(Without responding to Matsuura, standing up. To Tadao)* This is useless. I said to him you should buy a new one, but he insists-

MATSUURA: *(Standing up)* It makes strange noises.

Tadao starts the engine without speaking.

The scooter engine makes a strange noise.

The three are listening to the noise for a while, but Tadao switches it off.

MATSUURA: Strange, isn't it?

TADAO: *(Very abruptly)* It's a crap engine!

Tadao kicks the scooter.

SAKAZAKI: What are you doing-

TADAO: Get rid of that shitty scooter. You're a fool to keep it.

MATSUURA: I've been a fool from the beginning. But you're crazier than me. Repair it!

TADAO: Alright, I'll repair it.

Tadao brings out a hammer and tries to hit the scooter. Matsuura stops Tadao by binding his arms behind the back.

MATSUURA: Stop it, old man

TADAO: Leave me alone, this kinda scooter deserves it.

Matsuura pushes Tadao hard.

Tadao falls on the floor and soon gets up.

TADAO: You did it! What admirable grit and guts, you dared to slap me to the ground. Now, I'll strike back with twice as much, no, a hundred-times more pain.

MATSUURA: Gone mad, old man?

SAKAZAKI: You insolent fellow, you dare call me, this night, an old man. I cannot forgive you.

Now Tadao raises the hammer towards Matsuura, who runs away outside the shutter. Tadao follows him with the hammer. They both run outside.

Sakazaki, who has been observing the series of events, returns the magazines to the shelf and slowly walks to the garage.

Nobody on stage.

A short time passes.

Machiko enters with a tray. She starts clearing up the table and finds a pack of cigarettes there. Sakazaki returns and stops when he sees her.

SAKAZAKI: . . .

MACHIKO: (Seeing Sakazaki and showing him the cigarettes) Is this? I'm wondering whose this is, it's different from Tadao-san's. I thought you have quit smoking.

Sakazaki comes closer to Machiko and takes the cigarettes.

SAKAZAKI: Yeah, (I have quit smoking).

MACHIKO: Then, what's that?

SAKAZAKI: I quit, but I want to smoke unintentionally. So I have cigarettes, but (I have no) lighter. I just hold a fag in my mouth (*demonstrating*), and then I'm satisfied.

MACHIKO: You're funny.

SAKAZAKI: The boss should also quit.

MACHIKO: He never listens when I tell him to. Never listen to a word I say. You know what he's like.

Machiko is about to leave with some cups on the tray.

SAKAZAKI: It doesn't suit you.

MACHIKO: What?

SAKAZAKI: You behaving like that, it's not real at all. The fact that you are here in this house seems kinda fake. It doesn't suit you. When was it you came here for the first time . . . was it... but I got the impression that . . .you were acting here, from the beginning.

MACHIKO: Me? How come?

SAKAZAKI: . . .

Without a word, Sakazaki is about to leave to the garage.

MACHIKO: Hey, answer me!

SAKAZAKI: . . . (*He stops walking.*)

MACHIKO: Why won't you answer me? Why do I look fake?

Machiko puts the tray on the table.

SAKAZAKI: Surely you know better than me.

MACHIKO: . . .

Machiko sits on the sofa.

MACHIKO: . . . I...I live an ordinary life. I wake up at 6:30 am. When I'm preparing

for breakfast, Yuka-chan wakes up and says 'morning' to me so I say, 'Morning' to her. Tadao-san takes a seat and we have breakfast. He opens the shutter around the time Yuka-chan goes to school. When I wash the dishes, I hear the clattering noises. I feel the air from outside even in the kitchen. Then finally I think to myself the day has begun. 'Morning', 'have a good day', 'good afternoon', 'hello'. The telephone in the shop rings. Tadao-san and Sakazaki-san are busy working and can't answer it; it keeps ringing all the time. Then I answer it, 'hello'. I know a bit about motorbikes these days, so I can talk about easy repairs. 'Yes, yes, I understand. I am afraid we cannot repair it immediately but we can check the condition if you could bring the motorcycle to our shop'. Then, I start washing. After I've cleaned the rooms and sorted out the papers, it's already lunchtime. Sakazaki-san has lunch outside but Tadao-san and I have a simple lunch at home. We switch the TV on, watch all the boring programmes. He chuckles, Tadao-san, watching the boring programmes. I prefer watching him chuckle. And everything is just fine. In the afternoon, I sort out all the sales slips. I input the data into the computer. This is tax-related, so it's better to sort it out on a daily basis than to do it in a hurry just before the tax returns. I patter away on my keyboard. Tadao-san goes out to buy tobacco. Sakazaki is working in the garage. Evening comes. Lights go on. Customers come around by this time to get bicycle punctures fixed. I ask Sakazaki-san to take care of the house while I go out shopping to the nearby Seiyu supermarket. I meet some acquaintances there, 'Good evening', and 'Long time no see', 'Your son is now a University student too.' All sorts of idle conversation. Then I'll start cooking dinner. On a usual day, Yuka-chan returns home a little late. Tadao-san welcomes her in. 'I'm back', 'Welcome home'. Yuka-chan tends to be sulky. While watching TV, we have our meal. All we hear is bad news. Another murder. Another exaggerated report. Wars in far away places. Many people are being killed. It's getting late. I know Sakazaki is still working in the garage. I say 'it's time to finish', and he answers 'I can't stop til' I've finished this.' It's already late. I can hear Yuka-chan talking on the phone from upstairs, and the noise of Sakazaki-san's work from the garage. Here in Tsurumi it's quiet. I just hear the traffic in the distance. And that's how a day passes. A usual day, just like today.

SAKAZAKI: From the another person's point of view, it seems very very peaceful.

MACHIKO: Is it ok if I talk like this? Or should I perform another me?

SAKAZAKI: Just as I thought, you *are* an actress.

Again, rock music can be heard in the distance.

Machiko glances in the direction of the music, with her eyes closed.

The music drifts in.

MACHIKO: . . . Is that what you wanted to talk about? I've forgotten about my days as an actress, it was a long time ago. . . . What did Tadao-san say to you? Tell me. It's better to make it clear. You've got something to say, right?

SAKAZAKI: The boss said to me. 'It's easy for her to tell a lie. Machiko is not that stupid.' So if I say something, you'll be able to tell if I'm lying or not.

MACHIKO: What? What does that mean?

SAKAZAKI: I don't know what happened between you and the boss. You arrived here out of the blue. I was surprised to see a girl my age come here. It was summer. You were in a pale coloured T-shirt and jeans. Ordinary style-

MACHIKO: You were exactly like this; in working clothes, hands stained with oil.

SAKAZAKI: Play another role, a different one. A totally different woman from the one you are now.

MACHIKO: Is that the real me, what do you think?

SAKAZAKI: I said, I don't know the real you.

MACHIKO: Tell me, if you wanna say something, tell me clearly.

SAKAZAKI: If I do, will the real you appear in front of me?

MACHIKO: The real me? No, there's no such thing. I just got rid of it.

SAKAZAKI: On those summer days, you would laugh at the Boss's jokes. But, I thought to myself, she's acting. You're not happy here, this town doesn't suit you.

MACHIKO: The real me used to act. A crazy woman called Lucinda. But that's still not me. Acting is scary. Before I noticed, I'd become like this. There's no difference between the inside and the outside of the play. That made me so...tired...so confused. . . . So I decided to forget everything.

SAKAZAKI: So you can do it.

MACHIKO: Do what?

SAKAZAKI: Act like another woman.

MACHIKO: Because you think I'm an actress. Then what kind of play shall we start from now?

The music from outside gets louder.

Sakazaki comes closer to Machiko.

Machiko stands up from the sofa.

During the moment they draw closer, the stage is surrounded by darkness.

3. Illusion and Defeat: The Other Night

At night. In the same motorcycle shop. The shutter is closed.

The shape of the sofa set has been arranged into a circular form.

At the centre of the circle is a table; the leftover of alcohol and snacks are scattered over the table.

In the centre of the stage, Tadao is asleep on the motorbike. Matsuura is also asleep on one of the sofas.

Sakazaki's 50 cc motorcycle and Matsuura's scooter are not there; only the big size motorcycle still remains.

Music is playing on the radio.

The stage is wrapped in dim light.

Yuka, in plain clothes, enters the stage. But, her figure is unclear in the dim light.

Yuka seems to sense something.

YUKA: Is somebody here?

Yuka flicks the switch next to the shutter. It becomes lighter and now Yuka can see the figures of sleeping Matsuura and Tadao.

Spilt beer is dripping from the table.

YUKA: *(Walks to the table)* Ah *(He spilt the beer.)* Matsuura-san, you're so lazy. You spilt the beer.

Matsuura seems to sense Yuka's voice and vaguely wakes up.

MATSUURA: No, no good. I can't do something like that. I can't say such (a thing) to your wife.

Having said so, he fells asleep again.

YUKA: . . .

Yuka seems to give up and exits upstage.

Tadao and Matsuura keep sleeping as they are.

The sealing light flashes on and off for a few moments, there seems to be a bad connection.

The radio starts playing music.

After a while, Machiko enters followed by Yuka. Both of them carry damp cloths.

MACHIKO: *(Seeing the mess of the room)* Only the two of them?

YUKA: (Was) Sakazaki-san here, too?

MACHIKO: He must have been.

Machiko turns off the radio. Yuka wipes the spilt beer off the table with a damp cloth.

MACHIKO: After long time, Matsuura-kun came here saying ‘Let’s have a drink. We’ve done enough work for today’. So they started drinking while it was light.

Machiko starts clearing up the scattered snacks.

YUKA: *(Wiping the spilt beer off the table)* Huge floodwaters, which reach onto the floor. Machiko-san, haven’t you heard about how the Tsurumi river floods? I learnt it in the classrooms at school, the struggle between humans and the river. Then the riverbank protection work was done and the reservoir was made. And it became known as the ‘New Yokohama Dream Oasis.’

Machiko rearranges the shape of the lounge suite to its former layout.

YUKA: That’s quite a name, but I don’t really care about it. There is a football ground where the World Cup was held. When I was little, I went there with Dad and my late mother.

Silence.

MACHIKO: *(Abruptly)* Even if you study acting, you couldn’t become an actress.

YUKA: Ah. *(Stops wiping the table)* Why are you talking about that all of a sudden?

MACHIKO: I’m not against it, but I do understand why Dad is.

Saying so, Machiko moves the sofa further.

MACHIKO: I have been thinking about it for some time now. It's good to be motivated towards your studying. I think Dad doesn't like the fact that you will be going far away.

YUKA: He said that only drama is unacceptable. Other things are fine; if you wanna do painting, do painting. If you wanna do music, do music. But, acting is never ever (acceptable). How come you agree to my idea?

MACHIKO: So you definitely want to do drama? In that case, you don't have to go to university.

YUKA: . . . But.

MACHIKO: You wanna go to university anyway, don't you? Perhaps anything is fine for you. You heard that I used to do acting, that's where you got the idea from isn't it?

YUKA: That's not true.

MACHIKO and YUKA move the table together.

MACHIKO: I've been thinking. It's good for you to decide by yourself. But, Yuka-chan, I'm not sure whether you're taking this seriously or not. You don't know the first thing about actresses.

YUKA: (*Wiping the beer on the floor*) Why did you become an actress? . . . Why?

MACHIKO: Maybe for the same reasons as you, Yuka-chan.

YUKA: Somehow, or other? In that case, what made you quit?

Machiko has gathered all the leftover snacks into a shopping bag.

MACHIKO: (*Passing the shopping bag to Yuka*) Throw this away in the kitchen bin. I'll do the rest.

YUKA: You never answer my questions. Dad neither. No, acting is not good. It's a puzzle. It's all a puzzle. It was puzzling when Machiko-san came to the house. Why? Why do you like Dad so much?

When Yuka is about to leave with the shopping bag, Sakazaki comes from under the shutter with the shopping bag of convenience store goods: cans of beer and sake.

SAKAZAKI: Oh, is the General (asleep)?

YUKA: He's finally become a General.

SAKAZAKI: Yuka-chan, long time no see. Have you just got back from a night out? You are going to university, aren't you? You should study harder.

YUKA: Sakazaki-san, are you drunk too? I met you this morning. Have you already forgotten?

SAKAZAKI: (*Without listening to Yuka*) Don't you study?

YUKA: So boring, what you say.

MACHIKO: Yuka-chan wouldn't understand even if we discussed it with her.

YUKA: (*Comes to a standstill*) Discussed what? Acting?

MACHIKO: Myself. And why Dad is against you doing it.

YUKA: But you should discuss it, otherwise I'll never understand. I'll go to university.

MACHIKO: Suit yourself.

SAKAZAKI: I think drama is good. Study hard at university and train hard. Because, it's university it must be good. I dunno much about it me, but just the word university, sounds wonderful. Study real hard and finish university, it'll be...it'll be...great. Ok, we'll have some sake to wish Yuka-chan luck. Drink it. Yuka-chan, you'll be a good actress. Don't worry about all these objections.

YUKA: Sakazaki-san, you're really drunk, aren't you? I mean you're speaking 150% more than usual. Your usual habit. You have the habit of speaking a lot when you drink.

SAKAZAKI: 150 percent.

YUKA: Did you turn the light off? I can't understand you. You do unreasonable things. There were people in the room, but you switched off the light. In the darkness, I thought nobody was in the room but these two were sleeping.

SAKAZAKI: Has gone?

MACHIKO: Tadao-san doesn't like the idea that Yuka-chan is going far away.

SAKAZAKI: Far away?

YUKA: To the west.

Yuka exits upstage right.

Machiko finishes wiping the beer-stained floor.

SAKAZAKI: Shit. The General wanted (to have) more alcohol . . . He fell asleep?

MACHIKO: Tadao-san?

SAKAZAKI: . . .

Sakazaki stares at Machiko.

MACHIKO: . . . You are drunk, aren't you?

SAKAZAKI: Yes, I'm also drunk.

MACHIKO: You're also good at acting . . .

SAKAZAKI: . . .

MACHIKO: I wonder whether this is another dream or not.

Sakazaki slowly walks towards the factory.

Machiko is about to follow him, putting the cloth on the table, but she hesitates.

After a few movements, Sakazaki returns to Machiko and tries to coax her on by taking her wrist. She is still somewhat hesitant. With force, Sakazaki pulls her along, the two go to the factory.

Tadao who seems to be sleeping gets up. Then he casts his eyes over to the factory.

Yuka returns.

YUKA: . . .

TADAO: Acting is not good. Actresses are simply bad.

YUKA: Is Matsuura-san awake?

Yuka looks at Matsuura's face.

TADAO: I was not sleeping at all. I was just lying here.

YUKA: Where is Mom?

TADAO: All the food's gone so I asked her to get some more. She went out with Sakazaki. Maybe they won't come back. They'll move to a far away place, a totally different town from here.

YUKA: Rubbish. I can't even laugh at your joke.

TADAO: I knew from the beginning, when Machiko came here. She was an actress and she still is.

YUKA: I'll be an actress. Like Mom.

TADAO: You can go to university, but drama is not good.

YUKA: . . . Did you turn off the light?

TADAO: Did I?

YUKA: When I came back, it was totally dark. I thought nobody was here, but you were sleeping.

TADAO: Has the tube blown?

YUKA: Dunno.

Tadao gets off from the motorcycle and goes to the light switch.

He looks at the ceiling.

He switches off the light as a test.

It becomes dark. Pause.

TADAO'S VOICE: If you turn off the switch, it gets dark, which is just a fact. Then why was it switched off?

Then Tadao turns off the switch.

It is light.

Yuka is gone.

Instead of the figure of Yuka, there is the figure of a man who is the character from 'The Lost Play.'

(*For the sake of convenience, the man in 'The Lost Play' is referred to as Man1)

TADAO: You've arrived just as I expected.

I knew it was time for you to appear.

Tell me about your art of seducing women.

Money, fame or power, but perhaps that is not enough.

Is it a herb, the effect of a medical herb?

It is well known that some herbs make female eyes water.

Or is it the poetry from your mouth that makes women crazy?

MAN1: Words resonate with female hearts.

Yet I do not perceive that women give their hearts only for that.

If so, let the man here tell his story.

MAN1 stirs Matsuura. Matsuura wakes up. (Matsuura becomes Man 2)

MAN2: My name is Cardenio.

TADAO: Oh, the knight of mourning.

I am the knight of sorrow who wanders from place to place.

I have heard about you of late.

Due to your sorrow, you hide in the woods and avoid human connections.

So your heart is firmly locked with a heartrending story.

I speak boldly in such a way that you should take me unreserved.

I can only speculate on the accident, which brought you sorrow.

It may be about Princess Lucinda.

Tell me your story, what's the reason for your sorrow?

MAN2: Lucinda and I were even engaged.

However, my shiftless broke our bond.

The letters we exchanged were countless.

Words expressed our love were numerous.

MAN1: Words, words, words.

What kinds of words were sparkling there.

Sweet whispering.

Heart-melting echoes of poems.

Rhetoric on nature.

Narrate the beauty of flowers and purity of waters.

Nonetheless, are there of any use?

What kind of power do they have?

The art of coaxing is not necessarily

What you need is-

MAN2: However, however modest words

Can become words of jewels if you take time.

The words exchanged between her and me

Lucinda's words are inscribed in my heart.

MAN1: No, power is everything, like this.

Man1 takes off his sword and put it onto the neck of Man2.

MAN1: You shall no longer come close to her.

MAN2: Is that the action you take against your friend?

Can you betray your friends for women?

Is that what you mean by power?

MAN1: How shall I balance this thought?

Emotion for my friend and emotion for my beloved woman.

How can I balance that weight?

TADAO: Stop. Draw your sword against Cardenio.

Saying so, Tadao fights bravely against Man1.

However, Man1 easily pushes Tadao aside.

MAN1: Look, this is the power.

This is what women desire.

TADAO: Sancho, where art thou, Sancho?

Where hast thou gone, Sakazaki?

From the factory, Sakazaki appears.

SAKAZAKI: As usual, your voice is too loud.. Being close by, I can easily pick up your voice.

TADAO: In this emergency why dost thy slave not help thy master?

SAKAZAKI: You're so heavily drunk. It's better to sleep in a proper bed. That's all for tonight. Let's finish it, finish the feast.

TADAO: Nay, I cannot sleep. This is an emergency. To save Lucinda and the bond of love with Cardenio is my task. Sleep not. Never, never, never be asleep.

Tadao is walking towards Man 1 on tiptoes.

MAN1: There are three against one.

Regardless, the numbers do not matter in this case.

If you can add one plus two, this can give meaning to numbers.

This can be power.

On the other hand, what happens to one minus two.

This is the case right now.

These two are obviously minus numbers.

The right number can be made up by subtraction, not only by addition.

Man2 tries to beat Man1, but the fist attacks his own belly.

Man2 falls asleep on the sofa in the same position as before.

Man1 is about to leave.

TADAO: Are you going to escape? Are you afraid?

MAN1: Nay, I am looking for Lucinda.

Lucinda is the bird who forgets the man of the past

And flies towards the future.

For the sake of her beautiful song, I will search for her.

TADAO: Wait.

MAN1: Your words are not worth listening to.

The moment Man1 turns off the fluorescent lamp it gets darker.

In the dim light, there are several figures. The silhouettes suggest those of Tadao leaning over the floor, Matsuura sleeping on the sofa and Yuka standing as she did a while ago.

There are two more shadows in the factory. It looks like Machiko and Sakazaki.

Sakazaki tries to keep Machiko back. Shaking off Sakazaki's hands, Machiko exits.

Sakazaki watches in amazement.

Before long, Sakazaki walks to the switch and turns it on.

Instantly the room lights up.

Leaning over the floor, Tadao tears out his hair.

TADAO: Defeat. I was not able to match him as I thought. I lost the bet. I lost everything.

Yuka who has been observing Tadao in disgust leaves the scene silently.

Sakazaki comes to Matsuura to wake him up by shaking his body.

SAKAZAKI: Wake up, Matsuura. The feast is over. Stand up, now.

MATSUURA: What time is it now?

SAKAZAKI: About 1a.m.

MATSUURA: No bus's are running.

SAKAZAKI: What about your scooter?

MATSUURA: I left it behind because I wanted to drink. . . .taxi . . .no buses, are there?
To walk home at 1a.m. is so hard. Sakazaki-san, can you lend me some money?

SAKAZAKI: How much?

MATSUURA: 70000 yen.

Before Sakazaki realises, Matsuura falls asleep again.

MATSUURA: Hey, Matsuura.

TADAO: Get rid of everything. Dump my personal belongings and let's conclude my defeat. Someday I shall win. I must win. I cannot keep living a life of defeat any longer. I lose in everything. I lost to that man and-

SAKAZAKI: To me?

TADAO: No, Machiko. That's bad. Something is getting out of control. What's the cure? Did it start when I asked you to seduce her? No, had it already started when Machiko came here?

SAKAZAKI: I thought so. From the beginning, it was a lie. Everything is being acted.

TADAO: The day we met each other. That was the beginning of everything.

SAKAZAKI: What happened to you? No, even if I asked, you wouldn't talk about it.

TADAO: It's easy to talk.

SAKAZAKI: Then (what) ?

Silence.

TADAO: Let's get rid of everything. I should leave this house.

SAKAZAKI: Don't say such ridiculous things. I can't manage all the jobs by myself.

TADAO: So come with me then.

SAKAZAKI: What?

TADAO: Travel by motorcycle, head for the North. I always wanted to go to carnivals in the northern towns.

SAKAZAKI: What will happen to this shop?

TADAO: It's the end. The shop will be closed. Machiko and Yuka can live by

themselves. We have some small savings.

SAKAZAKI: . . . Get some sleep. You're still drunk.

TADAO: I'm serious.

SAKAZAKI: It's better to get some sleep.

TADAO: (*Standing up*) Head for the north. Sakazaki, follow me. Can you do that on your 50cc motorcycle?

Tadao rides off on his motorbike.

SAKAZAKI: It's crazy. Go by yourself. I don't care what happens to this shop.

TADAO: You don't like travelling?

SAKAZAKI: No I don't.

Saying so, Sakazaki walks off towards the shutter.

SAKAZAKI: Boss, you should go to bed soon. Once you wake up, you'll have forgotten about all these things.

On the way to the shutter, Sakazaki looks into the living space.

There is no air in there. He exits through the shutter.

Tadao who is vaguely watching Sakazaki gets off the motorcycle and sits on the sofa, staring vacantly. Matsuura wakes up incidentally.

MATSUURA: (*Noticing Tadao*) But, Nomo is great. Will you have another drink? I'll have another one.

TADAO: Go back to sleep. Do you have any plans for tomorrow?

MATSUURA: Tomorrow?

TADAO: You don't have a tomorrow do you? You don't need to make plans because you have no idea about your future. I envy you. I wanted to live like that. I've got too many things to do. Tomorrow, the day after tomorrow and next week. I have so many things to do. I can't get rid of them. So much to do. This is my burden. It's too heavy to travel with. Before I could realise, I was carrying too many things on my shoulders.

When Tadao is saying so, Masao's house emits loud music again: 'The Weight' by The Band. Tadao stands up.

TADAO: Bloody Masao again, and it's midnight.

His eyes capture the man and woman who appear in 'The Lost Play'. They are slowly walking towards him with the play text.

Tadao is lost for words.

It seems like it's after their rehearsal. It is clear that the woman is Machiko when she used to be an actress in her younger days.

WOMAN: Why did Lucinda have to come back?

MAN: That's the weakness of human beings.

WOMAN: She could run off. Do you think her pursuers captured her? Or did she realise that there was no way to escape any more? Or did she find her happiness in the king?

MAN: Was it really written by Shakespeare's hand? We still don't know whether this lost play existed or not. There is a record saying that it was written. But, no trace of the text itself. (*Looking at the play text*) This is a totally modernised rewriting. It's cynical. I think if this had been written by Shakespeare, Lucinda would never have accepted her risking her own life for the King's love.

WOMAN: If that is true, I do not understand anything anymore. Can I die? Do you think I can die for love? Shakespeare's era seems much happier than nowadays.

MAN: Happiness is just the state of doubt.

WOMAN: I cannot do it.

MAN: You never could do.

WOMAN: Because I'm weak. I am not strong enough to be charmed by a formless thing.

Then the Woman falls into the bosom of the Man. She holds him tightly but the man is unconcerned.

WOMAN: Why can't you hold me?

MAN: I am holding you.

WOMAN: There's no warmth.

MAN: It was like that from the beginning.

WOMAN: Yes, it was warm. You held me tightly before.

The Man pulls the woman away.

MAN: You just felt so. An actors' job is not to analyse but to remember the lines. Go back home today.

The man is about to leave.

WOMAN: Can't I stay with you?

MAN: No. Not today.

WOMAN: Why?

MAN: I need to learn the lines by heart.

WOMAN: Liar.

MAN: Yes, I told a lie. You're a wise woman. You know well. Not only today, but in the future too. It is better to be told the truth than to be told a lie. Then the King always uses his power.

The man leaves after saying so.

With no choice, the woman is about to leave in a different direction, yet as if it were a moment from 'The Lost Play', she wavers then rushes over to the centre of the stage and collapses there.

TADAO: Machiko.

Tadao runs to Machiko and helps her up.

TADAO: Are you injured? Is your leg alright?

WOMAN: I don't know why I came back here. Maybe it's his status. If I was married to him, I would be happy. Maybe I chose him. Love is such an odd thing, a fragile thing. Therefore I chose the King.

TADAO: You'll get dumped. Some day, like rubbish, you'll get dumped. Why do you like this guy?

WOMAN: I don't mind being dumped. Before you get dumped, you can be happier than you are now. *(Impulsively)* Ouch!

TADAO: Your leg? Take a rest over there. Here, lean on my shoulder. Can you walk? If

you can't, just use my shoulder for support.

WOMAN: Is this a play too?

TADAO: It's real. This is my real body that you're touching now. It's not play. Drama is not always fictitious. This body is here, for sure. Look, somebody is watching you. Here is the stage. You are an actress. But, everything is a lie.

Saying so, Tadao, Yuka and even Matsuura face the audience and look up. Tadao and the Woman (Machiko) leave the stage.

Only Matsuura remains.

He goes to close the shutter.

Matsuura starts narrating to the audience in whispers.

His figure is projected onto the shutter as a screen.

MATSUURA: Then I heard from the owner of this shop. What happened to the owner and his young wife? Machiko who used to be an actress fell in love with an actor appearing together on the stage of *Cardenio*, the lost play of Shakespeare with only a record saying that Shakespeare wrote it. The man, Don Fernando who stole Lucinda from Cardenio, dumped Machiko. When the desperate Machiko decided to quit acting, she met Tadao Takeuchi. An accidental meeting: an actress and the owner of a motorcycle shop. They got married. Their modest life began. However, Tadao was always anxious; because Machiko was still an actress.

Black out.

5. Preparing to Travel, Around 4 pm a Few Days Later

A strange man is looking around several motorcycles inside the shop.

He is Shiro Kamiyama. He looks like 'MAN I' who appears in the play within the play.

There is a jacket and bag on the sofa, which probably, belongs to Kamiyama.

He is watching the motorcycle. Then Yuka enters from under the shutter. She is in her high-school uniform. She sees Kamiyama and bows to him, and then she is about to enter the inside of the living space.

KAMIYAMA: Smells like oil.

YUKA: Nobody here?

KAMIYAMA: (*Pointing to the factory*) It sounds like somebody's working there, but nobody has answered. It's not safe at all. If nobody's here someone could easily steal the motorcycles.

YUKA: Maybe dad's inside too.

KAMIYAMA: I called in there too. But nobody answered.

YUKA: He could be sleeping.

KAMIYAMA: It must be oil with a smell like that. It feels kind of nostalgic. I used to have a side job, and that place smelt like this. A small town factory.

YUKA: I got so used to it I can't smell it anymore.

KAMIYAMA: Are you the owner's daughter?

YUKA: I've been living with this smell since my childhood. . . . If Dad is inside, I'll tell him you're here.

Yuka walks inside.

After watching her go, Kamiyama takes his jacket and bag and walks to the shutter.

At the same time, Sakazaki comes from the factory.

SAKAZAKI: Are you a salesman?

KAMIYAMA: Just as I thought, there was somebody in there.

SAKAZAKI: I don't know anything about what you're selling. The owner's wife deals with those sorts of things.

KAMIYAMA: Machiko? . . . No, Machiko-san?

SAKAZAKI: . . . Do you know her?

KAMIYAMA: Sort of...

*Sakazaki takes a cup from the shelf and pours coffee into it.
Then he sits down with the cup in hand.*

SAKAZAKI: I'll take a rest. *(To Kamiyama)* Have you been waiting here long? While working I never hear anything, not even when someone calls me. There was a traffic accident a few days ago, but I didn't realise. I heard that some patrol cars and an ambulance came later, but I didn't notice anything at the time. I get so focused on my work, trying to complete the day's tasks.

KAMIYAMA: I thought you might be hard at work. I called several times. My voice should be quite loud, I am a salesman after all. Didn't you hear it?

SAKAZAKI: *(Showing the coffee)* Do you want some?

KAMIYAMA: No, thank you. It tastes bad anyhow.

Silence.

Sakazaki drinks his coffee. Kamiyama stands vacantly and sometimes observes the motorcycles.

SAKAZAKI: Are you interested in motorcycles?

KAMIYAMA: No.

SAKAZAKI: No point talking about that then. So who are you?

KAMIYAMA: . . . I've got to go. I'll come back here another time.

Kamiyama is about to leave.

SAKAZAKI: I don't know much about Machiko-san. Don't know how she and the boss got to know each other. Don't know much at all...

KAMIYAMA: . . .

SAKAZAKI: You came here for Machiko-san. You've got some business with her?

KAMIYAMA: I've got something to tell her.

SAKAZAKI: You can leave the message with me.

KAMIYAMA: It's not that simple. I know her address so I'll write to her.

Sakazaki stands up and takes out a pen and some sheets of paper from the desk drawer.

SAKAZAKI: Write it down here. I'll pass it to her.

KAMIYAMA: No, that's fine.

SAKAZAKI: (*Pressingly*) Write it.

KAMIYAMA: Who on earth are you?

SAKAZAKI: I don't understand her at all. I want to know more. What happened to her in the past? When I saw her for the first time, I wanted to know about her, but she never talks about it. Even if I ask, she always keeps quiet about it.

Silence.

KAMIYAMA: I've been on the lookout for her. She cut off all connections a while ago. Even when I asked her acquaintances, nobody could tell me a thing about her. She tried to erase her past. Without saying a word to any of her acquaintances, she just suddenly upped and left.

SAKAZAKI: How did you manage to find this place?

KAMIYAMA: I spent a lot of time searching for her.

SAKAZAKI: Great job. You've got guts. You must have good reasons to do so.

KAMIYAMA: No point talking about it.

SAKAZAKI: . . .

KAMIYAMA: (*Looking around the shop*) But, I never expected to find her in a place like this. How does she manage to live here? Machiko in a town like this. I'd heard of this place before, Tsurumi District, Yokohama, but this is the first time I've been here. That smell of oil, it stinks . . . there is something attractive about it. A man and a woman are here. Machiko is here. And you. She's nice she is.

SAKAZAKI: A nice woman . . . (*Suddenly Exploding*) So who the hell are you!?

KAMIYAMA: An old friend.

They are speechless again.

Sakazaki messes the papers up and sits on the sofa.

Tadao returns with luggage.

Noticing Kamiyama, he greets him casually and then hides the luggage under the desk.

TADAO: That will do fine.

SAKAZAKI: Are you supposed to be hiding them like that?

TADAO: No, I'm not hiding them. I just put these kinds of things away properly. Somebody could steal them.

SAKAZAKI: Everybody can see them.

TADAO: That bad?

He takes out that luggage and carries the bags to the factory.

SAKAZAKI: What's that?

TADAO: Preparing to go travelling.

SAKAZAKI: Are you serious?

Without answering it, Tadao leaves for the factory.

KAMIYAMA: (*Having watched*) Is he the owner?

SAKAZAKI: Yeah, he is a bottomless fool. He's planning to go travelling. I was asked to go, but no way am I going north on a motorbike. Summer is coming. Do you ride motorcycles? It's freezing in winter and sweltering in summer. I like motorcycles so I'm doing this, but I wouldn't want to go far away on one. Especially not with that crazy old man. He's out of tune.

KAMIYAMA: I'm leaving now.

SAKAZAKI: Leaving? Why don't you see Machiko-san? Don't you have something to tell the boss?

KAMIYAMA: Next time.

SAKAZAKI: When?

KAMIYAMA: I have been searching for her for a long time. So I'm not in any hurry.

On his way out, Kamiyama looks back slowly.

KAMIYAMA: Can you tell Machiko, no, Machiko-san one thing? Kamiyama came here. And there's one more thing. Lucinda comes back to the King to help Cardenio out.

A bass sound stirs suddenly in Masao's house. Kamiyama and Sakazaki notice it.

KAMIYAMA: ...

SAKAZAKI: ...

Under the shutter, Matsuura enters pushing his scooter.

MATSUURA: It's useless, again.

Kamiyama is gone.

Sakazaki is more concerned about Kamiyama than Matsuura.

MATSUURA: There's something strange. Last time, the engine was making strange noises, but this time it's coming from somewhere else. When she's running, I can hear cracking noises, 'kakakakakak'. I was so scared that I pushed her all the way here. There is definitely something wrong. Can you check it? The engine is fine this time. I accepted that it's not so bad.

Matsuura stops his scooter.

MATSUURA: But that 'kakakakakak' must be dodgy.

Sakazaki still looks concerned about Kamiyama.

MATSUURA: Who's that?

SAKAZAKI: Dunno.

Sakazaki pushes Matsuura's scooter to the factory without saying anything.

MATSUURA: Can you repair it?

SAKAZAKI:

Sakazaki exits to the factory with the scooter and Matsuura follows behind.

As the two of them exit, the stage becomes empty again.

After a while, Yuka enters in casual clothes.

Nobody is there; she looks around for Kamiyama, she sees the sofa where his jacket and

bag were. But they're all gone.
She goes a few steps beyond the shutter.
She looks for him outside, but there is no sign of anyone.
Reluctantly coming back inside, she puts the radio on.
Music plays.
She takes out her mobile phone and starts typing text messages.
After a while, we hear the sound of the scooter engine from the factory.
She notices it and glances in that direction.
Soon the engine sound is gone.
Though she is bothered by the sound, she continues typing.
After a while, we hear voices from the factory.

TADAO'S VOICE: You did it! What admirable grit and guts, you dared to slap me to the ground. Now, I'll strike back with twice as much, no, a hundred-times more pain.

MATSUURA'S VOICE: Gone mad, old man?

SAKAZAKI: You insolent fellow, you dare call me, this night, an old man. I will never forgive you.

Matsuura runs on stage. Tadao follows behind with a raised hammer.
Matsuura finds Yuka and he hides behind her.

TADAO: Oh, you dare to hide behind the princess. You coward. Princess, please stay away. I must bang this hammer down.

YUKA: Wait a sec, I'll send a text message.

Tadao waits for Yuka, so does Matsuura.

YUKA: Dad, I'm going to do acting anyway.

TADAO: Yeah.

YUKA: Huh? Is that ok? (*Pushing the 'send' key at the bottom of the mobile*) . . . 'Send'.

TADAO: (*He looks tired. Lowering the hammer*) If that's what you really want do that, nobody can stop you. After all, it's best that everybody does what they want.

MATSUURA: I already do whatever I like. There's nothing special about it. I wonder, is it good to do only what you like to do. Is it really that good? Am I really ok like this?

YUKA: It's ok. But in your case, Matsuura-san, it's probably better to think a little more.

TADAO: (Is it) so-

*Machiko comes back with a shopping basket from under the shutter.
When she enters inside the shop, she looks back.*

TADAO: What happened?

MACHIKO: Nothing. I just thought I saw a man I'd met before.

MATSUURA: Déjà vu?

YUKA: Oh, you know 'déjà vu'.

MATSUURA: What's déjà vu?

TADAO: And yet, your usage is wrong.

MATSUURA: The usage of déjà vu?

Without answering him, Tadao looks outside.

TADAO: (To Machiko) Who was it?

MACHIKO: I don't know. Never mind.

TADAO: . . .

YUKA: (Standing up) Don't call me. I'll cut off my mobile. But don't worry, it's not a big deal. (Looking at Matsuura) I'm not gonna play with weird guys.

MATSUURA: . . . Me?

TADAO: Everybody lives, as they like. Yuka, Machiko and me...

MACHIKO: As you like?

TADAO: Yeah, as you like.

MACHIKO: . . .

YUKA: I'm going.

MACHIKO: (To Yuka) But, please take care. Even when think you'll be fine, you never know what might happen. I heard this area is quite dangerous. There's a lot of crime around here.

Yuka begins to leave, but then stops to speak.

YUKA: I grew up in this town from my childhood. I know all about it. The dangerous

places, all the stories, who's doing what. I know everything. Mom, you know nothing. You don't know which roads to take, what kind of shops you can find, which buildings have dubious shops. I know everything. I grew up here and I have so many friends.

MACHIKO: I know a lot, too.

YUKA: That's a lie.

MACHIKO: Why are you so angry?

YUKA: I'm not angry. I just made an ordinary point. But it's the ordinary things that are the most important. You say ordinary things like 'take care'. I don't think there's anything strange about it. Although I feel what you said is ordinary, but rather, because this is an ordinary thing, I answer in an ordinary way. These things gradually give us a sense of peace. However, I become anxious because I don't find it ordinary; I find it strange that Mom is here; when we're talking, eating I sometimes wonder why Machiko-san is here. I think this is strange. I feel it unintentionally. I hope we can be ordinary. If so, we can be more peaceful.

Tadao, who is listening to Yuka's words, wonders and wavers in a daze. As if he's speaking to himself.

TADAO: We lack ordinary things.

MACHIKO: For me, this is an ordinary life. As a matter of fact, I live it every day. So for instance when Yuka-chan goes out, I say 'take care' and it feels very natural. And I believe that it is natural.

TADAO: Don't force yourself.

MACHIKO: I already said I don't.

MATSUURA: Me, when I do slot machines in a pachinko parlour, it feels ordinary. It's petty. I'm so petty. But that's all I can do. I'm small, I'm so...what do you call it? Micro?

YUKA: That's peaceful.

MATSUURA: But actresses sound so nice.

YUKA: Hearing you talk about it, Matsuura-san, and I'm starting to think actresses are boring.

MACHIKO: It is boring to be an actress.

YUKA: But, I can't think of anything else I want to do and dad said it was ok.

MACHIKO: (*To Tadao*) What? You gave your consent?

MATSUURA: Pachinko-slots are a gamble. I wish it was a bigger gamble though. So

even with the smallest win I'd get 10000 yen! And perhaps I'd get more. Problem is I often lose at it. It's petty, but exciting. It feels good killing time . . .

Matsuura leaves for the factory.

MACHIKO: *(To Tadao)* Did you say that she can do acting?

TADAO: So, you can live, as you like.

MACHIKO: It's careless.

YUKA: It's careless. That's a strange thing for you to say. Dad, you're strange. It's not normal for you to say things like that. You don't care about me do you?

Yuka also goes outside.

Only Tadao and Machiko remain.

Machiko takes out the shopping near to the sofa and sits down.

MACHIKO: Hey, come here.

Doing as he's told, Tadao sits on the sofa in front of Machiko. He puts the hammer down.

MACHIKO: Not there. *(Pointing at the sofa next to her)*

Tadao moves to the next to Machiko on the sofa.

All of a sudden, Machiko hugs Tadao.

Silence.

In due course, Tadao separates from Machiko and goes to the motorcycle.

MACHIKO: The same as before, right? You can't hug me?

TADAO: This is so false. Even if I hug you; there is no content, only a frame.

MACHIKO: But, this is also an ordinary thing.

TADAO: Hit me with that hammer.

MACHIKO: That's crazy-

TADAO: Hit me . . . Hit me.

Timidly Machiko holds the hammer.

MACHIKO: I didn't know these things were so heavy.

TADAO: Hit me. The back of head. With all your strength, hit me. You won't have to call the police because this is not an assault. Just say that the hammer fell on my head while I was working.

MACHIKO: There will be blood. I hate to see blood.

TADAO: It has to be painful. Extremely painful. But with pain, I feel I can finally do something. Hugging is a lie. Hit me, come on.

MACHIKO: No.

TADAO: Hit me with all your strength.

Machiko holds the hammer and swings it above her head as she is told.

With all her strength, she hits the floor with the hammer.

A strong crash sound.

TADAO: You can't.

MACHIKO: I hate to see running blood.

TADAO: Pain. Pain can expose lies.

All of a sudden, Machiko hits the floor with the hammer again.

MACHIKO: This is all my strength.

TADAO: You can do it if you are an actress.

MACHIKO: I already told you I'm no longer *(Realising something out of blue)*
There's that man.

TADAO: Who?

MACHIKO: I forgot his name already.

TADAO: Kamiyama? Is that Kamiyama, right?

MACHIKO: It may have been.

TADAO: Why don't you run after him? He must have been here. He must have been looking for you. You disappeared. You escaped from past acquaintances. But you can greet them. It's been a long time. Yuka can do what she wants to do. Machiko you can do what you wish to do. It's natural. Don't hesitate. It's not like you, you're an actress. You can take Sakazaki's words as they are. I also live, as I like.

MACHIKO: It's not normal. It's not ordinary.

TADAO: Or, is it peaceful?

With a different motivation, Machiko hits the floor once more.

MACHIKO: *(Screaming. Shouting without shouting)*

Tadao just watches what she does.

MACHIKO: Me...where (am I) . . . this (body) . . .where (is it) . . .

Long silence.

TADAO: Nothing. Your body is not here.

MACHIKO: . . .

TADAO: Don't force yourself.

MACHIKO: Yes, I can do what I want to do. But I don't even have the motivation to do that.

Collecting her shopping bag, Machiko goes off upstage.

Tadao quietly closes the shutter.

He stands there, vacant.

The light slowly changes suggesting that time has too.

Nigh time.

At midnight. A wisp of light. Tadao's figure is barely recognisable.

The other figure is coming from the factory. It is Sakazaki. He carries the luggage for the two of them, as well as their helmets.

TADAO: Who's there?

SAKAZAKI: Don't worry, I'm not a thief.

TADAO: Sakazaki, is that you?

SAKAZAKI: Let's go.

TADAO: Why? You were so reluctant before, weren't you?

SAKAZAKI: Don't squabble over it. I didn't believe you're serious. I'm surprised. Are you going to leave in the dead of night?

TADAO: Otherwise they will stop me. I can only leave in the middle of the night, sneak out.

SAKAZAKI: If they hear the engine noise, they'll wake up, won't they?

TADAO: Once we start rolling, they can't stop us.

SAKAZAKI: . . .

Saying so, Sakazaki passes Tadao's luggage to him.

TADAO: They'll get a shock.

SAKAZAKI: Will they be alright, being left out like this?

TADAO: All right. Don't worry about them. How about you? Are you all right? Serious?

Fastening the luggage to his bike.

SAKAZAKI: A man came. I don't know who it was. He said that he is Machiko-san's old friend. Part of it I can understand. Old Machiko-san. She must belong to a different place.

Silence.

TADAO: So why did you-

SAKAZAKI: I had no choice but to accompany you. A General on his own is too risky.

TADAO: Can you keep up with me on your 50cc?

SAKAZAKI: We can reach Ibaraki by tomorrow morning.

They secure the luggage on the carriers. Tadao rides on the central motorcycle.

Sakazaki rides on the 50cc as usual.

Then Tadao opens the shutter.

Music comes in.

It is Steppenwolf's 'Born to Be Wild'.

TADAO: That Masao again! At this time of night! What time is it now, it's already past

midnight.

SAKAZAKI: It doesn't matter. The music is quite fitting.

TADAO: But surely it's common sense. Masao had never had any. . . . Oh yes, he's a bagworm. He is a bagworm.

SAKAZAKI: What we're about to do goes far beyond common sense.

TADAO: That's true. Are you really ok? Can you keep up with that scooter?

SAKAZAKI: I'll get rid of everything. I won't change my mind. I'm just worried about this shop.

TADAO: We have to do this. Yuka said, peace. By doing this. We can become peaceful. This home can be reborn. It's you that's worrying about it, right? We'll head north, to see the carnival.

SAKAZAKI: Fine.

They put on their helmets and ride on the motorcycles.

TADAO: Shall we go?

SAKAZAKI: Go.

They start the engines of the motorcycles.

Roaring engines.

Music blasts out even louder. In the blast of the music, they start running.

Music blasts louder and louder.

The motorcycles run off over the shutter.

The bike noise grows distant.

And disappears.

The stage becomes empty, again.

Only music is blaring.

Gradually the space is wrapped in darkness.

6. A Morning in July - Three Years Later

All the motorcycles in the shop are covered with crosses. The entire shop looks totally different with the lapse of time. There are no tools at all. There is no air of work. There is no longer a computer on the desk, no schedule books or documents. There are no work clothes on the wall. There is no smell of the motorcycle shop as it used to be. And the shutter is closed.

Morning.

It is still very early morning.

An empty shop.

Yuka enters. Yuka looks a little more mature than her high-school days. She opens the shutter. The summer's humid air flows into the shop.

Smelling the scent of summer, Yuka looks outside.

There is the radio cassette player as it used to be. She switches it on.

Peaceful music plays.

Taking a dustpan and brush, she starts cleaning.

Cleaning for a while, she takes and opens the play text to make sure of the lines.

Whilst cleaning, she practices her lines.

YUKA: That means tomorrow I will already be alone here. *(She sighs.)* First of all, I will have this avenue of elm trees cut down, and then that maple tree... It's so ugly in the evening... *(To Irina.)* You know, my dear Irina, that belt does not suit your type of face... It's a terrible choice... Something more... something more...

When Yuka gets stuck with her lines and is trying to recall them, Machiko appears.

MACHIKO: You need something brighter than that. Then here and there, I will have bedding plants put in, and there will be a lovely scent... *(Sternly.)* Why is there a garden fork lying on this bench? I ask you, why is there a garden fork lying on this bench?

Having said so, Machiko smiles.

YUKA: Mom, have you done this before?

Machiko takes up the play text from the sofa.

MACHIKO: Don't ask questions! You are going to do Chekhov. This reminds me of old days.

YUKA: In the class production. But I do stage management now. I can't get any acting roles. That's fine though. This line sounds good in the morning. This makes me kind of excited, I feel like my voice can be heard.

MACHIKO: Shall we have breakfast?

YUKA: You often talk about your old days lately. It's amazing you remember Natasha's lines.

MACHIKO: Because that's the past. It really has become my past.

Yuka continues to do cleaning.

MACHIKO: Don't you want to have breakfast?

YUKA: After I finish here.

MACHIKO: I will go to work soon.

YUKA: We must work!

MACHIKO: Yes, 'But meanwhile, we must go on living... we must work, we must work!'

YUKA: Is that Natasha too?

MACHIKO: Irina. But the three sisters follow their hollow dreams. Natasha is the only hard worker. Only she faces the reality of life.

YUKA: My teacher is directing it at university. Making it a play about war. Natasha is a militarist. He's always saying difficult things, I never understand a word.

MACHIKO: It's wonderful to be taught by an eccentric teacher, Yuka-chan.

YUKA: It's not good at all. Perhaps, university was not the right choice. It's interesting to be taught so many new things. But the lighting class is really scary. We need to climb up very high stepladders. You'd end up dead if you fell from that height.

Machiko smiles again listening to Yuka and starts walking upstage.

MACHIKO: So I'll wrap your meal up.

YUKA: I wanted to see your Natasha.

MACHIKO: I found Shakespeare to be more interesting than Chekhov.

YUKA: You've changed.

MACHIKO: What?

YUKA: You talk to me lots now.
MACHIKO: Because it's already three years?
YUKA: Three years and two months.
MACHIKO: It has been such a long time since they were gone.
YUKA: It has brought changes.
MACHIKO: You too.
YUKA: I love to hear you talk about plays. Let me hear more.
MACHIKO: It was strange. Saying nothing was far stranger.
YUKA: It's time.

*They look at the empty space in the shop.
Peaceful radio music fills the air.*

Then, Matsuura appears pushing his scooter.

MATSUURA: Good morning.
MACHIKO: Ah, what, what happened to you?
MATSUURA: Listen to me- (*He is about to say something.*)
YUKA: Are you working today? Are you working hard? You can get changed.
MATSUURA: No, I was out drinking all night. And I didn't want to get stopped for drunk driving; so I pushed my scooter all the way from Yamashita Park. I'm so tired. I came all the way from Yamashita Park to here.
MACHIKO: Being yourself as usual.
MATSUURA: But I'm working. Today is a day off. Then, just right now (*He is about to say something.*)
YUKA: We must work, we must work!
MATSUURA: What's that?
MACHIKO: I must get prepared.
YUKA: I've also got a side-job.
MACHIKO: We must work, we must work!
MATSUURA: Eh? What's that?

*Machiko leaves upstage.
Yuka continues cleaning.*

MATSUURA: I'm tired. Take a short break.

Matsuura stops the scooter there and stops the radio. He sits deep in the sofa.

YUKA: Hey (*Pointing at the scooter.*) This is disturbing my clearing.

MATSUURA: Oh, are you clearing?

Saying so, Matsuura falls asleep.

YUKA: Hey, Matsuura-san.

MATSUURA: (*Wakes up again.*) Oh no, not that, but I saw the motorcycles running, some time ago.

YUKA: Look, move this out the way.

MATSUURA: I saw the two motorcycles running. That's what I wanted to say . . .

YUKA: Of course they're running, motorcycles run. Hey, your scooter is in my way.

Matsuura falls asleep.

Reluctantly Yuka moves his scooter into the factory by herself.

She continues to do cleaning.

The noises of motorcycles are heard in distance.

MATSUURA: (*In dozing*) Listen, motorbikes.

YUKA: (*Realising something*) Motorbikes?

Yuka looks outside from the shutter.

MATSUURA: They're coming. Closer and closer, they're coming here. Motorcycles. They're coming back. The motorcycles are coming back!

Yuka who has found something outside is so surprised that she runs to the corner of the room as if she was scared.

Matsuura falls asleep again.

YUKA: (*She is too surprised and is lost for words.*)

Tadao slowly gets off from the motorcycle. He takes off his helmet. Sakazaki is looking around but still sitting on his motorcycle.

SAKAZAKI: This place is so empty.

TADAO: (*Seeing Yuka*) What should I say on such an occasion?

YUKA: (*She still cannot speak.*)

Machiko comes out from upstage. As she is supposed to go to work, her costume is different from the previous scene. She holds a bag in her hand.

TADAO: (*Seeing Machiko.*) Machiko. I've won. I conquered him. All is fine now.

MACHIKO: What are you taking about?

TADAO: The past has been concluded. I conquered Don Fernando. Lucinda was saved.

MACHIKO: I don't understand. Isn't there some thing you're forgetting to say?

TADAO: What should I say?

MACHIKO: An ordinary greeting.

SAKAZAKI: I'm home.

TADAO: I'm home, right?

MACHIKO: That's it.

Tadao is embarrassed but finally greets them.

TADAO: I'm home.

MACHIKO: Welcome back.

TADAO: What's with your clothes? Is there a ceremony happening today?

MACHIKO: I'm off to work. I'm earning a living. I need to work to live.

TADAO: All is fine now. Lucinda was saved and relieved from the King's hands. I did it. I knocked down the King. You follow what I am saying, right? So you've finally forgotten everything.

MACHIKO: I have to go otherwise I'll be late.

TADAO: Even when I'm home? Come, here, come on, come here.

Machiko goes to the centre stage.

When Tadao is about to hug her, she escapes from it.

TADAO: What?

MACHIKO: I'm going to work.

Machiko starts walking away.

TADAO: Aren't you pleased that I've come home?

MACHIKO: . . . Of course I'm pleased.

TADAO: . . .

MACHIKO: But we must carry on with our lives, we must go on living.

TADAO: . . . Are you walking to the station?

MACHIKO: (*Nods*)

TADAO: Then I'll come with you. I'll tell you about our adventure. How we travelled and conquered the king off. It was fierce fighting. I probably won't be able to tell you everything, but I'll talk.

MACHIKO: I'll listen to it later when we have enough time.

TADAO: No, that's not good. I need to talk now.

MACHIKO: You haven't changed. After three years, you haven't changed at all.

TADAO: I have. I have changed but you've totally changed. But listen to my story first. Then you'll understand everything; where you are; your body is surely here. The victory over the King. Lucinda was saved. You must understand what that means. Thus you are here.

Machiko starts walking outside.

Tadao follows her.

He keeps talking to her in small voice.

:

TADAO: First of all, we headed north, to the town where a carnival is held. However, it was not an easy journey at all. On the way there, we were hit with many crisis. Terrible rain attacked us. The police followed us. We fell over on a slope, together with our motorcycles. It was such a muddy slope, we made our way being controlled by the wheels. The roads were full of hazards. And then, it was about when we entered Fukushima prefecture. We met a monk and according to him, a certain devil lives in the deep woods. However, we were never afraid of such a story . . .

They disappear.

Finally Sakazaki gets off his bike.

SAKAZAKI: (*Taking off his helmet*) Yuka-chan, you've grown up, haven't you?

YUKA: I'm a university student and I'm doing a side-job too.

SAKAZAKI: Acting?

YUKA: Yes. I should go to work. I was cleaning up, yet this morning's events have taken over. Why didn't you call us before coming back? You guys really can't do a thing right.

SAKAZAKI: . . .

Then Yuka exits upstage.

Matsuura is still sleeping.

Sakazaki finds Matsuura's scooter.

SAKAZAKI: Are you still riding on this? Get rid of that scooter.

Matsuura doesn't respond.

SAKAZAKI: Hey, Matsuura.

Matsuura remains asleep.

SAKAZAKI goes to the sofa and finds his sleeping face.

SAKAZAKI: Everybody looks happy . . .

Sakazaki gives up and becomes vacant.

In due course, he goes to the radio and turns it on.

Low Music starts to play.

Then Sakazaki goes to Tadao's motorcycle at centre stage and stares at it.

Long silence.

Then he hits the seat with his hand all of a sudden.

The sound.

After a pause, black out.
The music fades at the same time.
Nothing is visible.

THE END

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