

ECHOES OF DAT RED GUITAR

by Lee A. Tonouchi

Dark Premise: Mass Murder is Funny.

Dark Plot: A dark comedy about a bright but unmotivated man still living at home with his parents who berate him for his lack of ambition. He gets a job in a state office populated with memorable characters, including a bully, nerdy techies, a born-again Christian sex bomb, and a haole boss who stresses “community” and “teamwork.” When impending state furloughs threaten his employment, will he be able to summon his personal `aumakua, the Japanese superhero Kikaida? Or will the pressure drive him to go postal?

Da Characters

GUY—Guy’s one 30-year old JapOkinawan State Worker living at home with his parents. He’s real intense and has one escalating detachment from reality. He wears primarily blue and yellow clothes like Jiro from da popular Japanese superhero show from his youth, *Kikaida*.

DAD—Local Okinawan. War vet from Vietnam war. His dreams wuz dashed due to da war. He projects his dreams onto his son and is prone to outbursts.

MOM—Local Japanese. She can be all tita tough, but she still gets abused. She’s da buffer between father and son. She’s da only love Guy has ever known.

GIRLIE—State worker. She can be angry, but at least she’s honest. Guy’s non-reciprocal love interest.

GRACE—Religious freak and office hottie. Wears tight fitting and revealing outfits. She’s one contradiction.

GIL—Gil’s Haole (Caucasian). He’s da young boss who graduated with his Masters from some fancy law school. He somehow got one minority scholarship cuz he argued cuz he from Hawai’i where Haoles not in da majority. He’s into building community, team exercises, and efficiency. He may or may not have one hidden agenda.

GAGE—Gage’s always picking on those weaker. Office bully. He dresses in black leather like Kikaida’s evil nemesis, Hakaida. Always compares himself to oddahs so as for gauge how he doing.

GARAN—Talks So-Cal Pidgin. State worker. Garan’s one slacker dude. Comic relief.

GANNON—Older State worker. Comic relief.

GLENN MAESHIRO—Glenn’s da much older and distant cousin of Guy. Glenn’s da symbol of what Guy’s parents consider for be one success, being middle of da road and generically blending in.

Da Setting

Place: Downtown, Honolulu.

Time: From 1970’s till 2009.

Note: Da set gotta get one special projector screen mounted on top one wall. Da screen is used for project scenery like it’s one office window. So get views on da ocean, views of da mountain, views looking down on da city. Da screen’s also used for do Powerpoints during office meetings. And lastly, da screen’s used for Karaoke. So would have da words to da Kikaida as well as Hakaida theme songs for get da audience for participate in da singing of these anthems.

Note: Da Kikaida BGM (for da non-Otaku, das da Background Music Soundtrack) CD is going supply da music for da show.

ACT I, scene 1

(Lights up.)

(Cue Title Intro Music.)

(This is Guy’s dream/nightmare-like sequence.)

(Enter Girlie. She’s being hounded by Gannon, Garan, Glenn Maeshiro, and Grace who in this imagined scenario are creatures of da Dark from da Japanese superhero show Kikaida; they each make a distinct monster noise as they pursue Girlie.)

(Cue Jiro’s Guitar Music. Girlie, Gannon, Garan, Glenn Maeshiro, and Grace pause and look around to locate da source of da music.)

(Guy, imaginging himself to be da hero of da show named Jiro, enters from behind da audience. He stops playing his guitar and takes Girlie’s hand and leads her away from da monsters. Guy then transforms himself into da super android Kikaida to save Girlie.)

(Cue Kikaida Theme Song.)

(In pantomime they seemingly reenact a typical Kikaida episode. Guy and Girlie ride da Sidemachine motorcycle as Guy defends Girlie from da monsters.)

(Enter Gil wielding a staff, like da evil Professor Gil, and enter Gage who wields a gun, like Kikaida's nemesis, da evil super android Hakaida. Gage has his gun aimed directly at Girlie.)

(Gage fires his gun as Girlie collapses into Guy's arms.)

(Lights down.)

ACT I, scene 2

(Lights up.)

(Da present at da office.)

(Guy has gun and is nervously waiving it around, but not pointing it directly at his fellow workers.)

GUY

What should I do?

GIL

Guy, you don't strike me as a violent person.

GAGE

Yeah, that's not even a real gun, I bet.

GRACE

Yeah. You're playing a prank on us, right?

GUY

It's not a prank!

GAGE

Hey, why are you even here, at work.

GIL

Yes, why are you here?

GRACE

Isn't your "thing" today?

GIRLIE

If da ceremony wasn't private, you know dat. . .

GUY

No, I don't know. I don't know. I don't.

GAGE

Just take it easy, boy.

GUY

I not one boy!

(Lights down.)

(Sound of shot.)

ACT I, scene 3

(Lights up.)

(Cue Jiro's Guitar Music.)

(Guy's childhood home. Mom stay getting dinner ready and Dad stay sitting dea like da kine taisho chauvinist kine Dad. Dad looking at Vegas brochures. Five year old Guy sneaks in trying for conceal one black eye.)

DAD

We should move Vegas already. I hear everyting cheap ova dea.

MOM

Yeah, pretty soon we not going know anybody in dis neighborhood. Da people we used to know all moved or dey going move. All these renters jus come an go. We dunno nobody anymore. (noticing) Guy, what happened to you?

GUY

What does it look like?

MOM

That you were in a fight.

GUY

I guess you could call it that.

MOM

Why you always getting into mischief. Why you no can be more like your cousin Glenn. Daddy, come quick.

DAD

Whoah. Boys will be boys. Das bettah than make pretend play as how girls make. Li'lo bit wrestling as good. Good.

MOM

(Looking at injuries) It's pretty bad.

DAD

So what did da oddah guy look like?

MOM

Daddy!

DAD

I jus checking for see who won.

MOM

(taking care of him) Tell us what happened.

GUY

I don't wanna talk about it.

DAD

Sometimes its okay to fight you know. You know I wuz in da war, right?

MOM

You nevah let anyone forget.

DAD

Under da right circumstances, fighting's okay.

MOM

What about talking it out?

DAD

(ignoring) Wuz da oddah kid talking stink about our family?

GUY

No.

DAD

Wuz he teasing you cuz you half Okinawan? Wuz he picking on your hairy arms and hairy legs and your one eye brow, saying you resemble one angry circus monkey more than one soldie. . . I mean (trails off)

MOM

Daddy!

DAD

What? I jus helping da boy remembah, das all.

MOM

You not helping. Stop projecting.

DAD

Projecting? Okay, I talk softer den. (pause) So he wuzn't teasing you for being Okinawan den?

GUY

No.

DAD

So what den?

GUY

We wuz playing Kikaida.

DAD

You wuz playing Kikaida? All-a-same girl style. You in da real world and you going get real problems. You cannot be hiding in your own pretend world. What I told you about playing li'dat?

MOM

Kikaida? Dat Japanese Superhero show we let you watch all da time?

GUY

See, I wuz da good guy Kikaida and he wuz da bad guy Hakaida. And so we wuz karate chopping and kicking each other and just when I wuz winning he raised his thumb and stuck out his index finger and he said pow I lost cuz he jus shot me cuz Hakaida has a gun. I told 'em but he didn't really have a gun. He said we wuz imagining so he had one imaginary gun so he imaginariated shot me, so I had to imaginary die. I said he wuz cheating. He said I wuz cheating. And das when da real fight broke out. But I guess I shouldn't be surprised he cheated. Aftah all he wuz da bad guy.

DAD

(long pause) So did you win? Or do we have to leave town now to save face? Your maddah and I like move Vegas. We tinkin about it, but we nevah thought we'd have to leave immediately cuz of you.

MOM

Why is winning important?

DAD

Because it is.

MOM

You don't have to ask dat. Why did you have to ask if he won?

DAD

Okay, okay, okay. So let me ask you dis den. Did you lose?

GUY

Well, technically. . . No. (pause) He wuz winning so I ran away.

MOM

Good boy.

DAD

What da hell? Whatchoo mean good boy? Look at him. Look how big he is for one five year old! Das cuz you feed him from da chi chi till he wuz four. See, I told you. So how da hell anybody can beat him? Now everyday when he go school, how he going hold his head up high. Now more kids going pick on him. Cuz dey know he weak. Dey know he nahting but one big weakling. You need your faddah toughen you up? Is dat what you need? (starts taking off belt)

MOM

No.

DAD

Why you always gotta get in da way?

MOM

E! Nahf already.

DAD

Boy, you feel tough, hiding behind your maddah? Is dat what one real man does? You ack li'dis, you nevah going amount to anyting. You, you good for nahting.

(Lights down.)

ACT I, scene 4

(Lights up.)

(Da present at da office.)

(Everybody scared of Guy and dey cowering.)

GUY

Oh no. What I wen do?

GIL

(Looking at puka on wall) Well, there does appear to be some property damage. See your bullet hole here. But really, don't concern yourself over it. We can jus put a picture over it. There.

GAGE

Hey, why you moving my picture from the top slot?

GRACE

OMG.

GIRLIE

Do you wanna move mine instead? Hey, where'd my picture go? Somebody stole my picture.

GUY

I remember it. Wuz one very nice picture. Weird how it wuz so stuck to da frame. I mean, you're quite photogenic.

GIRLIE

Uh, tank. . . you.

GUY

When I first got here. Das what I wanted. To be recognize. To be on top. . . Da Wall.

(Lights down.)

ACT I, scene 5

(Lights up.)

(Flashback. Da State Worker office for unspecified department. Guy's first day at work. He enters carrying around one big briefcase luggage ting with wheels. Everybody notices.)

GAGE

Hey kid, what's up with the luggage? So, how does it feel to offically be one State Worker?

(Guy's face indicates one big whoopee like dis is all he's amounted to.)

Don't have to look so excited.

GUY

Well, it's one job. I had all kine jobs aftah college. Dis ain't exackly my dream job.

GAGE

It isn't? But there's no drug testing. Not like Zippy's.

(Guy ignores him as he stares at da Wall of Cooperation.)

Yeah, so das our Wall of Cooperation. Dumb, ah? But maybe one day you can be on top.

GUY

Team Player of the Month. So maybe one day dat, dat can be me?

GAGE

Yup.

GUY

Do I need to bring my own photo and frame to submit or. . .

GAGE

No worry, da boss will handle it. Ne'mine staring at da wall already. Lemme introduce you to da ladies first. Guy, this is Grace, she's sweet. (whispers) Isn't she hot?

GRACE

Hi.

GUY

Hi.

GAGE

She's stunning as usual. (whispers) She's a religious freak.

GRACE

I heard dat. And God heard you too.

(Gage leads Guy right pass by Girlie.)

GUY

What about her?

GAGE

Oh didn't see you there Girlie. Um, that's Girlie. She works here. At that desk in fact. You go Girlie.

GUY

And?

GAGE

And what?

GUY

No other commentary?

GAGE

What do you want from me. At least I remembered her name. Hey you know what's funny? Your name's Guy and her name's Girlie. It's like Guy and Girl. . . ie. I guess it's not that funny. It would be funnier if her name was Girl. Or if your name was Guy. . .ie.

GIRLIE

Hi.

GUY

Hi. (says it like he's infatuated. Doesn't let go her hand until it becomes awkward.)

GAGE

Kay, onto the men. See that office? That's the office of our section chief. Our Boss Gil's gone as usual. But he'll be back soon. He's got another one of his meetings today.

GUY

How will I recognize Gil if I see him?

GAGE

Jus look for da Haole guy.

(Guy's a little taken aback.)

What? What you like me call him then? Da white guy? Honkey and Cracker is offensive. Haole is jus descriptive. Look for da Caucasian gentlemen then.

GUY

Caucasian gentleman. Okay, got it. Where is he?

GAGE

Probably taking some Haole big wig out to lunch. He's just a regular State Legislator already that guy. Remember now, Gil's got this thing. His one rule is. . . we all stick up for each other in this office. He wants this to be a place where we got each other's backs. None of that backstabbing office politics stuff here. Got it?

GUY

No backstabbing.

GAGE

That guy there with the headphones. That's Garan. He's a tekkie. See all his gadgets on his utility belt. He's really competitive. (whispers) That means he has a small penis.

GUY

You guys compare?

GAGE

I hear only art gallery dudes from that gallery down da street, Da Kine Space do that cause they ain't got nothing better to do with their time. We're Workers of the State.

GUY

So. . . is dat. . . one affirmative?

GAGE

Hah? (puzzled pause den continues) This is Garan.

GARAN

Hey dude.

GAGE

Garan's actually our resident deep thinker. (whispers) Slacker! Pretty much sits there and does nothing all day long. If he wuz older I'd say he originated dat stereotype about us state workers. (pause) Hey I get it now. (punches Guy in da arm) (saracstically) Is that an affirmative? Guy, this is Gannon.

GANNON

What up, bro?

GAGE

(whispers) He tink he knows it all too.

GANNON

I can still hear you Gage. Go away.

GAGE

Stop telling me what to do. Trying for boss me around.

GUY

Is he a boss?

GAGE

No, what makes you say that?

GUY

No. Jus cuz you said he bosses you around.

GAGE

I said Gil's the boss, remember? You don't have to be the boss to boss people around. Now, stop asking me questions.

GUY

Okay.

GAGE

See. Oh, nah. Gil's back early.

GIL

C'mon people. (noticing Guy) And new person. Let's gather around da projecktor screen. (Get all kine diagrams on organization and harmony on top.) I learned this when I went to Japan. See, da Kaizen method of organization leads to greater efficiency, hence productivity increases. You need to clear your desks of clutter. Everything you don't use either needs to be tossed out or put away. This way if you need to staple something, you know exactly where to find your stapler. You'll know exactly where to find your. . .

GARAN

(Whispers) Is he ever gonna like stop talking?

GANNON

(Whispers) You know dem Haoles.

GRACE

So you want us to clean our desks everyday?

GIRLIE

And so by taking da time for Kaizen our desks everyday, das going make us more productive? Wouldn't it be around da same, cuz this Kaizen thing seems like it's gonna take up some time?

GAGE

What about if instead of stacking my files on my desk, I jus stack dem on da floor? I mean, da reason my desk's not clean is cuz work keeps coming in faster than I can finish it. I don't know about this Kaizen thing.

GANNON

You went all da way to Japan to learn that?

GARAN

Dude, couldn't you jus have found it online somewhere?

GIL

Well. Perhaps. Didn't think about it. State paid for it. That's what P-cards are for, right? Well, I guess this concludes our meeting for today. Hey there new Guy. Am I keeping you awake?

GUY

Yes sir. I mean no, sir. I mean, I don't know sir.

GIL

Never mind. It wuz one trick question. It's known as da No-Win Stillians Scenario invented by my old college Prof. If you answered Yes, then that would mean I'm keeping you awake when you'd rather be sleeping. If you answered no, then that would mean my talk wuz so boring that I had already put you to sleep. So what new Guy, were you sleeping on da job already?

GUY

Yeah, sorry about dat.

GIL

No, don't be sorry. Power naps are great. I take them all da time. I know most people frown upon it, but my rationale is you make up for it in da long run because a more well rested individual leads to increases in productivity. We wouldn't want a tired you making all sorts of mistakes that would come back to haunt us later now would we? So as you were. Back to work people. Or back to rest. Whichever you prefer.

GUY

I apologize again. I hope I won't get fired or anything.

GIL

Fire you? Gage, I thought you were showing him da ropes. I gotta go to a lunch. More important people to meet. See you.

(GIL exits.)

GAGE

Did you ask Gil not to fire you?

GARAN

Dude, you can't get fired. We're like part of da union.

GANNON

Don't you have your HGEA card yet?

GUY

There's one card?

GARAN

Like, das one of da main perks. You can get all sorts of discounts. Like I know you can get off at Watanabe Florist.

GANNON

You buy flowers, bro?

GARAN

No.

GANNON

Den why'd you use Watanabe Florist as your example?

GARAN

I don't know. You can play league volleyball.

GANNON

You play league volleyball?

GARAN

No. Dude, I jus naming examples. Check out da website. Get all sorts of discounts and benefits.

GUY

But I heard of people getting fired before.

GAGE

False heresay.

GARAN

Dude, remembah da time Girlie got so mad she like threw dat cup at Grace.

GAGE

Ho, Grace wuz so lucky.

GUY

Why wuz she lucky, because she didn't get hit?

GAGE

No she got nicked a little. But da cool ting wuz she could've filed one claim for workman's comp for stress. What she should've said wuz she felt like her life wuz threatened. I know I would've.

GUY

Did Girlie get written up or sent to anger management or someting?

GANNON

Like I'm gonna ask her.

GAGE

Gotta be. Afterall, we get rules around here.

GANNON

Yeah, "rules." (makes air quotes with hands) Sup wit dat? Like we supposed to get one dress code.

GARAN

But nobody really follows it dude, cuz dey no enforce.

GAGE

Dey say we supposed to dress professional, but I guess dey only care about you if da public can see you. We deal with most of da people ova da phone. Gil's da only one who has to dress up cuz of his "lunch meetings."

GUY

So I'm wearing my slacks and aloha shirt for nahting.

GANNON

I personally jus thought you was being one brown noser.

GARAN

Yeah, little did we know you wuz jus like clueless.

(Lights down.)

ACT I, scene 6

(Lights up.)

(Da present at da office.)

GIL

Guy, seeing as no real harm's been done. Maybe you should put da gun away. You're scaring da girls.

GAGE

(While standing behind Girlie and pointing at her) Yeah and I thought you liked. . .

GUY

Stop!

GRACE

No one has to get hurt, Guy.

GIRLIE

Maybe you should jus go.

GUY

I don't wanna go. I wanna stay. And I don't wanna get fired. Will I get fired?

GIL

Well . . .

GAGE

Don't sweat it. So what if you do? It's a long drawn out process. You can't just get fired, remember. It's not like a regular job. Usually if you get fired, den you file one grievance. And eventually you end up coming back. I must've gotten fired at least five times. But you end up coming back.

GUY

You end up coming back.

GAGE

You end up coming back.

GUY

You end up coming back. You end up coming back. You end up coming back.

(Lights down.)

ACT I, scene 7

(Lights up.)

(Cue Jiro's Guitar Music.)

(Flashback. Guy's childhood home. Guy is older than small, but smaller than large. He's around ten for dis scene.)

DAD

Why you always sitting around? Why you no go do someting!?

GUY

I am.

DAD

What?

GUY

I playing Nintendo.

DAD

How much dat ting cost anyway? You know, by now I thought you'd be more than six feet. But what, you ten years old now and you still da same size you wuz when you wuz five. You know why? You no go outside stretch your legs as why. Back in my day, we nevah stayed in da house. We wuz always outdoors playing with da kids in da plantation camp, going down da stream. You no more da friends for go play with?

GUY

Dat wuz da olden days. You could play outside cuz not like you guys had cars so you nevah had to worry about da kids getting runned over. Remembah, mom nevah let me play outside when I wuz small cuz cars speed on our street. Nowadays not like before.

DAD

Two guys no can play dis one? You no like go make da friend?

GUY

You no remembah, you said you tink our neighbor's house is one Ice house, no good hang around dem drug guys you said. I wanted for catch tadpoles with da oddah kids once, but you said no go da stream cuz bumbye I might get leptospirosis.

DAD

What about study friends like how maddah told you? What happen to your study group?

GUY

I tried couple times. But dat cooperation ting's overrated. Wuzn't like we had equal sharing. My classmates wen only use me for steal my ideas. Everybody all cutthroat. Das why in class I no say anyting. It's bettah I keep all my good answers to myself. Grades is all class curve nowadays you know.

DAD

Your maddah and I jus worry you no more da friend.

GUY

Pffft! Eva since I wuz small you said no talk to strangers. And now you get on my case cuz I no more nahf friends?

DAD

You really get one mout on you, yeah boy. You always gotta get one answer to everyting. Das da problem you young fella. You guys tink you going rule da world. All you young guys like own your own company and be da boss. But not everybody can be da boss. How da world going work if only get bosses. We need structure. Da army is one perfect example. I evah toll you da story about how when I went Vietnam and I wuz shot and bleeding real bad.

GUY

And everybody in your platoon wuz dying too.

DAD

Yet I wen try save everybody and put 'em in da helicopter.

GUY

Too bad dat nobody survived. But for your heroic efforts, dey offered you one medal, but you said nah. One medal is not da true measure of one man. Da true measure is braddahhood.

DAD

Oh, so I told you dat story before?

GUY

So you saying you like me join da military?

DAD

No! Bumbye you ma-ke. And you wouldn't even die in da field of combat. You'd probably ma-ke during basic training. How shame would dat be? You need some strong ala-alas you know for be military. You wouldn't be able for handle taking da life of one noddah man.

GUY

Why, how many guys you wen kill?

DAD

Ten, twenny. Aftah awhile you lose count. Your body, your mind jus come numb to what you doing. Pre-soon come all same, all same. Eh, you no tink das nahf already. Your maddah. She spoil you, buy you stuff dat you like. Is dis da kine pointless kine video game I heard about like da one where da yellow ting gotta eat all da dot and go wakka wakka wakka wakka and go on and on forevah.

GUY

Das Pac-Man. This game's funner. It's Contra. I playing one solider jus like you.

DAD

Hah? (puts on glasses) But what's dat? One monster?

GUY

Das da alien. He's da boss.

DAD

I thought you said you wuz one soldier.

GUY

I am. I protecting da world from one alien invasion. Cool, huh?

(Dad jus looks at him puzzled.)

Aw shucks. I died.

DAD

So da game pau den?

GUY

No usually dey give you three lives.

DAD

So how many times you died already?

GUY

Three.

DAD

So da game pau den?

GUY

Well, supposed to be, but my friend told me if I push up, up, down, down, left, right, left, right, b, a, start den I'll get 30 lives. So I actually have 27 more lives left.

(Mom enters.)

MOM

(slowly notices.) What's this? Are you playing violent games? Where did you get this game from?

GUY

I bought it from Toys N Joys. I sold some of da goldfish I bred to da petstore to get da money.

DAD

Actually, maybe good he play dis kine game. He's playing one soldier. J'like his faddah.

MOM

Aren't you afraid it might make him violent? I wuz hoping you'd make some friends with your Nintendo and you could invite some kids over to play. I'm a little disappointed you went ahead and bought dis game without showing it to us first. Guy, how do you feel when you kill the bad people.

GUY

There're no bad people. Only bad monsters.

MOM

Do you feel. . . sad maybe?

GUY

Remember Kikaida? He's my personal Japanese aumakua you know. I decided dat I'm gonna try be like him. Kikaida wouldn't care who's his friends are. Kikaida wouldn't care if girls like him. Kikaida wouldn't care because he doesn't have one conscience circuit. He doesn't have feeling, so he doesn't ever cry.

MOM

Daddy, dis isn't normal.

DAD

Maybe you get 'em all wrong. Maybe dis game's good. Maybe dis game helps him release all his aggression.

MOM

What aggression?

DAD

All da aggression he get from school kids dat pick on him cuz he no can play da sports. Sports is important you know. Das how you get through school and no get tease.

MOM

Why you always projecting?

DAD

I cannot help if I talk loud! (pause) Bettah he prepare now. What if da time come and he force for serve? He going be out dea like da deer in da headlight. Den for sure he not going come back.

MOM

He's not you!

DAD

I nevah say he wuz me.

MOM

Our boy has one gentle spirit.

DAD

I going get him ready and show 'em how for shoot da gun.

GUY

I know how Dad. See, I have Duck Hunt.

DAD

Hah? (pause)

MOM

What are you talking about?

DAD

See, cuz even though he no can jump or run or move around so good. At least shooting, das bettah than bowling. Or da chess club wotevah. I go start teaching him so when he get to high school he can join da riflery team.

MOM

I forbid it. What if he shoots himself? Or worse, what if he shoots somebody?

DAD

Da bullet. Das only da air kine bullet. What you know? You only da wahine.

MOM

He's OUR son.

DAD

He going learn how shoot gun. Das it. End of discussion. What I say goes. All da time you, you too mucha humbuggah. You bettah stop it right now if you know what's good for you.

(Da threat of violence against his maddah makes Guy break into small kine tears, but he tries long time for hold 'em back.)

MOM

You stop it. You making him cry.

DAD

Ahhhh. I get 'em to stop. Eh. . . No cry!

(Guy cries louder. Sound of Mom screaming.)

(Lights down.)

(Sound of couple slaps. Sound of silence.)

ACT I, scene 8

(Lights up.)

(Da present at da office.)

GUY

Why is dis happening? It's not real. It's not.

GAGE

Yeah, it's all for fake.

GIL

You know what he's talking about?

GAGE

No, I jus agreeing with him for get on his good side.

GIL

Stop it.

GAGE

Why? I do dat all da time when you talk.

GIL

You do?

GAGE

How else I going get you for shut up?

GUY

Does love exist? If someone's born outta love, den naturally dat person going grow up for be one loving adult. But what happens if dat person wuzn't born outta love? What happens? Who knows?

(Dey all point and each oddahs)

(musing to self.) Who knows.

(Lights down.)

ACT I, scene 9

(Office flashback. On one side get da girls talking and da oddah side get da guys talking. Guy stay in da middle, listening in to both conversations.)

(Lights down on boys' side. Lights up on girls' side.)

GIRLIE

Grace, do you believe in love?

(Lights down on girls' side. Lights up on boys' side.)

GAGE

So if you could bang anyone in dis office, who'd it be?

GANNON

I not comfortable having this conversation. Bro, you're objectifying our fellow female co-workers.

GAGE

Object-ifying? No, no objects. I not talking about using dildo sex toys and stuff. Objectifying. Pffft.

GARAN

Forget it dude. He's jus got one thing for Grace. It's like way obvious.

GANNON

I'm afraid of Grace.

GAGE

Grace? If anything I'd be more afraid of Girlie throwing some dangerous dishes at me.

GANNON

No I'm afraid of Grace because of her faddah.

GAGE

You met her dad?

GANNON

No, cuz she's so religious, bro. So isn't she postea be God's child? Say anything wrong to her or anything and you'd get struck down by thunder.

GARAN

Dude, it's lightning. How can you get struck by thunder?

GANNON

Then what's a thunderbolt?

GARAN

I don't know, probably da same as one lightning bolt.

GANNON

Yo. So if it's da same, then why we arguing?

(Lights down on boys' side. Lights up on girls' side.)

GRACE

I believe in the highest form of love.

GIRLIE

Grace! Are you still da V? (makes peace sign)

GRACE

(innocently) Yes, I am all down for peace. After all, isn't that why they say why make love when you can make peace?

GIRLIE

Um, dat isn't how da saying goes, but okay.

GRACE

Are you asking about love because of someone in particular?

GIRLIE

Yes. Well. . . I dunno. Maybe. Sometimes I tink I just wanna have a kid, but not have to worry about finding da right guy.

GRACE

(Gasp) Like a Jesus baby!

GIRLIE

Um, yeah. A Jesus baby. Too bad that ain't happening. Do you tink I need to find Mr. Right?

GRACE

Oo. Oo. What about Gil?

GIRLIE

Euwww. Uh, no. Look what he has us doing. We're reading all of these newspapers to look for see if his name mentioned anywhere and clip it for his Gil files. It's kinda narcissistic, don't you tink?

GRACE

Maybe he's sentimental. Maybe it's for his scrapbook.

GIRLIE

All we do here at da office is MGLG.

GRACE

What's that?

GIRLIE

Make Gil Look Good. It's like he gets off on dis kinda stuff.

GRACE

Gets off?

GIRLIE

Yeah, you know. (makes hand jerking off gesture)

GRACE

(Confused) You mean junk-ana-po?

(Lights down on girls' side. Lights up on boys' side.)

GAGE

Guy, c'mon, be part of da conversation. Be one of da boyz.

(Guy fidgets as he tries for fit in and ack cool.)

GUY

What you guys talking about?

GANNON

Yo. What about Girlie?

GAGE

Girlie? You gotta be kidding me.

GUY

(Uncomfortable) Girlie.

GARAN

Gage, you're aware there's only like two girls in our office yeah. So when you proposed the question, it's not like there were many answers to choose from or are we not limited to . . .

GAGE

Girlie!? Dat one kinda has a lip on her.

GUY

Yeah, she has nice lips.

GAGE

No. When I say lip, I mean she talks back. These modern day career women with their ambitions. Dey no make 'em like dey used to. You know what my dream woman's like. She'd be about dis tall (points waste high) and she'd have one flat head.

GARAN

Why you wanna date a midget, dude?

GAGE

Think about it. This tall. Her mouth would be right there.

GANNON

Oh.

(Guy leaves and no one notices.)

GARAN

But why you want her to have a flat head?

GAGE

So you get someplace for put your beer.

GANNON

Bro, for what you want. You might have to order up one special.

GAGE

You mean those mail-order brides? Can't say I haven't been tinkering about it.

GANNON

No, I mean like one of those suction devices. Maybe put a wig on it or something. Pretty it all up. I'm sure you can get some kinda TV tray attachment for it.

GARAN

Maybe even like a little cooler too.

GANNON

With a fan.

GARAN

For his "blow" job.

(Garan and Gannon laugh.)

GAGE

K, I wuz actually tinkering someting like dat might actually be kinda sweet, but now I get it, you guys jus making fun.

(Lights down on boys' side. Lights up on girls' side.)

GRACE

So is it Gage?

GIRLIE

Gage?! Don't you think he's jus trying to get in your pants?

GRACE

It's not up to me to judge those men who choose to dress in women's clothes.

GIRLIE

No, that's not what I mea. . You're one of a kind Grace. Gage is so da kine. Like da oddah day, he asked me What kine phone you got? So I told 'em iPhone. So he asked Which one? So I told 'em 4. And he wuz all like oh, not da 4s. Junk den. Why he always gotta compare? Must be he has a small penis.

GRACE

You, you, you seen it?

GIRLIE

No. My microscope wasn't working.

GRACE

Huh?

GIRLIE

Sorry. Sometimes I forget who I'm taking to. I thought you religious private school girls were supposed to be da worst.

GRACE

Worst what?

GIRLIE

Never mind. Hey Grace, what do you think of da new guy?

GRACE

Oh.

GIRLIE

He kinda creeps me out. He kinda lurks.

GRACE

Lurks?

GIRLIE

Like he's watching, but he doesn't want to engage with you.

GRACE

So you want to get engaged with him?

GIRLIE

What's your opinon of him?

GRACE

He's nice.

GIRLIE

You say dat about everybody. Like even all da people in dis office. Even da ones who tink dey know everyting. Da ones who say dey going do stuff, den don't. Da ones who can nevah be wrong. Da one, da one who tink he get one sexy voice when he answer da telephone.

GRACE

Yeaahhhhh. But I figgah even though they may have some bad qualities, no one can be totally bad or else God wouldn't have made them, right? So I'm not lying when I say everyone's nice. Because everyone has some nice qualities.

GIRLIE

You're too much Grace.

GRACE

Too much what?

(Lights down.)

ACT I, scene 10

(Lights up.)

(Cue Building Confrontation Music.)

(Da present at da office.)

GRACE

Guy, I don't believe you can hurt anyone.

GUY

How? How can you believe dat?

GRACE

Because. Because we're all God's children.

GAGE

Here she goes again. If she asks you if you like go someplace with her, no fall for her tricks. She not asking you out. She jus going bring you to her church.

GIL

Grace is right, Guy. Even if you aren't religious. You still have to believe we all have things in common with one another. It was one of da lessons I always preach, remember? Roar.

GUY

What is dat? Why you roaring?

GIL

C'mon, you know what I am. Roar!

GAGE

You're a friggin lunatic is what you is.

GUY

No, I'm da friggin lunatic. Tell me. Tell me what you are.

GIL

(hurt) I'm a panther.

GUY

(remembering) A White Panther.

(Lights down.)

ACT I, scene 11

(Lights up.)

(Flashback. Da office. Gil leads da office in stretching exercises.)

(Cue Kikaida Disco Music.)

GIL

Okay everybody listen up! Stop what you're doing. Take a break. We're gonna do some stretching exercises.

GIRLIE

(sarcastic) Yippee.

GRACE

(enthusiastic) Yippee.

GANNON

Yo. Is this thing Japanese too?

GAGE

C'mon people. Be team players. (small hint of sarcasm) Don't you all wanna be on da Wall of Cooperation, hah? If not, tink of 'em li'dis. . . At least we don't have to do any work for ten minutes a day.

GARAN

I already get my free ten minute break everyday when I gotta wait ten minutes for my computer to turn on. Exercise is work dude.

GANNON

This is more work that what I'm used to.

(Everybody reluctantly drags themselves over and dey line up facing da audience. Gil faces dem with his back to da audience. Selects exercises where he can ogle Grace.)

GIL

Okay everybody follow me. Go like this side to side. More bending, Grace. Don't be afraid to stretch it. Okay, now let's do jumping jacks. Okay everyone let's run in place. Now run in place slowly. Shake your head and pretend da wind's in your hair. Okay, now imagine you're being gently carressed by da ocean spray as you slowly jog along da shore. (Gil closes eyes and carresses himself.)

(Everyone stops and notices Gil.)

(opening his eyes.) Okay. I guess I was da only one who made it to da end. Anybody have any questions? Don't think of me as your boss okay. I'm more like your team leader. I feel that maybe I should address this now. I know I'm younger than a lot of you. But we're much more alike than you might think. I hear some of you talking. Talking about me. Calling me a Haole and such. Calling someone Haole hurts. I believe only Haoles should be able to call each other Haole. Like what up Haole? (gives himself a self hi-five.) Yeah. I been thinking of starting a political action group called da White Panthers.

GARAN

There's like no such thing as one white panther.

GANNON

And panthers don't even live in Hawai'i, bro.

GIL

Okay. It was jus an idea. Part of da brainstorming process, you know. I jus wanted to share with you a little of my hurt when I overhear certain things. Because you know. I grew up here. We weren't rich. I went to public school like most of you. Da only reason I was able to go to a good college and get my law degree is because of scholarships. See, because like all of you, I am a minority.

GAGE

You are? What? You Hawaiian? Where, in your pinky?

GIL

No, I'm not Hawaiian.

GANNON

You part Popolo?

GIL

No.

Indi. . . I mean, native American?
 GARAN

No.
 GIL

Hispanic? Latino? Is those two different?
 GIRLIE

No to both.
 GIL

Oriental?
 GUY

No.
 GIL

Samoan.
 GRACE

Samoan?
 GIRLIE

No, not Samoan.
 GIL

Polynesian, Micronesian, Melanesian.
 GAGE

No, no, no.
 GIL

What else get left?
 GAGE

GIL
 I'm jus Haole. But see, I argued in my essay dat I know what it's like for grow up one minority cuz in Hawai'i, Haoles is not in da majority. So we are all alike. (overly dramatic with gestures) We are. . . Ohana.

(Everyone turns their backs on him and leave da office.)

(Lights down.)

ACT I, scene 12

(Lights up.)

(Cue Building Confrontation Music.)

(Da present at da office.)

GUY

We not all alike!!!

GAGE

Das right. Some men. . .

GIRLIE

Or women.

GAGE

. . . are created bettah than oddahs.

GUY

And what makes you say dat? Could you please explain your answer?

GAGE

Uh, I dunno. Why, das right? Sometimes I jus talk da first ting dat comes to my head cuz I like say da answer first.

GRACE

I think God gives everyone some good qualities. So in a way it balances out and we all end up kind. . .

GUY

AH. . . I not liking your answer at dis moment. Gage, try talk again.

GAGE

Well, like I wuz saying, we not all alike. Some guys is bettah than oddahs. Cuz I definitely bettah than Gannon and Garan who nevah even show up at work today.

GIL

On the same day too. As if it's not obvious what dey up to?

GUY

So Gage, since you're bettah than Gannon and Garan. What should you do?

GAGE

I dunno. Uh, feel superior.

GUY

No, no, no. You need for do. . . more.

(Lights down.)

ACT I, scene 13

(Lights up.)

(Cue Jiro's guitar Music.)

(Flashback. Guy's childhood home. Guy's in high school.)

GUY

Look what I got. (shows off shooting trophy.)

MOM

Wow. Nice.

DAD

You got first place?

GUY

Yes I did. I'm a freshman and I beat some seniors. And I enjoyed my victory.

DAD

Wotchoo mean?

GUY

I rubbed it in all da faces of everybody on da team.

MOM

No nice do like dat.

GUY

But Dad always asking if I won. Finally I won and still you guys rag on me. See, I even did my victory dance. (does dance)

MOM

You supposed to win graciously.

DAD

Again you make your faddah shame. Okay ma, we gotta move Vegas. We go now.

MOM

I thought we talked about dat. I don't think we should move yet.

DAD

Ahhh. Too mucha humbuggah. Sometimes I wondah, why Guy cannot be more like his cousin Glenn?

GUY

Here we go again. I dunno why you guys always gotta compare me to him. I not even sure how we related exackly. I tink I only actually met Glenn like couple times.

MOM

We went his wedding. You no remembah? You must've been seven or eight. Da reception wuz at da Queen Kapiolani Hotel.

DAD

And he wen marry dat nice girl Karen Yamada.

MOM

No, dat wuz his old high school sweetheart from Kaimuki. He wen marry da girl he met at UH, Lori Yamaguchi.

DAD

Yeah, he wen marry dat nice girl Lori Yamaguchi. Dey work hard and wen save up for their nice townhouse in Pearl City. Uncle Masa always telling how Glenn get da good state job you know. He work in da office in downtown.

GUY

I dunno why you guys keep hinting I should make it my goal for get one state job. Maybe back in da days and even up to when Glenn got hired maybe had good benefits and stuff, but nowadays state jobs ain't da greatest and probably going be even worse by da time I pau high school and college. Why you keep comparing me to dat old dude for? He's so common, average, run of da mill. He's so, so generic.

MOM

Generic is good, no?

GUY

Yeah, his reverse print aloha shirts all tucked in is so styling.

MOM

No good stand out too much. Bumbye everybody tink you high nose.

DAD

Dey going say, what, you tink you poop ice cream? See, when I wuz in da army, everybody had to fall in line. We all had da same uniform. Same hair cut. Das how dey instilled discipline in us. If we had one army where everybody thought dey wuz special and everybody did their own ting, you tink we would've won da war? Hah? HAH?!

MOM

Daddy. I no tink da U.S. really won.

DAD

Hah? Wotchoo mean? Let's not get into da bodycount argument again.

MOM

Cool head, Daddy, cool head.

DAD

No! Dis boy gotta learn. Who he tink he is? Dis jus one stupid trophy. (breaks trophy) He not even shooting da real gun. Dis boy needs discipline.

GUY

Why you did dat for?

DAD

One day, your cousin Glenn, he going be one big shot, you know. Mark my words. So what do you have to say about your cousin now?

GUY

(singing softly) He's a very boring person. He's a very boring person.

(Lights down.)

ACT I, scene 14

(Lights up.)

(Da present at da office.)

(Guy on knees, still holding gun)

GUY

I don't wanna be boring. I don't want to be boring.

GAGE

You da life of da party today, Guy.

GIL

Why don't you sit down again.

GUY

No!

GIRLIE

Or stand up.

GIL

I'm just concerned dat you might wanna make yourself more comfortable. Da position you're in isn't normally considered da most comfortable.

GUY

Maybe it is. Maybe I Japanese so I like sitting like dis and dis regular for me. Why, who gets for decide normal anyway? What is normal? If we were all da same den normal would be easy for determine. But you guys all said, everybody's different. So if we're all different, who gets for decide normal?!

(Lights down.)

ACT I, scene 15

(Lights up.)

(Cue Jiro's Guitar Music.)

(Flashback. At parents' home in da bathroom. College Guy wears his funeral clothes.)

(Cue Sad Kikaida Music.)

GUY

I not sad. I know death is one part of life. But how come you had for die so soon? What I going do without you?

(Guy standing in bachroom with dead goldfish in hand. He delivers lines coldly like not really sad, but jus going through da motions of having dis funeral for his fish.)

Bye Goldie. You wuz da bestest goldfish one guy could ever wish for. I barely knew you.

(Dad and Mom can be heard from offstage.)

DAD

You wasting waddah again?

MOM

Let 'em have his funeral for his friend.

DAD

Das not one friend. Das one fish. You no tink he too old for ack like how he ack?

MOM

He's only twenny.

DAD

Only?! By da time I wuz twenny I wuz fighting in da war already. He still living at home with us. Das why he no more da friends you know. You encourage all his weird behavior.

MOM

Shush. He's right dea. He can hear us you know.

DAD

I know! Son, YOU weird. You raddah talk to da fish than one human being.

MOM

It's one good hobby. Long time already he do dat. You know when dey reproduce, da good ones, he sell 'em to da pet store. Das how he pay for all his college books.

DAD

Poho waddah his hobby. All goldfish do is eat and poop. He always gotta change da waddah. And how many deform ones he flush down da toilet? At least those he flush 'em several at a time. What's so special about dis one?

MOM

Goldie was his favorite breeder.

DAD

How come he no can ack normal? All he do all day long is sort his goldfish. (Imitating) "Defomed, okay, deformed, deformed, okay, okay, deformed." Flush. And he keeps one tally of all da ones dat get for live, and all da ones dat had for die.

MOM

Attention to detail. He's meticulous.

DAD

It's like he enjoys watching dem swirl around in da toilet bowl. I can understand some gotta die, but he can tie 'em up in one bag and jus trow 'em away in da rubbish can, which would save waddah and not be so weird. No wondah girls no like him.

MOM

Sometimes I tink your parenting skills leave a lot for be desired.

DAD

My parenting skills? No correck me in front our child. I mean our, what is he, he not one child no more. No correck me in front our man-child. How he going learn for respeck authority if you always questioning me.

MOM

So you da authority?

DAD

I da man.

MOM

How can argue against dat?

DAD

Da saying goes. Faddah knows best. I nevah invent da rules. You da one encouraging him for poho money. Plantation camp days we no waste nahting.

MOM

Dis not da plantation camp days.

DAD

(follows off stage.) Yeah, I know. Cuz if it wuz, you'd know your place. Always questioning me. You lucky I no use da belt on dat boy.

MOM

Does hitting make you feel like one big man?

DAD

Watch it.

MOM

Sometimes I wondah why I eva married you.

(Guy hears sound of mom crying. Sounds of crying gradually turn into sounds of Dad sexually forcing himself on Mom. Guy seems emotionally detached to all going on around him and he continues on with his funeral service until he flushes toilet.)

(Lights down.)

ACT I, scene 16

(Lights up.)

(Da present at da office.)

(Guy rises and sits back down.)

GAGE

Uh, we all voted dat you most likely for talk some sense into him Girlie.

GIRLIE

You all voted?

GAGE

Yeah, with our eyes.

GIRLIE

(pauses) Guy. . . (walks a step toward him.)

GUY

Stay dea. I don't want you for come. . . too close.

(Lights down.)

ACT I, scene 17

(Lights up.)

(Flashback. Da Office. Guy's at his desk typing. Long silence as he stares at da screen with one dreamy look. He puts one hand down his pants.)

(Guy's imagination. Girlie stands on a desk off to da side. Spotlight shines on her as she does a seductive dance.)

(Enter Gage, Gannon, and Garan.)

GAGE

Hey wotchoo doing? Working? Eh, not. You Googling Girlie's name? Guys, come here. Guy's cyberstalking Girlie.

GUY

I, I, I'm not cyberstalking.

GANNON

If you jus Google someone, that no make you necessarily one cyberstalker.

GARAN

Yeah, like I tink it's okay for Google celebrities, cuz I Google Scarlett Johansson all da time. Sometimes at least twice a day.

GANNON

But you even have a picture of her above your desk.

GARAN

So?

GANNON

Like you're pretending that's your girlfriend or somethang.

GARAN

So? At least I follow protocol.

GAGE

What are you talking about?

GARAN

Well, for example, I searched for Scarlett back when she was single. When she was married to Ryan Reynolds I stopped. Cuz I wouldn't wanna be a homewrecker. You should only look up single celebrities. It's uncool to Google those that are taken.

GANNON

But wouldn't you only be a homewrecker if you had a chance with her? You don't even know her, bro.

GARAN

Dude, I know her.

GANNON

You do?

GARAN

I like follow her on Twitter all da time.

GANNON

Yo. Listen to what you said. You follow her on Twitter. Follow. Which is itself a form of stalking. Is she your Facebook friend?

GARAN

As one matter of fact she is. (pause) But I don't think da page like really belongs to her.

GAGE

I don't know which is sadder. Da guy who pretends to be Scarlett Johanssen or da guy who friends da fake Scarlett Johansson knowing dat there's a 99.99 percent chance das not her.

GUY

Why is everyone in my cubicle?

GAGE

So what's da scoops? What you found out about Girlie?

GUY

I wuz jus looking if she had any pictures posted online okay.

GAGE

Why? You see her everyday? Ooooh. You wuz hoping she had some sexy sexy pictures. You such a pervert. It's always da quiet ones you gotta watch out for.

GARAN

Don't worry Guy. Maybe one day Girlie will come famous. Then it'll be more like socially permissiable to look for images of her.

GANNON

Nice try.

GAGE

Maybe I should report you to Gil.

GARAN

What's Gil gonna do? If it was Grace, that's another story.

GAGE

Why, what'd you tink he'd do if it was Grace?

GARAN

I don't know. Get vengeful. You can tell he kinda has like one thing for her. Da way he has that lecherous look whenever he sees her. Dude, it's kinda like that same look that you make whenever you see Grace.

GAGE

Shaddup. Das my sexy eyebrow look. Women like dat. Jus like when I answer da phone and make my sexy voice. "Hi, Gage speaking. How may I be of assistance?" Women dig it. You wish you was me. Enough about me. I tired being da center of attention all da time. Da world does not revolve around me. So what should we do with Guy here?

GANNON

Cut off his penis.

GUY

What?!

GAGE

What are you talking about?

GANNON

You know, make da punishment fit da crime.

GARAN

Then why'd we like chop off his thing? He didn't do anything with it.

GANNON

But he wanted to.

GARAN

Technically, da brain is da organ that makes all da decisions. So wouldn't we like have to eat his brain?

GAGE

What are we, frickin' Zombies now? I say we tell Gil. Maybe Guy will be the first one to get fired from our office. You know how much Gil's into all his team routine.

GUY

Do you tink Gil would really fire me?

GAGE

Maybe you'd get written up. Den put into one work program. Den before you know it.

GAGE, GARAN, GANNON

(waving arms side to side and singing in unison) Na, na, na, na. Na, na, na, na. Hey, hey, hey. Goodbye.

GUY

(teary eyed.) My parents really want me to have dis job. I didn't even get to be Team Player of the Month.

GAGE

We not going report you. Who cares if you were Googling Girlie? We're jus messing witchoo.

GUY

You mean you weren't being serious.

GAGE

Nope.

GUY

So you were playing me dis whole time.

GAGE

Pretty much. You so gullible.

GUY

So I wuz jus one form of entertainment for you? Getting your kicks at my expense. Well, laugh, den, laugh! (Throws da computer mouse at dem, but it doesn't reach dem cuz da cord.)

GARAN

Screeeeech! (He lets out one loud screech sound.)

GANNON

What da heck was that?

GARAN

Don't you screech when you see one mouse? And worse dude, it was one flying mouse. Kinda like one B-52. . . Mouse.

(Gage, Gannon, Garan, all laugh.)

GAGE

What's up with throwing stuff around? I tink you and Girlie deserve each oddah.

GARAN

If I was you, I'd replace that broken mouse. Otherwise it's like 3rd degree criminal property damage or whatever.

GUY

Are you gonna tell anybody?

GAGE

You mean are we gonna tattletale? What is this fricking elementary?

(Gage, Gannon, Garan, all walk away and voices fade.)

Can you believe dat? He threw a mouse at us.

GARAN

You tink da keyboard was too heavy?

GANNON

I don't get it, bro. Da keyboard ain't that heavy.

GARAN

He's like being sarcastic.

GANNON

Sarcas-tic? Ooooh.

GARAN

You so smart sometimes.

GANNON

(flattered) Tank you.

(Lights down.)

ACT I, scene 18

(Lights up.)

(Da present at da office.)

GIRLIE

Guy.

GUY

What?

(slowly) I. We.

GIRLIE

What?

GUY

Guy. . .

GIRLIE

GUY

I don't wanna go jail, Girlie. I wasn't aiming for any of you when da shot went off. I wuz trying for kill myself. But I couldn't even do dat right.

GIRLIE

You were trying to kill yourself?

GAGE

Ho, you wuz way off.

GIRLIE

Guy, just tell us what's wrong.

GUY

There's no going back. Not anymore. Not aftah what I did.

GIL

Don't you worry. You not going go jail. I can honestly blame myself.

GIRLIE

Who's gonna buy it dat he came here for kill himself? Especially if he's still alive. It's gonna look like attempted murder, that's a felony. It ain't no misnemeanor. And on top of dat it's a violent felony. Pre-meditated too, cuz he brought da gun wit him.

GAGE

Shhht. Don't make things worse than dey already are.

GRACE

How could they be worse?

GIL

Actually. Actually, like I said, Guy, you don't have to go to jail. I have a solution. We can cover for you.

GUY

You jus trying for trick me. You tink you smarter than everyone else.

GIL

We're a team, remember? I truly believe that.

GUY

But I brought a gun to work.

GIL

For protection.

GAGE

Yeah, lotta scary homeless druggies hanging out in their makeshift tents down in our parking lot. I fear for my life too sometimes. Like sometimes dey ask for quarter and I tell 'em I no more, but I carrying my five dollah Starbucks in my hand you know, so kinda obvious. . .

GUY

I fired one bullet.

GIRLIE

Accidentally.

GUY

I still fired a gun.

GIL

If we all say that we fired da shot, then da police can't prove who did it, right?

GUY

No, no, no. I watch CSI. Dey can test for GSR residue on everybody's hands. Dey going know wuz me.

GAGE

Unless. . .

GRACE

Unless we all fire off a shot. Then we'll all have that GSR and all our fingerprints will be on top the gun.

GUY

Girlie?

GIRLIE

I . . . We . . .

GUY

We. . .

GIRLIE

We should.

GUY

We shoullllllldddd?

GIRLIE

We shoullllddd. . . Sorry. I thought I knew what I was gonna say then I blanked out.

GUY

If only life gave you one prompter for supply you with da exack words you needed.

(Lights down.)

ACT I, scene 19

(Lights up.)

(Flashback. Da Office.)

(Guy dragging his luggage briefcase with wheels around.)

GUY

(To Gage.) You, you, made one fool outta me.

GAGE

Are you sure it wuz me? Maybe you did dat all by yourself. (pause) What are you talking about?

GUY

Youuuuuu “didn’t” go to Gil.

GAGE

I know. I said we wuzn’t.

GUY

But I didn’t believe you.

GAGE

So das your problem den.

GARAN

You know, I heard that some psychologists say that da reason why some people don't trust others is because they themselves are untrustworthy. Like dude, how deep is that?

GUY

Don't call me untrustworthy. I fight for da forces of good.

GANNON

Okay.

GARAN

I suppose that's good for know.

GUY

Gage. Gage is evil because he talks stink about people.

GAGE

I do. I do talk stink. But I do it to their faces.

GUY

And he has one secret.

GAGE

I do?

GUY

Gage is in love.

GRACE

Oo. I wonder who's it with.

GIRLIE

Probably himself.

GRACE

But das no secret, no?

GIRLIE

Good one Grace.

GUY

Gage is in love with Girlie. But he is hiding dat fack.

I don't love Girlie.

GAGE

Seeeeee.

GUY

What do you mean, see?

GAGE

Da fuck he denies it proves dat he's hiding it.

GUY

No it doesn't. It jus proves you're delusional.

GAGE

(Guy puts on black leather gloves. And scarf.)

What are you doing now?

GUY

I'm getting ready.

GAGE

Ready for what?

GUY

I hereby challenge you to one duel.

GAGE

A duel?

GUY

For Girlie's affection.

GAGE

Who says I want her affection?

GIRLIE

Who says my affection's up for grabs?

GRACE

Shut up, Girlie. How often do you have men fighting over you? It's so romantic. (super-excited) I just hope there's no violence.

GIRLIE

Isn't that an oxymoron? A non-violent duel.

GUY

Luckily I am prepared for such a contest.

GAGE

Kay you said the magic word, contest. Now I can't resist. Whatever you got, I can top.

GANNON

Yo. What's he got in that case?

GARAN

Isn't that like his work briefcase?

GANNON

Too big to be a work briefcase. This is a State job. Who has that much work?

GAGE

And who'd bring it home?

GANNON

I hope it's not. . . a gun.

GAGE

He's taking it out.

GARAN

It's. . . it's a. . .

GANNON, GARAN, GAGE, GRACE, GIRLIE

Karaoke machine?!

GUY

Gage, are you ready for da (says with japanese accent) Shotaro Ishinomori karaoke charen-jii?

GAGE

I am prepared.

(Gage puts on black leather gloves. And scarf.)

(Guy gets into battle pose. Spotlight on Guy.)

(Cue Mechanical Sound FX Music.)

(Cue Kikaida Instrumental Theme Song.)

(Guy has one super intense look. He starts off and sings karaoke style to da Kikaida Theme song. And he does one funky stacatto type dance like he calling out Gage. Words flash on da screen for da audience to follow along with da song. Guy tries for get audience for join him.)

(Gage, Gannon, and Garan mock Guy while he sings. Girlie and Grace just stare at him like he's weird.)

GUY

Suichi on, wan, tu, surii.
 Denryu Hiba na ga. Karada o hashiru.
 Jirooo. Che-en-jii. Kikaidaaa.
 Daku roboto, mukaeute.
 Jinzo ningen Kikaidaa.
 Che-en-jii, che-en-jii.
 Go, go, go, go.
 Go, go. go.

(Guy does a victory dance thinking he has already won.)

(Gage does battle pose. Spotlight on Gage.)

(Cue Saburo's Flute Music.)

(Cue Hakaida Instrumental Theme Song.)

(Gage huddles with Gannon and Garan as he enlists them to do this dance off with him.)

GAGE

Ore no na wa, ore no na wa.
 Hakaidaaa.
 Tsubuse, kowase, hakai seyo.
 Mune no kairo ni shirei ga hashiru.
 Ore no, ore no shimei.
 Ore no shukumei.
 Kikaidaaa.
 Hakai seyo.
 Hakai seyo.

(After seeing how well Gage does, Guy changes da song back to Kikaida.)

(This time Girlie and Grace dance with Guy.)

GUY

Suichi on, wan, tu, surii.

Saidomashin de yattekuru.
 Jirooo. Che-en-jii. Kikaidaaa.
 Daku robotto oikakero.
 Jinzo ningen Kikaidaa.
 Che-en-jii, che-en-jii.
 Go, go, go, go.
 Go, go. go.

(Gage corners Guy while Gannon and Garan forcibly dance with Grace and Girlie.)

GAGE
 Ore no nawa, ore no nawa.
 Hakaidaaaa.
 Tsubuse, kowase, hakai seyo.
 Kuroi karada ni hikari ga hashiru.
 Ore no aniki, ore no aniki.
 Ore no chichioya.
 Kikaidaaa.
 Hakai seyo.
 Hakai seyo.

(Guy messes with da karaoke machine so that Hakaida's lyrics get all messed up.)

GUY
 I am triumphant. (Does Kikaida victory pose.) Good always triumphs over evil.

GAGE
 It wuzn't one fair fight. Your machine messed around with my font size so I couldn't even see da words. So actually I'm more like Kikaida. Das cheating. And cheating's evil. So you're really Hakaida.

GUY
 Wotchoo said?

GAGE
 I said you're Hakaida.

(Guy gets violent, mounts and pummels Gage.)

GUY
 I . . . am . . . not . . . Hakaida!

(Cue Kikaida Next Episode Music.)

(Lights down.)

INTERMISSION**ACT II, scene 1**

(Cue Kikaida Next Episode Music.)

(Lights up.)

(Flashback. Da Office. Guy lurking unseen in background. Gage get black eyes.)

GRACE

You look not good.

GAGE

Whatever. Are you willing to nurse me back to health?

GRACE

Take two aspirin?

GAGE

And call you in da morning?

GIRLIE

And call her never!

GAGE

Wow lau lau. I nevah see dat coming. Get it, see dat coming. Cuz I get two black eyes. Can't you say anything nice to me Girlie.

GIRLIE

Well. Hmm. Howzabout dis. Gage, you jus as funny now as you wuz before.

GAGE

Das not really one compliment, yeah?

GIRLIE

Not really. But it wuz da nicest I could come up with.

GAGE

So what happened to Guy?

GARAN

I think he's like getting some kinda reprimand from Gil.

GAGE

I hope his punishment is more severe than Girlie's coffee cup incident. Dat wuz kinda jus one slap on da wrist. Tsk. . . anger management class.

GIRLIE

(fully snaps) Eh, I no more anger problems, okay?!

GANNON

(pause) So da classes worked then.

GARAN

That's so good to hear.

GIRLIE

Who spreading rumors I had for go anger management classes?

(Everyone looks at Grace.)

I nevah even get written up, okay. Gil jus gave me one of his weird pep talks.

GAGE

Whaaaaat?!

GIRLIE

Quit it already, Gage. How many times I gotta say? Da fricken cup slipped okay. It could've happened to anyone. So stop getting on my case about dat one time. Grace forgave me long time ago. I tired of you always keep on bringing it up. It's like you jus gotta push my buttons!

GARAN

Uh, Girlie, you know you getting like totally worked up, right?

GIRLIE

Sorry. (pause) I'm worried. You know how you read about "real" violence in da workplace all da time. Do you tink we gotta worry about Guy?

GAGE

Isn't that only for stressful jobs? Like da post office guys couldn't keep up with da mail flow so dey started hiding da mail until finally it jus overwhelmed dem.

GANNON

Yeah, our jobs ain't that stressful.

GARAN

Speak for yourself, dude. With all these cutbacks, no more overtime anymore. Positions get cut, but da workload's been like increasing. That's so not cool.

GAGE

Das why you supposed to feign incompetence so dey don't give you more work.

GARAN

I do. But that trick you taught us, it doesn't work anymore. Cuz there's no money to hire temporary hires.

GAGE

I guess it's coming like a regular job already. Next thing you going tell me is I no can save up all my sick days and vacation days so I can retire couple years early.

GARAN

Where you been dude?

GANNON

You read da memos or what? Now you gotta use it or lose it.

GAGE

Whaaaat?!

GIL

What's going on here?

GIRLIE

We're talking about what happened.

GRACE

Do you think it's unsafe working here?

GIL

Well, our area's pretty safe don't you think? I've been seeing a lot more police patrolling da area.

GIRILE

I not sure if one increased police presence makes me feel safer. Makes me feel da place must be more dangerous so das why dey need more cops. But das not what we're talking about. We're more worried about Guy and if he might go. . .

GAGE

Dat kinda stuff, das more on da mainland. Cuz ova hea everybody knows everybody. Everybody is somebody's friend's auntie's cousin's neighbor or someting li'dat. You know how dey like put cameras all over Chinatown for monitor behavior, well in Hawaii people is da monitors.

GRACE

And you musn't forget God is also watching.

GAGE

My point being, we all know each oddah somehow. So we no more dat anonymity an'den dat tempers our behavior.

GIL

Let me share a story. My Uncle Alvin from Maui. He was raised in da plantation camp. Young time he wuz drag racing his hot rod. Not even drag racing, jus revving his engine speeding a little bit in town. Before he even got home somebody called Maui grandma on top da one phone dey had in da camp and Uncle Alvin got major scoldings.

GANNON

But that was on Maui.

GARAN

And dude, they probably like only had like one road.

GIRLIE

It was probably jus one or two degrees of separation back den. Now it's probably more like four or five.

GARAN

Actually Gage, what you said, it is kinda like we have cameras all over now.

GAGE

(realizing) Yeah, because we all have our cell phones. Girlie, your phone get camera or what? I jus remembah you had da junk one.

(Lights down.)

ACT II, scene 2

(Lights up.)

(Da present at da office.)

GIRLIE

I don't know how you feel about me.

GUY

I don't know how you feel about me too.

GIRLIE

I know we tried to establish a connection.

GUY

We tried.

GIRLIE

We tried.

GUY

We had mutual effort. Das what counts, right?

GIRLIE

I suppose. We just weren't a match

GUY

I thought I did everthing like how I was supposed to. In all those romantic comedies, don't da oddly-matched couples always get together. Isn't that how it's supposed to happen in real life too?

(Lights down.)

ACT II, scene 3

(Lights up.)

(Da Office flashback. Guy sneaks up on Girlie.)

GUY

Hey Girlie, whatchoo doing?

GIRLIE

Filing.

GUY

Oh wow. You get any tips for me. Like what methodology should I use?

GIRLIE

You could try alphabetical.

GUY

Ho, yeah! Das one good system. So . . . you made dat up yourself?

GIRLIE

I wish I could take credit for it, but I did not make up “da alphabet.” Is that what you came to ask me?

GUY

Ho, you see right through me. You know, I wuz tinkin . . .

(Supa long pause)

GIRLIE

Tinking’s good. (pause) Exercises the brain. (pause) Keeps those synapses in shape.

GUY

I wuz tinkin. You know, I been working here couple few weeks now, but I no really know everybody so good. Maybe we have coffee together or someting.

GIRLIE

Yeah, one day we should go someplace.

GUY

(abruptly busses out drinks from behind his back.) Or we could just partake right here and now.

GIRLIE

Oh.

GUY

I took da liberty. I always hear you ordering your Mocha Frappucino lite with whipped cream from Starbucks.

GIRLIE

How much do I owe you?

GUY

I got it for you.

GIRLIE

That’s sweet.

GUY

So . . .

GIRLIE
So. . .

GUY
So you still live at home with your parents?

GIRLIE
No. Why, do you?

GUY
Me? No. I kinda got my own place. Well, it's attached to my parents house, but it has its own side entrance. (upset) I pay rent!

GIRLIE
No need to get defensive. It's not like I care. I wuz jus asking because you asked.

GUY
Oh.

GIRLIE
So what'd you get your degree in?

GUY
Communications.

GIRLIE
Communications?

GUY
I took a lotta online classes. And most of what we learned wuz theory. I nevah really had da chance for apply much of what I learned.

GIRLIE
So tell me, what did you learn?

GUY
Well, I learned you supposed to make eye contact for build trust.

GIRLIE
Let's try working on dat.

GUY
Um. Okaaay.

GIRLIE

You're looking off to da side now. Dat signals to me you're uninterested in what I'm saying and you wanna see if there's someone bettah for talk to.

GUY

Sorry.

GIRLIE

Now you looking up. Up kinda makes me feel like you saying oh boy. Like your eyes are saying here she goes again.

GUY

I didn't mean dat.

GIRLIE

Try again.

GUY

Okay.

GIRLIE

Now you rolling your eyes, which is even worse.

GUY

Even worse than upwards?

GIRLIE

Rolling is like saying this girl's full of baloney and she got no idea what she's talking about.

GUY

Again.

GIRLIE

No, now you're looking down.

GUY

Down's no good?

GIRLIE

No good. Down makes me think you're looking down my blouse.

GUY

Sorry. I didn't notice your anytings down there.

GIRLIE

Um, das not flattering to say either. Let's fix your eyes first.

GUY

Sorry. I having one hard time. I tink it's cuz I'm Oriental.

GIRLIE

So what? They're a little slanty, but I can still see your eyeballs.

GUY

No, I'm talking about cultural differences. Orientals don't really make eye contact as much as Haole people.

GIRLIE

Jus keep trying. One more time. Try your absolute hardest.

(Guy strains for superlong.)

Kay, now you got some major cockeye. Let's move on to someting else. What else did you learn?

GUY

Well, I learned that whoever you talking to, you supposed to use their name a lot during da conversation because people like hearing da sound of their own name. It's supposed to make dem trust you more and bring you closer together.

GIRLIE

Den hakum you haven't even said my name once? Even when I arrived you jus said Ayeee.

GUY

I'm scared to use people's names. I'm always afraid I'm gonna get their name wrong.

GIRLIE

Don't be afraid. Da oddah person can always correct you.

GUY

I suppose you're right Guri.

GIRLIE

What's a Guri?

GUY

Your name.

GIRLIE

No it isn't.

GUY

I wuz jus testing you. See, most people wouldn't correct me. Cuz it's awkward.

GIRLIE

No, I didn't correck you cuz I jus nevah understand what you wuz saying. You should've said Sarah or Abby. You know, at least use a real name.

GUY

Yeah, you're right.

GIRLIE

I thought da purpose of this coffee thing wuz so dat you could get to know your co-workers better.

GUY

It is.

GIRLIE

But you not asking me anyting.

GUY

I'm worried I might offend. What if I ask something wrong or too personal?

GIRLIE

Go ahead, ask me anything.

GUY

How old are you?

GIRLIE

(shocked) That's none of your business.

GUY

I thought you said to ask anyting.

GIRLIE

I did. But I nevah say I wuz going answer.

GUY

Oh.

GIRLIE

If you want a tip, you should ask someting in one more casual manner instead of being so blunt. Women don't like to reveal their age. You should've jus asked me Oh, what school you went?

GUY

And das going tell me your age?

GIRLIE

No, den you follow up with what year you grad, you know my cousin? Get it?

GUY

Yeah. So I could ask your cousin how old you are.

GIRLIE

Someting like dat. Try asking me someting.

GUY

So nice weather we having.

GIRLIE

Yeah.

GUY

No rain.

GIRLIE

No.

GUY

Lots of sun.

GIRLIE

Yup.

GUY

Nice Kona wind. Um, outside.

GIRLIE

Is there one point to all dis?

GUY

I working on it in my head. I nevah like da conversation go stagnant, bumbye you going feel uncomfortable. I learned dat in my communications classes. Yup. People is often uncomfortable when there's silence.

(Long uncomfortable silence.)

(Lights down.)

ACT II, scene 4

(Lights up.)

(Da present at da office. Get one long uncomfortable silence.)

GAGE

Eh, we all can go or what while you and Girlie continue on with your conversation. This is obviously between da two of you.

GIRLIE

There is no two of us.

GUY

There isn't?

GIRLIE

No.

GUY

But there might be?

GIRLIE

No.

GAGE

Real good move Girlie. I mean, you could've taken one for da team and jus said yes.

GIRLIE

I'm sure there's a lotta girls who like you Guy. I'm jus not dat one special one.

GUY

Tanks for at least being honest with me. Real, true-life honesty is hard for come by nowadays. I really value. . . da truth.

GIRLIE

Surely you must have a special girl in your life.

GUY

One special girl. Who's always been dea. . . for me.

(Lights down.)

ACT II, scene 5

(Lights up.)

(Cue Jiro's Guitar Music.)

(Flashback. Guy's parents' house. Guy is 28 years old.)

MOM

You finished college. Finally aftah ten years you have your degree. Don't you wanna do something with that?

GUY

You mean like frame it?

MOM

You know what I mean.

GUY

Good ting I got it yeah. My credits almost expired. Who knew?

DAD

Das what happens when your maddah let you explore and find yourself. We end up paying for your ten year plan. We should've move Vegas soon aftah you pau high school. But your maddah said what's four more years. Bull lie, four more years.

MOM

So what now? What's da next step?

DAD

Why don't you get a State job? A State job would make us really happy.

MOM

What about following his passion?

DAD

He can be passionate about his State job. Like I said, a State job would make us really happy. Cuz den we wouldn't have to worry about you. Eiddah dat or go find one rich girl.

MOM

Do we cramp your style? Is that why you don't really bring girls over?

GUY

No mom.

MOM

Cuz you can bring girls over if you want you know.

GUY

For da hundredth time, I jus nevah meet da right girl mom.

DAD

What about me?

MOM

What about you?

DAD

Maybe he cramping MY style. I like me and your maddah go travel. I like us go do tings too.

MOM

Let's travel den.

DAD

No, cuz den you gotta worry about him and who going feed him. You a pain to travel with when you always gotta check up on him. You only like him find one girl cuz you tink she going feed him. Girls nowadays dunno how cook you know.

GUY

He's right mom.

DAD

You should jus apply for da State job. Dey cover all da medical, no?

MOM

Dat wuz before time.

GUY

Whatevahs.

DAD

Listen. Your maddah and I not getting any younger.

MOM

Don't worry. Don't worry about us.

DAD

All you gotta do is make sure you work hard. You work hard and da boss going see and you going be all right.

GUY

Maybe das how wuz thirty years ago. I mean now not like your guys' time. Before you work hard den wuz pretty much assured you can save up, buy one house and raise some children. Before, at least you had stuff to look forward to. Nowadays I dunno. Dat dream's not realistic anymore. Nothing's realistic. How do you go on from day to day knowing dat you not going eva have anyting for eva look forward to?

DAD

Ah, bakatare. Tired already listening to all his excuses. I going go drinking.

(Guy and Mom wait till he leaves.)

GUY

Hey mom. Why do you stay with dad?

MOM

Cuz I married him. Family no leave family behind. I one old fashion girl and I still believe in old fashion values.

GUY

You don't have to worry about me anymore. You can leave him if you want, you know. I don't care what job I get. Really. So long as I can move out. Maybe, maybe we . . . maybe we can move out togeddah.

(Lights down.)

ACT II, scene 6

(Lights up.)

(Da present at da office.)

GUY

Family. Team. Family is like one team, no? And team is like one family. Das means you guys is like my family.

GIL

Yes, we're all here together. To support one another.

GAGE

Well, except for freaking Gannon and Garan.

GIL

Guy, if you wish, you can think of us like, like a family. Like I always say, We. . . are. . . ohana.

GAGE

Your don't say dat.

GIL

Well, whatever. Like my Wall of Cooperation illustrates, we are like a family. Our wall is like our family album. See, we have our Team Player of the Month, as well as Best Supporting Team Players. You're on your way Guy, see. (points to Guy's picture)

GUY

I'm one of da Best Supporting Team Players.

GRACE

I managed to be somewhere up there every month.

GIRLIE

Usually we're all up there Grace. But who really keeps track of dis stuff?

GAGE

(quickly responds) So far dis year wuz me, den Gannon, den Garan, den Grace, den Grace, den Girlie, den me again, den. . .

GIRLIE

Hey, there's like a pattern there. Gil, do you just rotate da pictures clockwise every month?

GRACE

But I wuz up on top for two months in a row once.

GIRLIE

I tink Gil jus forgot for move da pictures around.

GIL

Rotation?

GUY

Rotation? So it wuz nevah really real?

GAGE

Ah, who cares? Wuzn't like one real contest. Gil, if you really wanted for increase productivity outta us, you should've put down some cash incentives for being Team Player of da Month.

GIL

Well, I suppose that might work. But my main objective is to foster community and build our team, rather than create an environment of hard feelings and competition.

GUY

Competition.

GIL

That's what I said. We're all here today, building together a brighter tomorrow.

GUY

Tomorrow.

GIL

That's what I said. Tomorrow.

GUY

Tomorrow.

GIL

Tomorrow.

GUY

Tomorrow.

GIL

Tomorrow.

GUY

Stop copying me. I trying for tink! (covers ears)

(Lights down.)

ACT II, scene 7

(Lights up.)

(Flashback Gil's Office.)

GIL

People. Friends. Neighbors. Countrymen. Lend me your ears.

GARAN

Dude, what's he doing?

GANNON

I tink he's pretending he's some kinda great orator. I think that's a quote from some famous classical book.

GARAN

You mean like *Harry Potter*?

GANNON

Maybe. Either that or what's da oddah one, *Twilight*.

GIL

We are in dire straits. Due to da worsening economic downturn, da governor has decided all state departments will have to implement furloughs. My supervisor has reassured me there is no need to panic. Da situation is only temporary. My supervisor, our department head will be here shortly.

GAGE

Gil has a supervisor?

GARAN

Yeah. I met da dude once. We talked a little.

GUY

What'd you guys talk about?

GARAN

Honestly, I don't really remember. All I remember is he was like really boring.

GIL

He has indicated to me that no one will be let go at this time, though some might be transferred to other departments.

GRACE

I hope it's not Kapolei.

GIRLIE

What's wrong with Kapolei?

GRACE

It's so far.

GAGE

I live in Kapolei. Why Grace, where you live?

GRACE

(Innocently) Far away from you.

GIRLIE

Brutal. Good answer Grace.

GIL

I want every one to keep their spirits up. We shall all pull through this together.

GRACE

How will they decide who gets transferred?

GIL

Well, as you know technology is making some positions on the verge of becoming obsolete. Whereas before we needed many of you to man da phones to answer call in questions, all of our departmental information is in process of being posted online. Eventually, there might not even be a need for our section of da department.

GUY

So who'll get let go first if it comes to that? Is it based on job performance?

GAGE

Job performance. That's a good one.

GIL

Procedure dictates we go by seniority. So new hires will be the first to be let go if it comes to that.

GUY

So it doesn't matter how hard I work?

GAGE

Yeah, isn't this job great?!

GIL

Kay team, let's settle down. Our division head is on his way here. In fact look, there he is. He's just arrived. Let's give (stumbles on name) Mr. Miyashiro a warm welcome.

GLENN MAESHIRO

It's not Miyashiro, it's MA-E-shiro, Maeshiro.

GIL

Sorry. I'm Haole.

GLENN MAESHIRO

Aloha. I said Aloooooooha. Some of you may have heard of me. I'm Glenn Maeshiro the. . .

GUY

(sudden outburst) Glenn Maeshiro!

GLENN MAESHIRO

Yes.

GUY

Glenn Maeshiro!

GLENN MAESHIRO

Yes. That's my name, um, please don't wear it out.

GUY

You don't remember me?

GLENN MAESHIRO

Did we meet at a conference before?

GUY

I'm your second or third cousin, or is it fourth?

GLENN MAESHIRO

Really? How are we related?

GUY

You're my grandma's sister's daughter's son or someting li'dat. We get one Christmas card from your family every year with that letter about how everyone's doing!

GLENN MAESHIRO

Well, nice to see you. What was your name again?

GUY

Guy.

GLENN MAESHIRO

Nice to meet you, Guy.

GUY

Meet me? You don't remember me?

GLENN MAESHIRO

Yeah, we probably met at some family functions before.

GUY

Not probably. We did. We did meet. We met 4 times to be exact. We met when I was six at Uncle Ed's 88th birthday party, and we met when I was seven at your wedding. An'den we met when I was fourteen at Squire and Monica's wedding. And two years ago at Harry and Katherine's wedding.

GLENN MAESHIRO

Yeaahh. That's why you look sooo familiar.

GUY

I can't believe it. You don't even recognize me. All these years I've been compared to you, cousin Glenn Maeshiro, da model to our society and you don't even know who I am. You don't even know that I exist. All my life my parents wanted me to get a job in downtown like Glenn Maeshiro. Marry one nice girl like Glenn Maeshiro. Buy one nice townhouse like Glenn Maeshiro. Unfortunately for me, it took me much longer than you to graduate from college and to get a steady job. I might never find one girl to marry. And by da time I can even afford to make payments on one townhouse, it'll probably be time for me to retire. And I can't believe it, your parents never even thought to mention me to you? Not even as a negative example? Don't be like your cousin Guy, now? My parents could never accept me. I had to always be like someone else. Be more manly like your dad. Be more successful like your cousin. What was wrong with dis picture, hah? What's wrong wit dis picture?

(Lights down.)

ACT II, scene 8

(Lights up.)

(Da present at da office.)

GRACE

Hey, why don't we have any group pictures?

GIRLIE

I know Gil sure likes his pictures.

GAGE

What you mean?

GRACE

He makes us cut out articles and pictures and stuff whenever he get one article or even just one mention in the paper. I think he's sentimental.

GIRLIE

I tink it's to feed his own narcicissm.

GUY

Is dis true Gil?

GIL

What can I say? I show it off to my grandma.

GUY

It all makes sense now.

GAGE

What?

GUY

It all makes sense. When bad stuff happens in da office, you don't write it up because it's gonna make you look bad. You don't want it on record. (pause) So that's why you nevah do anyting when I almost killed Gage in our karaoke duel.

GAGE

Um. . .

GUY

What?!

GAGE

Nahting. Go on. Continue.

GUY

I wanted to be let go. But you said, "This is all my fault. I should've done a presentation on conflict-resolution. So I'm not punishing you. I'm gonna punish myself."

GIRLIE

Das kinda corny.

GUY

So da only reason he would do dat is if he wuz jus using dis position as one stepping stone to run for one higher office. Like Mayor or someting.

GIL

Those are jus rumors.

GUY

Get rumors?

GAGE

Dat means must be true.

GUY

So you jus using your position. You using us. All dis team crap is all bull you been feeding us while you bide your time and pad your resume. You planning on leaving us.

GRACE

And we didn't even take our family portrait.

GIL

You can believe what you choose to believe. Even if da rumors were true and I did leave my post. It 's still a post in government and government is like a bigger team. Or it should be ideally. In reality it's more like a really big family though, with a lot of fight. . .

GUY

Shhhhh!!!

GAGE

What you hear?

GUY

Voices.

(Guy hears a chorus of Dark monster voices.)

Kikaida was always my hero.

GRACE

Who's Kikaida?

GAGE

You dunno who's Kikaida?!

GIRLIE

Let him talk Grace.

GUY

Jiro wanted for complete his conscience circuit so badly knowing he would den feel pain, but he also knew dat he would be able for feel love. In da show, his creator's daughter Mitsuko, you can tell she has feelings for Jiro. But Jiro nevah gets togeddah with Mitsuko. In da end Jiro rides off into da distance as Mitsuko awaits his return. Why'd you leave Jiro?! Why?! Why'd you have to go? All through da series all you wanted wuz for Professor Komyoji for complete your incomplete conscience circuit, but in da end you decide not to. I've nevah been able for figgah dat out.

GRACE

Actually your television program, Ki . . . kai . . . der . . . seems like it's kinda like . . . the Bible.

GUY

It is. It is?

GRACE

Wait, here me out. It's like God giving man the power of free will. God giving man the power to choose. Perhaps your hero knew with his circuit completed, he would be perfect. He wanted to make da choices himself without it being forced upon him, so that he could love God. If the circuit forced him to take certain actions, then he wouldn't know what it was like to experience the true love of God.

GUY

No, no, no. Why are we talking about God?! Kikaida's not looking for God. What are you talking about? If there is a God, den why do good people have to die? Why? Huh? Tell me why.

GIL

Wait Guy, I jus thought of something. Kikaida doesn't carry a gun. So you can put da gun down.

GUY

You're right. Dat thought did cross my mind. Kikaida doesn't like guns. But Hakaida does. So what does that mean? Why is it so hard for me? So hard for get a good girl, get a good job, for get a good life? Is dea anyting for me for look forward to? I don't even have any real true friends.

GIRLIE

I'd like to believe we could've been friends in time.

GAGE

(holding phone) You want friends? Facebook me right now.

GUY

Stop. Stop talking! I need to tink. I need to close my eyes. I need to see what happens when I open my eyes to da dark.

GIL

Give me da gun. Don't worry about your job, Guy. Let's look on da bright side.

GUY

Bright.

GIL

Let's keep what's left of our family together. Remember my plan? I know it looks like you got yourself backed into a corner and you ain't got a choice, but. . .

GRACE

But you have a choice, you really do.

GUY

Choice.

GAGE

Do da right thing, brah.

GUY

Right?

GIRLIE

I know you have a conscience.

GUY

Do you?

GIRLIE

What would your dad think?

ACT II, scene 9

(Lights up.)

(Cue Jiro's Guitar Music.)

(Recent flashback to where Guy wuz previously this morning. Guy marches in with funeral clothes. Guy's parents' house.)

(Cue Sad Kikaida Music.)

GUY

(sounds totally devoid of all emotion) I've seen da Dark. I've seen it. If you close your eyes. You can see. Da Dark. In da darkness, you can hear. Voices. They say nothing lasts forever. Death. Death and life. Life and death. They say it's supposed to be five stages of grief. But I don't know if I'm really feeling any of those. I'm not in denial. I know you gone. I not mad. Cuz everybody going be gone one day. I not bargaining, cuz for bargin you gotta believe get somebody who can decide. I not depressed. And yet I haven't quite accepted yet. If there is one greater scheme of tings, like one concern for da whole, den I don't really understand. I don't really comprehend how come you had for die so soon for? Cuz maybe it's selfish, but all I find myself wondering is what I going do without you? I wuzn't sure what to do. Sometimes people go to friends for comfort, but I don't really have many of those. There's people at da office, and there's one girl, but I don't know if I have a shot with her. You'd be happy to know dat at least she knows I exist. See, cuz I fought for her honor. Well, maybe I didn't win, because like you said, there's never really any winners in war, but I didn't lose. I know crying is supposed to help you with grief, but I don't really tink I need to, because all I need to do is close my eyes. There da darkness brings me comfort. But to help make you feel better, in case you needed to, I wrote one poem for you Mom. I don't really know how to express myself or exactly what to say. Sorry if it's too mushy and if it makes you cry. Here it goes. It rhymes.

You live.
You die.
Bye bye.

(Flushes toilet.)

DAD

Wotchoo doing in da bachroom?

GUY

Nahting.

DAD

We going Mom's funeral down Hosoi now.

GUY

You tink cousin Glenn going be dea?

DAD

I'm sure he going.

GUY

Figures.

DAD

Why all da sudden interest in your cousin?

GUY

Nahting. You talking at da ting?

DAD

Da bonsan going talk. Well, mostly he going chant. Da two main tings I no like you do is fall asleep. Sometimes those chants can be long. And I no like anybody see you cry. We sad she gone. But no need advertise and make sad case. We no need people feeling sorry for us. We men. We going continue on.

GUY

Ten four. Roger dat.

DAD

Any questions before we leave?

GUY

Well, I jus wondered. . .why'd she have to die?

DAD

Everybody dies. Das how.

GUY

No, why'd SHE have to die.

DAD

You mean why couldn't it have been somebody else? Like who? Like me?

GUY

I nevah say dat.

DAD

You not denying it. You not denying it. You know what? Maybe it's even for da bettah.

GUY

How can you say dat?

DAD

See. . . your maddah wuz da one always worry up about you. Me, I say kick you out, let you sink or swim already. How old you gotta be before we can be not responsible for you? So now, pau already. I going sell da house. I can finally move up Vegas. Finally.

GUY

Das all you ever talked about. For years. You sound like one broken record. Should I go, should I stay? Stay, go, stay, go? HO! I tired listening to you. Jus go already! Go!

DAD

You know. Now your maddah stay gone, maybe I can finally tell you someting. You know how all these years I been telling my army story about how in Vietnam, I wen turn da helicopter around for try save da rest of my unit.

GUY

Yeah. You wuz under heavy gunfire. And under orders for return back to base.

DAD

But I disregarded da orders and turned da chopper around.

GUY

And you managed for get all da heavily wounded back.

DAD

But unfortunately none of dem survived.

GUY

And da government wanted for give you one Medal of Honor.

DAD

But I told dem no.

GUY

Because you didn't feel you did anything dat your fellow soldiers wouldn't have done for you.

DAD

Yeah.

GUY

I really like dat story.

DAD

I made dat up.

GUY

You mean you wuzn't in Vietnam?

DAD

No, I wuz. And I did fly da helicopter. But I nevah turn around for pick up da guys who wuz still behind. We wuz ambush. I wuz da only one lucky enough for get away. Hell if I wuz going back.

GUY

But what about brotherhood and all dat stuff you used to tell?

DAD

I jus said dat for impress your maddah back when we wuz dating.

GUY

You mean all these years wuz all one lie?

DAD

We all got shot at. And I flew da helicopter for da escape. And everybody else wuz almost dead. But I, I nevah go back.

GUY

How come?

DAD

Dey wuz all pretty much dead anyway. And not like dey wuz all good guys you know. Dis da kine stories dat nobody tell, but I remembah. . . whenever dey killed da Viet Congs, dey took back all kine body parts as war trophies. Had some sicko bastards. And da ones in my unit who nevah kill nobody, dey told me go lie on da ground so dey could step my head and pretend I wuz da Viet Cong so dey could take picture for send dat back home as souvenir. How's dat? And we supposed to be on da same side an'den. But to those American soldiers, us Local Orientals and da Viet Cong, we all look same to dem.

GUY

How come you nevah tell dem. Hey, no step on my head?

DAD

You no tink I wanted to? You no tink I wanted to, HAH?

GUY

And you nevah told Ma da troot?

DAD

I nevah like her tink I wuz weak.

GUY

So why you telling me for?

DAD

I, I. . .

GUY

All these years. You're jus pathetic. Don't talk to me again.

DAD

But. . .

Don't talk!

GUY

Wait. . .

DAD

Don't talk to me I said. Don't talk!

GUY

No. . .

DAD

GUY
 (hits Dad down.) Stop talking! (Grabs a gun and hits Dad on head with da butt of da gun.) Stop! Stop! Stop.

(Lights down.)

ACT II, scene 10

(Lights up.)

(Da present at da office.)

GIRLIE
 What would your dad think?

GUY
 (Long pause.) He, he wouldn't. He wouldn't tink anything. (Pause.) I tried to listen. I tried to do as I wuz told. But on da path to truth . . . I only found . . . LIES.

(Guy slaps Girlie. Guy shoots Grace. Guy shoots Gage. Guy shoots Gil.)

(Guy mounts a half-conscious Girlie and brutally rapes her. Guy leaves her on the floor holds gun to mouth for a brief second before walking off into da audience and exiting.)

(Lights down.)

(Sound of Police sirens.)

DA END