

SCENE 9

Kiyoko and Chiyo approach Judy as she passes by carrying Timothy.

KIYOKO: You are Judy, neh.

JUDY: (Cautious)
Yes?

KIYOKO: I am a friend of your father. My name is Kiyoko Hasegawa.

CHIYO: Chiyo Froelich.

KIYOKO: I run this restaurant. "Hasegawas"

CHIYO: Chiyo's Hair Salon, right next door.

JUDY: (Still unsure) Hi.

KIYOKO: We are having a small get together at my place for your father.

CHIYO: A birthday party.

(They notice the baby)

KIYOKO: Oh, hello Timothy.

CHIYO: Nobu should see him.

(Awkward pause)

JUDY: (Starting to leave)
It's nice meeting you. Excuse me . . .

CHIYO: (To Kiyoko)
Show Judy your earrings. Kiyoko, show her.

KIYOKO: Chiyo.

CHIYO: He gave them to her. Your father. For her birthday.

KIYOKO: For my birthday. He comes to my restaurant almost every day. He likes my cooking. That's how come I know him so good.

CHIYO: (Kidding)
He's so "mendokusai" ((troublesome)). I don't like cucumber pickle, I like eggplant. "Monku monku" all the time.

(Lights start to fade)

KIYOKO: Oh, it is no trouble at all. I like to do things like that. I like to cook for Nobu . .

(Dim to darkness. Cross-fade to Nobu with Kite. Masi in half light moves away from Sadao with the fishing pole. She begins to practice her cast.)

SCENE 9

Kiyoko's restaurant. Same day, evening. Chiyo and Kiyoko seated at table. Lit in pool of light.

KIYOKO: 9 years. That is how long it has been. 9 years since Harry passed away. He never treated me like this. I call, I go over there. Harry never treated me like this.

CHIYO: Kiyoko. Maybe you have to stop thinking about Nobu. Hmm? Maybe . . . maybe you should give him up.

(Silence)

Kiyoko. Lots more fish in the ocean. Lots more. Go out with us. Come on.

KIYOKO: I don't do those kinds of things.

CHIYO: I'll introduce you to some new guys. Remember Ray - you met him? I've been telling him about -

KIYOKO: (Interrupts)
I don't do those kinds of things.

(Pause)

It's not easy for me, Chiyo.

(Silence)

When Harry died, right after? I started taking the bus to work. I had a car, I could drive. I was easier to drive. I took the bus. For 25 years you go to sleep with him, wake up next to him. He shaves while you shower, comes in from the yard all sweaty. Then he's gone. No more Harry in bed. No more smell of after shave in the towel you're drying off with. No more sweaty Harry coming up and hugging me. I had a car. I took the bus. I missed men's smells. I missed the smell of men. Every morning I would get up and walk to the corner to take the bus. It would be full of all these men going to work. And it would be full of all these men coming home from work. I would sit there pretending to read my magazine . . .

(Inhales. Discovering the different smells.)

Soap . . . just washed skin . . . aftershave lotion . . . sweat . . .

(Lights come up to half in the restaurant. Blackie bursts through the kitchen doors holding a plate of his famous "Hom-yu." Brings it over and sets it down on the table which is now lit in a full pool of light.)

BLACKIE: Hom-yu! Hom-yu!

CHIYO: "Kusai yo"! ((Stinky))

KIYOKO: Blackie!

BLACKIE: I know stink. But stink gooooood!

(It stinks to holy hell. Chiyo can't stand it. Kiyoko is quite moved by Blackie's gesture, though she too is having a difficult time with its odor. Blackie grins proudly)

(Dim to darkness)