

OKA: (standing to greet the MURATAS) Oh, you've come. Welcome!

MURATA: *Yah* . . . Good of you to ask us.

HANA: (bowing) Yes, thank you very much. (to MASAKO) Say hello, Masako.

MASAKO: Hello.

HANA: And thank you.

MASAKO: Thank you.

(OKA makes motions of protest. EMIKO stops her pacing and watches from the window.)

HANA: (glancing briefly at the window) And how is Emiko-san this evening?

OKA: (turning to the house) Emi! Emiko!

HANA: That's all right. Don't call her out. She must be busy.

OKA: Emiko!

(EMIKO comes to the door. HANA starts a bow toward the house.)

MURATA: *Konbanwa!*? (Good evening)

HANA: Konbanwa, Emiko-san. I feel so badly about this intrusion. (pause) Your husband has told you our bathhouse was destroyed by fire, and he graciously invited us to come use yours. (EMIKO shakes her head.)

OKA: I didn't have a chance to . . .

(HANA recovers and nudges MASAKO.)

HANA: Say hello to Mrs. Oka.

MASAKO: Hello, Mrs. Oka.

(HANA lowers the Victrola to the bench.)

OKA: What's this? You brought a phonograph?

MASAKO: It's a Victrola.

HANA: (laughing indulgently) Yes. Masako wanted to bring this over and play some records.

MURATA: (extending the wine) Brought a little sake too.

OKA: (taking the bottle) Ah, now that I like. Emiko, bring out the cups.

(OKA waves at his wife, but she doesn't move. He starts to ask again but decides to get them himself. He enters the house and returns with two cups.)

(EMIKO seats herself on the single chair. The MURATAS unload their paraphernalia; OKA pours the wine, the men drink, HANA chatters and sorts the records. MASAKO stands by helping her.)

HANA: Yes, our Masako loves to play records. I like records too, and Papa, he . . .

MURATA: (watching EMIKO) They take me back home. The only way I can get there. In my mind.

HANA: Do you like music, Emiko-san?

(EMIKO looks vague, but smiles.)

HANA: (continuing) Oka-san, you like them, don't you?

OKA: Yeah. But I don't have a player. No chance to hear them.

MURATA: I had to get this for them. They wouldn't leave me alone until I got it. Well . . . a phonograph . . . what the hell; they got to have *some* fun.

HANA: We don't have to play them, if you'd rather not.

OKA: Play. Play them.

HANA: I thought we could listen to them and relax. (She extends some records to EMIKO.) Would you like to look through these, Emiko-san?

(EMIKO doesn't respond. She pulls out a sack of Bull Durham and begins to roll a cigarette. HANA pushes MASAKO to her.)

HANA: (continuing) Take these to her.

(MASAKO goes to EMIKO with the records. She stands watching her as EMIKO lights a cigarette.)

HANA: (continuing) Some of these are very old. You might know them, Emiko-san. (She sees MASAKO watching EMIKO.) Masako, bring those over here. (She laughs uncomfortably.) You might like this one, Emiko-san. (She starts the player.) Do you know it?

(The record whines out "Kago No Tori." EMIKO listens with her head cocked.)

(She smokes her cigarette. She is wrapped in nostalgia and memories of the past. MASAKO watches her carefully.)

MASAKO: (whispering) Mama, she's crying.

(Startled, HANA and MURATA look toward EMIKO.)

HANA: (pinching MASAKO) Shhh. The smoke is in her eyes.

MURATA: Did you bring the record I like, Mama?
(EMIKO rises abruptly and enters the house.)

MASAKO: They're tears, Mama.

HANA: From yawning, Masako. (regretfully to OKA) I'm afraid we offended her.

OKA: (unaware) Hunh? Aw . . . no . . . pay no attention. No offense.

(MASAKO looks toward the window. EMIKO stands forlornly and slowly drifts into a dance.)

HANA: I'm very sorry. Children, you know . . . they'll say anything. Anything that's on their minds.

(MURATA notices MASAKO looking through the window and tries to divert her attention.)

MURATA: The needles. Masako, where're the needles?

MASAKO: (still watching) I forgot them.

(HANA sees what's going on. OKA is unaware.)

HANA: Masako, go take your bath now. Masako . . .

(MASAKO reluctantly takes her towel and leaves.)

OKA: Yeah, yeah. Take your bath, Masako-chan.

MURATA: (sees EMIKO still dancing) Change the record, Mama.

OKA: (still unaware) That's kind of sad.

MURATA: No use to get sick over a record. We're supposed to enjoy.

(HANA stops the record. EMIKO disappears from the window. HANA selects a lively ondo ["Tokyo Ondo"].)

HANA: We'll find something more fun.

(The three tap to the music.)

HANA: (continuing) Can't you just see the festival? The dancers, the bright kimonos, the paper lanterns bobbing in the wind, the fireflies . . . How nostalgic. Oh, how nostalgic.

(EMIKO appears from the side of the house. Her hair is down; she wears an old straw hat. She dances in front of the MURATAS. They are startled.)

(After the first shock, they watch with frozen smiles. They try to join EMIKO's mood, but something is missing. OKA is grieved. He finally stands as though he's had enough. EMIKO, now close to the door, ducks into the house.)

HANA: That was pretty. Very nice.

(OKA settles down and grunts. MURATA clears his throat, and MASAKO returns from her bath.)

MURATA: You're done already? (He's glad to see her.)

MASAKO: I wasn't very dirty. The water was too hot.

MURATA: Good! Just the way I like it.

HANA: Not dirty?

MURATA: (picking up his towel) Come on, Mama . . . scrub my back.

HANA: (laughing with embarrassment) Oh, oh . . . well . . . (She stops the player.) Masako, now don't forget. Crank the machine and change the needle now and then.

MASAKO: I didn't bring them.

HANA: Oh. Oh . . . all right. I'll be back soon. Don't forget . . . Crank. (She leaves with her husband.)

(OKA and MASAKO are alone. OKA is awkward and falsely hearty.)

OKA: So! So you don't like hot baths, eh?

MASAKO: Not too hot.

OKA: (laughing) I thought you like it real hot. Hot enough to burn the house down.

(MASAKO doesn't laugh.)

OKA: (continuing) That's a little joke.

(MASAKO busies herself to conceal her annoyance.)