Yaji-san & Kita-san at Midnight

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Sound of rain drops. In a room surrounded by dark shōji (= screen), two men are sleeping on the cushion. Suddenly Kitahachi awakes, and raises the upper half of the body, dimly looking toward the window at the back of the room.

Kita. It’s raining ... Say, ... Yaji-san.

Yajiro-bei slowly raises his upper half body, rubbing his eyes.

Yaji. Well ... Um ..., Ah-ah- ..., it’s raining.

Kitahachi opens the window a little (made by screens). Out of the window, Pictures of the Rain drops of Letters “Za-a-a” projected on the screen, falling from upper forward to downward. Kitahachi is watching Pictures of the Rain drop and Letters “Za-a-a.”

Kita. Something ...

Kitahachi puts out his hand towards the screen, and then takes the thin letters “Za-a-a” on his hands.

Kita. Isn’t that real, is it?

Yaji. ... Certainly!

Kitahachi casts away letters “Za-a-a” out of the shōji (= screen).

Kita. Thin! ... Say!
Yaji. ... Eh?
Kita. Edo is ... Something ... actually as thin as paper ... Say!
Yaji. Ah ... Thin!
Kita. Isn’t that real, is it?
Yaji. ... Ah ...
Kita. ... Whoo ...

*Kita sighs melancholy, watching his hand and Yaji looks at Kita’s action.*

Yaji. ... Kita ... looks at his hand melancholically. His deeply long cut eye. His stressed good-looking profile like a pale woman. White fingers look like arranged with white fish five ... Beautify ... Pretty! You are pretty, Kita ... Thinking so.... Suddenly scratching his chest ... trying to look for something with his left hand in the air, after a while beginning to turn his chin with his right hand. At the same time, he mixes together and turns in his nostrils with his forefinger and his middle finger. The cramped left hand moves up and down. Slowly, he pulls out his finger out of his nostril with a pop, and thrusts it in again. He pops out, and thrusts it in again, and then pops out, and thrusts it in again. Oh, he tries to smell ... He seems to be stinking ... Oh! It’s dangerous! Convulsions of the left hand become intense. We don’t know why, but he murmurs, “Miminya!” (みみにゃー) “Miminya!” (みみにゃー) Wow! He tries to push out buttocks, and begins to walk with inside of the thigh in a half sitting. He tears a forelock by the right hand, and reaches his hair whirl quickly and begins to clap his head. (ぺんぺん) The left hand also violently cramped, taking part in beginning to clap his head. (ぺんぺん) Suddenly, he raises his both arms toward heaven. And he begins to tear his back. Oh! When I notice it, he scratches his hip with both arms.

*Kita moves as Yaji said to him.*

Kita. Say!
Yaji. Yes?

Kita. Why are exactly you depicting me?

Yaji. While Kita said so as blaming, he thrusts his finger into his nostrils again, and then pops it out.

Kita. "Pop." ..., but should you stop explaining!

Yaji. Recently, Kita seems strange somewhat.

Kita. Strange?

Yaji. Strange!

Kita. I ... somewhat ... don’t exactly know why!

Yaji. What?

Kita. Anything!

Yaji. ... Oh ...

Kita. This world and also the next world, myself and also you ..., I don’t exactly know why!

Yaji. But I ... exactly know Kita.

Kita. Do you know why?

Yaji. ... Yes.

Kita. Do you certainly know why?

Yaji. I know how many times you go to the rest room one day, and I know your favorite food, from your good pause, the position of a mole on your body, the hairs of the nostrils, hair on the chest, underarm hair, the amount of hair, finger hair, I intend to know exactly!

Kita. Then, do you know that I am an eraser?

Yaji. Yea ... What?

Kita. To tell the truth ..., I ... am an eraser.

Yaji. The eraser?

Kita. The eraser.

*Yaji exactly sniffs Kita.*
Yaji. ... But ... I can smell of Kita.

Kita. I am the eraser that smells of me. I ...

Yaji. But erasers can’t speak, can they?

Kita. I’m the eraser that can speak. I ...

Yaji. That is to say, Kita is the eraser that smells of Kita and can speak.

Kita. I can also erase letters. So should you call me an eraser from now on?

Yaji. ... No!

Kita. What?

Yaji. No! I couldn’t call Kita Eraser.

Kita. Why?

Yaji. I should erase you, shouldn’t you?

Kita. Yes. Erasing is my job.

Yaji. If you erase, you become thin.

Kita. I’m thin.

Yaji. You will fade away.

Kita. Ha, ha ... I won’t fade away.

Yaji. What?

Kita. Trash is left.

Yaji. Trash?

Kita. I will become dark a little.

Yaji. Then, Kita is the Eraser, and then will become dark trash, won’t he?

Kita. Yes. I’ll be trash. You’re Yaji, and I’m trash ... Yaji and trash are a good combination.

Yaji. No ... I also like the smell of Kita, who can speak, but can’t erase letters, nor become trash; say I like fair-skimmed Kita.

Kita. I’m Kita, who has his scent, speaking, but can erase letters, become trash too, and eventually the eraser of dark.

Yaji. No!
Kita. If you say such nonsense, I only would tie up with eraser and trash.

Yaji. What?

Kita. “Well, Eraser” “What? Trash” I’ll play both eraser and trash. I can play both characters by myself. It’s nice without worrying.

Yaji. ... I’m a pencil.

Kita. What?

Yaji. Pencil!

Kita. Pencil?

Yaji. I’m ... a Pencil ... Well ... whatever you may erase to your satisfaction ... I shall be happy, if you erase me.

Kita. You can’t write, can you?

Yaji. I’m a pencil that can’t write.

Kita. The pencil, that can’t write ..., is only a pole.

Yaji. Pole?

Kita. Pole!

Yaji. ... Am I the pole?

Kita. Yes, you are pole.

Yaji. ... Pole ... I don’t like priests at all.

Kita. Then, you should give up pencil.

Yaji. ... Unfair ... unfair ... unfair. You only are playing unfair!

*Yaji is crushed and weeps in spite of himself.*

Kita. ... Lie.

Yaji. Eh?

Kita. ... Lie.

Yaji. ... Lie ... Lie?

Kita. You should think of the age ... in the Edo days, how can there be the eraser?

Yaji. ... Really? ...
Kita. Since you can’t even write, you can’t even notice it.

Yaji. Ha, ha, ha. Is that so? I understand.

Kita. You are a fool.

Yaji. Ha, ha, ha.

Kita. You are seriously a fool, like Kon-kon-chiki (= yelping of a fox) (onomat).

Yaji. Ha, ha, ha.

Kita. You are seriously a fool, like Hin-hin-chiki (= neighing) of tie of Ken-ken (hop on one leg) (onomat).

Yaji. Ha, ha, ha. *(Yaji imitates Kita, indicating Yaji himself.)*

Kita. You are seriously a fool, like Whale of Heko (= dent) of lowering of Penpen (onomat).

Yaji. Ha, ha, ha. *(Yaji imitates Kita, indicating Yaji himself.)*

Kita. You are seriously a fool, like an elephant which blows bubbles of Hiziki (= Hizikia fusiforme) of Kappore (onomat).

Yaji. Ha, ha, ha. *(Yaji imitates Kita, indicating Yaji himself.)*

Kita. You are seriously a fool, like poor tincture, the clam which was rolled up, back of burdock.

Yaji. Ha, ha, ha. *(Yaji imitates Kita, indicating Yaji himself.)*

Kita. You are seriously foolish, like Tofu-like sesame paste, with Topknot, rice with shit on it.

Yaji. Ha, ha, ha. *(Yaji imitates Kita, indicating Yaji himself.)*

Kita. You are seriously foolish, like great adventure of man with a clownish mask of a knowledgeable doctor.

Yaji. Ha, ha, ha. *(Yaji imitates Kita, indicating Yaji himself.)*

Kita. You are seriously foolish, like dirty toilet stool of the loincloth with vomit thrown up.

Yaji. Ha, ha, ha. *(Yaji imitates Kita, indicating Yaji himself.)*
Kita. You are seriously foolish, like the Natto-jiru (= soup) which was steamed of the steamed bun which wipes buttocks.

Yaji. Ha, ha, ha. (Yaji imitates Kita, indicating Yaji himself.)

Kita. You are seriously foolish, like Mr. Beard of the BONNY JACKS.

Yaji. Ha, ha, ha. (Yaji imitates Kita, indicating Yaji himself.)

Kita. You are seriously foolish, like Mr. Clogs of the DARK DUCKS.

Yaji. Ha, ha, ha … Hey … didn’t he say too much?

Kita. I’m sorry Mr. Clogs said too much.

Yaji. But I am good at being a fool. Kita should be Kita properly.

Kita. Yes …

Yaji. … If Kita is with me, I might be all right even if I couldn’t know anything.

Kita. … I also couldn’t know anything …

Yaji. What?

Kita. I couldn’t know anything. Who am I? Who are you?

Yaji. Right.

Kita. I’m not real. I couldn’t understand trees, Grass, roads, town, sky, Edo …

I couldn’t understand anything at all.

Yaji. I also couldn’t understand anything at all!

Kita. I … I also couldn’t understand “I also couldn’t understand!”

Yaji. Yes … I couldn’t know all of them …

Kita. Neither could I know “I also couldn’t understand,” nor “Oh … I never could understand.”

Kita begins to tremble, looking at his hands.”

Yaji. … Kita …

Kita. I can never know “I couldn’t understand” nor “I couldn’t understand” nor “I couldn’t understand” nor “I couldn’t understand” nor “I couldn’t understand.” Ah, I couldn’t know any. I couldn’t know any! …
Kita takes the phial nearby and covets a capsule of the red white of the inside with a rattling sound and takes it.

Kita. I couldn’t know any!

Yaji. ... Kita! Don’t take medicine!!

Kita. I’m Rubber Trash!

Yaji. ... Kita!!

Kita. I am excellent medicine poison! Medicine poisoning of medicine poison,

I’m also an opium poppy by another name.

Yaji. ... Yo-ho! ... I’m also medicine poison!

Kita. ... What?

Kita stops his hands coveting and taken medicine, and then watches Yaji.

Yaji. You bloody fool! ... I’m also medicine poison!

Kita. ... Yaji ... You ... when ...

Yaji. ... Just now!

Kita. What?

Yaji. At fast!

Kita. What?

Yaji. At fast! Please work as Chu! (= Kiss me)

Yaji pouts and waits for a kiss.

Kita. What?

Yaji. At fast! Please work as Chu! For short, Fast Chu (= drug addiction.) You fool!

Kita. Ha! What? Work as Chu. (= Kiss) ... I’ll do it ...

Kita works as Chu and kisses, soon after Yaji spits out capsule.

Yaji. Phew!! Stop pouring medicine!

Kita. Do you want to try it?

Yaji. No!

Kita. It’s good.
Yaji. No! It isn’t.
Kita. If you try it, Edo town doesn’t become thin for a moment.
Yaji. It is an article of the prohibition, isn’t it?
Kita. I’ll get better.
Yaji. A body is worn out, isn’t it?
Kita. I’ll get better.
Yaji. You may be dead.
Kita. I’ll feel good.
Yaji. You may not be good.
Kita. I’ll feel good.
Yaji. Maybe not.
Kita. Won’t you feel good?
Yaji. Yes.
Kita. No.
Yaji. No?
Kita. Yes.
Yaji. No.
Kita. Yes.
Yaji. You may be dead.
Kita. Yes.
Yaji. No.
Kita. Yes … I … don’t have regrets at all in such a thin world.

† Beautiful music is heard. Lighting will change.
Yaji. Then will you die?
Kita. Together?
Yaji. Together.
Kita. Do you cross the Styx with me, too?
Yaji. I receive the drop of the oar on my cheeks.
Kita. On the opposite bank where mustard flowers blooms...

Yaji. Even if we die, we will stay together.

Kita. We’ll go without showing our tears.

Yaji. Let’s join our arms.

Kita. Let’s hold hands.

Yaji. Our dress ..., 

Kita. Let’s finish it without taking out blood.

Yaji. A nape and a nape ...

Kita. We put still, and stare together.

Yaji. Let’s hold hands.

Kita. The dress ..., 

Yaji. We decide on white clothing.

Kita. Are we not buried in the temple?

\textit{C.O. A light returns.}

Yaji. I don’t like priests!

Kita. ... Then ..., you should give up. I’ll go alone ...

Yaji. ... You are terrible ..., you are terrible ... Only you, you are terrible!

Kita. ... It’s a lie.

Yaji. What?

Kita. I want to live after all.

Yaji. Ah!

Kita. Ah! I want to live, live, live!

Yaji. Ah!

Kita. Ah! I want to live ... I want to leave Edo!

Yaji. What?

Kita. I want to leave Edo!

Yaji. Ah!

Kita. Do you think so?
Yaji. ... Ah ... I want to leave ... false town ...!

Kita. Yes! This town is fake, thin, and sham isn’t it?

Yaji. Sham.

Kita. Sham.

Yaji. Sham.

Kita. Sham.

Yaji. Sham.

Kita. Sham! ... Sham ... Hey ... Yaji!

Yaji. What?

Kita. Ise ... Ise.

Yaji. Eh?

Kita. Ise ... Say ... Ise ... Why not go to Ise?

Yaji. Ise?

Kita. Ise. I pray in Ise.

*Kita takes a thick pamphlet up by the pillow, and shows Yaji the cover.*

Kita. ... Hey ... watch this.

Yaji. What?

Kita. This is a list of the deep red cow Ise tour. Hey, it says, “Welcome to Ise”

   “Anything comes true if I come to Ise.” “We cure all the troubles of the
   world if you come to Ise.”

 tête C.I. Lighting will change.

Yaji. Every illness ...

Kita. Pains ...

Yaji. Sorrow ...

Kita. Envy ...

Yaji. Jealousy ...

Kita. Grudge ...

Yaji. Pain ...
Kita. Dirt ...

Yaji. Fear ...

Kita. Anger ...

Yaji. Sadness ...

Kita. Resentment ...

Yaji. We cure all.

Kita. Everything will happen before the end.

Two people. (Yaji & Kita) There is the real here.

C.I. A light returns.

Kita. It will be great, you know.

Yaji. Isn’t this a bit suspicious?

Kita. Wonderful, wonderful, Ise is ... Ise is ...

When Kita opens the pamphlet suddenly, like a pop-up picture book, the brilliant Buddhist monastery such as the castle, and beautiful scenery tower make it a solid. C.I. A light changes. A projector projects fireworks on the screen at the back.

Kita. The wind blows easily, and realistically the water clears up.

Yaji. The flower gives off a smell, and the birds sing realistically.

Kita. 10 million immeasurable lights shine. The light realistically overflows, and goes into the every corner.

Yaji. Even at night, the light realistically glistens like the day.

Kita. While we stay here, the spoken language circulates through 4,000 kilometers.

Yaji. We realistically are able to run 40,000 kilometers in a vehicle which is faster than a horse.

Kita. The tropic fruit overflows in downtown.

Yaji. Many kinds of delicacies appear on a dining table without dying out.

Kita. Hunger.
Yaji. Ise is where a glutton is not able to bear.

C. I. Light changes. **Yaji closes the pamphlet suddenly.**

Kita. Will it be great?

Yaji. Oh, Great! Ise is great!

Kita. Real! Ise is real!

Yaji. It’s super real! You know.

Kita. You know. Yaji. Let’s go there! Let’s go to Ise! If we go to Ise, All surely will go well.

Yaji. ... Ah ...

Kita. There, surely my poison will be cured without any regret neatly, too.

Yaji. ... Well ...

Kita. I’ll be reborn.

Yaji. ... I’m sorry!

**Suddenly, Yaji kneels on the ground.**

Kita. Yaji! What’s the matter with you?

Yaji. Kita! I’m sorry ... I’ll go! I’ll go with Kita! But I have my family. I couldn’t leave my wife! I couldn’t! I couldn’t! I can surely find happiness somehow in the Edo.

Kita. Plain sailing of the frog that the bowels can’t return to the back ... hush! 

... lightly. (= Swimming rhythm of the frog of the bowels to the back, hush! lightly. = Seni- Harawata- Gaeruno- Tonton-Byoushi ... Mi-Pyoko-Pyoko.) (onomat)

Yaji. Well?

Kita. Well, a poor boy (Heppyoko-sama) (onomat) is appearing!

Yaji. What? The poor boy? (Heppyoko-sama)

Kita. Well, the poor boy says, “Come, Come,” beckoning you. Look! There ...

Yaji. Eh? Where?
Yaji is going in the direction Kita indicates.

Kita. At your step!!

Yaji. Eh?

Kita. Be careful about your step.

Yaji. What?

Yaji watches his step.

Kita. Mr. Clogs lies down with three people well.

Yaji. Yippee!

Yaji flies out.

Kita. An ankle mushroom and boss’s wife’s steamed bun stay with addition and subtraction to wipe feces. I vomit a bubble and skid. Well ... Let’s play by the gesture such as the train! Let’s play by the gesture such as the trains! The next stop is Ise. Next stop is Ise. The passenger should prepare to change train fast. Next stop is Ise. (He repeats it.)

Yaji. ... Ah ...

Yaji notices something.

Yaji. ... Again, actually ... Kita always does so, if his opinion wouldn’t be accepted.

Kita. U-daba-daba-daba, U-daba-daba-daba. (うーだばだばだ、うーだばだばだ) (onomat)

Yaji. Do you suffer from withdrawal symptoms?

Kita. Kin-dan, Man-chopu. (キンダンマンチョーブ) (onomat)

Yaji. Ouch ... Stop! Kita!

Kita takes out medicine from a phial with a rattling sound and drinks.

Kita. Where is real? Where is real?

Yaji. Stop! Kita!

Kita. I couldn’t. I couldn’t stop!

Yaji. Stop!
Kita. Well, well, well ... on and on, something becomes real .... Pori-Pori
(onomat)

*Kita takes medicine by one drop.*

Yaji. Stop!

Kita. Ki- ki- ki- ki- ki .... Real Yaji is full sailing ship’s Kintoki Sakata (= Manpakano-Hokake-Kintoki-dai) Hi- hi- hi- hi- hi. (onomat)

Yaji. ....

*Tip of hand of Kita suddenly becomes a broom.*

Kita. Oh? My hand’s a broom!

Yaji. There are too many fingers to count. One ... Two ...

*Kita counts one by one by tip of broom. One comes out.*

Kita. Wow! Comes off! My finger comes off!

Yaji. Stupid!

*Yaji suddenly hits Kita’s head by the big hammer.*

Yaji. Wake up!

*The broom and hammer vanish.*

Kita. Ouch! Yaji!

Yaji. Stop your nonsense! Hey!!

*Suddenly ♫ C.I. (Beautiful song) Light changes.*

Kita. Hey! I want to go ... I want to go. With you! With you! I want to go to Ise. I want to go ...

Yaji. Kita ...

Kita. I want to go ...

Yaji. ... So much ...

Kita. But ... I give up ...

Yaji. What?

Kita. I give up the dream of going to Ise with you completely!

Yaji. Kita ...
Kita. It is natural for you to take good care of your wife. Then, I didn’t need to say this and that ... I was bad ...

Yaji. ... No. Kita ...

Kita. O-Bō-san ... No ... O-Fusa-san ... isn’t she? As for her, her face powder and lips were thick, and with thin hair, the toot daughter. Recently I don’t hear the rumor that she became a good daughter either. What has come over her these days? I am investigating it now.

Yaji. Don’t you lose what you want to say?

Kita. You love her to the utmost, and I hope two people find happiness.

Yaji. Kita!

Kita. A human being is originally alone ... I go alone ... I ... I ... die by the roadside while dreaming of Yaji alone.

Yaji. Kita!

(from the place to swell some other time.

Yaji. I’m sorry ... I’m sorry ... After all I don’t care a wife. I’m sorry. I’ll do something. I’ll do something about O-Fusa.

Kita. Yaji ...

Yaji. I’ll go ... I’ll go with you to Ise. I ... I’ll go with you to Ise.

(from C.O. Light returns.

Kita. You know, the snack is to 300 mon. (三百文)

Kita begins a preparation for a departure suddenly.

Yaji. What?

Kita. Hey! Yaji! You should prepare departure.

Yaji. Oh ... Well ...

Kita. So, let’s go! From this ... I give speed.

Yaji. Just moment please ... There are many things I have to do before I go.

Kita. What?

Yaji. I still have to do mess (kocha-kocha) (onomat) with my wife.
Kita. What mess (kocha-kocha) (onomat)?

Yaji. Trouble or no trouble ... Mess (kocha-kocha) (onomat)

*Suddenly (beautiful song) C.I. Light changes.*

Kita. While dreaming of Yaji ... alone!

Yaji. I got it!

*C.O. Light returns.*

Yaji. I got it! I part from her with no regrets!

Kita. All right! All right! I am bad for O-Fusa, but I am glad ...

Yaji. I somewhat felt refreshed.

Kita. Ise! Ise!

Yaji. Oh! Ise!

Kita. From here!

Yaji. From here?

Kita. Let's go.

*Two people turn back. For a moment C, the letters of 3, 2, 1 are projected on the back screen (= shōji) with a projector.*

Yaji. ... Oh!

Kita. All right! I’ll do an approach run.

Yaji. Approach run?

Kita. Yes! ... There! Running a race, it’s better if we start behind the starting line.

Yaji. That’s right.

Kita. Once, I go back a bit to start better.

Yaji. That’s right.

Kita. Yes! ... There! Running a race, it’s better if we start behind the starting line.

Yaji. Approach run?

Kita. All right! I’ll do an approach run.
Yaji. ... Oh!

Two people turn back for a moment. For a moment, the letters of 3, 2, 1 are projected on the back screen (= shōji) with a projector.

Kita. ... Let's go.

Yaji. From here?

Kita. From here!

Yaji. Oh ... Ise!

Kita. Ise! Ise!

Yaji. I somewhat feel better now.

Kita. Good! Good! I am bad to O-Fusa, but I am glad.

Yaji. I got it ... With no regrets ..., with no regrets. I leave my wife. I got it!

Suddenly (beautiful song) C.I. Light changes.

Kita. While dreaming of Yaji ... alone!

C.O. Light returns.

Yaji. ... Trouble or no trouble ... Mess (kocha-kocha). (onomat)

Kita. What mess (kocha-kocha)?

Yaji. Still with my wife, I have mess (kocha-kocha) (onomat) before I go.

Kita. What?

Yaji. Somewhat ... I ... still have some before I start ....

Kita. Well, let's go! From here ... I'll give speed!

Overture of "the Telstar."

Yaji. Somewhat ... I ... still have some before I start ....

Kita. What?

Yaji. Still with my wife, I have mess (kocha-kocha) (onomat) ...

Speed of two people's dialogue becomes faster.

Kita. What mess (kocha-kocha) (onomat)?

Yaji. Trouble or no trouble ... Mess (kocha-kocha) (onomat)

(A beautiful song); C.I. Light changes.
Kita. (Alone) ... Looking at Yaji’s dream ...

Yaji. I got it!

C.O. Light comes back. “the Telstar” returns Overture.

Yaji. I got it ...

Kita. Good! Good! I’m bad to O-Fusa, but I’m glad.

Yaji. I somewhat feel better.

Kita. Ise! Ise!

Yaji. Oh! ... Ise!

Kita. From here.

Yaji. From here?

Kita. Let’s go!! I’m starting!

Yaji & Kita turn back. At the same time, these letters of 3, 2, 1 are projected on the back screen (= shōji) with a projector. At the same time, “the Telstar” begins Overture. Light changes.

Yaji. Oh!


Yaji. From Edo-Kanda Hattyou-Bori (八丁堀).

Kita. We aim for Ise!

Yaji. We’re on our way.

Kita. On foot.

Yaji. On foot.

Yaji. & Kita. (= Two People). We’re on our way.

Kita. Estate is not left, and we waste it.

Yaji. We leave all the regret.

Kita. We defeat shelf wage.

Yaji. I defeat my wife.

Kita. We join hands.

Yaji. & Kita. We’re on our way.
Kita. Across the country.
Yaji. From the town to the town.
Kita. Musashi.
Yaji. Sagami.
Kita. Izu.
Yaji. Suruga.
Kita. Tou-tou-mi.
Yaji. Mikawa.
Kita. Owari.
Yaji. & Kita. Ise!!
Kita. Over the mountains.
Yaji. Through the valleys.
Kita. Over the mountain passes.
Yaji. Looking at the sea.
Kita. Looking at the sky.
Yaji. Crossing the rivers.
Kita. Out of breath.
Yaji. Turn a somersault.
Kita. Looking for reality.
Yaji. Looking for happiness.
Yaji. & Kita. We’re on our way.

*One sentence dance. As soon as they danced, Yaji falls down and hangs down.*

Part of the interlude.

Yaji. Not good ...
Kita. What’s the matter with you?
Yaji. I sprain my ankle.
Kita. Are you all right?
Yaji. I can’t walk.
Kita. That's too bad.
Yaji. I'm sorry.
Kita. You have to get on a Palanquin (駕籠), if you can't walk.
Yaji. A Palanquin?
Kita. It's out of date.
Yaji. Then, what?
Kita. A steam-engine locomotive with coal fuel.
Yaji. What?


Kita. Quick! Quick train!
Yaji. What's the train?
Kita. Car in the dream!
Yaji. Dream?
Kita. 100 kilometers (=二十四里) per hour. We'll arrive at Ise in no time!
Yaji. Too fast!
Kita. Is it too fast speed bad?
Yaji. I can't follow.
Kita. What?
Yaji. As it is too fast, I can't catch up.
Kita. I want to get there fast.
Yaji. Wait!
Kita. I want to get there fast. I want to go fast and can't keep still.
Yaji. Pshaw! Then ... you go there ... You had better go there ... Go there soon ...
Kita. I'm sorry!
Yaji. What?
Kita. I can’t wait.

Yaji. Well ...

Kita. You had better sing a karaoke song of the Non-real somewhere in Edo with unduely hesitant.

Yaji. Well ... What is karaoke?

Kita. You understand soon.

Yaji. Well.

Kita. Well, so long!

Kita goes out floating up in the air too fast.

Kita. Pyon ... A-a-a ~ (In a Tarzan style)

Yaji. Well. Kita ... Kita ...

* F.O. Yaji is left alone.

Yaji. ... Kita left. He is hasty ... Kita is hasty ... He has left with a strange look ... But ... I feel weird for some reason ... For a while, I can’t feel real ... I hear strange music ... Generally ... why am I talking like such a thoughtful thing aloud expressly? Is this strange? ... Yes ... Dream ... This is a dream ...

* “Real woman” The introduction C.I.

And that, this ... is, Kita looks like a dream somehow or other. You have to, because I don’t know an eraser or the steam locomotive. ... But ... Kita is cold to leave me alone despite a dream. Kita is terrible. ... I am lonely ... lonely ... Kita ... Damn it ... So let’s sing a song? ...

A microphone drops before eyes of Yaji.

“A Real Woman” Verse: Hisashi Siriagari/ music: Tamami

Owing to your kindness

I can live now,

If I find my real self,

Oh, oh, then!
Woman of the real,
Hey, let me go with you! Let me go with you!

*A microphone disappears towards the top.*
... Oh ... Oh ... After I sing a song, I feel all the more lonely ... Lonely ... lonely ... lonely ... Hey ... Kita ... Kita ... Kita ...

Then suddenly ↓; C.O. Light comes back. Kita gets up himself from quilt.

1

Kita. What?
Yaji. Eh?
Kita. ... I'm awake.
Yaji. ... Eh?
Kita. Well then ..., What?
Yaji. ... What ...?
Kita. Did you call me?
Yaji. Eh? ... Ah! ... me?

*Yaji points out himself.*

Kita. There's no-one here except for you.
Yaji. Did I call you?
Kita. Yes. You called me.
Yaji. Mm ... 
Kita. You woke up.
Yaji. Ah! I couldn't sleep at all ... 
Kita. It is bad for your health, if you don't sleep. We have a long way to go.
Yaji. ... Kita!
Kita. Eh?
Yaji. Kita. Didn't you dream a dream which I was singing a little while ago?
Kita. A song?
Yaji. Oh! I ...
Kita. I saw it.

Yaji. After all!

Kita. You sang a strange song .... I suppose ... such a song.

*Kita begins to sing a song without accompaniment.*

*"Random Tune" Verse: Hisashi Siriagari/ Music: Tamami*

Ah~ Tea-picking maiden in the foot warmer, kicked by a horse, she peels a white of the eye.

Red eye, blue eye, though there are many ways.

Actually, this world is made of living image! ... Isn’t it?

Yaji. What’s that?

Kita. It is a song you sang.

Yaji. I don’t sing such a song.

Kita. It’s “Random Tune.”

Yaji. I don’t know.

Kita. What do you mean “you don’t know”? You sang the song.

Yaji. I don’t sing the song.

Kita. Sure. You sang it.

Yaji. I didn’t sing.

Kita. You are stubborn.

Yaji. I am stubborn, that’s my merit.

Kita. We don’t call it your merit.

Yaji. Goddamn!

*Yaji sulkily stamps his foot on the floor.*

Kita. Oh! You stamped your foot on it.

Yaji. What?

Kita. You stamped your foot, again.

Yaji. What?

Kita. ... It’ starting to rain ...
Yaji. What?
Kita. It’s starting to rain, again …
Yaji. What?
Kita. … It rains.

*The sound of rain C.I.*

Yaji. Oh! … Again! …
Kita. Again … What’s that?
Yaji. Oh! … No! … At all events … these days …
Kita. It rains very well.
Yaji. At all events … It rains every day …
Kita. I can’t go ahead at all! …
Yaji. … I can’t go ahead.
Kita. … Oh …
Yaji. What would you do?
Kita. Even if we said “what we would do?” … Dear! Didn’t you say “what would you do?” before?
Yaji. Kita! Until a while ago, would you sleep?
Kita. … Oh …
Yaji. … Hey … What would you do?
Kita. Even if we said “what we would do?” since river is high, we can’t cross to opposite side of bank. … What can we do?
Yaji. We’re tired of this inn.
Kita. We’ve already stayed here on 7th.
Yaji. We’re tired …
Kita. Well, it is good we stayed here.
Yaji. I don’t want it.
Kita. Why?
Yaji. I want to go now.
Kita. You are impatient.

Yaji. My impatience is a good point.

Kita. We don’t call it a good point.

Yaji. Goddamn!

*Yaji sulkily stamps his foot on the floor. Δ the sound of rain; C.O.*

Kita. Oh! You stamped your foot on it.

Yaji. What?

Kita. Oh! You stamped your foot on it, again.

Yaji. What?

Kita. … We make a fresh start. (It’s starting to rain) …

Yaji. What?

Kita. It’s starting to rain again …

Yaji. What?

Kita. … It rains.

*There are sounds of rain; C.I.*

Yaji. Oh … Again …

Kita. Again … what?

Yaji. Oh … No … At all events … these days …

Kita. It rains well …

Yaji. At all events … It rains every day …

Kita. I can’t go ahead at all! …

Yaji. … I can’t go ahead.

Kita. … Oh …

Yaji. What would you do?

Kita. Even if you said “what we would do?” … Dear! Didn’t you say “what would you do?” before?

Yaji. Kita! Until a while ago, would you sleep, wouldn’t you?

Kita. … Oh …
Yaji. Hey ... What would you do?

Kita. Even if you said “what we would do?” Since river is high, we can’t cross to opposite side of bank. What can we do?

Yaji. We’re tired of this inn.

Kita. We’ve already stayed here on 7th.

Yaji. We’re tired …

Kita. Well, it is good we stayed here.

Yaji. I don’t want it.

Kita. Why?

Yaji. I want to go now.

Kita. You are impatient.

Yaji. My impatience is a good point.

Kita. We don’t call it a good point.

Yaji. Goddamn!

*Yaji sulkily stamps his foot on the floor. The sound of rain C.O.*

Kita. Oh! You stamped on it.

Yaji. What?

Kita. Oh! You stamped on it again.

Yaji. What?

Kita. We make a fresh start. (It’s starting to rain) …

Yaji. What?

Kita. It’s starting to rain, again …

Yaji. What?

Kita. … It rains.

*There are sounds of rain; C.I.*

Yaji. Oh … Again …

Kita. Again … what?

Yaji. Oh … No … At all events … these days …
Kita. It rains well …
Yaji. At all events … It rains every day.
Kita. I can't go ahead at all …
Yaji. … I can't go ahead.
Kita. … Somehow, I feel strange.
Yaji. What would you do?
Kita. … Dear! Didn't you say “what would you do” before?
Yaji. Kita! Until a while ago, would you sleep?
Kita. … Oh, it is so, but afterwards, …
Yaji. What's that?
Kita. … Somehow, I can't go ahead.
Yaji. Ah! I can't go ahead.
Kita. I mean …
Yaji. What's that?
Kita. Mum …
Yaji. I don't become clear.
Kita. Mum …
Yaji. … Hey … What would you do?
Kita. Mum …
Yaji. … Hey … What would you do?
Kita. Mum …
Yaji. … Hey … What would you do?
Kita. Even if you say, “What would you do?” You remain silent a little.
Yaji. What’s that? Humph, It’s my merit that I can’t fall silent.
Kita. We can’t call it your merit.
Yaji. Goddamn!

*Yaji sulkily stamps his foot on the floor.* The sound of rain C.O.
Kita. Oh! You stamp on it.
Yaji. What?
Kita. Oh! You stamped on it again.
Yaji. What?
Kita. We make a fresh start. (It’s starting to rain) …
Yaji. What?
Kita. It’s starting to rain again …
Yaji. What?
Kita. … It rains.

*There are sounds of rain; C.I.*

Yaji. Oh … Again …
Kita. Say! Again … what do you …?
Yaji. At all events … these days …
Kita. So, I say, “It rains very well …”
Yaji. At all events … It rains every day.
Kita. I can’t go ahead at all …
Yaji. … I can’t go ahead.
Kita. Hey!
Yaji. What’s that?
Kita. Don’t you think that it’s strange?
Yaji. What’s that?
Kita. At all events … We feel like doing only the same thing.
Yaji. What?
Kita. Since a little while ago …
Yaji. Kita! Until a while ago, would you sleep?
Kita. Therefore I say that it is the same.
Yaji. What would you do?
Kita. I say that it’s the same.
Yaji. What’s that?
Kita. Don’t you recognize?
Yaji. Well!
Kita. Don’t you really recognize?
Yaji. What’s that?
Kita. Please, go ahead!
Yaji. He?
Kita. OK, To your heart’s content, Please do “Goddamn!”
Yaji. Oh, I say, Even if I am said to do it.
Kita. Please do it.
Yaji. After all, When I don’t become the feeling of “Goddamn!”
Kita. Please do it.
Yaji. I won’t.
Kita. Please do it.
Yaji. I can’t.
Kita. You are comparatively particular, aren’t you?
Yaji. Hem! It is a merit that I am particular.
Kita. We don’t call it a merit.
Yaji. Goddamn! (Humph!)
Yaji sulkily stamps his foot on the floor. ♩ The sound of rain C.O. The pitcher returns to the original position in an instant.
Kita. After all!
Yaji. Eh?
Kita. It’s starting raining …
Yaji. Eh?
Kita. It’s starting raining again …
Yaji. What?
Kita. Then, it’s raining.
The sound of rain; C.I.
Yaji. ... Oh! ... Again ...

Kita. Hey! We have come back to the starting point after all.

Yaji. What do you want? *(When Yaji says "What would you do?" he performs the same action.)*

Kita. You should stop it.

Yaji. What do you mean that?

Kita. I don’t know the reason, but anyway it seems to be restored, when you stamp your foot on the place of the tatami mat.

Yaji. Restored?

Kita. Slightly before ...

Yaji. Do I stamp my foot there?

Kita. It seems to be restored.

Yaji. Restored?

Kita. What it happened by then, would be completely healed.

Yaji. Huh? That’s good.

Kita. Why?

Yaji. Once you stamp your foot on there, even if you did any, we would be completely healed in an original state.

Kita. It somewhat looks like it, though I don’t know the reason.

Yaji. Then, we can be revived, if I stamp my foot on here after death, even if I die.

Kita. Oh! ... Is it so? That’s good.

Yaji. You know.

Kita. Hey ... I can come home if things go well, after checking life after death.

Yaji. ... Oh ... Well ...

*Kita bites off his tongue.*

Yaji. Wow! He bites his tongue.

* "I lend the key to the apartment" (original title: *The Apartment*) A Light
changes.

Kita. Ra!

Yaji. Kita!

Various sceneries begin to rotate with a projector.

Yaji. Oops! Kita! This is a revolving lantern.

Kita. The mountain which I climbed with my mother, the sea which I swam in ..., and cherry blossoms are scattered in the breeze.

Yaji. Say!

The collage of the flower garden is reflected in the shōji (= screen) at the front.

Music swells.

Kita. Ooh! Beautiful blossom!

Kita goes towards a window unsteadily. The picture of “the river” is reflected in the shōji of the front.

Yaji. Kita! Stop!

Kita. River! Yaji and Mr. Geta invite me on the other side of the river with a smile.

A shōji (screen) opens slowly. Kita goes inside.

Kita. I feel good. I am warm, and I love you Yaji! Yaji!

Yaji. What’s that?

Kita tears a shōji with both hands, and pushes hands forward.

Kita. Goodbye!

Yaji. Kita!

Kita. Finally ... please hold my hand!

Yaji rushes up, and they join their hands.

Yaji. Kita! Please don’t go!

Kita. It can’t be helped. It’s too late.

Yaji. Please don’t go! I can’t ... without you, without my dearest!!

Kita. Do you love me that much?
Yaji. Certainly!

*Yaji breaks loose from the hand of the partner.*

Yaji. My merit is that for me Kita is the most important and my dearest in the world!

Kita. Yaji!

Yaji. Eh?

Kita. Such a thing is ...

Yaji. What is it?

Kita. We don’t tell it the merit.

Yaji. What is it? Goddamn! (= Humph!)

*Yaji sulkily stamps his foot on the floor. J C.O. It turns dark for an instant. But it is lighted immediately. The split of shōji (=screen) recovers at the original position in slightly dark space.*

Yaji. ... Kita ... I came back ... Kita ... Why aren’t you here? I acted “Goddamn” ... If I acted “Goddamn”, wasn’t I able to come back to the world? ... Say ... Hey ..., but ... some time ago ... I feel strange ... I’m not somehow real.

*J “Real Woman” ‘s introduction works.*

Yaji. I hear strange music, and strictly speaking, why do I ... *J C.O. The light comes back.*

Kita. Why do you speak what you think aloud one by one?

*Kita comes out from futon (= quilt).*

Yaji. Oh!

Kita. You are noisy ... I have woken up.

Yaji. You came back!

Kita. Eh?

Yaji. Good! Good! Kita!

Kita. What?
Yaji. You had gone to the next world.

Kita. Next world?

Yaji. To the far-off place ... 

Kita. What’s that?

Yaji. Oh, no problem, since you came back.

Kita. But it is not good. What is it?

Yaji. ... You see.

Kita. Oh!

Yaji. I set foot on here,

Kita. Oh!

Yaji. I set foot on here, when I say “goddamn!” I make a fresh start.

Kita. You can make a fresh start, can’t you? ... That is to say, that means I can return to life if I set foot on here even if I die. (Speaking rapidly.)

Yaji. Oh ... Well ... Sure ...

Kita. (Continuing) That’s good. To see life after death, I can come home if I go well. (Kita bites off.)

Kita bites his tongue. * C.I. A light changes.

Yaji. Ooh! He did it again.

Kita. Ra!

Yaji. Kita!!

* Kita goes towards a shōji (= screen) unsteadily.

Kita. Ooh! A beautiful flower is full—

Kita opens a shōji (= screen), and then starts to go over there.

Kita. River! Yaji and Mr. Zo (= an elephant) invite me on the other side of the river with a smile—

Yaji. This time, Mr. Zo (= an elephant).

* The shōji (= screen) will shut.

Kita. (Voice) I feel good ~ I am warm, and beloved~ Yaji~ Yaji~
Yaji. Goddamn!

*With amazement, Yaji goes to the point and steps his foot on the floor.* J C.O.

*The light returns.*

*Yaji goes to bedclothes, and rolls up the quilt.*

Yaji. … Hey!

*After a while, Kita shows the upper half of his body.*

Kita. You shouldn’t rush me so much …

Yaji. … You have come back!

Kita. Now I’m used to going to life after death.

Yaji. Listen!

Kita. Next time, I want to be reborn as something different.

Yaji. Next time?

Kita. Well! I will go there for a while. *(Kita bites off.)*

*Kita bites his tongue.* J C.I. *The light changes.*

Yaji. Again.

*Kita goes towards a shōji (= screen) unsteadily.*

Kita. River … Yaji and Mr. Manga invite me to the other side of the river~

Yaji. Do you intend to run for all Dark Ducks?

Kita. *(Voice)* I feel good. I am warm, and beloved …

Yaji. Goddamn!!

J C.O. *The light returns. Yaji rolls up the quilt.*

Yaji. Hey … Come out …

*After a while, Kita shows the upper half of his body.*

Kita. You shouldn’t rush me so much!

*Kita’s head come out from the quilt has become an eraser.*

Yaji. Oh …

Kita. Phew …

Yaji. Excuse me …
Kita. The air of the outside world is delicious …
Yaji. What’s that?

*Yaji points to Kita’s head.*

Kita. Eh?

*Kita scratches his head.*

Yaji. I have become …
Kita. Have you become …?
Yaji. Is it an eraser?
Kita. Oh … I thought that I might become an eraser somehow.
Yaji. … Well, how?
Kita. I am the feeling that I want to delete something very much …
Yaji. Oh …
Kita. Isn’t there something to turn off?
Yaji. Something to turn off?
Kita. Hey! Yaji!
Yaji. Eh?
Kita. Won’t you also be reborn?
Yaji. … No. I won’t …
Kita. It is a very smart thing to be reborn.
Yaji. I can do without it.
Kita. Say!
Yaji. I won’t …
Kita. Oh!
Yaji. Eh?
Kita. You …
Yaji. What?
Kita. Your tongue is green.
Yaji. Eh?
Yaji takes out his tongue and is going to watch the tongue. Kita pushes the chin and a point of Yaji’s head, and smashes it.

Kita. Yo-ho.

‡ C.I. The light changes.

Yaji. Ra!

Kita. Don’t worry. I’ll try “Goddamn” to you, at once.

Yaji. The mountain which I climbed with my mother, the sea which I swam in, and cherry blossoms are scattered—

A mountain and the river drawn by a kindergartener, turn around.

Kita. Are not some your revolving lanterns with simple pictures?

Yaji. Leave me alone.

Yaji goes to shōji (= screen), and then opens it to enter.

Yaji. River! Kita invites me to the other side of the river!

‡ C.O.

Yaji. O-Fusa ... Are you O-Fusa, aren’t you?

‡ C.I.

Yaji. Mother invites me laughing with “geta geta”. (onomat)

Kita. Goddammn!

‡ C.O. The light came back.

Kita. All right ...

Kita goes to bedclothes.

Kita. ... Hey ...

Yaji whose head was a pencil, comes out from screen (= shōji) of the left stage ...

Yaji. Say!

Kita. What is it? Did you come out of that?

Yaji. ... Well ... (While Yaji makes his chin strap make go click.)

Kita. Well ... How about the next world?
Yaji. ... How? ...  
Kita. Don’t you come to want to do anything very much?  
Yaji. Oh! I want to write anything very much.  
Kita. It’s just good. It itches here ...  
Kita turns his back to Yaji.  
Yaji. ... Well ...  
Kita. Oh! ... There! There!  
Yaji scratches Kita’s back munch-munch.  
Kita. Like a pencil, it’s good at scratching my back.  
Yaji. ... I say ... Well ...  
Kita. What’s that?  
Yaji. Now! Let’s stop this, shall we?  
Kita. Eh?  
Yaji. Somewhat, I die and live, I become a pencil and scratch your back and ...  
Kita. What? ... Because you can’t write though you are a pencil, are you prejudiced?  
Yaji. Well?  
Kita. You scratch your back if you can’t write. Even if you couldn’t made it good, you should do your best ... Your action is excellent in its own right.  
Yaji ...  
Yaji. Oh, it is not such a thing and ...  
Kita. Then, what is it?  
Yaji. Let’s stop “Goddamn”, shall we?  
Kita. Why? Isn’t it convenient? ...  
Yaji. Is it convenient?  
Kita. We can come back.  
Yaji. Well, to be able to come back or not to be able to come back is a different story, isn’t it?
Kita. ... Well ...

Yaji. Say!

Kita. But we can come back.

Yaji. Kita! Won't you lose sight of anything?

Kita. Eh?

Yaji. To be able to come back? ... Or not to be able to come back? ... Hey!

We’re travelling, aren’t we?

We left thin Edo, and set for Ise. Eh? What do you do when coming back?

We must go ahead. We may have to go ahead. We have to look for reality of the truth, didn’t we?

Kita. Yaji ...

Yaji. We die if we bite off tongues. Even if we did “Goddamn,” time won’t come back. Say! Isn’t it real not to go back in time?

Kita. I don’t want to have such a reality.

Yaji. Eh?

\* C.I. \*

Kita. Is it real that you accept a commonplace commonly routinely, and live commonly? Hey! As we hated such a thin daily life, and then, didn’t we leave?

Yaji. Kita!

Kita. Repetition of the everyday every day same thing ... I fill my stomach with soba from a street stall while I am up in the morning, and watching the time for time clock, ... I am packed in a crowded train, and when work is over, I drink a cheap drink, and speak ill of the boss, then clear myself from anguish ..., finally when I notice it, I rest on a bench on the platform.

Yaji. What era, on earth, are you from?

Kita. Even in what era, the times are same. The reality ... I don’t understand the true reality.
Kita begins to tremble.

Yaji. Kita!

Kita. I can’t understand ... I don’t understand that I don’t understand that I
don’t understand it, but don’t understand that I don’t understand it because
I don’t understand it ...

Kita shivers with a syringe to one hand with hemostasis rubber on his arm.

Kita. I don’t understand.

Yaji takes off the point of the pencil which covered and inverts it and lets it runs
over a string and do it with $\ddot{\text{p}}$ “pan”. (The inside thing includes the cracker.)

Yaji. Wake up. Eraser and such like fellows must not inject the drug.

Kita. Mr. Pitsu (= Pencil) ...

Yaji is putting the hat with shape of pencil again.

Yaji. You promised that you didn’t take the medicine, again.

Kita. ... I’m sorry ...

Yaji. Didn’t you give up the medicine, and mightn’t you promise to aim for
Ise?

Kita. I’m sorry ... I am really sorry ...

Yaji. It is really already only this to take medicine.

Kita. ... Oh!...

Yaji. It is true, isn’t it?

Yaji decides.

Kita. ... Today, Yaji ... you are smart and manly ...

Yaji. Don’t bother me.

Kita. You are wonderful, Yaji!

Yaji. I am embarrassed ...

Kita. Smart!

Yaji. Stop!

Kita. Handsome!
Yaji. ... Is it so? ...
Kita. It is awful!
Yaji. Come, come;
Kita. A detestable fellow!
Yaji. Maybe!
Kita. A rough fellow!
Yaji. You should arrange things as you think best!
Kita. Smooth thrust grand march!
Yaji. He-he-he-he ... (Pretention)
Kita. Play the braggart, funny journey of the knowledgeable doctor!
Yaji. Ha-ha-ha-ha ... (Pretention)
Kita. Spouting pen pen grass of the quick tempered daughter.
Yaji. Ha-ha-ha-ha ... (Pretention)
Kita. Decamallah size explosion of the degenerate ex-magic wand!
Yaji. Ha-ha-ha-ha ... (Pretention)
Kita. Small mustache size roar of laughter of the scrubbing brush with the stick!
Yaji. Ha-ha-ha-ha ... (Pretention)
Kita. Bubuduke’s major labia of Ootone’s riverbank!
Yaji. Ha-ha-ha-ha ... (Pretention)
Kita. Nervous disguise masterpiece war of a careless pop chick.
Yaji. He-he-he-he ... (Pretention)
Kita. Pig flock of the toy drum!
Yaji. Ha-ha-ha-ha ... (Pretention)
Kita. Running ears tempest of the Ton-chiki old man.
Yaji. Ha-ha-ha-ha ... (Pretention)
Kita. The sweetened adzuki bean which makes fart to a forked tail of a jacket clerk!
Yaji. Hya-hya-hya-hya-hya! (ひゃ ひゃ ひゃ ひゃ ひゃ) (onomat) ... Do you praise it?

Kita. Come, come! Now ...

Yaji. What’s that?

Kita. So Let us talk the matter over and try to come to an agreement, but ...

Yaji. What?

Kita. Don’t you make the completion of the last of “Goddamn”?

Yaji. Eh?

Kita. You know. Let’s do it only as for another once!

Yaji. Oh! No!

Kita. I hate it!

Yaji. It’s a pity we don’t do it anymore!

Yaji. ... Listen ...

Kita. I wish!

Yaji. No.

Kita. Are you all right?

Yaji. I hesitate.

Kita. I hope!

Yaji. I hate!

Kita. Oh!

Yaji. Eh?

Kita. You!

Yaji. What?

Kita. Mr. Geta eats Zaru-udon (= noodles served on a bamboo work plate) on the tongue.

Yaji. Eh?

*Yaji puts out his tongue and is going to watch the tongue. Kita pushes the chin and a point of Yaji’s head, and smashes both of them.*
Kita. Yo-ho!

*C.I. The light changes.*

Yaji. Ra!

The revolving lantern of the kindergartener turns around. Yaji quickly disappears in the other side of the shōji as the figure of the pencil.

Kita. Oh!! You are fast this time. Should you wait?

*Yaji goes to the point and stamps his foot on the floor.*

Kita. Goddamn!

*C.O. The light comes back. Kita goes to bedclothes.*

Kita. Hello! ... Yaji ... This time what you became? ... A pencil, again?

*Kita turns over bedclothes.*

Kita. Yaji ... Yaji ... Hey! Yaji!!

*Kita takes out the skeleton which had a sharp point of the head like a pencil from futon (= bedclothes).*

Kita. Yaji!!

*C.I. (beautiful music) The light changes.*

Kita. Hey! You became such a mean figure as a pencil ... very early ... It was too early that I stamped my foot on it ... I was bad ... I was bad ... With my state of things, I have made you such a figure. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

Yaji ... You know ... Say somehow! Say somehow!

*Yaji enters from a shōji of the left side of the stage with a beret and a potato nose, wearing circle glasses. *C.O. The light comes back.*

Yaji. Now! We will really stop it.

Kita. What's that? ... This time is it a comic artist?

*The skeleton which Kita held in his hand disappears.*

Yaji. Probably ...

Kita. You seem to be related with something you write.

Yaji. Listen!
Kita. You look pale, but are you all right?

Yaji. Oh, I had many deadlines recently. 30 items for “Monthly Edo Punches”
30 items for “Big Edo Comics,” and “Weekly Underskirt,” “Comics Edo Topia” by ten pieces. The assistant escapes and, the plan is not unified.
Now! I have series that will go on all night. Because of somebody, does such a thing occur?

Kita. Eh!

Yaji. I can’t join at your hallucination anymore.

*Yaji throws away the comics set except the beret in the hole.*

Kita. ... Sorry ... This time, I am very sorry.

Yaji. ... Didn’t you say that a while ago?

Kita. Well, let’s stop being small.

Yaji. Now! Will you really stop it anymore?

Kita. I will really stop it anymore.

Yaji. Will you stop “Goddamn!”?

Kita. Oh ...

Yaji. So you can’t bite off your tongue, either!

Kita. Oh ...

Yaji. Will you stop it, too!

*Yaji points out the eraser over Kita’s head.*

Kita. Eh?

Yaji. Is it that eraser on your head still continues an illusion?

Kita. What’s this?

Yaji. Something white on your head.

*As Kita touches his head’s eraser.*

Kita. ... Oh ... Oh ... But ... is it strange?

Yaji. Eh?

Kita. Is this my illusion, isn’t it?
Yaji. ... Maybe ...
Kita. Why can you see it?
Yaji. Eh?
Kita. Is it strange that you can see my illusion?
Yaji. Strange?
Kita. Yaji!
Yaji. What's that?
Kita. ... How many fingers do you have?
Yaji. Fingers? I have five fingers.
Kita. Let's count them.

*Yaji's one hand becomes a shriveled dried cuttlefish up.*

Yaji. One, two, three ... Ha, ha, my finger somewhat is withered up.
Kita. How many fingers do you have?

*Yaji counts them.*

Yaji. ... Ten.
Kita. A few, don't you?
Yaji. Eh?
Kita. I can't count the number of fingers.

*Kita shows his hand which has changed into a broom.*

Yaji. Kita! Please stop showing it!
Kita. What?
Yaji. Therefore ... please stop showing your broom hand!
Kita. But ... why can you see it?
Yaji. ... You see ..., after all, before a problem whether I can see it or not, after all, I think that you can't say it this way. ... Though I seem to say it over and over again.
Kita. Oh!

*Two hands are as usual.*
Yaji. Eh?
Kita. Do you feel your mouth sour?
Yaji. Ha?
Kita. Do you feel your mouth sour?

*Yaji checks the taste in his mouth.*

Yaji. .... Oh? Somehow, I feel sour ... 
Kita. Is that so? ... As expected.
Yaji. What?
Kita. I've been licking a pickled plum for a little while.
Yaji. Eh?
Kita. There! Salt plum!

*Kita puts out a salt plum on his tongue.*

Yaji. And?
Kita. I can't feel sour at all.
Yaji. Huh ... 
Kita. You see.
Yaji. You see?
Kita. Isn't anything delicately mixed?
Yaji. Eh?
Kita. We ... 
Yaji. What?
Kita. You feel sour in your mouth, don't you?
Yaji. ... Oh ... Sour ...
Kita. Plum, isn't it?

*While Yaji is checking his mouth ...*

Yaji. ... Oh ... This is ... salt plum.
Kita. You see! The taste in my mouth makes you taste it in your mouth.

*Kita pinches his cheeks.*
Yaji. Ouch!
*He holds his cheeks.*

Kita. ... Is that so? ...

Yaji. What’s that?

Kita. Should you pinch your own?

*Yaji pinches his cheeks.*

Yaji. Ouch!

Kita. After all ... 

Yaji. What do you mean?

Kita. I’m sleepy for some reason.

Yaji. Eh?

Kita. Therefore, I neither have the taste, nor have a pain even if I pinch it.

Yaji. But I either feel the taste or have a pain.

Kita. You are awake.

Yaji. Eh?

Kita. But I am sleeping ... 

Yaji. .... Excuse me ...

*Yaji plays with a dot on the point of a covering beret.*

Kita. This is ... a dream.

*Introduction part of “The Woman of the Real”*

Yaji. Eh?

Kita. Hey, I heard “the dream theme, too” This is ... a dream.

Yaji. .... Excuse me ...

*When Yaji pulls the dot, a point of the dot becomes like a white string and grows trailing. Yaji pulls it steadily.*

Kita. What are you pulling?

Yaji. Ha-ha ..., what is coming out from there? ...

*These white strings which Yaji dragged collect on a hand like udon (= noodles).*
Kita. This is like some udon … udon? When we get up, let’s eat udon.

Yaji. … Excuse me …

Kita. Somehow, I’m hungry … Let’s eat udon together, you know, if I get up.

Yaji. … Let me see …

*Instant light. C.O. Yaji’s beret disappears.*

Kita. Oops.

Yaji. What is it?

Kita. Oops … I seem to get up soon.

Yaji. … Let me see …

Kita. I have to be hurry up!

Yaji. … Let me see … Hurry up?

Kita. When I get up, I have to stay there.

*Kita points to the fixed position of the futon.*

Yaji. Ha?

Kita. Because I sleep there (= on the futon).

Yaji. Ha? Ha?

Kita. Isn’t it inconvenient all the time if I am present here (the place where there is it now) when I get up? Therefore I have arranged to arrive at there (in futon) hastily before I get up.

Yaji. Well????

Kita. Oh … Oh, yes!

*Kita takes out a small box out of nowhere.*

Kita. If I get up, please hand this to me.

Yaji. What?

Kita. It is something I can’t have of if I get up. You know, I leave it with you.

Yaji. … Oh … Oh …

Kita. You sing a song until I get up, and please wait.

Yaji. … Oh … Say …
Kita. Then ..., I'll get up for a while.

Kita goes out from the shōji (=screen) of the wing of right side of the stage.

Yaji. Oh ..., Kita left a message so, and went out to get up ... Hasty ... Kita is hasty ... He arranged an incomprehensible reason, and has gone quickly ... However ... despite a dream, ... he leaves me alone and to go out ...

Kita is cold ... Kita is terrible; I feel lonely ..., lonely ..., Kita ...

Before Yaji, microphone falls down.

Yaji. ... Shit ... Why is there a microphone?

♫ “Woman of the real” Yaji finishes singing.

Yaji. Why do I sing the song? ... However, when I think carefully, ... I feel strange for some reason ... It is not somewhat real. Oh, as for him, I can understand that Kita has a dream because Kita sleeps ... But why I am getting up since a little while ago? ... Why? ... Why? (Why?)

Kita. Why? Eh?

Yaji. Eh?

♫ C.O. The light comes back. Kita wakes up the upper body from the quilt (futon).

(Boy King Hall Kudan project Presentation script)