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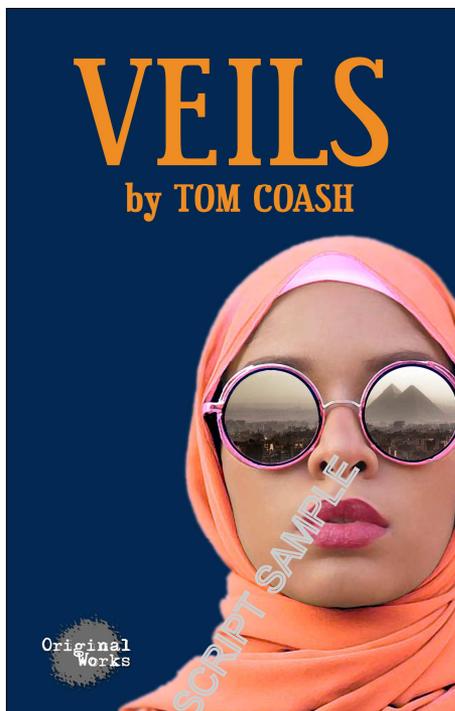
JUNE IS THE FIRST FALL

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**VEILS by Tom Coash**

**Synopsis:** Intisar, a veiled, African-American Muslim student, thought she might finally fit in when she enrolled for a year abroad at the American Egyptian University in Cairo. However, the Arab Spring soon explodes across the Middle East, threatening to overwhelm the young American woman and her liberal Egyptian roommate, Samar. In the struggle to find their footing in this political storm, the young women instead find themselves on opposite sides of a bitter and dangerous cultural divide.

**Cast Size:** 2 Females

# **JUNE IS THE FIRST FALL**

**By  
Yilong Liu**

SCRIPT SAMPLE

JUNE IS THE FIRST FALL had its New York premiere at New Ohio Theatre in a production produced by Yangtze Repertory Theatre of America (Chongren Fan, Artistic Director; Sally Shen, Executive Director), opening on April 5, 2019. The production was directed by Michael Leibenluft. The dramaturgy was by Gaven D. Trinidad. The set design was by Jean Kim, the costume design was by An-lin Dauber, the lighting design was by Cha See, the sound design was by Michael Costagliola, and the production stage manager was Lindsey Hurley. The cast was as follows:

DON – Alton Alburo

YU QIN – Chun Cho

DAVID – Fenton Li

JANE – Stefani Kuo

SCOTT – Karsten Otto

SCRIPT SAMPLE

JUNE IS THE FIRST FALL was originally produced by Kumu Kahua Theatre (Harry Wong III, Artistic Director; Donna Blanchard, Managing Director), Honolulu, Hawai‘i in November 2018. It was directed by Lurana Donnels O’Malley. The set design was by Sarah Danvers, the lighting design was by Cora Yamagata, the costume design was by Maile Speetjens, the sound design was by Ron Heller, the prop design was by Teia O’Malley, and the stage manager was Sarah Danvers. The cast was as follows:

DON – Adam Brading

YU QIN – Qiaoer Zheng

DAVID – Stu Hirayama

JANE – Leah M. Koepfel

SCOTT – Nicholas Myers

MATEO – Berkley Spivey

(The role of MATEO was removed prior to the New York premiere and no longer exists in this play. )

CHARACTERS:

YU QIN, the mother

DAVID, the father

DON, the son

JANE, the daughter

SCOTT, the boyfriend

\*The family is Chinese; Scott is a local haole in Hawai'i.

PLACE:

Manoa Valley, Honolulu, Hawai'i

TIME:

a few years ago

SCRIPT SAMPLE

## NOTES ON LANGUAGE:

1. Dialogues in parenthesis are unsaid thoughts.
2. Yu Qin speaks Chinese/Chinglish in this play. Projection of translations won't be necessary.

"this is dialogue in Chinese/Chinglish"

"[this is English translation]"

3. "/" indicates where one character may cut in.

### 4. line breaks:

in general, line breaks suggest the rhythm of dialogues  
if a sentence is broken down in the middle by a line break  
it means I see the character taking a very slight pause  
a breath  
a hesitation  
or searching for the right words  
these pauses are not as long, rich, or loaded as a beat or  
ellipses  
but rather a thought map for the characters  
subtle and internal

## NOTES ON STYLE:

1. This piece wants to be very fluid. Transitions between scenes should be seamless. Flashback scenes are dream-like and should blend seamlessly into the present day.
2. Yu Qin is a memory/ghost. She is playful in a motherly way.

# JUNE IS THE FIRST FALL

## Prologue.

*(A plane to Hawai'i. DON is having trouble falling asleep. YU QIN walks into his memory.)*

YU QIN: 怎么了? 还睡不着啊? No sleep?  
[What's the matter? Still can't sleep?]

那妈妈给你讲个故事好不好啊? A... story?  
[Do you want to hear a story then?]

等你睡醒啊, 我们就到夏威夷了  
[When you wake up, we will be in Hawaii.]

Ha-wa-ii

Ha-waaaooorrr-ii

Ha-waaaorrrrrroarwoof

Shhh... 你看姐姐, 早就睡着啦  
[Look at your sister. She fell asleep a long time ago.]

Okay. 很久很久以前啊... Once upon a time  
[Once upon a time...]

天上有十个太阳  
[There were ten suns in the sky.]

跟妈妈一起数好不好?  
[Do you want to count with mommy?]

一个太阳One sun

两个太阳Two sun

三个太阳Three sun

四个太阳 Four sun

...

...

...

*(Lights shift. She leaves his memory. Then...)*

## 1.

*(Honolulu. Afternoon. DON is with DAVID in a car.)*

DAVID: You okay there?

DON: Yeah...

just

It's so hot.

DAVID: Tell me about it.

It's like an eternal summer.

Here on this island.

DON: In the car, I mean.

DAVID: Oh.

The A/C isn't working.

Here.

*(DAVID rolls down the windows.)*

*Wind.*

*Wind.*

*Wind.)*

DON: Dad, my hair!

*(He rolls them back up a bit.)*

DAVID: Sorry. Better?

*(A nod. DON fixes his hair. They don't talk for a while. Just when it might start to feel too long...)*

DON: So... how are you?

DAVID: Good.

DON: How's the restaurant?

DAVID: Busy.

Yeah.

How was the flight?

DON: It was okay.

DAVID: That's good.

*(Another silence. Someone turns on the radio. We hear Hawaiian music.)*

DON: Where's the new place?

DAVID: Aina Haina.

DON: Why are we moving?

DAVID: We need more space.

Jane is --

...

She's such a hoarder.

And it's closer to work.

DON: I see.

DAVID: And you hated the old house.

DON: I didn't *hate* it.

DAVID: You didn't seem to like it either.

*(A beat.)*

DON: It just rains there all the time.

DAVID: It's called Manoa Valley, not Manoa beach.

DON: Yeah.

*(Silence. Silence. Silence.)*

DAVID: Well...  
Welcome back.  
Son.

*(DON takes a deep breath.)*

DON: I miss the smell of the air here.

DAVID: It's different.

DON: I miss riding in your Honda.

DAVID: Old car.

DON: I miss the music.

DAVID: Touristy crap.

DON: ... I miss you.

*(A beat.)*

DAVID: Yeah...

So.

You hungry?

*(Lights shift.)*

## 2.

*(A house in Manoa Valley. This is a typical home in Hawai'i. Through the windows part of the clothesline in the yard can be seen. JANE is reading a book on the couch.*

*Rain. Rain... Rain.....*

*She hurries to the yard to collect laundry from the clothesline.)*

JANE: Fuck.

Scott?

Honey?

Can you help me?

*(SCOTT enters, instead of helping her, he quickly picks up her book and pretends to read. He finds a stick of gum inside the book, peels it, and puts it in his mouth. JANE runs back holding an armful of damp sheets. She stares at him.)*

JANE: Really? Since when did you start to read?

SCOTT: I read the *Star-Advertiser* every morning.

JANE: To look for coupons page by page. Help me with the laundry now!

SCOTT: Yes, sugar.

JANE: You've got to stop messing with my textbook. Now where's the part I was reading?

...

What's in your mouth?!

SCOTT: Who on earth bookmarks a page with a piece of gum?!

*(JANE smacks SCOTT playfully with the book. He dodges. She chases him. He grabs her from behind and brings her down onto the couch.*

*A kiss.)*

JANE: Hey... they'll be back any minute.  
Scott...  
Scott!

SCOTT: What do we have?  
Five minutes?  
What can we do in five minutes?

JANE: I don't know. Maybe... something hot?

SCOTT: Yeah?

JANE: And loud?

SCOTT: Yeah!

JANE: Great. So put them in the dryer now.

*(She dumps the sheets on him.)*

SCOTT: Borrying!

JANE: There's nothing boring about a big man doing a hot fat load of laundry.

*(He picks up the sheets and sniffs.)*

SCOTT: I don't get it. What's the point of having a dryer if you're just gonna hang them out every time?

JANE: I didn't know it was gonna rain like this.

SCOTT: It's Manoa, Jane, what did you think?

JANE: I like the fresh smell of sun-dried sheets. It's soothing. I want Don to have clean linen to sleep on tonight.

SCOTT: Why does he want to come back all of a sudden?

JANE: I told him about the new house.

SCOTT: But your old man was in such bad shape last year and he didn't even show up.

JANE: I'm sure New York keeps him busy.

SCOTT: I haven't seen him since he was in high school. Your mom used to make me teach him how to surf and take him on hikes, you know, to toughen him up.

JANE: And you were surprised he had a crush on you?

*(A beat.)*

SCOTT: How did he react when he heard about us?

JANE: ... I didn't tell him.

SCOTT: ... I thought you decided to call him?

JANE: I changed my mind.

SCOTT: Why?!

JANE: Do you know how long it has been?  
He kept coming up with lame excuses to not come back.  
And I didn't want to give him another reason.  
I was starting to think maybe he never would.

SCOTT: You could've at least told me.  
I thought we said --  
I thought we were supposed to tell each other everything.

JANE: Yeah...  
But this is different.  
It's family.

SCOTT: I thought I was family.

JANE: You know what I meant...  
Hey.  
*(she gives him a gentle kiss)*  
Now hurry, will you?

SCOTT: It's my day off, you know.

JANE: Oh, honey, I've got news for you.

SCOTT: What?

JANE: Now that you're *family*, you don't get days off.  
Now go.

*(She smacks his butt.)*

SCOTT: Damn. I want a refund. I want my ring back.

JANE: Yeah, that's gonna happen.

*(They laugh. SCOTT exits. JANE looks at the engagement ring on her finger. She takes it off and puts it in her pocket. Loud car horn is heard. JANE fixes her hair, then goes to the door, anxiously waiting. DON appears with a suitcase. He is dressed like a typical New Yorker. A beat.)*

JANE: Look at you...  
with your tight little shirt  
and fancy city shoes.  
You must be so uncomfortable.

DON: Um, unlike you, I actually haven't given up on myself.  
Geez, Jane, stop shopping at Ross and put on some make-up, will you?

*(They laugh.)*

JANE: Fuck you.

DON: I've missed you, too.

*(A beat. JANE looks at DON's shoes.)*

JANE: Are you gonna take those off?

*(DON does. He takes a look at the house. She helps him with the suitcase.)*

DON: Wow... this place hasn't changed at all...

*(A beat.)*

JANE: Yeah... how are you?

DON: Fine.

JANE: Yeah?

DON: Yeah. I'm fine. I'm good. Been busy.

*(A beat.)*

JANE: Sure...

So.

Where's Pa?

DON: He went back to the restaurant.

JANE: Does he have to? It's only Monday. How busy can it be?

DON: It's fine. I could really use some space right now.

*(SCOTT enters.)*

SCOTT: Oh. Hey!

DON: Hey...

*(An awkward greeting.)*

SCOTT: Welcome back.

DON: Yeah... right... I mean, thank you.

SCOTT: You look... um... great.

*(Not really.)*

JANE: You look gross. Wanna freshen up?

DON: Sure...

JANE: Would you grab him a clean towel?

SCOTT: Of course.

*(He exits. A beat.)*

DON: What's he doing here...?

JANE: I thought you knew we asked Scott to stick around when Pa had that little heart attack.

DON: Was dad sick again?

JANE: He's feeling so much better now.  
Scott's been extremely helpful.  
The thing is... we got used to having him around.

DON: Huh? What are you saying?

JANE: He sort of lives here now... he pays rent. Well, sort of, Pa takes it out of his paychecks --

DON: I don't understand.

JANE: He's been working at the restaurant for all these years.

Pa really likes him... thinks he's reliable.

We needed an extra pair of hands around the house.

It comes in handy.

DON: But we don't even have enough rooms.

JANE: So I made some tea. Would you like some?

DON: Wait, is he staying in my room?!

JANE: You're barely here. I got tired of dusting it for nothing, Don.

DON: I just thought  
if there's a place where there'll always be a space for me  
it would be... home.

JANE: Of course! I kicked him out and cleaned it for you  
this morning.

Your sheets are in the dryer

you know, the ones you had in high school.

Thought you might like that.

DON: You know what? Don't bother. I'll crash on the  
couch.

JANE: But it's already --

DON: No, really, it's cool.

JANE: Okay then...

just

get comfortable, alright?

DON: ...

JANE: Don? Are you gonna be okay?

DON: I think so.

*(SCOTT enters with a towel and a shirt.)*

SCOTT: Got you a clean shirt of mine, hope it fits.

DON: I've got clothes in my suitcase.

SCOTT: You look kinda wet. Just figured you may want to change into something comfortable right now.

DON: Just because it's dry doesn't mean it's comfortable. But thanks.

*(DON takes the towel and exits. A moment.)*

SCOTT: You told him...?

JANE: I wanted to...

I tried

But he just looks...

tired

I just don't want to upset him any further.

SCOTT: You want me to talk to him?

JANE: You crazy? Didn't you see the way he talked to you?

SCOTT: Maybe he's just being a typical New Yorker.

Maybe he's hungry.

Maybe he watched a really bad movie on the plane.

JANE: I don't know, Scott.

...

It's been ten years.

*(Lights shift.)*

### 3.

*(Midnight. We can see moonlight in the dark living room. DON is upside down on the couch, staring at the sky through the window.)*

*JANE and SCOTT enter quietly. They take off their shoes in the dark.)*

DON: You can turn on the lights.

JANE: I thought you were asleep.

DON: It's six o'clock in the morning in New York.  
Where did you go?

JANE: I'm taking an evening class at KCC. Scott came to pick me up.

DON: What are you back in school for?

JANE: Just some basic business stuff.  
It's been months since Pa had a day off.  
Thought maybe I could help out more.

DON: What kind of class finishes at midnight?

SCOTT: We stopped to grab a bite.

DON: Where?

SCOTT: That cheap Korean place by Ala Moana.

JANE: I was craving meat jun.

DON: We don't have that in New York.

SCOTT: Do you want some?

DON: No. Thank you.

JANE: I think you should... you didn't really eat anything at dinner...

*(JANE looks at SCOTT. SCOTT takes the food and exits into the kitchen. A silence.)*

JANE: You were awfully quiet tonight.

DON: It's been a long day.

JANE: Pa got you char siu buns.  
And malasadas.  
So. many. malasadas!  
But you barely touched them.

DON: Carbs.

JANE: Seriously?

DON: I wasn't feeling well.

JANE: Then you should get some rest.  
Leave the windows open, looks like it's gonna rain.  
The sound is relaxing, helps with sleep.

DON: The sound is annoying.

JANE: I like it... it's like tiny music notes from heaven.

DON: Cheesy.

JANE: You used to know all the poems  
about rain.

When you were still a kid.

When we were still in China.

DON: I don't remember...

JANE: Mom made you memorize them  
and perform?

Every time we had guests over?

DON: Really. I memorized all the poems?

JANE: Well, not *all* ah, there's like a million of them  
Just all the kiddie stuff

the easy ones

But good enough to make mom proud

I knew you didn't like it

but you knew what they meant to her

So you did it anyway

Sometimes while crying

You were so cute

DON: I'm still cute.

JANE: That's funny.

DON: Hey.

JANE: You know what's really cute?  
When you finally met Pa  
mom asked you to put on your little talent show  
and you got so nervous that you went hiding  
in the yard  
We could only hear your voice shouting out the poems  
But didn't know where you were  
You always... like to *hide*  
nobody ever knows where you are

DON: ...?

JANE: Sorry...  
we won't be moving for another month  
But I just get a little  
nostalgic, I guess

DON: Yeah. I know  
For a brief moment  
on my flight back  
I dreamed about  
mom  
telling me a story  
so I could fall asleep  
She loved doing that  
telling us stories  
Teaching us  
Chinese myths  
folktales  
poems

SCRIPT SAMPLE

JANE: Ten bucks says you can't remember any of them!

DON: But I remember thinking that she knew everything.

JANE: She did.

*(A moment. Moonlight fills the room.)*

DON: Then we came here, and she talked less and less, became quieter and quieter.

JANE: No, you just stopped listening to her. Two months into school all you wanted to speak was English.

DON: But do you think she was ever happy here?

JANE: Huh? ...  
Of course.  
Why do you ask?

DON: To know so much  
so much  
in Chinese  
but never quite figured out English

JANE: So?... it's Hawai'i.

DON: People here still speak English.

JANE: People *here* here speak Hawaiian.  
Why do you care about what people speak  
On a stolen island?

DON: I can see that you really *are* taking a class at KCC.

*(She hits him. They get more comfortable with each other. DAVID enters. He watches them.)*

JANE: I'm just saying... Mom was fine, she had us.

DON: But what about when we were not around?  
What about when we all left the house to go to school?  
I kept wondering what she was doing at home all day...

DAVID: There're always plenty of things in the house that can keep an Asian mom busy all day long.

JANE: Sorry, Pa, did we wake you?

DAVID: Nah, I just had trouble falling asleep tonight, must have eaten too much.

JANE: I'll get your jacket if you'd like to take a walk outside.

DAVID: What, don't want your old man to hear you two whispering about your mother?

JANE: We just miss her.

DAVID: You know what she would say if she had heard me saying that I ate too much?

DON: What?

JANE: She'd try to give you more food.

DAVID: She'd probably ask, "Stomachache? Want me make you congee?"

JANE: And you'd say no but she'd make it anyway.

DAVID: And leave a huge bowl right in front of me no matter where I go.

JANE: Until someone eats it.

DON: Two times that happened!

*(They all laugh. A soft moment. SCOTT enters with the take-out box. He doesn't want to intrude on this moment.)*

SCOTT: Sorry to intrude... I heated up some meat jun for you.

*(He leaves the food on the table.)*

DON: Thanks. I really appreciate it.

SCOTT: You got it.

DAVID: Kanekoa...

SCOTT: Yeah?

DAVID: Could you let the restaurant know that I'll be in a bit late tomorrow?

SCOTT: Not feeling well...?

DAVID: Nah, just wanna take the kids to see their mother.

SCOTT: Oh, of course, I'll let them know.

DAVID: She'll be so happy to see you, Don. After all, it's almost our Mid-Autumn Festival.

DON: *(a realization)* Oh, right...

SCOTT: The Moon Festival? When people eat mooncakes?

DAVID: That's the one.

SCOTT: Isn't it usually in September?

JANE: Yes.

SCOTT: But it's only the start of June now.

JANE: That's how we like it.

SCOTT: Okay...

...

Are you gonna tell me why?

JANE: (*teasingly*) No... it's not the time.

(*JANE's words trigger something in DON. He remembers his mother.*)

DON: Is that...?

JANE: What?

DON: Didn't mom used to say that?

When we --

Nothing, never mind.

I just... have a headache... I think.

JANE: We'll get out of your way then... it's late, get some sleep.

DON: Good night...

JANE: Eat something first, okay?

(*DON nods. They exit. He looks at the food. He has no appetite.*)

*Lights start to shift.*

*The mother, YU QIN, walks into his memory... She chases him and tries to feed him food with chopsticks.)*

YU QIN: 吃呀, 怎么又不吃了? Eat more!  
[How come you stop eating again?]

你看人家阿真, 早就吃光了!  
[Look at Jane, she finished eating long ago!]

你吃这么少, 怎么长得高?  
[How can you get any taller if you keep eating so little?]

以后像你爹那么矮怎么办?  
[What are you going to do if you turn out to be short like your father?]

Pretty girls like tall boys.

Ugh, where you go? Finish your rice! Huh? What you mean no room?

就知道不该给你买零食! 晚饭都吃不下。  
[I know I shouldn't have bought you snacks. Now you have no room for dinner.]

Stomachache? Aiya, eat too fast...

You want congee.

*(She hums the tune of the song Fly Me To The Moon quietly. She leaves. Lights shift.)*

#### 4.

*(A cemetery in Manoa Valley. DAVID, DON, and JANE are on stage. DON holds a bouquet of daisies. JANE hums the same tune of Fly Me to The Moon softly. DON looks at her.)*

DON: That's...?

JANE: Her favorite song.

DON: Yeah?

JANE: She used to sing you to sleep with it.  
It was the *first* English song we've ever heard in China.  
They played it on the radio once and she *loved* it.  
We waited for almost two hours for it to play again the  
next day.

DON: That does sound like something she would do.

DAVID: You were only five when you got here.  
Has it been that long already?  
Feels like yesterday  
when I drove to the airport  
the first time you all arrived in Hawai'i...  
You were crying so hard.

DON: I was?

JANE: Because of all the Chinese food the Customs  
made us throw away.

DAVID: And "the scary man" picking you up over his  
shoulder.

DON: I never called you scary.

JANE: Then why were you screaming like a little girl?

DON: I don't know! Maybe it's not necessarily fun for  
any kid to be carried on the shoulder after a long plane  
ride?

DAVID: I was excited to finally hold you again. When I left, you were still this baby who couldn't stop sucking his own toes.

...

I bet I can still do it. I bet I can still carry you on my back.

DON: Huh?

JANE: No way, Pa. That's crazy.

DAVID: Don't believe me? Come on. Try.

DON: What? No, dad.

JANE: It's dangerous, Pa.

DAVID: It's fun.

DON: It's stupid!

DAVID: Come on.

DON: Dad. Stop it!

Seriously.

Dad. Dad. Dad!

People are watching!

You're embarrassing me!

*(A loaded beat.)*

DAVID: Sure, you think *this* is embarrassing  
in public  
for you  
but when you came out to everybody  
in *my* restaurant --

JANE: Pa.

DAVID: ...

...

I'll be in the car.

*(He exits.)*

DON: What the fuck was that??

JANE: He was just trying to recreate a moment that meant something to him.

DON: By treating me like a kid?!

JANE: He doesn't know how to talk to you like an adult. You never gave him a chance to... running off to college on the East Coast like that.

DON: You heard him. I knew he still can't get over the fact that I'm gay.

JANE: But he never stopped trying to.

DON: Like you would know.

JANE: Who do you think was the one who stuck around when you just ran away?

DON: I didn't run away.

JANE: You didn't stay, either.

DON: I couldn't! He hates me!

JANE: Don't be crazy.

DON: Then maybe he should! I know I would if I were him --

JANE: Are you still thinking about that?

DON: If I didn't fight with her that night, she wouldn't have stormed out; if she didn't leave the house, she would never have --

JANE: It was an accident. Okay? We've been over this. It wasn't your fault.

DON: But does he think so too?

JANE: Of course!

DON: When I was sleeping on the couch all I could think about was the last thing she said to me...  
"But you are a man."

*(A beat.)*

JANE: Maybe it's good we're moving then...

*(It rains.)*

DON: I fucking hate Hawai'i.

JANE: No one hates Hawai'i.

DON: I do. I do I do I do.

JANE: Do you need a moment...?

*(He nods. She exits. DON picks petals off the flowers. A shift...)*

*Flower petals fall from the sky around him. Sounds of a thousand Chinese poems echo in the air. Time and space transform. We look into the past. In this memory, DON is maybe only three.*

*Little JANE enters. DON hides.)*

JANE: Why are you hiding here? Mommy's looking for you.

DON: I'm not ready...

JANE: But you have to memorize them by dinner.  
Cousins are coming.  
So are their moms.  
They are mean.  
If you can't recite them  
They'll laugh at ya.

DON: Too many words!

JANE: You're not trying hard enough.

DON: You do it then.

JANE: You're smart.

DON: But you're older. You're six.

JANE: Exactly.  
It's not as impressive when I do it.  
And I'm a girl.

DON: So what?

JANE: So  
Poems don't do shit for me  
I just need to look pretty

DON: Who said that??

JANE: Auntie.

DON: Which one??

JANE: I don't know.  
They all look the same.  
They have the same makeup.

DON: That's unfair...

JANE: Do you want me to put lipstick on you?

DON: Why?

JANE: So you'll look pretty too.

DON: No.  
Well.  
Maybe later.

JANE: Maybe it will be easier  
if you understand  
what the poem is saying.

DON: Mom said it's  
It rained when I was asleep  
And I woke up  
And find my flowers dead on the ground.

JANE: And?

DON: And I'm sad.

JANE: So you do understand what it means.

DON: But I don't know why.

JANE: Why the person is sad?

DON: No, why I need to recite them?

JANE: So people will know you're smart.

DON: Why do people need to know I'm smart?

JANE: So dad might be happy when he sees you?

He's smart too.

He's the smartest person in the world.

DON: But where is he?

JANE: America?

DON: Where is that?

JANE: ...I don't know.

DON: Ask mom.

JANE: I did!

DON: What did she say?

JANE: She said, here.

*(Little JANE sticks out a finger and touches little DON's heart.)*

*Lights shift. We are back in the present.*

*The cemetery. DON regards the grave.)*

5.

*(It's early in the morning. DON is going through a box of his old stuff. Old clothes mostly, maybe there's a pair of muddy yellow shoes in there. He is trying on old clothes to see which ones to keep in this scene.)*

*SCOTT runs in. He has just come back from jogging. He is shirtless. He wipes his sweat off, then stretches some more in the yard. Soon he realizes DON is in the room, so he puts his shirt back on.)*

SCOTT: It's lovely outside.

*(no response)*

Maybe next time you could come running with me.

*(no response)*

It may help with your jet lag.

DON: Maybe.

SCOTT: Sorting out old stuff?

Jane doesn't want me to touch any of it.

Don't know what's important to you and what's not.

DON: Feels nice to clean. Really brings back some high school memories.

SCOTT: / Good times.

DON: Tough times.

SCOTT: At least you're making it in the bad-ass city!

I'm still stuck in the same place  
working my ass off for your dad.

DON: I'm sure he treats you well.  
The haole guy working in a Chinese restaurant  
how often does that happen?  
You're his lucky charm.  
Hell, you're like the Japanese money cat!  
Your very existence is just shouting out "come in, come  
in" to people.

*(SCOTT waves his arm up and down like the Japanese  
lucky cat.)*

SCOTT: *(in a cat-like cartoonish voice)* "Come in, come  
in"  
our veggies are not frozen  
and we're not trying to pass off anything as chicken!

*(They laugh.)*

DON: You're so bad.

SCOTT: Got you to laugh

DON: You still got it, still crack me up.

SCOTT: You look like you could use a couple of jokes...  
Let me know if you ever feel up for a run.  
You'll feel better.  
We can go to Magic Island.

DON: Sure. I do miss  
nature.  
Hey...

SCOTT: Yeah?

DON: Did you ever finish... Ka'au Crater?

SCOTT: Oh.  
That's...  
not an easy hike.

DON: Too bad we only got to the third waterfall... I kept wondering what it's like after that.

SCOTT: Maybe it's not that different.

DON: But what if it is -- weren't you at least curious?

SCOTT: I guess not. Plenty other hikes that are less risky, but just as beautiful.

DON: I never stopped thinking about it.

SCOTT: It's dangerous to go back...  
especially in the rainy season.

...

You could get hurt.

DON: Big deal.

SCOTT: Huh?

*(A beat.)*

DON: Nothing. Never mind.

*(DON goes back to the box of old clothes. He takes out an old shirt. It looks funny.)*

DON: Do you think this still fits?

SCOTT: Totally.

*(DON tries it on.)*

DON: Well?

SCOTT: Keep it. Wear it in New York.

DON: And kiss my social life goodbye.

SCOTT: Oh. I've never been to New York. I've never even left Hawai'i.

DON: Maybe you just haven't found a good reason to.

SCOTT: You know what's the one thing that I really wanna do, if I ever had a chance to visit?

DON: Catch a Broadway musical? Take a break from the Pidgin and hula shows?

SCOTT: No, I... I really just wanna see a squirrel.

DON: *(laughing)* A squirrel!?

SCOTT: What! I've never seen one. We don't have any of those here, and they're so damn cute!

DON: I get it. I totally went crazy over those little guys in my first year. Hell, I think I still do. Sometimes I'd go to the park just to throw cashews on the ground and watch them go nuts.

SCOTT: That sounds epic!

DON: Yeah, epic squirrel fights!  
My friend loves them too.

I mean, he won't go crazy over them, but his twin daughters...

they just won't go home until all the squirrels are gone.  
One time I was with them in Washington Square Park.  
It was after take-your-kids-to-work day.  
I bought them ice cream.  
But they just ran off chasing some squirrels then  
fell asleep on their father's shoulder...

SCOTT: That's so sweet.

DON: Then the sun went down, he took them home, and  
I just sat there by myself, finishing their ice cream cones.

SCOTT: Oh...

DON: You know, the color of the sunset that day was  
really beautiful, like something was burning on fire.

SCOTT: Aren't all sunsets like that?

DON: Something's always different each day.

SCOTT: Cool. I didn't know that. Guess I was never pa-  
tient enough.

DON: No, you weren't.  
But you don't have to be.  
Who pays attention to the sky, when he has someone to  
talk to?

*(Lights shift.)*

## 6.

*(In a car. DAVID is looking at the sky while driving.  
JANE is going over their bank statements.)*

JANE: Keep your eyes on the road, Pa.

DAVID: Mmm... yeah.

JANE: Do you want me to drive?

DAVID: No, just... um, do your thing. I got this.

JANE: (*sarcastically*) Yeah, you're really on top of stuff.

DAVID: What's that supposed to mean?

JANE: We are losing money.  
Maybe it's time to open again for those afternoon hours?  
You feeling a lot better, no?

DAVID: Yeah... but  
I'm getting used to having a break then so I can  
take a nap  
or just  
It's kinda nice.

JANE: Well, then let him help.  
Let Scott do something.  
Just because you have to sleep doesn't mean we have to  
close.

DAVID: He is doing something.

JANE: Let him do something important.

DAVID: Well, he's taking care of you.

JANE: Aww. Nice try.

DAVID: What! I mean it.

JANE: Then trust him.

*(A small beat.)*

DAVID: It's not that I don't trust --  
I just like being there...  
He's a very nice kid.

JANE: You don't even let us live in the same room.

DAVID: That's different.... he sneaks out during the middle of the night anyway.

JANE: You don't have a problem with Don not living there for ten years but you can't stand my boyfriend sneaking out to see me for ten minutes?

DAVID: Ten minutes... Come on, give that kid more credit.

JANE: I'm serious! Sometimes I feel...

DAVID: What?

JANE: Nothing...  
It's just  
I mean...

...

...

You don't even buy *me* malasadas...

*(A small beat. Maybe DAVID laughs a little. He finds this silly.)*

DAVID: That's what this is about...?  
I'm buying us a new house, aren't I?  
what do you think it is for?  
I just think

When you start a new family  
You deserve  
a new place  
a fresh start  
I bought our place in Manoa when we...  
When I...  
It's worth waiting for.

*(A silence.)*

JANE: You know you're gonna have to talk to him some time, right?

DAVID: You know you're gonna have to talk to him some time, too, yah?

JANE: He thinks you hate him.

DAVID: Hate him?!

JANE: Are you really surprised, after all that happened?

*(A small beat.)*

DAVID: Do you know why he flew back this time, after all these years?

JANE: He didn't say anything... He's more like you than you realize.

*(Silence. DAVID keeps driving. He looks up at the sky. He sees something.)*

JANE: Pa.

DAVID: Yeah?

JANE: You missed my exit.

*(Lights shift.)*

7.

*(DON is smoking a bowl. He looks comfortable. He's wearing something much more comfortable too. He is on his phone. We can't see what he's doing but he's probably on Grindr.)*

*Message alert. Okay, he's definitely on Grindr.*

*Car approaches. He drops his phone and tries to cover up the smell in all sorts of ways.*

*DAVID comes in. DON is trying to act natural. But it's not coming off that way.*

*A comical silence.)*

DAVID: ... it's late, you ate?

DON: Yes, daddy.

(fuck)

Dad. Yes, dad.

I did.

I ate.

*(Wild message alerts! DON's phone is on the ground, somewhere close to DAVID. DAVID picks it up. He looks at it: huh, oh, wow.)*

DON: Um, it's like, Facebook, but, for, guys.

DAVID: But  
they don't have  
faces.

DON: That's because  
it's Hawai'i  
why don't I just

*(He takes the phone back.)*

DAVID: What do you mean "because it's Hawai'i"?

DON: It's just  
too small.  
everybody knows everybody.  
most people are still  
closeted--  
scared  
of being  
caught  
found out  
before they are ready to  
...

*(DAVID takes this in.)*

DAVID: Your sister once signed me up for something  
too.

DON: She did not!

DAVID: A stupid idea but  
yeah...  
everybody looked familiar  
I didn't know all of them...  
But when we started talking

we very quickly realized how many friends we have in common

...

DON: That's what I'm talking about.

DAVID: And after a while they just hit me up with take-out orders

*(DON laughs.)*

DON: *(high AF)* That's legit.

...

I mean they know that's what you do so it's just a good ice breaker

DAVID: I guess.

DON: People do that like for us it's always A first date question To share your coming out story You think I... I don't even know how to...

*(A beat.)*

DAVID: Look... about the other day...

DON: It's fine.  
I'm good.  
Really.

DAVID: I just need you to know that... I'm happy you're here.

DON: Yeah...  
I know...  
Me too  
The rainbow state...  
It's so  
Ironic...

*(A beat.)*

DAVID: You think it was easy for me back in the day? With all the beautiful wahine on the island, I told your grandpa that I met your mother on my trip to China and I wanted to marry her. You think he was happy?

DON: I never got to see him.

DAVID: He worked too hard, left us the year before you got here. We had nothing before, Don. He was a busboy in Chinatown, always dreamed about one day having our own restaurant. When we finally did, he was so proud that he handwrote our very first menu in Chinese. Every single copy of it.

*(beat; tenderly)*

He was the nicest man, but he was also secretly rooting for me and this Filipino girl, Danita.

DON: I never heard you talk about this.

DAVID: Because your mother would hit me with a ladle if I did.

DON: (*laughing*) She wouldn't!

DAVID: I just couldn't see myself spending the rest of my life with a "Danita", you know? Danita Qín. Didn't feel right. She couldn't even say it, she couldn't say our family name, "Qín".

DON: "Chín."

DAVID: "Qín."

DON: "Chín."

DAVID: Qín Yǔ-Qín.

DON: "Chín Yu-Chín."

DAVID: You can't say it, either! You can't even say your mom's name correctly. Forgot all your Chinese?

DON: Sound the same to me!

DAVID: No, they really don't. I love her name. When it comes to Chinese names, every single character could have dozens of different meanings. Combining with any other characters, they create hundreds and thousands of meanings. Only when you say a name correctly, can you see the meaning behind it.

(*beat*)

Still remember what her name means?

DON: I know "yu" is the rain.

DAVID: Any three-year old in China knows it's the rain.

DON: I never learned how to write the characters of her name.

DAVID: You never wanted to learn to write / at all.

DON: I could understand you guys most of the time / anyway.

DAVID: But I've always hoped you could help with our business when I get old. Well, I got old.

DON: It's a nice restaurant, I'm sure that --

DAVID: It's the *best* restaurant. The only place to get a plate of / decent Chinese food in Aina Haina.

DON: ...decent Chinese food in Aina Haina. I know. I know! I was just never interested in running a restaurant.

DAVID: (*suddenly, a bit resentful*) Can you even read the menu?! Huh? Can you?

DON: Dad...?

(*DAVID quickly collects himself.*)

DAVID: (*faking laughs*) Well, who am I to give Chinese lessons? You must be bored to tears by me! Should I get you some tea?

DON: No.

DAVID: Good. More for me.

DON: Dad, let me.

DAVID: No. No, you stay here.

Don't leave.

I got this. Just stay here.

Don't go.

*(beat)*

Don't leave.

*(DAVID exits. DON doesn't move, until we see...)*

## 8.

*(A pair of muddy shoes falls from the sky. The hike. Ka'au Crater. DON is seventeen.)*

SCOTT: Hey.

Don.

Come on.

We've got a long way to go.

Keep up!

DON: What fresh hell is this, Kanekoa?

I said a *fun* hike.

We're in the middle of a jungle!

SCOTT: A *crater*. Isn't that fun?

DON: Look at my shoes.

My mom's gonna kill me.

She'll never get this mud off.

Should've just gone to the beach...

and read a book.

SCOTT: Stop being such a dork  
just do what I do  
just take your shoes off

DON: They're ruined anyway.  
Thanks.  
My dad is so gonna give me the look.

SCOTT: The look.

DON: Yeah, like  
when he looks at you  
but doesn't say anything  
that's the worst  
because you don't know  
what exactly you did wrong  
so you just replay all the shitty things  
in your head  
punishing yourself

SCOTT: Classic. Ha. Your dad sucks.

DON: Yeah. Totally.

SCOTT: I was kidding.

DON: I was not.

*(A small beat.)*

SCOTT: Do you need anything? A break? Water? Sun-  
screen?

DON: Yeah...

*(DON stops to drink some water. He takes out a bottle of  
sunscreen from his bag. He puts sunscreen on his face and  
neck. There is a smudge left on his face.)*

SCOTT: So... not close with your dad, huh?

DON: Everyone hates their dad. Don't you?

SCOTT: I'm adopted.

DON: ...

SCOTT: I wish I knew who he was.

Maybe I could hate him.

Yeah.

Maybe I do.

But can you really hate someone you never know?

DON: I didn't really know who my dad was when I was a kid either.

SCOTT: How's that possible?

DON: He met my mom  
on one of his trips to China.

Then he had to leave.

To come back here.

All I could see was a picture of him.

SCOTT: Still.

He's here.

You're here.

DON: But I never feel  
quite like myself

In front of him

Or in front of anybody...

*(A beat. SCOTT notices the smudge.)*

SCOTT: You missed a spot.

*(SCOTT gestures, but DON touches the wrong side of his face. SCOTT goes to help DON. He gently wipes the smudge off DON's face.)*

SCOTT: There.

DON: Thanks...

*(a beat)*

Do you ever feel  
there are two versions of yourself  
and you try so hard to be both  
But end up being neither?

SCOTT: Sorta...

I grew up here but no one believes I'm local.  
In school all the racist Filipino kids call me stupid haole.  
*(in Pidgin)*  
“Eh Kanekoa, how come you white but your last name  
Hawaiian?  
What? Your maddah one whore?  
How come your skin come pink in da sun like one pig? ”

DON: Sorry...

SCOTT: It's fine. I'm used to it...

DON: It's just...

sometimes  
I don't really know  
Who I... am

SCOTT: Well... then  
who do you wanna be?  
I'm just thinking

They didn't take you all the way here  
For you not to be  
*you*

...

I like to think like that  
for myself too  
That maybe they had to give me up because

*(A beat.)*

DON: Hey.

SCOTT: Yeah?

DON: You hungry?

SCOTT: No?

DON: I have char siu buns.

SCOTT: Ew. Who packs that for a hike?

DON: My mom.  
Well  
Because  
If you are  
You can have mine

SCOTT: Yeah.

Sure.

Thanks...

*(a soft moment)*

Well.

Let's get moving.

We're almost at the first waterfall!

DON: I can hear it.

SCOTT: Ready to clamber up?

DON: Yeah!

Wait.

What?

SCOTT: The waterfall.

There are ropes there.

We have to climb it to get to the crater!

DON: I don't want to do that.

SCOTT: (*jokingly; in Pidgin*) No can, brah

Your maddah's order

Gotta toughen you up!

*(SCOTT walks away. DON watches him.*

*The memory of YU QIN comes in and she watches DON.*

*Reality cracks a little.*

*A moment...*

*DON follows SCOTT out...*

*They disappear into the hike.)*

## 9.

*(JANE is getting the house ready for the moon festival.*

*Car horn is heard. A moment later, SCOTT enters with a box of mooncakes. She takes the box and studies it carefully. Then, she gives him a look. The same look her father has.)*