

A DANCE WITH ABANDON

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By

Kelsie Kehaulani Abing

Thesis Committee:
Craig Howes, Chairperson
Anne Kennedy
Rodney Morales

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For Rose Helen Leialoha (Carter) Rodrigues

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A Dance with Abandon

By: Kelsie Abing

Keola Kapuni – 37, Hawaiian-mixed woman, slender, light brown skin.

Andrew Wayland – 23, Caucasian-Local mix, still has some freshness to his face, not muscular, closer to lanky.

Ruth Kapuni – 52, Hawaiian woman, broad, tall.

KEOLA's "loft" is above the ballet studio that she owns. It feels more like a second ballet studio, a separate place for her to practice, than it does like a living space. There are mirrors lining the walls, black floors, and a bar – like any ballet studio. The furniture is sparse – one twin bed, a makeshift kitchen, a set of free bars, which she uses to hang dresses, and a standalone set of drawers. There are two futons pushed together and covered with faded, flowery sheets. A pile of clothes sits next to the bed. Behind the futon there is ANDREW's drawing table facing the mirror. His architectural sketches are taped to the mirrors in various places around the apartment.

The apartment door is U.R. facing downstage. The bathroom door is also U.R. but facing stage left.

Act I, Scene I

Act I, Scene I

KEOLA is sleeping in bed, while ANDREW is splayed out on the futon. KEOLA stirs beneath the comforter for a while then kicks off the comforter in frustration. She stretches and grabs for her comforter but feels clothes instead – ANDREW’s clothes. She sits up quickly and finds a pair of his boxers as well. KEOLA grabs the pile of his clothes and throws it on him.

KEOLA

Keep your mess on your side.

KEOLA gets out of bed and looks around for her cellphone for the time. She walks over to ANDREW and pushes him in the thigh with her foot. ANDREW groans in response but doesn’t appear to have any notions of waking up.

KEOLA

Hey. (pause) HEY!

ANDREW

What? What is it? What do you need at – (feels around for his phone) – 6:30 in the morning?

KEOLA

I need you to wake up.

ANDREW

I’m up, I’m up. (grabs a pillow and folds around it)

KEOLA whips his hoodie at him.

ANDREW

Ow. Goddamn you, woman.

KEOLA

I have to open the studio in an hour. You should probably leave before then.

ANDREW

Why? I’ve stayed in later before.

KEOLA

Yeah, that’s the problem. When you came down the stairs one Saturday morning, I saw some of those Japanese moms giving me the eye, about to unscrew their necks. I can only imagine what they’re saying about me, what with you stumbling out at 11 a.m., smelling like Chinatown.

ANDREW

Should I flirt with them a little then?

KEOLA

Sure, let's see that in action.

ANDREW

Hey do you, um, do you have a futon that I could sleep on?

KEOLA

Oh-ho. Well done. Please take it with you on your way out.

*KEOLA pats the futon and shuffles to the kitchen and searches for something to eat.
ANDREW puts his shirt on.*

KEOLA

I understand why they'd feel that way, having a young guy hanging around the studio. There was that whole thing about that guy who worked in a ballet studio who may or may not have done sexual things to those girls.

ANDREW

That's pretty gross. How old were they? Like five?

KEOLA

Thirteen or something.

ANDREW

Oh.

KEOLA

It's still bad!

ANDREW

No, no, I know. I was just thinking like you know, I mean the age, like it's not, it could've been . . . what I mean to say is . . . I mean if some older *woman* came up to me when I was thirteen, and was like, dance up on me, I would kachi kachi all over her.

KEOLA

That's different; that's what every guy wants.

ANDREW

Not every guy wants that. You never know, it might just be me.

KEOLA

(pause) Yeah, well . . .

KEOLA quickly reaches for a box of healthy-ish cereal.

KEOLA

Want?

ANDREW

Yeah.

KEOLA pours it into two bowls.

ANDREW

Not too much milk.

KEOLA

I know. (pause) Damn, I could really use coffee today. But I shouldn't.

ANDREW

Why?

KEOLA

Makes me jittery. I can't teach a class like that.

ANDREW

Do you even have coffee around here? I could use some.

KEOLA

You work at Starbucks.

ANDREW

Normally, I hate coffee. It always makes me feel like my body is running away from my mind. Things get real ominous for some reason.

KEOLA

Why is it that every person I know who works at Starbucks hates coffee?

ANDREW

I just need it today. I think my mind is too far behind.

KEOLA takes her cereal bowl to the floor in front of the bar and sits in a stretching position. ANDREW gets up and walks to the kitchen and grabs his cereal bowl. He takes it to his futon and eats behind her.

KEOLA

You don't have work today?

ANDREW

What is this work you speak of?

KEOLA looks as if she might be upset, but backs off, and shrugs her shoulders.

KEOLA

Again?

ANDREW

I'm kidding. I . . . I have the later shifts for the next couple of weeks.

KEOLA

So just the *next* couple of weeks.

ANDREW

Anyway, that job isn't working out for me. It has nothing to do with architecture. It's just that the minute I set foot into that air condition, time moves slower, my body moves slower; it's like the air is being sucked right out of me. (crunching cereal in his mouth) I feel like it's taking me nowhere.

KEOLA

Even a shit job helps you get somewhere. Get medical, for example. Helps you survive so that one day you can get a real job.

ANDREW

But I'm not happy with it. I feel dirty working for such a corporate organization. It's not what an – okay I'll go there, I'll call myself an artist – what an artist should be doing. I should be doing something like working in the fields or –

KEOLA

What fields?

ANDREW

Or construction or something. Where I get my hands dirty and feel the earth. Work with the bones of the buildings.

KEOLA

Don't throw away a steady job for a vague set of ideals about what an artist should or shouldn't be doing.

ANDREW

That's easy for you to say. You have your own ballet studio.

KEOLA

It was everything but easy.

ANDREW

How so?

KEOLA

(pause) Jobs are basically like gold now. You do the things you have to and you leave it behind.

ANDREW stops eating.

ANDREW

Is this some kind of speech leading into you kicking me out?

KEOLA

Is that an option?

ANDREW continues eating.

ANDREW

Not really.

KEOLA

If it wasn't so entertaining to watch you swat away my hints, I'd still have a TV. (watches ANDREW eat) I know you're comfortable, but you can't just come to the trough every morning.

ANDREW

Cereal is not why I'm here.

KEOLA

Then, why are you?

Silence.

ANDREW

Because you need a man in the house.

KEOLA

"Man" is a stretch.

ANDREW

I'm no thirteen-year-old girl. (pause) Some people my age have families of six.

KEOLA gets up to take her bowl to the sink.

KEOLA

Give.

ANDREW

Thanks.

KEOLA sets the dishes in the kitchen.

KEOLA

What time did you get in last night?

ANDREW

You don't get to ask me that.

KEOLA

I can do with you or your whereabouts whatever I want until you pay me for cereal, at the very least.

ANDREW

Honestly, I couldn't tell you what time I got in. (falls back on futon) I went to Chinatown.

KEOLA

Oh, I know what that means.

ANDREW

It was for work.

KEOLA returns to the floor, into a stretching position, this time facing ANDREW.

KEOLA

You got drunk at a Starbucks in Chinatown?

ANDREW

I meant art, I guess. It was for architecture, art, work, whatever.

KEOLA

What, like that Architects for Opera thing? Do people get any work done at those? The only reason I went was because Shelley had an extra ticket. Plus, free food and booze.

ANDREW

The least we can hope for is to go home with the numbers of unsuspecting women who just came for the free booze.

KEOLA

And oh how I still regret it.

ANDREW

But you *just* said I save you money on cable.

KEOLA

So what was the party for this time?

ANDREW

There was this group of people who work for this architecture company: something, something, and something or other. One of my friends said I should go and get to know them. I don't know. They came off as corporate to me. Did you know they really do like to make corny, borderline racist jokes? And expect everyone to laugh their ass off? I thought that was just a stereotype. And the way they dress – with shiny silver watches and chains, gel in their hair and collared shirts.

KEOLA

That doesn't sound corporate.

ANDREW

That's what corporate guys dress like when they go to bars.

KEOLA

You know what I think?

ANDREW

What?

KEOLA

You should say corporate more; it makes you sound independent. Free-spirited? Artistic? Is that what you were going for?

ANDREW

Funny. You say 'corporate' as a derogatory word.

KEOLA

Have you not caught on that I do that to tease you?

ANDREW

I just like to ignore it when you do that. It makes our time together much more pleasing.

KEOLA

(pause) I may have said it once or twice in seriousness. I can't help it. I was raised that way. Hawaiians don't trust anything American –government, capitalism. We do, however, overlook that when it comes to McDonald's ninety-nine cents menu. It'll be our undoing.

ANDREW

Corporate or not, they felt like a clan. They probably wouldn't hire me. But whatever. At least I know the somewhat depressing options around town. Maybe I should just go to the mainland.

KEOLA

Maybe you should.

ANDREW

So you think I should move away?

KEOLA

If you think that's where you'll be happy as an architect.

ANDREW

Are you happy here?

KEOLA

Yeah. I think I am.

ANDREW

You don't miss dancing in a ballet company on the mainland? Where was it . . . San Francisco?

KEOLA

I'm happy. I love my students. (pause) You should learn from me.

ANDREW

I am learning from you. But don't you must miss being in productions and the staging and all that rigorous training? I know you miss it. Otherwise, why would you run twice a day?

Silence.

KEOLA

So did you do something embarrassing while drunk?

ANDREW

Don't talk to me about drunken nights. I can see the overgrown lily petals in the mirror.

KEOLA looks over her shoulder and straightens out her back.

ANDREW

That thing is like your entire upper back.

KEOLA stretches her arms over her head.

ANDREW

You don't even seem like a flowers kind of girl.

KEOLA

They're not . . . well, my grandma . . . (stops)

ANDREW

She grew them?

KEOLA

No. At funerals there are these big, flat bouquets from each part of the family – my grandma’s siblings, her kids, her grandkids. And the one from the grandkids was made up of roses. And we were supposed to throw all of the roses at once. But I didn’t get to it in time – there were so many grandkids that I didn’t get to give her a rose. So my mom gave me a lily from her bouquet. And I guess I just liked the way the lily looked when I saw it fall.

ANDREW

That’s an awfully morbid flower.

KEOLA

Then I’m not really a flowers kind of girl.

ANDREW

So you got it after the funeral?

KEOLA

(pause) Years after.

ANDREW

Did you have to get them so big?

KEOLA

I knew what I was doing. (pause) No one wants to hire a tattooed ballerina.

ANDREW

Is that why you stopped dancing?

KEOLA doesn’t answer but gets up and walks to the bar at the mirror. She stretches out her arms, shaking them loose, and her legs. She lines up her body, gets into first position, raises her arm, and begins her exercises.

ANDREW

(watching her intently) Everyone has tattoos now. It’s like the new leggings. You really should start something up in Chinatown. Some kind of indie ballet classes for girls with tattoos, of all shapes and sizes. I think it’d be a big hit.

KEOLA

Right.

ANDREW

I’m serious.

KEOLA

It already kills my mom that I teach ballet. If I start teaching some niche ballet class I think she’d lose her mind . . . oh, son-of-a- I forgot. She’s supposed to come by later. Could you

KEOLA (cont'd)

(gestures around the room) do something about this? Just shove your stuff somewhere. I mean, all this stuff. Just get everything that's not in a box or a drawer into a hiding place.

ANDREW

She doesn't know about me? Why doesn't she know about me?

KEOLA

Because there's nothing to know about you. You're barely a roommate.

ANDREW

I see. (pause) Oh, I – I, uh, got you something.

ANDREW reaches for a black plastic bag at the top of his futon.

ANDREW

Here.

ANDREW tosses the bag at her, but she's unprepared so it smacks her arm and falls to the ground.

KEOLA

Well, now I know it's not a brick.

ANDREW

Just open it.

KEOLA

(bends over to pick up the bag) Oh. (tries the T-shirt on) It's comfortable. I like the stripes. Where'd you get it?

ANDREW

This shop on Nu`uanu. Some old magenta-haired Asian woman with an intense air about her. There was a DJ out front, I think. I don't remember much, but I saw it and I thought that you should have it.

KEOLA

I also take cash.

ANDREW

Plus, I figured you could use it to cover up your tattoo better in class.

KEOLA

Oh. That's actually kind of thoughtful.

ANDREW

Don't sound so fucking surprised about it.

KEOLA

(laughs, softer tone) Okay, okay. Thanks. It's really . . . Thanks.

ANDREW

I know I'm – I know it's a pain.

KEOLA

Yeah, it is. But there are worse things.

ANDREW

Good to know. (pause) So now whenever you wear it I can do whatever I want with you or your whereabouts.

KEOLA

Look at that, he's got comebacks of his own. (looks at her watch) Oh, shoot. You have to get going. I need to warm up.

ANDREW

All right. I'll stay a little longer until you're done stretching.

KEOLA

There must be a girl your own age to look at.

KEOLA peels off her sweatpants, only in her leotard, as she walks over to the free bars. She scoops a black ballet skirt off of the bars and puts it on.

ANDREW

I've seen you less clothed before.

KEOLA

Only in the way a million other girls have.

ANDREW

It says something though, doesn't it?

KEOLA

Yes. That I need to start changing in the bathroom.

ANDREW

Don't say things you don't mean. (pause) I like watching you dance. And I mean that in the most non-perverted way possible.

KEOLA

I'm sure.

ANDREW

Honestly, something about the way you dance. It reminds me of architecture.

KEOLA

(laughs) Reminds you of architecture. Stiff and steely?

ANDREW

Just lines. Shapes. Moving. I used to lie down on sidewalks and patches of grass so I could look up at buildings and watch them move. And when the sun was rising or setting, all these angles of light would come off of the building. Kind of the way it does with you when you're dancing. You can't help but stop to watch. (pause) The buildings, I mean.

KEOLA looks at ANDREW through the mirror, reevaluating. She looks back at herself. She starts to stretch. ANDREW continues to watch her. KEOLA segues from her stretching into motioning to the mess.

ANDREW

Oh, that. Sorry. I'll clean up.

KEOLA

And head out?

ANDREW

And head out.

KEOLA

Maybe – maybe you should slide the futon under the bed or something.

ANDREW

It doesn't fit under the bed. Plus, it's not like there's anything to hide, right?

KEOLA

No. No, there isn't.

Lights out.

Act I, Scene II

Act I, Scene II

Lights up.

The loft is as messy as it was when KEOLA left. RUTH is walking around the room. She kicks the futon, pressing on it with her feet, and looking at the bags and piles of things next to it.

KEOLA enters U.R. Her hair is messy and she's still wearing the top ANDREW had bought. She looks at her mother looking at the room. KEOLA breathes deep before approaching RUTH.

KEOLA

Mom. Sorry to keep you waiting. One of the parents started talking to me about San Francisco. Seems like she wants her daughter to try to do the same thing I did.

RUTH

(tapping on the futon with her foot) What's this?

KEOLA stares at her mom awhile, then sits down at the dining table while RUTH continues to look around.

KEOLA

Guess.

RUTH

Don't get smart with me.

KEOLA

It's where Andrew sleeps.

RUTH

What, is he your pet or something?

KEOLA

Yeah, something like that.

RUTH

You know when you mentioned that you were living with a man, I imagined that he would be – well, anyway, that he wouldn't be sleeping at the foot of your bed.

KEOLA

That's hardly the foot of my bed. That's reserved for the most special of men.

RUTH

You know what they say, "For it is better to marry . . ."

KEOLA

“ . . . than to be merry.”

RUTH

(continues anyway) “ . . . than to burn.”

KEOLA

Let’s compare burns someday then. (pause) So – so how’s your day been?

RUTH

We are not talking about me. Who is this man to you?

KEOLA

Do you want something to drink or something? Not soda, I mean. I can’t believe Pōhaku lets you drink whatever you like. I’ve seen her fridge. And no twelve-year-old kid should have man boobs that size.

RUTH sits down at the dining table, still evaluating the apartment.

RUTH

What is it with you and Jr. Boy? Leave that kid alone. He’ll grow out of that weight.

KEOLA

Famous last words.

RUTH

And you leave your sister alone. Stop bothering her about everything. She thinks you look down on her. And, obviously, it’s not like you’re in a place to do that.

KEOLA

What place am I in exactly? Did she say that about me? Or is this one of your keen observations?

RUTH

Well, I mostly told her that so she’d stop stretching her panties.

KEOLA

Wait, what?

RUTH

Stretching her panties. Getting all worked up.

KEOLA

You’ve never said that before.

Yes, I have. We all used to say that.

RUTH

I don't remember that.

KEOLA

You never spoke the way we did.

RUTH

Yes, I did.

KEOLA

Until you started ballet.

RUTH

It just never stuck is all. You don't even speak that way anymore.

KEOLA

But the point is I can if I want to.

RUTH

KEOLA brings a cup of water to RUTH. KEOLA sits down at the table with her mother.

I asked you a question.

RUTH

He's just a roommate. He sleeps here. He eats here. But he does not do anything *to me* in there (gesturing towards the bed).

KEOLA

Well, I was just asking . . .

RUTH

I know what you were asking. We know each other well enough.

KEOLA

Yes, we do. And that's why I asked what this man means to you.

RUTH

He's just a roommate.

KEOLA

Is that all?

RUTH

KEOLA

Yes.

RUTH

Well, if that's true, then good. We can't have another situation happening.

KEOLA gets up from the table to go to the bar.

RUTH

Keola? Did you hear what I said?

KEOLA

I'm too busy to make those kinds of situations. (pause) And probably too old.

RUTH

Older doesn't make you wiser necessarily.

KEOLA starts to say something, stops, and shakes her head.

RUTH

So why do you need a roommate?

KEOLA

To warm the lonely nights.

RUTH

I'll assume that means rent. How did you trick someone into renting a space in this dump?

KEOLA

It's not a dump.

RUTH

Then why don't you take care of it? Look at these holes on the walls. And these dings in the flooring. What is all this paper taped up on the mirrors? Do you even clean this place? I don't even want to know what the studio downstairs looks like.

KEOLA

I know you don't. You've never been there.

RUTH

I don't need to.

KEOLA

(exasperated, tired more than angry) What do you care anyway?

RUTH

I get to know these things. I am your mother.

KEOLA

Will I ever get to say that to you? 'I get to know these things, I am your daughter.'

RUTH

Maybe. Sometimes, yes.

KEOLA

Like when?

RUTH

First, answer my questions.

KEOLA

No, he doesn't pay rent. Is this about something then?

RUTH

That doesn't make any sense. You must be in a relationship. And you must be hiding it, like you always do. Really, I thought we were beyond that.

KEOLA

I'm offended. The reveal would have been much more fun if I were hiding something. I like to make our mystery games entertaining at least.

RUTH

One day that tongue of yours is going to roll back into your throat and choke you.

KEOLA

Can we move on? No, I am not in a relationship.

RUTH

Open your jealousies. I can't breathe in here.

RUTH goes over to the windows to open one.

RUTH

At least one of them.

KEOLA gives up on stretching. She stands at the bar watching her mother at the window.

KEOLA

That one doesn't open.

RUTH clicks her tongue in disapproval and sits back down.

RUTH

How do you have air-conditioning in the dance studio but not in your apartment?

KEOLA

Because I care more about the studio. This is basically a storage space.

RUTH

You have to take care of all of the things you're responsible for. Even if you were just handed this place.

KEOLA

I didn't beg her to give it to me, you know. Christina wrote it into her will.

RUTH

Her will. Like she's some great ancestor.

KEOLA

She's better than an ancestor. She gave me a living. She was the one who taught me you should never be able to separate the dance from the dancer.

RUTH

Ballet is not a life. It's a hobby.

KEOLA

So what is hula?

RUTH

Hula is your history. Which is why you should be doing that instead of this.

KEOLA

There it is. (pause) Hula may be my history, but I am paid for something I would do in my free time. I'm lucky, aren't I?

RUTH

If you had a real job, you could afford air-conditioning.

KEOLA

I'm not going to fight with you about air-conditioning. I thought you said on the phone that you had something to tell me. And I'm not rushing you or anything. Take your time. But I do have a bunch of things to do.

RUTH

So, should I leave now then? You couldn't be clearer.

KEOLA

If I wanted you to leave, believe me, I could be clearer.

RUTH

I'll be quick then. (pause) I'll be staying here for awhile.

KEOLA

Just like that.

RUTH

Yes.

KEOLA

I don't understand. You're living with Pōhaku.

RUTH

Pōhaku lives out in `Ewa Beach.

KEOLA

I know, but it wasn't really a problem before. Is it the drive in to work?

RUTH

No. It's not the drive.

KEOLA

Well, then maybe you should slow it down with the social work stuff.

RUTH

If there's no indigenous people doing that "social work stuff", then no one will take care of our kanaka.

KEOLA

I'm sure there are more than enough UH grads willing to do that job.

RUTH

It's not my work that's the problem.

KEOLA

Okay, well, what is it? I'm sorry, it's just you're saying this to me and I'm just thinking . . . We'd tear each other apart. You know that.

RUTH remains silent.

KEOLA

Are you serious?

RUTH

Are you ever?

KEOLA

But why?

RUTH

It's convenient.

KEOLA

I can't imagine living here would make you happy at all.

RUTH

I said convenience, not rainbows.

KEOLA

There's something missing. What do you have to be closer to? (teasing) Are you *seeing* someone?

RUTH

Is that all you can think of?

KEOLA

Then why me? Why here? In this "dump"?

RUTH

Convenience.

KEOLA

As honored as I feel, I still don't believe you.

RUTH

I'll need to be going to the doctor more often.

KEOLA

For what?

RUTH

For – you know, sometimes I think they just make up diagnoses these days.

RUTH and KEOLA exchange looks, but RUTH breaks away.

RUTH

If they can't figure out what it is, it must be cancer. And if that crackpot is right, I'll need to go to a lot of appointments – for tests and, eventually, chemotherapy, radiation, and so on.

KEOLA

Wh – Are you sure?

RUTH

Yes, it'll be much easier to live here and go to the appointments. I have to get several tests done at the Kaiser in town. And even if the chemo and radiation is at Moanalua, the traffic from Kaimukī to Kaiser is probably better than 'Ewa Beach to Kaiser. Plus, I never know what Pōhaku's schedule is or the kids' schedules, which, you know, is basically the same thing. And you only have your classes.

KEOLA

I mean, are they sure? About what you might have?

RUTH

As sure as those quacks will ever be. They say it's some kind of liver cancer. I don't know too much beyond that.

KEOLA

(breathless) Liver cancer. How far along?

RUTH

Could be far, from what they seem to be saying. But they don't know everything yet. That is, if they ever will.

KEOLA

But in terms of – is there a length of time . . .

RUTH

I don't know. They're still doing tests.

KEOLA

I can't believe Pōhaku didn't say anything. This is the kind of thing you tell your damn sister.

RUTH

I told her not to.

KEOLA

She fuckin' – (breathes) She should have anyway.

RUTH

She actually listens to me.

KEOLA walks to the dining table to sit next to RUTH.

KEOLA

So what do you want to do? What do we do now?

RUTH

We do nothing. I just go and get these things done. I live here. The doctor suggested it. Pōhaku agreed.

KEOLA

Oh, she did. That's good.

RUTH

It'd make things easier. I'll be tired apparently, needing lots of sleep and things like that. I mean if it's really such a big burden for you, maybe I won't even have to be here all the days of the week. Just some days.

KEOLA

How often?

RUTH

How often is this roommate of yours staying here?

KEOLA

What do you mean? He lives here.

RUTH

I'm still not clear on what's the benefit of that.

KEOLA

(still distracted) I don't know. I get to feel superior by taking in a homeless guy.

RUTH

Psh. Homeless. You've got flesh and blood on the beach who are homeless.

KEOLA

Yeah, like who?

RUTH

Like . . . (pause) Well, the point is that it's hurting you to have to take on this extra weight. Maybe you should make him find a place on his own. You know, people don't respond to this kind of coddling. You have to push them out there – if they survive, they survive. What is his job that he doesn't make enough to pay rent?

KEOLA

He's studying architecture.

RUTH

Studying? How old is he?

KEOLA

Twenty-three.

RUTH

What are you doing with a child?

KEOLA

He's not a child. You know, in some cultures, people have six children by that age.

RUTH

Some cultures . . . your grandma had seven children by that age. How did you even meet?

KEOLA

At an Architects for Opera function.

RUTH

But he's not even an architect. (pause) You know, if he wants so much to be an architect, why isn't he out there doing it? A little suffering will do him good.

KEOLA

I doubt it. He's the type to be romantic about stumbling blocks.

RUTH

Do you think he'll make it?

KEOLA

I don't know. I haven't seen his work.

RUTH

Liar. His sketches are all over the mirrors.

KEOLA

So I've seen some of his work.

RUTH

And?

KEOLA

It could use more direction. They're very neat though. Maybe a little too angular.

RUTH

Impractical. Figures.

KEOLA

How does it figure? You don't even know him.

RUTH
(looks around the mess) I think I get the general idea.

KEOLA
What do I know about architecture anyway? They're interesting drawings.

RUTH
How long will interesting be enough for you?

KEOLA
Do you want me to ask him to leave?

RUTH
It's what I'm saying.

KEOLA
Because of – treatment.

RUTH
Yes.

Silence.

KEOLA
So you'll be here every day.

RUTH
Whatever you can handle.

KEOLA
No, I mean, of course you have to live here. (pause) I'll talk to him.

RUTH
I'll be here tomorrow.

KEOLA
You start treatment that soon?

RUTH
No, I'm just going to be bringing some things over.

KEOLA
I don't have a lot of space.

RUTH
You'll have enough.

Silence.

KEOLA

I'm really sorry.

RUTH

For what?

KEOLA

I don't know. I just felt like I should say that.

RUTH gets up and putting her purse on her shoulder.

RUTH

Don't just apologize out of the blue, Keola. That's not how I raised you.

KEOLA

Call me when you get to `Ewa?

RUTH

Why?

KEOLA

I'm not sure.

KEOLA walks RUTH to the door.

KEOLA

There's a key. Underneath the flower pot on the right side of the door.

RUTH

All right then.

They stand awkwardly for a moment. KEOLA kisses her mom on the cheek.

KEOLA

Don't – don't drink any more soda.

Lights Out.

Act I, Scene III

Act I, Scene III

Lights Up.

KEOLA is sitting at the dining table, holding the glass of water RUTH had left behind and sipping from it. ANDREW walks in past KEOLA, acknowledging her with merely a nod.

KEOLA

Welcome home, dear.

ANDREW

(distracted) What's that?

KEOLA

You had a class, didn't you? Today is . . . what is today? I completely lost track of time. Don't you have a lab or something on Saturdays?

ANDREW

Yeah.

KEOLA

Oh. So. (higher) So. Did you eat?

ANDREW

Mm.

KEOLA

(pause) I need to talk to you about something.

ANDREW

Can it wait? I just got here.

ANDREW sits up and begins to untie his shoes.

KEOLA

(teasing) All right. What's her name and what'd she do? Or should I ask, what'd you do? Distract me. I need it.

ANDREW

(raises his hand to quiet her) Sorry, can I just get a minute here?

KEOLA

What?

ANDREW

Nothing. I'm leaving.

ANDREW begins to put on his shoes again.

KEOLA

Did I say something?

ANDREW

You never stop saying something.

KEOLA

I've had enough to deal with today. I don't need your quarterlife crises crowding up my space. Go. (waves toward the door) Drown your sorrows in an oversized coffee mug. Come back when you grow up.

ANDREW

I live here too, goddamnit.

KEOLA

What makes you think you live here? Do you have something for me to cash?

ANDREW

I help out when I can.

KEOLA

Not nearly enough, kid.

ANDREW

Don't talk to me like that.

KEOLA

I can talk to you however I want.

ANDREW

Here.

ANDREW fumbles for his wallet in his pocket, grabs some cash, throws it at KEOLA.

ANDREW

Rent.

ANDREW empties out the coins from his pocket, throws them on the ground. KEOLA doesn't respond, just stares at the money. She starts to laugh.

KEOLA

What are you doing?

ANDREW

Just take the money.

KEOLA

No, I want to know why you're throwing all of your candy money at my feet.

ANDREW

You're a dancer, aren't you?

Silence.

ANDREW

I'm –

KEOLA

(clicks her tongue, feigning disappointment) Andrew. Not one of your best. It's not even relevant. I don't dance for a living; I'm a dance teacher.

ANDREW

(rushing) I'm sorry.

KEOLA

(continuing in the same vein) Well, I did get paid to dance – as a professional ballerina. When I was younger than you are now, actually.

ANDREW

I said I was sorry. Did you hear it?

KEOLA

But when *you* drop out of school, as I foresee you probably will, you won't be able to teach anything – besides how to dream about dreams.

ANDREW

Goddamnit. What do you want from me?

KEOLA

Get out.

ANDREW

You can't do that.

KEOLA

I've dreamt it. And now I'm doing it. Look how easy it is.

ANDREW

You're not the only one with a failed career, you know. Do you even think about how horrible the things you say are?

KEOLA

What failed career? You haven't even started. You haven't gone anywhere. You are immobile.

ANDREW

I am genuinely sorry about what I said – if you can hear me through the rushing waves of blood in your head. I just got upset because I came home, trying to catch a breath, and you started in at me almost immediately when I was still trying to process the fact that I can't get my degree.

KEOLA

Is that supposed to mean something to me?

ANDREW sits on the floor.

ANDREW

They dropped the Architecture B.A. The only way I can get a degree is if I go for the Ph.D. That's three more years of school, at least, that I won't be able to afford. It means I'm done.

KEOLA

Why are you taking it so hard? Aren't you a part of the age of self-starters?

ANDREW

I thought I was. I thought I would simply grow into an architect because everyone with a pencil behind their ear is always talking about getting things done. It's infectious. But, sitting across the desk from that pinched secretary's face, listening to her tell me there's nothing they can do, I just felt tired. My mind packed up like the day was done, but I was still sitting there asking her questions as if it'd change something. I might want to be an architect. But, at this point, I might also be too tired to care. I'm tired of being broke and wandering. And of pretending that I can see a light at the end of the abyss. Because I don't see it. I don't think anyone sees it. They just all become content at some point with whatever placeholder job they've got. And now I can't even find a placeholder job. Not without a degree.

KEOLA goes to the bar where ANDREW is sitting on the floor. She leans against the mirror.

KEOLA

(softens) The world won't end if you find a placeholder job. You can still get a degree, just change paths.

ANDREW

But when you've spent the last year – couple of years – figuring out what you're going to do, then finally landing on something and working for it . . . did you hear the part about how tired I am?

KEOLA

How can you be tired if architecture is what you really want to do?

ANDREW

Do I have to be sure about that right now?

KEOLA

What I'm saying is you have to be sure.

ANDREW

I don't feel like a pep talk right now.

KEOLA

And I don't feel like giving one. (pause) I'm just saying there are alternative paths to making a career out of doing something you love. If you're sure that's what you want.

ANDREW

I know there are other options. Go to the mainland. Take a break, save money.

KEOLA

Have you talked to anyone else about what they're planning to do?

ANDREW

They're all planning to stay in the program. Most of them can afford it. The worst thing that I keep thinking about is just how all those other guys will keep going and they'll be interning and come visit me at some sorry Starbucks and be all hand slaps. But they'll pity me and just do their best not to say anything. Then they'll walk out the door feeling so proud of themselves. And I'll have to keep making triple shit shot ventis while they work for some firm that will carry *their* name in ten years.

KEOLA

It's an unhealthy thing to live in comparison to someone else. My family beat that lesson into me. Even in the company, all day long you're standing in line with girls who look like you, think like you. All of us performing desperately to hold an audience – even if it was one choreographer. (pause) You can't just assume that everyone in your class will achieve success while you won't. I never thought I'd say this, but be more arrogant.

ANDREW

Those guys come from perfect lives. Perfect parents, perfect incomes, and perfect hair. Perfect is a good ending for them, it's where they belong. I don't have that kind of back story.

KEOLA sits on the floor.

KEOLA

My mom always pushed me into hula, even after I moved to the mainland to study. But I just couldn't do it the way that I saw other girls do it – couldn't speak with my hands what the ancestors used to say. I loved the music though. And I loved being in time with something, for once, so I committed to ballet. Took myself to class. Caught the bus, rides, walked if I needed to.

ANDREW

I think I'm supposed to be inspired, but I'm too distracted. I can't really think straight right now. I keep thinking about what I have to do just to pay to exist.

KEOLA

There isn't much to think about, really. Just be sure about what you want to do. When I first started dancing, I went to class with the kind of girls who have expensive dresses in their closets that still have the tags on them. And not because they're going to return them after they wear it. But because they just forgot that it was there. Those were the kinds of girls who I went to ballet classes with. As I got older and trained more, the same girls seemed to be more serious. But I always felt that they were temporary fixtures because I had nothing go back to – they did.

KEOLA gets up to stretch her arms. ANDREW looks up at her.

KEOLA

Being sure is the only thing you'll have in the end.

ANDREW

Maybe I should've had a mom like yours. Then I'd be somewhere by now.

KEOLA

In some ways that's truer than I'd like it to be.

ANDREW gets up to clean the money off the floor.

KEOLA

Don't worry about getting trapped. You won't as long as you move fast enough. And *away* from the futon.

ANDREW

I guess.

KEOLA

What now?

ANDREW

Something about the way you say things always makes me want to say the opposite.

KEOLA

I'm going to take that as a compliment.

ANDREW

What if it's not?

KEOLA

(half-joking) You know you like it.

ANDREW

I do, don't I?

KEOLA

You do.

ANDREW

And you?

KEOLA

Sure, me too.

ANDREW walks back to the table, shoving the money in his pocket. He sits on the table in front of KEOLA.

ANDREW

Let's get some food. I've had a real shit day.

KEOLA

You're paying?

ANDREW

With all of my available credit.

KEOLA

Chinese?

ANDREW

We always get Chinese food.

KEOLA

But Golden Lion Chinese food?

ANDREW

Too expensive. And too clean for Chinese food. Let's just get cheap food, burgers somewhere.

KEOLA

You really need to eat healthier than that.

ANDREW

The people who take care of themselves the most get the craziest diseases. I had a boss get some kind of rare stomach disease – and this was a woman who took vitamins, ate only organic, and watched her meat intake. Also, she was a crazy bitch so it might've been karma eating her from the inside out.

KEOLA

Can we not talk about that kind of stuff?

KEOLA stops moving. She collects herself and looks around for keys and finds them.

KEOLA

It's just that we're about to eat. So was it Chinese?

ANDREW

We've tossed that out. Think of something else.

KEOLA

Thai? Thai food?

ANDREW

Fine, thai it is.

KEOLA

No pad thai though. You have to try something else.

KEOLA and ANDREW grab their wallets and prepare to leave.

ANDREW

But I don't like anything else.

KEOLA

Because you haven't tried anything else.

ANDREW

So? I don't have to change what I want to get. I'm getting pad thai and that's it.

KEOLA

If you put that kind of pad thai gusto into being an architect, I think you could really make it.

ANDREW

Now I need a drink.

KEOLA

Soju?

ANDREW

I thought you weren't drinking anymore. 'Cause of the whole belly thing.

KEOLA

The what?

ANDREW

Getting a beer belly. From drinking.

KEOLA

Oh. Well, I guess it's just that kind of day.

Lights Out.

Act I, Scene IV

Act I, Scene IV

Lights Up.

ANDREW and KEOLA have returned from the restaurant, holding their leftovers and a bag of empty and unopened Soju bottles. ANDREW puts the empty bottles in a bin and sets the rest of the things on the counter, while KEOLA walks over to the futon and curls up.

ANDREW

(licking his lips) I think the sauce from the pad thai is permanently caked on my lips.

KEOLA

(muffled, her face in the pillow) Just get a hot washcloth and wipe it off if it's that bad.

ANDREW

That's the last time we're going to that Thai place.

ANDREW opens a cabinet next to the kitchen sink to grab a pink washcloth. He goes to the kitchen and runs the cloth under hot water.

KEOLA

You made a point about trying the new one.

ANDREW

Don't blame it on me. You said you've been there before and didn't remember it being bad or anything.

KEOLA

That's exactly what I said. "I don't remember" implying vagueness of opinion. "Bad or anything" implying vagueness of quality. And I did preface that by saying it was over two years ago.

ANDREW

I'm still going to blame it on you. (rubs the cloth on his mouth) Ah – that hurts.

ANDREW walks over to the futon and sits next to KEOLA.

KEOLA

You're rubbing it too hard. Of course it's going to hurt. Your lips are getting redder by the second. (grabs the cloth from him) Give me that. You're going to make it worse.

KEOLA presses the cloth lightly on his lips. ANDREW stops her.

ANDREW

I'm not helpless you know.

I didn't say anything.

KEOLA

Just wanted you to know.

ANDREW

ANDREW stares at her as she sets the cloth down. ANDREW tries to kiss her. KEOLA holds his face back with her hand.

Okay.

KEOLA

What?

ANDREW

So I do have to talk to you about something.

KEOLA

Are you seeing someone?

ANDREW

No, no. It's not like that. It's – wait, that's your immediate response to "we have to talk about something?"

KEOLA

What? I didn't think so or anything. But I felt like I should ask.

ANDREW

When would I have the time or the energy for that? (pause) And what if I was?

KEOLA

I like what we have.

ANDREW

Because it's convenient?

KEOLA

Because we just work is all.

ANDREW

I really do need to talk to you.

KEOLA

Okay, I'm listening.

ANDREW

KEOLA

My mom is – she’s sick.

ANDREW

Sick like how? What happened?

KEOLA

I don’t know exactly. She came over here, started grilling me about air conditioning of all things, and then she just told me.

ANDREW

What kind of sick is she?

KEOLA

I don’t really know the details. She said she’s got some kind of liver cancer. She didn’t even say what stage it was in. I didn’t even think to ask her. I don’t know why I didn’t ask her.

ANDREW gets off the futon to sit facing KEOLA.

ANDREW

I’m sure it’ll come up later. How is she doing?

KEOLA

She seems normal. Freakishly normal. Like not a thing in the world is happening. Like it’s just a cold she’ll need to treat with radiation.

ANDREW

Oh, man. Doesn’t that mean it’s far along?

KEOLA

Seems like it. But I don’t know anything about these things.

ANDREW

One of my families' grandpas had cancer. I don’t remember much about the process but I remember he died a few months after getting the chemotherapy and radiation.

KEOLA

How many months?

ANDREW

I don’t know. 2? 5? We should research it.

KEOLA

No, no I don’t want to do that right now.

ANDREW

Are you sure? It might help. With what you're going through.

KEOLA

I'm not the one with cancer.

ANDREW

It might help. To have some facts or something.

KEOLA

She didn't say, but I'm pretty sure the dying part is nearly guaranteed. I don't think anything helps ease that. I think you just have to get used to the idea over time.

ANDREW

You don't know she's dying.

KEOLA

Liver cancer?

ANDREW

Still. You don't know. It's not going to help to panic about it before you even go to an appointment with her.

KEOLA

(distant) How are you so calm about everything?

ANDREW

You go through enough families, you go through enough weddings, funerals, births. It all kind of blends together. (pause) Maybe you should go to an appointment with her.

ANDREW grabs his computer from above his futon. KEOLA frowns at his immediate break of conversation. ANDREW starts typing and clicking away.

ANDREW

These alternative treatments, they're super expensive. Mainly, that's what I remember. It's why we didn't take him there. Not like he wanted to go anyway.

KEOLA

I don't think my mom would want that either. She'd want to be close to home – to the land and the people.

ANDREW

Would you support her wanting to stay here even if she could find better treatment on the mainland?

KEOLA

Maybe it might heal her. If so many people feel it, there has to be something to believing in a connection to land. And it is what she wanted – wants. Personally, I guess I don't really feel one way or the other. (pause) I want to feel one way or the other. But it feels like it's too late and even if I were to suddenly go the way my mom would have wanted me to, with the long hair and the pa`u and the tapped tattoos and the `ōlelo – it would just be a put-on. And anyway, she gave up on me a long time ago. In terms of being the woman who was to follow in her footsteps. My sister won that prized position when she got her tribal tattoo tapped onto her leg.

ANDREW

You're mad about that?

KEOLA

I got mine first. (pause) I know I should be over it. All right. I know.

ANDREW

Especially since you'll probably be seeing her more. Because of . . . you know.

KEOLA

It's so funny, because in some way, I wanted to tell my mom to continue living with Pōhaku. And that exact situation has annoyed me on some level for years.

ANDREW

As opposed to? Getting her own apartment? I guess that makes sense. Better to have someone live with her. Just in case. I mean not just in case of (pause) dying or something, but just in case she needs anything.

KEOLA gets off the futon, puts her hair up, and moves to the bed.

KEOLA

So yeah. That's what I meant to bring up. The living situation.

ANDREW

Are you moving into an apartment with her?

KEOLA

Not exactly.

ANDREW

I'd take over renting this place, but I could only pay like a fraction of what you do. I'd basically live without any of the limited amenities we have already. But I'd do it if that's what you need. (pause) Is that what you wanted to talk about? I guess I could get a second job.

KEOLA

She's moving in here.

ANDREW

How would that go down?

KEOLA

Well, she would be bringing her things here and be sleeping and eating in this place as well.

ANDREW

Did she say why?

KEOLA

I guess I already said why. Because of treatment.

ANDREW

What's wrong with your sister's place?

KEOLA

The way she explained it, it made sense. I don't want her driving back and forth in that (pause) condition. If I didn't have to do this, I wouldn't. She was just so persistent. And she made sense. I would just be the worst daughter if I didn't let her live with me. Even if she wasn't the best mother. But she was a mother to me. She is my mother.

ANDREW

Of course. (pause) Sorry, just so we're clear, what you're saying is, I have to move out.

KEOLA

I don't know. I guess so.

ANDREW

And she didn't mention the fact that I might have to leave?

KEOLA

She kind of did.

ANDREW

What does she know about me?

KEOLA

That you are an aspiring architect.

ANDREW

And her response to that was . . . ?

KEOLA

She really wouldn't have cared even if you were a millionaire.

ANDREW

What else does she know?

KEOLA

That you don't share my bed.

ANDREW

She asks about that? Do parents do that?

KEOLA

I don't really know what's the protocol for normal parents. Mostly because I don't think there's anything normal about parenting.

ANDREW

There's no such thing as normal parenting. I've had my fair share of styles.

KEOLA

I just know that this kind of stuff is protocol for my mom.

ANDREW

To ask about your sex life?

KEOLA

More to ensure that there is none. Obviously, she thinks I'm lying about it.

ANDREW

Oh. Well, did she see the futon?

KEOLA

Yeah, that didn't seem to calm her fears. She called you my pet, so I think, in the least, she thinks it's some kind of weird and kinky relationship, where we use two levels of bedding during sex.

ANDREW

She's got an imagination. (pause) And, so do you apparently. How would that even . . . ?
(looking at the bed and the futon)

KEOLA

It's my own fault that she has a healthy imagination.

ANDREW

You never explain that to me.

KEOLA

There's nothing to explain.

ANDREW

So you're just doing that to tease me?

KEOLA

Yes, because I spend all my free time thinking, *now* what can I do to lead him on.

ANDREW doesn't respond.

KEOLA

(gets up) I think we forgot to put the food in the fridge.

ANDREW grabs her wrist as she walks by him.

KEOLA

What?

ANDREW

(lets go) Sorry, sometimes you just walk away. I'm just – what are we supposed to do? I don't know where to go.

KEOLA

I told you I wouldn't do this if I didn't have to.

KEOLA sits on the floor in front of the futon.

ANDREW

I have to ask this, just to ask this, and please don't hate me, but are you sure?

KEOLA

Sure about . . .

ANDREW

Are you sure she has, you know, cancer?

KEOLA

Yeah, unfortunately, I'm pretty sure.

ANDREW

I don't know. You make your mom sound so conniving.

KEOLA

I wish she could be that conniving. That would be so great, because then I'd feel better than her and congratulate myself on figuring her out. Like I usually do. But even my mom can't

KEOLA (cont'd)

act that well. The way she just told me. And all I thought was, how dare she give me this weight like I was responsible. But she couldn't even give me any clear information. Just had to argue with me about air conditioning. I wanted to be angry. Because now I know I have to do everything to help her. And I don't know how I feel about that – if it's some kind of humanity impulse or if I really want to help her because she's my mother. And that makes me angry.

ANDREW

You'd help her because underneath all of your venom, that's the kind of person you are.

KEOLA

You say that, but then I don't believe you. If you were the Dalai Lama, I wouldn't believe you. I never can pin down how I feel about her.

ANDREW

So she wants me gone and there's no in-between?

KEOLA

If I had thought of some loophole, then I would have taken it. But she specifically asked me to ask you to leave.

ANDREW

Sure.

KEOLA

As crazy as it sounds, could you not be mad at her? I don't think it will be good for either of us. Karma wise.

ANDREW

What do I do then?

KEOLA

(looking at her feet) You'll find a way to make it work.

ANDREW

Didn't we have a conversation about how I'm not going to make it out there?

KEOLA

All you need to do is survive long enough.

ANDREW

I can stay here and do that.

KEOLA

You can't.

ANDREW

I want to stay here.

KEOLA

I know.

ANDREW

No. I want to stay here.

Silence.

KEOLA

So what do you want me to do about that? It's your feelings. You're old enough to deal with them.

KEOLA moves back to her bed.

ANDREW

I'm being honest.

KEOLA

What do you want? For me to change my answer? I've told you why and I've told you I wouldn't like for things to get this way. I'm tired of repeating myself.

ANDREW

Why do you wish things wouldn't get this way?

KEOLA

Because. I don't know. Maybe because I just got used to this.

ANDREW

Used to . . .

KEOLA

Living with someone.

ANDREW

Living with me.

KEOLA

Well, sure, living with you. I'm not living with anyone else.

ANDREW

And you're definitely not seeing someone else?

KEOLA

No.

ANDREW

Well.

KEOLA

Well, what? I see what you're doing here.

ANDREW

Everything isn't a game. I'm not trying to play you. So you can take that mental note.

KEOLA

Then why are you doing this now?

ANDREW

I've been trying to do this for a long time.

KEOLA

Okay, but you have to understand, that in my position, what you're doing right now – it feels a little strange, if not suspicious.

ANDREW

All right. Understood. But, then, you have to understand what I'm doing.

KEOLA

You have to give me time. (pause) Since when?

ANDREW

Since the beginning.

KEOLA

I thought you just needed a place to stay.

ANDREW

I did. It turned out to be convenient.

KEOLA

Why though?

ANDREW

Don't know.

KEOLA

You have to know some things some of the time.

ANDREW

I can't just be genuine?

KEOLA

I don't suppose you have some kind of plan after telling me all that.

ANDREW

Not really. I just felt like I should say something.

KEOLA

So that what? So that'd I let you stay?

ANDREW

I don't want "let me" to be any part of this conversation. I just want you to like having me around.

KEOLA

It wasn't that it wasn't ever the case.

ANDREW

Just say whatever's on your mind. I can handle it.

KEOLA

I don't know yet. We haven't really tried being something else.

ANDREW

So we could.

KEOLA

There are other things to think about.

ANDREW

There always is.

KEOLA

I think I am allowed to use the word 'literally' when I say she is literally ill. And not even ill as in "she'll suffer a lot right now but then after awhile she'll get her hair back and it'll be like a dream you weren't sure you had." She might be closer to dying than she is to living. I know I shouldn't panic, but I have to. (pause) Don't I? I feel like I'm supposed to owe her some kind of reaction. Should I have a breakdown and just, you know, maybe hold on to her knees or something? Shake her a bit, go (overdramatically) why-eee, why-eeee, and so on.

ANDREW

Well, not exactly like that.

KEOLA

Because she'd hate that. I'd hate that. That's not how we do things in the Kapuni household. At sixteen, I come in the door limping after twenty hours of practicing for a show that she won't even come to, and she tells me, "Why haven't you done the laundry? You live here for free." *That's* how we do things.

ANDREW

No one is as callous as that. Give her more credit. Maybe it was out of context or something.

KEOLA

She means everything she says. That's why no one knows what to do with her. I don't know what to do with her. She's spent half my life telling me what to do and the other half trying to guilt me into doing what she wants me to do. (pause) Great, now I feel horrible.

ANDREW

You should.

KEOLA

What?

ANDREW

Feel horrible.

KEOLA

Well, fine, I am. I do.

ANDREW

Not because you owe her something. But because it's not easy to figure out what to do right now. Give yourself time. Take the time to be horrible for a little while.

Silence.

KEOLA

Nobody's ever said that to me before.

ANDREW

Oh, you poor thing.

KEOLA

I know, right?

They laugh. KEOLA sits at the edge of the bed. ANDREW gets off the futon, puts his hands on either side of KEOLA, leans in, and kisses her. It lasts a couple of seconds before she gently holds him back at his shoulders.

KEOLA

Wait.

ANDREW

I'm sorry.

ANDREW sits down next to her.

KEOLA

Your mouth is still spicy.

ANDREW

What?

KEOLA

The thai. It's still on your lips. And I don't want that on mine.

ANDREW

Which ones?

KEOLA shoves ANDREW. He stumbles off the bed.

ANDREW

(laughs) Fair enough.

KEOLA

You will have to wash your mouth.

ANDREW

Is it that bad?

KEOLA

You don't feel it?

ANDREW goes to the kitchen, sticks his head under the sink. He comes back to the bed with a wet towel, wiping his face and neck. He rubs the towel against his mouth. Sits next to KEOLA. He kisses her.

ANDREW

Better?

KEOLA

As close as it's going to get.

ANDREW is over her as they kiss on the bed for awhile.

KEOLA

I'm getting wet.

ANDREW

Yeah.

KEOLA

No, you left the washcloth on the bed.

ANDREW

Oh.

KEOLA arches her back and reaches under her.

KEOLA

Found it. (feels around the bed) Now the bed's all wet.

ANDREW

We can go to the futon.

KEOLA

Are you kidding me? I don't know what you do in there. I mean, I know.

ANDREW

I do not do that in there – when you are home. And definitely not (gesturing) all over the futon.

KEOLA

What about all that food you eat in there?

ANDREW kisses her on her cheek and her neck.

KEOLA

The floor?

ANDREW pulls the blanket off of KEOLA's bed and KEOLA grabs pillows from ANDREW's futon. KEOLA is on top of ANDREW. They stay like that awhile, removing some of their clothing. ANDREW takes off KEOLA's tights, KEOLA takes off his shirt. ANDREW wraps his arms around her and flips her around so she's lying down and goes down her body.

KEOLA

Where are you going?

ANDREW

Do I have to answer you?

KEOLA

It's just, why right to that?

ANDREW

Do you not want me to?

KEOLA

No, no. It's fine.

ANDREW continues to kiss her stomach.

KEOLA

I mean –

ANDREW rests his head on her stomach.

KEOLA

I'm not complaining. It's really sweet. But why that first? It's like it's the only test to pass. There are other things women like.

ANDREW picks up KEOLA's hand.

ANDREW

We don't have to do this right now. We can just stay here. I really don't mind.

KEOLA

Sorry. I'm sorry this is just very weird.

ANDREW props himself up on his elbows.

ANDREW

Because of me?

KEOLA

It's not you –

ANDREW

It's me?

KEOLA

It really isn't.

ANDREW

We can wait, really.

KEOLA

Just stay up here awhile.

KEOLA puts her hands on his neck and ANDREW moves up to meet her. KEOLA kisses him. They switch positions, ending with KEOLA on top. She looks in the mirror.

ANDREW
Why do you keep looking in the mirror?

KEOLA
What? I'm not . . .

ANDREW
I just saw you.

KEOLA
So?

ANDREW
Are you . . . worried about what I think?

KEOLA
No.

ANDREW
I think you're really beautiful.

KEOLA
Oh geez.

ANDREW
What? There isn't another way to say that.

KEOLA
Now I know why I keep you around.

ANDREW
Because I . . .

KEOLA kisses him before he can finish.

Lights out.

Act II, Scene I

Act II, Scene I

Lights up.

The apartment has taken on more of a mess. The laptop is open and playing something but it's muted. The radio is on the Hawaiian music station. ANDREW is sleeping on the floor, covered by sheets but nude. KEOLA is dressed in a nearly backless tank top and a pair of shorts. She's dancing as if she's choreographing something she has in mind – starting and stopping, judging every movement. ANDREW awakes after KEOLA tries to incorporate a jump.

ANDREW

Why is everything on?

KEOLA

I woke up to use the bathroom. And I can't fall back asleep if it's too quiet.

KEOLA walks to turn the radio off. When she returns, she sits next to ANDREW in a stretching position.

ANDREW

And somehow you ended up dancing?

KEOLA

Always.

ANDREW

Doesn't your body hurt at some point?

KEOLA

All the time.

ANDREW

Maybe you can teach me how to do that – love something that much.

KEOLA

At a certain point you'll forget about loving it and just feel the compulsion to do it. Only when I look back at how much time I put into dancing do I realize how much I love ballet. Time is a significant thing to give.

ANDREW

Then why didn't you wake me?

KEOLA

Why would I . . . ?

ANDREW grabs her foot lightly and kisses it.

KEOLA

Give it back.

ANDREW

Nope.

KEOLA's hands dash to her stomach.

KEOLA

That was my stomach. I think I'm hungry.

ANDREW puts his hand on her stomach, as if feeling for the kick of a baby. KEOLA quickly throws his hand off.

KEOLA

Why are you doing that?

ANDREW

(laughs) 'Cause I knew you'd freak out about it.

KEOLA

Why?

ANDREW

I don't know. Because you're self-conscious? The joke is that you have no stomach but you constantly act as if you do. It's a compliment if you really think about it.

KEOLA

It's not a compliment. And I don't think it's funny at all.

ANDREW

I didn't mean – I'm sorry. Let's eat something then.

ANDREW sits up to look at KEOLA.

ANDREW

You know, I wouldn't care if you did have a paunch – or if that sound was a fart. You can't keep up appearances too long now. Can you pass me my shorts?

KEOLA quickly grabs ANDREW's shorts and tucks them under her.

KEOLA

Nope.

ANDREW

Just give them to me.

KEOLA

(mimicking ANDREW) But I see you like this all the time.

ANDREW

Then you won't get breakfast.

KEOLA

I can cook breakfast myself.

ANDREW

You barely eat food. I don't trust the cooking of a woman who's this thin (kisses her wrist). Give me my shorts.

KEOLA

I eat regularly. You don't even know how good my cooking can be.

ANDREW

Oh yeah?

KEOLA tucks the blanket around her.

KEOLA

Get your shorts. And don't even think about stealing my blanket.

They wrestle awhile and ANDREW quickly reaches over her and grabs the shorts.

ANDREW

Heartless.

ANDREW puts his pants on while KEOLA gets up, pulling the blanket over her like a royal cape.

KEOLA

(tossing her hair and whipping the blanket about) Bet you've never seen me like this before. I'll be in the restroom if you need me.

ANDREW laughs and walks to the kitchen. He starts to pull things out of the cabinets. The toilet flushes. KEOLA walks out of the bathroom U.R.

KEOLA

Crap. I forgot. My mom is supposed to come today. I don't know when she's getting here. Supposed to be soon. Sometime early in the morning. She gets up at godawful hours.

ANDREW

Sounds familiar. You get up before the sun to get things done. Run, stretch, choreograph, turn random appliances on. Who knows what else?

KEOLA leans over the counter while ANDREW prepares things – grabs olive oil, pans, eggs, etc.

KEOLA

What're you gonna make me?

ANDREW

What do you want? I can do an omelette.

KEOLA

I'll chop the vegetables then.

KEOLA reaches for items out of the refrigerator and a cutting board. She starts to cut.

ANDREW

One of the guys from that architecture firm – George Richardson, I think his name was. He had salt and pepper hair, smelled like cigarettes and brandy. Classic kind of guy – that's why I remember him. So George comes up to me and says, "Do you know that architects have the highest rate of divorce among all professions?"

KEOLA

Is that true?

ANDREW

Must be. He had a ring on his finger and the whole time he was talking to me he was eyeing a girl my age.

KEOLA

(pause) Why are you bringing that up?

ANDREW

I just thought about it.

KEOLA

Is it supposed to be a hint or something?

ANDREW

If it were, would you be offended?

KEOLA

Do you want me to be offended?

ANDREW

Somebody has to answer eventually.

KEOLA walks toward the bed.

ANDREW

Where are you going?

KEOLA returns with a pair of handcuffs.

KEOLA

I'll make you answer.

KEOLA and ANDREW wrestle to handcuff one another.

ANDREW

Oh no you don't.

KEOLA

Answer!

ANDREW

Give me those.

KEOLA

Answer!

ANDREW manages to snap the handcuff on her and the other to bar at the mirror.

ANDREW

You first.

Silence.

KEOLA sweeps her leg at ANDREW's knees so he falls to the floor. She gets on top of him, holding his face between her legs.

KEOLA

If I let you up, will you take them off?

ANDREW

Who's to say I don't like it here?

KEOLA

Take them off. My mom might be here soon. What time is it?

ANDREW

(waves his arms around) Do you see a watch?

KEOLA

Just take these off. I'm telling you. It's for your own good.

ANDREW pulls himself out from underneath her. KEOLA stands up.

KEOLA

Hey!

Silence.

ANDREW

I want you to be offended.

They breathe together for a little while. KEOLA kisses him. He kisses her back and they begin to undress against the mirror, KEOLA leaning against the bar.

Just as they look as if they're about to get into something, KEOLA's mom walks in with keys. ANDREW cusses out of surprise and quickly begins to redress. KEOLA pulls her shorts back on calmly. After the initial shock, RUTH does not seem surprised at all.

KEOLA

Mom.

ANDREW

(almost to himself) It's mom. Hey, it's mom.

KEOLA

You're early. (shaking her handcuffed arm) Andrew . . .

ANDREW goes looking for the key.

RUTH

(dismissively) You know how early I am. (looking in the mirror) I can see why you always hide that tattoo on your back.

KEOLA

(pushes her back against the mirror to prevent a reflection) You knew about it?

RUTH

It's Hawai'i. You're not wearing sweaters all the time. I knew you had something back there; I just didn't know what it was exactly. Or how large it was. That thing is almost your whole back. Keola, really. I know you don't ever seem to think so, but simplicity has its own charm. And why lilies? They look like spider legs.

KEOLA

Now you're just making stuff up.

RUTH

Last time I saw that many lilies was at a funeral.

KEOLA

(pause) Roses seemed so cliché.

RUTH

And back tattoos are not?

ANDREW reappears with the key.

ANDREW

Hi, I'm –

RUTH

The roommate. Just the roommate, isn't that right, daughter?

KEOLA

It was when I said it.

RUTH

Isn't it always?

RUTH walks past KEOLA, who is still cuffed to the bar. ANDREW goes to undo the cuffs.

ANDREW

It's not unlocking.

ANDREW continues to fiddle with the lock while KEOLA looks like she wants to kill him. The handcuffs unlock.

ANDREW

Never mind. Got it.

KEOLA

What do you want, Mom?

RUTH

Don't get all frustrated with me. You know why I'm here. I have some things in the car to bring in as well. It looks like I need my own bed.

ANDREW puts on a shirt.

KEOLA

You can have mine. I'll sleep on the floor.

RUTH

No, you will not.

KEOLA

Well what do you want, for me to share the bed with you?

RUTH

I'm just asking you if I need to purchase my own bed.

KEOLA

If you want to. I guess there's space.

RUTH

Fine. You see? That's all I wanted.

ANDREW

The name's Andrew.

RUTH

Right, well, I need to go get my things from the car. I'd ask for help, but as you two are still getting your bearings, I'll ask you the next time around.

RUTH exits the apartment U.R.

ANDREW

What the hell was that?

KEOLA

That was my mother.

ANDREW

Did you know what time she was coming?

KEOLA

What daughter would want her mother to walk in on that catastrophe? She should never have seen me like that. You should have listened to me.

ANDREW

How should she have seen us? Under the covers? Would that have solved some problems for you? (pause) Did you want her to see that?

KEOLA

(sarcastic) Yes, I wanted to shock her into never coming back. If she does return, then I guess you haven't done the job.

ANDREW

Why am I here?

KEOLA

Because you need a place to stay.

ANDREW

You wouldn't have let me stay here last night if that was the reason.

KEOLA

Why do you keep trying to get me to admit it to you? Is that going to mean something? Trust me, it'll pass.

ANDREW

(pause) If that's what you want.

ANDREW grabs a pile of clothes from the floor and exits U.R. into the bathroom. KEOLA stops stretching when he leaves. She starts to clean up around her studio – folding clothes and putting them in bins under her bed or on hangers. After awhile, she gets frustrated and throws ANDREW's shirts over the standing bars. She folds the bed, sits on it, then puts on the shirt ANDREW gave her. She walks over to the mirror. After pulling on the skin around her face, she starts her stretches.

RUTH enters U.R. holding a laundry basket filled with clothes and detergent. She's also holding a bag of groceries.

RUTH

Some help you are.

KEOLA walks over to RUTH and begins to take things from her. She sets them on the kitchen counter.

KEOLA

Sorry. I got distracted.

RUTH

Got distracted with stretching instead of helping your mother carry four bags up a flight of stairs?

KEOLA

Sorry.

KEOLA puts things in the refrigerator and takes the laundry basket off the counter to put it next to the bed. She sits down on the edge of the bed. RUTH settles down at the dining table.

RUTH

Or did you get distracted by that roommate of yours?

KEOLA

He's not my roommate.

RUTH

Well, yes, obviously.

KEOLA

We were roommates. I was telling you the truth. I couldn't have told you sooner. It just happened.

RUTH

Things tend to just happen with you.

KEOLA goes to the floor in front of the mirror, sits down, and begins to stretch her legs.

KEOLA

I'm tired, Mom.

RUTH

And whose fault is that?

KEOLA

Let's not get into this. What'd you bring with you?

RUTH

Get into what?

KEOLA

Just tell me what you brought with you.

ANDREW enters U.R. He pulls down his collared plaid shirt, stops, then tucks it in as he walks over to RUTH.

ANDREW

I'm sorry we didn't get to meet properly earlier. My name is Andrew Makana Wayland.

RUTH

Why'd you say your middle name?

ANDREW

I guess I thought it was something you do as a formal introduction.

RUTH

Well, don't do it. Makes you sound like you want everyone to know how important you are.

ANDREW looks to KEOLA who is determinedly unfocused on the conversation and stretching on the floor in front of the mirror. He sits on the floor as close to KEOLA as possible while RUTH pulls a chair as close to KEOLA as well.

RUTH

Makana. You got Hawaiian blood?

ANDREW

Um. No, no. I think my birth parents just really liked the name. Just gave it to me, I guess.

RUTH

Funny name, isn't it?

ANDREW

What do you mean?

RUTH

Gift.

ANDREW

I'm under no assumptions that that means anything about me.

RUTH

You know that Hawaiians assign a lot of meaning to their names. So even if your parents grabbed your name out of a book of Hawaiian names they got at Waldens or Borders or whatever, your name might still mean something about you. (pause) I think I might call you Gift from time to time.

ANDREW

You really don't have to.

RUTH

I'm just trying to put you in touch with your culture.

KEOLA

Let up, Mom. We haven't even eaten breakfast yet.

RUTH

Well, that's because you're stretching. And the world as we know it must change course until you've begun your day.

KEOLA

It'll only be a little longer.

ANDREW

Will it though?

RUTH

So your last name, Wyland, is it like the gallery?

ANDREW

No, my last name is Wayland. Slightly different. Not as in whales.

RUTH

Oh, I see. So you're not from any money or anything?

KEOLA

Mom. Come on.

RUTH

I'm just making small talk here.

ANDREW

No, I'm not from any money.

RUTH

That might be a good thing. Shows you've struggled.

KEOLA

Plus, those murals make me sick.

RUTH

You always did hate the water. Never could get you into it. You'd kick me until my hips turned purple. Gave it up after the fifth time.

KEOLA

I think it was the sand I didn't like.

RUTH

It was both.

KEOLA

I don't remember that.

RUTH

I'm your mother. I remember the bruises you gave me. You wouldn't have learned at all if Papa didn't teach you how.

ANDREW

How old were you when your dad taught you? I learned late too, but I won't say how old until you do.

KEOLA

She means my grandpa. I don't know my dad.

ANDREW

Oh. I thought you never mentioned him because it was a bad divorce thing.

RUTH

What's it to you anyway?

KEOLA

Me?

RUTH

(to ANDREW) No, you.

ANDREW

Shouldn't I get to know some things?

KEOLA

No, you don't. (pause) Anyway, just wait awhile. She'll spring it on you.

RUTH shoots a look at KEOLA.

RUTH

What do you want to know about her father?

ANDREW

I really don't know.

KEOLA walks away and goes to the standing bars to do her exercises.

ANDREW

How old was he when he left . . . you?

RUTH

He was twenty. I was fifteen.

ANDREW

Did you guys ever see him again?

RUTH

Don't call women 'you guys'. And, no, we never did talk to him again. I saw him once at Love's Bakery. I was buying bread and one of those damn apple pie things so Keola would stop fussing around with Pōhaku. He didn't say a word. Just looked at Keola. Didn't even turn around or walk out the store. Then again, he wouldn't. He just continued to shop around us, even checked out in front of us. When I got to the front of the line, the cashier lady told me he paid for the girl's apple pie. But neither of us said a word to each other.

KEOLA

You never told me about that.

RUTH

Well, you didn't ask. You should always ask the questions you have on your mind. I've told you that time and time again.

KEOLA

Why can't you just say things? Instead of waiting to be prompted.

RUTH

Not everyone wants to hear answers to questions they didn't ask.

KEOLA

Why didn't you say anything to him? In the store.

RUTH

He didn't want me to. If I knew anything about my – your father, it was that he spoke more with silence than words.

ANDREW

What was his name?

RUTH

Keola Nihoa, Jr.

ANDREW

Do you know where he lives now?

RUTH

Gift, there's such a thing as asking too many questions. Where are you from?

ANDREW

I'm from here. From `Āina Haina mostly.

RUTH

Not a bad neighborhood at all. What do your parents do if they're not making millions off whale paintings?

KEOLA

You don't have to answer her questions.

ANDREW

I don't know my birth parents. I grew up in foster care. The people that are closest to parents for me were photographers.

RUTH

Luck of the draw it seems.

KEOLA

Why do you have to say it like that?

RUTH

I'm just saying not a lot of kids end up with good families in foster care.

ANDREW

She's right. It's not an easy system.

RUTH

So if you grew up in foster care, why did you say you're from `Āina Haina?

ANDREW

That's where my last parents lived. The photographers. And where I graduated from high school – Kaiser.

RUTH

But, most of your childhood was spent where?

ANDREW

Different places really. A lot of time in Pearl City, some time in `Ewa Beach, a little bit of time in Waimanālo.

RUTH

None of the families stuck but the last one then. You don't sound like you grew up in those areas.

ANDREW

What's that supposed to sound like?

RUTH

Local.

ANDREW

Well, if you're Hawaiian does that mean you speak pidgin as well?

KEOLA

I think we've all had enough questions. Andrew, are you hungry? Do you want me to finish making that omelette? My mom brought over groceries.

ANDREW

Since when do you make me something besides a bowl of cereal?

RUTH

(proudly) You know, it's because I never taught her how to cook. Didn't want her being some servant wife.

KEOLA

Oh, so you mean it wasn't out of laziness?

RUTH

No daughter of mine is going to be stuck in a kitchen.

KEOLA

Or with three kids stuck to her waist.

RUTH

What did I tell you about talking about your sister?

ANDREW

I can cook something.

RUTH

Did you pick him because of this? You must get your 'laziness' from me.

ANDREW

She didn't pick me. We met.

RUTH

I never did hear this fairy tale.

KEOLA

You never *asked*, mother.

RUTH

Well, what would I care about a roommate's background? But this is your friend we're talking about now.

ANDREW

Friend?

KEOLA

She means boyfriend. Don't you, Mom?

RUTH

There's no need to take that tone, Keola. I'm quite aware of your feelings toward this boy.

Silence.

ANDREW

Maybe I should start cooking.

ANDREW gets up from the floor and heads toward the kitchen. He begins to make breakfast.

KEOLA

I know what you're doing.

RUTH

You always think everyone's got plans on their mind, to play games with you. So self-centered.

KEOLA

You've always got something planned.

RUTH

You know, you always think that, but if I had a plan, and a good one, you wouldn't be teaching dance classes in this (pause) studio. Hula is in your blood and you have a body for dancing. Put it somewhere useful. Your sister's hālau needs people.

KEOLA

I've put twenty-eight years into ballet. I'm not about to change my mind.

RUTH

Just give it time. You never gave it time. You got all frustrated because it didn't work at first, like you always do. (pause) You haven't danced ballet professionally in a long time – you're just teaching. You have a lot of free time now. Use it for something good.

KEOLA stands up as if she's about to move, faced towards ANDREW who's cooking in the kitchen.

RUTH

Go on, run away.

KEOLA turns her head quickly towards RUTH.

RUTH

What? What are you going to do? Psh. Looking at me like that. You better watch it. I'm still your mother.

KEOLA looks toward the kitchen.

RUTH

What are you doing with a boy like him? Is that what you really want right now? What you really need?

ANDREW stops cooking in the kitchen. Silence in the apartment. ANDREW continues to cook again. KEOLA walks over to her mother.

KEOLA

If you keep asking me questions like that, I'll leave this apartment. You can have it.

RUTH

Then what'll you do with the boy?

KEOLA continues to stare at her mother, searching her face.

RUTH

You should think about why you're getting yourself all worked up like this. That's all I'm saying. I'm going to get coffee and let you deal with it. I'll be back.

KEOLA

Fine. Go.

RUTH

Don't tell me to go. I tell you when I'm leaving.

KEOLA gets up and walks toward the kitchen while RUTH searches for her wallet and keys to leave. Even though KEOLA is standing behind ANDREW, about to talk to him, she doesn't say anything, just stands close to him as she watches RUTH get her things together.

RUTH looks in the mirror as she walks out, letting down her hair, then wrapping it back up and sticking in a pin in it. She walks out staring at KEOLA, who immediately turns away and gets closer to ANDREW.

ANDREW

Why are you standing so close to me? She's gone now.

KEOLA

That's not why. I just meant to come over here sooner.

Where'd she go?
ANDREW

Out.
KEOLA

Any idea where?
ANDREW

KEOLA backs away and leans on the counter.

What do you care?
KEOLA

Take it easy. I'm just asking.
ANDREW

I hate when people say, 'Take it easy.'
KEOLA

All right. So, relax. Better?
ANDREW

Maybe. (softer, as she lays her head down on the counter) She went to get coffee up the road. Maybe Coffee Talk or 7-11.
KEOLA

ANDREW takes some of the plates over to the table. KEOLA grabs some dishes out of the cabinet.

Did you guys get in a fight or something?
ANDREW

We're always fighting. Just that sometimes you can tell and sometimes you can't.
KEOLA

Noticed that. You guys ever take a break?
ANDREW

No. Where's the fun in that?
KEOLA

Sounds like you guys were fighting about me.
ANDREW

KEOLA

Don't take it personally.

ANDREW

Is she going to be on my ass the entire time?

KEOLA

Only if she loves you.

KEOLA sits down, picking up a fork.

KEOLA

Let's eat, I'm starving.

ANDREW grabs glasses from the cabinet and brings them to the table. He sits down next to KEOLA.

ANDREW

We should wait for your mom.

KEOLA

Why? I want to be able to digest my food when I eat.

ANDREW

I really don't need another reason for her to fire another round of questions at me. I haven't had to answer those kinds of questions in years. (pause) Do you think it's possible to have a somewhat pleasant relationship with her?

KEOLA

I don't even have that.

ANDREW

You talk to each other. At least there is a relationship.

KEOLA

Well, at least there's that.

ANDREW

Does it matter to you if she likes me?

RUTH walks in the door, holding a tray of three coffees.

RUTH

Get the door for me will you, Gift?

ANDREW takes a second to look at KEOLA, who shrugs her shoulders and eats, then gets up and rushes toward the door. KEOLA smiles and shakes her head.

RUTH

Thank you. Just set that on the table.

ANDREW

Sure.

ANDREW brings the coffee over to the table and sits next to KEOLA. RUTH sits at the head of the table.

KEOLA

What did you get, Mom?

RUTH

Just plain coffees from 7-11 – cheap and fast. Did you want any of those frilly type drinks from that other place?

KEOLA

No.

RUTH

Do you mind, Andrew?

ANDREW

No. Regular coffee is, uh, it's great. Better than the others.

KEOLA laughs.

RUTH

What?

KEOLA

He hates coffee.

RUTH

What kind of boy hates coffee?

KEOLA

A lot of guys do.

ANDREW

Usually older men really like coffee. Younger guys tend to not buy it too much.

RUTH
Spend a lot of time in coffeehouses do you?

ANDREW
Yes.

RUTH
What do you do there?

ANDREW
Sometimes I do work. For school. Or uh –

KEOLA
He works there.

ANDREW
I work there.

RUTH
Is that your only job?

KEOLA
Can we just eat? The food's cold. Andrew wanted to wait for you.

RUTH
Why? Just eat if you're hungry.

KEOLA
That's what I told him.

ANDREW
All right, so let's eat.

RUTH
Keola, can you do the pule?

KEOLA
Are you serious?

ANDREW
I hope she's serious.

RUTH
Yes, I am.

No. KEOLA

Daughter. RUTH

(whining) What? KEOLA

I'm just asking you to do this. RUTH

Is it that important to you? KEOLA

Would I pursue the generally ill-fated task of asking you to do something if it wasn't important? RUTH

Fine. KEOLA

KEOLA sings the doxology, half-hearted, quickly, but not too horribly so as not to anger her mother. Both her mother and ANDREW watch her carefully.

Ho`onani i ka makua mau. Ke keiki me ka `uhane nō. Ke Akua mau . . . ho`omaika`i pū . . . Um. Kō - KEOLA

(assuringly) Kō kēia ao. RUTH

Kō kēia ao. Kō kēlā ao. `Āmene. KEOLA

`Āmene. E maika`i nō. RUTH

(half-smiling) Yeah, well. It's one of the few things I remember. KEOLA

(stifling a laugh) AHH-mene. ANDREW

You try. KEOLA

RUTH

You speak Hawaiian, Andrew?

ANDREW

No.

RUTH

I think it's a shame that people who aren't kanaka maoli don't learn Hawaiian. If we are forced to have the U.S. government on our land, they should at least learn our language.

ANDREW

You don't think that maybe they're intimidated by Hawaiians. That maybe some Hawaiians seem protective of the language.

RUTH

You say "Hawaiians" strangely.

ANDREW

Like how?

RUTH

Sounds like "those people."

KEOLA

Where did you get that?

ANDREW

I'm generally just awkward saying Hawaiian words so that might be it.

RUTH

You're a very strange boy. Grew up in Hawaiian communities where plenty of local people live. You don't have a drip of pidgin in your speech. And you don't speak Hawaiian at all.

ANDREW

I think that's a testament to my strength of character.

KEOLA

Sometimes I feel protective about the lang – about 'ōlelo Hawai`i the way he's talking about.

RUTH

Really?

KEOLA

It's like when there's the last cookie on a tray. And you're wanting to eat it, but maybe just not yet. And then someone else takes it. And you think, I was going to eat that; that wasn't for you.

ANDREW laughs.

ANDREW

That's a horrible analogy.

RUTH

I'll have to agree with you. Why don't you just eat the cookie?

KEOLA

Because I wanted to eat it later. I'm doing other things in the meantime. Like cleaning my house or something.

RUTH

(looks around) Not likely.

KEOLA

It's a metaphor.

RUTH

Like the cookie.

ANDREW

Yes, the cookie.

RUTH

So my daughter's beliefs on haole learning Hawaiian has caused you to think this way?

ANDREW

Uh. I don't know. I just felt like I was stepping on toes.

RUTH

Is it because kanaka aren't friendly to you?

ANDREW

I don't think that's it.

KEOLA

Well, they aren't always.

RUTH

What does that mean?

KEOLA

Friendly. Oh come on, Mom. You know how I had to deal with some of those girls at hālau. As if the longer the hair, the more the mana, the more of a – The point is they weren't nice.

RUTH

Those were just a few girls.

KEOLA

That doesn't mean it doesn't happen elsewhere.

RUTH

Maybe you just riled them up. You do tend to run off at the mouth.

KEOLA

Only when it's necessary.

RUTH

It can't be that everyone in the Hawaiian community hurt your *feelings*. You know that saying, if everybody is annoying you, it might have something to do with you.

KEOLA

(to ANDREW) Is that a saying?

ANDREW stifles a laugh.

ANDREW

Yes, I believe it is.

RUTH

Well, it's something to think about, you know.

KEOLA

I'll take it into consideration. But can we continue eating, please?

ANDREW

I'll probably heat everything up again

ANDREW gets up and takes the plates to the kitchen.

RUTH

I'm not too hungry. (rubs her stomach) I think it's the coffee.

KEOLA

But he made all this food.

RUTH

Put it in the fridge. I'll eat it for lunch.

KEOLA

You should eat, Mom.

RUTH

I'm not hungry though. Don't force me to eat it just because he made it.

KEOLA

That's not what I'm saying. Do you think it's the –

RUTH

(shakes her head, waves KEOLA off) No, that's not it. Coffee always did this to me.

KEOLA

(sighs) Then why did you buy it?

RUTH

I was tired. Is that also a problem for you?

KEOLA

Just eat something small. Some rice. Half an egg.

RUTH

Fine, if it will calm you down. (pause) You know, it's not that revolutionary for a man to cook a meal. You shouldn't lose your mind just because he achieved one thing. He'll never improve otherwise, thinking you're content with whatever he's accomplished so far.

KEOLA

I'm learning more and more about your parenting skills each day.

RUTH

Oh, stop it. Always so dramatic.

KEOLA

I'm making you a small plate and you can't stop me.

KEOLA walks into the kitchen. RUTH grabs another coffee from the tray and smiles, watching her daughter and sipping the coffee. KEOLA leaves the dishes with ANDREW. She goes over to the drawers and pulls out clothes. She starts to undress, but quickly looks at her mother, then tucks the clothes under arms.

KEOLA

I'm going for a run.

RUTH

Right now?

KEOLA pulls her hair into a ponytail.

KEOLA

It'll only be a half hour to an hour max.

ANDREW

Do you maybe want me to come?

KEOLA

Since when do you run?

ANDREW

(looking at RUTH) Just a thought.

RUTH

You run like this every day then.

KEOLA

Once or twice a day.

RUTH

Every single day.

KEOLA

(inquiringly) Ye-aah.

RUTH

It can't be healthy for you to be running that much. Men like wahine with a little meat on their bones anyway. Isn't that right, Andrew?

ANDREW

How much meat are we talking?

RUTH

Most *men* anyway. It's a reproductive instinct.

ANDREW

I'm not too familiar with that. But I like her body the way it is.

KEOLA shakes her head.

RUTH

Yes, it appears you do.

KEOLA

And with that, I believe it is time for me to leave.

KEOLA takes her clothes to the bathroom. She goes U.R. to the bathroom. ANDREW and RUTH actively ignore one another.

RUTH

(louder so that KEOLA can hear her from the bathroom) Did we say something to upset you?

KEOLA

(off-stage) Now you ask?

KEOLA emerges from the bathroom. She grabs a running jacket.

RUTH

Leave that jacket. It's too hot.

KEOLA

The point is to sweat off the weight.

RUTH

What weight?

KEOLA

I think that might have been a compliment.

RUTH

You need to quit being so damn vain about yourself and get healthy.

KEOLA

Where did that come from?

ANDREW

(firmly) I think she's plenty healthy.

RUTH

She is unhealthy. I didn't raise her to punish her body like this.

ANDREW

Well, you've never seen her body have you.

RUTH

She came from mine, so yes, I have.

KEOLA

(shaking her head) Let's not –

ANDREW

But recently have you seen what her body looks like? Do you know what she does to stay in shape? How much time she spends . . .

RUTH

Do I need to? When I can clearly see that she needs to put on weight?

ANDREW

Yes, you need to. It's important to her.

RUTH

Why should you be the one to tell me?

KEOLA

Mom, I think what –

ANDREW

I know more about her than you do.

RUTH

Yes, Andrew, we get the suggestion.

ANDREW

Right . . . because we have sex. And I've seen her naked.

KEOLA quickly looks at ANDREW.

RUTH

Yes, I suppose that's the gist of it.

ANDREW

That's the reason she's handing out the questionnaire, isn't it?

KEOLA

Well, I –

ANDREW

Do you know that people have sex without dire consequences?

KEOLA

Let me finish my goddamn sentences. We are through talking about this. Both of you.

Both ANDREW and RUTH look at KEOLA in surprise.

RUTH

What about a child? Is that dire?

KEOLA

Enough!

ANDREW

I don't know. Depends on the situation.

KEOLA

Listen to me when I'm talking! This is my apartment.

RUTH

You'll have to mind my daughter. She doesn't much enjoy talking about sex in front of her mother. Why is that?

KEOLA

Why is what?

RUTH

Why you don't like talking about it?

ANDREW

What is she talking about?

KEOLA

Nothing.

RUTH

That's not what it was called.

KEOLA

You are talking about nothing and that's it. I'm going running. This conversation should be done by the time I get back.

KEOLA walks to the door. ANDREW follows her.

ANDREW

What's going on? Did I miss something?

KEOLA

Just drop it.

ANDREW

Fine. But only if you promise to pick it back up.

KEOLA

I won't. And you're not going to care about it.

ANDREW

Did she say something?

Silence.

ANDREW

You sure you don't need company?

KEOLA

(with her hand on the doorknob) You hate running.

ANDREW

That's because usually when you run, it's just me in the apartment. Now you're leaving me with your mom.

KEOLA

I'd say she won't bother you anymore but – eventually she'll drop whatever she's on about. Just give it some time. Do something useful in the meantime. Look for a job or something.

ANDREW

Hey, come on.

KEOLA

Sorry.

ANDREW

I'll see you in a bit?

ANDREW grabs for her hand but misses it as she walks out the door.

KEOLA

I don't think I'll be too long.

*KEOLA shuts the door behind her. ANDREW looks at the door, as if she'll come right back.
RUTH walks over to the kitchen table.*

RUTH

Sit down here, Andrew.

ANDREW doesn't move.

RUTH

Stand there if you want. I'll still say what I need to say.

ANDREW walks over to the table and sits down next to her. They don't say anything, shifting around in their seats. RUTH lets down her hair, pushing her fingers through them to loosen the tension around her head, while ANDREW watches in frustration.

ANDREW

You really just do whatever you feel like, don't you?

RUTH

Here's the thing you two don't seem to understand. I don't just do whatever the hell I feel like; I think first. I think before I say the things that come out of my mouth and, as you both seem to feel, get in your heads and rile you up. I think faster and I believe stronger. You might say it's wisdom and you might say that comes with age and experience, but I just say it comes to people who think. And the two of you wandering around fighting every wave, speaking as if you've got it all figured out, crying because you're so damn frustrated with me for everything I say – you've got a hell of a lot more thinking to do.

ANDREW

(pause) You're making this about some generic life lesson while completely ignoring that your daughter has a lot of shit to deal with – a lot of shit for a long time, including the fact that you're forcing yourself in here.

RUTH

And she's not dealing with the fact that you're here?

ANDREW

What about our situation makes you think she's unhappy?

RUTH

(reflectively) Situation? (pause) Call it a mother's intuition.

ANDREW

I'd say it's something a little less honorable than that. Do you only start acting like a mother when a man is around?

RUTH

Huh. Man.

ANDREW

Yes, that's right. Your daughter is living with a man.

RUTH

That must be what's bothering you. Well, okay, here we go: Andrew, you are a man. A strong, virile man who's going to make many women happy because he's such a man-man. Satisfied? Now leave my daughter alone.

ANDREW

What is your problem with me?

RUTH

Don't take it personal. Let's just look at the facts. You were raised by God-knows-who for most of your life. You barely know what kind of person to be, let alone a husband, a partner, a support system. Now I'm not trying to offend you here. You have no connection to a family. Don't you agree?

ANDREW

I don't think anyone would agree to a statement like that. Even if it were true.

RUTH

Okay, what I'm saying is, who do you talk to when you're going through something?

ANDREW

Keola.

RUTH

But who else?

ANDREW

Maybe one of my old roommates.

RUTH

Give me one name.

ANDREW

Ben, but he moved to New York. Wait, what does this even matter to you? I think we're done with questions. I assume you're trying to make a point. Just get to it.

RUTH

All right. I see I've got you on an edge here.

ANDREW

Let's pretend that's true.

RUTH

What do I say to calm you down?

ANDREW

How about, I'll see you in a few days?

RUTH

Besides that.

ANDREW

(sighs) I don't know then.

RUTH

It's a waste of time, you know, because if you push me out of this house, she'll never forgive you.

ANDREW

No, I don't know that. In fact, she –

RUTH

You are young. If this had nothing to do with my daughter, and you were my son (pause) well I guess grandson, given the age difference . . .

ANDREW

It's not that large. It could be larger.

RUTH

. . . I would tell you to move on. I would tell you to move on because you are in two completely different phases of your life.

ANDREW

She isn't a Golden Girl.

RUTH

No. She's not. But she's not where you are. And that's all that matters. After awhile she'll be sick of you and you know that too. Who knows if this studio will even last, the way she takes care of it.

ANDREW

You don't even know your daughter. Ballet means everything to her – it's all she ever talks about, all she ever does around here. I feel like a damn apprentice, like I should know every step to the exercises she does at dawn. (pause) She might not be dancing, but she's doing the closest thing to it. Do you know why she got that tattoo?

RUTH looks at ANDREW, waiting for an answer.

ANDREW

No, you probably don't. You just think it was about being rebellious - not like it had to do with something besides you, not like she had given up on a professional career or anything.

RUTH

When did she get that tattoo?

ANDREW

I don't know.

RUTH

She said she got it because she gave up on her career?

ANDREW

No. I figured it out. Because I know her the way she is now. (pause) She never tells stories about you, nothing happy anyway. The only thing I know about you is that you stress her out and and you make her unhappy. (pause) Do you know how much money she scrapes by to pay for this place?

RUTH

When she was young she wanted to dance hula. Then she hated it because – they were mean, she didn't like it, whatever she says. Then she wanted to be a singer. Did she ever mention that?

ANDREW

No. But she was, what, six then?

RUTH

Seven. And she really wanted to do it. Made me take her to lessons with some girl in her class named Ashley. At this really expensive place out in Mānoa. Cost me a fortune, but I took her. And she got tired of that. Do you know how she got into ballet?

ANDREW

(exasperated) What, because of Ashley?

RUTH

Because of Ashley. All Keola wants is one thing and it's not to succeed in her art. It's just to perform.

ANDREW

I can't believe you think of ballet as a phase of her life. She's been doing it, for what, twenty-something years of her life.

RUTH

And how old are you?

ANDREW

(pause) This isn't a phase. She loves her art.

RUTH

From the minute she started ballet, it was about competition, about pride. I'm sure this has changed over time. But the fact that that is how she started dancing – it will always be a part of her. (short pause) When you argue, does she try to get the last word in?

ANDREW

She only does that because you taught her how to do it.

RUTH

Did she tell you that?

ANDREW

I got that on my own.

RUTH

There are many things that I taught her. How to make poi mochi – which she never made or ate after the age of eight. How to `ōlelo, how to pule. And how to throw a left hook – that may be the only one she remembers. But somehow the only thing I never meant to teach her stuck – and that is how to be stubborn and proud, even when you have no right to be. Can you imagine that a nine-year-old girl with all that pride managed to stick with something for twenty-eight years? I don't know what she will do now that she's a grown woman. That's when I become concerned about you, Andrew.

ANDREW

What are your plans to change all of that? Hang your health over her head?

RUTH

(pause) What do you know about that?

ANDREW

She told me. She needed someone to talk to about it.

RUTH

The only thing my illness has to do with it is the amount of time I have left to make her realize what she needs to do.

ANDREW

And I'm getting in your way.

RUTH

Yes. If you want to put it in those words.

ANDREW

I couldn't get in your way unless she wanted me to.

RUTH

For your sake, I hope this is what she wants.

ANDREW

I'm sure that's genuine.

RUTH

Take it or leave it. (gestures toward the kitchen) Grab me a glass of water from the kitchen.

ANDREW

What? Why?

RUTH

What do you mean why? I'm thirsty. Why else? Oh, never mind then, I'll get it. Before you get all riled up.

ANDREW

Okay, go.

RUTH watches ANDREW to see if he'll get it. ANDREW looks as if he's still contemplating getting the water but is watching RUTH to see what she will do. RUTH quickly stands up and goes to the kitchen.

ANDREW

I don't see why you're so worried. This is a lot of effort for you to place on one relationship.

RUTH

I could say the same for you.

ANDREW

Do you know that the doxology is a hymn adapted from Christian doctrine into Hawaiian?

RUTH

Of course it is.

ANDREW

And you have no problem that missionaries are the reason the Hawaiian people were decimated?

RUTH

If this was good enough for our ancestors . . .

ANDREW

It's so strange to me that you forgive that easily, but you won't let me into your daughter's life when I haven't done anything at all. (pause) Let's say we don't end up together. Would you still be worried about me?

RUTH

Yes.

ANDREW

Why?

RUTH

You're not just another – man. She likes something about you very much. That whole fiasco that happened when I walked in would have never happened if it were another - man.

ANDREW

Yeah, well that might have happened just for your entertainment.

RUTH

It might have. But I don't think it was. She has more, I suppose, tact than that. No, I think she likes something about you very much.

ANDREW

I could break it off.

RUTH

You could.

Silence.

ANDREW

(off-hand) I don't know.

RUTH

And that's why I'm concerned. (pause) What do you think happened to her that she stopped performing?

ANDREW

She hasn't said much – only that she couldn't compete with the rest. It's why she pushes me not to give up on architecture.

RUTH

You don't seem like the person to just give up.

ANDREW

The university dropped the program. Long story short, I can't go to school for the thing I want to do. I'm thinking of other options.

RUTH

What are you planning to do?

ANDREW

Maybe try to apply to some architecture programs in the mainland.

RUTH

And you've applied?

ANDREW

Not yet.

RUTH

Because . . . you don't want to go to the mainland?

ANDREW

It's a big move.

RUTH

Away from Keola. (pause) You'll give up on everything because of her?

ANDREW

I didn't say it had anything to do with her.

RUTH

Nothing?

ANDREW

I don't know what I want to do yet. And I don't have to.

RUTH

Who should we speak to about this architecture degree over at the university?

ANDREW

I've already tried.

RUTH

Let me guess, you spoke to one person, they said it's done, and you hung your head and walked right out of that office into a black cloud.

ANDREW

Maybe it went something like that.

RUTH

Get answers. If they're shutting down the program, ask them what your options are. I'm sure they'd want to cover their asses after what's happened. Look into different degree programs you can switch over to, how transfer credits work, whether or not there are any grants or scholarships for you to go to other schools because of their shutting down the program. It's not *that* hard.

ANDREW

How do you know all of that?

RUTH

I'm sure in the middle of my daughter telling you all the sweet things about me, she didn't happen to mention I have a masters in social work.

ANDREW

No, she didn't. That's weird. I mean, it's cool. I don't know too many old ladies. (pause)
What I mean to say is . . .

RUTH

It's all right.

ANDREW

I can barely make it through the years I have been in school. The year of wandering was supposed to help me figure things out, but all I ended up doing was looking at beautiful buildings and thinking I want to make that. I want to make useful art, and useless art, but always something to please. Now I think that maybe I should just enjoy what's made instead of trying to make it.

RUTH

Settling is never the answer.

ANDREW

There's only so much you can do.

RUTH

After she stopped dancing with the company, she had to teach. It wasn't a choice. It was something she grew to love, I'm sure, but she has settled down with it. She hates me for bringing up hula, but it is somewhere she can grow again. I really believe this.

ANDREW

I'm sure there are worse ways to settle than teaching something you love.

RUTH

There are. There are worse ways to settle in life – worse situations you have to eventually become happy with. But there's always another option. One you won't have to settle for. (pause) Show me something you've done.

ANDREW

What, now?

RUTH

Yes, now.

ANDREW

What do you want to see?

RUTH

Anything. Show me something you like that you've done.

ANDREW

All right. Well, I guess –

ANDREW walks to his drawing table looking around for a design he's done. He pulls a sketchbook out of a bag.

ANDREW

This is something I finished at the end of last semester.

RUTH

Hold on a minute.

RUTH goes to her purse and pulls out glasses. She returns to the dining table. ANDREW holds out the sketchbook for her to look at.

RUTH

Hold still, I don't think I can see it. (pushes the drawing away to see it better) Okay, what is it supposed to be?

ANDREW

A house.

RUTH

Are you sure?

ANDREW

Yes, I'm sure.

RUTH

Where are you planning to put this house?

ANDREW

It'd be built into a mountain.

RUTH

Good luck in this economy.

ANDREW

Probably won't be able to build it here. It'd be nice to, but land is expensive, material is expensive.

RUTH

You work in construction?

ANDREW

No. Not yet anyway.

RUTH

I see. Well, it's an option.

ANDREW

That's what I told Keola. (pause) Mostly what we do is draft. If we build anything, it's scale models. I used to have more back at my old place, but they've probably thrown it out by now.

RUTH

(evaluates the drawing) This doesn't look practical. Anyone could see in your house with these open windows.

ANDREW

The idea is that the house would blend into nature and hopefully disrupt it as little as possible. Frank Lloyd Wright said a house should be a grace to nature, not a disgrace.

RUTH

Do you always quote people?

ANDREW

Not always. Only when I feel compelled to.

RUTH

Think a little bit. Say something interesting yourself. (pause) I can see what you like about this house.

ANDREW

It'd also save you money on electricity with all of this light coming through.

RUTH

And we could all use that.

ANDREW

So, uh, what do you think?

RUTH

Well, now that you said that thing about light, I can see how it might be valuable. It's not bad. Are you planning to use wood here? My cousin grows koa on the Big Island. I think he may have just grown a few, but if you're really looking into working with wood, he'd be the guy to talk to.

ANDREW

Yeah, that's – I would really like that.

RUTH

Although I don't know who you'd be able to sell it to. Looks like some rich folks would live here.

ANDREW

That's not true. If we just save right and find the right piece of land, we could do whatever we wanted.

RUTH

We?

ANDREW

Yeah, we. My wife, family, whatever.

RUTH evaluates ANDREW then rolls up her hair once more.

RUTH

I never got to tell you why Keola stopped dancing.

ANDREW

You did. Well, she did.

RUTH

You know, she just gave him up. She had decided already before she told me. I don't think she was ever waiting for an answer.

ANDREW

Gave up – a boyfriend?

RUTH

His name was going to be Keali'i. When she told me what happened, I just asked her who the father was. Some white guy is all you need to know, she said. So, I told her, okay what do you want me to say? She told me, "Nothing, Mom. Just thought you ought to know." I thought, well, if she's telling me, then it must be because a part of her wants to keep him. And I know she wouldn't dare if I said a word. So I stayed out of it. Went with her to doctors' appointments when she asked me to, but otherwise left her alone. That was my mistake. (pause) I really thought I would wring her neck when she first told me. All this time I wanted her to be someone important. And she got so far ahead of herself and got pregnant. (pause) It didn't take me long to get over that. Something felt good about this boy. And, for the first time, Keola was asking me to drive her places, asking me what kind of foods to eat. Then, on the day she gave birth, she gave him away. Gave him away while I was watching TV. I never got to give him his name.

ANDREW

She has a son out there somewhere.

RUTH

Without a name.

ANDREW

Did she – did she ever try to find him?

RUTH

No. She never wanted to. But she will someday. I'm sure of it.

ANDREW

So, she's a mother. (pause) She never told me.

RUTH

Of course she wouldn't.

ANDREW

But I tell her everything. (sharp) Why did you tell me?

RUTH

You know her, don't you? Then you know she likes to hide things. Like that tattoo. Well, this is another part of her she's got hidden away.

ANDREW

It was a part of her that *she* was supposed to tell me. Not you.

RUTH

I told you because she was never going to. And if that stayed buried because you two wanted to live out some fantasy, then it is my duty as her mother to bring it out.

ANDREW

No, it isn't.

RUTH

It isn't you she's going to want after all of this.

ANDREW

You have this desperate need to be right about her – what she needs, who she needs. Why is that?

RUTH

You don't belong here.

ANDREW

No, you don't belong here. This isn't your space. If you haven't noticed, she's no longer in your womb. You still think you can force her into a "new path" – the one you always wanted

ANDREW (cont'd)

for her, as a Ruth protégé. Or is it bothering you that she's a failure? And that reflects poorly on you as a –

RUTH

Shut your mouth. You don't know anything about what you have to give up to be a mother.

ANDREW

Was it worth it? You could've just given her to the system too. It's really easy apparently.

RUTH

What does it have to do with you? You could leave her, right? Isn't that what you said?

ANDREW

I never said that. Not that way.

RUTH

You didn't say otherwise. (pause) Right now, she is just an ideal to you – a drawing, a house on a mountain, a skyscraper. But there is a girl out there – a potential wife, a family – just like you whose past you won't care about and whose future you can build. But that is not my daughter. And that family will not be with my daughter. Be sensible, look ahead. Give her the time to find a way where she doesn't have to settle.

ANDREW

So what if she settles? Let her off the leash for once. Give her your blessing, throw her a ti leaf, whatever it takes. She would be happy but you keep telling her she's not. Why don't you say something to make her happy? Do something for once. While you still have time above ground.

RUTH slaps ANDREW over the head. Both are surprised.

ANDREW

I thought you said left hook.

RUTH

Well . . . she probably has a better one. (pause) You were getting ahead of yourself.

ANDREW

Maybe. But you hit me, so something about it was true.

Silence.

RUTH

Ask her.

ANDREW

Why?

RUTH

Wondering is a waste of time.

ANDREW

I don't want to ask her.

RUTH

Then you won't get an answer.

ANDREW

She'll be upset with me. Even though I should be upset with her.

RUTH

Should you?

ANDREW

All I know is I am.

KEOLA flies open the door in a sweat and in a better mood. She hangs up her running jacket and takes out her earbuds. ANDREW and RUTH look over at her.

RUTH

That was fast.

KEOLA

Didn't feel the need to run too long today. Did a bit of sprinting.

KEOLA looks at ANDREW, smiling. He looks down at the sketches.

KEOLA

Okay, give it to me. What happened while I was gone?

ANDREW

Nothing much.

KEOLA

Right, I know that nothing much. My mother did something to you, didn't she?

ANDREW

No, not really. (to RUTH) Actually, I think this one might be my favorite, but I totally copied the idea from Gehry's Seattle Library.

RUTH looks at ANDREW then looks at KEOLA who remains confused.

RUTH

(shakes her head) Too big. Where would it go?

ANDREW

Maybe somewhere on the mainland.

RUTH

Good, don't bring it here.

KEOLA

You didn't insult his sketches did you?

RUTH

They weren't as bad as you thought.

ANDREW looks at KEOLA.

KEOLA

That wasn't what I said.

RUTH

He's got a great idea for a house. (to ANDREW) You'll have to rethink the size of that building. (to KEOLA) I told him about Uncle Kerry growing koa trees on the Big Island.

KEOLA

You offered him koa?

RUTH

Just the name of someone who he might like to work with if he wants to work with wood. You know Uncle Kerry. He'll take all the help he can get.

KEOLA

So that's it then. Nothing else. Andrew?

ANDREW

Yeah.

KEOLA pokes at ANDREW's shoulder.

KEOLA

Rat her out.

KEOLA gives a look to her mother. RUTH shrugs and continues to look at the sketchbook, tracing over the sketches with her own finger. KEOLA looks around in this silence, maybe for someone to speak to. She goes over to a radio to put some music on, ending up on the Hawaiian station. RUTH hums along to whatever song is playing. KEOLA switches it off.

Ay, I was listening to that.

RUTH

Andrew, if you don't tell me I'll just keep asking.

KEOLA

If you're so worried, why aren't you asking me?

RUTH

(to RUTH) Why aren't you telling me?

KEOLA

Why did you give up your son?

ANDREW

What?

KEOLA

Your son. The one you gave up.

ANDREW

How did that – Mom, how did that come up?

KEOLA

He needed to know.

RUTH

That wasn't for you to tell him. How could you not see that? Honestly, I just – I knew you were planning something.

KEOLA

He said he wanted to start a family.

RUTH

(to ANDREW) You said that?

KEOLA

I did, but –

ANDREW

He didn't say start one with you.

RUTH

KEOLA looks at ANDREW. She turns away and gets close to RUTH.

KEOLA

(pause) So why did you have to tell him?

RUTH

Because you don't want a family.

KEOLA

Why would I? Look what you do.

RUTH

Maybe I want to talk about it with someone. You never talk about it with me.

KEOLA

That's because there's nothing to talk about.

RUTH

Nothing almost had a name. One that's been in your family for years.

KEOLA

Well, that nothing is still nothing to me, so don't ever bring it up again. Not to me, not to the people in my life.

RUTH

Person in your life. You mean, person in your life because no one's left around you besides this boy.

KEOLA

Still. My business.

ANDREW

And mine, right? That's what you're meaning to say?

KEOLA

No, you're wrong. It is still my business. Why does everyone feel entitled to the things I choose not to say?

ANDREW

Because we are people in your life. Not people around your life. We are *in* it.

RUTH

He has a point you know.

KEOLA

Don't even start with me. I knew there was a reason. I just knew you came here to do something and you did it. And now I have to fix everything all over again. Like I always do.

KEOLA (cont'd)

Why can't you get your own life? Are you unhappy that Pōhaku does everything you tell her to? Do you want to come here and make me unhappy so that you can fix me too?

RUTH

I don't care about fixing you, Keola.

KEOLA

What do you care about then? All I ever hear from you is what I should be doing.

RUTH

I don't care about fixing you.

KEOLA

Yeah, you said that already.

RUTH

But let me do something. Let me know something. (pause) Like your son.

KEOLA

Why are you bringing that up? It doesn't matter. He's not my son anymore.

RUTH

He is your son, my grandson. And I want to know him. I know I never said it before, and that's my mistake. I'm telling you it is my mistake. But I want to know him. He might be lost out there, but he is important to me.

KEOLA

He's no one to you. I say so. I've done it. I've gotten past it. Everybody else should too. All right? Everybody else. (pause) Everybody else? I'm talking to you two. Everybody else?

RUTH

Keola –

ANDREW

We're not everybody else.

KEOLA

Everybody else?

RUTH

(scolding) Keola.

KEOLA

Answer me!

ANDREW

Ruth, can you leave us for a second?

RUTH exchanges glances with ANDREW.

RUTH

Fine. I'll be outside. I could use a walk anyway.

RUTH picks up the sketchbook and heads for the door.

KEOLA

Just so I know, are you mad because I have a child out there or are you mad because I didn't tell you?

Silence.

RUTH walks back in the studio.

RUTH

It's raining.

KEOLA

Can't you run an errand or something?

RUTH

No, I don't have any errands. I'll sit here and you two go over there. I won't say a word.

ANDREW

We'll do it.

KEOLA and ANDREW walk over to the bed and sit down a foot apart from each other.

KEOLA

I don't care what you think. You can leave right now if you want.

ANDREW

That empty threat didn't work before.

KEOLA

Why does it really matter to you?

ANDREW

Why didn't you tell me before?

KEOLA

Before in bed?

ANDREW

Just before we even got into anything.

KEOLA

I'm having trouble figuring out why you're throwing a fit. It doesn't factor into my life at all.

ANDREW

Let's say it did though. Would you have told me?

KEOLA

It still wouldn't matter. Because it doesn't belong to you, either of you.

ANDREW

As much as you think it's noble to be alone, you're not. Everything you do affects me.

KEOLA

You're so selfish.

ANDREW

Me?

KEOLA

Tell me why it really matters.

ANDREW

Jeezus, Keola. I wonder why it matters. I wonder why it matters to me that you abandoned some kid, some boy, never to think about him again.

KEOLA

You're caught up in the fact that you were abandoned. Well, I'm sorry, poor you, okay? But you should be so lucky to have a mother like me. Because I thought of what was best. I'm happy. So he will be happy. Happier than he would've been.

ANDREW

But why did you give him up? I need to know.

KEOLA

It won't tell you *anything* you need to know.

ANDREW

Maybe it'll help.

KEOLA

No. It won't help you. And I can't help you either. (pause) Maybe you need to find it somewhere else.

ANDREW

(pause) I think I do.

ANDREW gets up to leave, but KEOLA pulls him back on the bed.

KEOLA

Why are you going so hard on this? All of this stuff doesn't even matter right now. We never talk about these things because it's just not something we do. That's been working for us. We'll get to the next point eventually.

ANDREW

Do you even want to get to a next point?

KEOLA

If you force this "relationship," or whatever it is we're doing, neither of us will be happy.

ANDREW

I can't stay the way things are now.

Silence.

KEOLA

Where will you live? Where will you study? You're just going to give up on architecture?

ANDREW

I'll give it up. What do you care?

KEOLA stares at him. She gets off the bed and walks over to the mirror.

KEOLA

You're a real failure, you know that? A real failure.

KEOLA rips several of ANDREW's architecture sketches off of the mirror.

KEOLA

All of these drawings. You're just going to give it up.

ANDREW

Maybe I'll teach drawing some day. That's what a failure can do.

KEOLA

You aren't good enough even for that.

ANDREW

Well, at least I know it.

Silence.

ANDREW

I think I'm just going to be gone for a little while. (pause) I didn't really want much from you – time, maybe. That's all I could think of when you asked me why I wanted to be here. Time, from you.

ANDREW gets up off of the bed. He packs some things into a bag from the floor – other sketchbooks, pens, almost everything on the floor that seems to be his. He reaches for a pile of clothes. KEOLA pushes it away with her foot. ANDREW watches her. He reaches for them again. KEOLA picks his clothes up and throws them under the bed. ANDREW doesn't go to pick them up this time.

ANDREW

I'll be back sometime.

KEOLA

Are you sure?

ANDREW

I'm not sure.

ANDREW walks U.R. with KEOLA walking behind him. He walks out without turning around. KEOLA turns back downstage, looking at RUTH who's sitting at the dining table.

RUTH

Now what? You're going to rail into me?

KEOLA

Why did you do it?

RUTH

Were you going to tell him?

KEOLA

Maybe. I don't know. Why did you do it?

RUTH

I already said why.

KEOLA

Why did you bring it up now? What made you bring it up now when you haven't said a single word about it for years? That child was nothing to you then and it is nothing to you now.

RUTH

That child means everything to me now. He always has.

KEOLA

When I gave up that baby you never told me you wanted to see him. Or what you wanted to name him. Or how you would support me or us, if we were an us. Do you know what it's like to sit on the edge of a bathtub and figure out what to do with your life? And another human life? I did the best I could, Mom.

RUTH

I do know what it's like. If you had asked me, I would have told you, I do know what it's like. The fact that I didn't tell you – I was wrong.

KEOLA

I did what I thought was right. For me and the – that kid. We would've just gone back and forth between hating each other and clinging to each other.

RUTH

So then that's what we have?

KEOLA

It's just what I know would have happened.

RUTH

You are still connected. What if he comes looking for you some day?

KEOLA

I'll deal with it then.

RUTH

All these things you'll deal with later, they might all come at once.

KEOLA

Yeah, I'm realizing that.

RUTH

Would you even want to meet him?

KEOLA

Would you?

RUTH

Yes.

KEOLA

Really?

RUTH

I want to meet him. I'd want to meet your son.

KEOLA

He's not even mine anymore.

RUTH

I still want to meet him.

Silence.

KEOLA

Andrew might leave for good. I guess this is what you wanted.

RUTH

No. This is not what I wanted.

KEOLA

Yes, it is. And I really don't want to face the fact that you had it planned this way from the start. I don't want to see you that way. Not now.

RUTH

And I don't want you to see me that way.

KEOLA

Then why did you want to get rid of him?

RUTH

Because you need to grow, change, do something. You're still young, but you're so damn stubborn. And you're stuck. If you stay with him, there's no hope that you'll loosen yourself. Look at the state of this place. Do you call that loving your job? What about that tattoo? Are you going to be in mourning for the rest of your life?

KEOLA

You have no reason to call my life mourning. You haven't been paying attention. At all. This bar makes sense to me. Everything falls in line here. So when you come strolling into my studio to reduce everything I've done for decades, bringing old things I don't want to hear about and your sickness . . . (quieter) When you leave, this bar will be everything to me. Not a pa`u. This bar will be everything to me.

RUTH

But if you hadn't started dancing ballet in the first place, you never would have met that loser that got you pregnant. And you never would have lost a son. So I'm sorry that I didn't step in then. But I'll keep stepping in until I know you're happy. (pause) You don't need him, Keola.

KEOLA
Do you have to need someone to be with them?

RUTH
Your father didn't need me.

KEOLA
He didn't need anyone.

RUTH
Do you?

KEOLA
(pause) Andrew's a good person. We fit.

RUTH
Do you really want to be with him?

KEOLA
I hope he comes back.

RUTH
Even if he does, it won't be the same.

KEOLA
Maybe not. Maybe you'll be right. For once.

Silence.

KEOLA
So what do you want me to do with all of your stuff? I'll have to buy another bed.

RUTH
That won't be necessary.

KEOLA
You can't sleep on a futon.

RUTH
(long pause) I'll stay in `Ewa.

KEOLA
What?

RUTH
I'll stay with your sister in `Ewa.

KEOLA
You have got to be kidding me.

RUTH
You know me better than that.

KEOLA
After everything that you did?

RUTH
I haven't done anything. Don't make me the villain.

RUTH gets up from the table and reaches for the things she's brought with her.

RUTH
If you change your mind, if you want something else from me, from everybody else, I'm just waiting.

RUTH goes to leave.

KEOLA
To fight with me?

RUTH
To talk with you.

RUTH leaves, goes upstage towards the entrance. Opens the door. Finds ANDREW standing there with his bags. RUTH steps back from the door. KEOLA opens her mouth as if to say something, but doesn't. ANDREW walks in and puts his bag down next to the futon, lifts off the sheets from the futon and separates them. He walks over to RUTH, with a nod asking if it's okay if he can take her bags. She nods back. He brings her things over to KEOLA's bed. KEOLA begins to put things in their place. She pulls clothes off of the standing bar and puts them away. She goes to the kitchen, grabs some cleaning items, and begins to clean the mirrors.

-End-