

*Turtle with the stick. Boy Three grabs his arm and holds him.)*

TARO: *(As he covers the Turtle with his body.)* Wait! You must not kill him!

BOY TWO: Get away! He belongs to us!

TARO: *(Angrily.)* He belongs to no one. Now go home. *(Pause, then firmly, but kindly.)* Boys! Here are fish for your family. *(Pause.)* Go on. *(Boy Two puts the stick down and exits with Boy One, without accepting any fish. Boy Three remains with Taro and Kimo.)*

BOY THREE: I'm sorry. I hadn't meant to be so cruel. *(Turns to leave.)*

KIMO: I wonder how deeply he can swim.

BOY THREE: Maybe he's been on this beach before.

TARO: Let's help him return to his home.

KIMO: *(As they help the Turtle into the "water.")* He is big.  
*(Note: The actors never touch the Turtle. Keeping their hands approximately six inches from him, they create a stylized effect of grabbing the shell. The Turtle retains complete freedom of movement.)*

TARO: Yes, my son, and he is handsome, too. Now he will be free. Be on your way, ancient one!

KIMO AND BOY THREE: *(To the Turtle as he begins to exit into the sea.)* Good-bye.

TARO: *(As Boy Three starts to exit, calling him back.)* Wait.  
*(Offering him some fish.)* Take these to your family.

BOY THREE: All of these?

TARO: Take them, and go along.

BOY THREE: Thank you for the fish. Good-bye, Kimo. Good-bye, Urashima Taro.

TARO AND KIMO: Good-bye.

## Hula Heart

Velina Hasu Houston

Seven-year-old Sean "Kilo" Hauptmann, a multiethnic boy from Hawaii, moves to Southern California with his family, where he attempts to pursue his love of the popular Polynesian dance, the hula. Sean befriends Caleb, another boy who shares like traditions, but most of his new mainland acquaintances mock them. In the clash of pop culture and native traditions, Sean learns much about himself and his place in life.

### *Three Males and One Female*

In the first scene below, Sean, who has been practicing hula and shaking bamboo rattles (*pu'ili*), encounters Julian, one of his new mainland classmates. Sean tries to explain the island traditions. In the second scene, Sean meets Caleb, another new classmate with whom he has more in common than not. The last scene brings Sean back in contact with Julian, who still is not ready to accept the island ways. (Note: You may want to research Hawaiian musical instruments and vocabulary.)



JULIAN: What you doing, dude?

SEAN: *(Grabs his pu'ili and conceals them behind his back.)*  
Nothing!

JULIAN: Yeah? Don't you know this is a basketball court?

SEAN: Uh . . . I was just, ah, fooling around.

JULIAN: You're that new kid from Hawaii, huh? That loud shirt gives it away.

SEAN: It's an aloha shirt!

JULIAN: But it's got flowers on it, in case you haven't noticed.  
*Big, loud flowers. Boys don't wear flowers.*

SEAN: It's dress-up. My mom made me wear it for school!

JULIAN: Oh, your mommy made you!

SEAN: *(Aside.)* Thanks, Mom! *(To Julian.)* Yeah. So what?

JULIAN: Sixth graders don't like mama's boys.

SEAN: Wow! You're a sixth grader, yeah?

JULIAN: I'm *the* sixth grader, the big J. You don't look Hawaiian to me, though. You look like one of us.

SEAN: *(Proudly.)* I'm chop suey! A little Hawaiian, Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese, Puerto Rican, German, Eng —

JULIAN: *(Cuts him off.)* Whoa! Too much to remember! I'll just call you Hawaiian Bud. So, H.B., break it down for me. What kinda junk were you just doing like you got no sense?

SEAN: For your information, it's not junk. It's *hula*.

JULIAN: Hula?! *(Laughing uncontrollably.)* Man, don't tell me you put on those grass skirts and coconut shells and shake your hips to that silly kinda music!  
*(Lights suddenly darken as figment of Julian's imagination emerges: corny music fades in and hula dancer [Caleb] wearing wild wig, makeup, coconut-shell halter, and wild grass skirt shimmies across stage. Exit dancer, music fading out concurrently.)*

JULIAN: The sixth graders'll laugh you right outta school if they see you like that, H.B.

SEAN: In Honolulu, I belonged to a *balau*.

JULIAN: A what?

SEAN: A school for hula.

JULIAN: You went to school to be a coconut girl?!

SEAN: Lots of guys do hula! Coconuts are Tahitian style — for girls! Not for *keika kane!*

JULIAN: "Cake" what? Speak English!

SEAN: What do you know about hula anyway? You don't know anything, yeah.

JULIAN: Hey, just trying to do you a favor, H.B. You're in Southern California now — the U.S. of A. — and —

SEAN: Hawaii is part of the United States, too!

JULIAN: Oh, yeah. Kinda forget that sometimes. Anyway, take my word for it. You don't want a hard time, don't be different. Kids'll say, "You can't play ball with us, Aloha Girl!"

SEAN: Well, what should I do?  
*(Julian passes ball challengingly to Sean, who tries to rise to the occasion, but stumbles because of his thongs.)*

JULIAN: Basketball: something respectable, little man. But not in those flip-flops! Whatcha wearing flip-flops to school for, H.B.? Get yourself some sneakers, OK?

SEAN: We wear slippers all the time in Hawaii, yeah.

JULIAN: You're driving me crazy with that "yeah" stuff! Does every sentence have to end with "yeah"? Is that a Hawaiian thing?

SEAN: No, everybody in Hawaii does it, not just Hawaiians.

JULIAN: But isn't everybody in Hawaii Hawaiian?

SEAN: No! There's *haoles* — white people — and there's local people. All mixed up, *bra*.

JULIAN: Bra! Talk about mixed up! A bra's something girls wear.

SEAN: *(To audience.)* Jeez, they don't understand English here!

JULIAN: So take it from me: you're the H.B., period. Put those overgrown chopsticks in your bag. Don't slouch. Trash the wack shirt. And then guess what?

SEAN: What?

JULIAN: You're *Kapow!*  
*(Julian teaches Sean special handshake as two bond.)*

SEAN: Kapow!  
*(Blackout.)*



*Sean awkwardly tries to spin basketball on his finger; he can't do it. It rolls offstage and he's about to retrieve it when it is returned by friendly Caleb Schoenberg. Caleb tosses ball back and forth between his palms and then deftly passes it between his legs before passing it to Sean.*

SEAN: Thanks. Watch this! *(Tries to spin ball on his finger, succeeds.)* Kapow!

CALEB: What's that mean: kapow?

SEAN: Just something cool my best friend taught me.

CALEB: Nah. For real? What's that? What does it mean?

*(Caleb exits momentarily. Sean addresses audience with his pu'ili up as antenna.)*

SEAN: I smell another alien!

*(Sean quickly puts the pu'ili back into his bag. Caleb returns with a gym bag. Caleb's pu'ili accidentally falls out and he tries to stuff them back in, but Sean gasps and picks them up.)*

SEAN: Why do you have these?

CALEB: Uh . . . they're monster teeth! *(Holds them up to his mouth and makes ferocious face. Both boys laugh hard.)*

SEAN: *(Aside to audience.)* I like this kid!

CALEB: They're for a kind of . . . club I belong to. They're called —

SEAN AND CALEB: *Pu'ili!*

*(Both pull out their pu'ili as weapons and play-fight, finally electrocuting each other. Each dies a dramatic death. Pause. Sean pops up his head.)*

SEAN: Hey, what's your name?

CALEB: I'm Caleb.

SEAN: I'm Sean. We moved in across the street.

CALEB: How come you know about *pu'ili*?

SEAN: I belonged to a *halau* in Honolulu.

CALEB: Hey, my mom's from Hawaii. We go there a lot. I belong to a *halau* here!

*(The boys subconsciously slip into pidgin.)*

SEAN: Wow, a Hawaiian *halau* in Southern California?

CALEB: Not just Hawaiian. It's got all kinda people in it. You wanna join? I can talk to my *kumu* about you. Her name's Auntie Ingrid, and she's real cool.

SEAN: But Caleb —

CALEB: You can call me Kala. It's short for Kamehanaokala, my Hawaiian name. It means warmth of the sun.

SEAN: Kala. That's nice. Kala, don't the kids at school give you a hard time for being interested in the hula?

CALEB: Who cares what they say? They play basketball and do hip-hop, I play basketball and do hula. What's the diff?

SEAN: I'm not very good at basketball, but I used to be real good at hula.

CALEB: How old are you?

SEAN: Seven. But I'll be eight in a couple of months!

CALEB: Perfect. I'm nine. You can be in my group in the *halau*. Come on.

SEAN: I have to ask my mom first. If I leave the yard, I'll get scoldings.

CALEB: OK. It's that gray house at the end of the block, so you'll be safe walking with me.

SEAN: You sure your *kumu* won't mind me coming?

CALEB: No. That's the magic of hula, yeah.

SEAN: The magic?

CALEB: You gotta share it!

SEAN: But what if some people don't care about it?

CALEB: You show 'em the hula in your heart, and they will. I love it. You love it. They'll love it, too.

SEAN: You think?

CALEB: That's the magic!

*(Lights begin to fade out as . . .)*

SEAN: *(Stage whisper.)* . . . the magic . . . !

*(As lights cross-fade, Sean and Caleb run, taking turns chas-*

*ing each other, using pu'ili in different comic ways. En route, Caleb picks up bag of his own hula instruments.)*

SEAN: My mom said it's OK!

CALEB: This is gonna be fun! We can dance together in the fall concert!

SEAN: Concert?

CALEB: It's a really big deal, yeah. We work hard all year long to show our stuff. All kinda people come and see how great hula is.

SEAN: Like you said, we share what we love.

CALEB: And everybody understands each other a little better, yeah.

SEAN: Yeah!

*(Lights come to rest on the halau. Contemporary Hawaiian music plays softly in background. Sean and Caleb survey hula instruments of the halau with respect: pu'ili, 'ili'ili, uili, 'ulili, ipu, 'uli'uli, puniu and ka, and pa'hu.)*

SEAN: Gee, I feel like I'm back home! So what hula are you working on now?

CALEB: Lots. My favorite is "Hole Waimea." *(Does small piece of hula, "Hole Waimea.")* Do you know that one?

SEAN: Kinda.

*(Boys slip into pidgin without noticing.)*

CALEB: Well, either you do or you don't.

SEAN: I did it a long time ago. I kinda remember the words.

CALEB: If you join our *halau*, you'll work on that 'cause the keiki kane will perform it in our fall concert right before Thanksgiving.

SEAN: Gee, that's only three months to learn it.

CALEB: You've been in a *halau* before. You'll be OK. But we don't just learn our hula, we live them. We gotta be that good 'cause the concert's our one big chance a year to pass on the hula.

SEAN: That's a whole lotta pressure.

CALEB: It's nothing as long as the whole *halau* sticks together.

Especially our group 'cause there's not too many boys, not like in Honolulu. So you with me, yeah.

SEAN: Oh, yeah.

CALEB: You wanna learn all the secret uses of the hula instruments? Watch, OK? But I gotta use mine 'cause Kumu's are sacred. Don't ever mess with her stuff!

*(Caleb with a fake regal accent holds his 'ulili over his head, and Sean joins in.)*

SEAN AND CALEB: Ancient Hawaiian headdress!

CALEB: *(Fake regal accent as he covers his nostrils with his 'ili'ili.)* Ancient Hawaiian nose covers made of dried dog poo!  
*(Boys mimic pig behavior just as Auntie Ingrid enters. She screams, jaws agape, and then appears comically faint at their behavior.)*

AUNTIE INGRID: Please tell me that I do not see my *keiki kane* disgracing the sacred instruments of hula!

CALEB: No, no! These are mine, Kumu! I would never touch yours! Never!

*(Sean and Caleb immediately set down instruments and look ashamed.)*

SEAN: Sorry!

CALEB: It was, uh, just a game!

AUNTIE INGRID: Hula is not a game. If you want to play a game, go to the playground and climb monkey bars. When you are ready for hula, respect the instruments, the *halau*, and everything else in it. Including yourselves.

SEAN: Yes, ma'am.

CALEB: Yes, Kumu.

AUNTIE INGRID: Where, after all, are your hula hearts? It certainly breaks mine to see these instruments being used in such ways! Promise me you'll never, ever do this again.

SEAN AND CALEB: Never!

CALEB: *(Aside to Sean.)* Not when she's watching anyway!

SEAN: (*Aside to audience.*) Cool!

(*Boys giggle; sharp glance from Kumu makes them cease quickly. Pleased, she beams.*)

AUNTIE INGRID: Good! Shall we start anew now that we've had a lesson in manners?

CALEB: *Aloha kaula e kumu.*

AUNTIE INGRID: *Aloha kaula e*, Kamehanaokala.

SEAN: *Aloha*, Auntie Ingrid.

AUNTIE INGRID: *Aloha kaula e*, Kilohoku. But you can say "aloha kaula" like Kala, then you honor yourself, too, in the beauty, the embrace of *aloha*. Do you know what the embrace of *aloha* is?

SEAN: (*Wrinkles his brow in thought.*) Well . . .



*At school, Sean attempts hula and a mele (song), "A Ka Luna o'Kilauea." His open lunch box is beside him. He looks up to see someone standing over him.*

SEAN: Oh, hi, Miss Cook. Yeah, I belong to a *halau*, a hula school. Do it at home? For my safety? Yeah . . . I guess I understand. Uh, thanks for protecting me. (*He watches her exit. Before he can resume his hula practice, he looks up as if in response to a friendly encounter.*) Yeah, I'm Sean, friend of the Big J. He told you about me, huh? We're real tight, yeah. We just saw each other and, ya know — kapow — we hit it off just like that! (*Persona fades, and Sean basks in glory. To audience.*) Wow! The Big J's tellin' people I'm his buddy! Talk about cool! (*Sean begins to practice hula and is startled by Julian's appearance.*)

JULIAN: Whoa, whoa. H.B., I thought we were clear on this hula stuff. And you're still wearing flip-flops! Get with the program — now — or you're not hanging with me.

SEAN: B-b-but I thought we were, ya know, best friends . . .

JULIAN: What?! I never said that! You're a squirt, H.B. OK, I guess you can say you're my little buddy, but don't get aheada yourself.

SEAN: Right! Sorry! Cool shades, Big J!

JULIAN: By the way, you're horning in on my territory big time.

SEAN: Your territory?

JULIAN: Yeah. On Fridays, I always eat lunch here in the very spot you're sitting in, so *move*.

(*Sean quickly moves and starts to pack his lunch, but Julian quickly puts his hand on lunch.*)

JULIAN: Penalty! I get whatever I want from your lunch box. Whatcha got?

SEAN: Spam *musubi*.

JULIAN: What?! Moose meat?

SEAN: Spam *musubi*. Kinda like a rice ball with a big slab of Spam on top, wrapped up with seaweed.

JULIAN: That's disgusting, man! Got anything American in there?

SEAN: Ate everything else.

(*Julian eats a musubi — and likes it.*)

JULIAN: Say, not bad! (*Eats another.*)

SEAN: Hey, you said one!

(*Julian gives him menacing glance; Sean backs down.*)

JULIAN: You know how to surf?

SEAN: Kinda. I — I mean . . . sure!

JULIAN: Maybe I'll teach you. Yeah. We'll hit some waves after school — but gotta bring more of this moose meat.

SEAN: But I'm s'posed to go to hula practice. Nah, I'll ask my mom if I can go with you.

JULIAN: Cool. My mom'll drive us. Maybe I'll show you a secret place.

SEAN: Wow! Thanks!

(*Julian whips shades back over his hair, but they fall. Sean quickly picks up shades and hands them to Julian.*)

JULIAN: Cool. So have your mom drop you off at my house.

Here's the address. It's close.

*(Julian grabs last musubi; Sean is about to protest, but stops. Julian starts to chew away. Laka appears and stands behind him, concentrating all her energy on him. His chewing grows difficult, and his face contorts as if there's a bad taste in his mouth. Laka smiles and exits.)*

SEAN: Is something wrong, Big J?

*(Julian spits out food, a rubber frog. He freaks out, and his shades fall again.)*

JULIAN: What the — !!!

SEAN: I didn't do it! Honest!

JULIAN: I don't eat raw frog, OK?

SEAN: OK! Sorry! *(Aside to audience.)* How'd that happen anyway?

JULIAN: You get one more chance to enter the kingdom of cool, but be ready to earn it!

*(Sean nods enthusiastically as Julian exits. Lights cross-fade to spotlight into which Sean enters. "Mom" music plays as pile of clothes/shoes gets tossed into light, and Sean puts them on.)*

SEAN: *(Re: music.)* Ouch! Mom, turn that stuff back! *(Re: ensemble.)* How much these shoes cost? Whoa! These clothes aren't weird, Mom. They're cool! Like the Big J! *(Mom messes with his hair.)* No, Mom! I gotta wear my hair like this. Check out these sunglasses, Mom. Cool! Now I'm reeeaaaadddd!

## The Invisible Man

Len Jenkins

Adapted from the H.G. Wells story and set in the 1950s, Jack Griffin — face bandaged — is living in an old motel near a nuclear power plant. He befriends Jim, a small boy, whose father had been the caretaker of the plant until his recent death. In the course of serving as the boy's "father figure," Jack reveals that he must wear bandages because a nuclear accident at the plant caused him to become invisible. But is this the truth? In the process of answering this question, Jim is forced to make difficult decisions.

### Two Males

In the following scene, Jim, who is playing Martian Invader at an old drive-in movie lot, encounters Griffin, the Invisible Man, for the first time.



*Drive-in movie theater. Some snow is still on ground. A raised stage; large, tattered screen. In front of stage is children's playground: seesaw, other beat-up playground equipment. Leaning against stage is Jim's bike. Jim himself is onstage wearing his Mars invader mask. He's using drive-in speaker for microphone.*

JIM: Calling Captain Cappy! Calling Captain Cappy! We're about fifty kilometers from the Martian Canal City, and coming in fast. What are your orders? *(Holding speaker to ear, listening, then back to mouth.)* Right, Captain. Should we hold our fire till we talk to the Martians?