

Kūpe'e
A Play in Two Acts
By
Eric Stack

CHARACTERS

Characters intended to be cast in dual roles are designated by a slash mark.

KŪIKAWĀ KALUAMOKU	Male. Kūikawā portrays three ages during the play as designated by the scene set up. His nickname is Kawā.
NOWENAMAKANALUA/ LŪHAUPUA	Musician. 29. Daughter of Kauila and Lūhaupua. Lūhaupua portrays two ages in the play, 19 and 29. She is an entertainer and an activist for Hawaiian Rights.
PACK KALUAMOKU	Kūikawā's father. He is three ages as determined by the stage directions.
BERIT RASMUSSEN/ MOMILANI	Education reformist. 49. Girlfriend to Kūikawā. Pack's wife, 52.
PŌHAIOLA KALUAMOKU	Kūikawā's sister, Pōhai. She is 58 in Act One and 29 in Act Two.
HAHAEULE KALUAMOKU- TORINO/ KAUILA KAPE'AKUA	Pōhaiola's son. 30. Hawaiian activist. 38.

SETTING

Kukuiohāpu'u, Molokai, Hawai'i. Outdoor patio. Center stage there is a large horizontal stone that is used as a table. There is a rock wall bordering the patio stage left. Offstage of the wall is the suggestion of a cliff that descends 1600 feet to the Kalaupapa peninsula. Stage right is the façade of an old hunting cabin modified to accommodate daily life. Visible is a window to Pack's room. On the onstage side of the cabin is a porch with a screen door that leads out to the patio.

Act Two has different locations that can be suggested by lighting.

TIME

Act One is Present Day

Act Two is 1988 and Present Day

English translation for Hawaiian and Pidgin creole are in [] and/or italics where necessary. All lyrics are either original or traditional.

ACT I

PROLOGUE

(Patio area. Late evening. 1978.
LŪHAUPUA and KŪIKAWĀ enter. They
are 19 and 18 years old respectively. He is
chasing her in a playful manner. She leaps
up on the rock wall. He has asked her to
marry him. He waits for his answer.)

LŪHAUPUA

Kali [*wait*] or I leap.

KŪIKAWĀ

You never have the guts.

(KŪIKAWĀ crosses towards her. She turns, facing off,
threatening to leap.)

LŪHAUPUA

To Pō I go if one step more you creep.

(KŪIKAWĀ continues to cross. LŪHAUPUA continues to
threaten. When he is close enough she spins onstage and
leaps on him. They embrace.)

LŪHAUPUA (CONT'D)

(Singing)

Ha'ina 'ia mai ana ka puana.
Goodbye kāua me ka 'eha'eha.

*Say it again.
Goodbye to both of us with sorrow.*

KŪIKAWĀ

(Singing)

Anuanu makehewa au,
Ke kali 'ana i 'ane'i.
Kai nō paha ua pa'a,
Kou mana'o i laila.

*Chilled rejection
Waiting here.
When in fact,
Your thoughts were there.*

LŪHAUPUA

Your mind changes too much. First, I want one thing. Then you get it and move on.

KŪIKAWĀ

(Singing)

‘A‘ole i piliwi ‘ia.
Kahi wai a‘o Kala‘eloa.
Ua ho‘okohu ka ua i uka,
Noho maila i Nā‘iwa.

*Unbelievable.
The waters of Kala‘eloa.
Like the upland rains,
Lingering here at Nā‘iwa.*

LŪHAUPUA

(Singing)

Ha‘ina ‘ia mai ana ka puana.
Goodbye kāua me ka ‘eha‘eha.

*Say it again.
Goodbye to both of us with sorrow.*

KŪIKAWĀ

(Singing)

E kilohi au i ka nani
Nā pua o Nā‘iwa.
Ha‘ina mai ka puana,
Kahi wai a‘o Kala‘eloa.

*I gaze at the beautiful
Blossoms of Nā‘iwa.
Say again,
Such are the waters of Kala‘eloa.*

LŪHAUPUA

Let’s consult the hei.

(She removes a loose stone from the wall and removes a Chinese jump rope.)

KŪIKAWĀ

Stay all rotted from now no doubt.

LŪHAUPUA

Never. It’s from the kite string of the ancestors.

KŪIKAWĀ

Chinese ancestors. You will lose.

LŪHAUPUA

Then you will win. But no turning back from the wishes of the hei.

KŪIKAWĀ

The hei never lies.

LŪHAUPUA

Never lies.

KŪIKAWĀ/LŪHAUPUA

Never lies, lies, lies, lies.

(KŪIKAWĀ and LŪHAUPUA begin to play hei. It is a customized version of cat's cradle performed by both players at the same time while reciting the chant that accompanies it. The first player that makes a mistake loses his/her petition.)

I forget. KŪIKAWĀ

First the oath. LŪHAUPUA

Never lies. KŪIKAWĀ

LŪHAUPUA
I, Lūhaupua, stay tied to the cord of the ancestors and promise to follow the truths it commands under penalty of death, death, death.

KŪIKAWĀ
(Overlapping after he remembers)
I, Kūikawā, stay tied to the cord of the ancestors and promise to follow the truths it commands under penalty of death, death, death.

(They begin to play)

LŪHAUPUA/KŪIKAWĀ

Eia kā,	<i>Here then,</i>
Eia lā,	<i>Here it is,</i>
Eia ka noewena lā,	<i>Here is the red glowing mist,</i>
Malu i ka poli o Makanalua.	<i>Blessed in the bosom of Makanalua.</i>
Eia nei ka imu ma Ka'eo	<i>Here at Ka'eo is the oven,</i>
E puhi ai ka ua i Kala'e.	<i>That bakes the rain at Kala'e.</i>
E pilipa'a nā ipo,	<i>Entwined are the lovers.</i>
Me ka 'ie'ie i Wai'ale'ia.	<i>Like the 'ie'ie at Wai'ale'ia.</i>
Pulu i ka waialele o Waihānau.	<i>Drenched by the waterfall of Waihānau.</i>
Kahi e pi'o ai ka pō mākole.	<i>Where the night rainbow arches.</i>

(It repeats until LŪHAUPUA makes a mistake.)

See. Never lies, lies, lies, lies. KŪIKAWĀ

I never win, win, win, win. LŪHAUPUA

KŪIKAWĀ

Poor thing, thing, thing.

(PACK enters from stage left. He is 53 years old. He is carrying burlap sacks and a rifle.)

PACK

You little buggahs. What you doing?

LŪHAUPUA

Consulting the hei.

PACK

So late?

KŪIKAWĀ

Small-kind. Nothing big.

PACK

Still yet, next to the sunset on a Pō Kāne [*Dark moon*]?

KŪIKAWĀ

We chance 'em [*We're taking our chances*].

PACK

You lōlō [*stupid*]. Lū hele mai [*come*].

(LŪHAUPUA crosses to PACK. He hands her the burlap sacks.)

PACK (CONT'D)

Take these to Mom. Be careful this one has pheasant. The other watercress.

LŪHAUPUA

'Ae, Poppa.

KŪIKAWĀ

Here. I'll start the pheasant.

PACK

Never mind, that. I need you to clean the rifle. Lū go.

(LŪHAUPUA exits inside. KŪIKAWĀ crosses to PACK.)

PACK (CONT'D)

When I taught you the hei, what did I say? What did I say?

KŪIKAWĀ

Never mess.

PACK

Pololei [*right*]. You don't use it for small-kind stuffs. It's for serious. Maopopo [*understand*]?

KŪIKAWĀ

'Ae.

PACK

Your future and her future, not the same. You catch?

(KŪIKAWĀ nods and takes the rifle and exits. PACK crosses to the wall and replaces the hei back in the wall behind the stone. Lights.)

END PROLOGUE

SCENE ONE

(Dusk. Present time. Patio area.

Evening noises then a distant rifle shot. A car on a gravel road. Car door. Footfalls. Offstage door of cabin opens and closes. Voices of PŌHAIOLA and PACK are heard coming from the bedroom. PŌHAIOLA is 58 and PACK is 92.)

PŌHAIOLA (OFFSTAGE)

Ah Jesus. Is this for real? Okay, relax Dad. No. No. Stay where you are. Stay. There. No, it's not that bad. It will be if you move. Just stay there. Have you seen Kawā? Kawā? Is he here? Where is he? Where is he?

PACK (OFFSTAGE)

I don't know.

PŌHAIOLA (OFFSTAGE)

Okay. Shit. Okay. Just stay there. Stay there.

(PŌHAIOLA enters the patio area. She grabs a mop, rags, and bucket. She fills bucket. KŪIKAWĀ enters from stage left. He is packing a small axis deer and a rifle. He is 57.)

PŌHAIOLA (CONT'D)

Nothing says "good evening" better than finding your father wallowing in his own shit. Dad's bag leaked.

KŪIKAWĀ

He was fine before I left.

(PŌHAIOLA exits into the house with mop, rags, and bucket. KŪIKAWĀ hangs the deer to dress. He places a bucket beneath the deer to catch blood and guts. During the following dialogue he guts the deer. PŌHAIOLA enters empties her bucket then refills it.)

PŌHAIOLA

What happened to the pūlehu [*barbecuing*]?

KŪIKAWĀ

What do you mean?

PŌHAIOLA

I mean how can if this is hanging here and all the flies.

KŪIKAWĀ

I'll be done before they get here. You doubt my skills?

PŌHAIOLA

Still-yet. Flies and the smell. Can't you do that in back?

KŪIKAWĀ

Grills right here.

POHAIOLA

Always the daughter. Can't have the son see me naked holding onto a leaky bag of shit. But the daughter...like I don't have anything else to do. By the way, there was an empty carton of ice cream beside his bed. What happened to hiding it on the top shelf behind the frozen asparagus?

KŪIKAWĀ

Berit probably moved it.

PŌHAIOLA

Get fire ants now.

KŪIKAWĀ

I'll bomb the house.

PŌHAIOLA

Use a real bomb. Make sure he's inside.

(PŌHAIOLA exits inside the house with the bucket and then returns with a garbage bag.)

PŌHAIOLA (CONT'D)

(Referring to garbage bag)

The Laukamani loan papers are in here.

KŪIKAWĀ

That's what happened to them.

PŌHAIOLA

Was he supposed to sign them?

KŪIKAWĀ

Did he?

PŌHAIOLA

I don't know.

(KŪIKAWĀ stops gutting the deer and goes to the bag.)

KŪIKAWĀ

You're throwing his sheets away?

PŌHAIOLA

I don't care. He keeps shitting on them.

KŪIKAWĀ

He'll notice.

PŌHAIOLA

If they mean so much, he shouldn't keep letting his bag fill up.

KŪIKAWĀ

(Finding loan papers)

He signed 'em.

PŌHAIOLA

He shit on 'em.

KŪIKAWĀ

Too bad. I'll have to process all over again.

PŌHAIOLA

Close the bag already. And wipe that smile off your face. You disgust me.

(KŪIKAWĀ closes the bag, washes his hands, and then returns to the deer.)

KŪIKAWĀ

I disgust myself, but someone has to do it.

PŌHAIOLA

The Laukamani girl doesn't have a credit rating.

KŪIKAWĀ

She does now.

PŌHAIOLA

She's all over hāpai [*pregnant*], Kawā.

KŪIKAWĀ

Don't point the finger at me, death panel nurse.

PŌHAIOLA

It's called Hospice and we do something instead of extort people.

KŪIKAWĀ

Don't act. And what happens when they run out of money? At least the Laukamani girl's disease ends in nine months.

PŌHAIOLA

And if she can't pay back? Then what?

KŪIKAWĀ

We find her a job.

PŌHAIOLA

You...you are all a bunch of filthy pigs.

(PŌHAIOLA exits into the house and returns with the mop and bucket.)

KŪIKAWĀ

And where's the father, yeah? Useless. Another kū'ē nut job protesting whatever, ...poaching...killing only for the trophy. Selling the meat to the haole [*tourist*]. Never knowing his kuleana [*responsibility*] for nothing.

PŌHAIOLA

This school can't start soon enough. Nobody wants to be around when the bank examiner looks real good at the books.

KŪIKAWĀ

The books are clean. The balance sheet of good is better than not good...we provide a service for this island.

PŌHAIOLA

You promised everything gets liquidated and transferred into the school.

KŪIKAWĀ

It's not so easy now. Berit thinks Friendly Isle Finance is a good incentive to investors.

PŌHAIOLA

Where's the sense in that? You like give to a school, you give to the school. That haole girl...

KŪIKAWĀ

There's no dividend in that.

PŌHAIOLA

Like the Laukamani girl? Does Berit know about your credit scoring?

KŪIKAWĀ

You give me too much credit.

PŌHAIOLA

Like father like son?

KŪIKAWĀ

That was Dad, but I never get the extended warranty. After fifty thousand miles, it never works so well.

PŌHAIOLA

Berit doesn't seem to mind.

KŪIKAWĀ

That wahine can solo hula all night. She just need a leg to rub against.

PŌHAIOLA

Well if she can do it all on her own, then tell her to quit using Hae to bait Noewena and tell her she's not our niece or his cousin.

KŪIKAWĀ

She knows already. She does that to bug you. What?

PŌHAIOLA

I saw her. They stopped by the hospital.

KŪIKAWĀ

So?

PŌHAIOLA

As a baby, girls take after the mom, but now...

KŪIKAWĀ

What do I have to do? Take a DNA?

PŌHAIOLA

Only if they get engaged.

KŪIKAWĀ

Hello, Mary, Hawaiians get engaged after...

(PŌHAIOLA exits into the house. BERIT enters. She carries a tote bag with Ke Kula o Lūhaupua [*Lūhaupua School*] printed on it. She crosses and sits at the stone table. She removes a small cloth bag from the tote and then removes three runes to read and lays them on the table. KŪIKAWĀ greets her with a kiss, which she returns distractedly.)

BERIT

Not when I'm reading the runes.

(PŌHAIOLA enters with plastic freezer bags and butcher paper and begins packing deer meat.)

PŌHAIOLA

(To BERIT)

How was pau hana [*happy hour*]?

BERIT

Yeah. It was good. The crowd really gets into it. The Inn was packed. Standing room only. Your niece's music, Hawaiian-Punk. You didn't tell me to take earplugs.

KŪIKAWĀ

I've never heard. Did she plug the ho'olaule'a [*fundraiser*]?

BERIT

Oh yeah. She even donated items for the silent auction, offered to help with concession, dunk tank, the whole nine yards.

PŌHAIOLA

And the crowd was really into it?

BERIT

To be honest, when you guys first approached me about forming this school, I thought, really? In a place like this? I mean a charter school focused on island sustainability. What's that? Teach kids how to poach? But now...this thing has a life of its own. Never seen anything like it in all my reformist days. The narrative writes itself: charter school named after a martyred Hawaiian activist, who had a daughter, who happens to be a well-known recording artist, who sings activist songs like her mom. I mean holy shit, it's like taking candy from a baby.

KŪIKAWĀ

As long as we can get her to sign off on using her mom's name.

BERIT

She's more excited about this school than you or Pack. (To PŌHAIOLA) Hae was genius to think of getting her involved. I mean this thing is big and your Hawaiian-Punk niece is the key.

PŌHAIOLA

She's not...our niece.

BERIT

So they're not cousins?

PŌHAIOLA

Hūnōna, in-law-kind. Not blood and very distant. Her mom was a second or third cousin six times removed or something to us.

BERIT

I mean it's professional. Noewena is a flirt and she flirts with Hae the most and a lot. There's leverage in that, and now since I know they're not related...

KŪIKAWĀ

They are Hawaiian.

PŌHAIOLA

I don't understand, leverage.

BERIT

Noewena and I spoke and she has some very progressive ideas on education for Hawaiians. I put a bug in Hae's ear about getting her to serve on the Board or better a musical resource person. God, this is huge. They may actually use this school as a model school across the state or even nation. Sustainability, the opiate for the reform movement. It doesn't cost anything. I mean literally, dirt cheap, and I can see all the ag-tech people all over it. What?

PŌHAIOLA

So what if the school fails?

BERIT

Fail? There is a wait-list a mile long. We'll have to have a lottery.

PŌHAIOLA

But what if, let's say, Noewena pulls out?

BERIT

Anything is possible, but I'd say Hae has that well in hand.

(PŌHAIOLA exits inside house. KŪIKAWĀ lights the grill. BERIT continues to look at her runes.)

BERIT (CONT'D)

(Calling to PŌHAIOLA)

Mahalo for kōkuaing with the barbecue. Kōkuaing?

KŪIKAWĀ

Your kōkua. She's small-kind overprotective when it comes to Hae.

BERIT

"...small-kind"? Thirty years old. Divorced twice. No mo'opuna [*grandchildren*]. My runes are all over the place. I can't get a straight answer.

KŪIKAWĀ

You're joking about the Board or a resource teacher? I thought we were meeting over using her mom's name?

BERIT

She signed off on that.

KŪIKAWĀ

When?

BERIT

About an hour ago. Before she went on stage.

KŪIKAWĀ

Legal-kind and everything?

BERIT

Yeah, legal-kind and all that.

KŪIKAWĀ

So the barbecue is get together only. No business?

BERIT

Besides showing some "aloha spirit", yeah. (Referring to runes) I keep getting nonsense. One says one thing. The other the other.

KŪIKAWĀ

So only aloha spirit? No Board stuff? You heard her music. The school needs investors.

BERIT

My messaging is full from investors calling right now. I can't answer them quick enough.

KŪIKAWĀ

No one will like investing in a terrorist school for Hawaiians?

BERIT

Her music isn't that bad.

KŪIKAWĀ

Noewena is different from her mom, but. Lū was plantation simple. Drop everything at a moment's notice to help you out. Noewena was raised by Hawaiian activists who make a living finding something to protest. You know, 'a'ole this and that. Let's hang the Hawaiian flag upside down from the back of the pickup.

BERIT

Victimization is a selling point. Oh don't give me that look. You can't wash your hands that easy. I thought that's what your little financial concern was all about: in with the bad, all for the good. (Referring to PŌHAIOLA) Was there anything to what she said?

KŪIKAWĀ

Like I said, she's blowing smoke. All huhū [*upset*] over Hae.

BERIT

When I think about it, I had left several messages with Noewena's people before about the ho'olaule'a and never got a bite. Then with Hae, he got through right away.

They did grow up together.

KŪIKAWĀ

Like you and her mom.

BERIT

Sort of. Noewena left here when she was five. Lū's 'ohana wanted to raise her on the Big Island. Send her to immersion school or something.

KŪIKAWĀ

But she was born here?

BERIT

No. Big Island. It's complicated. Someday I'll tell you the story.

KŪIKAWĀ

Someday may never come for us, dear. Why don't you give me the long and short of it. It might help with the runes.

BERIT

(PŌHAIOLA enters with PACK who is seated in a wheelchair.)

Hi Poppa.

BERIT (CONT'D)

Hi.

PACK

He needed to get some fresh air after his accident.

PŌHAIOLA

What happened?

BERIT

He got ahold of some ice cream.

PŌHAIOLA

The mint chocolate chip?

BERIT

That explains the color.

PŌHAIOLA

BERIT

Sorry. I thought if I left it in the outside freezer...it was for the second grade presentations. Both cartons?

PŌHAIOLA

There were two?

BERIT

Yeah.

(PŌHAIOLA checks the outside freezer.)

PŌHAIOLA

Not in here.

PACK

(To BERIT)

Oslo.

BERIT

Yes, Poppa.

PŌHAIOLA

He's seeing the kids today.

PACK

I'm not having one of my moments.

PŌHAIOLA

Thought you mentioned the kids.

PACK

I did. But I can see the kids and be okay at the same time. (To BERIT) Were there any hits today?

(PŌHAIOLA exits.)

BERIT

A few.

PACK

No orders, but?

BERIT

Sorry.

PACK

Let me see.

BERIT

Sure.

(BERIT reaches inside her tote, pulls out a tablet and crosses to PACK. PŌHAIOLA enters with the second ice cream carton and tosses it in the garbage bag.)

PŌHAIOLA

For a guy without a colon, he can sure put it away. Poppa if you keep eating like this we'll have to go industrial with your bag.

BERIT

Sorry.

PŌHAIOLA

I can call Hae and have him pick up more ice cream on his way home.

BERIT

CPC will be closed by the time he gets back. He took Noewena out to Kawākiu to see the sunset.

(PŌHAIOLA glances at KŪIKAWĀ. He gestures, "This wasn't my idea." She exits inside.)

BERIT (CONT'D)

I can get some at CPC tomorrow morning before school.

KŪIKAWĀ

Pops. What if someone orders one? Who's going to make it?

PACK

I have people.

BERIT

(Showing PACK the tablet)

Here. See. There were about a hundred yesterday...

PACK

Ninety-eight.

BERIT

...and over a hundred today, but still no orders.

PACK

(Referring to the tablet)

If I had one of these in my day...

KŪIKAWĀ

You would have been on it all day watching porn.

PACK

Watch that one, yeah Oslo, he'd like to kewpie doll your ass.

BERIT

How many of these rosaries do you have?

PACK

A dozen for prototypes.

BERIT

Can you make more?

PACK

I cannot, but my friend can. Really quick.

BERIT

What's quick?

PACK

Maybe five in an hour.

BERIT

That's quite a friend.

KŪIKAWĀ

Friends.

PACK

They like to do things for me.

KŪIKAWĀ

They owe him.

BERIT

I like the way this island works. Can you make about a hundred before the weekend?

PACK

Bring me the phone.

KŪIKAWĀ

Berrie, don't encourage him.

BERIT

I'm thinking maybe with a booth at the ho'olaule'a. Poppa let me see yours.

(PACK reaches into his robe and pulls out a small chaplet.
He explains the chaplet to BERIT.)

PACK

The beads are made out of koa, but I say it's the wood from the tree Saint Damien slept under when he first arrived at Kalaupapa.

KŪIKAWĀ

He slept under a hala tree.

PACK

I know, but I'm a toothless old fut and no one will argue with me. They will just be glad it's koa and not care. (To BERIT) This medal here is Saint Damien with the Sacred Heart on back. The first three beads is to the Blessed Virgin, that is in honor of Lū, because she was the one who inspired this, and then on each of these beads say, "Blessed Damien pray for us and cure us." Lū used this prayer to pray for my wife and she lived for two more years.

BERIT

I didn't realize Lū was religious.

KŪIKAWĀ

More myth.

PACK

She went to church with me every Sunday, and I know the prayer cured me.

(PŌHAIOLA enters with skewers, vegetables and venison then begins preparing shish kabobs.)

PŌHAIOLA

You're not cured Dad.

PACK

It's the third miracle.

PŌHAIOLA

Dad they had the third miracle. Damien is a saint.

PACK

It would have been the third if he (KŪIKAWĀ) would have gone to the bishop.

PŌHAIOLA

It wasn't a miracle Dad. The doctor says it's a regular thing.

PACK

After a mile of colon is taken out and I still shit my pants? That's a miracle.

PŌHAIOLA

Well if you like leaving a lip print everywhere you sit, yeah, then bad idea sealing your ass.

PACK

Bullshit. Lū spoke to Saint Damien and I'll always believe it and I could have proved it if you didn't kewpie doll my ass up.

KŪIKAWĀ

For all we know Lū slept with Father Damien.

PACK

You fucking monster. It should have been you. If you had the balls.

(PŌHAIOLA wheels PACK to the rock wall.)

PŌHAIOLA

Here, let's finish watching the sunset.

BERIT

What's he talking about?

KŪIKAWĀ

That night when she disappeared.

PŌHAIOLA

Can we not discuss it? And he's not going to the ho'olaule'a.

BERIT

Why all this pushback? First Noewena, now him. I wish someone would explain the rules to me.

PŌHAIOLA

Whatever. It's your school, but I can't guarantee what comes out of his mouth.

KŪIKAWĀ

He might say something.

BERIT

Like, "It should have been you."?

KŪIKAWĀ

You're making a mistake.

BERIT

If making money is a mistake, then yeah, I've made a lot of them. Millions. (Holds up chaplet) This isn't about Saint Damien. This is about Saint Lū, the Hawaiian activist martyred for the cause. I can't make this shit up fast enough.

(PACK starts to weep.)

BERIT

I don't care. I'll get him a booth and find someone to run it with him. Hae?

PŌHAIOLA

Leave him out of this and they're not cousins.

BERIT

Noewena. Yes.

PŌHAIOLA

Can you not?

KŪIKAWĀ

He doesn't know about...her being here.

BERIT

She'll be here in an hour.

PŌHAIOLA

He'll be in happy land by then.

BERIT

I'll ask her then.

PŌHAIOLA

Ask her what?

BERIT

These things keep falling into our laps: if you going to sell a martyr, it's best she's a religious martyr.

KŪIKAWĀ

This island has a past you know.

BERIT

We write our own history here. If investors keep pumping money into this, no one will care what happened before.

PŌHAIOLA

She has a song called, *'A'ole TMT?*

BERIT

I know. She led off with it at pau hana. It brought the house down. And then this chaplet inspired by who? Lū. Worn by the celebrity daughter, who with her progressive and moral ideas would be a good fit on the board.

PŌHAIOLA

Moral? She has a tattoo of a she-devil on her left boob.

BERIT

Yeah, Hae told me.

PŌHAIOLA

Listen haole girl, we know missionary talk when we hear it.

BERIT

Right. Keep country country.

(PACK laughs at the joke.)

KŪIKAWĀ

Enough already. Pretty soon the food will be all sour with this kind of talk.

BERIT

Okay, I'll square with you guys. Some of the investors would give their left nut for a shot on this island. This school is a foot in the door. Schools that teach sustainability need land and guess what Molokai has plenty of?

KŪIKAWĀ

What about water?

BERIT

You know as well as I, there's plenty of water in those valleys that they can pipe right down to the Kualapu'u reservoir. It only takes money. We're sitting on a gold mine, here. Imagine being able to send him (PACK) to a quality life care facility.

PŌHAIOLA

The activists will never allow it. Once you say water they'll be up in those hills breaking pipes.

BERIT

Really? Pipes carrying the future for them and their keiki? Guess who the school will train to lay the pipes? Maintain the pipes? Grow the agriculture? Create the alternative power to run pumps and electric. Molokai will be the first self-sustaining island in the state. In the nation?

KŪIKAWĀ

Developers, developing land fronted by a native school named after an activist.

PACK

Brilliant.

BERIT

(Referring to PACK)

He understands.

PŌHAIOLA

Because it's not the first time it's happened here and I'm sure it won't be the last.

BERIT

Hae is all for it.

PŌHAIOLA

So St. Lū's is really a school to train our kids for the new plantation?

BERIT

Can it be anything else and succeed? Look, any other charter school in this state struggles because of these well intentioned, utopian ideals. But education is not about that. It's a business. The great educational industrial complex. Public to private money.

PŌHAIOLA

Then Lū becomes this symbol of assimilation. The exact thing she died fighting against.

BERIT

She'll be a symbol of opportunity for the people. Isn't that what she died for? To raise themselves up? Give them a voice?

(During the following dialogue, PACK recites the hei oli.
The others react as though he does this often.)

Eia kā,
Eia lā,
Eia ka noewena lā,
Malu i ka poli o Makanalua.
Eia nei ka imu ma Ka'eo
E puhi ai ka ua i Kala'e.
E pilipa'a nā ipo,
Me ka 'ie'ie i Wai'ale'ia.
Pulu i ka wailele o Waihānau.

Kahi e pi'o ai ka pō mākole.

PACK

*Here then,
Here it is,
Here is the red glowing mist,
Blessed in the bosom of Makanalua.
Here at Ka'eo is the oven,
That bakes the rain at Kala'e.
Entwined are the lovers.
Like the 'ie'ie at Wai'ale'ia.
Drenched by the waterfall of
Waihānau.
Where the night rainbow arches.*

What's he doing?

BERIT

He's consulting the hei.

KŪIKAWĀ

What's that?

BERIT

It's like your runes. He likes your idea.

KŪIKAWĀ

Let me know what he comes up with, because my runes aren't giving me anything.

BERIT

I'm out.

PŌHAIOLA

What?

KŪIKAWĀ

I'm out. I'm not. I can't. Goddamn Kawā, you of all people. To let her use Lū's name like this?

PŌHAIOLA

If it helps create jobs and an economy, that's what Lū wanted.

KŪIKAWĀ

You really believe that?

PŌHAIOLA

Yeah.

KŪIKAWĀ

PŌHAIOLA

I can't believe...after that night and you will condemn her to being a sell-out? Do the lies ever stop with you?

KŪIKAWĀ

The truth is only as good as your last lie. He (PACK) taught me that, and Berit's right. No one gave a dime to the school until Noewena signed on. If we want to do right by her, the school's got to succeed.

PŌHAIOLA

What if it doesn't succeed? Like the auditor finds something in Friendly Isle's books?

BERIT

Like what?

KŪIKAWĀ

They won't find nothing in the books.

PŌHAIOLA

What if they were told where to look?

KŪIKAWĀ

The State audits us every year.

BERIT

(To PŌHAIOLA)

If it's something illegal...

PŌHAIOLA

What would the investors do?

BERIT

They would likely want their money back.

PŌHAIOLA

And the school?

BERIT

Would fail. From what I saw at pau hana, the buzz is pretty loud. I've never seen a community so excited. I hope nothing detrimental comes up. It would be a shame to see it all fizzle.

PŌHAIOLA

Wouldn't it?

BERIT

Yeah, I mean Hae has worked so hard on this. Think of all the time, and depending on what they find, it could mean jail time. I'm just doing my job, though. I would pack my bags and leave, but for those close to the operation...

(PACK begins to gag, clears his throat, and then spits over the wall.)

PŌHAIOLA

The hei never lies.

BERIT

I'm going to change or else I'll never get the barbecue smell out of these clothes. The shish kabobs are burning.

(BERIT gathers up her runes and exits into the house.)

PŌHAIOLA

(Referring to deer carcass)

You're starting to look like that deer. (To PACK) Okay, time for the evening meds. Come Dad.

(PŌHAIOLA starts to exit with PACK then stops.)

PŌHAIOLA (CONT'D)

I have to know. Is she your child?

KŪIKAWĀ

No.

PŌHAIOLA

Hundred percent?

KŪIKAWĀ

Hundred percent.

(PŌHAIOLA exits with PACK. KŪIKAWĀ takes deer down, folds it up and exits. A light comes on in PACK'S room. NOEWENA and HAHAEULE enter. She runs directly to the rock wall, leaps up and if HAHAEULE doesn't grab her, she would go over.)

NOEWENA

So you think this is how?

You are crazy. HAHAEULE

I am. I am pupule-kind crazy. NOEWENA

Come down. HAHAEULE

She will catch me. NOEWENA

Eia kā, *Here then,*
Eia lā, *Here it is,*
Eia ka noewena lā, *Here is the red glowing mist.*

What is that? HAHAEULE

You don't know. It's the secret all powerful incantation calling on the spirits in Pō to take me hither. NOEWENA

Here then.
Here I am.
The red glowing mist.

Eia kā,
Eia lā,
Eia ka noewena lā.

(NOEWENA repeats the oli during the following dialogue from PACK'S ROOM. Only PACK can hear the others. At some point KŪIKAWĀ enters unseen to hear NOEWENA chanting.)

PACK (OFFSTAGE)
Do you hear her? She's here. I taught her the game.

PŌHAIOLA (OFFSTAGE)
And after you take your medication you can go play with her.

PACK (OFFSTAGE)
The pills will put me to sleep.

Then you can dream about her. PŌHAIOLA (OFFSTAGE)

I won't hear her. PACK (OFFSTAGE)

Sure you will. Even louder. PŌHAIOLA (OFFSTAGE)

No. PACK (OFFSTAGE)

Take your fucking pills. PŌHAIOLA (OFFSTAGE)

Goddamn it, I'm not a toothless muffin head. I don't need the straw. PACK (OFFSTAGE)

If you don't use the straw, I'm going to get the bib. PŌHAIOLA (OFFSTAGE)

I don't need the bib. PACK (OFFSTAGE)

One or the other. Never mind, spill all over your shirt. PŌHAIOLA (OFFSTAGE)

Do you think it was some deep dark family secret? NOEWENA

I don't think she jumped. HAHAEULE

Tell me Momma. NOEWENA
(Calling offstage)

Wena. I'm losing balance. HAHAEULE

Did they discover I was your uncle's daughter? That would make us cousins in the first degree. NOEWENA

(NOEWENA turns to HAHAEULE. They embrace and kiss.)

HAHAEULE

Seriously, I was so close to losing my grip.

NOEWENA

That's okay. I lost my grip long ago.

(They kiss again. PŌHAIOLA enters.)

PŌHAIOLA

What the fuck?

(PŌHAIOLA realizes what a gaff that was and tries to cover.)