

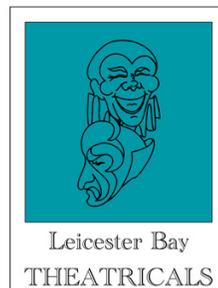
PERUSAL SCRIPT

Kimchi K

id



a two-act play by
**Joanna
H. Kraus**



Newport, Maine

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KIMCHI KID

SECOND EDITION

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Dedicated to:

my son, Tim,
who inspired this play
and
to all the children
who shared adoption experiences.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

HAK SOO – is nine years old, underweight but sturdy. His light brown hair, dark complexion and features clearly reveal his mixed American and Asian parentage. HAK SOO is strong willed, stubborn, curious, and a survivor.

SONG YEE – Hak Soo's mother

MIN JI – is seven years, frightened by the unfamiliar. She is a delicate mixture of her American and Asian parentage.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

HALMONI – Hak Soo's grandmother

JIN SOOK – A woman in Hak Soo's village

NAM CHUL – A boy about twelve in Hak Soo's village

HYUN KWAN – Hak Soo's friend, about nine

BERT EDWARDS – A research engineer in his mid-forties

MONICA EDWARDS – A high school history teacher in her mid-thirties

SOCIAL WORKER

MRS. GREEN – A new adoptive parent

MR. GREEN – Her husband

BOB CHO – Korean scientist in his forties

BILLY WAINWRIGHT – About eleven

PETE BRENNER – About ten

BUD – A derelict

COACH

JUDGE BENEDICT – Surrogate Court Judge

Note: In today's world families are made in different ways -- the biological family, the step family, and the adoptive family.

This is a play about bonding -- about the making of a family through adoption, an Asian-American adoption. Therefore, some of the cast should look, if not be, Asian. What is important is the universal theme of acceptance of self and dual heritage.

TIME

The play takes place in the present.

SETTING

The action occurs in a small city in upstate New York, a jet aircraft en route, an airport waiting room, and flashbacks in Korea. The production is intended to be performed with a bare minimum of scenery, so that it can flow without interruption from one scene to another. For example, all that is required for the jet aircraft are two seats.

ACT I

Scene 1: On board an international jet aircraft, and Hak Soo's Korean village

Scene 2: The airport waiting room and the Edwards' car. Late at night. Winter.

Scene 3: The Edwards' home in upstate New York. About 1:30 in the morning.

Scene 4: The Edwards' home. Late afternoon, the same day.

Scene 5: The Edwards' home. Two months later.

Scene 6: The Edwards' home. A few weeks later.

ACT II

Scene 1: A deserted road outside of town. Late at night.

Scene 2: The Edwards' home. A few hours later.

Scene 3: The soccer field. Several weeks later.

Scene 4: The school corridor just before school starts. Two days later.

Scene 5: The Edwards' home. Afternoon of the same day.

Scene 6: The school yard at lunch time. A few days later.

Scene 7: The Judge's Chambers, Surrogate Court. A few weeks later.

Scene 8: The Edwards' home. Immediately afterwards.

KIMCHI KID by Joanna H. Kraus. Cast of 19, doubling possible. Current day costumes, simple settings, about 70 minutes. When Hak Soo, a nine-year Korean boy arrives at a New York airport, he's frightened by the excited crowd of black and white faces, cameras flashing. Seven-year old Min-Ji, also adopted – but to another couple – grips his hand, until she's snatched away. Does Hak Soo belong to Korea, where he's despised because his father was American, or to his new home where children call him names? Hak Soo wants none of the strange food his adoptive mother offers or the stuffed bear she tries to give him. When a clash with a bully escalates to a broken school window, he wants to return to Korea – even if he has to walk. His new parents and their Korean friend try to help, and a friendly classmate points out that “O.K.” is the same in both languages. Eventually, it's Hak Soo who explains what adoption means, and he's reunited with Min Ji. The hard-won bonding of a family comes through love and respect and Hak Soo's ability to welcome two homes in his heart. **ORDER #3249**

Joanna H. Kraus is an award-winning playwright of twenty Theatre for Young Audiences produced/published plays, among them *The Ice Wolf* (Dramatic Publishing) and *Remember My Name* (Samuel French) both produced off-off Broadway. Picture books include *Tall Boy's Journey* (Carolrhoda/Lerner), *A Night of Tamales and Roses* (Shenanigan Books) *Blue Toboggan* (Mascot Books), *Bravo, Benny* (Mirror Publishing) *Oh Little Ham of Buffalo, a Korean Adoption Memoir* done with her son, Tim. (Mirror Publishing.) and *The Blue Jeans Rebellion* (Leicester Bay Books.) She's written numerous media articles and for the past two decades reviewed children's books for the Bay Area News Group. Kraus is a member of the Society of Children's Book Writers and Illustrators (SCBWI), the California Writers Club, the Dramatists Guild and is Professor Emerita of Theatre and former Coordinator of the Interdisciplinary Arts for Children program at the College at Brockport State University of New York. She's a graduate of Sarah Lawrence College, holds an M.A. from UCLA and an Ed.D. from Columbia University. Originally from Portland, Maine she now lives in the San Francisco Bay area. Visit her website: www.joannakraus.com

KIMCHI KID

ACT ONE

Scene One — *The stage is broken into several areas: the Korean home, the dirt road that lies just beyond the village school yard, and two airline seats that represent the jet liner. The stage is in semi-darkness. As the play begins, actors are frozen in position on levels that represent different areas. Light slowly fills the area of the jet liner as the dawn rises. HAK SOO and MIN JI are seated, dozing.*

(There is the roar of a jet aircraft. Over the loudspeaker comes the unintelligible blur of an announcement in English, Korean, and Japanese. It is clearly repeated in English.)

FLIGHT ATTENDANT: Flight 303 will be arriving in approximately five minutes. Ground temperature in Anchorage, six degrees Fahrenheit, minus fourteen degrees Celsius.

(Lighting comes up on Korean house. HAK SOO is drawn towards it with dreamlike movement. SONG YEE stands wearing the traditional "hanbok," a long flowing dress. She is twenty-eight, thin, graceful. Once she was beautiful. Now she is worn and anxious. Lighting dims on MIN JI, dozing in her airplane seat.)

SONG YEE: *(Calls.)* Hak Soo! Hak Soo!

(HAKSOO runs in breathless, carrying a watermelon. He stops, stands straight, hands at his side and bows from the waist in a respectful greeting.)

HAK SOO: *(Speech reflects his inner thoughts.)* That was the last meal I had with my Korean mother. I could not understand why her eyes kept filling with tears, when the stolen watermelon was so sweet on my tongue. It had rolled away from a cart on the road- and stopped right in front of me. I ran home as fast as I could, hoping the farmer wouldn't see me, hoping my mother would laugh, hoping the hunger in our home would go away.

SONG YEE: Hak Soo, come here.

(Touches him gently.)

How would you like to go to America?

HAK SOO: *(Surprised.)* Ooma! How?

SONG YEE: In a big airplane. A very big airplane, Hak Soo.

HAK SOO: When, Ooma?

SONG YEE: Soon!

(Studies his thin arms under a jacket too short for him.)

Oh, my little one, very soon. I can not take care of you any longer. Now you must go to your father's country.

HAK SOO: *(Excited at the prospect of the journey.)* Ooma, how big is the airplane?

SONG YEE: As big as my dream.

(Embraces him and runs out so he will not see her crying. HAK SOO is pulled back to the airplane. Lights come up on jet liner. FLIGHT ATTENDANT walks down the aisle. She is a trim, attractive woman.)

HAK SOO: *(Turns to FLIGHT ATTENDANT)* How big is this airplane?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT: (*Mechanically*) Fasten your seat belt.

HAK SOO: (*Insistent*) How big is this airplane?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT: In case of emergency the oxygen masks will lower ...

HAK SOO: HOW BIG IS THIS AIRPLANE?

(HAK SOO is pulled back to his Korean house. Lights fade on airplane.)

SONG YEE: In your father's country, you can grow tall.

(HALMONI enters. She is a widow in her late forties but looks much older. She adores her grandson.)

HALMONI: In your father's country, you can go to school.

SONG YEE: In your father's country, you can eat.

HALMONI: In your father's country, you will walk tall.

SONG YEE: Not like here, my son. Not like here.

(Lights fade on house and come up on the dirt road near the village school yard. Offstage there are taunting voices.)

VOICES: YAN-KEE. YAN-KEE. Yankee, go home.

(HAK SOO reenters in a standard Korean school uniform: black jacket, pants, cap, and a school bag. He mimes being hit by a rock. NAM CHUL, a boy about twelve, who lives in HAK SOO's village, runs on. He is in school uniform also. NAM CHUL throws a blob of mud.)

NAM CHUL: YANK! YANK! YANK!

(NAM CHUL knocks HAK SOO to the ground and sits on him.)

Got you, Eyenokko! EYENOKKO!

(NAM CHUL gestures round eyes mockingly, then holds his nose in disgust.)

Something stinks around here. Well, there's only one way to get rid of garbage.

(NAM CHUL starts to lift HAK SOO up and heave him. HAK SOO breaks loose and fights back savagely with hands and feet. NAM CHUL tears HAK SOO's jacket. He holds HAK SOO's bag over his head, always just out of reach of HAK SOO. NAM CHUL opens it gleefully, and the contents spill out.)

HAK SOO: NO! Give Me that!

NAM CHUL: (*Mocks*) O-o-o-oh! Look at this! All your homework. All copied over. All neat and clean.

(NAM CHUL smears the dirt from his shoe all over it. Tries to rub HAK SOO's face in the mud. HAK SOO resists and kicks him. NAM CHUL throws the school book into a pig pen.)

Oh, it fell in the pig pen.

(Watches the pigs tear it apart.)

Those pigs must be hungry!

(HAK SOO retaliates. NAM CHUL knocks HAK SOO to the ground. There is a loud rip.)

NAM CHUL: (*Kicking him.*) EYENOKKO! EYENOKKO! Go tell your Yankee father to buy you a new school uniform. If you know where he is.

(NAM CHUL laughs, throws HAK SOO in the dirt, stuffs his face in it, punches and kicks him.)

Go back to back to America, Yankee!

(A yard school bell rings. NAM CHUL stops. He picks up his school bag.)

At least the school won't smell today.

(NAM CHUL exits laughing. HAK SOO lies there for a moment. He does not cry, but it is obvious he is hurt and there is blood. JIN SOOK, a village woman, enters. She wears a "hanbok" and carries cabbages in a straw basket, balanced on her head.)

JIN SOOK: *(Chides as she crosses)* Hurry up. You'll be late for school.

(Sees him struggling to get up.)

Oh, what happened here?

(Rushes over. Recognizes HAK SOO.)

Oh, it's you is it? Well, I warned her. You can tell your mother that I warned her. This is what happens to you "Eyenokkos." Everyone knows a child belongs to his father. Let him take care of you now. Those filthy soldiers!

(Spits.)

They protect us--by giving us more mouths to feed! Round eyes like you. *(Spits again.)* There's no place for you here, Hak Soo. A boy without a father. Maybe, you can wash out the blood on your school uniform. But you can never wash out the mixed blood inside of you. Never!

(Spits on him and exits. Spotlights come up on HALMONI and SONG YEE.)

HALMONI: In your father's country, they will not spit on you. Or throw stones. Or call you names.

SONG YEE: *(Sadly)* In your father's country, there are others--just like you.

(HAK SOO is pulled back to the jet liner minus his school jacket and cap. His movements are dreamlike, as he recites the cities of his long journey. By the end of the line, he is on the airplane.)

HAK SOO: Seoul. Tokyo. Anchorage. Chicago. New York.

(Lights have come up on the airplane and fade on Korea.)

MIN JI: *(Uneasily)* The airplane's going down.

(Peers out the window.)

Why is it all white, Hak Soo?

HAK SOO: It's just snow, Min Ji. Just the same as we have at home.

MIN JI: It doesn't look the same! Hak Soo, what if I don't like them?

HAK SOO: *(Grandly)* If you don't like them, you can come home with me. C'mon, let's race the airplanes they gave us.

(Starts to play with her, zooming the plastic planes in the air.)

MIN JI: Were you in an orphanage too?

HAK SOO: No.

MIN JI: Then why did they send you to America?

HAK SOO: *(Hesitates)* Ooma said ... to grow tall.

MIN JI: Hak Soo, I want to go back. I want to go b-a-c-k.

(Cries.)

(Lighting comes up on SONG YEE and dims on MIN JI anxiously peering out the window. HAK SOO is drawn to SONG YEE.)

SONG YEE: And it will be a beautiful big plane, Hak Soo. Just like the ones near the army base. A silver bird, you used to call them, remember Winging through the sky. And when you get there, there will be children laughing, running, playing. Their cheeks will be round and rosy from the rice and meat they eat every day. Sometimes they throw out what is left, they have so much. That is what your father said. You

are too thin, my little one, and your jacket is too short. It is a land of plenty and a land of waste, but a land in which you can grow. I cannot do any more for you. Hak Soo, do you remember Admiral Yi Sun-Sin?

HAK SOO: He made the ship that looked like an iron turtle!

SONG YEE: No one had ever seen a war ship like that before. He took the enemy completely by surprise. And won.

HAK SOO: My teacher said he saved Korea.

SONG YEE: He did. And even though he lived over four hundred years ago, we still honor him. Hak Soo, Admiral Yi Sun-Sin was a man of courage. And you must be too.

HALMONI: Hak Soo, remember, when you die, your spirit will return to Korea. It will come back swiftly and rest beside me. Oh, Hak Soo, I wish were not so old, not so sick. If your grandfather were alive, he would never allow this. NEVER!

(Holds him close.)

(HAK SOO is pulled back to the jet liner. Lighting comes up on jet liner and fades on Korea.)

MIN JI: The night before I left some of the children at the orphanage told me if the Americans are angry with you, they put you in boiling water and cook you like rice. They said the Americans poison the food if they don't like you. And just before I went to sleep my friend whispered, "You'll never see a Korean face again!"

(Weeps.)

HAK SOO: Min Ji, c'mon, let's hide under the seats. Then when the plane goes back to Korea, we'll still be on it!

(They hide under the seats. The FLIGHT ATTENDANT sees them.)

FLIGHT ATTENDANT: Don't you see the sign, children?

(Helps them back into their seats.)

Put your seat belts on. We're landing in New York now.

(Fastening seat belts.)

T-h-a-t's it!

HAK SOO: Min Ji, why don't you try it for a week?

MIN JI: If I don't like it, will you help me go back, Hak Soo? Will you?

HAK SOO: *(Nods gravely)* If I don't like it, I'll go back too! But Min Ji, when you are hungry, for a long time, you think only of the rice bowl. You dream of the rice bowl--filled. Min Ji, I want to eat until there is no more room inside. Just once. Just once, I want to fill my rice bowl to the top.

MIN JI: *(Admiring him.)* Aren't you scared at all, Hak Soo?

HAK SOO: *(Lies.)* No.

MIN JI: Is that why they call you Tall Boy?

HAK SOO: All Korean men are tall--inside. That's what my grandmother said. She said, "It is better than being tall on the outside--like the American soldiers." Then my mother got angry, and she cried. And then she sent me here.

MIN JI: Was your father a soldier?

HAK SOO: Yes.

MIN JI: Are you going to his house now?

HAK SOO: No.

MIN JI: Why not?

HAK SOO: *(Saving face.)* He's dead.

MIN JI: The people I have to live with sent pictures. Color pictures. Hak Soo, their faces were all white.

Like raw bean curd. And their noses were long and sharp. And pointed. And the lady's hair was orange.

(The airplane lands with a jolt.)

HAK SOO: *(Swallows hard.)* Min Ji, did you ever hear of Admiral Yi Sun-Sin?

(Lights fade. End of Scene One.)

Scene Two — *An airport waiting room. There is a black vinyl couch and an aluminum frame chair with a white vinyl cushion. Off the waiting room is a long corridor that leads to the glass exit doors. Overhead is a bright fluorescent light.*

As the scene begins BERT, MONICA, a SOCIAL WORKER, and MR. and MRS. GREEN are in clusters waiting anxiously. MONICA EDWARDS is in her mid-thirties and is a high school history teacher. She prefers the predictable. She is dressed in a silk shirt, wool pants and blazer. BERT EDWARDS is in his forties and is a research engineer. He is intelligent, firm and sympathetic. He wears a down jacket and corduroy slacks.

The SOCIAL WORKER is an efficient woman in her fifties. MRS. GREEN has bright orange-red hair, is twenty-five, wears a T-shirt, jeans, jacket, and too much make-up. MR. GREEN, thirty, wears several cameras over his heavy wool plaid shirt and jeans. An announcement comes over the loudspeaker.

VOICE OVER LOUDSPEAKER: Northwest Orient announces the arrival of Flight Six.

MRS. GREEN: That's it!

MR. GREEN: That's us!

BERT: Here it comes, honey.

SOCIAL WORKER: *(Checking off identifications on her clipboard.)* There's your son. Why don't you go over and say hello?

(HAK SOO and MIN JI are coming off the ramp. They both have large name and address tags pinned to their clothes. MIN JI is scooped up by MRS. GREEN. MR. GREEN takes flash pictures as they walk down the ramp. There is a flash bulb explosion. HAK SOO immediately ducks to the floor. MR. GREEN laughs. BERT quickly shows HAK SOO where the flash comes from.)

MRS. GREEN: *(Crying loudly)* Oh, you're here! My little girl is here at last. Oh, my baby!

HAK SOO: *(Speech reflects his inner thoughts.)* Even a baby would know better than to make so much noise in public.

(MIN JI is swept off by her new parents.)

MIN JI!

(HAK SOO tries to run after her, but the crowd is too thick.)

Min Ji! Min Ji!

(BERT stops him.)

BERT: Guess it's hard to say goodbye to his friend. Maybe we should find out who they are.

MONICA: *(Looking)* They've already gone out the door. We'd never find them in this crowd.

(HAK SOO stares despondently at the ground.)

BERT: He's scared. Confused. Let's just get him home.

SOCIAL WORKER: *(Inspects HAK SOO, says cheerfully.)* Oh, my, he's filthy. Better give him a hot bath.

I'll call you in a few days to see how you're getting on. If you have any questions, call me at the agency.

BERT: Do you know the name of the people who just left with the little girl?

SOCIAL WORKER: She's not one of ours. I think the tag said Smith.

BERT: Great. There's only four million to check.

MONICA: What city? Do you know? It's important.

SOCIAL WORKER: I thought I heard them say Buffalo. But Mr. and Ms. Edwards, what's important is that you have a son, who needs a hot bath. Better get him home now.

(SOCIAL WORKER starts to leave.)

MONICA: Wait! How do you pronounce his name?

SOCIAL WORKER: *(Smiles.)* Better ask your son that.

(SOCIAL WORKER exits. HAK SOO stands there, immobile.)

MONICA: *(Tries to put an arm around his shoulder.)* Hello, Hak Soo.

HAK SOO: *(Speech reflects his inner thoughts.)* Doesn't she know she shouldn't do that in public?

(MONICA tries to shake his hand. HAK SOO looks down at the floor. MONICA gestures toward herself.)

MONICA: Ooma. I'm your mother.

(HAK SOO jerks away violently.)

BERT: Try some of that food the social worker made us bring.

(MONICA digs into her carryall and offers him a sandwich, can of soda, and an apple. He refuses each. Then she tries to put a winter jacket on him, but he will have none of it.)

MONICA: So far I'm batting zero. He doesn't want a sandwich or an apple or a soda or a jacket--or for that matter, a new mother.

(BERT takes a child's size wool hat from his own down jacket pocket and tries to put it on HAK SOO's head, but HAK SOO flatly refuses to wear it.)

BERT: Let's go home. Oldest child on the plane. Nine years old. Not easy to get a new family. Looks like a pretty great kid to me, Monica.

(Grins and takes HAK SOO's hand firmly. For the first time HAK SOO looks up and lets BERT hold his hand, as they make their way out. HAK SOO kicks the door open with a taekwando kick.)

Hey, Take it easy.

MONICA: He just wants to show you how strong he is, Bert.

(Tries to pat HAK SOO's head, but he jerks away. They sit in seats that simulate a car.)

BERT: Where's that teddy bear the agency told you to buy for him?

MONICA: It's right here.

BERT: Well, give it to him to play with. It's a long ride yet.

MONICA: Here, Hak Soo. This is for you.

(MONICA holds it out to him, but HAK SOO won't take it.)

HAK SOO: *(Speech reflects his inner thoughts.)* I should have hid on the plane. This is worse than I

thought. These people keep dead bears. I wonder what else they keep.

(Looks out car window apprehensively.)

There's probably tigers in those hills. I wonder how I'll ever get back.

(MONICA touches his cheek with the bear and HAK SOO lets out a yowl.)

HAK SOO: OO-MA!

MONICA: Oh boy, I bet they can hear that all the way in Korea.

BERT: What's he calling for?

MONICA: His mother.

BERT: You're his mother now..

(HAK SOO is screaming.)

BERT: Monica, calm him down? I can't drive.

(HAK SOO continues crying.)

MONICA: Any bright ideas?.

BERT: I thought mothers were supposed to have instincts.

MONICA: Well, right now, my instinct is to get a translator fast.

BERT: At this hour?

MONICA: What about Bob?

BERT: We can't wake him up in the middle of the night. Besides, Monica, babies don't speak English, when they're born, and their parents manage.

HAK SOO: HALMONI!

MONICA: He's frightened., Bert. I don't blame him. We're strangers. Or he's never been in a car before.

Or he doesn't know where he's going. Or he's hungry. Or he's overtired. I don't know. Until today I taught American history in a suburban high school.

BERT: You still do.

MONICA: Bert, how long can a person scream?

BERT: I'm a research engineer, not a doctor. Eventually he'll get tired, he'll fall asleep in your arms, and by morning everything will be all right.

MONICA: I hope. Poor little kid.

(MONICA tries to hug him. HAK SOO kicks her violently.)

No, Hak Soo. No.

BERT: He's upset. Naturally. It shows he's intelligent.

(HAK SOO kicks him. Sound of car coming to a screeching halt.)

NO! We do not kick. We do not scream. In our house, we ask for what we want.

MONICA: Oh, boy, I just hope we get through this night.

(BERT turns on the car radio and the radio lights go on)

RADIO ANNOUNCER'S VOICE: Time at the tone is 12:01.

(Radio chime.)

BERT: You did! It's morning already. And he's still...

(The wailing stops suddenly. HAK SOO is fascinated by the lights and buttons of the radio.)

He stopped! The speech worked.

MONICA: Yes, Dear.

BERT: You don't believe me?

MONICA: Of course, I do.

BERT: You think it's the bright lights of a car radio, don't you? Not my firm control of the situation.

MONICA: That's one of those questions a good wife should never answer!

(Blackout. End of Scene Two.)

Scene Three — *The modern bathroom in the Edwards' home with a shiny enamel tub and medicine chest. It is one-thirty in the morning. MONICA, BERT, and HAK SOO stand near the tub.*

MONICA: She said to give him a bath first. Put his clothes right here, so he won't think we're going to take them away.

(BERT pantomimes that HAK SOO should take off his sweater and pants and gestures he should get in the tub. HAK SOO pulls off sweater and heavy pants. He stands there, uncertainly. BERT takes a huge bath towel and holds it up to create a make shift screen.)

BERT: He needs privacy.

(Gestures HAK SOO should get in the tub. HAK SOO puts a foot in the water and yowls. He jumps out and BERT wraps the towel around him, so he won't get cold.)

MONICA: I'll add some cold water.

(Does.)

BERT: Where's that bath toy you bought?

MONICA: *(Hunts in medicine chest.)* Here.

BERT: Listen, Hak Soo.

(Squeezes duck, and it squeaks. HAK SOO's yowling subsides.)

Look, I'm going to put the duck in the water, and you can play with it.

(Once again the towel becomes a screen allowing HAK SOO to start to get into the tub with the duck.)

MONICA: Bert, a bath won't do any good without soap. He's filthy.

(HAK SOO screams at the touch of the hot water.)

BERT: He's healthy, and he's frightened, and, as far as I'm concerned, he can get clean tomorrow!!

(BERT holds up the towel, and as HAK SOO gets out he wraps the towel around him.)

I thought you read in that adoptive parent book that Korean children liked to play for hours in the tub.

MONICA: I did.

(HAK SOO is screaming out of fear.)

When I meet the author, I may strangle her.

(BERT rumples HAK SOO's hair and hugs him as he dries him off.)

I better put some talcum powder on.

(Holds up can of powder.)

Here, Hak Soo. Don't be afraid. This is just powder for after your bath.

(MONICA hums a lullaby as she rubs his back. HAK SOO screams as the fine white powder pours down.)

HAK SOO: (*Speech reflects his inner thoughts*) is she pouring white dust all over me?

(*Struggling*)

He's making me so tired. I have to stay awake. These people are crazy. I'm not going to let his smile stop me. Hot water is for cooking. Pretend to like them. And then wait till they're asleep.

(*BERT tries to have him put pajamas on, but HAK SOO refuses. He puts old clothes back on.*)

BERT: Oh, well, tomorrow, you can have clean clothes. Maybe he's hungry.

MONICA: But, Bert, he wouldn't eat the sandwich or the soda or the cookie.

BERT: That was two hours ago. Maybe he wants something now. C'mon, Hak Soo.

(*Holds out his hand, and HAK SOO takes it.*)

You just have to know how to handle him, Monica.

(*Lights fade to indicate the passage of time. Chimes ring 3:00 a.m. HAK SOO quietly slips into the dark, cold bathroom. He is clutching the rubber duck. He squats on the floor alone, shivering. When he squeezes the duck, it squeaks. His shoulders shake as he sobs silently. An audible sob escapes.*)

(*Speech reflects his inner thoughts.*)

HAK SOO: Don't wake them up. Or you'll never escape. They didn't even have any food I could eat. Even the rice smelled strange. Maybe Min Ji's right. *Ooma! Halmoni!* I'm used to being hungry. It's not so bad. If you chew leaves very slowly, the ache goes away. But this new ache is a hundred times worse.

(*HAK SOO crosses stage holding the duck, squeezes it, and it squeaks.*)

Wish you could really talk and tell me the way to the airport. But I'll get there. I'll get back to KOREA. EVEN IF I HAVE TO WALK!

(*End of Scene Three.*)

Scene Four — *The next day. HAK SOO's room in the Edwards' home. It is newly decorated with a map of the world, bureau, twin bed, and a bookcase filled with games, books, and supplies. The teddy bear is propped up on the bookcase. HAK SOO is squatting on the floor, still in the clothes in which he arrived. BOB CHO stands in the doorway talking with MONICA. He is a tall, dark haired Korean scientist in his forties.*

MONICA: Bob, he won't eat, he won't drink. He sits and stares out the window for hours. And he won't sleep in his own room.

BOB: In Korea no one sleeps alone.

MONICA: He tried to run away last night. Fortunately, he only got as far as the corner. Bert heard the door click. He just stays in the clothes he arrived in, ready to run. He won't look at the new clothes I bought. He won't even look at the toys or the games. Please find out what's wrong.

BOB: I'll try.

(*BOB enters with a small snack table, chopsticks, rice and kimchi.*)

I brought you some Korean food--from my home.

(*They sit on the floor and eat Korean style. HAK SOO is obviously hungry.*)

Hak Soo, when was the last time you ate?

HAK SOO: Before I left.

BOB: That was three days ago!

HAK SOO: We had rice and kimchi--and watermelon.

BOB: Who made the kimchi?

HAK SOO: *Halmoni.* I chopped the cabbage, but she added all the spices. Our kimchi jar was that tall.
(Indicates as tall as his head.)

There's no kimchi jar here! NOT ANYWHERE!

BOB: We're going to have to teach your new family about kimchi and bulgogi- and what else?

HAK SOO: And rice!

BOB: Rice. Your mother said you wouldn't eat it. She said you spit it out.

HAK SOO: That's because she doesn't know how to cook it! It was all dry. Everything's different here.

Even the rice. They don't even have chopsticks. I thought I'd get sick from their food. I thought the food might poison me.

BOB: Tonight we'll all eat together. Some Korean food. Some American food. You can teach them how to use chopsticks, and they can teach you how to use a knife and fork. When you learn to speak English, you'll have to tell them how you scrambled for dry wood each day to feed a kitchen fire, and how you hunted for grains of rice that spilled out of the huge sacks on their way to Seoul.

HAK SOO: How did you know?

BOB: I did the same.

(Squats beside him and pats him affectionately on the back.)

Hak Soo, your new family wants you. Very much. You'll go to school. You'll eat well. They'll take good care of you.

HAK SOO: But I want to go home!

BOB: This is you; new home. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards are your new American mother and father.

(HAK SOO walks away with his head down, then whirls on BOB.)

HAK SOO: Why is this floor so cold, if this country is so rich?

(Kicks the twin bed.)

And what's this?

BOB: It's a bed. For sleeping. But I'm sure your parents won't mind if you'd rather sleep on the floor.

HAK SOO: At home we weren't rich, but our floor was warm from the kitchen fire. I want my old straw mat. After we eat, I want to go back to Korea!

(BOB puffs his pipe thoughtfully but doesn't respond.)

If you won't help me, I'll go back myself!

(BOB crosses to wall map.)

BOB: Come here, Hak Soo. Look at this map.

HAK SOO: What is it?

BOB: The world.--

HAK SOO: Where are we?

BOB: *(Points)* Here.

HAK SOO: Where is Korea?

(Bob points.)

There? No. That's not Korea. It's bigger. I know it's bigger!

(HAK SOO studies map as BOB explains.)

BOB: There's China. Japan. And in between is Korea. And in between the United States, where we are, and Korea is eleven thousand miles, the Pacific Ocean and the China Sea. There are oceans to swim and continents to cross. What you want is not possible, Hak Soo. You can't just run back.

(HAK SOO sinks down, forehead on carpet. His shoulders shake, but there is no sound. BOB puts a hand on his shoulder. HAK SOO shakes it away.)

This is your home now. Your new home.

HAK SOO: No-o-o-o. No!

(There is a pause.)

BOB: In my father's house my grandfather used to gather all the children together in the late afternoon and tell us stories about Korea. He would always begin in the same way. "Today you will hear them, and tomorrow you must tell them. To your children and one day to your grandchildren. That is how we save our Korean history." My favorite story was about Admiral Yi Sun-sin. Do you know that story, Hak Soo?

HAK SOO: I know all about him!

BOB: Well, then you know you have to be as brave as he was.

HAK SOO: *(Defiantly)* I'm not Yi-Sun-sin. I'm a SMALL BOY!

BOB: Ah. Your mother said you were nine years old.

HAK SOO: I'm ten. See, she took a year away!

BOB: No. Americans count birthdays differently. In Korea you're already one when you're born. In America your first birthday comes the year after you were born.

HAK SOO: Stupid country!

BOB: Give it a chance.

(BOB looks around the room full of toys, games, books and supplies.)

Hak Soo, have you ever had a toy before?

HAK SOO: Once. Once I had a toy. My father gave it to me, when I was two years old. A duck. I used to take it all around. Inside. Outside. It made a squeaky little sound, when I squeezed it, and it made me laugh. I never got another toy!

BOB: *(Gestures)* Well, now you have a whole room full of them.

HAK SOO: I don't want any of those.

(Points to bear.)

Who'd play with that?

BOB: Most American children.

HAK SOO: I'm not American! I'm Korean!! Why do they like them?

BOB: Well, a teddy bear's a special kind of toy. Like a friend. A friend who listens and never gets angry.

(Putting it on the shelf.)

I'll put it up there for now.

HAK SOO: And why is this house so big? Forty-five lights. I counted them. Forty five! And there are two different places to eat. When are all the other people coming?

BOB: There aren't any other people. Just the three of you.

HAK SOO: Just the three of us. Don't you live here too?

BOB: No, I have my own family and my own house. And pretty soon you'll come to visit us. We'll have a

complete Korean meal!

HAK SOO: All that space for just three people. It's dumb.

BOB: It's different.

HAK SOO: And I don't like their long noses. When she tries to speak Korean, all she does is read words from a book, and she doesn't pronounce them right. I can't tell if she's speaking Korean or American.

BOB: It's called English, and you'll have to learn it. Just like I did.

HAK SOO: Don't you miss Korea?

BOB: I have two homes in my heart. And so will you. In time.

(Gestures to pile of clothes.)

Hak Soo, your mother and father have brought you some nice new clothes. They'd like you to try them on.

HAK SOO: I don't want their clothes. I don't like it here. And I'm not staying.

BOB: You need someone to play with.

HAK SOO: I have someone to play with! Hyun Kwan. He's my best friend. When the pigs got out he'd help me chase them. And we used to jump on the haystacks. And in wintertime, we made skis out of sticks and went down the hill — FAST! And when the other kids beat me up, so I couldn't go to school, Hyun Kwan helped me get even. One night ...

(Lights come up on dark wooded area. HAK SOO is drawn into the scene. HYUN KWAN, a friend of HAK SOO's, about nine, is peering down the dirt road.)

HYUN KWAN: C'mon, he's coming now. Quick. Hide.

(HYUN KWAN and HAK SOO hide behind a tree. NAM CHUL enters and looks about apprehensively. There is the sound of leaves rustling and branches moving. NAM CHUL stops, looks nervously about, but it is too dark to see well. He shrugs it off and with bravado continues on his way. We hear animal sounds that resemble a tiger. NAM CHUL freezes in fear. Slowly the unmistakable eyes of a tiger peer through the foliage. NAM CHUL is terrified. There is the distant rumbling of a hungry beast. NAM CHUL screams and races off in terror. HAK SOO and HYUN KWAN came out shaking with silent laughter, their makeshift improvised tigers' eyes on a stick in HYUN KWAN's hands. Lighting dims on wooded area. HAK SOO is drawn back to his room.)

HAK SOO: He could imitate the sounds of a tiger perfectly. And all the other animals too. Chickens and pigs. He's my best friend. He looked with his heart and saw I was Korean. He didn't look with his eyes and say, "Go away!"

(Lighting fades on HYUN KWAN.)

BOB: *(Gently)* It's hard to leave old friends.

(Hand on his shoulder.)

Very hard. But you need someone to play with, who lives here.

HAK SOO: I don't want someone who lives here!

BOB: Hak Soo, the Edwards don't want you to be unhappy.

HAK SOO: Then why do they make me sleep all by myself?

BOB: I guess they thought you'd want your own room.

HAK SOO: What do I do if a tiger comes in the middle of the night!

BOB: *(Thoughtfully)* Why don't you keep a big stick by your bed--to scare off the tigers. But, Hak Soo, I've

never seen one here.

HAK SOO: You don't see them in the daytime!

(Miserable)

Please, tell them I want to go home.

BOB: Hak Soo, home is where you feel comfortable. Home is anywhere, anywhere you can find a little love—and a little rice.

HAK SOO: That's Korea! I want to go home! NOW!

BOB: Admiral Yi Sun-Sin didn't give up, because he was cold or he was lonely. He built a fire. He sang a song. He stopped. He rested. And then he went on.

HAK SOO: I don't want to go on!

(A knock at the door. BOB opens it.)

MONICA: Time for dinner.

(To BOB)

Will you stay?

BOB: Sure. I brought some Korean food for Hak Soo and chopsticks for all of us. It's in the kitchen. All you have to do is warm it up.

MONICA: That's lovely of you, Bob. Thank you.

(In a lower voice.)

Well, how'd you do? Will he change his clothes?

BOB: Monica, don't try to Americanize him in one day.

(Brief pause.)

MONICA: O.K. Dinner's in ten minutes.

(Exits.)

BOB: Tonight, Hak Soo, we'll eat some Korean food, kimchi, and rice-cake soup.

HAK SOO: *(Sighs)* Rice-cake soup. We only had that on special days.

BOB: I think this is a special day. And then we'll find a tiger stick. And I'll teach you to play a Korean song on the recorder.

(Picks up recorder from the shelf.)

HAK SOO: *(Curious)* Whose is that?

BOB: Yours.

HAK SOO: Mine?

BOB: Yes. From your new parents.

HAK SOO: Oh.

BOB: With music, you are never alone.

HAK SOO: *(Stubbornly)* But will you help me go home?

BOB: I will help you go home.

(BOB starts to play the familiar Korean folk song, Ari-rang. Lighting fades. End of Scene Four.)

Scene Five — *HAK SOO's room and the EDWARDS' kitchen. MONICA is reading to HAK SOO. Her arm is around him. BERT enters. HAK SOO smiles up at him and pats the bed beside him.*

HAK SOO: *(Looks up at MONICA expectantly)* Go on!

(As she is about to turn to the last page, HAK SOO stops her and covers his father's eyes. Then triumphantly HAK SOO turns the page that shows the little boy floating up in the air with the balloons.)

(To BERT)

And the boy flew up ... up ...

(Looks at MONICA for word.)

MONICA: With all the balloons.

HAK SOO: Lotsa balloons.

BERT: That's a good story.

(To MONICA)

How many times have you read it this week?

MONICA: Since the library's Storytime, five.

HAK SOO: Six!

MONICA: He's right!

HAK SOO: Buy the book!

MONIA: But we can keep the library copy for another week.

HAK SOO: No.

(Gesturing future time)

For tomorrow. And tomorrow. And tomorrow.

BERT: Two months. He's been here two months today. Maybe we could manage a present.

(Hugs MONICA)

And a bottle of wine for us.

MONICA: Oh, I better hurry. Bob's bringing over bulgogi for dinner. Did I say it right?

(HAK SOO nods joyously)

And Hak Soo, you're going to teach us the right way to use chopsticks!

(Doorbell rings.)

Bert, would you answer the door?

(BERT exits.)

Hak Soo, did you make the birthday card for daddy?

(HAK SOO finds it and holds it out to her.)

Oh, Hak Soo, it's a beautiful picture. Look at all the animals. And they're all smiling.

HAK SOO: *(From under his bed, he takes a birthday present.)* Sh-h-h-h.

(Lighting fades on bedroom and comes up on the kitchen. HAK SOO and MONICA march in. HAK SOO bows slightly to BOB, who sits there with BERT. HAK SOO crosses to BERT and presents the birthday card. BERT looks at the card HAK SOO has given him.)

BERT: Hak Soo! This must have taken you hours to draw!

HAK SOO: HAPPY BIRTHDAY ...

(Says for the first time.)

DAD!

(Hugs him.)

BERT: That's the best present I could get.

HAK SOO: *(Giving him the package.)* Open it.

BERT: *(Opens box)* Well, now, a nice wool sweater. I can always use that. Thanks, everybody. Now, let's have our Korean meal.

(MONICA serves rice, bolgogi, kimchi, seaweed, and spinach. HAK SOO and BOB dive in with chopsticks. HAK SOO demonstrates to his parents, giving them lessons during the next few speeches.)

HAK SOO: Watch!

(Tastes spinach.)

Ma-shi-It-da.

BOB: That means delicious.

MONICA: Say it again.

BOB: *Ma-shi-It-da.*

MONICA: *(Repeats) Ma-shi-It-da.*

(Samples spinach.)

How do you make the spinach?

BOB: Cook it first. Drain it. Add soy sauce and sesame oil. Put it in the refrigerator overnight.

MONICA: I can see I'm going to have to make that for Hak Soo! It's all gone! And the kimchi too. But that's way too spicy for me.

BOB: In Korea no meal is complete without it! Breakfast, lunch and dinner. Every family has its own recipe, and every family has a kimchi jar to store in the ground.

HAK SOO: *(Points to refrigerator.)* They don't have those.

(BERT is having trouble with the chopsticks.)

No, like this.

BOB: If you eat kimchi every day, you won't get sick.

BERT: No germ would dare. It's powerful stuff!

(Finally masters chopsticks.)

HAK SOO: GOOD!

MONICA: You're a good teacher, Hak Soo.

(They freeze in a tableau.)

HAK SOO: *(Speech reflects inner thoughts.)* Every night I fill my rice bowl to the top. And the tigers never come near.

(End of Scene Five.)

Scene Six — *On the street near the Edwards' home and in the Edwards' kitchen. BILLY WAINWRIGHT is chasing HAK SOO. BILLY is blonde, bright, and a bully, about eleven years old.)*

BILLY: *(Chants)* Yellow banana! You're a yel-low ba-na-na.

(HAK SOO tries to ignore him and continues toward his house.)

Pancake face. Chink!

(HAK SOO whirls around to confront him. BILLY, with his index fingers, pulls his eyes so that they slant. He does what he thinks is a clever imitation.)

AH-HSO!

(In his own voice)

Man, can you see out of those?

(BILLY pushes him into the dirt.)

Eat the dirt, you dirty Korean.

(The boys fight.)

HAK SOO: *(On top of him)* It's better than being a blonde moron.

BILLY: Koreans are stupid.

HAK SOO: OH, YEAH.

(They wrestle, kick, and punch.)

BILLY: Why don't you go back on the boat you came on?

HAK SOO: I came on an airplane.

BILLY: Tell 'em we don't want any more petrified rice!

HAK SOO: I'd like to send you there. You'd be fish food in half an hour.

BILLY: Oh, yeah?

HAK SOO: Yeah!

(Neither boy has won the fight. HAK SOO, near his house, starts to go inside.)

BILLY: *(Taunts)* Baby's gonna tell his Mommy! Baby's gonna tell ...

(HAK SOO whirls around.)

She's not your REAL mother. Your real mother didn't even want you. Your real mother gave you away!

(HAK SOO picks up a rock and heaves it as BILLY exits. It hits its target. BILLY yowls in pain. HAK SOO defiantly walks into his kitchen, trying to conceal his rage.)

MONICA: *(Attempts to give him a peck on the cheek, but he turns away.)* Hi, Paul Hak Soo. Just got home a few minutes ago myself. How was school?

HAK SOO: *(Puts books down)* O.K. Can I go out and ride my bike?

MONICA: Do you have homework?

HAK SOO: You're not answering my question. Why do you always do that?

MONICA: Homework first, Paul. You know the rule.

HAK SOO: Don't call me Paul.

MONICA: Hak Soo, then. You can switch your names around.

HAK SOO: And don't call me Hak Soo!

(HAK SOO storms into his bedroom. MONICA gets salad ready, slashing the tomatoes. She takes a letter from her purse, debates, then puts it on the table. HAK SOO reenters with his homework.)

What's this?

MONICA: *(Glancing at it)* It tells you to add, subtract, and multiply. You know all that!

HAK SOO: STUPID! Why they use words? Math is numbers!

(HAK SOO sees letter on the table.)

MONICA: There's a letter for you. The agency sent it to me.

(HAK SOO opens it, looks at photos inside. MONICA crosses and stands beside him.)

Is that your grandmother?

(HAK SOO nods.)

Do all Korean women wear this dress?

HAK SOO: *Hanbok.*

MONICA: What?

HAK SOO: *Hanbok! Hanbok! It's called hanbok.*

(Looks at her scathingly.)

They don't wear pants!

(He tries to read his letter. MONICA continues to make salad, watching him out of the corner of her eye. HAK SOO throws the letter down in utter frustration.)

I can't read Korean!

MONICA: You can't read it?

HAK SOO: No!

MONICA: But I thought you could.

HAK SOO: It's too hard.

MONICA: *(Sighs)* I'll call Bob

HAK SOO: Why you send me second grade? In Korea, third grade.

MONICA: We've been through this before. The school year's different, that's all. In Korea it starts in the spring. Here it starts in the fall. WHAT IS WRONG, HAK SOO?

HAK SOO: The school is filthy. It's for animals. People talk angry to me. No one likes me. Did you get my lock for my bike?

MONICA: I haven't had time. Friday after school, I will. Promise. You know I work all week.

HAK SOO: *(Irritably)* Why you have to work?

(The telephone rings.)

MONICA: Hello. Who? Oh-oh yes. Now wait a minute. What happened?

(HAK SOO exits.)

Well, it's my experience as a teacher that there are always two sides to any story, Ms. Wainwright. How many stitches? No, I haven't had a chance. I just got home. I'm sorry to hear about this, Ms. Wainwright, but the incident had nothing to do with whether or not I was home--or whether or not I work! But I will talk to him now.

(Puts receiver down.)

Hak Soo?

(No answer.)

Hak Soo! Come here, when I call you. She says I don't discipline enough, huh?

(HAK SOO enters uncertainly.)

Hak Soo, did you throw a rock at Billy Wainwright?

(HAK SOO looks at the floor.)

His mother just called. Did you or didn't you?

(HAK SOO doesn't answer.)

He had to have stitches, and she wants us to pay the doctor's bill.

HAK SOO: DON'T!

MONICA: Did you throw a rock?

(No answer.)

Paul, we're a family here. Please answer me, when I ask you a direct question.

HAK SOO: You're not my family! My family's in Korea. This isn't my home. My home's in Korea. I'm not American. I'm Korean.

MONICA: O.K. What happened?

HAK SOO: He called me names.

MONICA: So, you ignore him. You're going to have to learn to ignore things like that.

HAK SOO: You don't understand.

MONICA: I understand that in our home we don't throw rocks. We try to talk about what's bothering us.

HAK SOO: How'd you like it if they said all Koreans are stupid? It hurts!

MONICA: Paul, I asked you how school was.

HAK SOO: This was after school!

MONICA: Did you throw a rock? Just answer yes or no.

HAK SOO: YES! And I wish I'd murdered him!

(HAK SOO runs out. BERT and BOB enter. BOB puts down his briefcase.)

BERT: Hi, honey. Bob and I are going to play some tennis. Then I'll be home for supper. What's wrong?

MONICA: *(Shows him the letter.)* But he couldn't read it. He's forgetting his Korean. And Ms. Wainwright is threatening to sue us.

BERT: Sue us!

MONICA: Apparently Billy called Hak Soo some names, and Hak Soo threw a rock at him.

BERT: Always hated that kid.

MONICA: Well, your son isn't the least bit sorry.

BERT: Well, we'll have to teach him. People can't go around throwing rocks every time they're angry.

(To BOB)

There wouldn't be enough rocks to go around, right Bob?

MONICA: You tell him! I tried. Bert, I had a hard day before I got home.

BERT: O.K. I'll talk to him. I'll talk to him after supper.

MONICA: *(Gives BOB the letter.)* Bob, would you translate it?

BOB: I don't think the agency should have sent this to you. He has to adjust here. To you.

MONICA: Bob, he's worried if his family is still alive. One night he was screaming in his sleep. He thought soldiers were shooting in his village and his house was on fire. Every night he kicks all his covers off, tossing and turning. He has to know his family is safe.

BOB: *(To BERT.)* We'll play tennis later. Call your son.

(Studies letter.)

BERT: Hak Soo!

(HAK SOO enters.)

BOB: Hello, Hak Soo

(Tries to rumple his hair, but HAK SOO moves away.)

BERT: Hak Soo, Bob is going to translate the letter for you, and then after supper you and I need to talk.

Man to man.

(BERT and MONICA exit.)

BOB: *(Kindly)* You are a lucky boy, Hak Soo. Try not to spoil it.

(HAK SOO looks down at the floor. BOB begins to read.)

"My dear Hak Soo...

(A spotlight comes up on SONG YEE and dims on BOB.)

SONG YEE: *(Speaks as she writes the letter.)* It's raining outside. Without thinking, my little one, I ran out calling your name to find you. But of course you were not there. I hope you are happy and well in your new home. Here are the photographs we said we would send you. Please send us one of you with your American parents. Be a good son. Work hard in school. Please thank your American family for all they are doing for you.

(Puts letter in envelope, seals it, then continues.)

Oh, Hak Soo, you are thousands of miles away. I stand here pretending you are just playing hide and seek, and in a minute you will jump out, and I'll pretend I'm scared, just the way we used to, and we will laugh and laugh. I stand here in the mud, rain drops streaming down my face But when I go inside, they do not stop.

(Lighting fades on SONG YEE and comes back up on BOB.)

BOB: Now, go help your parents. I'll call you tomorrow.

(BOB pats HAK SOO's head and leaves. MONICA and BERT enter with forced cheerfulness.)

MONICA: Would you set the table, Paul? Dinner's nearly ready.

HAK SOO: *(A devil inside.)* Women cook. Women clean. Women set table. Not MEN!

BERT: *(Grabs him.)* Stop It! Don't ever talk to your mother that way!

HAK SOO: She's not my mother.

BERT: We all live here, Paul. We like you. We care about you. And there are certain things you have to do.

Like taking a bath, brushing your teeth, going to school, and doing what your mother and I ask you to do. You better learn to help without making faces.

(Turns him around.)

Now, set the table.

HAK SOO: *(Slams silverware and plates on table.)* I DON'T WANT ANY DINNER! AND I'M NOT GOING TO BED!

(BERT yanks HAK SOO's arm and roughly propels him towards his room.)

BERT: You are going to your room, Paul Edwards! Right now!

HAK SOO: I'M NOT PAUL EDWARDS!

(HAK SOO runs off. MONICA is upset and starts to go after him. The door slams.)

BERT: Leave him alone!

MONICA: Miss dinner? I made meatloaf and Korean spinach. His favorites.

BERT: Well, he can eat them later. He has to learn, Monica. One of the best ways to treat a temper tantrum is to ignore it.

(BERT and MONICA sit down to eat. She serves, and they eat while they talk.)

MONICA: Bert, he said he wanted to kill Billy, and he meant it.

BERT: Billy Wainwright has a foul tongue in his head. I saw him in action, when I coached Little League.

MONICA: And he was screaming at the top of his lungs all the reasons he hated being here.

BERT: Well, you shouldn't stand for that, Monica. Why didn't you stop him?

MONICA: Ever try to stop a hurricane? Bert, we agreed we would never use food as a punishment.

BERT: No one's going to like him, if he loses his temper all the time. I don't like what I just saw.

(They eat in silence.)

MONICA: *(Listening.)* Bert, it's awfully quiet. Maybe he's ready now to apologize and have dinner with us.

BERT: Then he'll have to come out and apologize! You have to be firm, Monica! Firm!

(More silence.)

I think I'll have dessert later. Paul and I are going to have a talk. Now. Then, I'm going to buy him a punching bag.

MONICA: That's a good idea!

(BERT exits. MONICA starts to clear the table. BERT rushes back in.)

BERT: He's not there.

MONICA: What!

BERT: He's not in his room. He's GONE!

(End of Scene Six. End of ACT ONE.)

19 pages in ACT TWO

As a prolific author of plays and novels, primarily for children, Joanna H. Kraus has an impressive list of titles:

PLAY TITLES

Short Plays

- [Tamales and Roses](#) **LEICESTER BAY THEATRICALS**
- [Me2](#) **LEICESTER BAY THEATRICALS**
- [The Dragon Hammer and The Tale of Oniroku](#), Two Plays from the Far East in an illustrated book (New Plays . Now Published by **LEICESTER BAY THEATRICALS** in a text only version.)
- Ms. Courageous, Women of Science: Elizabeth Blackwell and Marie Curie. (done as a book by New Plays, now published by Dramatic Publishing.)
- **The Shaggy Dog Murder Trial** (Anchorage Press, now published by **Dramatic Publishing**)
- **Interview** done with Greer Woodward in an anthology (Meriwether, now owned by **Pioneer Drama Service**)
- **Best Friends Don't Bite** in an anthology (**Dramatic Publishing**)

Full-Length Plays

- [Kimchi Kid](#) (New Plays, **LEICESTER BAY THEATRICALS**)
- [For the Glory](#) with Hobart Brown (produced, **LEICESTER BAY THEATRICALS**)
- **The Ice Wolf** (New Plays, now published by **Dramatic Publishing**)
- **Vasalisa** (New Plays. Out of Print.)
- **Mean to be Free** (New Plays, now published by **Dramatic Publishing**)
Also a version with Resource Material by Cecily O'Neill (Collins educational, UK)
- **Circus Home** (New Plays, now published by **Dramatic Publishing**.)
- **Secrets** (New Plays, now published by **Dramatic Publishing**)
Also a version with Resource Material by Cecily O'Neill (HarperCollins UK)
- Remember My Name (Samuel French)
- **Sunday Gold** (**Dramatic Publishing**)
- **Angel in the Night** (**Dramatic Publishing**)
- Christabel and the Amazing Pedal Power Challenge (Dramatic Publishing)
- **The Great American Train Ride** (New Plays) This was an improvisational multi-disciplinary piece. (oop)
- Tenure Track (Players Press, oop)

BOOK TITLES

- [The Blue Jeans Rebellion](#) (**Leicester Bay Books**)
- Tall Boy's Journey (Carolrhoda/Lerner)
- **A Night of Tamales and Roses** (**Shenanigan Books**) (The theatrical version is available through [LEICESTER BAY THEATRICALS](#))
- Blue Toboggan (Mascot Books)
- **Bravo, Benny** (**Mirror Publishing**)
- Oh Little Ham of Buffalo, a Korean Adoption Memoir (Mirror Publishing)
- **The Last Baron of Arizona** (**Pyracantha Press**, Arizona State University)