Onegai.

ACT I

Scene I/DAY I

*(Current times. Unknown city. There is an impaired old man in his 70s on one side of the avenue’s sidewalk.)*

OLD MAN: I’m getting a little bit long in the tooth to get back here everyday.

OLD MAN: *(looks to the wristwatch)* I used to take 20 minutes to arrive from home, now it has passed an hour. But I need this. I need to keep going.

OLD MAN: I require help now to cross over the street. Let me ask someone.

*(The old man approaches to a group of 3 young triplets.)*

OLD MAN: Hey, children, may you…. Oh, you look so young, how old a…

TRIPLET 1: Oh, it’s the old man that ate her wife at breakfast!

OLD MAN: Wait a second, what?

TRIPLET 2: No way! The one from the story Papa told us last night?

TRIPLET 3: Unbelievable! Sooooo creepy. May I ask you an autograph?

OLD MAN: Oh God, please help me in this hour of need…

TRIPLET 2: Shhhh, Papa does not let us talk to strangers. He could devour us for dinner.

TRIPLET 1: Eow, that sounds disgusting.

TRIPLET 3: Soooooo cool. Let me be the first one, onegai!

OLD MAN: Can you stop pretending to ignore me?

TRIPLET 2: We cannot talk to strangers, sir. It’s no our fault. It’s Papa’s.

OLD MAN: But I’m not a stranger, after all, I was introduced to you last night, if I remember correctly…

TRIPLET 3: Soooooo genius, my ultimate idol!

OLD MAN: You are so young, it’s dangerous to go around alone today when you are such a child like you. It’s been a long time since I was your age, probably five years old, when I passed by here every day, it was still a narrow street, to go to school. But those were other times, there weren't many cars, and the streets were less dangerous.

TRIPLET 1: Papa had to work, so we’re going to school all by ourselves.

TRIPLET 2: Don’t underestimate the power of the triplets!

TRIPLET 3: Although I’m the coolest one, don’t tell them about this, ok?

OLD MAN: I wanted help to cross the street but you’re in a hurry, I’ll try to catch someone else…

TRIPLET 2: That’s true, we must not talk to strangers anyway.

OLD MAN: Oh God, I forgot to bring a flower! What am I gonna do?

TRIPLET 3: *(takes a crumpled-cold flower from his coat pocket)* Take it, please kind sir!I picked it on the way till here for my girlfriend, but it’s ok.

OLD MAN: Thank you! Are you sure about this?

TRIPLET: Soooooo sure. Chicks… There are plenty. But you sir – the coolest serial killer still alive – I am your greatest fan!

OLD MAN: I do not know what to say about this, I’ll just quit. Please, take care!

*(The old man approaches a lady passing by.)*

OLD MAN: Good morning, lass!

LASS: …

OLD MAN: Hmm, could you stand a hand to help an old man? I need to go to the other side…

LASS: …

OLD MAN: Oh, you don’t speak English… También puedo hablar un poco de español.

LASS: …

OLD MAN: Hmm… Ok…

*(The old man approaches a young man.)*

OLD MAN: Hi, boy, I’m an old man that can hardly walk and I needed to cross the street, could you please help me? Onegai.

POLICEMAN: Oh, so now you complain! But last time I checked you were yelling to leave you alone, that your legs could run a marathon.

OLD MAN: Excuse me, do I know you?

POLICEMAN: The uniform makes all the difference, don’t you think? I’m the policeman that visited you last week.

OLD MAN: Oh. How lucky I am.

POLICEMAN: Please, sir, you should really think about what I said.

OLD MAN: May I kindly ask what was it? My schedule’s being so stirring lately…

POLICEMAN: Let me move you to a senior center. Onegai.

OLD MAN: I already said no.

POLICEMAN: Onegai.

OLD MAN: No. I can’t even afford it.

POLICEMAN: Your family will help. I’m sure of it.

OLD MAN: There is no one left. The only person I had is gone a long time ago.

POLICEMAN: Oh, I’m sorry. But we’ll find a way.

OLD MAN: No.

POLICEMAN: Onegai.

OLD MAN: No!

POLICEMAN: You know I won’t give up so easily, sir. You live in an apartment on the last floor. It’s alarming for you to use them in your condition.

OLD MAN: I have the lift.

POLICEMAN: C’mon, stop sa…

OLD MAN: Leave me alone, now! I won’t ever quit my home! Never! There until I die! It’s the only thing left. The only thing left that remembers me of her.

OLD MAN: LEAVE ME ALONE! I SAID LEAVE ME ALONE! LEAVE ME ALONE OR I’LL CALL THE POLICE!

POLICEMAN: I am the police.

OLD MAN: LEAVE ME ALONE NOW!

*(The old man approaches an old lady.)*

OLD LADY: Such a wonderful good-looking gentleman…

OLD MAN: I’m sorry but, do I know you?

OLD LADY: No, but you could…

OLD MAN: It might be some kind of mistake.

OLD LADY: It’s been a while since I don’t touch man’s flesh. And my body lacks on masculine chair too!

OLD MAN: My heart is already taken. Excuse me.

OLD LADY: Who cares about that? I just wanna take on a ride!

OLD MAN: It all started with a woman. It all will end with a woman. Have a good day.

*(The man approaches a boy in his late teens.)*

TEEN: What do you want, dumbass?

OLD MAN: Hey, kid, show some respect. I could be your grandfather.

TEEN: You could. That’s right. Although you’re not. I have no family since my first memory.

OLD MAN: My sympathies. I have no family too. I did not have time to make one of my own. No one will ever call me Papa. It’s all my fault. All my fault!

TEEN: I don't look like a psychologist, big ball. Get the fuck outta here.

OLD MAN: Language, child!

*(The old man approaches a mysterious man using a hood.)*

*(If the old man does not have a flower.)*

OLD MAN: I have the feeling that I should check on someone else first.

*(If the old man has the flower.)*

OLD MAN: Please. Onegai. Listen to me. I should go to the other side. Help me.

MAN: How much?

OLD MAN: How much what?

MAN: Bucks.

OLD MAN: Wait a second, so… It means I need to give you money so you could succour me?

MAN: Bucks control everything.

OLD MAN: Sorry but I did not bring my wallet.

MAN: No pain, no gain.

OLD MAN: Okay… Take it. It’s all I have right now.

*(The man starts running away.)*

OLD MAN: Hey, where are you going? Come back! Please! Come back… I need to see her again… Come back. Onegai.

*(Suddenly, another old man hears the yelling and comes close to him.)*

???: Sir, are you feeling alright? Should I call 911?

OLD MAN: Oh, my apologies for making you worry about me. I’m fine, or I’ll be, at least. I just wanted to get to the other side… My legs… They’re making me shiver. I’m no longer the man that I used to be.

???: No one is the same as they used to. People change. And that’s okay. Don’t think about it as a negative thing. It’s just, you know… Life in its essence.

OLD MAN: I’m not living for so long… I’m just surviving.

???: Aren’t we all?

*(The man who had arrived realizes that the old man is not paying attention to their conversation. He is fixedly looking towards a traffic signal, in the middle of the avenue where they are.)*

???: Oh, I talk too much! You know, retirement is turning me into an useless haughty old man! I never imagined I would be like this…

OLD MAN: As you said. People change.

???: Oh, right, right! I almost forgot. Let’s keep going then?

OLD MAN: Yes, please. My legs are tired.

*(Both men start traversing.)*

???: So, what brings you here today?

OLD MAN: …

*(There is a small pavement at the center, around the traffic signal. The unknown individual pulls the old man by the arm, helping him cross faster. As they prepare to pass through the second route, the old man continually pulls his arm back until the other releases him.)*

OLD MAN: Wait, sir! I wish to accomplish something else first.

*(The old man takes the flower out of his pocket and then tries to place it near the signal.)*

OLD MAN: Oh God, my legs! I might not be able to bend down ever again.

???: No worries, sir. Let me do it for you!

*(The other old man places the moribund flower.)*

???: Poor thing, it’s almost dead!

OLD MAN: It could be worse – it could have died a long time ago. Because of me and my recklessness.

???: Even so, this is such a beautiful lily! One day I heard that they symbolize lust.

OLD MAN: The lust of being by her side. I’m almost there, honey. It’s getting closer and closer.

???: Where did you find it?

OLD MAN: A kid gave it to me earlier. Such an energetic lively boy, with all his life beyond him! I wish him the best of luck. The luck that I never had.

FLOURIST: Flowers, my passion all my life! I used to have a flower shop nearby. I gave it to my son. It’s a lot of responsibility for someone my age.

OLD MAN: How old are you?

FLOURIST: 80.

OLD MAN: You seemed younger than me. I guess life wasn’t wicked for you.

FLOURIST: Such a compliment!

*(A bell starts ringing. 4 times in total.)*

OLD MAN: It’s time.

FLOURIST: Oh, time flies! I also need to go. Let me help you cross the rest.

*(The flourist helps the old man reach the other side of the avenue.)*

OLD MAN: Thank you. How much is it?

FLOURIST: Kidding at this time of the day? I prefer other kind of playtesting…

OLD MAN: I did not ask anything.

FLOURIST: It was such a pleasure to meet you! I usually have a coffee before 4 pm at the cafeteria. If you ever need my help again, just stop by. Oh, and if you need a flower, go to my puppy's flower shop, I'll let you know it's for an old friend.

OLD MAN: Thank you for your kindness. It felt so good to chat with someone.

FLOURIST: Oh, so silly of me, my apologies, I did not even ask you for who was the flower that you deposited earlier.

OLD MAN: Just an old friend.

FLOURIST: Oh, I see! Well, see you… Tomorrow, maybe?

OLD MAN: Yes, I came by everyday at the same hours.

FLOURIST: Why?

OLD MAN: She deserves it for what she could not do. And I deserve it for what I’ve done.