

TI MANGYUNA

(THEY WHO LED THE WAY)

A Drama With Dance and Music

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A historical drama in 3 Acts with Prologue and Epilogue
About plantation life in Hawaii in the 1930s and
The labor struggle of Filipinos and other ethnic communities

(In English with Ilokano (a Filipino dialect),
Japanese, Hawaiian & pidgin flavoring)

Written for performances throughout Hawaii,
In commemoration of
The 75th Anniversary of Filipino immigration to Hawaii, 1981

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TI MANGYUNA

C A S T

Carlos Hermosa -- plantation worker, early 20s
Michiko Tanaka -- Mr. Tanaka's daughter
Mr. Tanaka -- a *luna*, or plantation foreman
Doming -- plantation worker, Carlos' friend
Angel -- plantation worker, Carlos' friend
Reverend Keoni Wong
Felipe -- plantation worker
Mateo -- plantation worker
Cora -- plantation worker
Pilar -- plantation worker
Loling -- plantation worker
Dionisio -- plantation worker
Tony Fagel -- labor organizer*
Bailey O'Connor -- union organizer**
Jose -- a houseboy
Jose Paredes -- Philippine colonial Labor Commissioner
Sheriff
The Big 5: Frank Baldwin -- plantation owner
 The Matron
 The Judge
 The Banker
Kenji -- a shopkeeper

* Based on the actual historical figure of the same name, Antonio Fagel.

** Based on the historical figure who is actually named Bill Bailey.

TI MANGYUNA

PROLOGUE:

Choreographed movement and dance with music presenting a historical sweep of the people of Hawaii people beginning from the time of pre-Western native Hawaiian society.

Then a gangplank from a ship is lowered – it is the arrival of the first European and American traders, merchants and Christian missionaries in the _____ 1700s?.

Then recruited immigrant laborers descend down the gangplank for the growing sugar plantation industry: Chinese, Portuguese, Japanese, Puerto Rican, Korean and lastly, the Filipinos.

The next sequence depicts the oppressive treatment of plantation workers as they bend and cut the sugarcane and carry heavy loads, The plantation owners and their *lunas* (overseers) lord over them.

The Prologue closes in 1924. The Filipino plantation workers are on strike. Then there is an armed standoff against their bosses and the police – the Hanapepe Massacre. Many workers are shot dead. A few police also die. (The toll is actually 14 workers and _____ police dead.) We hear the solemn tolling of church bells.)

[Where's the text for this?]

ACT I, SCENE 1

The solemn bell tolling from the Hanapepe Massacre transforms into joyous church bells ringing as lights come up on the yard in front of a modest little rural church. It is a Sunday morning in 1932 in the plantation community of Puunene, Maui. The church has a sign posted: UNITED METHODIST CHURCH OF PUUNENE, MAUI. JAPANESE SERVICE 7:00 A.M. FILIPINO SERVICE 8:00 A.M. REVEREND KEONI WONG, PASTOR. Through a side doorway we can partially see Rev. Wong give the last words of his sermon. Carlos, a Filipino fieldworker is alone in the yard. He is scribbling notes on a piece of paper. Once in a while he stops, reads his notes to himself with a few dramatic gestures.

REV. WONG: (offstage, grand and holy) And so my brothers and sisters in Christ, the story of the Good Samaritan is a very important lesson. Because it is not enough to say you love the Lord but we must also love our neighbor as ourselves. Let us pray!

(The piano introduction of a hymn then the churchgoers sing. Other Filipinos gradually enter the yard and some call out and greet each other in their *Ilokano* dialect. Two men enter, Doming, a fancy dresser and *palakero* (playboy-type); and Angel, down-to-earth and

simple approach Carlos.

ANGEL: Ania, (hey) Carlos! What you doing?

CARLOS: Uy, Angel. Doming. I make notes for Bible class today - about Rev. Wong's sermon on the Good Samaritan. Tell me what you think:

"And so *kailian*, (countrymen) here on the plantation, we should practice this lesson of the Good Samaritan - everybody - Japanee, Pilipino, Podagee (Portuguese). I know we work in separate gang and live different camp. And Podagee make more money than Japanee who make more than Korean who make more than us Pilipino. But even so, no can be good Christian if we no can help each other out. After all, the world is more big than this plantation, and everybody belong to the great family of mankind.

ANGEL: Sound pretty good. But... if we workers all the same, how come we don't all get same pay?

DOMING: Yeah! And I never yet see one Pilipino luna, eh!

CARLOS: (notices Doming's fancy suit with a slap on his back) Ania, you already look like boss, *pare!* (good friend). You sure shick (shake) 'em up today. Apay naka-Americana ka?
(_____)

DOMING: (strikes a pose) Saan. (_____) I going town after church. I like get good time! Masapul nga adda (_____) happy-
h a p p y m e t a s a g p a m i n s a n !
(_____) Anyway, what else is Sunday for, bayao?! (brother)

ANGEL: Rest up for go work Monday!

(They laugh)

DOMING: Eh, pretty soon I go *pupule* (crazy) I stay here! No more *wahine* (women) even. Panay lalakay ti *addad toy* (_____) and just gamble! Why no come? I get two *wahine* waiting, ha-ha!

ANGEL: Uy, Doming, and what da *wahine* say about your *bulaklak* (flower) ears?

CARLOS: (laughing and placing his hands over his ears like flowers) Yeah - red and shaped like *rosas!*

DOMING: (embarrassed, begrudging) My ears going get bettah bumby. I not going be *hapaiko* all my life. I was thinking to give Tanaka a present like... a chicken or whiskey. Maybe then, I get promotion.

ANGEL: (with gesture) Why no kiss his da kine!

(Carlos and Angel laugh)

CARLOS: I go talk to Tanaka-san for you!

DOMING: You?! Ay, *susmariosep!* (Jesus-Mary-Joseph) He no like you for nothing! You always talk back to him.

ANGEL: Ha! Remember the last time you talk to him, Carlos. He got so mad, he go look for you with one gun. Ay! You just lucky you gone that time - bumbye you dead already.

CARLOS: *Bayam isu!* (_____) He just bark loud, but no bite.

(More laughter but with a serious edge to it)

CARLOS: Uy, Angel, *kumusta ni* (how is) Paing? He bettah or what?

ANGEL: No, he still cannot walk. The doctor said going be 6 months before _____

CARLOS: How he going make a living? If he not working, the plantation not going pay him!

DOMING: *Okin na dan!* (_____) They take care their mule bettah than us Pilipinos! Our *carabao* (water buffalo) back home have better life than us here.

CARLOS: *Diyos!* (God) They bettah fix those cane haulers now before somebody else get hurt.

(The closing Amen's of a hymn are heard from the church. Carlos suddenly perks up with a big smile and straightens out his clothes and hair. Doming and Angel notice this, rib each other and cackle as Carlos shifts his attention towards the church.

DOMING: (teasing) Uy, Carlos! You going to see that Japane *wahine* after church again today?

CARLOS: (innocently) Huh? What Japane *wahine*?

DOMING: Ha-ha! Come on, Carlos. No act! I know you and Tanaka's daughter get one secret, eh *bayao*?

CARLOS: *Pudno, ngem* Michiko loves me *ken ay-ayatek met isu, bayao*. I think me and her going marry!

ANGEL: What?! *Ania metten bayao!* You know Tanaka's wife dead already. If Michiko marry, nobody going cook his food, wash his clothes and take care his clothes. Anyway, Filipino no can marry Japanese! More bettah get *kanaka wahine*.

CARLOS: *Wen* (yes). Michiko took her mother's place. That's why she's grown up and got a mind of her own. She knows what's good for her.

DOMING: Or get Pilipina wife - I get plenty cousins back in P.I. (pulls out wallet and a long string of photos) Here's their pictures. You pick one. *Di nga nasayaat to panunot mo.* (Angel looks at the pictures.)

CARLOS: Ay, Doming, Angel. Mebbe, Michiko and me can show that Japanese and Pilipino can get along.

DOMING: You *lolo* (crazy), Carlos! *Agtagtaginep ka!* Uy! There she is - Michiko!

(Doming gives a big admiring whistle but Carlos puts his hand over Doming's mouth. Rev. Wong and his Japanese parishioners are filing out of the church into the yard. Tanaka and his daughter Michiko are among them. Rev. Wong bids people goodbye.)

REV. WONG: See you next week, Mr. Tanaka. Ah, Michiko, how was your bible class this morning?

MICHIKO: (notices Carlos from the corner of her eye) Fine, Rev. Wong. Oh, I have a question about next week's class. *Papa-san*, I see you at home. I like talk to Rev. Wong for a little while, okay?

TANAKA: Alright, but you come home right away. (suspiciously eyes the Filipinos on the other side of the yard) I no like you stay here too long. You know how these Pilipinos are!
_____ (hurry up).

(Tanaka exits while Michiko and Rev. Wong converse. But from across the yard, Carlos' loving eyes follow Michiko's every move. As in a dream, he starts crossing the yard to her.)

DOMING: *Agan-annad ka* (watch out), Carlos! Tanaka going

catch you!

(Special effects lighting on Carlos and Michiko with romantic background music. Carlos joins in on Rev. Wong and Michiko's conversation. The two sweethearts pretend interest in the Reverend's pontification. Carlos tries to secretly pass what appears to be a love letter to her. After several attempts he manages to pass his letter to her right under Rev. Wong's nose. He and Michiko try to stifle their laughter as she then tries to secretly pass her letter to Carlos. Wong suspects something fishy but he doesn't catch on. Suddenly, Mr. Tanaka returns and catches the two red-handed and grabs the letter from Michiko.)

TANAKA: (to Carlos) Hah! You *bok-bok* (monkey), I see what you're up to!

MICHIKO: (with spunk) Papa-san, I can talk to my friends if I like!

(Tanaka wheels around to Michiko and draws back his arm ready to slap her. Quickly, Carlos holds back Tanaka's arm. Tanaka turns back on Carlos, frees his arm and throws a punch at Carlos who ducks...)

REV. WONG: Please, Brother Tanaka! Remember my sermon...

(Tanaka's punch connects with Rev. Wong's eye instead.

REV. WONG: Aiiiiiee!

(Tanaka, cussing in Japanese, gets past the Reverend and grabs Carlos by the collar. The Filipinos shout, encouraging Carlos to fight back.)

REV. WONG: Brother Tanaka! Let Carlos go!

(Tanaka does so by shoving Carlos across the yard where Carlos lands on his *okole* (butt). Cursing, name-calling breaks out among the Japanese and Filipinos. Doming tries to force Carlos to fight back, pushing and shoving him towards Tanaka. When Carlos turns to Doming to argue with him and when Carlos turns back Tanaka lands a punch on Carlos' nose. Furious, Doming jumps on Tanaka. But finally Rev. Wong is able to order the others to pull the two apart.

REV. WONG: (the wrath of Moses) Shame on you! All of you!

(The yard is divided in two: the Filipinos hold back Doming; the Japanese hold back Tanaka. In contrast to the hostility, the church bells begin to joyously ring.)

REV. WONG: (to the Japanese) You! Take Brother Yamada home and pray to be saved from your sins! (to the

Filipinos) And you! Get inside the church quickly and pray for your souls!

(Both groups exit, still testy and giving "stink-eye." The moment the others have gone Carlos and Michiko swiftly sneak back to the yard.)

CARLOS: (grabbing her hand) Meet me tomorrow after *pau hana!*

MICHIKO: I'll be there.

(They run off in opposite directions as church bells fade out and lights BLACKOUT.)

ACT I, SCENE 2

(Next day, at the kitchen shed next to the Filipino bunkhouse. It is sunset - and almost *pau hana* time. From offstage, Tanaka is barking orders.)

TANAKA: (offstage) Eh, you guys, c'mon! *Wiki-wiki!* You, Doming! If you no work more fast I going get one mule to take your place!

(A mill whistle blows)

Okay, *pau hana!* Not going *pau* this field today.

(Carlos, Doming, Angel and other men enter, tired and dragging their feet, sweaty and dirty from the fields. Felipe, newly arrived from the Philippines, is especially exhausted and full of aches and pains. Good-naturedly, the others tease him for his inexperience and there is general adlibbing about cleaning up and preparing the fire for cooking. Carlos quickly washes up from a bucket of water, brushes off his clothes and shoes then rushes off.)

ACT I, SCENE 3

(A small clearing by an irrigation ditch with a little plank foot bridge - someone waits in the shadows.)

MICHIKO: (whispers) Carlos? Carlos!

CARLOS: (whispers back) Michiko! Where are you?

(Michiko steps out of the shadows)

MICHIKO: Here!

Carlos steps into the clearing. They embrace and kiss.

CARLOS: (jumping back) Aray! (he covers his swollen nose)

MICHIKO: (sympathetic but a little giggly) Ay, poor Carlos! Papa-san hit you really hard, yeah?

CARLOS: Yeah. Come, let's sit down.

(They sit quietly on the bridge, enjoying the moonlight, Carlos' arm around Michiko's shoulders. Carlos pulls out a slip of paper.)

CARLOS: Here, Michiko. I make this for you.

MICHIKO: What's this? (opens letter) Oh! Another love poem! Here, Carlos. Read it to me.

CARLOS: Woman from Japan
Filipino man
Let the ocean breeze
Cast our doubts away
And let the moonlight
Shine softly on our love
A love so strong
That two lives become
... as one.

MICHIKO: (pause) Oh, Carlos... it's beautiful! Oh, Carlos, even though my life feels torn between your world and mine... I believe in you. For you, I would leave my past behind me.

(They dreamily look to the moon)

CARLOS: Ay, Michiko, what we going do about your father? How we ever going get married? (pause) I got it! I'll just ask him... "man-to-man"!

MICHIKO: What?! He going kill you!

CARLOS: No, I'll ask Reverend Wong to be the "go-between".

MICHIKO: I don't know, Carlos. Papa-san's one stubborn man. There's got to be a better way.

CARLOS: Ania?

MICHIKO: (smiles mischievously) Look!

(She jumps up then suddenly bends over in pain and groans weakly)

CARLOS: (alarmed) Michiko! What's the matter?! Are you sick?!

MICHIKO: (laughs) No, lololo! (silly) I just play-acting. See?!

CARLOS: Huh?

MICHIKO: Like this, see! (she pushes out her stomach and rubs it suggestively as if pregnant) We tell papa-san that we have to get married!

CARLOS: You *pupule!* (crazy) You tell him like that, he going kill me for sure!

MICHIKO: But he have to let us get married - to save our family's honor.

CARLOS: No. Bumbye he think like everybody, that Pilipino only like *wahine* for one thing!

MICHIKO: Okay, we try your plan first. Next Sunday night, come to the house with Rev. Wong. But if that doesn't work, we tell papa-san you got something in me... "he can't take out!"

CARLOS: Okay.

MICHIKO: Promise?

CARLOS: Okay, I promise.

MICHIKO: I better go now. Bumbye papa-san going look for me.

(They embrace and - mindful of Carlos' wounded nose - they carefully kiss then exit.)

ACT I, SCENE 4

(The area outside the bunkhouse, Doming and other workers speak excitedly but cautiously)

DOMING: Hurry up, Angel! He's coming pretty soon!

ANGEL: (steps out of bunkhouse) *Sige!* I hear this Vibora Luviminda still one secret Pilipino organization. Maybe not so good we meet here.

(Carlos enters)

DIONISIO: (fearful, angry) Yeah! What you told that Tony Fagel come here for?! Bumbye, we all going get

in trouble!

DOMING: Tony Fagel real smart. He's one good leader. He's my townmate, you know.

CARLOS: Listen folks, we'll just hear what he has to say. It can't hurt to just listen. Is it true he worked with Pablo Manlapit?

(Other workers have also entered)

DOMING: Uy! Here he is! He's here!

MATEO: (entering) Huh?

DOMING: (disappointed) Oh, no, it's only Mateo folks.

(They greet the newcomers, Mateo, Cora and Pilar. Then another man, dressed in work clothes, cautiously enters behind them. Doming steps closer to scrutinize him then recognizes him.)

DOMING: *Kailian! Kailian!* (My countrymen) Here he is — the champion of our countrymen. My good friend, Mr. Antonio Fagel, leader of the *Vibora LuViminda!*

(Doming greets Tony Fagel, then leads him around to the others)

DOMING: He's from my hometown, you know. But he studied high school in California. Now he's come here to help us organize, get better pay, better housing, respect!

(Confident and smooth, Antonio Fagel strides to the center of the yard and speaks smoothly and with grandiloquently.)

FAGEL: *Sige, kailian!* But first, if I am to help you, I must hear from you about your conditions here. What is this I hear about one *compadre* Paeng?

DOMING: This is his wife, Tony. She can tell you.

CORA: Well, there was a bad accident at work. The brakes on the cane hauling car broke. For a long time they were bad but the *luna* and the bosses never took time to fix it. Paeng was climbing up the plank to dump his load of cane. When he got to the top that's when the brakes on the car broke. The car started to roll and he fell to the ground.

CARLOS: He fell maybe 15 feet. He broke his hip. The doctor say he no can work for 6 months. Even

then, he not going be the same.

ANGEL: If no work, no pay. Lucky he get Cora and he get us or bumbye he no can even eat.

FAGEL: That's right, we Pilipino have to stick together. What happened to Paeng, happens all the time on the plantation. The bosses don't give a damn. They can just replace you with another guy!

ANGEL: Yeah - sometimes you sick and like stay home. But the luna go kick you out of bed!

DOMING: Not only that. Pilipinos get the worse kind work on the fields.

CARLOS: Even among the field workers, we get the lowest pay.

CORA: And we got the worse kine of housing!

FELIPE: Yeah - six single men share one house!

PILAR: When you sleep at night, you can see the moon through the roof. And when it rains... Ay!

FAGEL: Well, *kailian*, it doesn't have to be that way! We can change it if we get organized. That's what those of us in *Vibora Luviminda* plan to do. Bring all the Filipinos - Ilokanos and Bisayans, into one big labor association. And work to make our life better, demand higher wages and better working and living conditions.

ANGEL: But if we try organize, the bosses going fire us.

DIONISIO: (worried) *Sige* - then you get black-listed all over Hawaii!

FAGEL: Listen, if we get all the Pilipinos to join *Vibora Luviminda*, they cannot afford to blacklist us. We make up the largest number on all the plantations.

DIONISIO: (a l a r m e d) *A g s a r d e n g k a y o !*
(_____) Sound to me like you really talking about making a strike!

(by now the others' various reactions have grown louder)

FELIPE: Strike?! But I got my family in the Philippines. They need me to send them money!

- PILAR: Yeah - what we going do for money?! *Vibora Luviminda* not going give us wage if we go on strike!
- CORA: And they going kick us off the plantation camp! Where we going live?
- PILAR: Yeah! *Vibora Luviminda* no can give us house!
- FAGEL: (tries to calm them) Now look, *Vibora Luviminda* is not only out to make strikes!
- CARLOS: Yeah, if the bosses don't respect us and give us what we need, then a strike is the only way we can show them that we mean what we say!
- FAGEL: That's right! And if we do have to strike, I guarantee that we will get what we want. But *kailian*, calling for a strike is the last thing we want to do. First, we have to build up *Vibora*. Get more people and make *Vibora* strong.
- CARLOS: We should get the Japanee to join *Vibora*, too!
- DOMING: No, Carlos. It's too hard with the Japanee - too much bad blood between us.
- FAGEL: We have to do it on our own, if we want respect. If we can just over our own differences as Pilipinos, and unite the Ilokanos with the Visayans and Tagalogs - we can really show them that we are strong. We must have faith in our own countrymen.
- DIONISIO: Listen! Pilipinos come here to work and save money - not to make trouble. This is not our home - why you want to fight here? We should be glad that the Americanos let us come here and work. We should be thankful for the plantation. You know - there's no work back home!
- FELIPE: Yeah, I only come here last week. America not my home, I no like making trouble here. I think if we get problem, se suppose to tell Mr. Jose Paredes. He is the Philippine Labor Commissioner in Honolulu.
- FAGEL: Hah! Jose Paredes?! He's paid by the Big 5 - the plantation bosses! That man will not help the common Pilipino.
- CORA: Yo know, Felipe, we thought like you before. But me and Paeng live here 5 years now. We start our

family already. This is our home now. We like a better future for our children.

CARLOS: For some of us this is home. But whether you stay here, or go back to the Philippines, we here need an organization like *Vibora Luviminda*. We got a right to demand what we pay for with our sweat and hard work. You know, without us, they would have no plantation!

FAGEL: *Vibora* - to get equal pay for equal work - no matter if Pilipino, Japanese or Hawaiian!

(The others gradually grown in support of Fagel and the *Vibora*)

To fight for our dignity and respect! Join your *kailian*! Your fellow countrymen! Join *Vibora Luviminda*!

CARLOS: So who's for *Vibora*? Eh, you Angel? How about you, Mateo? *Sige na*, Felipe!

(They answer "Yes" and "Wen, I'm for *Vibora*" or "I'm with Mr. Fagel.")

CARLOS: And you Dionisio?

(Dionisio is silent)

CARLOS: Dionisio, are you for *Vibora*?

(Dionisio acts like he's about to argue then, aggravated, he suddenly turns and starts to walk away)

CARLOS: Dionisio, you no tell the plantation about this meeting, eh! Or we get plenty *pilikia*! (danger)

DOMING: Hoy, Dionisio! You hear that good - or else...

DIONISIO: (Unconvincing) Eh - I tell them nothing.
(exits)

(Doming makes a move after Dionisio but Carlos holds him back)

CARLOS: Never mind, Doming. He'll be the sorry one, not us.

ACT I, SCENE 5

(The Tanaka home. One week later, early evening - the appointed time for Carlos to bring Rev. Wong who will negotiate with Michiko's father on behalf of Carlos' marriage proposal. Before the Reverend's arrival, Carlos and his friends have arrived, as is customary, to *harana* or serenade his beloved. Nervously, one by

one, Carlos and his friends creep into the shadows of the yard.)

CARLOS: (softly) Michiko! Michiko!

MICHIKO: (appearing at the window) Carlos?

CARLOS: (he creeps to the window and takes her hand) Where's your father?

MICHIKO: It's safe. He never come home yet.

CARLOS: Oh, good. (signals his friends) Ssst! Ssst!

MICHIKO: Ay, who's that?

CARLOS: Some of the boys. We come to make *harana*.

MICHIKO: Huh?

CARLOS: Like they do in the Philippines. Ready, boys?

(Doming, Angel and Felipe emerge from the shadows into the dim light behind Carlos, someone still fidgets nervously, someone else clear his throat. Then a guitarist strums the introduction to the serenade and the men sing, "O Ilaw" (Oh, The Light) and first jittery and then with gusto and heartfelt romance:)

O ilaw (_____)
_____ (_____)
_____ (_____)
Bituin sa langit (the stars in the sky)
O tanglaw (_____)
_____ (_____)
_____, Michiko (_____)
_____, Ay!

Buksan ang ventana (_____)
_____ (_____)
Ang tunay kong pag-ibig (_____)

O ilaw ...

(Suddenly Tanaka storms in)

TANAKA: What's this?! What are you doing here?!
_____ (_____)
[Japanese cussing]

(Michiko rushes away from the window while the men scramble off in all directions except for Carlos him hides in the shadows. Tanaka stomps into the house. In a moment, Rev. Keoni Wong enters, a little anxious over his impending task; and of course, ignorant of this latest confrontation. Carlos suddenly jumps out of the

shadows.)

CARLOS: Rev. Wong!

WONG: AHH?!! Oh, Carlos, there you are!

CARLOS: Thank you for coming, Reverend. Eh, uh, how's your eye?

WONG: (unconvincingly) Uh, it's OK. Uh, Carlos... are you sure you want to go through with this marriage proposal?

CARLOS: Yes, Reverend, with all my heart!!

WONG: (a bit discouraged) Well, you must promise to let me do all the talking.

CARLOS: Oh, sure, Rev. Wong. C'mon, let's go in already.

WONG: Wait. Uhh... you know Carlos, I cannot promise success in this meeting with Mr. Tanaka. After all, marriage between a Pilipino and a Japanese is unheard of. It's... it's just not done.

CARLOS: (gently jesting) Is it against God's will that a Filipino marry a Japanese?

WONG: (seriously, philosophically) No, not exactly. But... look at how God created so many different races! If he wanted all of us to be one, He would have created only one race! (looks to the heavens) That was God's plan! You see, in Africa, He put the Negroes. In Europe, He put the *haoles*. In Asia, He put the Orientals...

CARLOS: (tolerantly) And in America?

WONG: - and in America, He uh...

CARLOS: (laughing) He mix 'em all up, ha-ha!

WONG: You're too smart for your own good, Carlos.

CARLOS: Rev. Wong, don't let Mr. Tanaka scare you. I know this man. When he talk, he like on "general" - he like everyone listen.

WONG: He is a very proud man. And I don't think he'll let you marry Michiko.

CARLOS: Hmm... then, I tell Tanaka something that will make him give his permission.

WONG: (suspicious) Huh? What you mean?!

CARLOS: (mischievous) Well... if he wants to save face, he bettah...

WONG: - Carlos?! What you talking about?! Did you... and Michiko...?!

CARLOS: C'mon, let's go inside!

WONG: No! Wait, Carlos...

(It's too late as Carlos has gently pushed Rev. Wong ahead of him to the door, knocks on it then stands behind him in the shadows.)

TANAKA: (opening door) Oh, good evening, Reverend Wong.

WONG: Oh, good evening, Brother Tanaka-san. Uh....

TANAKA: Come inside Reverend - plenty mosquitoes outside. (sees the figure in the shadows) Who's that with you?

(Carlos positions Rev. Wong between himself and Tanaka as they enter the house.)

TANAKA: You!! Get out of here! (cursing in Japanese again)

WONG: Now, brother Tanaka. Please listen. I uh, have a matter of great importance to discuss with you. Can't we please sit down and talk. Aren't we all good Christians here?

(Rev. Wong sits down, then Carlos. Tanaka grumbles in Japanese but finally sits.)

WONG: Mr. Tanaka, you are an honorable man - God-fearing and very respected in our community. You have raised your children well - a very hard thing to do without a wife all these years. Of course, your eldest daughter has been a great help to you. She is also a great help to me in the Bible class. I am very fond of her, so of course, I only want what's best for her. For example... (gulps) ...a good marriage.

TANAKA: (jumps up and curses once more) I no want to hear this!!

WONG: Now, Mr. Tanaka, Brother Tanaka, please be patient and listen...

TANAKA: No! Get out!

WONG: Brother Tanaka, Carlos is a good man. He'll make Michiko a good husband.

TANAKA: You don't know Pilipinos like me. Maybe he already got one wife waiting back in his country! Those *bok-bok* (monkeys) all women crazy! Instead of saving money, all they do is gamble and buy fancy clothes. If Michiko marry him she bring shame to our family! He will never marry my daughter!

WONG: Carlos is no common man. He's finished two years of high school. All the men in the camp respect him.

TANAKA: Hah! All the same! He just one cut-cane man! And a troublemaker. Always complaining about the *lunas*, about the boss the low pay, the hard work. Hah! He going to get kicked off the plantation someday. Now what kine husband is that for Michiko, eh?!

CARLOS: (jumps up) It's not my fault Pilipinos are given the worse kine job. Even if we work harder than the others - doing same kine work, they give us the worse pay.

WONG: Carlos, control yourself.

(Michiko has been quietly eavesdropping and is now distressed at this turn for the worse in the negotiations)

CARLOS: I only cut-cane man - yeah, but I hard worker. And I save my money. If we marry, I make good life for Michiko. I love her.

TANAKA: Hah! _____! (You no good.) I never let you marry her. NEVER!!

(A quick signal to Carlos - Michiko rubs her belly)

CARLOS: Uhh... But you don't have any choice. Michiko has to marry me!

TANAKA: (pregnant pause) What? What you mean? Must be you make Spanish fly to my daughter!!

CARLOS: No... but, I mean your daughter is...

(Quickly Rev. Wong slaps his hand over Carlos' mouth)

TRANSITION, BETWEEN ACTS

(Five years go by as background music plays: "Plantation *Kundiman*" (Lament) and as Carlos and Michiko cross the stage several times in different costumes. First entrance, Carlos helps a very pregnant Michiko cross. Second entrance, Carlos carries an infant and Michiko carries a stack of laundry. Third entrance, Michiko carries another baby while Carlos holds the hand of a small child. With each entrance, Carlos and Michiko grow wearier and wearier. Curtain up on the home of Carlos and Michiko.

Finally, Michiko wearily enters alone with the baby strapped to her back and carrying groceries. The lyrics of the "Plantation *Kundiman*" are now sung and Michiko does an interpretative dance depicting a plantation woman's work and life.)

(chorus)
 Hawaii, oh, Hawaii
 Land of dreams and gentle rain
 But _____ of hope and tears are falling
 _____ the sugar cane.

ACT II, SCENE 1

(As the music and dance wind down, Carlos enters with Doming and Angel. Carlos and Michiko's home is a typical plantation camp home - simple and humble with a floor made of packed dirt. There are a few Filipino and Japanese household items and decor. The three men greet Michiko then sit, relax and play with the baby as she works behind around them and goes in and out to the adjacent cooking shed.)

CARLOS: Kimi, Kimi - *ania anak ko?* (How are you, child?)
 (He smells the cooking) Ummm, smells good. What is it?

MICHIKO: Chicken *hekka*.

CARLOS: (playfully) Again? Why not cook *pinakbet*, sometime?

MICHIKO: (playfully back) Ehh... if you like one *pinakbet*, why you no cook sometime?

ANGEL: *Sige na*, Carlos, read Fagel's letter already. I have to get home soon. *Makapungtot to man ni Felicia no diak agawid a nasasapa!*
 (_____)
 You know how Felicia is.

CARLOS: (hands baby to Michiko) OK, this letter came yesterday. Let's see: "April 5, 1937. Dear Carlos: I hope this letter finds you and your family well. Please give my regards to Angel and Doming. I trust that I have left Vibora Luviminda in your good hands. I am happy to report that my trip here to Honolulu is very successful. I am getting help from friends at the newspaper called 'The Voice of Labor.' A copy of the newspaper is included here.

One of these friends is Bailey O'Connor, a very experienced union organizer from California. Bailey organized one of the seaman's unions in the CIO. He has introduced me to a government official here in Honolulu who came from Washington, D.C. and the NLRB, the National Labor Relations Board. This NLRB will help Vibora file charges against the HSPA for labor sabotage and other grievances. The NLRB official promises to come to Maui to investigate Frank Baldwin and the others in the HSPA.

I will have more news when I leave Honolulu in a few days. Bailey O'Connor, the American organizer from the CIO will accompany me and join our efforts on Puunene Plantation. And so my *kababayan*, I end this letter with high hopes - Long Live Vibora Luviminda! Sincerely, Antonio 'Tony' Fagel."

DOMING: Ha-ha - look out, Mr. Boss-man! Now we gonna get back at Baldwin and the HSPA!

ANGEL: This is very good news, Carlos! It's good Tony getting us outside help now. What you think, is this NLRB going to force Baldwin to sit down with us and make a contract?

CARLOS: Maybe... or maybe not - maybe the NLRB is not enough to scare the bosses into negotiations. Well... what Vibora and the NLRB cannot do, then the strike will do.

ANGEL: But maybe we don't gotta strike after all the help we getting us from outside!

CARLOS: I have hopes, too, Angel but... OK, the bosses not going like this *haole* organizer coming to help or the NLRB investigation, but the bosses got power, too. They got spies all over the camp, they got guns, and they got their own friends - the courts, the banks. How many times

now the bosses break up our meetings and beat up Fagel and some of the other boys in Vibora.

DOMING: Those sonovabitches, if they keep pushing us then goddammit, (readies his fist to punch) I'm gonna....

CARLOS: You're gonna go on strike - like the rest of us!

ANGEL: OK, we can go strike, but only when we're ready. We don't got enough money in the strike fund yet. We can only strike for a few days. What good is that?

CARLOS: We'll always need more money in the strike fund. But lotta the boys already talking like they wanna go out on strike. The strike fund may be low but the Pilipino fighting spirit is high! And each time the HSPA attacks a Vibora meeting, the more it makes Pilipinos more angry and more brave, not more scared. It's Vibora getting stronger and the HSPA getting more scared!

DOMING: That's right! Son-of-a-gun, we signed up 100 new members at the meeting in Paia last month!

CARLOS: (laughing) And now we getting one new *haole* in Vibora!

ANGEL: We getting help from Honolulu to California to Washington, D.C.!

MICHIKO: From everywhere except...

CARLOS & MICHKO: ...except the Japanee on Maui.

CARLOS: I know, *amor*. (he goes to her)

DOMING: Never mind the Japanee. Plenty more Pilipino than Japanee on the plantation. We can win by ourselves.

MICHIKO: I hope so, but we'll see, eh.

ANGEL: Carlos, what's that CIO in Tony's letter?

CARLOS: CIO, it's here in this "Voice of Labor" newspaper - Committee for Industrial Organization. There's some news here about one union in Hilo, they joined the ILWU and that's part of the CIO. The CIO started on the Mainland. The ILWU... whew - got one long name: International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union.

(woman's skirt) (goodnatureedly slaps him on the back). Michiko, maybe you can talk to Felicia.

MICHIKO: Me? Why me?

ANGEL: Yeah, Michiko, you tell her how come it's important for the wife to help Vibora Luviminda.

MICHIKO: You know why all *wahines* scared? Because the men never tell 'em what's going on. We only find out from the gossip.

CARLOS: Eh, you wanna go meetings? But *pau-hana* in the canefields, you already tired. Then come home, take care of the kids, cook... no more time to go meetings.

ANGEL: And Michiko, let me know what Felicia say to you, eh? *Sige, bayao*, goodnight, Michiko.

DOMING: I see you Carlos, good night Michiko. No fight, you two!

(Angel & Doming exit.)

CARLOS: Where's Junior?

MICHIKO: Playing outside. Ay! that Junior, I saw his teacher today, she says he fighting too much with the other boys. You gotta talk to that boy, he get one hot-head.

CARLOS: Eh, that's how boys are.

MICHIKO: But he always fighting with that Podagee boy, you know, the luna Mr. Rodrigues - his boy.

CARLOS: Oooy, the luna's boy - ha-ha!

MICHIKO: Carlos, dis not funny.

CARLOS: OK, OK, but it's not the kids' fault. Maybe they just saying what they hear from their folks. That's why Vibora is important. Pilipinos organize to get fair deal by the others - not matter if they're the bosses, lunas, Podagee, Japanees or what.

MICHIKO: Not only Pilipinos get treated bad. If you're not a luna, no matter if you're one Podagee, Japanees or Pilipino, we all work hard on the plantation.

CARLOS; Yeah, but Pilipinos no get paid the same as the other races. And we never get Pilipino lunas.

MICHIKO: But who you going to blame for that? The Japanee?

CARLOS: No, Michiko.

MICHIKO: That's what some of your bayao think. That's what they say.

CARLOS; Not me, amor. Maybe some of the others.

MICHIKO: And Tony Fagel, your leader.

CARLOS: It's not like that...

MICHIKO: Yeah, it's like that, Carlos...

(A man has come forward from the dark; he calls out, "Michiko.")

CARLOS; It's your father!

MICHIKO: Papa-san?! Are you sure?!

CARLOS: After 5 years I'm not so sure.

MICHIKO: But what does he want?!

CARLOS: You... uh, you wanna talk with him?

(She is silent, unsure)

CARLOS: I'll take Kimi outside and watch the cooking. If you need me...

(Carlos leaves with the baby. Mr. Tanaka enters. He and Michiko are awkward, tense.)

YAMADA: (quiet, hesitant) _____ (Hello, Michiko)

MICHIKO: (she respectfully bows) Papa-san. ...somebody sick?!

YAMADA: No, nobody sick.

MICHIKO: What's the matter?

YAMADA: _____ (Nothing) I just like talk to you.

MICHIKO: ... Sit down, papa-san. You like drink some tea?

YAMADA: (shakes his head) ... Eh, _____? (Don't

you eat anymore?) You looking skinny. How does "he" treat you?

MICHIKO: Carlos is a good man, hard-working. We don't have much but we're happy. You know, you have 2 grandchildren?

TANAKA: Two, _____ (already), huh?

MICHIKO: Carlos Junior is five years old and Kimi just made five months.

TANAKA: Good. That's good.

(A long expectant pause, as Tanaka musters up the nerve to explain this visit.)

TANAKA: _____ (You know), I saw Hiroshi the other day. You know what he told me? ...he said your husband getting mixed up with Fagel and that Vibora Luviminda. So I think to myself, I got to go see Michiko _____ (and talk to her). Carlos going get in big trouble!

MICHIKO: Papa-san these are hard times. Carlos and the others are tired of poor pay. And angry at the plantation police for beating up Fagel and the others at their meetings.

TANAKA: But what can anybody do about it? _____ (they only workers!)

MICHIKO: If they have to... they can strike.

TANAKA: Strike?! No way the Pilipinos can win! The bosses will break them first. They'll raise the pay of the Japanee, the Chinese and other workers. They'll hire scabs. Arrest the leaders, evict all the strikers! And if Carlos helps lead a strike the bosses will make sure he never works again, anywhere in the islands. He'll never be able to support you and the children!

MICHIKO: Papa-san, how can you say these things? You... you sound like a company man!

TANAKA: No!! You don't know what a strike is! You don't know what I'm talking about - what happened to me! ... I remember... I was young - like Carlos. Almost twenty years ago. It was the Japanese who were treated like animals. So we strike! In 1920 - Japanese and Pilipinos walked

out together. The bosses kicked us out of the camps. We had to march - from Wailua, Kahuku, to Honolulu. There we set up tents, like squatters. The money in the strike fund was low. Not enough food or water. Then the Pilipinos, their leader Pablo Manlapit - he told the Pilipinos to go back to work. They left the Japanese alone to strike!

_____ (But it didn't stop there) A big flu epidemic broke out. Many people got sick, hundreds and hundreds... (a long painful pause) That's when your mama-san got sick.

_____ (She got bad) (He starts to cry) There was nothing I could do for her! Over her dead body, I make 2 promises. Never again to sacrifice my family for a dream that can never come true. And never again to trust the Pilipinos!

MICHIKO: (crying for her father) Papa-san! (she goes to him) You got to stop living in the past. _____, papa-san (things are different now) Don't judge the Pilipinos for what happened before. Give Carlos and the others another chance!

TANAKA: _____ (He's no good) He's a troublemaker! When the strike starts he will care for his bayaos - not his Japanese wife and kids. Leave him, Michiko! Go to Lahaina and stay with your brother!

MICHIKO: I'm his wife. I have to stay by his side.

TANAKA: You still stubborn! You don't know what's good for you!

MICHIKO: You have no right! For five years now you treat me like I'm dead! This is my family now. I won't leave!

TANAKA: You're no better than the Pilipinos! _____ (curses) _____ (From now on) I have no daughter!

(He storms out. She starts to call him back then stops, she cannot. She is sobbing as Carlos enters with the baby and goes to her.)

CARLOS: Michiko, forget about him. He doesn't care for us.

MICHIKO: No, Carlos, you don't understand. (quietly but feeling deeply) He's just a bitter old man -

living in the past.

(She and Carlos hold on to each other.)

BLACKOUT

INTERMISSION

ACT II, SCENE 1

(A few weeks later in the evening, April 19, 1937. Fagel, now accompanied by Bailey O'Connor enters with the members of Vibora Luviminda. [The actors can enter from the audience, involving them as they make their way to the stage.] They are hurrying to the union meeting. They are agitated, some angry, over the worsening conditions on the plantation. And there is danger.)

CARLOS: Uy - Angel! Loling! Fagel had to move the meeting tonight. It's not at Campo Seis no more. It's too dangerous.

CORA: No, you never heard? We got to meet on the public road between Wailuku and Paia.

DOMING: Baldwin said he arrest us if we meet in the camp.

PILAR: Did you bring the flashlight?

MATEO: Who's da *haole* guy with Fagel? Mebbe this the organizer from the Mainland?

DOMING: I like we go on strike already!

CORA: Maybe tonight, Fagel says it's time to strike!

ANGEL: Hoy! Dionisio is a spy for the HSPA. Spread the word, there could be a face to face with him.

FELIPE: I'm not going. Bumbye the bosses arrest me.

LOLING: Hah! No pay attention to him. We go!

(When Fagel, Bailey and the workers have assembled several people turn on their flashlights, focused on Fagel.)

FAGEL: *Kailian! Kailian!* Tonight marks a great milestone in our struggle for fair wages, decent living conditions, respect and justice. We must keep building Vibora Luviminda! Organize Pilipinos on all the plantations!

(The crowd cheers)

Tonight I want to introduce somebody to you. We are honored to have with us an organizer from the Mainland. He came to Maui to help us. He works with the newspaper, "The Voice of Labor" - Brother Bailey O'Connor.

(The workers cheer as a tall, lanky haole steps into the small pool of light. Bailey is a fiery speaker.)

BAILEY: Brothers and sisters! Brothers and sisters! Today I went to the fields to see for myself how you are treated. There I saw how *lunas* drive the Filipinos to cut row upon row of cane under the hot sun, never letting you stop to rest. I thought to myself, Filipinos in Hawaii get treated worse than animals! Yet, some say, "don't make trouble, be grateful for having a job, grateful for the credit at the company store. So what if we work 14 hours a day? So what if we're herded like cattle into bunkhouses? Get overcharged for credit! So what if we're cheated from our hard-earned money?!" This kind of treatment has to stop. What are Filipinos in Hawaii going to do about it?

WORKERS: We're going to fight! They can't treat us that way! It's time to strike, Tony!

BAILEY: Brothers and sisters! The National Labor Relations Board is investigating the vicious attacks from Baldwin and the HSPA against you. But it's the Territorial government who will have to enforce it. And we all know who controls the Territorial government!

WORKERS: The damn bosses! Down with the HSPA! Down with the Big 5! We're gonna go out and strike if we have to!

BAILEY: There are only two sides in this battle. The bosses - and us! We must prepare to fight!

FAGEL: (jumps back into the center) Vibora Luviminda! Vibora Luviminda!

(They all join in the chant. Blackout.)

ACT II, SCENE 2

(The next morning, in the fields on Puunene Plantation. This scene is staged as choreographed movement and choral speech.)

WORKER #1: Cutting da thick kine cane

Every stroke I cut
Get my knife more dull

ALL: _____ (Ilokano response)

WORKER #3: Blazing noon day sun
Straining, aching arms
Hour after hour

ALL: _____ (Ilokano response)

WORKER #2: Like animal we work
The luna beat us down
No more dignity!

ALL: _____ (Ilokano response)

WORKER #4: Sweat pouring down
Burning, itching eyes
My blood begins to boil

ALL: _____ (Ilokano response)

WORKER #1: We work hard for the bosses
With little in return
Why not same pay as Japanee!

ALL: _____ (Ilokano response)

WORKER #1: Hey, Mr. Boss man!

WORKER #2: You no give me enough money!

WORKER #3: But he no listen!

WORKER #1: Hey, Mr. Boss man!

WORKER: #2: You treat me like animal!

WORKER #3: Treat me like man!

ALL: But he no listen!

WORKER #1: What can we do?! Work on?!

ALL: NO!!

WORKER #1: Only one thing
The bosses can hear
Loud and clear...

ALL: HWELGA! HWELGA!
STRIKE! STRIKE!

WORKER #4: We're not ready!
 We need more money for the strike fund!

ALL: HWELGA! HWELGA!
 STRIKE! STRIKE!

WORKER #2: Our blood and sweat
 Turn to courage and anger

ALL: HWELGA! HWELGA!
 STRIKE! STRIKE!

WORKER #1: Vibora is like
 An angry volcano
 We can't turn back the flow

ALL: HWELGA! HWELGA!
 STRIKE! STRIKE!
 ONLY ONE THING
 THE BOSSES CAN HEAR: STRIKE!

(A wildcat strike breaks out. Blackout.)

ACT II - Scene 3: Home of the Plantation Owner Frank Baldwin

Moments later in a luxurious living room befitting a Big 5 family. No one is around but offstage are the sounds in preparation for a cocktail party: glasses tinkling, voices laughing and chatting. Jose, the houseboy rushes in carrying a tray with glasses and liquor bottles and sets it on the bar. He scurries around the room for last minute cleaning and straightening, then allows himself a big quick sigh to collect himself. Finally, he hears voices offstage closing in as music grandly ushers in the representatives of the Big 5: Baldwin, owner of Puunene Plantation; the Matron daintily holding a lace hanky and lorgnette; the Judge sporting a cane; and the Banker puffing on a cigar. The scene is with choreographed movement, singing and spoofing to the tune, "Shall We Dance" from the Broadway musical, THE KING AND I.

BIG 5: We're one big family
 Although we're only few
 And fate has always chosen
 That Hawaii we must rule

 It's power we have earned
 Through wealth and industry
 And all we own
 (Despite some discontent)
 Brings more profits in the end

 We have class!
 We are brilliant and cultured...

JOSE: So they say!

BIG 5: We have class
 And we loving making profits...

JOSE: From our pay!

BIG 5: Anyhow
 How could workers survive
 Without a boss?!

 When we house and clothe and feed them...

JOSE: But remember how they bleed them

BIG 5: What say should they have in their pay?!

 We're the boss and they know it!

JOSE: We can strike, they can't stop us!

BIG 5: We have class!
 We have class!
 We have class!

(Music fades down as the Sheriff rushes in)

SHERIFF: Mr. Baldwin, there's a strike! All the Filipinos walked out! And the other workers joined 'em!

BALDWIN: What?! Gimme a drink. Damn Filipinos! We got to get rid of this union of theirs.

(Jose serves Baldwin a drink)

MATRON: Oh, my goodness! After all we've done for them!

BALDWIN: Those communists from the Mainland - Jack Hall and Bailey O'Connor - they must be behind this.

MATRON: If we let this go on, they'll send us to an early grave. Before you know it, the Bolsheviks will be running everything. They'll demand pensions, sick leave, medical care and other communist demands.

BANKER: Communists or not, it's the Filipinos who are causing the trouble. But this is nothing that the HSPA hasn't handled before.

BALDWIN: But back in the old days, workers didn't have this NLRB-National Labor Relations Board! Now this damn NLRB is coming to Maui to investigate my plantation!

MATRON: Just simply throw a party for them and they'll forget the whole silly business!

BANKER: My dear, this time I don't think that will work. I hear this NLRB guy can't be bought. But don't worry, no report he makes is going to get far. No investigator from the Mainland can tell us what to do. We still control this Territory. And we'll break this Filipino strike!

BIG 5: We'll break this Filipino strike!

(Music accompaniment introduction begins again)

MATRON: Let's not wait
We must crush this
Before it starts to spread!

JOSE: It's too late
We will strike
'Til the bosses bargain fair!

BIG 5: Make it clear

We will never
Submit to their demands

When they bite the hand
That feeds them
Then no mercy will we show them

JOSE & BIG 5: They don't know
What they're up against

JOSE: We demand better treatment!

BIG 5: There's no way we will meet them!

JOSE: We will fight!

BIG 5: We will fight!

JOSE & BIG 5: WE WILL FIGHT!

(Waltzing to the tune, then the vocals once more)

BIG 5: When they bite
The hand that feeds them
Then no mercy will we show them!

JOSE: We will fight!

BIG 5: We will fight!

JOSE & BIG 5: WE WILL FIGHT!

(Music fades out)

BALDWIN: I have a plan! We'll get rid of this leader of theirs, Tony Fagel. Just like we got rid of that Pablo Manlapit on Kauai a few years back. Without their leaders, this union will fall apart!

JUDGE: Right! Sheriff, our spies are to keep their eyes on Tony Fagel and the other union leaders 24 hours around the clock. One false move and haul them all off to jail!

SHERIFF: Yes, sir!

BALDWIN: As long as the Filipinos are not working, why let them stay in my houses? Deputize a hundred men. Then kick out every Filipino from the camps!

SHERIFF: We can rough 'em up, too. But what about the others who walked out with them? Some of the

Japanese, Hawaiians and Portuguese joined them.

BANKER: If we want to break the strike, the others must be kept apart from the Filipinos. Offer the other races a pay increase. And if that doesn't work, will give them the same treatment as the Filipinos.

MATRON: We can always hire children to work in the canefields again.

JUDGE: Yes, but first I can get our friends to give us a few hundred unemployed WPA men. They're much more efficient and the Depression has made them hungry for work.

BALDWIN: Ha! With only a few pennies left in their pockets, we'll have these Filipinos begging for their jobs back! Ha-ha!

(Jose Paredes, the Philippine colonial Labor Commissioner enters. He is dressed in an elegant white linen suit, but nobody has yet noticed him.)

MATRON: Filipinos have no chance to win against superior minds. Afterall, they really are not very smart.

(The Judge has noticed Paredes and nudges the Matron who almost chokes on her drink with embarrassment when she beholds the gentlemanly Mr. Paredes.)

JUDGE: My friends, may I present to you the resident Philippine Labor Commissioner to Hawaii, Mr. Jose Paredes.

MATRON: Ah, my dear Mr. Pa... Pa... uh, Mr. Jose, we were just discussing the unique qualities of the Filipino race. Sheriff, why don't you get Jose a drink.

(The Sheriff hurriedly gets the drink but mistakenly serves Jose the houseboy instead. The two Jose's regard one another as the houseboy sips Mr. Paredes' drink. The others realize the mistake so the Matron hastens to fix Mr. Paredes a drink. Meanwhile Paredes has grabbed the houseboy's drink. When the Matron turns around she mistakenly serves the houseboy again. Embarrassed and confused, she gives up and takes a big gulp from her own glass.)

PAREDES: Esteemed gentlemen and gracious lady, I wish to apologize for the behavior of my countrymen. As soon as I heard about their misconduct, I sent word to his excellency, President Manuel Quezon, to urge Filipinos to end the strike and return to

the fields. I am sure he will do this immediately.

(Baldwin, the Judge and the Sheriff hasten to shake Paredes' hand. The Matron coquettishly links her arm with Paredes' and the Banker gives him several bundles of cash.)

BANKER: May I propose a toast? To a mutually rewarding relationship between the Philippine Commonwealth President and the Hawaiian Sugar Planters Association-HSPA -- for many, many years to come!

(They toast. Blackout.)

ACT II, SCENE 4: The fairgrounds at the plantation town of Wailuku
(May 1, 1937, the strike has gone on for 1-1/2 weeks. Vibora Luviminda is holding a May Day Parade and Rally -- the first ever held in Hawaii. Marching music crescendos as marchers enter singing the chorus)

MARCHERS: March on, Vibora Luviminda
March on and build our union movement
For better wages, come join our struggle
Ka kailian, rise to the call.

March as one, we can build a better day
March as one, we'll grow stronger every way
We can shape our destiny
Marching forward to victory!

(The crowd cheers, "Mabuhay!" "Victory!" "Vibora Luviminda!", etc. Then Tony Fagel steps forward to speak.)

FAGEL: *Kailian! Kailian!* Over 2,000 Filipinos are on strike all over Maui. Vibora Luviminda is strong!

(cheers)

Filipinos have slaved in the canefields and in the mills -- while the bosses sit back making millions. We get the worst treatment, the lowest pay and the poorest living conditions. But now, we have said NO MORE!! If the bosses want their work done, they must pay us a living wage! Give us better living conditions and treat us like human beings! I appeal to every Filipino to join our noble cause. *Agkaykaysa tayo! Mangabak tayo!* (_____)

ALL: *Agkaykaysa tayo! Mangabak tayo!*
Agkaykaysa tayo! Mangabak tayo!

(Carlos steps forward)

CARLOS: We want work
But we want justice!

ALL: We want work
But we want justice!
We want work
But we want justice!

CARLOS: We do same kine work as the Japanese, Portuguese
and Hawaiians. We should get same kine of pay!
Mapul nga suweldoan da tayo iti husto! (_____
_____) And the women's work just
as hard as men's. They should get paid the same!

FELIPE: And they should pay us more for cutting thick
cane than thin cane!

CARLOS: Right! Are we going to stop the lunas from
cheating us out of our pay?!

ALL: Yes!

CARLOS: Are we going to fight for better housing on the
camps?

ALL: *Wen!* Yes!

CARLOS: And fair treatment?!

ALL: Fair treatment!
Fair treatment! (etc.)

CARLOS: We want work but we want justice!

ALL: We want work but we want justice! (etc.)

(Bailey steps forward to speak)

BAILEY: Brothers and sisters! Today, thousands of
workers - not only Filipinos but Japanese,
Portuguese, Hawaiians - men and women - march
down these streets of Wailuku. This is the
greatest demonstration of working class
solidarity ever witnessed in these islands. We
march against the Baldwin Empire!

It is fitting that this happen today on May 1st -
International Workers Day - a holiday in memory
of the Haymarket Massacre of 1886 in Chicago. On
that day fifty years ago, the American working
class movement demanded the eight-hour day. And

let us remember that the 8-hour day was a demand also made by the striking workers massacred in Hanapepe, Kauai 13 years ago. This same demand raised by workers today on Maui!

From all over the Mainland to all over these islands, thousands of workers are awakening to the need for organization! An organization that will include workers of all races, skills and creeds. In Hawaii - more than any place - to be united, workers must strive for equality of conditions for all races! Brothers and Sisters! You are striking not just for yourselves! But for the benefit of all workers!

(Cheers from the crowd then Carlos jumps up to lead more chants)

CARLOS: Down with Baldwin and the HSPA!

FAGEL: Vibora Luviminda, *Mabuhay!*

ALL: Vibora Luviminda, *Mabuhay!* (etc.)

(Offstage or from the audience, the voice of the Sheriff booms out)

SHERIFF: In the name of the law! In the name of the law!
All strikers are hereby served notice from Frank Baldwin of the Hawaii Commercial and Sugar Company. Vacate your houses immediately!

(The workers' response is mixed - some are stunned, some confused, some intimidated. Others - including Carlos and Fagel - are defiant.)

FAGEL: (stepping towards the Sheriff's voice) This won't stop us!

CARLOS: (steps forward) Unite! Fight! *Mangabak tayo!*

(Others gradually step forward and join in)

OTHERS: Unite! Fight! *Mangabak tayo!* (etc.)

(BLACKOUT)

ACT III, Scene 1: The squatters camp of evicted Vibora strikers

(The strike has gone on for 4 weeks but the workers are in good spirits despite the eviction and relocation to their own camp. Some women tend to the soup kitchen and campfire. Others enthusiastically help set up around the camp, except for Doming, moody and aloof. Fagel and Carlos are bent over in conference to

the side. Mateo hurries in.)

MATEO: *Bayao! Kailian!* You heard? Another plantation at Lahaina just joined the strike! Almost 3,000 strikers now!

(The others are buoyed but then Angel dashes in with alarm.)

ANGEL: Tony! 50 more families evicted at Paia. They're coming to the squatters camp tonight.

CARLOS: Ay, never mind. We get one "Little Manila" already, ha-ha!

TONY: *Sige*, Angel, organize some men to get more food and tents for the folks from Paia.

(They all go back to their camp activities. Cora walks in with a heavy load of firewood.)

CORA: Uy, Doming, come help me carry the rest of the firewood.

DOMING: Cannot! I'm busy - ask somebody else!

CORA: (complaining to the women at the soup kitchen)
That one - no *kokua!* (help)

(Michiko has been working intently over the big soup pot.)

PILAR: (sharply) No Michiko! Don't put that kine! No taste good!

(Hurt, Michiko puts down the cooking spoon then leaves.)

PILAR: (to the women) *Ay, susmariosep!* She think she cooking for Japanee!

(She and Loling laugh.)

CORA: Eh, Pilar, no talk like that about Michiko.

(Bailey hastens in)

BAILEY: Where's Tony? Tony - bad news. The Japanese, Hawaiians and Portuguese just went back to work!

(Mixed response from the others: some are grim, some angry, others sighing and shaking their heads.)

DOMING: Those traitors! *Sab-sab!*

MATEO: How can they do that?

FAGEL: I knew it would be just a matter of time.
(Michiko has returned and hears their comments. Ashamed and vulnerable, she moves closer to Carlos.)

CARLOS: Wait. Bailey, tell us what happened.

BAILEY: The HSPA wants to keep the other races against Vibora. They divide so they can rule. That's why they threatened to evict them, too.

PILAR: What about us? We got evicted but we no go back to work!

DOMING: You can't trust those Japanee!

FAGEL: Right. The bosses probably offered to give them a raise.

BAILEY: No, it was the threat of eviction. I don't think we can blame them. If they were members of Vibora and had leaders elected to the strike committee, they would have stuck with us.

CARLOS: That's right. They weren't prepared like us. They don't have a strike fund.

FAGEL: How many times do we have to discuss this? I already said they can come to our general meetings. But they cannot become Vibora members! They cannot put their leaders on the strike committee! And the strike fund is only for Vibora members.

CARLOS: But look where it's gotten us, Tony. I think we were wrong keeping them out of Vibora.

FAGEL: We can still win - without them! Our *kailian* have stayed out 4 weeks and we can stay out 4 months if needed!

DOMING: Yeah, we don't need them!

CARLOS: Maybe. But it's going to be more hard.

BAILEY: Well, the other nationalities are back in the fields but that doesn't mean they're against Vibora or the strike. Maybe they can still help.

CORA: Yeah, somebody should go and talk to them. And maybe they can donate some food.

CARLOS: And water and money for tents!

BAILEY: Good idea. And I'll tell the boys in Honolulu to publish an announcement in the "Voice of Labor." I bet the longshoremen's union at Port Allen and Hilo will help us. And maybe there are CIO unions from the Mainland who...

FAGEL: Wait, Bailey, remember, this is still a Filipino strike. We should be more careful.

CARLOS: (angry but controlling it) Careful?! Look, Tony, we out on strike for 4 weeks already. Baldwin still refuses to negotiate with us. And Governor Poindexter still refuses to mediate. And now, back home in the Philippines, President Quezon tells us to go back to the fields. But you tell us to be "careful" about help from the others - just because they're not Pilipino?

FAGEL: Carlos, it's a matter of principle! The Japanese and the others went back to work and left the Pilipinos out on strike! So, no - we shouldn't have high hopes about getting help from them.

CARLOS: We need all the help we can get, Tony!

FAGEL: If they really want to help us, ask them to go back on strike with us. See what happens!

BAILEY: (peace-making) C'mon Tony, let's talk about it.
(Bailey leads Fagel away.)

ANGEL: OK, everybody, let's help put up those other tents. The strike committee will take care of this now.

(A somber Michiko goes to Carlos.)

MICHIKO: Carlos, I'm leaving... And I'm taking Junior and Kimi with me... My brother says I can stay with him in Lahaina.

CARLOS: Michiko, what are you talking about?

MICHIKO: I can't stay here. Already it's hard being the only Japanese in the camp but now that the Japanese went back to work it's going to be worse.

CARLOS: (desperately) Don't let them bother you, Michiko! Some folks feeling bad, they angry, no can help. Don't blame them. Just like I don't blame your people for going back to work. I know

this is hard on you. I know how you feel. I know what -

MICHIKO: How do you know what I feel?! Do you know what it's like to be treated like you're dead by your own father?! Your own people?! How it is to feel like you don't belong. To be alone every day and night while your husband is at strike meetings?! (pauses) I have nobody to turn to.

CARLOS: You can still turn to me. I didn't know you felt like this. Why didn't you tell me before? Michiko, if you leave, I don't know if I can go on.

MICHIKO: You don't need me.

CARLOS: Michiko, don't give up on me. If it wasn't for you I couldn't have the strength to come this far. When we fell in love we knew life together would be hard. But we took the chance and went ahead. And then Junior was born - "he looks more like one Japanee, but he eats more like one Pilipino." (laughs) And Kimi... she one beautiful baby, just like her mama. Michiko, when our kids grow up, what will happen to them? Will they have to live in broken down plantation houses? And work 12 hours a day like us? Will the Japanee blame them 'cause they're half Pilipino. Will the Pilipinos blame them 'cause they're half Japanee? Michiko, it's got to change. People like us have no choice. We got to do something. For our children.

MICHIKO: You want us to try and change the world. But we're only two people.

CARLOS: But Michiko, we can't give up.

(From across the camp, Cora has been watching the two, sympathetically. She approaches them.)

CORA: Uy, Michiko! You like come with me to find watercress for the soup pot, eh? C'mon, we'll bring the kids with us.

(Carlos and Michiko look at her gratefully. Cora slips her arm through Michiko's and they walk off. In a moment Mateo rushes in, alarmed.)

MATEO: The sheriff is here! It's the sheriff! With about a hundred deputies - on horseback! With guns!

STRIKERS: The sheriff!? What they doing here?! What they want?! What shall we do?!"

(Fagel and Bailey enter.)

SHERIFF: (offstage) Where is Antonio Fagel?! I want Antonio Fagel!

(Some are defiant, others shocked, scared. Lights go dim but for a spotlight on Fagel and the staging becomes stylized. Gradually all begin to freeze.)

SHERIFF: (offstage) Antonio Fagel, I hereby arrest you on the charges of conspiracy!

(Symbolically, Fagel throws his arms above his head then crosses them, as if in handcuffs. BLACKOUT.)

ACT III, SCENE 1

(The Vibora Luviminda strikers' camp. Two months have passed since the beginning of the strike. The strikers' morale is worn and tense. Carlos and Angel are waiting to start their meeting. Carlos is pacing with frustration and impatience.)

CARLOS: Where's Doming? He knows we supposed to start our meeting now!

ANGEL: C'mon, Carlos. He be coming bumbye.

CARLOS: Ay, Angel! You know this is third time already.

ANGEL: Let's start already. Doming can catch up when he gets here.

CARLOS: Yeah... I guess you're right. We talk later about it... So did you get a report from Felipe yet?

ANGEL: Yeah, he said the HSPA hired 15 more plantation guards - Podagee and Japanee. They surrounding our camp.

CARLOS: What about Mateo's report?

ANGEL: Not so good, too. More scabs. He saw 5 Pilipino from Kampo Seis sneaking back to the fields. Not only that, he said the bosses evicted more strikers from Kampo Tres. What we going do? We run out of tents already.

CARLOS: (angrily) What's the matter with you? Why didn't you tell Bailey we need more announcements in

"The Voice of Labor?!"

ANGEL: ... OK, Carlos.

CARLOS: What about the food supplies?

ANGEL: Mateo and Felipe going check on some rice and water from folks around town. Then they going to try the farmers and the store owners in Paia.

(A nonchalant Doming enters.)

DOMING: Hey, boys.

CARLOS: Where the hell you been?!

DOMING: Eh, I just talking to some of the bayao. I guess I forgot the time.

ANGEL: It's OK, Doming. Why don't you just give your report.

CARLOS: But Doming, how come you forget the time with that fancy watch? Where you get it from, eh?

DOMING: (a nervous smile) I... I get it from uh... Pablo. Yeah, Pablo - he owe me some money, so he just give me his watch.

CARLOS: (insinuating) Looks like real expensive kine watch. I like ask Pablo where he get it from.

ANGEL: C'mon you guys, let's start already.

CARLOS: What's bothering you, Doming?

DOMING: Well, we got a lot of problems here. We just waste time like this. Look, Fagel in jail. We got no bail money! And no lawyer willing to fight the Big 5! No more rice! No more water! Junk tents!

CARLOS: You talk like you want us to call of the strike, already!

DOMING: We're losing anyway! People are suffering. Two months we been on strike now. Some like call off the strike already.

CARLOS: Maybe because you putting those ideas in their head! Huh, Doming?!

ANGEL: Hey, no fight, Carlos. Us three got to stick

together - for the good of the others!

CARLOS: Angel, you don't understand. Doming is keeping something from us!

DOMING: (defensive) What you talking about?!

CARLOS: Mateo was on guard duty last week. He saw Baldwin's manager pick you up and take you for a drive. Eh, Doming - the bosses trying to *hoomalemale* (sweet talk) you or what?!!

DOMING: How does Mateo know that was me?!

ANGEL: Maybe Mateo make mistake, Carlos.

CARLOS: That's what I thought. So I went with Mateo another time. And we both saw you - driving off with the manager - again!

ANGEL: Doming...

DOMING: Alright! I did! So what! You know the bosses always try to buy us off! The leaders especially. Remember, they used to take Fagel and Moises out for a talk, too!

CARLOS: But they always told us what happen. You keeping it one big secret. Did you make a deal with them, Doming?! Did you promise to call off the strike for them? And what they promise you - a raise?! One luna job?!

(Doming is silent)

ANGEL: Carlos, Doming is our friend. We're like brothers! Us three helped build Vibora together!

DOMING: I even joined before you guys! Listen, I'm only thinking what's good for our people. We're losing this strike. The bosses will never sit down at the bargaining table with us - never! That's what the manager told me - the Big 5 too strong! But they like make a deal with us. If we call off the strike, they will release Fagel from jail and drop all the charges against him and the others!

CARLOS: That's not enough!

DOMING: Wait! That's not all. Carlos, they promising to make the 3 of us lunas!

(Sadly, Angel turns away, but Carlos turns a cold eye on Doming.)

CARLOS: So you finally get to be one luna, eh Doming?!

DOMING: Carlos, not just me – but the three of us! This is a big opportunity – not only for us but for our people! We need Pilipino lunas who won't cheat our countrymen from their pay! Who will respect them. The best way to fight for justice is to be the spokesman for the common Pilipino! As lunas we can go right to the plantation office and meet with the bosses – anytime! Pilipino lunas will be a symbol of success. For the sake of our countrymen...

CARLOS: ..."sake of our countrymen?!" Hah!! Who you trying to fool! Call off the strike? After all the work we put in, you want us to give up?! Go back to the fields – for what!? So the bosses' harvest won't rot?! So you can become a luna?!

DOMING: No, so that we can have better lives!

CARLOS: Maybe you get better life. But just because a few lunas going to have Pilipino faces not going mean much to our people. The bosses still going be the same! I won't sell out our *kailian*!

DOMING: Angel, if Carlos changes his mind, get in touch with the manager and we can work things out...

CARLOS: Traitor!! *Boto-boto*!

(Enraged, Carlos jumps on Doming.)

ANGEL: Carlos, don't!

(Angel holds Carlos back.)

CARLOS: Get the hell out of here! Don't ever show your goddam face around here again!

ANGEL: Go, Doming! More better you go! Quick!

(Doming hurries off as Michiko rushes in. Angel releases Carlos.)

ANGEL: Ay, Apo Diyos!

CARLOS: (now in anguish) What happened to him! Why couldn't he hold out like the rest of us? Everything the three of us worked for. Remember, Angel? You, me and Doming...

ANGEL: Ay, Apo Diyos! What are we fighting for if it means losing your friend? Is all this going to be worth it?!

CARLOS: But you heard him! What kind of friend is that? He's only thinking of himself.

ANGEL: Because the bosses put big things into his head. They got him mixed up. If we tried to talk to him instead of yelling at him maybe -

CARLOS: Didn't you hear what he said! He's gone over to their side! And he wants us to go with him!

ANGEL: You had no patience with him, Carlos. You're changing. It's no use talking.

(Resigned, Angel walks away. Exhausted and shaken, Carlos sits. Michiko goes to him, stands behind him, places her hands on his tense shoulders.)

MICHIKO: Carlos?

CARLOS: What! You think I'm wrong, too?!

(She jumps back. Carlos, realizing his mistake and pulls her hands back.)

CARLOS: I'm always losing my temper, yeah? Oh, Michiko, maybe I can't help lead the strike anymore. I'm too nervous about doing good job without Fagel.

MICHIKO: Carlos, ever since they put Fagel in jail, you're the one keeping the strike together. Everyone depends on you.

CARLOS: I don't know anymore. Maybe I was wrong. Maybe the most we can get are a few luna jobs - like Doming says.

MICHIKO: That's not what everybody sacrificed for these past two months.

CARLOS: Maybe what I want for us is too much.

MICHIKO: (She starts rubbing his shoulders and back) You always had one big dream, Carlos. Sometimes I think, it's too much. And maybe it can never come true. But Carlos, we need that dream, and so do our children. Only we have to remember that we cannot get it all at once. If we don't get it this time, at least we tried. And we can try again, until we do win.

BAILEY: (offstage) Carlos?! Carlos!

(Bailey O'Connor hurries in with a big smile, followed by Mateo, Cora and others.)

BAILEY: Good news from Honolulu, Carlos! We got a lawyer!

OTHERS: (cheering) We got a lawyer. Our lawyer! Vibora got a lawyer!

BAILEY: He's from the Mainland - from the CIO's International Labor Defense! He'll be flying into Maui any day now!

MATEO: Now we can get Fagel and the others out of jail!

BAILEY: And the NLRB - when their investigators come, we can force the bosses to negotiate with us. Maybe strike *pau* in a few weeks!

OTHERS: Only a few weeks! A few more weeks and the strike *pau*!

FELIPE: (dashing in) Hey, everybody - good news! The Japanee camp gave us rice! And the Podagee farmer - Garcia - he's here and he bring us water!

CORA: C'mon - let's unload Mr. Garcia's wagon!

OTHERS: Water?! And rice from the Japanee?! *Nasayaat met dayta a tao! Adda met gayam tattao nga tumulong kada-tayo!* (_____)

(They all exit except Carlos and Michiko.)

MICHIKO: Carlos, see - you got one big smile already!

CARLOS: You not doing so bad yourself.

MICHIKO: It's good to look through each other's eyes.

(They embrace. Blackout.)

ACT III, SCENE 2

(Two weeks later at Kenji's store - a counter with cans and packages on a shelf; nearby is a small bench, some crates. Angel, Cora and Felipe are cheery and optimistic, while they wait to hear for the results of that day's negotiations with the HSPA.)

ANGEL: Uy - Kenji! You got plenty beer, huh!

KENJI: Yeah, ever since the strike started, business not so good.

(The strikers look at one and give a nod to signal a "set-up".)

FELIPE: Ay 'sus! Sure is hot today!

CORA: Yeah! The dust makes your throat dry!

ANGEL: Hey Kenji, you got any water?

(Kenji has a sense of being set up and eyes each one of them. They try to look innocent.)

KENJI: Hmm.... OK - help yourself!

(Laughing, the men help themselves and when Cora turns down a beer Kenji presents her with a root beer and a bow.)

KENJI: And one root beer for the lady.

CORA: *Salamat*, Kenji-san.

KENJI: (muttering) The strike better be over soon. Bumbye I go broke!

CORA: Don't worry, Kenji, any day now the negotiations going be *pau* and we end the strike.

ANGEL: (toasting) To the end of the strike!

FELIPE: Wait! And to Kenji's beer!

(Laughter)

FELIPE: You think this strike really going be *pau* soon?

CORA: I hope so. The strike camp bad for the children. Bumbye they get sick.

ANGEL: Yeah, it's three months already. But I know Carlos and Fagel not going settle unless we get a good raise.

CORA: No matter how big our raise, what's more is we got our dignity.

FELIPE: You know what I'm going do with my raise? Buy one big roast pig for the whole camp. And one big money order to send home to the Philippines.

CORA: What if we don't get a big raise?

FELIPE: Well, then... I'll buy a little roast pig and a little money order.

ANGEL: Anyway, *kailian*, just think. This is the first time that anybody forced the Big 5 to sit and bargain with workers.

KENJI: Hey, I hear Baldwin and the HSPA still trying to get that NLRB investigator off their backs.

ANGEL: Yeah! And now we got them by their throat - Hah! their fields are rotting.

CORA: Yeah -- I never knew that rotten fields could smell so good!

(Laughter then they notice Carlos entering.)

OTHERS: There's Carlos -- what happened today? How did it go? Tell us all about it. Is it over?

CARLOS: Well, folks, today I got some big news. (he waves the papers in his hand) We got a settlement that can end the strike!

OTHERS: (cheers) It's over?! *Ay, salamat!* Yay! Good! This is a big victory!

CARLOS: Wait, wait... Now... we didn't get everything we demanded.

OTHERS: What didn't we get? How come?! Then are we gonna stay out on strike? Wait, listen to Carlos.

CARLOS: I know you folks have a lot of questions. Everybody does. We want to have a meeting right away to talk to everybody about it - tonight. Can you folks help get the word out to all the camps?!

OTHERS: Yeah. Sure. Alright let's go. I'll go to Kampo Tres. OK, I going Camp #6. Thanks for the beer, Kenji!

(The others exit and Kenji disappears behind the counter but Carlos and Angel linger.)

CARLOS: We didn't get all our demands, but this (indicates papers) is a good start, Angel. And... and we won more than what's on this paper.

The bosses had to sit down at the bargaining table with us. They hate to see us face-to-face with them, like equals. You should have seen them, *pare*. They look like they want to cuss and throw us out. But everybody sit there - same table, same chairs - hah! And we bargained tough. The other races - they respect us now - we got fighting spirit they say. Three months we stuck it out together. We know now what we can do. We know that we can get the other races to help us, even join us for the same thing.

ANGEL: Yeah, Carlos, we did it. (sighs) But you and I, we been organizing for five years now. How many more years before we get what we really need?

CARLOS: Maybe it takes a long time. But nobody's going anywhere, right? And if all the races work more closer next time, then we get what we really need and we get it more fast.

ANGEL: I hope so. Well, we'll see. I'm just glad the strike going be *pau* after all.

CARLOS: Yeah - I'm tired of just eating *kamote* and *marungay* (sweet potatoes and leaves from the marungay tree)...

ANGEL: ... and sleeping on the dirt without a roof over my head!

CARLOS: And no more money.

KENJI: (pops over the counter) And no more credit - until today. (He hands Carlos a beer).

CARLOS: *Arigato*, Kenji!

(They laugh then Kenji disappears into the back.)

ANGEL: You lucky, Carlos. You got a wife and kids waiting at home for you. Single guys like me only got the bunkhouse full of lonely men.

CARLOS: Why not settle down here then and make a family? (teasing) Or are you still saving money to buy a *hacienda* back home, eh?

ANGEL: (chuckles) No, this place my home now. You know, Carlos. I work on this land long time now. I help make it give life. I feel like it's part of me now and I'm part of it. Then during the strike we get plenty help from the other races,

now I feel like they're part of me and I'm part of all them.

(Kenji re-enters carrying some store goods)

CARLOS: We going now, Kenji. Thanks, eh.

ANGEL: *Sige, Kenji. Arigato!*

KENJI: OK, boys. Eh - you two better watch out - the bosses going keep an eye on you. Maybe get you blacklisted after this.

CARLOS: Let them try. We came this far. They can't stop us now.

(Carlos puts his arm around Angel's shoulders and they exit.)

(FADE TO BLACK.)

EPILOGUE(Choreographed movement with characters' narration)Part 1 (From Vibora to the ILWU)Sound/Music Cues

- Lights come up on the characters doing field work movements as in the Prologue.

(6-8's of knives scraping w/ percussion)

CARLOS: (standing aside from others)

Back to work. Hoe hana, hapaiko, cut cane. Everything the bosses promised to Vibora turn to dust. Fagel, the other leaders, even me - The Big 5 put us on trial in their courts. When it was over, most of our leaders got jobs as camp police - working for the boss. Me and Angel, we no like. We got blacklisted all right. No work. I took my family to Honolulu. Vibora Luviminda fell apart. But the march of labor did not stop.

(change to focus movement)

From Puunene, the flames of unionism spread. From the docks of Port Allen to Honolulu and Hilo. And from the fields of Kekaha to Waialua and Pahala.

(silence, 2-8's)

(movements transform to strike movements)

We started again, but this time we built a bigger and stronger union with all workers - Japanese, Portuguese, Puerto Rican, Hawaiian and Pilipino. United as one... in the I-L-W-U.

(percussion, 6-8's on crescendo)

Part 2 (The Labor Movement Spreads)

(Strike choreography continues as Carlos joins others and Michiko steps forward)

MICHIKO:

We not only began a union - but a mighty labor movement. The HSPA tried to stop us again. 1938, Hilo: 73 police attacked 500 longshoremen and supporters with tear gas bombs, riot guns, clubs, rifles and bayonets. They wounded 51 of our brothers and sisters - crippling some for life. But our movement marched on. Workers of all races uniting more and more as one!

(Strike movements grow stronger. Michiko

(continue

Sound/Music Cues

joins others as Angel then Cora step forward)

percussion for another 6-8's)

ANGEL:

1939, Ahukini: Pilipino longshoremen struck! The Big 5 tried to turn the Japanese longshoremen at Port Allen against us. But they refused to cross our picket line! 10 months we stayed on strike! Nobody broke from us! Workers united as one!

CORA:

1940, McBryde Plantation, Kauai: sugar workers won the first collective bargaining contract! A victory for the multi-racial working people of Hawaii! Our line of march was onward!

("Vibora March" fades in for 4-8's)

Part 3 (World War II)

(Workers freeze into strike tableau, red lights with strobe light)

(Abstract percussion sounds)

Radio Broadcast (on tape)

December 7, 1941: In an early dawn attack, Japanese planes bombed Pearl Harbor. The United States has declared war on Japan. In the interest of national defense, martial law has been enforced through the Territory of Hawaii. Workers in sugar, pineapple and other industries vital to the Territory's economy must stay on their jobs. All wages will be frozen at current levels. Strikes are banned in the interest of defeating Germany and Japan. The draft will begin immediately.

(Silhouette of several men leaving for military duty as others bid them goodbye. All exit.)

Part 4 (Post War & Union Movement Grows)

(Union organizing choreography accompanied by Japanese worker's speech. Choreographed movements of small meetings, printing placards and banners saying "ILWU", "An Injury To One Is An Injury To All". A soldier returns from war, he removes his soldier's cap and shirt in exchange for a palaka work shirt. Activities like signing up union members,

(Percussion: 4-8's or more; then leading into intro to "Profits" song)

Sound/Music Cues

etc.)

KENJI:

When the war finally ended, workers were even more eager to join the union. Four years we no can strike, four years we no get raise. For four years we work side by side with military workers from the mainland but we make only half of what they get! When the war ended we said: "No More." Our union movement in the ILWU grew and grew. From 10,000 members to 20,000, then 40,000 strong! And the Big 5 also made their move.

Part 3 (ILWU & the '46 Boys)

1946, Honolulu: The HSPA brought 6,000 laborers and their families from war-torn Philippines. 6,000 Pilipinos with terrible memories of the Japanese occupation of their homeland still fresh in their minds. 6,000 Pilipinos to be strikebreakers!

(As in Prologue, the gangplank is lowered)

(Choreographed movements from the "Wildcat Strike" (ACT II, SCENE 2) a few are huddled as if planning something. One person is sent offstage as on a mission.)

Arriving Filipino '46 Boys:

While still across the ocean*
We heard of the USA
So thrilled by wild imagination
We left thru Manila Bay

Then on our way we thought and wondered
What the future would be
We gambled parental care and love
In search for human liberty.

Local Workers: (Singing in response)

We came here for the very same reasons
To seek a better life
But here we've found so much oppression
And have to organize

They've brought you here to break our
union
And control our destiny
Are you going to join on our side
So we can all be free?

Sound/Music Cues

Filipino '46 Boys:

We came from our homeland ravaged
By war against Japan
A lifetime filled with hunger
We left our ruined land.

While on the ships that brought us
Your comrades spoke among us
And told about your struggles
And the need to organize.

All this was new
We were confused
But later we could see
The need to join with you.

All:

They tried to divide us
In 1946
But the union movement
Prevailed.

The wealthy few still rule
Though our hands built this world
So continue organizing
For equality!

(Chorus)

Those who led the way
And those of us who follow
Thousands marching forward
To shape our destiny!

(Repeat chorus)

P A U !