

## **Japanese**

By Jim Martyka

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## Cast of Characters

**MICHAEL** - A man obsessed with all things Japanese

**JENNY** - A smart, caring and concerned friend

**STEVE** - Michael and Jenny's dumb friend, but also caring

**FRANK** - The even dumber friend, but also caring

## Scene

Michael's place, decked out in Japanese art and culture

## Time

Evening

## Japanese

*Scene opens with MICHAEL in Japanese kimono sitting meditation style and then staring at a fly, trying to catch it with chopsticks...he fails.*

MICHAEL: *(to himself)* How does he do that?

*The doorbell rings and MICHAEL leaps up and answers the door. He welcomes in his friends STEVE, JENNY and FRANK.*

MICHAEL: Konnbanwa. Konnbanwa.

JENNY: Hello Michael.

STEVE: Yo.

FRANK: Whaddup?

*MICHAEL stops his guests as they enter.*

MICHAEL: Oh please, remove your shoes. Welcome to my dojo!

*They roll their eyes but comply.*

JENNY: Okay, look Michael. We're gonna cut right to it, we need to talk.

MICHAEL: Whoa, patience. First let me get us all some tea.

JENNY: No, that's okay, we don't need any tea.

STEVE: I'll take some tea.

FRANK: Do you have any beer?

MICHAEL: I have Sapporo. I'll be right back.

*MICHAEL leaves to go get drinks and his friends talk.*

JENNY: Okay, now remember what we said. We have to be delicate about this. This is probably going to upset him, but we're his friends and we have to help him.

STEVE: Yeah, he doesn't look good. I'm glad we're doing this intervention. His drinking is out of control. Did you hear what he said? He has beer here!

JENNY: What? No, you idiot. We're here because of this sudden ridiculous obsession with the Japanese culture. It's gotten waaaaay out of hand. It's up to us to help.

FRANK: Sooo...do you think he won't have beer?

JENNY: Shut up Frank. Just follow my lead.

**MICHAEL walks back in with tea, beer and a bonsai plant. He distributes the drinks.**

MICHAEL: Here's your tea, tea, beer.

FRANK: *(to himself)* Whew!

MICHAEL: And this little guy's name is Yoshi. He's my kaonajimi. Isn't he majestic? Let me tell you, trimming his leaves is the most calming, peaceful activity. It really centers me.

STEVE: Bitchin'.

JENNY: That's great Michael, but listen, we really--

MICHAEL: Oh, where are my manners?! I forgot the food! Are you guys hungry? I prepared us some sushi.

JENNY: No, we're fine.

FRANK: I could eat.

**MICHAEL takes off again while JENNY just stares down FRANK. STEVE meanwhile is messing with the bonsai and accidentally breaks off a whole branch. He quickly hides it. MICHAEL comes back in with sushi.**

MICHAEL: This is really special. It's pureed monkfish liver, topped with snapper egg sac and drizzled in an eel feces reduction.

**JENNY looks mortified. STEVE, who was reaching for a piece quickly pulls his hand away. FRANKS still takes a piece and pops it into his mouth. He chews slowly**

*for a few seconds with no expression while the others watch him. He slowly swallows and walks off stage to go to the bathroom.*

MICHAEL: Hey, have you guys seen that new movie...Beanihadawayanekoshawnipaw?

*Silent stare for a beat.*

JENNY: No Michael. We haven't seen it. Nobody's seen it. Nobody's even heard of it.

STEVE: I've heard of it.

*JENNY looks ready to kill him. Turns back to MICHAEL. FRANK walks back in wiping his mouth with a napkin and quickly picks up his beer and chugs.*

JENNY: Michael, we really need you to sit down. This is very import--

MICHAEL: Okay cool. Just let me get out of this thing and change into something more comfortable.

*As he gets up to leave, he take his shirt off and his friends (and the audience) see that his back is covered in Japanese tattoos.*

JENNY: OKAY! THAT'S IT! MICHAEL THIS IS AN INTERVENTION!

MICHAEL: What?

FRANK: *(to Jenny)* Before we do this, can I get another beer?

JENNY: *(ignoring Frank)* What you're doing here isn't healthy!

MICHAEL: What isn't?

JENNY: This, all this...this sick obsession you have with...everything Japanese! It's fine to take interest, but this is too much!

MICHAEL: Ahhh, I disagree. I think of the old Japanese proverb. "Who travels for love finds a thousand miles not longer than one."

JENNY: What the fuck does that mean?!

FRANK: *(in the background)* Seriously, is there any more beer?

STEVE: It means...

JENNY: Shut up Steve!

MICHAEL: You seem a little tense Jenny. Would you like a massage? There's this great method I learned...

JENNY: Michael, you are a pizza delivery boy. You are from a small town in Oklahoma. You have never even met a real live Japanese person. You have no experience with Japan. You haven't even been to the fucking Pacific Ocean!

***MICHAEL interrupts her.***

MICHAEL: There is another proverb...

***MICHAEL thinks for a beat and then literally starts talking jibberish.***

STEVE: I'm pretty sure that was Vulcan.

JENNY: I give up.

MICHAEL: Jenny, relax. There is another...

JENNY: If you give me one more proverb, I will shove Yoshi up your fucking ass and then trim it...calmly!

***Out of nowhere, FRANK walks up to MICHAEL and whispers in his ear, loud enough for audience to hear.***

FRANK: Seriously, I need another beer.

STEVE: Whispering in the ear. Just like "Lost in Translation!" Badass!!!

***With that, MICHAEL breaks down crying. Very dramatically. JENNY stunned, goes to hold him.***

MICHAEL: I just wanted to be cool. I just wanted to be different.

JENNY: I know Michael, I know. We know how much you love this stuff and that's okay to a point, but...

MICHAEL: No. I HATE this shit! I don't know what the fuck is happening in these movies. These tattoos look fucking retarded. This food is giving me intestinal cancer!

FRANK: What?

STEVE: *(pointing and laughing at Frank)* Hahahaha!

JENNY: It's okay Michael, we'll get you through this.

MICHAEL: I don't even like Japanese people...well, you know the ones I see on TV. They're so short, and they always seem angry, and I bet they smell, and they really do look yellow and those evil little eyes and...

JENNY, FRANK and STEVE: Whooa, whoa, slooow down there. Let's pull it back a little bit.

MICHAEL: Sorry. Thanks guys, for everything.

JENNY: That's what we're here for.

STEVE: *(toasting Michael)* Fuckin' Pearl Harbor man.

FRANK: Pearl Harbor.

***JENNY is about to yell at both of them when the doorbell rings.***

JENNY: Who's that?

MICHAEL: Oh, I was going to surprise you all with a free bukkake exhibition, but I'll just cancel.

***MICHAEL gets up to answer door.***

JENNY: What?!

STEVE: Well, hold on a sec.

***FRANK karate chops MICHAEL and knocks him out.***

***LIGHTS.***