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Toho

"OKUNI AND GOHEI"

By Junichiro Tanisaki

In One Act

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Toho Company, Ltd.
Theatrical Prod. Dept.

"OKUNI AND GOHEI"

By Junichiro Tanisaki

In One Act

Characters:

Okuni

Gohei

Tomonojo Ikeda

Age: Tokugawa Period

Place: Nasunogahara, Kozuke Province

Nasunogahara, Kozuke Province

(It is dusk, in the lonely plain of extensive Nasunogahara.

A pine tree avenue extends from right to left. At the foot of a pine tree two wanderers, a lady and her servant, are having a rest. The lady is the widow of a samurai (warrior) of a certain western province. Her name is Okuni. The other, her servant, is named Gohei.)

Gohei: What do you think, madam, of leaving here now.

Okuni: My fatigue is not gone yet.

Gohei: But it is getting dark. If night comes in this plain, we shall find it hard to keep on our journey, so you'd better endure your fatigue until we arrive at the next stopping place, though I'm afraid it will be a hard job for you.

Okuni: A woman is really so weak a creature....you must be much annoyed with my company.

Gohei: Not at all, madam. It's the second day, today, of your journey after your long illness. It's quite natural you get fatigued so. We ought to have stayed in Utsunomiya for another couple of days or so.

Okuni: Oh, no, we could not afford to stay longer though I were still weak in health. It is two months already since I fell sick in Utsunomiya.

Gohei: That's right, but nobody can overcome sickness however strong-minded he may be. And you have walked nearly 6 or 7 ri today since this morning.

Okuni: Walking and walking so long, we haven't seen a village yet.....this is the plain people call Masunogahara, I guess. What a lonely place this is!

Gohei: Beyond this plain is Oshu (Northern District), I'm told. When you go across this plain two or three days you will get to Shirakawa Barrier.

Okuni: Oh, I heard of Shirakawa Barrier in a story I was told when a child. When I was 7 or 8 my grandmother used to tell me that story.

Gohei: We are going to that Shirakawa Barrier now, to the extreme north beyond the barrier if circumstances force us.

Okuni: My grandmother was very fond of poetry. She used to tell me about poetry.....that Shirakawa Barrier noted for its poem was so many hundred ri away from Hiroshima.....that we must travel beyond Osaka, beyond Kyoto, beyond Yedo which is located at the extreme end of Tokaido Highway and still go about a hundred ri beyond it..... that there is a wide, wide territory called Oshu beyond the barrier.

Gohei: We might have to travel through the wide, wide territory your grandmother told you about.

Okuni: It is already 3 years since we left our home. Autumn this year is now going and yet we have not found the whereabouts of my foe. What a pity!

- Gohei: People at home must be anxiously waiting for you now. Your boy is now 5 years old, if I'm not mistaken. How lovely he must look!
- Okuni: Say, don't talk about my child, or hearing you talk about him I'd come to find it so irresistible to return home.
- Gohei: I'm sorry I was so careless. Pardon me, madam. Thinking of it, I wish we could attain our object as soon as possible.
- Okuni: Say, Gohei, I won't mind going through any hardship for the sake of my dead husband, but you must be.... I am very sorry for you that I'm worrying you so much.
- Gohei: Don't mention that, madam. You always say you are sorry for me, but I'd rather resent it. Ain't I your servant?
- Okuni: You are, but you haven't been serving us since my father's days. You've been serving us only 2 or 3 years. When my husband was alive I could think you my servant, but now I cannot think so.
- Gohei: You are condescending too much. As I was your husband's servant I should serve you better now that he is dead. I have been done so much kindness by you during these couple of years.
- Okuni: So many people forget their indebtedness, but you value so much just a bit of kindness I have shown you and serve me so kindly. My dead husband must be feeling grateful to you in the grave for your loyalty.
- Gohei: Until we meet with your foe, I shall accompany for as many years as 5, 10, or even 20. I think he has made his way into Oshu provinces, but if he is not found there I shall accompany you back to Yedo, back to Kyoto or to Osaka, or even to Saikoku and Kyushu. I shall be quite willing to go with you to the farthest corner of Japan until we find him.
- Okuni: But if, unluckily, we should be wandering about for years and years, crossing mountains and valleys, until we meet our foe, both of us will

grow old and our hair will turn grey. Thinking of it, I feel as if you and I were so strangely ordained by God.....

Gohei: Yes....if times were better for you, you'd be a lady to whom such a low-bred man as I could not even go near you. And now you are so close to me.... it's something God has ordained.

Okuni: I who left home to find my foe have fallen sick so long and have put you to so much trouble, being looked after so kindly. I feel I'm a big burden on you.

Gohei: To me killing the foe and looking after you are both the service I should do for you. I think it is the protection of God and Buddha that has restored you from such a serious sickness so soon. I feared that if you should encounter your foe while you were in sick bed..... since he is a cowardly rascal....what might happen to you. It was all I feared.

(Since a while ago sound of a shakuhachi - bamboo flute - has been faintly audible. Okuni listens intently.)

Okuni: Say, Gohei, don't you hear that flute?

Gohei: Well, yes. I hear it now in the distance. It must be that strolling flute-player coming.

Okuni: There is no mistake about it. When I was lying sick in Utsunomiya he was always playing his flute beneath the window. I recall his melody now.

Gohei: Surely he is a strolling musician in no hurry to reach anywhere just like ourselves, but it is strange that he is following us.

Okuni: Didn't he get to Utsunomiya on the same day as we did, after getting ahead of us or after us since we left Kumagaya in Takasendo?

- Gohel: Yes, he did. And for 2 months during your sickness there was not one day when his flute was not heard underneath the window.
- Okuni: It occurred to me that he might possibly be our foe Tomonojo.....
- Gohel: It did to me too. You saw his face, I guess?
- Okuni: The other day when I threw a coin to him, he looked up at me, lifting up the edge of his deep braided-hat.
- Gohel: I saw his face at that time too, but it was entirely unlike that of Ikeda.
- Okuni: Yes, but if we meet him again, I'd like to see his face more closely.
- Gohel: He is a suspicious fellow, but I don't think he could be Ikeda. It is impossible that a man who is being sought as an enemy and who is notorious for his cowardice among his household people should ever dare to hang about us.
- Okuni: You say so, but he had the audacity to make love to me and killed my husband by a surprise attack.... he might be following where I go.
- Gohel: It might be possible if he were prepared to lose his life. He could do so if you were alone, but so long as I accompany you, how could he who is so unwilling to lose his life dare do so. That flute player cannot be the man we seek. Ikeda, as you know, is a handsome-looking and white-complexioned man and has refined features though he is a poor swordsman. That flute player has a dark face with high cheek bones and has an unrefined appearance.
- Okuni: But as Tomonojo is such a rascal, he may be hiding somewhere and turn out to assault us any moment. You must be very careful.
- Gohel: I won't mind what may happen to me, but I shall be always on the lookout lest anything unlucky should happen to you, so please set your mind at ease. The rascal is a poor swordsman. The

moment I find him I won't let him be alive.
What a fortunate guy he is that we haven't
been able to locate him yet!

Okuni: We shall have the 4th anniversary of my husband's
death next month. What a hateful Tomonojo is!
I wish I could accomplish my object quick.

Gohei: Time will come when you meet him.....don't be
so impatient. By the way, it is getting quite
dark.

Okuni: Hearing we are near Oshu I feel the wind quite
chilly now. Though I've got accustomed to
travelling, I feel somehow lonely today.

Gohei: There is no passer-by hereabout. It gets more
lonesome as darkness gathers. How about your
legs? Are they hot well?

Okuni: I've nearly got rid of my fatigue now. (Rubbing
her feet) The toe on this thumb has broken and
it hurts.

Gohei: Let me see it, madam.

(He kneels at her feet, unties the string on her
sandal and removes her sock. The sound of the
flute stops once but is heard again nearer and
nearer.)

Gohei: Oh, it must hurt you so! The skin has come off.
Well, let me see.... You'd better put some
paper in between so that the string of your
sandal may not touch the sore spot.

(Gohei produces a piece of paper, tears it into
thin pieces and wind one around the sore spot of
her feet.)

Gohei: How do you feel now? You are feeling better,
I guess?

Okuni: Yes, I am a great deal. As I haven't worn
sandals long, I get toes on my feet like this.

Gohei: You'll get used to it two or three days hence.
Now lift up your foot.

(So saying, he puts her sock on and ties the sandal string for her.)

Okuni: Say, Gohai, the flute player is coming nearer.

Gohai: (Listens after tying the string.) Strange fellow that he should be playing his flute in such a lonely place as this at this late hour, while he should be strolling through a town for money.

Okuni: You look at him more closely when he comes up here.

Gohai: Certainly. I shall be waiting for him here and will inspect his face to make sure.

Okuni: Do so please. Be careful as I told you.

Gohai: You'd better not allow him to look at your face. I will put on this hat and be smoking a pipe as if I were indifeerent to his approach. (Putting on his hat, looks toward the right.) He is coming yonder.

(The sound of the flute draws still nearer. Okuni puts her towel on her head. Gohai lights his pipe and waits, looking down. From the right enters the flute player. He wears a deep braided-hat which conceals his face. Playing his flute he is about to pass by the two.)

Gohai: Say, Mr. Flute-Player! Mr. Flute-Player!

(When called a second time, the flute player stops playing and halts. He stands still, with his flute held to his lips.)

Gohai: Excuse me, Mr. Flute Player, I have a little question to ask you.

(The flute player removes his flute from his lips and looks back at the two.)

Gohai: Aren't you the man who came to Utsunomiya on the same day as we did, walking ahead and after us from Kumagaya of Nakasendo?

Flute Player: (In low voice, rather equivocally) Well, I might be.

Gohei: You are really? Well, I have no particular job with you, but I thought it strange that we meet with you so often, so I just accosted you. And where are you going?

Flute Player: I have no particular destination to go to.

Gohei: But since you are travelling this way, you are going to Oshu Territory I guess?

Flute Player:

Gohei: What's the matter, Mr. Flute Player? Why don't conceal it. You want to look at my face, I guess.

Gohei: (Looks up at the flute player, together with Okuni.)

Flute Player: I'll let you look at my face if you want.

(So saying, he puts off his hat. He is a white-complexioned and handsome man, shaven cleanly.)

Gohei: Oh!

Okuni: You are Tomonojo Ikeda!

Flute Player: Yes, I am Tomonojo Ikeda. I haven't seen you so long, Okuni.

Okuni: I didn't expect to meet with you here. It is what my dead husband designed for us. You can't escape from me now. Prepare!

Gohei: I've been accompanying madam for three years, seeking her husband's enemy. Now you are doomed, Ikeda. Fight like a man.

Tomonojo: Don't make such a fuss. I am a weak man and a poor swordsman. You can kill me easily if you will. Surely Mr. Iwori had a good wife and a good servant like Okuni and Gohei. He was far happier than I who have been a disgraceful life.

(While talking thus, Tomonojo sits down at the root of the pine tree. Okuni and Gohei hold their positions with Tomonojo between them.)

Gohei: How dare you call him happy who, while possessing a good swordsmanship, died a cruel death at your cowardly hands! What impudence!

- Okuni: Hey, Tomonojo, if you don't like to live a disgraceful life, why didn't you present yourself as his murderer. You who were born in a family of the highest retainer should degrade yourself to such a miserable figure!
- Tomonojo: I know mine is a miserable figure, but I held my life dearer than anything.
- Gohel: What a shame that you should hold your life so dear while you are in such a wretched condition! Aren't you one of the honored warriors?
- Tomonojo: Laugh at my cowardice. However much I may be despised, I don't want to part with my life.
- Okuni: Why is it that you who value your life so dearly should appear before us? Are you resigned that you can no longer escape from us?
- Tomonojo: Not at all. I came up here, just to have a glance at your face.
- Okuni: What? What do you dare to say?
- Tomonojo: (With a lonely smile) Ha, ha, ha.....you need not be so stern, Okuni. To tell you the truth, I have followed you for these 3 years since the day you and Gohel left Hiroshima, followed you like your shadow. Even a coward will forget danger to his life for the sake of his love!
- Gohel: Following us for three years? Impossible! We just met with you at the inn in Utsunomiya for the first time.
- Tomonojo: It's no wonder you think so, but I don't tell a lie. It was the 10th of December the year before last.....how could I forget it.... that you left Hiroshima. Since then you travelled through Chugoku region to Osaka and then to Kyoto. And you started for yedo at the end of the year before last down Tokaido highway. It's a little time ago that I disguised myself as a flute player, but I've been following you all the time.
- Okuni: What do you want by following me?

Tomonojo: What do I want? That's outside my knowledge. As you know, I made love to you and killed my love rival Iwori by surprise attack. You will call it a cowardly crime.....

Okuni: What else can it be?

Tomonojo: I'll give my excuse for it later. That night, after killing Mr. Iwori, I fled to Hiroshima under cover of darkness, but thinking over what would happen to me I made up my mind to leave on a wandering journey, but wanted to have just a glance at Okuni..... I thought that she would surely leave home to find me and get revenged on her husband's death at my hands and would be wandering through the country until she could locate me. So I determined to wait until your departure and to follow you wherever you might go and hoped to meet you. So determined I returned to the town, under some disguise, the following day and was hiding until you left the town.

Okuni: In addition to your murder of my husband, you should think of doing such a thing! How hateful you are!

Tomonojo: However bitterly I may be hated by you, I cannot forget you. Don't you take pity on me? It was none other than myself that kept on playing his flute under your window whether it was fine or rainy, when you were lying in your sick bed in Utsunomiya. I wanted to have you listen to the music I played out of my affection for you.

Gohei: But that flute player seemed a different man.

Tomonojo: I painted my face with black ink and deceived you. You remember, Okuni, that you tossed some money to me, looking through the window. I saw your face for the first time in three years since I left home. My long-cherished wishes were realized at that time.

Gohei: The more I listen to you, the more I come to think you are an incorrigible rascal. Now that your fond wishes have been realized you shall have nothing more to desire in this world. Now you must prepare for our challenge like a man.

Tomonojo: No, I have no mind to respond to your challenge. You are a good swordsman though you are a mere servant. People said so and you believed so. I have no courage to fight with a man like you. As I told you before, I am a weak-souled man who cannot be ranked among the warriors. It will be no use fighting with you, as I have no doubt it will be a losing game for us.

Gohei: Are you still grudging to part with your life?

Okuni: Do you mean to flee from us?

Tomonojo: I would, if I could. Laugh at my cowardice and weakness. I am speaking frankly. It may be an idle grumbling to say this.....but your husband Mr. Iwori and your servant Mr. Gohei here are both happy men, possessing a good swordsmanship. I feel envious of them now.

Okuni: If you feel so envious of them, why didn't you act like a man yourself?

Tomonojo: I want to behave like a man, but I was born so effinate as I am. I can't do anything with it. Since I was born in a samurai family I wanted to be a worthy samurai like your husband. I wanted to be talked of a good samurai, possessed with good swordsmanship and courage. If I had been such a samurai, Okuni wouldn't have hated me that way. I could have made you my wife and have led a happy life. But it was all my misfortune that I wasn't born such a man.

Okuni: Misfortune is what befell my husband. You not only behaved as you chose taking advantage of the influence of your household, you made unpardonable love to a married woman and heaped disgrace on her. Who should believe you now whatever you may say. It is your own fault that people hate you.

Tomonojo: Yes, I was hated by people as a man unworthy of a samurai, an idler, a liar, an effinate man. Not only you but many people despised me. But it is not my fault that I am a wicked man. I was born such a man. Just as you have beautiful features I was born with an ugly mind.

Isn't it so? Isn't it unreasonable to blame me?

Okuni: Knowing so well of your ugliness, why did you feel envious of others?

Tomonojo: How could I feel otherwise? As Mr. Iwori was a man, I am a man too. Besides, weren't you and I once engaged before? You estranged me, saying I was little promising in life, and your father broke the engagement. Not only that, people rejoiced over it, saying you were wise in breaking the engagement in favor of Mr. Iwori, denouncing me as a villain. Nobody felt sorry for me. It made me, who are so effeminate, so sad and lonely. It's because I could not stand my loneliness that I killed Mr. Iwori.

Gohei: Then did you think you could attain your object if my lord were not alive?

Tomonojo: No, it was not because of Mr. Iwori that Okuni deserted me. It was because I was a wicked man. I know it full well, but I hated Mr. Iwori, I hated those who praised Mr. Iwori. Mr. Iwori was a fine samurai and I was born an unfortunate man, and people didn't pity me but sided with Mr. Iwori. I killed him not so much because he was my love rival as because I resented the people. You may call it cowardly of me to have murdered him by surprise attack, but how could an effeminate man do otherwise in killing a fine samurai. A weak man like me could not but be cowardly.

Gohei: It's no use listening to such muttering. Before it gets too late, now prepare yourself, Mr. Ikeda as you can't escape now. Fight like a man and die gracefully, so that you may be talked of as a man worthy of the name of samurai. I advise you thus out of my consideration for a samurai.

Okuni: Now Tomonojo, however wicked you may be, I wouldn't hate you who have loved me so dearly. I'll console your spirit after your death, so prepare yourself for death. This is what I ask of you, Tomonojo.

Tomonojo: Hearing you say so I feel happy and sad. Tears well up in my eyes. This is the first time in 7 years to hear you speak so tenderly to me. As my life glad die at your hands if you want my life, but could I not live with you in this plain together? I envy Gohei. If I could, like Gohei, wander about through various provinces say for 5 years....10 years! Say, Gohei, if you knew human sentiments, sympathize with me.

Gohei: As I know human sentiments I have been urging you to prepare yourself.

Tomonojo: You did not get any favor from Mr. Iwori, but just served two or three years, and yet you've been travelling, keeping company of his wife. I am told you are loyal servant. You'll surely be talked of as a mirror of loyalty by posterity. But if I were skilled in martial arts. I'd gladly behave like you. Okuni whom you accompany is a beautiful lady. You won't get tired of your journey how long it may last, as you are keeping her company. Even when you encounter your foe, he is a weak samurai who professes to be a coward himself. It would be an easy job for you to kill him. Isn't it so, Gohei? And when you return home after killing your foe you'll be promoted to the status of samurai in reward for your merit. If things turn out favourably you will succeed to the title and bed of the dead Iwori. Such is the reward for loyalty. No wonder everybody with wisdom and discretion should endeavor to be loyal.

Gohei: What impertinence! Do you mean to say that I have been accompany my ladyship with such a sinister design in my mind?

Tomonojo: I don't mean you have such a design. It was to repay for the favor you got from your lord that you set out on your journey to help her in her revenge. I don't doubt it. Only I mean that your loyalty is not such a difficult job for you as it seems to others. I mean to say that to me who am sought by one whom I love as her enemy, who am despised

by people and who wander about aimlessly, your life looks happy.

Gohei: How could you utter such words after giving so much torture to others? Our hardship and worry could never be understood by a man of such crooked nature as you are.

Tomonojo: True you must have gone through many hardships and worries, but you had means to solace yourself. When Okuni was sick in bed at Utsunomiya, you nursed her kindly with all your heart. You tended on her without minding your trouble.

Gohei: What of it?

Tomonojo: Seeing it, I thought you two were such good mistress and servant that others would envy.

Okuni: What impertinent remarks!
Do you mean to disgrace me again?

Tomonojo: It was unfortunate that you who left your home to look for your foe should fall sick, but during the two months when I was playing my flute below your window, I thought that you two were delighted with your misfortune. I even thought that you might have forgot your revenge. After recovery from her sickness you could not be as you were, but the world is but a temporary abode after all and you are happy if you had a moment of enjoyment. Isn't it so with you two? I don't mean to disgrace you. I only feel envious of you.

(Okuni looks at Gohei with her face turned pale.)

Gohei: What evidence do you have for saying that?

Tomonojo: Aren't you going to kill me now? What's the use of concealing your secret from a man dying? How could I who have followed my loved one for three years fail to get aware of your secret? True, you two left your home as good mistress and servant, but I know full well since when you have got intimate with each other. I stayed in a room next to yours at the Echizenya Hotel in Kamagaya.

Okuni: Eh! You did?

Tomonojo: I could overhear all you talked to each other. Don't worry, Okuni. After I'm killed nobody in this world knows about your secret, except yourselves. After you got revenged, you will return home and get married. It is me alone that is made a fool of.

Gohel: I feel ashamed of myself before you who know it. I didn't mean that at the beginning. Just a spur of the moment drove me into such a relation with Madam Okuni, though I knew it was unfaithful. Pardon me, Mr. Ikeda.

Tomonojo: It's not for me to pardon you. It's the world that I resent now. While I have ruined myself by making love to another's wife, you are talked of as a loyal servant, doing the same thing. You can have means to get along in this world while committing adultery, I have none. People in the world talk of a man who knows the way of life as a samurai and behaves well outwardly, as a good man and criticise a man like me who is of a crooked nature and weak-minded as an evil man. Now - have realized that a wicked man has nothing to gain but everything to lose. I committed a murder as I am a wicked man, but I have got just retribution for it, while you are not only going to kill me but are making it as a start for your promotion in life.

Gohel: Pardon me, Mr. Ikeda. I am to blame. I am as wicked as you are.

Tomonojo: Then will you spare my life?

Gohel: Well....

Tomonojo: Neither you nor Okuni should have no sword to direct at me. You committed adultery with the wife of your lord. If things had turned up in my favor, I could have made Okuni my favor, I could have made Okuni my wife and denounced you as the foe of Mr. Iwori.

Okuni: You are right, Mr. Tomonojo, but if you really love me as you say, do please allow yourself to be killed for my sake.

- Tomonojo: No, I don't want to die. Though I am living a miserable life, forsaken by the world, I don't want to part with my life. If you should want to kill me against my will, I'd suffer myself to be killed, but I don't want to die now.
- Okuni: What do you think is the good of your protracting your life, living such a wretched life as you do now? It was a thing of a remote past that I made an engagement with you. Now I have got disgusted with you. Even if you killed Gohel, I wouldn't suffer myself to be yours. If Gohel dies, I will die with him.
- Tomonojo: (With a sad smile) Ha, ha, ha..... How should I kill any of you? I have no such swordsmanship as will enable me to kill you, have I?
- Okuni: Won't you allow yourself to be gracefully, then? Just for my sake?
- Gohel: I'm sorry but prepare yourself for death, Mr. Ikeda, though you may be resenting us.
- Tomonojo: But you need not kill me. I don't mean to interfere with your love affair.
- Okuni: But we couldn't return home unless we kill our foe and get revenged. We wish to get married formally.
- Tomonojo: Just think it over well, if you have any pity on me. Let's stop trying to kill each other and forget everything in the past. I will keep on wandering aimlessly as a flute player. You had better give up returning home and either continue your journey throughout your life or settle somewhere and live happily together, making a home. I don't know the way of life of a samurai, but that's what we call mutual sympathy.
- Okuni: No. I want to return home. I want to go home and make Gohel a good samurai. Besides I have a darling child left at home.
- Tomonojo: Even if you say so, I don't want to lose my life. I hate death. Please spare my life. This is my only wish to make. Say, Okuni, have pity on me and.....

(Okuni winks at Gohei, prepares for an assault on Tomonojo and puts her hand on her short sword.)

Gohei: We are sorry but we can't do otherwise.
Prepare yourself, Mr. Ikeda!

(Gohei thrusts at him. Tomonojo, shielding himself with his flute, jumps away and rails against them.)

Tomonojo: You are unfair, base, disloyal, unfaithful.
(Falls down with a cut on his shoulder.) Oh, you kill me! Hey, Gohei, listen.....that woman, Okuni, has....

Gohei: What?

Tomonojo: She once gave herself up to me....

Gohei: Did she, as I guessed always....

(Gohei turns his look to Okuni. Okuni droops as if ashamed of herself.)

Tomonojo: This is my last wish, Okuni..... Please kill me with your hand.

Gohei: No, I will do it myself. You are my lord's foe and my love rival.

(Gohei stabs him to death. Meantime Okuni cries, lying on the ground and hides her face with her sleeve.

long interval.
It gets darker.)

Gohei: You shouldn't cry so, madam. We can't mend what we have done.

Okuni: I'm afraid that affair between Tomonojo and me may be rooted in your heart....

Gohei: Both you and I have now accomplished our long-cherished wishes. Now that Mr. Ikeda is dead there is nobody in this wide world we have to be afraid of. Let's stop talking about thinkings of the past.

Okuni: Will you love me forever then?

Gohei: How could I do otherwise? You are too noble but are my wife.

Okuni: Now that things have been fixed up, I want to return home with my foe's head as soon as possible.

Gohei: All the people at home must be waiting. I want to see the delightful faces of your grandpa and your child.

Okuni: It's nightfall already. We'd better cut off his head quick.

(Gohei, drawing his knife, approaches Tomonejo's body with Okuni.)

Gohei: Mr. Ikeda, we were cowardly, we were too cruel, but could not do otherwise for the sake of my lord's household and of my love. Resign yourself to your unlucky fate.

Okuni: You might think us too selfish....pardon us, Tomonejo.

Gohei: Namu-amidabutsu, Nani-amidabutsu. (Buddhist sutra)

Okuni: Namu-amidabutsu, Namu-amidabutsu.

(The two kneel silently and claps their hands, offering their prayers faintly.)