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" SANNIN KICHIZA TOMOE SHIRANAMI "

( " THREE KICHIZAS " )

Written by Kawatake Mokuami.

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To be performed at the Tokyo Theatre in  
November, 1946, by Kikugoro troupe.

( One act Kabuki play )



Synopsis:

This is a part of a long drama written by Kawatake Mokuami. It aims to show three unique players and the songs are characteristic of Yedo feeling. It is the most interesting point that beautiful girl suddenly changes into a man. The story is very simple that is three robbers form a fraternal friendship with one another. But the atmosphere of the drama is quite different from the dark life of ordinary robbers, but represents the bright side of their life in spring.

At the bank of the Kyogoku, a small shrine called Koshindo is standing. A loan shark, named Taroemon makes his appearance.

Taroemon:           Hullo! Yotaro! I'm glad to see you. I want to see you to talk over the money. I lent Gunzo yesterday, as you asked to do so.

Yokuro:             I'm sorry he was killed by some one yesterday.

Taro.:               Oh, it's a shocking news! Then I can't take back the money of 100 *y* mon from him, which I lent him. (Pointing to a sword.)

This is the sword Koshinmaru, which Gunzo bought yesterday with the money I lent him. It's lucky you've got it. I'll take it.

(He tries to snatch the sword from Yokuro.)

Yokuro:             I can't give you this sword which I received from Gunzo.

Taro.:               Don't make a fuss! Hand it to me.

(He snatches the sword from Yokuro and goes away. Otose makes her appearance.)

Otose:               A little time ago, a man dropped the money. I could recognize in the darkness that he was a



clerk. I have been waiting for him to come to look for the money which he must give back to his master. But he did not come. I'm afraid he will commit some terrible thing, because he can't explain about the money to his master. Though I saw him only once, I can't forget him. I'm anxious about him. (Ojo Kichiza appears, dressed in a woman's attire with a Shimada wig on his head. He is a robber.)

Ojo: Hullo, Miss! I want to ask you something.

Otose: What is it?

Ojo: Would you please tell me the way to Koume?

Otose: You must go straight and turn to -----

(Otose looks at the attire of Ojo) Perhaps you can't understand my explanation. As I'm going there, I'll go with you.

Ojo: Thank you, Miss. I was separated from my companion, so I am afraid to walk alone.

Though it may be troublesome for you, please take me with you.

Otose: No, it's not troublesome, as I'm going there, too. Please come this way. Where do you live?

Ojo: I'm the daughter of a green-grocer at two chome, Honcho. I'm called Oshichi.

Otose: You are called Oshichi, daughter of a green-grocer?

Ojo: And you?

Otose: I live at Warishitamizu. My father's name is Denkichi. My name is Otose.

Ojo: And what is your father's trade?  
Otose: He manages a restaurant at Yanagi-wara.  
Ojo: Does he?  
(Otose tumbles down and drops the purse. Taking it up, Ojo is surprised to see it.)  
Ojo: You've dropped something.  
Otose: Oh, it's my precious purse.  
Ojo: Is it the money?  
Otose: Yes, it's 100 mon of large coins and small coins.  
Ojo: Oh, terrible!  
(Ojo makes a gesture of surprise and embraces Otose.)  
Otose: What's the matter with you?  
Ojo: I saw a strange thing over the house.  
Otose: Perhaps it must be a spirit of a dead person.  
Ojo: It's the purse!  
(Ojo thrusts her hand into Otose's pocket.)  
Otose: What do you do to me?  
Ojo: I will have it.  
Otose: Then you are -----  
Ojo: I'm a robber!  
(Ojo pushes her into the river.)  
Ojo: I can have the money unexpectedly.  
(Taroemon comes behind her.)  
Taro.: Give me the money.  
(He tries to snatch the purse, while Ojo takes away the sword, Koshinmaru from Taroemon. The former draws up the sword. Palanquin-bears appear bearing a palanquin on their shoulders, but run away, surprised to see them struggling. Taroemon escapes threatened the sharp sword.)



Ojo: Coward! (Looking at the moon.)  
It's spring now when the lights of ships are  
obscure with the dim light of the moon. A little  
drunken, I wandered about the bank and caught a bird  
of victim. I can get the unexpected money, the  
money of 100 mon.

(He smiles, looking at the purse.)

Exorcist: Let me exorcize your misfortune!

Ojo: It must be Setsubun (the beginning of the natural  
year.) This even. The woman who fell into the  
river will get rid of her misfortune. It's lucky I could  
get the money.

(The palanquin is opened and Obo, Kichiza makes his  
appearance.)

Obo: Hullo, Miss! Wait a minute, please.

Ojo: What do you want with me?

Obo: I stopped because I have something to talk with you.

Ojo: I'll wait as you ask me. What is your business?

Obo: Please lend me, -----

Ojo: What do you want from a girl like me?

Obo: Lend me the money which you made with a wet finger.

Ojo: Oh, then you must have seen us!

Obo: I have been unlucky these days and could not earn  
much money. I am badly off now, I have never dreamed ~~that~~  
you are a skillful robber dressed like a beautiful  
lady. I'm dressed like a warrior, so people  
take precaution against me. It's reasonable I can't  
rob the people of much money.

Ojo: Then you want to have the money?

Obo: Lend it to me,



Ojo: You made a mistake. As you wear your swords, I thought you were a warrior who wants to test his sword by killing me. But you are only a robber and want to take such small money from me. I won't lend it to you because you threatened me so much.

Obo: Then I won't borrow it from you. You used offensive words to me. I don't wear these swords for appearance' sake. It's habit of us warriors to use them if necessary. I say hand me your money.

Ojo: No, I won't. If you want the money, beg me humbly. I'm a robber who robs the people of money, so I'm not a stingy man. But since you threatened me so much I won't yield you easily. If it's a custom for you to kill men, kill me and take it from me.

Obo: I intended to do so, before you say. But I think you must be a famous robber. I don't want to burry you in a deserted grave after your death, so I shall decorated your grave myself. Tell me your name, first.

Ojo: I will tell you my name. But tell me your name first.

Obo: I was wrong. Since I ask you your name I must tell you mine first. I'm Obo Kichiza, I did not get used to robbery at first, but now I'm a robber, a black-mailer and a burglar.

Ojo: Then your are the famous Obo Kichiza!

Obo: And who are you?

Ojo: I changed myself into a bonze and an old woman last spring. But I could not succeed in robbery. So now I am dressed like a young woman and I call myself



Ojo Kichiza. I'm a robber I can't walk in the street openly.

Obo: You are the famous Ojo Kichiza. I have heard of you before because our name is the same one with mine.

Ojo: I'm not worthy of my name if I'm taken away this purse by you.

Obo: It's also the same with me if I can't take it from you.

Ojo: Neither of us can give it up on account of the name of each other.

Obo: The purse is like a frog aimed at ~~h~~ by a snake.

Ojo: We must fight for it at the expense of our life. I will put the purse here.

(They are going to fight for the purse with their swords, when Osho Kichiza makes his appearance.)

Osho: Stop fighting, both of you. I don't know why you are fighting. But stop fighting, for I mediated between you.

Obo: You need not mediate between us, stranger.

Ojo: Get out of the way lest you should get hurt.

Obo:

Osho: ~~Oh~~ No, I won't. I saw the bright swords glittering on the cold river-bank. Though I'm not acquainted with you, I know you are the famous Kichizas. Even if you are hot-blooded, you must not fight each other as soon as the new spring begins. I mediated between you, thinking neither of you should get hurt. I'm Osho Kichiza. Fortunately it's Setsubun today and we must banish the goblins away. We are all Kichizas. I speak like an



exorcist, but leave the troublesome matter between you to me and reconcile with each other.

Obo:

Ojo:

Then you are the famous Kichiza, once a bonze of Kisshoin.

Osho:

I'm ashamed that I was once an obscure bonze of ~~Kichiza~~ Kisshoin, named Bencho. I began robbery by stealing the money from offertory-chests and was banished from the temple I was put into prison several times and was dressed in blue. But as my crimes were not so serious the officials spared my life. You can't help giving up your life if you are executed for your crime. But it's a bad thing to kill each other. I'll ask you the reason later, but just hand me your swords and stop fighting.

Obo:

I will obey you, if my enemy will.

Ojo:

If you hand your sword, I'll do so, too.

(They hand their swords to him.)

Osho:

Tell me the reason why you fought.

Ojo:

This is the money I have just stolen. It's for a groundless reason that we fought.

Obo:

I said him to lend the money and our quarrel developed to fighting.

Osho:

You were going to abandon your life on account of only 100 mon of money, weren't you? You are still young fellows. Now I'll judge your dispute. Divide the money into two and I want to receive the 50 mon from both of you. In return for the money, I'll give you my two arms; that is these



two swords which you handed to me just now.

(He shows his arms.)

Obo: Clever man! You are worthy of your fame. Now would you please approve my request?

Osho: What's your request?

Obo: Though our nicknames are different, it's strange our names are the same, Kichizas. I want that we become brothers. How do you think of it, Ojo?

Ojo: That's fine. You are clever. Let's make an attempt anyhow. I want to look to Osho for support.

Both: Won't you be our elder brother?

Osho: It's very interesting. I myself wanted to become one, but I dared not to say so, because I feared you would think me too self-conceited. I'm very glad you asked me.

Obo:

Ojo: Then you approve our request?

Osho: Yes, I will. In the book called "Sangokushi," three friends make a promise to become brothers in the plum-garden. But here in Japan, we make a vow to become brothers in the time of plum-flowers.

Ojo:

Obo: Fortunately here is a cup of some one. Let us drink the cup of blood.

(Three men cut their hands a little and pour their blood into the cup.)

Obo: Take it first.

Osho: Then I will.

(They finish up the cup. Congratulation!)

Obo:

Ojo: We are brothers who keep an eternal friendship.

Obo:

Osho: Divide the money into two among you.

Obo:

Ojo: No, we offer you this money because you saved our lives.

Please accept it.

Osho: It's troublesome that you insist  $\gamma$  upon your sense of obligation, for it's getting dark. Then I'll accept it as you offer.

Obo: We are contented with your dealing.

Osho: I will repay your later.

Obo: I could find a good friend.

(The palanquin-bearers appear.)

Palanquin-bears: ~~Palanquin-bearers~~ Robbers!

(The three robbers nock them down.)

Ojo: Let us go to congratulate.

Osho: Altogether -----

All: Let's become brothers.

----- The curtain falls. -----