

**THE MASTER TAILOR'S WIFE**

A One Act Play

By John Christgau

## CAST

(in order of appearance)

KIYOKO, the master tailor's wife

CUSTOMER, trying on a suit

SUKI, the master tailor's young daughter

FIRST DETECTIVE, from the Lima Police Prefecture

SECOND DETECTIVE, from the Lima Police Prefecture

SEÑOR OTA, the master tailor

*(The scene is a small tailor's shop in Lima, Peru, in the fall of 1942, during World War II. A small table with a chair sits SR. A pipe clothing rack is SL, hung with several suits. A straight-backed chair sits in front of the rack. A CUSTOMER is at the rack, trying on a suit coat. KIYOKO enters from SL carrying a suit, which she hangs on the pipe rack. She wears khaki-colored, military style knickers, and an olive blouse with epaulets and a collar. She has a yellow tailor's tape hanging around her neck.)*

KIYOKO: *(Stepping back, to observe the man in the suit coat)* Señor, the coat is a perfect fit, is it not?

SUKI: *(Rushing onto SR)* Where is Father?

KIYOKO: He has gone to the bank. He will be back soon.

SUKI: *(Approaches KIYOKO)* You must warn him immediately. The Lima authorities have begun rounding up all the Japanese Peruvian tailors.

KIYOKO: Who told you such a thing?

SUKI: There is talk in the streets of a Japanese invasion of Peru. Last night they arrested Señor Noguchi as he walked home. No one knows where he has been taken. There are rumors of a camp with lice and scorpions in Panama. Others say, no, the Americans are behind it all. The Americans will take all the Peruvian Japanese to a camp somewhere in the American desert. From there they will be sent to Japan. To be exchanged for Americans trapped in Japan.

KIYOKO: --Japan? Your father hardly remembers Japan.

SUKI: There are rumors of torture in the camps in Panama. Some are said to have been beaten.

KIYOKO: Suki, you must stop passing around rumors. They only frighten people. *(Returns her attention to CUSTOMER, who has been tugging and pulling at the coat)* Señor, are you not satisfied with the fit?

SUKI: It is all true, Mother. Señor Tomita is already gone. You must find a place for Father to hide.

KIYOKO: Hide? *(She looks around the shop and sweeps one*

*arm, to illustrate the shop's smallness.)* Where is he to hide?

SUKI: They will be here soon, looking for Father.

*(Retreats SR)* Be careful what you tell them. I am going now to warn him.

*(As SUKI leaves SR, her path is blocked by two detectives from the Lima Police Prefecture, entering SR. The FIRST DETECTIVE is short and wears glasses and carries a black binder. The SECOND DETECTIVE is tall and husky and wears an ill-fitting suit.)*

FIRST DETECTIVE: *(To SUKI)* Excuse me, señorita. Can you tell us, where might we find Señor Ota?

SUKI: Señores, we have done nothing.

FIRST DETECTIVE: Well, of course you have done nothing. But why are you in such a hurry?

SUKI: I have errands to run. And Señor Ota is not here.

SECOND: Are you Señor Ota's daughter?

SUKI: Yes.

FIRST: What is your business here?

SUKI: I run errands for my father. I help with the fittings. Señor, may I leave now on my errands?

FIRST: You are free to leave. (*The two detectives part, and SUKI slips between them.*) It is Señor Ota to whom we wish to speak.

KIYOKO: (*Again abandons CUSTOMER*) Señor Ota is my husband. (*Bows deeply*) He is not here.

(*The two detectives step closer to KIYOKO*)

FIRST: He is perhaps upstairs?

KIYOKO: There is no upstairs. We have only this shop, and a very small sewing and fitting room in back.

FIRST: Señora, please, ask him to come out.

KIYOKO: I have told you. He is not here.

FIRST: Where might we find him then? We must ask him a few questions.

KIYOKO: --Questions? May I ask who you are? And what is this about?

FIRST: We are from the Lima Police Prefecture.

KIYOKO: My husband has gone to the bank. (*Hastily*) Then he has many other errands to perform.

FIRST: --Other errands? Your daughter said she is the one who runs the errands.

KIYOKO: She does only the simple errands.

FIRST: So, when do you expect your husband to return?

KIYOKO: He did not say when he would return.

FIRST: Then we shall ask you our questions.

KIYOKO: Señores, as you can see for yourselves, I am quite busy with a customer.

FIRST: Your customer is free to leave.

KIYOKO: *(To CUSTOMER)* Señor, I ask for your kind understanding. *(Bows to him)*

CUSTOMER: I understand perfectly. *(The CUSTOMER removes the suit coat, hangs it back on the rack)*

KIYOKO: Perhaps you can return later to be properly fitted.

*(CUSTOMER bows, exits SR.)*

KIYOKO: Now, señores, may I ask again, what is this about?

FIRST: We have questions concerning your husband's activities.

KIYOKO: --His activities?

FIRST: With your permission I will sit here *(sits at the*



*small table, opens the black binder)* and inquire about his activities.

SECOND: (*Pompously*) I will sit here (*sits in chair in front of clothing rack*) and keep the official record. (*Prepares with some fanfare to write in a notebook he arranges on his lap*)

FIRST: Please understand. We are required to keep a record, for official government documents.

KIYOKO: (*Bows*) Of course.

FIRST: Señora, we also require your honesty.

SECOND: And speak slowly and clearly. The information must be recorded correctly.

KIYOKO: (*Moving to a spot halfway between the rack and the desk, where she stands somewhat rigidly*) Señores, I don't know what information I can give you.

FIRST: What is your husband's full name?

KIYOKO: Ritsusaburo Ota. (REET-sue-sah-BUR-oh)

SECOND: Madre Mia. Spell it, please.

KIYOKO: (*Quickly*) R-I-T--

SECOND: --Slowly!

KIYOKO: (*Slower now*) S-U-S (*pauses*) A (*pauses*) B-U-R-O.

SECOND: (*Writes slowly, then looks up*) Spell the last name.

FIRST: (*With irritation, to SECOND*) O-T-A! (*To KIYOKO*)  
Where was Señor Ota born?

KIYOKO: He was born in Japan. His family had no money at all and as a young man he came to Peru and became a citizen. He learned tailoring as an employee for a large firm here in Lima.

FIRST: How did you and your husband meet?

KIYOKO: I am a native Peruvian. I came to Lima from the

village of Cañete, where I was born and raised. There was nothing in Cañete but chickens and pigs. (*Proudly now*) Señor Ota chose me from many pictures sent to him. I came to Lima as a young woman to meet him.

FIRST: How long did you know him before you were married?

KIYOKO: It was only a few weeks. I can assure you it was quite awkward at first. But Señor Ota is a master tailor. He knows how to make people feel at ease.

FIRST: What was his occupation at the time you met him and were married?

KIYOKO: He had saved his money and got himself this small shop for tailoring.

FIRST: How many trips did your husband make to Japan after you were married?

KIYOKO: He has never been back.

SECOND: (*Skeptically*) Never in his life?

FIRST: (*Putting up one hand to calm SECOND*) Wait, please!  
(*To KIYOKO*) Señora, we require the truth. How long did your husband serve in the Japanese military?

KIYOKO: He did not serve at all.

FIRST: How was it that he was able to avoid universal Japanese military service?

KIYOKO: (*With rising exasperation*) Señor, I have already told you. He left Japan when he was only a boy.

FIRST: He has no relatives in Japan?

KIYOKO: None. His mother and father are dead.

FIRST: Señora, please. Who are his customers?

KIYOKO: Before the war broke out, he was doing business mostly with customers in Europe. But when the war came, that stopped and he was forced to find business in Lima. Now he tailors for anyone in Lima.

FIRST: --Including the Japanese?

KIYOKO: Yes, of course. But many others also.

FIRST: And he is one of the Japanese tailors in Lima recently making commando uniforms for the Japanese?

KIYOKO: --Commando uniforms?

FIRST: Yes. The gabardina khaki. It is everywhere with the Japanese. It is the very same style you are wearing now. (*Points to her knickers*) Why do you and others insist on wearing . . . jungle trousers on the streets of Lima.

KIYOKO: Señor, the style is called the "national dress." There are pictures in all the Japanese Peruvian magazines. The style is called kokuninfuku (ko-KU-nin-fook-oo).

SECOND: Madre Mia! K-O-K . . . then what?

FIRST: (*Waving off SECOND'S question*) Isn't what you call the "national dress" worn as a show of loyalty to Japan, our enemy?

KIYOKO: It is not, señor. It is like shoes or sweaters or . . . the tie you are wearing. It is a fashion!

FIRST: It is something more than a fashion! And we require that you show us your husband's books.

KIYOKO: --His books? His reading books?

FIRST: Señora, his business books. We require information on who the customers are for his jungle clothing.

KIYOKO: I have told you. It is not jungle clothing.

FIRST: Why do the Japanese wear it on the streets of Lima?

KIYOKO: The gabardine material is very comfortable.

FIRST: Comfortable how? For crawling in the manner of commandos in the jungle?

KIYOKO: It has nothing to do with commandos. Why won't you believe me?

FIRST: Señora, please. We are required to talk to your

husband about these matters. Why is he not here? Has he nothing to keep him busy here in his shop?

KIYOKO: *(With relief. Bows)* I am happy to explain. In tailoring, there are seasons. This is a rather slack season. He has extra time. To do his banking. To meet with his friends. To do business courtesies. If you wish, señores, he would be pleased to make you both fine, new suits.

SECOND: --A fine, new suit?

KIYOKO: Yes, of course. *(Enthusiastically now, sensing an opportunity to deflect them from their suspicious line of questions about the kokuninfuku.)* I am offering you both one of Señor Ota's suits. He is a master tailor, a perfectionist. No other tailor in Lima is as well known for his suits. Señor Ota would be pleased to tailor you each a suit. By special arrangements.

FIRST: --Special arrangements?

KIYOKO: *(Bows)* There would be no fee for his services.

FIRST: But why would you do such a thing for us?

KIYOKO: My husband often does such courtesies for officials of the Peruvian government. I can take your measurements now, if you wish.

FIRST: You have made a generous offer. But there are others we must talk to first. We will come back soon for the measurements. With the understanding that it will be Señor Ota himself, the master tailor, who does the measuring.

KIYOKO: *(Bows deeply)* Of course.

*(The two detectives exit SR. SEÑORA OTA slumps into the chair in front of the clothing rack and holds her head in her hands. SUKI enters quickly, SR, out of breath. She crosses the stage and stands in front of KIYOKO, who is still seated in the chair.)*

SUKI: *(Breathlessly)* I saw them leave. What did they want? Where is Father? All the other tailors have gone into hiding.



KIYOKO: Oh, Suki. They think your father is making soldiers' uniforms.

SUKI: I ran to the bank, but I could not find Father. I pray it is not too late to warn him.

SEÑOR OTA: (*Enters SR*) The wind has come up. There are sudden clouds--

SUKI: (*Rushing across stage*) Father--

SEÑOR OTA: --an afternoon rain is coming. Suki, you must drop the awning.

SUKI: Father! They are arresting all the Japanese Peruvian tailors. Señor Noguchi has already disappeared. They were here, looking for you. Luckily, you were gone. But they will come back. (*Heads for door*) You must hide while I drop the awning. (*Exits SR*)

SEÑOR OTA: (*To KIYOKO*) --They will return? Who is she talking about?

KIYOKO: There were two of them. From the Lima Police

Prefecture. (*Rises from the chair*) The one is a stupid ox. But the other is cunning. They think you are making soldiers' uniforms. They are arresting all Japanese tailors. They are even watching our house. Suki says Señor Noguchi and Señor Tomita have already been taken.

SEÑOR OTA: How can that be? I saw Señor Tomita just yesterday.

KIYOKO: I offered the police new suits. In hopes of pleasing them. They said they would return to be measured. But the cunning one is a liar. They will return to take you away. We must prepare to leave Lima immediately.

SEÑOR OTA: Leave Lima? Where can we go that they won't find us? You said they are even watching our home.

KIYOKO: Perhaps we can hide in the jungle, or go to the mountains.

SEÑOR OTA: What can I do to make a living in the jungle? I am a master tailor. The mayor of Lima wears my suits. If we flee, all this will be lost. My shop, my customers, our home, everything.

SUKI: (*Rushing into the shop*) They are coming back!

Right now! Father, you must leave!

SEÑOR OTA: All right! I am going. Tell them I've gone back to the bank. Then close the shop and lock the doors.

(*Señor Ota moves to exit SR*)

SUKI: No, no! Not that way. They are just outside. You must go out the back door, and down the alley.

SEÑOR OTA: I will not retreat from my own shop down an alley of garbage.

KIYOKO: Then you must hide. Quickly.

SEÑOR OTA: --Hide? In my own shop? Where?

KIYOKO: The sewing room in back!

SEÑOR: That is the first place they will look.

SUKI: (*Searches frantically*) There! (*Points*) The table.

We'll cover it with fabric. Then you must crawl under it.

SEÑOR OTA: I will not hide like a rat in a hole.

KIYOKO: All right, then. You must pretend to be a customer.

SEÑOR OTA: --A customer?

KIYOKO: There, at the clothing rack. Suki, pretend to be taking measurements. Here, with the tape. *(She lifts the tailor's tape from around her neck and hands it to SUKI)* Quickly, now. I will engage them conversation.

SEÑOR OTA: *(Balking)* But what if a true customer comes in and recognizes me?

KIYOKO: It is a chance we must take.

*(KIYOKO pushes them both toward the rack. SEÑOR OTA stands at the rack, confused. SUKI makes him lift his arms slightly and begins taking measurements of his chest as the two detectives enter. After each measurement, she writes figures in a spiral notebook she has laid beside her on the*

*floor)*

KIYOKO: Señores, señores. (*She meets them at CS, bows*)

You have returned to be measured?

FIRST: We have returned to speak with Señor Ota.

KIYOKO: He has not come back from the bank.

FIRST: Then we will wait.

SECOND: And I will sit here again in this chair. (*Sits in chair again in front of the rack*)

KIYOKO: Señores, you are most welcome to sit and wait.

However, my husband could not promise when he would return.

He has been called to meet with several prominent businessmen in the district of Miraflores, where his suits are much in demand.

FIRST: (*Sits at table*) Then we shall discuss Señor Ota's business activities with you.

KIYOKO: --With me?

FIRST: Are you not the master tailor's wife?

KIYOKO: Yes.

FIRST: Then you will answer our questions.

SECOND: (*Opens his notebook*) And, señora, no more difficult spellings.

KIYOKO: How long will this take? My husband has directed me to meet him this afternoon in Miraflores. I will be closing the shop as soon as my daughter finishes with this customer here (*points to SEÑOR OTA*).

FIRST: We will not be rushed with our questions? Perhaps the customer wishes to leave and return at a later date.

SEÑOR OTA: (Bows) I have waited a long time to secure an appointment to be fitted. Perhaps you will consider returning at a later date.

FIRST: (*Rises from seat at table, approaches SEÑOR OTA*) Señor, we are here on important police business. We do not

expect insolence. Please, what is your name?

SEÑOR OTA: I am . . . Señor-- (*SEÑOR OTA hesitates and bows deeply*)

KIYOKO: (*Interjecting quickly*) --Taniguchi! Señores, may I introduce Señor Taniguchi, one of my husband's most important customers.

*(Señor Ota bows deeply again)*

FIRST: And what is your profession, Señor Taniguchi?

SECOND: --Gan-i-tuch-i? How is it spelled?

KIYOKO: Señor Taniguchi is a--

FIRST: Señora, please, perhaps Señor Taniguchi can be permitted to speak for himself.

SEÑOR OTA: I am a . . . (*proudly*) gardener.

SECOND: (*Stands. Approaches SEÑOR OTA suspiciously*) Why does a gardener need a fancy suit?

FIRST: *(To SECOND)* Please, let us proceed! We have many required questions to cover!

*(SECOND sits slowly, but watches a moment as SUKI resumes her measurements of SEÑOR OTA's waist. FIRST sits again at the small table, opens his black binder)*

FIRST: Now, we will proceed without further interruptions. Señora Ota, tell us where you and your husband live.

KIYOKO: Of course. We live simply, in the countryside outside Lima.

FIRST: Why have you chosen to live in the remote countryside?

KIYOKO: It is cheaper. It is also cleaner than here in Lima. We love the flowers, the birds.

SEÑOR OTA: Señor, *(bows)* if I may, I know Señor Ota to be a great admirer of birds. He loves how each bird always appears at its very finest.



FIRST: *(To SEÑOR OTA)* Señor Taniguchi, should we desire your opinion on gardening or flowers, we will be happy to ask. For the moment, however, we ask that you remain silent and complete your fitting quickly.

SEÑOR OTA: *(Bowling deeply)* Yes, of course.

*(SUKI moves to measuring SENOR OTA'S back)*

FIRST: Now, señora, we have observed unusual activity at your home during night time.

KIYOKO: What reason have you for watching our home?

FIRST: Please, we have received numerous reports.

KIYOKO: Who is giving you these reports?

FIRST: There are reports of strange noises at night.

KIYOKO: What strange noises?

FIRST: Machines running. Electric motors.

KIYOKO: Señor, that is our electric refrigerator, which works only at night. At night I also do the vacuum cleaning. In the countryside, we have the electricity only at night.

SEÑOR OTA: (*Steps toward FIRST, despite SUKI trying to hold him back by the coat*) Señor, I also live in the countryside. I know this to be true about electricity only available at night.

FIRST: Señor Taniguchi, once again you have interrupted.

SEÑOR OTA: (*Bows deeply. SUKI succeeds in pulling him back*) Yes, of course. I do not wish to be a nuisance. (*Lifts his arms straight out now for measurements. His hands are open*)

FIRST: Señora, please. I must ask you now. Isn't it true that you and your husband are members of the Japanese People's Army of Peru?

(*SEÑOR OTA'S hands suddenly turn to fists, and he glares at FIRST*)

KIYOKO: We are members of nothing! My husband and I prefer the quiet countryside. We do not belong to any organizations. We belong only to each other.

FIRST: But is it not true that you and your husband are agents of the imperial Japanese government?

*(SEÑOR OTA drops his head and arms)*

KIYOKO: No, we are not!

SECOND: *(Stands. Points to SEÑOR OTA)* What's wrong with the gardener?

FIRST: *(Stands. Ignores SECOND. To KIYOKO)* --A Japanese government which is preparing for the invasion of Peru?

KIYOKO: My husband and I have nothing to do with invasions. We have never been connected in any way with the Japanese government.

*(SECOND walks to coat rack, peers closely at SEÑOR OTA, whose head is still dropped)*

FIRST: Isn't it true that Señor Ota and the other Japanese tailors are making commando uniforms in preparation for the coming invasion?

KIYOKO: No! No! A thousand times, no!

SECOND: (To SEÑOR OTA) Are you sick?

SEÑOR OTA: (Straightens himself) I am perfectly fine.

(SUKI begins measuring his pants length now)

SECOND: Señor, you look sick.

FIRST: Please, please! I will permit no further interruptions. (Sits again) Now go on, señora.

(SECOND returns to chair but eyes SEÑOR OTA suspiciously while SUKI resumes measuring him and writing in her spiral notebook)

KIYOKO: My husband dislikes the Japanese military government. He has no interest in politics. (Pleading now) He is a master tailor. He designs clothing. He lies awake at night imagining what men and women should wear to

appear at their very finest.

FIRST: Señora, please. Tell us--

SECOND: (*Turns to her, loudly*) --Truthfully!

FIRST: Tell us, who are Señor Ota's clients?

KIYOKO: I have already explained. They are mostly from Lima.

FIRST: How many employees does he have?

KIYOKO: Just two. Our daughter, and me.

FIRST: Señora Ota, what is your role in the manufacture of the commando uniforms?

KIYOKO: They are not commando uniforms! Would you mistake me for a commando? (*Breaks her rigid pose for the first time, steps forward, turns gracefully*)

SECOND: Madre Mia!

FIRST: Isn't it true that you type his letters?

KIYOKO: Yes. I type his letters. It is a great honor for me to type the letters of such a highly respected tailor.

FIRST: Who else does he employ?

KIYOKO: There are no others.

FIRST: Tell us, señora, what form of government do you believe in?

KIYOKO: I believe in the government of Peru. Peru is my home.

FIRST: --Which you wish to see run by the imperial government of Japan?

KIYOKO: No! No! I love Peru.

FIRST: So why didn't you marry a Peruvian?

*(SEÑOR OTA again drops his head)*

KIYOKO: Why do you ask such a thing? Why do you insist on twisting my words?

FIRST: We only wish to learn the truth.

KIYOKO: Why do you doubt everything I say? (*She breaks down and begins sobbing. Covers her face*) I have told you the truth.

FIRST: No, you have not! Tell us the reason for the commando uniforms.

KIYOKO: (*Gains control of herself*) Your questions are foolish. I will answer nothing further.

FIRST: Then your silence will be held against you.

KIYOKO: It is anything I say that is being held against me.

FIRST: If you insist on silence, you will be sent by the Americans to Japan.

KIYOKO: Then it is true! The Americans are taking us to

exchange us for their citizens trapped in Japan.

FIRST: You do not wish to go to Japan?

*(SEÑOR OTA lifts his head and glares at FIRST)*

KIYOKO: We are Peruvians. Why must we be sent to Japan?

FIRST: Señora, please. I am asking. You would refuse to accompany Señor Ota back to Japan?

KIYOKO: Of course I would go with him. He is my husband. But why would the Americans send us to Japan? On what authority are they able to take us from our own country, and send us to another?

FIRST: Señora Ota, we do not wish to oppose the Americans. I ask that you understand that point.

KIYOKO: I will never understand!

FIRST: Señora, if there is nothing more you have to say, *(closes black binder)* we will leave.



KIYOKO: (*Bows deeply*) Please, I have nothing more to tell you!

FIRST: But we will return soon to speak with your husband. If he also refuses to tell us the truth—

KIYOKO: I have told you the truth!

FIRST: (*Stands*) You will both be sent to Japan.

SECOND: (*Stands. Closes notebook. Turns to SEÑOR OTA*)  
You should get to the hospital!

SEÑOR OTA: (*Confident that the two detectives are leaving, steps boldly toward SECOND*) And you, señor, should—

SUKI: (*Reaches for SEÑOR OTA'S pants leg and tries to restrain him*) Father!

FIRST: (*Steps quickly around table*) --Father?

SUKI: I did not mean--

FIRST: (*Crosses to confront SEÑOR OTA*) Who are you?

KYOKO: --Señor Taniguchi!

FIRST: Let me see your identification, please.

SEÑOR OTA: (*Patting his pockets*) I have left it at my home.

FIRST: You have come without a wallet to buy a new suit?  
(*More demanding now*) Who are you?

KYOKO: --Señor Taniguchi!

FIRST: You are Señor Ota? Are you not?

SEÑOR OTA: Yes, (bows) I am the master tailor.

SECOND: Madre mia! Who is the gardener?

SEÑOR OTA: If you must take someone, take only me. My wife has done nothing. I will go back to Japan. This is a dark day for Peru!

FIRST: You must not blame us. It is the Americans who are

to blame.

SEÑOR OTA: You are their stooges! Doing their dirty work! The silly talk of commando uniforms is only an excuse for arresting us. If my wife weren't dressed as she is, you would find something else to arrest us for.

FIRST: Nevertheless, you will come with us. (*Takes Señor Ota's arm*)

SEÑOR OTA: (*Shouting as he is pulled reluctantly toward SR*) If you must take me, take me out the back way. I do not wish to be disgraced on the street in front of my customers.

FIRST: (*Reverses direction*) All right. We'll go out the back way. One door is as good as another.

SEÑOR OTA: But you must not take my wife.

FIRST: That is exactly what we must do. Señora Ota has tried to hide you.

SEÑOR OTA: She has done only what any wife would do.

FIRST: But she insists on wearing the uniform of a  
commando!

SEÑOR OTA: She has explained. It is a fashion. And I  
will not permit you to take my wife.

FIRST: *(As he pulls Señor Ota off SL, directs SECOND)* Take  
her! Bring her out this way!

*(SECOND, holding his notebook in one hand, grabs KIYOKO'S  
hand with the other, begins pulling her toward SL)*

KIYOKO: *(Plants herself)* I will not go! What do you  
expect our daughter to do?

*(SUKI runs to KIYOKO and grasps her tightly. KIYOKO frees  
her hand and grasps SUKI. SECOND peels one of KIYOKO'S  
arms from around SUKI and tugs again at KIYOKO'S arm.)*

SECOND: *(As he tugs)* She—can—take—care—of--herself.

*(KIYOKO tugs back, her boots dug in now)*

KIYOKO: She is only a child.

SECOND: (*Still tugging at one arm*) Then someone else will have to take care of her.

KIYOKO: There is no one else! Let-go-of-me! (*Breaks loose for a moment*) My husband and I have done nothing wrong!

(*SECOND fixes notebook under one arm, then takes KIYOKO'S arm with both hands and begins dragging her off SL. SUKI slips from her arms*)

SUKI: (*From a heap on the floor*) --Mother! --Father!

KIYOKO: (*Shouting as she is dragged slowly out*) One day it will be clear what you and the Americans have done. The finest suits in creation will not cover your shame!

END

"The Master Tailor's Wife" is based on historical material from the following sources: *"Adios to Tears: The Memoirs of a Japanese Peruvian Internee in U.S. Concentration Camps,"* by Seiichi Higashide; *"America's Japanese Hostages: The World War II Plan for a Japanese Free Latin America,"* by Thomas Connell; *"Pawns in a Triangle of Hate: The Peruvian Japanese and the United States,"* by C. Harvey Gardiner; *"We Were Not the Enemy,"* by Heidi Gurcke Donald.