THE AMERICAN PLACE THEATRE

Wynn Handman
Director

Julia Miles
Associate Director

presents

A Rehearsed Reading

THE YEAR OF THE DRAGON

By

FRANK CHIN

Director - Russell Treyz

Stage Manager - Bruce Stevin

Cast

Fred Eng.....Randy Kim
Ma (Hyacinth Eng).....Mary Mon Toy
Pa (Wing Eng).....Conrad Yama
Johnny Eng.....Calvin Jung
Mattie (Sissie).....Lani Miyazaki
Ross.....Doug Higgins
China Mama.....Naoe Kondo
Voice of the Parade

The Place - An apartment in San Francisco's Chinatown.

The Time - The present, Chinese New Year's.

There Will Be One Intermission

This Rehearsed Reading of Mr. Chin's play is designed to give him an opportunity to participate in rehearsals, see his play with an audience and hopefully use this experience to further the development of the play and of himself as a playwright. Rehearsed Readings are a part of The American Place Theatre's Writer's Development Program.

November 6 to 12, 1973

THE YEAR OF THE DRAGON

To
the memory of

LOUIS CHU
and
JOHN OKADA

Russ Treyz
924-
7151
(Call before 9:00 a.m.)

10 30 2 30
Nov. 3rd

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THE AMERICAN PLACE THEATRE
111 WEST 46TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY 10036
(212) 246-3730

Mon ~ Sat. ~~Thurs off~~

" Long Time Calif."
Nee
Pantheon Pub.

10/17 Wed → 10 a.m.
10/18 Thurs → 10:45 - 11:30 a.m.
10/19 Fri 10 a.m.
10/20 Sat 10 a.m.
10/22 Mon 10 a.m.
10/23 Tues 10 a.m.
10/24 Wed 10 a.m.
10/25 Thurs 10:30 a.m.
10/26 Fri 10:00 a.m.
10/27 Sat 10:00 a.m.

THE YEAR OF THE DRAGON

by

FRANK CHIN

10/29 Mon 10:00 a.m.
10/30 Tues 10:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m.
10/31 Wed 10:30 a.m.
11/1 Thurs Noon Run-thro' for Wynn Handman
11/2 Fri 10:00 a.m.
11/3 Sat. 10:30 a.m.
11/5 Mon (10:00 a.m.) 12:15 a.m.
11/6 Tues 10:00 a.m.
11/7 Wed Noon
11/8 Thurs 10:00 a.m.
11/9 Fri 11:00 a.m.
11/10 Sat 13:00 Noon
11/12 Mon

Perf Schedule Guests
11/6 Tues 10:00 p.m. (4)
11/9 Fri 4:30 p.m. (2)
11/10 Sat 4:00 p.m. (2)
11/12 Mon 8:00 p.m. (2)

4:00 pm perf.

[redacted]

FRANK CHIN - YEAR OF THE DRAGON

THE CHARACTERS

Randy Kim

FRED ENG.....Chinese American travel agent and tourist guide in his late thirties or early forties.

Mary

MA (HYACINTH ENG).....A Chinese American woman. Youngish. In her middle or late fifties. American born and raised. Manically efficient, practical, irrational.

Conrad

PA (WING ENG).....Chinese in his sixties, dying of a lung disease, A snappy but conservative dresser.

Calvin Jung

JOHNNY ENG.....Chinese American in his late teens or early twenties. A Chinatown street kid.

Lani

MATTIE (SISSY).....Chinese American. The married daughter of Ma and Pa Eng. Middle class in dress and manners. Thirtyish.

Doug

ROSS.....Mattie's China crazy white husband. Thin, esthetic, supercilious.

CHINA MAMA.....An old Chinese woman and supernatural being. Pa Eng's Chinese wife.

STREET KID.....Johnny's friend.

Kevin Wong

Russ - Director
Treyz 924-7151
L04-3250
Am Place
246-3730

THE PLACE

An apartment in San Francisco's Chinatown.

THE TIME

Chinese New Year's.

ACT ONE

SCENE TWO: ENG FAMILY KITCHEN, NIGHT

An old apartment kitchen. Sink, stove, refrigerator along back wall. Downstage is an old table covered with newspaper. Entrance to the apartment is stage right, into the kitchen. The kitchen is cluttered neatly with piles of newspapers, magazines, kitchen utensils. A large stockpot simmers on the stove. Small TV on top of ice box. Firecrackers constant in background. MA, dressed in a plain cheongsam and a sweater is laying out a pattern on the table. FRED is heard climbing the stairs, walking down the hall swearing to himself without an accent, as he enters...

FRED: Goddamn, motherfucking cocksucking, sonofabitch....

He loosens his tie, strips it off, takes wad of bills out of his pocket, keeps two and plops the rest onto the table in front of Ma. He makes tired sounds, and repeats his string of cusswords like reciting prayers, by rote as he takes off his jacket, hangs it up in a cardboard wardrobe, strips his shirt and throws it into a corner where dirty laundry is piled. Ma takes the money and puts it in a cigar box after counting it, then replaces the cigar box. FRED goes to the stove, looks in the stockpot, takes a spoon and skims some gunk off the top, runs the taps and dumps the gunk down the drain. He leaves the taps on and splashes his face and back of his neck. As the water hits, his mumble rises to full voice.

FRED: Oh, goddamn motherfucker cocksucking sonofabitch!

MA: I wish you wouldn't swear so, son. Such foul language! I don't like it.

FRED: I'm not swearing, I'm saying my prayers...Ahhh damn! I'll be glad when this New Year's bullshit's over...

MA: I told you I don't like it! Watch your language in my house!

FRED: Where the hell can I swear if I can't swear in my own goddamn home? Whaddaya think a home's for? Damn!

MA: Don't say "Damn" to me!

FRED: Then who the hell can I say 'damn' to?

(FRED DRIES HIMSELF)

MA: Oh, ah-jai, your father and I was saying you're be such a good lawyer...

FRED: I'm pushing forty!

MA: ...you carry on so...you'd sound like you was a life and death situations. (laughs to herself)

FRED pops a wooden toothpick in his mouth and goes off to his room. MA sets out a bowl of rice, some dishes of food and sticks for FRED, FRED returns to the kitchen barefoot.

FRANK CHIN - YEAR OF THE DRAGON

FRED: ...Just like any other chink with half a brain and a little mouth? Not me, I got a gift. A sense of humor. I'm a natural born comic. I need an atmosphere of stale smoke, whiskey breath, cheap perfume and bad piano...

MA: Whoo, son! I tell you not to walk barefoots!

FRED: (sitting) Afraid I'll get splinters?

MA: No. They're stinky. Can't you smell 'em?

FRED moves away from the table, wipes his mouth, takes each of his feet deliberately in both of his hands and brings them close to his face and sniffs each of them several times, finally coughs and gags...returns to eating...

FRED: ...Which reminds me, I haven't kissed ya yet, ma.

MA: I like that, smelling your feet reminds you to kiss me.

FRED: Yeah, that's very strange, isn't it? Where is everybody anyway?

MA: They smelled your feet.

FRED: No stinking feets gonna keep 'em away from your cooking.

MA: Boy! There was another boy got shot today, right in the street in the daytime too. I tell you, you gotta watch out today.

FRED: Want me to buy you a gun, ma?

MA: No, I just don't like so much killing!

FRED: Don't worry, the kids're only killing each other, not old ladies and tour guides.....

MA: They say he was just fifteen years old...

FRED: The killer?

MA: No, the other. The one that got shot. Right on the street, in front of everybody, gum dai dom guh maw (pantomines reaching for a pistol from inside a jacket and firing it several times) out of cur gah jacket law jung pow blong! blong! shot him blong blong and walk away with his gang. Wow! (speaking through laughter) everybody mai gun soong shaking in their shopping bags, and dere eyes ooh pop out, gum yurng gah wow! WAH!

FRED: Good timing, right in the middle of new year's.

Scene.

MA: New Year's Day!

FRED: Yeah?

MA: It says so on the Chinese calendar. In Chinese.

FRED: Death always was a Chinatown tourist attraction. I'll have to put some death in my spiel. Put it in my routine.

MA: Everybody say you're just as good as whatchamacaller on TV, you know who I mean. Who is it, son?

FRED: Johnny Weismuller? I'm better!

MA: No, you know who. Whatchamacaller!

FRED: Cheetah!

MA: No.

FRED: Well, Ma, I'm too tired to guess.

MA: You should take it easier. Let Johnny shouldered something from the load...

FRED: What's wrong?

MA: What makes you think somethings is're wrong?

FRED: "Yakity yakity yakity." When something's wrong you're either cooking or talking all the time. (looks around) You're doing both tonight. What're ya doin cooking all this grease...

MA: Sissy's home.

FRED: Sissy?

MA: They're resting in your room.

FRED: They?

MA: Well she had to get married sometime, you know. She's not like you....

FRED: All right, all right! Why didn't you tell me before I got my shoes off so I could've gone out and got myself a room for the night.

MA: I didn't wanta ~~wake 'em up~~. Say THEIR NAMES - - Wake em up.

FRED: ~~Wake 'em up?~~ WHAT?

MA: People're got a super sensitive about they own names, you know,

Pattern

MA cont. and they wake up. Like a mother's got a supersensitive about the cry of her baby even in her sleep. That's why I might go by and see some of my sisters and have tea and cookie and hear their babies cry and it used to feel so good to hear somebody else's baby cry and not have to get up and run...

FRED: Ma, I don't know what you're talking about.

MA: You wrote her to come home, not me.

FRED: What's wrong? You two have an argument already?

MA: She's saying awful things to me. Worser'n you!

SIS: Whassamalla, dai gaw? Can't wait for the rest of the family to eat?

(FRED and SIS embrace)

MA: The family hardly ever eat togethers nawting no more. I feel like a cafeteria lady standing behind the steam tables all day with a big spoon.

FRED: This family never ate together.

MA: Den why'd Sissy ask whassamalla you can't wait?

FRED: She was making fun of the way we used to talk.

MA: What's that got to do with why she ask why you donk wait to eat?

FRED: It was a joke, ma.

MA: It's not funny... We should have eat together. We used to eat together. Remember 6th Street?

SIS: Aww, ma, I haven't seen Freddie in so long and already...

MA: It's not normals! We should have eat together. I was reading the NEW YORK magazine in the beauty parlor and they say...

FRED: All Chinatown families eat sweet'n'sour homecooking together every night.

MA: Yes, they said that, what's so funny bout dat?

FRED: Nothing.

MA: Dat's okay. I dint mean it.

FRED: Mean what?

MA: I'm just mad at your sister, not you. Why'd you ask her home

FRED: It's just this thing between ma and pa. They're partners in some kind of crazy, sis, that's all. He makes like he's not dying. Nothing wrong. He's just retired and taking care of the town. Good Chinatown elderly blowhard...and ma makes like he's immortal, healthy and gonna live forever....

SIS: You mean she doesn't know.

FRED: How can't she know, sis? Hell, listening to 'em slurpin in their quiet little fucks used to keep us up at night...

SIS: Spare me the childhood memoirs willya?

FRED: Then we'd get under the covers with the flashlight. And I'd look around at you. And you'd look around at me...

SIS: I'm a married suburban mother now. I don't talk about things like that.....

FRED: Man, everything you know about it, you learned listening and peeking through these walls...

SIS: And where'd you learn?

FRED: I've developed my own technique among uh...selected members of my clientele.

SIS: Oh, you're still such a hom sup low!

FRED: So you think she hasn't heard him in the can a few times in the last ten years? Coughin up his guts?

SIS: Ten years?

FRED: You listening, ma? Hear that?

MA: WHAT? I'm BUSY.

SIS: Oh, leave her alone. You nut!

FRED: You been gone a long time, Sis.

SIS: But you haven't talked to her about pa dying in ten years? Not even mentioned it?

FRED: She pretends not to hear you.

SIS: Why let her get away with it?

FRED: What's she getting away with? Everybody knows what everybody know.

SIS: Well, she'll hear me. I didn't come out here for fun. When are you people going to face reality?

FRED: That's real, Sis. She for real won't talk about it.

SIS: But we have to talk about it, don't we?

FRED: Not while I'm eating.

SIS: Listen, we came out here on this special fare. We have to stay at least a week and can't stay for more than a month, or we have to pay more....

FRED: Not while I'm eating.

SIS: She has to talk about pa dying. We have to settle things now....

FRED: You wanta talk to her about it go ahead. She can hear you. But leave me out. Talk won't keep nobody alive....

SIS: She has to face facts. I'm not going to talk to anybody in the bathroom about pa, my god!

FRED: Why does she have to face facts?

SIS: You used to want everybody to face facts.

FRED: Yeah, well....

SIS: What kinda wishy washy answer is that? What's wrong with you?

FRED: I don't shout people around anymore. I just take care of things in the family and everything's fine.

SIS: Your mama's pride and joy. I bet you love that. Why didn't you write me sooner? Why wait til the last minute? Afraid of me?

FRED: It's not the last minute, Sis.

SIS: Did you ever graduate from college? No. That's all Ma talks about. But you're still going...

FRED: A few night courses....

SIS: And still talking about graduating, aren't you. Why?

FRED: No. They talk about it. It gives 'em something to talk about. But we all know I'll never graduate, don't we?

SIS: You bet we do... But they still talk about you going to be a lawyer...

FRED: ...or a doctor...

SIS: ...or a doctor. Why? And all the time you're opening up a night club in Chinatown. Not to make money! But to star yourself as a comedian. Well, before you blow it all, I want mine. For me and my kid. Pa's grandchild.

FRED: Oh, you're after money. Oh...hey, Sis, you been away awhile, remember? You're a little strange to what's come about since....

SIS: Whose fault is that?

FRED: Who walked outa here and never came back?

SIS: Who the hell said Chinatown would kill him if he stayed?

FRED: You wanta fight? What is this? I come home from work and Ma snaps at me cuz she's mad at you and you wanta fight me cuz Ma won't talk to you?

SIS: Just like old times, isn't it?

FRED: Sis, I'm eating my dinner. Lemme eat my dinner. ...And my club. My club's no secret. And the money in it is mine! Now that's that!

SIS: Oh, I wasn't criticizing. Oh, come on, you haven't met Ross.

(Enter Ross from hallway)

ROSS: (offering his hand) Nee ho la Mah?

FRED: Huh?

SIS: My brother the Chinese American actor, Ross.

FRED: No. No actor. Travel agent. Small Businessman.

ROSS: Nee ho la mah?

SIS: Oh, come on. Whaddaya mean, no actor. Do you know who my brother is, Ross...?

FRED: No, no. No more. Tourist guide. Travel agent. Comedian. Maybe comedian. We'll see. The club opens the night of the big parade. Drop in....

SIS: Oh, don't be so modest! What do you think of my brother, Ross?

ROSS: Nee ho la mah? Do you speak Chinese?

FRED: Yeah, uh great! But I think I speak English better than you speak Chinese, so....

ROSS: I'm told I have perfect Cantonese and Mandarin accents.

FRED: I'm eating my dinner.

SIS: Ross studied Chinese....

ROSS: I keep telling Mattie I seem to be more Chinese than she is.

FRED: I bet you do.

SIS: Ross, I don't think Fred wants to talk about Chinese things right now. You might say, he never did. He hated Chinese school.

ROSS: Oh, don't be silly, Mattie, why shouldn't he want to talk about his culture with a sincerely interested student of all things Chinese?

FRED: (on one long breath) Because I'm a tourist guide and I run forty to sixty of you fools through Chinatown blowing the most fantastic Chinese culture you ever heard, four times a day, six days a week with two night tours on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Now you're welcome to take the tour for a few bucks. My boys are well trained in the most commercially successful phoney Chinese accents you ever heard, take you round the tongs, and landmarks, and tell you race jokes over a dinner at a Chinese restaurant. But now I'm eating. I'm hungry.

SIS: Sure you are, don't talk with your mouth full...

FRED: I'm tired.

MA: (from the bathroom) And your feet smell.

FRED: See what I mean, Sis?

ROSS: Believe me, I detest tourists as much as you do....

FRED: Ma, you can flush and come outa there now. Pa's coming down the hall! I don't detest tourists. They're my bread and butter....

SIS: I suppose you're eating them for dinner.

FRED: No, but I expect to have one for dessert.

MA: (from the toilet) What was that you say?

FRED: Pa's coming down the hall!

MA: You pa?

FRED: Yeah!

MA: Let's wait for Johnny and we can all eat together!

FRED: You want us to join you in there, or you gonna come out? We go into there for a little privacy every now and then, Ross. To sulk, or in the old days, to let the young folks make out on the kitchen floor, or read, or pound your pud.

SIS: Freddie!

FRED: It's an old Chinatown custom you might not have come across in your studies of Confucius, Ross, but feel free to step in. Just flush before you come out, to keep up appearances, you know. Me, myself, when I'm around the house, I give the illusion of taking five or six craps a day.

(MA comes out of the toilet and busies herself at the stove.)

ENTER PA dressed in a conservative expensive suit. His English is uncertain, beginning with a warbling giggle that runs throughout his speech. Taking off his jacket, and meticulously hanging it up, he says...

PA: Heey, son! Eating? (Sniffs) Dead mouse somewhere?

MA: Mee yeah wah? WHAT ARE YOU SAYING

PA: I smell it.

FRED: You blind?

PA: Blin'? What you me'n Blin'? I talking smell! Nose! (Points to his nose)

MA: (Points at Fred's feet) Your son! His feet!

PA takes glasses case out of his jacket pocket and puts them on. He sniffs the stockpot as he passes it, and makes motion to Ma to set a place for him at the table and get him a bowl of rice. He sets his paper on the table.

MA: What'sa wrong? Can't talk! Cat got your tongue?

PA: Hungry!

MA: Well, you can't eat yet.

PA: Whew! Stink!

FRED: You took a lot of money out of the bank today, pa...

PA: Payday, huh, son?

MA: Why don't you two set the table before we eat? You going to eat some more, son?

FRED: Sure....

PA: Jussa likee ngaw gwai loong! Dragon

(MA and PA laugh, SIS laughs later..)

FRED: Hey, pa!

PA: Hay for horses!

FRED: I need that money to pay the bills!

PA: My house!

FRED: ...the club. I got bills...

PA: My house! My money. (laughs at his joke) hugh, ma! My house! My son! My son make my money! Mine!

FRED: And your bills?

PA: You working ain't you? You bills!

FRED: I'm not working next week after the parade. I'm taking a vacation.

MA: I think that's a good idea son.

PA: Why vacation?

FRED: I gotta take time off from tourists to get my act together.

SIS: Yeah, get your act together.

MA: He gotta study for his exams...

PA: You can do it. Let Johnny teck over awhile....

FRED: Damn it, pa...

MA: Freddie!

PA: Donk damn me!

FRED: God damn you, pa, willya just shut up?

PA: Donk talked to me like dat I tol you. I trying to explain...

FRED: Johnny doesn't work, period!

PA: Dat's be what problem!

FRED: Pa, God dammit!

MA: Let's not forget we have company!

FRED: Fuck 'em. They're family!

PA: Dis're mah houze. You donk tolked to me likee dat mah homes!

FRED: If you'd ever learned the goddammed English language in the fifty years you been here you would have understood I wasn't talking to you. Jeezis!

PA: Donk 'Jeezis' me, I tol' you.

MA: Ah-Sissy, why not presented your husband to you pa? Ah-Wing, you have never met Sissy husband before. His name is Russ...

SIS: Ross. This is Ross.

MA: Oh, I'm no good with names.

ROSS: How do you do Eng Sin Sang...or should I say, Gnawk Foo. (Shakes hands with Pa.)

PA: (All smiles and giggling charm in front of a white man) Oh, how're you? Mattie husban? Hugh? (He points from one to the other.)

MA: (Cross to Pa) They have a baby. I guess it's not a baby anymore though. I tol' her she should have bring it along, we can always make room, you know. Our first grandchild, Ah-Wing, you know how thrill will be to see it even after a few years I tol' her. Why didn't they bring it I keep asking them. Huh, "grandpa!"

PA: Who "grandpa"?

SIS: Well I thought it might be too much for all of us. I took him to a Chinese restaurant where we live, and he kept pointing at the waiters and cooks and saying, "Look at the Chinese! The Chinese! " at the top of his voice! (ROSS and MA laugh along with SIS, PA joins late).

FRED: What're you gonna do with all that money, pa?

PA: Not now, talk later.

FRED: You got that money in your pocket now. We talk about it now.

PA: Yow yun hai shu, gnaw gew gnai mo gong luh!

FRED: You catch that Ross? Ross says he speaks Chinese, pa.

PA: Oh? Maybe you titch ah-Fred?

FRED: What do you think of your son-in-law, Pa?

PA: (Recoiling from Ross. He suspects a trick) What you mean him son-in-law, me?

FRED: Well, hell, that's what he is. Your white son-in-law. That's all.

PA: Sissy marry?

MA: Yes, isn't that wongerfuls? I think it's wongerfuls!

FRED: You see, Ross, my father has this unique Chinatown condition. He don't understand anything a white man says, even when he seems to. You can say anything to him, and he won't understand.

FRED cont. Now if I repeat it word for word, just like you said it in English...no translating at all...he'll understand me. I'm just tellin you that...

THIS IS MY SON-IN-LAW THIS WHITE DEVIL

PA: Him ker hai my guh son-in-law, mo? Yeah? Nee gaw fon gwai lo? (Pa looks at Ross, walks up close and walks around Ross looking him over) Hey, how var you! Good? Huh?

ROSS: Nee how boo how?

MA: Will you listen to that?

PA: Whazzat?

ROSS: Nee how boo how?

PA: Huh?

FRED: He said, "Nee how boo how?"

THIS WHITE MAN is Really MY SON-IN-LAW. DON'T FOOL ME

PA: Ho! Man'arin! Good! Poofeck! Poofeck! (chuckles) Talking de Chinee you heap sahbay, huh, son? (slaps Ross on the back) Nee gaw bok gwai lo Jun hai gnaw guh son-in-law? Mo gwong gnaw gah guh, boy.

ROSS: I beg your pardon, sin song.

SISSY: He asked Freddie if this white devil is really his son-in-law, and told him not to joke about it.

ROSS: How do you know? You don't speak Chinese.

SISSY: Because I don't speak it don't mean I don't understand it when I hear it!

FRED: Welcome home, sis!

ROSS: But he was looking at me!

FRED: Welcome to Chinatown, Ross! Now that you're in the family we'll give up a few secrets. One of our secrets is how to talk Chinese to a white man so he don't kow what you have on your mind.

MA: If Sissy can still understand it to listen to she could talk it if she wanted to. It's probably ~~spychomospastic~~ PSYCHOSPASMATIC or psycho whatchamacaller...all in the head! You know. I was always taught dat talking two completely incompatible languages was an asset. Yeah, you can laugh, but that's exactly what I was told by a teacher... Miss Thompson, she was so thrill hear me talking English (Ma snaps her fingers) then jibber jibber in Chinese and (snaps her fingers) yakity yakity in English and said "Talking two completely incompatible languages is a great asset." And I never forgot and I have been able to talk to

A

MA (cont.)two completly different kinds of people in their own completely different languages. And I don't see nothing to be ashamed of about talking Chinese, YOUNG MAN.

PA laughs and pats ma on the back, catches the eye of everyone in the room and points at her and grins. He shakes his head.

PA: What you're talking?

MA: Come on, Sissy. Help set the table. Eat! Eat! Hurry. Hurry up! We get a surprise after dinner, donk we,Sissy? Den we gotta clean up for THE VISITOR.

PA: Tonigh' dah Vis'ta, awready?

MA: Year of the Dragon, yes or no?

PA: Sissy come home jussa...jussa...

MA: Jussa 'Nicks in time'

ROSS: What's the Visitor?

MA: You know, you have somebody you never want to see again?

PA: Nonk mean nutting! Ol' fashion...

MA: Who run around, run around last Year of the Dragon...?

PA: ~~M~~(waving it off) Ahhh!

MA: Tonight, we stay home, get spics anna spans and nobody can come in we donk want to.

ROSS: (To pa) Ah-Gnawk foo, I've never heard...

PA doesn't hear Ross.

SISSY: (Interrupting with a fake Chinese accent) Ah-so, big fancypantsy exie-ports on allaw Chinee cull-choo maw!

(She puts her arms around Ross and pecks him a dry smooch on the cheek)

You heap sahbay Chinese New Years and never heard of THE VISITOR?

MA: Well, you know how every thirteen years is the dragon....

MA cont. two completely different kinds of people in their own completely different languages. And I don't see nothing to be ashamed of about talking Chinese.

PA laughs and pats ma on the back catches the eye of everyone in the room and points at her and grins and his head.

PA: What you're talking?

MA: Come on, Sissy. Help set the table. Eat! Eat! Hurry. Hurry up. We gots a surprise after dinner, don't we, Sissy?

FRED: Wait a minute. Me and pa still got the matter of the money in his pocket.

PA: Dis're mah house. You donk talked me likee dat mah homes!

FRED: That's my money, Pa.

MA: Can't it wait til after dinner, son? I'm sure everybody's is just starved famished. (Give PA His Bowl)

FRED: My money.

PA: My money.

FRED: What're you gonna do with that much money?

SIS: Come on, Freddie.

ROSS: Don't call him "Freddie."

PA: My money. My business. Mind your own businesses!

FRED: I make the money! I make all the money! It's my money!

PA: No talking me likee dat front duh stranger, I tol' you! Whyn't listen to me?

SIS: Can't you do something, ma?

MA: Oh these two always argue argue argue. Like a cats and a dog!

PA: Johnny work for you. Ker um gnai tung yurng gah.

FRED: If Johnny goes to work, I go out of the house!

PA: Dat what you do? Fine! Who care! Gani um jung yer, mei bah, luh! Who care!

MA: (Hurriedly wipes her hands and starts to run to the bathroom) Whoops whoops whoops I don't know whatsa wrong with me today I just can't seem to stop....

FRED: Come back here, ma! You flush that toilet now and the water'll run all through dinner and the pipes shudder. Jesus Christ! Come on sit down. I'll just sit here, right close to my hoddy and pal, dear old dad!

MA: My goodness! Can't you even have any respects for people going to the toilet?

FRED: All right, go! I'm sorry.

SIS: You should be.

MA: I'm too embarrassed to go now, thank you. I couldn't do it, sitting in there feeling all of you listening to me.

SIS: Why don't you give Johnny a job, Fred. It might be pretty good for him. Ma says he's running around with these gangsters...

FRED: I'll kill him before letting him join up with them faggots and punks guiding tourists around, man!

MA: Aww, son! You should be Perry Mason. A lawyer the way you overdramatize!

PA: Who hire dem kinda peeble? You hire?

FRED: I hire the kind of person the white tourists want to see.

SIS: Well, if you can do it, I don't see what's wrong if Johnny does it.

To Table

MA: Come on, let's hurry up and eat so we can get the surprise!

ROSS: Were you serious about what you said about Chinese homosexuals here in Chinatown?

SIS: Oh, Ross, you're suffering from Jetlag!

PA: He say he no likee dem kinda people!

Get up

MA: But the touristses do love them though. He's right. They do make the very best tourist guides. They're so polite.

PA: How you know day?

MA: I took a tour.

FRED: You what?

Reprise

MA: Well, my son have this tourist agency for twenty years now since he started it after school one year and I heard all these years people saying nice things about the tours he give. And I wanted to see what all hullabaloo's are all about. So I got dress up and tour Chinatown with the Americans just like I never lived here before.

FRED: (To Ross) She does this for as long as she feels me and pa are going to say something to each other. I sometimes just sit here and make threatening faces at my father. Keeps her going for hours. ~~All the stories have been different. Except for one story she repeats over and over when I take pa into the bathroom.~~

MA: (nudging Pa) Wuhay! Ah-Big Spend-dah uh! What cha do're with all that money, choke a horse?

PA: Donation. The family 'sociation!

MA: How about this family association, huh? Gimme. (pokes him in the ribs with her finger and tickles him).

PA: Kip you hand to yourself. (Pa and Ma giggle).

MA: Dere you is, smarrty pants! You can find out what he's gonna do with that money without shouting so loud and upset everybody!

SIS: Big brother, I'd watch my mouth if I was you. Ma isn't the dummy you say she is.

MA: Well, that is right, son.....

JOHNNY and FRIEND enter carrying a dancing lion. Both are dressed in black jeans and black collarless tanker jackets, black shoes. One or both of them have teased their hair to rising in a high pomp on their head.

JOHNNY: Just ~~like~~ it dere, man.

MA: Donk you say hellow anymore?

PA: Smell Freddie feet! Whooo stinky! Close ah-door!

FRED: My feet are inside, not in the hall!

MA: What dat old piece of ah-junks?

ROSS: A dancing lion! The guardian! I've never seen one in a house before!

MA: Where you get dat thing?

JOHNNY: It followed me home from the Golden Buddha Gardens....

MA: (Shouting. Her mind snaps) When am I going to get some straight answer sometimes? You allaw comedian make me a nervous wreck.

JOHNNY: All right, it didn't follow me home from the Golden Buddha Gardens...

PA: Gol'em Buddha Card'? You stea' Ya l'on fum my fren res'ernt?

FRED: Tong war! Tong war! Fool! Stealing the lion óf a tong from its sacred place inside an expensive Chinatown restaurant means war! Tong war man. Hurry up, we gotta get ready. Johnny, get out them bullet proof shutters, man. Where's my monogrammed hatchet, man. Where's dat Charlie Chan when you need him. Where's my rabbit foot? I'll call the brothers, pa. Don't you worry.

MA: You crazy?

FRED: Ma, while I'm on the phone, tell Birmingham bring that car around cuz we're rolling tonight! Where's dat hatchet, man? It's just like the one Edward G. Robinson, in THE HATCHETMAN, man. He killed his best friend with it.

PA: Tong? Whadda you're talk about tong for?

MA: Oh, Loretta Young was so cute as a Chinese gir' innat movie. So bazoomy!

PA: Tong? Tong? Tong war? Where?

FRED: Tong war! We're at war with that lion's tong! Don't ya understand?

PA: War?

FRED: Johnny ripped that lion offa the Golden Buddha Gardens. Now we're at war with dat restaurant's tong.

PA: Dat my tong!

FRED: It was your tong!

PA: (laughs) You crazy guy.

ROSS: Is there really going to be trouble?

SIS: No, you jerk!

ROSS: What are you shouting at me for?

SIS: I'm very nervous, Ross. I told you before we came.

ROSS: Why should you be nervous? You're home, aren't you?

SIS: I thought I told you.

FRED: Things uhhh. Things always been "tense" between Sissy and uhh and us, her family. I thought she told you that before you came out here.

ROSS: What?

FRED: In fact, she thought she told you too.

ROSS: What do you know about what Mattie told me before we came out? What do you mean by that?

SIS: Will you stop making a fool of yourself? Johnny! Is that you? I hardly recognize you. Don't you recognize me?

MA: Can't you say hello to anybody when you come in?

JOHNNY: Sissy?

FRED: Whew! Got it right!

JOHNNY: Well, I knew she wasn't you, man! So that leaves her, right? Two boys one girl, right?

FRED: A mind like a steel trap!

MA: Can I ask you a question, young man?

FRED: No.

MA: Not you, him! Your baby brother, stupid!

JOHNNY: What, ma?

MA: What do you think you're are going to do wit' dat thing?

JOHNNY: Can gnaw fug pong yow heck fon here?

FRED: He speaks Chinese.

JOHNNY: Right on, "he speaks Chinese" man. He is Chinese, fool!

FRED: I mean, him ...(nods to Ross). Your brother-in-law.

(MA rises fills a ricebowl for JOHNNY and his FRIEND.)

MA: Well, come on, shake a leg, will you? Make room for Johnny and his friend, Ah-Siyeah Ling...

JOHNNY: You mean him? (points to Ross) Listen, gnai mo sawk gnaw, man, I don't think you're um hai gay low siyew...

SIS: You tell 'em, Johnny boy! You hear? He sounds so mean!

FRED: In my memoirs of the world's first Chinaman comic, I'll write of the heartbreaking ridicule I endured from my own family. How in one day, just before my club was to open, my sister and my brother, the two people (claps a hand to his heart and clutches) dreariest on my heart, told m- I wasn't funny.

JOHNNY: I don't like jokes about my family.

SIS: Johnny, he wasn't....

FRED: No, let him finish his number, Sissy... and...

JOHNNY You're
the biggest joke about this family'

FRED: I'm

JOHNNY: ...there ever was!

FRED: "Living with this all my life, it was a wonder, a miraculous triumph of my humanity that I should have a sense of humor and want to make people laugh..." Now, dig...

JOHNNY: Whaddaya mean "dig"? Who do you think you are? "Dig"!

(JOHNNY AND FRIEND laugh)

FRED: I mean, just dig it, man....

(JOHNNY AND FRIEND laugh harder.)

FRED: ...Your sister, Mattie Eng, sitting there (points) is married to that (points to Ross) white man sitting next to her. He is your brother-in-law. He is a member of our family by marriage.

ROSS: (rising to shake hands with Johnny) Oh, thank you...Siyeh siyeh nee...

(SISSY pulls ROSS back down into the seat and jabs him with her elbow when he moves to speak)

FRED: (continuing without stop) He might be funny, but he's no joke about this family...or maybe he's a joke about this family and not funny, but your brother-in-law is not only white, but he speaks Chinese.

JOHNNY: (looks at Ross like a specimen being examined for flaws, a moment, then stares hard, down into his eyes...) Say something in Chinese.

ROSS: (rising suddenly, extending his hand) Jiyah Foo-ooh!

JOHNNY: (turns on Fred) Jeff Foo! What kinda Chinese is that?

PA: Whang yer sista gat...When she marry...

FRED: That's "brother-in-law" in Chinese.

MA: That's truth, son....

(Ross grabs Johnny's hand. Johnny responds by uncertainly shaking hands with Ross and sitting down)

MA: Come on everybody. Dig in. Gee whillikens, Ross, you eat like a slowpoke. Come on! In dis family you gotta shake a leg, boy...!

JOHNNY: Jeff Fooo?

FRED: Jeeyeah Foo!

JOHNNY: You know sometimes, you are so Chinatown, it's like you never left.

FRED: Oh, yeah, that. I was outside of Chinatown once.

ROSS: Why do you say it like that?

FRED: Say what like what?

ROSS: Say you were out of Chinatown once as if there were some difficulty.

MA: Oh, don't listen to him, he's crazy sometimes. Eat! You're having troubles with the chopsticks?

SIS: Oh, ma!

FRED: People like you are the difficulty, Ross. Jiyeah foo, buddy. Whenever I'm around people like you, no matter where it is, I'm in Chinatown.

MA: Oh, Fred, be nice!

ROSS: And what kind of people am I like?

FRED: You really want to know, my dear, bok gwai, lo fan, honkie?

ROSS: Then tell me, how did you manage to get away from people like me?

JOHNNY: (shouting) Bai gah fawww ahh!

MA: (startled) Aiiee yah! Johnny!

JOHNNY: "Aieee yah! My son junkie smoking pots!"

(MA grins and nods at Pa and nudges him.)

PA: Huh?

JOHNNY: "No good! Allabody be depor'"

(Ma and Pa giggling together.)

MA: Sound just like you!

PA: Me?

JOHNNY: (Up and leaning over the table to Ross and exhibiting Fred with a wave of his arm) And your own father gets your ass slammed away like spam in a can!

FRED: Ah those teenage memories!

JOHNNY: (shouting at Fred) And you let him do it! Now you let him shove you around and use you like a mop to clean his blood up off the floor, and you...

SIS: Whaddaya saying? You can't talk like that in front of your father!

JOHNNY: Sure I can.

MA: You boys!

FRED: (smiling and talking cheerful) Just talk fast and keep smiling and he won't understand a word you say. Just keep talking fast and smiling all the time and you can look him right in the eye. (Looks Pa in the eye) and call him a son of a bitch and he'll smile and nod his head, just like John Wayne talking to the Reds in BLOOD ALLEY.

(Pa nods, smiles and waves Fred away with his chopsticks)

ROSS: I've never seen anything so disgusting....

JOHNNY: "Barbaric"?

SIS: Ma, can't you do something with your boys?

FRED: Johnny, don't interrupt Roy.

ROSS: Ross!

FRED: Ross.

ROSS: I've never seen anything as disgusting as what you've just done to your father!

FRED: You mean making him smile?

ROSS: You know what I mean!

JOHNNY: Kiss your Chinese patriarchy goodbye, Jim.

FRED: His name is "Ross."

ROSS: I don't know what I've done to offend you.

SIS: It's not you, dear. It's....

JOHNNY: It's your family, your church, your school, your neighborhood.

FRED: It's you being culturally deprived by society...

SIS: Oh, can it willya.

ROSS: Even if your father turned you in for smoking. Pot

SIS: Oh, Ross, they were jiving you! Playing you for a dope!

ROSS: How am I supposed to know that?

MA: Oh, don't believe anything these lugs say...

SIS: Oh, Ross, just leave them alone!

ROSS: Mattie, you're my wife! This is your family. I love you. I want to know your family. Is that so outrageous? I came in here. I love the Chinese. Chinese culture. I love Chinatown. I want to meet your family. As far as I know. As far as I know your family has nothing personal against me.

JOHNNY: We fell in the gaps with artistry. Chinese are artistic, right?

ROSS: Will you let me finish? I've never seen Chinese, let alone anybody of any race, anywhere in the world act like you people.

FRED: We don't do much travelling ourselves....

ROSS: Please! I'm saying PLEASE to you dammit!

FRED: All right, I'm listening.

JOHNNY: You saying people in this family are hostile to you worse than other people in the world?

ROSS: No, not hostility. I'm used to hostility. Women hate me. Homosexuals hate me. Hawks, Doves, Republicans, Democrats, Southern whites, Freedom Riders, Blacks, Chicanos, American Indians, hardhats...I'm Mr. White Male Supremacist Middle Middle-class Liberal Four Years of College Pig! So I'm used to hostility. I'm walking down the street and see a Hare Krishna chanter grinning seductively at me. I step aside, to walk around him instead of knocking him down and walking over him like he expects me to do. Like I want to do. And I step into a pile of dogshit. So I know hostility! I welcome your hostility. It makes me feel at home.

FRED: Makes us feel at home too, Ross.

the price of Ford an angel Cake

ROSS: But I've never seen anybody treat their parents like you do... All of you (sends off a look at Sissy) I think you should apologise to your parents.

MA: Why would they do that, Russ?

SIS: Ross.

MA: Ross.

ROSS: They shouldn't make vicious jokes about you, right in front of you like that.

MA: But they are funny jokes. And it's the only chance I have to see my two boys doing anything together. And they used to be so close too.

ROSS: But the Chinese...just People naturally respect their parents... a little!

MA: Yeah, I heard that too...

FRED: Like I said, Ross. We only treat our parents like this in front of company.

MA: You know, that's right, son! You never do. And I'm the only one laughing.

ROSS: Why?

FRED: To make you uncomfortable in our house.

PA: My house!

FRED: We want to be on your nerves and on your mind here.

ROSS: Why?

SIS: Because they can't forgive me for marrying a white man.

FRED: That's not so.

MA: Now you know that is not so. Look at him over there (indicating Fred) fuss around allaw allaw white girls. Hom Balong white girls. Always white girls!

JOHNNY: Let's just say, members of this family will fuck anything.

SIS: But you don't like me coming back, do you? Fred, you used to talk about nothing but getting out of Chinatown. It was you talking all the time telling me Chinatown was for halfwits, Chinese being scaredy cats and how you were getting out...

PA: Ha! Where he go? No college graduation....

A 25/chin/YEAR OF THE DRAGON

SIS: ...how you were getting out to get away from the sissy goody goody Chinese!

(SIS and FRED stare at each other. After a moment, PA moves and speaks)

PA: Where he go? No college graduation! ~~Why~~ Who buy Chinamong writing dat craze stuff? Where can he go?

FRED: Relax, pa.

ROSS: There! That's why I'm talking about!

SIS: "Relax, pa." Is that all you can say?

FRED: I don't want pa to get too excited.

SIS: But <u>you</u> used to get excited...You used to be exciting...in a crazy sort of way.

MA: His eyes used to shine so! And he'd go aroung aroung imitating the talk of all the movie stars.

FRED: Strange thing for a sister to say, don't ya think, Sissy?

SIS: Remember the rumor that you're only my half brother?

MA: What're you mean "half brother"? ~~Hxtsxhisxp~~ You pa his pa. I'm his ma. So what're you mean?

FRED: You know rumors and Chinatown...

MA: Donk I still have hemerroids from having you?

FRED: See whatya started, Sissy? Now can we have a little quiet while I digest my dinner?

SIS: ...how you were getting out to get away from the sissy goody goody CHINESE!

(SIS and FRED stare at each other. After a moment, FATHER moves and speaks)

PA: Where he go? No college graduation! Who buy Chinamong writing dat craze stuff? Where can he go?

FRED: Relax, pa.

ROSS: There! That's what I'm talking about!

SIS: "Relax, Pa." Is that all you can say?

FRED: I don't want pa to get too excited.

SIS: But you used to get excited...You used to be exciting...in a crazy sort of way.

MA: His eyes used to shine so! And he'd go aroung aroung imitating the talk of all the movie stars.

FRED: Strange thing for a sister to say, don't ya think, Sissy?

SIS: Remember the rumor that you're only my half brother?

FRED: You know rumors and Chinatown.

SIS: You have changed, Freddie.

FRED: Not changed. Failed. There! I've let the cat out of the bag! Here, I'm kind of somebody. I'm home.

SIS: You were out once though, weren't you, Freddie.

FRED: Who wants to leave?

PA: Chinatowng he home! His futures be righ' here!

SIS: When your eyes used to shine.

FRED: Sis, get off my case, willya? I'm just me. Nobody special.

SIS: (to Ross) Did you know my brother was...excuse me...IS the world's greatest Chinese American actor? After he had tried and failed to become the first Chinese American anything else.

ROSS: You really the world's greatest Chinese American actor?

SIS: He is. You see back in college. He was the only one of us to go to college...No. Actually I went to college too. I just wanted to see if any of my family remembered.

FRED: That was the year you were almost Miss Chinatown.

ROSS: You didn't tell me you were almost Miss Chinatown.

FRED: One of the oldest girls ever to make it to the semi-finals. You should have seen her with her false eyelashes and this fake hair, Ross...

SIS: I ~~looked~~ LOOKED like you playing Hamlet! (laughs)

ROSS: Hamlet?

FRED: Yeah, I played all them Shakespearian creeps and hasbeens in whiteface....

SIS: He was famous in Shakespearian play festivals. He even went to New York to (singing) "Take Manhattan/Part of Staten Island too..."

FRED: (clapping) Say, you wanna sing in my club?

SIS: Oh, Ross, everybody at home here, all over Chinatown. Everybody was so proud of you, Freddie. Even people you never liked one bit heard about the play of yours you acted in New York. They'd stop me in the street and tell me to wish you luck.

MA: Yes, oh, me too. They'd stop me shopping!

FRED: I've heard it before. I've heard it before. Remember? It's all forgotten. So forget it.

SIS: I haven't forgotten.

FRED: Try. Please.

SIS: I'm still proud of you about it...

FRED: Oh, yeah! Sometimes I am too. Like in the arms of white vacation ladies. Hey, Ma? She calls 'em "vacation ladies." My "vacation ladies."

MA: I'm not gonna remember all their names. I got enough on my mind already. Do you still remember your grandma and the house on Sixth Street?

FRED: You know, before I failed as an actor, I took it very personal about women.... but even before then I took it very personal that none of them pilots in them World War Two Bom Burr movies...

ROSS: Bomber? You mean Bomber movies.

SIS: (To Ross) Are you doing this on purpose?

FRED: ...were Chinaman. Not a Chinaman pilot in the whole goddammed U.S. Army Air Corps. And I went to all them movies looking hard. Hard! I saw AIR FORCE, 12 O'CLOCK HIGH and got it in my head to become the world's first Chinaman at the controls of a Boeing B-17 Flying Fortress. And I had uncles in the Army....

ROSS: What! What are you talking about?

FRED: That's from a play I wrote in high school. It's about this kid who dreams of becoming the first Chinaman to fly a B-17 Bom burr in a WW2 movie.

MA: Then you grew up and want to be a comedian, huh?

SIS: He doesn't want to be just a comedian!

PA: No comedian! Go to medicals. Be dockah! (Rises. Goes to stove)

SIS: He won't be any doctor either. Will you? Tell him!

(No reaction from Fred)

SIS: What's happened to you? What has happened to you?

PA: (at the stove with his rice bowl). Anybody more rice?

MA: Go on make your fon jew.

SIS: You could really be somebody!

FRED: I'm somebody. I'm a tourist guide. I make people laugh for a living. I support my family here. Nothing's happened to me...

SIS: You think that makes everybody happy, huh? Pa's ashamed of you.

MA: Oh, Sissy.

SIS: Your brother hates your guts for being a tourist guide.

MA: Oh, Sissy, that's not so!

SIS: Why don't you say something? You going to let me do all your talking for you? You've changed. You have changed.

FRED: I remember I was sitting at the counter of the Kum Hon after running my tours. Eating my noodles. Tired out. But feeling all right. I'd made a few people laugh. Made a few bucks. Brought a little business to Chinatown. And this guy. A white guy from my high school days came in. And I don't want to talk to him. So I'm hiding my face in the bowl and he starts peeking and blinking at me and scratching his head and starts

FRED: cont. creeping down the counter toward me, a stool at a time. "Didn't I go to high school with you?" he asks. "Recognize me?" "Oh, yeah. Yeah, howya been?" I say. He's driving a truck for the Examiner. Got three kids and a fat wife he hasn't liked since high school. I'm a tourist guide, I say and try to brush him off. But, "Oh," he says and asks me about a Chinese classmate who was all kinds of student body officer. All kinds of talent. "Fred what'shis name." Do I remember who he's talking about? Yeah, yeah, I say. Did I read in the paper a hundred years ago about him acting in some play? Yeah, yeah. "I wonder what's happened to him?" He asks. "Couldn't tellya, pal," I said.

MA: Wasn't he talking about you, son?

FRED: ..."I wonder if he's made it yet?" This guy asks. "Couldn't tellya, bud," I said. And he looked away and back out the door to the suey shop and said something about kids from the class graduating before us making it all over the place and kids from classes after us being in the papers and rock stars and in Herb Caen...Then he sighed. And he said, "I wonder if anybody from our class will ever make it." I wanted to say "Me! Me! I'll make it yet! I'll make it!" But what the hell.

SIS: So you said nothing.

FRED: That crum.....

MA: It's nice that he remembered you from high school all these years.

FRED: The worst thing about running into that slob....

SIS: You were ashamed to tell him you were...YOU were what had become of the great high school Chinese wonder boy.

FRED: He didn't ask my name. He thought I was nothing!

SIS: You would have lied if he did.

FRED: So I didn't ask him his name. Who the fuck were we in highschool anyway? Punks! Dopes! Assholes! But we just looked at each other, recognized high school classmates who'd lost it. And one loser to another, decided our names weren't worth knowing anymore.

SIS: You don't have to stay here. You can still get out of here and be somebody! Really somebody. The family can get along.

PA: He never get out of here! Why should he want to?

MA: Go on a watch your fon jew.

(Pa gets a bowl out of the cupboard and puts the rice from the pot into a bowl. He leaves a crust of rice in the pot and fills the pot with water and puts the pot on the stove and turns on the burner as Ma talks.)

(PA goes over to the lion by the door).

PA: My sociation liong huh? (He looks it over. Touches it. Picks it up. Puts it down. Picks it up and hefts it. Puts it down. Puts his left hand in his pocket and puts a toothpick in his mouth with his right hand. FRED AND JOHNNY both take toothpicks and put them in their mouths, and shove their chairs away from the table as signs of being finished eating.) I used to be dance dat lahng dance. Oooh, so good, I teach allabody else....(He says, picking the lion up and getting inside. He works the ears up and down. He works the eyelids. He works the ears and eyelids in a combination. He stands flatfooted and does a half hearted move with the lion.)

Nawbolly dance dat lahng such ah-like lifes, so really it look....

FRED: Showbiz is in my veins. (Claps a couple of times dullwitted and bored, then drops a hand heavily on the table, making a loud sound.)

MA: Oh, son....!

FRED: (Brings his other hand down hard, purposely making a noise. He bangs his other fist down again. He begins to beat on the table angrily.)

PA taking FRED'S beating on the table for a drum, comes alive and takes the stance of a stalking lion and begins a lion dance.

MA: What're you think you're doing? You know you too ol' for dat!

PA ignores ma and dances. JOHNNY takes two pot lids and improvises cymbals. JOHNNY'S FRIEND becomes the lion's tail end. FRED takes to beating the rhythms of the dance using his fists and knuckles. SIS uses her chopsticks on the edges of the table and dishes.

PA laughs and urges his sons on with a nod.

MA: Ah-Wing!

ROSS stops eating, gets out from behind the table and around Sissy and jumps out onto the kitchen floor in front of PA, and looks at PA with his arms up and crookedly pointing at PA with the fingers tensed out like he was casting a spell, he shouts, above the noise and dancing....

ROSS: "The father laughs in wonderment at every little things his child does. As a sign of his WEALTH and revealed his liking." I like your family, Mattie!

JOHNNY: (Shouting) I like to punch ya in the mouth.

FRED: (Shouting) He hates white people. Lo far. ... Hates 'em.

ROSS: (shouting) And you don't?

MA: (Shouting) Ah-Wing, you're looking like a fool of yourself! (Her fear gives way to a fit of laughing at him and pointing at him, which makes PA laugh, which makes MA laugh harder).

FRED: (Shouting) They give me a living, and women tourists love me.

ROSS: (Shouting) What do you mean by that?

SIS: (Shouting) Don't let him getya started!

ROSS: (Shouting) What?

SIS: (Shouting) Just don't talk to him (points at Fred).

PA: (Shouting) Kip it up! Whooo! (dancing hard)

ROSS: (Shouting and dancing, goading the lion). The lion is the Guardian of Kings, of palaces! Traditionally the lion comes into town to accept bribes from merchants and townspeople who....

(FRED AND JOHNNY exchange looks.)

FRED: Toe maw low forkses, you're being gone see dal le'l liongses, forkses! Dancings dong dah strits wid dah drums! Anner crashes simbers! Coming befaw dah longes' dragon!

JOHNNY: Peeber fed dah liong lettace witdah money inside it, forkses. Meck him kowtow, bow dong.

JOHNNY AND FRED: One two tree....

JOHNNY: ...tahm gibbing you heap plendy good lucks! Adios....

MA: (Shouting, laughing) Donk you thing Ah-Johnny'd be a good tourist guide, Russ?

SIS: (Shouting) Ross!

ROSS: (Shouting) What?

MA: (Shouting) I think with a hair cut, some clothes, Johnny would make such a handsome tourist guide!

A GUN DROPS OUT OF JOHNNY's FRIEND'S POCKET as he's dancing. FRED stops and looks up over the table to the gun on the floor. JOHNNY sees the gun and continues pounding on the icebox and walls. FATHER continues dancing. ROSS continues baiting the dancing lion. And the Friend reaches out from under the lion to feel for the gun on the floor. MA sees the gun and still can't stop laughing and glancing at father every now and then, as she stares at the gun in Fred's hand until it suddenly registers a take in her brain and jumps up.

MA: (Shouting) Whooops! Whoo-oops! Shoo Shoo! Gotta see a man about a dog!

MA runs for the bathroom, closes the door, sits on the crapper and continues laughing in fits and starts, and later, much later, is out of breath and no longer laughing, meanwhile FRED looks from Johnny to the tail of the lion. SIS sees what's in his hand. ROSS continues dancing. FRED starts beating on the table with the gun, making the dishes jump. ROSS stops and looks at FRED. JOHNNY stops pounding a beat.

PA stumbles to a stop and collapses against the pile of newspapers near the door. His breathing turns to wheezing and becomes a noisy lush sound of bubbling boiling rubber mixed with coughs. FRED turns to PA. The FRIEND pops out from under the lion, grabs the gun, punches Fred in the stomach, pulls the gun free and runs out the door, JOHNNY has opened.

SIS: (Shouting) Johnny!

JOHNNY closes the door casually locks it, and starts clearing the dishes from the table. FRED goes to his father and begins to help him to the bathroom.

SIS: What is it?

FRED: Nothing! Nothing! Get out of the way, okay? (At the bathroom door) Hey, Ma, can you come out so we can come in?

MA lights a stick of incense... one of many stuck in a coffee can full of sand on the windowsill. She opens the window, and the sound of exploding firecrackers outside becomes louder. She comes out of the bathroom with another burning stick of incense. FRED and FATHER enter the bathroom.

MA takes the stick of incense to the shrine on a high shelf. The shrine is a one pound coffee can painted red and filled with sand. On two arms of tubing out from the coffee can and then straight up are two tunafish cans painted red and filled with sand. In the sand of all the cans are the stumps of burned out punk. MA puts the stick of incense punk in the sand of the shrine. Behind the shrine are family portraits of individuals and groups, pictures of various sizes in different frames, from various periods.

FATHER in the bathroom coughs in the sink and strips off his shirt. He coughs blood. FRED helps his father strip off his shirt. He's done this before. He goes through the motions.

ROSS: I knew you were wrong, Mattie. See, they do use it. There's more old 19th Century Chinese culture being practised in San Francisco...right here in this house than in all of China. .Incense is lit on special occasions before pictures of the dead.

SIS: Ross, please!

ROSS: On the anniversaries of family dead- Chinese New Years, and sometimes, I think, when company comes...

JOHNNY: My father won't open the bathroom window because he's afraid of firecrackers giving him a scare while he's taking a piss or a crap...all year round. He has this fear....

ROSS: What are you talking about?

JOHNNY: So the smell...so the smell, I mean especially in a place like this. Where the air just lays in a room for days then dies of erosion.

SIS: Will you, please! Just talk to us straight!

MA: Donk you remember it, Sissy? (To Ross and blushing) I lit up the punk to burn up the smell of my Number Two.

JOHNNY: I suppose you'll interpret our firing up the incense after we flush our feces away as some kind of ancient Chinese shit worship ceremony....

ROSS: Each scent burned has a meaning.

JOHNNY: The Chinese Ming Dynesty Feces Flushing Ceremony...something to do with ancestor worship?

ROSS: No, no. Every scent of incense has a meaning! Now this one for example (sniffs) Each scent is significant (sniffs)

SIS: What is that you're burning now?

ROSS: Oh, I know I've smelled it before.

JOHNNY: It's Jell-o.

SIS: You're just as bad as your brother, you know that?

JOHNNY: It's true! Sniff it! There's a punk factory in Chinatown that makes 'em out of Jell-o, American Jell-o, and that makes it a prestige item. No shrine complete without a set of Jell-o punks.

ROSS: I think it is Jell-o!

SIS: Don't you know he's putting you on!

ROSS: But I think it is!

JOHNNY: It's part of General Foods' plot to take over a part of Chinese culture. It all started in a Jello commercial where a Chinese baby tries to eat Jello with chopsticks.

SIS: All right, ignore me.

MA: (At the table, shouting) Criminy sakes's, you guys! We never eat together no more!

JOHNNY: (He's familiar with his mother's act. He sighs before going to the table for his part) Everybody has things to do, ma.

MA: When I was a girl we always used to eat together. We always eat together or else! I tell you. I'm telling you!

JOHNNY: I always wanted to have muscular armpits, ma.

MA: What?

JOHNNY: You know how you always tried to hide a baseball in your armpit? ...That's why I wanted to get a muscular armpit, you know, build up the muscles around the armpit and be able to clutch a baseball in your armpit and hold your arm so tight against your body it fell asleep... you could ...

SIS: Do you believe this?

JOHNNY: You could clutch the baseball with the edges of your armpit and swing your arm...

MA: I've never heard of any of that, son. But we all of us ate dinners together even when dere wasn't food all the time like nowaday.

JOHNNY: She never forgets...

MA: Forgets what, son?

JOHNNY: You never forget what you were talking about before you were interrupted.

SIS: You <u>can</u> speak without a Chinatown accent! You can speak beautifully!

MA: Ah-David...Ah-Wing and David din't hit it off right away. When he was younger, boy! I tell you, five o'clock and UP he goes, whoo so fast just zoomp! Sneak down to the produce street and stealing vegetables off da trucks, and shining shoes after school. And I waiting tables at the Colonial Inn.

JOHNNY: Did you meet Amelia Earhart's mother there?

MA: Oh, I did! I met Amelia Earhart's mother there! Ooh, she used to like lambchops. You know the flyer's mother, Johnny.

(PA gives a long, loud, agonizing combination of cough, grunt, moan and vomit spasm.)

JOHNNY: Did she have her own table?

MA: Yes, she always sat in my station.

(PA moans loud into the sink then sends it back up echoey.)

JOHNNY: One filled glass of water or two at her place?

(Waterpipes hum growl shudder whinney then run)

MA: One.

JOHNNY: Did she tip?

FRED: (Shouting) Pa, listen to me! You gotta....

PA: (Shouting) S'allup! (Sotto) Strengers hear you! (Spits blood tinged bubbly drool into the sink.)

MA: ...You know, come to think of it, I don't think she did tip.

SIS: Ma! What are you talking about?

(PA AND FRED in the bathroom)

FRED: Even Ma knows it isn't natural for the old man to go into the can with his boys all the time.

PA: She know nutting, I tell you. She liller craze now. Da chen-jing life. Fool her easier.

FRED: Menopause don't make people stupid, pa.

PA: Oh, medical talk! Good. You should be dockah.

FRED: You should see a doctor.

PA: You thing I feel like die outside in hospitoo? No! Die home. Da bes'!

FRED: The best...(Lights another stick of punk and sticks it in the can of sand.)

PA: What're you do?

FRED: Smells.

PA: Dat's you ma pretty smell, son. Meck da flowah grow.

FRED: Not shit. The blood. Smells like dead chickens.

PA: Not long now, son. Tomaw-low I finish, meck my spitch....

FRED: The way you been dumping it up, the last few days, there must be a big scab plugging up the drain by now.

PA: Huh?

FRED: The smell doesn't go away anymore.

PA: Meck da flower grow. (His attack resumes violently)

SIS: You all right, ma?

JOHNNY: She's okay.

SIS: I wasn't talking to you!

JOHNNY: She always talks about the old days when Pa goes to the bathroom.

SIS: Oh, she does? The old days huh?

JOHNNY: Ummmk.

MA: Not like now...At home Ma sat at the head of the table. But it was a round table, I know. You know it was this table! David next to her, den Lil, an' Daisy, and Rose an' me...Iris...

JOHNNY: Together you were a garden.

MA: Together we were a garden...A bouquet. We all so excited, all us flowers of Chinatown, when Ah-Wing came from China. He was so much a dapper dandy alla time such a slicker and love a good time.

ROSS: What were your Chinese names?

SIS: (To Johnny) How can you sit there?

JOHNNY: Wha'? Fred takes care of Pa, I take care of Ma.

MA: And after we eat one of us sweep the floor, while the other one wash...We all take turns regular like clockworks and pitched in a hand, sometimes cooking....Even when all us sisters sung in the school show. Oooh, we rehears so hard, so hard, singing dat song over and over in the kitchen (giggles) driving ma goofy...(sings)
In a maze of Oriental haze*
Way down in dreamy Chinatown
Nightly 'neath the Jack O Lantern rays,
A lonely lover can be found
He sighs for his almond eyes,
While he is waiting there.

(PA'S attack begins to subside. His coughing changes tone and slows down)

FRED: ...If I hear Ma sing that Blinky Winky once more...

MA: (Sings)
In the little Hinky Dinky land of Blinky Winky
There's a weary, sad and dreary, lonely little Chinky
Waiting for the one that he left at home,
Cross the foam
All alone
She was only a China rose.

MA takes a broom and listlessly sweeps the floor and hums BLINKY WINKY to herself. JOHNNY stays in his seat.

SIS: Ma, sit down! For crying out loud!

JOHNNY: Leave her alone!

PA: (Spits one last time into the sink. Runs water. Catches his breath) Okay...ah-son. He'p me over to crap now.

FRED: (Helps father to the toilet) Old man, you'll never make that speech...

PA: Mayors obba Chinatowng!

FRED: ...the thrill will killya.

PA: Donk talk likee dat, I tol' you! Donk tell me I die! Bad lucks!

---

*BLINKY WINKY, by Jack Caddigan and Chick Story. 1922 Boston, Mass.

FRED: When're we gonna talk about it, Pa?

PA: What talk about what?

FRED: Pa....

FATHER: Nutting talk about now. I die, nutting talk about.

..."Misser Massa-dah sermoniesses...Misser dah Mayors anna you wifes...Destinguish Presden' obba all 'sociationses anna all you wifes too...Misser Police Chief anna lady anner gennehmens...Fois' Happy New Year. Goong hay fot choy....

MA: (Simultaneously with PA'S speech, sings plaintively with gestures...)

Sing son, sing song, so Hop Toy*
Allee same like China Boy
But he sellee girl with joy,
Pity poor Ming Toy!

---

*CHINESE LULLABY, from "East is West". Words and Music by Robert Hood Bowers. 1919

PA: I spitch inna Chinese's better'n you inna Ninglishes.

FRED towels father off. The old man's shirt and undershirt are bloody. FRED rinses them out in the sink, cleans the sink and helps his father into a clean shirt. He takes a bottle of booze out of the medicine cabinet, takes a pull then puts it back.

FRED: I wash up your blood. I lie to Ma. I live in this dump. The least you can do is talk to me like a man and quit clowning! Just once! (He unrolls some toilet paper and folds it over into a pad.)

PA: My life! I wanta be happy allaw time, so what?

FRED: (Handing father the pad of toilet paper) Here, wipe your own ass for a change. (Turns to leave)

PA: This one New Year I want you to promise me something.

FRED: You feel you got the right to ask, don't you?

PA: Promise me Chinatowng always you home.

FRED: What?

PA: I want to know Ma and Johnny cared for after I die.

FRED: Don't worry.

PA: I worry! ~~Get out day ol' travel business.~~ You older, going crazy. Ma allaw time talking bout da country you're going to run away to.

FRED: Yeah, Shangri La!

PA: And she worry you're fawget alla stuff bout you gran'ma house and still remember any dose ol' stores she used to tell. Get nudder kine business. Stay home. Settle down.

FRED: Settle down! I was born in this house. I lived here all my life. I'm settled down!

PA: Den donk leave Chinatowng when I die. Stay here where I know you always care for....

FRED: Heh! That's funny, pa. You think I'm helpless.

PA: Gib up you nightclub comedian idea. You never be famous! Wasting time!

FRED: There! You think I'll flop!

PA: You flop all right.

FRED: You think I'm helpless and Ma and Sis think I'm holding myself back or chickened out or broken my heart because of you.

PA: Will you sallup will you? Dis China New Year! Bad lucks faw me wipe my ass whi' you're talking about Ma, okay?

(SISSY has rooted out some old scrapbooks and is leafing through them with ROSS)

(FRED leaves the bathroom and comes into the kitchen. MA is singing and dancing.)

FRED: Man, I told you showbiz was in this family's blood!

(FRED AND JOHNNY join MA in singing and dancing like fools)

MA, FRED AND JOHNNY: (Sing)
Sing song, sing son So Hop Toy
Allee same like China Boy
But he sellee girl with joy,
Pity poor Ming Toy...

ROSS: I envy you.

FRED: Me?

ROSS: These reviews. Very nice.

MA: Well, he was gone so long I cut the bad ones out of the papers and saved them too. Because it had his name in it... CROSS TO REFRIG. FOR ice CREAM.

JOHNNY: Yeah, Ma, tell us about Fred's scrapbook.

MA: I'm saving it for his wife. If he ever gets married. Hint! Hint! BRING ice CREAM BACK TO SINK

ROSS: Did you enjoy playing Hamlet?

FRED: Huh?

SIS: Don't lie, Freddie, you loved it. Your acting was going to put Chinatown on the map. Well, I'm doing that now, hell. I'm a travel agent. I'm a tourist guide. I tell thousands of people a year about Chinatown. And I even act a little for them...

FRED! OH YEAH OH YEAH! PUT CHINATOWN ON THE MAP.

SIS: You used to tell me Chinatown would kill us if we stayed.

MA: Your own home, son!

JOHNNY: Yeah, tell us about it, Fred.

FRED: Yeah, well I used to do my face in with Crisco and act the part of white Shakespearian creeps.

ROSS: Well you could have...

FRED: I could have what! I'm a tourist guide! How many times do I have to tellya! A tourist guide! I'm sorry I'm not a lawyer for Ma, a doctor for Pa, a whatever for you, Sissy, a who knows what for Johnny...

JOHNNY: Leave me out of it.

FRED: ...a married man, a father. A Mandarin for Ross. I'm sorry! All right? I'm sorry. I apologise

for working my ass off. I apologise for paying the bills and putting money away for Johnny's college. I'm sorry

JOHNNY: You fucker! I said leave me out of it!

FRED: Leave you out of what?

JOHNNY: Outta your plans! Outta your dreams. Outta your whining...

FRED: How bout outta the family?

JOHNNY: How bout it?

SIS: Fred!

MA: Whoops! Maybe I better go. Whatsa wrong with me...

JOHNNY: Willya all quit running to the damn bathroom!

FRED: Pa'll be out in a minuite, ma.

JOHNNY: Fred and the bathroom! The bathroom and Fred! That's all I hear about, man. You're the goddam Saint of the Bathroom, man. Dat's the legendary bathroom. An authentic Chinatown shrine!

MA: Get outta my way, you!

JOHNNY: (Keeps ma from getting into the bathroom)

= People gonna come up here, man, and look for bloodstains on the tiles. They gonna wanna wash they hands in the sink where Fred washed his father' blood down the drain. They gonna wanna sit on the toilet where Fred sat his father's ass on. I'm gonna charge'em a dollar to flush, man. Shit!

PA: (Comes into the kitchen from the bathroom)

What're you talking like dat?

SIS: He's talking about you dying pa...is what he's talking about...

MA: I want everybody to sit down! ...Nonk one word! Just sit down. How about some ice cream everybody. Come on Sissy, help me clear the table. Ice cream, Rawwwwww!

(PA comes into the kitchen. ALL look at him)

PA: (Jerks head up and glances around) Whassa wrong?

MA: How about some ice cream everybody? Come on Sissy, help me clear the table. Ice cream Rawww!

ROSS: "Ross." Well....

MA: Rocky road! Ah-Wing's favorit!

PA: My favor'

MA: Johnny? Huh? Ice cream?

PA: Jum cha!

(MA stops what she's doing and goes to the thermos to pour a cup of tour for PA)

MA: Yum cha mah, Ah-Rawwwww-see?

ROSS: Um goy gnai (slight bow of the head)

PA, FRED AND JOHNNY: Ooooh! Wow!

MA: Everybody okay?

FRED: Yeah, come on, Ma. Sit!

MA: Now everybody just sit there now! (MA moves toward the refrigerator)

JOHNNY: Whaddays gonna do, take our picture?

FRED: Maybe she's gonna stick us up.

SIS: Do you always have to have the last word?

FRED: But I always do.

(MA takes a cake out of a Cakebox from the ice box. She places candles in it and lights the candles.)

SIS: Oh speaking of pictures, Johnny. Everybody, I brought some snapshots of Our son. Your grandson, Pa.

FRED: What's Pa's grandson's name?

MA: (Placing the cake on the table) Surprise! Happy Birthday! (ALL sing HAPPY BIRTHDAY loud then having no name to end the song with ALL look around the table at each other waiting for the Birthday Kid to show him or her self. No one reacts)

ROSS: Well it's Chinese New Year's...so technically the Chinese believe today's everybody's birthday...so....

MA: (To FRED) You! Stupid!

PA AND JOHNNY: (Singing the ending to HAPPY BIRTHDAY) ...dear er Fur eh yed! Happy Birthday tooowhoo you...

MA: (Handing FRED a giftwrapped package). Happy birthday, son.

ROSS: You're a Pisces!

FRED: I'm a Pisces of Chinese descent. (He unwraps the gift. The candles are burning on the cake. He holds up the present. It's an eight by ten book with bronzed covers.) What is this, Ma?

MA: Well, son. I ask Sissy soon as she come in the door what is the thing of yours that mean most to you in your whole life. Some souvenier, you know. And she told me the script to you play. So we looked for it and found it. And for your birthday present, I took it out...

SIS: (Cracking up_...and had it bronzed!

(ROSS AND SIS break up laughing themselves blue in the face. FRED looks at them.)

SIS: Happy Birthday, Fred! (Continues laughing)

SIS & ROSS: Speech! Speech!

FRED: (TELEPHONE rings. FRED answers phone) Hello...who? Oh, yeah, you're the one I remember. I had my eye on you. Really- Really! Red! Your hair's red. You're the redhead....

MA: (Blows the candles out and starts cutting the cake) I wish he'd settle down. Frankly he's no spring chicken anymore. (To Johnny) Your brother's really working too much hard, son. He used to smile so, and his eyes would really actually shine. And you... you hoodlums, you'd be not too bad looking if I could see you under all your hair....

PA: Gat haircut I tolling you! You nebbah listen nobody! Only for you on goot, we be telling you. Look more decent. Nicer.

(FRED hangs up and rushes to his room for a jacket.)

MA: Freddie can't carry the responsibilities forever round here, you know. We can't wait forever for you to find yourself, you know, son. Isn't that right, Ross?

JOHNNY: You make Fred sound like he's a thousand years old!

MA! OH SON I WISH YOU'D STAY HOME TONIGHT.

FRED: (Comes out of the hallway with a jacket and shades) God's gift to sluts strikes again! (Fast exit out the door)

MA: I tell him he should be a lawyer like Ah-Perry Masons the way he talks. Everybody compliment his English.

PA: Ah-Pair Reeh May Ace?

ROSS: Was there really a killing in Chinatown, Ah Gnawk Foo?

MA: Yeah, today!

JOHNNY: Why?

PA: Too moochie Nickgrows inna school. Innergration wit' da Chinatowng kit no good.

MA: Oh, what do you know!

PA: Mmmm. Rocky Roads....(spits out nuts)

MA: Hah! Gum yurng gamawww!

PA: What? What?

SIS: Isn't there anything you two can't argue about?

PA: What I say my house my business!

MA: We see see mie fon dee Rocky Road bay gnai law and gnai law and gnai seee see spit out the nuts!

SIS: People in this house have been picking fights with each other since we got here! Can't we have some quiet and just eat the ice cream with no arguments....

ROSS: You're tired, Mattie. Jet lag....

PA: Who argue? I nonk like da nut. Hoot my teef. No argue.

MA: Ah-Wing still has all his teeth. Except for the gold ones, Ross. They're gold.

PA: I like Rocky Road. My favor'

MA: "My favor'" wah. Why such a long face, Johnny? Ice cream no good?

ROSS: Do you think the killing will dampen the New Year's festivities,..

SIS: Ross has never seen Chinatown San Francisco before....

ROSS: Fred says the killings, the gangs are real tourist attractions. Is it true they were organized by the tongs?

MA: Just hooligans!

PA: He lazy, da's all. Lon gaw sieh.

SIS: Oh, Johnny's all right. Aren't you, Johnny?

Come Back - Serve Tea - Sit.

MA: Oh, our boys are fine all right, but nobody's a spring chicken anymore, you know. And right now with the celebrations and all da kiyet doy shooting...I saw it today! Oooh, I almost drop my shopping bag. I wish you wouldn't dress like dem, ah-Johnny... Alla situation is in a state of flukes....

Kids

PA: Flukes nutting! He big boy now. Should work! Save him money fo' corridge.

MA: Well, it would be nice if you took time to helped your brother support the family....

PA: Sure, he work so hard, siyeng yut, jo gun goong, yow open yut gone night ah-cloob ah anna...

MA: ...some college. Yeah, he still goes.

SIS: Oh, Johnny's a good boy.

PA: No responsib'....

Throughout the day firecrackers have been going off outside. Occasionally a string of firecrackers goes off cutting off conversation for a few seconds. Now a string goes off, stopping conversation, freezing people in position. Thirty seconds later the crackers are still popping loud. The people sit down. Ten seconds later the crackers are still popping. The people get up and move about. MA starts washing dishes. JOHNNY takes out a natural rake from his back pocket and rakes his hair. He has a toothpick in his mouth. PA picks his teeth thoroughly, carefully, clinically. ROSS is up and squinting at pictures, and handling things on the wall. Five seconds later crackers are still popping heavily and non stop. JOHNNY looks over his shoulder at the door. FLASHES of the firecrackers light things up through the windows. JOHNNY shouts and pantomimes that he thinks he hears someone at the door. FATHER motions for him to get up and answer it then. MA waves a sign that he's crazy.

ROSS moves to answer the door. SIS pulls at his coat tail as JOHNNY motions for him to stop right now and keep out of this. The knocking at the door becomes louder, audible above the sound of popping crackers. A two-tone Chinese gong from the Cantonese opera battle scenes strikes a wild doing doing doing. The knocking at the door intensifies. A huge explosion goes off outside. The lights in the apartment go off and back on. The door was outlined by the hallway lights. Dishes rattle. The crackers are still popping on and on. Another huge explosion goes off. Crackers still poppin. Johnny looks at the door and picks his teeth.

ROSS: (Looking from person to person. Shouts.) There's someone at the door!

SIS: (Shouting) Sit down!

PA is taken over by the petrifying, angry, shivering jitters and glares at the door. MA zips at wiping the dishes superfast, keeps superbusy until she notices father. She slows down, gets a goofy smile on her face, and goes to the old man.

MA: (Shouts cheerfully) Well answer it, somebody! It's only Freddie forgot something's all...

ROSS: (To Sis) What's going on?

PA: Not Ah-Freddie! What he forget?

MA: (Shouting) Freddie! You stop it right now!

ROSS: (Shouting) Heck! If it's only Fred...(moves to get up)

SIS: (Shouting) It's not Fred.

ROSS: (Shouting) How the hell do you know, without....

BIG EXPLOSION. Lights go out. Crackers popping. Knocking knocking harder and harder. Only light comes in flashes of crackers popping. CHINA MAMA'S ancient, screechy wailing, slow mellow cackling rises fast to a vibrating trilling shriek echoing both directions down the hall and up and down all the stairs of the building. The cymbals and gongs. But their sound is strange and ghostly. Their presence is different from the doing doinging gong.

PA: (Shouting) Da liong! Family not all to gathered up!

MA: (Shouting) It's Freddie who's all it is! Moh miyeahh!

ROSS: (Shouting) Shall I answer the door?

SIS: (Shouting) No!

ROSS: (Shouting) Why not?

SIS: (Shouting) Can't you hear?

ROSS: (Shouting) I hear someone pounding on the door!

JOHNNY: It's THE VISITOR, Stupeedo!

ROSS: What?

SIS: No firecrackers!

ROSS: (Shouting) What?

SIS: No firecrackers poppin anywhere in town.

ROSS: No firecrackers in Chinatown?

JOHNNY: THE VISITOR!

ROSS: Who? What?

MA: Who could it be for?

PA: Ans' da door before...I can hear dose bells!

SIS: Everybody has somebody they don't know is dead or alive. Somebody...

SIS, JOHNNY, MA & PA: From the past

SIS: Somebody...

SIS, JOHNNY, MA & PA: They don't want to see...

SIS: One night out of the year, before a New Year of the Dragon.

SIS, JOHNNY, MA & PA: Just one night!

SIS: Someone will knock at our door. And we will know...

SIS, JOHNNY, MA & PA: TONIGHT IS THE NIGHT!

MA relaxes, leans back as if she's about to start a long story.

MA: Boy, that brings back memories... (soft voice) "Somebody" (Gruff voice)"From the pas'!" Oh the past, tsk...

PA: (Cuts her off) S'allup!Wonk you!

(He motions for the door to be opened.)

ROSS & JOHNNY jump for the door. JOHNNY throws it open. The music peaks and goes out. Silhouetted in the doorway is CHINA MAMA, a short, ancient, Chinese woman in a dark long, baggy cheongsam, a crocheted vest sweater, a jade pendant on a fine gold chain necklace, a plastic bag advertising cigarettes or a paper shopping bag full ~~of~~ of stuff, a knit or crocheted beret on her head with a simple jade pin in the center. Perhaps she uses a cane.

CHINA MAMA looks Johnny up and down. She closes on him and examines his face. MA runs to the bathroom.

~~PAxmxmxmxm(xmxmxmx

JOHNNY: I don't have no China Mama.

PA: Johnny!

JOHNNY: I was born here. Me all time Californ' This China Mama's not here to visit on me!

PA: Some manner, Johnny! Mah house, please....

JOHNNY: (To China Mama) Goong hay fot choy.

CHINA MAMA puts here eye on Sissy.

SISSY: Goong hay fot choy...

PA: OUR DAUGHTER Ngaw day guh newy ah...ah...

CHINA MAMA glances briefly at Ross.

ROSS: Goong hay fot choy...

The stage blacks out leaving CHINA MAMA & PA in spots. They speak straight English in the dark. PA offers China Mama a seat.

PA: Please come in. Sit down...

CHINA MAMA looks around.

PA: ...It's the Year of the Dragon...

CHINA MAMA: I know what year it is, ah-Wing.

PA: Uh...the house is clean for New Years...

CHINA MAMA: I should hope so.

PA: We cleaned the house...

CHINA MAMA: "We"?

PA: ...my American wife cleaned the house.

CHINA MAMA: Ummmk.

PA: Our clothes are clean for New Years.

CHINA MAMA: Ummmk.

PA: (Sits) It's not my fault. You knew I might never come back. And I never did. I was nothing in China. Here I was somebody...It's not my fault you couldn't come over. I didn't make the laws. I couldn't even become a citizen until 1955! But I was somebody here. And this American girl was so lively. She could have

XXX

been deported for marrying me, lost her citizenship and been deported. So she was very brave to marry me. XXXXXXX Listen, I fell in love. I was young, I had a XXXXX son with me...

CHINA MAMA: My son.

PA: She's very American she doesn't understand. None of my friends' American wives really understand.

CHINA MAMA: I don't care about your past.

PA: I thought you'd like to understand.

CHINA MAMA: I don't have anything to understand. Maybe you do. Maybe your American vacation lady does. But XXX I'm not here to understand.

PA: If I had ever known they'd let Chinese women into the country I might have waited. You know our American wives never forgave themselves for marrying married men. I sometimes think if she could have married a white man, she... but she loved me. And she was brave. She was a good mother to our son.

CHINA MAMA: I have been no mother at all to our son for forty years.

PA: That's not your fault. That's not my fault.

CHINA MAMA: He's tall isn't he.

PA: He's average height,..well, actually he's...

CHINA MAMA: And he's a doctor

PA: No...

CHINA MAMA: A lawyer...

PA: Actually he's a...

CHINA MAMA: ...XXXXXXXXXXXXXX what?

PA: t..tourist guide.

CHINA MAMA: A what?

PA: ...a small businessman....

CHINA MAMA: What is he?

PA: He's opening a nightclub here. He's going to be the first famous Chinatown Chinaman comedian he says...(laughs)

CHINA MAMA: What the hell's that?

PA: I wish I knew.

CHINA MAMA: You're very disappointed in him aren't you.

PA: Well, his mother's proud of him, so...

CHINA MAMA: I'm his mother! And you're right. I am proud of him. All I've known or seen or touched or tasted or smelled of my son for forty years is my pride...

PA: If you take a deep breath you can smell his feet.

CHINA MAMA: You laugh at him in front of me? Now? Tonight? I'm holding my temper ah-Wing.

PA: He's a good boy. Nobody loves him like I do. Just let me live to make my speech. Then take my life who cares? I just want to live to make my speech. I'll show him somebody then. I'm the Mayor of Chinatown this year! I get to read the telegram from the President of the United States! For your son! Our son! He wants someone to respect. That's all he needs. I'll give him someone to respect. The Mayor of Chinatown! That's as far as anybody can go! Better than all the doctors and lawyers put together for one moment of ~~xx~~ one day!

~~XXX~~ CHINA MAMA: What makes you think I want your life?

PA: No one would blame you. She would be hurt. She'd be hurt bad, I think, but she wouldn't blame you.

CHINA MAMA: You~~ixre~~ pompous, silly turtle! Look at you! You're old. You're dying. I haven't come to visit on you.

PA: Fred?

~~FRXD~~CHINA MAMA: "Fred"?...you've even taken away his name.

MA: (Singing in the bathroom) slower. EMOTION.

Sing song, sing SONG So Hop Toy,
Allee same like China Boy
But he sellee girl with joy,
Pity Poor Ming Toy...

FADE TO BLACK on the song

MA: Oh gunpowders. You know all about it.

JOHNNY: Firecrackers, Ma.

MA: I donk hear any right now...

JOHNNY:q They been poppin around the cake throwing gunpowder all over it.

MA: Oh!

JOHNNY: (As if explaining to a kid) That's why I said it tastes like gunpowder.

MA: (Also as if explaining to a kid) But I was talking about people sleeping in my room where I could go to sleep if people wasn't in there sleeping! Why can't she sleep in your room? You stay up all hours anyway? think I wanna change everybody's bed every morning?

JOHNNY: Sis's sleeping in my room.

MA: So how can I go to bed? Who's fix Freddie his snack anyway? You cook?

JOHNNY: Fred won't be home for no snack tonight.

MA: Maybe he will.

JOHNNY: I don't think so.

MA: But maybe he will! Aww, you! Look at you. You look awful, dress up all that black stuff. Like dem hoodlem...you look like dem killers. Ohh! Plong! Plong! Two shot, just like dat, boy! (laughs) I almost wet my panties, I'm telling you. Whooo...

JOHNNY: I didn't kill nobody.

MA: I know. I found your gun and hide it away.

JOHNNY: Ma! (rises slowly)

MA: (Rises fast and runs to bathroom saying) Whoo. Whoops. You hungry just drop dem inner soup. Oh. You know. Whoops. Whoops!

JOHNNY: You're constipated remember?

(Bathroom Door slams shut. SIS comes down the hall in her bathrobe, opens the bathroom door.)

SIS: (closing the door) Whoops.

(MA snaps lock from inside. SIS goes into the kitchen, sees stuff boiling on the stove and the abandoned wonton works, and Johnny.)

SIS: What's this boiling on the stove like this?

JOHNNY: Ma was making some seeyu yeah for Fred.

SIS: When did he get home?

JOHNNY: He didn't.

SIS: Oh. I see. Boy! Home Sweet Home!

JOHNNY: A bathroom out in the hall, you know...

SIS: What a mess! Look at this place.

JOHNNY: I'm watching TV, Sissy, okay/

SIS: God, I'm suffocating, already! Cramped up. Everybody running around... But nobody's running!

JOHNNY: Sissy, come on!

SIS: What time is it?

JOHNNY: I don't know.

SIS: Who cares what time it is, right?

JOHNNY: Right.

SIS: You're cranky.

JOHNNY: Ummk.

SIS: Cranky or clever or joking all the time. Throwing mean looks. BURNING UP ALL YOUR ENERGY TO KEEP FROM BUMPING INTO EVERYBODY. DAMMIT I WANTA BUMP INTO SOMEBODY!

JOHNNY: Damn, Sissy! (Rips off the earphone. Goes to icebox and turns the volume up on the TV. He plugs in earphone)

SIS: (Speaking through)...OR TRIPPING OVER EVERYBODY'S NERVES. I WANT TO BUMP INTO SOMEBODY. I'M TIRED OF AVOIDING IT...

JOHNNY: What're you talking? Why's everybody on my case allaw time?

SIS: Back to Boston I can go to the bathroom anytime at all without seeing or feeling anybody resenting it. I live in a house with two bathrooms...

JOHNNY: We live in a house got five bathrooms. Two on this floor. And one on every other floor. Take your pick...

SIS: I was born in this house and I never knew how many bathrooms... I mean I never counted. But everybody resents every move you make here...

JOHNNY: Pa won't talk about a will huh? I thought you knew Chinatown...

SIS: Talking about bathrooms in our house makes you mad, huh?

JOHNNY: Yeah! Yeah! So you came out for nothing. Maybe if you brought the kid out, you know. Work on Grandpa?

SIS: I thought I'd be happy to see you all after ten years. But it's like I never left. There's always someone in the bathroom. Voices in the walls. There's someone always in the kitchen sitting up. An old uncle used to sit right there, just like you. Only he didn't listen to any TV. He got bored or something and shot himself. Right there, where you're sitting. And ma came out of the bathroom. And Freddie came in the front door, and...

JOHNNY: Use the can down the hall, Sis.

SIS: There's probably a line of old men out there...

JOHNNY: No, they all got bored and shot themselves in the kitchen...

SIS: I didn't say that to be funny...

JOHNNY: You should have. Why be serious about stuff like that?

SIS: And I bet there's somebody's socks hanging all over the bathtub. I have a clean house now. You should see it. You could eat off the floor.

JOHNNY: Sometimes we do. When we have company...

SIS: Very funny. Very clever.

JOHNNY: Oh, well...you know.

SIS: "Oh, well, you know." Is that all you can say? No wonder people say you're lazy and stupid.

JOHNNY: Get on my case! Jeezis! Get on my case! Who're you?

SIS: You wanna be like Fred? Live here all your life? He hasn't changed since...oh, tsk! He had all these dreams or whatever...

JOHNNY: Maybe he's changed now. Maybe he's gone...

SIS: He hasn't changed since high school! Oh, boy. Part time job after school using that phoney Chinese accent. When he had a gift. A real gift! god, he was clever. Tourist guide after school, oh boy. Now he's a full-time tourist guide running the same spiels. And you...and ma...She could have been a singer.

JOHNNY: Oh, get off it!

SIS: I mean it. But you're all the same, as when I left. Same hate of this place. Only no fight left...

JOHNNY: Fight?

SIS: What ever happened to his dreams? His acting career? His writing.

JOHNNY: He wants to be a comedien, that's all...

SIS: I come home and find him talking about going back to being a tourist guide part time, just like he was in high school.

JOHNNY: Yeah, well, you see it your way...

SIS: "Yeah, well, you see it your way..." This family! I swear! Ha! Ross thinks he's stepped into a scene in THE GOOD EARTH!

JOHNNY: Hey, Sissy, this place is clean. Whaddaya mean, THE GOOD EARTH?

SIS: What?

JOHNNY: I said this place is clean, man. Ma's always washing and cleaning to keep the ants and bugs down. You can eat off the floor.

SIS: I didn't...

JOHNNY: Yes, you did!

(MA Comes out of the bathroom)

MA: Did I hear Freddie come in?

SIS: No just your son yelling at his dearest sister.

MA: Oh, you two always did fight, you know.

JOHNNY: You can go to the bathroom now.

CROSSING TO KITCHEN

MA: What? Again? I just came out, son. How you talk to your ma? ...I couldn't do anything anyway.

JOHNNY: I mean Sissy, ma.

MA: Did Fred seem angry? No just usual for him...Did you check by the tour office?

JOHNNY: Yeah, yeah.

MA: Not like him to just neglect the family. Oh, look the soup! Just gwun gwun look look sai away. Whassamalla you! Everybody!

BOILING AWAY

SIS: Ma...

MA: Yeah, sissy.

SIS: How many bathrooms are there in the building?

MA: The whole building? Oh I don't know...(thinks)

JOHNNY: Willya stop laughin at me!

SIS: Johnny says there are five.

MA: Five? Just five bathrooms? Is that all, Johnny?

SIS: See, it isn't natural to know how many bathrooms are in this building.

MA: Ask Fred.

JOHNNY: Ask Fred? Whatsa wrong with me?

MA: Nothing, he's a good son!

SIS: Well I better get going. You lit a punk, Ah-Mah?

MA: Whoops, maybe I better go. Whatsa wrong with me...

JOHNNY: Willya all quit running to the damn bathroom! Fred and the bathroom. ~~The bathroom! The bathroom! Fred! Freddie! Everywhere, that's all I hear about, man. HE's the goddam Saint of the Bathroom, man. Dat's the legendary Bathroom, man. An authentic Chinatown shrine.~~

MA: Don't shout so!

JOHNNY: People gonna come up here, man, and look for bloodstains on the tiles. They gonna wanna wash they hands in the sink where Fred washed his father's blood down the drain. They gonna wanna sit on the toilet where Fred sat his father's ass on. I'm gonna charge 'em a dollar to flush, man. Shit!

MA: Whaddaya talking, son?

SIS: ~~He's talking about Pa dying's what he's talking about~~. He's talking about living here after Pa dies.

MA: Where else we gonna live? Chie! Saw guh!

SIS: Ma, listen!

MA: No!

SIS: Ma!

MA: No!

SIS: Don't run to the bathroom!

JOHNNY: I don't wanta hear about the bathroom!

SIS: Ma, listen to me. Pa is...

MA: Not on Chinese New Years! Not a word like that! Nothing bout dead or suicide or hurt!

SIS: Whaddaya think Chinese New Year's means? Death. People come here to see us die! You ever see a dragon after the parade? They come here to kill it, tear it to pieces. Death is good for business. The tac squad'll come on their horses, ma. Riding high, giving Chinatown that popeyed air of danger the tourists love. And the tourists will come. Look at Ross!

JOHNNY: Look at you! You sound like Fred coming home from work.

SIS: Except I have more guts than Freddie.

MA: Ross is your husband, Sissy.

SIS: They were here in a minute sniffing around the blood of that punk shot dead last week.

JOHNNY: (failing to interrupt) Hey!

SIS: And Fred lives off them and hates himself for it. Terrific. Well, I have nothing to hate MYself for. Now, I will go to the bathroom. (She goes off to the bathroom)...

TABLE

MA: (Sits at the table and begins making wonton again) Hungry, son? I'm starved!

SIS: (changes her mind about going to the bathroom and comes back to the kitchen) Ma. Ah-Mah! I want you to come live with me after Pa dies. Get out of Chinatown and let us take care of you...

JOHNNY: That was quick! Wow! Everybody in Boston that fast in the toilet, Sissy?

TABLE

MA: You wanna help? You know how to fold wonton still, I hope.

SIS: Ma, willya listen to me without...

MA: I donk like what you're talking. I donk like it.

SIS: Ross and I want you and Johnny to come back East with us.

MA: What? Why?

SIS: Let me finish...

MA: Just me and Johnny, huh?

SIS: Sell the building. Put Pa in a ... In a nice sanitarium, and come back home with us.

JOHNNY; HELL HE'S GOT CHINA MAMA NOW

MA: You mean, leave Pa? Leave Freddie? Why? Huh, Johnny, why?

SIS: You want... Do you want Johnny to end up like Freddie?

MA: What'sa wrong Freddie?

SIS: Where is he?

MA: Dat's crazy. You borned here. Why you think we have to sell it and move out for? Not good enough for you mie bah luh, so what. I'm not fancy. I seen that stuff outside. Who wants it?

SIS: What're you going to do when Pa dies.

MA: Who says he's going to die if you please?

SIS: Everybody. Everybody but you.

MA: I don't care what everybody says!

OUTSIDE a string of firecrackers goes off. Then another string. Then another exploding through Sissy's shouting.

SIS: (Grabs wonton out of Ma's hands and throws them out the window.) Ma! Listen to me! (She throws the cake out of the window) Ma! Why do you think I'm here. Why do you think China Mama's come? Nobody likes it, but we're here because Pa's dying!

MA jumps and runs for the bathroom. SIS follows and shouts through the door. MA turns on the water and makes the pipes creak and shudder. The crackers are exploding outside. IN BATHROOM

SIS: Do you think anything but death could bring me back here? You think Fred can keep the family together after Pa's gone? HE'S NOTHING BUT A VULTURE, MA! Instead of putting Pa in a hospital like he should he got his kicks...HE GOT HIS KICKS WATCHING HIM DIE! He's dragging Johnny down now and he'll kill you! All of you! He...he's nothing but a...a...atourist guide!

(FIRECRACKERS AND WATERPIPES go silent.)

SIS: ...Ma?

ENTER ROSS From a bedroom. He's dressed in pajamas, bathrobe and slippers.

ROSS: Someone in there, huh?

SIS: Ma. Ma? (knocks on the door) I don't want him to die! I love Pa. He's my father.

ROSS: What's she doing in there, Mattie?

(JOHNNY disappears into cleaning up the mess on the table and folding wonton)

SIS: Ma? Do you hear me?

(MA starts tap dancing in the bathroom and humming.)

SIS: Ross wants to use the bathroom, ma...

MA: Lying to the dying
Living a lie every day
Is a lousy way to live...
It isn't easy
Lying to the dying.

SIS: Are you singing and dancing in there?

MA: When the sweet of the Chinatown night
turns a little sour
You know it's time to
Tune in the Chinese Hour

(MA beats on the sink, pipes, whatever she can find in the bathroom and becomes a one woman Chinese band and dances...)

MA: Lying to the dying isn't easy
It's a lousey way to live
But it's Chinesey...

SIS: I think she wrote that herself! Ma;

MA: In ten years you do a lot of things to keep up!

SIS: LIsten to me, ma. Come out of there.

MA: I'm busy! Can't you see I'm in the bathroom?

SIS: Will you stop dancing in there?

MA: Do you think it's easy to lie to your dying Husband?

SIS: Who called you a liar? Nobody's calling you a liar, ma.

MA: He donk want me to know he's dying so I donk know he's dying. THat's all I mean. Sometimes I hate it so much I wish he'd just hurry up and go and leave me alone.

ROSS: If he were Japanese, he'd commit Hari-Kiri graciously and not put his family...

SIS: There's a bathroom in the hall outside, Ross.

MA: I try to make the home nice. That's all I do. If he's going to die and there's nothing else I can do, he should die where he lives shouldn't he? The kids were born here. Grew up here. And he lived here with his family. So he should be able to die here. What else is his home for?

SIS: (to Johnny) Can't you hear Ma in there? What's she doing? What're you doing there, Johnny?

JOHNNY: You don't bother people singing to themselves in the bathroom do you? She wants to be alone. Leave her alone.

MA: Can't you tell I'm in the bathroom? Can't you leave me alone?

SIS: I won't leave you alone.

MA: Where's Freddie? Talk to Ah-Fred.

SIS: Ma, he's not even your real son! I'm your eldest child. Me! I'm your flesh and blood, ma. Talk to me! ....I think she's stopped dancing. Listen...Ma!

ROSS: Let's sit down and stop shouting before you wake everybody up.

SIS: I want to wake everybody up.

JOHNNY: I toldya, Sissy.

SIS: What did you tell me? What? What?

JOHNNY: (Goes to the bathroom door) I told ya, Sissy!

SIS: Told me what? Why should I believe you and Fred. TUis is all his fault.

JOHNNY: Hey, Ma, what're you're doing there?

SIS: Open it up!

JOHNNY: (turns handle) It's locked.

SIS: Well, break it. Break it down!

JOHNNY: Awww...'Break it down...'

SIS: Ma, open this door or we're going to break it down! Come on, Johnny, COME ON!

JOHNNY AND SIS bang and bang against the door til they force it open. MA is sitting on the toilet cover.

SIS: What're you doing here, Ma?

CHINA MAMA comes out of Ma's room in a bathrobe and barefoot. She moves slowly down the hall toward the bathroom, hacking, coughing and swallowing stuff back down as she moves.

SIS picks Ma up by the arm and leads her to the sink.

JOHNNY lifts the toilet lid and looks inside.

JOHNNY: What'd you do to Fred's birthday present? (laughs) Pissed all over it and try to flush it down the toilet?

SIS: Aww, Ma! Hamlet!

JOHNNY reaches into the toilet and recovers the wet and dripping bronzed manuscript and rinses it off in the sink.

MA: (Makes a grab for it) Give dat to me. Don't you touch it.

SIS: (Gets it away with a sudden move) No! No! I got it.

MA: Piss on all the birthday presents...Did you see his face?

CHINA MAMA: (In the bathroom dooway) Whoo owww!

JOHNNY, SIS, MAMA, CHINA MAMA all freeze and stare at each other.

PA comes out into the hall from his room, in his underwear and cloth bathrobe. He's coughing. He glances into the bathroom, stops and moves on into the kitchen. He spits into the sink, turns on the tap and rinses the spit away. He looks into the boiling stuff. Sniffs it. Takes a ladle and scoops some wonton out to look at it. He gets a bowl and a Chinese soupspoon and serves himself. He sits at the table and begins to eat.

CHINA MAMA scoffs at the goings on in the bathroom and goes into the kitchen. FATHER Nors to the stove. Sis goes to her room with the bronzed script. MA & JOHNNY go to the kitchen and get wonton.

MA: You mean I got to feed her too?

PA: Good! Eat!

MA: (Indicates China Mama's seat) That's my place.

PA: What're you mean you place?

MA: I mean that's my place is all. What're you think I mean? That's my place!

PA: My place! My house. My buil'ing. My foods (Motions around the table) Allaw place mines! Sit dong.

MA: You never talk that way to me before! What I do to you?

PA: Nonk argues me. "Stoo late now. Sit dong. Nonk sit dong. Who care...

SIS & ROSS come out of their rooms into the kitchen.

PA: (Looks up and motions to the stove) He'p you ah saffs. But save some Fred come home. (Nods to Ma) Better you meck, bow some more, huh?

CURTAIN

END OF ACT ONE

Scene III

~~ACT TWO~~

SCENE ONE: JOHNNY IN LIMBO

JOHNNY is dressed in an awkwardly fitting sports coat, shirt and tie, and his black jeans. He holds a handful of chopsticks in his hands. He speaks in an exaggeratedly phoney Chinese accent. Now and then he stumbles into his normal Chinatown English as he spiels. He stands in a spot.

JOHNNY: Okays allaw you folkses, 'faw goings inner res'ernt faw eat up lotsa delife ful spesulty da house Chinee highlights obba tour...behalf Eng Chinatowng Tour and Travoo, saying tang you take da look around wiffoo me. Sure was heap pleasant reat show you roung my towng. Now liller sooben ear obba dese good tahm, please take off dese chopstick anna eat you dinner wid it. You wanna some ah-ex'ras send away for friendses or fig' jussa asking me. Now how eat dis tings you're mabe asking mos' like, huh? Okay, looka dis! See you're hol'ing one dis stick like dis, making it stiff, donk can move aroung anywhere, okay? Den dis udder ones is like a pensoo. Hol' it like you maybe wanna write love letter, okay, lady? An' lookie, how you're move it all likee dis? Okay" Okay? Allaw okays, ever'bolly? Okay? (bowing) Okay? Goo'bye. Okay? Goo'bye. Okay?

FADE TO BLACK

FADE UP

SCENE ~~TWO~~ THREE: ENG FAMILY APARTMENTS, SATURDAY DAY

The pile of newspapers by the door is not as high as it was. The front door is open. CHINA MAMA has put on glasses and is leafing through old family photo albums. There is a stack of old black paged snapshot albums on one of the chairs and on the table. The table is littered with dirty dishes. Dishes are drying on the drainboard. Other dishes are soaking in the sink. The windows in the kitchen and bathroom are open wide. CHINA MAMA has a cup of tea nearby. Now and then she peers through a magnifying glass at the page. ROSS is also leafing through the albums of family snaps. He glances at CHINA MAMA, rises and indicates the window as he speaks. Crowd noise and firecrackers popping outside is loud.

OLD LADY, ARE YOU COLD ?

ROSS: Ah-Mow, ah, lahng mah? (He freezes and smiles.)

CHINA MAMA Flicks up her eyes at him and snaps them down again fast. ROSS raises his eyebrows.

ROSS: Ah-mow ah?

CHINA MAMA stares at the page and shakes her head violently and briefly. ROSS sits again. CHINA MAMA winces slightly as he sits. ROSS sees something in the picture he's looking at. He grins. He makes a little noise. He points at the photo and turns to CHINA MAMA.

ROSS: Uhhhh...

CHINA MAMA Shudders. She looks up slowly with all her might and seems to turn pale and weak with the effort. She lines her eyes up with his for a short hit and run as she snaps a smile and releases a tiny little sound that doesn't last a second. She's back to staring at her back leaving ROSS to blink at where he'd last seen her smiling at him.

ROSS is charmed. He smiles, snorts a compact one note, one shot laugh and raises his hand over her as if to touch her, but motions back to himself, telling her he can speak Chinese.

I KNOW HOW TO SPEAK THE LANGUAGE

ROSS: Ah-mow ah! Chaw sick wooey gong joong gawk wahhhh-ah!

ROSS brings his Hand back out as if to put his arm around her. CHINA MAMA without looking up from her book, shudders and lowers her body down closer to the table, shying low from him. ROSS lowers his arm down and at the barest contact CHINA MAMA winces away, and looses that short tiny sound. She sits a little straighter, looks him in the eyes and looks into his eyes a little longer than before. And she turns away with less snap and looks at the albums.

ROSS brings his hand up and puts it together into the hand with the tapping finger on it. He looks like he's going to tap her, when she turns to him with a snarl, bringing her head up higher than his, her face down close to his, her eyes looking down into his eyes.

CHINA MAMA: Sssaahh lup! You! (She returns to examining the photo album.)

CHINA MAMA seems younger, tougher, forceful and all strength and muscles as she sits down to look at the photos in the albums. Before ROSS's eyes, she melts and sinks, slowly into the decrepit ancient version of the CHINA MAMA story.

MA comes in the front door. She's dressed in a sweater and baggy jeans. She wears white workgloves with blue cuffs on them. She has her hair tied up off her face in a big ribbon, and her hair in a braid. She looks something like Minnie Mouse. She's moving fast in a demon rhythm rushing around the house, putting a few dry dishes away in the cupboard quick, then taking a couple of dishes out of the sink of soapy water, rinsing them off, then laying them down on the drainer, then taking a couple of dirty dishes off the table, shaking the crumbs off into the garbage bag, and putting them into the sink of soapy water. As she moves, she is doing a low yodle to herself...

MA: Yeeeeee, pick dis up, clean, put in here, whoop whoops, donk forget dis, then over here...whoops. Freddy home yet?

ROSS shakes his head and shrugs.

MA: (In a flash tying up a stack of newspapers off the pile, with string and picking them up.)

MA: Oh dat sexy son of mine, "While the cat's away the mice will play."

(Ma goes out the door with the papers.)

ROSS: (looks out the door after MA.) "while the cat's away the mice will play!" (He looks at CHINA MAMA)

PA in underwear and bathroom pads out of his room in his slippers. HIs hair is messed up. He carries a glass urine bottle large as a pitcher in his hand. The bottle is full of spit, pglegm and little gobs of blood. STILL HASN'T COME BACK

FATHER: Ah-Fred? Fred ah! (He looks around.) HaaaH! Wan may fon lay? Wahh! Bing gaw hoy sai moon ah? WHO LEFT THE DOOR OPEN? (He pads over and coughing stuff into his mouth and swallowing it back down, closes the door. He goes to the bathroom, empties his bottle and washes it out in the sink. Puts aside. He washes, brushes his teeth, soaks a towel in hot water. He wrings out the towel and puts it on his head while he shaves. Then he removes the towel and combs his hair. He sits on the covered toilet awile and catches his breath. He goves into the kitchen. He looks around disturbed by the mess he sees. He closes the window, pours himself some tea from a thermos and waits.

ROSS realizes FATHER wants his seat. - HE rises.

FATHER: (Giggles low and waves his hand no.) Huh! Naw...'salligh.

ROSS moves from his chair and finds another. He pushes the dishes in front of him toward the center of the table.

FATHER sits and piles dishes in front of him toward the center of the table. He wipes the space he's cleared in front of him before relaxing to take his morning tea.

CHINA MAMA holds up the album to show FATHER and pointing at a snap asks if it's a picture of him.

CHINA MAMA: Nee gaw hie gnai, hie mah?

FATHER: (looks, giggles, grins) Ummk. Yessaw's me! (to Ross, and patting his belly) All fatter. Older, you know? Fatter...

CHINA MAMA playfully slaps his arm. She asks the name of their son.

CHINA MAMA: Gnaw day guh jie ying mun gew miyah miyeng ah?

FATHER: (Looks at the album) Cute huh? HE'S CALLED FRED Gew joe Ah-Fred ah. Ah Freddie reck Eng! Freddie.

CHINA MAMA: Ah Fer ed dee yeee maw? (Leafing through the book) Wah woooo! Nee gaw ah bing gaw ah? (Asking who this is?)

FATHER: (looks) THAT Mie Ah-Freddie ah!..Gradjoo GRADUATE but yip ah-high schoo' law. Mie yow ah-hair cut, yow die tew ah-necktie. so han'some maw. HE HAS HE'S WEARING

ROSS glances from face to face, looking anxious, showing he understands what they're saying.

CHINA MAMA: (Puts book down a second to tell FATHER he sounds funny) Wah! Ah-wing, gnai won hew wooie gong hong wah mah? Huh?

ROSS laughs.

FATHER: You ting's funny/ (Giggles) I...fois' ting she say my Chinee lang witches song funny. (to CHINA MAMA) Mellica, China Mama!

CHINA MAMA: Ah-Fred deeyee hew wooie gong hong wah mah?

FATHER: Ah-Freddie? Hong wah? talk Chinee ah-lousey! Worser him Mama!

CHINA MAMA: (Rising slightly, threatening. She tells Father, she is Freddie's mother) Ngaw hie Ah Fered deeyee gah mah!

FATHER: (Soothing her, with a gesture) Hie yah! hie law, ngai hie Freddy gah maaa! (He moves closer to CHINA MAMA)

CHINA MAMA and FATHER look through the album together. FATHER Closes the album and gets another, newer one. He opens it, flips a few pages and points. He points out a snap of Fred doing Army in Korea.

FATHER: Nah. Ah-Freddy her Go Lie dah jerng ah. Draft ah, her Korea law...

CHINA MAMA: Wah' (Indicates Fred seems so tall) fum go ah! (So skinney) yee, gum sow guh. Hahh!

MA opens door. FATHER rises immediately. They say, almost simultaneously...

MA: Fred home yet?

FATHER: Fred? Who is dat?

MA: (Looks around the kitchen again and steels herself. She grabs some dishes off the pile in the center and puts them in the sink.) Aw, what a mess! Looka this will you! How can I... (She picks up the snapshot albums and nervously angrily puts them away.) I'm trying to clean up here, would you...?

FATHER: Hey, I'm looking dat!

MA: Well, what're am I supposed to do here then? I got to clean up donk I? I donk have all day! I gotta cook still and tonight the parade...Oh, Ah-Wing you look so lazy with your hair so slick and only in you bathrobe there.

FATHER: Sure lazy. Retire. I donk woik no more. Ha! Jussa like Char's Boy yays eating breakfas in his living room inner moobie.

MA: Well, can't somebody help me clean up. New Year's nonk wait you know.

FATHER: Sit dong willyou? I tol' you! Chie! Run aroung run aroung splas' wadder allaw allaw everting! Craze!

MA: Criminy sakes's you guys! Like you're nonk care if our house clean up.(Looks around) Where dat Johnny gone to now? Looka allaw dishes he leave.

FATHER: (Shows MA something in the album. A long panoramic photograph) Hey, ma, you 'member dis time?

MA: Say gnai ah! You would show me pictures from a funeral.

PA: Sit dong looka yousalf dere!

MA: (Sits down on the edge of a chair on Father's other side) Look how everybody stare right to the camera! And the car. Nobody takes pictures at family funerals no more.

FATHER: You still look da same. Nice figures! Hubba hubba.

MA: Hub bah hub bah ahh maw! Put on your glasses, old man! I'm no spring chicken no more! Just lotta older woman. Where'd you say Johnny gone?

FATHER: Woik!

MA: What're you're mean work?

FATHER: Woik. Mean, woik law! Ah-Fred gone somewhere, who know? Already miss woik how many day? Yow oom gaw five tours guide today aroung. So I tol'ing Ah-Johnny woik for Ah-Freddie law. No lose Business!

MA: (Rises and busies herself again) You guys! Never tell me nutting! How'm I suppose to cook tonight if I donk know where everybody is? When they coming home? We never eat together no more.

FATHER: Nonk worry nutting, I tol' you. Mecking Ah-Johnny some responsiboo.

MA: After schoo' I used to work too, boy. Wait tables at da Colonial Inn. Not a lowlife place either. Ah-Wing. I met Amelia Earhart's mother there. Ooh, she used to like lambchops. You know the flyer's mother...

FATHER: Ooh, stop talk to yousalf, like dat. Too much noises.

MA: But I'd always get home in time to help wit' da dinners.

FATHER: You're going close door sometime? Too much drafty. Cold! too noisey!

MA: Sometimes daddy would be home from the Southern Pacific. Oooh, he always laid off for New Year's time. And each time he come home from Chicago, for awhile, he got a watch for one of us. Railroad watch. They tick so loud.

FATHER: You know what you talking bout at all?

MA: Oh, sometime Chinese New Year's cleaning house, I'm expecting him to come home from the trains again, you know. Just come home from work like he used to. I just expect it like I used to.

FATHER: Yeah.

MA: Sometimes I don't think the boys will come homes.

FATHER: Sure dey come homes! Dey get hungers yes or no? Dey come home all right... We cook, dey come home. Magics!

MA: They have so many Chinatown boys kill each other out there so suddenly, Ah-Wing!

FATHER: Dat nutting day boys. Dat's be causers schoo' integrations, I tol' you, toong dee hok gwai lo mie yut chie, no good! Allaw kit doy Hong Kong gaw lay May Gawk go schoo' wit' da Nick Gro peebers be juss like dose peebers. Too moochoo robbery. Craze. No good....

MA: Wow. Yee gah courage like a lion! Gnai gum dai dom guh! Hah! Better not let Freddie hear you talk like that about his friends!

FATHER: His friends wah! Ha! I not scared him. I'm PA!

MA: I would like to go way wit' my friends when I was a girl. I wanted to.

FATHER: Where you go?

MA: Freddie should. He should go way with his friends.

FATHER: Dat stupid! What're you're talking?

MA: He should go as far as he wants in his car. Couldn't we tell him he can go away for a year...half a year?

FATHER: He home already! Got to go nowhere, wasting time. Wasting money. He want vacation? He go upper up big hotel. Up dere! Get a white vacation womans. Dat be his vacation! Allaw he life gone vacations! Almos' faw tee year ol' man. Getting bal' gong tau low ball head. Smaht idea. Smaht aleck. Faw tee year ol' man! No college graduation. No marriage! No chillruns! No never sleeps with a Chinese girls! jussa no responsibew litties. Good Time Charlie vacation womans allaw allaw time! Whooo owoooh. Hong Yin Fow Chinatowng joe Shangri La! Here he lib forever! (Points away out of town) Yut chut hur out Chinatowng! He Nutting!

MA: Before neh, you said allaw time for him to let Johnny work so he can take a rest.

FATHER: ...AT HOME! Res' at home wit' us allaw families! He love da Chinatowng! Someday, bigshot! Chinatowng Chamer ah-Commerce

FATHER: (cont.) law. Die look Consol' Beeneb Sociation law...Vacation? Ha! Got up dere to hotel get some vacation womans. Fine vacation!

MA: That what you do for vacation? (nudges him) Like father like son? You're are so such strong silent types guys, huh?

FATHER: Me? (laughs) Dey too much uglies for my vacations. Too much (Waves under his nose) Whoo! Stinky! I nonk likee white peeber smell. Smell too bitters. Whoo! No good.

MA: Likee fodder likee son?

FATHER: Like fodder likee son, wha! Hah! Sure! Someday likee fodder, Chinatowng famous being. Someday be bigshot! Allaw Chinatowng famous.

MA: And marry a wife like me?

FATHER: Hah! He got too much vacationer come and gone. Too easy! Who Chinee gir' wanna guy likee dat? I tol him. Ha! (laughs)

MA: Lottsa Chinatowng girls tell me they think he's sexy looking.

FATHER: (Scoffs) Ahh!

MA: Well, that's so! Jussa cuz I'm his mama don't mean I don't hear what the girls say about him does it? (Looks down at a page in the album) He was such a good looking baby.

FATHER: Sure! My son!

MA: And mine, donk forget!

FATHER: (To Ross) You see Ah-Johnny Carson where you're live? ah-Ross ah!

ROSS: What? I wasn't listening...

FATHER: Ah ngawk foo oooooh!

ROSS: (Bowing slightly to Father. He repeats obediently...) Ah Ngwak Fu.

FATHER: (Smiles, holds back laughter and shakes his head. He tilts his head back and looks over to MA) Gnai wah chee oom chee Hong Yin wahahh lah!

MA laughs. CHINA MAMA blasts a laugh and slaps the photo album. MA looks over and their eyes kiss visions sliding off each other.

FATHER: I tol'em you're talking Chinese best I ever hear.

ROSS: I know what you told them. I understand Cantonese better than I speak it. Even your sons understand more Chinese than they can speak, Ngawk Fu.

FATHER: You can see Ah-Johnny Carson on TV where you're live?

ROSS: I wouldn't know. I don't watch TV.

PA: I went driving to Las Vegas allaw allaw night long wit' the Fred. Out a towng. Drive drive down dah Nine'ny Nine pass allaw dark smell like steer manures, pass allaw kine cows pass Bakersfiel' over allaw funny mountains. Look like dey make outta orange peels, Den lef turn to the desert. Spooky spooky sand glow in dah moonlight. Look like we're draive over a plain of frosted cake wit hairy Josher trees in it.

ROSS: Now I believe it when Mattie says you bullshit your way into the country.

PA: We drive over five hunnah mies. Six hunnah mies. Almos eight hunnah mies allaw nigh' long! Come Las Vegas. So far middle da desert only cement grows out here. Only telephone pole growing out here Las Vegas. Turn on TV in a motel, fois face I see're Johnny Carson. Mecking me feel very strange.

SIS: (Entering from hallway) When did you become a comedian, Pa? Now we know where that wiseass in our brother Freddie's nature came from. We knew it couldn't be from Ma's side of the family.

CROSS IN TO TABLE BET. CHINA MAMA + PA

MA: You dare talk to me like that in my house in front of strangers?

ROSS: I wish you people would stop picking on me...

SIS: She doesn't mean you, honey. Relax! Look at her, Ma. She isn't interested in what we're saying.

MA: I wish you'd tell her not to touch those albums, Ah-Wing ah. I took most of those pictures. I pasted them in and wrote those things underneath in white ink.

PA: Now, no cause no troubles. New Year time. No trouble! (To Sissy) What'sa wrong you talk like that you Ma!

SIS: Ma, she can't read your captions! She's not gonna find out nothin!

MA: She can look at the pictures I took. I don't want her looking at those things I used to see. I donk like her figuring me out of what's in those old pictures.

SIS: Ahhh! Ma! What? What can she see?

MA: She can make fun of him.

PA: Ma! He's a grown boy now. Too old for me to be embarrassed about anymore.

MA: Well I'm embarrassed. I'll be embarrassed about him til I die, because I'm his mother. Everything he does embarrasses me about something I remember about him or something I taught him...

PA: He says he likes us laughers allaw time. "I like how you're always laughing. You and Ma." He say dat.

MA: Did he say that?

PA: Dat's what he say. He like us laugher allaw allaw time. Da boy been fine. You been fine. I been happy, ma.

MA: Sounds like a speech.

PA: Jussa liller spitch for you. You know I mean it? Yes or no.

MA: Oh, yes, you old strong silent type you.

CHINA MAMA: You are why he never sent money home! You are his vacation woman!

ALL turn to look at CHINA MAMA

CHINA MAMA: Why doesn't my son smile in any of these pictures of him? I understand more than I can speak.

MA: The sun was in his eyes.

PA: He's a sour puss.

MA: I don't have to answer stranger's questions in my own kitchen.

PA: My kitchen! Mine!

MA: (Up and at the stack of newspapers. She ties up another bundle and takes it out) I'm too busy to argue. Well, Happy New Year!

Cross up To Newspapers

ROSS: Goong Hay Fot Choy.

Firecrackers go off, covering MA's footsteps down the hallway.

PA: Close a door can't you?

CHINA MAMA leans from her chair and swings the door closed.

PA sighs, slumps, sighs, slowly works his way up to his feet, wraps the bathrobe tightly around him, dumps the rest of his tea into the sink full of dishes and goes off to his room.

PA: Gone practice my spitch.

SIS: (Sits at the table and clears dishes from in front of her and stacks them toward the center of the table). Hey, do it here, Pa.

ROSS: Yes, we'd like to hear your speech.

ROSS AND SIS start clapping and cheering.

PA: Naw. Alone, more better....(off to his room)

FADE TO BLACK

SCENE THREE: JOHNNY IN LIMBO

JOHNNY IN sports coat and slacks. Hair combed. Neat. Money in his hand. Flashy clothes. Haggard flesh. Smiles and talks fast trash drumming up a beat.

JOHNNY: Well, folks, we been up and down these Chinatown hills
Sucking up the sights faster'n the eye can see.

You've seen the medicinal chicken cure impotence in males.
The quick Kung Fu spit hit a brick and break it in two.
The Chickencoop Chinaman make whoopee in a birdcage.
The highbinder squint at tits.
The sidewinder caress a shoe.
And lots of silky butt paddlefooted fools
dance the willies for a dime.

You've seen the fan tan and got a nickel shine
From a Chinaman albino the color of Spam.

And now your eyes are inwards on your innards.
You're hungry, folks.
Hungry! And afraid to eat anything here.
I know the feeling.
BAD FEELING.

There's sixty three restaurants in Chinatown, folks!
Plenty of places to eat.
Sixty three restaurants in Chinatown's nine blocks.
I've eaten in every one and can tell ya,
It's true what you hear about Cantonese
Sweet'n' sour goes straight to your scrotum
Pekingese goo makes you dream in 3-D
Shanghai hash cures blind drunkeness and
raises your I.Q. six points.
And the universal sesame peanut grease
Of the Chinatown deepfry
Lights up every nerve in every region of your body
from your vitals to your fingertips
In a glittering interior chandelier
Glowing you up so nice and warm
You wanta dance the dirty bop
And kick someone in the stomach.

SCENE FOUR: ENG FAMILY APARTMENT, SATURDAY NIGHT

The apartment is dark lit up by flashes of light through the window and the Christmas tree lights strung all over the front room and the kitchen. The lights outline banners saying HAPPY BIRTHDAY FRED, HI MA, HAPPY NEW YEAR AND GOONG HAY FOT CHOY. Paper streamers and balloons of different colors are strung all over the place.

CHINA MAMA is seated at the table. The table has all but disappeared under a load of dirty dishes. Dirty pots and pans are stacked on chairs. The sink is full of dishes from a couple of days ago. Or a week ago.

Firecrackers are popping outside. The sound of band music comes into the apartment through the window, through the walls. The master of ceremonies blasting through loudspeakers can be heard.

VOICE: Sin dah ninetee' fi'ty fi'e San F'ansicko der Chinatowng mos' famoused world famous Chinee New Year celebrate inna whole worl', folks! Goong Hay Fot Choy!
Goong Hay Fot Choy da years obba dragon!

PA is in the bathroom, in his underwear. A white sports coat, raspberry bell-bottom slacks with a white belt, raspberry shirt, white wide tie and an official's ribbon hang on the bathroom door. White shoes in the hallway. PA has a comb in one hand, a can of hairspray in the other. He tries to comb and spray his hair and spit and flush blood down the sink all at the same time. He sits on the toilet to catch his breath and wipe blood and spittle off his chest. He changes his undershirt again.

JOHNNY enters, turns on the lights, takes a quick look around and snaps the lights off again. He loosens his tie and goes over to the stockpot, takes a ladle skims off the skin and dumps it into the sink, then dips the ladle for a taste, he stops, looks at the spoon, then dumps it. He looks around the table, goes to a chair and dumps the dirty dishes off onto the floor, sits, puts his feet up and kicks dirty dishes off the table.

JOHNNY: Goddamn, motherfucking cocksucking, sonofabitch...

PA: Ah-Freddie? Ma?

JOHNNY rises and goes to turn on the little TV over the icebox and returns to his seat, kicking the dishes around the floor and cussing.

PA: Ah-Fred? Ma? Whodat?

CHINA MAMA: Answer your father!

JOHNNY: Wash the goddamn dishes.

CHINA MAMA: This is not my mess.

JOHNNY: Then get out of here.

CHINA MAMA: Find your mama to wash your dishes.

PA: Ah-Johnny? You come home, son?

JOHNNY: Where's Sissy and what's his name?

CHINA MAMA: I told them to get out of my house.

JOHNNY: Why?

CHINA MAMA: I won't have white people living with me until I become Naturalized.

JOHNNY: You can't kick people out of this house!

CHINA MAMA: I am the Visitor. This is the year of the Dragon.

DRUMS AND GLOCKENSPIELS playing a marchtime RAINDROPS KEEP FALLING ON MY HEAD or some similar piece of junk comes up loud outside. And the voice of the master of ceremonies comes up louder, shouting through the speakers, echoing off the walls of Chinatown...

VOICE: Dah worl' famous lovely Sain' Mary Chinee girl marchin drum corps anna drill team, folks! Looka dose costume! Dese Sain' Mary Chinee School Chinee girl be dah old time Chinatowng worl' fame traditions, folks! A big hand! A big hand!

CHINA MAMA: Answer your father.

PA: Ah-Johnny!

JOHNNY: Why don't you?

CHINA MAMA: He doesn't want me to see him bleeding.

JOHNNY goes to the bathroom. Pa is shaking at the sink. His hair's a mess. He pops some hairspray onto his head and muscles himself up for another wobbly try at combing his hair.

PA: (Spies Johnny) Help me getting ready, son.

JOHNNY balks, opens his mouth to protest, but PA wearily but forcefully shoves the hairspray and comb into Johnny's hands. JOHNNY starts to spray and comb his father's hair.

PA: Good. No more argument. You're be my good son. (Looks into mirror. He points to another can of spray.) Dat can. Making hair all black. Look better.

JOHNNY takes up the can of spray color and uses it on PA.

PA: How you like da place? The decoration? Ummk. I ask you dat already, huh? Forget. Thinking my spitch. Lotta lotta on mind, son. Whole lotta.

As PA talks in fits and starts JOHNNY sponges the man down, dries him. Pa hands him spray deodorant. JOHNNY sprays the pits.

PA: Think Ma and Fred like it? Being surprise? (Hands Johnny foot spray)

JOHNNY sprays PA's feet.

PA: Oh, I ask you dat already, huh?

JOHNNY: Yeah, Pa...

PA: You're good boy. (Hands Johnny spray cologne).

JOHNNY sprays cologne on PA.

PA: Promise you wonk leave me. Just stay here, Chinatowng.

JOHNNY: Come on, Pa! It's New Year's. Cheer up.

PA: Just stay wit' me til I die. (Hands Johnny spray breath freshener) Not long now. Maybe tonight. (Opens up his mouth for Johnny to spray)

JOHNNY sprays.

PA: Aftah say my spitch. You old man ready to go, eh, son?

JOHNNY: Aww, come on, Pa.

PA: Not enough strictness raise up Ah-Freddie. Ma wanna do it like she say. All wrong, I tol' her. (Hands Johnny cotton swab sticks)

JOHNNY cleans PA's ears.

VOICE: Hubba hubbas! Hubba hubbas, folks! Looka what're ya see ride on dat Cadillacs, folks! From Chee Chee-cago! Miss Chinatown Bathing Suit! How bout a big hands, folks! Hubba Hubbas!

JOHNNY takes up a brush and comb to work on PA's hair again.

JOHNNY: Pa...

PA: Not long, I telling you. I die. Den, okay, you go.

JOHNNY: Pa, I...

PA: Soon I dead, I telling you. Everybody happy. Soon! Den you go! Who cares? Who cares, I asking you? But you keep dis...(From a pocket he takes an old yellowed letter written in Chinese and unfolds it) letter My PA WRITE ME ON TIME I LEAVE CHINA. I KEEP IT FIFTY YEARS.

ENTER FRED

CHINA MAMA'S back is to the front door. She is listening to the doings in the bathroom and enjoying what she hears.

FRED looks around at the decorations, the stick of dirty dishes. He tiptoes into the kitchen and sneaks up on CHINA MAMA. He grins and smooches the woman on the cheek.

FRED: Guess who's home, Ma!

CHINA MAMA: (Turns to face him) You guess who's home, son. (Puts a finger on her lips and covers his mouth) Shh!

JOHNNY: I don't know how to read that stuff!

PA: S'allup, willya?

FRED: What's goin' on? Who're you?

CHINA MAMA: Shhh!

PA: I tell you what it say...How take care you plows...you ah-farmers tools. Uhhh. It say dah lib a good lifes with the good wifes... And you leader and service a worl' and the naturals when having babies...Something like that, understand? Umm. Working hard for you kids...you will teach 'em the things...Oh, you know, lessons..

FRED: Who're you?

CHINA MAMA: Shhh!

FRED: (Whispering) Who are you?

CHINA MAMA: My boy, I am THE VISITOR.

FRED: Ah, yes. The legendary Visitor. Hmm!

CHINA MAMA: I'm China Mama.

FRED: You've come for pa.

CHINA MAMA: No, he's already dying.

FRED: Then who'd you come for? Ma? What she ever....

CHINA MAMA: You, son.

FRED: Me?

CHINA MAMA: China Mama is <u>your</u> mama.

FRED: I have a mother. Where is she?

CHINA MAMA: I am your mother.

FRED: Where's ma?

CHINA MAMA: (She handles his face and head) Look at you. My baby. You can't talk Chinese properly. Your hair is thinning. Your feet are flat. There's no spark of life in your eyes. You have missed the love of your China Mama.

FRED: That's not so. I had love. I had every advantage.

CHINA MAMA: Then why are not happy?

FRED: What're you doing here? Whaddaya want?

CHINA MAMA: I am the Visitor. I am China Mama. China Mama has come for her son. Your father and his American vacation woman, and you...

FRED: Me?

CHINA MAMA: You owe me a Chinese son.

FRED: I owe you?

CHINA MAMA: You loved and took care of your father's American woman. Now you are going to love and take care of Me.

FRED: Where's Ma?

CHINA MAMA: I am your mother.

FRED: Old woman, you mean nothin to me. You're just an old wrinkled up ugly stranger. I just didn't love my mother (snaps fingers) like that. She raised me. She loved me. She taught me how to build model airplanes, put ideas in my head...

CHINA MAMA: And I carried you in my body. I brought you to life. I had a home for you, a country, a family, milk from my breasts. All for you! You hurt me when you were born. I still have hemerroids from the experience.

FRED: That's what Ma says.

CHINA MAMA: You hurt me when you went off to America in your father's arms. And you hurt me now telling me I am not your mother! Son, you have come home, and your China Mama has been waiting. I live here now. I am the woman of this house. Ah-Wing is my man. You are my son. Maybe, if you keep me happy, your American vacation mama will come back. Maybe!

FRED: She left?

CHINA MAMA: Wearing blue jeans and an old shift. She may be back soon. Where else has she to go, but home? Just like you, son. Now sit down, son. You must be tired. I'll clean the place up a little for the New Year and we will have some tea together.

FRED SITS.

CHINA MAMA signs and cheerily sets about clearing the table and washing the dishes.

PA: (Translating the letter)

Uhh. Remember a paint...a picture paint a priest who artist? Gib you papa painting and unrool first time. Day you was born? Show mountain. Tree. Flowers. Water falling in springtime. Meaning nobody hate you when you borned.

Nobody hate you.

You ma and pa work hard. Never taking no easy money. Uhh... Never criminals no cheating even playing games. Not even dah wartimes when good folks steal...get hungry steal foods. I alway think a good man nonk got to steal nutting. Stole food only feed robber. Making you...You eat dat kind food and you are be liars and hate folks should be you friend.

When I come from China, my Pa gimme dat letters...

JOHNNY: I'll stay with ya, Pa.

FRED: What the hells goin on here? (Gets up and moves toward bathroom)

PA: (Hands Johnny the letter). Here, put in you wallet. You good boy, Ah-John-nee.

JOHNNY buttons up Pa's shirt and ties his tie as Fred watches, and CHINA MAMA sings.

CHINA MAMA: (Sings) Sing song sing song So Hop Toy
Allee same like China Boy
But he sellee girl with Joy,
Pity poor Ming Toy.

FRED: Hey man, what're you doin all dressed up like that?

JOHNNY: Why'd you come back?

PA: Freddie.

JOHNNY: Why'd you come back, huh? I hoped you gone for good!

PA: Where're you been so long?

FRED: What're you doing all dressed up? And your hair cut...

PA: Working!

JOHNNY: Working. Taking care of the family.

FRED: You? What can you do?

JOHNNY: I was doing good. We don't need you.

CHINA MAMA: He stays! He's my baby.

JOHNNY: Always got one mama or another to cover your ass, don't ya? Freddie the favorite! You met your mama?

FRED: All right, man, where's your mama?

JOHNNY moves, ready to hit Fred.

FRED: All right, you don't know where she is. All right! You've been leading tours, haven't you?

JOHNNY: So what if I been leading tours.

FRED: I told you I didn't want you doing tours. ....

JOHNNY: Leave Pa alone. Nobody made me.

FRED: Oh, Johnny....

JOHNNY: "Oh, Johnny..." What about you and your nightclub, your comedian act?

FRED: Hell, nobody wanted me to do that anyway, so...

JOHNNY: So, you're just a lousey tourist guide. Like me.

FRED: You can be more than a tourist guide.

JOHNNY: Like you?...I just wanta be part of the family, Fred. I don't like being called a bum. I don't like being called lazy. I don't like you calling Chinatown and your home and everybody names, man. If you wanta get out...You don't like it here, get out. Just get out! I can take care of things.

PA steps out of the bathroom and in front of the brothers. He buttons his jacket, dusts off his trouser legs, adjusts his handkerchief.

CHINA MAMA joins Pa and puts a flower in his lapel. They sing in duet.

PA AND CHINA MAMA: Sing son, sing song So Hop Toy
Allee same like China Boy
But he sellee girl with joy,
Pity poor Ming Toy

A piano picks up the tune. A spot hits them and follows them as they dance.

FRED: (Stepping downstage into a spot. Dressed and counting a wad of bills in his hand)
Well, folks, we been up and down these Chinatown hills
Sucking up the sights faster'n the eye can see!

Yessir, so solly Cholly Goong Hay Fot Choy!
Chinatowng my Chinatowng!

JOHNNY: (Stepping downstage into a spot. Dressed and counting a wad of bills in his hand)
You've whiffed strange grease and your drool tastes alien Martian
And pulses and throbs alive and gummy on your tongue.

FRED: And you wanna spit!

JOHNNY: If everybody in the buildings
ringing around Chinatown
Throwing echoes down
Was to spit out their window all at once,

FRED: People in Chinatown would be suddenly swimming in drool!

JOHNNY: That happened back in tbe fifties
When spitting was the rage.
I'll tellya bout that someday.
I'll tellya bout the legendary rice runner.
The year of the Great Chinatown Rice freeze.
The Chinatown caves and underground mushroom pastures.

BLACK OUT FRED

JOHNNY: But now you're hungry, folks
And your tummy's shy of Chinatown chuck.
And empty and dark inside. A little homesick.

You don't feel comfortable about eating
In a neighborhood that shows no cats.
The dogs here don't look healthy. And you seen garbage
Climb out of the trash wearing the clothes of old dead men
And act like bums. Makes you wonder what Chinamans eat, don't it?
I know the feeling.
BAD FEELING.

CURTAIN

CHINA MAMA is tied up and gagged at the table.

JOHNNY enters the empty apartment, He goes into the hallway to his room. Coming back out, he says...

JOHNNY: (to China Mama) Ma, I toldya to keep outta my stuff! Who're you? (He goes and inspects China Mama. He finds her shopping bag and inside the shopping bag finds her purse. He rifles her purse)

MA: (At the sound of her name) What, son?

SIS enters from the hall. She's dressed in a bathrobe and slippers. She goes to the bathroom, opens the door on ma.

SIS: Whoops.

MA pulls the door closed.

SIS turns and sees Johhny, standing next to the tied up old woman with a purse in his hand.

SIS: What....

JOHNNY: (Chopping her off clean, fast, right on the word) I didn't know Fred messed with Chinese girls.

SIS: I'm his sister.

JOHNNY: (Dropping the purse and resuming his search for his gun, caps Sis) I'm his brother.

SIS: You bring that old woman home to rob her?

JOHNNY: (Having absorbed Sissy's presence) Sissy?

SIS: Johnny! It is you!

JOHNNY: Yeah. (Indicating China Mama) Was she acting crazy or something?

SIS: You don't know who she is?

JOHNNY: (Resuming his search) Aw, prob'ly one of ma's friends come for a visit?...What time'd you get here?

SIS: Ten o'clock your time. One o'clock our time. How dare you mistake your own sister for one of Fred's girlfriends.

JOHNNY: Yeah, I knew it was you all time, Sissy. Listen there's a bathroom down the hall, I gotta date...(moves to leave)

SIS: Did you find what you were looking for?

JOHNNY: (Taking out the gun) Oh, you mean this? It's a toy a kid I know, you know. You wanna look at it?

SIS: Hold it! Take your time.

JOHNNY: I'll be back for dinner, Sissy.

SIS: Oh, Johnny, let's have a look at you...

JOHNNY: Why'd ya come back, Sis?

SIS: (Untying China Mama) Oh, I can't stand leaving this old woman tied up like this. I came back to be with pa on his last new year's before he passes on. Is that all right with you?

JOHNNY: I don't know he's going to die...

SIS: Well Fred wrote me...

JOHNNY: Fred a doctor? What's he know?

SIS: They still talk to him about being a doctor?

JOHNNY: ...or a lawyer...and pa tells him he's Chinese behind Ma's Back + DRIVES FRED NUTS.

SIS: (Looking at China Mama) Cutting Johnny off.) China Mama?

MA: Who's out there?

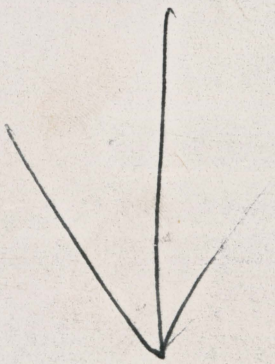
JOHNNY: Ma's in the bathroom, right?

MA: What? I'm in the bathroom.

JOHNNY: What're ya doing, ma?

SIS: Johnny!

MA: I'm minding my own business.



~~SIS: Hold it! Take your time. You were a baby when I left. Let's have a look at your...~~

~~JOHNNY: Why'd ya come back, Sis?~~

~~SIS: Oh, look what ma's gone and done to this old woman. (Unties China Mama) I came back to be with Pa on the last new year's before he passes on. Is that all right with you?~~ You came all the way home for a toy

~~JOHNNY: You talk funny.~~ Gee, you got pretty tits!

~~SIS: I wonder if this is our China Mama.~~

~~JOHNNY: Ma's in the bathroom, right?~~

~~MA: What? I'm in the bathroom.~~

JOHNNY: (points to China Mama) China Mama?

SIS: Ask her.

JOHNNY: Don't ask her nothing, man. You want her to stay in there?

SIS: I mean her (indicates China Mama)

JOHNNY: You ask her.

SIS: Me ask her? Oh, no. I'm not going to talk Chinese.

JOHNNY: What's wrong with Chinese?

SIS: You talk it, I can understand. Whenever I try to speak Chinese, I just get choked up...

JOHNNY: (To China Mama) Passie port?

SIS: That's not Chinese! "Passie port"!

JOHNNY: What're ya really doin here, Sissy? Why'd ya come back here?

CHINA MAMA hands Johnny her passport.

SIS: Fred wrote me and asked me to come. I can show you the letter...

JOHNNY: I read it. Fred keeps carbons. (Looks at passport) She's Chinese.

SIS: You have a wierd sense of humor.

JOHNNY: (Handing passport back to China Mama) Daw jiyeh, Eng Sin Nigh. (To Sis) I said...

~~SIS: I understood that, "Mrs. Eng."~~

SIS: (Suspiciously) You came home to get a toy?

JOHNNY: Yeah. Yeah, I think this is China Mama. (Laughs) That's why ma's in the bathroom. ~~Ohxxx~~ (laughs) Oh...

~~XXX~~ SIS: Why're you wearing all that black, Johnny?

JOHNNY: Everybody dress like this, whaddaya talking?

SIS: (Lapping Johnny) Black shoes, black pants, your buckle on ~~your~~ ~~xix~~ hip like that, black shirt, black ja...

JOHNNY: (During her speech has walked deliberately up to Sis, ~~i~~ and now looks inside her bathrobe and walks away) Gee, ya got pretty tits, Sis. (

SIS: "Pretty tits?"

JOHNNY: You should see your face! You look like ma, first time Fred did that to her (laughs).

SIS: I think I have terminal jetlag. What time is it in Bosto

JOHNNY: Did ma and pa make you get out, ~~S~~issy?

SIS: No,Fred helped me. He asked me to ~~xixxp~~ help/ you...

JOHNNY: (Butting in)~~Didxyxxxwxx~~ You wanted out?

SIS: ~~Yxx~~ (Having never stopped) Yes. He asked me to help you.

JOHNNY: Why's he say I have to get out after pa kicks?

SIS: You do read ~~xxxixxx~~ his carbons. Oh, Johnny, he doesn't want you to be like him, and live here all your life. He could have been somebody, Johnny. Of all us kids, he had a gift.

JOHNNY: Gift? What gift? "We'come to Chinatowngs, my Chingtowngs forks! Fred Eng'sre be the name. Freddie of Eng's travoo obba Chinatowng. We tell Chinatown where to go." I got that gift...

SIS: That's a waste, Johnny...

JOHNNY: I could be top guide of Chinatown, Sis. I'm as good as Fred...

SIS: (Lapping Johnny) You could be more...

JOHNNY: (Having never stopped/goes on) "You've seen the medicina chicken cure impotence ~~he takes~~...

JOHNNY:(cont) in males. The quick Kung Fu spit hit a brick and break it in two! And lots of silky butt paddle footed fools dance the willies for a dime..." That's some talking, Sissy, right?

SIS: "Mellica ladies, you're wanna China Man faw hoochie coochie? No! No touchie dem. Mellica law say no China Man catchee hubba hubba Mellica he come. You're member dah song, CHONG "He come from Hong Kong'? CHINESE LULLERBYE? Allaw cute songs bout China Man no can bringing wives coming Mellica. Law say no hubba hubbas..."I can't think of China Mama without that spiel of Fred's...

JOHNNY: (Lapping Sis) Folks! Likee Ghos' da Chris'misseses pass, sin dah Ninetee' sickie fi'e China Mama been blow obber Chinatowng, drive China Man's Mellica wife's coo coo. No more hubba hubba...

SIS: He always loved to wallow in Chinatown's filth!

6 Scene II

~~XXX~~

~~S~~/chin/YEAR OF THE DRAGON/Act-1 Sc.1

SCENE ~~ONE~~ TWO FRED IN LIMBO

FRED pushing forty is just a little out of date natty but spotless. A little rumpled but spotless. He grins too much. Moves too much. Talks too high. He holds a wad of bills in his hands and counts money as he spiels to a crowd of tourists.

SL

FRED: We'come to Chinatong, folks.
Fred Eng's're be the name. Freddy
of Eng's Travel, of Chinatong.
"We tell Chinatowng where to go,"
Ha. Ha. ~~Txxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Some of you might
wonder where/ you've seen me before.

(snaps into a pose)

"Geewhiz, pop! I got this case solved!"
Right! When I was twelve I played
Charlie Chan's Number Six Son
in ~~x~~ short pants. Ha. Ha. Charlie Chan
was white you know. Looked likee you,
Pop! Yessir, we're be have some good
times wit me, folks. I'm top guide
of Chinatong. This gonna be one good time.

But you're hungry folks.

Hungry! And afraid to eat anything here.
I know the feeling.
Bad feeling.

SIS: I don't think Fred deserves that from you...Oh, I don't mean to be so bitchy, Johnny...

CHINA MAMA rattles some dishes while getting herself a teacup and her hands on the thermos of tea.

MA bursts out of the bathroom, rushing for China Mama.

MA: Didn't I tell you not to let her touch anything?

MA grabs ~~the cup and thermos from~~ China Mama and firmly moves the old woman back into her chair by the door. Ma then ~~pours a cup of tea and gives it to~~ ties up the old woman. CHINA MAMA securely

MA: Did I hear Freddie come in?

SIS: No, just your son and daughter ~~in~~ doing Fred's spiels...

MA: Oh, you two always did fight, you know.

~~MAx~~SIS: Ma, that's not so...

JOHNNY: You can go to~~xxx~~ the bathroom now.

MA: What? Again? I can't now. I'm going shopping...(Gets a coat)

JOHNNY: I mean, Sissy, ma.

MA: ...how you boys talk to you ma! (Leaving by the front door with her purse) Don't let her move or touch nothing, I'll be right back! (Exit) Til CHINA MAMA IF SHE ISN'T

ROSS enters in bathrobe toward the bathroom, stops and sees Sissy and Johnny...

JOHNNY: Later, Sis...(Exits by front door)

SIS: I don't think ~~Ixxx~~ I can stand it here for a week, Ross. (Goes to the bathroom)

ROSS is left standing in the kitchen looking at China Mama...and the bathroom door...

CHINA MAMA goes and listens at~~x~~ the bathroom door an instant and looks at Ross.

CHINA MAMA: (Scoffs) Ha! Moong mong day. ("Dim~~m~~it") She taps her head and shakes it side to side and seats herself at the table with her back to the front door. FADE TO BLACK on China Mama

SCENE 5 ENG FAMILY APARTMENT--NIGHT

An old Frisco Chinatown apartment. The kitchen is the main center of action. A stove refrigerator. A small TV on top of the refrigerator. A round table with four kitchen chairs. A stack of old newspapers man high against a wall next to the front door. The kitchen is crowded with neat arrangements of stuff. Kitchen stuff. Sewing stuff. Stuff to be thrown out. A large stockpot simmers on the stove. A coffeecan full of sand and painted red is on a shelf before pictures of dead relations. The can is full of burned out punks.

MA dressed in bluejeans, khaki man's shirt, and a bibbed apron that forms a skirt around her, is sitting on the toilet in the bathroom. The bathroom is another center of action.

CHINA MAMA a short ancient Chinese woman in a dark, long baggy cheongsam, a knit crocheted vest sweater, a jade pendant on a fine gold chain necklace, a plastic bag advertising cigarettes or a paper shopping bag full of stuff, a knit crocheted beret on her head with a simple jade pin in the center. She sits at the table with her back to the door. She is blindfolded, with a brightly colored scarf. A large camphorwood trunk sits on end by the door. The trunk is Chinese, tied shut by ropes that dangle airlines tags.

The apartment is dim. The light of exploding firecrackers flashes into the room through the windows. FRED enters swearing to himself without an accent.

FRED: Goddamn, motherfucking cocksucking sonofabitching shiteating pussymouthing fistful of assholes...

He takes a wad of bills out of his pocket, puts a couple back in his pocket and plops the rest on the table by CHINA MAMA

FRED: Johnny? (kissing China Mama) Seen Johnny, ma? (Going to cardboard wardrobe to hang up his jacket) he smacks his lips. An unfamiliar taste on them.)

MA: I'm in the bathroom, son.

FRED: (Looks at China Mama) Oh, hey, I thought...Do I know you? (fumbling for Chinese) Uh...nay uh...nay moong moong day?

CHINA MAMA: Mutt gah faw?

MA: (Simultaneous with China Mama) What was that, son?

FRED: (On hearing both women at once) Shit!

MA: I told you to watch your language in my house...

FRED: Ma...

MA: WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE COMING HOME LIKE THAT, PERRY MASON?

FRED: Goddamn, I'll be glad when this New Year's bullshit's over, (Out the window) My feller Mellica folks, You go home to Mars now, ~~fuckxxx~~ suckie fuckie at the wheel, step on the gas, whoo slurp slurp!

MA: I told you not to swear. I mean it.

FRED: I can't swear at the tourists, ma. So where else can I swear, if I can't swear at home? But I dream I'll be born again someday...

MA: You and your dreams...

FRED: I'll come swimming out of your misty guts into a new world where I swear at tourists! I ~~x~~ tongue bust and ~~xxxshfuckxtourist~~ badmouth tourists out of town for a living. And, ma, I dream I come home form work, and I'm not swearing, ma...

MA: Oh, son!

FRED: And there you are in the bathroom, ma, thrilled to death to hear me babble in ~~x~~ my fake Chinese accent...

MA: ~~xOhxxxxxx~~ I always wished your dreams would come true, son...

FRED: I never dream of just talking like me. You'd think I'd be able to dream that.

MA: I hear your tours are the best. Dey say your talks are a real laughing stock in Chinatown...

FRED: You trying to tell me something after all these years, ma?

MA: Those other boys, ~~xxx~~ aren't too funny.

FRED: How do you know?

MA: I took a tour last week...

FRED: ~~What the hell?~~ YOU DID WHAT?

MA: I donk see whatsa matter you donk give Johnny a job... It was very educational...

FRED: Aww, ma, damn!

MA: I told you to watch your mouth!

FRED: There's my girl. I couldn't live without ya telling me to watch my mouth, ma.

MA: I told you to watch your language in my house...

FRED: Ma...

MA: (having never stopped goes on) Who do you think you are come home like that, Perry Mason?

FRED: Goddamn, I'll be glad when this New Year's bullshit's over, my fellow 'mellica, you go home now fucking at the wheel.

MA: I told you not ~~swearixfxmeanxitx~~ to swear. I mean it!

FRED: Dammit, ma! I'll be born again someday. I'll come swimming out of your misty guts into a world where I swear and tongue bust them mushfuck tourists out of town ~~every~~ for a living, and I come home every night and babble in a fake Chinese accent. You'd think I'd be able to dream of something in between, or something else...

MA: Oh, ah-jie, you talk ~~like~~ just like Dick Cavett going on the blink. I was saying you'd make ~~axmixe~~ good as a lawyer

FRED: ..."or a doctor"

MA: or a doctor.

FRED: (Having never stopped asks) Did ya clean Johnny's room, ma?

MA: It was beginning to smell in there...

FRED: Did Johnny come home and find where ya hid it again, ma?

MA: Johnny says it isn't real, son...

FRED: Can't ya find someplace else to hide ~~it?~~ his toys?... Didya get me a picture bride for my birthday, ma?... You that desperate for me to marry a Chinese girl? (He unties China Mama and removes the blindfold. He sits and takes off his shoes and socks. He shakes his head "yes" and "no" and grins at China Mama as he speaks) Come on out here, you seen me lately, ma? Look at me. I'm no law student. I'm pushin forty. See, gray in my hair. And my hair's thinning.

COME OUT OF BATHROOM + START TYING CHINA MAMA

MA: I told you to watch your language in my house.

FRED: Ma...

MA: (having never stopped goes on) You're not Perry Mason, you know.

FRED: Goddamn I'll be glad when this New Year's bullshit's over.

MA: I told you not to swear! I mean it.

FRED: Dammit, ma! I'll be born again someday, and I'll do a lot more than turn your asshole inside out and give you lifetime hemmerroids! JOHNNY BEEN HOME

MA: Oh, ah-jai, you talk like a lawyer. I was saying...

FRED: "or a doctor"

MA: "OR A DOCTOR" Didya get me a picture bride for my birthday, ma?... You that desperate for me to marry a Chinese girl? (He unties China Mama and removes the blindfold) He sits and takes off his shoes and socks. He shakes his head yes & and no and grins at China Mama as he speaks)
Come on out here, you seen me lately, ma? Look at me. I'm pushin forty. See, gray in my hair. And my hair's thinning.

FRED!

MA comes out of the bathroom and moves across the kitchen to the stove. She comes around and starts tying China Mama up again, slowly... BUT DON'T GO TO SLEEP

FRED: (Watching and talking)...I'm getting bald on top. the shine's gone out of my eyes, see? No more shine? What the hell's goin on, ma?

MA: (drops the rope and walks to the stove) Whoo, son! I tell you not to walk barefoots. I swear, you gave me hemmerroids when you born because your feet were smelly with germs!

FRED: ~~xxxxxx~~ takes each of his feet deliberately in both of his hands and brings them close to his face and sniffs each of them several times. Coughs. Gags.

CHINA MAMA has moved in on him and sniffs with him. Coughs. Gags.

FRED: (Rising and moving to ma) Which reminds me, ma. I havan't kissed ya yet. (kisses her and stays close to say) Ma, there's a...

MA: I like that. Sniffing your feet reminds you to kiss me. Give Food - Chopstick → pooey

FRED: Ma, did you happen to notice a little old lady loose in the room?

MA: Boy! Right in front of uncle Harry's restaurant?

FRED: What?

MA: Golden Buddha Gardens, stupid! There was nother boy shot today. Right in the daytime, too. Gum dai dom guh! It was Johnny's friend, the Hong Kong radio... you know, Horsepuckie.

FRED: The Radio killer?

MA: No, stupid, the one who got shot?

FRED: How do you know...?

MA: I looked at his face to see if it was really that friend of Johnny's and he called me "Eng Sin Nigh" when I looked at his face. So polite.

FRED: What's wrong, ma?

MA: They say he was just fifteen years old.

FRED: ...and ugly.

MA: I was fifteen when I married Dappy Dandy.

FRED: I can't think with this old lady on me. I'm too tired to guess, ma. What's wrong? Does it bother you I've gone crazy and have visions of a little old lady? What?

MA: What makes you think something's wrong?

FRED: Yakity yakity yakity. When something's wrong you're either cooking or talking all the time or in the bathroom...

MA: That's your fault, when you were born...

FRED: And you're in the bathroom cooking, talking... ~~what's with this grease on the stove~~ What're you doing with all this grease?

MA: Sissy's home. (ELATED)

FRED: Sissy? I don't think I saw this movie. Who am I in this scene? Mme Chiang Kai-shek here is Sissy, my ninety year old younger sister, you're her younger mother, and I'm...

~~FRED:~~ MA! Go look in your room if you nonk believe me, smarty pants. They're resting in there....

FRED: Sissy, huh? What's her husband...Ross, look like?

MA: (Cutting Fred off) I don't wanta say their names in the house. Wake them up, you know. Let'em sleep.

FRED: Wake'em up?

MA: People're got a supersensitive about they own names you know. And they wake up. Like a mother's got a supersensitive about the cry of her baby even in...

FRED: (Interjecting) Ma... Ma...You have nice boobs, ma...

MA: (Having never stopped, goes on) ...her sleep. That's why I might go by and see some of my sisters and have tea and cookies and hear their babies cry and it used to feel so good to hear somebody elses's baby cry and not have to get up and run... Stove

FRED: Ma, I don't know what you're talking about.

SIS enters from hallway. She's a little groggy.

SIS: Whassamalla, dai gaw? Can't wait for the rest of the family to eat?

FRED & SIS embrace

FRED: It really is you! For a minute I thought I'd gone nuts.

MA: The family hardly ever eat togethers nawting no more. I feel like a cafeteria lady standing behind the steam tables all day with a big spoon.

FRED: We never ate together and you know it, ma...

SIS: Did I hear you tell ma she had "nice boobs"?

FRED: Oh, that...

SIS: "Oh, that?" The first time I see Johnny in twelve years, and he says I have pretty tits and runs out of the house!

FRED: (laughs) Oh, Sissy, he probably just wanted to shutya up and wasn't interested in your tits at all. You like him?

SIS: Well, I'm not sure. But he sure likes you. He knows all your spiels, and talks to his sister about her breasts...

FRED: Well, listen

MA: OH, Sissy, you're as bad as,Fred, talking dirty like that.

FRED: She was talking about her breasts, ma. Anyway she said "breasts" not "

MA: I don't know what she said, talking like that...

SIS: I was talking about Johnny talking about my breasts.

FRED: She was talking about Johnny talking about...

SIS: And I was talking about you talking about ma's...Oh, Fred! How do you do this? Everything you do I pick up like a magnet!

FRED: (Fiendish laughter. The howl and snarl of a werewolf./ In the voice of Bela Legosi) Bxxxawzxxxx& Be cawssss sigh amp your brother! Burl Ives as Dracula!

SIS: ¥ Fred, I don't think so...

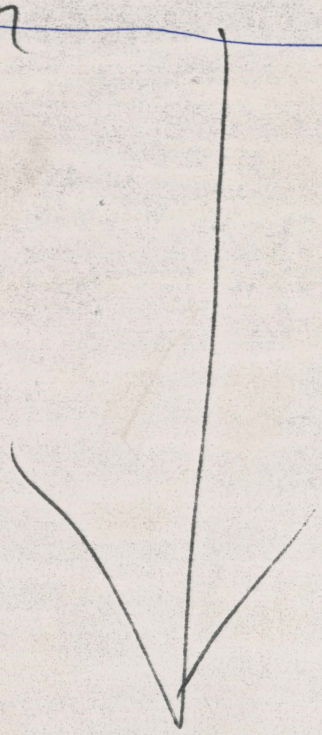
MA: (Masking Sis) And I was talking about this family eating together like we used to...

SIS: Why don't we all talk about this family eating together like we used to?

FRED: Because we only all used xxxxxxx together in your head, ma.

MA: When I was a girl, we always ate together, right on this table too.

FRED:



FRED: (to China Mama) Uh, nay hie a bing gaw ping gawww uh? Did I say anything?

CHINA MAMA: Moong moong day?

SIS: You asked her if she's an apple.

FRED: Somebody put a radio in me.

SIS: Try "bing gaw"

FRED: (To China Mama) Uh, nay hie a bing gaw uhh? I think you made me say something dirty, Sis...

CHINA MAMA: Ngaw hie nay guh ma! ("I'm your mother.")

SIS: (Lapping China Mama) You asked who she was.

FRED: I gotta admit that's been on my mind lately. Do you see her too, Sissy? Don't lie.

SIS: You were going to follow me out of here, Fred. What happened?

CHINA MAMA: Ngaw hie nay guh ma!

MA: (going to the bathroom) Oh, son, I swear I haven't been the same since the day you were born and got these hemmeroids.

SIS: I was hoping you'd forget your hemmeroids, ma.

FRED: A hemmeroid is smaller than an asteroid...

MA: Donk you laugh at me while I'm in the bathroom, or I'll open the door and embarrass all of you...

FRED: Ma, if you like those hemmeroids as a souvenir of my birth, why don't you have them surgically removed and bronzed, and we can all enjoy them?

SIS: Fred that's a little strong...Did you understand what she said?

FRED: Talking doesn't mean anything to her sometimes, Sis. Nobody knows what she's talking about.

SIS: Don't you understand Chinese?

FRED: Ma doesn't talk Chinese that well, Sis...

MA: I talk it better'n you. I was always taught that talking two completely incompatible languages was an asset...

FRED: (Joins her for the last fewx words.) Xxx...x was an asset. Right ma.

SIS: Do you shock easily, Fred?

FRED: What? I'm not quite tuned to your voice. I'm used to Pa and xxxxxx Johnny talkin toxx me at once, Pa and ma, and Johnny and ma, but you and ma don't sing yet.

SIS: She said she's your mother.

MA: Sissy, I don't think Fred has met your husband yet. What's his name?

FRED: Ross! (to Sis) What?

MA? Russ?

SIS: Ross! What's wrong with her?

MA: Ross?

FRED: (Lapping ma) Tell her she has pretty...

SIS: No, I won't tell her any such thing. My own mother, my god! Fred, (Indicates China Mama) she said she's your mother.

FRED: I must've been a beautiful baby. (It sinks in) See. I don't shock easily. I know it's true, but I don't believe it, that's all...

SIS: That's all? Shouldn't we do something?

FRED: This is Chinatown, Sis.

SIS: And you're still a tourist guide, Fred.

FRED: THat's right. My xxxx business is make believe.

SIS: Everything people say here sounds like an xxxxxxx intro to an old song, ma.

FRED: That's part of our Chinatown fame, Sis...

SIS: (lapping Fred)"Make Believe""So Long Ooolong"

FRED: Old Yellow Joe.

SIS: (Covering Fred)"Blinky Winky"

MA: I used to sing alla doze.

FRED: Don't,ma.

MA: All us flowers of Chinatown rehearse and rehearse... (Hums"Chinatown, My Chinatown")

FRED: I think you dropped a quarter into the peepshow, Sissy.

SIS: Come on, ma! Admit it! You've been expecting a visit from Dappy Dandy's China Mama since before you got married. But a visit from your beautiful daughter really floors ya, huh?

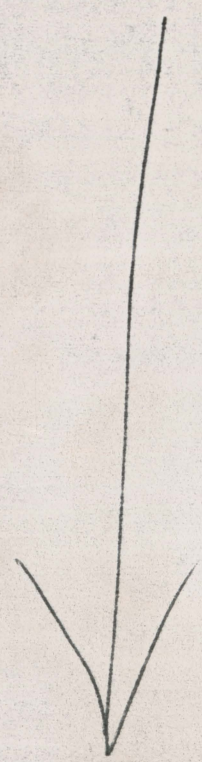
FRED: Sissy, I asked ya back to spend New Year's with the family, help with Johnny, if you can, But don't get involved.

SIS: That's my mother. I can't just leave her in there.

FRED: Sure you can. You're home, Sis. Voices in the walls. Someone in the bathroom all the time. Someone always in the kitchen sitting up. Someone always in trouble. A China Mama crouching like a vulture on my shoulder...

SIS: That means you're only my half brother, that ma's all mine. I used to be jealous of you giving ma those hemmerroids she talks about. And you...

FRED: Cut me up! Cut me up! Just cut me up! You got a black belt in flipping English, Sis. Whoo. Just like pa, always whispering in my ear, telling me I'm "Chinese" behind ma's back. I knew China Mama's real, all my life. And I never treated you like anything half. Or ma like anything half...I helped you out of here, Sis.



SIS: And you'll never let me forget it...Voices in the walls. Someone in the bathroom, Firecrackers threatening my eyes . ...All right, I'm back, Fred and it's worse than my worst memories of the p;ace and I don't know why. I haven't done anything. Nothing's happened.

FRED: Pa wants the whole family together for the Year of the Dragon...

SIS: ...Before he dies.

FRED: Every year's been his last year since...Hell, when I came back, I thought it was just in time for his last week...

SIS: Is that why you left school and became a tourist guide again? Jeezis, Fred, for awhile there, I thought you were going to make it. I'm the only one outside, Fred...

FRED: Pa took me out for clams, that's why I'm still here.

SIS: Clams? You two must have been getting along.

FRED: We never got along. He just wanted to tell me he was dying where ma couldn't hear us. Like she can now... (Whispers) You want me to slip the Wall Street Journal under the door, ma?

MA: I read it already, thank you...

FRED: Things haven't changed much, huh, Sis?...It was around three in the morning, and a bunch of his buddies, Chinatown poohbahs, bigwigs, phonies were there bragging about their doctor/lawyer/engineer sons. On their way out of the suey shop, they stopped by our booth, shook pa's hand, laughed, introduced their wives, said a few words and didn't see me. They didn't see me. Pa didn't introduce me. He couldn't even look at me cuz I was thirty years old, and not a doctor or a lawyer or a graduate or dressed grownup or anything. Tears actually came to his eyes, Sissy. All he said was "daw jiyeh, daw jiyeh," He thanked them for not seeing that I was his son! He made me feel like it was a very noble, brave thing he was doing, sitting there, silently during the insult the shame of being my father, in front of his puking fuckfaced, monkeyturd, kissass friends!

MA: Freddie your language, please!

FRED: We still go out. We'll probably still be going out ten years from now, Sis. Twelve years from now, for another stupid Year of the Dragon. And his friends will still come by our booth, like they do now. And they still won't see me. And I'll still be here, That's all. Chinatown. China and America are contients. Chinatown is another planet, Sis. You been out there. You know.

SIS: (under, lapping) I know.

FRED: (Having never stopped goes on) You wanta leave here clean in a week, just help me. Respect everyone's privacy...don't get involved.

SIS: God, I hate to think of Johnny becoming like you, Fred.

FRED: Especially since he's only my half brother,now.

SIS: (Lapping) Come on, Fred. I'm serious.

FRED: (Having never stopped goes on)
I don't want him to turn another year waitin for pa to die, Christ, he's been doing that since he was five already...

SIS: He knows all your spiels. If I'd known how things were ~~done in this house, now~~, I might have said his dick was cute to shut him up. ~~There!~~ Already I've picked it up! My god!

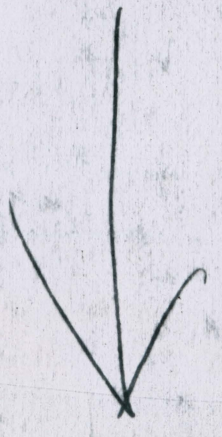
FRED: You used to like to pick mine up when our bodies were bare and hairless...

CHINA MAMA inobtrusively from behind, takes Fred's rice bowl off the table while he's turned toward Sis. She goes tothe stove and refills it.

SIS: (Cutting Fred off) Spare me the childhood memoirs,willya? Do I seem very bitchy to you? Well, I'm glad pa's not as bad off as ~~you~~ you made me think...

MA: (Lapping Sissy) What's she doing out there?

FRED: (Lapping Sissy) If you can't be bitchy at home, where ~~can~~ can you be? What else is a home but a place where you can bitch and cuss and listen to your parents slurp in their quiet little fucks...they don't do that anymore ~~though~~ though...



SIS(cont)in this house now, I ~~would have said and his dick was~~ might have said his dick was cute to shut him up. There! Already I've picked it up! My god!

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CHINA MAMA serves Fred fresh rice. She smiles at him, touches his face briefly and walks off.

FRED: (Bewildered) Uhh...thanks...daw jiyeh...

MA: Who're you talking Chinese to?

SIS: I'm a married suburband mother now. I don't talk about things like that...

FRED: Man, everything you know about it, you learned listening and peeking through these walls...

SIS: And where'd you learn?

FRED: I've developed my own techniques among uh...selected members of my clientele. (Grins)

CHINA MAMA mimicks Fred's grin. Her face follows his.

SIS: Oh, you're still such a hom sup low! ("Dirty old man")

CHINA MAMA: (shocked. offended) Hom sup low? (She gives Fred the once over then walks to the bathroom door)

FRED: It makes me feel clean. Hom sup is a way of life with me.

~~ROSS enters from the hallway.~~

~~SIS: (Laughs with Fred and spies Ross) It makes you feel clean.~~

~~FRED:~~

SIS: It makes you feel clean.

FRED: Yeah, "clean," (To China Mama) I feel clean China Mama. You know, "gone jungle"?

SIS: (correcting him in a flash) Gawn jeng!
(Under) "Gone jungle" my god!

FRED: (To China Mama) Gawn jeng, China Mama.

CHINA MAMA: Gawn jeng?

MA: (Bursts out of the bathroom and rushes toward China Mama)

That does it!

(She gets a rope and ties China Mama to the chair by the door. Gags her. And covers her face with a dishtowel draped over her head.) GO OVER TO FRED - TAKE HIS HAND.

SIS: (To ma tying up China Mama) When are you people going to stop preserving this stupid Chinese culture and face reality?

FRED: We don't preserve Chinese culture here. Ma ties it up and we raffle it off to tourists.

SIS: Are you really gonna be a comedian in a nightclub?

FRED: Yeah, me and ma also got a magic act, with an old lady...Okay, ma, that's enough for today, let's do our joke and let Madame Chiang Kai-shek go...

MA: Well Number One Son... AFFECTIONATELY —

FRED: Please, that was long ago. And I was only Number Six...

MA: You are my Number One Son! FONDLY

FRED: All right...I just don't like the sound of Number One Son, that's all. Like you're callin me Keye Luke, or Benson Fong...

FRED!

SIS: That's what you call a joke? No, uh, actually uhh (stalks toward China Mama and looks mischievously at ma) we have replaced what went under this dishtowel with Bruce Lee raised from the dead! Ladies, and gentlemen. The Miracle of Chinese New Year's! Direct from a cemetery in Seattle...Bruce Lee lives! (whips off dishtowel)

MA: Excuse me, I have to finish what I started...(goes off to bathroom and closes the door)

SIS: (Failing to intercept ma) Ma, you and I and Freddie have to talk about moving the family after...

FRED: Sissy. You talk about pa dying in front of her, ~~x xxxx~~ she'll stay in there. In this family pa's dying is between me and him alone.

SIS: You're not telling me she doesn't know.

FRED: ~~Xxwxxxmxhxxhxxkxxxx~~ That's not what I mean...

SIS: I really don't like your jokes...

FRED: It's been between me and him since I first took him in there (indicates bathroom) He wanted to be the man of the house when he died, not some fool pitied by his wife and kids. So nobody's known since.
(Grins. Drops dishtowel back over China Mama's head)
You realize I haven't been able to get into the bathroom since I got home because you're keeping ma in there?
~~xixxxyxxx~~

SIS: ~~FXXXX XIXI~~ really don't like your jokes, Fred. I think you're awful. You'll ~~xx~~ make a lousey comedian.

FRED: ~~(Wxix~~ Well you better learn to like'em for a week. And crack your own jokes. This is going to be a happy family reunion with pa this New Year's. Don't get involved with us, or pa'll wanta keepya, Sis. As it is, I'm asking ya to take Johnny back with ya to Mars, ~~xxxx~~ next week,..

SIS: I thought Johnny was going to stay til after pa...

FRED: Don't give me any more reason to~~xxxxx~~ count on pa dying soon, Sissy. ~~Ixdoxix~~ You ~~x~~ want me to tellya I wish pa ~~dxxdx~~ were dead, just so Johnny can get out and follow you?

~~FXXX~~ SIS: Fred, what is it? Tell me.

FRED: ~~Xxixixxxxxxxxxxx~~ Kids ~~xxxxix~~ don't walk with their hands in their pockets anymore. They all have little guns and walk around with their hands out of their pockets ~~ix~~ even in the cold, ~~xx~~ ready for anything.
...Johnny has to go now. Ma later...

SIS: ~~Xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Guns?

FRED: Nothin! I'd carry a gun, if ma wouldn't ~~find~~ hide it all the time...She once ruined a box of Bisquick, ah, just help me and don't get involved.

SIS: You used to tell me to face facts. You used to~~xx~~ want everybody...

FRED: Yeah, well...

SIS: (failing to intercept ma) Ma, you and I and Freddie have to talk about moving the family after...

FRED: Sissy. You talk about pa dyin in front of her, she'll stay in there. In this family pa's dying is between me and him, alone.

SIS: I really don't like your jokes...

FRED: It's been between me and him since I first took him in there (indicates bathroom) He wanted to be the man of the house when he died, not some fool pitied by his wife and kids. So nobody knows. He got fat, got skinney, got weak, but he never died. You know the meaning around waiting for him to die. I don't know if that's any different from wanting him to die, and I don't want know. (Grins. Drops dishtowel back over China Mama's head) You realize I haven't been able to get into the bathroom since I got home because you're keeping ma in there?

SIS: I really don't like your jokes, Fred. I think you're awful. You'll make a lousey comedian.

FRED: (Chopping her off) Well you better learn to like'em and laugh and crack your own jokes. Cuz this is going to be a happy family til the day pa dies. Then I'll take care of whatever, and helpya get Johnny outta here.

SIS: We have to face some facts. Now!

FRED: Don't give any more reason to count on pa dyin soon, Sissy.

SIS: You used to want everybody to face facts. Johnny's not the only one who wanted to be like you...

FRED: Yeah, well...

SIS: What kinda wishy washy answer is that? What's wrong with you?

FRED: There're facts all over the place, Sis. Face all you want. I cover'em and everything's fine in this family...Just a little help, that's all, Sissy. Now cheer up. Get something to eat...

SIS: Oh, I wasn't criticising. Oh, come on, you haven't met Ross.

(ROSS comes xxxfxx in from the hallway)

ROSS: (Offering his hand) Nee ho la mah?

FRED: Huh?

SIS: My brother the Chinese American actor, Ross.

FRED: Uuh tour guide. Thanks for coming out. How was the flight?

ROSS: OH? How Nee ho la mah?

FRED & ROSS: Do you speak Chinese? (Both laugh)

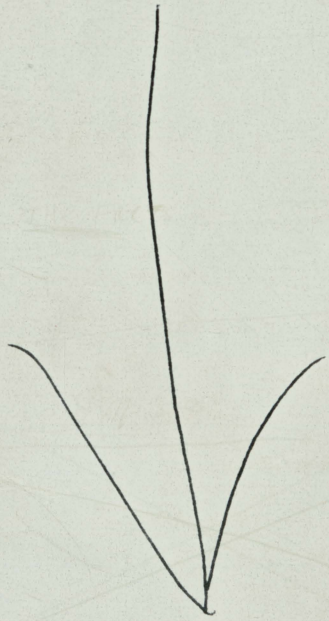
ROSS: Oh.

FRED: Ah! It happens everyday. But xxxxx I think I speak English better than you speak Chinese, so...

ROSS: I'm told I have perfect Cantonese and Mandarin accents.

FRED: Well since my English is better than my Chinese xxxxxx I'll talk...

SIS: Ross studied Chinese.



ROSS: ~~I keep telling Mattie I seem to be more Chinese than she is.~~
(Notices China Mama, bound and gagged and covered by the corner ~~of the couch~~ as he speaks and ends up staring at her)

I keep telling Mattie I seem to be more Chinese than she is.

FRED: ~~(~~ I bet you do. (Nodding to indicate China Mama) Oh, that. That's an old Chinese custom, ~~Ross~~ It's not polite to talk about it...

SIS: Ross, I don't think Fred wants to talk about Chinese things right now.

ROSS: Oh, don't be silly, Mattie. Why shouldn't he want to talk about his culture with a sincerely interested student of all things Chinese?

FRED: ~~(Because I'm a tourist guide~~ Because I'm a tourist guide and I run forty to sixty of your fools through Chinatown blowing the most fantastic Chinese culture you ever heard, four times a day, six days a week with two night tours on Tuesdays and Thursdays, except during the two weeks of Chinese New Years when we're out every night. And my boys are well trained in the most commercially successful phoney Chinese accents you ever heard. Take you round the tongs, and landmarks, tell you race jokes over dinner all for a few bucks ~~HERE~~ OUT THERE not in here. This is ~~not~~ where I eat. And now I'm eating...

SIS: He's always in a bad mood during New Year's, Ross.

FRED: I'm tired. IT'S NOT YOU, ROSS.

MA: (from the bathroom) And your feet smell.

FRED: See what I mean, Sis?

ROSS: Believe me, I detest tourists as much as you do...
(Goes to bathroom and knocks on the door.)

FRED: Ma, you can flush and come outa there now. Pa's coming down the hall! I don't detest tourists. They're my bread and butter...

SIS: I suppose you're eating them for dinner.

FRED: No, but I expect to have one for dessert.

MA: (from the toilet) What was that you say?

FRED: Pa's coming down the hall!

MA: You pa?

FRED: (Going to the refrigerator) Yeah! Willya cheer up and be happy to see him, Sissy? (Taking a beer from the box) Beer?

SISSY shakes her head no.

FRED: Ross?

ROSS: (Studying China Mama slightly on the sly)...Are you Buddhists, or Taoists or Confucionnist...or

FRED: No, uh, we're tourists, Ross.

MA: Let's wait for Johnny and we can all eat together...

FRED: You want us to join you in there? (raps on door) Or you gonna come out? You come from a large family, Ross?

ROSS: No, I was an only child.

FRED: In this family we go in there for a little privacy every now and then, Ross. Ask, Sissy...

SIS: Oh we don't want hear that stuff.

FRED: You know, to sulk, or in the old days, to let the young folks make out on the kitchen floor, or read or pound your pud...

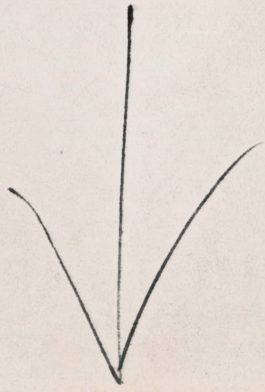
SIS: Freddie!

FRED: I think things like this will halpya understand Johnny when he's wierd around your house. It's an old Chinatown custom you might not have come across in your studies of Confucious.

MA comes out of the toilet and busies herself at the stove.

MA: Nothing but jokers in this house trying to keep me laughin. Come on, get dat stuff offa table. Shake a leg.

SIS: (Lapping ma) I'm glad somebody knows when he's joking...



FRED: ~~Yeah! Willya cheer up and be happy to see him, Sissy?~~

MA: Let's wait for Johnny and we can all eat together!

FRED: You want us to join you in there? (Raps on door) Or you gonna come out? (Return trip to his chair) We go into there for a little privacy every now and then, Ross. To sulk, or in the old days, to let the young folks make out on the kitchen floor, or read or pound your pud...

SIS: Freddie!

FRED: It's an old Chinatown custom you might not have come across in your studies of Confucious, Ross, but feel free to step in. Just flush before you come out, to keep up appearances, you know...

SIS: You're embarrassing ma. She'll never come out.

FRED: ...Me, myself when I'm around the house, I give the impression of taking five or six craps a day.

~~MA comes out of the toilet and busies herself at the stove.~~

~~MA: Nothin but jokers in this house tryin to keep me laughin. Come on, get dat stuff offa table.~~

PA steps into the kitchen through the front door and catches his breath while he takes off his jacket. He glances at the table but nothing seems to register in his eyes. He steps to hang up his jacket but bumps China Mama in her chair. He cringes back before getting curious about what it is.

FRED: I think it's your China Mama, pa.

MA: The airline delivered her like that.

SIS: (Goes to pa and kisses him on the cheek) Hey, pa! Dim ah? ("How're things?")

PA brushes past Sissy, grins and comes over to his place at the table. His English is uncertain but it comes on a slightly ~~belligerent~~ belligerent delivery.

PA: Heey, son! Eating? (Sniffs) Dead mouse somewhere?

MA: Mee yeah wah?

PA: I smell it.

FRED: You blind?

PA: Blind? What you ~~mean~~ me'n blin'? I talking smell! Nose! (Points to his nose.)

EVERYTHING Stops!

~~MA:~~ (Fred) I think you'd better explain China Mama to us, ~~don't you think?~~

PA: ~~Explainxwhat?~~ What explain? She young when I leabing China. U.S.A. change laws ~~as~~ an' old lady start come over. Surprise! ~~(laughs)~~

Sit-head of table

(Pa laughs at his joke, opens up a Chinese newspaper in front of him. Puts on a pair of glasses and scans the headlines. He grunts for Ma's attention and points at the table in front of him, and motions for her to set a place for him.)

MA: (Mimicks his gestures, motions and grunts) ~~What's~~ What'sa wrong? ~~Cat~~ Can't talk? Cat got your tongue?

PA: Hungry!

MA: Well, you can't eat yet.

PA: Whew! Stink!

MA: (Points at Fred's feet) Your son! His feet!

~~FRED: You took a lot of money out of the bank today pa...~~

~~PA: Payday, huh, son?~~

MA: Why don't you two set the table before we eat 'stead of argue right away?

PA: Sure! ~~He~~ He'p ~~China~~ ~~Mama~~ you China Mama to ~~to~~ over here (pats the table) (To China Mama.) Nee gaw hie ah-Fred ah. Nay guh jie...Fred...

MA: You mean I have to cook for her too? Ah-Wing, this isn't China... X in To Pa

PA: I'm Pa! Nonk you argue me, my homes! Uh..China Mama, uhh, she he'pping you...

MA: No.

PA: You're maybe titching her Englishes...an she you Chinese. Good. Fred...

MA: ~~You~~ ~~explain~~ ~~to~~ ~~China~~ ~~Mama~~ I talk Chinese!

PA: China Mama IS Chinese!

MA: This is my house...

PA: Mah house! Who lib here anybody I say so.

MA: Live here?

PA: Johnny home? Where's dat guy now?

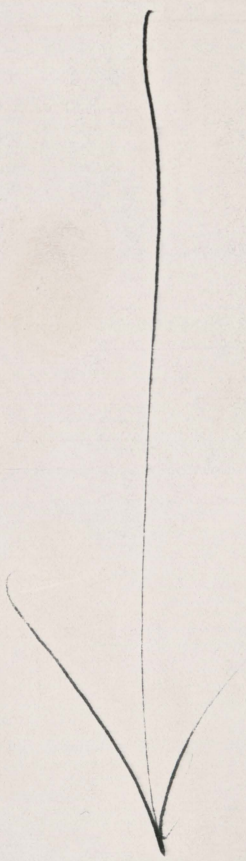
MA: Ah-Wing, boy! There was another killing today, right in front of Harry's ~~restaurant~~...GOLDEN BUDDHA GARDENS

(lapping ma)

PA: /What you're talking? I KNOW THAT.

~~MA: HARRY'S GOLDEN BUDDHA GARDENS. PA: WHATEVER~~ TALKING

FRED: (Cutting ma off) Hey, what's that song, ma? The one you used to sing on Sixth Street?



~~PA: Mah house! Who lib here anybody I say so.~~

~~MA: Live here?~~

~~FRED: Hey, what's that song, ma? The one you used to sing on Sixth Street?~~

MA: Oh, I used to sing so many...

FRED: ~~You know the one. I sang it for Charlie Chan...~~ Come on, "Sing song, sing song..." Come on, lively, ma... (To Ross) MA COULD HAVE BEEN A SINGER YOU KNOW, ROSS...

FRED & MA: (Sing. Fred drops out after he's started ma)

Sing, song, song song So Hop Toy
Allee same like China Boy
But he sellee girl with joy,
Pity poor Ming Toy...

FRED: (To pa over Ma's song)
Hey, pa, easy on ma. She's afraid you're promoting an orgy, eh? Ha. Ha. Right, Sis?

PA: (Rises and goes toward China Mama) He scolds Fred for not obeying.)
Haaa! Ngaw gew nay joe mut yeh! Nay um joe!

(Removes the dishtowel from China Mama's head)

MA: Hummph! (Goes toward bathroom)

PA: Ma! DON'T GO NO BATHROOM. ALLA TIME BATHROOM.

~~MA stops and drops into easy chair with her back to everyone.~~ STOP + BACK UP INTO CHAIR.

PA: (To China Mama) Goong Hay Fot Choy!
(He ungags her. Unties her. He gives a series and grunts and motions for Fred to come over help him bring China Mama to the table.)

FRED AND PA seat China Mama. in Ma's place

PA gets China Mama a bowl of rice and some chopsticks.

PA: (To China Mama)
Uhh...ah-Fred uhh. Cur heck fon jussa likee ngaw gwai loong! Ha. Ha. (For ma) Huh, ma!
Jussa likee ngaw gwai loong...uhh...a mut yeah, ha ha er...dragger...dragon...

MA: I know Chinese!

SIS: (Laughs.)Oh, ma, pa knows you speak Chinese. He was joking. What will Ross think, huh, Ross?

SISSY (cont) (nudges Ross)

Pa wasn't making fun of the way you talk....

ROSS: The way you speak Chinese...sounds just like Chinese to me.

FRED: And Ross studied Chinese, ma...

MA: IS THAT RIGHT?

PA: Fred! ~~xxxxx~~Happy New Year you China Mama.

FRED: Happy New Year. Come on, ma. Let's all eat together like we used to...

PA: Gong hong wah!

FRED: What?

PA: Chinese to China Mama! Goong hay fot choy.

FRED: Goong Hay Fot Choy...(~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ tiptoeing up behind ma) I'm going to have to tickle ya, ma...Come on, Sissy...~~XXXXX Xxxxx~~ Maaaa...

PA: Ah-Fred! Ngaw gew nay! Over here, doot right!

FRED: (Going neither this way nor that) Hey, pa!

PA: Hay for horses! Goong Hay Fot Choy ~~xx~~ a China Mama!

FRED gives up and goes to China Mama.

FRED: Goong hay fot choy.

LIGHTS DIM DOWN leaving CHINA MAMA and PA in a glow in the ~~xxxxxxx~~ kitchen, as PA helps her up to face Fred.

PA: (His face in ~~xxxx~~ shadow dumps pidgen. In the light he's talking his unaccented native language.)

Awk nay guh ma! Kiss ya mother.

FRED: Quit kidding, Pa, you're scarin ma.

MA: Donk I still have hemerroids from having him. ~~xxxxx~~ Everybody knows that.

FRED: I have a mother. (To China Mama) ...Uhh ngaw...~~xxx~~ yow guh mah over there...

CHINA MAMA: I am your mother.

FRED: Wow!

~~SISSx~~ PA: You unnerstan' dat? (In the shadow) Nay ming bock ~~xx~~ muh?

PA: ~~Awkxxxxxx~~ Awk nay guh ma! ("Kiss your mother.")

FRED: (Thinking) ~~A~~ "Awk nay guh ma..." "Awk...nay...gummah." KISS YOUR MOTHER

MA: Say something else can't you, you broken record... ~~HUMOR~~ SHUT UP.

PA: Kiss your mother over here!

FRED: Quit kidding, pa. I have a mother. (To China Mama) ...Uhh ngaw...yow guh mah over there! ...~~Yxx~~ (Reconsiders his Chinese) yow gahn mah? ~~xx~~ yut gaw mah?

PA: When you grow up? Get responsiboo?

CHINA MAMA: (Lapping pa and laying down the law) Ngaw hai nay guh mah! ("I am your mother.")

FRED: "Ngaw hai nay guh mah!"?

PA: You my son. You lib my house. Meck my money. Tecking cares you China Mama. Be Chinese now! Jolly time all finish!

MA: Donk forget you're a"Chinese of American descent" Remember Jade Snow Wong, Hiram Fong and James Wong Howe...

FRED: (Bright, cheerful) /That's right, ma.

PA: You promised me ~~Ixdixexwit~~ I'm be happy families when I die? Yes or no?

FRED: (Bright, cheerful) /~~Yxxxtxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ That's right,pa.

SIS: Don't joke ~~xx~~ ,Fred. ..

ROSS: (low to Sis) Maybe we should leave the room.

~~SUSY~~ SIS: Shhhh!

PA: (Snaps his head back and sniffs the air, at the first sound of Ross's voice. He says "white man" in Chinese.

Huh? Bok gwai lo? UPSTAGE.

CROSS OVER TO KITCHEN

MA: (Lapping Pa) I don't know how the American girls stand it. It's filthy. It's dirty.

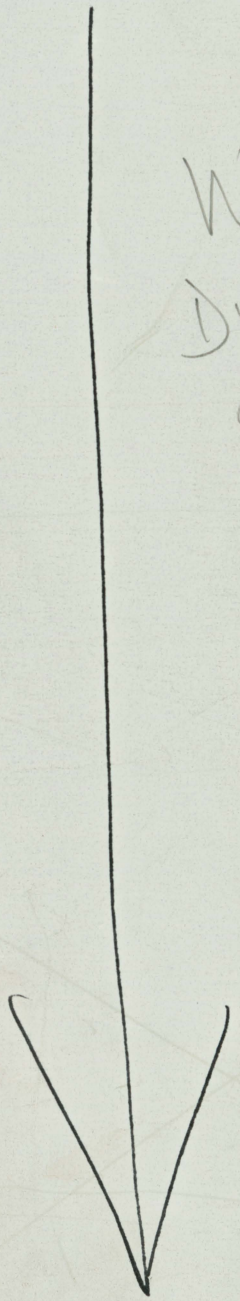
FRED: Look at us. We're not dirty.

MA: ~~Hexxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ I promised myself you'd never know your father was a biggermist, a sex derivative...

FRED: ~~Wxxtxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

MA(cont) ~~my Dappy Dandy and knew that same law scarey law said she can't come over. She can't come over. That's the law. She can't come over.~~ Now she's over and there's no law scaring her to death. And that's not fair.

FRED: Come on, ma. Where's my girl? You coulda been a singer, ma. Play Vegas. And I'd write ya spicey songs to slither out of your throat like barracudas. Come on, we're all gonna eat together, the way you always wanted.



WORK IN KITCHEN DURING INTRODUCTION OF ROSS

PA: Dohk 'Jeezis' me, I tol' you.

MA: Ah-Sissy, why not presented your husband to you pa? Ah-Wing, you have never met Sissy husband before. His name is Russ...

SIS: Ross. This is Ross.

MA: Oh, I'm no good with names.

ROSS: How do you do Eng Sin Sang...or should I say, Gnawk Foo. (Shakes hands with Pa.)

PA: (All smiles and giggling charm in front of a white man) Oh, how're you? Mattie husban? Hugh? (He points from one to the other.)

MA: They have a baby. I guess it's not a baby anymore though. I tol' her she should have bring it along, we can always make room, you know. Our first grandchild, Ah-Wing, you know how thrill will be to see it even after a few years I tol' her. Why didn't they bring it I keep asking them. Huh, "grandpa!"

PA: Who "grandpa"?

SIS: Well I thought it might be too much for all of us. I took him to a Chinese restaurant where we live, and he kept pointing at the waiters and cooks and saying, "Look at the Chinese! The Chinese! " at the top of his voice! (ROSS and MA laugh along with SIS, PA joins late).

FRED: What're you gonna do with all that money, pa?

PA: Not now, talk later.

FRED: You got that money in your pocket now. We talk about it now.

PA: Yow yun hai shu, gnaw gew gnai mo gong luh!

FRED: You catch that Ross? Ross says he speaks Chinese, pa.

PA: Oh? Maybe you titch ah-Fred?

FRED: What do you think of your son-in-law, Pa?

PA: (Recoiling from Ross. He suspects a trick) What you mean him son-in-law, me?

FRED: Well, hell, that's what he is. Your white son-in-law. That's all.

PA: Sissy marry?

MA: Yes, isn't that wongerfuls? I think it's wongerfuls!

FRED: You see, Ross, my father has this unique Chinatown condition. He don't understand anything a white man says, even when he seems to. You can say anything to him, and he won't understand.

FRED cont. Now if I repeat it word for word, just like you said it in English...no translating at all...he'll understand me. I'm just tellin you that...

PA: Him ker hai my guh son-in-law, mo? Yeah? Nee gaw fon gwai lo? (Pa looks at Ross, walks up close and walks around Ross looking him over) Hey, how var you! Good? Huh?

ROSS: Nee how boo how?

MA: Will you listen to that?

PA: Whazzat?

ROSS: Nee how boo how?

PA: Huh?

FRED: He said, "Nee how boo how?"

CHINA MAMA! [smiling] Ah. how! How!

PA: Ho! Man'arin! Good! Poofeck! Poofeck! (chuckles) Talking de Chinee you heap sahbay, huh, son? (slaps Ross on the back) Nee gaw bok gwai lo Jun hai gnaw guh son-in-law? Mo gwong gnaw gah guh, boy.

ROSS: I beg your pardon, sin song.

SISSY: He asked Freddie if this white devil is really his son-in-law, and told him not to joke about it.

ROSS: How do you know? You don't speak Chinese.

SISSY: Because I don't speak it don't mean I don't understand it when I hear it!

FRED: Welcome home, sis!

ROSS: But he was looking at me!

FRED: Welcome to Chinatown, Ross! Now that you're in the family we'll give up a few secrets. One of our secrets is how to talk Chinese to a white man so he don't kow what you have on your mind.

OK.

WORK AT STOVE - IN KITCHEN

MA: If Sissy can still understand it to listen to she could talk it if she wanted to. It's probably spasmatic or psycho whatchamacaller...all in the head! You know. I was always taught dat talking two completely incompatible languages was an asset. Yeah, you can laugh, but that's exactly what I was told by a teacher... Miss Thompson, she was so thrill hear me talking English (Ma snaps her fingers) then jibber jibber in Chinese and (snaps her fingers) yakity yakity in English and said "Talking two completely incompatible languages is a great asset." And I never forgot and I have been able to talk to

MA(cont) Two completely different kinds of people in their own completely different languages. And I don't see nothing to be ashamed of about talking Chinese, young man! Right, pa? I could talk Chinese all the time if I wanted to. And so should you be able to too!

PA: What're you're talking?

MA: Come on, Sissy. Help set the table. Eat! Eat! Hurry. Hurry up!

JOHNNY enters carrying a dancing lion. He is dressed in black jeans, black shoes, black tanker jacket, black gloves. He has teased his hair into a huge ~~pppx~~ pomp that's high and slick and looks like a sperm whale ~~xxtt~~ on his head.

MA: Donk you say hello anymore?

PA: Smell Freddie feet! Whoo stinky! Close ah-door!

FRED: My feet are inside not in the hall.

PA: Da win' blow up da smells.

MA: What dat old piece a junks?

ROSS: A dancing lion! The guardian! I've never seen one ~~xxx~~ in a house before.

~~MAxmxmxmxWherexyouxgetxdatxthingm~~

~~JOHNNYxm~~

PA takes some notes and documents written in Chinese out of his pocket, ~~andxlooksxthexmovemx~~ He puts on his glasses and looks the stuff over.

MA: Where get dat thing?

JOHNNY: It followed me home from the Golden Buddha Gardens...

~~PA: (Lapping Johnny.) Okay!xx S'allup!~~

STAY in place

MA: (Lapping pa.) When am I going to get some straight answer sometimes? You allaw comedian make me a nervous wreck.

PA: Ma!

JOHNNY: (~~OverxPaxxAllxrightm~~ lapping ma) All right. It didn't follow me home from the Golden Buddha Gardens!

PA: Gol'en Buddha Gar'? You ~~xxxxxx~~ stealer dat lie fum my fren res'ernt?

JOHNNY: How come you cross over the other side of the street,

JOHNNY(cont) every time you see me? How do you think I feel with my friends, man?

MA: I'm glad you're home, son.

PA: (lapping Johnny over ma) Friend? Hootlum! Bums! I know! Donk ting I nonk know!

JOHNNY: (Chopping into pa) I'm no bum, pa!

FRED: (Lapping pa. To the room generally. Raising hell) Tong war! Tong War! (Grabs Johnny by the lapels and shouts to Johnny) Fool! Stealing the lion of a tong from its sacred place inside an expensive Chinatown restaurant means war! ~~Tongxwarxxfoolx~~ (Turns to Johnny) Tong war,fool. You fucked up good! I can see it now, pa. THE TONG WAR!

PA: (interjecting) What?

FRED: ~~Chin~~ (to Johnny) Chinamans with ~~gun~~ guns! Tourists with cameras. Blood in the street. Dead bodies!

JOHNNY: What? Huh?

ROSS: Anything I can do.

SIS: Ross!

CHINA MAMA: Mutt gah faw ah?

PA: (ad lib) Tong?...Tong? Mutt? Mutt?

FRED: (Having never stopped, goes on) Hurry up, we gotta get ready. Johnny,get out dem bulletproof shutters, man. (Into Johnny's face) Man, you fucked up! (to the room generally) Where's my monogrammed hatchet, man? Where is dat Charlie Chan when you need him? You know he never fired a shot in any of his movies? (to Johnny) In this movie people we know die and brothers go to jail (to the room) but in life, you got the protection of the tong. The tong's already gotya a one way ticket to Shangri-la, kid...

MA: (laughs)

FRED: I'll call the brothers, pa. Don't you worry.

JOHNNY: What're you talking, guide?

MA: You crazy?

FRED: (to Johnny) Don't worry, we're smart. (To ma) Ma, while I'm on the phone, tell Birmingham bring that car around, cuz we're rolling tonight!

JOHNNY: What?

FRED: (Searching) Where the fuck's that hatchet, man? (To Ross) It's just like the one Edward G. Robinson used in THE HATCHETMAN, remember, ma?

PA: (Ad lib) Tong? Whaddaya you're talking bout tong for?

MA: Oh, Loretta Young was so cute as a Chinee gir' innat movie. So bazoomy an her walk...

PA: (lapping ma) Tong? Tong war? Where?

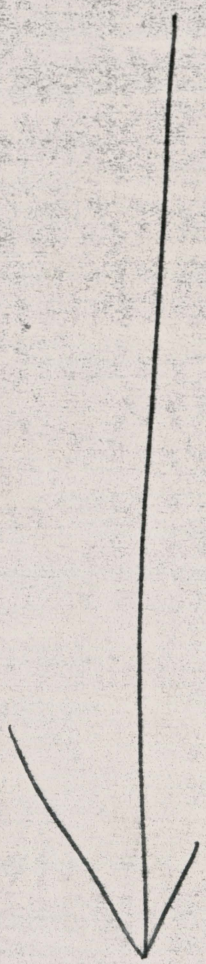
FRED: Tong war! We're at war with that lion's tong!

PA: Huh?

FRED: Don't ya understand?

PA: War?

FRED: Johnny ripped that lion offa the Golden Buddha Gardens. Now we're at war with dat restaurant's tong.



PA: Dat my tong!

FRED: Dat was your tong!

PA: (laughs) You craze guy. (To China Mama) Ker saw guh! Mo sahng sing (pokes his finger at his head)

ROSS: (Over Pa's Chinese) Can I ask a stupid question? Is~~xxjxxx~~ there really going to be trouble?

SIS: No, Ross. Please !

PA: (Picking up his notes again) Okay !

ROSS: What are you snapping at me for?

PA: Okay!

SISSY: I'm very nervous,Ross. I told you before we came.

ROSS: (Under) Why should you be nervous? You're home aren't you?

SISSY: I thought I told you.

PA: Ah-Sissy!

SIS: Yes, pa.

PA: I wanna talk now. Family businesses... S'allup! Donk inderupson. (to ma) Donk go no bat'room. I tolling you right now. Jus' I talking. Unnahstan doze?

MA, SISSY, JOHNNY, FRED, grunt, nod, ad lib assent.

PA: (To China Mama) Ngaw yee gah gong ker day teng, okay? ("I'm going to tell them now.") I'm pa. (consults notes) I're be Chinese. I come 'merica year da Dragons Ninetee Twendy Ache. A Fred been a baby. (Consults notes.)

JOHNNY: Dat makes you over forty, man...

FRED: I took my time getting American born.

JOHNNY: You from Hong Kong or Canton or...

CROSS OVER TO JOHNNY

MA: (Rising) Whoops, musta been something I ate...

FRED: How do I Know?

PA: (Cutting ma off) Ma! Siddong I tolling you! Okay!

CHINA MAMA: (to Johnny & Fred) Shhhh !

JOHNNY: (under) Jooksing Jooksing Jooksing jooksing (slang for (useless Chinese stranger)

MA: Johnny, I wish...

~~[illegible]~~

36B

~~37~~chin/YEAR OF THE DRAGON/1-4

~~Don't Work in Kitchen During Pa's speech.~~

PA: Okay! No talking! (waits for calm) I'm pa. I been longtime Californ moses obba life. Den I know I die dis year obba Dragons. Tahm chenj. I gotta die Chinese. Cuz I Chinese I gotta bring China Mama over and die in Chinese families wit' Fred...

Get Ready For Pa - - -
Attack on Pa

(Very Low
I could Been
Deported

X in above JOHNNY FOR ATTACK ON PA

MA: (Starts talking low, evenly, at ~~the~~ pa's first mention of death. She avoids pa's eyes. She seems to be addressing her children, but more and more the drift of her speech seems to favor Ross)

I coulda been deported ~~f~~ just for marrying ~~your~~ YOUR pa. ~~Lovexyou~~ The law scared me to death but it make you ~~pa~~ so thrilling to me. I'm American of Chinese descent...

PA consults notes, ~~and~~ looks up and ~~sits~~ silently rages at ma. He and China Mama exchange looks.

MA: (having never stopped, plods on)...I always told you to be proud ~~of~~ to be a blend~~ed~~ of the best of the East and the best of the West. (To Ross) I'm not the same, but I'm as American as you, you know. And I broke the law. That's not American I know...

PA: No ~~and~~ indan Russians!

FRED: Huh?

PA: ~~In~~ No ~~in-duh-rup-sons~~ in-duh-rup-sons!

MA: (Turns to pa and her voice and temper take aim and come slouching out, and get on him)

But I was crazy bout you my Dappy Dandy. Our love was a U.S. Federal crime and I was only fifteen. We was accomplices being married like folks hijack a jet plane. (To Ross) That's American isn't it?

PA: ~~(Tryingtomaintain~~ I're not finis' ~~yet~~, ma.,,. Ma...siddong!

~~FRED~~: (Lapping Pa) Gee ya got pretty tits, ma!

SIS: Freddie!

JOHNNY: YEAH MA, PRETTY TITS, YUM YUM.

FRED: ~~What~~ What?

SIS: JOHNNY!

MA: (Never having stopped, looses against pa) The law! The law! The law! The ~~same~~ same scarey law said she can't come over. She can't come over. That's the law. She can't come over. You promised me. Now she's over and where's any law scaring her to death like it do me? That's not fair! That is not fair! Ah-Wing...

STRONG BUT CONTROLLED

FRED: Last night I dreamed you were naked, ma. Your body was so...

CROSS TO JOHNNY.

~~Sis: Freddman~~

MA: Watch your mouth, young man. (Sits, shuts up and pouts.)

Escape From Fred's Dirty Talk.

JOHNNY: (Clapping Fred) I dreamed I took off all your clothes by myself, ma...

MA: Watch your mouth, young man. (Sits, shuts up and pouts.)

SIS: (Cutting Fred off) Fred! That's enough! Johnny!

FRED: Oh, sometimes I think I'm really going to have to hump her before she makes the return trip back, Sis.

PA: (Cuts Sis before she can answer) Sissy!

FRED: Hey, ma, where's my girl?

Escape From Fred's Dirty Talk

MA: Why're you gotta talk to me that way, son?

PA: A Fred! Dis're be businesses! Serious! (Waits for mood to settle) Fred, dis you mama. (Indicates China Mama) Sissy, Johnny you mama over dere. (Indicates ma)

INCHINA WE MARRY A CHINA LADY

MA: WING

JOHNNY: (Under) Hi, ma!

PA: (Having never stopped, plods on) Ma...Johnny nonk like a China Mama libbing here, okay. No probum. We move out nudder places. Okay. Dat what you want, ma? Okay. Fred an' China Mama, me live out nudder places.

9 (Consults notes. Mutters something unintelligible under his breath) I stew teck caring you, nebbah mind what. Johnny should working anyway. Get responsiboos No maw de hootlum. You know what I men, donk you? Get haircut. Get job working fo' Fred...

PA(cont.) Ma...Johnny nonk like a China Mama, okay. We move out nudder place. Okay. Dat what you want, ma? Okay. Fred an' China Mama, me live out nudder places. I stew teck xxxxxyxxx caring you. Johnny xxxxxxxx xxxxxxxx get responsiboos, no xx maw de hootlum, get haircut work for Fred...

FRED: Not for me. Johnny's goin to college.

xxxxxxxxxxx PA: Johnny be here when I die!

FRED: All right, he'll be here. But he's not goin to run no tours. And I'm not xxxxx gonna move out on ma.

PA: Yxxxxxxxxxx Dis my house. You eat my foods. You wearing my clothings. You my son. Do like I xxxxxxxxxxx saying xxxx you do.

FRED: Johnny doesn't work in Chinatown and I don't move out on ma.

PA: You Chinese! Yes or no.

FRED: No! No, pa. You know what I am. And you know why I've stayed here. But Johnny doesn't have to stay. Let him out...

PA: No talking! I finis' first.

FRED: Pa, no shit, I'm tellin ya...

MA: (Chopping Fred off) Don't interupt your father, son.

FRED: What?

PA: Too much inderupsons!

MA: Let's keep the family all together, xxxxxxxxx ahWing. I don't want you to move out. ON ME.

FRED: Do you know what you're saying, ma? What the fuck do we know about xxxxxxxx this "Chinese" family crap?

MA: xxxx Please, Freddie! If I was the first to go...

PA: Aww, ma.

MA: ...I know I'd like to be in the same house with all my family. Everybody I ever knew. Even the ones that has passed away. I miss them all so. The lives ones wouldn't be enough. Since naturally they're the only ones I could see, all the live ones would have to be there...not one missing...or I'd be so frightened, my strong, silent Dappy Dandy...

FRED: I think I saw that movie last night in that redhead's room, ma. SHE WAS LICKING MY - - -

JOHNNY & SIS: Fred!

SIS: Why? You're like some monster!

FRED: Whaddaya expect me to say when I hear shit like that for the umpteenth time? That's waste! Nobody's known what she's been talking bout for years. (Point to pa) Look at him. He doesn't understand a word. She just sends this stuff out like a fart...

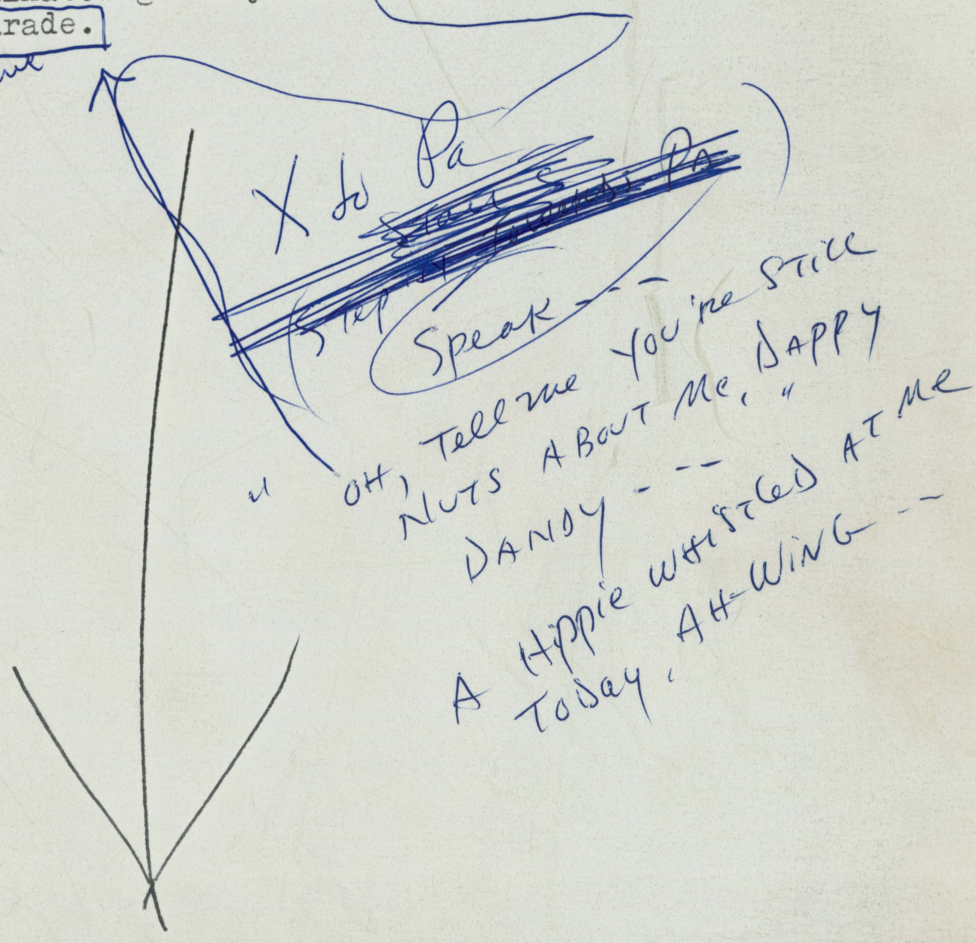
SIS: You're the only one that understands what people are talking about, I suppose.

FRED: Yeah, I am. And I can't stand it anymore.

PA: Dat min you stay?...A Fred? Okay? Okay. (Mumbles into China Mama's ear)

PA & CHINA MAMA look at Fred and grin and nod.

PA: (solemn and businesslike again) Okay... (glances at his notes. clears his throat and smiles) I finis' now. Allaw my kit doy, a Fred, a Sissy, a Johnny...come tell pa Goong Hay Fot Choy from last new year before deaths. Meck me happy. Pa hoping him meck you happys be da Mayor obba Chinatowng dis years. Meck da spitch onna radio from parade.



JOHNNY & SIS: Fred!

SIS: Why? You're like some monster!

FRED: Whaddaya expect me to say when I hear shit like that for the umpteenth time? That's waste! Nobodyskxxxxxx known what she's xxxx been talking bout for years. (Point to pa.) Xxx Look at him. He doesn't understand...She just sends this stuff out and it's like that's how she wastes herself away. Xxx Go on, Sissy, ask him what ma said. ...XX

(A look passes between Fred and Sissy. Fred shrugs)

You know I'm right.

JOHNNY: She said you lose.

PA: Xxxdd What're youxx say, Fred?(Mumbles into China Mama's ear)

PA and CHINA MAMA look xx at Fred grinning expectant faces.

PA: Okay. (Glances at his notes) I finis' now. Allaw my kit doy, X a Fred, a Sissy, a Johnny...come tell xx pa Goong Hay Foty Choy xy from last new year before deaths. Meck me happy. X Pa hoping xxx him meck you happys be da Mayor obba Chinatowng dis years. Meck da spitch onna radio from xarax parade.

MA, SIS, ROSS, & JOHNNY XX XX Ooch and applaud, and reach to shake hand

SIS: (Kisses pa) Oh, Pa thxxxxx that's great!

JOHNNY: (Lapping Sissy) Wow! Goong hay. Goong hay.

ROSS: (Lapping Johnny) Congratulations!

sidles up to Pa and embraces him)

Step in

MA: (Lapping Ross) Oh, tell me you're still nuts about me Dappy Dandy...

SIS: (Faking shock) Ma! I'm shocked! Right here in front of everybody!

MA: A hippie whistled at me today, xx a Wing.

(fakexxxxxxxxxx stern)

PA: Siddong. Siddong! I nock xixisx finis yet, I tolling you! (xxxxx consults his xxxx notes. Takes a deep breath, looks up and says...)

Pa!

(with a big grin on his face and his arms outspead.)

ALL but Fred go to pa, pat him on the back, hug, kiss, etc.

PA: No maw da talking dead tings now, okay? MA YOU WANNA GO BATROOM OKAY. EVERTING LIKE JUS' BEFORE - (BACK TO STOVE)

ALL but Fred give off motions and noises of assent, agreement.

PA: (To Ross) ...Mebbe you're (Makes writing gestures) over some notes he holds in his hand) fix up Englis' faw my New Year spitch, okay? (I KNOW HOW TO SPEAK CHINESE)

ROSS: I'll be glad to. NGAW SICK WOOEY GONG TOONG GOWK.

PA looks at the notes again before handing them to Ross. HUH.
ROSS & SISSY pass triumphant looks.

JOHNNY: HE SAID NGAW SICK WOOEY GONG TOONG GOWK WAH.
FRED: JESUS

MA: Why not let Johnny get a job, son. Be good for him.

FRED: No, ma...

MA: I donk like him hanging round dese hoodlums and killers in Chinatown...

FRED: I'd rather he be a killer or rapist than a tourist guide.

MA: Oh, it'd just be temporary help, son.

FRED: Look at me, ma. I was a young man when I first went in there (indicates bathroom) with PA to help him. And I've turned into a tourist guide waitin^for him to die. I'm "temporary help" ma...As a killer or rapist, at least Johnny would have a chance for a ride to jail.

JOHNNY: Come on, Fred, don't talk about me.

MA: It would make me and pa happy, son.

FRED: One tourist guide in the family's enough....

(Lapping Fred)

PA: ...(gesturing over the notes in Ross's hands) You know...you read...fix up...fix up Englis'... you know? Okay?

FRED: (Cutting in) What's wrong with me, pa? I used to be an English major...

PA: What you know? No college graduations. (Points to Ross) Him 'merican, know da Englis' poofeck. You Chinese! Ma you titchin China Mama talk some Englis'... not too much...jussa enough da's all. (Turns to China Mama) Ngaw gew ker gow nay ying mun. ("I told her to teach you English) N

CHINA MAMA: Ho. Ho. Ngaw gow ker gong hong wah. DON'T JUMP HERE LINE

MA: I know how to talk Chinese!

PA: China Mama be real Chinese.

(PA goes over to the lion by the door).

PA: My sociation liong huh? (He looks it over. Touches it. Picks it up. Puts it down. Picks it up and hefts it. Puts it down. Puts his left hand in his pocket and puts a toothpick in his mouth with his right hand. FRED AND JOHNNY both take toothpicks and put them in their mouths, and shove their chairs away from the table as signs of being finished eating.) I used to be dance dat lahng dance. Oooh, so good, I teach allabody else....(He says, picking the lion up and getting inside. He works the ears up and down. He works the eyelids. He works the ears and eyelids in a combination. He stands flatfooted and does a half hearted move with the lion.)

Nawbolly dance dat lahng such ah-like lifes, so really it look....

FRED: Showbiz is in my veins. (Claps a couple of times dullwitted and bored, then drops a hand heavily on the table, making a loud sound.)

MA: Oh, son....!

FRED: (Brings his other hand down hard, purposely making a noise. He bangs his other fist down again. He begins to beat on the table angrily.)

PA taking FRED'S beating on the table for a drum, comes alive and takes the stance of a stalking lion and begins a lion dance.

MA: What're you think you're doing? You know you too ol' for dat!

PA ignores ma and dances. JOHNNY takes two pot lids and improvises cymbals. JOHNNY'S FRIEND becomes the lion's tail end. FRED takes to beating the rhythms of the dance using his fists and knuckles. SIS uses her chopsticks on the edges of the table and dishes.

PA laughs and urges his sons on with a nod.

Follow Dance over to TABLE

MA: Ah-Wing!

ROSS stops eating, gets out from behind the table and around Sissy and jumps out onto the kitchen floor in front of PA, and looks at PA with his arms up and crookedly pointing at PA with the fingers tensed out like he was casting a spell, he shouts, above the noise and dancing....

ROSS: "The father laughs in wonderment at every little thing his child does. As a sign of his WEALTH and revealed his liking." I like your family, Mattie!

JOHNNY: (Shouting) I like to punch ya in the mouth.

FRED: (Shouting) He hates white people. Lo fan ... Hates 'em.

~~54~~ 4A

ROSS: (shouting) And you don't?

MA: (Shouting) Ah-Wing, you're looking like a fool of yourself! (Her fear gives way to a fit of laughing at him and pointing at him, which makes PA laugh, which makes MA laugh harder).

FRED: (Shouting) They give me a living, and women tourists love me.

ROSS: (Shouting) What do you mean by that?

SIS: (Shouting) Don't let him getya started!

ROSS: (Shouting) What?

SIS: (Shouting) Just don't talk to him (points at Fred).

PA: (Shouting) Kip it up! Whooo! (dancing hard)

ROSS: (Shouting and dancing, goading the lion). The lion is the Guardian of Kings, of palaces! Traditionally the lion comes into town to accept bribes from merchants and townspeople who....

(FRED AND JOHNNY exchange looks.)

FRED: Toe maw low forkses, you're being gone see dal le'l liongses, forkses! Dancings dong dah strits wid dah drums! Anner crashes simbers! Coming befaw dah longes' dragon!

JOHNNY: Peeber fed dah liong lettace witdah money inside it, forkses. Meck him kowtow, bow dong.

JOHNNY AND FRED: One two tree....

JOHNNY: ...tahm gibbing you heap plendy good lucks! Adios....

MA: (Shouting, laughing) Donk you thing Ah-Johnny'd be a good tourist guide, Russ?

SIS: (Shouting) Ross!

ROSS: (Shouting) What?

MA: (Shouting) I think with a hair cut, some clothes, Johnny would make such a handsome tourist guide!

A GUN DROPS OUT OF JOHNNY's FRIEND'S POCKET as he's dancing. FRED stops and looks up over the table to the gun on the floor. JOHNNY sees the gun and continues pounding on the icebox and walls. FATHER continues dancing. ROSS continues baiting the dancing lion. And the Friend reaches out from under the lion to feel for the gun on the floor. MA sees the gun and still can't stop laughing and glancing at father every now and then, as she stares at the gun in Fred's hand until it suddenly registers a take in her brain and jumps up.

MA: (Shouting) Whooops! Whoo-oops! Shoo Shoo! Gotta see a man about a dog!

~~41~~/
41B/DRAGON/1-4

A GUN DROPS OUT OF JOHNNY'S BELT as he's dancing.

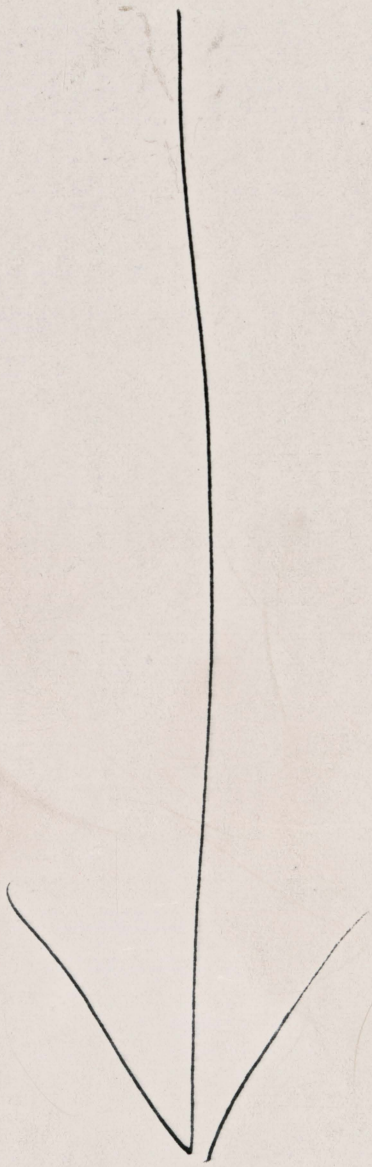
FRED picks up the gun.

SIS: (shouting) What're you doing with that gun, Fred?

JOHNNY's up and punches Fred in the stomach and snatches his gun back.

SIS: Johnny!

MA: (Running off to the bathroom) Whooops! Whooops! Gotta see a man about a dog...



MA runs for the bathroom, closes the door, sits on the crapper and continues laughing in fits and starts, and later, much later, is out of breath and no longer laughing, meanwhile FRED looks from Johnny to the tail of the lion. SIS sees what's in his hand. ROSS continues dancing. FRED starts beating on the table with the gun, making the dishes jump. ROSS stops and looks at FRED. JOHNNY stops pounding a beat.

PA stumbles to a stop and collapses against the pile of newspapers near the door. His breathing turns to wheezing and becomes a noisy lush sound of bubbling boiling rubber mixed with coughs. FRED turns to PA. The FRIEND pops out from under the lion, grabs the gun, punches Fred in the stomach, pulls the gun free and runs out the door, JOHNNY has opened.

SIS: (Shouting) Johnny!

JOHNNY closes the door casually locks it, and starts clearing the dishes from the table. FRED goes to his father and begins to help him to the bathroom.

SIS: What is it?

FRED: Nothing! Nothing! Get out of the way, okay? (At the bathroom door) Hey, Ma, can you come out so we can come in?

MA lights a stick of incense... one of many stuck in a coffee can full of sand on the windowsill. She opens the window, and the sound of exploding fire-crackers outside becomes louder. She comes out of the bathroom with another burning stick of incense. FRED and FATHER enter the bathroom.

MA takes the stick of incense to the shrine on a high shelf. The shrine is a one pound coffee can painted red and filled with sand. On two arms of tubing out from the coffee can and then straight up are two tunafish cans painted red and filled with sand. In the sand of all the cans are the stumps of burned out punk. MA puts the stick of incense punk in the sand of the shrine. Behind the shrine are family portraits of individuals and groups, pictures of various sizes in different frames, from various periods.

FATHER in the bathroom coughs in the sink and strips off his shirt. He coughs blood. FRED helps his father strip off his shirt. He's done this before. He goes through the motions.

ROSS: I knew you were wrong, Mattie. See, they do use it. There's more old 19th Century Chinese culture being practised in San Francisco...right here in this house than in all of China. Incense is lit on special occasions before pictures of the dead.

SIS: Ross, please!

ROSS: On the anniversaries of family dead- Chinese New Years, and sometimes, I think, when company comes...

JOHNNY: My father won't open the bathroom window because he's afraid of firecrackers giving him a scare while he's taking a piss or a crap...all year round. He has this fear....

JOHNNY: Hey, ma, why don't ya sweep the floor?

SIS: Johnny, you're almost as bad as Fred.

JOHNNY: Huh?

By Kitchen Stove

MA gets a broom and starts sweeping the floor, Animatedly talking to herself. Each time PA coughs large, she has burst of sweeping fury.

MA: I used to sweep the floor when we lived on Sixth Street. And I wait tables at the Colonial Inn.

JOHNNY: Did you meet Amelia Earhart's mother there?

MA: Oh, I did!

SIS: (Covering ma) What? Do you and Fred have ma trained to roll over too? Ma...

MA: Oh, I did! I met Amelia Earhart's mother there!

JOHNNY: (cutting Sissy off) What're ya doing, Sissy, leave ma alone!

MA: You know, the flyer's mother, Johhny?

JOHNNY: (Lapping ma) Yeah, the flyer's mother, ma.

PA gives a long, loud agonizing combination of cough, grunt, moan and vomit spasm/

MA: She used to like lambchops. She always sat in my station.

ROSS: (Near the bathroom door) speaks to the room) Is there anything you want me to do?

SIS: Ma, what're you doing?

MA: I was cute in those days.

ROSS: Maybe I should phone a doctor...

JOHNNY: She's pretending nothin's happenin in the bathroom, Sis.

SIS: You're making her pretend!

JOHNNY: Ahhhh! Get off! You coulda been a singer, ma.

MA: She never left me a tip, come to think of it.

JOHNNY: Yeah, ma.

SIS: You and Fred have her going like a trained seal.

JOHNNY: She's smarter'n just some seal.

SIS: That's what I hate in Fred...That sick wiseass... That's your mother, Johnny!

JOHNNY: You said ma was like a trained seal, Sissy. Ma ain't no animal.

SIS: Oh, Johnny...

ROSS moves a hand to pick up the phone.

JOHNNY is up, and on Ross, before Ross has the receiver to his ear. JOHNNY takes the phone from Ross and hangs up. He begins the return trip to his chair.

ROSS: Is your father all right, you think?

JOHNNY: Don't use the phone in this house.

ROSS begins to speak but SIS motions for him to cool it. JOHNNY gets a dustpan, hands it to ma. He tucks in his shirt, combs his hair, washes his hands, puts on his black tanker jacket, puts on a pair of black gloves and a then a pair of shades. He goes up to the ice box and turns the TV on. Checks his watch and flips the channel selector.
meanwhile
MA drifts to a stop with her broom and dustpan.
CHINA MAMA takes the broom from ma and continues sweeping. MA mans the dustpan for China Mama.

MA: We were all so excited, all us flowers of Chinatowng...uh Hong Yun Fow...when #Wing gaw lay from China...He was so much a Dappy Dandy alla time...

Gow Lay Gow

PICK UP RAG & WIPE TABLE

CHINA MAMA takes to shaking her head "no" as she sweeps and stops now and then, looks at ma and points at her mouth and shakes her head.

SIS and ROSS watch and listen to everything.

WHILE JOHNNY is dressing for his TV, FRED and PA in the bathroom. FRED lights another stick of punk and sticks it in the can of sand.

PA: What're you do?

FRED: Lightin up a punk to cover the smell.

PA: Dat's you ma pretty smell, son. Meck da flowah grow.

FRED: Not the shit. The blood. Smells like dead chickens.

PA: Huh?

FRED: The smell doesn't go away anymore.

PA: Meck da flower grow. (His attack resumes violently)

SISSY: (Responding to the voices and noise coming from the bathroom) ~~Gaa~~ God! Isn't there anything you can do about that.

JOHNNY doesn't respond.

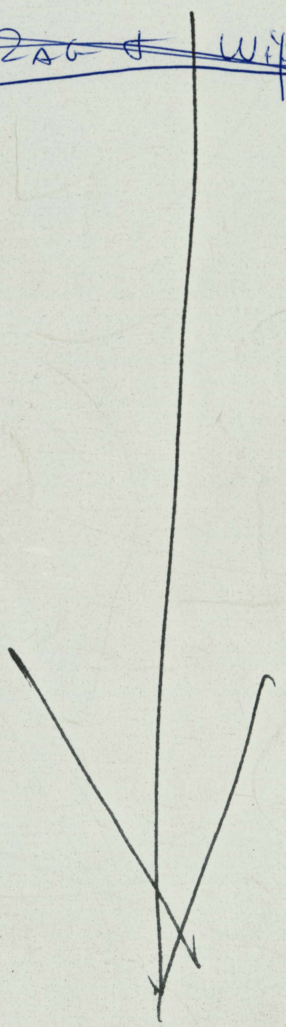
SISSY goes over and snaps off the TV.

JOHNNY is out of his chair and has the table or a chair between him and Sissy.

SISS Johnny!

JOHNNY ~~returns to his seat~~ goes to the ~~fire~~ icebox and turns the TV on and returns to his seat.

(~~MA GET RAG &~~ Wipe THE TABLE)



~~JOHNNY: She always talks about the old days when Pa goes to the bathroom.~~

~~SIS: Oh, she does? The old days, huh?~~

~~JOHNNY: Ummmk.~~

CHINA MAMA wanders over to the bathroom and eavesdrops.

TALK TO ROSS -- OTHER PEOPLE

MA: Not like now...At home Ma sat at the head of the table. But, you know, it was this table! Round! Yurn guh. David next to ma, den Lil, an' Daisy, and Rose an me ...

TALK TO OTHERS

JOHNNY: I bet you were a garden together...

MA: Together we were a garden...

JOHNNY AND MA: ...a bouquet...

MA: (To China Mama) We all so excited, all us flowers of Chinatowng...uh Hong Yun fow,.. when ah-Wing gaw lay from China...He was so much a Dapper Dandy alla time...

SIS: How can you just sit there?

JOHNNY: ~~Fredxtakesxcarexof~~ Wha'? ~~Ixtakexca~~ Fred takes care of pa. I ~~x~~ take care of Ma. Huh, ma? I bet you sang...

(TO CHINA MAMA)

~~X~~ MA: Yes. We were all in the school show. Rehearsin so hard singing dat song...so hard.

(LOUD)

IN THE LITTLE HINKY DINKY LAND OF BLINKY WINKY

(~~To China Mama~~)

~~"In...Inn...In..."~~

GET CHAIR CLOSE TO CHINA MAMA. SING 2 LINES ~~SING WHOLE SONG LOUD BEFORE TEACHING~~

~~CHINA MAMA: In?~~

~~MA: In the little Hinky Dinky land...~~

~~CHINA MAMA: In the xxxxxxxxxxxxxxx low Hinky?~~

~~MA: In the little Hinky Dinky land...~~

~~MA AND CHINA MAMA: In the little Hinky Dinky Land...~~

~~MA: Thereis of Blinky Winky~~

~~CHINA MAMA: Ofxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx & MA: ...of Blinky Winkie~~

THERE'S A SAD AND DREARY WEARY LONELY LITTLE CHINKY --

MA: There's a ~~xxx~~ sad and dreary...

MA AND CHINA MAMA: There's a ~~sad~~ weary and ~~xxxxx~~ dreary...

MA: ~~Ix~~...lonely little Chinky~~y~~

CHINA MAMA & MA: ...Lonely little Chinky

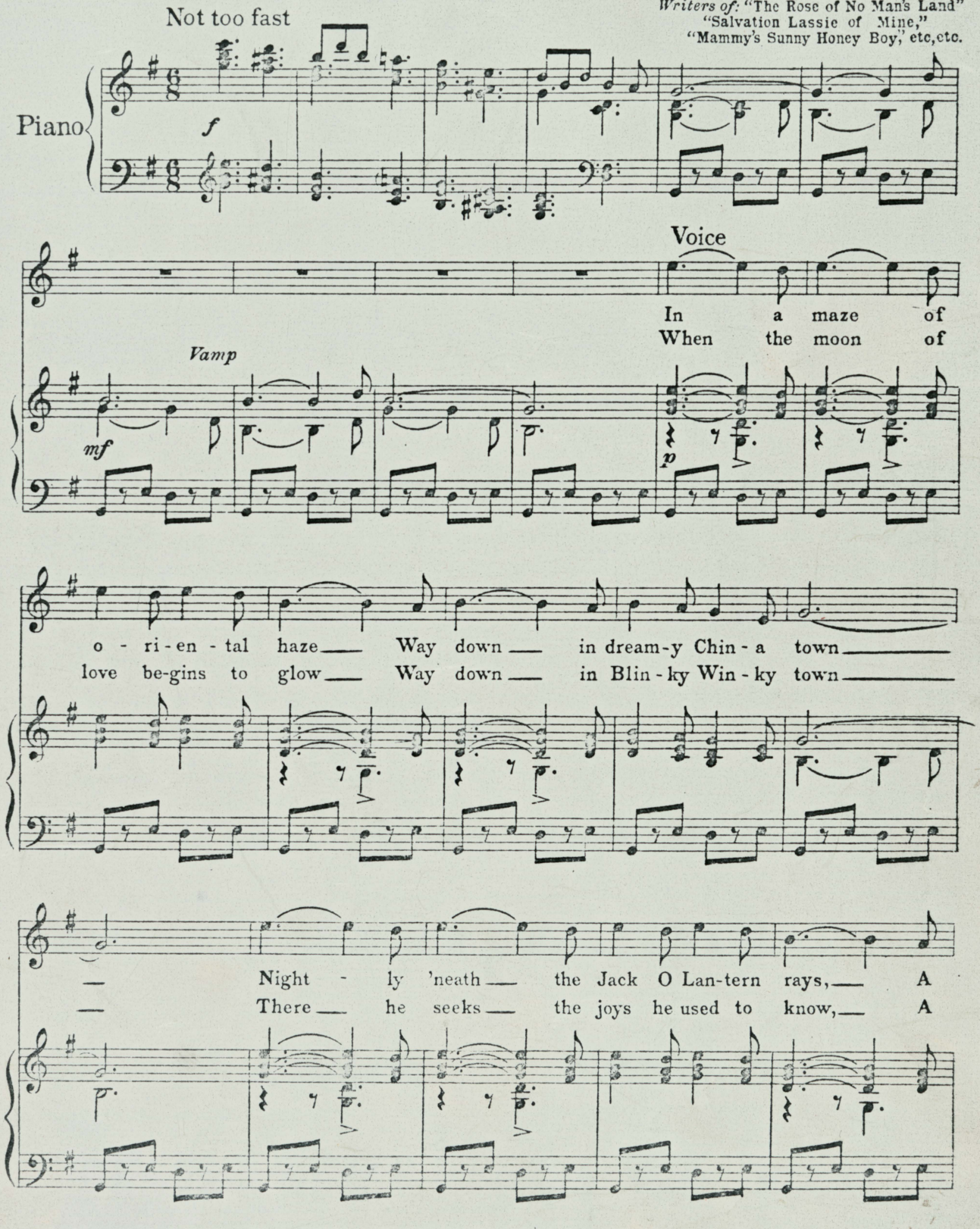
SIS: Ma, sit down! For crying out loud...

~~MA:~~ (Sings and hums Blinky Winky and Chinese Lullabye plaintively ~~xxi~~ through to the end of the act. She goes from an American woman to a cutesy chink ~~f~~ prancing and mincing ~~xxdxd~~ from ~~fxxxxxxdxxx~~ FLOWER DRUM SONG, back and forth, walking different, changing, transforming... Hot and cold toward China Mama

~~CHINA MAMA studies the scrapbook and photos...~~

BLINKY WINKY

By JACK CADDIGAN
and CHICK STORY
Writers of: "The Rose of No Man's Land"
"Salvation Lassie of Mine,"
"Mammy's Sunny Honey Boy," etc, etc.



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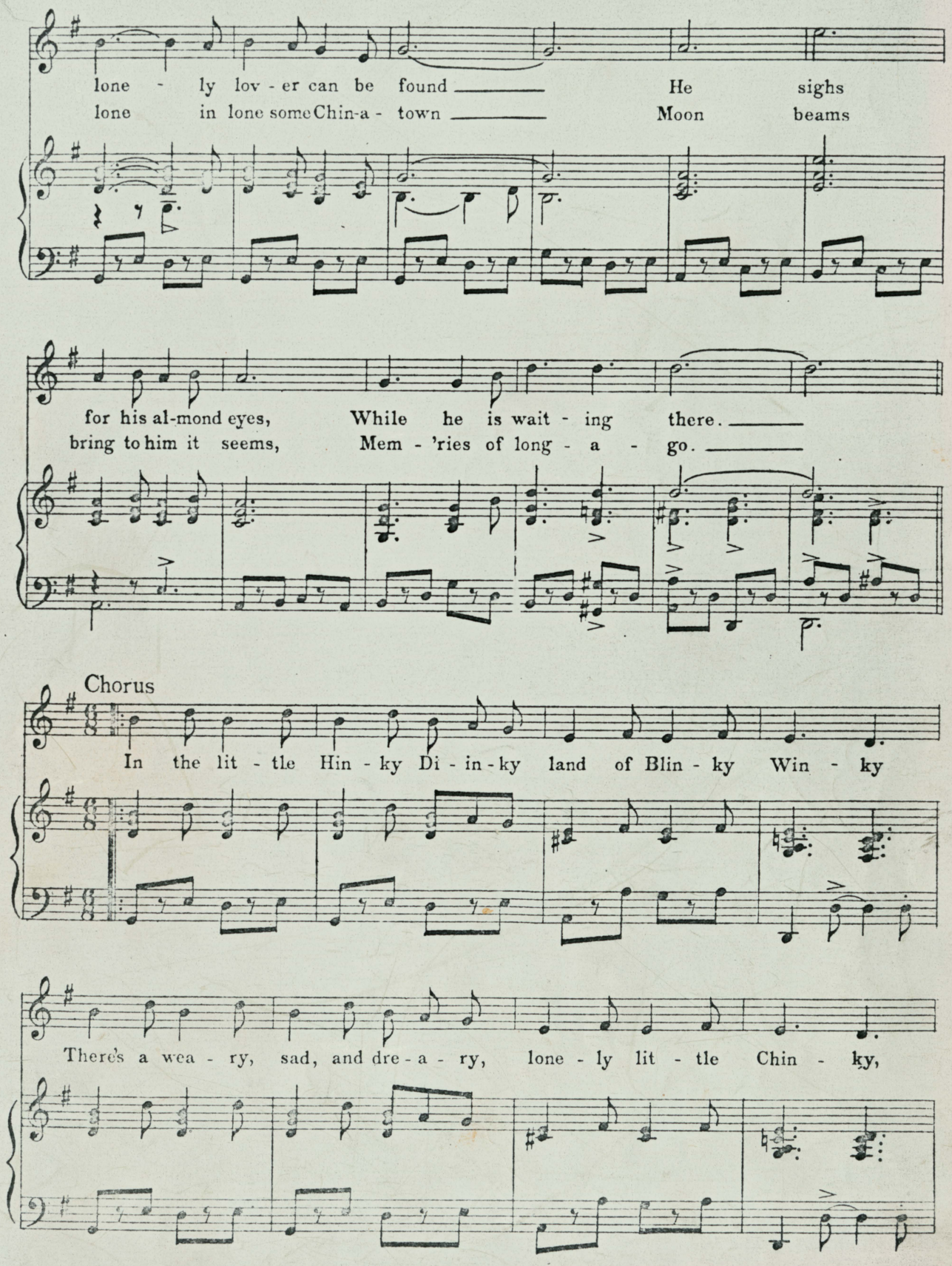
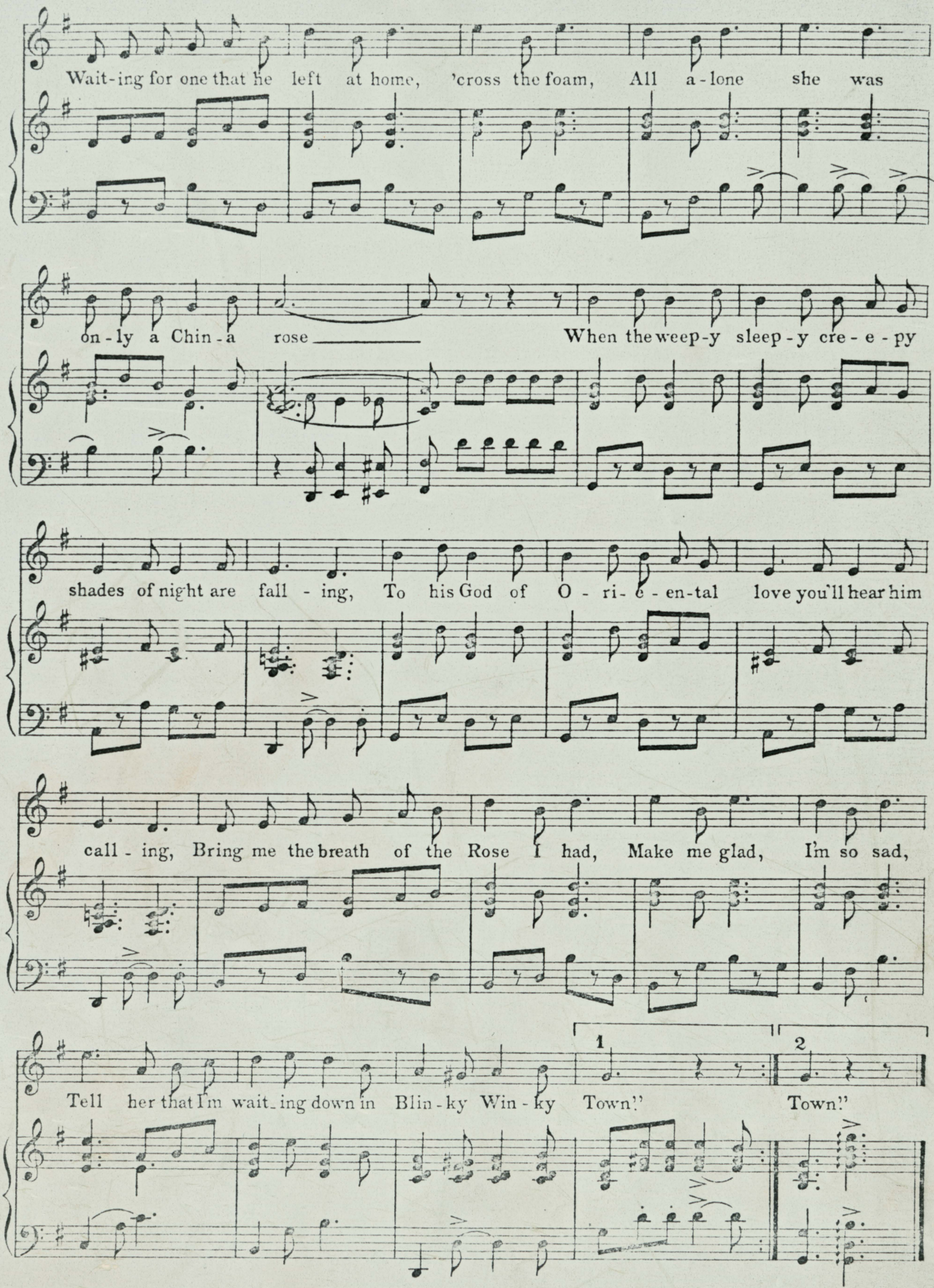

lone - ly lov - er can be found ___ He sighs
lone in lone some Chin-a - town ___ Moon beams
for his al-mond eyes, While he is wait - ing there. ___
bring to him it seems, Mem - 'ries of long - a - go. ___
Chorus
In the lit - tle Hin - ky Di - in - ky land of Blin - ky Win - ky
There's a wea - ry, sad, and dre - a - ry, lone - ly lit - tle Chin - ky,



Printed by Music Pubs Press, N.Y.

PA: (Spits one last time into the sink. Runs water. Catches his breath.) Okay...a son. He'pping me over crap now.

FRED: (Helps pa over to the toilet) Old man, you'll never make that speech...

PA drops pants and sits on toilet.

PA : (Mayors obba Chinatowng... (Grunts and screws up his face as he shits)

FRED: The thrill will killya...

PA: Nutting talk about now. I tolling ~~av~~labody I die, nutting talk. Happy! (Grunting out a long shit, he rehearses his speech) "Misser massa-da sermonies...(and continues shitting) Misser dah Mayors anna you wifes...~~Destingx~~ Destin-gish Presden' ~~h~~ obba ~~it~~ 'sociationses anna all you wifes too...Misser Police Chief anna lady anner gennehmans...~~Foxix Fxi~~ Fois..Happy new year. Goong hay fot choy..."

I wanna you fix up some Englis my ~~xpxix~~ spitch faw I gib back, Sissy husban'...

FRED: Huh?

PA: No good he ting I Englis too stupid. ~~Exxkxx~~ Better he ting, Sissy pa be ~~xxxxxkd~~ somebody spesul...like ma ting obba me. Okay?

~~RXI~~ FRED: Okay what?

PA: Write faw me den I gib a Sissy husband..

FRED: I'll think about it...

PA: What ting about? You my son, yes or no?

FRED: Yes, okay...

PA: Okay...

FRED: The least you can do is talk to me like a man and quit clowning...(He unrolls some toilet paper and folds it over into a pad)

PA: When you grow up fois' ~~I~~ meck someting youself den I...

STOP SINGING

FRED: (handing pa the pad of toilet paper) Here, wipe your own ass for a change.(Turns to leave then stops) Pa, is it okay for Johnny to go East with Sissy after the parade.

PA: Where dat?

FRED: Boston.

PA: Where dat?

FRED: That's our ~~xxx~~ Shangri-la, pa. Look at Sissy and Ross. It's a nice place, far from here, on ~~xxxxxx~~ another planet pa.

PA: Why you're being so much like ma, sometime, son? Where he got dat money?

FRED: From us, pa. From you. College, a home on the other side of the planet.

PA: Chie! College! You go, what happening? No graduations.

FRED: "No ~~xxxx~~ dockah"

PA: Yeah. Some flop! I sneaking you ~~xx~~ Merican ~~xxx~~ what for? A flop. Sissy go colleges, what happening? Bok gwai lo! And no more blood. No more Chinese babies being born. No Merican Chinese babies nutting doing and flop. You! Born in China. Ma raising you Merican. You still can't be somebody.

FRED: Don'tya think you owe me anything, pa?

PA: Promise me Chinatowng always you home?

FRED: What?

PA: I want to know ~~xxx~~ ma and Johnny and China Mama and Sissy care for after I die. I mus'

FRED: You know I'll always have a home for'em, pa. But Johnny has to get out of Chinatown, far away,pa. And right now. I'm afraid he'll die if he stays.

PA: He die when he go out. De bok gwai, doze white people kill him out dere. Like dey trying kill ~~xxx~~ me'n'ma. Like day kill you/ a Fred. An' my Sissy come back dead like you. What day done to your heart, Fred? All you do ...swear at ma; Walk around barefoots. No responsiboo...

FRED: "No dockah, no lawyah" Pa, I think you owe me a favor!

PA: You older. Going craze. Gib up you nightclub comedian idea. You da one go back college or stay home. Die with the rest of Chinese here, not with doze ~~xxx~~ strenjer.

A
50/chin/DRAGON/11-8-73

FRED: You owe me a favor, pa...

PA: Gib up you nightclub comedian idea. You ~~mmb~~ never be famous. Wasting time!

FRED: YOU THINK I FLOP?

PA: You flop all right.

~~PA:~~ Ma and Sis think I'm a genius. Johnny hates my guts. But they all think I gave up something for coming in here with you every night for the last ten years! And you think I'm a flop. Do you understand, old man? (slowly) Ma and Sis. They think I...

FRED!

PA: Will you sallup will you? Dis China New Years. My birt'day! Bad lucks faw me wipe ma ass whi' you're talking bout ma, okay?

Some To Here ~~Fine~~

SIS: Don't tell me you and ma have been listening to this Fred an pa in there for ten years! It's awful.

JOHNNY: Fred takes care of pa. I take care of ma.

SIS: I don't know how he can stand it. Do you hear anything?

JOHNNY: (Up and whipping off his shades does his imitation of Fred the tourist guide.)

"Fred and the bat'room,folks! Dah bat'room anna Fred! You heard bout it, forlks! Freddy, dah Sain' obba da batroom!"

He never asks me in there, always Fred! I can do it, Fred's a broken down old...I'm stronger'n him. Look at'em in dere! An authentic Chinatown shrine!

SIS: Oh, Johnny!

ROSS: (distracting Sis) He examines the coffeecan with punks in it before pictures of the dead.)

You're wrong, Mattie, They do use it. There's more 19th Century Chinese culture being practiced right here in this room than in all of China.

JOHNNY: Okay, folks! Come up here lookie lookie for blutstain da tile!

FRED: (Out into the kitchen) Talk too fast for pa or shut up!

JOHNNY: They gonna wanna washie hands in sink where you washie pa blut dong dren.

SIS: Fred!

JOHNNY: Fred? I'm talking not Fred. Talk to me! Don't ya wanta talk to me now, Sissy? (To Fred) Dere's Chinks out dere wanna gimme a buck to sit on the toilet where you sat Pa's ass. Five to flush it and a dime to have you in there while they crap, man. I wantya to know I really love being your brother. Saint Fred of da Bathroom!

ROSS: (Lapping Johnny) Incense is lit on special occasions before pictures of the dead, did you know that, Mattie?

FRED: Okay, you hate me, that's fine, just hate everything that goes with me too, starting with this room, and Chinatown, then Frisco, California and get out.

JOHNNY: What's that mean? "Yakity yakity yakity," just like ma. Chinatown's got to ya, Freddy. You shoulda stayed away

SIS: (Over Ross) Johnny, why do you carry a gun?

JOHNNY: Okay folks! Come up here. Lookie lookie see blutstain da tile!

SIS: Johnny, talk to me!

JOHNNY: Sain' Freddy da Bat'room meck dis shithouse, holy, folks!

FRED: (Out into the kitchen) Talk too fast for pa or shut up!

SIS: (Super to unintelligibly fast with her mouth)Johnny, I wanna know ~~why~~ bout that gun.(stumbles and babbles fast) and laps Sis)

JOHNNY: (He speeds his words into gibberish) They gonna wanna washie hands in sink where you washie pa blut dong dren.

Fred is doubled up with laughter.

JOHNNY: I wantya to know I really love being your brother. Sait Fred of the Bathroom!

ROSS: (Lapping Johnny and under) Incense is lit on special occasions before pictures of the dead, did you know that, Mattie?

FRED: Oh, you heard me tell pa you hated me in there. You KNOW there are people who believe you get all your big ideas from me.

JOHNNY: You?

FRED: Okay, you hate me, that's fine. Just hate everything ~~about~~ that goes with me too, starting with this room, and Chinatown, then Frisco, and California and get out with Sissy...

JOHNNY: What's that mean? Yakity yakity yakity. Just like ma. Chinatown's got to ya, Freddie. You shoulda stayed away.

~~Keep Singing~~

LOOK OVER TO PA

~~Stop Song~~

ROSS: xxx (Low) On anniversaries of the family dead, xxxxxx right, Mattie?

SIS: (Low) I think so.

ROSS: And Chinese New Years, and sometimes, I think when company comes.

MA: Do You Know How To Write Chinese, Too, Ross?

JOHNNY puts on his shades and looks down toward Ross and Sissy.

FRED: (Over Ross and Sissy) I tried to keep ya clean...

JOHNNY: (To Ross. Cutting off Fred.) Way! A Bok Gwai Lo!

ROSS: Huh?

JOHNNY: Why you pretendin to talk about Chinese stuff when you're really listening in on me?

Stop Song.

FRED: He was just being polite, Johnny.

ROSS: Well, if I did...

SIS: It's not you dear...It's...

JOHNNY: It's your family, your church, your school, your neighborhood...

FRED: (Cutting Johnny off and continuing)"It's his being culturally deprived by society!" My PTA special, now can it willya.

JOHNNY: See I can do anything this Fred can do.

ROSS: (To Sissy) Every scent has a meaning. Now this one they're burning...

JOHNNY: (To Ross) /What do you want?

ROSS: I'd like to know what scent you're burning now. It's familiar, but I can't...

JOHNNY: It's Jell-o.

SIS: Can't you see it's this place, Johnny! It's like a hum tearing through the place...

ROSS: (Sniffs) I think it is Jell-O.

MA: Oh, don't believe anything doze lugs say.

JOHNNY: Sweep the floor, ma.

FRED: (Lapping Johnny) What's that song, ma?

SIS: "What that song, ma?"

ROSS: (lapping Sis) "Sweep the floor, ma"? I've never seen anybody treat their parents...

FRED: It's that we have so many parents, Ross

ROSS: (To Johnny) I want to like you, I'm trying to like you...If you're coming to Boston with Sissy and...

JOHNNY: Who are you comin into my ~~xxxxx~~home tellin me you want to like me?

MA: Oh, Johnny, Ross knows all about Chinese customs and things, don't you, Ross? That stuff about that can up there, that shrine? I never heard that before, it ~~xxx~~ was so interesting...

FRED: (Chopping into ma before she's said that much) Hey, ma! I got the new Fredericks of Hollywood catalog, and was looking at dese new bras...Hubba Hubba

JOHNNY: (Joins Fred immediately)...Fredericks of Hollywood, ma. Yum yum...Hubba Hubba! With the holes cut out, ma...

SIS: Oh, will you stop your cheerleading? Willya stop being the sleazy tourist guide?

FRED: Sleazy?

SIS: Yeah, sleazy! Ma and pa still talk about you being a doctor...

FRED: ...or a ~~xxx~~ lawyer...

MA: ...~~or a husband~~ OR A HUSBAND like Sissy...

FRED: What?

SIS: They don't want you to be a tourist guide. You ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ never wanted to be just a tourist guide?

~~JOHNNY~~FRED: Yeah, well, you know...

JOHNNY: Sure, man, you can get out, and I can stay.

FRED: Whaddaya wanta stay for? You got no friends,no ~~Chinesey~~ Chinamouth, no job, no love, nothing here. Not even a girl. Some hood, your age and still cherry!

~~JOHNNY: Lemme try with Fred~~

~~FRED: Try what?~~

~~JOHNNY: Working for ya, brother.~~

JOHNNY: Lemme try it, Fred.

FRED: Try what?

JOHNNY: Working for ya, brother.

FRED: Why'd they abolish the Draft just when I'm tired of seeing your face?

JOHNNY: I got the accent down, Fred. Ask Sissy. I know Chinatown better'n you.

FRED: You should know better than to mess with it, .

JOHNNY: Listen, Fred. You been working hard for me ever since I was five, I wanta do somethin for ya, man...

FRED: I don't wanta hear it! Goddamn!...You! Tryin to con me! When you were five you hardly knew how to talk, I couldn't...

JOHNNY: You taught me how to talk like you, you gave me a car, I know what you did for me...

FRED: "I bought you a car," willya quit the con, Just quit it. Who do you think I am? You ain't gonna tell me you love me, punk! I hate tourists guides. I taught you to hate tourist guides. I know what you think of me. Too moochie shi-yet!

JOHNNY: Lemme helpya, Fred. Put on a suit, man. Go out withya tomorrow...

FRED: Aww, come on, I'm not stupid!I come home and ma's talking about Horsepuckee, man. Dead. She remembered his name. She remembered his dying words in front of the Golden Buddha Gardens. You gotta admit, such an awareness of current events, is strange. FOR MA.

SIS: Did ma see...

JOHNNY: (Killing Sissy) Did ma see what?

MA: What're you talking about?

FRED: And where'd that lion come from? Man, you're so stupid, you think I'm stupid ! You're bringing home toys... (Grabs Johnny's gun from his belt)

JOHNNY: Come on, Fred.

FRED: (Tosses the gun on the table) Now you're telling me

FRED(cont) You're swooning with gratitude and brotherly love and wanta be a tourist guide? Man, if you really loved me you wouldn't give me the lateshow...

SIS: Johnny, Fred doesn't mean...

FRED: I mean, Sis. I mean! Maybe you'd like me to tell people you were out working for me today...in fact, all week! I'm your brother, man, and I know Chinatown! I never asked ya what you were doing becuase I didn't have to.

JOHNNY: Hey, ~~man~~, everybody's got guns.

FRED: "Hey, ~~man~~, everybody's got guns," I oughta see you busted! Come into your own home and try to con me! You're treating me like something/ half! Where's that phone! (moves to the phone) You stupid pigeonshitholesucking...(starts dialing)

SIS: Fred, don't He's your brother! It would kill pa...

FRED: (Cutting Sissy off) So What? It might be worth it. Might make us feel at home again, pa finally, at last...

JOHNNY: You motherfucker!

FRED: You hear that, ma? Johnny suspects the truth about us.

55

57/chin/DRAGON/1-4

SIS: Fred, really, I can't stand any more.

FRED: Go to college, Johnny. Go back east to college. If you come back to Chinatown afterwards as a Chinatown tourist guide, okay. I wantya to see another movie for awhile, that's all. See something else. Get a white girl while you're young, you'll never ~~xxx~~ regret it. You know, learn to feel at home somewhere else...

JOHNNY: I don't know nothing bout being "at home" man. All I know at home is you! I got everything you ever said bout Chinatown in my head. But out here is Chinatown and it's not what you talked. But I think it is, you know? I feel like some freak of evolution here, man. I don't know what it feels like to be "at home" the way you talk about to the bok gwai, or ma or Sissy...

FRED: Back east, Johnny, Boston. It's old, man. Historic. No radio control back there. Just colleges all over the place...

JOHNNY: The only time I ever relaxed in my life I was driving a car full of robbers, man. I didn't know what that Chinese they was talking. But I knew I was doing what they told me, when I drove away from that store, man! Felt so gooood!

FRED: What is this, some oral report? Shit! You'd think when I was being serious you'd at least...

MA: How dare you bring a gun into this house, young man!

FRED: (Jumping ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ a killer on ma's line)

Shuddup! Ma, goddamnn ya, just shut your mouth!

JOHNNY: Fred!

~~XXXXX~~ MA: I ~~x~~ was talking to Johnny...

FRED: (Killing ma's line) You know Johnny carries a gun, you know that! So don't be surprised! Just shuddup, ma.

JOHNNY: You shuddup! ~~xxxx~~ I'm being serious! Lemme tell you something for a change. Things happened to me too! In my life! I can talk too, god fuckit, I got ~~xx~~ stories!

(stalks around the room breathing heavy.)

Damn!

(Stalks the quiet)

DAMN, FRED!...I was in my car full of masked robbers talking Chinese I couldn't understand. My Chevvy was flying down Grant Avenue, man. We musta been doing sixty. And I smoked cigars wit dose dudes. I bashed a language I can't speak. I made friends, man, and didn't give a ~~x~~ fuck.

JOHNNY (cont) I stole wit'em, ~~them~~ And drove their getaways for them, and never stopped talking back to them in a language I don't give a damn about. (A short breath then on)

FRED: What?

SIS: Shuddup, Fred.

MA: Yeah, you shuddup, Fred!

FRED: What?

JOHNNY: ...I didn't care if I talked Chinese fine enough to make'em treat me like shit, man. making sense to them

JOHNNY(cont) never crossed my mind. If they were gonna shoot me, I didn't give nickel shine. I was gonna have me a good time with the rest of my life. And talking any kind of Chinese at all is a good time, Fred.

FRED: Whaddaya you know about Chinese?

JOHNNY: Nothing, man! I'm stupid. But I believe in the Chinese family.

FRED: What Chinese family? What the hell's that? You mean my Police Chief Special explaining our lack of juvenile delinquincy in the fifties? That Chinese family isn't real, Johnny...

JOHNNY: Lemme do tours for pa, man! He always wanted to see us work together before he dies, man huh?

FRED: (Incredulous) What? "For pa?".

JOHNNY: Listen, Fred. Come on. Honest, now. We both know I know things we don't wanta talk about, right? You can bust me, okay?...Everybody callin me stupid and lazy and a bum and pa don't take me out to lunch in town, like he does you, or even stay on the same side of the street, man.

FRED: Being a tourist guide won't fix that, man.

JOHNNY: But we're supposed to be together, man!

FRED: The way you talk, so many dirty jokes come to mind... (Faggoty)

SIS: He's not kidding around, Fred.

JOHNNY: I'll show him I can work, Fred. I'll cut my hair, go back east to school, anything, just let me do it til pa dies...then I'll do whatever, man. Fred, I wanta be a part of this family when pa kicks, man, not a bum!

FRED: No, man. I know from experience you can't count on pa dyin soon.

JOHNNY: I'll apologise to Ross! Ross, I'm sorry, man.

SIS: Then you'll come live with us?

JOHNNY: Yeah.

SIS: No guns?

JOHNNY: No guns.

SIS: Fred?

FRED: Sissy, willya keep out of it? This is between Johnny and me!

SIS: Don't tell me to keep out! He's my brother too!

FRED: Do you know what's on his mind? Really?

ROSS: (Under) Mattie, just wait...

FRED: ...I know him, and I don't know what's on his mind. Look at me, Johnny...

SIS: What are you going to do, read his mind?

FRED: I'm gonna look him in the eye and say "one week."

JOHNNY: (Suspiciously) One week?

FRED: We'll try it for a week. Til after Saturday's parade. That'll show pa. Then you go back east with Sissy and Ross for xxyxxrxxx...

SIS: ...for good!

ROSS: Mattie, hold on!

FRED: A year. Just a year.

JOHNNY: Three months.

FRED: One semester.

JOHNNY: One semester for one week?

SIS: He comes back for good, Fred.

FRED: Getya a good sportcoat on and I'll take you and pa down to the Golden Buddha Gardens for lunch, tomorrow, and tell him you wanta make him proud of ya, okay? (Offers hand)

JOHNNY: Not the Golden...

FRED: Don't worry bout the lion. It's covered. I've always covered for ya.

JOHNNY: (Shaking with Fred) Okay.

FRED: Write me from Mars, willya?

SIS: No, Fred, for good!

~~XXXXXX~~

59/chin/DRAGONS/1-4/11-10-73

~~fredx~~

FRED: Sissy, please!

SIS: NO.

FRED: No what?

SIS: If Johnny comes back with us, he comes back for good.

JOHNNY: What're you talking? Fred?

ROSS: Hold on, Mattie.

FROD: JOHNNY...

SIS: Ross, he's my brother! We're not same out there, really!

FROD: Yeah, Ross...

ROSS: But we're talking about a killing, aren't we, Fred? Listen, if you feel you gotta talk like this for my benefit...I'll leave the room, so you can stop talking in...in this secret code!

SIS: It's not you, Ross. It's just the way we talk...

FRED: All tourists downstairs, please, Ross! When you married Mattie, you married your way upstairs into second story Chinatown, third story, fifthy story. You married me. You married Johnny!

ROSS: That's not Chihese!

JOHNNY moves slowly out of the action, and gets his gun. ~~Xxxxxxxxxx~~.

SIS: Ross, please. This is~~xxxxx~~ my family...I can't stand the idea of our home being just a hideout or some alibi...

FROD: Sis & Relax...

ROSS: I think I have something to say about it, don't I?

FRED: Come on, ma. Hum "Slow Boat to China," Let's put him in the mood. JOHNNY SING SONG SO HOP TOY

PA: (coughs) SING SONG

SIS: ~~We can try it a day at a time, just day by day?~~...

FRED: Day by Day, Sis?

ROSS: Okay, day by day, just day...

SIS: Please, you don't have to say it again. I told you, you spreading like a disease, Fred.

JOHNNY out the door...

FRED: Johnny! (Looks, sees the gun gone)Whatya have to say "for good" for? "For good" I toldya to keep out of it, We had him! We had him, Sis, and you had to say "For Good!"

PA: (In the bathroom~~xFred~~ weak, haggard, firm) Fred, okay...

FRED: We had him! ~~Rush~~ (Rushes out the door) Johnny!

Sissy Butterfly

SIS: Fred!

PA has a weak coughing fit in the bathroom.

PA: Ngaw gew nay...

MA: (Sing~~s) softly, [illegible] brightly~~)

Sing song, sing song So Hop Toy
Allee same like China Boy
But he sellee girl with joy,
Pity poor Ming Toy...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE — FRED & JOHNNY IN LIMBO

FRED in a white turtleneck and a blue denim suit. He has bills in one hand, chopsticks in the other.

JOHNNY is dressed in an awkwardly fitting sports coat, shirt and tie, and his black jeans. They both speak in phoney Chinese accents They're working close together and speak as one.

FRED: Okays allaw you folkses,'faw goings inner resernt faw ge eat up lotsa delife ful spesulty da house Chinee highlights obba tour...

JOHNNY: Dis's is John Eng, "Johnny" anna

FRED: Fred Eng,"Freddy" onna

FRED & JOHNNY:...behalf obba Eng Chinatowng Tour an' Travoo...

FRED: Saying...

FRED & JOHNNY:...Tang you...

FRED: ...daw jeh!

JOHNNY: ...and Goong Hay Fot Choy take da look roung whiff me!

FRED: (without accent) Please take these chopsticks...

JOHNNY: ...anna eat you dinner wid it.

FRED: (Resumes accent) You wanna some a ex'ras send away for friends or fœs jussa asking me.

JOHNNY: ...or me.

FRED: Now...

JOHNNY: ...how eat dis tings you're mabe asking mos' like, huh? Okay! Looka dis! See you're hol'ing one dis stick like dis, making it stiff, donk can move around anywhere, okay?

FRED: Den dis udder ones is like a pensoo. Hol' it like you maybe catchuem write love letter, okay, lady? Sure, I heap sahbay! Me longtime Calley fooooooon! An' lookie, how you're move stick all likee dis? Okay?

FRED & JOHNNY: Okay? Okay? Allaw okays, ever'bolly? Okay? (bowing) Okay? Goo'bye. Okay? Goobye. Okay?

(FRED & JOHNNY turn and mutter under breath and not quite in unison) as the lights ~~fade fade~~ FADE TO BLACK)

Goddamn motherfucking cocksucking sonofabitching....

SCENE ~~2~~ TWO ENG FAMILY APARTMENTS--NIGHT OF THE PARADE

The backwall has been cleared of the standup wardrobe and pile of newspapers. ~~In the center~~ Two matching chairs with very high straightbacks are set in the center of the wall. ~~With a~~ They are separated by a low table. A small stack of mandarin ~~a~~ oranges ~~are~~--all with at least a leaf and a bit of stem showing on each one--are stacked in a pyramid on the table. ~~Pa~~ PA sits in one chair. He's dressed in a bathrobe, slippers and underwear. He's wearing his glasses and reading his speech.

CHINA MAMA sits on Pa's left.

Above them, on the wall is a piece of framed calligraphy saying "The Mayor of Chinatown" in large Chinese characters. It is composed horizontally.

The rest of the house has been subtly infiltrated with little plastic ~~Chinese~~ dolls of Chinese whose heads bob on springs, ~~rattan~~ some rattan chairs, a beaded curtain over the front doorway, that makes the front door a pain ~~in~~ to close... "Chinesey" gew gaws of all kinds,..This room is a motherlode of Hollywood backlot and carnival Chinese artifacts. Wind chimes. A little gong hangs over the kitchen counter.

MA has done her hair in a style too young for her. She's dressed in a tight cheongsam, and ~~playing~~ is playing the part of a Chinese woman as authentically as she can, which means she's Susie Wong and FLOWER DRUM SONG.

SIS & ROSS are listening to pa rehearse his speech.

PA: (Reading a little slow, holding back)

...now my honorable presents to you ~~di~~this tahm...

MA slinks up to pa and toys with his hair. He brushes at his face as if she were flies.

PA: ...dah terrorgram fum da Presen' ~~of~~ rubber nighted States ~~Sum~~ Erika! ...(to Sis and Ross) Den wait for duh clap clap clap clap hands...

JOHNNY comes in/during pa's speech. Strings of beads from the beaded curtain jam the door and make it hard for Johnny to close the door.

~~2-2B~~

2-2B/chin/11-12-73

SIS & ROSS are listening to pa rehearse his speech

PA: (Reading from his prepared speech) Befaw read dah terrorgram fum der Presden Rubber Nighted Steaks Sum Erika, ~~xxx~~ lemme be liking ~~Charlie~~ Cholly Chan one murmer...(to Ross) "Moomun?"

ROSS: "Moment"

PA: Yeah. "an' inn reduced ding tar you tonigh' Year da Dragger, dah one who're ~~xx~~ teck obber solve dah case. ~~Max~~ My's Nummer One Son, allaw time, saying 'Gee, Pop,' Fred! COME INTO ROOM

SIS & ROSS cheer and applaud, chuckle. ~~COME IN,~~

~~PA~~ PA: Funny, huh? Okay...(clears throat)

SIS & ROSS: (ad lib) Oh, yes...very funny...

~~MA & ROSS are listening to pa rehearse his speech.~~

PA: (Reading a little slow, holding back. Saving his strength for the real thing. He's a tired old man)

...now my honorable presents to you this tahm...
(to Ross) "Tahm?" Ta..tuh...tahhh...

ROSS: "Time" Tie-mmmmm

PA: "Tahhhhh...yummm"

JOHNNY comes in cussing cheerfully during Pa's speech.

JOHNNY: (Under his breath and smiling at everybody) Goddamn motherfucking cocksucking sonofabitch
(moves to the stove to kiss ma on the cheek)
Goddamn slobbering creepy, itchy...

MA skinneys away giggling and does the Chinky trot around the room, leaving Johnny smooching air...

JOHNNY: What the hell?

PA: No my honorable...

ROSS: It is now my honor...

PA: Yeah, da's right. (Looks at the speech in his hands) Jus' like it say, right here ha ha ha...It is sssssssh now-wooo my-yeee honraboooo

ROSS: (lapping Pa) You don't know how thrilling for me, a Ngawk fu...

PA: Ha. Ha. Yeah. "My honraboo?"

JOHNNY: (During Ross above) carved out of a wormy turd with the hand broken off a Barbie doll toadsucking...

CHINA MAMA has come out of her chair. She raps Johnny on the head.

MA follows and mimicks China Mama.

CHINA MAMA: S'allup dat stuff!

JOHNNY: Oh, hi! Dim Deem ah?

MA: (Lapping Johnny) S'allup dat stuff...Ning noing yong ying?

JOHNNY: Ma?

CHINA MAMA takes Johnny's jacket and gives him a cup of tea.

2-3 ~~2-~~/chin/1/11-12-73

JOHNNY: You mee yeah soong ah?

SIS: It's on the stove.

ROSS: Hon-or.

PA: Awn oar. Yeah?

ROSS: This has really been one of the most exciting weeks in my life. I didn't believe it when Mattie said she was the only Chinese who could ever like me...

CHINA MAMA: (~~Inside Ross~~ Lapping deep inside Ross) ~~Pat~~, pats Johnny on the shoulders, and gives him a massage)

Young boy.

JOHNNY: (Cutting into Ross, ~~mimicxmmiating~~) She say ~~thi~~ people in this family wouldn't like you? You be T Hos...

ROSS: Hostility...

JOHNNY: Yeah, hostility...

PA: "Hostew?"

JOHNNY: You think people in this family are hostile to you worse than any other people in the world?

ROSS: No, not hostility...

PA: My presents honrab...no...Now... (To Sis) You ~~xxx~~ sure nee gaw bok gwai low allaw Merican?

SIS: Aww, pa...

ROSS: (Having never stopped) I'm used to hostility.

JOHNNY: What's it like?

ROSS: Women hate me. Homosexuals hate me...

SIS: ~~xxx~~ (laughs) Oh, Ross...

MA: (Covering Sis) /Dem kina ~~xxx~~ ~~fxk~~ peeppoo makee bestie tour guide, Fred say...

~~JOHNNY~~ PA: Whazzat?

ROSS: Hawks, doves, Republicans...

SIS: (Laughing)Oh, they don't...

PA: Who donk?

ROSS: Sure they do. Democrats, Southern Whites, Freedom riders,

ROSS(cont) Blacks, Chicanos, Indians, hardhats...

JOHNNY: What about Chinese?

ROSS: I'm Mr. White Male Supremacist Middle Class American Liberal Four years of College Pig! So I'm used to hostility...

PA: "Hosssss..."?

ROSS: (Taps pa on the knee)

PA: Huh?

ROSS: I'm walking down the street and see a Hare Krishna chanter...

SIS: Oh, no...

ROSS: Yeah. I see a Hare Krishna chanter grinning seductively at me. I step aside, to walk around him instead of knocking him down and walking over him like he expects me to do.

SIS: Like you want to do.

ROSS: Like I want to do. ...And I step into a pile of dogshit the size of an angel food cake. (to ma) excuse me. So I know Hostility. ~~I~~xxxx.It's an old friend. I....

MA: (Cutting) You hearie that, young man?

~~Mxx~~SIS: ~~MXXXXXX~~ (Lapping ma)"Hearie?"

~~I~~xxxxx MA: So polite!

JOHNNY: Yeah, ma.

PA: (clears throat) Okay..."Now my honorable presents to you this tahm...(continues rehearsing speech...adlib)

MA slinks up to pa and toys with his hair. He brushes at his face as if she were flies.

PA: ...dah terrorgram fum da Presen' rubber nighted States Sum Erika! (To Sis and Ross) Den wait for duh clap clap clap hands...

ROSS & SIS clap...

MA does the shuffletrot to the stove.

CHINA MAMA stopps massaging Johnny, picks up a rope and stalks ma.

MA: Baysee wonton! Baysee wonton!

FRED: (Enters the front door cussing) He leaves the door open)

FRED(cont) God fuck a Billy goat bloody, shit rusty barbed wire...

MA: (Shuffletrotting to the gong) Baysee wonton! Baysee wonton! (Hits the gong. Bows to Fred and backs him in)
Yup lay, ching chaw, goong hay fot choy, nay ho la mah? How boo how? (China Mama and)

CHINA MAMA: moves in on ma with her rope.

MA runs to pa.

PA: What now I asking you? (To Sissy and Ross) You're know da Presden'.t His terragrams say some nice dis anna dats. Short. Nebbah him much say duh Chinee...(smiles and chuckles)

MA: Baysee wonton!

JOHNNY: Baysee wonton! (cracks up) Fred! Baysee Wonton! Remember? (Busts a gut laughing)

~~SIS: Oh, pa it'll sound so good echoing all over the street out there.~~

ROSS: It's not everyboy who can have the Mayor of Chinatown for a father-in-law, ngawk fu.

PA chuckles, smiles politely showing total incomprehension.

PA: Huh?

MA: Ker wah, Baysee wonton, ning ning nong nong boing...

PA: What kinda talking dat stuff? (To Ross) indicating speech) Okay? ....

SIS: What's baysee wonton, Fred?

JOHNNY: Baysee wonton! (a laughing fit) She don't know what (laughs) Baysee wonton!

FRED: I knew it would happen. Even my family's a dream. The whole world's a curio shop.

SIS: What's baysee wonton, Fred?

FRED: What? Oh, wonton stuffed with boogers out of your nose...

SIS: Fred, come on...

JOHNNY: Remember, Fred? (laughs)

FRED: Baysee wonton, Sis? (picks his nose and points to what he's picked out) Bay see? Huh? Won ton? I see myself

FRED:(cont) living in a novel by Pearl Buck. What's for dinner tonight?

JOHNNY: Baysee wonton! (laughs)When I was a kid, Sissy! (laughs) Fred used to tell ~~xxx~~ tourists he didn't like to go into (laughs) and order a bowl of...

JOHNNY & FRED: Baysee wonton! (laugh)

~~XXXXXXX~~

PA: "My hoping's ~~[illegible]~~ Mayor Obba Chinatowng seeing pour lay roooo-ooot chenj back to ~~Grxx~~ Grrran' Avenoo. So one more time seeing da great China dragger running dong dat mos' Chinatowng streets obba allaw Chinatowng...." Ha. Ha...okay den ...

ROSS: Then we all clap! Yeah.

~~XXXX~~ SIS: Oh, pa, it'll sound so good out there, echoing over the street...(comes down to join Fred and Johnny)

JOHNNY: (Somehwere inside pa's speech above) Remember you sent a nun, man. Awww(laughs) Baysee wonton!

ROSS: ~~Yxxx~~ Yessir, it's not every boy who can have the Mayor of Chinatown for a father-in-law...

PA grins and smiles incomprehension

SIS: Ross said he's lucky to have the Mayor of Chinatown for a father~~xx~~-in-law.

PA: You betcha! Bettern'n allaw dockah an allaw a lawyer allaw togedders tonight!

SIS: Atta boy, pop!

FRED: Yeah, pa!

ALL ~~xxlpxxx~~ clap and cheer a moment.

PA: Okay, businesses...(turns to Ross to consult on speech)

FRED: (looking around) What's the beaded curtain and all the Chinky slinky ~~xxxx xxxx~~ happening all over the place? We expectin tourists home?

JOHNNY: Yeah, I like it, man. It's quieter around here somehow, you know.

FRED: Quiet?

JOHNNY: Yeah, quiet. For the first time in my life, I like coming home and taking off my shoes and socks...

MA: (Shuffletrots by squealing, and taps him as she passes)

Ocooh! Jusser likee you, sunny wunnie!

FRED: Sunny wunnie? Everybody's acting like I'm drunk? ~~Do~~ Standup, Johnny, lemme see if you look like I'm drunk.

JOHNNY: You don't look like I'm drunk.

~~MAXX~~ MA ~~Z~~ is back at the stove playing to herself. CHINA MAMA stalks and bides her time.

FRED: ~~If~~ If it's quiet you want...

JOHNNY: I really see the thing you have for goin barefoot round the house. Opens up my mind.

FRED: Opens up your mind?

PA: Hey, son! You got dah case solve yet?

PA, SIS, ROSS & MA laugh

PA returns to work with Ross on the speech.

FRED: They're quieter places than this.

JOHNNY: Yeah?

FRED: Yeah, Boston for instance. Hey, Sissy? Tell Johnny...

~~JOHNNY~~ SIS: Johnny, you know~~xxxx~~ Ross and I...

JOHNNY: I meant this here, man! When I said "quiet" you know... I meant...you know...What I feel like...

SIS: ...inside..

JOHNNY: Yeah, inside, so?

FRED: Oh, you were talking in poetry.

SIS: Oh, Freddie, don't laugh at him...

JOHNNY: (Lapping Sis) Yeah, poetry.

FRED: (Answering Sis) Who's laughin? (Takes tickets out of a pocket) Okay here're your tickets to Mars. (To Johnny) Shangri-la, kid. (To Sis and Ross) I've changed your tickets. You're all leaving tomorrow ~~xxxxxx~~ morning at seven. First class, courtesy of Eng's Travel, folks! You need anything extra, for anything extra, phone me...

JOHNNY: Did you ask pa?

FRED: Yeah, I told him...

JOHNNY: Pa!

FRED: Shuddup.

JOHNNY: You didn't tell him, man. ~~Xxxxx

FRED: (Answering Sis) Who's laughin? (Takes tickets out of a pocket) Okay here're your tickets to Mars. (to Johnny) Shangri-la, kid. (To Sis and Ross) I've changed your tickets. You're all leaving tomorrow at seven. You need anything extra, phone me.

JOHNNY: Did you ask pa?

FRED: Yeah, I told him...

JOHNNY: Pa!

FRED: Shuddup. If you tell pa, I'll tell pa.

PA: Hey, son! Got da...?

JOHNNY: I'm as good as you in this family.

FRED: Now tell me something you can be proud of.

PA: Okay, son!

JOHNNY: Fred, I like it here!

FRED: Here? You can be the pioneer of this family, man. They got carparts out there nobody ever heard of. They don't even advertise in Hotrod magazine, Johnny. You can ~~race~~ hold a hundred miles an hour of straight road in your fists for hours on end, and the ~~sixt~~ sixstep of your engine echoes off the Sierra Nevada's, man, way over there, and the Great Wall of China, on the other side, not these puny buildings ringing round Chinatown!

JOHNNY: "If everybody in the buildings ringing around Chinatown..." Shit, Fred! You talkin to me like a tourist! I'm a guide!

SIS: "...in the buildings ringing round Chinatown was to spit out there window all at once!"

FRED: Pa snuck me over in his armpit,..

JOHNNY: "People in Chinatown would be suddenly swimming in drool!"

FRED: Pa got me outta China. Lemme getya outta Chinatown.

SIS: "That happened back in the fifties, folks," Fred, Johnny has to get out of here!

JOHNNY: (picking up where Sis left off) "When spitting was the rage. I'll tellya bout that someday. I'll tellya bout the legendary rice runner. anna...uh.."Fred?

SIS: Yes, tell us about Fred.

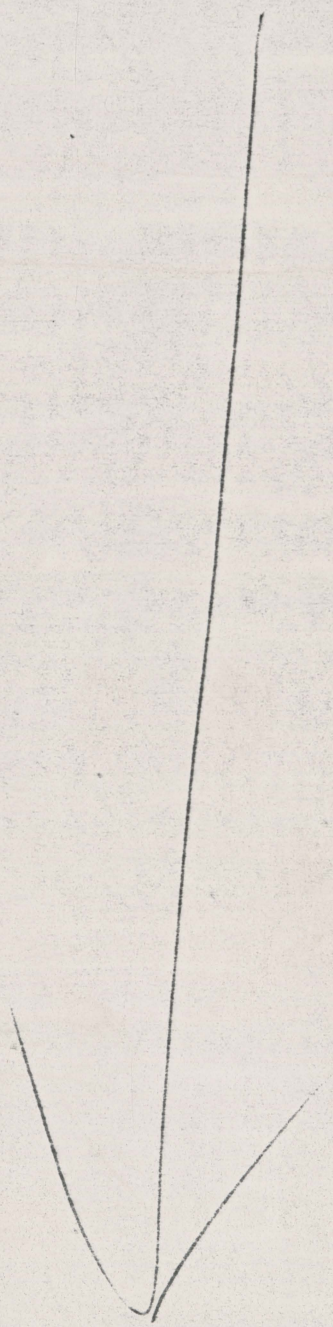
FRED: "The year of the Great Chinatown Rice freeze. The

FRED(cont)Chinatown caves and underground mushroom pastures..."

SIS: It's not a spiel to him, Fred, it's ~~the Pledge of Allegiance~~. ~~of Allegiance~~ The Star Spangled Banner.

PA: Okay, son!

FRED: Hi, pa. (to Johnny) We made a deal, Johnny.



JOHNNY: Dis is my home, man! You're the one ~~that~~ told me livin' in Chinatown's an art, man! Well, dig it, punk, I'm a artist!

PA: (Lapping Johnny) Call me "Pop"!

FRED: "Okay, pop," ~~as~~ (To Johnny) Hey, I didn't say nothing, not one word ever to make you like it here, man. I don't wanta like it here.

JOHNNY: I'm hip. I'm hip to that.

SIS: Johnny, he's right...

JOHNNY: He's always right. I GOT NO FRIENDS ON MARS.

~~SIS~~ PA: I wanna talking now!

SIS: Johnny,don't you want to keep the family together?

JOHNNY: What?
I WAS TALKING WITH ROSS AND ---

SIS: You ~~me~~ and me and ma can all be together in a house with all the room we want!

PA: Sissy! I talking now.

SIS: And it'll be quiet. ~~You~~ (to ma) You'll be able to relax, ma. Wouldn't you like that?

PA: (Smiling) Hey, soh! Call me,"pop,"~~again~~ some more.

SIS: (Having never stopped, goes on...) I'd talk to ya, ma. It won't be like just these two galoots joking at you all the time.

FRED: "Pop"? "Pop"?

SIS: (having never stopped goes on...)You know, I miss all of you in Boston.

FRED: You miss us?

SIS: It's this place, Fred. We really can't stand living here. Don't ~~you~~ tell anybody,but it's this awful place ☺

PA: Got dah case solve yet?

SIS: Doesn't Chinatown ever get to ya, Fred?

FRED: (Grinning and snorting) Sis, Chinatown's got me. ~~It~~ I talk and Chinatown can't get me anymore, grumble, but ...

JOHNNY: Kiss her and end it, man. I ripped that movie off the air a long time ago.

FRED: What's this case you're talking about, "pop."

SIS: It's this place,Fred. We really can't stand living here. It's this awful place.

PA: Got dah case solve yet, son?

FRED: What case, pa? (To Johnny) You're flying the coop tomorrow, remember?

SIS: If you came, I think Johnny...

FRED: Sis...

SIS: I don't think he'll leave without you, Fred?

PA: (lapping Sis) Donk you know da case?

FRED: Me?

SIS: Come later. Bring ~~xxxxxxx~~ ma. The whole family would be together again. You don't have to~~x~~ stay. Sell ~~xxxxxxxxxxx~~ This building. You could even finish college.

MA: Oh, college, Fred!

FRED: You'd like that, huh, ma?

PA: (Lapping Fred) You hear me, son?

SIS: I'm leaving tomorrow, Fred, with or without Johnny or ma or you. And I'm never coming back here. If you're coming, I want to know before I leave...Doesn't Chinatown ever get to ya, Fred?

FRED: (Grinning and snorting) Sis, Chinatown's got me. ~~xxxxxxxxxx

PA: Sure! You my Nummer One Son? Yes or no? Yes!

FRED: You been drinking?

PA: Den you're calling me "Pop". "Gosh, pop!" "Gee, pop!"

FRED: Pa been drinking?

PA: Pop! Drink later. After my spitch!

FRED: Then what's this case he...

SIS: Charlie Chan! Detective? Number One Son? Case?

ROSS: CHARLIE CHAN.

FRED: Pa's told his first joke without a word of Chinese in it! His first all American joke!

SIS: Yes, isn't that wonderful? We've been laughing at it all afternoon.

ROSS: He says he'd like you to sit up on the reviewing stand next to him...

FRED: Well, what about ma?

SIS: He wants you there so he can use the joke in his speech.

JOHNNY: Tell Chinatown you're his Number One Son.

FRED: (fatigued and Pleased) ...Yeah! Sure I'll sit with ya pa...

MA hops in place with joy and rushes to pa and tousles his hair.

MA: Ning nong doing doing ah so.

PA: "Pop"

FRED: "Pop!" right...

PA: (to Ma)...what you're talking?

FRED: Oh, man, this Chinese New Year's lasts longer and longer every year...(at the stove lifting lids off pots) I'll just look for myself,ma, I'm havin a little trouble understanding what you're talking... (lifts a lid and looks) Chop suey! (lifts another lid) Sweet'n' sour goo. Uh huh! (Lifts another lid) Oh, shit! (snaps the cover back on)

SIS: Oh, cheer up! You look awful.

FRED: You seen what's on the stove? I ~~got~~ only got a minute to eat and get out with another tour, then get back here to ~~help~~ take pa to the parade! What'd you do, Johnny, invite some little tourist honey home for dinner?

JOHNNY: What's wrong wit dat stuff? It's different. ~~We Ma~~ We never had it before.

FRED: That's what I mean.

JOHNNY: I like having it at home for a change.

FRED: I eat shit like this twice a day with the tourists, man! Whaddaya think I come home for dinner for? Shit! ~~Ki~~ Kye eye! ~~Mothar~~Goddammm.

Bastard

PA: He cuss in Chinese! Hear dat? (Whispers to China Mama)

CHINA MAMA: (Clapping her hands and bouncing with joy) Ooooooh! His first word!

FRED: Sonofabitch...

(Don't cross stay in chair)

~~Xxxx~~ Table to Sissy

MA: (~~claps her hand over Fred's mouth and~~ wags her finger at him)

Wing wing wong wong bongie...

~~FRED gets ma off him and walks slowly away from her. He looks from person to person around the room as he says...~~

~~XX~~ FRED: Did ma say "Wing wing wong wong bongie?"

× to center by Sis

PA: Song like dat's what. ~~X X~~ Nay ming bock muh? (Do you understand) "Wing wing wong wong bongie"?

FRED: (Lapping pa's Chinese) ~~Do~~ What the hell's Wing ~~W~~ wing wong wong bongie?

JOHNNY: (Lapping Fred) Yeah, you know what ma's talking?

PA: (Lapping Johhny) You be unnerstan' wha' she talking?

JOHNNY: (Lapping pa) Ker gong mee yeah uh? ~~Wxx~~ "Wing wing bongie?"

~~FRxDx~~ SIS: Back in college I'd ask myself if you'd be here if I wasn't here,.~~orxif~~

FRED: Huh? You too?

SIS: ...If you ~~wxxx~~ only existed here when I was here.

FRED: Don't I? ~~X~~ Sissy, you sound like I'm crazy. Stop it! Tell me everyone is drunk or stoned or high on religion,

but don't tell me this is my happy family.
(Cross to stove)

SIS: Oh, sit down and take off your shoes willya?/How doya expect to knock'em in the aisles when you're so gloomy. (takes up a big spoon) Pork or chicken chop suey?

FRED: Pork. Don't worry bout me. (Tosses cash to Johnny) Here, (Back to Johnny)

SIS: /That seems to be this family's theme song, huh, Johnny.

JOHNNY: (Taking up the money) What's this?

SISSY: (Back to Johnny) You sing "Don't Worry Bout Me" too, don't ya, Johnny?

JOHNNY: I don't sing. (To Fred) Hey, what's this for?

FRED: You know, it's amazing! I'm not worried anymore! I don't even know what I have to worry about! I been worried about pa....and ma...and I been worried about you. And I was worried about paying ya off, and telling ya you're not running tours no more.
(shouts)

JOHNNY: /Fred, that's my job!
(resumes same tone same pace)

FRED: /..but now I've given you your severance pay, and I'm telling

JOHNNY: (Shouts louder) (stands) This/ is the first fucking job I ever had in my life! I like it!

PA: WHAT FOR --- IT'S WORK.

FRED: (same tone same pace)...I'm telling you, you like doing tours too much. (even tone breaks) You're even bring their food home!

JOHNNY: I thought we didn't eat it because she didn't know how to cook it.

SIS: Come on, boys. How long's it been since the whole family's been together for Chinese New Year's, huh, pa? Huh, ma? How long?

[RISES to get champagne out of refrigerator]

MA: So long Ooolong, How long you gonna be gone?

SIS: Just in time fo hear pa's speech too.

JOHNNY: YOU TELL PA, I'LL TELL PA.

TO ROSS & SISSY

MA: You no bringee liller baby. Ah-so, me granmaw face hurtee.

FRED: Ma, why're you talkin like that?

ROSS: (Clears throat)...Fred?

FRED turns begins to mount a barrage, when Ross quietly blurts...

ROSS: I think she thinks it's Chinese...

2-16

2-9/chin/DRAGON/2

FRED: (Looks at Ma) Chinese? (turns back to Ross and Sis) I want you two to promise never to bring your kid to Chinatown.

SISS(~~getting out glasses for champagne~~ Crossing to refrigerator) Oh, Freddie, we're going to have champage and go to the parade and hear pa's speech...

FRED: I'm serious, I want you to promise...

MA: (Wagging her finger at Fred) Ah-so whallamalla ! Grammaw catchee heart too! ~~Xxxxxxxxx~~ So hop toy...

PA: (lapping and under) ~~Xx~~ "So hop toy"?

(Exchanges look with China Mama)

CHINA MAMA: "So hop toy"? (She is getting more tord for Johnny)

~~Sissy~~

MA: Sissy. Boy or girl? Huh?

FRED: What's "so hop toy?"

JOHNNY: "So hop toy" hie um hie hong wah, ah bah!"

CHINA MAMA: Ah! He called you father like a Chinese boy!

PA: ~~Xx~~ "So hop toy?" Chinee? No.

CHINA MAMA: "So hop toy?"

CROSS TO PA + CHINA MAMA

MA: Hey, granpa!

FRED: "Ah-goong goong," ma... To Sissy + Ross

GRANDPA

MA: Ah goong gonng ah! Boy or girl Sissy? gottee?

FRED: Even I know that's not Chinese!.

CHINA MAMA: Ah! "So hop toy!" (pats pa) and turns to ma and sings.)

Sing song, sing song (~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~)

ALL join in for: ...So Hop Toy!

All crack up laughing.

MA: (Sings on. She takes out a fan does a slinky, mincing, head bobbing, pointy this pointy that dance as she sings.)

MA:(cont)Sing song, sing song, So Hop Toy
Allee Same like China Boy,
But he sellee girl with joy,
Pity poor Ming Toy...

As MA SINGS, FRED HUSTLES her firmly but gently to the bathroom. He sings the song with her...

FRED: (Seats her on the toilet, while he wets a rag. He wipes her face, fixes her hair)

Hey, where's my girl? Come on, my American of Chinese descent, huh?

SISSY: (Hands bottle of champagne to Johnny) Here Johnny, open this up for pa. He has to save his strength for his speech. Come on, everybody.

ALL except Fred and Ma gather around Johnny while Johnny uncorks the champage.

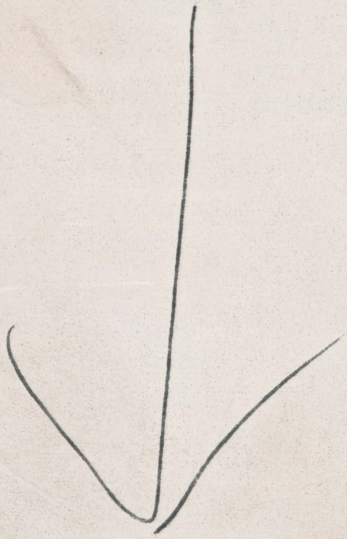
PA: Where, ma?

SIS: Come on, you two! We're going to toast the Year of the Dragon.

FRED: Hold your horses. (Turns to ma and searches her face for comprehension.) "Hold your horses,"ma? "Criminy sakes?" "Psycho spasmatic?" Hello, Hyacinth, how's tricks?

MA: Nobody's called me ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Hyacinth in years."

FRED: "Calling all cars."



MA: (cont)

Sing song, sing song, So Hop Toy
Allee same like China Boy
But he sellee girl with joy,
Pity poor Ming Toy...

MA sings the song again and FRED ups and hustles her firmly but gently to the bathroom, singing the song with her...

FRED: (Seats her on the toilet while he wets a rag. He wipes her face, fixes her hair.)

Hey, where's my girl? Come on, my American of Chinese descent, huh?

SISSY: (Hands bottle of champagne to Johnny) Here Johnny, open this up for pa. He has to save his strength for his speech. Come on, everybody.

ALL except Fred and Ma gather around Johnny while Johnny uncorks the champagne.

Sis and Ross / Pa / center of them.

PA: Where, ma?

SIS: Come on, you two! We're going to toast the Year of the Dragon.

FRED: Hold your horses! (turns to ma and searches her face for comprehension) "Hold your horses," ma? "Criminy sakes?"..."psychospasmatic?"

slowly

MA: (A little remote) Donk hate your pa for the bigamist he're be, son.

FRED: (Relieved. Smiling) No, ma. Whoo, ma! What happened Educational TV plant a radio in your stomach?

MA: Donk laugh about dose poor people, son...

ROSS: Hey, Jeff Foo! Come out here for some Goong Hay Fot Choy!

MA: I wish I was you real ma.

FRED: It's okay.

MA: Donk hate me. I wanted to be. I would have if I could have...

FRED: I said it's okay, ma. It's okay.

MA: I'm no liar. I dint mean to lie to you.

FRED: Ma...

2-19

2-11/chin/DRAGON/2 Slower

MA: I think it's important ~~xxx~~ for ~~me~~ you to hear it from me.

FRED: Don't talk, ma. You're scarin me...

MA: I'm not your ma. STRONG

FRED: (~~xxxxxxxx~~ blanks~~x xx~~ a moment)...Ma. I knew that. Everybody knew that. And everybody told me. But... you. You should not have told me. No, ma. I'd joke about it, I'd tell everybody else, but I would never have told you...as a straight...Man, I would never tell you I'm...Because I am...but you just told me I'm not your son, didn't you? And ~~xxx~~ ha! Look, ma, I haven't disappeared, or got short of breath or... I'm still me. Still forty years old.

MA: Huh?

FRED: It was like surviving a mild electric shock. Ha. Come on, champagnes out here...

(Helps ma out of the bathroom) ✓

ALL except Fred and Ma: (To Fred & Ma) Hey! Goong Hay Fot Choy!

FRED: Sure! Goong hay fot choy.

~~MA turns cold and haughty~~. She disengages herself from Fred and ~~and~~ does the Suzy Wong strut acfoss to the stove. ~~She xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ At the stove she snaps open a fan with ~~one hand and sticks xxxxfixx a finger into pats on the xxxx stove and licks off the samples.~~ DON'T WORKIN KITCHEN DURING PA'S SPEECH ✓

PA: Okay! One toas' den I resting. My speech tonight, huh ~~xxx~~ ma?

(Family spreads)

ALL but ma laugh low and congenial.

PA: Ma? (~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~.

PA lifts ~~x~~ his glass. All lift their glasses.

PA: Da Dragger have a head like a pa mow, a ~~xxxx~~ camels, ~~xxxxxx~~ Hairs like a ~~xx~~ lahng manes, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ body liking ~~fishxxxxxx~~ snakes, fin an' tails like fish, foot like a tigers, clar like eagles anna run dong Chinatong on tennie shoe!

All but ma chuckle...

PA: Nudder joke, son! Goong Hay Fot Choy!

ALL but ma: Goong Hay Fot Choy! (all drink)

~~2-12~~/chin/DRAGON/2

MA: (Turns to face the family. She strikes a Suzie Wong pose, batting her ~~xxxxxxxx~~ over the eyes of her fan.)

Ah-Wing...

(She ~~s~~links her way through the family to pa. She bats her eyes, fans her fan and grabs him in a sudden passionate embrace.)

PA: (A short yelp of terror and a cringe)

~~XXX~~ MA: Goong hay fot choy, so ~~xxxx~~ han'some China Boy. (She kisses him on the mouth)

JOHNNY: (Putting on his~~x~~ shoes) ~~Ixxxxxxx Wexx~~ We got ~~x~~ our buses to meet, ~~R~~ight,Fred? (He taps the money on the table and shoves it a little ways towards Fred.)

FRED: Don't mind me, man. I told ya I'm not worried.

JOHNNY: (On his way ~~xx~~ to the door) You comin now?

FRED: No, I wanna have my tea and fortune cookies first.

CHINA MAMA is at the door with Johnny's jacket. She helps him on with it, adjusts his lapels, straightens his tie, then caresses his cheek.

CHINA MAMA: (Caressing Johnny's cheek) Young Boy! ~~x~~ Ho ho.

JOHNNY: I'll be back in time to make the parade wit' you.

SIS: Okay, Johnny.

CHINA MAMA: (Disapprovingly tells him to speak Chinese.)

~~x~~ Gong hong wah!

JOHNNY: Goong hay fot choy, everybody. God's gift to sluts strikes again! (~~xxixx~~) Out the front door)

PA: (laughs sheepishly, nervously as he makes little moves toward the hallway) ~~xixxx~~ Heh heh heh heh. Sleep. heh. heh. he. Save energies fo meck mah spitch. Huh? Nummer One Son?

FRED: ~~Yxxx~~ "Geewhiz, pop!"

PA: (Mock seriousness) You ~~xxxxxx~~ name Keye Luke ? (Bursts out laughing)

FRED: Go snore, pop. I'm on the case.

2-23

PA goes to the kitchen counter, ~~pours~~ CHINA MAMA hands him a cup of tea.

~~MA slinks toward him and bats her eyes over the fan.~~

Stay in chair

MA: (Seductively) Ning Ning Nong Nong ... (To Pa)

Flirtatiously

ALL ~~xxxxx~~ give out a disappointed groan.

PA sips some tea, washes his mouth out with tea and spits into the ~~xinxx~~ sink. ~~xxxxxx~~ CHINA MAMA hands him the thermos, and he dumps the whole thermos of tea into the sink and hands the empty thermos to China Mama.

CHINA MAMA steps aside.

PA puts a toothpick in his mouth, flashes a smile and struts off to the hallway ~~that suggs in a way that suggests that, at some time, the monikxm "Dapper Dandy" suitedm~~ and out of the kitchen, jaunty, authoritative.

FRED: Wow!

SIS: (Embracing Fred suddenly) Oh, Fred! Did you see that? I never knew ~~xxxtx~~ why they called him Dapper Dandy til I saw him walk out of the kitchen just now.

CHINA MAMA puts on an apron and begins clearing the table.

FRED: And I just saw the only decent member of this family strut out ~~xix pa~~ aping about everything about me. Boy, did I fuck up this family, huh, Sissy? Get him outta here.

SIS: You know what that ~~jokx~~ Charlie Chan joke means, Freddie?

FRED: It means I fucked up. Huh, ma. Wing wing. Wong Wong?

Move to Fred

MA: ~~Wing xix Wing Wong Wong~~ Wing Wing Wong Wong? She titters and minces over and sits on his lap and hides her face behind ~~a~~ her fan and giggles.

~~SIS~~ROSS: It means you've made it, Fred.

FRED: What does?

SIS: Pa's joke! He's publicly ~~xxxxxx~~ declaring you his "Nummer One Son." In Chinatown that's his will. You're the heir!

FRED: (Spreads his arms to indicate everything around him.)

~~MA hangs onto his neck and is destroying his lap.~~

FRED: You mean some day all this (Looks around) will be mine? No! No! No! I can't say this is really what I wanted, when

FRED: (cont)

I wanted pa to die happy. What've I been doin for ten years, Sissy?

SIS: Quiet feeling sorry for yourself and get out of here? Can't you see it's horrible. What's forty, Fred. Start all over on the other side of a short interplanetary jaunt. What's forty?

FRED: It's all my life...

SIS: (gives him a look)

FRED: ...That really isn't another corny old song, Sis. Is it?

SIS: You're getting cornier by the minute, Fred. If you want Johnny to live with us, you're going to have to get out of Chinatown with ma and never come back. I can't go through Johnny staying with us just being an alibi or hideout. If he comes back here, I have to know that after pa, passes away, you and ma won't be home.

FRED: You know what you're asking me to do, Sis? Chinatown is my private bok gwai redhead of the weak club.

SIS: You're a failure, Fred. You know that. You'll never be a father, or a husband, or even a steady lover, or an actor or comedian. But you had a chance.

FRED: I waited til I was thirty to take it, Sis. I put you through talking my guts out funny all over the fucking, streets...

SIS: And you failed! Johnny's already like you, Fred. And he's not forty. And he hasn't even fucked up!

FRED: So many oldies but goodies come to mind.

SIS: Please, Fred. Ross and I have to know before we leave. And we leave tomorrow, morning at seven. If you stay in Chinatown, Johnny stays. If ma stays, Johnny stays.

FRED: (Takes up a toothpick and puts it in his mouth.) Rises. Moves to leave) God's gift to...(to China Mama) Goong hay fot choy, you...

SIS: (Cutting him off) Fred.

FRED: As I walk out, see if you can guess what they used to call me...

(Leaves by the front door and has a little trouble with the beaded curtain.)

FRED: Whaddaya mean he didn't fuck up?

SIS: He didn't fuck up!

FRED: So many oldies but goodies come to mind.

ROSS: I wish you wouldn't talk to Mattie like that, Fred.

SIS: It's all right, Ross.

ROSS: No it isn't. I've never seen Chinese, let alone anybody of any race, anywhere in the world act like you people.

FRED: If we were Japanese we'd committ Hara Kiri for ya, Ross...

ROSS: I've tried to like you, Fred.

FRED: (Turns to go) You shoulda saved yourself the trouble...

SIS: Where are you going, Fred?

FRED: I'm going to do my tours,..

SIS: You don't have to, Fred. I'm telling you...

FRED: I like doing tours.

SIS: Why? You're no Chinatown queer. You don't...

FRED: Cuz it's the only way I can get outta here, Sis. I hate tourists. But I can't go down the street talking to myself. And hearing me talkin things I never heard before popping the high rhythm six step of tuned compact car, I know where everything is. What part of the car's my little finger. I keep talking, and I feel the whine of the tires echo up my asshole, into my spine, my ribs, into my throat and I have the shoulders of a tiger, the reflexes of an IBM and I am as long as I'm talking, out of here, running up the road on my hands and feet!

SIS: Please, Fred. Ross and I have to know before we leave.

FRED: Then I stop. Stop talking, and I'm home again.

SIS: Fred, if you stay in Chinatown, then as far as I'm concerned, Johnny stays. If ma stays, Johnny stays...

ROSS: If you need any help...

FRED: (takes up a toothpick and puts it in his mouth. Moves to leave) Got's gift to sluts (To China Mama) Goong Hay Fot Choy you...

SIS: (Cutting him off) Fred. He really thinks it's Mars...just

SIS(cont) across the street...

FRED: It is, Sis. I know it is. Ask Ross if he doesn't think we live a little strange...As I walk out, see if you can guess what they used to call me...

SCENE THREE: FRED & JOHNNY IN LIMBO

They are similarly but not identically dressed in sportscoat and jacket and tie.

FRED

(crescendos to the end)

JOHNNY: Well, folks we been up and down this Chinatown hills
sucking up the sights faster'n the eye can see.

You've seen the medicinal chicken cure impotence in males
The quick Kung Fu spit hit a brick and break it in two.
The Chickencoop Chinaman make whoopee in a birdcage.
The highbinder squint at tits.
The sidewinder caress a shoe.
And lots of silky but paddlefooted fools
dance the willies for a dime.

You've seen the fan tan and got a nickel shine
from a Chinaman albino the color of Spam!

FRED: (cutting Johnny off from slow and down below) And
And now your eyes are inwards on your innards.
You're hungry, folks!
Hungry! And afraid to eat anything here!
(Confiding) I know the feeling.
BAD FEELING.

So gibbing me some smile, folks!
I I divine with you the way you
divine and fortune tell with the
sixty three restaruants in Chinatown, folks.
Before you're gone inside to eat.
And you ain't been to Chinatown unless you having
Chinatown chuck in your gut.
I've eaten in every one and can tell ya,
it's true what you hear about Cantonese
Sweet'n'sour goes straight to your scrotum
Pekingese goo makes you dream in 3-D
Shanghai hash cures blind drunkeness and
raises your I.Q. six points.
And the universal sesame peanut grease
of the Chinatown deepfry
lights up every nerve in every region of your body
from your vitals to your fingertips
In a glittering interior chandelier
Glowing you so nice and warm...that
Chinatown all you can eat faw dollar fi'ty
Is all you can eat.

SCENE FOUR ENG FAMILY APARTMENTS-LATER THAT NIGHT

ROSS & SISSY are looking out ~~the~~ of the kitchen window to the parade.

THE PARADE is ~~indiscriminately~~ a mish mash of different ~~band~~ brass bands playing different songs at the same time.

PA, in his underwear, slippers and bathrobe sits in the easy chair, with the script to his speech in hand. He practices to himself.

CHINA MAMA is pounding pa's back ~~with~~ lightly with her fists. She hums the tune to CHINESE LULLABYE with ma.

MA flits around pa fanning him with her fan and hums CHINESE LULLABYE with China Mama.

JOHNNY is alone at the table with his jacket off, and tie loosened. ~~There~~ A pile of opened fortune cookies in front of him. He opens fortune cookies and dumps them on the pile. No fortunes in the cookies.

The voice of the master of ceremonies echoes over speakers.

VOICE: Sin dah ninetee' fi'ty fi've San F'ansicko der Chinatowng mos' famoused worl' famous Chinee New Year...

A string of firecrackers pops near the kitchen window, flashing light and making Sissy and Ross jump back away for an instant.

VOICE: ...celebrate inna whole worl', lady anner gennuhmans! Goong hay fot choy! Goong hay fot choy da years oBba Dragons!

JOHNNY: ~~Now~~ These cookies got no fortunes! (cracks open a cookie) Looka that! (tosses it onto the pile)

SIS: ~~Fred~~ They're probably cheaper that way. You know Fred.

PA: He ~~should~~ b'long home now. ~~Sis~~...stop da tortures me.

JOHNNY: Not just you, pa...

MA: (Snaps her fan closed and hit it at Johnny) Haa!

(Puts her hands together, ~~and~~ lowers her head and minces to the ~~bathroom where she combs~~ Hallway her hair)

ROSS: (Checking his watch) If he were Japanese he'd commit hari kiri instead of torturing (trails off) his family ...like....

2-21

VOICE: Dah worl' famouse lovely Sain' Mary Chinee gir' marchin drum corps ~~and~~ anna drear teams, lady gennuhmans!

PA: Ah-Fred I ting catch a blon'. Huh, Johnny? Ha. Ha. Dat craze guy...

SIS: Catch a blonde? You make it sound like Fred catches women like the ~~flux~~ flu or ~~whooping~~ a cold or...

PA: Johnny, he'pping me ~~get~~ ready. Nonk wait. ~~I~~ Get dat can. Making hair all black. Look better.

JOHNNY goes to the bathroom and gets a tray of spray cans. ✓

PA: ...Sure like a col'. Dey're white like ghosts!

JOHNNY sprays black touch up on pa's hair.

PA: When dat guy grow up, I asking you. (strips bathrobe) ...Donor runt.

JOHNNY lifts pa's arms and sprays his armpits with deoderant.

VOICE: Looka doese costume! Dese Sain' Mary Chinee School ~~girtxbe~~ gir's are be da ~~h~~ olden time Chinatowng worl' fame traditions, folks! ~~xxbi~~

FRED comes in the front door. His cussing is drowned out by the voice. ✓

VOICE: A big han'! Goong hay! Goong hay fot choy!

PA: Where're you be? You fawget? (To Johnny) Red shirt, lucky...

JOHNNY gets pa's red shirt and helps him on with it.

PA: (To Fred) Well, get my shoe, can't you? Be useful...! Huh, son?

CHINA MA minces out of the ~~bathroom and gets~~ HALLWAY WITH pa's shoes and socks. She titters and simpers, ~~bxxdsmandmxxxshipmm~~

FRED: I thought you'd ~~alxxadx~~ all be gone... by door

PA: (To Johnny) Pants! (To Fred) Naw, son. Wait fo' you're...

JOHNNY gets pa's trousers and tries to slip them on while ~~xx~~ MA tries to get socks on pa's feet. CHINA from table above rating

FRED: I hoped you'd be gone. I was gonna sit here and listen to your speech and get drunk...

X down by R of table (across table)

LISTEN TO YOUR SPEECH THRO' THE WINDOW

SIS: I didn't know you drank, Fred!

PA: Drunk later, after spitch. Whyn't you grow up? Ha. Ha. (To Johnny) Breath (to China Mamam) Feet!

JOHNNY gets breath spray and sprays pa's mouth.

CHINA MAMA/ sprays pa's feet.

FRED: I wanted to get drunk alone, pa.

PA: Ha. ~~Xxxxknowing~~ You're know I wait for you...

FRED: Yeah, I guess so, pa...

PA: Drunk later. All togedders, ma,..Johnny not ol' nuff, but tonight okay, okay? China Mama, Sissy, dah husban'

SIS: Ross,pa...

PA: All togedders. Later...spesul. Banquets at Ruby Pago(da)...

FRED: ~~Pa~~ I don't want to. I want you to tell Johnny...

JOHNNY: Why don't you tell me...

FRED: Because you don't do what I tell you!

JOHNNY: ~~Whixxxxxx~~ Who're you?

PA: Johnny, I talking Fred...(motions to his neck)

JOHNNY gets pa's nectie and ties it on him.

FRED: I want you to tell Johnny not to do tours anymore.

JOHNNY: What'd you come back for? ~~Whxy~~ Whyn't you just stay out?

PA: Johnny! (to Fred) Dat all you wan'? What else?

FRED: (Relieved, sits at the table) That's all.

PA sits and China Mama and Johnny each put a shoe on pa's feet.

PA: You're hopin we're all gone when you're just come home now, huh?

FRED: ...but ~~it~~ I knew you'd be here...you haven't been able cough or bleed or take a crap ...

MA: (Makes a tentative move to go to the bathroom) Oh, son...

FRED & PA: Ma!

Go Back & SIT AT ~~Head~~ Side OF Table CONTINUE Brush work.

PA: Siddong. No singin. No bat'room. Nuttin...!

FRED: Well, pa, whaddaya think?

PA: Thing? What thing about?

FRED: How about Johnny, pa?

PA: Not much to ask, huh, son.

FRED: It's hard, pa...

PA: (Motions Johnny to help him up) Jacket.

JOHNNY helps pa on with his jacket.

FRED: Well, how bout it, pa?

PA: Talk later! All go pour lay now...Stan'up, go now!

FRED: I can't.

PA: Donk argue me now!

FRED: Just tell Johnny not to do more tours and go take ma back east with Sissy and Ross...

PA: Ma? Johnny? Da's stupid!

FRED: (Lapping pa) They'll go if you tell'em, pa...

PA: (Lapping Fred) Dis home. Home!

FRED: xxx (Having never stopped) What home! "Home" Pa, I'm asking ya...

PA: Ah! Ha. Ha. Come on, will you? Talk later. Ha. Ha.

FRED: (chopping pa off) No.

PA: Ngaw gew nay toong...(ngaw day her "I'm telling you to go)

FRED: (Chopping pa off) No.

JOHNNY: Why do ya want me outta here?

FRED: You and ma. Don't ya see what's happened here in the last ten years? Look at ma. Even when she's talking about what she's talking about, he (indicating pa) He's never understood a word. Look at her...

JOHNNY: Look at you!

PA: Johnny!

NOBODY KNOWS WHAT SHE'S TALKING ABOUT

FRED: Yeah, look at me! What'd ya do, pa? Just stick me onto the first fifteen year old girl you met off the boat? You know, I really, really think ma coulda been singer...

PA: Ngaw gew nay...I tell you stan' up. Yes or no.

FRED: I can't.

PA: What you mean "can't"? Dis're mah house! You my son!

FRED: Tell ma and Johnny to go. I want everybody to hear it, then I'll go/// withya...

PA: Talking later, I tolling. Businesses first!

FRED: Tell'em, pa.

PA: You my son, yes or no?

JOHNNY: (lapping pa) The speech is for you! For you!

FRED: No!

PA: What you mean "no"?

FRED: I mean no!

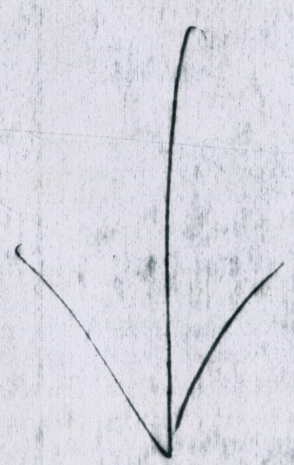
PA slaps Fred.

FRED faces pa but doesn't raise himself from the chair.

VOICE: Hubba hubba! Hubba hubbas, folks!

PA looks around and sees all eyes on him.

PA: You my son! (slaps Fred again.)



FRED: (shouts above the VOICE) No!

PA hits Fred again and again, shouting MY SON!

FRED doesn't resist. He only shouts NO! to each of pa's shouts. They shout and fall and clash around the kitchen as the voice of the parade exults...

VOICE: (Wolf whistle) Looka what're ya see ride on dat Caddies, folks! Hubba hubba! From Chee Chee-cago dah Illing noise! Da Missie Chinatown Bathing Suit! How bout a big hands, folks! Hubba hubbas! An' here comes drawing da rears...

SIS: Stop it! Stop it!

SIS and ROSS try to catch pa and Fred, but can't.

PA becomes as sluggish as he is vicious. He coughs and hacks, keeps shouting and keeps up his attack.

VOICE: Dah color gah da Cathay Pos' da 'merican Legions! Okay lady gennuhmans! Comes da dancey lahngs! Guardian...

LION DANCE drums and cymbals outside, and faint.

PA collapses on Fred.

MA hums I ENJOY BEING A GIRL to the end of the scene.

FRED: Pa? (Gets out from under pa) Pa?

ALL but ma and China Mama move toward pa but Fred stops them...

FRED: No!...Pa? (pats him. moves the man's head) Pa! Damn ya!

SIS: Is he...

FRED: (Roughly dumps the body and jumps up) He's a flop! Couldn't even make your stupid speech without hanging onto me couldya? You flop!"Mayor of Chinatown" Flop! (Drops to the floor and pulls pa roughly by the lapels slaps the man's face) and drops him.)

SIS Fred!

ROSS goes to the phone and calls an ambulance.

SIS AND JOHNNY pull Fred away from pa and kneel by the body.

SIS: Oh, pa!

FRED: I know that speech was for me. You don't know how bad I wanted you to make that speech, because I [illegible] knew it was for me. I wouldn'ta understood a fucking word, but I'd have been so proud!...But you flopped! You miserable shit! You big mouth! Chi yeah dai pow! You frogdump!

MA: Oh, ah-jie! Your language!

SIS: Pa's dead, ma!

MA: Donk you think I know that?

FRED: If you were smart, Johnny...

JOHNNY: Don't you talk to me...

SIS: (Lapping Johnny) It's not pa. It's you! You're keeping Johnny here! He comes home swearing and [illegible] he doesn't even hate being a tourist guide! He loves it. Like you!...

JOHNNY: (lapping Sis) /It's me. Me...

SIS: [illegible] (Having never stopped). You've been waiting for pa to die to get Johnny out, he's dead now!

JOHNNY: Sissy!

VOICE: (Ad lib over [illegible] Johnny, Fred and Sis) Here're be come da goodlucks, folks! Dah dancey lions obba China... Whooo donk scare[illegible] da kids. Ha. Ha. Ha. Now da [illegible] lons dancing bow tree time. Good lucks! Goong Hay Fot Choy. One...Two...tree tahm...Listen! Hear dem bells? See dose lights? Hear dose drum?

FRED: (Through the Voice of the Parade) Shouldn't you be outside with your tourist husband? Downstairs! Outside! I got you outta here once, dammit get outta here, now!

SIS: Fred!

FRED: Get your shit and get outta my house. Go to Mars! Go to [illegible] Pluto! Move! (Moves on Sis and Ross)

SIS: Johnny! Can't you see?

JOHNNY: I see you come from someplace I can't live, Sis...

FRED: Sis...

SIS: Your like some ugly new breed of rat who can't live without DDT!

FRED: It's [illegible], Sis! Cyanide, Chinatown, take your pick

warafin

FRED:(cont) and get out. Not a word outta you, Ross. Just get out!

SIS: Johnny!

BELLS CYMBALS DRUMS light in the background. Firecrackers lighten.

VOICE: Lady gennuhmans...dere it's are! Dah worl'x famous, worl' longes' dragg really Chinee Dragger inna xx worl' Ache hunner feet longs...dah boy runnings inna anna outta dragger keep it go dong dah strit once a year...

JOHNNY: (Through the Voice) Get outta here, Sis!

SIS: You're the poison, Fred!

JOHNNY: It was nice seeingya again, Sis...

FRED: (Anger spent) Pa...

SIS: Freddie, please...we've called the ambulance...

FRED: Oh, you did that...Well...I wouldx liked to have packed him up into the Sierras and buried him by the railroad... I was savin that one for last...

JOHNNY: Aw, shuddup! Can't ya just shuddup!

FRED: No, This is my house now. Pa gave it to me. My ma. My China Mama. My Chinatown. My house! You all know that. If you're staying here, man. You're mine!

CHINA MAMA takes a picutre of pa off the wall and puts it by the redpainted coffeecan full of sand. She lights a punk and sits in her chair.

LIGHTS FADE XXX down to FRED who takes bills out of his pocket and becomes the tourist guide:

FRED: Well, folks, we been up and down these Chinatown hills Sucking up the sights faster'n the eye can see!

Yessier, so solly Cholly! Goong Hay Fot Choy!

(Drops spiel and xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxgoes for straight badmouth)

Lemme take your picture! You xxxxxxxx fucking bok gwai low got a face carved out of a rotten potatoe cured in dogshit, run over with a towtruck driven by Helen Keller in a pukefit, on pills,..I feel like turning your asshole inside out with a rusty fishhook...

JOHNNY: (Chopping Fred off before he's got this far) (Friends, tourists) You've whiffed strange grease and your drool tastes alien Martian
And pulses and throbs alive and gummy on your tongue.