

Script to Of Chicks, Dicks, And Chinks

(Play DVD, “task/in-progress.”)

PROLOGUE: SHITÉ

(Blackness. A spot falls on Shité as he squats and moves one pile of rice to another one grain at a time. He wears a happi and holds a folding fan.)

(Shité slowly rises to stand. As he does so, he realizes he has an audience. He looks pleased.) *Irasshai! Irasshai!* Welcome, welcome! *Doumo, Doumo.* It’s so good to see you!

(With awe and wonder) This English feels quite strange in my mouth. Not that my English is that bad, you know. My daughter will tell you, I have a degree from the London School of Economics, and I was one of the first to open a Japanese bank in North America.

(Click of slide. An image of a wooden statue appears. Shité looks at audience pleased.) That is me. Well, a statue of me, anyway, *ne*. I commissioned it from a very renowned wood sculptor. Look at that stunning *kimono!*

(Change slide. Different angle of the same statue.) Me again. I’m in a *Noh* play. Look at the technique, the poise. I play a warrior demon ready to take on his foe. (*Take out fan and elaborately form Noh pose.*) You know, my father was one of the last *samurai*. No, no. Not like that... what’s his name? Tom Cruise. *Ne, ‘ttaku!* No. A real *samurai*, who took care of people and protected the peasants. (*Importantly.*) I was last in a long line of nobility.

(Change slide to painting of Doujouji.) Ah, *sôda*. This is why my grandchild summoned me from the dead, *ne*; what she really wants me to talk about. That’s me, too. *Ne*. I’m playing (*smiles*) a woman. (*Almost in whisper*) *Noh* Theater is like Kabuki in that all the characters are played by men. Here I am playing the crazed goddess spirit in the story of *Doujouji*. (*Mimic pose in painting. Pause.*) Very difficult. I’m about to be crushed by the temple bell.

My grandchild thinks this is interesting. You see I was a very powerful man. I was the first wave of Japanese imperial capitalists. I lived in Shanghai, Jakarta, and even New York. We had a beautiful apartment overlooking Central Park. I even saw Babe Ruth play, you know. (*Pause.*) I lived all over the world, but I yearned to return to Tokyo, where I could take my role as the *shité*, the lead. I loved acting in *Noh* Theater. *Ne*.

(Proudly, but with humility) I was even quite good, you know. And of most importance was how well I could play the *onnagata*—*(raise one eyebrow)* the woman.

Un, by day, I wore Saville Row suits, but at night in the theater, I wore the intricately patterned silk of a woman's *kimono*. We were taught to make ourselves small. We used our hands to give expression to the masks we wore. We learned to walk pigeon toed. I played many roles, but playing the gentle, delicate expressions of a woman proved my nobility, my intelligence, my manhood.

Today, my grandchild finds this somewhat *(pause)* queer, *ne. Sôda, Sôda*. She is here to give you her version of skill, of intelligence, and I suppose of her manhood. *Ne*. Just as I explored femininity with my male body, she explores masculinity with her female one. There are many things about her and her age that I do not understand. After all, I died thirty years before she was even born. But one thing I do understand is that this *(gestures toward stage)* is her *butai*—her stage. And on it, she can embody anything she wants: beast, god, woman, man, or all of the above.

(Final note of "Suehirogari" sounds. Shité bows. Exits to behind set of lockers on stage right.)

NORMAN

(Play "Valentine's Day." A montage of Norman images flashes on the screen. Bring up stage lights. Norman wears a hoodie, a backwards ball cap, and baggy jeans. He is at a party with mostly Asian American youth. Norman approaches stage in a relaxed manner. He brings a folding chair and a cup filled with "beer" with him. He addresses the audience like close friends.)

Yo. 'Ssup? *(Sit down on backwards facing chair, regard the audience as a group of friends.)* Hey buddy. How's it goin'? *(Takes a drink of beer and sets it down by his chair.)*

(Conspiratorially.) So, yo. Last night I was cruisin' in my car, you know, the '98 Acura, right? Man, that ride is SWeeeTTT! You gotta see the new Chinese characters I put in the rear window. It's just like my tattoo, yo. Yello Powa to the end, am I right? Ya feelin' it?

Anyway, it was like, 2am and I was ridin' with the boys, right? Crankin' up the eminem. It was like, *(gesture to imaginary figures in car)* me, Jo-Jo, Omar, and Tan, a'aight? An' there we were at that stoplight just off the 405, you know, by the In-N-Out? And this shit-ass piece a wheels drives up next to us and this cracka leans out the window and says, "hey pussy boys, ' don'tchya go back to where you came from?" An' we was like, "wha-t!?!?" An' then his buddy threw this beer bottle at my Acura, right? So I was like, "fuck you" and he was like, "Ah, soh. fuck you, too." An' I was like, "no, fuck you." So we start get out the car like, Kung Fu. *(Stand up from chair as if stepping out of car strikes*

Kung-Fu stance. Smile knowingly at audience.) An' so Jo-Jo pulls his baseball bat, right? And then those crackas were like, "oh shit, the gook's gotta bat!" *(pause, laugh to self)* and they drove off *(mimic running after imaginary car)*.

(Smiles.)

We showed their cracka-asses what some REAL men were about. I wish you'd been there to see it, bro. Yo-yo, that's what I'm talkin' 'bout. We got some yello and brown powa in here. *(Points to crotch.)* Yo, I don't know what this shit is all about you know. All this, like, wac shit. You know how Shaq used to be my homeboy, 'til he fuckin' ching-chong chinky-eyed Yao, man. I say, who's the Tom now? Who's the Fuckin' Tom now.

Yo, Frank chin was right, man. We Asian brothas got the bum. Deal. It's like, all of us are mother fuckin' homo faggots. All the time. Fuckin'. Long-duk Dong, and that Korean grocer in *Do The Right Thing?* Fuckin'. Like what's up with that fuckin' B.D. Wong? It's like. *(Very seriously)* Fuck them homos, man. They give us *righteous* yello brothas the shaft. An' you saw that fuckin' *Joy Luck Club?* That shit is just... I mean, whassup with that? Like, us Asian brothas dunno how to take care of our women. Andrew McCarthy is like the only righteous brother in that flick. And he's just a fuckin' cracka.

There's like, a gazillion Asian Real Men. Like our homie Bruce Lee *(point at Bruce Lee picture on hoodie)*, or Jackie Chan *(kung fu stance)*, or Jet Li. Chow Yun Fat was the bomb in *The Killer* *(hold up both hands like two pistols)*. Or like *(pause)* Keanu Reeves. *(Aside.)* Yeah, I know, he don't really know he's Asian, and he's kinda a pansy, but. Fuckin' whaddabout the whole fucking 442nd infantry division of WWII? Those stupid J.A. motherfuckers lay down their fuckin' lives to save this lost group of honkeys! How much more man can you get than that! Shit. Fuct. Up. What the fuck! Do we all gotta go fuckin' Kamikaze to get some respect?

I mean. *(More introspective)* It's like what I tell my girl, Lily, you know. What's wrong with me? It's like there's nothin' *(points to crotch)* there. *(Pause)* You know. And it's like the same thing, every day. Bruce lee? Or Long-duk Dong. *(Sit back down in chair.)* Shit, I dunno what we woulda done if Jo-Jo didn't pull that bat. Fuck, we only had it 'cuz we were playin' ball... I mean, what's it like? Man. I jus' wanna be a man.

(Pause. Take sip from beer.)

Fuckin' Details mag, yo, "Gay or Asian?" Sssshit! You saw that shit! *(To audience)* But, yo. It's not like I'm a fuckin' bigot or nothin'. You know, I know some brothas who's gay.

(Pause) Don't tell anyone, tho'.

(Cue Muddy Waters, "Mannish Boy." Norman crosses to stage left. He strikes chair. Takes off sweatshirt and hat. He wears a polo shirt underneath.)

THE DOCTOR

(The Doctor Montage flashes on screen. Behind the podium, the Doctor puts on corduroy jacket and glasses. Music fades out. A slide of Franz Fanon flashes on screen. The Doctor strolls away from podium looking at the audience. He turns his back to the audience and looks intently at the slide.)

“Look, a Negro!”

(Turns around and faces audience.) Said the child. *(Returns to podium.)* When Franz Fanon wrote *Black Skin, White Masks*, his main concern was what he called “Negrophobia.” Fanon was a forefather of racial and colonial discourse. He was a Psychiatrist, and a revolutionary. Fanon was schooled in France. Originally from Martinique, he fought for Algerian revolution. Today we study him both for his original theories and as a primary text. How did Fanon deal with his very own psychoses? How did he live with his very own being after acknowledging an internalized struggle with it?

I hope that today’s class will address some of those questions. Please turn to your reading assignment for today *(hold up book)*. Let us see.... Chapter five, “The fact of Blackness.” *(Pause to find quote in text.)* He states, “Sealed into that crushing objecthood, I turned beseechingly to others. Their attention was a liberation, running over my body suddenly abraded into nonbeing, endowing me once more with an agility that I had thought lost, and by taking me out of the world, restoring me to it. I was indignant *(strike podium)*; I demanded an explanation. Nothing happened. I burst apart. Now the fragments have been put together again by another self.”

(Smiles. To self) Ah, what absolute hysteria. *(Move away from podium towards audience.)* Fanon is caught. Caught in the fact of his race. And all that it might entail.

It is very clear that he is enacting a type of trauma, a type of racial horror if you will. He is no longer a human, but rather he is exploring the negation of his very own humanity....

(Raise one eyebrow.) Yes. Do you see? Fanon is at the crux of his own emotion. You can see it in his writing. I often encounter this type of hysteria with my own clients, especially those confronting the fact of their own race. Do you see? It is a type of *(pause to think)* plague, if you will. *(Suddenly belligerent.)* A Plague! Do you see? A Plague. One that is never cured and never goes away! Do you see? *(To the side.)* It follows us...*(to audience)* them everywhere, to no end! It is an affliction! An Affliction!

(Returns to podium) One of my favorite lines: “The Negro is eclipsed. He is turned into a penis. He *is* a penis.” Do you *see* the classic castration anxiety? He... *is*... a Penis! *(Indignantly)* Its incarnation! *(Move away from podium towards audience.)* He sees the black man as a prime site for castration. Sterilization! And do you recall his funny joke about four black men exposing themselves in a cathedral, *(gestures widely, as if filling*

the whole theater) and how their members fill the whole hall. *(Almost while laughing)*
The entire hall!

What is he trying to tell us? He just can't stand it. His own phallus is so large, yet simultaneously small. He cannot stand the predominance of his very own penis. It is a burden. A Burden! It must be destroyed, from within or without. It weighs on his mind as a pile of bricks. Ah, the irony. It is what all men desire, yet it is exactly the demise of the black man.

(Distant.) Yes, it is the burden of manhood. We all benefit from a careful analysis of Fanon's psyche. For although not all colonial subjects were subjugated as the Africans and Afro-Caribbeans were, it is through the phallus that we have all been diminished. Diminished to the point of indistinction. Whether it is the abundance or lack thereof. *(Belligerently)* A Lack, a lack. For me, it is the lack. *(Looking straight at audience, in earnest.)*

Do you see? The curse of the penis, small or large, potent or castrated. *(Incredulously)* I cannot continue to go on with this burden of the penis. Fanon was eclipsed by the symbol of his possible phallic power. The mere symbol! Is it not clear to you? The psychological ramifications! Colonial subjects? No libido. No fetish. The constant reminder of lack, of void.

(Crosses abruptly downstage and points aggressively at audience.) "Look, a Negro" the child says. "Look," he says, "a Neeegro!" Neeegro! *(Begins jumping up and down as if mimicking a monkey.)* Nothing but monkey colonials, I say. Monkeys we all are. Don't you want a song and dance? A little jingle for your time? *(Pause.)* Pick-a-ninny! Heathen Chink! Sand Nigger! Injun! Jap! Gook! Buck-toothed and savage! *(Looking towards audience.)* Nothing but genitals to be feared and mutilated and torn down and cut off. But what if there is nothing to look at? Nothing to see. Do you see? Does he say, *(slowly begin walking backwards, away from audience)* "Look, a Chinaman?" "Look, a Chink!" What if instead, the child just doesn't see?

Nothing to look at. What am I? Am I? Do you see?

(Cue "Superficial Boy." Doctor walks behind scrim and takes off clothes. Crosses to chair with Karl's clothing.)

YUM YUM HOLE (KARL)

(Puts on Karl's clothes. Karl Jaunts out from behind screen and begins lip-syncing the second verse. He is wearing boots, tight jeans and a tight t-shirt with that says "Pitcher." Hand in pockets.)

(Opens locker number 69. Looks in mirror while lip-syncing. Poses.)

(Flexes arm muscles.) Hey, what do you think of my biceps? I've been working on them. Aren't they sexy? *(Throws up hands.)* I know, the biceps will hardly be in the shot, right? *(Haughty)* That's why I've always worked on my quads and glutes. Even then, everybody's looking at the other guy's dick, anyway, right? But see, if I ever do get to top, it'd be good for me to have hunky arms, so that when I *(mime grabbing ass and pelvic thrust)* grab the guy's ass, I look real butch. Like *(feigns spanking)*, "Yeah, take it, boy! Take it!" *(Smiles.)* Mm-mm! I love me some of that ass.

(Pick up pack of cigarettes. Light one and smoke.)

I keep getting these, *(gesture scare quotes)* "Far East" roles. *(Sit down on bench.)* No wonder with that hideous name they gave me, Yum Yum Hole. Who's genius idea was that? "Yum Yum." Yuck, yuck is more like it. And how 'my supposed to top if I got "Hole" in my name. I wanna name like the greats: *(Stand up. Large hand gestures as if titles of films on marquees.)* "Spike," "Chris Steele," "Jeff Stryker." That's some major meat, right there. None of this pansy "hole" shit. *(Slightly distracted.)*

So yesterday, I'm doing outdoor shoot, right? *(Cross behind bench and sit down while straddling it.)* It's the group sequence, but then *(importantly and slowly)* Tony doesn't show. *(Aside, indifferently)* Something about his cocktail not working out, or something. You know how cocktails are not always man's best friend. *(Resume story.)* So Chi Chi says—yes, *THE* Chi Chi Larue, I already told you a thousand times I'd be working with her! And she doesn't direct in that fab drag, by the way. *(Feign irritability)* As I was saying, Chi Chi says, "Hey Karl, lemme see that dick of yours. Fluffed, please." *(Stand up.)* So, I get my *(gesture towards crotch)* nine, I mean, ten-incher all ready. And then Chi Chi's like, *(feign a look of admiration and surprise)*, "Karl, I never knew!" And I told her what we all know, "Yeah, I don't get hard when I bottom." So Chi Chi's like, *(long drag on cigarette)* "Fill in for Tony, you can fuck Billy and blow Tom. But in this one, you're not Yum Yum. *(With much anticipation.)* Go with Carlos. Carlos Rodriguez."

And so I'm thinkin', Carlos Rodriguez. *(Confidently)* Carlos Rodriguez! Girls, it was like I was struck by lightning. My Chance. *(Stands confidently engaging the audience.)* All these hot guys I'd watch but never touch, and now I get to fuck one! *(Excitedly.)* I was so ready. *(As if a curious revelation.)* Maybe that's where it went wrong.

"I'm Carlos, *(Louder, more confidently.)* I'm Carlos." I told myself. Like the accent? *(Sit down on bench)* Kinda sounds like my father's Cantonese, I guess. I'm watching the other guys get ready. Can you imagine? It was this hot jerk fest. I reach down to fluff *(gesture towards crotch)* but I really didn't need to. A cold shower, that's what I needed. I was so hard that what was meant to be a fluff *(mimic ejaculation)* put me over the edge. I just blew my wad. Right there. On the side of the barn. And I was gone, girl. I tried to fluff again but it wasn't helping. This poor PA tried to blow me, but he had really big teeth. Ouch!

(Defeated.) So I ended up bottoming, again. And there were probably only three shots of my ass in the whole video! And I jus know I'll get billed as Yum Yum. *(Put out cigarette.)*

Shit....

So that's how I blew it. Literally. *(Begin taking off clothing, starting with T-shirt.)* Do you think I could switch studios with the name Carlos? I've been pretty minor so far—they may not even recognize me.

But that's the problem, you know? I'm not Latino. I'm not even Filipino. I know I'm a porn actor, but I still have my self-worth. I know who I am. I just want a fair shake. You can't imagine, it's just a lot of pressure. *(Sarcastically)* It's such a fuckin' first, you know? Big ol' Asian top?

(Starts fantasizing. Smiles, a little naughty.) But you know how good it would be, to push some white boy's face to the ground and fuck him open? On camera? I'd do him extra rough, like *(starts gesturing towards imaginary boy on ground)*, “You think you can fuck me? I'll show you what a REAL fuck is!” *(Toward audience.)* I've gotta thing to prove: I gotta dick, and I know how to use it! And I want to violate me some pasty white boy ass!

(Jaunts back to locker.)

Yum. Yum. *(Pause. Smiles. Looks up. Shuts locker.)* Hole.

DEAN

(Dressed in only boxers and undershirt. Stand in front of audience. Look quizzically at audience. Push cart with basin, shaving cream, and razor center stage. Put shaving cream on face, shave throughout voice over.)

(Voice over.) What're you? Chainees? What? Chjapanesees? No, Chjapanese, Chainees, all de same. All de same.

(Voice over.)

Hey!

Excuse me! You, there!

Hey, Yo! *(whistle loudly.)* That's the wrong room! That's the ladies room! Don'tcha see?

Hey, That dude just went into the ladies room!

(Voice over.) What? What did you say? Fuckin' perverts. I'll kill every last one of 'em. Fucking cunt-sucking faggots! Where is it? I'll kill it. Lemme at 'em!

(*Voice over.*) Yes, you are! Who's a good little boy? You are! Who's a good little girl? You are!

(*Voice over.*) Put it back. I know, but it's a fancy dinner, and your aunt and uncle from Brazil will be there. Put the boy scout uniform back in the closet. I bought you this new dress. I know the tights are itchy, but you really need to wear them.... Here, let me...

(*Voice over. Yell*) 'Ey, batta batta batta sa-wing batta! (*Whisper*) Psst. They told me that you like to kiss other girls. Hey. (*Sing-song voice*) Lezzie! Lezzie! (*Whisper*) Matt said he saw you kissing this girl behind the dugout. (*Yell*) Steeraaaaaik! (*Whisper*) And then he said you acted like you were a guy or something. (*Yell*) 'Ey, batta batta batta...Holy Shit!

(*Voice over.*) They need to teach you some fucking manners before you come to this country. You fuckin' chink! All you know how to do is fuck, lie, and steal!

(*Voice over.*) Um, *what*, exactly, *are* you? No, I mean, where are you from? I mean, um, what (whisper) ethnic er, national-heritage are you?

(*Voice over.*) You look *Mediterranean*. You look *Hisspanic*. You look *Arab*. You look Spanish. You look *Hindu*, do you know yoga? Really, you don't *look* Japanese. You must be good at *origami*. So you're a *half-breed*? So you're *Eurasian*? My sister-in-law is Chinese. I dated this Korean guy who looked just like you. I like Thai food. I visited Vietnam once.

(*Voice over.*) *Mou ii kai? Ma-da da yo! Mou ii kai? Ma-da da yo!* (*On Stage begin wiping face with towel.*) Seventeen! Eighteen! Nineteen! Twenty! Ready or not, here I come! Here I come!

(*Aloud. Half singing, half speaking.*)

I've got you under my skin. I've got you deep in the heart of me. That you're really a part of me.

(*Cue Frank Sinatra's "I've got You Under my Skin." Strike cart.*)

Come in, come in. I'm just getting ready.

(*Slide of me in a kimono. Begin putting on suit pants.*) Ah, that is me. A picture of me anyway. Look at that stunning kimono! My grandfather commissioned it from a renown clothier on the occasion of my aunt's wedding. (*Second slide of me in a kimono*) Me again. I'm in a type of play. Here I play the girl daughter on her coming-out day. Very difficult.

(*Put on shirt.*) You know, my mother was a performer. No, no. Not as an adult. But in girls' school. She always liked to play the part of men. Her best friend used to wax poetic about how my mother would dress up as James Dean. I am last in a long line of cross-dressers.

Or am I? *(Put on shoes.)* Cross-dressing, hmm. Gender Fuck, maybe. You see, what I find to be quite interesting is that really, this *(point to suit)* is not cross-dressing. *(Point towards slide)* But that, is a whole different matter. It was the best drag I've ever done. Me, in a relic of ruling class imperial femininity. Not that this *(points to suit)* is completely devoid of rulers and empires. But somehow, it fits better, *ne?*

(Fade out music. Once all but tie is on, launch into final monologue.)
(Conversational. Regard necktie.) One tie is all it took. *(Begin tying necktie in Windsor knot.)*

I learned the knot the first time. My brothers kept asking, and they still couldn't do it. I just watched and I remembered.

I stole one when I was little. I kept it in a bag and took it with me. It wasn't until I was older that I wore it.

It was soft but firm. I caressed it as I fastened. I smiled and inhaled. It felt like a home.

It wasn't even a big deal the first time. I think I just put it on for play. People smiled, one made fun. But once it was on, I knew why I remembered.

To some, it is a bind, a shackle. To me, it was liberation. It was me. I had wanted it. *(Straighten tie.)* One tie. One knot. And I felt, unbound.

(Cue Charlie Parker's "I've Got You Under my Skin." Return to valet. Put on jacket. Punch cuffs. Take out hat. Return to center stage. Light change to dimmer, more like the end of the Sinatra show. Ceremoniously put hat on. Look at audience. Pause. Put hand in pocket. Exit slowly. Montage of all characters flashes on screen.)

The End.