

COCKS CROW

a play by

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Bill Peck, American

Shelly Larkin, U.S.

Rafael Chan, Chinese-American

Agnes Deng, Chinese

Han Jia Wei, Chinese

It was about to speak when the cock crew.

--Bernardo

Hamlet, I.i.

And neighbor lands
Are juxtaposed
So each may hear
The barking dogs,
The crowing cocks
Across the way;
Where folks grow old
And folks will die
And never once
Exchange a call

--Lao Tzu

Dao De Jing

ACT I

An American diner in Shanghai.
It's called The Yankee Doodle Do.
A proud, inflatable rooster mascots above diners and all.

There is banging and clanging, like construction or demolition.

There is a hiss, like deflation.

From Stage Left: kitchen
From Stage Right: outside
There is a door: toilet

1.

BILL PECK sits in a diner booth, livid.

Peck: Motherfucking CHINKS!
WHAT does it COST to get a fucking BURGER around here?
I'm talking about two motherfucking pieces of BREAD, a goddamned piece
of MEAT in between, on a shitty plate of PORCELAIN with a cocksucking
side of KETCHUP!

*AGNES DENG approaches, from Stage Left.
She is about to speak--*

Peck: Where's my food? I've been here for a goddamned HOUR!

pause

Deng: Mr. Peck?

pause

Peck: Where's Han?

Deng: Mr. Han...

Peck: Where's Han?

Deng: He...

Peck: He is not standing me up again.

Deng: May I sit?

Peck (*leaving*): I'm outta here, SO outta here. I'm starved: so fucking starved. (*stays*) WHERE'S MY GODDAMNED BURGER? I ordered it two fucking--the Ching AND Ming dynasties went by faster! You wanna be modern, Shanghai? Then for chrissakes, you gotta have SPEED and SERVICE, you gotta be *FAST*, where you order and don't have to wait for a constipated turd to fucking jimmy out of a crack before they smack it on some bun, jack some sauce off on it and serve it up with some fries, get it? FAST FOOD. AMERICAN FOOD! Serve it to the SORRY FUCKERS who are waiting in this GODDAMNED longsuffering country, weathering the *FUCKING* 'cultural differences' and *COCKSUCKING* 'mindsets' to fucking CUT THE DEAL ALREADY. Christ!
I hate communism.

Agnes Deng offers a handshake but is unanswered.

Deng: I am Deng. Ag-nes Deng.

Peck: Where's Han?

She sits.

Deng: I am, uh, re-present Mr. Han in this, uh, meeting.

Peck: No, fuck that, fuck that. We've already met. We're about fucking FRIED. No offense Missy, but fuck your 'representing.'

(He takes out his cell phone.)

Jesus Christ, I'm about to pass out. (*to Off Left*) HEY CAN I GET SOME SERVICE AROUND HERE? Hey Nancy.

Deng: Who is Nancy?

Peck: (*dialing cell phone*) O I'm sorry, what was your name again?

Deng: Agnes.

Peck: SHIT! Why isn't he picking up?

Deng: Mr. Han can't--

Peck: Beep so I can leave a fucking message.

Deng: You cannot leave the fucking message by talking.

Peck: Of course I can.

Deng: You can't.

Peck: He has an i-phone.

Deng: He hasn't.

Peck: He has *now*.

Deng: But he hasn't, Mr. Peck.

Peck: OK, Doris, this is the 21st century...

Deng: Who is Doris?

Peck: ...and in modernized countries, we have a voice, and we use it: we have, on our phone devices, what we call 'voice message,' so we can actually HEAR a person talking, telling us what the FUCK is up that he can't make a GODDAMNED MEETING that was confirmed JUST THIS MORNING! Fucking voice message is PERSONAL. It's CIVILIZED!

Pause. Deep breathing from off Left, also known as snoring.

Deng: We do things not the same in China.

Peck: No shit, Shaolin Temple.

Deng: Speak a message make wastes the minutes on both parties the phone.

More snoring from off Left.

Peck: *(to the off)* HEY YOU! Sleepy! Dopey! Grumpy!

Deng: Mr. Peck--

Peck: ...No wonder your revolution tanked!

Deng: You are very upset, but--

Peck: I have a job, you know. I HAVE A JOB!

Deng: I am...uh..the...Mr. Han's supervisor.

Peck: O good one.

Deng: Yes.

Peck: So you're telling me...

Deng: Yes, what you want discuss with Mr. Han?

pause

Peck: Emissions.

Deng: Yes.

Peck: And emissions control.

Deng: Yes.

Peck: And emissions targets.

Deng: Of course.

Peck: And emissions that we shoot into a pussy.

She writes this list down.

Peck: Did you get all of that?

Deng: Yes, all of your missions, your, uh, goals.

pause

Peck: Agnes, I'm gonna go ahead and just say it out loud—

Deng: Yes, my teacher told me: Americans are very good to express their feelings.

Peck: You think?

Deng: Sometimes I wish Chinese people could make that too. So we do not waste the time to be the fake to save the face.

Pause—he gets her eyes

Peck: There is no way on God's polluted earth that you are Han's supervisor.

Deng: No! Of course I am not.

Peck: That's what you said a minute ago.

Deng: No!

Peck: Yes you did.

Deng: No, Mr. Peck ...are you OK to see? I am un-der the Mr. Han's supervising and so I write down the topic and I will give to the Mr. Han: Mission control. Mission target. Mission to shoot pussy. I will tell him.

Peck tears out the page from her notebook and slowly, knuckledly crumples up the list.

Peck: WHERE the HELL is HAN!

Deng: O Mr. Peck!

Peck: Agnes...Agnes...Agnes. Okay Agnes. Agnes. Look: I WORK WITH HAN... WORK TOGETHER... lower carbon emissions—SAY IT WITH ME (*she does*): 'lower' 'carbon' 'e'missions...

Deng: ...'e'-missions, 'e'-missions

Peck: WE PARTNER...make BEAUTIFUL SOLAR PRODUCT together...USE SUN, THE SUN, SO NO COAL, NO BLACK SMOKE, ME AND HE PARTNER.

Deng: With Miss Shelly Larkin too.

Peck: Shelly Larkin is a bitch and a cunt.

Deng: --and also very organized.

Peck: Okay okay okay! Shelly Larkin is valued...by some...though her lead...has led... Clean Tech Corp. astray...but because she has a great ass...

Deng: She has a great...

Peck: Don't argue with me on that one, Agnes—I'd hit it myself if, you know, I also craved claws in my back...

Deng: She is in your company--

Peck: Agnes. Focus. Let me get something clear here.

Deng: Yes?

Peck: Isn't Mr. Han--

Deng: Yes.

Peck: Isn't he the leader?

Deng: Yes, he isn't.

pause

Peck: He is or he isn't?

Deng: You say: isn't he? I say: Yes, he isn't...

Peck: You mean: No, he isn't.

Deng: Yes...he isn't.

Peck: So who is?

Deng: Who?

Peck: Agnes. Do you like, no: do you love your job?

Deng: I like my...my job.

Peck: Do they, Agnes, do they, do they *pay* you enough, in your job, Agnes?

Deng: China is developed country and so my job...

Peck: Bullshit Agnes, bullshit, you pull that out of the China Daily? You know, you know, I hate to tell you this, but-- your newspaper lies. It doesn't tell you the whole truth of what is happening.

Deng: What is happening?

Peck: Exactly!

Deng: Newspaper has information. Everybody reads the newspaper. If you do not know the information in the newspaper, then people think you are stupid.

Peck: Cult!

Deng: What?!

Peck: But answer my question: does China Green give you what you deserve?

Deng: I am uh, lucky to have my job.

Peck: And if you don't mind my asking: what is your pay?

Deng: Eight hundred.

Peck: Dollars?

Deng: Yuan.

Peck: A week?

Deng: A month.

Peck: That's shit! That's just over a hundred U.\$.

Deng: How much to you a month, Mr. Peck?

Peck: Listen, Agnes. Numbers don't mean anything, really. It's all on paper and a matter, a matter of waiting things out.

Deng: Waiting for what?

Peck: It doesn't matter, for now, really. The only thing that matters is that Mr. Han keeps his word. Do you understand?

Deng: That is why Mr. Han—

pause.

Peck: What? What is it?

Deng: Mr. Han—

Peck: What? Mr. Han what?

Deng: He has--

Peck: What?

Deng: Mr. Han has...

Peck: What what what?

Deng: Re-uh-*signed*.

Peck: Resigned? He's resigned?!

Deng: Re-assigned.

Peck: What? Reassigned what?

Deng: He has reassigned.

Peck: He's reassigned?

Deng: He...has...BEEN. He has BEEN reassigned.

Peck: What?

Deng: He has been reassigned.

Peck: That's fucking impossible.

Deng: He is taken away from China Green.

Peck: No. This is crazy, no. I just spoke with him this morning.

Deng: A phone call and then, a car picked him up and taked him away.

Peck: I don't believe you.

Deng: Believe in me.

Peck: Where is your ID, what are your credentials? Are you even fucking who you say you are?

Deng: I think he is promoted to more better position.

Peck: You *think* or you know.

Deng: I see it.

Peck: You saw it.

Deng: I saw it.

Peck: Who will you give all of my 'mission notes' to?

Deng: Who will replace Mr. Han.

Peck: And who is that?

Deng: Many.

Peck: Well I would like for you to send a message to the next co-partner liason collaborator, whatever the fuck it is...

Deng: I will write it.

Peck: I want them to know that Clean Tech Corp remains the top choice for partnership with China Green and further, further, I believe that we may share... similar visions with China Green about how numbers are interpreted.

Deng: Which is the message?

Peck: Look at this place: It's one big smokestack. You try and control the emissions, all your profit is gone. Just the *transition* will cost you, with no immediate returns. You tell Mr. Han's replacement that there is no worry: we at Clean Tech Corp are good Christians...we can turn the other cheek, if you know what I mean.

Agnes: Like this. (*other way*) Like this.

Peck: That's right. We do not believe that money should be wasted away on some inconvenient new idea that has no backbone, that is just some

adapted premise, something to sing in musicals, some pillow talk in the dread of night, something to sweeten the coffee so you can drink the bitter down. Do you understand?

Agnes: Maybe.

Peck: ...and we will be loose about the numbers...do you understand the idea of loose, Agnes?

Deng: The number?

Peck: It's all in the name, the sound—*CLEAN* Tech Corp.--how does that sound?

Deng: I must go now.

Peck: Wait. Agnes. I, uh...

Deng: Yes, Mr. Peck.

Peck: I left my wallet...back at my hotel.

Deng: But you had no food.

Peck: I actually had a breakfast meeting here and got stuck with the bill.

Deng: O. (*pause*) How much?

pause

Peck: I actually have U.S. dollars back at the hotel. I can pay you back in U.S. dollars. (*pause*) Can you come back to my hotel?

pause

Deng: O. (*pause*) OK.

Deng follows Peck out.

A flash of live surveillance feed is projected onto the restroom door: it shows the interior of the Yankee Doodle Do restroom from the mirror's perspective. Empty and still.

2.

SHELLY LARKIN and HAN JIAWEI at the same diner, minutes later. Han holds a hamburger. Larkin holds papers.

Larkin: Mr. Han. Mr. Han. Mr. Han. Look: Bill Peck is a liability of Clean Tech Corp...listen Mr. Han: He is unstable. He is delusional. He's...*too free*...to do business...

Han starts to take a bite of his burger.

...hold on, hold on, Mr. Han: Clean Tech Corp. is ready to partner with...what is it called now? China Green. Good name, apt name... better than... YesYes99, better than... Double Happiness Good, better than... Big Grow Money...China Green. Clean Tech Corp. Partners. We're taking your lead. Know this.

We just need you to sign.

I mean, we've had what, *thousands* of drafts of this initial business agreement, OK not thousands but let's just say you Chinese invented paper for a *reason*. We're just...we just...we never quite know what is *missing* for you. The innovation of Clean Tech Corp with the growth of China Green, we can forge not only your country's future, but the world's future. I believe it. I believe *in* it.

He takes a bite, chews. Wipes mouth.

Larkin: Pretty good here at the Yanks, don't you think? Almost like the States...the cheese is a bit thin though...gosh how I miss a double thick slice of the finest extra sharp Wisconsin cheddar melted between red angus meat and--

Han: Shelly, you misled us.

Larkin: No. Mr. Han. No. I would never mislead you. *Never*. It was...perhaps...a misunderstanding.

Han: You said you would give us—

Larkin: It happens...all of the time...companies...their cultures...even within the same country... Companies...are like their own 'nations'...With their own 'citizens.' And they... like things done...the way their leader likes it—

Han: Shelly—

Larkin: --but sometimes, sometimes the leader is old, the leader can't penetrate into the new, and so the company gets outdated, starts falling limp and so someone young in that company, someone smart, helps it to adapt to the times. You are that smart someone, Mr. Han. You want your country to grow big and hard, keep their identity but move forward with *reality*, maybe toss out the old crotchety plaids and steel up with armor so that the company can really shine with global confidence, can really pump up its brand reliability, even blossom into an empire, and in our case, Mr. Han: save the world. We can save the world *together*.

Han: You claimed to have the technology—

Larkin: We do.

Han: --we haven't seen it yet.

Larkin: You haven't signed it yet.

Han: I am not sure you have it.

Larkin: OK Mr. Han, yours is bigger, I don't even have one. You think that Clean Tech Corp could even exist if our technology was not up to speed? Come on.

Han: Your technology is incomplete.

Larkin: The technology has a method code and requires training.

Han: Which should not cost. It should be part of the agreement.

Larkin: Our methods look at the whole picture, Mr. Han, so that knowledge is not just compartmentalized. You Chinese need to start thinking for yourselves.

Han: O?

Larkin: Yes, Mr. Han, we believe that if the worker knows how the whole system works, he/she is more efficient and much more effective at his/her troubleshooting.

Han: That is the manager's job, Shelly.

Larkin: But give all the workers some purpose, worker morale will increase...productivity will rise. It's proven—the most successful companies—Google, Apple, E-bay—have the happiest workers.

Han: The worker is only interested in salary.

Larkin: Profits up, salary rises, better worker. And when quality of life increases, he/she will want to improve *themselves*. And so, included and *vital* to the Clean Tech Corp training are benefits that will help the workers--and thus China herself--to improve and better integrate into the world.

Han: Benefits.

Larkin: For instance English lessons for your workers.

Han: Our workers don't want to learn English.

Larkin: They could understand more of the world.

Han: Like *Friends*? Like the *Two and a Half Men*?

Larkin: English is the international business language. You know this, Mr. Han. You speak this. Your workers can increase their worth if they speak--

Han: Our workers are Chinese, Shelly. They only need to understand their orders. Which means, the managers must understand the idea, and, if I may be direct, Shelly--

Larkin: That is what holds you apart from the rest, Mr. Han—

Han: --we have no idea what you are talking about.

Han takes a huge bite of his burger and chews and chews.

Larkin: Time for transition is necessary. Resources are needed for this transition. Otherwise, an innovative idea is wasted if improperly executed. It is vital to invest in the transition.

Han: We need to see results very quickly or we have no basis to continue.

Larkin: But in order for change to happen, there has to be a transition time for everyone, the workers, the managers, the leaders, we are humans after—

Han: Our workers can follow orders very efficiently, but it must be the right order.

Larkin: And so in the transition, we learn from errors—

Han: There is no room for error.

Larkin: And so how do you find the optimal level of production?

Han: The technology must be exact.

Larkin: The testing for risk is what increases the cost--

Han: We do not take risks.

Larkin: But you do take profit—

Han: We do not take risks.

Larkin: And so your profit is tiny, and change cannot be sustained.

Han: If we want change, it will change.

He bites.

Larkin: You are in control, Mr. Han. You have the ears of the top. Jeff Roose has been working in China for 10 years and is always clucking about how you get things done so quickly. So WHY has this document that you and Roose and our lawyer Rich Cooper put together...been... *shuttlecocked* for six months now, like some never-ending badminton--

Han: Are they coming today?

Larkin: Roose had to return early to the States and Cooper just flew out to Hanoi for a quick vacation.

Han: He seems to always be on vacation.

pause

Larkin: Between you and me Mr. Han--he is checking the status of some sites we're considering... to build factories on.

Han: Roose said you were exclusively dealing with us.

Larkin: Nothing has been signed.

Han: So what you are saying--

Larkin: Sign, and we need not look elsewhere.

Han puts his burger down, takes out a cigarette, offers her one (she shakes 'no'), lights up and smokes.

Larkin: We want our heads... to stay clear...we want to fill... to full potential...if we can just stop dicking around...and get to the matter—

Han: Does this bother you?

Larkin: Yes it does.

Han: Sorry. (*He puts it out*). I thought I saw you smoking at Malone's Bar the other night.

Larkin: My hands are tied until you sign.

Han: Shelly--

Larkin: We are unable to reveal the method code until you sign.

pause

Han: We both want growth, Shelly.

Larkin: Agreed.

Han: We want to compete, how do you say, 'with the big boys,' but our first concern is the citizen. That the citizen has basic food and shelter. That their child can have an education. That we may save—

Larkin: Your souls--

Han: --our salaries for the future. That we may take care of our elderly. That is how we are different from the U.S.

Larkin: Are you putting the U.S. down, Mr. Han?

Han: Quite the contrary, Shelly: the U.S. is to be, heh heh, put up with.

Larkin: I need you to sign this document.

Han: I can't do it for you Shelly.

Larkin: WHY? We need each other. Our company will gangbust into ...it will pioneer how business can ...you don't understand...this is crucial...this document can change the world...how the world can stop choking on itself! Your people don't even know how bad it is because they have never breathed clear air! Look...look...I have spent a lot of time working

on this, Mr. Han. I have made the language simple so that you...so that EVERYBODY, (even illiterate and retarded people) can understand!

Han: Do you need a glass of water, Shelly?

Larkin: I just need your signature. Mr. Han.

pause

Han: Let me have another look, then.

She pushes the papers towards him.

Larkin: I put it...in a bigger font...and underlined and emboldened the really, really important points.

He looks and looks. For pages stuck together, he blows on it until the pages come apart. When this doesn't work, he does the finger-licking thing, finally focusing on the last page.

Han: When I last spoke with Jeff Roose—

Larkin: When did you talk to Roose?

Han: Yesterday.

Larkin: What did Roose say?

Han: He said—

Larkin (*crow-sounding*): What?!

pause

Han: --This is for you and me yes, Shelly? I don't like to talk outside of the school.

Larkin: What?

Han: Don't you have this saying in English? 'To talk outside of the school?'

Larkin: What the hell did he say?

Han: Between you and me, Shelly.

Larkin: Of course--you're not 'telling tales out of school.'

pause

Han: Clean Tech Corp is suffering contractions.

Larkin: Roose said that?

Han: Yes.

Larkin: I mean he told you that?

Han: He told me that two of you are no longer with the company.

Larkin: No no no.

Han: Two of you--

Larkin: I know Peck's gone. What the fuck is going on?—

Han: There is a new--

Larkin: What new, what fucking new?

Han: A young Chinese American straight from Harvard Business—

Larkin: O like that's gonna clean shit up—

Han: A man named Chan—

pause

Han: Weren't you speaking in each other's ears at Sam Malone's Bar the other night?

Larkin: He's very pretty.

Han: Roose says that Mr. Chan has very good connections.

Larkin: Like Roose could tell. He doesn't know a whore from a shoe horn.

pause

Han: And you, Shelly?

pause

Larkin: If this agreement does not get signed, and there is no partnership, then yes, Mr. Han: I'm out of a job...I will take my Clean Tech ass out onto the streets of Shanghai and end up as some fucking tutor at some goddamned English corner every Saturday morning, hocking my grammar for 1-yuan coins tossed in a trough, borrowed from the chicken farmer in the stall next door. I can't Mr. Han, I can't go back to the States. Not now. There's *nothing*. I'm depending on you to keep my job from being cooked...my fate is in your smooth and kind hands. Please.

Stillness.

Han: Where would you like me to sign.

pause

Larkin: Trust. I always do what I say I am going to do.

Han: This line?

Larkin: Exactly. Where I typed out Han Jiawei, CEO China Green.

Han: Pen?

Larkin: Of course, yes.

Shelly takes out her huge fake Chanel bag, dumps out its contents (a fake Gucci wallet, make-up bag, half-eaten bag of chips, various size tampons, a pair of aviator sunglasses, a mirror, a comb, some condoms, tube socks, a black French cut tee that says “Bizarre Must Awesome Want,” a pair of panties, one patent leather textured ankle-high boot, a box of Kittyland cookies, grape-flavored Hi-Chew candy wrappers, face cream, a legal size pad, Kleenex packets, a camera, a Warren Buffet book, a water bottle, last month’s Vanity Fair, a dictionary, a 500 count bottle of ibuprofen, a flashlight, an ID card, a mini Buddha), but can’t seem to find a pen.

Larkin: Have you heard of the Bermuda Triangle before, Mr. Han?

Han: Yes, I have.

Larkin: O! Got it. I knew it was down here.

Han takes the pen. Signs once, shakes the pen, and then again.

Han: No ink.

Larkin: Have no fear—*(she reaches down, down for some more)*—voila!

Han: Are you sure this one works?

Larkin: Go ahead and try it.

He does.

Larkin: Right there, on the solid line.

He doesn’t sign.

Han: It is green ink.

Larkin: O it’s not a problem for us.

Han: Documents signed in colors other than black are invalid.

Larkin: I find the Chinese mind fascinating, Mr. Han. I mean, you can invent fireworks for the amusement of the emperor, but it took the western mind to apply it as armament.

Han gets up from the booth.

Han: My driver has a pen.

Larkin: As you are walking back in here, Mr. Han, from the car that your driver cruises you around in with perfect air conditioning, avoiding a good part of the exasperation that is the human mass of China, I just want you to know, that our previous misunderstanding occurred because we were not able to speak *face to face*. No matter what happens, Mr. Han, just know--you cannot have successful permanent change without a period of transition. Because in the end, business is conducted by humans and the human heart...is not able to change in a snap. It will resist if it doesn't know why it is investing its passion--if it doesn't have time to adapt.

Han: And so. Shelly, you must be the *heart* of Clean Tech Corp.

Larkin: Yes, that's right. Yes, that's right.

Han exits to the outside, Stage Right. There is a high-octane street sound for the time it takes a door to open and close.

Shelly sits still, an unintentional praying. She then frantically texts, head amext.

Agnes goes to a Pump in the Wall, pumps up a seemingly deflated set--lo and behold, the once-hissing cockscomb gets pumped back up to its full rooster glory.

She dons the rest of her Yankee Doodle Do denim worker outfit--holster/apron, boots, hat.

A sweet, carnivalesque, Russian Folk Tune has faded in, evoking a kitschy communist past.

Agnes continues to pump from the wall: all suddenly seems brighter. Springtime flowers pop up, though they are defective like post-chernobyl flora, in the shapes of L, 7, I, Z, and T.

We hear loud crashing and banging behind the set: construction or destruction?

Shelly reacts to the live crash bang, exits quickly Stage Right.

The surveillance feed of the empty Yankee Doodle Do restroom interior expands to project upon the whole diner. RAFAEL CHAN steps into the frame. He stares into the mirror.

3.

The whole diner is filled with RAFAEL CHAN'S face.

Chan: I want to love you, America,
But you are acting like a cock—

Eating pills to make you hard, harder, hardest for 10 hours straight. And then making choices from that state of outta your mind...reckless, erect, suspect--can you ever do it on your own again?

I want to love you America, but you treat everyone else like they're your bitch—bend 'em all over, make 'em take it. Will you ever stop acting all superior, America? Leave the supermantle be, and step away gracefully—make some room in the center? Share what little is left? Stop hogging it all just cuz you can?

You do not want to hear this, America. Cuz you're tops, no matter what, you are entitled to it all—I mean, how did you get to claim the word 'American' all to yourself? When two whole continents are so named? Time to call you something truer—how's about USer—a person from the United States—Yu esser--

What, you don't wanna talk to me, America? Cuz I'm not saying what you wanna hear, America? Cuz of that amendment, which one is it, oh yeah,

freedom to not give a shit? C'mon practice--ask me bout it: What do you, Rafael Chan, want to do to show you fucking care about America? Ask me! No? Still don't give a shit? What, leave you alone? Yeah fuck that—why I gotta be listening to you?

I've asked politely, America, to buy you a drink, but you say 'you got it.' Declare your Independence, yes of course. Remember when we talked America? To each other? And we could disagree and not have to delete each other out of existence? I've told you this, many a time, how when you actually speak to me, America, those rare times you do, it makes me wonder, makes me open up, makes me believe that a free land can exist and then you, cunt, treat my words like bubbles, like fluff cuz I'm not telling you how great fantastic awesome your ass is. And if it's not about you and feeding your delusion, then there is no business, is there? Just that little wet corporation between your legs that you've been convinced is some prize, that you yourself wish could be engaged and banged 10 fold more than it actually is. Are your knees scraped from all that investment, only to be shunted aside for some other time—sucker got you to play mouth wheelo without even getting you off, because he told you how great how fantastic how awesome you are. Do I smell a punt?

He bangs on the door, kicks it. We hear it live and the surveillance feed gets rickety.

Rafael Chan bursts out from the restroom. Paces. Pants.

Chan: I want to love you, America, but
it feels like you don't give a shit about your citizens

I want to love you, America, but
you are only interested in results and see worth solely in numbers

I want to love you, America, but...
you pay more to the giftwrap than to the gift

I want to love you, America, but...
you yourself get saved, and then screw the rest for more

Deng enters with surgical mask and broom, like a bandit. She sweeps.

Chan: I want to love you, America,
but what is left? of the funds, the funds, wonder if they ever existed,
those numbers, the ones, the ones that numb, elephants charging
towards the heartless safaris of *take* and just *take*, dusty displays, the
carcass discarded for the petty victories of petty humans, qualify for
credit, an elephant never forgets, did you?

Agnes Deng stands with broom, listens.

I want to love you, America,
but you shove your crap down resisting throats, open them with forceps,
with blowjobs, and when they bite down, during the act, and spit out all
that was your cock, you detonate their deep throats away: one less
mouth to speak, two less hands to pray to another god to, three less
eyes to witness, six fewer senses to breathe in beauty, eight less wonders
to build, nine less longevities to collect—

I want to love you, America, but faith seems to supersede good, as if love
were not love, as if god were not god, but rather: love an obedience, and
god a surveillance—

*Agnes Deng is at the Pump in the Wall. She pumps life back into
one of the booth cushions.*

Deng: Closed.

*Chan stares at Deng. He is immediately smitten: We hear Sanctus!
from Mozart's Coronation Mass as it fills the space. Chan shifts to a
swift breath and a drying mouth. He has a coupla body spasms.*

Deng: Closed.

Chan: What...what do you mean?

Deng: We closed. (*silence*) Closed.

*Sanctus! Again. They stare at each other for a good breath of the
Mass. Deng answers her phone (which ringtones the Coronation
Mass).*

Deng: Hello? Ohn. Ohn. Ohn. OK. Bye bye.

She hangs up.

Chan: Who are you?

pause

Deng: Who are you?

pause

Chan: Who are you?

Deng: Who are *you*?

Rafael swiftly, gently pulls down Agnes' mask.

Deng: O!

*She masks back her nose and mouth.
He offers a handshake.*

Chan: Rafael Chan.

She sweeps.

Chan: It's like I saw you and angels sang out.

Deng: That is my phone.

Chan: What is it?

Deng (*indecipherable*): Mozar-Mass.

Chan: What?

Deng (*indecipherable*): Mozar-Mass.

Chan: I can't understand.

She pulls down her mask.

Deng: Mozar-Mass song.

Chan: Mozar-Mass song?

Deng: Every time my Christian teacher calls...

Chan: I can feel my organs rearranging.

Deng: What?

With one fell swoop, he sweeps Han's dishes off of the table to make room for them to have coffee.

Deng: O!

We hear a rustling, a readjusting and then more snoring from off Left. The set seems to snore.

Chan: Come sit, sit—

He tkes her broom leans it on the side of the booth.

Deng: You are crazy man—no!

Chan: Leave it. Let me serve you.

Deng: No—You are—

Chan: Yes I am.

He seats her. She doesn't sit.

Deng: I am working.

Chan: Take a coffee break.

Deng: Too bitter.

Chan: Then what kind of tea would you like, Miss?

Deng: No.

Chan: What time do you finish here?

Deng: No.

Chan: I want to help you—

Deng: Are you Christian?

pause

Chan: Who wants to know?

Deng: My Christian teacher says that Christians tell the truth. You can believe Christians, because they have good hearts and will never trick you.

Chan: You don't have to be Christian to have a good heart.

Deng: But there is more chance of good heart if you are the Christian.

Chan: For you, I can be Christian.

Deng: You must accept the Jesus into your heart.

Chan: I am changed.

Deng: You are changed to Jesus?

Grin

Chan: If your name is Jesus.

Deng: Of course not. Only Jesus Christ is Jesus.

Chan: So tell me, Jesus...

Deng: --I am not—

Chan: Play with me here.

Deng: I am working.

Chan: Jesus works at the Yankee Doodle Do.

Deng: Jesus does not work.

Chan grabs Deng's hand.

Chan: Stay with me, Jesus.

Deng (*thwarts*): You are crazy.

Chan: Jesus would not call me crazy, and would let me hold his hand.

Deng: I am not Jesus.

Chan: Can you try to be? Can you be Jesus for me? For one minute?

She looks at her watch, then holds out her hand. He gently takes it, flips it over, unclenches her fist, rubs his fingertips over her palm.

Chan: (*looking at her palm*) Did you bleed here, Jesus?

pause

Deng: Yes.

Chan gently kisses Deng's palm.

Chan: My name.

He fingerwrites upon her palm: C-H-A-N.

Deng: Chan?

Chan: Rafael Chan.

Deng: You are the new worker for Mr. Han?

Chan: You were expecting someone else?

Deng: But you are not a Chinese.

Chan: 'A Chinese,' ...so cute you kill me. I'm half.

Deng: You don't look like Chan.

Chan: My father is Chinese.

Deng: He is the Chan.

Chan: He is the Chan.

Deng: And your mother?

pause

Chan: Write your name on my hand—

She's about to when--

*Shelly Larkin bursts in from Stage Right, hysterical, shaking.
Deng takes her hand back, carries her broom off Stage Left.*

*The strap of Shelly's huge fake designer handbag gives, the
contents pouring out. She frantically tries to pick everything up:
gathers one, drops another, gets, drops, etc.*

Chan helps to pick things up. She doesn't notice it's him.

Larkin: Oh thanks, thanks, I'll get that, thanks, oops, got it. Thanks.

She drops everything.

Larkin: O shit.

She drops and weeps.

Larkin: I don't do this. Really. It's not me, really—I *just can't get into my office. No one is answering. And the fucker got away, without signing.*

Chan: Shelly Larkin.

pause

Larkin: Where the fuck is Han?

Chan: You look like you could use some arms.

Larkin: Put those away.

He takes her in his arms. She resists, breaks away, just as Agnes enters to bus the tables. Agnes puts her mask back on.

Deng: We closed.

Larkin: I'm just waiting for Mr. Han.

Deng: Not here not here.

Larkin: Then where the fuck is Han so he can fucking sign already!

Agnes Deng assuages Shelly Larkin's unhinging--

Deng: I call him. One moment please.

Deng speedials and exits. We hear a faint chorus of the cute Russianesque Tetris Tune from the restroom.

Chan: You know her?

Larkin: You fucking lied about Harvard.

Chan: Summer session counts in the minds of the Chinese.

Larkin: OK, let's assume you are on the team.

Chan: Jeff Roose is out, Larkin. The Chinese need someone they can depend on.

Larkin: You don't even look Chinese—the Chinks will never trust you.

Chan: It surprises me, Larkin, that you've been in this country for a while now and yet you still don't understand the performance that is required.

Larkin: Don't fucking take my job!

Chan: Not my doing.

Larkin: What do you know?

Chan: That you need some love to loosen you up.

Larkin: Get away from me.

Chan: You still think I'm 'stalking' you, Larkin? That a man's earnest affection for a lady can qualify as some kind of offense?

Larkin: I don't like surprises.

Chan: You don't like life.

Larkin: Get away from me, Chan.

Chan: Men and women court, Shelly. They sometimes like to just hang out together, breathe in the same air, write on each other's hands. Truce?

Chan puts his hand out, Larkin just looks at it. Agnes Deng enters.

Deng (*might be jealous*): You make the friends very fast.

Larkin: When will Mr. Han be here?

Chan: She is nothing.

Larkin: Fuck you I'm nothing

Deng: Soon, Mr. Han--

Chan: She is no one--

Larkin: Fuck you I'm no one.

Deng: YOU...

Chan: I wouldn't call her a friend.

Larkin: Did you talk or text with Han?

Deng: YOU...are not Christian!

She immediately storms out. Chan goes to straighten out with Deng.

*Shelly's phone goes off. It's the Janis Joplin riff:
Try....try...Just a little bit harder...*

Larkin: Peck!

A surveillance feed projects a street exterior. We see Bill Peck making his way through the street masses, carrying a live rooster.

Larkin puts him on speakerphone, and we hear roosters crowing cacophonous, on top of the street noise.

Peck: Shelly! Shelly!

The call disconnects. Shelly tries to call him back.

We hear the hiss. The garden décor of kitchy little flowers in the fake little American establishment are deflating, going limp, as if the projection is sapping the air out of them. Deng pumps and inflates the flowers back to full potential. Chan is following her.

Chan: Shelly is my co-worker

Larkin: I certainly am not.

Deng: Are you puppy dog? Go to anybody who make the nice to you.

Pump pump pump.

Chan: We were shaking hands...to make peace.

Larkin: We certainly were not.

Deng: In you I do not trust.

Pump pump pump.

Chan: I am sorry if I've offended you.

Deng: Please do not talk to the flowers.

Chan: I've never seen this kind of flower before.

pause

Deng: Happy Birthday Party Flower.

*Shelly's phone goes off:
Try....try...Just a little bit harder...*

Larkin: What the fuck Peck!

She's put him on speakerphone again, the surveillance feed of Bill Peck projects, masses crawl like ants all over.

Chan and Deng are lushly lit in their own world.

Peck: Shelly! (static static) (crow, crow)...it's crazy! (static static)

Larkin: Can you get into the office?

Peck: We're totally (static static)

The call disconnects. The feed stops. Chan and Deng in light.

Chan: Every time I look at you my heart starts to beat faster.

Deng: How can you?

Chan: Look at me! The hairs standing up—and I don't even have hair on my arms.

Deng: What you talking about?

Chan: It is so strange that I feel like...like...I love you...

Deng: No! No love.

Chan: I know it's awkward for the Chinese to hear this....

Deng: No love, no love.

Chan: I don't mean to embarrass you, but this is my feeling.... I know I should not say only what my heart feels—but gosh, it floods like I have quarts more blood. And if I do not say anything, I will drown. So I have to say it, to drain it, so that new blood can course through. But if it only has meaning for me and is not true for you—

Deng: Not true for me--

Chan: --then-- I take it all back.

Deng: Take it. Take it back.

Chan: I only want true things for us.

She runs off. He chases her.

*Shelly's phone goes off:
Try....try...Just a little bit harder...*

Speaker phone.

Bill Peck, lit in what appears to be a chute, still holding live cock.

Larkin: Stop cutting me off, Peck!

Peck: Shelly! We're fucked! The office is locked shut. The guards won't unlock it without some fucking sixplicate of an authorization with a stamp from an office that is fucking cross town and only opened from 7 to 8 in the morning! I fucking hate this count—(ry)

The call disconnects.

She throws her cell phone against the wall.

Larkin: STUPID PIECE OF CHINESE CRAP—YOU CAN ALWAYS PUT IT BACK TOGETHER AND IT ALWAYS WORKS.

Larkin picks up her phone, puts it back together, breathing hard.

Chan enters.

We hear: 'Whistle: TAXI!': Chan has a text. He reads, head amext.

Chan *(to Larkin)*: Shall we?

Larkin: What are you talking about?

Chan: Well we have a six o'clock appointment with Mr. Han.

Larkin: Oh, really?

Chan shows her his phone's face.

Chan: Didn't you get this text? We're meeting at the Hunan Restaurant on An Fu Rd.

Larkin *(pushing the buttons hard)*: I don't believe you--

Chan: Usual last minute plans of the Chinese.

Larkin: My phone...is just recharging...the text should be coming in any sec now. *(pause)* Is Mr. Han really going to be there?

Chan: To sign the documents, he said.

Larkin: He said or he texted?

Chan: Do you want to see the text, again--

Larkin: I'm not sure what's going on. I'm not comfortable with this situation...

Chan: You keep resisting me.

Larkin: For good reason.

Chan: Your choice.

He exits.

She stands for a moment, exasperated, then exits as well.

Deng wipes down the tables.

From behind the door, we hear hackspitting. Han emerges from the restroom, sits in a booth. Deng brings him a glass and clear alcohol.

He pats her on the bottom—she gives a giggly smile.

Han: What about Bill Peck?

Deng: Ta er duo yo mao bing. (his ears have trouble)

Han: Let us speak English in the American restaurant.

Deng: Maybe he has hearing problem.

She takes one of Han's cigarettes and lights it, puffs.

Han: Did you tell him?

Deng: His English is too loud, too fast...difficult to understand.

She hands the lit cigarette to Han. He puffs.

Deng: He took me to his hotel.

Han: You went with him? You must be careful, Xiao Deng. You took a risk. You are too brave. *(beat)* What did you find?

She takes out her phone and shows him some photos.

Han: O. He is not a tidy man. What did you do in his hotel?

We hear hissing.

Deng: He want to take my picture.

Han: Let me see.

She does. Beep beep beep as it scrolls.

Han's phone rings: Cute little Russianesque Tetris Tune. He answers.

Han: *(into phone)*. Ah...ah...ah...ahn.

He disconnects his i-phone in one hand, continues to look at Deng's photos in the other.

Bill Peck stands over them with a bucket of KFC under one arm, chomping on a drumstick.

Peck: Very photogenic, she is.

Han immediately stands up.

Han: O Mr. Peck, Mr. Peck! How nice it is to see you!

Peck holds the drumstick in his mouth, shakes Han's hand greasily.

Peck: Good company she is.

Han: Xiao Deng, go get another glass for Mr. Peck.

Deng does.

Peck: What the hell: Rocket fuel—it ain't just for breakfast anymore!

Deng pours white liquor into the glass, refills Han's and exits Stage Left. They drink. Han unphased, Peck with a face.

Han: I talked to Jeff Roose yesterday—

Peck: You know Mr. Han—I still can't get your face outta my mind—

Han: Mr. Peck?

Peck: That time you took me to the cockfights...I mean that's a place you can really let loose, right Han? I mean your mouth was huge and contorted, like it could eat a tank and you were this shade of red that I thought only leeches could suck outta you.

Han: We'll go again, yes?

Peck: Uh I don't know about that.

Han: Yes Roose says that he'll be flying in tomorrow.

Peck: Did he say that?

Han: We'll sign Shelly's contract.

Peck: With all due respect, Mr. Han, you're a lying sack of shit.

Han: Why Mr. Peck, your face is red like a rare roast.

*Deng enters with bucket and mop.
Peck draws a plastic knife from his bucket of chicken.*

Peck: OK this is what it has come down to.

Deng: O!

Peck: Put down the bucket and mop.

She does, plays along with Peck's game, raises her hands.

Han: This is not necessary, Mr. Peck.

Peck: Yeah lose the hands, Nancy.

Deng: Ah?

Peck: Put 'em down. Down. Hands down.

She does.

Peck: Look it doesn't take a brain surgeon to know that you're fucking kicking me to the curb.

Han: It is not me. It is Jeff Roose.

Peck: Whatever the fuck. Listen. The Clean Tech Corp offices are inaccessible and I need to get my passport—

Deng suddenly sneezes.

Deng: A-choo!

*Stuff around deflates. There is hissing.
Han looks at her.*

Peck: Geshund-heit

She nods.

Peck: Usually people say 'thank you'

Deng: Thank you.

Han: Thank you.

Peck: Not you Han.

Han: I thank you for wishing her good health.

Peck: So whatever forms you need to fill out and stamp and authorize and rub all over yourself—I need to get into the office and get my fucking passport.

Deng sneezes again. They look at her.

Deng: Sorry—I must blow my nose.

She exits. More hissing, deflation.

Han: Are you sure, Mr. Peck, that the offices are closed?

Peck: Chained up like a chastity belt. I mean I couldn't even get past the guards.

Han: The whole building is under special security, not just your office.

Han goes to his manpurse. He takes out a sixplicate form.

Peck: Why?

Han: No official statement. These are the forms to allow you entry.

Han fills in the form, signs. He takes an official rubberstamp out of his manpurse and stamps each of the six.

Han: One goes to Building Authority, one to the City government, one to the Province government, one to the special security task force, I keep one, you keep one.

Peck: No offense but, fuck this!

Han: It is not a problem.

Peck (*pointing his knife closer*): It is a problem.

Han: You are like a film, Mr. Peck.

Peck: I need to get into the offices NOW!

Han: Xiao Deng!

Deng enters.

Han: Get me the emergency security clearance form.

Deng: Ah?

Han: The emergency clearance form.

Deng: Yes.

She goes.

Peck: You are a reasonable man, Han.

Han: All weapons must be confiscated in the presence of the emergency security clearance form. Otherwise it is invalid.

*Peck hands the plastic knife to Han. Han snaps it in half.
Deng enters with a post-it note. She gives it to Han.*

Han: Thank you, Ms. Deng. If you can now please prepare for 'Happy Birthday Party.'

Deng: Yes.

Peck: Did I show you the shots of her?

Han: Shots?

Peck: The photos we took.

Han: She showed me.

Peck: No, my shots, *my* shots.

Han: Oh yes, it is a very good time now to view them now.

Deng bows her head. Peck takes out his camera.

Peck: Doesn't she look so cute there? With an apron and a hot plate? And look at this one: a close up of our faces cheek to cheek. Pretty cool one-handed shot, huh? My specialty. And there we are, getting on the bus. And look at this one look at this one: us eating together, holding hands. Delicious.

Han scribbles something on the post-it, hands it to Peck.

Han: This should be no problem.

Deng: Happy Birthday Party.

Peck (*with post-it note on finger*): This is it?

At the Pump in the Wall, Deng inflates a party balloon to the max:

POP!

Peck: Hey! Don't blow 'em up so big.

And another: POP! A series of balloons to the max: POP! POP! POP!

Peck: Hey! Hey! Stop!

POP! POP! POP!

Peck: It fucking freaks me out! STOP STOP STOP!...cont.

POP! POP! POP!

Pieces of the Yankee Doodle Do diner start to overinflate and POP, setting Bill Peck on loud edge. He drops the bucket of chicken and scrambles out of the diner with the post-it note on his finger.

The fake little American establishment deflates.

End of Act 1

ACT II

Dawn comes soon enough for the working class
It keeps getting sooner or later
This is the game that moves as you play...

X, The Have Nots
Under the Big Black Sun

In darkness, a high-pitched chirp. And again.

-1.

A wide glass chute, floor to ceiling, there at the back. Now illuminated,
but usually hidden. That familiar sound of clanging and banging.

The Game: Office Furniture Tetris

Lights flash up as Korobochka (the Russianesque Tetris Tune) plays

A desk ,-----,
It hangs on a hook
like an ornament.
The hook maneuvers--

The desk
Is dropped
down the chute :
a life-sized tetris game.
The desk lands violently,
but takes its place

A chair I--,
It is now hooked,
moving towards play.

It is dropped
to fit

the desk:
It does
or
it doesn't.

Continued playing is the cause of the clanging and banging. It goes dark and becomes hidden again.

1.

Lights up on the Clean Tech Corp office. It is cleaned out.

There remain some cubicle partitions and a false wall with the shadows of letters that were: only the 'C' of Clean and the 'C' of Corp. remain.

Double glass doors are the entrance to the office. They are tied shut, with rags. There is another wooden door nearby. It is closed.

Along with the clanging and banging, two bodies try to break through the tied-up door. They do.

Rafael Chan and Shelly Larkin roll in. They look around, take in the empty space. Shelly tries to contain herself (it involves awkward patterns of breathing). Chan checks the wooden door—jiggles the knob--it is locked.

Larkin: no. no. (NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO....!)

Bang and clang of Office Furniture Tetris (drown her out.)

Chan: Larkin get a hold of yourself!

Larkin: (NOOOOOO!) NOOOOOO! (NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!)

Chan approaches.

Larkin: Don't get in my way.

She charges around the empty space, furious.

Larkin: My desk is here! My computer is on my desk, here! The keyboard sliding out on the undershelf, here! My CHAIR...SWIVELED...HERE!

Chan: It doesn't mean anything, Shelly.

Larkin (*she weeps and points at 'CC'*): Our logo—

Chan: That's not the logo—

Larkin: I...I had redesigned it—

Chan: Are we even in the right building?

Larkin: I've been coming here every day for the past two years you fucking doubt me you token fucking accountant?

Chan: Forget about it, Shelly—it's *China*.

Larkin: No! No! They cannot expect us to bend over every time—why can't things just fucking make sense!

Chan: Shut up.

Larkin: Fuck you

Chan: I'm sick of you.

Larkin: I'm wiped of you.

Chan: Not into that.

*Larkin starts hitting Chan with her huge bag of stuff.
Chan gets her into a lock.*

Larkin: Let go of me, fucking traitor!

Chan: Are you—

Larkin: Help! Help!

Chan: Stop!

Larkin: OWWWW! Haaaaa

Chan: Are you gonna stop leaking all over the place and fucking contain yourself already?

Larkin: EVERYTHING IS GONE! EVERYTHING IS GONE! EVERYTHING!

Chan: So everything is gone. All that shitty cheap fake wood, gone. All that buzzing green fluorescent light, gone. All that slow fucking internet connection, gone. All that pile of business cards that you can't even read, gone. All the drawers of instant ramen gone. All the shots of toxic Chinese brandy, gone. All the stink of lies and unflossed breath, gone. All those fingers up your skirt, gone. All those vacuum packed preserved eggs, gone. All that bouquet of synthetic teddy bears-with-sticks-up-their-asses, gone. All that number crisping, all that play-acting, all that fake smiling, gone.

Larkin (*she drools*): It's all gone.

Chan: Swallow it.

Larkin: I can't stop drooling.

Chan: Swallow it!

*Larkin convulses a coupla times and then falls to a heap.
Chan slowly lays her down. She curls into a fetal position.*

That high-pitched chirp.

Chan takes out a cigarette, smokes.

And another high-pitched chirp.

Chan: Chicken doesn't taste like it used to. Don't you think Shelly? Bland...tasteless... just a texture, waiting for a sauce. Bland like any creature would be, sitting there, in a cage, staring straight ahead, every once in a while, get a semi-peck in, leftover from back in the day when

you had a beak, don't got one now, but somehow, your chicken-brain memory still remembers to peck, don't even know how to crow, don't even know there are chicks of their kind on the free range, tastier chicks, chicks that fetch a better price. Bland cuz you just get bigger, faster. Get some serum injected in you...don't even gotta try...just bigger faster. No need to wake, just need to grow.

If you really think about it: Chickens never die of natural causes.

But in China, some do. Out in the country--they're still running around—in circles, but still running around. Chickens free to funky all over the yard. That's why it's so tasty here. That's why they keep longer here, and the flavor—

(pause)

And some of them, they're still crowing when the sun comes up.

(pause)

Gotta pay big to taste that in America.

Larkin is settled.

Chan: You know what I love about China? No sales tax. And no need to tip. Price you see, that's it. You get to America, lots of *hidden* cost. So hidden, can't even tell what the costs are anymore. So hidden, you can't even hear the shenanigans, tap dancing on the graves of suckers. The wizards and magicians have further made something out of absolutely nothing! Changing numbers on ethereal pages: can't see it, but somehow the hidden feels like its tripled or something—

This company is sunk.

pause

Larkin: But you can save it, right hero?

Chan: Cards?

*Chan takes out a pack of souvenir playing cards.
Pandas--54 of 'em.*

Larkin: Or at least get my investment back?

Chan: What's your game?

*He's holds out the deck on the palm of his hand.
She looks at it, undersmacks his hand.
The cards fly everywhere.*

Chan: So your game is: deregulation.

Larkin: I'm not playing anything anymore!

Chan: Pick up 7.

Larkin: I just want my fucking investment back!

Chan: C'mon—pick up 7--

Larkin: I'm not playing cards right now!

Chan: 7.

Larkin: Why 7?

Chan: Or how many you think you need to win.

Larkin: This is not the time, Chan!

Chan: Keep your brain, moving, Larkin. Otherwise you'll go morbid and obsess about how shitty your life is and permutate the worst scenarios, which will confirm how unfair the world is. *(beat)* I can always pick 'em for ya—

Shelly reluctantly picks up a pile.

Chan: Win a coupla hands—cheers you up.

She discards the ones she doesn't want, picks up better ones.

Larkin: Better fucking let me win.

Chan: Try

Larkin: Baby, I am ALL TRY. What are we playing?

Chan: Just pick one up, throw one down.

Larkin: What's the goal?

Chan: To get through.

She does. He does.

Chan: They told me the company was in transition.

Larkin: From WHAT to WHAT? It's everything I've ever saved.

Chan: Are you really doing business in China?

Larkin: You don't fucking speak any Chinese either!

Chan: Fuck you I don't. I got us past the guards didn't I?

Larkin: Now's not the time to crow--

Chan: I would have at least checked what dealer was showing before doubling down.

Larkin: I took a risk, OK, Chan? I was looking towards profits.

Chan: Global Business 101: Chinese don't take risks.

Larkin: So they fucking prey on the foreigners who do and then fucking buy up all of our treasury bonds and laugh behind our backs. They're using MY money to fucking buy up MY debt! Motherfucking CHINKS!

Chan: Don't go there, Shelly.

Larkin: I'm there! And it's you're motherfucking people!

Chan: Whoa whoa whoa—before you go Stinky Chinky on me--

Larkin: What am I supposed to fucking do? You look like them. Sometimes.

pause

Chan: Really, Shelly?

Larkin: I don't know anymore.

Chan: Never should have slept with the boss.

Larkin: Roose is not above me.

Chan: Or given him your cash--

Larkin: *(convulsing)* I'VE LOST FUCKING EVERYTHING!

Chan: You don't know that. It's China. You don't know what's really going on.

Larkin: They can't do this. They CAN'T! I have commandments. I have rights!

*She starts beating on him.
He grabs her fists.*

Deng enters the double glass doors with broom, sees the cards spread all over, immediately sweeps them up.

We hear the banging and clanging as more Life-sized Tetris is being 'played' (though it may just be the inside of Shelly's head)

Shelly dives for Rafael Chan's leg and clings to it. Ball and chain.

2.

Deng hands the swept up deck of cards neatly back to Chan. He recases the cards back into their souvenir panda container.

She digs out her mask and gloves, holds a bucket and scrub brush, bends down, scrubs.

Chan: Larkin. *(pause)* Shelly, let go.

Larkin: Just a few minutes.

Chan: You're cutting off circulation—

Larkin: I just need...to hold...something...live.

Scrub scrub scrub. Chan looks towards Agnes.

Chan: What has happened here?

Larkin: Just a few minutes, Chan.

Scrub scrub scrub

Chan: Agnes: Do you know?

Deng: I come to clean the office.

Chan: Wait. I thought, I thought you worked at the Yanks.

Deng: The...?

Chan: The Yankee Doodle Do.

Deng: Yes.

Chan: But you...

Deng: I am the worker of Mr. Han.

Chan: And so...

Larkin releases Chan and exits with her big bag to the washroom.

Deng: The restaurant is Mr. Han's business. I do whatever Mr. Han needs.

Chan: So what happened to this office?

Deng: It needs to be cleaned.

Chan: And where is Han now?

Deng (*points to the closed door*): Maybe he is in his office.

Chan: There?

Deng: Maybe.

*Chan goes to the door, knocks.
No answer.*

Deng continues to scrub the floor.

*He knocks again, no answer.
He puts his ear to the door.*

Chan: Hold on hold on. I hear movement.

She stops scrubbing.

*He pounds on the door.
Still no answer.*

Deng: O. Maybe he is not in his office. He will be here.

Chan: But someone is definitely inside.

Scrub scrub scrub.

Chan: Agnes, stop.

She does.

Deng: Yes?

Chan: Talk to me.

Deng: Yes?

Chan: Take off your mask.

She does.

Deng: Yes?

Chan: You can tell me.

Deng: Yes?

Chan: What is really going on here? You can tell me.

Deng: I am cleaning.

Chan: But what has happened to the office?

Deng: It needs cleaning. Mr. Han says...

Chan: Says what? Do you do whatever he says?

Deng: Yes.

Chan: He tells you to cut off your arm, you will do it?

Deng: He will not tell me to cut off my arm. You are crazy.

Chan: But you know what I mean? You just follow blindly.

Deng: Mr. Han knows more than me. He is my supervisor. I must obey.

Chan: But don't you wonder what is happening?

Deng: He knows.

Chan: You can tell me.

Deng: I don't know. *(beat)* You tell me.

Chan: Tell you what. Anything, anything.

Deng: I don't believe you.

Chan: But you believe Mr. Han.

Deng: Mr. Han does not joke about serious things.

Chan: Well his business dealings with Clean Tech Corp have been a joke. He won't sign the agreement. The office does not exist. How can we believe him?

Deng: Do you know commandments?

Chan: Thou shall not lie?

Deng: Yes! *(beat)* What else?

Chan: Kill. Steal. Covet.

Deng: What else?

Chan: Is Mr. Han your Christian teacher?

Deng: No! He thinks it is the storybook fairy tale for western fantasy.

Chan: He's right.

Deng: But the Americans are Christians. Every time, at the end of the speeching, even the Obama, it is always God Bless American. In the song: God Bless American. For the soldier war: God Bless. God Bless, God Bless-

Chan: Well, she sneezes a lot.

Deng: Who is she?

Chan: Just a joke—I mean...Agnes, there are many religions in our country. Not just Christian.

Deng: I can sneeze when I hear somebody is lying.

Chan: You can?

Deng: Like I am the allergic to lying. Like I can only live in the true—what?

Chan looks at Agnes' lips and then into her eyes.

Chan: I want to kiss you, Agnes. May I?

pause

Deng: I am afraid to kiss you.

Chan: Then we won't kiss. Until you are not afraid.

Deng: But you must remember: You should not covet your neighbors' ass—

Chan: Or his wife.

Deng: No!

Chan: Agnes. (*pause*) How do I say this?

Deng: About the neighbor's ass?

Chan: Agnes, I know you are (*pause*) a spy.

Deng is about to speak when Shelly returns without her bag, enervated.

Larkin: I have nothing left inside of me.

Chan sniffs.

Chan: Do you smell it Agnes?

Deng puts on her mask.

Deng: I must clean.

She gets on her knees and scrubs.

3.

The wooden door opens. The projected image of a Chinese soldier appears, from the wooden door. It is about to speak--

Larkin: Jesus Christ! What the hell is going on here?

The projected image exits out the double glass doors.

Larkin: They can't do this. They CAN'T! Jesus Christ! Jesus Christ!

Agnes looks up.

Han Jia Wei appears, closes the wooden door.

Deng continues to scrub.

Han: I'm so sorry. The traffic to An Fu Road was so horrible. It was easier to meet here. You must be Mr. Chan of Harvard?

Chan: Yes, Rafael Chan.

Han: I wasn't expecting you so soon.

Chan: Were you expecting me at all?

Han: Of course, of course, yes.

Larkin: Where's our stuff, Han?

Han: It's been cleared up.

Larkin: Cleared to where?

Han: Unfortunately they cleared the wrong office.

Larkin: WHAT?

Han: The workers, they sometimes write so sloppy, so messy, you can say sloppy, yes? And what's more they also read so quickly that they were supposed to clear office 701, but they read 707...you see here, that last number '1' had too much of a flag on top so it looked like a '7.' The building security is very, very apologetic. They will be here shortly to move all of your things back in. It is most embarrassing for us, but I know you Americans understand: we are still a developing country--our workers are not as exact as yours. This is a terrible loss of face for us.

Chan: Why is the whole office cleared?

Han: I am not authorized to disclose.

Larkin: I've been EXTREMELY patient with you, Mr. Han. I can feel cancer cells METASTASIZING into TUMORS every time I think about what you have done, even more so what you HAVE NOT DONE. Dare you keep a straight face? DARE YOU?

Han (*clandestine*): We have detected computer espionage in Office 701.

Larkin: I think I speak for everyone in this office when I ask you to CUT THE BLUFF, as if everything is all right. EVERYTHING IS NOT ALL RIGHT! You have disappeared us like lambs in some magic trick. We are not your citizens. We do NOT take this shit! YOU ARE DEALING WITH AMERICANS HERE!

Han: Are you going to beat me, Shelly? And then what? Will we work together after that?

Larkin: Pay us for the information you have stolen.

Han: You are mistaken, Shelly.

Larkin: Someone has leaked the technology that allows catalytic converters to provide even lower emissions rates for utility vehicles.

Han: That's what we are counting on Clean Tech Corp to provide.

Larkin: Why have all the clients decided to by pass Clean Tech Corp and invest directly into China Green? You maneuvered this.

Chan: Get a hold of yourself Shelly.

Larkin: Who's side are you on, Chan?

Chan: The Chinese are not going to respond to this behavior

Larkin: You're just a fucking puppet for them, Chan. You Chinese keep bringing in new blood, people totally out of the loop, so you have more time to fucking cheat us out of our business.

Chan: I'll call Roose.

Larkin: Good fucking luck!

Chan exits.

Han: It's dangerous to falsely accuse with no evidence. Is that not what your constitution says?

Larkin: Return my money.

Han: That's between you and Jeff Roose.

Larkin: Roose told me the money was placed in a Chinese bank account.

Han: Did Jeff Roose also happen to tell you that he is in the States because of his tax problems?

Larkin: He would tell me.

Han: Again, that's between you and Roose. You wouldn't expect a foreign government to settle a family dispute.

Larkin: He is in no way family.

Han: We at China Green run our company like it is our own family. Jeff Roose led me to believe that you were as intimate as family.

Chan (*from offstage*): Ooo.

Larkin: Stop fucking LYING to me right in front of my face!

Han: Roose will not be able to leave the States until the tax matter is cleared up.

Larkin: BULLSHIT!

Han: Your leader is selfish. Only thinks of himself. Likes to cheat people who trust him.

Larkin: You're bluffing again.

Han: There is no reason for me to bluff—

Larkin: We are good people! We want to do what is right. You can laugh about us for being simple, and idiotically nice, for being naïve, and overstuffed, but goddammit, Han, we err on the side of goodness. It still matters to us to do what is right. Maybe, maybe that, that is our greatest err of all. Mr. Han, I ask of you: Return my money.

Another soldier appears, projected, exits out of the double glass doors.

Larkin: Who is that? If this is still our office, why are there soldiers here?

Han: It's temporary.

Larkin: If this is our office--

Han: Soldiers quarters.

Larkin: Why are there soldiers here?

Han: Forgive us, Shelly...we are a country with much too much paper. And as hard as we try to train our workers to be precise, there is always a mix up. These soldiers were to be housed in the building across the street, but there were not enough beds last night, and so, they were directed to report to the closest available quarters. With the mix up of your office, they ended here. We apologize for the appearance. Shall we sign your documents?

Han reaches into his pocket.

Han: I have the pen.

Larkin: I have the agreement.

Han: Shall we sign?

Larkin: Does it even mean anything anymore?

Larkin pulls the documents from her bag—wait where is her bag?

Larkin: My bag!

Han: Come into my office.

Larkin: O my god my bag--

Han: We'll sign in my office.

Larkin: It's all I have left! O my god! Wait! The toilet!

Han: We'll sign if you find it.

She rushes out the double glass doors.

He exits out the wooden.

A cock crows.

4.

Deng continues to scrub the floors.

Chan enters.

Chan: Agnes stop.

Deng: I must finish.

Chan: How much harder can Han yank our chain?

pause

Deng: What is yank?

Chan: What is yank?

Deng: What is yank?

Chan: Yank is to pull. Like I can yank you out of this shitty shitty situation.

Deng: It is verb?

Chan: Mostly. But it can also be a someone. Like a yanker.

Deng: Yanker.

Chan: A Yanker is someone who pulls hard.

Deng: A Yanker is someone who pulls hard.

Chan: Yeah, like God. God is a yanker.

Deng: God is a yanker?

Chan: Yeah, he decides who gets yanked out of life. Right? When someone dies, he is yanked out by God.

Deng: My Christian teacher never told me this.

Chan: There are a lot of things your Christian teacher will never tell you.

Deng: He tells me all the good things.

Chan: Just like your government: all things about China good.

Deng: China *is* good.

Chan: You believe.

Deng: I believe.

Chan: But remember: someone talks about God, you be sure to say: O yeah, that Yanker. Capital Y: Yanker.

Deng: God is Yanker.

Chan: God is a Yanker.

Deng: God is a Yanker.

Chan: And who is the person who gets yanked out?

Deng: The person?

Chan: Yeah, who gets pulled out by God? If God is a yanker, then the poor sucker who gets it is:

Deng: Yankee?

Chan: That's it!

Deng: Like New York Yankee?

Chan: You're irresistible.

Deng: The one who get yanked from New York? New York Yankee!

Chan grabs Deng and goes to kiss her. She stops him.

Deng: Why do you leave America?

Chan: Did you know America is bigger than one country—it is both North America and South America?

Deng: Why do you leave the United States?

He looks at her.

Chan: I want my country to move forward.

Deng: Your country has everything.

Chan: Not for everyone.

Deng: Yes, you do. More than we do.

Chan: I want my country to move forward, together.

Deng: What does this mean?

Chan: We all eat the same hamburgers, drink the same coke, use the same debit cards, tread the same water.

Deng: That is normal.

Chan: But we have turned our cheek too long—

Deng: because you are Christian—

Chan: Because we are in denial. We don't want to feel the pain of what we have caused and so we don't look at it with true eyes.

Deng: What are you talking about?

Chan: We kicked the native Indians out of their land and we brought the Africans to this land against their will.

Deng: And your country become rich—that is forward.

Chan: Agnes, do you know what a fantasy is?

Deng: Like the Disneyland.

Chan: That is escape fantasy, yes. (*pause*) I have a national fantasy.

Deng: What is that?

Chan: I wish that the U.S. would take one day to acknowledge that we did two terrible things to get our country and to make it rich.

Deng: That will take more than a day.

Chan: But—if we could take one of our white monuments—like the big tall plain one—

Deng: Washington Monument?

Chan: YES! And as a nation, the citizens gather around the monument live—

Deng: All of them?

Chan: But televise, too, so all of the U.S. and all of the world can see: we admit we took the land from the natives and enslaved a continent of people those many hundreds of years ago...and then we light the whole monument another color, say green, light it for a whole day, so all can witness and all can admit together, all can take responsibility as our new selves together, and then we can stop the habit of denial and slowly move forward, together as one nation.

Deng: I must have to watch it on TV, then.

Chan is delighted.

Chan: Unless you come to the U.S.

Deng: What time and what day?

Chan kisses Deng—she lets him.

The wooden doors open. For a coupla flashes, the live surveillance feed shows Chan and Deng kissing.

5.

Bill Peck enters, like a slow pan. He has Larkin's big bag slung over his shoulder. Peck engagingly watches the kiss.

Deng and Chan slowly part lips and connect eyes.

Peck: Delicious.

Deng: Mr. Bill Peck!

Peck: And I bought you all that ice cream and you wouldn't even let me get to first base.

Chan: This is so what-the-fuck-is-going-on on so many different levels.

Peck (*to Agnes*): I thought you were a good girl.

Deng: I am a good girl, Mr. Peck.

Peck: Yes, I saw how good a girl you are.

Agnes bends down to scrub.

Chan: You must be the reason why this company's selling cantaloupe on the streets.

Peck: Is that what the big business plan is, Mr. Harvard?

Chan extends his hand.

Chan: Rafael Chan.

Peck: A metrosexual.

Peck fingers Chan's palm.

Peck: Bill Peck. So very nice to meet you. Fucker.

Chan: Likewise. Asshole.

Agnes scrubs attentively.

Chan: So where did you funnel it all? Larkin's money? Roose's account?

Peck: Look Charlie Chan, it ain't that dramatic. Chinks wanna do things their way, their workers are taught only to bend--they just want our national connection and the paperwork handled. Where's all of our stuff?

Chan: You tell us.

Peck: The cocksuckers yanked me out of here before I could even clean out my friggin' desk. I'm entitled to my belongings at least, before I dropkick these heathens out of my orbit.

Chan: I was told Clean Tech Corp just needed restructuring—that the accounting was—

Peck: Where's my fucking stuff?

Chan: *Unclear.*

Peck: Chinese got their abacus, and needles and voodoo—gov't can change numbers to make whatever story work. Don't even need Wall Street Warriors to do your dirty work for ya. Free and efficient movement of capital—when rules are so bendable—granted there are rules, yo buddy?

Chan: But Roose and you—

Peck: What do you even fucking, know? You just get here, flashing your face and your diploma—what did you read about this place, and really, how well can you lie in Chinese?

Chan: Almost as good as you.

Peck: O I'm Whitey Foreigner here—automatically deemed idiot. So you play dumb to them--give them info that sounds key, that can be backed up with any number, any *picture*...get in with the manpurses and the member's only jackets, sit with them in casinos, at cockfights, you know, be a good little bitch. And have livers and lungs made out of steel.

Chan: I don't think I'm following—

Peck: Takes practice, but you'll get it—Harvard men are smart, right? Can't get others to bend 'til you know how to bend deeper.

Scrub scrub scrub

Chan: It'd be easier for us all if you would just come clean and let us know what the fuck is going on!

Peck: I don't know! This is my first time back in the office since I got so unceremoniously dissed by that fucking dye-job Han Jia Wei—after all the—

Chan: You don't seem phased at all.

Scrub scrub scrub

Peck: I'm actually doing you a favor, telling you how it works, virgin. You don't like my delivery, how I hold my face, well that's your problem now, isn't it?

Chan: No, my problem is when my own team member sells me up the river for his own profit.

Peck: Yeah our team captain, that fucker Roose—

Scrub scru--

Peck: You getting all this, Agnes?

Chan: Don't derail.

Scrub scrub scrub

Peck: Smart girl gets this, writes it down, gives it to her superiors—

Chan: Stop pushing it on everyone but yourself!.

Deng keeps scrubbing, looks at both of them behind her mask.

Peck: Look at that ass—

Is she wiggling it at him?

Chan slaps Peck—

Peck: Oo a feminist on our hands—slap slap slap bad boy.

Chan: Get up, Agnes—

Peck: So flexible, Agnes.

Chan goes to Deng.

Chan: Get up Agnes—

Deng: I am almost finished.

She continues to scrub, possibly in an unknowingly provocative position.

Peck: It comes down to the paradoxes of our time, Mr. Chan—the forces of stability versus the forces of change. That *tension* between denial and acceptance of reality. The *struggle* between fear and hope. Isn't it now?

Chan: The numbers are still good enough to convince the Chinese to take risk.

Peck: Whose numbers?

Chan: My numbers! 30% of the reengineered projects succeed. I think Clean Tech Corp and China Green just need to rethink the partnership. If they decide to merge, 23% of the mergers make back the cost and 43%

of quality improvements are worth the effort. That's what Shelly's contract looks like it's trying to do—to get the Chinese workers to be happy so they'll be more productive.

Peck: Your optimism offends me.

Chan: The Chinese just need to be shown these numbers.

Peck: Agnes get up.

She does.

Peck: Let me see your face.

She pulls down her mask.

Chan: Don't listen to him, Agnes.

Deng: I am OK. Don't worry. I know him.

Peck: OK, OK—put yourself in the big shoes: Say you both get 2 million U.S. dollars if you put your company at risk—

Deng: What is that meaning?

Chan: Chinese don't take risks.

Deng: Ah?

Peck: --and you have no liability if you are wrong--nothing is traced, all cheeks are turned. You gonna take the cash to loosen up your company?

Chan: Never.

Peck: So square you fit in a box

Chan: So soft you need a pill.

Peck: Charlie Chan, here being the man. What about you, Agnes?

Chan: Would you take 2 million dollars—

Peck: U.S. dollars—what, it makes a difference—

Deng: I don't know.

Peck: Surely you have an opinion.

Deng: I don't want to hurt my company...and it will be bad when you get found.

Peck: Maybe for one—but everyone else, taking turns sunning on each other's yachts--

Deng: It is not my choice to make.

Peck: Hot Dang! World still flat as a pie!

Buh-bock! Buh-buh-bock! Humans crowing from behind--

6.

Shelly Larkin storms in.

Larkin: What the FUCK are you doing with my bag?

Peck: O it's a Shellybration.

Larkin: Give me that!

She grabs for the bag. Gets it.

Peck: Bought it on the street for 10 yuan...quite the deal.

Peck slowly approaches Larkin. Larkin goes to the wooden door, knocks.

Peck: You know, Shelly,

Larkin: Mr. Han (*knock knock knock*) I have it here. (*knock knock knock*). The contract. (*knock knock*) To sign...Get away from me, Peck.

Peck: Chinese girls just lay there, all still like starfish:

Larkin: Stay away or I'll fucking scream until your eardrums explode.

Peck: Yeah, I could use ME some Shelly-bration right about now.

Larkin swings her big fat bag at Peck.

Peck: OW! Shit! Whaddaya, carry iron balls in your bag?

Knock knock knock knock knock

Larkin: Like you'd even know what that felt like.

Peck (*referring to Chan*): —from that time the Harvard hotshot jacked me off.

Chan: Two pulls and it was done.

*Peck goes for Chan's throat. Chan dodges
They shove. A cock fight.
We hear cheers and cocks crowing from inside Han's office.*

*Peck pulls out another plastic KFC knife, takes it out of the plastic.
He slices at Chan, gets his palm.*

Chan: Ahhh!

Peck: Cut you a new lifeline, fucker.

*Chan slaps Peck cross the face, bloodying him.
Peck goes for Chan.
Chan gets him to drop the knife.
Deng retrieves it, breaks it in half.*

Peck: What'd you fucking do with all of my stuff, huh? I fucking hate this country!

Deng takes her surgical mask, stanches Chan's bleeding.

Larkin: Well this country fucking hates you.

Peck: Shelly baby.

Larkin: Don't call me baby.

Peck: Shelly honey.

Larkin: You're an asshole.

Peck: Are you trying to give me a boner all standing there like that?

The wooden door opens. We hear many roosters crowing.

Life-sized Tetris now has office supplies as game pieces: definitely Peck's 12-inch computer case, stuff like accordion files, desk mats, plastic phones, all fitted amidst the other pieces. Now feeling more like garbage being dumped in.

Han appears.

Han: O you found it Shelly. (sees Peck) And Mr. Peck.

Peck: Where's my stuff?

Han: I really am very sorry to have missed our breakfast meeting.

Peck: I just want to shake the bullshit out of you, Han.

Larkin: And when will you be delivering our things back to us?

Han: The security is presently unlocking them.

Deng sneezes.

Han looks at Deng.

*She does not look back at him.
Crash bang. The Life-sized Tetris plays.*

Chan: Bless you.

Deng: Thank you.

Han: Shelly—the contracts—

Larkin: O yes

*She takes them all crumply out of her bag.
Han signs them on the door.*

Deng: Achoo

Chan: Bless you.

Deng: Thank you.

Larkin: Thank you so much, Mr. Han.

Deng: Achoo.

Chan: Bless you.

Deng: Thank you

Larkin: We need to get you some medicine, Agnes.

Deng: I am not sick, Shelly.

Larkin: And the contracts are all signed.

Han: Which means that we can now begin the negotiations.

Larkin: WHAT?

Peck: I need my fucking passport to get the fuck out of here.

*Deng sneezes again.
Peck starts climbing the walls.*

Larkin: No that can't be!

Han: Mr. Chan, if you can come into my office and we can begin the negotiations.

Larkin: I'm in on this too! It's my company too!

Han: Mr. Chan.

*Chan goes, Shelly follows.
Han stops her, closes the wooden door.*

*Shelly pounds on the door.
Peck explodes.*

Peck: WHERE'S MY FUCKING STUFF? WHERE'S MY STUFF? WHERE'S MY STUFF? I stuff, therefore I am. HA HA HA HA HA. Might as well rip my heart, FUCKING LOAD IT DOWN WITH YOUR MSG so it will FUCKING TASTE BETTER. C'MON! Steam me til I'm tender. Roast me 'til I'm crisp. Skewer me 'til I'm totally fucked.

YOU WANT MY MEAT, TOO? You can handle it? Here, EAT MY MEAT. Eat my fucking meat. We all know why you fucking MAKE your FOOD fucking BITE-SIZED, so your little FINGER-DICKED MEN won't BE SO FUCKING EMBARRASSED after DINNER. I EXIST! I...FUCKING...EXIST!

So fuck you Clean Tech Corp and your prissy ass, save the world pipedream! No fucking Chinese will ever invest in you cuz why would they want to benefit the world when they got their own shit going on?

Peck has disappeared into the chute. Crash, Bang.

Scrub, scrub, scrub.

7.

Shelly is at the end.

Larkin: I give my all to my job. I like to figure things out. I like to devote myself to a product. I like to think that I helped to improve the quality of someone's life. That I am needed and have delivered into the world. That my employer values me, maybe even gives a shit about me. I like to think that my bank is holding my money safely. That I can invest into a business and at least know I made a bad decision because the law was spelled out clearly on paper, and that all could agree on it, admit mistakes, clear it up, move on. So clean it is now. We sat here this morning and watched numbers change. You need a disaster, look at the weather. You need proof, feel the acid in your gut.

Larkin grabs Deng's scrub brush and fiercely starts scrubbing.

Larkin: I don't even want a picket fence. I don't even need a 3-car garage. I like jeans. I like flats. I like crisp shirts and don't need fucking variations on any of these. Don't need buttons or bobbles. Or bows. Or studs. Or hoops—I don't even need a real designer label. I know who I am. I don't need to drink water straight from the tap. I enjoy street food. I can wear the same outfit three days in a row. I can cool down without a/c. I am resilient. I am Shelly Larkin. I only ask for a job that has stable internet connection. I need a computer that I can save and store all of my work. When I am sick, I need medicine and a bed. When I am sad I need a bottle of Jack and a bag of Classic American Lays. When I'm happy, I just need to listen to Zeppelin 4 (without track 3) and eat a burger with extra sharp Wisconsin cheddar. When I am pissed, kneeling helps. When I need sex, there are plenty of men who are happy to give. When I need love, I have a mirror. If I want marriage, I have a camera. That's all. That's all Shelly Larkin needs for life. I can't get it at home, anymore. I certainly can't understand it here. Where then? Where? I'm just dust on the shade.

Larkin is winded.

Agnes takes back her scrub brush, scrubs.

Crash, Bang: Bill Peck is maneuvering in the Life-sized Tetris game to get his 12" computer case.

Larkin: I'm at the end, Agnes.

Deng: You give up.

Larkin: Nothing more to give. I'm spent.

Deng: You are good cleaner.

Larkin: So much for an education.

Deng: You look down on the workers.

Larkin: Hey, I am a worker, too, you know.

Deng: You think you are better.

Crash, bang.

Larkin: I know I am better. I have been given the best. But it all goes down the drain with one bad decision. How can it be? How can it be so fragile?

Deng: For big winner, there must be big loser.

Larkin: Is that how you learned in school?

Deng: It is Marx.

Larkin: Yeah, I know. So everyone can be equally poor. Equally suffering. So the top can be way top. And the rest of us are sharing the company of that universal bottom of Jesus. That opiate. Old yet still in place.

Deng: You are not the Christian.

Larkin: O I am, but I avoid the middleman.

Deng: The leader is the smartest. So you must obey. He makes the best choice.

Larkin: For himself.

Deng: For the people.

Larkin: Now is NOT the time for your communist primer.

Scrub scrub scrub.

Larkin: What about dreaming something big for yourself, Agnes?

Deng: My self is to continue my ancestor. You don't want to make next generation, Shelly?

Larkin: Self-determination, Agnes.

Deng: But you make your wrong determination. That is why you must obey the leader. Learn from the leader.

Larkin: Learn to cheat like a leader.

Deng: Maybe you have bad leader.

Larkin: That's right, Agnes. Give me a great leader—and I am the most obedient, I will follow to the end! They must choose well for me. Perform well for me. Not just do what the money says.

Agnes: Mao is on the money, but people do not believe in Mao now. He is in every pocket but that is all. The capitalism always want us to grow to grow...but we cannot grow so fast. We have tall shiny buildings, but nobody inside. You take the pictures, think we are modern, but we are still same inside. You call us super-power, but that is your word. We do not think like this. And so many people will suffer. So those who suffer will now understand what Mao, what the Marx really means.

Larkin: You are a communist, Agnes.

Agnes: It is so simple Shelly. You think I am only cleaning, but this way I am moving my thinking.

Larkin: What else are you thinking?

Agnes: About the economy.

Larkin: What kind of soap is it that you're inhaling there?

Agnes is focused.

Agnes: It is like—

Larkin: Yes—

Agnes: A man is sick.

Larkin: Yes, I'm listening.

Agnes: Free market say, the sick man must rely on his own body to make healthy, to get better. But then there are some believe he need medicine. The government is like medicine to make economy better. But for Mr. Karl Marx, the sick man in capitalism is on life support system. He cannot live on his own, need to grow and grow, always on the life support system. So we must take the sick man off the system and let him die. That's it.

pause

Larkin: But then what will be the system.

Deng: What will be the system?

Larkin: The sick man is dead, what about the rest of us?

pause

Deng: The newborn baby. Let the sick man die and look to the newborn baby. It is the hope and future. Communism is like the new born baby. Simple. The nature is good.

Larkin: And until communism is in place, you are simple and good as a Christian?

Deng: I like bible to practice English. To learn big words. Many new words, big words in the bible.

Larkin: And big words need big actions, to BASH THEM BACK INTO SENSE.

She exits violently. Crash. Bang.

Peck has retrieved his 12" case and climbs out of the wide glass chute, that life-sized Tetris game.

8.

Chan and Han exit out the wooden doors.

Han: We all know that If China's emissions keep climbing as they have for the past thirty years, the country will emit more of those gases in the next thirty years than the United States has in its entire history. And so as of today, China's investment in clean energy is really extraordinary. The U.S. really should be proud for making investments in a company like China Green and continue to be competitive in the clean-tech sector in the years and decades to come.

Chan: So if you have already begun the restructuring—

Han: Yes and these are the negotiations we wish to begin, towards the restructuring.

Chan: So we have come to an agreement about working together—

Han: Yes, business is like a family, Mr. Chan. It is between you and Jeff Roose. You must make sure of your own family. Maybe you want the government to decide about your family because you have used up all of your energy to make choices—you are tired of choosing. You can never get what you want, or you always get what you want—there's just so much of too much of everything, and the basic needs seem so out of fashion. What else is there to choose to have? Dignity? Accountability? Respectability? You can't see any of that, and so it has no value. Doesn't show. And besides, no one is looking.

*Daughtry's Home plays as Mr. Han's ringtone:
I'm going home, to the place where I belong...*

Han: Excuse me. Hallo! Ah!

He exits out the double glass doors.

Agnes drops to her knees by the bucket and begins to scrub the floor and sob.

Agnes: No!

I want to love you China, but you make me turn my head away! I want to love you China but you make me look away, look away-- I love China! I want her strong and good. I want to believe my country cares for all the people, the worlds people. You Mr. Han—you say things not true--only for yourself, keep the good things for yourself. It is not right. We cannot treat people so badly, whichever country they are from. We are all the human. We are all the same. Why must some have more than others? Why must we feel so small that we must eat others to feel peace? Mr. Han is why China has gone to the capitalist road. I cannot obey any longer. I cannot.

Chan: Agnes—don't put yourself in danger—You must be careful what you say here—you know this--

Agnes: I don't care! I want to be with the right people—the right people. The people who believe in good for every body in the world. Hang me up if that is better, at least I will not flow away and can know that gravity is true!

Chan: You—are brave—

Agnes: It doesn't matter—I am too small.

She weeps. Peck is stealthily exiting with his 12" laptop case.

Chan: Whoa whoa whoa hold up.

Peck: When the chick starts crying, that's my cue to leave.

Chan: Is this stuff even yours?

Peck: Guess you don't need a badge to be sheriff around here.

Chan blocks the doors.

Chan: it's an awfully large case for just a passport.

Peck: Do you trip old ladies during tai-chi class too? Asshole.

Shelly charges in. She wields a metal rod.

Chan: Whatcha got there Peck?

Peck: It's my lap top.

Larkin: It's the company's—it's not yours—

Peck: C'mon Shelly. Roose did not even give me severance—

Larkin: Fuck you Peck. There are no consolation prizes.

Peck: What the hell?

Larkin: What's in the case?

Peck: I told you my laptop, Jesus. You've been in China too long.

Larkin: Yours is a 17" case...this is only a twelver.

Peck: Mines in the shop.

Larkin: Bullshit.

Chan grabs the case.

Peck won't let go.

They tug and tug, as Chan goes for the zipper.

Cheers from the back--

With one swoop, it unzips and a storm of red cash

Rains down with Mao's big face upon them.

Peck: It's not what you think.

Larkin: I don't FUCKING care. You are in the wrong place at the wrong time, buddy.

Agnes regards the bills like snowflakes.

Chan kicks up the bills and gleefully plays in this snow with Agnes.

Shelly points her metal rod at Peck.

Peck: Whaddaya want, Shelly what? Take all the cash—take it.

Larkin: I want you to get on your fucking knees and apologize.

Peck: But I didn't do anything!

Larkin: I don't care. You have pulled enough shit and eaten away at my nerves to be a fucking stand-in until I can find out WHAT THE FUCK HAS HAPPENED SINCE THIS MORNING! KNEEL.

Peck: No.

Larkin: Let gravity do the work.

Peck: This is totally fucked up.

Larkin: Yes it is.

Peck: Fuck you Shelly Larkin and all of your lame ass business tactics. You couldn't sign a contract if a fucking pen in your hand.

Larkin: Apologize!

Peck: NO! You have no proof.

Larkin: Because how could he have gotten all the clients to invest with a mere promise of technology? YOU were leaking the information to Han.

Peck: What information?

Larkin: APOLOGIZE!

Peck: Fuck you!

Larkin: I'm giving you a choice, Peck.

Peck: Fuck you!

Larkin: There are so many things you can apologize for, be contrite about, a tad regretful for, even feel a little bad because of—

Peck: Fuck you in each hole. Twice.

Larkin: Hide behind your cocksmanhood, the last swagger of your tiny, tiny entitlement. Let us hear but one little heartbeat. Which may release the smallest dust of goodwill into the world. Which may allow humanity one small sigh of relief. For just an instant. (*whispers*) Apologize.

Peck: I would rather eat turds out of a rooster's ass.

*Larkin loses grip of her metal rod.
Its metallic pinging resounds,
along with her most grotesque primal scream.
It is, indeed, a scream the Greeks can hear.
A flash of projection of cocks running wild—
Han enters, covering his ears.*

Han: My god, what is happening here?

Larkin: You tell us, Han

Chan: Where is all the cash from, Peck?

Peck: Don't be jealous of my winnings.

Chan: Winnings from what?

Larkin: Is this my money that you've been squandering for cockfights?

Peck: What an active imagination you have, Larkin. Too bad you didn't go into the fucking arts.

Deng: Mr. Han. I follow your every word, believe everything you told me. But when I was in Mr. Peck's hotel room, I already see his passport. I know he has it, and you give him the paper, when he asked. And I think: so maybe we can catch him. But maybe I see more. Maybe I see so many China Green papers with your stamp.

Han: Nonsense, Xiao Deng.

Deng: I don't know what they are. I take the photos maybe to show the mess that is Mr. Peck's room. But here they are—the papers with your stamp...

Han: Now we have proof that Mr. Peck has stolen documents.

Peck: What the fuck a moment.

Han: And lied to us about his passport. Very serious. Very serious.

Peck: You don't have this lao wai to kick around no more.

He tries to exit, but is blocked by Larkin and Chan.

Larkin: You sold us out, Peck. You swindled your own. Think so low of ourselves. How much lower the limbo?

Peck: O spare me from this petty nightmare.

Han: You cannot possibly see the documents on such an inferior phone camera.

Deng: Here. Here you can see.

Han: Let me have a look, Xiao Deng.

Larkin: Don't give him the phone Agnes.

Han: Shelly, you make it sound like I am a criminal, when in fact it is Bill Peck here who has misled us with his deception.

Peck: There is no crime. There is no proof.

Deng: I have it here.

Chan: Let me see.

Deng gives Chan the phone. Chan examines

Larkin: You don't know what the documents look like. Give it to me.

Han: Hand me the phone please, Mr. Chan. Hand me the phone and we can keep your job.

Chan: That is definitely....some paper...with Chinese writing on it.

Larkin: Your worthless.

Deng: Mr. Han. This is so serious. This is so serious!

Han: You have had too much contact with the foreigners. You have lost your mind to them. What has happened? You are my most trusted worker.

Deng: I am not a good Christian. I cannot turn the cheek.

Han: Your mind has been polluted by the western delusions.

Deng: No, Mr. Han. I am looking at you. And I cannot be blinded by obedience. The picture has the papers with your signature. And you have lost this company for the benefit of your own profit. You have learned the bad habits of the capitalist country. You are thinking you are above all the laws of good.

Han: Give me the phone, Mr. Chan.

Deng: I will report you.

Han: It is best we let this mongrel leave our country as soon as possible.

Deng: I will report you to the corruption board.

Han: You have no power. They will not believe your word. I have so many colleagues on that board. You are but a worker, who can scrub floors and pump up a little food stand.

Deng: It must start somewhere. It will start with me.

Han: Xiao Deng. I have helped you when there was no job to be had. I have given you and your family many gifts. You have benefited from this.

Peck: I knew all of your little misunderstandings were an act.

Deng: No! I am not acting. I help my country be true. So it is not weak. This is very difficult for me, Mr. Han. The face is not true now. We must look at the true face to make us strong.

Han: Yes, and it will be quite difficult for your family. Think how disappointed your parents will be, that their only descendent nailed all of the doors shut. Come, we can let Mr. Peck go and all will be resolved.

Larkin: What about MY money?

Han: Please, take what is on the floor. It's yours.

Larkin: I want it in U.S. dollars!

Chan: Take the loss, Shelly—do not bend further--

Peck: Mr. Han is right. You make him a scapegoat, you think its gonna deter the other bigwigs? They hang one monkey to make the chickens feel righteous. The rest of the monkeys are free to swing branch to branch and play--

Han: Let us let Mr. Peck go and we can begin our negotiations between Clean Tech Corp and China Green.

Chan: These are just words to cover up some bullshit action.

Deng: We will not believe the false. We follow only the true.

Chan and Deng join hands in solidarity. Han clicks hooks with lines onto Chan and Deng's collars.

Han: This is the last chance.

Larkin: Before what?

Han: Before it gets extremely complicated.

Larkin: More complicated than this?

Peck: Hook. Line. Sink.

Peck clicks a hook with line onto Shelly's collar.

Deng: Please Mr. Han—do what is right—for the future of our country.

Han: Exactly.

*Han takes out a whistle, blows it.
Korobochka, the cute little Russianesque Tetris Tune starts playing.*

The back walls fall, all stand in the clear at the open glass door.

We see the whole of the rear glass wall is an even huger Tetris game. There are a few crevices left to fill.

Larkin, Chan and Deng are each hoisted up into the air and hung over the Life-sized Tetris game. Larkin rebels, arms and legs a flailing. Chan and Deng hang stoically, still in solidarity.

One by one they are dropped to fit into the crevices of the stacked office furniture. We hear cheering off stage for each successful play.

Han and Peck exit together.

end of game.

(01.03.13, 10:10PST, LA)