

SEX AND HUNGER
(excerpt)

by

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SEX AND HUNGER was written with support from the Edward F. Albee Foundation and developed at the Lark Play Development Center and Ensemble Studio Theater's Youngblood Program (New York City). It received workshop productions at Six Figure Theater Company's "Artist of Tomorrow Festival" (Dec. 2004, New York City) and received its World Premiere at Access Theater (Jan. 2005, New York City).

“On my American plains I feel the struggling afflictions
Edur’d by roots that writhe their arms into the nether deep:
I see a serpent in Canada, who courts me to his love;
In Mexico an Eagle, and a Lion in Peru;
I see a Whale in the South-sea, drinking my soul away.
O what limb rending pains I feel. thy fire & my frost
Mingle in howling pains, in furrows by the lightnings rent;
This is eternal death; and this the torment long foretold.”
—*America, a prophesy* (William Blake, 1793)

“Everything that acts is a cruelty. It is upon this idea of
extreme action, pushed beyond all limits, that theater must
be rebuilt.”
—*The Theater and Its Double* (Antonin Artaud, 1958)

THE PLAYERS

BLAKE WILLIAMS	<i>A young American boy, future President of the United States.</i>
SONIA LEE	<i>A young affluent Korean girl, related to Kim Il Sung. Blake's roommate.</i>
TOMAS KOVARIK	<i>A young Czech boy, heir of Budweiser, the Czech one. Sonia's boy-friend.</i>
MICHAEL (MIKE) EISENSTEIN	<i>A young affluent Jewish boy, future Chief-of-Staff during Blake's presidency.</i>
SINTA MUMBERRE	<i>A young, black, Muslim, Moroccan girl, heiress of Morocco's greatest vineyard.</i>
ISABELLA PASSOLINI	<i>A young, Italian girl, recent Academy-Award winner for Best Actress in a Motion Picture. Descendant of Paolo Passolini, the Italian filmmaker.</i>
DAVID RICARDO	<i>A young, affluent, Mexican boy. A popular hip-hop star. Named after the British political economist.</i>

PLACE: New York City. Blake Williams and Sonia Lee's two-story penthouse on the Upper West side. View of Central Park. Minimalist décor, hip and modern. Anesthetic kitchen. Welcoming bedrooms. And a living room to die for.

TIME: Now.

The play should be performed with no intermission.

THE SET

The set of this play is a two-story penthouse on the Upper West side of Manhattan. The action takes place in five areas of this apartment divided into two levels. Blake's bedroom and Sonia's bedroom are located on the upper level and the foyer, the living room, the kitchen are on the lower level of the set.

On the upper level, Blake's bedroom is stage right. There's a bed, a desk, and a small table in his room. A flat surface in Blake's room is necessary for his drug habits. Sonia's bedroom is stage left. A bed is elemental, or at least bed frames and bed sheets, to cover Sonia's naked body.

At the lower level of the set, the foyer is stage right. A door, a wall and a small antique table will do. Center stage is the living room, furnished with two plush sofas—no couches or futons, please. Stage right, there's a kitchen with a two-door German refrigerator, an oven and a bar. If these elements are not available, a bar with alcohol and an oven door will suffice.

These five areas of the penthouse are connected through stairs, ladders or poles, so that the players may cross from one play area to another with quick ease.

If none of these elements are available, cubes and wooden boxes can replace the furniture. However, the scenes in this play repeatedly cut back and forth from one place to another—much like a movie—so to avoid lengthy scene transitions, the play will be served by a minimal amount of set changes.

ACT I

I. Inside Sonia's bedroom

(SONIA LEE, a Korean girl and TOMAS KOVARIK, a Czech boy, kissing in a bedroom. Two bed poles frame their bodies. Tomas kisses her breasts.)

SONIA: Tomas, I want everyone to enjoy tonight. I hate it when my friends get bored. When they get bored, I get bored; and when I get bored, all hell breaks loose. Just the thought of boredom bores me... Maybe my life is too easy. Maybe I'm too privileged. Do you understand what I'm saying? Baby, are you listening?

TOMAS: (*not listening.*) Mm-hm...

SONIA: Last night was great. Despite the incident. You *really* know how to pleasure me... Do I give you pleasure?

TOMAS: Keep your chin up.

SONIA: I do... Don't I? I'm great in bed, I know it. When you cum inside me and moan, I can *hear* the ecstasy in your voice—I *sense* it in your eyes; although you close them when you're done—which, by the way, we have to work on. In your green eyes I can *see* everything. You can't lie to me; even when you don't say a word, *I know* what you're feeling. Do you like my tits, baby? Do you?

TOMAS: Sonia, you're being very naughty.

SONIA: (*sultry.*) You like it when I'm naughty. You like me, *you like me*.

(Tomas takes off his belt and ties Sonia's hands to the bed poles.)

SONIA: Baby, tonight must be great. Nothing can go wrong. I ordered hors d'oeuvres from the catering service my parents use; they have the best shrimp in the world. I think they get them from Maine—but I'm not sure. The only thing I know is that they're the best shrimp in the world. And trust me, *I know*.

TOMAS: I bet you do.

SONIA: This is why we get along... You understand who I am. We're high class, you and I.

TOMAS: I want you to be quiet now.

SONIA: But what if they *don't* like you?

TOMAS: Don't make me get the gag.

SONIA: My friends can be vicious.

(Tomas slaps Sonia. She moans in pleasure.)

TOMAS: Be quiet. I want you to enjoy this.

II. Inside Blake's bedroom

(BLAKE WILLIAMS, a young American boy, snorts cocaine while speaking to his cellphone.)

BLAKE: *(to cellphone.)* I don't give a shit dad. I don't give a shit... Listen to me: I'm trying to be responsible, OK? I'm trying to be independent. It's not like it's your money—grandma' left that money to me! No, it's not for drugs... Do you think I'm a junkie, is that what you think? Do you think that I'd still manage to get a 3.8 GPA from Columbia if I did drugs? You think that's so easy? It doesn't matter what it's for—that's not the point! The point *is*: I haven't heard from you in months, you've been away doing your business, and I took a few grand because I didn't want to bother you with my *needs*, and you decide the best thing to do is to charge your fucking credit card while you're flying across the Atlantic to *yell at me*! That's the point dad. That's the whole fucking point! How do you expect me to be President of the United States by the time I'm 40 when you treat me like this? Do you think this abuse doesn't leave permanent damage in my brain? Do you think this won't be reflected into my work when I'm president; when people in the future start psychoanalyzing my presidency with our family? When they start wondering why I was such a push-over when this whole country depended on me? Don't do this to me dad... I have to get back to work... I have a paper to write... For a class... Intro. to Women's Studies... Why are you laughing? This class is not funny... Women have issues... Important ones!

III. Inside Sonia's bedroom

(Sonia and Tomas are cuddling under the sheets. Post-coitus.)

SONIA: It's not like they're jumbo shrimps, they're just big shrimps. Like Ecuadorian shrimps.

TOMAS: Ecuadorian shrimps are from Ecuador.

SONIA: Shut the fuck up. They can breed shrimps from Ecuador in Maine. Just set up a fish tank, let them fuck and *voilà*: Ecuadorian-American shrimp. And they're perfect; they're not so small you have to eat two or three skewers just to get a mouthful, and they're not so big they look genetically engineered... Tomas, do you love me?

(Tomas starts kissing Sonia's neck.)

SONIA: You love me, don't you? You get so wet—no one has ever been this wet with me before... *Ow!*

TOMAS: I love biting your neck. I want to make you bleed.

SONIA: Baby, *again*? What about the food?

TOMAS: The duck still needs cooking.

SONIA: My friends will be hungry.

TOMAS: Don't worry... I know what I'm doing.

SONIA: (*teasing.*) Do you?

TOMAS: Of course I do! You stuff the duck and broil it in the oven. You let it simmer in its own juice until the meat becomes tender. And when it's done, you torch the skin to make it stiff and crisp.

SONIA: Are you *positive* that's the way to do it? Why don't you try it on me? *Stuff* me, *broil* me, *torch* me and then *eat* me.

TOMAS: Don't be sick.

SONIA: I know you want to.

TOMAS: I like your neck.

(He bites her neck.)

TOMAS: I love your neck.

SONIA: Bite me harder Tomas. Harder.

IV. Inside Blake's bedroom

(Blake is typing/writing a paper and thinking out loud very fast.)

BLAKE: Women... Women are in need. Women need... Rights. That's right. Women are in need of rights. Because they are not men. They're different. Another kind of person. They are an *other*. And we, powerful men, must love them.

(His cellphone rings.)

BLAKE: (*to cellphone.*) WHAT? Oh, hey, Mike, calm down... What are you talking about? *The party*? No, you don't *need* to come... Why do *I* need you? Look, she *knows* I like her. But that doesn't stop her from fucking, you know, Tomas. He's the kid from the guys that own Budweiser. No, not *Bud*, Budweiser—the Czech one. There's a difference. There's an American Budweiser and a Czech one... I prefer the American, but whatever... Some people have bad taste...

(The door bell rings.)

BLAKE: It's not like she's excluding you, this isn't exclusive—this is an *RSVP* thing...OK—Mike, whatever. Have it your way... But Mike, bring me some more blow.

V. At the Foyer

(Sonia and Blake meet at the Foyer.)

SONIA: Blake, listen...

BLAKE: Yeah?

(The door bell rings again.)

SONIA: About last night.

BLAKE: Don't apologize.

SONIA: I feel so embarrassed. I thought you'd be at Mike's.

BLAKE: You don't need to say anything.

SONIA: Thanks, but that's not, you know—appropriate etiquette. Sex should be had in the bedroom.

BLAKE: Listen, you can fuck wherever you want. After all, *mi casa es tu casa*.

(Bangs on the door.)

SINTA: (*off-stage.*) In the name of Allah Sonia, let me in!

(Sonia opens the door. SINTA MUMBERRE, a young, black, Moroccan girl, enters carrying a bottle of wine.)

SINTA: How long does it take you to answer your fucking door? God keep you, but you should get a maid if you can't do it by yourself. It's not polite.

SONIA: Je suis désolée.

SINTA: (*to Blake.*) *Voilà*, a bottle of Cabernet from my father's vineyard. I would love to talk but I need to take a shit.

(Sinta runs out.)

BLAKE: Hey, is it OK if Mike comes?

SONIA: No. I mean, yes. It's all under control.

BLAKE: Are you sure?

SONIA: Of course... It's just that... We'll see how Tomas does tonight. If the group approves of him, I'll be more comfortable with my own feelings. He can't be that bad if everyone likes him—right?

BLAKE: I don't like him.

SONIA: (*amused.*) Don't be silly. Yes, you do.

VI. In the kitchen

(Tomas prepares himself a screwdriver in the kitchen—Grey Goose vodka and fresh orange juice only, of course. A toilet flushes. Sinta enters the kitchen.)

SINTA: Damn, what a relief! Are you Tomas?

TOMAS: Tomas Kovarik. And you are?

SINTA: Sinta Mumberre. My friends call me Sin.

TOMAS: Sounds heretic.

SINTA: I don't believe in hell.

TOMAS: Screwdriver?

SINTA: Oh no, I get nasty when I drink. Especially white Russians. Give me a few of those and it's: "Dosvidanya, nice being sober with you."

TOMAS: Whole, skim or half-and-half?

SINTA: Skim, I'm on a diet. But don't say I didn't warn you.

(Tomas prepares Sinta a white Russian with skim milk.)

SINTA: I see you like to play tough, Tomas Kovarik.

TOMAS: Work hard, play hard—that's my motto.

SINTA: Bartender *and* philosopher.

TOMAS: My parents own a brewery so alcohol has always been part of my life. In fact, alcohol *is* my life. I wouldn't be surprised if I'm a drunken mistake from the past making a future out of the drunken mistakes to come.

SINTA: It's hard to have such a *thirst* for life, n'est-ce pas?

TOMAS: We are 75% water.

SINTA: Quite true, we are.

TOMAS: (*giving Sinta her white Russian.*) Well, Sin, to your health.

SINTA: Tomas: to tonight.

(They toast.)

VII. In the living room

(Sonia is setting up the lighting design for the living room. Sinta enters.)

SONIA: Bienvenue Sin. Comment vas tu?

SINTA: Pas mal. Pas mal.

(They kiss in both cheeks.)

SONIA: Where's *your* boy?

SINTA: Which one?

SONIA: You know... The NYU MBA. Patrick? Pat?

SINTA: *Peter*? I dumped him. He decided to get all emotional with me—

SONIA: I'm sorry.

SINTA: Who knew businessmen could be so romantic? And talkative? Every time we went out he'd refuse to shut up: he'd just yap, yap, yap, blah-*blah-~~blah~~*...

SONIA: Was he at least good in bed?

SINTA: *Ungodly*.

SONIA: Then why didn't you give him a chance?

SINTA: I was being preventative. I didn't want to mislead him into anything. You know I hate seeing people cry—especially men. When I see men crying it breaks my heart.

SONIA: Is that a white Russian?

SINTA: I *warned* Tomas how I get when I drink these, but he offered me one anyway.

SONIA: Did he?

SINTA: He placed me in a situation we're it'd be plain *rude* to decline a drink.

SONIA: Well, I'll talk to him. Keep it to one until we eat, OK?

SINTA: Fine... Did you hear from Isabella?

SONIA: She's coming.

SINTA: No, not that... She emailed me this morning and apparently Spielberg didn't cast her in his movie.

SONIA: *No.*

SINTA: Yes!

SONIA: But she just won an Oscar!

SINTA: The studio wanted someone *American*.

SONIA: The poor thing. Does she know who got it?

SINTA: To quote our friend: "some white-trash-bitch that should thank her lucky stars for her body, 'cause once it's gone, she might as well die." But don't mention it around her... She's very sensitive about it.

SONIA: I'm sure.

(The door bell rings.)

SONIA: Speak of the devil.

SINTA: Could that be Miss Best Actress?

(The laugh as they exit to the foyer.)

VIII. Inside Blake's bedroom

(Blake snorts some coke. He resumes typing/writing his paper.)

BLAKE: Women must speak their mind.

(He scratches out his sentence. He snorts some more coke.)

BLAKE: But what do women think?

(He scratches out his sentence. He prepares to snort some more. But he's run out.)

BLAKE: Women like to give. Women like to be taken. *Women like to be submissive!*

IX. At the Foyer

(Sonia opens the door. ISABELLA PASSOLINI, a young Italian girl, enters carrying a Gucci purse and wearing a Versace dress—the latest dress and purse of the season, of course.)

ISABELLA: Darlings!

(The three kiss hello in both cheeks.)

SONIA: Isabella!

ISABELLA: It's so wonderful to see you.

SINTA: It's nice to see *you!*

ISABELLA: White Russians, Sin? What a surprise.

SINTA: It's my first.

ISABELLA: Of course.

SONIA: Where's your entourage?

ISABELLA: I told them to take the night off. I am so sorry I'm late, that interview with Larry King was *endless*. What else do people want from me? I give and I give, but they never have enough of me.

(Isabella laughs. She takes out a wrapped box out of her purse)

ISABELLA: Here, I brought this for you. I didn't have the time to get you a proper gift.

SONIA: Isabella, you shouldn't have.

(Sonia peeks inside the box.)

SONIA: I can't take this. I'm not worthy.

ISABELLA: Please, don't be so modest. You know how much I missed you.

SONIA: I do.

ISABELLA: You're the best.

SINTA: I need a refill.

(Sinta exits.)

ISABELLA: What's her problem?

SONIA: Men. She dumped... Um... You know, the NYU MBA.

ISABELLA: God, she's so self-destructive.

X. In the living room

(Isabella and Sonia enter. Blake runs in.)

BLAKE: Oh, it's you.

ISABELLA: You say that like you're disappointed.

BLAKE: No, no... Of course not... Congratulations, by the way!

ISABELLA: Why, thank you. I've been very blessed this year, I must say.

BLAKE: So, did you hear from Spielberg?

ISABELLA: No, not yet... I'm looking around. You don't know how hard it is to make a choice when everyone wants you... I don't want to settle with anything *just good*—I want something *transcendent*. I'm meeting Jane Campion next week.

SONIA: Who's she?

ISABELLA: She's that Australian director... She did *Holy Smoke*, *Portrait of a Lady*, *In the Cut*, *The Piano*...

SONIA: *The Piano*'s the one where that retarded lady gets her finger chopped off, right?

ISABELLA: No. She is not retarded. The character's name is Ada and she's mute. And the movie is not about chopping fingers. It's about a woman desperately looking for a voice because she can't speak.

BLAKE: That's interesting. I'm trying to write my paper about something like that.

ISABELLA: I am so glad to be here. You don't know how *unreal* the world is out West.

SONIA: But certain sacrifices have to be made.

ISABELLA: Yes. It's true. But lately... With all this *fame*—and this *Oscar*—I wonder if I have the courage to leave the movie industry before it gets to me, you know, and do something less *bourgeois*. Like theater. Or a musical.

SONIA: You would be great in a musical.

ISABELLA: Like *Dancer in the Dark*. I would kill to make that into a show—sacrifice my life for my child who I know is cursed to be blind, shoot the man that has robbed me of my money *because he asked me to*, and then be hung by justice which didn't see the truth. And, Sonia, the part that always destroys me, is that the only person in the movie that sees the truth is blind!

(Sonia laughs awkwardly.)

ISABELLA: Darling, where's the food?

XI. Inside Sonia's bedroom.

(Sonia rushes into her room with the phone.)

SONIA: (*to phone.*) Roberto? May I speak to Roberto? Tell him it's Sonia. He'll take my call. Listen, I have guests over and my order isn't here yet. I placed it two days ago. It's 9:30. You're an hour and half late. Not acceptable, get me Roberto. This is Sonia. *Sonia Lee*. I have fucking Isabella Passolini here—yes, the actress. Do you want me to put her on the phone? Don't you believe me? Tonight is very important. Yes... Yes, I'll hold.

(Tomas enters.)

SONIA: How's the duck?

TOMAS: Not ready yet.

SONIA: We are so fucked. I have nothing else to offer.

TOMAS: What about what's in the fridge?

SONIA: I'm not putting out *leftovers*. This always happens to me. I must have been born under the wrong stars— I never get what I want.

(He sits on the bed and places her head on his lap.)

SONIA: Baby, did you give that drink to Sin?

TOMAS: Yes.

SONIA: I told you not to.

TOMAS: I don't see the harm.

SONIA: I have a plan Tomas. You have to do what I say.

TOMAS: Stop worrying. We're doing fine.

SONIA: You don't know how they are. If they don't like you, they'll *crush* you.

TOMAS: I'm not afraid of them. Are you hungry?

SONIA: Starving. Your duck might just save us.

(Tomas unzips his pants.)

SONIA: Baby, I'm on the phone!

XII. In the kitchen

(Sinta is making herself a white Russian. Isabella enters and searches for food.)

SINTA: Have you met him yet?

ISABELLA: No, is he cute?

SINTA: Gorgeous. And *Czech*.

ISABELLA: I knew she was a commie lover.

SINTA: I think she might get tied to this one.

ISABELLA: You think so?

SINTA: You know she wants to; she's always looking for *the one* to marry. Remember our trip to my vineyard in Morocco? I was trashed, of course, and we met those three poor nomads that kept on saying: "Marry us, take us to America!" Remember?

ISABELLA: Not really.

SINTA: They were so desperate, they'd do anything for us if we married them, but Sonia said no. She said they weren't right for us and she made us promise we approved each other's husbands before marrying. More than a promise, a *pact*!

ISABELLA: Sin, how can she get married? They haven't been together for more than two months!

SINTA: To be honest, I'm glad she found him. The sex is doing great things to her skin and hair.

ISABELLA: Oh, this makes me sad. I hate happy news. It reminds me of how miserable I am.

SINTA: Here, have some vodka.

ISABELLA: (*declining the drink.*) “The life of an Academy-Award winner is not easy. Sometimes I see myself in this machine, a *movie* machine, and I’m just a gear. And the wheels spin, and the light speeds across the film, and there, on the big screen, is my image, in front of the whole world, *looking* at me, hoping for something, for an escape of their *boring* selves, but I’m the one trapped! I have no escape! I’m not a person anymore; I’ve become a projection—an *illusion* of myself.”

SINTA: Don’t say that.

ISABELLA: “I mean, look at me... All the make-up on my face, all these expensive clothes professionally designed to cover my flaws. Every day I stare at myself in the mirror, *for hours*, wondering who my reflection is. And I hear this internal ticking—tick, tick, tick—and I realize my body is just a time bomb, waiting to explode, and I need to know who I am, *or I’ll die*, but I don’t know who I am. Who am I?”

SINTA: *Damn*, I forgot how self-centered you are.

ISABELLA: What?

SINTA: I haven’t seen you in two months, why are you quoting your movie instead of fucking talking to me? You think I didn’t see it? You think I haven’t seen TV clips of you doing this goddamn scene *everywhere*? This is why I didn’t respond to your email by the way. This is *why*.

(Isabella exits.)

XIII. In the living room

(Isabella enters and heads towards Sonia’s bedroom. She stops and paces around impatiently.)

ISABELLA: Sonia? *Sonia!* Would you stop banging your boyfriend and get me some food? I am so hungry. I have never been this hungry *in my life*. And this statement does count the days when I spent all of my money backpacking in Burma! This includes the time I was hospitalized with malaria in Malaysia. This includes the days when I was a vegetarian in Venezuela and they didn’t know what to feed me. *There*, even among civil riots, I had something to eat, but now, you give me nothing!

(Sonia enters from her room.)

SONIA: Isabella, I am so sorry. The caterers will be here soon.

ISABELLA: You mean, the food isn’t even here yet? It’s 9:45.

SONIA: I know.

ISABELLA: You told me to be here at nine! What have you been doing all this time? Having sex, weren't you? You were having sex when *you knew* we were all coming to meet your *boyfriend* and you prepared nothing? Well, where is that *boy* so I can speak with him?

TOMAS: (*entering.*) Don't call me boy. My name is Tomas. Tomas Kovarik.

ISABELLA: Tomas Kovarik, I don't like you.

TOMAS: I make a duck.

ISABELLA: Is it ready?

TOMAS: No.

ISABELLA: Well, then I *still* don't like you.

SONIA: Isabella, don't be harsh.

ISABELLA: Darling, you know how I am when I'm *harsh*. I am sorry for being *disgruntled*, but I simply don't have the patience for this. *Boy*, you are two thumbs down.

SONIA: Be nice.

ISABELLA: Besides, who's heard of eating duck in January?

TOMAS: Why not?

ISABELLA: Reality check: the ducks have migrated for the winter, long, long time ago. And sure, now you can have them ordered or buy a frozen one, but you're not supposed to eat duck this time of year. It's just not done.

(Isabella sits on the sofa groaning.)

TOMAS: I never thought you'd look more beautiful in real life.

ISABELLA: Oh, you're tricky...

TOMAS: You have beautiful eyes.

ISABELLA: (*holding her breasts.*) You mean these?

TOMAS: They're ravishing.

ISABELLA: I had them done for my movie. It was part of my contract.

SONIA: Did the operation hurt?

ISABELLA: It's very standard in LA.

SONIA: Scars?

ISABELLA: Not too big... And nowhere noticeable.

TOMAS: Sonia thinks very highly of you.

ISABELLA: Well, so do I. It's very hard to find people that understand you; people that can forgive your mistakes without asking for an explanation.

(The doorbell rings. Blake crosses the living room towards the Foyer.)

TOMAS: Would you like a drink?

ISABELLA: No. I guess I'll just starve. But don't think I'll eat your duck. I am not that desperate.

XIV. At the Foyer

(Blake opens the door. MICHAEL (MIKE) EISENSTEIN, a young Jewish boy, enters carrying a box.)

MIKE: Dude.

BLAKE: Where the fuck have you been?

MIKE: I took a cab.

BLAKE: *You took a cab?* You live four blocks away.

MIKE: I can't walk on the streets with the goods...

(The door bell rings again. Sonia crosses the Foyer, barely greets Mike, and exits.)

MIKE: Listen, we need to look out for Sonia.

BLAKE: Why?

MIKE: Introducing Thomas to the group is very serious business.

BLAKE: It's *Tomas*.

MIKE: I mean, who the fuck does she think she *is*? She should have invited me when everyone else is meeting him! I'm part of this group.

BLAKE: Don't take it personally. I'm sure she didn't do it on purpose.

MIKE: *I don't trust her anymore.* I'm putting her on my list!

BLAKE: What list?

MIKE: It's better for you not to know.

BLAKE: So... Did you bring the blow?

MIKE: *(takes out a bag of cocaine from his pocket.)* Blake, when have I let you down?

(They move to Blake's bedroom.)

XV. In the living room

(Sinta and Tomas are having drinks. Isabella sits. Sonia enters with DAVID RICARDO, a young Mexican boy.)

SONIA: Tomas, I want you to meet David.

DAVID: *Yo!* David Mateo Ricardo Orozco de la Villa My friends call me D.

TOMAS: Can I call you D?

DAVID: Whatever man, it's all cool!

(David produces a fat blunt from his pocket.)

DAVID: *(to Isabella.) Muchacha,* look at what I gotcha'! The best shit you can buy in DF. Hydroponic, sun dried, no chemicals, 100% natural.

ISABELLA: I'm sorry. I'm afraid if I smoke I'll get the munchies...

DAVID: Muchacha, you can't say no to this shit. Or have you gone straight edge since you left New York?

ISABELLA: D, you're not the only one famous right now. I have to set an example for my fans.

DAVID: Fuck the fans. When I'm in concert I piss on them and they love it. Besides, what example d'you need to set to me? You used to lick coke from the tip of my dick...

ISABELLA: D! That is so High School—it doesn't count.

DAVID: *(to Tomas.)* The days we were kids.

SONIA: We didn't know what the fuck we were doing.

SINTA: And now, everything is so full of—heaviness, self-consciousness and guilt.

DAVID: But anyway, smoke, smoke?

(Isabella takes away the blunt from David and throws it away.)

DAVID: ¡Oye! ¿Qué pasa? Did you guys do something to her?

SONIA: We didn't do anything.

ISABELLA: *I just—I'm just...*

SINTA: *Mon dieu!* Isabella, just tell everyone what happened.

ISABELLA: Sin, shut up.

DAVID: What's wrong muchacha?

ISABELLA: Being perfect makes me feel so lonely. D, hold me.

(Isabella and David embrace.)

SINTA: *(to Sonia.)* I'm going to need another refill.

SONIA: Alright, one more... But behave yourselves with Tomas, you hear me?

(Sonia takes Sinta's glass and exits to the kitchen.)

XVI. Inside Blake's bedroom

(Blake is snorting cocaine. Mike paces behind him.)

MIKE: Blake, when you're President, I expect to be your Chief of Staff.

BLAKE: Mike, I told you: you *will*.

MIKE: I care about you. I want to help you.

BLAKE: I don't need *help*.

MIKE: Whatever Blake, whatever... So this is what I've been thinking: you need to tell Sonia you love her *but*, you need the proper means of persuasion.

(Mike places his box on the table.)

BLAKE: What's that?

MIKE: OK, before I show you this, I want you to remember: Who was the one who told you to pull out of Enron?

BLAKE: You did.

MIKE: And who told you to put your money into Carlyle?

BLAKE: You did.

MIKE: And who told you not to deal with Martha when you got this penthouse?

BLAKE: Mike, what's your point?

MIKE: I'm just trying to make sure that you *know* that I'm doing this because I *care* about you. You trust me right?

BLAKE: Yeah... What's in the box?

(Mike opens the box.)

BLAKE: Are you insane?

(Mike takes out a small handgun from the box.)

MIKE: Jeopardy Blake, people only listen when they're in jeopardy.

BLAKE: Mike, I don't want to kill her.

MIKE: Of course you don't! But you need to make a stand.

(He gives the gun to Blake.)

BLAKE: How is this a *stand*?

MIKE: Look, you can't have Budweiser just waltz into your own penthouse and start fucking your girl.

BLAKE: But *she* can do whatever she wants—you know, it's women's lib.

MIKE: *Fuck the women!* It's time for you to piss on your own territory. Before you know it, *Tomas* will not only fuck your girl, but start invading your penthouse, leave his toothbrush in your bathroom, take over your kitchen, drink your bar, drive your car—

(Blake snorts another line.)

MIKE: Blake, just look at what she's doing to you! This isn't kosher.

XVII. In the living room

(Isabella and David are sitting next to each other. Tomas sits between Sinta and the couple.)

SINTA: Tomas, you are very lucky. Sonia's never made a formal introduction of her boyfriend before.

TOMAS: I didn't know this was some kind of *formality*.

SINTA: It's beyond that. She's doing this because she feels something for you.

DAVID: You must feel very proud!

TOMAS: I don't think that's your business.

ISABELLA: Of course it's our business.

SINTA: She's our *good* friend.

DAVID: All of us have been *good* friends for years.

ISABELLA: But you, who are you?

TOMAS: I'm gonna' go check the duck.

(Tomas moves to exit. Sinta and Isabella block his way.)

SINTA: You have to understand we love her a lot.

ISABELLA: We would hate to see her hurt.

TOMAS: Sonia's a big girl.

DAVID: You have to treat her nice, you know what I'm sayin'?

SINTA: She isn't demanding, just sensitive.

ISABELLA: We're used to a certain lifestyle.

TOMAS: Which I'm aware of.

DAVID: Your parents weren't communists, were they?

TOMAS: No.

DAVID: It's OK if they were.

SINTA: You can tell us anything.

DAVID: Sonia's, y'a know, related to Kim Il Sung.

TOMAS: I'm not a communist.

DAVID: You a socialist?

TOMAS: Listen, is there a problem here?

DAVID: *Chill*, amigo. You don't have to be so defensive.

SINTA: You're very beautiful.

ISABELLA: And worldly.

DAVID: We just wanna' get to know you.

ISABELLA: Besides, Sonia loves you.

SINTA: That's all that matters.

TOMAS: I think so.

DAVID: (*to Isabella, then to everyone.*) How about some E? Wanna' do some E?

XVIII. In the kitchen

(Sonia is trying a white Russian. It's good. She checks the oven. It's bad. Blake enters.)

BLAKE: Hey!

SONIA: *Shit*, Blake. You scared me. Are we being too loud?

BLAKE: No, it's OK. Listen, can I talk to you?

SONIA: Yeah, but make it quick.

BLAKE: About last night—

SONIA: I knew it. There's a problem.

BLAKE: No... No problem. Well, yes... There is. I just, you know, I don't care you were having sex in the living room, I mean, we can have it cleaned up like that... I just care because *you* were having sex in our living room last night.

SONIA: I promise never to do it again.

BLAKE: No, that's not what I meant... I mean, it's just that you were having sex—

SONIA: I know, I'm sorry.

BLAKE: What I'm trying to say is um... Like this Intro. to Women Studies class—has made me really sensitive to the needs of a woman. I feel like I understand you better—not all women, I wouldn't want to generalize, because that's wrong, you're not all the same, but there are um... There are things that are true for everyone. For example, we all shit. Like Sin. She had to take a shit, and she got mad because we didn't open the door for her; and if she didn't hold it, she could have soiled her pants, you know...

SONIA: Look, if this is about the sofa, I'll clean it myself.

BLAKE: No... No. What I'm trying to say is that all women need to take a shit, and in some cultures, men don't let them do that.

SONIA: Really?

BLAKE: Well... No. Not really. But there are things, like taking a shit for example, that women need to do, but men won't let them ... Like sex. Do you follow?

SONIA: I'm trying to.

BLAKE: OK—so there are cultures where sex, you know, is taboo. Like you can't have sex. Or if you do, there are conditions. You can only do it if you're married.

SONIA: I don't believe in God.

BLAKE: Or you have to get circumcised. Like Mike.

SONIA: *Eewwww...*

BLAKE: I know. When they chop off the foreskin you lose all these nerves; it totally numbs the—*anyway*, that's not the point. The point is that there's *pleasure* involved in sex and what's sex without pleasure? *Vanilla sex*.

SONIA: I'm allergic to vanilla.

BLAKE: That's right. *I knew that*.

SONIA: Blake, Sin's gonna' get pissed unless she has this drink.

BLAKE: OK... OK... So what I've learned is that basically you don't *need* to get married to have sex, and you don't *have* to be circumcised, and sex doesn't *have* to be vanilla because some people are allergic to that—I mean, you don't have sex with vanilla, so let me rephrase that: some people *choose* not to have vanilla sex. After all, it's all a matter of taste, and finding what gives you pleasure... But the one, inevitable thing that you can't

avoid when having sex, which is like taking a dump, is that you fall in love. You fall in love with people and it's fucking *inevitable*. And you can choose to soil your pants, or sometimes, you shit yourself because you can't hold it anymore, but shit is shit, you know?

SONIA: God, I know you're on drugs, but focus.

BLAKE: ALL I'M TRYING TO ASK YOU IS: WHAT COLOR IS YOUR SHIT?

SONIA: *What?* Get a grip!

(Sonia exits in a huff.)

XIX. Inside Blake's bedroom

(Mike is playing around with the gun. Blake enters.)

BLAKE: That didn't work.

MIKE: You see... There are things that happen because human beings are animals, and animals work on impulse. We live in terms of survival, the big fish eats the little fish, man hunts the big fish, man fights over the big fish, and when there aren't any fish left, you eat your neighbor.

BLAKE: Why are you quoting Darwin?

MIKE: *Because*, if you really want "*North Korean fish*" you'll have to go to war and *fight* for it.

BLAKE: Go to *war*?

MIKE: It's a tough call. But why don't you give it a shot? Get it, give it a *shot*!

(Mike gives him the gun and laughs.)

BLAKE: Look Mike, I'm gonna' be President of the United States.

MIKE: My point exactly.

BLAKE: I don't think this is the smartest choice.

MIKE: Do you really think this *gun* won't work?

BLAKE: I know it will. But I have to keep the future in mind.

MIKE: Then, as your *future* Chief-of-Staff, take my advice: use the gun!

BLAKE: *No!*

MIKE: Blake, there is a reason why the Czechs just joined the Euro. And there's a reason why Kim Jong Il wants the bomb. Life is war but only Presidents get to name it that way.

BLAKE: Then if I should start World War Three, why don't I just fuckin' shoot you?

(Blake points the gun at Mike.)

MIKE: Man, what is wrong with you? I'm Jewish!

(Blake drops the gun. He exits.)

XX. In the living room

(Sonia, Sinta, Isabella, David and Tomas are snuggling on the couch. Blake and Mike enter.)

BLAKE: You guys high?

ISABELLA: We're rolling.

SONIA: How's the essay going?

BLAKE: It's not.

SONIA: Mike, this is Tomas.

MIKE: (*shakes hands with Tomas.*) I've heard all about you.

SONIA: Only good things, I hope.

TOMAS: If I may, I'd like to say it's been a pleasure to meet y'all. I hope that tonight is the beginning of a long friendship.

SONIA: I really want us to welcome Tomas as part of our family.

BLAKE: Well, you've certainly made an effort to make him feel at home.

DAVID: Talkin' 'bout home, Blake, you still givin' me California when you're Prez?

MIKE: It's full of queers now.

BLAKE: How about Texas?

DAVID: Don't wanna' touch that wit'a ten-foot pole. I'll take Nevada. *Snowy*, that's what Nevada means.

BLAKE: Or New Mexico. New Mexico is good.

DAVID: Na', it's Mexican already. You've gotta' do somethin' symbolic, an apology for the land you stole.

MIKE: We didn't steal. You lost the war.

ISABELLA: D, don't start with the politics!

DAVID: Well, whatcha' want me to do?

ISABELLA: Don't you wanna' touch my new tits?

(At this point, Sonia cuddles with Tomas, Sinta's head is on Mike's lap, David massages Isabella's new tits, and Blake sits alone.)

SONIA: I think this is going very well. Is anyone bored? I don't like it when my friends are bored.

TOMAS: Stop worrying.

DAVID: Muchacha, I've missed ya' on the road.

ISABELLA: *D, don't get mushy with me.*

(David starts making-out with Isabella.)

SINTA: *(to Mike.)* Would you like some white Russian?

MIKE: No.

SINTA: You don't like vodka?

MIKE: It's a principle thing. I don't consume Soviet products.

(Sinta starts kissing Mike.)

MIKE: *(pushing Sinta away.)* Sin, no...

SINTA: Mike, don't fight it.

BLAKE: Oh crap.

(Sinta continues forcing Mike to kiss her throughout this scene until he gives up.)

SONIA: Do you mind?

BLAKE: This party?

SONIA: You don't, *do you?*

BLAKE: No, of course not... I just hope no one has sex in the living room again.

TOMAS: You know what they say, when it rains, *it pours.*

SONIA: I'm so glad we're in agreement. *We all like Tomas.*

(Sonia turns to Tomas, starts kissing him. The lights begin to fade. People start tumbling on the floor. Sinta starts unbuttoning Mike's shirt.)

SINTA: *Mon dieu*, is that expensive Mike?

MIKE: Bitch, you know it is!

DAVID: Ay muchacha, these breasts!

ISABELLA: *Thank the Academy!*

BLAKE: Sonia? Can we have a moment?

TOMAS: She's busy.

BLAKE: (*firmer.*) Sonia.

SINTA: Blake, a white Russian s'il-tu plait!

MIKE: Oh God, oh God!

ISABELLA: I am so hot!

DAVID: This ecstasy's 100% natural.

(The door bell rings.)

SONIA: The caterers!

TOMAS: Let them wait.

BLAKE: Sonia, this is our living room.

(Amidst the sounds of sexual moaning, panting, and door bell:

Song: *Fuck the Pain Away* by Peaches.)

BLAKE: This is our living room...

(Blackout.)

END OF ACT I

THIS PLAY HAS BEEN PRODUCED.

**IF YOU'D LIKE TO READ THE REST, PLEASE EMAIL ME AT
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THANKS!