

URI/NARA AND A BABY*

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URI/NARA AND A BABY was produced by Waverly Writers Collective as part of “Babies, Bombs and Love: Plays for a New Generation” at the American Actors Theatre, March 2005. The production featured Sue Kim as “Uri” and Marissa Lichwick as “Nara” and was directed by Amanda J. Crater.

* *Uri Nara: Korean for “Our Country”*

CAST: Uri, early 20's, a Korean-American woman. Manly, dead-pan. Not light.
Nara, mid 20's, a Korean-American woman. Perky, chipper, light. Mostly because she's anorexic.

TIME AND PLACE: ZMD, *Zone of Much Discussion*. Now.

At rise: URI and NARA stand in front of a closed box sitting on top of a table. Nara is shaking.

The room is divided by a line. Uri is on the left side, Nara on the right, and they never cross the line.

You should've had your breakfast.

URI

I wasn't hungry.

NARA

What'd you eat today?

URI

What?

NARA

Did you eat anything today? At all?

URI

I had grapes.

NARA

You had four.

URI

They're the big ones.

NARA

Four grapes, Nara. You've eaten four grapes today.

URI

OK—Uri. I don't wanna' talk about this. I've got a surprise.

NARA

What is it?

URI

I said: it's a surprise.

NARA

(Firm. Calm. Almost callous.) Wait. Is this that damn mutt again? I told you to give it back to the shelter.

URI

NARA

It's not *ke*.

URI

Well, is it some kind of pet?

NARA

Nope.

URI

Bird?

NARA

Nope.

URI

Reptile?

NARA

Would you stop it with the questions? Just take a look.

Nara opens the box. Uri takes a peek inside hesitantly.

URI

Is that...?

She takes a look at the box again.

URI

(Almost whispering aghast.) Nara. You've gone insane. Where did you find this?

NARA

I told you, it was lying on the streets.

URI

On the streets? Nara, that *thing* looks like a baby.

NARA

It is a baby.

URI

Oh well, that does it. *Now* you've crossed the line.

She picks up the box and tries to exit.

URI

We are putting this thing right back on the streets/

NARA

/Uri!

URI

/and then... What, do you want to keep it?

Nara nods. Uri throws the box back on the table.

URI

We can't have this baby!

NARA

But it's so small!

URI

It'll grow Nara. It'll take over this apartment and *this half right here is mine.*

NARA

Well, it can stay on my side.

URI

You're side's too small. Nara, I've told you a million times: "Don't pick up trash from the streets." With all the freaks out there, who knows what kind of hell this baby's gone through?

Nara doesn't respond.

URI

I need a cigarette.

NARA

Don't you dare smoke! It's bad for the baby.

Out of the box, Nara takes a big bundle resembling a baby wrapped in a blanket.

NARA

Just look at him... He's so small.

URI

Looks big to me.

NARA

Don't say that. It'll hurt his self-esteem. *Right little boy?*

URI

Oh shut up, that thing can't answer you. "Hey baby, where's your omma and appa? You know, the ones that dumped you? Where are they now?"

The baby doesn't respond.

URI

See? Nothing. This baby is stupid.

NARA

Don't say that.

URI

It's stupid and it's too big if you ask me. Just look at its big, blue eyes. Maybe he's got elephantitis—

NARA

Uri! I will not let you talk to it like this. You are so rude. So what if the baby's too big? So what if it takes over your side? Why can't we just share this apartment?

URI

Because I didn't sign a lease saying we'd have a baby! I signed a lease in which we both agreed that this half of the apartment is mine and that half over there is yours. There wasn't anything written about a baby, a dog—

NARA

(Carefree.) Forget *ke*—

URI

(Bitter.) *Ke* ate all of my shoes. What if this thing decides to do the same? Or even worse—eat us!? I have a busy schedule, you know?

NARA

It's not going to eat us.

URI

North Koreans eat people.

NARA

He's not Korean.

URI

But you are.

NARA

So what? This baby's only going to eat baby food.

URI

What?

NARA

You know, baby food. The yellow mushy stuff with the baby picture on the jar. You like baby food, *don't you little boy?* Yes you do, *yes we do...* Don't you? Uri?

URI

Well, not exactly *that* kind of baby food. (*Thinks. Then...*) OK. You can keep it.

NARA

(*Beaming.*) Really?

URI

Only if we eat it.

NARA

What?

URI

Let's eat the baby. I bet you it's nice and tender.

NARA

Uri!

URI

What? Let me take a look at it?

Uri steals the baby away from Nara.

URI

Look at these plump cheeks. And feel its little tushy... I bet we can make some good baby *kalbi*.

NARA

No.

URI

Yes. We are going to kill this baby. Chop it up. Go to the deli. Get some kimchi. I'm gonna' make you some *kalbi* tonight.

NARA

But wait—I don't wanna' eat the baby. That's not what I meant.

URI

Oh really?

NARA

Yes, *really*.

URI

I can't believe you actually want to *keep* it, when it'd be so much better if we *grilled it!* But maybe you're right... Maybe we should wait a little and fatten it up.

NARA

That's not what I said. *That's not what I want.*

Uri tosses the baby to Nara.

URI

Well, I say that if you want that baby, you'll have to eat it. And if you don't, I am warning you, put that big, stupid thing back in the box and throw it down the trash chute for all I care. I am serious, Nara. When you go to work, I will kill that little critter, marinate it with soy sauce and then, I'm gonna' *barbeque* it and feed it to you like dinner.

NARA

Well in that case— *In that case...*

She moves closer to Uri, pleading...

NARA

Uri... Could we—

URI

Don't come any closer. I've told you a million times: *Do not cross this line.*

NARA

Uri/

URI

/Nara, stop this madness. What do you want me to say? That it's OK for us to have this *thing* growing up here?

NARA

Let's give it a try.

URI

It is over Nara. I told you, we can't live like this! I mean, look at yourself... You're anorexic—

It's a condition—
NARA

You're sick!
URI

This baby's innocent—
NARA

That baby will have shit all over itself.
URI

But still—
NARA

URI
Over. I said over. I love you too much to see you like this, so I've drawn the line. We've signed a contract, and that contract says, we are *not* sleeping together, we are *not* cuddling together, we are *not* living together—per sé—it is over. Unless...

NARA
Unless *what*? Unless I eat the baby? Uri, why are you being like this? Why can't we be normal? Why can't we discuss this with some *fucking perspective*!

Uri is about to light a cigarette.

NARA
Uri, why do I have to eat the baby? Why can't we just... You know... Be together and work it out?

Uri lights her cigarette with contempt.

NARA
Fine! Fine! You know what?

Nara throws back the baby to Uri.

NARA
Let's eat the baby.

END OF PLAY