

I AM A MOON

**A giant stone full of craters
A body covered by hickeys
An apple waiting for a wound**

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1 (Astronaut)

CHARACTER

Astronaut – a mid-aged man's voice.

Host – a woman's voice

In dark.

VOICE OF THE HOST

Are you excited? ... Are you ready?

Pause

VOICE OF THE ASTRONAUT

You look smoking hot in that uniform.

VOICE OF THE HOST

Oh thanks! You really think so?

Well, do you have anything to say to your family? To your fans? To earth? Before you...leave?

VOICE OF THE ASTRONAUT

Stay there. I'll be right back!

VOICE OF THE HOST

You are funny! Alright! Time to go! I send you my best wishes! Take care, dude! Talk to you later!

Hey everybody, please countdown with me! ARE YOU READY?

Ten!

Nine!

Eight!

Seven...

The noise of engine overwhelms the voice. And then it fades out.

Lights up.

2 (National Geographic)

CHARACTERS

Man – Male, Asian, about 40 years old

Jimmy – Male, Asian, about 40 years old

The MAN is pale, half naked, lying on the bed. A lamp with dim yellow light is beside the bed.

MAN

I heard the news the morning of Christmas Eve.

I got up, turned on the radio, brushed my teeth, put the bread into the toaster... and when I was about to eat... I heard the news. At that moment, I felt kind of ridiculous. I repeated the sentence again and again... And then it felt like thousands of light bulbs on a giant Christmas tree suddenly exploded at the same time.

The whole world darkened in front of my eyes.

I barely remember what happened next. Without thinking, I threw the bread, lay back on the bed, and had no strength to get up again. And for the rest of the day, I just lay there. Didn't want to move, didn't want to eat. Just lying and staring, at nothing.

She died, at midnight, which was the afternoon of Christmas Eve in Tokyo.

And yet she was in my computer, occupying 20GB, in a folder called National Geographic. So no one would bother to open it.

The first time I saw her movies, I was 12. The typical age for boys to start watching porn. I forget if Jimmy brought it to me or I brought it to Jimmy, or we each found it somewhere at the same time. You know, boys have the nose for these kinds of things. It's in their nature. Anyway, we watched it together the night our parents went to school for the parent-teacher meeting. And after that, we became best friends. And she became our goddess. It's so strange. It felt like we shared one girlfriend, but it was purer than that. Because I was sure in real life, if Jimmy showed any interest in my girlfriend, I would punch him in the nose. But when we talked about her, we talked so naturally, like talking about school, like talking about ourselves.

Later I watched some other girls' work. I was surprised by the variety of this world, and the differences amongst human bodies and ...their flexibility. When I walked on the street, everything looked a bit different from before. The way people walked, talked and laughed all seemed changed. Wow! I thought. The missing crucial link has been found. Why he smiled, why she screamed, why she drank a triple Espresso that morning, why she cried so hard when he went on a business trip, why he was thrown out of the window... I started to understand things. Wow! I thought.

America makes high quality movies but they don't really turn me on. Women with heavy makeup roaring "Come on! Baby! Fuck me! Fuck me!". That scared me. How can you just say that? No hint, no grace, nothing implied. We are not animals. If a dog or cat or an elephant could speak, I bet they would say that. But she, she always looks so innocent. Instead of roaring "Come on! Baby!", she'd say "Sir, please don't" in an angel's voice. Smart! Right? That's actually much more encouraging to a man. I wonder what kind of man would prefer to be a "baby" than a "sir".

When she was making love in front of a camera, her innocent face looked so delightful and full of appreciation. I almost forgot I was watching a porn movie. It became nothing to be ashamed of. She guided me, encouraged me just like a big sister, and made me a man.

I had my first girlfriend at 17. After a lot of talking, debating and arguing, she finally agreed to have sex with me. So, we lay down. I kept going over the movies in my head. First... then I should...if she...then I...And we... Okay. I am prepared! So I started to take off her clothes. "Please don't." She said. Great, that was exactly in my plan and in the movies. So I kept going. First action's successful! She was naked and giggling. She was beautiful. But when I looked at her, I felt something wasn't

right. I couldn't figure it out. So I just kept going. Every step was successful. She didn't cry, which was what I was most worried about. I didn't suddenly turn impotent under pressure. No one walked in. Nothing awful happened to us. Life isn't fiction. But when it was done and we lay there, I still felt something was... not right. And I realized. She was not her.

After that, we slept together several times. To be honest, I got satisfaction. Nothing was wrong. But something wasn't that right. A month later, I broke up with that girl. I felt bad about keeping that relationship. She had an angel face too. That's why I didn't want to hurt her. But she was not her. I couldn't pretend, since I had already learned the difference between human bodies.

I went out with another girl several times. She also had an angel face. She was my type. So we had dinners. She cooked dinner for me. I cooked dinner for her. We watched movies, I mean, normal movies in the cinema. We had photos taken together. We kissed when we said "good bye" and "thank you". And, that's all. That's all. That time, I didn't even try. She was not her. I was sure about that. Now we are still good friends. She is very cool. But she is not her.

After we broke up, I walked home, turned on the computer and watched those movies again. Somehow, I saw new things that time. I saw behind her delight, she was sad. Then I checked all her movies. Yes, she was so sad and lonely. How come I'd never seen that? I looked at her. When she smiled, I could see the tears rolling down her cheeks. It cut my heart. "What a terrible life you have." I spoke to the screen softly. She couldn't hear. She was still crying. For the first time in my life, I felt a total loser. I was nobody! My parents supported my tuition and living expenses. I didn't have any money, power or status to save her, comfort her, or even go meet her. And Japan was so far away. I couldn't call the police and say: "Moshi Moshi! There is an evil porn movie company controlling a poor girl! Please go to stop them! A li ga to!" (pause) Or was it even legal in her country? But I saw her tears. I knew she didn't really like it. She looked at me. I felt a big responsibility, as a man, as a lover, as a brother. "I'll come rescue you." I promised her.

From that day, I became terribly diligent. I became the top student in class, in school, and then in town. I knew I had to work very hard and be outstanding to deserve her. Because she was so good. One day, I would become very rich and powerful. "Wait for me!" She nodded her head.

So here I am. I entered a PhD program at one of the top universities in the world. I got a full scholarship. I graduated with honors. I entered a big company. I got promoted. I started to make a lot of money, know people, get respect, and build connections with people in high positions. One day, I even had dinner with an officer from the Japanese government. I talked about you. He smiled and winked. He was 50 years old. But that smile reminded me of Jimmy, when we were teenagers. Boys smile to each other like that when they share a precious secret. We became pals in one second! It was like a religion bonding us together. I was so close!

And then, she died.

People talked. They said she died of AIDS. Some people said she committed suicide because of shame. And some newspapers said she was murdered by an obsessed fan. No, no fan would think about hurting her after watching her movies. You know what? It's God. When he wanted to hear John Lennon's singing, he summoned John Lennon to heaven. When he wanted Marilyn Monroe's company, he summoned Marilyn Monroe to heaven. Now he wanted her. God wanted more fun! So all great artists have to die at their best age. She was only 36. 36 isn't the best age for a porn star, but it's the best age for a woman.

I loved her. I still love her. I lay on the bed and closed my eyes. All I could think about was her body. She smiled; she pretended to beg; she moaned; she said “that feels good”. Unconsciously, I started to masturbate. Once I finished, I waited a bit and started again. I didn't even need to watch the movies anymore. I had memorized every detail. Her image was printed in my head. I had no idea how long it took. I just repeated the same action again and again. After the tenth time, the tenth time!! I felt there was no liquid left in my body. I might have finished with sex for the rest of my life. It felt like...dying. I was exhausted. It had turned dark. I stared at the window and the city outside. “Why am I here?” At that moment, I had lost my answer.

Then I made a long distance call to Jimmy. He ran a fruit store for 15 years with his wife, a tiny sweet woman.

He makes a phone call. Someone answers the phone.

JIMMY

你好！吉米水果行！（Hello! Jimmy fruit store. How may I help you?）

Silence

MAN

她死了……（She died...）

JIMMY

我知道。（I know.）

Long silence.

MAN

Then he started to cry.

He cried for a long time. I thought I would cry too. But I didn't. I waited and waited, and I fell asleep.

(Pause)

When I woke up, it was Christmas Day.

The noise of engine appears again.

3 (Astronaut)

VOICE OF THE HOST

Six!

Five!

Four!

Three!

Two!

One!

The engine roars.
At the same time, fireworks rise outside the MAN's window.

VOICE OF THE HOST

Yes! He made it! He made it! The rocket just successfully launched! How cool was that!

(Pause)

We have temporarily lost touch with the spaceship. The technical support department is working on restoring communications.

(Pause)

Hello? Hello? Can you hear me? Would you please say something? Anything? Hello? (to someone beside her) Fix it! Come on! Fix it! (to microphone) Hello? Are you okay there? Answer me please!

Hello? Are you okay? What happened? Hey! HEY! HEY!

OH GOD. OH GOD.

Noise of electric wave.

VOICE OF THE ASTRONAUT

(Coughing) That was a rough one. Literally blew me away.

4 (Neighbor)

CHARACTERS

Angela – An oversize girl, 23 years old, wearing glasses, nerdy. She is a mathematics major graduate student at an Ivy League university.

Man - the Asian man from “National Geographic” scene.

SCENE

In the condo where ANGELA and the MAN live.

The number on the elevator shows: 3, 2, 1. “Ding.” The door opens.

Angela enters the elevator.

The man is in dark now. But the lamp is still on.

The door closes. Angela talks in the elevator as the number changes from 1 to 30.

ANGELA

In the apartment facing my window lives a strange Asian man. He is so quiet. Doesn't talk; doesn't sing; doesn't laugh. Of course there's no way to hear any sound from that far, but I can see the silence in his room, all day, all night. And sometimes he masturbates through the whole afternoon!

I appreciate the ones who don't install window curtains. They make the whole building a giant television with hundreds of different channels. Among them all, he is my favorite. I'm not saying I like watching porn. And you can't call that peeping, because he is the one who doesn't have a curtain, which means everyone is invited to watch. But isn't it just fascinating to know the most

private parts of one's life without getting close, without taking any risks?

The window really links us. Day after day, he is like an old friend to me, except he doesn't know that. But what has happened in his life? What brought him here? Is he Chinese, Korean or Japanese? I'm curious. Sometimes I run into him at the elevator. Once he just got back from work, wearing a suit, and holding a briefcase and I was surprised by how normal he was. I wanted to say hi and make some small talk. But he was so quiet. "Hi, I saw you masturbate. Very impressive work! Glad to finally meet you in person." I can't just say that. Or can I? I'm terrible at making conversation.

I always screw up interviews. How to impress people in one minute? I've read all these books about interview skills and I am still awful. The prince kissed Sleeping Beauty during her sleep. Instead of calling the police, she fell in love with him. One day Nicolas Cage went to a Sushi bar. And "bang!" - The waitress Alice Kim became his wife. Alice Kim and the prince are my heroes. How to impress people in one minute? That's the most mysterious thing in the world. And the pity is, I'm such an interesting person! If you spend some time with me, you would find me very interesting, sensitive, smart and even beautiful. Really, I am. People call that "beauty at the second sight". If I could only make you take that second look. We might become friends; we might share the best jokes together; we might fall in love; we might hate each other until we die; we might take out a knife and stab each other and scream and cry... Is that too risky for you?

But one minute was so short. Before I figured out how to start, he stepped out of the elevator in silence. After that, I knew he was going to turn on the yellow lamp again. And I would only see him through my window.

She looks at the yellow dim lamp next to the MAN's bed.
Lights change.

5 (Control)

CHARACTERS

Angela

Justin – a young rock star, skinny. He is taking an MFA music program at the same university as Angela. He is very good looking and he knows that.

SCENE

a night-bus station beside a university

TIME

mid-night

Angela and Justin walk on the street towards the bus station. They walk separately. She walks a little ahead of him. She hears the steps and looks back. She sees Justin and feels uncomfortable for walking in front of him or being watched from the back. She slows down a bit. But in that way they are walking almost side by

side, which makes her more nervous...

They arrive at the bus stop. There are only two joint seats at the station. Angela is just about to sit. At the moment, she sees Justin, and quickly changes her mind. She turns her eyes to the other side to avoid looking at him.

JUSTIN

Hey, you can take both seats. I prefer standing.

ANGELA

Oh...(She is embarrassed.)

It's OK. I also prefer standing.

JUSTIN

Come on. You've got so many books.

Angela sits down carefully. But she still occupies two seats. She is embarrassed in front of the boy. So she tries to use the books to cover the belly a bit.

They wait for the bus. After a long time, there is still no bus coming. Justin gets bored.

JUSTIN

Damn slow, huh?

ANGELA

Yeah.

JUSTIN

So you're a student here.

ANGELA

Yeah.

JUSTIN

Me too.

ANGELA

Oh.

JUSTIN

Nice to meet you. Justin.

ANGELA

Nice to meet you, too. Angela.

JUSTIN
Which school are you in?

ANGELA
Math.

JUSTIN
Oh. Impressive.
Me, arts, music major.

ANGELA
Cool.

Silence.

JUSTIN
Do math students like pop music?

ANGELA
Me? Yes.

JUSTIN
Have you heard any songs by Justin Wilson?

ANGELA
Yes...Oh! It's you?

JUSTIN
Oh damn, you recognize me. Yeah! And I study here!

ANGELA
Really? What a surprise!

She calms down again, saying nothing else. Justin feels disappointed. He glances at his watch, and looks down the street where the bus will come from. No bus.

Silence.

JUSTIN
So do you like my songs?
It's ok, if you hate them. No problem.

ANGELA
They're not bad. My sister got every album of yours. So I've heard some. She's a huge fan of yours. Last year, she insisted on seeing your concert. So I went with her.

JUSTIN
Really? How was the concert? Good? Thank you and your sister! That's really flattering.

So, honestly, you did recognize me from the beginning.

ANGELA

Not really...a little bit...I wasn't sure...

JUSTIN

Why are you pretending?

ANGELA

(Angry) No, I am not!

Justin looks at her with interest, and smiles.

JUSTIN

You're a shy girl. You look different from the others.

ANGELA

I know I am sitting on two seats!

JUSTIN

No, no. Don't be that sensitive. I mean when other girls see me they always behave very... aggressive. But you're so cool!

ANGELA

It's... good?

JUSTIN

Yeah! It feels so different. I don't like being stared at and chased all the time. You know, we stars are so tired of the paparazzi things. I just want to live a normal peaceful life.

ANGELA

I can understand that. I heard my roommate call her friend last night. She said "I SAW JUSTIN WILSON TODAY! GOD! No, we didn't talk. If he talks to me, I will definitely text you!"
Oh, how naïve!

JUSTIN

Oh? She really said so? That's, that's...naïve. You're right!
Can I ask you? Why would she be so excited about that? Why does she like me so much? I can't figure it out.

ANGELA

Because you are handsome and famous.

JUSTIN

You think so?

ANGELA

Yeah. Of course.

JUSTIN

It's attractive to girls?

ANGELA

Of course! All girls love that. (feels herself smart)

JUSTIN

Huh...that's interesting. So you'll text your friend later.

ANGELA

NO! Why?

JUSTIN

No offense. But why not?

ANGELA

Hey! Who do you think you are! I'm not into you...that much!

JUSTIN

No, you're not. I forgot you're different. Yeah, usually those silly girls are terrified by mathematics. But look at your major - You are intelligent!

ANGELA

Thanks.

Justin writes something on a piece of paper, and gives to Angela.

JUSTIN

Here you go. My number. Direct to me, no agent. I've never given this to any girl at school. You know, many of them ask.

ANGELA

What does this mean?

JUSTIN

Are you excited?

ANGELA

This feels weird. Normally a boy asks the girl for her number. But you did that just like giving an autograph to one of your fans.

JUSTIN

Oh. If you want one, sure, I can.

ANGELA

Forget it. I am busy with my thesis. I don't care about these things unlike my roommate and my little sister. Take it back.

She tries to give the paper to the boy. But he doesn't take it back.

JUSTIN

Oh, there is something in your hair. Let me help you.

He touches her hair and her face gently. She shivers.

JUSTIN

Have you ever been touched by a boy before?

ANGELA

Is the bus coming?

JUSTIN

I don't think so. But you can open yourself to me. You don't have to use the books to cover your belly. Sweetheart, it's nothing to be ashamed of.

ANGELA

Forget it.

JUSTIN

Have you seen Hairspray? You remind me of that girl. Oh, you're both sweet.

ANGELA

No, I haven't.

JUSTIN

You're beautiful, Angel. Has anybody mentioned that?

ANGELA

My name is Angela.

JUSTIN

Sure. I mean you look like an angel.

ANGELA

You are lying.

JUSTIN

You are lying.

He takes off her glasses, and kisses her. She is shocked, but can't move.

JUSTIN

Now are you sure you don't like me?

ANGELA

It's like a dream.

Justin smiles satisfactorily.

JUSTIN

See? I knew you were hiding your real feeling.

ANGELA

But it's so terrible to be one of those girls who run after you. OK, I lied. I said my sister wanted to see your concert. It was me. I wanted to see your concert so badly. So she went with me. When I stood amongst thousands of girls who were screaming for you, I felt desperate. What's the point of screaming and running? What's the use of an autograph? When I stood amongst those girls, suddenly I realized one thing. We could stand there for 300 years. And none of us would get a chance to be really close to you. We were wasting time and passion! I felt so desperate!

JUSTIN

Oh. You should've told me that earlier.

ANGELA

But then you would see me as you do the others. You like me that I'm different. Oh NO! Now I'm not!

JUSTIN

It's OK. You are...still with the math.

I like you being honest with me. You can share everything.

Don't hide. Everyone has insecurity in their life. Well, I can tell you mine.

I always feel too skinny. Yes, they say it's kind of sexy. But I'm always anxious about it. When we skinny guys sit for a long time on some hard place, like a rock, our butts get bruised. It's so embarrassing! So I never take a shower in the gym.

Hahahahahaha! Is that funny? And sad? See? We pop stars also suffer in life.

Justin and Angela laugh together.

ANGELA

Butt...hahaha...bruised...haha! I've never had that kind of experience (She looks at herself).

Last year after your concert, I took the train. But there were so many people! Haha! So many!

People shoved each other, kicked each other, cursed each other. God! And I couldn't move. Because

I am too fat! Remember? I was and am too fat! Hahaha! I tried so hard to move, but I couldn't. So I

stayed, and let the crowd bring me on the train and bring me off. Hahahahaha! Was I intelligent? You

are right. I was and am intelligent. But when I got off, I felt a draft on my back. You guess what?

Hahaha! My tight jeans had split! OH, GOD! HAHAHA! MY JEANS SPLIT ON THE BUTT.

Hahaha! (Her laughter sounds like crying.) I was terrified. I WAS SO ASHAMED! I tried to run

away as fast as I could. But my glasses had dropped on the train. I couldn't see clearly. I couldn't

find the exit. Everybody was behind me, staring, INCLUDING YOUR SCREAMING GIRLS!

THEY SAW ME AND STARTED SCREAMING AGAIN! RIGHT THEN I WANTED TO DIE!

Angela is crying. Justin watches her, scared.

JUSTIN

When's the fucking bus coming? Such a long night, isn't it? Well, it's getting late. I think I'd better take a cab.

Angela doesn't answer. She keeps crying.
Justin stops a taxi.

JUSTIN

Come on. I can give you a ride...what? No, it's not safe for you to wait here alone. Come on, it's too late. I can't stay. I have a class tomorrow morning. Well...See you. Take care. Nice meeting you.

Justin gets in the taxi. Angela sits there, and watches the taxi leaving.
The whole street is empty. Only she sits alone, crying desperately.

6 (Astronaut)

VOICE OF THE HOST

For one second, I thought you...

VOICE OF THE ASTRONANT

Not that bad.

VOICE OF THE HOST

So what are you doing now? Operating some machine? Writing down some numbers? Checking the temperature? Tell me all about it! What exactly does an astronaut do in a spaceship? Hey everyone, listen to the live report from the spaceship!

VOICE OF THE ASTRONANT

(Pause) Well, basically I'm just waiting.

VOICE OF THE HOST

Pardon? How long does it take to the moon?

VOICE OF THE ASTRONANT

It depends. Sometimes it takes few days, sometimes few weeks, and sometimes forever. Apollo 11 took 109 hours, /if you want to know.

VOICE OF THE HOST

/And during these days and weeks all you're gonna do is waiting? What do you mean by that? Don't you need to control something like a navigator?

VOICE OF THE ASTRONAUT

I didn't need a navigator on the ship. It's the Moon, you know, it's not like you're gonna miss it or get lost. As long as you can see it, you know where you are.

VOICE OF THE HOST

Sounds goddamn cool! I could do that too! So how long you gonna wait?

Silence

VOICE OF THE ASTRONANT

Honestly, I don't know.

7 (Supermarket)

CHARACTER

Angela

Man in Supermarket

Woman in Supermarket

SCENE

In a supermarket.

ANGELA

I like...supermarkets.

She smiles. She is a bit shy about that, but repeats the sentence as to confirm it.

I like supermarkets! Every time I feel upset. I come to the supermarket.

No negative thing could exist here.

Follow me! Look at these fresh shrimps! These moving lobsters! These beautiful lettuces! Wow, they've just sprinkled water on! Here, Here! Feel it! (She touches a pack of napkins)

Mmmmm...soft... And look at these canned soups! "2 for 5". Smart ass. 2 for 5! So we would always buy two. 2 for 5! There are so many different flavors that you can't make a decision. And now you have a good excuse to indulge yourself. Why not? Let's pick two, or maybe four! Such a great deal! A warm stomach and a warm night for only \$2.50! No one mentions the original price, because no one has ever asked. It's a secret convention between seller and buyer that lasted for thousands of years! It warms my heart every time I see the sign. No matter how old you are, you are always a child of the supermarket.

Once I felt terribly depressed. I walked into a supermarket and the first thing I saw were fresh and huge California strawberries! Immediately I started to think: "What should I have with them?"

"Some whipped cream would be nice...or maybe soak them in white wine..." Finally I decided to top them with yogurt and honey! Marvelous idea! By the time I had put a box of strawberries into my basket, I had completely forgotten to be depressed. All I could think of was "Where can I find the honey?" I was full of life again!

Once I saw a couple violently fighting as they entered the supermarket. By the time they were in front of the cashier with a full cart, they looked like melting into each other's arms. He asked:

MAN IN THE SUPERMARKET
What are we going to eat tonight?

WOMAN IN THE SUPERMARKET
Roasted Chicken with Pepper and Olives and you.

And then he kissed her. And then she kissed him.

I would see a little baby crying in his carrier as his mother brought him to the supermarket. By the time they left, the baby had grown into a handsome young man, helping his mother carry the heavy bags to the car.

I love supermarkets! They are full of happy people, who want to make their dinner table better, who want to make their mood better, who want to make their life better! When a man meets food, he meets his harvest on earth; he meets his conquest of nature; he meets his longing of life! It's full of joy!

My mother tells me, I shouldn't eat so much if I want to find a husband. When I was born, I wasn't fat at all. Actually I was a very pretty baby girl. "Our girl is going to be a movie star!" My parents thought. So they sent me to singing class, ballet class, acting class, piano class... They bought me a lot of expensive clothes. But one day, I don't remember exactly when, around 8 years old I think, I started to get fat. None of us understood why. In the beginning, my parents thought, "maybe children have to gain weight so that they can grow taller, have enough material." But then they noticed my height actually didn't change that much. After two years, I became fatter and shorter than other kids my age. And because of that, my facial features changed. Fewer and fewer people said I was beautiful which wouldn't bother me, if my family didn't keep nagging: "Stop eating!" "Do more exercise!" "Get up earlier!" Everyone around me felt they had the right to command me for my own good. "This candy is mine! You are too fat for that!"

When I was in fourth grade, I got my first period. I was already freaked out by the blood, but my mother sounded more panicked than me, "God! She got her period so young! She will never grow any taller!" At that time I didn't quite get what she meant. But one week later, I understood. They started to take me to one clinic after another. The doctors said the age of my bones were older than my real age. That's why they didn't grow much. So we had to slow down their aging, which meant, I had to take an injection every week. It was very expensive. Because it was imported from Switzerland. My parents spent so much on it, because they love me. I know. So I went to every injection without complaining. One year later, nothing changed with my body, except I grew fatter and fatter. So we stopped the injections. "Maybe the doctors were liars." We thought. But none of us said it out loud. And then they gave up. They let me grow however I liked and eat as much as I wanted. One night I was watching TV with my dad. He handed me a bowl of popcorn and looked at me. Suddenly he said: "Do you remember when you were little, we thought you would be a movie star." Then he laughed. And I laughed with him.

By the time I was 20, I still haven't gone out with a boy. So one of my cousins wanted to help. And he arranged a blind date for me. The boy was as fat as me. The moment I saw him, I got so angry. There is nothing wrong with fat boys. But why the fuck did they think a fat girl only fit a fat boy? Because we are both fat? Because the extraterrestrial beings should marry each other? I sat down and looked at him. I didn't feel anything. Maybe because he was fat. That thought made me feel

guilty. Maybe he was thinking the same thing. He was nice. So was I. But we didn't go out again. Several weeks later, an uncle wanted to introduce me to another boy. He showed me a picture. It was a fat boy too. I handed back the picture and told them to please stop. They wanted to know what kind of boys I like. I didn't tell them I liked Justin Wilson. I figured they would laugh.

There's only one member of my family who isn't cruel, one I really like. She is my youngest auntie. Every time when someone embarrassed me, she would stop them. After my 10th birthday, no one bought me any clothes, make up or accessories. They always gave me books, low fat food, or something practical and useful but without any decoration, like the gifts they gave to my grandma. Except this auntie, she still bought me pretty girly things. I put on the dress she gave me, and she would always say: "You look wonderful, Angela!" I love her. She truly looks wonderful. She has a perfect face and a perfect body. She is a flight attendant. So she travels all over the world and goes wherever she wants. I told her: "I wish to be like you, even if only a little." But what I really thought was "I wish you could be like me, even if only a little." That's terrible. I should never think like that. She's so kind to me. But that was what I really thought. I must be something wrong with my head. Perhaps the injections poisoned my brain.

There was only one time I didn't like supermarket very much.

Once I stood in front of the fruit. A young mother was shopping with her daughter. A sweet sweet little girl, like I used to be. They searched for long time and picked three perfect apples. As they were about to leave, the little girl shook her mother's arm and one apple dropped. It hit the ground. It was so fresh and juicy, that immediately a bruise appeared on the surface, like rot. They put it back and chose another. The apple lay there. I could hear it screaming. From then on it wasn't good anymore. The wound would make it rot faster. No one would choose it. Even if they pick it up, after one look, they would put it down. In the end, all its pals were sold. They added a new pile of apples. It stayed on the bottom, in the darkness, until one day no one could stand the smell.

8 (Astronaut)

VOICE OF THE HOST

What did you have for breakfast?

VOICE OF THE ASTRONAUT

Beef steak.

VOICE OF THE HOST

Oh, that's a lot for breakfast.

VOICE OF THE ASTRONAUT

I thought it was dinner. I like meat. I don't care. (burps) Pardon me.

VOICE OF THE HOST

How far have you got?

VOICE OF THE ASTRONAUT

Have no idea. The moon looks much bigger to me than it did yesterday.

VOICE OF THE HOST

Could you tell us a bit about your mission goal? This is surely going to be a huge promotion for your company. Besides that, do you have any other plan? Like taking some lunar soil samples back to the lab to invent some lunar fruits in the future?

VOICE OF THE ASTRONAUT

Sounds like a good idea. I can do that. But as I told you before, all I want is to take a close look at the moon with my own eyes. I never liked the pictures NASA sent out.

VOICE OF THE HOST

That's all?

I understand you are a billionaire. But, you can't be that romantic, can you? Just take a look? Come on. Don't you have any other places that are cheaper to look at? Like... The pyramids. The Great Wall! You can take as many pictures as you like.

VOICE OF THE ASTRONAUT

But I know how they look.

VOICE OF THE HOST

But everyone knows how the moon looks like, too. You see it every night everywhere. It's just a ... yellow ball. I mean, scientifically "it's a natural satellite of Earth, visible by reflection of sunlight and having a slightly elliptical orbit." See? I did my homework. Come on, you've seen the pictures - a giant gray stone with ugly holes.

VOICE OF THE ASTRONAUT

You are mean.

VOICE OF THE HOST

I thought you had something more serious to say! Like...like... "One small step for man, one giant leap for mankind!"

VOICE OF THE ASTRONAUT

You really thought so?

9 (Hickey)

CHARACTERS

Justin

TIME

Winter, midnight

SCENE

Justin's home

Justin comes back home. He wears the same clothes as in the

“Control” scene.

JUSTIN

I’m back! It’s so cold outside! And I met a crazy girl, oh my god, you have no idea how awkward it was...Honey? Honey? Are you listening? Are you home? I’m sorry I’m so late, but I got you a sweet gift...you’ll love...it...

He turns on the big light and sees the room clearly. It is a big mess. Everything has been thrown on the floor.

JUSTIN

What happened? Are you ok? Tony! Tony! TONY! Where are you?

He couldn’t find him. He notices there is only one thing on the table, on the center of the table. It’s a magazine.

JUSTIN

Holyshit! You gotta be kidding me. What’s it this time?

He picks up the magazine and sees picture on the cover.

JUSTIN

Son of bitch!

He looks into the magazine and finds that page. He reads it a bit, and throws the magazine on the floor with all the strength.

JUSTIN

Motherfucker! Motherfucker!

He dials on his cellphone.

JUSTIN

Babe, listen to me. It’s not true. IT’S NOT TRUE. They made it up. The picture was touched up. I never kissed her. I never went out with her! Well, I did once, but that was for business. Elisa was there too. You know I love you. Don’t be ridiculous, ok? Don’t play this again. Where are you? Call me back! Ok? Call me back!

He hangs up the phone and looks tired. He kicks the magazine.

JUSTIN

Motherfucker.

The phone rings. He picks it up immediately.

JUSTIN

Hey babe!...Oh... sorry I don't wanna talk about this right now. Please talk to my agent. Thanks.
Wait! What's your name again?

He picks up the magazine and turns to that page.

JUSTIN

Motherfucker! It was you! You wrote that! When did I kiss Lady Gaga?!!! You motherfucker! I am going to sue you!...No! Of course not! She is crazy! Nonono! Don't write that down! I mean she is not my type. We are good friends. She is a wonderful singer. Write that down: "We are good friends. Lady Gaga is a wonderful singer." NO!! I AM NOT SEEING HER! ...No. I am not seeing anyone... No. That is a rumor. I am not. Besides it's none of your business...No, it's not...It's not!...IT'S NOT! You know what? Go fuck yourself! No. No! Don't write that down. Hey! Hey!

The phone hangs up.

JUSTIN

Son of bitch.

He doesn't know what to do.

He takes a look at the magazine, and somehow starts to read it.

JUSTIN

Son of bitch.

Something in the magazine makes him laugh.

JUSTIN

Wow, I didn't know her boobs were fake...

Oh come on! Of course they are together.

Suddenly he stops laughing.

He dials on the cell phone.

JUSTIN

Hey! You promised you wouldn't see Eric again! How do you explain the photo? You had dinner with Eric in...(He looks at the magazine) a Turkish restaurant and now you behave like I am the one who betray you! I hate you! (Pause) Call me back.

He throws the magazine away.

He sits a while and feels hot. He takes off the coat and sweater... The tank that he's wearing reveals his arms and heck reveal. His body is black and blue. It's full of purple or red spots.

He stares at them and touches them.

JUSTIN

Asshole. When you come back, I'll kiss you to death.

Don't worry. They are just hickeys. Evil work by Tony. In the beginning, it felt quite weird and of course, painful. "They're stamps, which mean you are mine." Tony explained to me. In the beginning, he only "stamped" one or twice each time. But as my career went up, he became crazier and crazier when he kissed me. My neck, arms, belly, chest, thighs, legs, feet...sometimes face. You can't find one inch of fine skin. Day after day, it didn't feel painful anymore. I guess I got used to the pain, like people get used to a pair of glasses, high heels, cigarettes or a ring. Once, Tony went to China for a month for a movie. My body finally cleared up. I enjoyed sunbathing for the first time in so long. But I felt something was missing in my body. Without those aches, my body became so light that felt nothing. In the last ten days, I went mad. I flew to China. After 20 hours, I got the best sex ever in history. "Without you, I am a letter going nowhere." I told him. My body became full of hickeys again that night.

But it's still pretty annoying you know, especially for a singer, a famous singer like me. Who'd want to see a star in long sleeves and turtleneck all the time? To be fair, I started to stamp him too. Our sex became two vampires sucking each other. I wasn't the only victim anymore. And we became more and more experienced at it. We developed a way to make hickeys without pain. And every time we produced a hickey, we knew exactly how to make it last for three days, one week or half a month. This technique is very useful. Tony is an actor. So once he gets a part or I have a concert coming up, we can schedule the "stamping".

People say gay relationships never last long. Tony and I are the exception. All thanks to these hickeys. There's just no way to date anyone else with them. One day when I'm not an idolized star anymore, we'll go public with our relationship. By that time, those teenage girls must have found the star in their own universe.

Pause

But this is just stupid!

Fuck the damned paparazzi! Fuck him! How many times do we have to play the break up scene? Ass hole! Almost once a month! And every time I take it seriously. Fuck actors!! Every time he makes it feel so real! Every time it feels like the end of the world. And then, he comes back. One month later, he plays it again. Fuck him! You know what? Never talk about anything like 2012 to me. Bullshit! They just want to scare you again and again! The prophets are so gay!

However, to be honest, the make-up sex is always the best.

He picks up the magazine and stares at the page of Tony going to a Turkish restaurant with Eric.

He dials on the cell phone again. He listens to the phone and dials another number.

JUSTIN

Hi Michelle, sorry, I know it's very late. But have you seen Tony? Did he call you today? Do you know whom he might be with right now? No, no, nothing. Can you call me if he contacts you? Thanks!

He hangs up the phone.
He is very upset and doesn't know whom to call.
He dials another number.

JUSTIN

Hi...Eric. I'm sorry to call you so late. I'm just wondering...is Tony with you? Okay. Sorry. Sorry. Good night. Wait! Uh...I really want to know one thing...did you and Tony go to a dinner last week? ...I need to know that! Of course I have the right to know! No, how dare you...Hey! Hey!

The phone hangs up.

JUSTIN

Asshole! I knew it was true!

10 (Astronaut)

VOICE OF THE ASTRONAUT

What if there is something more?

VOICE OF THE HOST

Like what? Water?

VOICE OF THE ASTRONAUT

Like a woman.

VOICE OF THE HOST

(Pause) Wow.

11 (Hickeys)

CHARACTER

Justin

SCENE

Same as "Hickeys 1"

JUSTIN

Last year I went to Japan for the promotion of my new album. After the autograph session, we went to a night club. There was a black grand Yamaha in the center. You'd never have imagined it. Its board was pocked with hundreds of little holes. "Is it vintage from World War II?" I asked the manager. I thought those were bullet holes. Then lights went down and focused on the piano. A young girl in a sexy dress showed up. Two body guards lifted her on the top of the piano. The people in the club applauded and whistled with excitement.

As the pianist started to play, she started to dance, on the piano board, with her 14-inch high heels. They were sharp as needles. Finally I realized where those holes came from. Every time she tapped, a new hole appeared. And the audience would crazily applaud and scream. Sometimes she'd lay down. When her perfect skin touched the wounded piano, I could hear the burning. "Sizzle!" She winked. "Sizzle!" She turned over. "Sizzle!" She smiled. "Bang!" She trampled. She was as cool as a killer. And that piano was the saddest and most sexy thing I've ever seen in my life. Japanese are crazy.

I am going to take a shower.

He takes off his tank. He looks at his belly and chest. They are covered by hundreds of hickeys. He touches them a bit and walks to the bathroom.

12 (Fruit Store)

CHARACTER

Mei – Jimmy's wife, a mid-aged woman, asian

SCENE

Jimmy Fruit Store

TIME

A summer night

It's a fruit store in a tropical Asian city. The fruit racks are outdoors. A dim light bulb is hanging above the shelves. Mei is sitting beside the shelves. She wears a casual sun top, shorts and slippers, and holds cattail leaf fan. She is a bit tired. It is so hot even in the evening. But it's quiet and peaceful. Except several moths and flies bump to the bulb again and again.

MEI

Sweet big melon--- Sweet big melon--- Sweet melon big---

She yawns.

She lazily uses the fan to drive away the flies on the fruit racks.

MEI

This city can't live without fruit. Some cities can't live without meat; some cities can't live without potatoes. My city can't live without fruit. The sun takes too much water from our bodies everyday, and gives them back by these fruit. (To the shelves) We keep each other juicy.

My whole family can't understand why I waste my life in such a small fruit store. I got a bachelor's degree. The college wasn't fancy, but good enough to make me white-collar, which would be more decent.

But meanwhile, it doesn't really bother them. I am the youngest kid in the family. My parents never think about counting on me, since I've got four incredibly mature big sisters. I was everyone's baby girl. Every New Year, Grandpa gave me more pocket money than the others. And he never hid it. He told them: "Because she is the youngest!" Yeah, that's the best reason. You know, once you get used to it, day by day, "youth" becomes a part of your identity. I mean, it felt like "Hi, Young is my middle name!" Until one day Lan complained to Grandpa: "Before Mei was born, you always gave me the most pocket money!" To be honest, I was quite surprised when I heard that. But of course that's how things used to be. Then Fang started complaining too: "Before you two were born, I was the youngest!" Then Si told her: "Actually you were the one taking away my pocket money!" "Oh, shut up!" Lu shouted: "You guys have no idea how much Grandpa used to spoil me! I was the first and only child!!" Grandpa laughed and promised - next New Year he would give us equal pocket money.

He didn't make another year. He died two weeks before the New Year. So...the result was none of us got any pocket money... We were such a bunch of little assholes.

I was so grateful that my mom didn't bring us a sixth sister. Even without the New Year's pocket money, I still had all the advantages of being the youngest. However, from then on I realized one thing: Everyone is born to be the youngest AND the oldest. Sounds weird... But you know what I mean.

Pause.
Someone maybe passes by.

Sweet big papaya--- Sweet big papaya--- Sweet big papaya---

I hope we sell more tonight. Otherwise tomorrow we have to drop 5 more percent off on the price, which has already been cut down 30%.

I met Jimmy in college, in my 2nd year.

The dorm buildings on campus were open. We didn't have a doorman or a gate with a code. One night I went out. When I was walking down the stairway, a man walked passed me. At that moment, I felt him touch my butt. I was frozen there for 5 seconds and trying to understand what just happened. Suddenly I recalled that several girls had mentioned that something similar had happened to them. Then I understood. In the dark, I stopped him and questioned him why he was in our building. I was surprised by my own voice. I have never sounded so determined and strong before. Then he started to run. Without thinking I ran after him. My slippers dragged me. So I shouted: "Catch that man! Catch that man!" In one second, about ten boys dashed out of different dorm buildings and ran after him. And they shouted with me: "Catch that man! Catch that man!" Along the way, more and more students joined the troop and shouted "Catch that man! Catch that man!" Soon it became quite a phenomenon on campus.

Sound of heavy steps, like many people running across the stage.

Thousands of students were angrily running. And the number kept growing. In the end they caught him, a few steps from the front gate. When I finally arrived with my big slippers, he had been beaten and his nose was bleeding, but shouting, "I am innocent! I am a professor! I am going to sue you! I am a professor!"

Meanwhile, some girls in the crowd recognized him. A girl pointed at him and cried: "Last week, it was him squatting and looking up my skirt when I was changing light bulbs in the hallway!" Another girl screamed: "He touched my butt the other day! I thought he did it by accident!" "Oh... So it wasn't a theft?" A boy sounded a bit disappointed. So did the others. But very soon, they resumed their anger.

I saw him clearly for the first time. He was so short and old and ugly and in a mess. He smelled like a rotten apple. Thinking about him touching me made me want to throw up. Then, I did one thing. I can't stop recalling that moment through all these years. "HOW DARE YOU!" I shouted and then ...I slapped him. He couldn't move his head. They held him firmly. So I got him, heavily, right on the face, twice. When I took back my hand, I saw his blood on my fingers. I looked at my fingers and I didn't know how to deal with it. If you had seen him, you would also have thought that what flowed out of his body must be dark and sticky. But to my surprise, his blood was red warm liquid as ours, like mine. He stood there, like a wounded animal. The righteous students surrounded him and accused him.

"How dare you." I said like a princess. But his blood made me guilty.

Security came to take him and dispersed the crowd. But I was still standing there and staring at the blood on my fingers. I felt the warmth of it. That freaked me out. Then a boy beside me handed me a napkin. I wiped my fingers again and again and finally looked up at the boy.

That boy was Jimmy. Four weeks later, he became my boyfriend.

About that man, everyone thought he was lying when he said he was a professor. The next day, security found me and told me not to talk about it to my friends. Because he really was a professor at the college. I guess after that, he wasn't anymore. I never saw him again.

I wondered how he looked when he was speaking in class. How did he treat his female students? Did his wife know? To be honest, I don't think he even had a wife. And I don't think he is the kind of man who has enough guts to go for a whore. All his satisfaction came from little touches. His life was just pathetic. And then, he lost his job.

Sometimes I think... "Was it necessary?" I mean, for god's sake, he didn't rape us, or really hurt us. Just a touch. Of course it's sexual harassment. He was a criminal. Those girls and I were the victims. Things should be like that. But the truth is - We were much more powerful than him. We were young, beautiful, promising and proud. Aren't these the most powerful things in the world? If we wanted, those boys could have killed him that night. But what did he have? Nothing. His life was dried up. And yet I slapped him. It was shameful. I should never have taken advantage of my youth like that.

Jimmy and I married right after we graduated. I should have become a secretary, but instead, I told Jimmy I wanted to have a fruit store. I didn't wanna deal with people anymore. No matter if they

were joyful or miserable, nasty or full of justice. I loved fruits, because they are simple and fresh. Jimmy supported me without asking why, just like the night he handed me the napkin.

Now it has been 15 years since the store opened. This city loves fruits. So the income is not bad. But the thing I didn't expect was how fast fruit goes bad. Every day we have to eat or throw away a bunch. Otherwise they would be rotten. And once one goes rotten, the others in the same basket will be affected soon. In the end, the whole store would smell sweet, greasy and sticky, reminding me of that old man. So we have to move quickly. Sell, eat or throw away! Import another bunch of fresh ones. Then sell, eat or throw away! That's the cycle. Life is not easy. No one gives me pocket money anymore.

I still think I never should have slapped that man.

A fly stops on an apple. She uses the fan to hit it. The apple drops on the ground. She picks it up. She is about to put it back to the rack, but after a short hesitation, she wipes it with her clothes and bites it.

Sweet big apple--- Sweet big apple--- Sweet big apple---

13 (Astronaut)

VOICE OF THE ASTRONAUT

When I was little, my dad told me a story. There was a beautiful woman and she and her husband worked in the Jade Emperor's palace in heaven, where immortals, fairies, and good people lived. One day, they offended the Jade Emperor. As a punishment, the Jade Emperor banished them to live as mere mortals on earth. Finally the husband found the pill of immortality. If they shared it, they would be immortals again on earth. But she wanted to go back to heaven so badly. So she stole it and swallowed the entire pill.

VOICE OF THE HOST

Oh what a bitch.

VOICE OF THE ASTRONAUT

And then she started to float up into the sky. Her body became lighter and lighter and she couldn't stop it. In the end, she landed on the middle of nowhere - the Moon.

VOICE OF THE HOST

Oops.
She got what she deserved.

VOICE OF THE ASTRONAUT

You are really mean.

VOICE OF THE HOST

Your father told you that story?

VOICE OF THE ASTRONAUT

Yes. I have been nearsighted since kindergarten. Everyone laughed at my thick glasses. One day my father asked me to take off the glasses with him. We stared at the Moon together. And he told me that story. He said, "They don't know what they've missed." After staring for 20 minutes at the yellow halo, I saw the shadow of the moon lady.

VOICE OF THE HOST

So you expect to find her on the moon.

VOICE OF THE ASTRONAUT

She has been there all alone for 4000 years.

VOICE OF THE HOST

So what do you think of the scientific reports from NASA, RASA and CNSA?

VOICE OF THE ASTRONAUT

They don't know what they've missed.

14 (Hickeys)

CHARACTER

Justin

In Justin's concert.

He's dressed up and singing Melanie Safka's I REALLY LOVED HAROLD with a guitar. He sings it like a "cool" pop song and never forgets to show his charm.

And the fans are screaming and applauding.

JUSTIN (singing)

They told me when I was little,
I'd go to heaven, if I was good.
Now I'm a long way from little
'Cause I tried to find heaven, 'cause I thought that I could
I thought that I could.

And I thought I loved Harold and I really loved John,
I really loved Alphy and I almost loved Tom.
I loved them so easy and I loved them so free,
So I don't think that heaven will wanna love me.

Hallo, song of the willow,
The dreams under my pillow turned to tears that I cried.
Beauty and love are our riddle,

Never to answer but always to try,
And boy, did I try?

I tried with Harold and I tried with John,
I tried with Alphy and almost with Tom.
I left myself open for the whole world to see,
Now the world is the heaven that won't accept me.

I said goodbye to Harold and goodbye to John,
Goodbye to Alphy and goodbye to Tom
'Cause I loved them so easy and I loved them so free,
So I don't think that heaven will wanna love me.
Oh say, can you see, by the dawn's early light
No light will shine me?

15 (Astronaut)

CHARACTERS

Angela

Man

Justin

voice of the Host

voice of the Astronaut

VOICE OF THE HOST

Are you still waiting?

No answer.

ANGELA and the MAN in suit enter the elevator together.

JUSTIN enters his room with a pile of entertainment magazines. There are already many old ones on the floor. He still doesn't put on a shirt. There are only half of the hickeys left on his body. He sits on the floor and starts to read the magazines one by one. He sometimes looks at his cellphone like waiting for a call.

VOICE OF THE HOST

Are you still waiting?

Meanwhile, as the number on the elevator changes from 30 to 1, Angela and the Man are standing face to face in awkward silence.

VOICE OF THE HOST

Are you sleeping? What time is it there?

VOICE OF THE ASTRONAUT

I was in the bathroom.

VOICE OF THE HOST

I'm sorry. How far have you gotten you now?

VOICE OF THE ASTRONAUT

I don't know. It's a crescent. I can barely see it. But I know I'm really close. Just have to wait and make sure. Plus I can't land on the cusp.

VOICE OF THE HOST

Don't worry. It will grow back soon. So what are you going to do when you finally find her - the moon lady?

VOICE OF THE ASTRONAUT

Oh.

That's a good question.

I will...I haven't thought about the details yet.

VOICE OF THE HOST

What are you going to say to her?

VOICE OF THE ASTRONAUT

Well...Errr... "Hi."

VOICE OF THE HOST

And?

VOICE OF THE ASTRONAUT

Errrr...err... Argh! You really got me.

Angela and the Man exit the elevator switch the place and enter the elevator again. As the number on the elevator changes from 1 to 30, Angela and the Man are standing face to face in awkward silence.

Justin exits and comes back with a new pile of magazines. The hickeys on his body are almost invisible. He reads the magazines and sometimes looks at his cell phone.

VOICE OF THE HOST

You've travelled millions of miles to meet someone and you don't prepare a speech?

VOICE OF THE ASTRONAUT

I might ask her if she wants to come with me. She has been extremely lonely for 4000 years.

VOICE OF THE HOST

But she doesn't want to be on earth! That was why she got stuck on the moon, remember?

VOICE OF THE ASTRONAUT

Right... (Pause. And then sadly) But I don't know how to send her to heaven.

VOICE OF THE HOST

Just be careful you don't let her steal your spacecraft. She has a criminal record.

VOICE OF THE ASTRONAUT

She just missed heaven so bad.

VOICE OF THE HOST

Oh yeah, who doesn't.

Angela and the Man exit the elevator. Man walks into his apartment and turns on the lamp. Angela walks into her apartment and looks at the lamp's light through the window.

VOICE OF THE HOST(Cont'd)

I'm gonna miss you, if anything bad happens... Your trip sounds like it's too risky.

VOICE OF THE ASTRONAUT

I wish you could see the sky from here. It's splendid.

VOICE OF THE HOST

I'm sure it is.

Justin exits and comes back with more entertainment magazines. All the hickeys have disappeared. There are so many magazines on the floor that almost bury him.

Angela opens the food closet. There is a life-size poster of Justin on the inside of the closet door. Justin is topless on the poster and posing confidently and seductively. He looks very strong on the poster. Obviously, the photo has been retouched.

Angela searches a bit and takes out a can of cream corn. She opens the can and eats with a spoon. She looks at the poster.

ANGELA

(She puts a spoon of cream corn by his mouth.) Want some? This is good... Okay. (She eats it.) Look at you. (She touches his muscles and shyly giggles.)

Meanwhile Justin pulls out a folded poster from a magazine. He unfolds it.

JUSTIN

What the hell is that?

It's a poster of himself, same as the one in Angela's closet.

He looks at it. It's too big to hold. He pastes it on a wall and looks at it. He looks at himself. Obviously he is much slimmer and looser than the version on the poster. He pinches his arms and belly. He touches the arms and six packs on the poster. He kneads his butt as there is a bruise and stares at the perfect butt on poster.

JUSTIN

(To the "Justin" on the poster) Fuck you.

Angela stands beside the poster and looks at the mirror. She rests her head on his "shoulder". She smiles at the mirror.

Justin poses the same as on the poster, makes seductive face and tries hard to flex the muscles...

JUSTIN

Hey babe, how you doing?

But still, he can't compete with his poster. He is even shorter than his poster.

Angela opens her arms and tightly leans against the poster, like hugging him.

Justin opens his arms and tightly leans against the poster, like trying to become one with the poster.

After a while, he goes to get a pen. He smiles and signs his name on the poster, like in an autograph session. Then he signs another one... One after another... he can't stop. He gets obsessed and signs faster and faster, harder and harder.

Angela is searching for something. She searches her bags, clothes' pockets, drawers and floor. Finally, she

finds it – that piece of paper Justin gave her the other night (in CONTROL scene). He wrote his number on it.

The poster in Justin’s room is fully covered by his autographs. He is exhausted. He sits down on the floor and breathes heavily. He checks his cell phone. No one called.

Angela takes a deep breath and dials the number...

Dial tone...

“Thank you for calling Time Warner Cable! Please press one for English. Para espanol oprima dos. (and then Japanese/Chinese/Korean version) ...”

Angela is dumbfounded. She sadly puts down the phone.

Justin puts down his cell phone. He is too tired. He falls asleep. Lights down on his room.

Angela is shivering and searching for more food in her storage. No food left. She goes out to buy food. She and the MAN enter the elevator at the same time. The Man is in suit and holding a cup of coffee. The number on the elevator starts to change.

Awkward silence again. When it gets 5th floor, Angela can’t stand it anymore. All of sudden, she takes a deep breath and speaks. The Man is drinking coffee.

ANGELA

Hi, I saw you masturbate. Very impressive work! Glad to finally meet you in person.

He spews the coffee and gets choked. He coughs hard...He faints.

ANGELA

Hey! Hey! Are you ok? Oh my god! What happened? I didn’t mean to kill you! Hey! OH MY GOD. OH MY GOD. 911! 911! HELP!

She insanely pushes the buttons on the elevator.

Black out.

16 (Glasses)

CHARACTERS

Jimmy

Mei

SCENE

Jimmy Fruit Store

TIME

Continuing from the last scene

Jimmy enters. He is a big tall Asian guy, around 40, with a pair of glasses.

MEI

It's over? What did the teachers say?

JIMMY

The teachers all like him. The English teacher said he is a smart boy, but sometimes he doesn't work hard enough. He made too many spelling mistake in last week's quiz.

MEI

Right. We have to check his homework more often.

JIMMY

And Miss Li said he doesn't eat his vegetables. But I don't think it's a problem. Boys all like meat.

MEI

Vegetables are very important. Otherwise he won't poop well. (Pause) He likes fruit though. He will be fine.

JIMMY

Has he gone to bed? How were sales?

Mei shows him the racks and the account book.

JIMMY

It's enough!

MEI

No, it's not.

JIMMY

It's enough. You've been here the whole evening. Let's go.

Mei gets up and starts to move the boxes into the store. Jimmy takes over the boxes.

JIMMY

I'll do this. You go to sleep. (pause, remember something) Oh, tomorrow we need to get him a pair

of stronger glasses. The teacher mentioned that he always narrows his eyes when he looks at the blackboard.

MEI

Again? He just got new ones last year. Oh I wonder where he got those genes from.

JIMMY

He plays too many video game.

Mei leaves.

JIMMY

(Smiles) Of course he got that from his father. But he's still a cute boy. Tall and big, and with beautiful eyes. Everyone likes him.

When I was his age, I was exactly the same. Girls were crazy for me. But I was a bit slower than the other kids. I moved slower and reacted slower. My parents thought I was retarded. So they brought me to the hospital to test my brain or something. Then they found the real problem was my eyes. I had myopia. So I got my first pair of glasses when I was 7. The moment I put them on, I was amazed by how clear the shape of the world actually is. And I looked out the window. I saw the moon in the sky. Oh my god! For the first time I found it was a simple yellow ball. I always thought it was a "hairy" yellow thing issuing many beams of light. When I saw clearly, I found I heard more clearly! So I happily became a boy with glasses.

However, they started to annoy me in middle school, because I started to date girls. And I was stuck with a technique problem. I couldn't figure out how to kiss with glasses on and be cool at the same time. I didn't know how the other people solved this problem. Did people say "Hold on, let me take off my glasses" and then kiss? That would sound so nerdy to girls. Or had they discovered a special angle to kiss with glasses on?

Once I'd been dating a girl for one month. And we had never kissed.

A young girl and a young boy both with glasses come on stage.
They hold hands and walk under the moon light.

GIRL 1

What a beautiful moon!

BOY 1

What a wonderful night!

And then, the girl closes her eyes and raises her face a bit. The boy looks at her and is about to kiss. But the glasses feel so awkward. He moves his head to find a right angle. He just can't. He takes off his glasses. But still have difficulty with the girl's glasses...finally,

BOY 1

What time is it now? Isn't the dorm going to close?

JIMMY

And that's all. I know it's ridiculous. I wasn't a shy person at all. I was big and strong and tough. But the kissing thing... I really got stuck. It was more difficult than you think. Oh, I tried contact lenses. It was a torture for a tough guy like me to deal with such delicate stuff every day and night.

So the glasses kept me away from a normal relationship. Instead, I watched a lot of porn. That doesn't require you to take off your glasses. On the contrary, the glasses are very necessary.

When I graduated from high school, I applied to the military academy without thinking. I was always longing to be a pilot. And all I got was rejection, because my eyes weren't good enough for my dream. I guess they were right. How can you wear pilot's sunglasses and nearsighted glasses at the same time? How can you spend 10 minutes searching for your glasses when the enemies start firing? And anyone could destroy the glasses with one punch. Then I would get lost in a dense fog. I would turn into the slow kid again. A tall, big and fragile man.

So I went to a regular college and studied computer science. I decided I'd better stick to the character that I'm most suited for. But some nights, after I came back from the lab, I took off the heavy glasses and stood in front of the window. I stared at the moon. It turned back into a piece of hairy yellow chunk again. I stared at it and thought - Maybe that is the shape of the moon. Everyone else sees the hallucination and only the nearsighted people see the real shape. Maybe the whole world is blurry. And glasses are a lie one group of people uses to disarm another.

One night, when I was standing in front of the window and staring at the hairy chunk as usual, I heard a girl screaming "Catch that guy! Catch that guy!" from outside. And I saw someone running and passing by my window. Immediately I rushed out of my dorm. I didn't remember where I put my glasses but I didn't care at all. I ran towards that sound as fast as I could.

Sound of heavy steps, like many people running across the stage.

Meanwhile I could tell more and more people were joining the manhunt because I heard more and more footsteps behind me. But I was the fastest one! In the end, we caught that man! But there were so many people. I couldn't tell which one was him. They all looked the same, angry and excited. And everyone was yelling. I couldn't get out of the crowd, because I DIDN'T BRING MY GLASSES! After a long time, people finally started to leave. Until there was only one girl left. I guessed she was a girl by her long hair. And somehow, I seemed to hear she was crying. So I handed her a napkin. I didn't know why she used it to wipe her fingers. I thought whatever, I had to go. I had to go back to my glasses. Without them I couldn't be sure about anything. Anything could hurt me.

Before I left, she said "Hi, my name is Mei."

One week later, I hacked into the school's computer system and got all the names of the girls who lived on campus. And I found her. I waited outside of her classroom and when she came out, she recognized me immediately. She was quite happy to see me again. And I was quite happy that she was even prettier than the last time I saw her without my glasses.

After several dates, she became my girlfriend. And the challenge came again - The kiss.

The young boy with glasses and another young girl without glasses come on stage. They hold hands and walk under the moon light.

GIRL 2

What a beautiful moon!

BOY 1

What a wonderful night!

And then, the girl closes her eyes and raises her face a bit. The boy still doesn't know what to do with his glasses. The girl waits and opens her eyes. She gently takes off the boy's glasses and kisses him.

JIMMY

That was it. The nightmare that had attacked me for 10 years ended in that moment. "This girl is going to be my wife." I told myself. And this girl is my wife.

One day, my son came back from kindergarten with a picture he drew. I saw a piece of hairy yellow messy chunk on the corner. "What's this, son?" I asked him. And he said "This is the moon." Goddammit! The next day, we took him to the doctor and got him a pair of glasses. When he grows up, I will tell him to wait for a girl who could make a kiss comfortable.

17 (Astronaut)

VOICE OF THE HOST

What do your parents think of this?

VOICE OF THE ASTRONAUT

They died 20 years ago. But I think my father would be proud of me. He always wanted to be a pilot. An astronaut is like a super-version of a pilot.

Hold on a sec!

... Holy shit! I got it. I got into the lunar orbit. Here I am.

VOICE OF THE HOST

Holy Moly! How incredible! (to the audience) Can you believe it? We just experienced the craziest moment together on air! (to the astronaut) So, hey! What are you going to do next?

VOICE OF THE ASTRONAUT

I'll circle around the Moon to slow my speed for a soft landing. Otherwise the crash could kill me.

VOICE OF THE HOST

Cool! The moon lady can't wait! (If there is any.)

18 (Neighbors)

CHARACTERS

Man

Angela

“Ding”. The number on the elevator shows 1.
Angela and the Man enter the elevator together.

MAN

Hi.

ANGELA

Oh hi! I’m really sorry about...

MAN

Don’t worry. No big deal. Well...Thank you for the curtain.

ANGELA

Do you like it?

MAN

I put it up this morning. It’s very...cute. But I like it. Sorry for making you watch...

ANGELA

Oh no, not at all. Actually I enjoyed it. It was kinda fun... Anyway, since now we know each other, I don’t feel I should keep... You know. (bursts into laughter) So save the view.

MAN bursts into laughter, too.

MAN

God, that was embarrassing!

ANGELA

Don’t choke yourself again!

MAN

You got me!

They laugh harder and harder.

ANGELA

Oh no, I’m going to cry!

She cries.

MAN

(Laughing) Why?

Oh no! Don't cry. Hey, don't cry. Please. (He pats on her back) Shhh... shh shh shh. It's okay. It's okay. It's okay...

Lights down on "elevator".

19 (Hickeys)

Jimmy and Mei are sitting in their Fruit Store.

Justin is in his room. He is dressing up for party or clubbing. He has shaved and showered. He sprays perfume on himself.

He buttons up his shirt and checks his hair.

MEI

What a beautiful moon.

JIMMY

What a wonderful night.

Justin turns off the light and leaves the apartment.

20 (National Geographic)

CHARACTER

The Man

MAN

Last night I had a strange dream. I saw the wind blow the curtains open. And then... a woman appeared under the moonlight. I recognized her immediately. How could I not? It's Her.

She bowed to me in the traditional Japanese way.

I have dreamt about her thousands of times, but this time it felt so real. "Where have you been all these days?" I asked her. She pointed up. "Where?" I asked again. She started speaking... Japanese.

And I couldn't understand a single word.

Where are the subtitles? I looked around. At that moment I realized that I wasn't watching another porn movie. It was Her standing right in front of me. I tried so hard to understand what she was

talking about but I couldn't. Isn't it funny? I struggled my whole life to reach her but ignored her language. I never thought about learning Japanese, because I've been "talking" to her for 27 years and watching the most private part of her life. There was nothing between us. How crazy I'd been.

She kept talking. That was the first time I heard her talking, not repeating those short lines in the movies. Her voice was so soothing. I wanted to tell her how much I loved her and missed her. But the only Japanese words I know are "Please don't" and "That feels good". And I learned them both from porn! How pathetic!

She stopped talking and looked at me. I knew I had to say something. But how? She's waiting. AH! I wanted to shoot myself! Finally, after a long silence, she looked disappointed. She bowed and turned... I was so afraid she would disappear just like that. "Please don't!" I shouted in Japanese. She turned back and looked surprised. I knew I must have sounded odd but who cared! "Please don't! Please don't! Please don't!" I repeated it over and over with clumsy gestures. She smiled.

In the moonlight she walked to me and rested my head in her arms. "Shh...Shh." She said and softly patted my back.. In my imagination, I should be the strong one to comfort her. But my eyelids were so heavy. In her arms, I became like a tired child who had been crying for a long time. "That feels good." I told her. She smiled. And I fell asleep.

This morning I woke up. The curtains were fluttering in the breeze. I believe she did visit me last night.

21 (Astronaut)

Engine noise. Louder and louder...
Overwhelmingly loud...

A huge sound of crash.

Silence.

VOICE OF THE ASTRONAUT

Hi.

I landed on the moon.

I've never seen so many wounds in my life. And I just made a new one. I touch them, as if that could heal them up. If you realize that each crater came from a crash, you would feel pain every time you look at the sky. Maybe a long time ago this was heaven, before all the wounds.

I didn't find the moon lady. But my eyesight isn't that good. So who knows what I might have missed. Anyway, when she sees the crater my rocket made, she will know I've visited and she isn't all alone. That would make my trip worthwhile.

I'm looking at you now. I wish I could share the view with you – such a beautiful blue planet. I'm beginning to miss it. I'm looking at all of you. My eyesight isn't that good, but I just know you are

there. I'm waving at you. Hey, can you see? I'm waving at you. Can you see?

On stage, Angela, the Man, Justin, Mei, Jimmy and all the other characters are doing their regular things, like reading books, drinking in a bar, selling fruits, dating, etc. But somehow they feel something at the same moment. They look up and listen, as if someone is calling them.

Black out.

[The End]

ZHU Yi

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Note:

The story of "National Geographic" is inspired by a Japanese pornographic star called Ai Iijima, who was once a real figure. She died on 2008's Christmas Eve. As the most controversial woman, she was the secret goddess of every Asian man in the sexually conservative societies.