



★ **BOOK WINGS** ★

IOWA CITY, U.S.A. \* SHANGHAI, CHINA

TUESDAY, MARCH 12, 2013

8:15 PM RECEPTION, 9:00 PM CURTAIN

THEATRE B, THEATRE BUILDING, THE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

# BOOK WINGS

Greetings,

The International Writing Program (IWP), in collaboration with the Shanghai Dramatic Arts Centre, is proud to present *Book Wings China*. This evening's program marks the second year of an initiative that began in 2012 with a historic partnership between the IWP and the Moscow Art Theatre. The 2012 performance featured poetry; tonight's features drama. Working in conjunction with the University of Iowa's Department of Theatre Arts, Information Technology Services, UITV, and the Virtual Writing University, and made possible with grant funds provided by the U.S. Department of State, *Book Wings China* brings together the worlds of literature, theatrical performance, and new media, uniting two stages to produce (in real time, across a distance of more than 7,000 miles) a bilingual, collaborative performance of six new short plays commissioned for the project.

High definition videoconferencing technologies will allow the audience in Iowa City to see and hear the Shanghai stage, and the Shanghai audience to see and hear the Iowa City stage. This dynamic program is a testament to what two artistic communities can accomplish through creative collaboration.

*Book Wings China* features young, distinguished playwrights in the United States and China addressing the central theme of *migration*. Wang Haoran, Naomi Iizuka, Qian Jue, Dan O'Brien, Xu Yaqun, and Chay Yew have created complex, funny, and moving works, rich in history and ideas, which reflect the diversity of our respective literary traditions and suggest some of the dimensions of migration: discovery and flux, hope, nostalgia, and reinvention.

To see these works performed live and collaboratively, across eight time zones, is miraculous—a testament to the willingness of actors, directors, writers, translators, and their audiences to migrate from the traditional realm of artistic performance to the innovative world of new media collaboration. In 2013, *Book Wings China* is making literature soar.

With warm wishes,



Christopher Merrill  
Director  
The International Writing Program

# BOOK WINGS

Iowa City, IA, USA & Shanghai, China  
Tuesday, March 12<sup>th</sup>, 2013, 9 p.m. Iowa CST  
Wednesday, March 13<sup>th</sup>, 10 a.m. Shanghai

## INTRODUCTION

Christopher Merrill – Iowa Stage  
Tian Shui – Shanghai Stage  
Qian Lin, Interpreter – Shanghai Stage

## ACT 1

And Two, If By Sea – Shanghai Stage  
Subway – Shanghai Stage

## ACT 2

Kandahar to Canada – Iowa Stage  
And Two, If By Sea – Iowa Stage

## ACT 3

I Am an Eagle Hen – Shanghai Stage  
I Am Not Woyzeck – Shanghai Stage

## ACT 4

Subway – Iowa Stage  
Journey – Iowa Stage

## TALKBACK:

*A talkback with the artistic and production staff of Book Wings will immediately follow the performance and will be moderated by Christopher Merrill in Iowa City and in Shanghai by Tian Shui with interpretation by Qian Lin.*

*Questions will be taken from the live audience as well as from those viewing the event live on the internet. Off-site viewers may tweet their questions using the hashtag #bookw.*

## STREAMING LIVE:

<http://www.writinguniversity.org/page/book-wings-live-streaming>

# CREDITS

## **Artistic Direction**

Christopher Merrill, Director  
International Writing Program

Nick Yu, Director  
Shanghai Dramatic Arts Centre

Alan MacVey, Chair  
Department of Theatre Arts, University of Iowa

Tong Yi, Theatre Education Specialist  
Shanghai Dramatic Arts Centre

## **Playwrights**

Wang Haoran, Naomi Iizuka, Qian Jue, Dan O'Brien, Xu Yaqun, Chay Yew

## **Directors, University of Iowa**

Eric Forsythe  
Saffron Henke  
Alan MacVey  
Carol MacVey

## **Directors, Shanghai Dramatic Arts Centre**

Guo HongBo  
Zhou Xiaoqian

## **Performers, University of Iowa**

Martin Andrews, Tim Budd, Mackenzie Calkins, Felipe Carrasco, Maggie Conroy, Luke Cunningham, Elizabeth Hinkler, Regina Morones, Scott Myers, John Shang

## **Performers, Shanghai Dramatic Arts Centre**

Huang Chen, Jia Jinghui, Xu Manman, Liu Peng, Lv Rui, Zhao Yingying, Mu Zi

## **Project Coordination**

Ashley Davidson, International Writing Program

## **Production Team, Shanghai Dramatic Arts Centre**

Xie Jingying, Technical Director  
Lu Liping, Collaborating Director  
Tong Ling, Producer  
Zhang Yi, Assistant Producer  
Sang Qi, Stage Designer

### **Production Team, Shanghai Dramatic Arts Centre (con't)**

Luo Jinxin, Stage Manager  
Gu Wei, Lighting Designer  
Dong Jingjing, Sound Designer  
Gong Lianzhao, Stage Properties Designer

### **Production Team, University of Iowa**

Rebecca Tritten, Production Stage Manager  
Leigh'Ann Andrews, Stage Manager  
Amber Lewandowski, Stage Manager  
LeeAnn Yeckley, Stage Manager  
Les Finken, Videoconferencing and Livestream Project Lead  
Brent Garrett, Projection Engineer  
Lauren Haldeman, Livestream Management  
Ben Hill, Producer, University of Iowa Television  
Bryon Winn, Production Designer  
Peggy Mead-Finizio, Lighting Designer  
Andrew Nelsen, Sound Designer and Sound Engineer  
Bri Atwood, Sound Designer  
Matt Benyo, Video Designer  
Sarah Pipho, Costume Designer  
Josh Christoffersen, Properties Manager  
Emily Seiple, Supertitle Slide Preparer  
Su Hongjun, Supertitle Operator

### **Script Translators**

Su Hongjun (Iowa City)  
Elyn Jiang (Shanghai)

### **Talkback Moderation**

Christopher Merrill (Iowa City)  
Tian Shui (Shanghai)

### **House Manager, University of Iowa**

Brooke LeWarne

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**AND TWO, IF BY SEA**  
**by**  
**Chay Yew**

**Directors:**  
**Saffron Henke (US)**  
**Guo HongBo (China)**

**Performers:**  
**Maggie Conroy (US)**  
**Luke Cunningham (US)**  
**John Shang (US)**  
**Huang Chen (China)**  
**Zhao Yingying (China)**  
**Mu Zi (China)**

**Chay Yew's** plays include *Porcelain*, *A Language of Their Own*, *Red*, *A Beautiful Country*, *Wonderland*, *Question 27* *Question 28*, *A Distant Shore*, *17* and *Visible Cities*. His other work includes adaptations of Chekhov's *The Cherry Orchard* and Lorca's *The House of Bernarda Alba*, and a musical, *Long Season*. His performance work includes *Vivien and Her Shadows* and *Home: Places Between Asia and America*. His work has been produced, among other places, at the Public Theater, the Royal Court Theatre, Mark Taper Forum, La Jolla Playhouse, Intiman Theatre, the Wilma Theatre, Portland Center Stage, East West Players, Dallas Theatre Center, the Smithsonian Institute, and Carolina Performing Arts. Overseas, his work has been produced by Fattore K and Napoli Teatro Festival in Naples, Italy, La Mama in Melbourne, Australia, Four Arts in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, Singapore Repertory Theatre, Toy Factory, Checkpoint Theatre and TheatreWorks Singapore. He is also the recipient of the London Fringe Award for Best Playwright and Best Play, the George and Elisabeth Marton Playwriting Award, GLAAD Media Award, Asian Pacific Gays and Friends' Community Visibility Award, the Made in America Award, AEA/SAG/AFTRA 2004 Diversity Honor, and the Robert Chesley Award. *The Hyphenated American Plays* and *Porcelain and A Language of Their Own* have been published by Grove Press; the latter was nominated for a Lambda Literary Award. The anthology *Version 3.0: Contemporary Asian American Plays* is forthcoming from TCG Publications. An award-winning director, he is also an alumnus of New Dramatists and the artistic director of Victory Gardens Theater in Chicago.

## And Two, If By Sea

by

Chay Yew

### Characters:

- X A Chinese man, in his 20s, who lived in the 19<sup>th</sup> century to the early 20<sup>th</sup> century.
- Y A Chinese woman in her 50s, who speaks broken English, who lived in the early 20<sup>th</sup> century to early 21<sup>st</sup> century.
- Z A Chinese man in his 20s living in the 21<sup>st</sup> century.

### Place:

A corner of memory in the last three hundred years in American history.

*A bellowing boat horn.*

Z: The Pacific Ocean.

X: On the boat, I can see China, shrinking in the distance.

*A roar of the ocean.*

The missionaries have told me of a place called Gold Mountain. They have painted a beautiful country filled with opportunities. I pray to God to continually guide me, bless me in this new world. I am fifteen years old.

Y: My husband arrive in America when he seventeen year old. He move around a lot, Seattle, Detroit, then enlist in army when World War Two happen. I first meet him through photo and then marry him one year later when he visit China after war stop. That's how things are done back then. Much simpler than now. These days dating? Too much, too much. My father don't like me coming to America. But I cannot stay in China after war with Japan. Too much violent. I promise my father I return soon to visit. But Communist take over China and I cut off from family.

*A cacophony of a busy street filled with automobiles, clanging street cars and pedestrians.*

X: San Francisco.

Z: I've been in this city for last six years. Working as a houseboy, then a cook...while continuing my studies at the Christian mission. I worry about not sending enough money to Ah Ma. I feel I failed her. Today, someone called me a slanted-eye pagan.

*A store bell rings and sounds of a busy store.*

- X: Santa Barbara.
- Z: I'm learning merchandising from my uncle. He owns a general store. However, I've observed the key to success in Beautiful Country is not the art of commerce, but English. A halting language of flat, nasal, curling sounds. I will master it.
- Y: We live in Highland Park in Detroit. Back then, in 1948, Highland Park was nice place, very high class. I didn't speak much English but I have many American friend. People all very nice. We go to church, have social, sing hymn. Sometime I cannot say any English word in hymn, so I hum entire song. But hymn in any language, even humming, all sound the same. God, He hear everything. My hum to His ear always sound fluent, sound natural, like pretty American words.
- After I lost baby, doctor say I cannot have children. So I adopt. My husband and I, we see many photo of orphan in Hong Kong. I see this fat boy, cute boy. I show picture to husband. I say "I like this boy, this is our son." Just like that, Vincent become part of our family. Become son. Just like humming hymn on Sunday morning. Natural.

*The scratching of a fountain pen writing on a piece of paper.*

- X: I have started a diary. The things I write are not artful. There are, instead, a sundry of ordinary things of an ordinary day.
- Z: The sky is blue.  
A boy catches a baseball.  
My uncle calls me stupid.
- X: But each letter, each word is English. And my thoughts, my feelings, live between every sentence of the diary. No one will know how lonely I feel in this country.
- Y: I have many many photo of Vincent. In manila envelope I can show you. One with him in proper jacket and tie in front of Christmas tree. One in wearing baseball uniform with his team. And one in his tuxedo with fiancée in church as best man in friend wedding. In every photo, Vincent, he so handsome.
- Vincent, he always dress very tidy. Always combing hair, always wearing tie. I say, "Vincent, don't." He say, "Ah mah! I like it." Vincent, he always gentleman. If you not believe me, ask neighbors! Then he start dating girls, grow hair long. Like that good-for-nothing John Travolta in *Saturday Night Fever*. I say "What are you, Vincent, disco king?" And again he say "Ah mah! I like it." Sometimes I dream I come into his bedroom at night with big pair of scissors and cut off his hair! That Vincent. My American son. What to do?

*A symphony of night insects.*

- Z: Seattle.
- X: It's the autumn moon festival today. However, there are no



lanterns, mooncakes or the laughter of children. The moon is pregnant with light tonight.

I remember Ah Ma telling me to look at the moon when I longed for her. She said she'll be looking at the very same moon, across the same ocean. I'm slowly forgetting how my mother looks like.

*The braying of several lone gulls.*

Z: Alaska.

X: I made a decision today. This country is now my home. So I called upon Mr. Gourley to cut off my queue.

*The crisp sound of a scissor's snip and a man's coarse laugh.*

He laughed as my hair fell like black leaves onto the ground. I saved every strand of hair. A souvenir of an old life. It's getting colder. The trees have changed their coats from green to red to yellow to nothing.

Y: You know, everything parent do, they do for children. Especially, immigrant parent. We are people just laying foundation for next generation. So children eat better, speak better American, don't have to go through what we go through. So my husband and I, we take job in laundry, in factory, Chinese restaurant because we want better, best for Vincent. That's why we scold, we push, we nag, we beat children so they can become better people than us. Vincent, he always—how you say?—ambitious. When he was boy, can you believe he want to be writer? I say "Vincent, you no make money doing that!" Then he want to be lawyer. I say "You Chinese. Nobody can believe Chinese. Even in court room!" Then he say he want to be vet. I say "Oh, Vincent, you cannot do that! You cannot open up animals. You scared of blood!" All this time he never once say "Ah Ma, I like."

After Vincent graduate from high school, he go to technology school. There he got interested in designing European churches. I want to say "Vincent, that not useful skill!" but I don't say a thing. I know he like it. He then work full time as draftsman. I don't know what he do but he make good money and he is happy... So I am happy. Even after husband die, Vincent work part time as waiter to support me and save money for his wedding with very nice girl. I am so proud of Vincent.

*A busy metropolis with its clanging cable cars.*

Z: San Francisco.

X: I have been here for months now but still cannot find a good job. They will not hire a Chinaman although my English is as good as anyone's else. I have no choice but to take a low paying job. I'm a cook and servant to two officers at the

Presidio. At least it is close to Chinatown. I go there almost everyday. It feels good to be among people who look like me, who speak like me. The Chinese are suspicious of me because I have cut off my queue. And because I'm a Christian. They despise me for speaking in an alien tongue. The Americans don't trust me because I still don the clothes of a Chinaman and eat Chinese food. Neither talk much to me. I guess I'll always be in between. In between people and countries. Tonight I will go to the Chinese theatre. They are performing my favorite opera, *Wang Baochuan*. I'm suddenly fifteen again.

Y: It happen on same night of Vincent bachelor party. Next day he was going to be married. He finish restaurant work early. So he and his friend all have to go that place. Fancy Pant Strip Club. For bachelor party. Over there, this white man and his step son. They call Vincent, "Nip, chink, nip, chink." Both making complain about foreign car taking over American car industry. Making complain Chinks responsible for Americans having no job, no work. I always tell Vincent "Vincent, no fight, walk away." I try to teach him Chinese way. But Vincent, he like, he choose American way. So, of course, Vincent quarrel, fight with the two men. All of them get kick out of bar.

*A shrill train whistle and the chugging of a steam engine.*

Z: San Diego.

X: Mr. Marston and Reverend Camp have asked me to come here to serve as a labor broker for the California Southern Railroad. Why not? Perhaps I will be a bridge between them and the Chinese. Later, I would become an agent of American firms, a labor recruiter, court interpreter. Who knew it was profitable to be in between?

*Sound of a store bell.*

San Diego is my home now. I opened a store, my merchandising skill serves me well. I used my savings to buy some land for a potato farm. Now many friends from Chinatown are coming to me for loans to do the same.

Y: Then one man take baseball bat from car. Vincent and his friend, they run. But one of them, he catch, he hold Vincent. The other man, he hit Vincent with baseball bat.

*A short explosion of fire crackers.*

Several time.

*A short explosion of fire crackers.*

He hit Vincent on back. Hit Vincent in head.

*A short explosion of fire crackers.*

Vincent, he then fall to floor. He fall into coma.  
After surgery, his brain, it die. I refuse to believe Vincent not wake up. I know he laying there in bed. Dreaming of building churches. But, Vincent, he just lay there, with humming machine to make him breathe. So I wait. Like I always wait for him to come home after work. After four day, I know Vincent, he not coming home. So I take humming away, turn off breathing machine. Doctor pronounce Vincent dead.

*An explosion of fire crackers. Y stops doing tai chi and sits on the bench.*

X: Today I'm happy. My last daughter is married off to a white man. During the wedding, I glanced at all my twelve children with a deep sense of pride. All that I've sacrificed in my life has been worth it. We had firecrackers and my favorite...  
Z: Roast pig.

*Chinese men moving wood pieces on Chinese chess board.*

X: I have acquired an American disease. Whiskey. I don't talk to God much these days though I still go to the nearby Presbyterian Church. I spend most afternoons playing Chinese checkers with friends. Even then, it's hard to see all the pieces. My eyes are failing me.

*Z walks to center stage. As he does so, he morphs into an old man walking slowly, painfully.*

Y: "It isn't fair." That is what people say Vincent say before he die. After he got beat by two men. With baseball bat. And all these two men got is two years probation. Probation two years! And fine of \$3,700 each.  
This happen because my son is Chinese, not White. If two Chinese kill a white person, they go to jail, maybe for whole lives. The heart of Chinese is not different from heart of White man. I love this country. I cannot understand how this happen here. My husband fought for this country. We always pay our taxes. We work hard. We never have any trouble. This is not fair. What kind of law is this? What kind of justice? What kind of country?

*The sound of ocean.*

X: These days...

*Sound of ocean.*

Y: Most of the time...

*Sound of ocean.*

X: I sit alone at the harbor, looking out into the restless,  
breathless ocean.

*Sound of ocean.*

Y: Some days...

*Sound of ocean.*

Z: I think I see...

**END OF PLAY**

## 海洋·双生

Chay Yew

With translation by Elyn Jiang

### 人物:

- X: 中国男人, 20岁, 活在19世纪到20世纪初的时候  
Y: 中国女人, 50岁, 说着蹩脚的英语, 活在20世纪早期到21世纪早期  
Z: 中国男人, 20岁, 活在21世纪

### 地点:

美国历史上近三百年的一段尘封角落的记忆

### 时间:

不重要

### 编者的话

**X和Y在整篇文章中没有看过彼此。Z可以看X但是X不能看Z**

虽然整出戏在风格上是现实的, 但是这部作品相较于传统戏剧作品更像表演工作

**每一段话之间除非有特别指明, 否则将不应有任何停顿或者沉默**

**很重要的一点在于整场戏没有任何多愁善感的部分。这些人物都是强大且适应力强的。**

**请通过潜台词找到他们的情绪内核**

### 海洋·双生

一个空白舞台

X, Y和Z站在舞台三块分开区域上。

舞台右侧, Z站在黑暗之中的一束舞台光下。一束特别的光紧紧打在他的脸上。我们看他就好像是一场电影特写。

在舞台中心, Y在整场戏中不停地打着太极拳。在她所有的话语中没有任何声效。

舞台左侧, X站在装有话筒的话筒架前。他在读Z所想的東西。相对于演来说, 这更像是读着什么。Z要对着话筒小声读着文本。

Z应该对X所读的想法及观察有所反应, 就好像Z正在第一次体验X说的所有事情。

戏中你唯一能够听到的音效只在X的演讲中。他们强调Z故事里的没一个节奏并且还在他的演讲下创造了很多声响。这些声响是为了唤起Z所思考的整个世界。Z必须在听到那些音效后立刻开始他的演讲。这些音效最终应该来自Z这侧的舞台。

灯光亮起。

下面传来船上号角。

Z: (试探性地) 太平洋

X: 在船上, 我能看见中国, 在远处下沉

## 海洋的咆哮声

传教士告诉我的那个地方叫金山。他们描绘了富有众多机遇的漂亮的城市。我向上帝祈祷，希望他能在这个新世界继续指导我，祝福我。今年我15岁。

Y： **我的丈夫在他17岁的时候到达了美国。他迁徙过很多地方，西雅图，底特律，然后在二战时上了军队的名单。我第一次是通过照片见到他的，然后一年后战争结束，他访问中国时嫁给了他。这就是曾经故事发生的样子，比现在简单多了。那些约会的日子？太多太多了。**

**我的父亲不喜欢我到美国来。但是我不可能待在与日本开战后的中国。太多的暴力。我答应我父亲会很快回去看他。但是共产党接管了中国，于是我和家里断了联系。**

*刺耳繁忙的街上满是汽车，嘈杂的街车和行人。*

X： **（犹豫地念出）旧金山**

Z： **在过去的六年里我一直在这个城市。做过男仆，也做过厨师……并且也同时在研究我的基督教使命。我担心我没有寄足够的钱给阿妈。我觉得我失去了她。今天有人叫我斜眼睛的异教徒。**

*一个商店的铃声响起，喧嚣商场的声音*

X： **（犹豫地说）圣·芭芭拉**

Z： **我正在同我的舅舅学习采购。他拥有一个百货商店。然后我观察到一个美丽城市的成功秘诀不是商业的艺术，而是英语。一个复杂的语言，充满平舌，卷舌还有鼻音。我会掌握它的。**

Y： **我们住在底特律的高地公园。回到当时，在1948年，高地公园是一个漂亮的地方，很高级。我不会说很多英语，但是我有美国朋友。朋友们都很友好。我们去教堂，有社交，唱赞美诗。有几次我不能说出赞美诗中的任何一个英语单词，所以我就哼唱了整首歌。但是赞美诗在任何语言里，哪怕是哼唱，都挺起来一样。天啊，他听到了一切。我的哼唱在他耳里听起来永远都是那样流利、自然，就好像是相当地道的美国词汇。**

**在我失去一个孩子之后，医生和我说我再也不可以有孩子了。所以我领养了一个。我的丈夫和我，看了很多在香港的孤儿的照片。我看到了这个胖男孩，可爱的男孩。我把照片拿给我丈夫看。我说“我喜欢这个孩子，这就是我们的儿子”。从此之后，Vincent成为了我们家庭的一份子。成为了我们的儿子。一切就像在周日的早晨哼唱赞美诗一样，自然。**

*抓住了一支钢笔在纸上写着什么。*

X： **我开始写日记了。我写的东西并不艺术。相较地，反而是有很多在日常的日子里杂七杂八的普通事情。**

*Z在说话。很犹豫，困难且缓慢。*

Z : 天空是蓝色的。一个小男孩抓住了一个垒球。我的叔叔说我很愚蠢。

X : 但是每一封信，每一个词都是英语。我的想法，我的感受，活生生地存在于日记的字里行间。没有人会知道在这个国家我有多孤独。

Y : 我有很多很多Vincent的照片。在马尼拉的信封里，我可以给你看。有一张是他在一件合身的夹克里，带着领带，站在圣诞树前。一张是穿着垒球的制服和他的团队一起。还有一张是他穿着晚礼服和他未婚妻一起作为他朋友的伴郎在教堂参加婚礼。每一张照片里的Vincent，都是如此的帅气。

Vincent，他总是穿得非常整齐。总是将他头发梳好，总是戴着领带。我说：“Vincent，不需要这样。”他说：“啊妈妈！我喜欢这样。”“Vincent，他总是很绅士。如果你不相信我，去问问邻居们！然后他开始四处约会姑娘，留着长长的头发。就像在《周末夜狂热》里没出息的John Travolta一样。我说：“你是谁，Vincent，迪斯科国王？”然后他又说“啊妈妈！我喜欢这样！”“有时候我梦想在夜晚拿着一把大剪刀走进他的卧室，然后剪掉他的头发！那个Vincent。我的美国儿子。他会怎么做？”

#### 夜晚昆虫们的交响乐

Z : (很自信地发声) 西雅图

X : 今天是中秋节。然而，这里没有灯笼，没有月饼又或者是孩子们的笑声。今晚的月亮像是个大肚婆，充满亮光。我记得阿妈告诉过我当我想她的时候就看看月亮。她说她会穿过同样的海洋看着每一轮相同的明月。我渐渐地忘记了我母亲长得什么样。

#### 几个孤独海鸥的叫声

Z : 阿拉斯加

X : 今天我做了一个决定。现在这个国家就是我的家。所以，我呼吁Gourley先生砍掉我的队列。

#### 剪刀剪断发出的清脆声以及一个男人的粗笑声。

当我的头发好似黑色树叶掉落地上时，他大笑。我保存起了我的每一缕头发。那是过去生活的纪念品。越来越冷了。那些树变换着他们的外套，从绿色到红色，到黄色再到一无所有。

Y : 你知道，父母做的每一件事都是为了他们的孩子。特别是，移民父母。我们就是为了下一代而不断积累基金。所以孩子们吃的更好些，说更好的美国话，不用再经历那些我们所经历的是最好的了。所以我的丈夫和我，在洗衣店，在工厂，在中国餐馆四处打工，因为我们想要更好的，甚至是最好的给Vincent。这就是为什么我们骂，我们不断推进，我们唠叨，我们也打孩子，这样他们就能成为比我们更好的一群人。

Vincent，他总是——你会怎么说？——有雄心壮志。当他是小男孩的时候，你能够相信他想成为一个作家么？我说：“Vincent，做

那一行你赚不到钱的！”于是，他想成为一名律师。我说“你是中国人，没有人会相信中国人的。哪怕在法庭上！”然后他说他想成为兽医。我说“哦，Vincent，你不可能做那个的！你没法为动物开膛破肚。你害怕血！”所有这些的时候他没有再说“阿妈，我喜欢。”

Vincent从高中毕业之后，他去了技术学校。那里他开始对设计欧洲教堂产生了兴趣。我想说“Vincent那不是有什么有用的技能！”但是我什么都没有说。我知道他喜欢。后来他全职做画草图的。我不知道他到底做什么的但是他挣很多钱并且他很高兴……所以我也很高兴。甚至在丈夫死后，Vincent还兼职担任作家来补贴家用，为那个非常漂亮姑娘的婚礼存钱。对于Vincent我很骄傲。

### *繁华的大都市，嘈杂的有轨电车声*

Z： 旧金山

X： 我在这儿已经几个月了但是现在仍然找不到一个好工作。他们不会请一个中国人，尽管我的英语像其他任何人一样好。我没有任何选择只能接一些收入很低的工作。在一个要塞，我是两名官员的厨师和随从。

至少这里唐人街很近。几乎每天我都会去那儿。与那些看上去和我很像，也说着和我很像的话的人一起，感觉真棒。

中国人怀疑我因为我已经切断了我的根，也因为我是基督徒。他们看不起我因为我的发音很奇怪。美国人不信任我因为我仍然穿得像中国人，吃着中国的食物。也不和我说太多。我想我总是介于两者之间，无论是人群，亦或是国家。今晚我会去中国剧院，他们正在上演我最喜欢的戏曲，《王宝钏》。立刻，我又回到了15岁。

Y： 一切就在Vincent单身派对的那晚发生了。第二天他就有结婚了。他早早地结束了餐馆的工作。所以他和他的朋友们都去了那个地方。花哨短裤脱衣舞俱乐部。为单身派对而设。在那里，这个白人和他的继子。他们叫Vincent：“夹着，中国佬，夹着，中国佬。”两个人都在抱怨外国车取代了美国的汽车工业。抱怨中国佬要为美国人的失业负责。我总是告诉Vincent“Vincent，别打架，走远点。”我试着以中国式处理方式教他。但是Vincent，他喜欢，他选择以美国的方式。所以，当然，Vincent吵了起来，和那两个男人大了起来。每个人都赶出了酒吧。

### *刺耳的火车汽笛声和蒸汽机的隆隆声*

Z： 圣地亚哥

X： Marston先生和牧师营的人都邀请我来这儿为加利福尼亚南铁路担任劳动力经纪人。为什么不？也许我将会成为中国人和他们之间的桥梁。之后，我成为了美国牧场的代理人，一个劳动力雇佣者，翻译家。谁知道在这些之间的利润有多高？

### *商场铃声响*



圣地亚哥现在是我的家。我开了一个商店，我的采购技巧帮了我很多。我用我的积蓄买了些地做土豆养殖场。现在我在唐人街的很多朋友都来问我借贷做同样的生意。

Y：然后一个男人从车里拿出根球棒。Vincent和他的朋友们，开始逃跑。但是他们中的一个，他逮到了，抓住了Vincent。另一个人，他用球棒打了Vincent。

一小段烟火爆竹的爆炸。

好几下

一小段烟火爆竹的爆炸。

他袭击了Vincent的背部。袭击了他的头。

一小段烟火爆竹的爆炸。

Vincent，他倒在了地上，他昏迷了。

手术之后，他的大脑，死亡了。我拒绝相信Vincent将不再醒来。我知道他就躺在那儿，在床上。梦想着建造教堂。但是，Vincent，他只是躺在那儿，靠着呼吸机维持着他的生命。所以我等待着。就像我一直等待他放工回来一样。四天后，我知道Vincent，他不会回来了。所以我关掉了呼吸机。医生宣布，Vincent死亡了。

一小段烟火爆竹的爆炸。

Y停止了太极拳，坐在长凳上

X：今天我很高兴。我最后一个女儿嫁给了一个白人。婚礼上，我瞥了一眼我那12岁的孩子，带着深深的自豪。我生命中的所有牺牲都是值得的。我们燃放烟花，以及我的最爱……

Z：烤猪 中国人在中国象棋上移动着棋子。

X：我得了一种美国人的病。威士忌。这几天我并没有和上帝交谈很多，虽然我仍然前往附近的长老教堂。我花了大部分的下午和朋友们玩中国跳棋。哪怕，我很难看清那些东西。我的眼睛越来越差。

Z走到舞台正中。当他这样做的时候，他变身成了一个老人，走得很缓慢也很痛苦。他靠着Y坐在长椅上。他们没有认出彼此

Z看向观众。

Y：“这不公平。”这是人们说Vincent死前说的话。在他被两个男人击打后。用球棒击打后。而这两个男人得到的只是两年的缓刑。缓刑两年！以及每人3700美元的罚款。

这一切的发生只是因为我的儿子是中国人，不是白人。如果两个中国人杀了一个白人，他们就要被送进监狱，很有可能坐牢一生。中国人的心和白人的心没有什么两样。我爱这个国家。我不能理解在这儿一切是如何发生的。我的丈夫为这个国家而战斗。我们总是交

应缴的税收。我们努力工作。我们从没有任何麻烦。这是不公平的。  
。这算什么**法律**？这算什么公正？这是个什么样的国家？

*Y*看向观众。*X*演绎区域的灯光熄灭。舞台上唯一亮光的的就是正中，*Z*和*Y*坐着的地方。  
**海洋声。**

*X*：                  这些天……

**海洋声。**

*Y*：                  大多数的时候……

**海洋声。**

*X*：                  我一个人坐在港口边，看着那永不停歇，呼吸不止的海洋

**海洋声。**

*Z*：                  我想我看到了……

*除了远处海鸥孤寂的哭声，一切都很安静。我们再也听不到海洋声。*

*Z*和*Y*看着他们家的景象。

*我们从他们的脸上读到这些*

*好奇，X*穿越到舞台中央。他站在他们的身后盯着同一个方向。

*X*看见了难以言述的恐惧。他看起来死灰般沉寂。

*然后……*

**海洋声**

**暗场**

**海洋咆哮声越来越响，越来越响**

**一声最后的吼叫**

**沉默**

**剧终**



**SUBWAY**  
by  
**Qian Jue**

**Director:**  
**Zhou Xiaoqian (China)**  
**Alan MacVey (US)**

**Performers:**  
**Xu Manman (China)**  
**Jia Jinghui (China)**  
**Martin Andrews (US)**  
**Elizabeth Hinkler (US)**

**Qian Jue** is a lecturer in the Department of Literature at Shanghai Theatre Academy. She holds an MA in Playwriting and Creative Writing and a PhD in Directing. Her plays include *Hua Mulan*, nominated for the First Lao She Young Playwright Award, *Wind of the Qiang*, and the modern dance play *The Stone with Eternal Life*. *Floor Eight and Half*, a human and puppet play, received the Wenhua Award at the 9th Chinese Art Festival, first-prize in the 10th Guangdong Art Festival, and was named the 6th most Outstanding Children's Play Repertory Performance, as part of the 8th Lu Xun Literature and Art Awards. *Tan Citong*, a Xiang opera, received first place in the 4th Hunan Art Festival, and was included in the 2012 China Outstanding Repertory Performance. She is the co-author of *A Night Banquet* and *Treasure House in Literature*, a children's play, which received the 1998 China TV Drama Flying Award as well as the TV series, *The Flooded City of the Spring and Autumn Period*. She is also a screenwriter and director, having written the made-for-TV movie *Mrs. Ah Zhen and Her House Ladies* and directed *Koichi Master*, a multi-media musical.

## 地下铁

作者：钱珏

### 人物：

米子，二十多岁的中国女孩；  
木村，三十五岁的日本男人；

### 时间：

深秋的清早；

### 地点：

东京地铁车站内，人迹稀少；

[一列地铁刚刚呼啸而过，不远处还传来隆隆的声响。

[车站内回响着报站小姐嗲声嗲气的日语。人声、脚步声、吵闹声嘈杂，但不一会就渐渐平静下来。

[一个中年男子穿着运动衣，手里提着硕大的旅行袋，走到站台粗大的柱子前停住了脚步。他不露痕迹地扫视了四周，犹豫地磨蹭着脚步。

[终于，四周完全静下来，一点声音都没有了。

[这时，他狠狠地点了一下头，像是下定了决心。他从口袋里掏出一枝粉笔在地上划了一个大圈，接着，拉开旅行袋，从中取出一条极大的横幅围在柱子上。

[横幅上写着日语大字：“五美元消除你心头怨气！——我是拳击靶子！！！”

[只见中年男子三下五除二脱下身上的衣裤，只剩一条拳击短裤。他又从旅行袋里掏出一根白布条扎在脑门上，戴上拳击手套，开始不停地跳跃起来。

[周围没有人，木村深吸一口气，彩排起来。

木村：                  先生们，小姐们，你的生活压力大吗？如果你的心里也有怨气，那么鼓起你的勇气，试一试你的胆量！只要花五美元就能打我五分钟，尽情的打，把我当成你的上司，当成你的情敌，我是你的拳击靶子，绝不还手！

[他一边喊一边蹦达，还不时挥动着拳头，挺着胸膛，一抖一抖，做出一付好像被击中的样子，但又若无其事地摇摇头。

[站台上，一个年轻女孩提着画具走近，她叫米子，很年轻，长得十分清秀，但脸色苍白，看上去清高冷漠。

[木村没有注意到她。

[米子纳闷地看着木村的一举一动，不动声色。

[木村与假像“顾客”周旋着，躲闪着无中生有的拳头，时而是被击中似的，痛苦地咧着嘴。突然，他一侧头，发现了一旁的米子，赶紧恢复常态，尴尬地看着米子，有点不知所措。

[米子冷淡地看了他一眼，却上上下下打量起围着横幅的柱子，盯着地上划的粉笔圈看了很久。

[终于，木村打破僵局。

木村（朝米子深深的一鞠躬）：五、五美元。您是第一位顾客，所以、所以三美元……

[米子没有理会木村的自说自话，径直走到圈内，靠着柱子支起了画架，取出了瓶瓶罐罐的颜料，放了一地。接着她旁若无人地在柱子上拉起一根细绳，熟练地把一幅幅画挂上去。最后，她看了呆在一旁的木村一眼，毫不客气地把木村的横幅扯了下来，又把木村的旅行袋往旁边一扔。

木村（极其严厉地）：小姐，这是我的东西！（突然意识到自己的口气，又软下）你——要干什么？

米子（把横幅塞在木村怀里）：这是我的地盘。

木村：你的地盘？

米子：对，我在这里画画已经三个月了

木村：这是公共场所——

米子（微微冷笑）：我在这里等了足足一个月，付了前一个在这儿拉琴的人一万元，——如果，你给我两万，我可以让你。

[木村听了愣住了，捧着横幅朝四周看了看，样子不知所措，有点傻。

木村：别的地方都有人了，能不能.....

[米子只当没听见，只顾拿出画笔涂抹起来。

[木村从旅行袋里拿出一个很像样的皮夹，掏出了全部的钱，用双手毕恭毕敬地递给米子。

木村：我有——一万元。请收下。（一个深鞠躬）

[米子看了看他，注意到他的名牌皮夹，想了想，接过钱，拾起地上的粉笔头，把大圈一分为二。

米子：算便宜给你了，一人一半，但有个条件，你的布条不能挂，那么显眼，会坏了我的生意。

[不料，木村蹲下身，拾起粉笔头，在大圈的三分之一处，划了一道线，大踏步地走进了那个小圈中。

木村：请多多关照。（说完把横幅斜披在了身上，就像拳王的绶带似的，又开始弹跳起来）

米子（看了他一眼，用中文嘀咕）：只有小日本想得出做这种生意。

[这时，一辆地铁靠站了。人声喧闹起来。

[木村仍在原地跳动着，但幅度小了不少，象征性地挥动着拳头，几次深深吸气，却始终没有开口。

[米子在一旁也犹抱琵琶半遮面地坐在画架后面。

[一会儿，人流渐渐散去了。

[木村停止弹跳，狠狠地挥动了两下拳头。

米子（有点幸灾乐祸）：你怎么不叫了，刚才准备的不是挺好的吗？怎么不说话了？真可惜，五美元一个，可能错过好几十美元呢。

木村：                  小姐，你好像也没有出声啊？画一张像也不便宜吧。

[米子白了木村一眼，不做声了。]

[列车呼啸而去，隧道里刮起一阵劲风。米子忍不住打了一个喷嚏。但木村仍然光着膀子起劲地蹦来蹦去。]

米子（不屑地用中文自言自语）：小日本。

木村：                  虽然现在我们日本人再也不会称自己是大日本了，但听到小日本这个名字也不会高兴的。

米子（吃惊地）：  你.....

木村：                  我去过几次中国。

米子：                  你会说中文？

木村：                  能听懂，特别是骂人话。

米子（扁了扁嘴）：  你去过哪儿？

木村：                  北京、上海、广州一些大城市都走过，新疆、西藏、还有四川都去过，风景很美。

米子（更吃惊）：  是吗？西藏和新疆我都没去过呢！你什么时候去的？

木村：                  前几年陆陆续续去过几次，最后一次是半年前，去了一趟上海。

米子（激动地）：  半年前你去了上海？快告诉我上海什么样了！我已经有三年多没回去了。

木村：                  变化非常快，很漂亮。

米子：                  军刀造好了吗？

木村：                  军刀？

米子：                  就是那个最高的高楼，长得像军刀似的。

木村：                  呵呵，好像封顶了

米子：                  下次回去，肯定造好了，我一定要上去看看。

木村：                  这两年，上海有很多地方和东京挺相似的。

米子：                  上海比东京大气，东京哪能和上海比？

木村（笑了）：      你是上海人？

米子：                  你怎么知道？（说完，意识过来，自己也笑了）

木村：                  你在画什么？

米子：                  画你。

木村：                  我？

[米子把画递了过去。这是一张漫画，人物夸张，但极其生动。]

木村：                  你画的真好，棒极了。你一直学画吗？

米子：                  我是浙江美院毕业的，你知道这个学校吗？现在叫中央美院了！

木村：                  知道。中国最好的美术学院，那里出了很多有名的画家。

米子：                  也出了很多街头卖画匠。

木村：                  毕业后你就来日本了？

米子（不想回答）：  车快来了，忙你的生意吧。

木村（犹豫了一下）：  这幅画能给我吗？

米子：                  我是卖画的。

木村（考虑了一下）：  你觉得五美元买这幅画够了吗？

米子：                  差不多吧。

木村：                  那么，我让你打五分钟算是五美元，换你这幅画，行吗？

米子：                  你喜欢这画？

木村：                  你的风格很独特，收藏不同风格的画一直是我的爱好。

米子：                你还藏画？

木村：                这是以前的事了。

米子（看了看他，试探地）：我的力气很大的，而且不会留情。

木村：                没关系，我会躲，你不一定能打到我。

米子：                那好，我真打了。

[木村拉开了架势，摆出拳击老手的模样。米子撩起袖子，握紧了拳头，往拳头上哈了哈气，举起拳头，向木村冲了过去。

[木村挺着胸膛毫不躲闪。

[在拳头就将碰到木村的一刹那，米子突然收住了拳头。

米子：                你怎么不躲？

木村：                那你怎么不打了呢？

[两人都笑了起来。

[这时，又一列地铁进站了。气氛突然冷了下来。

[木村和米子又回复到先前的状态了。然而两人仍然都没出声，也没能拉到一笔生意。

[车站又静下来。

米子：                你是第一次吧？

[木村点点头。

米子：                怎么会想到做这种生意呢？做什么不好，给人打？要是遇到厉害的，或者流氓，你吃亏吃定了。不断骨头，起码要疼一个月。

木村：                疼是击起人斗志最好的兴奋剂，我要磨炼意志，爬起来，继续奋斗！

米子（白了他一眼）：你们日本人说话就是拿腔拿调，一惊一乍的。

木村：                那么你呢？生意也不好吧。

米子：                一天也总有几个人来画像。

木村：                你不是已经来了三个月吗？怎么还是……

米子：                我是绝对不会去拉生意的，在地铁站卖艺还不够丢人吗？我可不想变成摊贩。

木村：                其实，卖艺并不丢人，你这种年纪，在异国他乡靠自己能力挣钱，应该感到骄傲。

米子：                不丢人？说的轻巧，那你呢？

木村（叹口气）：说的是，有些事看起来简单，做起来却难上加难。

[冷场。

木村：                什么时候回国？

米子：                我什么时候说过要回国？

木村：                你刚才不是说要回上海看看吗？

米子：                我这付样子是绝对不会回国的。

木村：                那……你的父母不帮你吗？

米子：                帮我？怎么帮？给我寄钱，还是用关系为我办个画展？

木村（敏锐地）：看来你的父母不普通啊。

米子：                那又怎么样？如果一辈子要靠他们，那我还要为什么要出国呢？

[米子手里的画笔一不小心掉在地上。

[木村上前帮她拾起，毕恭毕敬地递了上去。两人对视一眼。

木村： 你来日本多久了？

米子： 三年了。前两年在大学里进修，靠奖学金过日子。毕业后，我进了一家很有名的广告公司做创意。

木村： 你做过广告？

米子： 对，我很喜欢广告业。有人觉得那不是艺术，但我喜欢广告的挑战性，所以干得特别卖力，天天加班到半夜，甚至还幻想过那里能实现我的梦想。但是半年前我突然被毫无理由地炒了鱿鱼。一开始，靠积蓄或接点零活过日子，后来撑不下去了……

木村： 公司为什么会裁你呢？

米子： 哼。因为我是中国人。

木村： 中国人？

米子： 公司经营不景气，要裁员。公司要先保住本地日本员工的饭碗，不管他们是蠢货还是混混都留下，而外国人，特别是中国人当然首先被炒掉。那个社长还给我发了一封声泪俱下的挽留信，而我在公司给他卖命的时候连见都没见过他，真他妈虚伪！

木村： 噢。是这样。（沉默了一会儿）其实做老板的也有难处，金融危机让大家都乱了。我的公司也裁过人。

米子： 你的公司？你还有公司？难怪我看你就怪怪的，去过那么多地方；只有一万块钱，却用个路易威登的皮夹。

木村： 这是以前的事了。虽然中和广告也曾经是个响当当的名字，但现在我是个卖拳的！哈！呀！（挥动着拳头）

米子： 中和广告？……你姓什么？

木村： 在下木村，请多多关照。

米子： 你就是中和的老板木村柏原？哈哈！这世界太小了？哈哈！

[木村丈二和尚摸不着头脑，奇怪地看着米子。

米子： 木村先生，真是幸会啊。

木村： ……

[米子解下挂着的一一张张画，一股脑塞进木村怀里。

米子： 我给你看点东西，也许你会感兴趣的。

木村： 这是你的画……

米子： 你反过来。

木村（把画翻了过来，大吃一惊）：中和的绘图纸？

米子： 对，中和的绘图纸。本人名叫陆米子，曾经是中和公司创意部的一个微不足道的小员工。尊敬的社长先生。

【木村呆若木鸡。

米子： 公司把我开除后我没有带走任何东西，我只带走了这些图纸，因为这上面有我的心血。我用纸的反面来画画，用了半年多还没用完，因为我在这个公司一年中画了整整五千幅。

木村： 米子小姐，我……我当时并不是针对你……我……我真的不知道你



的才华，我不了解情况……

米子：当然。您是高高在上的社长，而我只是个中国打工妹，您怎么会屈尊针对我，了解我呢？你还记得那时你给我发的辞退信吗？上面祝我回国以后心想事成。幸好我没有回国，要不然，怎么能在这遇见您哪？

[木村听了目瞪口呆。突然，他深深地向米子弯腰鞠躬。

木村：请原谅！

米子：别来这一套！你们日本人就爱搞这一套，表面上一付奴像，心底里居高临下，压根看不起人。

[米子从口袋里掏出一万元日币扔过去，又拿出一张二十美元的纸币，扬了扬。

米子：我出二十美元，打二十分钟对吗？

[木村愣住了。

米子：对不对？卖拳的！

木村：……对。

米子：不还手，对吗？

木村：对。

米子：好！（把钱轻蔑地扔向木村）你小心了。

[两人对视着，几秒钟的冷场。突然，米子一拳挥过去，木村跌了个跟头。

木村（却大喊）：请原谅！

[木村站了起来，挺起了胸膛。米子用足力气，一拳拳地打下去。木村毫不躲闪，而且米子每打一拳，他就大喊一声“请原谅！”

[木村的胸前出现了一块块印子，米子打不动了，气喘吁吁地停了下来。

米子：你别以为摆出一付硬汉的样子，我就会心软。哼，一个破产的小老板算个屁！

木村（突然站正了，极其严肃地）：不，我没有破产！请你记住，我，木村柏原没有破产！

米子（吃了一惊）：什么？

木村：虽然我欠了一大笔债，但我绝不会申请破产，绝不！

米子：为什么？申请破产保护不是可以免除债务吗？

木村：只要一申请破产，那么我在这世界上就再也没有信用可言。我的存款会被监视，我的家庭也会抬不起头来，我再也不能开公司，永远不能东山再起，我的员工也就失去了希望。

米子：你的员工早就没希望了。

木村：米子小姐，我为自己的过错和愚蠢，向您道歉。但我希望您记住，中和公司不会垮，总有一天我会把您请回来！

米子：你要请我回去？

木村：对，我会靠自己的力量还清债务。我的妻子现在在卖盒饭，我的儿子也在快餐店打工，总有一天我会从头开始的。

[冷场。]

木村： 米子小姐，您还有十分钟的时间，请继续打吧。

米子： 你总算赎罪？

木村： 不全是。您有才华，有志气。当时中和公司之所以倒的这么快，就是因为像您这样的人都走了，那是我的错！所以，请您重重地打，让我记住以前的教训，让我牢牢地记住今天！请开始吧！（说完挺直胸膛）

[米子捏着拳头，看着木村，心中千头万绪。]

[两人对视着。]

木村： 请开始吧！

[突然，又一列地铁呼啸着进站了。]

[米子又抡起了拳头。木村不由自主地闭上了眼睛，但仍然站着纹丝不动。]

米子（大声地）： 先生们，小姐们，你的生活压力大吗？如果你的心里也有怨气，那么鼓起你的勇气，试一试你的胆量！

[木村惊讶地睁开眼睛。米子的拳头雨点般落下，但可以看出并没有什么力量。]

米子（一边挥拳一边吼着）：只要花五美元就能打他五分钟，尽情的打，把他当成你的上司，当成你的情敌！他是拳击靶子，绝不还手！真的很过瘾！快来看一看，快来试一试。

[木村仍然呆站着，米子挥着拳。画散落在四周，两人的眼里都流出了泪。]

**剧终**

## SUBWAY

by

Qian Jue

With translation by Su Hongjun & Dan O'Brien

### Characters:

MI-ZI, a young Chinese woman in her 20s.

KIMURA, a 35-year-old Japanese man.

### Place:

A subway station in Tokyo, very few people around. Early morning in late fall.

KIMURA: Ladies and gentlemen! Are you stressed? Resentful? Then pluck up your courage and test your mettle! Only five dollars for five minutes of beating me up! Beat me to your heart's content, as hard as you can! Pretend I am your boss, your rival in love—I am your punching bag! And I guarantee I won't punch back!

Five—five dollars. You're my first customer. So—three dollars .

. . Young Lady! What—what are you doing?

MI-ZI: This is my turf.

KIMURA: Your turf?

MI-ZI: I've been painting here three months.

KIMURA: This is a public facility—

MI-ZI: I waited in line for weeks, and I bought this spot from a violinist for 10,000 yen. But I'll sell it to you for 20,000, if you want it so badly.

KIMURA: But—the other spots are all taken. Can I . . . ? I have 10,000. Please accept it.

MI-ZI: You're getting a good deal. We'll share it. But on one condition: no banners. It's too desperate, it'll affect my business.

KIMURA: I will greatly appreciate your cooperation henceforth.

MI-ZI: (*muttering in Chinese*) Leave it to the little Japanese to come up with a business like this . . .

Why didn't you sell anything? Your warm-up was okay. You could've said something. What a shame!

Five dollars each, you might've made a hundred dollars . . .

KIMURA: Young Lady. You were quiet too, weren't you? Your paintings are worth something, are they not?

MI-ZI: Little Japanese . . .

KIMURA: Even though we don't call ourselves "big Japanese" anymore, when we hear the words "little Japanese" we tend to get our feelings hurt.

MI-ZI: You . . . ?

KIMURA: I've been to China several times.

MI-ZI: You speak Chinese?  
 KIMURA: I understand Chinese. Especially insults.  
 MI-ZI: Where have you been?  
 KIMURA: Beijing, Shanghai, Guangzhou. The big cities. And Xinjiang, Tibet. Also Sichuan. It's pretty there.  
 MI-ZI: I've never been to Tibet or Xinjiang! When did you go there?  
 KIMURA: Many times. The last time was half a year ago, to Shanghai.  
 MI-ZI: What does it look like now? I haven't been back in like three years.  
 KIMURA: It changes fast. It's beautiful.  
 MI-ZI: Is the Saber finished?  
 KIMURA: "The Saber"?  
 MI-ZI: It's the tallest building in Shanghai, because it looks like a saber. A sword.  
 KIMURA: Oh, I think the construction stalled on that.  
 MI-ZI: When I go back next time I bet it'll be finished. I'll go up in the Saber and look out over the city.  
 KIMURA: Shanghai looks a lot like Tokyo these days.  
 MI-ZI: Shanghai's more magnificent than Tokyo. How can you compare Tokyo to Shanghai?  
 KIMURA: You're from Shanghai?  
 MI-ZI: You can tell?  
 KIMURA: What are you painting?  
 MI-ZI: You.  
 KIMURA: Me? (MI-ZI hands him the painting). It's wonderful! You've studied painting?  
 MI-ZI: I graduated from Zhejiang Academy of Fine Arts. Do you know it? It's called "Central Academy of Fine Arts" now.  
 KIMURA: It's the best in China. It's trained a lot of famous painters.  
 MI-ZI: And a lot of street painters.  
 KIMURA: And you came to Japan after graduating?  
 MI-ZI: Train's coming. Get ready.  
 KIMURA: . . . May I have this painting?  
 MI-ZI: I'm selling these.  
 KIMURA: Is five dollars enough?  
 MI-ZI: It's enough for me.  
 KIMURA: Then I'll let you hit me for five minutes in return for this painting. Does that sound fair?  
 MI-ZI: You like this painting?  
 KIMURA: You've got a unique style. One of my hobbies is collecting paintings of variegated styles.  
 MI-ZI: You collect paintings?  
 KIMURA: I used to.  
 MI-ZI: Well, I'm pretty strong. And I won't go easy on you.  
 KIMURA: I know how to dodge and weave. You might not be able to land a punch.  
 MI-ZI: Ding, ding, ding!

*KIMURA strikes the pose of a veteran boxer. MI-ZI rolls up her sleeves, clenches the fists, blows on them. She charges at KIMURA. KIMURA arches his back and puffs out his chest—he doesn't move. The second she's about to hit him, MI-ZI abruptly withdraws her fist.*

KIMURA: Why didn't you duck?  
 8 Why didn't you punch?  
 MI-ZI: This your first time? (KIMURA nods.)  
 How'd you come up with the idea for this business? Of all the options out there . . . If you run into a bodybuilder, or a drug dealer, you'll get your butt kicked. Even if they don't break any bones, you'll be in a lot of pain for a long time.  
 KIMURA: Pain is the best motivation for fighting. I will toughen myself up and get back on my feet again. I will continue my fight.  
 MI-ZI: You Japanese really enjoy talking in this affected manner, don't you? Always full of thrills and surprises . . .  
 KIMURA: What about you? Your business isn't doing well either, is it?  
 MI-ZI: I sell a few paintings a day.  
 KIMURA: You've been here for three months. How come you still—?  
 MI-ZI: I don't try too hard. It's disgraceful enough selling art in the subway. I don't want to become a street peddler.  
 KIMURA: It's not disgraceful. At your age, making a living from your talent in a foreign country?—you should be proud of yourself!  
 MI-ZI: That's easy for you to say. Are you proud of yourself?  
 KIMURA: You're right. Some businesses look easy, but when you're in the middle of it, it's not easy at all.  
 MI-ZI: When are you going back to China?  
 KIMURA: When did I say I was going back to China?  
 MI-ZI: Didn't you say you wanted to go back to Shanghai? to see how it's changed?  
 KIMURA: I'll never go back in this condition.  
 MI-ZI: Your parents won't help you?  
 KIMURA: Help me how? By sending money, or using their connections to hold an exhibition of my paintings?  
 MI-ZI: Can they do that? Are they rich?  
 KIMURA: Sure, they're rich. But if I wanted to sponge off them my whole life I wouldn't have gone abroad.

*MI-ZI accidentally drops her brush to the platform. KIMURA takes a step forward, picks it up and courteously hands it to her. Their eyes meet.*

KIMURA: How long have you been in Japan?  
 MI-ZI: Three years. I studied at a university for the first two years and lived on scholarships. After graduation, I worked for a well-known advertising company in ad design.  
 KIMURA: You've worked in advertising?  
 MI-ZI: I like advertising. Some people don't consider it art, but I liked the challenge. I worked hard, too. I worked overtime till midnight every night. I even thought my dreams might come true here. But six months ago I got fired without any explanation. At first I lived on my savings, did some odd jobs. Then I ran out of money . . .  
 KIMURA: Why did they fire you?  
 MI-ZI: Because I'm Chinese!  
 KIMURA: Chinese?

MI-ZI: The company was tanking so they needed to downsize. They couldn't fire the Japanese, of course, not even the lazy or incompetent ones. Foreigners were the first to go, especially the Chinese. The CEO of the company sent me a letter saying he wished he could've kept me. The whole time I worked at the company, I never once met him. I worked myself to the bone for that company. What a hypocrite!

KIMURA: Business owners had their own difficulties, you know. The financial crisis caught us all off guard. My company had to fire people too.

MI-ZI: You owned a company? That's why you seem different. You've been all over the world. You have a Louis Vuitton wallet—but with only ten thousand yen in it.

KIMURA: That was all a long time ago. Chuwa Advertising enjoyed a fine reputation, but I'm just a street boxer now. Ding, ding, ding!

*KIMURA puts up his fists.*

MI-ZI: . . . What's your last name?

KIMURA: Yours humbly: Kimura. I will greatly appreciate your cooperation henceforth.

MI-ZI: You're Kimura Kashiwabara, the CEO of Chuwa Advertising. Small world.

*KIMURA is perplexed.*

It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Kimura.

*MI-ZI takes her paintings off the string, one after the other, and slaps them against KIMURA's chest.*

Here's something you might be interested in.

KIMURA: Your paintings . . .

MI-ZI: Turn them over.

KIMURA: *(doing so, surprised)* It's Chuwa's drawing paper.

MI-ZI: My name is Lu, Mizi. I used to be an employee working in the ad design department of Chuwa Advertising. It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. President.

When your company fired me, I didn't take anything with me except my drawing paper. There was a lot of hard work in them. I use the other side of the paper to paint. Even after six months I still have paper left, because I'd drawn thousands and thousands of designs while working for your company.

KIMURA: Miss Mi-zi, I . . . There was nothing personal . . . I . . . really didn't know you were so talented! I didn't know your situation . . .

MI-ZI: Of course. You were the CEO above me, while I was only a lowly Chinese immigrant worker. Why would you know me? Do you remember that termination letter you sent? You

wished me good luck on my life back in China. Luckily I never left. Otherwise I would've never met you here today.

KIMURA is stunned. Suddenly, he gives MI-ZI a deep bow.

KIMURA: Please forgive me!

MI-ZI: Oh, please. You Japanese always play this game. You act all subservient when really you're condescending at heart. You don't respect us at all.

MI-ZI takes the 10,000 yen bill out of her pocket and throws it at KIMURA. Now she takes a 20 dollar bill out of her pocket.

If I pay you 20 dollars I can hit you for 20 minutes, right? Right, street boxer?

KIMURA: Right.

MI-ZI: You won't hit me back. Right?

KIMURA: Right.

MI-ZI: Okay! *(Throws the bill at him with spite.)* Put 'em up.

The two look at each other for a moment. Suddenly MI-ZI hits KIMURA hard. He tumbles to the platform.

KIMURA: Please forgive me!

KIMURA stands up, straightens his back. MI-ZI hits him again and again with all her strength. KIMURA doesn't dodge. Each time he's hit he bellows, "Please forgive me!" MI-ZI is exhausted, out of breath.

MI-ZI: I'm not going to feel bad for you just because you act like a martyr. A bankrupt businessman is nothing, damn it!

KIMURA: *(suddenly stands straight, very serious)* I'm not bankrupt! Please remember—I, Kimura Kashiwabara—am not bankrupt!

MI-ZI: What?

KIMURA: I am deeply in debt, it's true, but I will never file for bankruptcy. Never!

MI-ZI: If you filed for bankruptcy wouldn't all your debt be forgiven?

KIMURA: If I'm bankrupt I lose all credibility. My savings would be monitored, my family would be shunned. I'd never be qualified to register a new company. I'd never be able to start over. Even worse, my employees would lose hope.

MI-ZI: Your employees lost hope a long time ago.

KIMURA: Miss Mi-zi, I apologize for my mistakes and my stupidity. But I hope you remember that Chuwa advertising will never truly die. There will come a day when I'll be able to hire you again.

MI-ZI: You'd hire me again?

KIMURA: Yes. I'll pay my debt with my own hard work. My wife is selling boxed lunches, my son is working for McDonald's. One day, I promise, I will start again.

Miss Mi-zi, you have ten minutes left. Please continue to beat me up.

MI-ZI: Do you consider this some kind of atonement?  
KIMURA: Partly. You're talented and motivated. The reason Chuwa went down so quickly was because employees like you were gone. This was my mistake. Therefore, please, beat me up. So I will remember this lesson and this day. Please proceed! Do it!

*Another train roars into the station. MI-ZI swings her fists. KIMURA closes his eyes, but remains immobile.*

MI-ZI: Ladies and gentlemen! Are you stressed? Resentful? Then pluck up your courage and test your mettle!

*KIMURA opens his eyes, surprised. MI-ZI's fists falls on him like rain—but she's not hitting him hard. Swinging her fists while bellowing.*

Only five dollars for five minutes of beating him up! Beat him to your heart's content, as hard as you can! Pretend he's your boss, your rival in love—he is your punching bag! And I guarantee he won't punch back! It's really satisfying! Come over and take a look. Give it a shot!

*KIMURA is still stunned. MI-ZI is still brandishing her fists. The paintings are scattered on the ground. Both have tears in their eyes.*

**END OF PLAY**





**KANDAHAR TO CANADA**  
by  
**Dan O'Brien**

**Director:**  
**Carol MacVey**

**Performers:**  
**Mackenzie Calkins**  
**Tim Budd**  
**Felipe Carrasco**

**Dan O'Brien's** current projects include *The Body of an American*, winner of the L. Arnold Weissberger Award and premiering at Portland Center Stage in 2012, and *Theotokia / The War Reporter*, an opera with composer Jonathan Berger and director Rinde Eckert, premiering at Stanford University in 2013. Off-Broadway and regional productions include *The Cherry Sisters Revisited* (Humana Festival), *The Dear Boy* (Second Stage Theatre), *The Voyage of the Carcass* (SoHo Playhouse; Page 73 Productions), *Moving Picture* (Williamstown Theatre Festival), *Am Lit* (Ensemble Studio Theatre), *The House in Hydesville* (Geva Theatre Center), *Key West* (Geva), and *Lamarck* (Perishable Theatre). He has served as a Hodder Fellow at Princeton University, a Sundance Institute Time Warner Fellow, the Djerassi Fellow in Playwriting at the University of Wisconsin-Madison, and, twice, as the Tennessee Williams Fellow at The University of the South (Sewanee). Residencies include the Rockefeller Foundation's Bellagio Center, O'Neill National Playwrights Conference, Yaddo, and the Thomas J. Watson Foundation. O'Brien's poetry has appeared recently in *Missouri Review*, *Malahat Review*, *Poetry Review*, *North American Review*, and elsewhere. O'Brien lives in Los Angeles. At [www.danobrien.org](http://www.danobrien.org).

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# KANDAHAR TO CANADA

by

Dan O'Brien

## Characters:

PAUL Middle-aged. Journalist.  
SAFAA 17. Afghan schoolgirl.  
OFFICER 20s. Afghan in Kandahar, Canadian in Toronto.

## Place & Time:

Kandahar International Airport, then Toronto Pearson International Airport. Winter 2012.

## Playwright's Note:

"Safaa" is a pseudonym used at Paul Watson's request.  
Special thanks to Paul Watson for transcripts, recordings and photographs.

*Kandahar International Airport. Sundown, winter*

PAUL: Tell them after I wrote an article about you, your father the police chief watched a hand grenade rattling into white deaf night. Tell them you claimed his body off the mosque floor. Tell them you hear voices hissing in your cell phone accusing you of defiling young women by teaching them the Internet. Tell them they've promised to rape you and your sisters, then murder your sisters first. But you mustn't forget what your father used to teach you: Either your country or a coffin.

SAFAA: What is this?

PAUL: It's a gift. A diary. It's for you to write your private thoughts inside.

OFFICER: Hello, friend.

PAUL: Do I know you?

OFFICER: Where you go now, friend?

PAUL: Sorry. Have we met before?

OFFICER: I helped you last time. Last time.

PAUL: Oh right, I had trouble with my bags. And this man gave me a ride in his police car, Safaa.

OFFICER: You know me, friend!

PAUL: I remember you now. Yes.

OFFICER: Where is your hand?

PAUL: My hand?

OFFICER: IED?

PAUL: I was born this way. I'm a journalist.

OFFICER: Journalist.

PAUL: I write stories, take pictures.

OFFICER: Ha ha ha.

PAUL: Why is that funny?

OFFICER: It must be very difficult to write stories and make pictures with one hand.

PAUL: Sometimes.  
OFFICER: Where you go now, friend?  
PAUL: Home.  
OFFICER: To America?  
PAUL: Canada. I went home for a while, then I came back. And now I'm going home again.  
OFFICER: With she.  
PAUL: Sorry?  
OFFICER: She is student, yes?  
PAUL: She's a student, yes. I'm escorting her to a private school in Ottawa.  
OFFICER: Ottawa.  
PAUL: She received a scholarship. My newspaper's readers gave her money.  
OFFICER: What kind of shoes are this?  
PAUL: Adidas.  
OFFICER: Adidas.  
PAUL: Imitations really.  
OFFICER: What is book?  
PAUL: Nothing.  
OFFICER: Why nothing?  
PAUL: The pages are all blank. See? It's for her private thoughts.  
OFFICER: She is very good student to go to America with you.  
PAUL: She is an exceptional student.  
OFFICER: I talk with her now in private.  
PAUL: Wait—  
OFFICER: Do you know Pashto, my friend?  
PAUL: No.  
OFFICER: You are not good student like she. Ha ha ha.  
PAUL: Oscillating fans whirring from spackled walls. Telephone lines threading vaguely Islamic arches. The thrumming of fluorescent lights. Sun in the patchwork cathedral of windowpanes. Razor wire on blast walls outside. Screeching of taxiing American cargo jets. The submerged drone of flight delays. Brats playing at the feet of pilgrims in black burqas, sending me death stares over their black veils. Safaa's veil's black and red polka dots. She's motherly, melodious. Reasoning. The officer speaks shyly. Jilted. Uniformed slate slacks like pajamas tucked into jack boots two sizes too big. Cadet cap like the French used to wear in Vichy. Kalashnikov slung like an electric guitar. Toying with his radio. While I unscrew and switch the lens on my camera. Take a picture, take his picture. Why haven't I taken their picture yet?  
OFFICER: Stay, stay.  
PAUL: What did he say?  
SAFAA: He is telling to me there are families allowing, and are you from Kandahar that they are allowing?  
PAUL: Sorry?  
SAFAA: He says, You are unmarried!—how they allow you to go?  
PAUL: Yes.  
SAFAA: He was just, you know, asking negative things.  
PAUL: Yes, yes.  
SAFAA: They are pinchers, you know?  
PAUL: Yes, I know.

SAFAA: All the time searching the law.  
 PAUL: Yes. It is difficult.  
 SAFAA: I answered him. I answered him.  
 PAUL: And was he polite? Or was he sort of mean?  
 SAFAA: Mean. Ha ha ha.  
 PAUL: Sorry.  
 SAFAA: He's ignorant. Like my father always said, Even if education is in China I will never become disappointed from you to don't go! And don't do. So we are having that. And now we are here and here we have to follow that.

PAUL: Good for you.  
 SAFAA: Thank you.  
 PAUL: It's difficult here.  
 SAFAA: Yeah.  
 PAUL: But believe me, where you're going is very easy. Ha ha ha. It's almost over. It's almost over.

SAFAA: —No I'm not afraid of them! I came to this world one day, and one day I'll go.  
 PAUL: Good for you.  
 SAFAA: Thank you.  
 PAUL: So he said we can go?  
 SAFAA: No! No! He said he must make phone call now.  
 OFFICER: Hello, friend, I talk to student again.  
 PAUL: I will be recording this, friend—I'll translate this when I get home!

OFFICER: Sit with me, Safaa. Life has been difficult for me too. Few weeks back somebody stopped at the check point—  
 SAFAA: I know—  
 OFFICER: In a Toyota. The women outside were selling raisins to the cars in line, as usual. When two American trucks came out, the Toyota blew up. I fell on my knees. I was praying. And choking while the smoke lifted. I stood up and slipped in this rippled white mush that was a boy's lungs. His chest was open like a suitcase at my feet. No arms or legs. It's difficult for everyone, Safaa—

SAFAA: I have a friend who works at this US agency—  
 OFFICER: Which agency?  
 SAFAA: Here's her email address. Send her your resume.  
 OFFICER: My what?  
 SAFAA: I'll tell her, Keep an eye out for you.  
 OFFICER: You'd do that for me?  
 SAFAA: Of course.  
 OFFICER: What are you going to study in Ottawa?  
 SAFAA: Law. Then I'll come back home to Kandahar and work for men like you. And women.

OFFICER: You deserve to leave.  
 SAFAA: Thank you.  
 OFFICER: But you won't come back.  
 SAFAA: I promise you, if you're still working here one day, you'll see me walk right past you again.

PAUL: What's he saying?  
 SAFAA: He's saying, Good luck.

*Toronto Pearson International Airport. The officer is Canadian now. It's dawn, 24 hours later. Still winter.*

PAUL: Good morning.  
OFFICER: Hello, friend.  
PAUL: Do I know you?  
OFFICER: I said good morning, sir.  
PAUL: Are you sure?  
OFFICER: —Are you feeling all right?  
PAUL: I have Post-traumatic Stress Disorder.  
OFFICER: Okay.  
PAUL: I'm a journalist, escorting this young lady to school in Canada.  
OFFICER: Where are you escorting her?  
PAUL: Canada.  
OFFICER: This is Canada, sir. —Tell me again where you're taking her?  
PAUL: To Matthew Perry's alma mater.  
OFFICER: Who?  
PAUL: He's an American TV star? *Friends*?  
OFFICER: And are you related in any way?  
PAUL: To Matthew Perry?  
OFFICER: No—  
PAUL: Ha ha ha!  
OFFICER: May I have your Declaration Cards, sir?  
PAUL: Let me just put my bags down.  
OFFICER: Take your time.  
PAUL: Man I could really use a shower, you know? Here you go.  
OFFICER: I see her father was killed last July.  
PAUL: How do you know that?  
OFFICER: It says so right here in the computer, see?  
PAUL: Ha ha ha.  
OFFICER: Why is that funny, sir?  
PAUL: I don't know why, sir.  
OFFICER: So who should I list as responsible for her?  
PAUL: I don't know, my editor? Or the headmaster—?  
OFFICER: Sir, I'll need a name. Without a name she can't come in. I'll put her right back on that plane, understand?  
PAUL: Understood.  
OFFICER: What about you?  
PAUL: What about me?  
OFFICER: Are you responsible for this girl?  
PAUL: I won the Pulitzer Prize while you were still shitting your diapers—!  
OFFICER: Sir, I'm going to have to ask you—  
PAUL: Have you seen that photograph—?  
OFFICER: To please lower your voice!  
PAUL: Of that American soldier's cadaver being dragged through the streets of Mogadishu in 1993?  
OFFICER: No.  
PAUL: That was me! I was there! I took that picture!  
OFFICER: I served in Panjwai. In Kandahar.  
PAUL: When?  
OFFICER: '04 to '08.  
PAUL: I knew you looked like someone I might know.  
OFFICER: Oscar Company. That's why if I pull up my pants you'll see my leg's robotic. See?  
PAUL: I'm sorry, sir.  
OFFICER: You know how it is though, right?

PAUL: I was born this way actually.  
OFFICER: Oh.  
PAUL: Ha ha ha.  
OFFICER: You should know you're not helping her really. Plucking her from the Afghan hinterland, bringing her here, giving her the best education money can buy. She'll never survive here alone. And just assuming, I'm sorry, she'll go back to Kandahar one day and save her people is naïve. Her people want to rape and murder her. Or maybe this isn't about her, it's about you, she's some kind of project for you—  
SAFAA: Either your country or a coffin.  
OFFICER: Sorry, what is she saying?  
SAFAA: Either your country or a coffin.  
PAUL: It's what her father used to teach her.  
OFFICER: She speaks English?  
PAUL: Oh sure, she speaks a lot of it.  
OFFICER: I'll list the headmaster as her guardian for now. Okay?  
PAUL: Thanks.  
OFFICER: You're going to want to take this form with you as you exit, Safaa. Good luck.  
PAUL: You're in. You're in. How does it feel?  
SAFAA: Good.  
PAUL: Did you think you'd ever make it here?  
SAFAA: Yeah.  
PAUL: Your father's name was in their file!  
SAFAA: Yeah.  
PAUL: He knew, he knew when he read his computer!  
SAFAA: Yeah.  
PAUL: Sorry, Safaa. I'm so sorry. This way. This way. Thank you.

**END OF PLAY**

## 从坎大哈到加拿大

Dan O'Brien作品

With translation by Elyn Jiang

### 人物：

PAUL： 中年记者  
SAFAA： 17岁，阿富汗少女学生  
官员： 二十几岁，在坎大哈的阿富汗人，在大多伦多的加拿大人

### 时间和地点：

坎大哈国际机场，然后是多伦多皮尔逊国际机场。2012年冬天

### 说明：

SAFAA是根据PAUL WATSON要求使用的化名。  
特别感谢PAUL WATSON提供的誊本，录音和照片。

### 坎大哈国际机场，日落，冬天

PAUL： 在我写完这篇关于你的文章后告诉他们，你的父亲，那个警察局长目睹了一个手榴弹冲破了白色寂静夜晚。告诉他们你声称他的身体倒在清真寺的地板上。告诉他们你从你的手机中听见嘶嘶声，指责你因为教年轻女人上网而玷污了她们。告诉他们，他们说好要强奸你和你的姐妹，然后先杀了你的姐妹们。但是你不能忘记你的父亲曾经对你的教导：要么选择你的国家，要么选择棺材。

SAFAA： 这是什么

官员： 这是一份礼物，是日记，送给你让你能够在里面写一些你私人的想法

PAUL： 你好，朋友

官员： 我认识你么？

PAUL： 朋友，你要去哪儿？

官员： 抱歉。我们之前见过么？

PAUL： 上一次我帮助过你。上一次。

官员： 好吧。我的包裹曾经是有过问题。这个人用警车带过我一段路，SAFAA。

PAUL： 你认出我了，朋友！

官员： 我现在记得你了。是的

PAUL： 你的手呢？

官员： 我的手？

PAUL： 因为路边炸弹？

官员： 我生来就是这样的。我是个记者

PAUL： 记者

官员： 我写故事，拍照片

PAUL： 哈哈哈哈哈

官员： 有什么那么好笑？

PAUL： 用一只手写故事，拍照，一定非常困难。

官员： 有时候

PAUL： 朋友，你现在去哪儿？

PAUL : 回家  
官员 : 去美国 ?  
PAUL : 回加拿大。我去过家一段时间, 然后我又回去了。现在我又要回家了。  
官员 : 和她一起  
PAUL : 您说什么 ?  
官员 : 她是个学生, 是么 ?  
PAUL : 是的, 她是个学生。我要护送她去在渥太华的私立学校  
官员 : 渥太华  
PAUL : 她申请到了奖学金。我报纸的读者给她钱。  
官员 : 这算是个鞋子 ?  
PAUL : 阿迪达斯  
官员 : 阿迪达斯  
PAUL : 仿制品, 真的。  
官员 : 这是什么书 ?  
PAUL : 什么都没有  
官员 : 为什么什么都没有 ?  
PAUL : 页面都是空白的。看见了么 ? 这是送给她让她记录一些私人的想法。  
官员 : 她是和你一起去美国额很好的学生。  
PAUL : 她是与众不同的学生  
官员 : 我现在要私下和她聊聊  
PAUL : 等等  
官员 : 你会普什图语么, 我的朋友 ?  
PAUL : 不会  
官员 : 你真和她不一样, 不是一个好学生。哈哈哈哈哈  
PAUL : 震荡的风扇在斑驳的墙上呼呼作响。电话线线头模糊地引向伊斯兰的拱门。荧光灯嗡嗡作响。太阳照在错落有致的窗玻璃上。铁丝网架在外面的防爆墙上。美国货运飞机在跑道上呼啸。水下无人驾驶飞机延误。臭小子们在身着黑色罩袍的朝圣者脚边玩闹, 透过那黑面纱带给我死亡的注视。SAFAA的面纱是黑色的, 上面有红色圆点花纹。她是母性的, 悠扬的, 讲理的。一个官员很害羞地说着话。被抛弃了。制服般的石板休闲裤就像塞进男人靴子里的睡衣一样大了两个尺码。学员帽就像曾经穿着Vichy的法国人。卡拉什尼科夫冲锋枪像一把电吉他一样挂着。玩弄着他的收音机。当我拧松螺丝打开我照相机镜头的时候。拍了一张照。拍了这张照。为什么我还没有拍他们的照片 ?  
官员 : 等等, 等等  
PAUL : 他在说什么 ?  
SAFAA : 他在告诉我要有家庭许可。你从坎大哈来获得家庭许可了么 ?  
PAUL : 什么 ?  
SAFAA : 他说, 你没有结婚 ! 他们怎么会允许你离开 ?  
PAUL : 是的  
SAFAA : 他刚刚只是, 你知道的, 问一些负面的问题  
PAUL : 是的, 是的  
SAFAA : 他们是很小气的, 你知道么 ?  
PAUL : 是的, 我知道  
SAFAA : 所有时候都是在搜寻法律  
PAUL : 是的。这很困难。  
SAFAA : 我回答他了, 都回答他了  
PAUL : 他友好么 ? 或者他有没有某种程度上刁难你 ?  
SAFAA : 刁难 ? 哈哈哈哈哈  
PAUL : 抱歉



SAFAA : 他是愚昧的。就像我父亲一直说的那样，即使接受在中国的教育，我也不会因为你不开而有所失望！我不会的。所以我们拥有那个。现在在我们这儿，而在这儿，我们必须遵循那个。

PAUL : 说得真好

SAFAA : 谢谢

PAUL : 在这儿很艰难

SAFAA : 是的

PAUL : 但是相信我，你要去的地方是很闲适的。哈哈哈哈哈。一切都即将结束了，快结束了。

SAFAA : 不，我不害怕他们！我在这个世界上存活一天，我就要向前走一天

PAUL : 你真棒！

SAFAA : 谢谢！

PAUL : 所以他说我们可以走了？

SAFAA : 不不！他说他现在必须打个电话。

官员：你好，朋友，我要再和学生交谈一下

PAUL : 我会对这个录音的，朋友——回家之后我会翻译出！

官员：坐在我旁边，SAFAA。生活对我来说也是很艰难的。几周前有人停在了检查点前

SAFAA : 我知道

官员：在一辆丰田车里。外面的女人们像往常一样向成列的小轿车出售葡萄干。当两辆美国卡车出现时，丰田车爆炸了。我跪下来，向天祈祷。烟雾飘散时，我呛到了。我站了起来，却因为一些白色糊状物而滑倒。那是个男孩的肺。他的胸腔开着，就像一个放在我脚边的行李箱。没有手没有腿。对每个人来说都很艰难，SAFAA

SAFAA : 我有个朋友在美国机构工作

官员：什么机构？

SAFAA : 这是她的邮箱地址。把你的简历寄给她

官员：我的什么？

SAFAA : 我会告诉她，留意下你

官员：你会为了我那么做？

SAFAA : 当然

官员：在渥太华你会学些什么？

SAFAA : 法律。然后我会回家回到坎大哈，为像您这样的男人工作，还有女人。

官员：你应该离开的

SAFAA : 谢谢

官员：但是你不会回来的

SAFAA : 我答应你，如果今后的某一天你仍然在这儿工作的话，你会看到我再一次经过您的身旁。

PAUL : 他说了什么？

SAFAA : 他说，好运！

*多伦多皮尔逊机场。官员变成了加拿大人。现在是24小时后的黎明。还是冬天*

PAUL : 早上好

官员：你好，朋友

PAUL : 我认识你么？

官员：我说的是早上好，先生

PAUL : 你确定么？

官员：你感觉好些了么？

PAUL : 我有创伤后应激障碍

官员：好的  
PAUL：我是名记者，护送这位年轻的姑娘去加拿大的学校  
官员：你要护送她去哪儿？  
PAUL：加拿大  
官员：这就是加拿大，先生。请再一次告诉我你将带她去哪儿？  
PAUL：Matthew Perry的母校  
官员：谁？  
PAUL：他是个美国电视明星？老友记？  
官员：你们在任何层面有什么关系么？  
PAUL：和Matthew Perry？  
官员：不  
PAUL：哈哈哈哈哈  
官员：麻烦您出示您的清关卡，先生  
PAUL：先让我帮包放下来  
官员：慢慢来

### 递上卡片

PAUL：老兄，我真可以来一场淋浴你知道么？给你  
官员：我看到说她的父亲在去年七月被杀了  
PAUL：你是怎么知道的  
官员：一切都在电脑里，看见了么？  
PAUL：哈哈哈哈哈  
官员：有什么好笑的，先生  
PAUL：我也不知道为什么，先生  
官员：那么我该列明谁会对她负责呢？  
PAUL：我不知道，我的编辑？或者是校长？  
官员：先生，我需要名字。没有名字她不能进来。我会将她送回飞机，明白么？  
PAUL：明白  
官员：你怎么样？  
PAUL：什么怎么样  
官员：你会为她负责么？  
PAUL：当你还在尿片上拉屎撒尿的时候我已经赢了普利策奖了  
官员：先生，我不得不问你——  
PAUL：你有看过那张照片么？  
官员：请降低您的声音！  
PAUL：就是1993年美国士兵的尸体被拖向摩加迪沙游街的那张  
官员：没看过  
PAUL：那就是我拍的！我在那儿！我拍了那张照片！  
官员：我当时在本杰瓦尔服务。在坎大哈  
PAUL：什么时候？  
官员：04-08年  
PAUL：我就知道你看上去很像我认识的某个人  
官员：奥斯卡公司。这就是为什么如果我卷起我的裤子，你会看到我的腿是机器控制的。看见了么？  
PAUL：对不起，先生  
官员：你知道一切有多艰难，是么？  
PAUL：事实上我生来就是这样的  
官员：哦

PAUL : **哈哈哈哈哈**  
官员 : 你应该知道你并不是在真正地帮她。从阿富汗内陆带她出来，到了这里，给她钱能买到的最好的教育。她一个人永远不会在这儿幸存。或者再假设，我很抱歉，她有一天回到坎大哈，去拯救她的族群，这是非常天真的想法。她的族群会想要强奸她，谋杀她。或许这一切不是关于她，而是关于你，她只是你的某一个项目

SAFAA : **要么选择你的国家，要么选择棺材**  
官员 : 抱歉，她在说什么？  
SAFAA : **要么选择你的国家，要么选择棺材**  
PAUL : **那是她的父亲曾经教她的。**  
官员 : 她会说英语？  
PAUL : **当然，她会说很多**  
官员 : 我现在就列明**她的校长是她的监护人**可以么？  
PAUL : 谢谢  
官员 : SAFAA, **你离开**的时候需要带着这个表格出去。祝你好运  
PAUL : **你进来了，你进来了。你觉得怎么样？**  
SAFAA : **感觉很好**  
PAUL : **你有想过你会做到这一切么？**  
SAFAA : **是的**  
PAUL : **你父亲的名字在他们的档案上！**  
SAFAA : **是的**  
PAUL : **他知道，在他读电脑的时候他知道！**  
SAFAA : **是的**  
PAUL : **抱歉，SAFAA。我很抱歉。这边，这边。谢谢**

*他们离开了，而官员还留在那儿*

**剧终**



**I AM AN EAGLE HEN**  
by  
**Xu Yaqun**

**Director:**  
**Guo HongBo**

**Performers:**  
**Mu Zi**  
**Zhao Yingying**  
**Huang Chen**

**Xu Yaqun**, English name Melon Xu, is Commissioner of the Literature & Arts Department of the Shanghai Dramatic Arts Centre (SDAC) and the editor of DRAMA magazine. Her one-act comedy, *Mom, I'm Back*, was honored with a 2012 Outstanding Play Award from the Shanghai Mass Arts Center and the Shanghai Dramatist's Association. Her novels and novellas have been widely published, appearing in magazines and newspapers.

## 寓言式短剧 我是花母鸡

编剧：徐娅群

时间：现代

地点：E农场

人物：

理想——本剧主角，一只善于产蛋却不爱产蛋的黄母鸡，不愿墨守陈规，热爱自由；

黄母鸡甲乙；

花母鸡甲乙。

提示：除主角外的其他母鸡可由另外两位演员来扮演，以服饰来区分。

【E农场的牌子高悬在舞台中央，E所代表的是EARTH；农场被一条象征小河的宽色蓝带一隔为二，河左边是饲养着产蛋母鸡的黄鸡窝，河右边是饲养着肉鸡的花鸡窝。

【伴着哨声，三只红尾黄母鸡排着队走上舞台，为首的是黄母鸡理想，它身后依次排着黄母鸡甲和黄母鸡乙。三只鸡都体态臃肿、颈短腿短，走起路来前俯后仰，给人一种滑稽可笑的感觉。三只黄母鸡要走到河边时，黄母鸡甲举起脖子上挂的哨子吹了一下。

黄母鸡甲：立定！

【三只黄母鸡都停了下来。

黄母鸡甲：稍左息！

【三只黄母鸡都撤出左脚来。

黄母鸡甲：稍右息！

【三只黄母鸡都撤出右脚来。

黄母鸡甲：深蹲！

【三只黄母鸡都蹲下了身。

黄母鸡甲：预备……（三只黄母鸡深吸一口气）下蛋！

【三只黄母鸡一起抖动起来。

【三只黄母鸡站起身来，每只鸡脚下都出现了一只鸡蛋。

黄母鸡甲：哦，我太为我自己自豪了。每天在这午后醉人的阳光下，听着规律的哨声，挨着清清的河水，在鸡窝中产下一颗计划中的鸡蛋，这真是一件太有成就感的事了。

黄母鸡乙：哦，我太为我自己骄傲了。我竟然今天又在下午二点15分30秒准时生下了一颗蛋。作为一只母鸡，就该趁着青春年华多多产蛋才算没有辜负自己的美好一生。

【黄母鸡甲和黄母鸡乙一起转头望向理想，等着听她的感慨。理想看了看自己眼前的蛋，又转头看了看空空的河那边，长长地叹了口气。垂头表示沉默。

黄母鸡甲：好。产后心得交流大会至此结束。（吹了声哨子）各就各位。

【三只黄母鸡后退一步，在蛋后面排成一排。

黄母鸡甲：向左转。

【三只黄母鸡一起转向了左边。原本站在队首的理想变成了队尾。

黄母鸡甲：起步走！

【黄母鸡甲和黄母鸡乙摆着鸡翅膀一起走下了台，理想跟她们走了两步之后，停在了原地。它发现同伴并没有发现她掉队，于是朝着同伴挥手作别，然后转身回到了自己生的那个蛋前。

理想：难道作为一只鸡，我就只能天天过着这种立定（做出立定的姿势）稍左息（撤出左脚）稍右息（撤出右脚）深蹲（蹲下身）预备（深吸一口气）下蛋（在地上瞎拌一阵子）的日子吗？不！这样的日子太没创意了。一想到每年年终我的年度小结都是按时产下365个鸡蛋，为E农场作出了我力所能及的贡献我就想哭。

【河右边的花母鸡窝里两只花母鸡以一种优雅的舞蹈动作跳上了舞台，她们和黄母鸡相比，明显身材挺拔高挑许多。在小跳了一段之后，两只花母鸡冲着理想所在的位置做了一个双手握拳举起的健美姿势。

【理想投以惊羨的目光。

花母鸡甲：（抖了抖身上漂亮的花毛，拍了拍翅膀）我想做一只翱翔于蓝天的母鸡！

花母鸡乙：（抖了抖身上漂亮的花毛，踢了踢腿）我想做一只能在大海中徜徉的母鸡！

【理想学花母鸡甲那样拍了拍翅膀，一个重心不稳，向前倒去。

理想：（俯卧着）翱翔于蓝天？真的有母鸡可以飞入云霄？

【理想站起身来，又学花母鸡乙那样踢了踢腿，一个重心不稳，向后倒去。

理想：（仰卧着）徜徉于大海？真的有母鸡可以游在海上？

花母鸡甲：（异口同声）有理想，你就可以！

黄母鸡乙：（异口同声）有理想，你就可以！

【两只花母鸡跳着轻盈的舞蹈下了台。

理想：我有啊！我就是理想，理想就是我！

【理想站起身来，左看看自己，右看看自己，仿佛一下子有了自信。就在这时，传出一声尖锐的哨响。

理想：（叹了口气）能做一只自由追求梦想的母鸡——多好！

【黄母鸡甲走上舞台。

黄母鸡甲：理想，开饭了。你怎么还在这里？

理想：我不想吃饭。

黄母鸡甲：什么？不吃饭？那怎么行，万一影响了明天下蛋怎么办？

理想：我再也不想下蛋了！

黄母鸡甲：（错愕）不想下蛋？

理想：我想要自由！

黄母鸡甲：自由？

【花母鸡甲跳着曼妙的舞蹈出现在舞台上。

花母鸡甲：我想健美我就运动；我想上天我就拍翅；我想入海我就踢脚；我想超越自我就直起喉咙来打鸣。我每分每秒都是自己的主人。

黄母鸡甲：（不屑地望了眼一脸羨慕的理想）她们脚这么长，一辈子都没法蹲下产蛋。就算会打鸣又怎么样？既成不了公鸡也不是只合格的母鸡。

理想：可她们有——如鹰般的健美，如鱼般的灵活，如爷们般的自信。她们能做到任何自己想做的事。

黄母鸡甲：母鸡唯一该做的事就是产蛋。像我们这种（挺了挺胸）前凸，（摆了摆尾）后翘，（伸了伸脚）短腿，（抖了抖身子）圆身的母鸡，才是产蛋鸡中的战斗机。

理想：凸翘诚可贵，自由价更高。

黄母鸡甲：你就别多想了。E农场的黄母鸡世世代代都是这样的活法。今天的饭可以不吃，明天的蛋照旧要下，身体亏了倒霉的是自己。

理想：我不会甘心就这样过一辈子的。

【黄母鸡甲耸了耸肩，拍着翅膀下了台。理想若有所思地看着黄母鸡甲，然后跟着下了台。

黄母鸡甲：（画外音）不好了！理想不见了！黄母鸡理想不见了！

【河右边的花鸡窝里走出三只母鸡，两只花母鸡中间是理想。三只母鸡以舞蹈的姿态来到河边。理想臃肿的身形使得她一会儿掉队，一会儿又跌倒，显得狼狈不堪。

花母鸡甲：（转过身）理想，你要伸直腿拔长脖子才行。

【花母鸡甲摆出一个优雅的姿势来，理想照着花母鸡甲的话去做了，但短腿短脖子的她根本做不到，摆出来的动作笨拙无比。

花母鸡乙：啊呀。她没腿也没脖子。

理想：（努力伸出腿来）我有腿，也有……（又伸了伸头颈）脖子。

【花母鸡甲和花母鸡乙对望了一眼，花母鸡甲偷偷朝花母鸡乙做了一个闪人的动作。

花母鸡甲：那……理想，你就先……慢慢练习吧。我们……我们先回窝了。记住：伸腿，头朝上。

【花母鸡甲和花母鸡乙边偷笑边下了台。

【理想在原地做了两次深呼吸。

理想：好！伸……腿（用力伸出左腿收回又伸出右腿收回），头……朝……上（用力向天空方向抬起头）。

【就在这时传来一声哨响，理想望向了哨声传来的方向。

【黄母鸡甲和黄母鸡乙排着队前仰后俯走上舞台。她们来到河边。黄母鸡甲举起脖子上挂的哨子吹了一下。

黄母鸡甲：立定！

【两只黄母鸡都停了下来。理想也不由自主地立定。

黄母鸡甲：稍左息！

【两只黄母鸡都撤出左脚来。理想也不由自主地撤出左脚。

黄母鸡甲：稍右息！

【两只黄母鸡都撤出右脚来。理想也不由自主地撤出右脚。

黄母鸡甲：深蹲！

【两只黄母鸡都蹲下了身。理想也不由自主地蹲下身。

黄母鸡甲：预备……（两只黄母鸡深吸一口气，理想也跟着深吸一口气）下蛋！

【两只黄母鸡下起蛋来，理想猛地从地上站起身来。

理想：不！我已经不再是只知道吃饭下蛋的黄母鸡了！我是花母鸡，是体态优雅，舞姿优美的花母鸡！

【黄母鸡甲和黄母鸡乙站起身来，脚边各有一个蛋。

黄母鸡甲：哦，我太为我自己自豪了。每天在这午后醉人的阳光下，听着规律的哨声，挨着清清的河水，在鸡窝中产下一颗计划中的鸡蛋，这真是一件太有成就感的事了。

黄母鸡乙：哦，我太为我自己骄傲了。我竟然今天又在下午二点15分30秒准时生下了一颗蛋。作为一只母鸡，就该趁着青春年华多多产蛋才算没有辜负自己的美好一生。

【黄母鸡甲和黄母鸡乙一起转头望向理想，理想努力伸着腿，假装没看见她们。

黄母鸡甲：有只叫理想的黄母鸡，离开了黄母鸡的窝去了花母鸡的窝。

黄母鸡乙：因为她厌倦了生为母鸡的天职，因为她不想再下蛋了。

黄母鸡甲：（异口同声）可即使她到了河对岸，她还是一只黄母鸡。

黄母鸡乙：（异口同声）可即使她到了河对岸，她还是一只黄母鸡。

理想：（愤然望着对面的黄母鸡）我再也不是什么黄母鸡了！我将成为一只优雅美丽的花母鸡！

【黄母鸡甲和黄母鸡乙笑得纷纷跌倒，她们好不容易从地上爬起来后，黄母鸡甲吹了声哨子，两只黄母鸡走下了舞台。

理想：我一定会成为一只优雅美丽的花母鸡！

【理想边跳着舞边下台，在下台前又重重摔了一跤。

花母鸡甲：（画外音）我是一只能翱翔于蓝天的母鸡！

【花母鸡甲做着翱翔的姿势出场。

花母鸡乙：（画外音）我是一只能在大海中徜徉的母鸡！

【花母鸡乙做着游泳的姿势出场。

理想：（画外音）我是一只能在晴空下打鸣的母鸡！

【理想虽然还是黄毛红尾，但是体态不再臃肿，有着长长的腿和长长的脖子的她昂首走上台。

理想：（直起脖子）喔喔喔！

花母鸡甲：你做到了！

花母鸡乙：你真是我们的骄傲！

【三只母鸡排成一列，一起跳起舞来。理想这次和她们配合得非常默契。

花母鸡甲：理想，你看看你的脖子，你越来越像一只优雅的花母鸡了！

花母鸡乙：理想，你该看看你的长腿，你越来越像一只迷人的花母鸡了！

理想：我当然是一只花母鸡。不是花母鸡的话，我怎么可能这样踢腿（高高地踢腿）；不是花母鸡的话，我怎么可能这样转动脖子（左右转了转脖子）。而且最重要的是，我已经忘记下蛋是怎么回事了。

花母鸡甲：只有河对面那些臃肿的黄母鸡才会把下蛋看得比天还大。

花母鸡乙：我简直无法想像没有匀称的身材日子该怎么过下去。

理想：作为一只身材匀称的花母鸡，我同样无法想像那些黄母鸡过的是什么日子。

【花母鸡甲和花母鸡乙点头表示赞同。

【这时，突然传出重重的脚步声和男人的说话声。

男人：（画外音）没错。这批肉鸡养得非常好。每天喝溪水吃青蛙……什么？肥腻？不不不，它们可是天天都在运动，一点都不会肥腻……不不不，只有对面那窝黄母鸡才是下蛋鸡，这批鸡不下蛋，肉质鲜美得很。哈哈哈哈哈。

【天下垂下的绳索一下子套住了花母鸡甲的脖子，她挣扎了半天，还是被拖下了舞台。

男人：（画外音）看这肉鸡，毛色、体态可都是一级的。

花母鸡甲：（画外音）我要翱翔，我要自由，放开我，咯咯咯。

【花母鸡乙和理想惊慌地想逃跑，从舞台右侧伸出来的一把长钩一下子勾住了花母鸡乙的脖子，将挣扎的她也拽下了台。

男人：（画外音）您就放心吧。每一只质量都好。现在大城市哪里还吃得到这种散养鸡。

花母鸡乙：（画外音）我要去大海，不要拽我的尾巴。咯咯咯。

【理想慌张地逃到河边，看着对岸，露出绝望的表情来。

理想：不，这不是我想要的生活。我来到这里不是为了这样活。喔喔喔。

【无情伸出的长钩一把勾住了理想的脖子。

理想：（挣扎）放开我，我不是花母鸡，我是黄母鸡。我……我要下……下蛋……

【理想被拖下了舞台。

男人：（画外音）咦？怎么是只黄母鸡……不不不，当然卖，当然卖。您说得没错。这只黄母鸡的肉比那两只花母鸡还结实，肯定味道不错。

理想：（画外音）我的肉很老，我是下蛋鸡。喔……咯咯咯。

【黄母鸡甲和黄母鸡乙排着队前俯后仰地走上舞台。她们来到了河边，黄母鸡甲举起脖子上挂的哨子吹了一下。

黄母鸡甲：立定！

【两只黄母鸡都停了下来。

黄母鸡甲：稍左息！

【两只黄母鸡都撤出左脚来。

黄母鸡甲：稍右息！

【两只黄母鸡都撤出右脚来。

黄母鸡甲：深蹲！

【两只黄母鸡都蹲下了身。

黄母鸡甲：预备……（两只黄母鸡深吸一口气）下蛋！

【两只黄母鸡站起身来，脚边有两个蛋。

黄母鸡甲：我真为自己自豪。如果我还能再活四年的话，我就还可以再下1460个蛋。

黄母鸡乙：科学不断进步，我们的寿命会越来越长的。S农场不就有只黄母鸡一直下了15年的蛋吗？

黄母鸡甲：15年？这样的敬业精神真是值得我们学习。

黄母鸡乙：是的。每天一个蛋，就这样一天天保持下去，说不定我们哪天也能成为年轻小鸡眼中的榜样。

黄母鸡甲：（点了点头，然后抬头看向河对岸）对面最近怎么好像变安静了？

黄母鸡乙：有吗？（摇了摇头）我光顾着下蛋了。

黄母鸡甲：（吹了声哨子）各就各位。



【两只黄母鸡后退一步，在蛋后面排成一排。

黄母鸡甲：    向左转。

【两只黄母鸡一起转向了左边。

黄母鸡甲：    起步走！

【黄母鸡甲和黄母鸡乙摆着鸡翅膀一起走下了台。

**剧终**

# I Am an Eagle Hen

By

Xu Yaqun

*With translation by Su Hongjun & Naomi Iizuka*

## Characters:

Vision, the protagonist, is a Cochin, a type of chicken. She is very good at laying eggs but dislikes it; she loves freedom and is unwilling to conform to the expectation that she lay eggs.

Cochin A

Cochin B

Eagle Hen A

Eagle Hen B

## Place:

E Farm

## Time:

Present

## Playwright's note:

Except for the protagonist, the other chickens can be played by two other actors. Their roles are indicated by their outfits.

*The Sign of E Farm is hanging high in the center of the stage. E represents "Earth." The farm is divided into two areas by a wide blue stripe, which symbolizes a small creek. The chicken house on its left is for egg-laying Cochins. On the right is the house for broiler Eagle Hens. Three Cochins march in line onto the stage according to the rhythm of whistles. The lead chicken is Vision. After her, are Cochin A and Cochin B. They are all heavily-built with short necks and legs. They swag clumsily, leaving a comical impression. When the three are about to reach the creek, Cochin A picks up the whistle on a string around her neck and blows the whistle.*

Cochin A: Halt!

*The three all halt.*

Cochin A: At ease, left foot!

*The chickens stretch their left foot to the side.*

Cochin A: At ease, right foot.

*They stretch their right foot to the side.*

Cochin A: Squat down!

*They squat down.*

Cochin A: Get ready . . . *(The chickens take a deep breath)* Lay eggs!

*The chickens shake their body in unison. When they get up, an egg appears under each chicken's feet.*

Cochin A: Wow, I feel so glorious in my self. Everyday in the intoxicating afternoon sunlight, listening to the rhythms of the whistle, by the clear creek, I lay an egg according to plan. What a great sense of accomplishment!

Cochin B: Wow, I am so proud of myself. This afternoon, I even laid another egg at the exact same time as yesterday, at two fifteen and half. As a hen, I should take advantage of my youth to lay more eggs, so as not to waste my wonderful life.

*The two chickens turn their heads and look at Vision, waiting for her thoughts. Vision looks at the egg in front of her, and then turns her head and look at the empty space on the other side of the creek. She lets out a long sigh, and lowers her head quietly.*

Cochin A: OK. The meeting to exchange our thoughts about the delivery is over. *(After blowing the whistle)* On your mark.

*The three chickens step back, and form a line behind the eggs.*

Cochin A: Left turn

*The chickens make a left turn in unison. Vision who was in the front of the line becomes the last one.*

Cochin A: Forward march!

*Cochin A and Cochin B flap their wings and exit. Vision follows them for a couple of steps, then stops. As she realizes that her friends did not notice that she was lagging behind, she waves goodbye to them. She then turns around and goes back to her egg.*

Vision: As a chicken, do I have to live this kind of life everyday? Like this, halt (She halts), at ease, left foot (She stretches her left foot), at ease, right foot (She stretches her right foot), squat down (She squats down), ready (She takes a deep breath), lay eggs (She makes a random movement on the ground). No! This kind of life has no originality. I feel like crying whenever I think of my egg quota: 1 egg a day, 365 eggs a year, every year, day in and day out, for the rest of my natural life!

*Two Eagle Hens dance gracefully onto the stage from the chicken house on the right of the creek. Compared with the figure of the Cochins, they are much taller and straighter. After dancing for a short while, toward Vision, the two post a ballet fifth position with hands clasp to demonstrate their fitness and beauty. Surprised, Vision gives them an envious look.*

Eagle Hen A: *(Shaking her beautiful feathers and flapping her wings)* I want to be a chicken who can glide freely in the blue sky!

Eagle Hen B: *(Shaking her beautiful feathers and kicking her legs)* I want to be a chicken who can float freely on the sea.

Vision tries to imitate Eagle Hen A when she flaps her wings. She loses her balance and falls down on her chest

Vision: (Lying on her chest) Glide freely in the blue sky? Is there really a chicken who can soar into the clouds?

*Vision stands up, and imitates Eagle Hen B when she kicks her legs. She loses her balance and falls down on her back.*

Vision: (Laying on her back) Float freely on the sea? Is there really a chicken who can float on the sea?

Eagle Hen A: (In unison with Eagle Hen B) If you have a dream, yes you can.

Eagle Hen B: (In unison with Eagle Hen A). If you have a dream, yes you can.

*The two chickens gracefully dance off the stage.*

Vision: Yes, I have. I am Vision, Vision is me!

*Vision stands up, looks at herself from the left, then from the right. Immediately she seems to have gained confidence. Just at this moment, there comes a sharp whistling.*

Vision: (Sigh) Wouldn't it be wonderful – to be a chicken who can pursue her dream freely!

*Cochin A enters*

Cochin A: Vision, dinner is ready. Why you are still here?

Vision: I don't feel like eating.

Cochin A: What? Not eating! No way! What if it affects your egg-laying tomorrow?

Vision: I don't want to lay eggs any more!

Cochin A: (Confused and shocked): You don't want to lay eggs?

Vision: I want freedom!

Cochin A: Freedom?

*Eagle Hen A enters with a graceful dance.*

Eagle Hen A: When I want to be fit and beautiful, I exercise. When I want to soar into the sky, I flap my wings. When I want to dive deep into the sea, I kick my legs. When I want to transcend myself, I stretch my throat and cackle. I am my own master every minute of my life.

Cochin A: (Looks in disdain at Vision's envious look) Their legs are too long. They would never be able to squat down to lay eggs all their lives. Even if they could crow, so what? They'll never be roosters or the right kind of hen.

Vision: But they are --- as fit and handsome as eagles, as nimble as fish, as confident as man. They can do whatever they want.

Cochin A: The only thing a chicken is supposed to do is to produce eggs. Like us hens (Stiffening her chest) who can protrude forward, (Sticking her tail up) protrude backward; (Stretching

her legs) who have short legs, and (Shaking her body) chubby bodies. We are truly the fighter jets among the egg-producing chickens.

Vision: Protruding backwards and forwards is precious, it's true, but freedom is even dearer.

Cochin A: Please don't expect too much. The chickens on E Farm have lived like this for generations. You don't have to eat today, but you still have to lay an egg tomorrow. If your body is weak, the one who suffers is none other than yourself.

Vision: I just cannot resign to living like this for the rest of my life.

*Cochin A shrugs her shoulders, and exits while flapping her wings. In deep thought, Vision watches Cochin A, then follows her off the stage.*

Cochin A: (Off stage): Help! Vision has disappeared! A chicken called "Vision" has disappeared.

*Three chickens walk out from the house on the right side of the creek. Vision is between the two Eagle Hens. They dance toward the creek. Due to her heavy body, from time to time, Vision lags behind and falls. She appears to be very embarrassed.*

Eagle Hen A: (Turns around) Vision, you have to straighten your legs and bend your neck backward hard.

*Eagle Hen A displays a graceful posture. Vision acts according to her instruction, but her posture is extremely clumsy, due to her short legs and neck.*

Eagle Hen B: Oh, my God, she doesn't have the legs or the neck.

Vision: (Trying very hard to stretch her legs) I have the legs, I have . . . (Bending her neck backward hard) the neck.

*Eagle Hen A and Eagle Hen B look at each other. Eagle Hen A secretly gestures Eagle Hen B to leave.*

Eagle Hen A: Well, ... Vision. Take your time --- to practice. We . . . are going back to our house. Remember; stretch your legs, head upward.

*Eagle Hen A and Eagle Hen B laugh slyly while exiting. Vision takes two deep breaths.*

Vision: OK! Stretch . . . the leg (She tries hard to stretch her left leg, and puts it down. Then she tries hard to stretch her right leg and then puts it down). Head . . . upward. (She tries hard to bend her head backward toward the sky).

*Just at that moment, there comes a whistle. Vision turns toward it. Cochin A and Cochin B swag clumsily on the stage. They walk to the creek. Cochin A picks up the whistle on a string around her neck and blows the whistle.*

Cochin A: Halt!

*The two chickens halt. Vision halts unconsciously, too.*

Cochin A: At ease, left foot!

*The two chickens stretch their left foot to the side. Vision stretches her left foot to the side unconsciously, too.*

Cochin A: At ease, right foot!

*The two chickens stretch their right foot to the side. Vision stretches her right foot to the side unconsciously, too.*

Cochin A: Squat down!

*The chickens squat down. Vision squats down unconsciously, too.*

Cochin A: Get ready . . . *(The two chickens take a deep breath. Vision also takes a deep breath)* Lay eggs!

*The two chickens lay eggs. Vision suddenly gets up from the ground.*

Vision: No! I am no longer a chicken who only cares about eating and laying eggs! I am an Eagle Hen; the kind with a slender figure and elegant dance postures.

*Cochin A and Cochin B get up, with an egg on their side.*

Cochin A: Wow, I feel so glorious in myself. Every day in the intoxicating afternoon sunlight, listening to the rhythms of the whistle, by the clear creek, I lay an egg according to the plan. What a great sense of accomplishment!

Cochin B: Wow, I am so proud of myself. This afternoon, I even lay another egg at the exact same time as yesterday, at two fifteen and half. As a hen, I should take advantage of my youth to lay more eggs, so as not to let waste my wonderful life.

*Cochin A and Cochin B turn their heads and look at Vision. Vision tries hard to stretch her leg, pretending that she does not see them.*

Cochin A: The chicken called Vision has left her house for the house for eagle hens.

Cochin B: Because she is sick and tired of her divine vocation; because she doesn't want to lay eggs any more.

Cochin A: *(In unison with Cochin B)* But even if she reaches the other side of the creek, she is still a chicken.

Cochin B: *(In unison with Cochin A)* But even if she reaches the other side of the creek, she is still a chicken.

Vision: *(Looking in resentment at them over the creek)* I am not a so-called chicken anymore! I am an elegant Eagle Hen!

*Cochin A and Cochin B laugh so hard that they fall on the ground one after the other. With great difficulty, they managed to get up. Cochin A blows the whistle and exits with Cochin B.*

Vision: I am an elegant Eagle Hen!

*Vision starts to dance off the stage, but falls heavily before she exits.*

Eagle Hen A: (Off stage) I am a chicken who can fly freely in the blue sky!

*Eagle Hen A enters in a flying posture.*

Eagle Hen B: (Off stage) I am a chicken who can swim freely in the sea.

*Eagle Hen B enters in a swimming posture.*

Vision: (Off stage) I am a chicken who can crow under the blue sky!

*Although Vision still has a red tail and yellow feathers; she is no longer heavily built. With her head up, she enters with a long neck and slender legs.*

Vision: (Bends her neck backward) Cockle-doodle-doo

Eagle Hen A: You have made it!

Eagle Hen B: You are our great pride!

*The three chickens get in a line and start to dance. This time, Vision dances in harmony with them.*

Eagle Hen A: Vision, look at your neck. You have become more like a graceful Eagle Hen!

Eagle Hen B: Vision, You should look at your long legs. You have become a charming Eagle Hen.

Vision: Of course, I am now an Eagle Hen. If not, how come I can kick my leg like this? (*Kicking her leg high*) If not, how come I can turn my neck like this? (*Turning her neck left and right*) The most important thing is that I have even forgotten how to lay eggs.

Eagle Hen A: Only those clumsy chickens across the creek would view laying eggs as the most important thing under the sun.

Eagle Hen B: I cannot imagine living my life without a well-proportioned body!

Vision: As an Eagle Hen with a well-proportioned body, neither can I. I can't imagine what it would be like to live like those chickens across the creek.

*Eagle Hen A and Eagle Hen B nod in agreement. Suddenly, there comes the noise of heavy footsteps and a man's voice.*

Man: (Off stage) That's right. This flock of broiler chickens is in good shape. They drink the creek water and eat locusts . . . What? Fatty and greasy? Oh, no, no. They exercise every day, not fatty and greasy at all. . . . No, no, no. Only those chickens across the creek lay eggs. This flock doesn't. Their meat is delicious. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

*A noose falls from above, catching Eagle Hen A around the neck. It drags her off the stage, while she struggles to get out.*

Man: (Off stage) Look, the meat, the body and the color of the feathers are all of first rate.

Eagle Hen A: (Off stage) I want to fly, I want to be free, let me go. Cluck, cluck, cluck.

*Eagle Hen B and Vision are frightened and try to flee. A hook on a long handle stretches out from the right side of the stage. It quickly captures Eagle Hen B around the neck. It drags her off stage while she struggles desperately.*

Man: (Off stage) Don't worry. All of them are quality chickens. Nowadays in big cities, where can you get this kind of free-range chickens?

Eagle Hen B: (Off stage): I want to go to the sea, don't pull my tail. Cluck, cluck, cluck.

*Frightened, Vision flees to the creek. She looks across the creek desperately.*

Vision: No, it is not the life that I want to live. I don't come here to live like this. Cockle-doodle-doo.

*A hook on a long handle ruthlessly catches Vision around the neck.*

Vision: (*Struggling*) Let me go. I am not the Eagle Hen. I . . . want to . . . lay eggs . . .

*Vision is dragged off the stage.*

Man: (Off stage) The meat of this chicken is firmer than the other two Eagle Hens. It should be very delicious.

Vision: (Off stage) My meat is too old. I am egg-layer. Cockle-doodle . . . cluck, cluck, cluck.

*In a line, Cochin A and Cochin B swag clumsily on stage. When they get close to the creek, Cochin A picks up the whistle on a string around her neck and blows the whistle.*

Cochin A: Halt!

*Both halt.*

Cochin A: At ease, left foot!

*Both stretch their left foot to the side.*

Cochin A: At ease, right foot.

*Both stretch their right foot to the side.*

Cochin A: Squat down!

*Both squat down.*

Cochin A: Get ready . . . (*Both take a deep breath*) Lay eggs!

*When they get up, two eggs appear on the side of their feet.*

Cochin A: Ah, I feel so glorious in myself. If I can live for another four years, I will lay 1460 more eggs.

Cochin B: Science is developing. Our longevity will be longer and



longer. Isn't there a chicken on S Farm who has continuously laid eggs for fifteen years?

Cochin A: Fifteen years? We should really learn from her dedication.

Cochin B: Sure. If we lay an egg every day, and keep doing it continuously, I wonder some day we may become the role model for the younger chicks.

Cochin A: *(Nods, then looks up across the creek)* How come recently it is so quiet over there?

Cochin B: Really? *(Shaking her head)* I have been concentrating on laying eggs.

Cochin A: *(Blows the whistle)* On your mark.

*The two chickens step backward and form a line behind the eggs.*

Cochin A: Left turn.

*Both chickens make a left turn.*

Cochin A: Forward march!

*They flap their wings and exit together.*

**END OF PLAY**



***I Am Not Woyzeck***  
**by**  
**Wang Haoran**

**Director:**  
**Zhou Xiaoqian**

**Performers:**  
**Lui Peng**  
**Xu Manman**  
**Jia Jinghui**  
**Lv Rui**

**Wang Haoran** was born in China's Hunan province, grew up in the city of Shenzhen and holds a MFA in Playwriting from the Hong Kong Academy for Performing Arts, and an undergraduate degree from Shenzhen University in English and Japanese. Wang writes in English, Japanese, Mandarin, Cantonese, and two Hunan dialects. His recent plays include *The Shackle* (Shenzhen University), *The Barbecued Pork* (Prospects Theatre in Hong Kong), *Blast* (to be produced as part of the 41st Hong Kong Arts Festival), and *A Red Mansion within the Forest Sea* (to be produced by the Hong Kong Repertory). He has also directed various productions, including *Death of a Writer*, *The Anxious Women*, and *Phaedra's Love*. He has appeared in leading roles on stage in *The Merchant of Venice*, *Woyzeck*, and *The Little Dinosaur with a Golden Tail*.

## 我不是Woyzeck

編劇：王昊然

### 【角色】

沃依采克——演員，英文名Simon，從內地來香港定居的新移民。

瑪麗——演員，英文名Ophelia，從台灣來港定居的新移民。

鼓手長——演員，英文名Laurence，香港人，Ophelia的男友。

麥克——導演，從倫敦來港定居的移民。

（麥克、鼓手長的母語為英文，能說較為初級的普通話；沃依采克和瑪麗的母語為漢語，能說較為初級的英文。）

"/"代表下一句對白的起始位置（上一句對白正常完成）。

"-"代表本句對白被下一句對白打斷的位置。

【一間排練室。

【一張吧台，一張椅子，椅子上有兩瓶打開的白蘭地。

【沃依采克衣衫襤褸，鼓手長西裝革履。

【沃依采克猛地撲向鼓手長，鼓手長將沃依采克反手壓制在吧台。

鼓： 你這個廢物，喝兩口酒壯壯膽再來惹我吧。噢，白蘭地！你是我的生命！白蘭地使我勇氣倍增！

【鼓手長將酒淋在沃依采克頭上，離去。

麥： Good. I think Marie will arrive in a few minutes.

鼓： Director, have we finished this scene? 我的外套都濕了。

麥： Have a break. 回來走最後一遍。Woyzeck.....

【沃依采克沒有反應。

麥： Woyzeck?

沃： Yep?

麥： You can go for a cigarette if you want.

沃： OK.

麥： Oh Woyzeck, next time try angrier but less masculine.

沃： OK.

【瑪麗進門。

瑪： Sorry, I'm late.

【瑪麗熱情地擁抱鼓手長，親了親他。

【沃依采克拿著煙徑直走出門外。

瑪： 順利嗎？

鼓： 還好，排了七個鐘，只是Woyzeck還得繼續跟你排，哈哈。

麥： Oh Marie, 我改了一點點，I will show you -

瑪： 太棒了！這個戲不但在香港演，還要回台灣，好興奮！你看，香港

人、台灣人、英國人，還有個大陸人！喔！喔！還有比這更 International 的組合嗎？喔！ -

麥： Drum Major, 剛剛你的戲鬆了。Did you worry about hurting him? -

鼓： Sorry, I thought he's too tired.

麥： He's good actor, trust him. 儘量讓他憤怒。

鼓： OK, OK.

【沃依采克回來。

麥： So quick!

沃： It's OK la. Let's begin.

瑪： 大陸同胞，你看上去好累耶 -

沃： 是嗎？

瑪： 你真的好累。

【停頓。

沃： 還好。

瑪： 你真的需要有個人好好照顧 -

沃： Where should we start?

麥： The bar scene.

沃： OK -

麥： Less masculine -

沃： OK.

【排練開始。

【沃依采克坐在吧台邊吹口哨。

鼓： 你他媽再吹我就把你舌頭揪出來勒死你！

【沃依采克嚇得微震了一下。

【沃依采克再次吹口哨。一旁的瑪麗笑。

【鼓手長靠近沃依采克，沃依采克退到一旁，鼓手長推搡沃依采克。

鼓： 吹啊，吹啊！

沃： 呃啊！

【沃依采克忽地撲向鼓手長，鼓手長將沃依采克反手壓在吧台。

鼓： 你這個廢物，喝兩口酒壯壯膽再來惹我吧。 噢，白蘭地！你是我的生命！白蘭地使我勇氣倍增！

【鼓手長將酒淋在沃依采克頭上，離去。

鼓： Sorry Woyzeck, 有沒傷到你？ -

沃： (揉著耳朵) 沒事沒事 -

鼓： (對沃依采克) 你確定？剛才我感覺很大力.....

瑪： 沃依采克，你是大陸哪裡的？

沃： 湖南。

【瑪麗笑。

麥： (對瑪麗) 覺得怎樣？

瑪： 呵，沃依采克，我能說兩句嗎？我剛才真的一點都沒有同情你，而且你那個反抗很無力，別人看了就會覺得活該被打啊，本來就又矮又老土，女生肯定是挑鼓手長啦。

麥： You speak too fast.

瑪： (對鼓手長) Translate.

鼓： ..... 嗯，Sorry..... Woyzeck?

沃： It's fine.

麥： Well, listen. How about one more time? Try to struggle like a animal.

沃： No problem.

麥： Anytime.

**【排練開始。**

**【沃依采克坐在吧台邊吹口哨。**

鼓： 你他媽再吹我就把你舌頭揪出來勒死你！

**【沃依采克嚇得微震了一下。**

**【一旁的瑪麗笑。**

沃： .....

**【停頓。**

沃： 你笑什麼？

**【停頓。**

麥： What's wrong?

瑪： Sorry Woyzeck, 其實 -

沃： I am not Woyzeck.

麥： Haha you are, here. Stay in character.

沃： Marie disturbed me.

麥： Keep quiet Marie.

瑪： OK -

麥： Simon ... Oh shit, Woyzeck.

**【停頓。**

麥： Listen, try this again. Woyzeck, 你不需要太男人 -

沃： 我太男人？

**【瑪麗在一旁給鼓手長整理衣服。**

鼓： (輕聲) 爲什麼老是笑？

**【瑪麗向鼓手長耳語，鼓手長笑。**

麥： Yep. Imagine this. You've just Immigrated to Hong Kong. Everything is so strange. Everyone speak Cantonese but you can't. What you can do only is to listen to the confident and loud voice of Hong Kong people -

沃： They are Chinese too.

**【鼓手長幫瑪麗做熱身練習。**

麥： Yep, I don't deny it -

鼓： No, I am not.

瑪： 輕點輕點.....

麥： Anyway, you feel much more pressure of being a stranger in HK, don't you? I want you to adapt this feeling in Woyzeck. For me HK is too much like my hometown.

沃： Yep, yep, but it's China now.

【停頓。

麥： Come on. Don't be so defensive la -

沃： I am not defensive -

瑪： 是不是中國很重要嗎？真是不懂你耶.....啊輕一點！

麥： OK, OK, no politics OK?

瑪： .....

麥： Simon...Shit, Woyzeck. 其實我們的演員組合很...Interesting -

沃： Yep, yep. 一個殖民地的假洋鬼子操了黃種人的老婆。

麥： Sorry ?

鼓： (與瑪麗熱身時對臺詞)“讓我們來種下鼓手長的種子吧！嗯？”

沃： Nothing.

麥： It's rehearsal. It's fake, 假的。

瑪： “放開我！”

麥： Don't take it too serious, OK?

鼓： “撒野？！”

沃： I know I know. I am OK. I am not serious.

麥： Try one more time please.

【排練開始。

【沃依采克坐在吧台邊吹口哨。

鼓： 你他媽再吹我就把你舌頭揪出來勒死你！

【沃依采克嚇得微震了一下。

【沃依采克再次吹口哨。

【鼓手長靠近沃依采克，沃依采克退到一旁，鼓手長推搡沃依采克。

鼓： 吹啊，吹啊！

【沃依采克撲向鼓手長，二人廝打，鼓手長將沃依采克反手壓在吧台。

鼓： 你這個廢物，喝兩口酒壯壯膽再來惹我吧。噢，白蘭地！你是我的生命！白蘭地使我勇氣倍增！

【鼓手長將酒淋在沃依采克頭上，離去。

麥： Perfect !

鼓： Woyzeck, are you OK?

麥： It's so right. So Woyzeck!

【忽地，沃將酒瓶重重一放，酒水四濺。

沃： 夠了！

【停頓。

瑪： 你.....跟我說話？ -  
沃： 你到底又在笑什麼？！  
瑪： 我沒有啊 -  
鼓： 她真的沒有，我有留意。

【停頓。

沃： 那你道歉！  
瑪： 什麼？ -  
沃： 你憑什麼看不起內地人演戲？！  
瑪： 你是怎麼了？ -  
鼓： Hey, hey, 對女生說話溫柔點嘛 -  
麥： What's wrong?  
沃： (對鼓手長)你打我的時候怎麼不溫柔？我不早說過我左耳受傷了別碰嗎？！  
鼓： 我真的沒有聽到， / Sorry.  
沃： 上次排練我就說過 -  
鼓： 那你下次說廣東話我可能清楚些 -  
沃： 我不懂說。  
鼓： 學啊，你都來香港那麼久了。  
沃： 不學，老子不想學。  
麥： What's wrong? Woyzeck, / why so angry?  
沃： I am not Woyzeck.  
麥： 你是專業演員 -  
沃： It's not rehearsal now! This moment! This time! It's not rehearsal!  
麥： OK, OK, Simon -  
沃： Call me 王涵。  
麥： .....Oh shit. What's wrong? I've told you don't be serious. It's nothing related to personal life. It's fake! -  
沃： Hey, don't keep telling me it's fake. When I am acting I don't want to think about your words. And don't forget, you are the very person who want real! -  
麥： Oh, unreasonable.  
鼓： Woyzeck... No, Simon. You are too tired -  
瑪： 他現在就像頭發了瘋的怪物 -  
沃： 謝謝！  
鼓： (對瑪麗)你少說兩句好嗎？  
沃： 那你像什麼？三十多歲還不嫁人還整天裝小純情小可愛？你難不難受？你不難受我難受！ -  
鼓： Hey Simon, 不要人身攻擊。

沃： 噢，剛才你女朋友說我又矮又土還活該被揍就不是人身攻擊？  
瑪： 拜託，我只是說戲 -  
沃： (對瑪) 我知道你泛藍，你全家都藍得不得了。有本事回你的台灣別到中國來！ -  
瑪： This is Hong Kong, I love Hong Kong OK? -  
沃： Oh, oh, Love Hong Kong! 因為什麼？他？殖民地的假洋人？我來告訴你為什麼，你這叫生殖崇拜！文化自卑！中國女人的通病，沒大腦！  
瑪： Sorry, I am not Chinese. I am from Taiwan.  
沃： It belongs to China -  
瑪： 你說什麼？！  
麥： Oh Gosh! What the hell you guys going on? !  
鼓： They freak out.  
麥： Hey Woyzeck...no, sorry, Simon. Can you remember your HKID?  
沃： What?  
麥： Can you?  
沃： Yes.  
麥： 看，你記得你的ID. You are Hong Kong people too. So am I and Ophelia. Why do you care about nationality so much?

**【停頓。**

沃： You make me fucking lonely, Mike. Fucking lonely.  
麥： What?  
沃： This play, this character, these relationships.

**【停頓。**

沃： And I was mocked -  
麥： Oh ho ho. But you are a good actor.

**【沉默。**

**【瑪麗從身後抱著鼓手長，望向沃依采克。**

瑪： 王涵，我笑，其實是因為你吹口哨的樣子很像我爸，連那個調調都是。

**【停頓。**

鼓： 她爸也是湖南人 -  
瑪： 多嘴。我爸一出生就來台了，但他一直說自己是湖南人，哈。

**【沃依采克望著瑪麗和鼓手長。**

**【沉默。**

沃： I am... I am really sorry.  
鼓： 她爸耳朵跟你一樣也會動。  
瑪： 對對對，每次被我媽罵他的耳朵就一動一動的哈哈！  
鼓： 我也會啊，你看！



麥： OK guys would you like to tried this for the last time?!

【停頓。

麥： 不過，這次我想你們互換角色。

鼓： OK！

瑪： 哈哈，OK la.

沃： Well...

【演員就位。

【排練開始。

【鼓手長吹口哨。

沃： 你他媽再吹我就把你舌頭揪出來勒死你！

【瑪麗和麥克強忍著笑。

【鼓手長再次吹口哨。

【沃依采克靠近鼓手長，鼓手長準備站起退縮到一旁。

【鼓手長站起，高出沃依采克半截。

【沃依采克撲哧笑了出來。

【全體笑得人仰馬翻。

【笑聲逐漸平息。

沃： So, Marie where is your father now?

劇終

# I AM NOT WOYZECK

by

Wang Hao-ran

With translation by Su Hongjun & Chay Yew

## Characters:

Woyzeck, an actor, his English name is Simon, a new immigrant to Hong Kong from mainland China.

Marie, an actress, her English name is Ophelia, a new immigrant to Hong Kong from Taiwan

Drum Major, an actor, his English name is Laurence, a local resident in Hong Kong, Ophelia's boyfriend

Mike, a director, an immigrant to Hong Kong from London

## Place:

In a rehearsal room.

## Playwright's note:

The mother tongue of Mike and Drum Major is English. Both can speak elementary-level Putonghua. The mother tongue of Woyzeck and Marie is Chinese; both can speak elementary-level English.

## Translator's Note:

Certain passages of the play were already in English in the play's original Chinese version; the translator's approach is to leave those English passages intact.

*There is a bar and a chair on the stage. There are two open bottles of brandy on the seat of the chair. Woyzeck is in rags, while Drum Major wears a suit and tie. Woyzeck suddenly lunges at Drum Major, who in response twists Woyzeck's arm in the back and punches his chest onto the bar.*

Drum Major: You're good for nothing. Take a couple more drinks and pump yourself up before you attack me again. Brandy is my life! Brandy gives me courage!

*Drum Major drenches Woyzeck's head with brandy, then exits.*

Mike: Great. I think Marie should arrive in a few minutes.

Drum Major: Director, are we done with this scene? My coat is completely wet.

Mike: Okay, take a break. When we're back, we'll go over the scene again. Woyzeck.. . .

*No response from Woyzeck.*

Mike: Woyzeck?

Woyzeck: Yeah?

Mike: Take a cigarette break if you want.

Woyzeck: Okay.

Mike: Oh, Woyzeck, next time try more anger, and less maschismo.

Woyzeck: Sure.

Enter Marie

Marie: Sorry, I'm late.

*Marie hugs Drum Major affectionately and gives him a kiss. Woyzeck walks straight out of the door with a cigarette in hand.*

Marie: How did everything go?

Drum Major: Okay, we've been at it for seven hours! And Woyzeck still needs to rehearse with you.

Mike: Marie, I made a few minor script changes. I'll show them to you.

Marie: This is so great! Our play will not only be performed in Hong Kong, but also in Taiwan. This is so exciting! There are people from Hong Kong, Taiwan, England, as well as from the Mainland China in the production! Can there be a better international collaboration?

Mike: Drum Major, you got a bit unfocused the last time round. Were you worried about hurting him?

Drum Major: I thought he was tired.

Mike: He's fine. He's a good actor. Provoke him, make him as angry as possible.

Drum Major: Okay.

*Woyzeck returns*

Mike: That was fast!

Woyzeck: Shall we begin?

Marie: My Mainland compatriot, you look tired.

Woyzeck: Really?

Marie: You look really really tired.

*Pause*

Woyzeck: Well, I'm fine.

Marie: You need someone to take care of you.

Woyzeck: Where do you want us to start?

Mike: The bar scene.

Woyzeck: Okay.

Mike: And less macho.

Woyzeck: Sure.

*They start to rehearse the scene. Woyzeck sits on the bar, whistling.*

Drum Major: Damn it, if you whistle again, I will pull your tongue out and strangle you!

*Woyzeck responds with a quiver of fear. Woyzeck whistles again. Marie on the side giggles. Drum Major goes close to Woyzeck. Woyzeck backs up and moves to the side. Drum Major shoves him*

Drum Major: Don't stop, keep whistling!

Woyzeck:            Okay, okay!

*Woyzeck suddenly lunges at Drum Major. Drum Major twists Woyzeck's arm in the back and punches his chest onto the bar.*

Drum Major:        You're good for nothing. Take a couple more drinks and pump yourself up before you attack me again. Brandy is my life! Brandy gives me courage!

*Drum Major drenches Woyzeck's head with brandy, then leaves*

Drum Major:        Sorry, Woyzeck, did I hurt you?

Woyzeck:            (Rubs his ear) I'm fine, I'm fine.

Drum Major:        (To Woyzeck) Are you sure? I thought I got a little too rough...

Marie:                Hey, Woyzeck, which part of the Mainland are you from?

Woyzeck:            Hunan.

*Marie smiles.*

Mike:                (To Marie) Where else?

Marie:                Oh, Woyzeck, can I say something? I didn't feel for you at all. I felt you were so pathetically helpless in your resistance. Also, people feel you deserved to be thrashed. Besides, you are short and such a country bumpkin. Every girl would definitely prefer Drum Major.

Mike:                You're speaking too rapidly.

Marie:                (To Drum Major) Translate what I just said.

Drum Major:        . . .Mmm, Sorry, . . . Woyzeck?

Woyzeck:            It's fine.

Mike:                Listen, let's do this one more time. And this time, fight like an animal.

Woyzeck:            Okay.

Mike:                Anytime when you're ready.

*They start to rehearse the scene. Woyzeck sits on the bar, whistling.*

Drum Major:        Damn it, if you whistle again, I will pull your tongue out and strangle you!

*Woyzeck responds with a quiver of fear. Woyzeck whistles again. Marie on the side giggles.*

Woyzeck:            . . .

*Pause*

What the fuck are you laughing at?

*Pause*

Mike:                What's wrong?

Marie:                I'm sorry, Woyzeck, actually—

Woyzeck:            I am NOT Woyzeck.

Mike:                Of course you are, especially right here. Stay in character.

Woyzeck: She distracted me.  
Mike: Marie? Shut up.  
Marie: Sorry.  
Mike: Simon . . . I mean, Woyzeck..

*Pause.*

Listen, try this again. Woyzeck, you don't have to be too manly.

Woyzeck: I was too manly?

*Marie straightens Drum Major's clothes.*

Drum Major: (Softly) So why were you laughing?

*Marie whispers to Drum Major, he laughs.*

Mike: Imagine you've just emigrated to Hong Kong. Everything here is strange. Everyone speaks Cantonese, and you don't. What you do is to listen to the confidently loud and strident voices of the Hong Kong people-

Woyzeck: They are Chinese, too.

*Drum Major helps Marie in her warm-up exercise for the rehearsal.*

Mike: I'm not saying they're not.

Drum Major: No, I'm not.

Marie: Quiet, quiet

Mike: You feel alienated being a stranger in Hong Kong, don't you? I want you to use this feeling for Woyzeck. For me, Hong Kong completely resembles my hometown.

Woyzeck: Yeah, but Hong Kong's China now.

*Pause.*

Mike: Stop being so defensive!

Woyzeck: I'm not defensive!

Marie: Why is it really important whether Hong Kong is part of China or not? I really don't understand you. Ah, be gentle!

Mike: Okay, okay, no politics, alright?

Marie: . . .

Mike: Simon . . . I mean, Woyzeck. Actually, the composition of this company is very . . . interesting -

Woyzeck: A fake foreigner in a colonial city fucked a chink's wife.

Mike: I beg your pardon?

Drum Major: (Goes over the dialog with Marie in the warm-up) "Let's sow the seeds of Drum Major! Mmm?"

Woyzeck: It's nothing.

Mike: It's rehearsal. It's artifice, not real.

Marie: "Let me go!"

Mike: Don't take it too seriously, okay?

Drum Major: "Acting crazy?!"

Woyzeck: I know I know. I'm fine. I am not serious.

Mike: One more time please.

*They start to rehearse the scene. Woyzeck sits on the bar, whistling.*

Drum Major: Dam it, if you whistle again, I will pull your tongue out and strangle you with it!

*Woyzeck responds with a quiver of fear. Woyzeck whistles again. Drum Major goes close to Woyzeck. Woyzeck backs up and moves to the side. Drum Major shoves him.*

Drum Major: Don't stop, keep whistling!

*Woyzeck lunges at Drum Major. The two get in a fight. Drum Major twists Woyzeck's arm in the back and punches his chest onto the bar.*

Drum Major: You're good for nothing. Take a couple more drinks and pump yourself up before you attack me again. Brandy is my life! Brandy gives me courage!

*Drum Major drenches Woyzeck's head with brandy, then leaves.*

Mike: Perfect!

Drum Major: Woyzeck, are you okay?

Mike: That was perfect! It was so Woyzeck!

*All of a sudden, Woyzeck slams the bottle onto the bar, and the brandy spatters.*

Woyzeck: I've had enough of this shit!

Marie: Are you talking to . . . me?

Woyzeck: What the fuck are you laughing at again?

Marie: I really didn't mean—

Drum Major: She didn't mean it, really. I saw the whole thing.

*Pause.*

Woyzeck: Apologize!

Marie: What for?

Woyzeck: You think you can look down on me? My acting? My being a Mainlander?!

Marie: What's the matter with you?

Drum Major: Hey, take care when you talk to a lady—

Mike: What's wrong?

Woyzeck: (To Drum Major) Why weren't you more careful when you hit me? I told you not to touch my left ear since my injury!

Drum Major: I really didn't know about it. / Sorry.

Woyzeck: I told everyone at the last rehearsal!

Drum Major: Then speak Cantonese next time! I'll definitely understand what you say more clearly!

Woyzeck: I don't know how to speak Cantonese!

Drum Major: Then learn it! You have been in Hong Kong for a long time!

Woyzeck: Fuck you, I don't want to learn Cantonese!

Mike: What's wrong? Woyzeck, / why are you so angry?

Woyzeck: I am not Woyzeck!

Mike: You are an actor!  
Woyzeck: But I'm not in rehearsal now! Not in this moment! This very moment here! It's not rehearsal! It's real!

Mike: Okay, okay, Simon-  
Woyzeck: My name is Wang Han.  
Mike: What's the matter with you? I've told you not to be serious. It's not related to personal life. It's all artifice!  
Woyzeck: Don't keep telling me it's artifice. When I'm acting, I don't want to think about anything you say. Don't forget, you said you wanted "real!"

Mike: You're being unreasonable!  
Drum Major: Woyzeck I mean, Simon. You're exhausted-  
Marie: He's acting like a crazy freak-  
Woyzeck: Thanks!  
Drum Major: (To Marie) Can't you talk... a little less, please?  
Woyzeck: What are you? An unmarried thirty-year-old woman pretending desperately to be a cutesy teenaged ingénue? Isn't all this charade a pain? It's certainly a pain-in-my-ass when I see you!

Drum Major: Simon, you don't have to get personal!  
Woyzeck: It wasn't personal when your girlfriend called me short country bumpkin who deserved a trashing?  
Marie: I was only referring to the script!  
Woyzeck: (To Marie) I know you are for Pan-Blue, your whole family can't be bluer. If you have the real stuff, go back to Taiwan. Don't come to China!

Marie: This is Hong Kong, I love Hong Kong!  
Woyzeck: You love Hong Kong? Because of what? Him? The fake foreigner in the old colony? Let me tell you why. It is called phallic worship! Western imperialism! Cultural inferiority! A common illness of Chinese women. Of all the stupid--!

Marie: I'm not Chinese! I'm from Taiwan!  
Woyzeck: Taiwan belongs to China!  
Marie: I beg you pardon?!

Mike: What the hell you guys going on about?!

Drum Major: They're freaking out!

Mike: Hey, Woyzeck I mean, Simon. Can you remember your HK ID?

Woyzeck: Why?  
Mike: Can you?  
Woyzeck: Of course.  
Mike: See. You remember your ID. That means you are Hong Kong resident. So am I and Ophelia. Why do you care about your nationality so much?

Pause.

Woyzeck: You make me lonely, Mike. Fucking lonely.  
Mike: What?  
Woyzeck: This play... my character... these relationships...

Pause.

Woyzeck: I felt mocked.  
Mike: You're a good actor.

*Silence. Marie hugs Drum Major from behind while looking at Woyzeck.*

Marie: Wang Han, I only laughed because you whistle exactly the way my father used to whistle, and to the same tune.

*Pause.*

Drum Major: Her father is also from Hunan.

Marie: Shut up. My father came to Taiwan soon after he was born, but he always says he is from Hunan.

*Woyzeck looks at Marie and Drum Major. Silence.*

Woyzeck: I . . . I'm really sorry.

Drum Major: Her father wiggles his ears the same way you do.

Marie: That's true. Every time when my mother scolds him, he would wiggle his ears!

Drum Major: I can do that too. Look!

Mike: Hey guys, can we try this scene one last time?

*Pause.*

Mike: But this time, I would like you two to switch roles.

Drum Major: Okay.

Marie: Fine.

Woyzeck: Well

*The actors get into their position. The rehearsal starts. Drum Major whistles.*

Woyzeck: Damn it, if you whistle again, I will pull your tongue out and strangle you!

*Marie and Mike try hard to hold their laughter. Drum Major whistles again. Woyzeck gets close to Drum Major. Drum Major is about to stand up, backs up and moves to the side. Drum Major stands up; he appears much taller than Woyzeck. Woyzeck bursts into laughter. All bursts into explosive laughter. The laughter gradually fades.*

Woyzeck: So, Marie, where is your father now?

**END OF PLAY**





## **JOURNEY**

**by  
Naomi Iizuka**

**Director:  
Eric Forsythe**

**Performers:  
Regina Morones  
Scott Myers**

**Naomi Iizuka's** plays include *The Last Firefly*, *Concerning Strange Devices from the Distant West*, *36 Views*, *Strike Slip*, *Anon(ymous)*, *Polaroid Stories*, *Language of Angels*, *War of the Worlds* (in collaboration with Anne Bogart/SITI Company), *Tattoo Girl*, and an adaptation of *The Scarlet Letter*. Her plays have been produced by Actors' Theatre of Louisville, Huntington Theater Company, Berkeley Repertory Theater, the Joseph Papp Public Theatre/New York Shakespeare Festival, Children's Theater Company, Campo Santo + Intersection for the Arts, Brooklyn Academy of Music's Next Wave Festival, and Soho Rep. Iizuka is a member of New Dramatists and the recipient of a PEN/Laura Pels Award, a Joyce Foundation Award, a Whiting Writers' Award, a Rockefeller Foundation MAP grant, a McKnight Fellowship, Princeton University's Hodder Fellowship, and a Jerome Fellowship, among others.

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# JOURNEY

by

Naomi Iizuka

**Characters:**

GRACE, a woman in her twenties, her ethnicity and nationality are hard to decipher

ISAAC, a man in his twenties, American

**Place:**

A small, deserted airport in a remote, mountainous land.

**Time:**

Night.

*In the darkness, a disembodied voice announces flights leaving and arriving in various foreign languages. The foreign languages are at first familiar, and then gradually transform into languages that are less familiar, perhaps languages we've never heard before. The announcements fade, grow distant, and fade away as the lights come up on a tiny airport terminal in a remote, icy, wintery land. A giant window looks out onto a night sky. Stars twinkle. A snowflake or two falls. GRACE is the only person in the terminal. She wears a coat. She is knitting. Her ethnicity and nationality are hard to decipher. Whatever she is knitting is secreted inside a large bag at her feet. ISAAC, a young American in his twenties, enters wearing a hoodie and a large backpack. He sits down. He glances over at GRACE. She continues to knit. ISAAC checks his iphone. It's dead. ISAAC gets up, looks around. Nobody is around, except for GRACE.*

ISAAC:

Excuse me. Do you – have you, by any chance, seen anyone who works here? Or maybe they're on their way, maybe there's somebody on their way? Because I missed my flight, and I'm not really sure when the next flight's going to be, and I know I already missed my connection, there's no way I'm going to make that, I know that, but I was hoping to get out tonight because I would really like to know that I'm not going to be stuck here forever because sometimes I feel like I'm going to be stuck here forever, and I'm done, you know, I'm done with this place, what I thought it was going to be, what she said it was going to be, the *journey*, that's what she called it, that's what she kept calling it, the *journey*, the *journey*, and finally I just said: Journey is a crappy band from the Eighties, and I'm over it, I'm so over it, I'm done. Are you...do you...you don't speak English, do you? I'm sorry. I'm such an idiot. I should just shut up, I'm going to shut up now, that's what I'm going to do, I'm just going to shut up.

*Pause. ISAAC scans the terminal.*

GRACE:

Don't stop believing.

ISAAC:

What?

GRACE:

Don't stop believing. Journey's greatest hit ever.

ISAAC:

You speak English.

GRACE: I do.  
 ISAAC: You know Journey.  
 GRACE: A bit.  
 ISAAC: How do you know Journey?  
 GRACE: They are known the world over. Everybody knows Journey. The most humble shepherd on the most remote mountaintop knows Journey. The smallest child in the most distant village knows Journey. Everybody knows the band that is Journey.  
 ISAAC: How did that happen? Nobody should know the band that is Journey. The band that is Journey should be consigned to the dustbin of history. They should be hurled into a black hole of oblivion where their music will be forever erased from the consciousness of mankind and never heard from again. What is it with this place? Jesus. It's like the land that time forgot. Where is everybody? Have you seen anyone?  
 GRACE: You.  
 ISAAC: I don't count.  
 GRACE: Of course you do. You count.  
 ISAAC: That's not what I mean, that's not what I'm trying to – oh. Oh, I get it. You're one of them.  
 GRACE: What am I?  
 ISAAC: You know.  
 GRACE: I'm afraid I don't.  
 ISAAC: You know. A friend to Jesus.  
 GRACE: I like Jesus.  
 ISAAC: Oh I bet you do.  
 GRACE: I'm not sure I would call him my friend. That seems rather intimate.  
 ISAAC: OK, look, I respect where you're coming from, but I'm just not interested.  
 GRACE: Not interested in what?  
 ISAAC: I don't want to be converted. I don't want to be preached to. I don't want to think about salvation or judgment day. I just want to do my own thing.  
 GRACE: OK.  
 ISAAC: Great. Good. I'm glad we understand each other.  
 GRACE: You mistake me, I think, for something I am not. Or maybe you mistake me for somebody else.

*ISAAC experiences a flicker of recognition, a sense of déjà vu. Has he seen GRACE before? Does she remind him of someone else? Something else? He has a thought, but then it slips away.*

ISAAC: You're not some kind of missionary?  
 GRACE: No.  
 ISAAC: I just thought – I don't know what I thought. There was this Mormon guy I met in Siberia, he kept trying to convert me. Eighteen hours on a train listening to this guy. He just would not stop, and that smile, that earnest, wide-eyed smile, all that certitude, that serenity – I just about wanted to kill him. I'm sorry. I've been traveling nonstop. I'm a little fried. Forgive me.  
 GRACE: You thought I was Mormon?  
 ISAAC: I don't know. I don't know what I thought.  
 GRACE: I am not Mormon.

ISAAC: OK.  
 GRACE: I do not belong to any organized religion.  
 ISAAC: OK.  
 GRACE: I worship the sky and the clouds. I worship the feel of the sunlight. I worship all the colors of the setting sun. I worship the first snowfall, the very first snowflakes swirling down from above. I worship the feel of the wind and the air. If I worship anything, I would say I worship those things. It's OK to worship things.

ISAAC: I know. I know that. Look, it's just I don't want to be born again. Being born again is not for me.  
 GRACE: But you will be. All of us will be born again. It is the nature of things. The only question is as what.  
 ISAAC: What are you saying? Are you saying I'm going to come back as – what? A wombat? A wildabeast? A two-toed sloth?  
 GRACE: Anything is possible. You could come back as a dung beetle. You could come back as a skink.  
 ISAAC: I don't even know what that is.  
 GRACE: It's a rather common sort of reptile found the world over. Sometimes people confuse it with a snake, because its legs are rather stubby, and some skinks in fact have no legs, it's true, but a skink is not a snake, though I can understand why someone might make that mistake, it's a very natural mistake to make.  
 ISAAC: I don't care about skinks. I don't care. And I don't believe in reincarnation.  
 GRACE: They exist. They exist whether you believe in them or not. We are quite small, you see. And our beliefs are even smaller.

*Something in what GRACE says hits ISAAC hard. He turns his attention back to his iphone. It doesn't work. He checks his watch. It's still not working.*

ISAAC: Why isn't this working? It's like the Bermuda Triangle here. Something is blocking the signal. I just get searching, searching. It's got to be the mountains.  
 GRACE: That and the storm.  
 ISAAC: What storm?  
 GRACE: The first storm of winter. It's going to be a big one. I can feel it.  
 ISAAC: There's no storm. That's not in the forecast.

*Something in the air shifts. The faintest sound, like a distant melody.*

GRACE: Feel. Don't you feel it?  
 ISAAC: There's not supposed to be a storm. There will be no storm. Goddamnit!

*ISAAC gives up on his iphone.*

ISAAC: I just want to go home. I want to go home. It feels like I've been traveling forever. It feels like I've been in these clothes forever. It feels like I haven't slept in forever, really slept, like in a bed, like in a real bed, my own bed. I miss my own bed.

It feels like I'm never going to get home.  
GRACE: Something will happen eventually. A plane will land. A pilot will appear. An airline representative will turn the computers on and issue you a boarding pass.  
ISAAC: Yeah but when? Why am I even asking you? You don't know. How would you know? You're in the same boat I am. It's useless. It's no use.

*ISAAC is bereft. GRACE stops knitting.*

GRACE: It could be worse, you know.  
ISAAC: Oh yeah? How so?  
GRACE: You could come back as a single-celled organism. You could be a sea sponge sucking water at the bottom of the sea.  
ISAAC: Enough. God, you're just like –  
GRACE: Who?  
ISAAC: Nobody.  
GRACE: It's a strange place to travel to. So remote. So off the beaten path. It's not a place you just happen to end up in. I mean if you're from here like me, well that's one thing, but if you're a visitor, a tourist, that's another story. You would have to really plan to get here. You would have to go out of your way to end up here. You would have to have a reason.  
ISAAC: You know, you talk a lot. No offense, but yeah, you talk a lot, and sometimes people, sometimes they don't feel like talking. Sometimes they just want to sit in silence. They just want to rest their mouths, just look out into the night sky, look out at the stars in silence.

*ISAAC looks out the window in silence. More snowflakes swirling.*

ISAAC: I think you're right about the storm. Goddamnit! I'm never going to get out of this place now. I'm stuck.

*ISAAC glances back at GRACE. She continues to knit.*

ISAAC: Did you say you're from here?  
GRACE: I did.  
ISAAC: Are you like an Aleut?  
GRACE: An Aleut?  
ISAAC: An Aleutian?  
GRACE: I think the term is Aleut, and no, no I'm not.  
ISAAC: But you said you're from here.  
GRACE: I did.  
ISAAC: Well, that doesn't make sense. The only people that are from here are Aleuts.  
GRACE: That is true. The only people from here are Aleuts.  
ISAAC: But you just said – you know what, never mind. Forget I said anything. Just forget it.  
GRACE: Who is she? The she who said it was going to be a journey. That she.  
ISAAC: Just a friend.  
GRACE: Like Jesus is a friend.  
ISAAC: Not like Jesus is a friend, no.

GRACE: Where is she now?  
ISAAC: I don't know. Drinking bourbon with some Norwegian biologist in some arctic substation somewhere. Some guy named Olaf or Sven. Some stoic Scandinavian who never complains. Some emotionally mature genius who excels in some Olympic sport in his spare time. Speed skating. Luge.

*The snow begins to fall more heavily.*

GRACE: What does she do, your friend?  
ISAAC: You ever hear of the arctic tern? It's a bird, it's a kind of bird. Not a very big bird. About 4 ounces. Gray and white, the color of old snow. Seemingly unremarkable in every way, except for one thing. This bird, this small bird flies about 22 thousand miles each year, roughly the circumference of the earth. Every year it does this. It starts in the Arctic, then flies down to the Antarctic. It spends pretty much most of its life flying through the air, through ice storms and freezing rain, through fields of lightning and frigid temperatures, that is what it does. And what she does –

GRACE: Your friend –  
ISAAC: My friend, what she does is try to figure out how this bird, this stupid little bird, how it flies these enormous distances year in and year out, how it knows to do this, and how it survives because it shouldn't. By all logic, this little bird should not be able to travel these distances and live to tell the tale, but it does. Against all odds, it does.

GRACE: So you followed your friend to the Arctic to look at a bird?  
ISAAC: Many birds. Flocks and flocks of these birds carpeting the tundra. As far as the eye can see, birds. A whole world of birds squawking and chirping and crapping and mating and laying their eggs. Six months of this. I thought I was going to lose my mind. Birds, birds, everywhere birds. For her, it was this journey of a lifetime. For me, it was like: when is this going to end? I told her this was it. I told her if she wanted to be with me, she needed to come home with me now. I was done, I was over it. If I never saw another one of those goddamn birds again...I really messed up. She was the one. You see all these movies and you hear all these stupid love songs, and they talk about love, and you think you know what that is, and then you meet someone and it just clicks, you get it, all of a sudden you know, you just know. She was the one. She was the one and I blew it. And now I can't stop thinking about her. I think of her, and I think of –

GRACE: Home.  
ISAAC: Home. I'm never going to see her again, am I? She's just, she's gone.  
GRACE: I don't know. No one can know. Things change. For now, rest. After you rest, keep moving, just keep moving. It's all you can do.

*ISAAC closes his eyes.*

GRACE: Do you know what happens right before the birds take off? It

happens right when the first snow begins to fall. Do you know what happens? The birds get very quiet. It's been so noisy for so long, and suddenly, silence. All you can hear is the wind and the sound of the waves. But the birds, the birds become silent. It's as if they're listening, breathing in the stillness, taking it all in, remembering everything. Because they may not make it back this way again. And even if they do, it won't be the same. Nothing will be quite the same.

*GRACE listens. She hears the snowfall. She hears the sound of birds in the distance, the sound of the ocean, the sound of glaciers cracking and crashing together. She hears a melody. GRACE covers ISAAC with what is revealed to be a giant blanket that she was knitting. Then GRACE transforms into a bird and flies away. End of play.*

**END OF PLAY**

## 旅程

Naomi Iizuka

With translation by Elyn Jiang

人物：

GRACE： 20岁左右的女人，她的种族和国籍很难辨认  
ISAAC： 20岁左右的男人，美国人

地点：

在遥远的山区陆地上的沙漠小机场

时间：

夜晚

在黑暗中，没有人出现，只有声音用各种语言不断发布着航班起飞和降落的信息。那些外语在一开始是很相似的，然后逐渐转变成不那么相似的语言，可能是我们之前未曾听过的语言。通告声渐渐消失，越来越远，直到灯光亮起，像是在一个遥远的，冰天雪地的冬天陆地上的机场航站楼。从一扇巨大的窗户可以看到外面黑夜的天空。星星闪烁。有雪花飘落。Grace是在航站楼唯一的人。她穿着一件大衣，织着毛衣。她的种族和国际很难分辨。不管她织的什么都隐藏在脚边的大袋子里。ISAAC，一个二十岁左右的年轻美国人，背着双肩背包穿着连帽衫走了进来。他坐了下来。他瞥了一眼GRACE。她继续织着毛衣。ISAAC查了下他的电话。不工作了。ISAAC起身，四周围望了望。周围没有人，除了GRACE。

ISAAC： 打扰。请问……您……有任何可能……看到在这儿工作的人么？或者也许他们在路上，或者有人在路上？因为我错过了我的航班，我也不是很确定下一班航班会是什么时候，而且我知道我已经失去了和外界的任何联系，没有什么方法能解决这个问题，我知道的，但是我希望能在今晚离开这里，因为我真的很想知道我不会永远困在这里，因为有时我觉得好像我将永远困在这里了，那我就完了，你知道的，我和这个城市结束了，虽然我曾经认为会继续下去的，就像她说的一切会进行下去的，这个旅程，那是她这样的叫它的，她一直这样称呼它，旅程，旅程，最后我只是说：旅程就是八十年代的蹩脚乐队，我受够了，绝对受够了。一切结束了。请问……您……您会不会说英语？我很抱歉。我真是蠢蛋。我应该立刻闭嘴，我现在就应该闭嘴，那才是我要做的，我就应该闭嘴。

*停顿。ISAAC扫了一眼航站楼。*

GRACE： 不要停止相信  
ISAAC： 什么？  
GRACE： 不要停止相信。旅途绝对是最伟大的命中。  
ISAAC： 你会说英语  
GRACE： 是的  
ISAAC： 你知道旅程  
GRACE： 知道一些  
ISAAC： 你怎么知道旅程的？  
GRACE： 全世界都知道。每个人都知道旅程。最遥远山顶最谦卑的牧羊人知道旅程。最近小镇上最小的孩子知道旅程。每个人都知道那个乐队



就是旅程。

ISAAC : 为什么会这样？不应该有人知道那个乐队就是旅程。那个旅程乐队应该堆填在历史的垃圾堆里。他们应该被投掷到遗忘的黑洞中，那里他们的音乐将被人类的意识而永远消除，不会再听到了。与这个地方一起会是怎样？上帝啊。这就像是时间遗忘的地方。大家在哪儿？你有没有看见任何人？

GRACE : 你

ISAAC : 我不算

GRACE : 当然！你当然算！

ISAAC : 那不是我想说的，那不是我试图……哦，我知道了。你是其中之一

GRACE : 我是什么？

ISAAC : 你知道的

GRACE : 我很抱歉我不知道

ISAAC : 你知道的。耶稣的一个朋友

GRACE : 我喜欢耶稣

ISAAC : 我打赌你是的

GRACE : 我不确定我会称呼他我的朋友。这看上去相当贴心。

ISAAC : OK，看着，我尊重你从什么地方来，但是我只是不感兴趣

GRACE : 不感兴趣什么？

ISAAC : 我不想变。我不想宣扬的。我不想去想救恩或者审判的日子。我只想做我自己的事情。

GRACE : OK

ISAAC : 太棒了！很好！我很高兴我们明白彼此

GRACE : 我想，你错了，有些东西，我不是这样的。或者也许你把我错误当成其他的谁的。

*ISAAC 经历了一个闪烁的认可，一种似曾相识的感觉。他之间见过GRACE么？她是不是让他记起了某人？其他某个人？他有一个想法，但是一会儿就不见了。*

ISAAC : 你不是某种意义上的传教士么？

GRACE : 不

ISAAC : 我只是在想——我不知道我想什么。在西伯利亚，我认识一个摩门教徒，他一直试图改变我。在火车上的十八个小时一直听这个人在说。他就是不停下来，那个微笑，真挚的大眼睛的微笑，是那样确定又宁静——我真是打算杀了他。我很抱歉。我又开起了无轨电车。我有一点焦躁。原谅我。

GRACE : 你觉得我是摩门教徒？

ISAAC : 我不知道。我不知道我在想些什么

GRACE : 我不是摩门教徒

ISAAC : OK

GRACE : 我并不属于任何宗教组织

ISAAC : OK

GRACE : 我朝拜天空和云朵。我朝拜阳光的感觉。我朝拜所有日落的颜色。我朝拜第一场雪，第一场从天而降的雪。我朝拜风和空气的感觉。如果我朝拜任何东西，我会说我朝拜这些东西。朝拜东西没问题吧

ISAAC : 我知道。那些我都知道。看，我只是不想再出生一次了。重生不是为我而生的

GRACE : 但是你会的。我们每一个人都会再一次出生。那是事物的自然属性。唯一的问题是以什么东西重生。

ISAAC : 你在说什么？你是想说我会回到过去像——什么？一个树袋熊？一个野兽？或者两趾树懒？

GRACE : 任何事都是有可能的。你可能回去像个蟑螂。你也可能回去像个石龙子。

ISAAC : 我甚至还不知道那是什么

GRACE : 这是在世界各地相当常见的爬行动物。有的时候人们会疑惑当他是蛇，因为他的腿相当粗短。而有些石龙子事实上没有腿，真的是这样的，但是石龙子不是蛇，虽然我可以理解为什么有人可能会犯那样的错误，那是一个非常自然的错误。

ISAAC : 我不关心石龙子。一点都不。而且我不相信轮回。

GRACE : 那是存在的。不管你信不信都是存在的。我们相当渺小。你知道的。而我们的信仰则更加渺小。

*Grace说的一些事情深深打击了ISAAC。他将他的注意转到了他的手机。手机还是不能工作。他查了下他的表。表也罢工了。*

ISAAC : 为什么这个也不工作了？这里就像百慕大三角。有什么阻止了信号。我只是开始搜索，搜索。那会是山川。

GRACE : 是的，还有暴风雪

ISAAC : 什么暴风雪？

GRACE : 冬天第一场的暴风雪。这将会是一场大风雪。我能够感受到。

ISAAC : 不会有暴风雪的。预报里没有说。

*空气里一些东西在变化。很细微的声音，像是远处传来的旋律。*

GRACE : 感觉。你感受不到么？

ISAAC : 不应该会有暴风雪的。不会有的。上帝不会允许的！

*ISAAC放弃了他的手机。*

ISAAC : 我就是想回家。我想回家。感觉上我永远在旅行。感觉上我一直穿着这些衣服。感觉上我从来没有睡过觉，一场真正的觉，就好像躺在床上，好像在真正的床上，我自己的床上。我想念我自己的床。感觉上我将永远到不了家。

GRACE : 有些事情最终会发生的。会有一架飞机降落的。会有一个飞行员出现的。会有一个航空公司的代表打开电脑替你操办登机手续的。

ISAAC : 是的但是什么时候？甚至为什么我要问你？你不知道的。你怎么会知道？你和我在同一条船上。这是无用的。没有用处。

*ISAAC是凄凉的。GRACE停止了编织。*

GRACE : 会有可能更糟的，你知道的。

ISAAC : 是么？会怎么样？

GRACE : 你可能像一个单细胞的机体一样回去。你可能是一块在大海底部不断吸水的海绵。

ISAAC : 够了！上帝，你就像——

GRACE : 谁？

ISAAC : 没有谁

GRACE : 对旅行来说这真是个奇怪的地方。太远了。太因循守旧了。我的意思是说如果你像我一样来自这里，好吧，那是一回事。但是如果你只是一个访客，一个旅行者，那就是另外一个故事了。你一定是真的有计划到这里来。你将不得不用你自己的方法在这里结束，走出去。你会需要一个理由。

ISAAC : 你知道,你说了太多了。没有冒犯的意思,但是,是的,你说的太多了。有时候人们,有时候他们不喜欢说话。有时候他们只是想要坐在沉默里。他们只是想要让他们的嘴巴休息一下,只是安安静静地朝外看看夜晚的天空,看看星星。

ISAAC *沉默地看着窗外。更多的雪花飘散下来*

ISAAC : 我想关于暴风雪你是对的。见鬼了!现在我将永远离不开这里了。我被困住了。

ISAAC *瞥了一眼GRACE。她在继续编织。*

ISAAC : 你有说过你是来自这儿的么?

GRACE : 我说过

ISAAC : 你就像阿留申人?

GRACE : 阿留申人?

ISAAC : 阿留申族的?

GRACE : 我想应该是说阿留申人。不,我不是

ISAAC : 但是你说你来自这儿

GRACE : 是的我说过

ISAAC : 好吧,那很奇怪。来自这儿的人只有可能是阿留申人

GRACE : 是的。从这儿来的人只有可能是阿留申人

ISAAC : 但是你刚刚说——你知道的,算了。忘了我说的任何事。忘了就好。

GRACE : 她是谁?就是那个说这将是一场旅程的人。那个她

ISAAC : 只是一个朋友

GRACE : 就像耶稣是个朋友

ISAAC : 并不像耶稣那样的朋友。不是

GRACE : 她现在在哪儿?

ISAAC : 我不知道。在北极变电站的某个地方和某个挪威的生物学家喝着波本酒吧。那个叫OLAF或者SVEN的家伙。一个坚忍的从不抱怨的斯堪的纳维亚人。一个在情感上成熟的天才,在他业余时间还擅长一些奥林匹克运动。例如速滑,无舵雪橇等。

*雪开始下得更大了。*

GRACE : 她是做什么的,你那位朋友?

ISAAC : 你听说过北极燕鸥么?这是鸟,是某种鸟。不是很大的鸟。大概4盎司。灰白色,颜色就像旧积雪。从任何地方看都不起眼,除了一件事。这个鸟,这个小鸟每年飞22000公里,大约是地球的周长。每年都这么做。它从北极地区开始,然后飞到南极。它花了一生中相当多的时间飞行穿越空气,穿越暴风雪,以及寒冷的雨,穿越电闪雷鸣的地方,穿越气温寒冷的区域,那就是它做的事情。至于她做什么的——

GRACE : 你的朋友

ISAAC : 我的朋友,她做的就是试图辨认出这些鸟,这些愚蠢的小鸟,是如何年复一年地飞越那么远的距离,它们是如何知道这样做的,并且它们是如何幸存的,按理说,不应该啊。从各种逻辑上说,这种小鸟不应该能够飞越这些距离,并且或者讲述那些故事,但是它们做到了。尽管困难重重,但是它们做到了。

GRACE : 所以你跟着你的朋友去北极就为了看鸟?

ISAAC : 很多鸟，成群成群的鸟覆盖着苔原。远到人们最远可以看见的地方，鸟。整个世界的鸟，嘎嘎叫，鸣叫，排泄，交配，产卵。看了六个月。我想我要失去脑子了。鸟，鸟，到处都是鸟。对她来说，那是一生的旅程。对我来说，就好像：这一切什么时候会终止？我告诉她一切就是这样了。我告诉她如果她想要和我一起，她就要现在就和我回家。我已经结束了，我受够了。如果我从来没有再见另一些该死的鸟的话……我真的搞砸了。她就是其中之一。你看过很多电影，听过很多愚蠢的爱情歌曲，他们谈论爱情，然后你就觉得你知道那是什么，然后你遇到了一个人，只是轻轻一点，你就明白了，突然间你就知道了，顿悟了。她就是那个人。她就是那个人而我搞砸了。现在我无法停止对她的思念。我想她，我想——

GRACE : 回家

ISAAC : 回家。我将不会再见到她了，是吗？她已经，已经离开了

GRACE : 我不知道。没有人会知道。事情是变化的。现在，好好休息。休息之后，继续走下去，坚持走下去。那就是你能做的。

ISAAC 闭上了他的眼睛

GRACE : 你知道在鸟起飞前会发生什么？一切就发生在第一场雪落下的时候。你知道会发生什么？那些鸟非常安静。他们已经吵闹了很长的时间，突然间，安静下来。你能听到的就是风声及波涛声。但是那些鸟，那些鸟变得安静。就好像他们在聆听，在安宁中呼吸，全身心地感受，记住每一样事情。因为他们不会再用这样的方式回到过去。甚至如果他们做了，一切也就都不一样了。没有什么是完全相同的。

GRACE 聆听着。她听到了雪花飘落。她听到了远处传来的鸟声，海洋声，冰川缝裂和碰撞的声音。她听到了旋律。GRACE 替ISAAC 盖上了巨大的毯子，那就是她在织的东西。然后GRACE 变成了鸟飞走了。

剧终

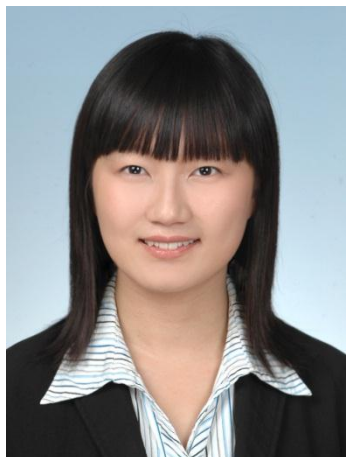


## **Script Translation (Chinese to English)**

**by**

**Su Hongjun**

**Su Hongjun** grew up in China (PRC). She earned BA in British and American Languages and Literature from Fudan University, Shanghai, China, a graduate diploma in American Studies from Smith College, and an MA and PhD in American Studies from the University of Iowa. She has taught both in China and the US, including at Fudan University, Shanghai Normal University, University of Iowa, and Bates College. Her scholarly publications include an article in *Theatre Journal* entitled "Reinserting Woman into Contemporary Chinese National Identity: Comparative Reading of Three 'New Immigrant' Plays in Shanghai in the 1990s" (57:2, 2005) and a book entitled *Western Feminism's Response to Postmodernism* (2006) (in Chinese). She has worked as an interpreter and translator and has been involved in translating major feminist works into Chinese, including the translation of the *Routledge International Encyclopedia of Women: Global Women's Issues and Knowledge* by C. Kramare and D. Spender (2007). She has been invited to work as a translator and interpreter for a number of IWP events and programs, the most recent being the *Life of Discovery* program (2009-2010).



## **Script Translation (English to Chinese)**

by

**Elyn Jiang**

蒋淑君

毕业于上海交通大学，现任上海话剧艺术中心特约翻译及《星话剧》特约撰稿人。翻译剧本包括：《非此即彼Either Or》（丹麦），《圣诞颂歌A Christmas Carol》（英国），《成长Continuous Growth》（芬兰），《关系Consumed》（英国），《红雪Red Snow》（加拿大），《海洋·双生And Two If By Sea》，《旅程Journey》，《从坎大哈到加拿大Kandahar to Canada》等。其他文本翻译包括“国际当代戏剧季”特刊、新闻稿及宣传稿，2010 上海国际戏剧论坛人物档案册等。多次担任上海话剧艺术中心举办的戏剧主题讲座现场翻译，“国际当代戏剧季”剧组随队翻译，包括剧场联络、表演工作坊及演后谈等。

**Elyn Jiang** is a freelancer and interpreter for Shanghai Dramatic Arts Center (SDAC). She graduated from Shanghai Jiao Tong University. Her translations include the scripts *Either Or* (Denmark), *Consumed* and *A Christmas Carol* (Great Britain), *Continuous Growth* (Finland), *Red Snow* (Canada), as well as the *Book Wings* scripts *And Two, If By Sea*, *Journey*, and *Kandahar to Canada*. She has also translated promotional materials, news reports and a special edition of the magazine *ACT*, as well as the 2010 Shanghai International Drama Forum brochure. As an interpreter, she helps out in many drama-related seminars and lectures held at SDAC, as well as during the yearly ACT program, working as a theater liaison and interpreting for workshops and post-show talks.

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