

Ensemble #1 - Younger Asian Male as Moon Lady

turned gold, then purple, finally black — but neither she nor my mother came to get me. Red lanterns began to glow all over the lake. In the water, I could see the full moon, so warm and big it looked like the sun. I reached down to touch it — and splash! I fell in. At first, I wasn't frightened — the water was so cool and comfortable! But then I started to choke. A dark shape wrapped around me and tossed me in the air. I was in a net full of wriggling fish! The fishermen didn't know what to do with me — so they left me by the side of the shore. All around, I could hear nothing but frogs and crickets. And then, far away — something wonderful! (*Faraway music that gradually approaches: the sounds of flutes, cymbals, and gongs. Passersby gather around a stage with shadow screen. Ying-Ying joins them. An actor appears.*)

ACTOR. And now the Moon Lady will come and tell you her sad tale, in a shadow play, classically sung! (*The sound of cymbals and gongs. The shadow of the Moon Lady appears against the silhouette of the moon.*)

MOON LADY. My fate is to live on the moon, while my husband lives on the sun. So we pass each other, never seeing, except this one night of the mid-autumn moon. (*She begins to play her lute as the silhouette of the Master Archer of the Skies appears next to her. She sings:*) O! Hou Yi, my husband, Master Archer of the Skies! (*Falls into a heap. A fairy flies towards the Master Archer and gives him a peach.*)

~~MASTER ARCHER. Thank you, Queen Mother of the Western Skies, for this peach of everlasting life! (*He hides the peach in a box and exits. The Moon Lady enters and eats the peach. As she does, she begins to rise into the air. The Master Archer rushes back.*) Thief! Life-stealing wife! (*He shoots an arrow at her; the scene goes black. A gong sounds. Music: the lute. The Moon Lady appears in front of the screen.*)~~
She sings:

MOON LADY. So this is my fate — to stay lost on the moon, seeking my own selfish desires! For woman is yin — the darkness where passions lie. And man is yang, bright truth lighting our minds! (*A gong sounds; the Moon Lady bows while the audience applauds. The Actor reappears.*)

ACTOR. Wait, everybody! The Moon Lady has consented to grant one secret wish to everyone here ... (*The crowd murmurs.*) ... for a small monetary donation! (*The crowd laughs and groans. They disperse.*) A once-in-a-year opportunity!

Start
in Chinese
Opera
Style

end

Ensemble #1 Younger Asian Male as Watermelon Man

LENA. *Architects.* And you know how well the firm's been doing, the work's been pouring in ...

YING-YING. All day, you draw places for others while you live in one that is useless. All around, I see signs. This is a house that will soon break into pieces.

LENA. Please, Ma. No signs and superstitions, okay?

YING-YING. Is not your fault. Is my fault. *(She gestures to Lena to sit next to her. Lena keeps standing, on the defensive.)* You have no *chi*. I did not leave you my spirit. What kind of mother have I been?

LENA. Ma. Please, you're blowing everything out of ... look. We're fine. Harold and I? Everything's fine.

YING-YING. Lena. Sit. *(After hesitating, Lena sits.)* Your mother was not always like this. You do not know what made me like this, your mother who has no *chi*. When I was girl in Wushi, I was a Tiger: wild and stubborn. Is true! Our family was most rich in the village. I was too good to listen. If my silk slippers became dirty, I threw them away. I was like that until I was sixteen. *(Lights up on Watermelon Man. Drunk and good-looking, he laughs with unseen companions.)* It was the night of my aunt's wedding. Many friends and family were at our house, laughing and drinking. One was a man with a face all red with whiskey.

WATERMELON MAN. Ying-Ying! Maybe you are still hungry, isn't that so? *(He mimes thrusting a large knife suggestively.)* Should I open the watermelon?

~~YING-YING. I was vain. At first, I didn't think anyone was good enough for me. But sometimes, a thought can be planted in your head, like the seed of a watermelon.~~

WATERMELON MAN. Ying-ying, you have tiger eyes. They gather fire in the day. At night they shine golden.

~~YING-YING. I thought of this man, and knew I would marry him. It was not with joy, but with wonder I could know it at all.~~

LENA. *(Interrupting.)* But you didn't. You met Dad, then he brought you to America, and you had me, and then you ...

YING-YING. I married this man. It was twenty years before you were even born. I was beautiful then ...

LENA. But how did you ... I mean, you weren't in *love*, were you? You couldn't have loved him, you loved Daddy ...

YING-YING. Was not my choice. When someone joins your body, a part of you swims to join him, even if it's against your will.

LENA. I'm sorry. I have to go, I have to put the groceries away ...

Start

lewd
sexual
drunk

End