

Rose / Ensemble #3 Caucasian

to shout. You have choice. You always have choice. *(An-Mei exits.)*

(Lights change. Ted enters.)

Man as Ted

Start

ROSE. Ted.

TED. Where the hell've you been? I've been trying to reach you for days. I even called the phone company to check the line. You know, it's been two weeks.

ROSE. Has it?

TED. You haven't cashed the check or returned the papers. I wanted to be nice about this, Rose. I can get someone to officially serve the papers, you know.

ROSE. You can?

TED. Look. I just want the papers signed and returned, okay? *(Pause.)* I want this whole thing over as soon as possible ... because I want the house. There's something I've been meaning to tell you. I'm ... getting married to someone else. *(A beat.)*

ROSE. You mean you *were* doing monkey business?

TED. What's so funny?

ROSE. Nothing. I'm sorry. *(Ted is looking out the window.)*

TED. What a mess. This place is crawling with weeds.

ROSE. Actually, I like it this way.

TED. So. Where are the papers? *(She hands him an envelope. He stuffs it into his pocket.)* Look. I want to be fair about this. You don't have to move out right away. I know you'll want at least a month to find someplace to live.

ROSE. I've already found a place.

TED. You have? Well, I ... I mean, good for you. Where?

ROSE. Here. *(A beat.)*

TED. What's that?

ROSE. I said, I'm staying here.

TED. Says who?

ROSE. Me. What's more, my lawyer will, too, once we serve *you* the papers. *(Ted stares at her a second; then yanks out the envelope, and flips through the papers.)*

TED. What do you think you're doing?

ROSE. I'm not a weed, Ted. You can't just pull me out of your life and throw me away.

TED. But you can't ... I mean, you've never ...

ROSE. And if you'll excuse me, I have some errands to get to. *(She walks to the door and holds it open. After a moment, Ted storms out. Rose is alone. She begins to laugh. Mother of An-Mei and An-Mei)*

End

Waverly / Ensemble #3 Caucasian

yesterday?

LINDO. Hmm.

WAVERLY. I noticed we were right near Auntie An-Mei's, so we decided to drop in. She was making dinner. *(She has Lindo's attention.)*

LINDO. She ask you stay?

WAVERLY. Of course. And you know she's such a good cook.

LINDO. Hahn. What she make?

WAVERLY. Well, we started with her black sesame-seed soup.

LINDO. I know that soup. Too much oil.

WAVERLY. You know her *chaswei*? She made that, too. And then a whole trayful of incredible finger goodies. And some wonderful eggplant and shredded pork, and rice noodles, and this fantastic spicy bean-curd ...

LINDO. An-Mei only cook looking at recipe. My instructions are in my fingers!

WAVERLY. *(Deliberately.)* Well, Rich did say it was the best Chinese food he ever ate in his life. And he's been to some of the top restaurants in ... *(Lindo stands up.)*

LINDO. Maybe you should bring this man over our house. Eat food even better than best! *(Lights out on Lindo. Waverly silently pumps her fist in victory. As she gets up and crosses, Rich joins her. He wears a suit and carries a bottle of wine in a bag.)*

RICH. Why so nervous? Don't you trust me?

WAVERLY. Of course I trust you. It's my mother I worry about.

RICH. I'll be on my best behavior. What'd you say their names were?

WAVERLY. Lindo and Tin. But you should probably call them Mr. and Mrs. Jong, just to be safe.

RICH. Okay, okay.

WAVERLY. And tell my mother how much you like her cooking. And make sure you eat a lot.

RICH. Don't worry. Everything will be fine. I promise. *(Lights up on the Jong dinner table. Rich and Waverly join Tin and Lindo.)*

WAVERLY. Mom? Dad? I'd like you to meet Rich Shields. Rich ... these are my parents. *(Tin gets to his feet. He and Lindo bow their heads in greeting, but Rich grips each by the hand and pumps heartily.)*

RICH. Linda ... Tim ... great to meet you. I've heard so much about you from Waverly. *(He produces his bottle with a flourish.)* A little something for dinner. *(Struggles with the cork.)*

WAVERLY. Rich, my parents aren't big wine drinkers. Why don't

Male

as

Rich

Start

we just save it for another time?

RICH. Nonsense! It's a '83 Meursault. Not their best year, but pretty underrated, don't you think? *(He tries filling Tin's glass.)*

TIN. No, no, too much. Just for taste. *(Rich fills Tin's glass. He tries to fill Lindo's, but she demurs.)*

RICH. Waverly?

WAVERLY. No, thanks.

RICH. No? Well ... suit yourself. *(Pours Waverly a full glass, and lifts it.)* Well ... chin-chin! *(He drinks heartily, then picks up his chopsticks.)*

WAVERLY. Rich, how about I get you a fork?

RICH. No, it's okay. These are fine.

WAVERLY. Are you sure? You don't have to use them, I don't want you to feel ...

RICH. No, I'm fine. I've been using chopsticks since I was a kid. Really. *(He sends a dumpling flying. Lindo passes a plate.)* Mmm-mm! Thanks, Linda. This looks great!

WAVERLY. Maybe you should ... why don't you pass the ... here, let me ... *(Rich shovels most of it onto his plate, and passes the nearly-empty dish to Tin.)*

LINDO. Wave-ly. *(Hands Waverly a dish, and nods at her to serve some to Rich.)*

RICH. Oh, no thanks. Think I'll pass.

WAVERLY. These are sauteed new greens. They're a special delicacy, Rich, I think my mother went to a lot of trouble ...

RICH. I'm not a greens man. Thanks anyway.

TIN. Maybe you like pork? *(He holds out a dish.)*

LINDO. *(False modesty.)* Aii! This dish not salty enough, no flavor. It is too bad to eat. *(Rich takes a taste.)*

RICH. You know, all it needs is a little soy sauce. *(He pours half a bottle of soy sauce all over the plate, to everyone's horror.)* Ummmm ... well, that was great! *(Rich pumps Lindo's hand and slaps Tin on the back.)* Well, Linda, Tim — we'll see you again soon. *(He winks at Waverly, and is gone. Tin exits, leaving Lindo and Waverly to clear away the dishes.)*

WAVERLY. Ma? Ma! *(She is close to tears.)* I wanted to talk to you ... I wanted to tell you ... Rich and I are getting married.

LINDO. I know.

WAVERLY. You do? *(Lindo shrugs.)* I know you hate him. I know you think he's not good enough, but I ...

End

Waverly / Ensemble #3

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