

DALE. Yes. *(Grace exits.)* You like hot sauce? You like your food hot? All right—here. *(He dumps the contents of the jar on Steve's plate, stirs.)* Fucking savage. Don't you ever worry about your intestines falling out? *(Grace enters, gives water to Dale. Steve sits shocked.)* Thanks. FOBs can eat anything, huh? They're specially trained. Helps maintain the characteristic greasy look. *(Steve, cautiously, begins to eat his food.)* What—? Look, Grace, he's eating that! He's amazing! A freak! What a cannibal!

GRACE. *(Taking Dale's plate.)* Want me to throw yours out?

DALE. *(Snatching it back.)* Huh? No. No, I can eat it. *(Dale and Steve stare at each other across the table. In unison, they pick up as large a glob of food as possible, stuff it into their mouths. They cough and choke. They rest, repeat the face-off a second time. They continue in silent pain. Grace, who has been watching this, speaks to us.)*

GRACE. Yeah. It's tough trying to live in Chinatown. But it's tough trying to live in Torrance, too. It's true. I don't like being alone. you know, when Mom could finally bring me to the U.S., I was already ten. But I never studied my English very hard in Taiwan, so I got moved back to the second grade. There were a few Chinese girls in the fourth grade, but they were American-born, so they wouldn't even talk to me. They'd just stay with themselves and compare how much clothes they all had, and make fun of the way we all talked. I figured I had a better chance of getting in with the white kids than with them, so in junior high I started bleaching my hair and hanging out at the beach—you know, Chinese hair looks pretty lousy when you bleach it. After a while, I knew what beach was gonna be good on any given day, and I could tell who was coming just by his van. But the American-born Chinese, it didn't matter to them. They just giggled and went to their own dances. Until my senior year in high school—that's how long it took for me to get over this whole thing. One night I took Dad's car and drove on Hollywood Boulevard, all the way from downtown to Beverly Hills, then back on Sunset. I was looking and listening—all the time with the window down, just so I'd feel like I was part of the city. And that Friday, it was—I guess—I said, "I'm lonely. And I don't like it. I don't like being alone." And that was all. As soon as I

said it, I felt all of the breeze—it was really cool on my face—and I heard all of the radio—and the music sounded really good, you know? So I drove home. *(P ← Dale bursts out coughing.)* Oh, I'm sorry. Want some more water, Dale?

DALE. It's okay. I'll get it myself. *(He exits.)*

STEVE. *(Looks at Grace.)* Good, huh? *(Steve and Grace stare at each other, as lights fade to black.)*