

December 28, 2015

## **Remember The I-Hotel**

a love story...

By Philip Kan Gotanda

Adapted from a short story, Save The I-Hotel, by Lysley Tenorio from his book, Monstress.

Developed and Produced by American Conservatory Theater

Director: Carey Perloff

Dramaturge: Michael Paller

Director of New Work: Beatrice Basso

Opened October 1, 2015. ACT Strand Theater. San Francisco.

Running Time: Approximately One hour 15 minutes.

Characters:

Fortunado Giron -

Vicente Pacram -

Althea Benton/Dreamland Girl

Beautiful Pilipina Singer

Ticketman/ Bell Captain/Drunk Man/ #B Man-Furtive Lover/  
Police/Street Fight #1 Man/Voice/Hobo

2 Voices/Jesse/Street Fight Woman and #2 Man / Mona  
Ocampo.

## Remember The I-Hotel

Time: August 4, 1977

Place: San Francisco Manilatown.

Darkness. Silence.

A series of living sepia-toned images from Fortunado's and Vicente's every day lives --

Supertitles: 1977. August 3<sup>rd</sup> 3:00 pm. News Media receives a printed form from the San Francisco Police Department: "Guidelines for the Press Corps for the eviction of tenants of the International Hotel".\*

Fade up

VICENTE napping in the afternoon. FORTUNADO entering the room. Puts a blanket over Vicente. Leans in to check if he is breathing --

Fade out

Supertitles: 11:30pm. A "Red Alert" is called by the Supporters camped at the site. Within 30 minutes more than 1,000 Supporters are marching around the International Hotel carrying signs and chanting.\*

Fade up

Fortunado stands up stage right, quietly practicing dance moves --

Vicente down left, attempting boxing moves. His left arm does not work well --

Fade out

Supertitles: August 4<sup>th</sup> 1:30 am. A City Ambulance parks at Kearny and Clay Streets. The Supporters begin practicing a human barricade. They are instructed to take off their glasses, remove pierced earrings, tie long hair back and tuck it into their clothing.\*

Fade up

Nado and Vicente both face up stage, backs to us, looking out the up stage window. Vicente turns and walks back into the room searching for something.

Fortunado turns and follows Vicente --

'77 I Feel Love by Donna Summer begins to intrude.

Fade out

Sounds of Commotion. Demonstrators. Police on bullhorns --

Supertitles: 3:00 am. It is announced that the Police have blocked off streets around Chinatown. By now there are over 2,000 Supporters overflowing both sides

of Kearny Street sidewalks. Police squad cars begin to surround the Hotel. The Motorcycle Detachment turns onto Kearny from Broadway. Looking back towards Clay Street, the Mounted Police, carrying batons are approaching -- \*

Sound winds down.

Supertitles fade out.

Darkness. Silence.

Beautiful Pilipina SINGER lit in shadows sings, Dahil Sa 'Yo --

Lights up.

VICENTE is finishing shaving. Partially wipes his face with a towel. FORTUNADO packs Vicente's suitcase, distracted by all the noise outside in the streets. Sees Vicente's face --

Fortunado: Oh, jesus christ, Vicente. What are you doing?

Vicente doesn't respond --

Fortunado: Come here. Sit down.

Vicente doesn't move.

Fortunado: Come here.

Vicente is silent.

Fortunado takes him to the mirror so Vicente can see half his face still has shaving cream on it.

Fortunado leads Vicente to the chair and prepares to finish shaving Vicente.

Fortunado: You'd go outside with no pants on.

Vicente: (referring to the outside commotion. Agitated) I'm not scared of them! I'm not scared of them! I'll fight them!

Fortunado: Shhhh. Shhhh. It's okay, it's okay.

Vicente calms down. Fortunado can begin shaving --

Fortunado: It's just the parade, Chinese New Years. They always come by the I-Hotel.

Vicente: We had Chinese New Year's. How many parades they get?

Fortunado: (shaving) We don't have a lot of time, sit still.

Vicente: Don't cut me. Oi, I'm talking to you.

Fortunado: You don't 'Oi' me, I'm not your wife. You want to look good for your trip. You can't go out looking like this. Everyone's --

Vicente: Oi.

Fortunado: Everyone's going to say, 'Hey Nado, what happened to Vicente? He used to look so sharp. / Now he looks like a hobo.' You don't want people saying that --

Vicente: (overlapping) Oi. Oi. Oi./ Oi, Oi, Oi --

Fortunado: (overlapping) - You, you don't 'Oi', me - I'm a professional, if I wanted to hurt you --

Vicente gets up and grabs a *shoe box*. Opening it --

Vicente: -- I'm wearing these. 'Spectator Shoes'. Not like your cheap ones. Two-tone brown and white brogues, sole and heel hard leather. Get 'raw' as you dance on them, like chrome leather – you slide like Fred Astaire with Ginger Rogers. The first few moves are important --

Fortunado steers Vicente back to the seat --

Vicente: -- so the girl knows she's dancing with someone who knows his business.

Fortunado: You always have the best shoes. Shoes make the man. Always so shiny.

Vicente: They pick up dirt, start to stick to the dance floor, go outside and do like this on the sidewalk --

Shuffles, Fortunado steadies him --

Vicente: -- clean the soles right up, ready to go...

Fortunado: A good suit is important. You look good in a suit.

Commotion outside --

Vicente: Where are we going?

Fortunado: You have the right build for it. Sit still.

Vicente laughs --

Fortunado: What?

Vicente: You looked like a *probinsyano* [hillbilly]. One of the workers lent you that jacket. Ordered it from a catalogue. /The jacket on your scrawny body made you look like a scarecrow.

Fortunado: That was over 40 years ago...

Fortunado wipes Vicente's face with a towel. Takes the shoes and begins putting them on Vicente's feet --

Vicente: I paid 15 dollars for them, cost a week's salary.

Fortunado: I lent you money so you could eat. Stupid.

Vicente: You have to look good when you go dancing. How else you gonna get a woman dance with you?

Fortunado: Sit across from me at the Chop-Suey joint. You look at me – (makes a face) a stray dog, tongue hanging out. / Yeah, your feet look good but so what if you starve to death? Stupid, stupid --

Vicente: (overlapping) No matter how much I tell you, that's why you all alone. Good leather sole makes all the difference. Not rubber like yours. What? You gonna play volleyball like a girl over in Portsmouth Square or dance like a man? Pigeons crapping everywhere --



Fortunado starts to put a tie on Vicente but Vicente wants to do it himself. Fortunado and Vicente struggle until Fortunado relents and lets Vicente do it himself.

Outside. Commotion, police sirens, confusion.

Fortunado goes to the window and looks down.

Police Voice: (megaphone) You must disperse. /This is an unlawful gathering. Those inside the hotel are in violation of City Code and will be forcibly removed –

Protestors' Voices: (overlapping. chanting) 'Save the I-Hotel! Save the I-Hotel! Save the I-Hotel! --

For a moment the lights flicker, Fortunado and Vicente washed in sepia-toned light.

*Voice -- how can you stand it --*

*Voice – temporary --*

*Voice – no one knows who you are here*

*Knocking* at the door and lights return to normal.

MONA, a young Pilipina activist, enters with a bag of doughnuts clenched in her teeth, holding two styro-foam cups

--

Mona: (calling to someone down the hall) I got Mr. Giron and Mr. Pacram. Go help George sit with Mr. Antaran. He wants to get on the bull-horn and yell at the police --

Fortunado helps Mona with the door --

Mona: Is Mr. Giron packed? All his things in one suitcase? You have to be ready --

Fortunado: You told us we have time - we have to go? You're a lawyer --

Vicente: Who's dat?

Mona: It's Mona, Mr. Giron. (to Nado) I'm a first year law student yet. We've exhausted all avenues, the Supporters on the ground said probably in the next few hours -- Here's your hot chocolate, we're still using the clothesline from the next building...

Fortunado takes the cup of chocolate --

Vicente: I don't want chocolate.

Mona: Coffee for you – remember what we went over, don't resist --

Vicente: Milk, three sugars --

Mona: Milk, three sugars – they may barge in, we don't know. Do what they say, we have Supporters out front who will meet you and take you over to the buses –

Fortunado: We'll be ready --

Vicente: Three sugars.

Fortunado: You have three sugars, she said three sugars --

Vicente: Are those doughnuts? Any cake ones, I like the plain ones --

Activist Voice calling from the hall --

Voice: Mona, they're bringing in police on horses and they're pushing our people back, hitting them with batons -

Mona: Ahh damn - We went over everything, if we can we will escort you down, otherwise, don't resist the police, do what they say, we don't want anyone hurt. It's very crowded and noisy. Make sure you wait till someone can help you -

Vicente: (flirting) You want to dance?

Mona: (affectionately) Next time --

-- Remembers, takes out two small *cards* and stuffs one in each of the pockets of Fortunado and Vicente.

Mona: -- Call these numbers if anything happens. Top one is to one of our Support Groups the second one is for legal assistance --

Mona exits hurriedly --

Vicente back to struggling with the tie --

Fortunado: It's a big parade this year, Vicente. We have to be careful when we go out. Hurry up, we have to be ready to leave --

Vicente: (struggling, agitated) Why do I have to wear this anyway? Damn thing...

Fortunado goes to assist --

Fortunado: It's your special trip. You want to look good, don't you? Golden Gate Club. Stockton. Where Speedy Dado used to eat --

Nodding to a *Photograph* on the wall.

Vicente: (pouting) You hogged the mirror. I need a mirror. You don't let me use the mirror...

Fortunado: The cook was from the same province as Dado and would make him *kare kare* just like his *lola* back in the Philippines --

Vicente: With good *bagoong*. That was Dado's secret weapon – oxtail with Cebu style bagoong. Cannot eat oxtail without bagoong. Stinky but powerful. They have/ his picture all over the walls.

Fortunado: (overlapping) They have his picture all over the walls.

Vicente: The best Pilipino flyweight boxer.

Fortunado: (overlapping) The best Pilipino flyweight boxer.

Fortunado finishes fixing Vicente's tie and gets the small jar of Tres Flores pomade and takes a very small dab --

*Pounding* on the door. Mona's Voice calling through --

Mona's Voice: They're coming with the sledgehammers!

Mona's footsteps hurrying away down the hall, pounding on doors --

Vicente is disgusted, grabs the jar and scoops a large dollop of pomade and applies it to his hair –

Vicente: I saw him fight Freddy Miller in 1933. For the National Boxing Association World Flyweight / Championship --

Fortunado: (correcting) Featherweight. You didn't see him fight, you heard it on the radio.

Vicente: He wore a sparkly golden robe when he entered the ring. And when he took it off the ladies went crazy - body all shiny with sweat from warming up. Men, too. Dado was beautiful, man.

Fortunado: Pilipino boxers had the good bodies.

Vicente: He was like one of those Greek Gods, perfectly proportioned just more compact, tighter --

Fortunado: Browner --

Vicente: -- faster. You see him move but you don't see him move. Like a dancer but that fast --

Fortunado looks at Vicente --

*Voice -- all that remains is the longing --*

*Voice -- so naked, so bare --*

Lighting Shift. Sepia-toned --

Supertitles: Spring, 1933.

We hear Dreamland Saloon MUSIC.

Transition to the Taxi-Dance hall.

Fortunado and Vicente become young men.

The actors physically transform from old bodies to young men in their prime.

YOUNG Fortunado looks around --

TICKETMAN (Irish) –

Ticketman: Dime a ticket! Ticket a dance!

Ticketman approaches Fortunado --

Ticketman: (holding a roll of tickets) How many you wanna buy, sir?

Fortunado: Excuse me?

Ticketman: You can look but you still gotta buy tickets.

Fortunado: How much?

Ticketman: Dime a ticket, that is ten cents, that is one tenth of a dollar - who knows maybe you get lucky tonight. How many you want? Ten? Fifteen? Twenty?

Fortunado: One.

Ticketman: Five did you say? That will be Fifty cents.

Fortunado gives him fifty cents and takes the tickets.

Ticketman: No untoward touching or gratuitous groping. You are buying a dance not a breast my little friend.

A singer sings, *The Very Thought of You*, A Dreamland  
WOMAN approaches Fortunado –

Woman: A nice looking gentleman. You look like a first timer, yes? I love a Filipino gentleman, you all smell so good. And such good dancers --

Fortunado: (as if rehearsed) No, I am not ready to engage in the dancing. I just got here. Thank you very much.

Puzzled, the woman moves on --

YOUNG Vicente enters with a beer in each hand and approaches the Woman, bowing ceremoniously --

Woman: Hello Mr. Vicente.

Vicente: How's your little girl? I saw you walking with her down Kearny. She's pretty just like her mama.

Woman willingly joins Vicente and they begin to sway together --

Woman: She needs eggs, milk and bread just like her mama.

Vicente: Maybe I can help out.

Woman: You're more broke than I am.

Vicente downs one of his beers --

Vicente: Yeah, but I --

Vicente whispers something to her and she laughs.

Vicente spots the Ticketman approaching them. He slips some *money* into her hand. Marla is thankful --

Ticketman/McGuire: (to Vicente) HEY! (to Woman) Marla! Keep working the floor --

Woman: (pushing Vicente away) Sorry Vicente – no money, no honey --

As the Woman moves away, Vicente winks at her, she smiles back --

Vicente: (to Ticketman) I got lots of honey, Vicente got so much don't know what to do with it --

Ticketman: Yeah, yeah - Mr. Pacram, the busy girls are off limits, I told you.

Vicente dances away from the Ticketman with an imaginary partner --

Vicente: Vicente got the moves, he got the moves on the floor and everywhere else if you know what I mean --

Fortunado laughs at the Vicente. Vicente notices --

Vicente: Hey, you. Mr. Big Shot. If I'm so funny where's your girl, huh? Huh? Huh?

Vicente flicks Fortunado's forehead twice with his fingers. Fortunado swipes at Vicente's arm, sending Vicente's beer all over Fortunado's suit.



Fortunado: Idiot! Look what you did? *Leche ka!* ((Cursing))  
You want to dance so much you take them!

Fortunado throws his tickets on the floor and pushes passed  
Vicente. Vicente retrieves the tickets --

Fortunado goes to the bathroom and begins wiping the beer  
off, cursing to himself in Tagalog. He examines himself in  
the mirror. Looks at the ill-fitting suit he borrowed for the  
evening --

Fortunado: Fool...

Vicente enters --

Vicente: Oi! Never pay for dances --

Vicente puts the *tickets* into Fortunado's jacket pocket.

Vicente: -- That way you find out which girls want your dime and  
which ones really want to dance with you. Here, wear this.

Vicente takes off his jacket and holds it out --

Vicente: Take it, take it --

Fortunado ignores him. Vicente insists --

Vicente: I won it shooting pool, top of the line, feel the fabric --

Fortunado pushes the coat away forcefully --

Fortunado: I'm fine! I don't need yours.

Vicente: Okay, okay.

Vicente lights a cigarette, takes a drag, studies Fortunado.

Vicente: I'm Vicente. What's your name?

Silence.

Fortunado: Fortunado.

Vicente: Fortunado? Too long. I'll call you Nado. This place is dead, Nado. Lets get out of here –

Fortunado doesn't move.

Vicente: Come on, I'll show you Manila Town.

Transition to outside --

Vicente points out the sites to Fortunado. Vicente is at home. He calls out greetings to other young Pilipino men hanging out --

Vicente: Bataan Kitchen – get *tapa*, *pancit*, eat the *lumpia* early, oil is still clean. The Manila Rose Cantina – best *chicken adobo*, Bennie's Barber Shop – no matter what you ask for it's always a rice bowl. The Lucky Mabuhay Pool Hall - Oi Sharky! This is Nado from Stockton! (whispering) Never play 8-Ball with him, take your paycheck and your balls, too.

Vicente waves to Sharky --

Vicente: -- Kearny, Clay, Washington, Jackson. Beyond there, watch yourself, 'specially at night. Drunk sailors jump you. They'll beat you, strip you, leave you there. Always know what's going on.

Arrive at the Bay. Stand there feeling the brisk wet breeze, inhaling --

Vicente: Ahh, doesn't that feel so good. Nothing like this back in the Philippines. See those large concrete towers all across there? That's going to be a bridge to connect San Francisco to Oakland. Can you believe it? Don't need the ferry. Take the bus over all that water. Take you all the way back to Stockton, nice refreshing 100 degrees...

Fortunado: You asked my name. 5 months I've been here. 12 hour days. Bent over in those fields – cutting the asparagus, boxing the asparagus, stacking the asparagus, sweat, dirt... Nobody asked me that.

Vicente: Here, no one knows who you are. Just a brown face and a strong back. What is your last name?

Fortunado: Giron. You?

Vicente: Pacram. Vicente Pacram.

Fortunado: (touching his coat collar) I borrowed it from one of the other workers. 'I'm going to the City, have a good time, show everyone Fortunado belongs'. *Kalamo* ((Silly, huh)). *Stoopid*.

Vicente: Nah, not at all.

They look out at the Bay.

Fortunado: I don't want to go back to Stockton.

Vicente studies him.

Vicente: You don't want to go back? Take your coat off, take it off. Your shirt, too. Come on, come on –

Vicente takes off his coat and shirt till he's bare-chested --

Fortunado: What are you doing? You're crazy --

Vicente runs around in the cold air, shadow boxing --

Vicente: Let the cold air grab you. Slap you around. Sucker punch you - You gonna take it? You gonna take that crap? Wrestle with it. Kick it in the butt. How does it feel?

Fortunado: I'm freezing my ass off! Lamig ng puwit ko!

Vicente bobs, weaves, punches --

Vicente: That's cause it's winning! Grab it by the balls, put it in a head lock – *Labanan mo! Labanan mo!* ((You can do it!)) Show it who's boss! Whoo! Whoo! Sige, Ganyan!

Fortunado: Whoo! Whoo! –

Vicente: You're practically a native! Whoo! Whoo!

They jump up and down running around shadow boxing, slapping their bare chests –

Vicente punches, Fortunado admiring --

Lighting Shift –

*Voice -- he struck, his fist clenched --*

*Voice -- so beautiful --*

*Voice -- a bruise appeared --*

*Voice -- no different than a kiss --*

Transition to the I-Hotel. They pick up their clothes, playfully box --

Vicente's room. Singer sings *Someone to Watch Over Me* OR *Moon Glow*

Fortunado: Six dollars a week?

Vicente: Best hotel for *pinoy*s. Place is full of us. I give you money for the first week.

Fortunado: I will pay you back. Showers?

Vicente: Down the hall. *Banyo*, ((toilets)) too. You don't have to dig a hole in the ground like the fields.

Fortunado: I'll go back to Stockton, pick up my things. I can return the suit to my friend.

Vicente: Okay, now we're alone I can tell you. That suit you got on? It's an embarrassment to Pilipino manhood. We have a reputation to uphold. Look at you? That's one sorry ass excuse for a suit. Look at me. What do you notice about my suit? It's a McIntosh. Say it out loud – Mc-In-Tosh. Padded shoulders, form fitted. (shows inside label) Calderon Company. I look like goddamn William Powell. Suave, yeah? No respectable Pilipino male goes out at night in anything but a McIntosh. Remember that. Here. Let's see how this fits.

Fortunado: I cannot accept this. It looks expensive. Probably cost several weeks pay --

Vicente: Shhh! I won this one too?

Fortunado: At pool?

Vicente: I'm good at a lot of things. Let's take a look. Not bad, not bad. We can have my friend Arturo do some alterations. Do a few dance moves. I want to see the whole picture. Come on, come on, let see you --

Fortunado does simple but elegant moves --

Vicente: (surprised) Nado, Nado, Nado -- The blondies will be jumping out of their skirts to dance with you.

Fortunado: I was nuts about the American dances. Songs, too. My father wanted me more nuts about working.

Vicente: Show me that move. I want to know it. How did you do it? Lets go to the lobby - we pooled our money and got ourselves a *ponograph* -

Transition to lobby – Singer sings *You Do Something to Me*

Fortunado teaching Vicente the finer nuances of one of the period dances. Vicente won't let Fortunado lead him. A subtle power struggle –

Fortunado: Vicente?

Vicente: Yeah?

Fortunado: Vicente?

Vicente: What?

Fortunado: You have to let me be the man –

Vicente: I am, I am.

Fortunado: No, you're not.

Vicente: While I'm not leading –

Fortunado: Well you're not following –

Vicente: It's hard, I'm the man, how can I not be the man –

Fortunado: I'm trying to teach you the dance steps, you wanna learn the girl's role?

Vicente: No, so why I'm dancing like the girl?

Fortunado: How can you dance the man's part if you don't know it yet that's why you dance the girl's part while I'm dancing the man's part so you can see me do the man's part --

Practically wrestling over who should lead –

They relent, fun, physically bonding --

Transition back to Vicente's room --

Vicente: Thanks for the dancing lesson.

Fortunado: That was wrestling.

Vicente: You sleep on the floor here.

Throws Fortunado his jacket.

Vicente: Your blanket.

Fortunado: Thank you.

Vicente lies down on the bunk. Fortunado settles on the floor next to the bunk.

Silence.

Fortunado: In Ilocos we lived way out in the *bukid* ((sticks)). We had so little. We ate frogs. I got to know a man in the nearby village. I would help him with small jobs around his house. He would give me things. I would always ask for chicken. My mother would make her *adobo* with it. I promised her I would send her money so she could eat chicken every day if she wanted. He was nice to me. My father just wanted me to go.

Snoring.

Fortunado: Vicente? You asleep?

Vicente: No, but your story is so boring I could be. Hey, back in Cebu we had a *carabao* to do the plowing. He was so old that I had to push more than he pulled. All day long, that old *carabao* would shit and fart in my face. Before I got the job at the hotel I had to clean toilets and floors. Not much better than plowing in the fields.

Pause.

Vicente: Don't be fooled Nado. It's hard out here. You get lonely. Get scared. Nado?

We hear soft snoring.

Vicente: (to himself) *probinsyano* ((hillbilly)).



Lighting Shift --

*Voice -- Keep it buried --*

*Voice -- The wounds --*

*Voice -- The secret longings --*

Dim to darkness --

*We hear the ghost-like echoes of Supporters chanting --*

Lights up. Next day.

Vicente: Oi! Oi! Get your lazy ass up Mr. Nado! Come on – Tayo! Tayo! The bus is leaving, you gonna get left behind! Asparagus! Asparagus! Asparagus!

Fortunado is shocked awake – stumbles around in a stupor till he realizes it's Vicente.

Fortunado: Don't do that, don't do that, Vicente...

Vicente grabs *bellhop jackets*, tosses one to Fortunado, puts on the other –

Vicente: Time to leave those flat, dirt roads of French Camp, Potato Slough, Bacon Island behind. Now you get the crazy up and down streets of Frisco!

Fortunado: Don't I get to eat something, I need to eat something in the morning --

Vicente: When we get there, when we get there – they waste more food than they eat. They leave it outside their doors like it's slop for the pigs (tagalog), here I am, oink-oink (Pilipino pig imitation) – doughnuts, (pronounces fancily) franche pahstrees, cwoisonzee --

Fortunado: Eggs?

Vicente: As many as you want, any way you can cook them --

Nado: Bacon?

Vicente: No, my poor country bumpkin friend. *Ham!* Hurry up slow poke! Powell Street awaits us!

Drags Fortunado along –

Transition to streets --

Vicente: Here comes the Cable Car. Wait, wait, wait... Now!

They jump on the moving Car. Riding --

Vicente: -- Takes us all the way up California street, Nob Hill. We get off between Powell and Mason. Here it is - The Parkdale Hotel –

They jump off. Look up --

Vicente: Seven stories high, twenty windows across --

They encounter a HOBO. Dressed in a once expensive suit, now threadbare and patched, stands doffing his hat to them, a cup held out for money --

Fortunado stares at the Man, Vicente grabs Fortunado and pulls him along --

Transition. They enter the Parkdale Hotel. Inside --

Fortunado is in awe --

Vicente: A dozen marble pillars hold up the lobby's mahogany ceiling --

Fortunado: (repeating) – a dozen marble pillars holding up the ceiling.

Vicente: A brass staircase spirals upwards --

Fortunado: A mahogany ceiling, a staircase going upstairs --

Vicente: You'll learn what to say to the guests. And which guests to say it to --

Vicente pulls Fortunado along. Nado looks about, not believing what he is seeing --

Vicente: You're my cousin, three years' experience as a houseboy for Seattle's Mayor, you've just arrived in the city, I've known you all my life --

Vicente smooths down Fortunado's hair and slicks back his own. Pulls Fortunado to a line and they both stand at attention.

A pretty young maid, ALTHEA, joins them in line --

The BELLHOP CAPTAIN (Italian) walks down the line inspecting the Bellhops for the morning call –

Bell Captain/Eduardo: (to Althea) *Buongiorno bellissima.* (to the group) Shoes must always be shined, socks dark, jackets spotless – no stains, lint - any necessary cleaning comes out of your paycheck --

Eduardo stops in front of Fortunado.

Vicente: My cousin I told you about, Fortunado Giron.

Fortunado: I am his cousin, three year's experience as a houseboy for Seattle's Mayor, I have just arrived in the city, I've known you all my life. I've known him all my life.

Eduardo nods to Vicente --

Bell Captain: Benvenuto!

Bell Captain and Althea move away --

Fortunado & Vicente: Bellhops!

Vicente and Fortunado grab their suitcases and walk them briskly to opposite sides. Stop at attention. Waiting to be called. Bell Captain holds a desk bell. Taps it --

Bellhop Captain/Eduardo Benzoni: Bellhop!

They pick up the suitcases and move them to the opposite side of the stage. Bellhop Captain is trying to impress Althea who watches --

As Vicente and Fortunado pass each other, they flash each other conspiratorial looks – Vicente punches Fortunado’s shoulder playfully.

[Music. Additional 30’s Busby Berkeley business to be worked out]

End of Day. Exhausted but happy. Vicente pulls out an opened bottle --

Vicente: A quarter bottle of gin mixed in with left over ginger ale!

Fortunado pulls out two bottles –

Fortunado: Champagne! Half full!

Vicente: You son of a bitch! How’d you do that?

Fortunado: Outside the Crown Royal Suite –

Vicente: You a quick learner...

They walk, finish off the champagne, celebratory --

Fortunado: (declaiming) I’m not sleeping in a bunk house with 30 Filipinos farting all night ‘cause they eat boiled potatoes and fried meat!

Vicente: You have a room at the I-Hotel!

Fortunado: Yes! Right next door to my good friend, Vicente!

Vicente: 848 Kearny Street! /The International Hotel!

Fortunado: -- (overlapping) International Hotel!

Vicente: And you got a job at the /Parkdale Hotel, fancy, fancy, fancy!

Fortunado: (overlapping) 7 Stories high madam, 20 windows across sir, a dozen marble pillars spiraling up, up, up!

Vicente: “I am his cousin, three year’s experience as a houseboy for Seattle’s Mayor, I have just arrived in the city, I’ve known you all my life. I’ve known him all my life.”

They celebrate happily – pretend boxing and dancing.

Transition –

3<sup>rd</sup> Floor fire escape of the I-Hotel. They’ve finished off the champagne. Vicente offers a bottle to Fortunado who takes a big swig and chokes --

Fortunado: (coughing) What is that?

Vicente: Cheap Chinese liquor, *Du Kang*. Or as we say, Filipino Champagne!

Night. Grows Quiet. Big Moon. Fog rolls in. Cold. Drunk.

Vicente: It’s good I found you. I have no family here. No wife. No home.

Fortunado: Those things will happen. It takes time.

Pause.

Vicente: We were right to come?

Fortunado: Yes.

Vicente looks at Fortunado's face.

Vicente: I'm drunk.

Vicente rests his head back against the brick wall. His eyes shut, shivering. Fortunado takes his jacket and drapes it over Vicente's shoulders, tucking it under his chin. Fortunado's face is close to Vicente's whose eyes are closed --

Fortunado kisses Vicente --

Fortunado is about to apologize when Vicente, eyes still closed, returns the kiss --

Vicente: (turning his head away) It's late. Time to go back inside.

Lighting Shift

*Voice -- this was not like the others. This time / he looked back.*

*Voice (overlapping) -- this time he looked back.*

Vicente glances back at Fortunado --

Dim to darkness. Singer sings *Is You Is or Is You Ain't My Baby*

Lights up. The next morning. Fortunado and Vicente.

Fortunado searches Vicente's face for some acknowledgement of the kiss. Vicente shows no hint of what happened the night before.

*Voice -- her name was --*

*Voice -- Althea...*

Transition --

Hotel Lobby. The pretty young maid, Althea, catches up to Young Vicente and Young Fortunado --

Althea: Here. It fell off your coat.

Vicente: Oh yeah. I didn't know. Thank you.

Althea: (turning to leave) Don't let the Bell Captain see you without that button, he'll dock your pay --

Vicente: You know Mr. Benzoni, he's my *amico*, how do you know Eduardo?

Althea: You meet everyone sooner or later.

Vicente: I've seen you around. I'm Vicente Pacram and this is my cousin Fortunado Giron but we call him Nado.

Althea: For-choo -- That's a hard one to remember --

Vicente notices the pencil in Althea's hair/behind ear --



Vicente: Let me use your pencil –

Reaches out and takes it, grabs a piece of paper --

Vicente: That's why I call Fortunado, Nado. If you write it down  
---

Shows her --

Vicente: -- Fortunado Giron. It's a G but we say it like an H.  
Hi-ron. You can remember it now. But --

--writing --

Vicente: -- Vicente Pacram, is easy to remember. Rolls off your  
tongue -- Vi-cen-te Pac-ram. Don't have to write it down. Unless  
it's a special occasion...

Vicente hands the paper back to Althea who examines it --

Althea: Your handwriting's beautiful...

Vicente: And your name?

Althea studies Vicente curiously --

Althea: Althea.

Vicente: Just Althea?

Althea: For now.

Vicente: And where are you from? Just Althea?

Pause.

Althea: Wisconsin. Town called Mount Horeb. Tiny place. You probably never heard of it.

Vicente: Do you miss it?

Althea: Girls back there get married, have babies and then they're stuck. I don't want that.

Vicente: What do you want?

Althea sizing Vicente up.

Althea: A chance. Like you.

She takes out a small *tin box of mints* and offers one to Vicente –

Althea: You're from the Philippines. Do you miss home?

Vicente taking two mints, giving one to Fortunado –

Vicente: It's where ever I am. I am Vicente from Cebu. This is Nado from Ilocos. And this is Althea (For Now) from Wisconsin.

Vicente gathers himself, formally –

Vicente: How do you do.

Fortunado: How do you do.

Althea finds this charming.

Althea: Give me the button. Take off your coat. Come on, give it to me.

She takes it and moves away --

Vicente: Althea from Wisconsin...

Fortunado: She's sewing it on for you.

Vicente: She's got red hair. Long red hair.

Fortunado: She's not like the Dreamland girls.

Vicente: Are you kidding me? This is a whole different league we are talking here. Come on. You can't just walk up and start grabbing tits, you have to show her you're worthy.

Fortunado: How do you do that?

Vicente: By making her think you don't want to grab her tits. You take your time. Don't go on and on about yourself, that doesn't work with a girl like this. You ask her about her life, what she does, what she likes to do --

Fortunado: (muttering) Then you start grabbing tits...

-- Althea returns with the coat. Fortunado takes it and inspects the button. Then holds it up for Vicente to put on --

Vicente: You can do this if you ever lose your job.

Althea: This isn't what I'm going to do.

Vicente: What are you going to do?

Althea: A lot of things.

Pause.

Vicente: Would you like to tell us what those things might be?

Pause.

Althea: You really want to know?

Vicente: Yes.

Althea: You're not going to laugh?

Vicente: Why should we?

Beat.

Althea: The boys at home made fun of me. It made me so mad. I'm going to be a journalist.

Vicente: (aside to Fortunado) Journalist?

Fortunado: You want to work at the newspaper. You write the stories –

Althea: -- News. I'm going to write news. Mrs. Corcoran, my journalism teacher helped me. We decided I had the best chance here. The San Francisco Chronicle was started in 1865 by Charles and M.H. de Young when they were only 19 and 17 and I'm 18. We wrote letters to the Chronicle and the Oakland Tribune.

Fortunado: What did they say?

Althea: I go every week to the Chronicle and every other week to the Oakland Tribune. It's difficult for girls. I'll get a job.

Vicente: That's why you keep the pencil with you.

Althea: See something interesting - I write it down.

Vicente: We didn't laugh.

Althea: No. (beat) I'm Althea. Althea Benton.

Eduardo enters carrying Althea's street coat.

Eduardo: Shifts over, *bambolina*.

Althea exits with Eduardo.

Lighting Shift --

Althea moves away from Eduardo. She takes out the *piece of paper*. Examines it, then looks back at Vicente.

Dim to darkness.

*Voice -- for now it was only a whisper --*

Half-light. Secondary Action. Vicente, casually practicing his boxing footwork --

Fortunado with a *balloon*. On the table is a towel he's formed into a circle allowing for an opening in the center. Fortunado sets the balloon in the opening, giving the semblance of a head on shoulders. Fortunado whips up soap lather in a shaving cup. Fortunado pretends to make small talk with the balloon-head as he dabs lather on. He dances and sings to himself as he practices barbering --

Half-light. Vicente finishes. Sweaty, wipes himself lightly with a towel --

As Fortunado vigorously strops a straight edge razor, Vicente enters the scene and watches amused.

Fortunado begins carefully shaving the balloon. He's doing great, telling a joke to his imaginary customer when he notices Vicente - the balloon bursts.

Fortunado: You been there the whole time?

Fortunado cleans up --

Vicente: Note to Vicente - never get a shave and haircut from Nado. Your head might explode. You should mess up your own room.

Nado: Lighting is better here.

Vicente: You already got a job, stupid.

Fortunado: You never know when the bottom's going to fall out. We have to plan ahead. Those hobos along Market? They used to be millionaires.

Vicente: I'm happy as a bellboy. (beat) Hey, be happy you even have a job. The guys in the fields would kill for what you got at the Parkdale.

Fortunado checking his watch, grabs his jacket -

Fortunado: Come on, chop suey joint. The guys said chinaman got goat meat right now. I told 'em we'd meet them. I want to get some before he runs out --

Vicente: Nah. I ate already.

Fortunado: You did? Who'd you eat with?

No response.

Fortunado: What'd you eat?

Vicente: Sandwich.

Pause.

Fortuando: You don't like sandwich. Why eat sandwich?

Vicente: It's just like Pilipino food, you eat it with your fingers.

Fortuando: You said putting meat between two pieces of bread was stupid, just eat the meat and eat the bread, don't need this fancy arrangement of a bread, then meat, then a bread --

Vicente: This was pretty good. Hey, what do you know about sandwich, have you eaten one?

Fortunado: What kind of sandwich was this 'pretty good one'?  
Steak? Chicken? Goat? --

Lighting shift --

Althea breaks into the scene offering a *sandwich* to Vicente.  
Vicente stares at it --

Fortunado watches the scene --

Althea: It's a butter and olive sandwich.

Vicente: Really?

Vicente examines it --

Vicente: Where's the meat?

Althea: No, it's just like that. My mother would make it for me all the time. Go ahead, take a bite.

Vicente takes a big bite --

Vicente: (chewing, mouthful) Butter and Olive?

Althea: Un-huh. It's what we eat in Wisconsin.

Althea watches him expectantly --

Vicente not sure what to say --

Vicente: (nodding approvingly) Hmm...

Althea is happy. Althea notices Fortunado watching them --

Dim to darkness.

Singer sings *Paruparong Bukid*.

Transition --

Vicente's Room. Fortunado cooking on a hot plate. Vicente fanning the smells out the window with a newspaper.

Althea watches.



Fortunado: (to Vicente) Maybe we should close the door.

Vicente ignores Fortunado.

Fortunado: We're asking for trouble.

Althea: (unsure) The cooking?

Fortunado: Bringing you up here.

Vicente: Some guys get nervous you have a white girl in the room.

Fortunado: It can be dangerous someone snitches, police find out. Jesse makes a stink.

Althea: Guys, I can wait downstairs --

Althea getting up --

Vicente: Stay.

Vicente and Fortunado exchange a look.

Vicente: Jesse complains about everything.

Fortunado: Other girls say anything? At the hotel? About Vicente?

Althea: No.

Awkward beat.

Althea: I saw a sign down stairs said no cooking in the rooms.

Vicente: Nado promised the guy at the front desk some.  
Everybody does it.

Althea: Just don't get caught, huh?

Beat.

Vicente: Tell Althea about the 'historical controversy'.

Fortunado: Forget it.

Vicente: I didn't even know what a 'controversy' was. Or that we had one.

Fortunado: Vicente, shut up.

Althea: I want to know what the historical controversy is.

Vicente: Show us how smart you are.

Singer sings *Kataka-Taka*

Fortunado: Okay, okay. A bit of 'controversy' here –

Vicente: Adobo is adobo --

Fortunado: But black or white, to add *toyo* or not to add *toyo*.

Vicente: Ever taste *toyo*?

Fortunado: Chop suey house they call it *soy sauce*. All orientals use it.

Vicente: Here try some...

Vicente holds out a spoonful, daring her.

Althea hesitates --

Vicente: Scaredy cat? Meow-meow...

Althea: A journalist is never scared. Cautious...

Vicente pushes the spoon forward, he's close to her face.  
Flirtatious challenge. Althea accepts the challenge and tastes  
from the spoon --

Althea: Salty. Slightly fermented...malted flavor...

Fortunado: Some areas don't have Chinese, no tradition of soy  
sauce --

Althea: So they consider their lighter style white --

Vicente: Oh, no – look, he's adding coconut --

Fortunado: My father came from the south, but he likes it this way  
–

Vicente: I thought you said your father was a prick?

Fortunado: Yeah, but he knows his adobo –

Althea: Do you ever add mustard? You know mustard?

Silence

Fortunado: No, just soy sauce, coconut milk.

Althea: You've never had mustard? We put it on everything.

Vicente: Mustard?

Althea: Mount Horeb is known as the mustard capital of the world. I've been eating it since I was a baby.

Fortunado: You put it on the butter and olive sandwich?

Vicente: My *lola* ((grandmother) put it on the cuts - stings.

Fortunado: Maybe try the adobo first.

Althea: (defensive) Mustard's American food.

Awkward pause.

Vicente: Okay, here is the secret. Speedy Dado -- Pilipino flyweight boxer -- this is his thing. Like you and mustard, Dado puts it on everything. Says it's his secret weapon, before a fight he always eats a spoonful, just by itself --

Vicente opens a jar and puts it in Althea's face --

Vicente: -- *Bagoong!*

Althea covers her nose, makes a face --

Fortunado: She doesn't like it Vicente, don't force it on her.

Vicente: What? This stuff is tasty! *Ganyan!*

Beat. Althea takes a big spoonful and swallows it --

Fortunado: Holy cow...

Vicente: You are an honorary Pilipino. Maybe not even honorary -- you are now a Pilipina! Whoo-hoo! ((Pilipino expression))

Fortunado: She's not going to throw-up, is she? Althea?

Althea: I think I'll stick to mustard.

Fade to black --

Transition -

Rhythmic percussion --

Vicente leading Nado and Althea through a darkened back street --

Fortunado: Where we going? Vicente?

Althea: I'm scared.

Fortunado: What's going on? Vicente?

Althea: This is fun.

Vicente ignores them, he's focused.

They see Two MEN and a WOMAN standing in the shadows. Vicente acknowledges them. Vicente motions for Althea and Fortunado to wait.

Vicente walks over to the Two Men. #1 Man takes out an *envelope*, Vicente does the same and they exchange them. Each counts out the contents of bills so the other can see. An agreement is made. The #1 Man gives his *envelope* of money to the Woman who moves away to a neutral area

between the two groups. #2 Man begins to take off his coat and shirt --

Vicente returns and huddles with Fortunado and Althea as he takes off his own coat and shirt. Fortunado gathers the clothes up --

Vicente: You like boxing?

Fortunado: What? What are we doing?

Althea: My father loves it, my mother hates it.

Vicente: Who does he like?

Althea: The big Italian fellow, I don't remember his name --

Vicente: Primo Carnera.

Althea: Eduardo likes him, too.

Vicente: I like that Louis fellow.

Fortunado: You're going to fight here? In the street? Is it safe?

Vicente: I'm not as tall. But I got good hands. (holds them up) Pretty handwriting. And they're fast, really fast – (demonstrating) pap-pap-pap --

Vicente hands Althea the *envelope* of the other group's money --

Vicente: Go stand with the other girl. You both have the purses. Don't let this get outta your hands – she asks to hold it, ignore her, she keeps up tell her, 'Shut your yapper'. Go --

Althea moves to the other side and stands next to the woman.  
Each holds an envelope. They eye each other.

Vicente: Nado, you're my second.

Fortunado: What's that? What do I do?

Vicente hands him a *butterfly knife* --

Vicente: Just flash it to show 'em you have it.

Fortunado: Are you crazy? How can I do that, I can't do that.

Vicente: You're gonna be a barber.

Fortunado: Yeah, not a doctor operating on somebody --

Vicente: I said I was good at other things, didn't I? Let's find out how good I am --

Vicente leans in to Fortunado --

Vicente: These guys play for keeps. If something bad happens, grab Althea and run. This is fun, yeah?

Vicente grins and walks out to meet #2 Man/Fighter.

The two men face each other, bare chested. Open their hands to show they are empty. They step back, raise their fists and begin ---

This should be a tightly choreographed fight with accompanying sound and lighting.

Realistic, violent, bloody.

At various moments lighting shifts to a stark shaft, action slows down, sound cuts away, perhaps video screen shows droplets of sweat flying – then lights bank up, sound, speed, back to normal tempo, the punch striking the body --

Music is big band – loud horns, with Gene Krupa-like drum solo-ing.

Vicente is now brutally beating #2 Man/Fighter --

#1 Man: Alright! Alright! Stop! Enough!

#1 Man has to pull Vicente off the helpless fighter whom Vicente continues to strike --

#1 Man pulls out a club and is about to attack Vicente --

Fortunado charges him waving the butterfly knife around --

Fortunado: I'm a Philipino and I know how to use it! I'm Philipino!

#1 Man grabs the envelope from the Woman and shoves it at Vicente --

#1 Man: (threateningly) Take it! Take it and get the hell out of here!

#1 Man and Woman helping #2 Man exit --

A hyped up Fortunado helps Vicente into his shirt --



Fortunado: Speedy Dado has nothing on you! Vicente Pacram!  
Vicente Pacram!

Althea is shaking, not sure what she is feeling --

Vicente: You okay? Althea?

Althea: I've never seen two men fight like that.

Nado: I've never seen Vicente fight, you're beautiful.

Vicente: This is how I make extra dough. (to Althea) What did you think? You like it?

Beat.

Althea: I like it.

Fortunado: I love it!

Althea notices Nado fawning over Vicente's body --

*Voice – what was this?*

*Voice - it passed quickly --*

Vicente: Come on! Come on! Let's spend this before it burns a hole in my pocket!

Althea: All of it?

Vicente: Champagne on the house!

They run off into the night whooping and hollering --

Fade to black –

Lights gradually come up.

Transition --

Lobby. Singer sings *Wild is the Wind*. Hot. Althea and Fortunado are trading a fan back and forth. Vicente, moody.

Fortunado: Whew!

Althea: Nado, give me the fan!

Fortunado: I'm back in Stockton. In the fields.

Vicente: Frisco gets like this in October - few days.

Jesse walks by, looks at Althea --

Fortunado: Hey Jesse...

They watch him go by. Vicente shoots Jesse a look. As Jesse exits, Vicente moves over to Althea, pulls her out front and they begin dancing --

Fortunado: (looking around) Not in the lobby – Vicente, Althea. You guys nuts, you're going to get us in trouble.

Vicente: Shhh! Shhh – grow some balls Nado.

Fortunado: (to Vicente) They beat up that Pilipino boy with the white girl on Market. He lost an eye.

Vicente: Nado, get us a few more beers --

Fortunado doesn't leave --

Althea: (Takes some money from here purse) My turn -- Nado?

Fortunado stands at the edges watching them --

Lighting shift - Vicente and Althea begin to dance more intimately –

*Voice -- this was different --*

*Voice -- they both looked at each other --*

Lighting Shift --

Vicente and Althea down stage half lit as an intimate silhouette. Their dance is now sensual, explicit --

Fortunado lit up stage watching --.

Fortunado: It's too hot. Let's go to the Bay. Vicente?

Althea: You're not there. I can't sleep.

Fortunado: We can show Frisco fog who's boss – put it in a head lock --

Vicente: The smell of your skin.

Fortunado: Vicente! Oi!

Vicente and Althea break apart -- .

Lighting Shift --

Transition –

Walking on the street. Laughter. Althea has her arms through Vicente's. Fortunado trails –

Althea: You cook me a meal –

Vicente: I can't cook like Nado. \*

Althea: You just want the girl to cook --

Vicente: I boil an egg it turns out fried --

A Drunk MAN runs into Vicente and Althea --

Drunk Man: Hey, hey - god damn brown monkeys going after our women –

Vicente: Hey, watch it, watch it --

Fortunado: Vicente!

The Man punches Vicente who falls. Althea screams. Fortunado goes to help Vicente but the Man is too strong and pushes him to the ground. Vicente jumps to his feet and begins punching the Man –

Vicente: I'm not scared of you! /I'm not scared of you!

Fortunado: (overlapping) Vicente! Vicente! No! No!

Althea: (overlapping) Stop it! Stop it!

Fortunado pulls Vicente off the Man, grabs Althea and they run –

They stop, catching their breaths, adrenalin still pumping through them.

Vicente: We showed him. We showed him. / Don't mess with Vicente Pacram, you hear me! Don't mess with no Pilipino flyweights! We're all fighters! (beat) I showed them, I showed them...

Fortunado: (overlapping. Calming him down) Vicente. Vicente. It's all right. Vicente. It's okay. You showed him, you show him, we're all good fighters, it's okay, it's okay --

Althea: (overlapping) I don't -- We were just -- we were just talking – that's all we were doing, that's all we were doing god damn-it! We're just talking –

Seeing Vicente and Fortunado --

Althea: Vicente. Vicente. Vicente --

Vicente begins to get control of himself. Fortunado holds on to Vicente tightly. Protectively.

Althea is gathering herself, watches Vicente and Fortunado.

Long silence.

Althea: Let's go to the Dive. The three of us. Let's go to the Dive.

Fortunado: What?

Althea: Vicente? The Dive. What do you say?

Fortunado: What are you talking about?

Vicente: She has keys to all the rooms.

Althea: Nado, you, too.

Fortunado: You can't go in there.

Althea holds up a large *bunch of keys* and shakes them.

Vicente: Fuck it! Fuck everyone!

Althea: Fuck everyone! Come on Nado!

Stage flooded with a shimmering dark watery hue --

They rush upstage, disrobing and freeze. Vicente, his chest bare, looking back. Althea turned away up stage –

Fortunado looks at Vicente and enters the blue shimmering.

We hear the distant echo-y sloshing of an indoor pool.

Fortunado reaches out to touch Vicente's naked skin –

*Voice -- to be utterly and finally known –*

*Voice -- once –*

Nado's hands touch Vicente –

Sounds and lights kick in breaking the moment. Althea laughs and grabs towels for them --

Althea moves away grabbing half drunk champagne bottles from outside the room doors.

Althea: Vicente! Champagne!

Vicente: She cleans the suite. She knows when it's not being used.

She holds up the Champagne bottles and runs off --

Fortunado: (grabbing Vicente) What if the boss catches you?

Vicente: It's the Berlin Deluxe! Our favorite room.

Althea: Vicente, I'm waiting!

Fortunado: The police find you there? With a white girl?

Vicente: Althea and me need our own place.

Fortunado: You're the bellboy. She's the maid.

Vicente: We deserve this. / Just like everybody else - You, too, Nado --

Fortunado: She's making a fool of you, you know that – you look like a god damn stupid fool!

Beat. There is an edge.

Vicente: A place to just be a man and woman.

Vicente nods at Nado and gives him a quick punch to the arm.

Fortunado: Don't.

Vicente laughs, tousles his hair and punches him again –

Fortunado: Stop –

Vicente smiles and is about to punch Fortunado once more when Fortunado hits Vicente and then hits him again knocking him to the ground. Vicente jumps up, grabs Fortunado and slams him against the wall, pushing his face in close to Fortunado's. Both breathing hard.

Fortunado: We kissed.

They stare at each other. Singer sings *They Can't Take That Away From Me*

Vicente gently pushes Fortunado away. He watches Fortunado for a beat. Then turns and leaves to join Althea.

Fortunado isolated. He walks to the Embarcadero. Night. He is taking deep pulls from a bottle of Du Kang. Stops and looks out. A distant fog horn --

Vicente and Althea lit in a kiss. Fortunado watches them.

Long Silence.



Fortunado goes to a phone booth. He dials. Operator answers.

Fortunado: A couple. A Pilipino man and a White woman. They're hiding in the Berlin Deluxe. Hotel detective can catch them. Hurry.

Fortunado hangs up.

Walks along the Embarcadero. He stops and stares out at the Bay Bridge nearing completion.

#B MAN in an expensive business suit and hat joins him at the rail. We never see his face --

Man: Quite a bridge.

Fortunado does not respond.

Man: Almost done.

Fortunado finally nods.

Man: There's still time.

Fortunado: (looking back) I weep for both of us...

The man, without asking, takes Fortunado's hand and leads him into the darkness.

In the shadows – we see Fortunado and the Man furtively having sex --

Vicente isolated. On the ground being kicked and beaten by unseen feet and hands.

Fortunado watches Vicente being beaten as he has sex.

Althea, disheveled, lit in the shadows watches Vicente being beaten.

She looks back at Fortunado --

Vicente fades to black. Althea exits --

Fortunado and the Man finish. The Man does not acknowledge Fortunado but hurriedly exits.

Fortunado is left to adjust his clothes by himself.

Fortunado isolated in a pool of light --

Transition to the I-Hotel.

Vicente staggers into his room. He cradles his right arm with his left hand. Vicente makes it to the bed.

Fortunado finds Vicente sitting on his bed, his head down. He has been severely beaten.

Fortunado: Are you okay?

No response.

Fortunado: Vicente?

Pause.

Vicente: They found us.

Pause.

Fortunado: Althea?

Vicente looks up and stares at Fortunado for a long beat.

Vicente: Turn the light out when you leave.

Vicente lies down with his back to Fortunado.

Fortunado watches him.

Vicente *cries* quietly.

Dim to darkness.

We hear the ghostly echoes of the supporters chanting:  
“No Evictions, We Won’t Move”.

The chanting gradually becomes real and present --

*Knock* at the door, lights bump up. Door opens.

A POLICE OFFICER. Mona behind acting as an observer --

Police: You’re being evicted by order of the Redevelopment Agency. We’re under orders to move you out.

Mona: Do you not touch them with excessive force. These are senior citizens -

Police: Ma'am, I told you to stay out of the way. I'm going to have to order you to go downstairs and wait. You're about to be charged with interfering in a police officer's duty.

Mona: Do not harass these men or we will bring charges. I will meet you both downstairs.

Mona exits --

Fortunado: Okay officer. Okay. We're all ready to go.

Policeman withdraws --

Vicente: (agitated) I'm not afraid of you, I'm not afraid of you --

Fortunado: Shhh, shhh, it's okay, we'll be alright --

Fortunado helps Vicente up --

Vicente: (resisting) I'm not afraid, we deserve this, who do you think you are, whore, brown monkey, we have the right, we have the right --

Fortunado: Shhh, shhh, Vicente it's all right, it's all right --

Vicente: (disoriented) What's happening? Where are we going?

Fortunado: Your trip. Vicente's special trip. We've been talking about it all week. Now it's time. Stockton. The Golden Palace....

Vicente stops struggling. He looks around the room, taking it in.

Long silence.

Vicente: How many years? How many years...

Fortunado is silent.

Vicente goes to his bed and slowly sits. He is tired. Very tired.

Vicente slowly takes his Spectator Shoes off. Looks at them for a long beat, then sets them aside. Sits staring into space.

Fortunado studies him. He goes to Vicente's suitcase and takes out Vicente's McIntosh coat.

He moves to Vicente and gets him up. He helps Vicente into his McIntosh.

Fortunado: It's a McIntosh. No self-respecting Pilipino man ever goes out without one.

Vicente feels the coat on his body. Runs his hands over the fabric.

Fortunado watches him.

In the shadows, Singer lit *singing Dahil Sa 'Yo --*

Vicente holds his arms up in front of Fortunado. Fortunado is unsure what Vicente is doing, then realizes Vicente wants to dance.

As Fortunado accepts the invite he sees that Vicente wants him to lead.

Vicente: He lost. Speedy Dado.

Fortunado: I know.

They dance --

Singer continues singing Dahil Sa 'Yo --

From the past, the sounds of the outside commotion grow  
then a slow fade into history --

The shadowy *figure of Speedy Dado* watches them --

Lighting shifts to the opening sepia-toned look --

Crowd: I-Hotel. I-Hotel. I-Hotel --

Vicente leans his head on Fortunado's shoulder. Fortunado  
holds him tightly. They continue dancing --

Fade to half

Supertitles: The I-Hotel was demolished displacing 50  
elderly tenants. In 2005, after years of negotiation and  
active community support, the New I-Hotel was rebuilt  
and opened. Along with low income senior housing the  
I-Hotel Manilatown Center houses the Manilatown  
Heritage Foundation, keeping alive active history of the  
I-Hotel Struggle and historical and contemporary  
Filipino American culture.

Fade to black.

End of Play

Sources:

\* Excerpted from “Eviction Night”. San Francisco Journal.  
August 10, 1977. By the San Francisco Journal Staff.

Consultants: Lysly Tenorio, Sorcy Apostle.

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