

Tuesday, May 10, 2011  
Notes; mini-rewrite;.

for nobu mccarthy  
a companion piece to yankee dawg you die

### **natalie wood is dead**

characters:

kiyoko/yoko dalhauser: mid-60-ish, B movie actress from the late 50's, early 60's. formerly a famous teen model in japan during the mid 50's before she married an american and came to the states.

natalie hayashi: early 30-ish, actress. did small roles on episodic tv and one film. retired from acting and has been living and working in atlantic city.

place: apartment. los angeles, around virgil and 3<sup>rd</sup> streets.

time: 1999

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natalie wood is dead

act one.

(kiyoko/yoko helps natalie bring in her luggage. kiyoko is done up, almost overly done up. natalie has no make-up on and is dressed casually for traveling)

yoko: you look horrible, didn't you drink water like i told you? lottsa and lottsa water...

(natalie goes to the couch and collapses)

yoko: ...and i carry a spritzer for my skin. only problem is if you sit in the middle or next to the window, then you have to keep getting up to go to the bathroom...

natalie: i slept.

yoko: you have to climb over everyone, i hate that.

natalie: i slept.

yoko: what was the movie?

(yoko notices natalie's stare, goes to put her coat away)

yoko: (as she walks away) i heard they lower the oxygen. in the plane, to make you sleepy.

natalie: it's the opposite of the casinos. they pump oxygen in, to wake you up. no clocks. day is night. night is day. people in bed when they should be out working and out working when they should be in bed.

(takes off her shoes and puts her feet up)

natalie: it's great for the dancers, though. the oxygen. you never get tired. keeps you from cramping up, too. you know, just dancing the night away...

(yoko brings natalie a glass of water. she stands over her and downs her own glass in one gulp. natalie watches, then puts her glass aside)

yoko: (examining) let me get a good look at you.

natalie: what?

yoko: we're going to have to get you a facial and on some kind of skin regime.

natalie: i've been in a plane for the last 6 hours, how do you expect me to look?

yoko: (touches under cheek) you look fat, too.

natalie: mom...

yoko: you watching your diet? and i still think your tits are too small. even for a dancer. though i like the nose and i'm glad you did that.

oriental noses...jeez, like their tits except there's only one...

natalie: got anything to drink? (notices yoko's look) no, like a soda or something...

(yoko grabs the glass of water and holds it out to her. natalie relents and takes a sip)

yoko: well, i'm glad you're back dear. this is where you belong, not way over there. you weren't doing topless, were you?

natalie: no.

yoko: good, those things catch up with you. you know who i saw while shopping? carol baker. i'd like to know her surgeon.

natalie: why didn't you ask her?

yoko: i did, she ignored me. you don't mind sleeping there, do you? this place isn't big like our old house. it's good enough, though. and what doesn't kill you can only make you stronger.

(yoko goes and retrieves a small bottle)

natalie: (repeats, overlapping) -- yeah, make you stronger, yeah... and the good die young, humpty dumpty sat on a wall, bend over and see the world...

(yoko returns with a small vial)

yoko: a new line. just came out. they sent it overnight express. i asked them to. no one has it in america yet.

natalie: it's probably illegal...

yoko: (ignoring) always let them think you're eager and ready to do anything and you get special treatment. you'll have so much energy you'll never get depressed.

natalie: (sipping water) i don't want any.

yoko: you tried some.

(nodding to her cup of water)

natalie: don't do that, okay?

yoko: how do you feel?

(natalie puts her glass down)

natalie: you always do that.

yoko: how do you feel?

natalie: (thinking) six years old.

yoko: so what are your plans?

natalie: mommy? i just got here. may i have permission to go to the pee-pee room?

(natalie gets up and moves towards the hall to go to the bathroom)

yoko: i know but i figured you must have made some plans. have you talked to anyone about getting an agent? or maybe harry edelstein will take you back.

natalie: no. let me at least unpack, all right?

yoko: websites.

(natalie closes the door and locks it)

natalie: (calling through the door) what?

yoko: everybody's got 'em. i'm building one. a kid in the building is helping me. we need to build one for you, too. you have a lot of catching up. oh, and everything's global - global, global, global - i'm studying french. 'dis donc ou est la bibiloteque?'

(yoko begins to sneak towards the bathroom door)

yoko: harry sent me out on the audition for a spaghetti western. only it was a detective story. a spaghetti film noire. only it was chinese, so it was a chow fun-film noire. the director and producers were there - there was chinese, italian, english, everything flying around and they just shoot it and dub it in later depending on the country. -- (cont.)

(yoko now has her ear pressed against the door, listening...)

yoko: (cont.) -- they release it all over the world, east is west, west is east...

natalie: (calling from inside) black is white...

yoko: it's an amazing time...

natalie: (calling) everything's mud...

yoko: it's all converging.

natalie: (calling) why are you studying french?

yoko: you never know.

natalie: what?

yoko: 'dis donc ou est la bibliotheque?'

natalie: what?

(yoko whips the door open. natalie's caught on the toilet)

natalie: ahhh! jesus, what the hell you doing mom?

yoko: (closing door) just checking.

(hear flushing)

natalie: (emerging, pulling up her pants) what? you fixed the lock, didn't you? so it wouldn't lock.

yoko: you're my baby, i love you, i only want the best for you.

natalie: don't do that, don't do that, okay?

yoko: when are the rest of your things coming?

natalie: don't do that, mom.

yoko: hmmm?

(natalie gives up)

natalie: i said i'd tell them when i found a place.

kiyoko: you can stay here as long as you like  
natalie.

natalie: i'm not even sure i want to do all that  
stuff anymore.

(no response)

natalie: hear what i said?

yoko: we'll talk about that later.

natalie: i'll find a place right away. i won't be  
in your way.

kiyoko: mr. taniguchi said a two bedroom might be  
opening up. (beat) i was glad to hear you were  
dancing again. i'd have come to see you if i'd  
known.

natalie: it's a long flight, i wouldn't recommend  
it.

(beat)

yoko: that's why i thought when you said you were  
moving back... that's what you wanted to do again.  
or maybe try acting again...

natalie: i just took the dancing gig because it  
paid well. (beat) trying? i wasn't trying acting.  
i was acting, okay? and you make it sound like i  
gave up - i didn't quit, i stopped, that's a big  
difference. okay? most people quit cause they  
can't get work but i was getting work, i just got  
tired of doing the work i was getting. besides i'd  
just get fucked in the end...

(yoko stares at natalie)



yoko: i don't want to get into this now. (beat)  
and that movie was a good movie - who gives a shit  
what a bunch of these political ass-holes think?  
okay, it was a so-so movie. but it was a good  
career move.

(silence)

how are you going to make a living then? what you  
going to do?

(natalie sits down exhausted)

natalie: some more dancing maybe, i don't know.

yoko: at least i didn't waste money on all those  
lessons. you better lose some weight, tho. and we  
have to do something about your hair. we should  
lighten it up. go blonde, maybe... it limits what  
you go out for, but at your age maybe it's better  
to make one strong statement so if there is someone  
out there who wants that particular look, you'll  
stick out like a sore thumb.

(beat)

i want to show you something.

(yoko pulls up her blouse)

see.

natalie: oh, mom...

yoko: they don't droop anymore.

natalie: fine, fine, put them away.

yoko: same doctor did racquel welch's tits.

natalie: oh, jeez...

yoko: that's what you have to do. let's see yours.

natalie: no, no, mine are fine.

yoko: they're like mosquito bites.

natalie: my breasts are fine.

yoko: how you going to compete with all these young girls, you're not an ingenue anymore. look, i did a movie last year, it's coming out this month. know why i got it?

(shows her breasts again)

natalie: oh god, you didn't...

yoko: no, no, of course not - they wanted an older woman, but see, they don't really want an older woman. they want an older woman with breasts up high, firm ass, slender thighs, dark hair, smooth skin - and i, your mother, me, got the role.

natalie: i'm happy for you...

yoko: stand up, let's see your ass. you're a dancer so it's got a longer shelf life...

(natalie hides her head in the cushions.  
we hear a muffled scream)

yoko: you all right?

natalie: i just need some food in my stomach.

yoko: you sure you should be eating?

natalie: I WANT TO EAT!

yoko: we can go down the street and eat some chinese.

natalie: can't we have a home cooked meal. like everyone else, jesus christ..

yoko: i work all day, then i have to rush home to meet my daughter who i haven't seen in two years and then she says, 'can't we have a home cooked meal?'

natalie: all right, all right, i'm sorry. then let's order in.

yoko: you have to wash dishes. you have to have dishes.

natalie: okay, okay - we'll go out, just let me rest for a bit.

(natalie settles back on the couch, yoko tries to look at her butt)

natalie: (warning her) don't, mama, don't.

(natalie leans back, covering her eyes with her arm)

(silence. yoko watches her)

yoko: are you a lesbian?

(pause)

natalie: excuse me?

yoko: you seeing anybody?

natalie: where did this come from?

yoko: you never brought boys around to the house.

natalie: hello? i just got home. i'm tired, i'm hungry.

yoko: you like girls?

natalie: no, i don't like girls.

yoko: how come you never brought any boys around?

natalie: well...

yoko: you're a lesbian.

natalie: no, jeez, okay, okay --

yoko: okay?

natalie: no, not okay, no - okay, okay --

yoko: okay?

natalie: no, not okay, not okay. not. not.

(pause)

all right. all right. remember that picture of you we had in the living room? the large one, the one you couldn't miss when you walked in cause it slapped you in the face like a dead fish.

yoko: which picture is this?

natalie: you had your german photographer friend take it of you -- heinrich or helmet or something - remember? you were quite proud of it.

yoko: i was?

natalie: you were naked. stark naked, full frontal nudity. my mother.

yoko: oh, that one.

natalie: yes, that one.

yoko: oh, that one.

natalie: yes. that one. that's why i never brought any boys home.

yoko: it was just a picture.

natalie: naked, nude, your groin was eye level - remember, teenage boys?

yoko: i'm sure they would have liked it.

natalie: i'm sure they would've, jeez, you were pornographically gorgeous. and me? underdeveloped, pimply...

yoko: so you don't like girls?

natalie: (shaking her head) i like boys. very much. you just made it difficult...

yoko: i'm sorry, baby. i didn't know.

(silence)

yoko: so how was atlantic city?

(no response)

was it fun?

natalie: disneyland for grown-ups. no one grows old and no one dies. and if you can afford the e-ticket, you can have anything you want.

yoko: i wouldn't know. i've never been. no one's ever invited me.

natalie: you're either winning or losing. no gray areas. there's something perversely comforting about knowing your place on the food chain. cute little minnow swimming along, chomp, eaten by a perch, chomp, eaten by a bass, chomp, eaten by a -- (cont.)

yoko: (overlapping) that's cause you've accepted losing and you're a winner.

natalie: -- tuna, chomp, eaten by a shark, chomp, chomp, chomp...

yoko: you're a winner, come on, come on say it - 'i am a winner'. 'natalie hayashi is a winner'. come on, come on baby. 'natalie hayashi is a winner'. her mother's a winner and she's a winner. 'natalie hayashi is a winner'. please? natalie?

natalie: why?

yoko: please, please...

(pause)

natalie: (quietly) natalie hayashi is...

yoko: (coaxing) ...is a winner.

natalie: ...is dead. i'm going back to my real name. i'm not using natalie hayashi anymore.

yoko: natalie hayashi is not dead, she just forgot how to believe in herself. and how to do the things she needs to do to allow herself to believe in herself. it's something that you have to keep working on yesterday, today and tomorrow, cause others are, who aren't as lazy, who are younger --

natalie: with perkier tits and tighter asses --

yoko: yes and hungrier and who are getting ahead of you even as we speak. it's not funny, it's the way things are in this town...

natalie: there's nothing wrong with growing old, you know.

yoko: yes there is.

natalie: see, that's what's so goddamn, fucked up about this place. can't i be happy growing old? my butt sagging, my breasts drooping, it's what happens.

yoko: not if you got a good surgeon...

natalie: we all die in the end.

yoko: yes, but do you have to grow old?

natalie: maybe getting old and dying *is* living. it's a process. a state of becoming.

yoko: what, a prune?

natalie: it's just this young girl thing that's got us all cutting up our bodies, sucking fat out, pumping synthetic fluids into our breasts, injecting poison into our foreheads - has anyone thought that to truly live life is to feel that

very process we're trying to run away from? know it, intimately, without disturbing its natural course from beginning to the bitter, bitter end?

yoko: so when you get there, what? you got there first, you win? i want to live life as long as i can and look good as long as i'm living. you didn't die of polio, did you? know why?

natalie: 'cause i had my nose done?

yoko: advances in science, that's why you're alive. what, turn your back on them? better living through cosmetic surgery...

(opens a small bottle and downs it)

...and herbal chemistry. placenta of birthing kobe cows.

natalie: yuck... that's not an herb.

yoko: they eat grass.

(yoko flicks off lights. blackness)

yoko: see that?

natalie: see what?

(lights come up)

yoko: that's my point. eternal night. and that's where you want to be? it's coming, believe me it's coming and you or i can't stop it. but while the sun is out, enjoy it as long as you humanly and surgically can - run around natalie, take off your clothes, show off your tits, flash those beautiful legs, get laid, then get laid again. 'cause it's going to be pitch black sooner than you know it.



(turns the dial and slowly takes it to  
darkness. flicks it back on)

yoko: that was for dramatic effect. (noticing the  
lighting, playing with it) we can do play readings  
here...

natalie: maybe i'll bleach my skin, you know they  
started doing it korea. to make themselves  
lighter.

yoko: i never heard of them doing that...

natalie: it must be a universal thing - blacks  
have high yellow, latinos coffee con leche --

yoko: and the *grays* have michael jackson. what,  
just because i used some visual aids, now you're  
being sarcastic...

natalie: oh am i? they're getting into the dna  
now. genomics? proteomics? why bother later when  
you can start sooner? let's by-pass kiyoko  
dalhauser, that's an old, imperfect model. and  
while we're at it, that natalie hayashi blue print  
doesn't work either, needs a higher nose, bigger  
eyes, longer legs --

yoko: your legs are fine --

natalie: bigger bust, blonder hair, lighter skin,  
skinnier frame, and oh, the mother, the way her  
brain works, let's go into there and do some  
genetic tinkering so it's more linear and less  
exponentially expansive...

yoko: no messing with my brain, it's fine just the  
way it is. 'course if you can rejuvenate my brain  
cells...

natalie: i'm not being sarcastic, i'm not. but where does it stop, huh? where?

yoko: you're talking about the extreme. you're taking what is good now and extending it so far down the road that anything is bad by then. it's like giving rats doses a million times more than what humans would take and saying, 'look, the rat died' - of course it did, it drowned.

natalie: what are you talking about?

yoko: that was a bad one, let me try again - okay, what about using cars - use them and one day, what happens? our legs will shrivel up and we won't be able to walk. or, or, medicines - we'll conquer all disease so when aliens with runny noses land, we won't have any defenses and all die.

natalie: that's war of the world's plot, but backwards...

yoko: it was late, i was falling asleep. okay, okay, i got it. how about this? if we keep messing around with all this scientific stuff, one day everyone will be beautiful, happy, smart, rich and have nice looking feet. now. what the hell's wrong with that? huh? what the hell's wrong with that? you ever look at people when you walk down the street? you ever look at the people on jerry springer? what's wrong with making people beautiful, happy, smart, rich and with nice feet? i'll take it. i'll take half of that, just beautiful with nice feet. where do i go to be

yoko: (cont.) -- destroyed by being too perfect? bring it on, bring on the science.

natalie: i give up...

---

yoko: you don't want it enough.

natalie: ahh, the ole'- "you don't want it enough"  
tune, huh?

yoko: what's true in the past doesn't stop now  
just because you're older and heavier. yes, the  
oldie but goodie - 'you don't want it enough'.

natalie: and what is this "it"? you know the "it"  
i don't want enough. is it one more audition? a  
few more call backs? more and better roles, just a  
bit more money for those roles, just a little  
bigger billing, just a bigger role and hey, bigger  
money than you got last time and throw in choice of  
co-star, and while you're at it bigger billing than  
the other guy's bigger billing --

yoko: (interrupting) what you want... what you  
want is to be more of the you you aren't enough of.  
that's all. that's what "it" is. what is the you  
you aren't enough of that you want to be more of?

(silence. natalie sits on the couch and  
begins softly singing to herself)

natalie: (singing) it's raining, it's pouring...  
the old man is snoring... he bumped his head...  
and he went to bed...

(this is a game they played when natalie  
was a kid - joining in together and  
singing nursery rhymes. natalie pauses)

yoko: (takes over the next line) and he couldn't  
get up...

natalie: in the morning...

(both sit for a while in silence. yoko suddenly gets up)

yoko: i know just what you need.

(yoko goes to kitchen area and begins mixing up another herbal cocktail)

natalie: i was talking to this guy. he asked me what'd i do if he gave me a million dollars. i told him i'd buy a plane that ran on moonlight and wind. that was soundless as night. and never had to land. i'd bathe in the rain clouds and dry myself on the morning sun. and i'd only wear white.

yoko: (making the drink) what would you live on? and whatever it is, not too much.

natalie: melted snow water from tibetan mountains. and mangoes from the island of kauai and when i was done with them i'd throw the seeds overboard in my wake and not even think about it. and when i died and the plane touched down, you would know where i'd been by following the trail of sprouting mango trees. from there, all the way to here...

(yoko returns. stares at natalie)

yoko: you on something?

natalie: it's just how i'm feeling. i want a soft landing.

yoko: natalie?

natalie: i'm not on anything.

yoko: 'cause if you are i want you to tell me right now and we can deal with it.

natalie: no. i'm not. i'm just tired, i haven't slept too well...

yoko: you slept on the plane.

natalie: i take it back, you don't sleep on planes, you lie in a state of suspended agitation. i was cranky when i got here, now i've reached, "pissed off".

yoko: you're not pissed off, you're just dehydrated --

natalie: i'm pissed off!

(yoko holds out the newly mixed drink)

yoko: drink, drink.

(silence. natalie takes it, drinks some and hands it back. yoko downs the rest. pulls out driving gloves)

yoko: come on. come on, we're going for a ride.

natalie: what, i'm tired.

yoko: come on, we'll pretend you're one of my clients.

natalie: i thought you quit when you started the vitamin line.

yoko: i never "quit" anything. besides, it's easy work and the hours flexible in case i have an audition. and the old farts remember me as a tokyo teen model, they get a kick out of being driven around by kiyoko uesugi. they even ask for my autograph. cool, huh.

natalie: yeah, cool...

yoko: come on, come on, it's your first night home, you have to get out...

natalie: mommy, it's past my bedtime.

(yoko grabs natalie and drags her along)

yoko: like hell it is. come on, we'll smell the night air, piss in the pacific ocean, moon the stars - i want the world to know my baby's back!

(yoko pulls natalie out the door)

natalie: ah, jeez...

(dim to darkness)

(lights up. night. they come out and they're beneath the hollywood sign looking out over the city. natalie is wearing yoko's chauffeur hat backwards)

natalie: you actually wear this?

yoko: the tips are better. men like uniforms.

(they look out)

yoko: (referring to the hollywood sign and the view) amazing, huh. a scene right out of a movie...

(natalie looks back at the huge hollywood sign)

natalie: i can't believe it. i just get back and already i'm in a cheesy movie. where's david carradine?

yoko: where's john saxon?

natalie: where's scott baio?

yoko: where's edward "cookie" burns? (singing) "seventy-seven, sunset strip"...

natalie: where's rick springfield? (singing) "i want to be jessie's girl"... come to think of it, where's laura branagan? (singing) "gloria, gloria" - i used to love dancing to that song, "gloria, gloria" --

yoko: where's... where's louis rosenfelt, he wanted to marry me but he was still married.

natalie: where's my first agent i got on my own, dominic - 'don't-you-want-your-girlfriend-to-join-us' - delveccio? he was a sick one.

yoko: where's...

(yoko doesn't finish. natalie plows ahead)

natalie: where's tommy garcia, the boy down the street, he looked just like a mexican david cassidy...

yoko: where's...

(pause. natalie looks at yoko. yoko starts to quietly talk sing)

yoko: (singing) where have all the flowers gone.  
long time passing...

(pause)

natalie: (taking it up) where have all the  
flowers gone. long time ago...

(pause)

together: (singing) where have all the flowers  
gone, gone to grave yards everyone...

(silence)

yoko: you think i've had all these men.

(notices daughter looking askance at her)

yoko: well, okay, but i didn't enjoy it. i  
didn't. not until i met your father.

(moves to an area)

yoko: here. this is where i had it. my first  
orgasm. from then on it was clear sailing. but  
here. with your father. my first.

natalie: you brought me all the way up here to  
tell me this?

yoko: no.

(moves out looking at the city)

yoko: i just wanted to spend some time with my  
daughter. my only child. who i haven't seen or  
heard from in two years, 5 months and 13 days.



natalie: (looking around at the decent scenery)  
well, you coulda had the big "o" in some cheesy  
fern bar.

yoko: i want to relive it.

natalie: relive what?

yoko: let's do a sense memory exercize.

natalie: i'm through acting. (looks up at the  
hollywood sign) at least i thought i was.  
(looking around) david carradine? yoo-hoo?

yoko: it's just an exercize, do it with me. come  
on, come on, stand right next to me. i'll remember  
mine and you remember yours.

natalie: my what?

yoko: your first orgasm.

natalie: mom...

yoko: come on, come on, i don't want to do it  
alone.

natalie: no. i came along with you, that's  
enough.

yoko: actually we should do it naked to get the  
whole effect.

(yoko starts to take her clothes off)

natalie: no, no, don't do that...this is  
ridiculous, stop it.

yoko: what's ridiculous about wanting to relive  
one of the most beautiful moments in your life?

natalie: -- okay, i'll do it with you. but we do it with our clothes on.

yoko: just our tops?

natalie: no, our clothes on.

yoko: the surgeon was so expensive...

natalie: that's the only way i'll do it with you. our clothes on. okay? okay?

yoko: okay.

natalie: you weren't kidding about mooning the stars...

yoko: side by side.

natalie: all right. no peeing in the ocean, tho. and no noises. let's make it harder on ourselves. have to do it in silence. besides david carradine might hear us and show up.

yoko: look at that, the city of angels. where dreams can come true!

natalie: but usually not.

(they close their eyes, standing side by side, staring out over the vista)

natalie: (under her breath) this is stupid.

yoko: no it's not.

natalie: ah, jeez...

(we hear two dueling sound tracks.  
steppenwolfe's "born to be wild" and  
pachebel's "canon in d major". born to be  
wild climaxes and cuts away, yoko's done.  
pachebel's piece continues. yoko notices  
natalie swaying gently to the music)

yoko: what's that?

(natalie stops, music cuts away)

natalie: what?

yoko: you never had one.

natalie: yes i have.

yoko: no you haven't.

natalie: yes i have.

yoko: you haven't had an orgasm.

natalie: yes i --

(a helicopter buzzes over. a spot light  
flashes down on them. we hear an older  
man's voice on the bull horn. natalie is  
still wearing the chauffeur hat)

man's voice: move away from the sign. move away  
from the sign. hands over your head. would the  
boy put his hands up. yes, you, you little  
gangbanger. (beat) now. what are you doing here?

yoko: (calling up) hello? hello officer? she's  
not a boy. i'm her mother. she's a daughter.

voice: looks like a boy.

natalie: i'm a woman.

voice: keep your hands up, junior. we were watching you with our infra red night glasses. what was that? some satanic ritual? or the hully gully?

yoko: we were reliving our first orgasms.

voice: excuse me?

natalie: we were reliving our first -

voice: i said keep your hands up junior!

yoko: we're reliving our first orgasms.

(silence)

voice: organisms can be a dangerous thing. i'd recommend a good dose of penicillin.

natalie: orgasms! orgasms!

voice: keep your mitts up or i shoot 'em off buddy boy. (beat) oh. orgasms, huh. (flirting with kiyoko) lady, then you've had a few in your day, haven't you? whoppers, i'd say.

yoko: i'm always in the mood for a nice big mac, mr. officer.

natalie: (muttering) ah, jeez...

voice: but the boy, she's never had one.

(pause. we hear whispering back and forth)

voice: are you kiyoko dalhauser?

yoko: yes.

voice: i thought so. i loved you in that war film, you with that tommy gun blazing away - one of my favorite war movies. rat-tat-tat-tat-tat! you were terrific.

yoko: (modestly) oh, i was okay...

voice: and that musical you did - wow, can you dance!

natalie: (whispering) you never made a musical...

(we hear radio calls)

voice: well, miss kiyoko dalhauser, duty calls when you're men of action. maybe we can go to mcdonald's some time. you can sign the case for my new ak-47 collector's edition.

yoko: i'd like that.

voice: be careful, it can be dangerous up here this time of night. junior?

natalie: yes?

voice: you've never had one.

(helicopter flies away)

yoko: what a nice gentleman.

natalie: i always feel i'm in some big shadow when i'm around you.

yoko: no, a big light. i always imagine myself in a big light. that's the difference. you see it as a shadow, i see it as a light.

natalie: there's big meaning in there but i won't touch it...

(yoko smells the night air)

natalie: (quietly) how do you know?

yoko: what?

natalie: if you had one?

yoko: had one what?

natalie: oh stop it, you know what i'm talking about.

yoko: (happy) we're having one of those conversations, aren't we? you know, a mother-daughter one. birds and the bees, your first period, what's a penis look like --

natalie: i need a drink.

(notices mother's look)

natalie: (defiantly) a big, tall martini in a chilled glass, kettle one straight up with an extra olive. hmmm.

yoko: that's not funny.

natalie: wasn't meant to be. a good martini? very serious business. and the second best thing about a good martini? you'd appreciate this. the way it looks. yes. there's something about a just made martini, the sides of the glass dripping with

condensation, the olives all in a row, skewered like miniature green piggies with red apples in their mouths, tilted at that perfect angle, the toothpick breaking the crisp surface. and the person holding it? whew, they're suddenly more worldly, glamorous, sexy. and the very, very best thing about a martini? the feeling... better than eating a quart of chocolate ice cream. better than listening to chet baker singing in front of a fire. better than... an orgasm.

yoko: i thought you didn't know.

natalie: (ignoring her comment) and that's just the first martini. the second, you're not as particular how it looks. and the third martini...

yoko: we made you here.

natalie: excuse me?

yoko: un-huh. right there. where you're standing. that's where you were made. a little something from him, gets together with a little something of me (looks at natalie) and voila...

natalie: right here? me? here?

yoko: un-huh.

natalie: did you use a blanket or something?

yoko: no.

natalie: you just did it on the ground? dirt, bugs and everything?

yoko: we did it standing.

natalie: whoa, jeez, i can see it in my head --

yoko: doggy-style.

natalie: eeeks! stop, stop, don't say anymore --

yoko: just kidding. we used his coat. an armani.  
not only a good lover but a gentleman, too. a  
well-dressed gentleman.

(natalie bends down and picks up some  
dirt)

yoko: what's the matter?

natalie: for some reason, i thought, maybe... it  
was more special.

yoko: it was. we didn't have a ceiling to look  
at, we had this...

(motioning to the sky)

natalie: like the big bang theory, huh. kiyoko  
dalhauser climaxes and natalie hayashi is created.

yoko: i did see stars. and i *did* see stars.

natalie: stars, stars, stars... (starts singing)  
winkin, blinkin and nod one night...

yoko: (joining) sailed off on a sea of stars...

(natalie stops singing)

natalie: it keeps expanding, the universe. the  
big bang theory. it all keeps getting farther and  
farther away from us. winkin, blinkin and nod?  
they're still out their drifting, drifting...



yoko: you're home now. no silent planes, no  
winkin and blinkin getting lost, my baby's home.

natalie: am i?

yoko: those mango trees? all the way from there  
to right here. my baby's home.

(as yoko leads natalie away, natalie looks  
back at the spot where she was made)

yoko: you can take a bath, too...

end of act one

natalie wood is dead

act two

(later, same night. natalie watching a video of *Geisha Boy*, half-eaten pizza sits in an opened box. a bottle of skyy vodka and a glass sit next to her. natalie hears the door and puts the bottle and glass under the table. natalie has had a few drinks but is not drunk.

yoko enters and sits down next to her. she's wearing her chauffer's cap)

yoko: i'm surprised you're still up. when i dropped you off i thought you'd go straight to bed.

natalie: what's in that stuff you gave me?

yoko: good stuff, huh.

(yoko takes out a bottle of pills)

natalie: well, it's about six in the morning my time and i feel like running a marathon. i've been trying to get myself to come down.

yoko: here...

natalie: what is it?

(offering her some pills. downs some herself)

yoko: kava-kava...

natalie: oh, i like kava-kava...

(natalie downs a few)

yoko: pizza, huh?

natalie: you should be proud of me - no forks, no dishes to wash, just put it in the mouth and everything's gone...

(yoko reaches in and takes a bite)

yoko: pineapple?

natalie: hawaiian delight.

(they both laugh and share a quiet moment of eating. they watch the tv)

yoko: i haven't seen this one in awhile. where'd you find it?

natalie: in one of the boxes.

yoko: oh yeah, i picked up a bunch of my films on video.

natalie: god, when did you make this, you've got a great figure.

yoko: i still do.

natalie: jerry lewis' hair never changes, how does he do that.

yoko: it never moves either.

(both watching and enjoying)

yoko: my english is pretty bad. can you understand me?

natalie: not a word but it doesn't matter.

yoko: yeah i do look great.

natalie: i'm surprised they don't show this more often. it's funny.

yoko: oh, somebody sent me something...

(grabs a book)

let me read you this. written for an asian american journal, published out of some college back east. let's see...

*Geisha Boy*... i know many people consider this a silly, vehicle for jerry lewis. but when i saw this film, i saw myself in the small boy. and most surprising is, who does jerry lewis choose? he doesn't choose marie mcdonald. he chooses kiyoko dalhauser - me. the conversely placed corollary to sam fuller's *Crimson Kimono* - victoria shaw choosing james shigeta over glenn corbett. in *Geisha Boy*, jerry lewis chooses dalhauser's character, michiko okada, over marie mcdonald. a triumphant moment of the reversal of the *Madama Butterfly* syndrome.

natalie: you go girl... hey, i thought you said this asian american stuff is a crock.

(yoko looks around for a video)

yoko: (innocently) i did?

natalie: you're awful.

yoko: (finding one) here, put this in --

(natalie takes out the one video and inserts the other. flicks it on. they continue to eat pizza. *5 Gates To Hell*. machine gun sounds and bombs going off.)

yoko: (picking up the book) oh, i love this one...

natalie: (moaning) oh, no...

yoko: (reads ) ...and then there's *5 Gates To Hell*. kiyoko dalhauser, half naked, machine guns in both hands, barrells blazing away against enemy soldiers. no squeamish, cowering female waiting for some man to rescue her. sigourney weaver in alien? hello? kiyoko dalhauser's chioko was shooting aliens decades before.

(natalie takes over reading while yoko stands next to the screen basking in the complements. she directs attention to the screen like a professional prize shower)

natalie: (cont.) they may appear on the surface as trivial moments in cinematic history that deserve to be discarded and lost in the dust bin of "B" movies. but they have insinuated themselves into filmic lore and affected the course of women in cinema and in particular asian women and

perceptions of victimization and empowerment.  
kiyoko dalhauser is a hero. a cultural icon. i've  
seen every film and tv episode she's ever done and  
i'm a better human being because of it.

yoko: (snatching book away) the rest of the  
article is not as interesting.

natalie: not about you, huh. (noticing the movie)  
you're pretty good.

yoko: you used to hate it, machine gun mama, both  
barrels blazing.

natalie: it grows on you.

yoko: did you look at any of your tapes, they're  
in there, too.

natalie: oh-oh, here's where you die. ahhh...

(we hear gun shots and an explosion)

wow, was that a stunt double?

yoko: hell, no. look how they made me die with my  
legs spread like that, so when they cut to ken  
scott's pov, you could see up my dress. the  
producer wanted that. nowadays, i'd have to do it  
with no underwear. i wonder if i'd do it?

natalie gives her a look.

yoko: yeah, probably.

(yoko gets up and goes to the tape box and  
rummages through it)

natalie: what wouldn't you do?

yoko: when your father left us, you were about what - 3, 4 years old. do you remember much about that time?

natalie: just a little.

yoko: do you ever remember being hungry? or cold? or without a place to sleep.

natalie: no.

yoko: know why?

natalie: do i want to know?

(returning with a tape)

yoko: see, you joke about it. but what you're really saying is that your mother would do anything, things socially unacceptable in proper company. things beneath anything you'd ever consider. i did what i could. i did it everyday, morning to night. and it was nothing to be ashamed of. it just wasn't pretty. and sometimes i was hungry. and sometimes i was cold. but you never were, were you?

natalie: mom? you were a serial wife. you had 3 husbands - they had jobs, they had homes, they made money to buy us clothes and food.

yoko: actually it was two husbands, not counting your father - i didn't marry warner. yeah, you didn't know that. sorry. i liked warner.

(yoko puts in a new video and turns it on)

natalie: yeah, he was nice.

yoko: he was, wasn't he.

natalie: his hairpiece, tho - what is this?

yoko: i made a reel for you. when i heard you were coming back. he wouldn't take it off at night, until the lights were off. i'd already have my clothes off, standing there stark naked. warner'd be very shy, 'turn off the lights please, i have to take my hair off'.

(yoko notices natalie staring at the video)

yoko: surprised? pretty good, huh. the best of natalie hayashi. notice the red super titles, that was my idea. oh, your reoccurring part on *General Hospital*...

natalie: (watching) what'd you do, edit them all altogether?

yoko: un-huh. here comes nurse kim... her comes nurse kim... oh-oh, here comes nurse kim again - oh a variation...

natalie: i thought carrying the files in front made me look more efficient...

yoko: oh hey, here she comes with x-rays now, expanding on your character, huh?

natalie: i had to fight for those x-rays...

yoko: here she comes again... and here you go, this is it, this is it, get ready... "dr. kennedy? your wife had an accident. she's in a coma"...

natalie: (overlapping) ...she's in a coma!... yeah, yeah...



(they high five. natalie stops and stares)

natalie: oh, wow, oh wow...

yoko: a special surprise...

natalie: i've never seen this...

yoko: the pilot you did in the early 90's, NUNS ON THE RUN.

natalie: but it was never aired. where'd you get this?

yoko: i have the only known or unknown copy in existence.

natalie: the network disposed of all their old tapes.

yoko: a bootleg. edelstein had a friend in the archival dept at CBS and he made it just before they dumped all the backlog of unwanted tapes.

natalie: oh, god, look at my hair, that's beyond big hair...

yoko: that's an oak tree.

natalie: that's RuPauls's wig on steroids...

yoko: and your bust, look, look..

natalie: they padded my bra -- oh, what happened?

(the tape has skipped ahead, garbled sound)

yoko: the tape wasn't in good shape...

(playing again. we hear early 90's action  
tv music)

natalie: see, the premise is that we're all  
former nuns from all over the world who've decided  
to give up their cloistered lives in order to fight  
crime. we traded in our nun's habits for mini-  
skirts and high heels.

yoko: a white girl, a black girl, you...

natalie: that was the idea, a united nations of  
nuns serving god by day, fighting crime by night.

yoko: they seem to have you girls doing a lot of  
kicks...

natalie: the execs all thought this was going to  
be the hottest new thing - nuns, miniskirts, very  
high kicks...

(watching)

yoko: see, you're not that bad...

natalie: i'm not, huh...

(the exerpt changes. natalie's mood  
suddenly turns)

natalie: oh, no... turn it off.

yoko: watch, watch...

natalie: why do you do this?

yoko: jeez, this scene is hotter than i remember  
it --

natalie: turn it off!

(yoko switches it off)

natalie: you always do that.

yoko: what?

natalie: you know i don't want to look at that.

yoko: why not?

natalie: why not? you know why not.

yoko: it was years ago and it's time for you to move on -

natalie: see, see, don't do that.

yoko: what am i doing?

natalie: you're taking over and not letting me feel what i feel --

yoko: how am i doing that for god's sake --

natalie: about things, things that happen to me, like that, i know what i feel, not you, let me feel what i feel about them, don't take that away from me by telling me, 'it's time to move on, forget about it, it's nothing' - it's what i feel. i'll decide when it's time to move on.

(long silence)

yoko: okay. well. don't you think it is time to move on?

(natalie doesn't respond)

yoko: can't you give me some credit for knowing a few things about life, just maybe, you don't know? not that you won't know these things when you're my age, but by the sheer virtue of me living a teeny bit longer? just a teeny bit longer, mind you.

natalie: yeah, like what? what do you know?

(yoko thinking)

yoko: well... when you were four years old you got chicken pox and you had a bad habit of scratching them and i was worried you'd get scars so i stayed up with you for 3 days and nights. to make sure you didn't pick at them on your face so you'd be pretty when you grew up. did you know that?

(silence)

and. let's see... that a week before i had you, your father left me. i lied when i said he was around. and i was so miserable and quite frankly not too good in the head that i considered killing myself and probably would have except i didn't have anything to do it with. but when you were born and they placed you on me and i looked at your tiny face, i thought, 'no, this baby is special' and that from that moment on, my life could only be good.

(natalie reaches down and pulls out the bottle and glass and pours herself a drink)

yoko: what are you doing?

natalie: trying to find a answer.

yoko: well, you won't find it in that.

natalie: how do you know? i mean, really, how do you know?

yoko: ahh, jeez, we're back to 'what do you know that i don't know'?

(yoko reaches over and drinks the glass of vodka)

yoko: there. i saved your life. that's what i know that you don't know.

natalie: you're happy now, aren't you?

hoko: what?

natalie: you think you did something good for me.

yoko: no, in your eyes i can never do anything good for you. now i do good things for you for me. totally selfish. nothing to do with you. i saved your life and yes, i'm happy now.

(natalie pours herself a drink)

natalie: actually, i hate to burst your bubble of smugness, but i already had a drink. several as a matter of fact. don't worry. i drink because i want to. not because i have to.

yoko: that's not the feeling i got before you left. drinking, along with all that other stuff you were doing...

natalie: you know that movie.

yoko: 'that movie'?

natalie: you know that movie, *that* movie?

yoko: oh wow, it's now like MacBeth? *that* movie.  
oh, you mean the east-germanish one?

natalie: *Iron Curtain*.

yoko: (looking around) i'm waiting for the sky to fall.

natalie: *Iron Curtain*, the one i did because you wanted me to.

yoko: so you did a nude scene with a white guy, what's the big deal? what's the big deal? it's normal now. asian woman with a white guy, that's what people want and if enough people do it, say it, live it, film it, it's normal. and who's to say two people, any two people can't love each other on screen, huh?

natalie: i agree. i never had a problem with that.

yoko: look, look at *Miss Saigon*. all those asian hookers on stage sucking white guys' cocks and who's in the audience cheering. orientals, asians. yeah, they love coming to see that shit. 'it's our people'! they come in by the bus loads. what's the big deal? if they want to see it, why shouldn't someone do it. and why shouldn't that someone be you. huh. why do you care what those political nitwits think? they obviously don't even know what their own people want. face it, you quit. you let them get to you and you walked away.

natalie: that's not why i stopped. because of that. i didn't quit cause i was getting so much flak from everybody for doing that scene.

yoko: then why? why?

(silence)

yoko: you should go to sleep.

natalie: i can't. remember the drink?

yoko: (moving to get it) here's more kava-kava,  
and valerian if you need something stronger. it'll  
help you sleep.

natalie: actually, i'm on casino hours, too. day  
is night, night is day.

yoko: i thought you came back to start over.

(yoko goes into her room. natalie stands  
there for a beat. picks up the remote and  
turns on the video of her film. she sits  
down and stares at it. looks at her  
drink. then back to video)

(yoko emerges carrying a small battery  
pack with a wire that extends up to a pad  
that's pasted on her cheek. it makes her  
face twitch)

yoko: i need a drink of water.

(natalie ignores her. yoko gets the  
water)

yoko: (noticing the film) see, you're pretty  
good.

(yoko walks over, picks up natalie's  
drink, downs it and places it back)

yoko: saved your life.

(natalie notices yoko's face twitching)

yoko: (explaining the device) sends electrical impulses to the skin to stimulate the epidermal tissues. makes me twitch, tho. hey, look, i'm winking at you...

(yoko goes into her room. natalie stares at the empty glass. then grabs the bottle and takes a big swig.

she watches the screen. gets up and walks around the place, glancing into boxes. happens to notice a video underneath some pictures. picks it up and places it into the video player.

lights dim and natalie's face is lit by the screen. she leans forward to watch.

yoko pokes her head out when she hears the voices. she comes over and sits down next to natalie and watches with her.)

(silence)

natalie: that him?

yoko: un-huh.

natalie: what'd you do, have it transferred to video?

yoko: a few years back.

natalie: that's what he looked like?

yoko: un-huh.

---



natalie: that me in your stomach?

yoko: un-huh, about 8 months along. this was taken a few weeks before he left.

natalie: so the pictures you showed me before weren't him?

yoko: no.

natalie: who were they then?

yoko: i don't know. i found them at a photo mat. someone had thrown them away. i thought he had a kind face.

natalie: why?

yoko: they were thrown away, nobody cared.

natalie: no, why didn't you show me my real father's picture. why all this...deceit, or, whatever.

yoko: i wasn't hiding it from you. i just didn't want to think about him. you were a baby, you didn't care.

natalie: why'd you keep this?

yoko: i never looked at it. just kept it.

natalie: all these years?

yoko: just a small piece of him tucked away. just in case.

natalie: in case of what?

yoko: i dunno.

natalie: why'd he leave?

yoko: cause that's what he did. some men are like that. you have his eyes.

natalie: have you ever heard from him? like did he want to know about me?

yoko: no.

(pause)

natalie: know where he is?

yoko: no. i don't even know if the name he gave was his real name.

natalie: what did he do?

yoko: he left. that's all i remember him doing now. i have a feeling he might be dead by now.

(silence)

yoko: can i have a drink?

(natalie gets out the bottle and pours her a drink. yoko gulps it down)

yoko: saved your life. mind if i save your life again?

(natalie pours her another shot)

natalie: you think he's dead?

(no response)

natalie: what was he, a drug dealer or something?

(no response)

natalie: was he a pimp?

(yoko looks at natalie)

yoko: why would you say something like that? huh?  
why?

natalie: i don't know. what was he then?

yoko: he was your father and he was my husband.  
then he left cause that's what he did. that's all.  
that was enough.

natalie: am i like him at all?

yoko: why you asking all these questions now? you  
never asked about your father before.

natalie: well, it was hard keeping track of who my  
father was. they kept changing all the time,  
remember?

yoko: yes. you are like him.

natalie: how.

yoko: he was weak. he could never commit to  
anything. stick with it. anything got too hard,  
he just moved on.

natalie: that's a terrible thing to say to me.  
why do you say things like that?

yoko: cause you wanted the truth, right. that's  
why you're asking all these questions, aren't you.  
to know the truth, so i'm telling you.

---

natalie: maybe you drove him away.

yoko: you don't know anything.

(pause)

natalie: know why i left? why i "quit"?

(yoko doesn't respond)

natalie: it's not cause i'm like my father.

yoko: then why, huh? why?

natalie: the scene in *Iron Curtain*? the scene in bed? i didn't want to do it nude. it was in the contract. a body double or i get to wear a body stocking. the director said it would show and everyone was so nice. 'what about the integrity of the scene?' a body double wouldn't work. they had shot some stuff but they needed some shots that showed us both or it would look fake. i said no, but they kept on me, made me feel like i was letting everyone down, making the film less than what it could be *artistically*. they like to use that one - it questions your integrity as a serious artist.

yoko: you go on and on about this...

natalie: so i finally said okay, but that i wanted to wear one of those panty guards. and he had to wear one, too. the director takes me aside and says it'll look unrealistic, he needs me to not

natalie: (cont.) -- have one. he'll have jason wear one as we can't show penises anyway without getting an x-rating. i don't want to but he says it's important and that there's nothing to worry

about and nothing will show in the final cut and it allows for more realism and the scene is about how explosive their sexuality is. i say it isn't a rape scene, is it? and he says no and yes.

yoko: you couldn't see anything.

natalie: so we get into bed and jason doesn't have a cover on his penis. what am i supposed to do, everyone's on the set, we're all in bed and what am i supposed to do? 'stop, tell jason to put his penis guard on'.

---

yoko: well, if it bothered you so much...

natalie: mama, you were standing there watching. you were standing next to the director, remember? you seemed to be having a good time. you said, 'go ahead baby, it's all right'.

so we're into it and jason whispers, 'don't worry, relax', he'll be careful...

he stuck it in me, mama, while everyone was watching. he forced his cock into me. i was shocked but he kept forcing it into me and what was i supposed to do with everyone watching, they all thought i was acting and i was but i wasn't too.

yoko: well, you seemed happy. everyone was happy. we even went out for a drink, you guys were holding hands.

natalie: we weren't holding hands.

yoko: he had his arm around you. i even have pictures of that.

natalie: so what? so fucking what? he still stuck his penis in me and i didn't want him to and

natalie: (cont.) -- he wasn't supposed to. he raped me. in front of everyone. and you applauded. everyone applauded.

yoko: that wasn't rape.

natalie: it was too.

yoko: no, it wasn't. and you were smiling.

natalie: i wasn't smiling.

yoko: you were smiling and happy at the bar.

natalie: i mean i was but i wasn't really. not afterwards. afterwards when i went home.

yoko: why are you telling me this now? to make me feel bad. to make me feel ashamed for having made you do the movie?

natalie: no, i just want you to know what really happened. the truth?

yoko: and you're blaming me for it, right? you're telling me this so i can feel sorry for you, poor, poor natalie, that's why she quit and it's all her mother's fault. so what you say happened, so what? so fucking what? grow up. most of us have to screw some old geezer just to get to go to the right parties and all you had to do is get in bed naked with the lead, who's quite good-looking i might add. someone i would have gladly fucked in my day. grow up. this is the real world. people are dying of starvation in the sudanese desert, small microbes eat up the insides of homosexual men, young girls throw new born babies in dumpsters then go to the prom, daughters are used like whores by soldiers in kosovo, then shot and dumped in

holes their mothers had to dig. you weren't killed, you aren't dying, you aren't dead. wake up. people get fucked all the time. you just got to make sure you're getting fucked for the right reasons. who's the fucker, who's the fuckee. that makes all the difference in the world.

natalie: so you're telling me it's okay? --

yoko: no, no, --

natalie: -- it's alright to be raped?

yoko: -- no, no, of course not!

natalie: have you taken money? for sex?

yoko: what?

natalie: have you?

yoko: all i was saying was people are always using other people. screwing? as in a metaphor?

natalie: who do you rent this place from?

yoko: mr. taniguchi.

natalie: he's one of your bosses, isn't he?

yoko: what are you saying?

natalie: well, you said everybody does it. so i guess you must mean everybody, including you. you did say you'd do anything.

yoko: oh, grow up, will you.

natalie: at the age of 33, i finally know who my father is, i'm grown up now. so do you get favors for sex? like in this apartment you live in.

yoko: i'm an actress. maybe you aren't, but i still am. okay, maybe i don't get as much work as i used to, so i do part time work with mr. taniguchi's company. i drive visitors around, they get a kick out of having me do it for them. a former famous model. a novelty.

natalie: that's all?

yoko: oh, and i sell japanese health products.

natalie that's all?

yoko: some of us don't have the luxury of worrying whether our feelings get bruised a little.

natalie: bruised?

yoko: no one forced you to do anything. no one forced you to take off your clothes and get into bed with jason dayne. and no one forced you to open up your legs and let him get inside of you. you weren't some naïve fifteen year old - you were, what? twenty seven, eight? you act like you suddenly woke up and found him sticking it in you - 'how'd i get here, what time is it?' 'my god, is that a penis?' you put yourself there. you. take some responsibility for what you do and what you let be done to you. it's your body, not mine, not the director's, yours. he didn't force himself on you and you didn't get raped. you let him. and you let him because being good in the scene, looking good for the camera, selling yourself to the public, yes "selling yourself", was more important than the inconvenience of having jason's wayward cock momentarily misplaced in your vagina.



not cause everyone was watching, not cause i had somehow conspired over the years of your upbringing to make you some kind of deer in the headlights, an unwilling victim, victimized by her overbearing mother and her need to please her...

(stops, realizing)

you know what it is? you know what it is? you're an actress darling. you keep saying, 'i don't know if i want to do it anymore' - oh, i don't think so. i think you do. hell, you want it more than me. face it. you're an actress, you're an actress, too...

natalie: i saw it. the movie? the one you said you made, that's coming out soon? i already saw it.

(pause)

yoko: my movie?

natalie: yes.

yoko: where?

(pause)

natalie: on the plane coming over. in between the pretzels and the meatless lasagne. they didn't release it mama. this fancy movie you keep talking about you were in. they didn't sell it to cable, they didn't even send it to video. they gave it to united for their flights. domestic, not even international.

(silence)

yoko: how was i?

natalie: it was hard to tell. the japanese neighbor was on for a very, very brief moment.

yoko: so were you sleeping or awake, huh? make up your mind. here, this'll wake you up.

(grabs the journal and reads)

yoko: (reading) ...'her daughter on the other hand seems to make choices that confound even the most hardened critic of political correctness having chosen to appear in the wretched, asian male-hating classic, iron curtain, wherein she ignores every asian male, handsome or otherwise, only to immediately fall for the first white male who happens along, who's just come from a killing her brother, looks like charlie manson, and has at that moment, no evident socially redeeming qualities other than his whiteness. what does she do? she immediately jumps into the sack with him. this hateful, big budget action movie sets the cause of asian american males, and asian american portrayals in general, back fifty years'.... shall i continue?

natalie: no.

yoko: did that hurt? cause that's what i didn't read to you when i could have.

natalie: yes, it hurt mama. you hurt me.

yoko: i could've read it before but i didn't, okay? i wanted to protect you from that.

(long pause)

natalie: aren't you tired, mama? just a little? 'cause i am. and all the japanese herbs and vitamins aren't going to change it. i'm not like

you. i won't do just anything. not cause i'm better than you or looking down at you. i'm just too goddamn, fucking tired. and i guess there's a point where it is okay to say, i quit. and it's okay to say i'm not an actress. it's okay to grow old, it's okay to gain weight, it's okay to have a drooping ass and even small breasts.

yoko: you hate me, don't you?

natalie: i don't hate you...

**[[Alternative ending --**

((yes, yes, you do.

no, i don't

yes, yes you hate me—

i hate myself. me! not you, it's not always about you, i hate me! i hate ME, hate, hate, hate me, me, me, mee!!! i loathe me, i make me want to puke, i want to scrape my face off, pull out my hair, cut me open and pull it all out, tear it all out - i hate me, mamma, i hate me, me, i can't stand the thought of spending another goddamn second with me, natalie wood's not dead, no not dead yet, but she will be, she will be, she will be mama...

silence.

i've got my own herbal medicines, too. but you you only have to take it one time.

so. you were thinking about...

i am. that's why i came home. not to act.  
to say good-bye.

what? right here? in front of me?

maybe?

sounds like a performance if you ask me.

jesus.

why in front of me? You need me as an audience  
that's why?

stop it.

taking your own life is easy, i could've done  
it, i almost did, i already told you that, but  
i didn't cause i'm not a coward like you are,  
you're afraid to face up --

natalie socks her mother in the stomach.  
silence. all we hear is kiyoko struggling to  
get some air in her. she falls to the floor.  
natalie stares at her for a beat. then goes  
over and gets a drink of water and returns.  
yoko reaches out for the glass. natalie drinks  
it herself.

natalie: i mean how do i know you're my real  
mother? i always felt something was amiss  
between the two of us. that we didn't quite  
come from the same seed, you know.

Kicks her again.

I don't know why but it feels like self-  
defence. The timing might be off but it feels  
like I'm fighting for my life against something  
bigger and stronger only I can't see it.

Look, look, it feels good and I don't even know why I'm doing it. I don't know why I'm doing it but it feels damn good!

Yoko: You want to kill me?

I want to kill you and all the relatives that came before you. I want to eradicate this lineage so No one like me will ever be born again to someone like you and be subjected .

]]]

yoko: you have that luxury, because on the day you were born i said you were special. and because i said from that day on life was going to be good. and it was. for you. and do you know why? cause i made it good. i did. not life, not the world, not your father or fathers, not your asian american community friends who turned on you i might add. no, me. me. i did. and do you know how i was able to do it?

natalie: by doing anything?

yoko: by having something worth doing anything for. a beautiful baby girl.

(silence. the morning sun is coming up)

natalie: maybe i should get one.

yoko: maybe you should, you'd learn a lot more about yourself.

natalie: then again, maybe i shouldn't. maybe i don't want something that'll make me do anything for it.

mother: then you'll never succeed, cause that's what it takes. in this business. and in life.

natalie: you're a winner. kiyoko dalhauser is a winner.

mother: yes, i am. and natalie hayashi? what is she?

(pause)

natalie: i was telling this man why my name was hayashi. it means forest or woods in japanese. natalie wood? get it? natalie hayashi, natalie wood? my mother gave it to me. he looked at me kinda funny, "natalie wood is dead, isn't she?" and so she is, mama.

i didn't ask for a million. i just said a couple hundred would get me home.

you don't have to do just anything anymore. you can do just what you want to do and not do what you don't want to do. i'm leaving. i guess you're right. i am my father's daughter.

(yoko grabs her stuff and leaves. yoko stands there for a moment. notices the sun coming up.)

(yoko goes to the video player and changes tapes. sits down on the chair. she pours herself a drink. flicks on the video and watches *5 Gates of Hell*. sips. we hear

gun fire and bombs going off. she turns  
up the volume. fade to black)

end of play.

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