

Yellow Peril 3.0

by
Patricia Jang

Patricia Jang
400 E 17th Street, Apt 705
Brooklyn, NY 11226
718-964-7599
Patriciajang@gmail.com

CHARACTERS

Henry late teens, Asian American male, dorky but charming,
passionate about civil rights

Deb late teens, early 20s, Asian American female with
serious attitude

Bobby late teens, Asian American male, good looking,
athletic, deep well of anger

Ju Seok late teens, early 20s Asian American male, computer
jockey, not so comfortable with humans

Ensemble #1 early 20s, male, plays multiple roles

Ensemble #2 early 20s, male, plays multiple roles

SETTING

Midwestern university in rural setting.

SCENE 1

Dining hall in a rural Midwestern University. HENRY, tray in hand, sits down at an empty table. He pulls out *The Black Panthers Speak* and starts to read. SEAN and KYLE enter separately, in Delta Sigma regalia.

Dude!
SEAN

Dude!
KYLE

Duuuuuuude!
SEAN

SEAN and KYLE bump chests.

Dude, you ready to party tonight?
SEAN (CONT'D)

Hell fuckin' yeah!
KYLE

HEATHER enters and saunters by.

Hot damn that's some fine ass.
SEAN

KYLE catches up with HEATHER.

Hey there, you lookin' to have some fun?
KYLE

Not with you.
HEATHER
(looks him up and down; laughs)

Awww, don't blame a brother for trying to invite the hottest girl on campus to our rush party. C'mon, where else you gonna go?
KYLE

I'm might be stopping by Beta Zeta Phi's--
HEATHER

--a bunch of faggity losers. Don't waste your time, for real men, you gotta come to Delta Sigma.
KYLE

I dunno. Maybe.

HEATHER

KYLE drops to his knees.

KYLE

Heather, baby, don't break my heart. I'll be waiting.

HEATHER smiles coyly and exits.

JU SEOK enters carrying a very unstylish laptop bag and holding a cafeteria tray. He looks around for an empty table.

SEAN

High five.

SEAN and KYLE high five.

SEAN

Smooth, bro, smooth.

KYLE

You know it.

SEAN
(quarterbacking in the pocket)

Fourth quarter. Ten seconds left on the clock. He looks deep...

KYLE runs back for the catch. JU SEOK tries get out of the way, but KYLE crashes into him.

SEAN (CONT'D)
(at JU SEOK)

Dude, you just blew our chance to win the Rose Bowl!

KYLE

Five seconds left - we're down 24-27--

SEAN

--On our own 25 yard line, no other play except a--

KYLE

--Hail Mary! And what happens?

SEAN

Some dumb ass chink wanders onto the field and screws it all up!

KYLE

Whatchu gotta say to that?

JU SEOK stares at KYLE blankly.

KYLE (CONT'D)

You say, "Nobody fucks with the Prairie Dogs!"

JU SEOK continues to stare at his bag.

KYLE pokes JU SEOK in the chest.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Dude! Don't leave me hangin' here.

SEAN

Maybe he don't understand English.

SEAN trips JU SEOK and pins him face down with his knee. KYLE kneels down next to JU SEOK, who is reaching out for his laptop bag.

KYLE

(very slowly)

Repeat after me - "Nobody fucks with the Prairie Dogs!"

HENRY LIAO, an Asian-American wearing a Giant Robot T-shirt and a look of righteous anger, approaches. His voice trembles with a mixture of fury and terror.

HENRY

Hey!

HENRY flips his phone open and takes a photo of KYLE and SEAN.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Say cheese!

KYLE

What the fuck was that for?

HENRY

Leave him alone or I'll get you suspended for harassment.

SEAN

You sneaky little bastard--

SEAN shoves HENRY against a wall.

SEAN

Know what? I don't like your face.

HENRY

Well I don't like racism.

SEAN laughs.

SEAN

Yo, is this freak for real?

SEAN gives HENRY another shove. KYLE punches SEAN in the shoulder.

KYLE

Hey, dude, we gotta get to practice or we'll have our asses in a sling.

SEAN

(to HENRY)

Better watch out, dickweed.

KYLE and SEAN exit. HENRY goes to JU SEOK.

HENRY

Hey, are you ok?

JU SEOK ignores HENRY and systematically picks up the food off the floor.

HENRY (CONT'D)

They're such fucking assholes, aren't they?

HENRY helps JU SEOK clean up.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I hate Rush Week. It's like this dense testosterone fog descends and turns all the guys into giant walking penises with splooge for brains.

So, uh, I've never seen you on campus before - you a freshman?

JU SEOK continues cleaning. HENRY holds his hand out.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I'm Henry.

JU SEOK doesn't move. HENRY drops his hand.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I've just started this blog - Yellow Brotherhood - you should check it out. It's not a big production or anything - it's new, I don't get a whole lot of traffic yet - right now it's just mostly me trying to work stuff out. Don't know about you, maybe you've been raised in a fundamentalist Mormon compound in Texas, but I'm from Chicago, and its totally weird being Asian American out here in whitebread, corn husk country, especially when there's like six of us here, know what I mean?

Um, anyway, I gotta get to my History of the Civil Rights Movement class.

HENRY starts to exit.

HENRY (CONT'D)

And don't forget to check out my blog - Yellow Brotherhood!

SCENE 2

In the wings, BOBBY, wearing gym clothes, sits on a bench. He is good-looking, athletic. He methodically lifts barbells with perfect technique.

SCENE 3

HENRY sits in front of his laptop in his dorm room. Behind him hangs a huge poster of Bruce Lee and a poster of Huey P. Newton. A large array of lefty political buttons, including Yellow Power, Obama, and peace buttons, decorate Henry's bulletin board.

On a screen upstage, there is a live feed projection from HENRY's computer. HENRY speaks as he types into his blog.

HENRY

In my History of the Civil Rights Movement class today, we finally got to Black Nationalism. He only spent the last ten minutes on the Black Panthers! Fucking bullshit. You could tell he'd rather drone on about the March on Washington than talk about Red Books for guns.

Professor Wright appears, standing behind a podium. MARVIN sits behind HENRY, looking incredibly bored.

PROFESSOR WRIGHT

Can anyone here tell me when the Black Panther Party first rose to national prominence?

HENRY eagerly raises his hand.

PROFESSOR WRIGHT

Do I need to remind everyone that participation counts for 20% of your grade?

Professor Wright looks everywhere besides HENRY.

PROFESSOR WRIGHT

(sighs)

Yes, Henry?

HENRY

The Black Panther Party for Self Defense rose to prominence on May 2, 1967 when a small cadre of Black Panthers, including co-founder, Bobby Seale, marched into the California State Assembly with guns in hand.

A ball of paper hits HENRY in the head. He ignores it and continues.

HENRY (CONT'D)

In front of TV cameras, Bobby Seale delivered a statement by Minister of Defense, Huey P. Newton, that protested the Mulford Act, which was specifically designed to block the Black Panthers' ability to rightfully protect themselves and their neighborhood by patrolling harassment by racist cops, whom they appropriately named "pigs" because--

PROFESSOR WRIGHT

--Henry, I have to say I'm alarmed at your cavalier attitude about the Panthers' use of violence, which undermined the advances won by the civil rights movement--

HENRY

--which only went so far - even Martin Luther King Jr began to question non-violence--

PROFESSOR WRIGHT

--How about the repeated incidents of criminal violence and misogyny within their ranks--

HENRY

--After Elaine Brown became the chairman, the Black Panthers--

PROFESSOR WRIGHT

(claps)

--Well unfortunately, that's all we have time for today. See you next week.

MARVIN gets up and purposefully bangs into HENRY.

MARVIN

You ain't ever gonna be black, yo.

MARVIN and Professor Wright disappear.

HENRY

Whatever, fucktard.

HENRY pauses, then reluctantly deletes "fucktard".

HENRY (CONT'D)

Clearly, enlightenment has passed Marvin by, but no matter. I must battle on. As Bobby Seale might say, "I've gotta break it down to all those jive brothers who need to get educated about the plight of the yellow man."

Mental note: go see Professor Wright during his office hours tomorrow about how this so called "university" not only doesn't have an Asian American studies department, but it doesn't offer a single course about Asian Americans.

The door opens and BRANDON, Henry's roommate, walks in. HENRY immediately slams his laptop closed and the screen goes dark.

BRANDON

Hey man, its cool if you wanna jack off. I'll be outta here in a sec.

HENRY

I wasn't jacking off--

BRANDON

--Mmmhmmmm. What site where you checking out?

HENRY

I told you, I wasn't--

BRANDON

--Right now, I'm diggin' XTube, you should check it out sometime. You can see every fuckin' position and combination ever invented!

' clip of girl on girl action - oh man, one of them's got this amazing rack and they start rubbing--

HENRY

--OK. Got it.

BRANDON

Woah. Don't bust a nut. I'll get outta here so you can beat one off.

HENRY

Thanks.

BRANDON tosses a box of tissues at HENRY.

BRANDON

Have fun!

BRANDON exits.

HENRY

Perv.

HENRY takes a tissue, blows his nose, and then opens up his laptop. The screen goes live. HENRY types.

HENRY

In other news, I met a brother today who was being tormented by these racist meathead jockstraps:

HENRY posts the picture of KYLE and SEAN he took with his cell phone.

HENRY

If any of you have any other incidents regarding these two individuals, please let me know. These sort of incidents cannot continue to go on unpunished.

Now, I have been thinking that the time is ripe to create a Yellow Brotherhood to unite us Asians and fight against the racist tyranny on this campus.

It is clear that in order to organize the masses, I must create a manifesto modelled after the Black Panther Party Ten Point Program. Thus, I invite all of you readers to submit any ideas that you may have and I will distill all said suggestions into a lean, mean recruiting machine.

Allow me to posit that the first stop to creating a vital Yellow Brotherhood is awareness. All of us, at one point or another, have experienced racist verbal attacks.

KYLE and SEAN appear.

SEAN

What do you use to blindfold an Oriental?

KYLE

Dental floss!

SEAN

What do you call two Chinese in a Corolla?

KYLE

The Gooks of Hazzard!

SEAN

What happened to the Asian dude who walked into a wall with a boner?

KYLE

He broke his nose!

KYLE and SEAN disappear.

HENRY

And while it is plausible that these sort of "jokes" are said in good fun and without any malicious intent, I believe that these jokes are a symptom of this country's desire to marginalize Asians out of fear that armed with superior intelligence and an intense immigrant work ethic, we will take over.

The screen goes blank.

Panicked, HENRY tries to restart his computer.

HENRY

Fuck! Don't crash on me!

Lights up on JU SEOK, at his computer station. JU SEOK smoothly moves between several large computers - he is a virtuoso.

Screen: in gigantic green letters, JU SEOK types:

JU SEOK

This is a joke.

HENRY

What the hell...?

You are a joke. JU SEOK

HENRY tries to type, to no avail. He hits the off button, but nothing happens.

This whole world is a joke. JU SEOK

This is some fucked up virus... HENRY

That's right, Henry, everything is a joke. JU SEOK

Holy Jesus. HENRY

Nothing is real. JU SEOK

Brother.

The screen goes black. JU SEOK disappears.

HENRY stares at the computer in disbelief.