

# Little Brown Fucking Machines

by

**Sharon Sassone**

1970's Olongapo City, the Philippines—the largest US Naval Base outside of mainland USA—and where America sends its servicemen for their “rest and recreation” during the Vietnam War. Taking care of the sexual needs of the soldiers is serious business, and big business for the U.S. and the Philippines alike. The women and children of Olongapo are born and raised into the life—Asia's “Little Brown Fucking Machines” as Playboy Magazine dubbed them—and they all need to cooperate and follow orders. And if they don't? Well—disobedience is dangerous.

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# ***LITTLE BROWN FUCKING MACHINES***

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CHARACTERS in order of appearance:

- Soldier #1: Young American on guard duty
- Maricris: A Filipina peasant girl, age 13
- Jovito: A Filipino male prostitute, young and handsome
- Reynaldo: A Filipino doctor at a free clinic
- Lucy: A Filipina prostitute, a young “hospitality girl”
- Candy: Another young hospitality girl
- Vicki: A Filipina prostitute employed by the bar to “manage” the hospitality girls
- Soldier #2: American serviceman, any branch, any age
- Optionals: Additional soldiers and hospitality girls in bar and courtroom scenes, depending on size of cast
- Narciso: A Filipino man; manager of the bar
- Tammy: An amazingly beautiful Amer-Asian girl, who has recently given birth to a baby daughter, Corazon
- Ted: Lieutenant in the American Navy
- Pipay: A Filipina attorney (name pronounced Pee-pie)
- Policeman: A Filipino policeman making his nightly rounds

SCENE:

The City of Olongapo in the Philippines, fifty miles northwest of Manila, the location of the United States' Subic Bay Naval Base.

Olongapo was a major ship repair and supply base, but its real value was that it was the R & R (Rest and Relaxation) town for American servicemen resting from combat and for sailors in port off the Seventh Fleet until it was closed in 1991. Olongapo was also used by other countries, especially Japan, as a vacation paradise for men looking for prostitutes of every age, size, shape, color, and sexual persuasion—the infamous “Little Brown Fucking Machines of Asia”—a slang term coined by who-knows-who, but known and used by military men around the world and made famous by such magazines as Playboy in the United States.

TIME:

1970's during the Vietnam War

AT RISE:

MARICRIS, a very young Filipina girl, is rummaging through the off-limits garbage dump of Subic Naval Base. When she finds something edible, she devours it and continues rummaging. A soldier, carrying a rifle, enters. Seeing something move, he takes aim, until he realizes it is a human being and lowers his rifle.

ACT I. Scene I.

Soldier: Out.

Maricris: Good afternoon, sir. I am only looking for a little something to eat.

Soldier: Out. Now.

Maricris: But, sir, I came from very far...

Soldier: All of you have.

Maricris: I walked more than fifty kilometers, and. . .

Soldier: And you're all hungry, but you're not allowed to eat here. It's my job to keep you out. I'm supposed to shoot you if I find you here.

Maricris: Shoot me?

Soldier: Shoot you.

Maricris: For eating garbage?

Soldier: For eating garbage.

Maricris: I was told, sir, that Americans burn their garbage.

Soldier: That's right.

Maricris: Then you will burn this?

Soldier: That's right.

Maricris: Yet I cannot eat it?

Soldier: That's right.

Maricris: Sir, may I impose upon your generosity? I'm sure you don't quite understand that I have not eaten for...

Soldier: Look, kid, *you* got to understand that this is private property. United States government. And this is private garbage. If we want to burn it, we burn it. If we let one person in here to eat, tomorrow there'll be ten and the next day a hundred. Now get going. Turn around and march back fifty kilometers.

Maricris: Ah, but I am not going back home, sir. I've come to Olongapo to work. I am going to be a singer.

Soldier: That I doubt.

Maricris: You need not doubt it, sir, it's true. A man came to town...Senior Eduardo de la Cruz.. Do you know him?

Soldier: No.

Maricris: He's giving me a job as a singer in a nightclub.

Soldier: I'm sure.

Maricris: I'm glad, sir! I'm sure too. He gave me this card. (SHE SHOWS HIM A TATTERED BUSINESS CARD.) Can you read?

Soldier: Of course! (DESPITE HIMSELF, HE TAKES A POLITE LOOK.)

Maricris: I'm to ask for Vicki. Do you know her?

Soldier: Nope.

Maricris: Vicki will take me to the nightclub where I'll work as a singer.

Soldier: You'll work all right, but not as a singer.

Maricris: Of course as a singer, sir. You have no way of knowing this, but I have a beautiful singing voice. I have been a soloist all my life at Mass.

Soldier: At Mass?

Maricris: Yes. I also sing at weddings and funerals.

Soldier: And this guy...Senor Della....

Maricris: Senor de la Cruz...

Soldier: He promised to make you a star?

Maricris: A *singer* in his nightclub!

Soldier: Jesus...listen to me, kid...they... what they really ...okay, how should I say this? Um, listen....

Maricris: I'm listening, sir.

Soldier: Well...they're going to have you...ah...jeez, kid, just go back home before it's too late.

Maricris: Go back? I've come here to work, sir! My family is depending on me for money. I have eleven brothers and sisters...

Soldier: Naturally.

Maricris: ...and with the money I send home, Inay...

Soldier: Who?

Maricris: ...my mother...will be able to buy an extra gallon of water every week. And Tatay...

Soldier: Your father?

Maricris: Yes. Tatay will be able to buy additional kerosene for the lamp...maybe have light for an extra hour every night!

Soldier: You folks don't have electricity?

Maricris: No, sir, but Father Francisco has it in the sanctuary at church, so I've seen it. Senor de la Cruz says there will be electricity at the nightclub...all beautiful twinkling lights...like stars!

Soldier: Twinkling lights, huh?

Maricris: How beautiful they must be! With the first money I earn, I will hire a letter writer to tell my mother all about the colored lights.

Soldier: You can't write?

Maricris: No, sir. I regret I neither read nor write.

Soldier: Does your mother read?

Maricris: No, sir.

Soldier: So how's she going to read the letter?

Maricris: I will send her enough money to hire someone to read it for her. She will be very proud.

Soldier: How old are you?

Maricris: Twenty-one, sir.

Soldier: Like hell you are! Don't lie to me. How old are you?

Maricris: Eighteen.

Soldier: I 'll arrest you for lying to me.

Maricris: Can you do that?

Soldier: You bet.

Maricris: I'm fif...fourteen.

Soldier: When?

Maricris: Next year.

Soldier: Jesus! Thirteen years old! Listen, kid...jeez...have you ever even had a boyfriend?

Maricris: No, sir!

Soldier: I wish you'd go back home. Now. Tonight. Just go back home to Mom-May and Pop-Eye or whoever. You're too young to be on your own.

Maricris: Too young? Inay had two children by my age.

Soldier: You're lying again.

Maricris: No sir.

Soldier: Jesus.

Maricris: Forgive me, sir. Tatay says never to take the name of Our Lord in vain.

Soldier: You're right off the farm, aren't you?

Maricris: We do not have a farm, sir, only a little house.

Soldier: Just get out of here. Get going!

Maricris: May I take this piece of bread, sir?

Soldier: (TURNING HIS BACK) I don't see any bread. Get going.

Maricris: Thank you, sir! Goodbye. (SHE LEAVES EATING THE BREAD.)

Soldier: I just gotta get back to Nebraska. Thirteen years old. Jesus.

(BLACK)

ACT I. Scene 2.

REYNALDO, A FRAZZLED DOCTOR, IS BUSY IN HIS OFFICE, SEARCHING THROUGH SUPPLIES. JOVITO, A YOUNG, HANDSOME FILIPINO PROSTITUTE, ENTERS.

Reynaldo: Now how did you get in here? Can't you see the waiting room is packed?

Jovito: Nice to see you, too, my friend.

Reynaldo: I can't come out and play today, Jovito—the fleet's in—three days early. They weren't due until Friday and this is only Tuesday!

Jovito: I won't take up your time, Reynaldo. I'm desperate.

Reynaldo: What's happened?

Jovito: I can't put my hands on any cough syrup for Vicki.

Reynaldo: That's not desperate.

Jovito: She's got to have it, Reynaldo.

Reynaldo: (STILL SEARCHING AMONG BOXES) That damned ship wasn't due in till Friday...what have they got...ships that fly now?

Jovito: You have to admire American ingenuity, don't you? What are you searching for?

Reynaldo: Condoms.

Jovito: Condoms? Johns won't wear them.

Reynaldo: They're going to have to start. The Board told us we've got to start telling everyone they got to wear them.

Jovito: Why?

Reynaldo: There's a new strain of Herpes...doesn't respond to penicillin. Fatal.

Jovito: Fatal? You're kidding.

Reynaldo: "Vietnam Rose" they're calling it. The soldiers are bringing it in.

Jovito: Like I said, American ingenuity.

Reynaldo: (FINDING THE CONDOMS) Voila! Here, take some.

Jovito: I'm not wearing them!

Reynaldo: You better wear 'em—especially you.

Jovito: Why especially me?

Reynaldo: Cause it's especially prevalent in the gay community.

Jovito: I'm not gay.

Reynaldo: I don't have time to debate terms. You have sex with men.

Jovito: They pay me—it's a job.

Reynaldo: Vietnam Rose doesn't know the difference.

Jovito: I just don't want you thinking I'm a fag.

Reynaldo: Jovito, how many times have I seen you put the move on my nurses?

Jovito: Exactly.

Reynaldo: But your johns sleep with other men. Protect yourself man—and protect the women in your life too.

Jovito: “This has been a Public Service Announcement.”

Reynaldo: Smart ass. Wear the rubbers.

Jovito: Thank you for your concern, Doctor, now if you'll give me the cough syrup, I'll be on my way.

Reynaldo: You can take a few of those bottles from one of the boxes over there.

Jovito: The whole dozen. (RUMMAGING) Hey, half of these boxes have expired expiration dates.

Reynaldo: More American ingenuity. What you can't sell in the States you can always sell in the Philippines. We're only “third world” you know.

Jovito: Fuck them.

Reynaldo: And while you do, wear the rubbers.

Jovito: This stuff is still good, isn't it?

Reynaldo: Yeah, it's still good. Don't take so much! I got sick people with *real* coughs out there!

Jovito: Relax. There are plenty of boxes here. Uncle Sam has been very generous to you for your help in controlling the surplus population.

Reynaldo: You are pushing our friendship.

Jovito: (HE TAKES OUT A ROLL OF MONEY AND HANDS IT TO REYNALDO.) A donation for the clinic. To show my appreciation too.

Reynaldo: I'll take it. We need it.

Jovito: And Vicki needs the syrup. Everybody wins.

Reynaldo: But you especially—what do you do? Charge her double?

Jovito: It's been a pleasure doing business with you, Doctor. Good-bye.

Reynaldo: (PUTTING SOME ADDITIONAL CONDOMS IN THE BOX) Here. Give these to Vicki.

Jovito: Narciso would kill her if she even suggested...

Reynaldo: Don't get me started on Narciso. Goodbye, Jovito.

Jovito: Goodbye, Reynaldo. "Have a nice day."

Reynaldo: Every chance I get.

(BLACK)

ACT I. Scene 3.

THREE ATTRACTIVE WOMEN, VICKI, LUCY, AND CANDY, ARE IN THEIR APARTMENT GETTING DRESSED IN SCANTY CLOTHES, JEWELRY, HIGH HEELS AND PLENTY OF MAKEUP. OCCASIONALLY ONE OF THEM WALKS PAST A BABY BASKET AND LOOKS IN.

VICKI RUBS HER TEMPLES AT TIMES AND LOOKS AT HER WATCH. SOMETIMES SHE GLANCES AS THE DOOR. WHEN THERE IS A KNOCK ON THE DOOR, SHE WATCHES WITH ANTICIPATION AS LUCY GOES TO OPEN IT. MARICRIS IS AT THE DOOR. VICKI IS OBVIOUSLY DISAPPOINTED.

Lucy: Yes?

Maricris: Hello, miss. I'm sorry to bother you. Are you Miss Vicki?

Candy: Another one—just what we need. As if we aren't crowded enough.

Lucy: No...

Vicki: I'm Vicki. What can I do for you?

Maricris: Forgive my intrusion, Miss Vicki, but Senor Eduardo de la Cruz sent me here. (SHE ENTERS AND OFFERS THE CARD TO VICKI, WHO DOES NOT TAKE IT.)

Lucy: Ah, yes, "Senor" Educardo de la Cruz. Come on in.

Maricris: At last I'm here! There are many people out on the sidewalk.

Lucy: Yes, the fleet just got in.

Maricris: Fleet?

Candy: Sailors, honey, sailors. The joint will be jumping tonight. You got here on a good night.

Lucy: Or the worst.

Vicki: What's your name?

Maricris: Maricris, miss.

Vicki: And you want something to eat, of course.

Maricris: No, thank you, miss.

Vicki: Formalities aren't necessary here. Lucy, give her some rice.

Maricris: Thank you, miss. I did walk very far....

LUCY GIVES HER A BOWL OF RICE. MARICRIS GOBBLES IT UP. LUCY WATCHES, THEN GIVES HER A BANANA.

Lucy: Here. Better take two.

Maricris: Oh, thank you!

VICKI GIVES LUCY A DIRTY LOOK FOR GIVING MARICRIS *TWO* PIECES.

Lucy: She *walked*, Vicki.

Vicki: Didn't we all? (TO MARICRIS) You'll have to eat them fast. We don't want to be late.

Maricris: For what, miss?

Vicki: For work. You came to work, right?

Maricris: Oh, yes, miss!

Vicki: Good. It's almost time to go to the club. And call me "Vicki,". This is "Lucy." And "Candy."

Maricris: Encantada.

Candy: Encantada.

Lucy: Likewise. Eat up. Have a seat. Rest while you can.

MARICRIS SITS DOWN NEXT TO THE BASKET, AND, THINKING THE WOMEN DON'T NOTICE, SLIPS THE BANANAS INTO HER LITTLE KNAP SACK. SHE GLANCES INTO THE BASKET.

Maricris: What a beautiful baby! Is she yours, Lucy?

Lucy: No, thank god.

Maricris: Yours, Candy?

Candy: Whoa—not mine!

Maricris: Then your baby is beautiful, Vicki.

Vicki: She's not mine either. She's Tammy's baby.

Lucy: Tammy lives here too. She's working an earlier shift at the club. We're waiting for her to get home to take care of the baby. (TO VICKI)  
I just hope Narciso isn't making her work a double shift again.

Vicki: I told him last night we can't all work the same shifts. Somebody's got to be here for the baby.

Lucy: What did he say?

Vicki: His usual threats. (SHE RUBS HER TEMPLES.) This headache is still killing me.

Lucy: You want to try to get the night off?

Vicki: On the first night the fleet's in?

Candy: She'd rather have her head killing her than Narciso.

Vicki: Right.

Lucy: I don't know who he thinks can watch this baby if he makes Tammy work a double.

Candy: He's still mad she had the baby at all. That's all he does is grouse about it.

Vicki: (SHE HOLDS HER TEMPLES. SHE IS IN APPARENT PAIN NOW.) I told him last night, "It's a little late for that, isn't it? Corazon is here. So somebody's got to take care of her."

Maricris: Corazon! What a beautiful name...like Mrs. Aquino!

Candy: Exactly. I tried to talk her out of it. Naming her baby after the President...a little presumptuous, don't you think?

Lucy: Tammy has hopes for her child. Is that too much to ask?

Vicki: Not too much to ask, but too much to expect. (TO MARICRIS) You know, you don't have to hide your food, Maricris. You'll get enough to eat here.

Maricris: Sorry, miss. (SHE REMOVES THE FRUIT FROM HER KNAP SACK.) I was just saving it.

Vicki: Uh huh. Are you done with your rice? Then you'll need to wash.

Lucy: I'll get her water.

Maricris: (INTO THE BASKET) Hello, pretty Corazon. How are you today? (AFTER A MOMENT OF STUDYING HER) What white skin she has!

Vicki: Yes. Many children here have lighter skin.

Maricris: Is it a sickness?

Candy: It's a sickness all right. It's called Ameri...

Vicki: Candy! That's enough. "Senor" de la Cruz sent Maricris to us so that we could help her prepare for her new career. We don't need to discuss politics right away.

Candy: Politics? So that's what you call it now.

Vicki: Candy, my head is killing me.... Maricris, what are you waiting for? Wash. (MARICRIS DABS HER FACE WITH A WASH CLOTH OUT OF THE WATER BASIN LUCY HAS GIVEN HER.) *All of yourself.*  
Undress.

Lucy: What is she going to wear?

Maricris: I have a clean dress in my bag. (SHE REMOVES A TATTERED DRESS FROM HER KNAP SACK. CANDY WRINKLES HER NOSE BEHIND MARICRIS' BACK.)

Lucy: That's a very nice dress.

Vicki: But not appropriate for the club. (SHE SEARCHES AMONG SOME CLOTHES.) Here. Put this on after you've washed. (VICKI TOSSES HER A TINY DRESS. MARICRIS HOLDS IT IN DISMAY, THEN BEGINS TO SLOWLY UNDRRESS.)

Candy: You'll have to learn to undress quicker than that.

Vicki: Candy, please. Don't be vulgar. Lucy, find Maricris a pair of shoes, will you? My head is bursting. (TO MARICRIS) You can wear these earrings and, let's see, this bracelet.

Maricris: How generous!

Vicki: Let's get one thing straight. I am not generous. You'll have to pay me for these things when you get paid. You pay for your room and board too.

Maricris: Of course. Thank you.

MARICRIS HAS NO UNDERCLOTHING, AND AT THE PRECISE MOMENT THAT SHE DROPS HER DRESS, JOVITO, ENTERS. HE IS CARRYING THE BOX OF COUGH SYRUP, WHICH VICKI GRABS. JOVITO SEES MARICRIS AND GRINS APPRECIATIVELY.

Vicki: You took your time, Jovito! (COUNTING INSIDE THE BOX) Ten... eleven...twelve. Good. (SHE GIVES HIM SOME MONEY, THEN TAKES A BOTTLE OUT OF THE BOX, OPENS IT, AND TAKES A STRONG DRINK.)

Lucy: Can I get you something to eat, Jovito?

Jovito: No, thanks, I've eaten. (LOOKING OVER MARICRIS) What have we here?

Lucy: A new one. This is Maricris. Maricris, Jovito.

Maricris: (FRANTICALLY TRYING TO COVER HER NAKEDNESS, SHE NEVERTHELESS IS COURTEOUS.) Encantada.

Jovito: (TO LUCY ) Encantada? (BOWING IN MOCK GALLANTRY TO MARICRIS) Encantado! Welcome to Olongapo, Mary.

Maricris: Maricris, sir. Thank you.

Jovito: You're "Mary" here. Americans like short, perky names. They can't pronounce anything over two syllables.

Maricris: But your name is "Jovito."

Jovito: I'm "Joe" to them.

Maricris: I was baptised "Maricris." Inay and Tatay would be sad if I changed my name, I think, sir.

Candy: Inay and Tatay ain't here, babe.

Jovito: And you think they were born "Candy" and "Lucy"—and "Vicki?"

Lucy: Guadalupe Socorro, at your service.

Candy: Carmen Maria Josefina.

Vicki: Migdalia Graciela here.

Jovito: I always meant to ask you how you got "Vicki" from that?

Vicki: I didn't. When I first arrived here—(TO MARICRIS) from my *own* little village from which I walked very, very far—the woman they sent me to took me in, cleaned me up, and told me my name would be "Vicki" from then on. And "Vicki" it is. The soldiers seem to like it a lot. They ask me if my name is "Victoria" and sometimes mention the queen...but mostly I get the question am I wearing "Victoria Secret" underwear. I say, hell, yes, I'm wearing it, honey. Wanna see it? (SEEING MARICRIS'ES SHOCK) Oops. Well, I guess you have to get used to our rough jokes.

Maricris: Ah—a joke! (SHE FORCES A LAUGH.)

Lucy: With me, they say, "Lucy, Lucy! I love you, Lucy!" (TO MARICRIS) You know, the TV show. You've seen it, right?

Maricris: No, ma'am.

Candy: They don't have TV's in the wilderness, Lucy.

Lucy: Oh, yeah, well, it's this show, and all the johns say, "I love Lucy! I love Lucy! Do you love me, Lucy?" And they all say it with a Cuban accent cause her husband is Cuban. And they say, "Lucy, you got a lot of 'splaining to do!" Like they're sooo funny, you know? But I laugh and make them think they're so witty even though I've heard it a million times already. Then I tell them my throat is dry and can they buy their little Lucy a drink? And they do, because *they love Lucy!*

Vicki: Speaking of drinks...we can't be late. You two run on. Tell Narcisco a new girl arrived and I'm preparing her.

Lucy: All right.

Vicki: Get that dress on, Maricris.

Maricris: (LOOKING AT THE DRESS) Is this a dress?

Vicki: What do you think it is?

Maricris: Something to sleep in?

Jovito: Out of the mouths of babes.

Vicki: Lucy. Yes, Maricris, it's a dress. Men like us in little dresses.

Candy: And shorts. Like mine. Though they're harder to get out of.

Lucy: That's why I never wear 'em.

Vicki: You can exchange fashion tips another time. Get going. (THEY EXIT.)

Maricris: (WHILE SHE IS DRESSING ) Are you coming to the club, too, Jovito?

Jovito: Naw, I work the street. Keep a bigger percentage.

Maricris: Are you a salesman?

Vicki: He sure is! Here, try on these earrings.

Jovito: Uh, oh...we have a cherry girl here!

Vicki: Jovito, please. (RUBBING HER HEAD) My head is still killing me,

thanks to you. (SHE TAKES ANOTHER SWIG FROM THE BOTTLE.)

Jovito: I got here as soon as I could, okay? You don't know how hard it was to get my hands on that stuff. I had to go to Reynaldo.

Vicki: You did? Thank you, Jovito.

Jovito: Did you look in the bottom of the box?

Vicki: No. (SHE CHECKS GOES AND LOOKS.) Rubbers?

Jovito: Reynaldo says there's a new killer Herpes.

Vicki: Great, just great. It's hard enough to keep a current pink card. And what am I supposed to do with these?

Jovito: Give them to Narciso?

Vicki: You think I'm ready to die?

Jovito: That's what I told him.

Vicki: Which reminds me, I gotta get going. Come on, Maricris.

Maricris: (SHE IS FUMBLING WITH THE EARRINGS.) I don't know how to put these on.

Vicki: Okay, forget the earrings. Put this ribbon in your hair. We'll play up your youth.

Jovito: You said you were going to prepare her, Vicki.

Vicki: I am preparing her. I'm making her look very pretty; aren't I, Maricris?

Maricris: Yes.

Jovito: You know what I mean. *Prepare her!*

Vicki: That's not my job. Maricris will learn the ropes like we all did.

Maricris: I'm going to be a singer at the club, Jovito. (TO VICKI) Did Senor de la Cruz tell you that part? I have a beautiful voice....

Jovito: Vicki, *tell* her!

Vicki: I don't know what job you will have at the club, Maricris. I am paid by my boss, Narciso—he's your boss too—and Narciso is paid by Senor de la

Cruz to feed and clothe the new girls they send to Olongapo. What you do once you get to the club is not my business and they do not consult me as to which position you will hold. You will have to work that out with Narciso.

Jovito: Mary, what do you know about men?

Maricris: Men are the boss.

Vicki: She'll do just fine.

Jovito: Maricris, the men in the bar...ah...they are going to ask you to...ah...

Vicki: Be friendly.

Jovito: Very friendly. And, ah, you'll need to, ah, do whatever they ask you to do...within reason. What am I saying? "Within reason?" Since when did Narciso deny a man anything that he could pay for.

Vicki: All right, Jovito, enough talk. Maricris is no different than the rest of us. We were all green at first. She'll learn what she has to do and she'll do what she's taught. Won't you, Maricris? You came to earn money to send back to your family, didn't you?

Maricris: Oh, yes, Vicki...but you know I'm going to be a singer, don't you?

Vicki: Enough with the singer stuff!!! Where are the shoes Lucy gave you?

Maricris: (SHE PUTS ON VERY HIGH HEELS.) I hope I can walk.

Jovito: Here. Take a swig of this. It helps. (HE TAKES A SMALL BOTTLE OUT OF HIS JACKET AND OFFERS IT TO MARICRIS.)

Maricris: What is it?

Jovito: Cough syrup.

Maricris: Thank you, sir, but I haven't got a cough.

Jovito: She really *is* green.

Vicki: Let's go, Maricris.

Jovito: What about the baby?

Vicki: You're the only one here.

Jovito: I'm not babysitting again! I lost three hours on the street last night.

Vicki: Well, what am I supposed to do? Narciso must be keeping Tammy late again.

Jovito: That's not my problem. She's not my baby. Let Maricris stay.

Vicki: You can't be serious. Narciso would kill me if I kept a cherry-girl—ah, Maricris—out of the bar to take care of Tammy's baby.

Jovito: Jesus, Vicki, if I had wanted to be a father, I would have one of my own.

Vicki: You love this baby as much as we all do and you know it. Narciso will kill us if any one of us doesn't show tonight. Jovito, please stay, just until Tammy can get off. You know she'll pay you from her money.

Jovito: She can't pay me as much as I can make on my own. That goddamned Narciso...

Vicki: *Please, Jovito? For the baby's sake....*

Jovito: (AFTER A LONG DELIBERATION) Aw, I must be a sucker!

Vicki: Thank you, Jovito! (HUGGING HIM.)

Jovito: All right. All right. I'll stay for one hour, and one hour only. You tell Narciso to let Tammy get home here to her baby. I have to make a living too.

Maricris: You have a good heart, Jovito.

Jovito: Yes, and what does it get me?

Vicki: Tammy's gratitude, my gratitude, and the gratitude of a very sweet little baby.

Jovito: (LOOKING INTO THE BABY'S BASKET) Yes...well...hello, little one. Ah, you're awake. And so quiet. What an angel. (HE BENDS IN AND KISSES HER.)

Vicki: Don't forget to feed her.

Jovito: Have I ever forgotten to feed her?

Vicki: Let me see you, Maricris. (VICKI FLUFFS MARICRIS' HAIR, ADJUSTS HER DRESS, ETC.) Very nice. Try to keep your ankles straight in those heels.

Jovito: What about makeup?

Vicki: Narciso won't want her made up. He prefers them looking as young as possible.

Jovito: They can't get much younger looking than her.

Vicki: Wanna bet? Okay, let's get out of here. Bye, Jovito. Thank you.

Maricris: It was nice meeting you, Jovito.

Jovito: Same here. Keep your chin up. Remember, the first time is always the hardest...well, I guess that's not necessarily true....

Vicki: Will you cut it out? Let's go, Maricris.

Jovito: Give Mary a drink at the bar, Vicki. A stiff one.

Vicki: Mind your own business. (THE WOMEN EXIT.)

Jovito: How can I mind *my* business when you've got me babysitting? Remember...one hour...one hour!. (ALONE NOW, TO THE BABY) So. It's you and me again, little Corazon. You want to be held, don't you? (HE PICKS HER UP GENTLY AND CRADLES HER.) Yes. Yes. We all want to be held. Not that anyone ever holds me. No. That's not what my customers want. And I can't hold you for very long, baby girl. I have to make a living too. Yes. Yes. There. There. Inay will be home soon. It's all right. Whatever was your mother thinking of, bringing you into this world? But you are very sweet. My little Corazon. There. There. We all love you...as much as we can.

(BLACK.)

ACT I. Scene 4.

AT THE CLUB, VARIOUS SOLDIERS SIT AROUND THE BAR AND LUCY AND CANDY ARE PLYING THEM WITH DRINKS. IT'S A ROWDY GROUP. THERE IS LOUD MUSIC PLAYING AND A POLE OR POLES BLINKING ON AND OFF IN STRATEGIC LOCATIONS.

AT ONE TABLE, TED NORRIDGE, A LIEUTENANT IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY, SITS ALONE, SIPPING HIS DRINK. OFF TO ONE SIDE, NARCISO, THE

BAR MANAGER, IS HAVING AN ANIMATED—THOUGH DISCREET—ARGUMENT WITH ONE OF HIS “GIRLS”, TAMMY. SHE IS SCANTILY DRESSED, EXHAUSTED, AND UTTERLY GORGEOUS.

Soldier: Come on, Tammy! Dance!

Narciso: She’s coming, jack! She’ll be right there.

Tammy: I worked my shift, Narciso. Let Candy dance now.

Narciso: She’ll dance later. You’re dancing now. These men said they came in especially to see you. Can’t you get that through your thick skull?

Tammy: They should have come earlier! I worked my shift....

Narciso: I’ll tell you when your shift is over. You know you’re their favorite. They all want Tammy...beautiful Tammy.

Tammy: I hate being beautiful.

Narciso: You’d hate being ugly more, believe me. The special privileges you get, you get because of your beauty, not your brains, Tammy.

Soldier: Dance, Tammy! Come on!

Tammy: What “special privileges”? Huh? Dancing two shifts instead of one like everybody else? Just because these soldiers think I look like their girls back home? Some “privilege.”

Soldier: Come on, Tammy! What’s holding her up?

Narciso: Simmer down, Private. She’s coming.

Tammy: I’m going home to my baby.

Narciso: That goddamned baby. You promised it wouldn’t interfere with your work!

Tammy: And it wouldn’t if...

Narciso: It’s done nothing *but* interfere with your work!

Tammy: Not if you didn’t make me work a double shift!

Narciso: The men want *you*. They love you half-breeds. White enough to look like their sisters and brown enough to fuck up and down and inside out without letting it hurt their conscience. They want *you*, Tammy. They want to fuck *you*!

Tammy: Well, fuck *them*. (NARCISO GRABS HER UNOBTRUSIVELY BUT MENACINGLY. SUCH DISRESPECT TOWARD HIM CANNOT BE TOLERATED. PUBLIC DISPLAYS OF ANGER ARE NOT ACCEPTED IN THE PHILIPPINES, ESPECIALLY TOWARD ONE'S SUPERIOR.) You're hurting my arm!

Narciso: I'll hurt more than your arm, and you know I'm not kidding. Have you forgotten who cleaned you up and brought you in here when you were nothing but a whore on the street?

Tammy: I was never a whore...

Narciso: You were a whore, your mother was a whore, your grandmother was a whore and your kid is gonna be a whore. Who are you kidding? I've invested a lot of money in you, Tammy, and I want a return on my investment. Now get out there and dance.

VICKI ENTERS, WITH MARICRIS IN TOW, STUMBLING PITIFULLY IN HER HIGH HEELS. SEVERAL CUSTOMERS GREET THEM HAPPILY. VICKI GOES TO TED AND BEGINS TO SAY SOMETHING WHEN TAMMY RUNS TO HER.

Tammy: Vicki, where's my baby?

Vicki: Lower your voice—everyone can hear you, Tammy! Jovito has the baby again...but he says absolutely for one hour only this time. You'd better get going right now.

Tammy: Narciso won't let me!

Vicki: (HOLDING HER HEAD, WHICH IS THROBBING, SHE GOES TO NARCISO, HER VOICE LOWERED) Narciso, I thought we talked...

Narciso: Don't start with me. Do you think your position is so lofty here that you can cross me night after night on this baby matter? I told you last night, get somebody...some old lady...I don't give a damn who...to watch that damned baby or *get rid of it!* I don't care which...only don't mention that baby again. You hear me? ( HE GRABS HER ARM, AN ENORMOUS INSULT.) Huh? Vicki? Do you hear me?

Vicki: Yes, Narciso, I hear you. (SHE SHAKES OFF HIS HAND, TRYING TO REGAIN THE DIGNITY OF HER POSITION.) I brought you a new girl.

De la Cruz sent her. I fed her and cleaned her up. She was a mess when she arrived. I should think I'd receive some appreciation for what I do.

Narciso: You get your pay, don't you?

Vicki: Ah!

Narciso: What else do you want? Flowers? (TO LUCY, WHO IS WATCHING WITH EYES AVERTED SO SHE WILL NOT 'WITNESS' VICKI'S SHAME) And what the hell are you waiting for? Get to work! (LUCY SCURRIES OVER TO A SOLDIER. NARCISO WHISPERS TO TAMMY.) And you, dance—or I'll break both your legs.

Tammy: Yes, Narciso. (SHE HURRIES TO PREPARE TO DANCE.)

NARCISO PUTS A PLASTIC SMILE ON HIS FACE AND TURNS TO LITTLE MARICRIS, CRINGING AT HIS SIDE.)

Narciso: Now, honey...so Senor de la Cruz sent you. Wonderful. What's your name?

Maricris: Maricris, sir.

Narciso: "Maricris." A pretty name for a pretty girl. We'll call you "Mary" for short.

Maricris: Yes, sir.

Narciso: (TOUCHING HER FACE) Very pretty. How old are you, my dear?

Maricris: Thirteen, sir.

Narciso: A good age to begin your career. Why, you're shaking. Are you afraid of *me*? Mary, Mary, you don't need to be. We're like a family here. We really *are*, but sometimes families get angry with each other. That's all.

Maricris: Yes, sir.

Narciso: Are you a hard worker, Mary?

Maricris: Yes, sir! I've come here to be a singer...

Narciso: Very nice. One of these days, I will have you sing for us. But here in Olongopo we have a certain...ah...protocol...that we follow. Everyone begins their career at the bottom and works their way up. It's fairer that way, don't you think?

Maricris: Yes, sir.

Narciso: I see that Vicki gave you some pretty clothes. And she fed you?

Maricris: Yes, sir. Rice and *two* bananas.

Narciso: *Two* bananas? Then you'll want to work extra hard to pay back her kindness, won't you? Are you still hungry?

Maricris: No, thank you, sir.

Narciso: But a little chicken would taste good, wouldn't it. Come with me into the kitchen. I am not an unreasonable man, Mary. You'll see that. You arrived on a difficult day, that's all. When the ships come in—whew! It's crazy. Normally, we're one big happy family. That's the truth. We take care of each other. You will like it here.

Maricris: Thank you, sir.

Narciso: Vicki, dear, will you see that Tammy dances *immediately* while I make sure that Maricris has a good meal?

Vicki: Yes, Narciso. (NARCISO AND MARICRIS EXIT. VICKI GOES TO TAMMY, WHO IS HAVING A DRINK.) Dance, Tammy. Now.

Tammy: But, Vicki....

Vicki: (SHE GRABS THE DRINK OUT OF TAMMY'S HAND.) Dance, dammit! Do you want to get us all in trouble?

Soldier: (TO VICKI AS HE HOLDS OUT HIS GLASS) I'll have another one, sweetheart. Hey, is she gonna dance, or what?

Vicki: She's gonna dance...just for you, handsome. (SWEETLY) Come on, Tammy.

Soldiers: Tammy! Tammy!

TAMMY DIMS THE LIGHTS, TURNS ON HER DANCE-POLE LIGHTS, AND TURNS ON HER OWN MUSIC...IT IS OBVIOUSLY NOT BROADWAY.

SHE PERFORMS A STRENUOUS, EROTIC STRIPTEASE.

THE MEN, OF COURSE, SHOVE MONEY INTO HER PANTIES. ONE SOLDIER CONTINUALLY TRIES TO JOIN HER ON STAGE, BUT TAMMY PUSHES HIM

AWAY AND CONTINUES TO DANCE. THE SOLDIER FINALLY GETS ON STAGE AND DANCES WILDLY WITH HER, DOING HIS OWN STRIPTease. ANOTHER SOLDIER PULLS THE GUY OFF THE STAGE.

TAMMY'S DANCE GETS WILDER AND WILDER. THE MEN THINK IT'S ALL FOR THEM AND URGE HER ON. THE OTHER HOSPITALITY GIRLS KEEP PLYING THE MEN WITH DRINKS BUT ARE PAINFULLY AWARE OF TAMMY'S BIZARRE BEHAVIOR.

(BLACK.)

ACT 1. Scene 5.

TAMMY IS DOZING AT THE BAR, HER HEAD ON HER ARMS.

VICKI IS DRINKING AT TED'S TABLE.

NARCISO AND MARYCRIS REENTER. HE POINTS TO A SOLDIER AND WHISPERS SOMETHING INTO MARICRIS' EAR. SHE GOES AND SITS BY THE SOLDIER.

NARCISO GOES TO TAMMY AND SHAKES HER.

Tammy: Huh?

Narciso: Wake up. What are you, crazy? Dance. And it's the last time I'm gonna tell you. (SHE GETS UP AND QUICKLY STARTS DANCING.)

VICKI LEAPS UP AND GOES TO NARCISO.

Vicki: Sorry, Narciso. I didn't notice she had dozed off. Ted was buying me a drink.

Narciso: Tonight is not going well, Vicki.

Vicki: We're selling a lot of liquor.

Narciso: You better sell more than that.

Vicki: We are. We are.

SHE HURRIES OVER TO CANDY AND THE SOLDIER SHE'S DRINKING WITH. SHE IS OBVIOUSLY TALKING THE MAN INTO HAVING SEX WITH CANDY. CANDY TAKES THE GUY'S HAND AND PLAYFULLY LEADS HIM AWAY.

NARCISO MINGLES WITH A PLASTIC SMILE ON HIS FACE.

ENTER PIPAY RIZAL, A WOMAN WHO OBVIOUSLY DOES NOT BELONG IN THE BAR. SHE IS DRESSED IN PLAIN, MODEST CLOTHES. SHE DOES NOT SIT DOWN BUT STANDS NEAR THE DOOR, ALTERNATING WATCHING TAMMY'S DESPERATE DANCE AND SEARCHING WITH HER EYES FOR A SAFE PLACE TO SIT. SHE CHOOSES AN OFFICER—TED NORRIDGE'S TABLE— AND GOES OVER.)

Pipay: (SHOUTING ABOVE THE DIN) May I sit down?

Ted: Uh...I'm not looking for company.

Pipay: I'm sorry, I can't hear....

Ted: (SHOUTING BACK) I'm not looking for company!

Pipay: I'm not a hospitality girl.

Ted: Yes, I can see that. No offense.

Pipay: None taken. Please may I sit down for a minute?

Ted: I guess so....

Pipay: Thank you. (SHE OFFERS HER HAND.) I'm Pipay Rizal.

Ted: Ted Norridge. (HE SHAKES HANDS SELF-CONSCIOUSLY, GLANCING AT VICKI AS HE DOES. VICKI GIVES A QUIZZICAL LOOK AT PIPAY.)

Pipay: I suppose you wonder what I'm doing here. (TED SHRUGS.) I'm here doing some research on hospitality girls.

Ted: Looks like you came to the right place.

Pipay: Yes! (THERE IS AN AWKWARD SILENCE.)

Ted: Ah...well...so what kind of research?

Pipay: I work for an organization that's trying to help these women secure some rights. May I ask you a question?

Ted: I'd prefer...

Pipay: Do you know these girls have no rights? No unions. No benefits. They are indentured servants...slaves, really....

Ted: That's a little strong, isn't it? (VICKI COMES OVER TO THE TABLE. SHE MAKES IT CLEAR THAT TED IS *HER* TERRITORY, RUBBING HIS CHEEK SLIGHTLY.)

Vicki: How's that drink coming along, Ted? Ready for another one?

Ted: Sounds good, Vicki. The same, honey.

Vicki: And the lady? What will she have?

Ted: I think the lady was just leaving. (VICKI SHRUGS AND LEAVES.)

Pipay: Was I just leaving? I thought I just got here. Have I offended you? I'm so sorry!

Ted: Look...ah...

Pipay: Pipay.

Ted: Right. Pipay. I'm sure your work is very worthwhile and well-meaning, but this place is no church and I'm no saint. I don't know what kind of "research" you're really doing or why you deliberately chose my table to sit at, but I don't want whatever you're selling. I come here to relax. I spend a lot of time on my ship and when I'm in port I just want to relax. I'm minding my own business here, and I'd appreciate it if you would too.

Soldier: Come on, Tammy! When are you gonna dance again?

Pipay: That poor girl just finished. She must be exhausted.

Soldiers: Tammy! Tammy! (TAMMY DRAGS HERSELF TO THE STAGE AGAIN.)

Pipay: I saw you weren't making a fool of yourself throwing your money at that poor girl. I thought you would care about these girls' misery.

Ted: Why?

Pipay: Because you're an officer.

Ted: And a gentleman, huh? Don't be so sure...and how can you be so sure these girls are miserable?

Pipay: Do you think they're happy?

Ted: They're smiling.

Pipay: It's their job! They have to smile. (SHE POINTS TO TAMMY.) Look at her. Do you think she wants to take her clothes off for all these men?

Ted: Maybe she likes her work.

Pipay: You men need to think so, anyway.

Ted: Don't start with that "you men" stuff, lady.

Pipay: I'm sorry. I offended you again. I'm bad at this! This is my first time doing research out like this. I'm a lawyer. I usually do my research in a library.

Ted: Uh huh. Well, I'm just here to relax. Listen to music. See a pretty girl or two. There's no law against that, is there?

Pipay: That depends on what you do to relax...and who you do it to.

Ted: I'm not doing anything to anybody! Jesus! I'm having a drink or two...

Pipay: Or three or four....

Ted: So that's your game—booze! I should have known! Disapprove of our drinking, huh?

Pipay: Your drinking is not my concern...although you all do seem to be in various stages of inebriation

Ted: What the hell do you know about it? Most of these men have just come from Vietnam where they saw—stuff—that you'll never see, Miss Social Worker.

Pipay: Not a social worker, a lawyer.

Ted: You think its funny, lady? This is their leave before they have to go back and dodge more bullets. And they all know that some of them won't dodge 'em next time.

Pipay: I hate the war. I truly do. I have signed a petition against the Vietnam...

Ted: A petition? Good for you. Jesus, I need another drink.

Pipay: Don't you think you're drinking your life away?

Ted: What the hell do you know about my life? I get up every morning in the pitch dark while you're probably still snuggled in your goose down comforter and I perform my duties impeccably. Who the hell are you to sit down at my table *uninvited* and judge me? (NARCISO COMES OVER TO THE TABLE.)

Narciso: How's everything here, lieutenant?

Ted: Dandy.

Narciso: Can I get you something, lady?

Pipay: No, thank you.

Narciso: (WHISPERING INTO TED'S EAR) She bothering you, lieutenant?

Ted: Um...no...thanks.

Narciso: Suit yourself. (HE LEAVES.)

Pipay: That was your chance to have me thrown out.

Ted: I'm not a bad guy, Pipay. I'm a lonely guy, that's all. My family's back home. Tampa, Florida, U. S. of A. My wife divorced me three years ago...for the usual reason. I was never home, so she found somebody who was. I haven't seen my kids in eight months, and I miss them. *I miss them*. So I come in here, have a drink, and the missing doesn't feel so bad. But I'm not a pervert, or an alcoholic, Pipay.

Pipay: I never said you were!

Ted: You walked in that door with that opinion of me and every other guy in here.

Pipay: You're wrong about me. I'm nervous. I've never been in a bar before.

Ted: Never?

Pipay: Never. I come from a very...aristocratic...family here in the Philippines.

Ted: "Aristocratic?" I haven't heard that word in years.

Pipay: I'm a Rizal. If my parents saw me in here, they'd...well...let's just hope they never see me.

Ted: Well then for godssake why are you doing this?

Pipay: Somebody's got to! I do pro bono work and my clients tell me stories...horror stories, Ted. You wouldn't believe them. I talk to the girls, read what literature there is, which isn't much, but I needed to come here and see for myself...is it...can it...*really* be as bad as they tell me?

Ted: And what have you found?

Pipay: It's appalling! These women are kept like cattle. Owned by these bars. Paid just enough to keep them supporting their families backhome with not much more to spend on themselves here. They pay exorbitant rents for tiny apartments they share with each other. They have to buy their own clothes to look good. Food is outrageously expensive. They have no retirement plan, or medical benefits. Some of them have babies, or abortions, in dirty rooms. They have tumors in their breasts and abdomens and they're given no medical care whatsoever. Most don't live past forty....

Ted: So then they don't need any retirement plans! (PIPAY STARES AT HIM, AGHAST.) Now *I'm* sorry. Really. I'm ashamed. Jeez. You were just grossing me out and, I don't know, I just...sorry...that stuff is just awful. Really.

Pipay: Forget it.

Ted: No. Go on, really.

Pipay: I don't mean to preach. I just get so frustrated. In this day and age, not to live past forty!

Ted: They can't *all* die of tumors?

Pipay: And malnutrition. Venereal disease. Aids. Tuberculosis. Drugs. Botched abortions. Jealous lovers. Angry bosses. A knife. A gun. A fist!

Ted: Got it. (NARCISO IS WATCHING. HE MENACINGLY LIGHTS A CIGARETTE AND THREATENS VICKI WITH A GLARE. SHE HURRIES TO TED.)

Vicki: Ted, are you going to buy me a drink anytime soon?

Ted: Sure, sweetheart. Um...

Pipay: I'm sorry. I'm really spoiling your evening. But look at that poor girl dancing. She's in a daze. These women have just *got* to get some rights.

They need doctors and clinics. Look at her; she's ready to collapse. She's obviously ill.

Ted: She just had a baby.

Pipay: Oh!

Vicki: She's fine. Tammy is fine, Ted.

Ted: Sure, honey. Will you get me another drink? Get one for yourself too.

Vicki: Yes, lieutenant. (SHE WALKS AWAY, CONFUSED.)

Ted: Narciso always insists his girls are healthy. They all have their pink cards.

Pipay: Pink cards!

Ted: Yeah, those little cards hooked on their belts.

Pipay: I know what they are, probably better than you. "Pink cards." Don't make me laugh. Do you know what those pink cards mean?

Ted: That the girls have been checked every month for VD.

Pipay: Precisely. The *girls* are checked for diseases, but are the *soldiers* ever checked? The girls are in just as much danger from them. And the girls have to pay for those checkups themselves and you know what happens if they're found to have a disease?

Ted: I'm sure you're going to tell me.

Pipay: They're fired immediately, so that men like Narciso can say, "My girls are healthy." But what about the girls whose disease can't be cured by a shot of penicillin? They're given no medical treatment. They just crawl off into a hole to die. Men like Narciso could care less what happens to a girl once she's no longer making a buck for him.

Ted: You know, I only came in to relax....

MARICRIS SUDDENLY SCREAMS AND JUMPS AWAY FROM THE SOLDIER WITH HER.

Soldier: Hey! What's with you?

Maricris: Vicki! He...he...did...something...indecent!

Narciso: Vicki, handle this. (HE JOINS A GROUP OF SOLDIERS, PATTING THEM ON THEIR BACKS JOVIALY, STILL WITH THE MENACING CIGARETTE.)

Maricris: I don't like it here, Vicki.

Vicki: Lower your voice, Maricris. It's not so bad here. You came to work, didn't you? This is how we make our money. This nice man wants to kiss you.....touch you...

Maricris: No!

Soldier: (BEGINNING TO LEAVE) Maybe my money's not good here.

Narciso: You're money's always good here, jack. Hey, hey, now, stop. (TAKING HIM ASIDE LIKE A FRIEND) What's your name, jack?

Soldier: Jack.

Narciso: Hah! Good one. Listen, she's a new girl. Just in. Maybe you'd rather have one of our other gals. Lucy can make you feel like a stallion....

Soldier: I want this one.

Narciso: She's a cherry girl.

Soldier: Good.

Narciso: It'll cost you. Triple.

Soldier: Triple!

Narciso: She's got a cherry, man! How many times you gonna get a cherry?

Soldier: Yeah. You're right. Okay. Here. (HE PAYS NARCISO.)

Maricris: I think I want to go home, Vicki.

Vicki: Think of your family, Maricris. Think how much they need this money.

Soldier: (TAKING MARICRIS' HAND) Here we go, baby. (MARICRIS STARTS CRYING. )

NARCISO INTENTIONALLY WALKS INTO VICKI WITH HIS CIGARETTE. SHE GASPS IN PAIN BUT DOES NOT SCREAM OUT. TED LOOKS LIKE HE WILL JUMP UP AND DEFEND HER, BUT HE CONTROLS HIMSELF.

Narciso: Handle *this*, Vicki!

NARCISO JOVIALY JOINS OTHER SOLDIERS AGAIN. VICKI IS SHAKING IN PAIN BUT REMAINS SILENT. LUCY RUNS TO HER WITH ICE WHICH VICKI ANGRILY PUSHES AWAY.)

Soldier: Which room?

Vicki: Number three. Go with him, Maricris.

Maricris: I don't want to! (VICKI GRABS MARICRIS' HAND IN EXASPERATION AND DRAGS HER OFFSTAGE.)

NARCISO LAUGHS LOUDLY AT SOMEBODY'S JOKE AND THEN GOES INTO THE KITCHEN. TAMMY'S MUSIC REACHES A CRESCENDO, WITH TAMMY DANCING WILDLY.)

(BLACK.)

ACT 1. Scene 6.

(LIGHTS UP IMMEDIATELY ON ROOM NUMBER THREE. VICKI BURSTS THROUGH THE DOOR AND PULLS MARICRIS IN AFTER HER. THE SOLDIER FOLLOWS. MARICRIS SOBS.)

Vicki: Now shut up and behave!

Maricris: Please help me!

Soldier: Leave her to me. (MARICRIS SOBS LOUDER.)

Vicki: Maricris, shut up. I'm warning you. Don't cross Narciso! (MARICRIS THROWS HERSELF AT VICKI'S FEET.) I can't take this anymore! Shut up! They'll hear you out there! (WHISPERING) Don't make Narciso look bad. He'll *never* forgive you. You don't know what he'll do!

Soldier: (TO VICKI) Just get the fuck out. I can handle her! (NOW IT IS VICKI WHOSE HONOR HAS BEEN INSULTED.)

Vicki: Fine. (SHE LEAVES.)

Maricris: *No, Vicki!*

(MARICRIS TRIES TO RUN AFTER VICKI, BUT THE SOLDIER BARS THE DOOR AND TAUNTS HER AS SHE FRANTICALLY RUNS AROUND THE ROOM.)

Soldier: You don't like me, huh? Come on, baby. I thought this was just gonna be a little fun, but you want it rough, we can make it rough.

Maricris: No, noooooo!

Soldier: Come on, yeah, come on....

(SHE TRIES TO GET PAST HIM. HE GRABS HER AND THROWS HER ON THE COT. SHE JUMPS OFF. HE GRABS HER AGAIN AND THROWS HER ON THE FLOOR. SHE FIGHTS VALIANTLY BUT HE IS MUCH TOO STRONG FOR HER. THE MORE SHE CRIES, THE MORE HE ENJOYS THE FIGHT, AND THE MORE SHE FIGHTS, THE MORE VIOLENT HE BECOMES. LIGHTS OUT ON THEM AS MARICRIS SCREAMS.)

BLACK.

ACT 1. Scene 7.

LIGHTS UP ON THE BAR AGAIN. TAMMY IS PLAYING THE SONG "LAST DANCE." SHE IS DRUNKENLY SINGING LOUDLY AND DANCING A MACABRE DANCE.

VICKI, VISIBLY SHAKEN HOLDING HER HEAD IN PAIN, RETURNS AND RUSHES OVER TO TAMMY.

Vicki: This is not your last dance, Tammy!

Tammy: (SINGING DRUNKENLY) Last dance...last chance at love....

Vicki: Turn that song off, Tammy.

Tammy: (SINGING) Cause when I'm bad, I'm so, so bad...

Sailor: Hey, why is this her last dance? It's still early!

NARCISO ENTERS FROM THE KITCHEN. HE GOES TO THE MUSIC AND CLICKS IT OFF. AS THE DANCE MUSIC STOPS, MARICRIS'ES SCREAMS ARE HEARD FROM OFFSTAGE. EVERYONE IS STARTLED. NARCISO IS FURIOUS AND HEADS TOWARD VICKI, WHEN PIPAY DIVERTS HIS ATTENTION.)

Pipay: Senor--Narciso--is it? What is that man doing to that little girl? Surely you don't sanction....

Ted: Stay out of this. This could get rough. Sit down.

Pipay: I can't just sit here while...

Ted: (PULLING HER BACK INTO HER CHAIR) This is a business for crissake.

Pipay: Don't you even *care*?

Ted: What do you think I can do?

Pipay: Well I can do something! Prostitution is against the law!

Ted: Yeah, and the whole damned city is one big whorehouse. For crissake, the whole United States military comes here for "rest and relaxation." What the hell kind of "relaxation" do you think we're getting?

NARCISO SAUNTERS OVER TO THEIR TABLE AND JOVIALY SLAPS TED ON THE BACK. PIPAY'S SHOUTING AT HIM ACROSS THE ROOM HAS SHAMED HIM, SO HE MUST ACT UNAFFECTED.

Narciso: The joint is jumping tonight, eh, lieutenant? (HE SMILES BROADLY AT PIPAY.) What can I do for you, ma'am?

Pipay: That child—what is he doing to her? (NARCISO'S SMILE TIGHTENS.)

Narciso: You better take your girlfriend out of here, lieutenant.

Pipay: I am not his girlfriend. I am not anyone's girlfriend.

Narciso: Doesn't surprise me. (HIS SMILE REMAINS ON HIS LIPS.)

Pipay: How dare you! (SHE LEAPS UP. A FEW HEADS TURN. NARCISO LAUGHS TO SHOW THAT NOTHING IS WRONG. THEN HE LOWERS HIS VOICE.)

Narciso: Lady, either sit down and shut up or get out. And while you're at it, if you're gonna sit in my bar, you have to buy a drink. This isn't a charitable institution. Candy, the lady here wants a drink.

NARCISO STROLLS AWAY AS CANDY HURRIES OVER. VICKI INTERCEPTS.

Vicki: I'll handle this. What do you need, Ted?

JOVITO STORMS IN, SEES TAMMY AND HEADS FOR HER. SHE CALLS OUT TO HIM ALL THE WAY ACROSS THE BAR—UNHEARD OF BEHAVIOR IN THE PHILIPPINES!

Tammy: Jovito, where's my baby?

Narciso: What is this, a madhouse? Lower your voice!

Jovito: Where the hell are *you*? I waited for over two hours, Tammy! This is costing me. I've got to make a living too!

Vicki: Quiet! Both of you!

Tammy: Where's Corazon?

Jovito: She's asleep in her basket...

Tammy: She's *alone*? You left her *alone*?

Lucy: Come on, you two. Everybody's looking at you!

Tammy: My baby's alone! She could die...from a fire...from a burgler!

Narciso: She could die all right. Get back to your dancing, Tammy. (THE LOOK BEHIND HIS SMILE SAYS THAT HIS AUTHORITY HAS BEEN STOMPED ON ONCE TOO OFTEN TONIGHT.)

Tammy: I'm going home. My baby... (NARCISO HITS HER HARD. EVERYONE IN THE BAR FALLS SILENT, WATCHING. TED RESTRAINS PIPAY AGAIN.)

Narciso: Dance. Now. (HE MAKES NO APOLOGY TO HIS CLIENTELE AS HE UNCEREMONIOUSLY PUSHES HER ONTO THE STAGE FLOOR. THEN HE TURNS ON JOVITO.) And you, little pom-pom boy, go find your faggot soldiers and leave my women alone. Get the fuck out while you can still walk. (JOVITO LOOKS AROUND IN UTTER SHAME AND LEAVES QUICKLY. NARCISO TURNS BACK TO THE HOSPITALITY GIRLS WHO RUSH TO RESUME THEIR ACTIVITIES. IN THE MOST JOVIAL VOICE HE CAN MUSTER, HE CALLS TO EVERYONE.) Now, let's have a drink and relax! We're supposed to be having a good time here! Music! Music! Dance, Tammicita, dance!

(BLACK.)

ACT 1. Scene 8.

MARICRIS, SOBBING, IS DRAGGED BACK INTO THE BAR BY HER JOHN WHO IS CLEARLY DISGUSTED WITH HER. BOTH LOOK LIKE THEY HAVE BEEN AT WAR AND MARICRIS LOST.

Soldier: What the hell are you pulling, Narciso? I pay triple and the bitch half kills me! Look at this. (HE SHOWS A BLEEDING ARM.) The bitch bit me!

Narciso: Goddamit, Vicki!

Vicki: What do you want *me* to do about it?

Narciso: Get her under control. What am I paying you for? (HE MOVES CLOSER TO VICKI AND SPEAKS IN A LOW VOICE.) I'm warning you. Get this bar under control tonight. (THEN TO THE SOLDIER, JOVIALY) You don't like a woman with spirit? Most men would die for a woman to bite them!

Soldier: I want my money back.

Narciso: No you don't, jack. You want another woman...a better one even. Choose any of my other girls...no added charge, of course.

Soldier: Her. (HE POINTS TO TAMMY.)

Narciso: Aw, man, you know quality, don't you? First you take my cherry girl, and now you take my beauty. She's my best piece, jack!

Soldier: You said any other girl, no extra charge.

Narciso: Take her then. But don't be too long. I need her to dance when the late crowd comes in.

Vicki: Tammy. Go. Fast. (TAMMY DRAGS HERSELF TO THE SOLDIER.) *Speed it up, Tammy.* (NARCISO GRABS HER ARM AS SHE PASSES AND WHISPERS.)

Narciso: If you say one word to him about that baby, it's dead. Understand? (THE SOLDIER PROUDLY TAKES HER HAND AND BEGINS TO LEAD HER OUT.) But no rough stuff with her, jack. She's my beauty. (THEY EXIT.)

Lucy: Come on, Maricris. Let's clean you up.

Narciso: Goddamit, her name is “Mary!”

Lucy: I mean “Mary.”

Narciso: Just get back to work, Lucy. Vicki, get some fun going in this bar, or...just do it. You hear?

Vicki. Yes, Narciso.

Narciso: Mary, come here. I want to talk to you.

Maricris: I’m *sorry*, Narciso!

Lucy: It wasn’t her fault, Narciso. It was her first time....

Narciso: Fuck off, Lucy. You’re getting to be a real prick up my butt. Okay, now, Mary....

Maricris: He hurt me, Narciso!

Narciso: Mary, let me be frank. I’m tired of your wasting my time and money. When a man wants to fuck you, you let him fuck you. You know what fucking is. You’re from the country. You see animals fucking each other everyday. That’s why you’re hired. You let a soldier fuck you, you hear? You lay on the bed. You spread your legs. He fucks you. You moan with pleasure and tell him he’s got a cock the size of the Seventh Fleet and whatever you’re really feeling, I don’t give a damn. You *let him fuck you*. You smile, you love it. You ever bite a customer again, it’ll be the last time you have any teeth to bite with. Comprendre? I don’t give refunds. In my bar, when a man pays to get fucked, he gets fucked.

Maricris: But he did! He did!

Narciso: You mean he *got* your cherry?

(A SOLDIER SITTING AT THE BAR IS LISTENING AND BEGINS LAUGHING.)

Soldier: He got you, Narciso! That lucky bastard got her cherry and now he’s screwing Tammy--for free! (OTHER SOLDIERS HEAR AND LAUGH TOO. NARCISO LAUGHS WITH THE CROWD.)

Narciso: Well, you’ve got to give the guy credit! He’s got balls...and staying power! So, our little Mary isn’t a cherry girl anymore. You’re a woman now. A happy ending for everyone. Case closed! Drink up! (HE NUDGES MARICRIS TO THE SOLDIER AT THE BAR.) Hey, jack, little Mary’s available for *you*.

Soldier: She kinda needs a bath.

Narciso: How'd you like to be the one to give it to her?

Soldier: Okay! (HE VERITABLY LEAPS OFF HIS STOOL.) Which room?

Narciso: Five. (TO LUCY, AS SHE PASSES) Lucy, get a basin of water and take it to room five...but get that guy's money first. He didn't pay me. (LUCY, THE SOLDIER, AND MARICRIS EXIT.) Vicki, let's get some dancing going! (VICKI POINTS TO CANDY, WHO HURRIEDLY STARTS HER MUSIC AND BEGINS DANCING.)

NARCISO EXITS INTO THE KITCHEN. TED AND PIPAY ARE IN THE MIDDLE OF AN IMPASSIONED DEBATE ABOUT THE EVENING'S GOINGS ON.

Ted: It's the oldest profession, Pipay. You're not going to stop it.

Pipay: *Somebody's* got to help these girls.

Ted: It's Olongopo's cottage industry...*everybody's* bread and butter here...

Soldier: Take it off, Candy, take it off!

Pipay: This is disgusting. (SHE GETS UP AND STORMS OUT. VICKI GOES TO TED.)

Vicki: Pay to be alone with me, Ted. Please. I'm going crazy.

Ted: Sure, Vicki. Come on.

HE TAKES HER BY THE HAND AND THEY GO OFF TO A ROOM. CANDY CONTINUES TO DANCE.

(BLACK.)

ACT 1. Scene 9.

ON A DARK STREET AS PIPAY WALKS HOME FROM THE CLUB. A POLICE MAN STOPS HER.

Policeman: Have you got a night-off pass?

Pipay: What? Oh, you think I'm a...no...I don't need a pass...I'm not a hospitality girl. I'm a lawyer.

Policeman: A lawyer.

Pipay: Yes. I was doing research.

Policeman: What are you researching?

Pipay: Olongopo City. I just moved here.

Policeman: Why would you move here?

Pipay: Um, Officer, Sir, may I go home now?

Policeman: A woman cannot walk the streets at this time of night without a night-off pass.

Pipay: You mean a prostitute can't. I told you I am not a prostitute.

Policeman: You will be stopped by every policeman who sees you.

Pipay: Do you ask every man for a pass?

Policeman: Men don't need passes.

Pipay: Don't you see how unfair that is? It's an utter infringement on us women's civil rights.

Policeman: Hmm. Maybe you really are a lawyer.

Pipay: I am. I work for the TW-MAE-W.

Policeman: What's that?

Pipay: "Third World Movement Against the Exploitation of Women."

Policeman: Are you kidding?

Pipay: I assure you I am not.

HE STARES AT HER A MOMENT, THEN BURSTS INTO LAUGHTER.

Policeman: A feminist! (PIPAY DOESN NOT ANSWER.) Are you a lesbian too?

Pipay: How dare you?

Policeman: I'll take that as a no. At least that's good.

Pipay: If you're going to arrest me, let's get it over with.

Policeman: No—women like you are nothing but trouble. Let somebody else deal with your righteous indignation. I'm off duty in another half hour.

Pipay: Good night, then.

Policeman: What's your name, by the way?

Pipay: Ah...Pipay.

Policeman: Pipay what?

Pipay: Rizal.

Policeman: Rizal! Whew! Old money! I wouldn't touch you with a ten-foot pole! It must be nice to have enough money to be a do-gooder.

Pipay: Am I free to go now?

Policeman: Free as a bird. Goodbye, Miss Rizal. Enjoy your little visit to Olongopo.

Pipay: I told you it's more than a visit. I'm doing research here.

Policeman: You won't stay long. You'll get tired of your little adventure in "Sin City" and you'll go back to Manila...or is it Paris...or New York? Where'd you go to law school, Miss Rizal?

Pipay: (RELUCTANTLY) London.

Policeman: Uh huh. I was right.

Pipay: No, you are wrong.

Policeman: We'll see. Go on home. A nice girl like you doesn't belong on the street.

HE WALKS AWAY. PIPAY STANDS THINKING FOR A MOMENT, THEN SHE WALKS OFF IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.

(BLACK)

ACT 1. Scene 10.

IT IS MANY HOURS LATER. NARCISO HAS KEPT ALL THE GIRLS, TAMMY INCLUDED, WORKING UNTIL THE EARLY MORNING. NOW THEY RUSH HOME IN A PANIC, KNOWING THAT CORAZON HAS BEEN ALONE ALL

NIGHT. THEY BURST INTO THE APARTMENT. TAMMY GRABS THE BABY UP FROM THE BASKET.

Tammy: She's alive! She's alive!

All: She's alive!

Candy: You're sure? (THEY ALL EXAMINE HER.)

Tammy: You didn't die...you didn't die...Inay's here...Inay's here...

Vicki: Can you believe it? Eight hours alone.

Lucy: Who would have guessed she'd have made it through. It's a testimony to the human will to live. Let me get her milk.

LUCY BUSTLES AROUND GETTING A BOTTLE FOR THE BABY. TAMMY, BABY IN ARMS, KNEELS AT A SHRINE TO THE VIRGIN MARY WHICH IS PROMINENT IN THE ROOM. MARICRIS HAS NOT SPOKEN A WORD THROUGH ALL THIS BUT HAS TAKEN A SEAT IN THE FETAL POSITION, ROCKING.

Candy: Are you in great pain, Maricris? (MARICRIS BEGINS TO CRY.)  
Oh, jeez. What should I do, Vicki?

Vicki: Get her some water. Help her wash. (VICKI GETS A BOTTLE OUT OF HER PRIVATE STASH AND GIVES IT TO MARICRIS.) Here, take a drink of this. (MARICRIS TAKES A BIG GULP.) Just a sip! (MARICRIS TAKES ANOTHER SIP.) That's enough. This stuff is potent...and expensive. You'll have to get your own supply out of your own money. (BEFORE PUTTING THE BOTTLE AWAY, VICKI TAKES A STIFF DRINK TOO.)

Candy: Here. Nice clean water. Lift up your dress. (MARICRIS LOOKS SHOCKED.) Now, come on. You're still modest? How many times did you lift up your dress last night? (MARICRIS OBEYS.) God! Look at this! Those pigs! Vicki, look at this! Which guy did this to you, Maricris?

Maricris: I don't know. There were so many.

Candy: You'll learn fast not to let them pull any of this rough stuff with you.

Vicki: (SHE CLINICALLY EXAMINES THE SPOT.) Puneta! Those pigs have no shame. Would they do this to their wives?

Lucy: Oh, but their wives are good and decent. Not “whores” like us. Their wives are as “pure” as the Virgin Mary.

Vicki: “Virgin.” Like I’m going to believe that Joseph was married to her all those years without banging her?

Tammy: Don’t speak that way about the Virgin Mother!

Lucy: That got a rise out of her. (TO MARICRIS) Tammy is very religious.

Maricris: That’s very nice.

Candy: A lot of good it’s done her. She’s a whore, just like the rest of us.

Tammy: (LOUDLY) Hail, Mary, full of grace....

Vicki: Here we go. She’s going to pray out loud now and keep us up all night.

Lucy: She can’t keep us up all night.

Vicki: And why not?

Lucy: Because it’s already day.

Vicki: That bastard Narciso. A double shift for all of us, just for spite.

Lucy: That was a *triple* shift for poor Tammy. Are you doing all right, Tammy? (SHE STROKES TAMMY’S HAIR. TAMMY CONTINUES PRAYING AND FEEDING THE BABY, OBLIVIOUS TO LUCY.)

Vicki: She doesn’t even hear you.

Lucy: (TO MARICRIS) She’s enraptured with the Virgin.

Candy: There you go, Maricris. Good as new. Well, I guess not. Poor choice of words. I’m going to bed. (SHE GOES INTO THE BEDROOM.)

Vicki: Let’s all get some sleep. My head is throbbing.

Maricris: Mine too.

Lucy: I’ll bet that’s not all that’s throbbing.

Vicki: Lucy, *please!* Can we get some rest before my head explodes? Come on, Tammy. Let’s get some sleep. (TAMMY CONTINUES PRAYING.)

Tammy? Tammy, I said...oh, what's the use? Good night everyone.  
(SHE STARTS TO GO INTO THE BEDROOM.)

Lucy: Where's Maricris going to sleep?

Vicki: Make her a bed on the floor in here. (SHE EXITS.)

Lucy: Come on, Maricris. I'll get you a pillow and blanket. (SHE EXITS  
ALSO. MARICRIS DOES NOT FOLLOW, BUT INSEAD RESUMES  
THE FETAL POSITION WHERE SHE SITS. TAMMY JUST KEEPS  
ON PRAYING, BUT HER PRAY HAS CHANGED.)

Tammy: Mia culpa...mia culpa...mia culpa.

(BLACK.)

ACT 1. Scene 11.

LATER THAT DAY, VICKI AND LUCY, IN BATHROBES, ARE SITTING AND  
DRINKING COFFEE. MARICRIS COMES OUT OF THE BEDROOM.

Lucy: Good afternoon, Mary. We thought you had died in there.

Maricris: I'm sorry...did I sleep too late?

Vicki: That's okay. You needed your rest. We'll have to get ready to go to the  
club soon. Eat something. (JOVITO ENTERS.) Mention food and look  
who shows up.

Jovito: Hello, my ladies. Mary, you survived your ordeal by fire! Can you still  
walk?

Vicki: You know I don't like vulgarity, Jovito. Want something to eat?

Jovito: No, thanks, I've eaten.. Actually, this is not a social call. (HE ASSUMES  
A POSE OF MOCK FORMALITY.) I am here on "official business."

Vicki: Oh?

Jovito: Narciso sent me.

Vicki: Since when do you work for Narciso?

Jovito: I don't. I don't. *He* came to my corner and got *me*. *Very* apologetic about  
how he treated me last night.

Vicki: What's he up to?

Jovito: He asked me where Tammy is.

Lucy: You mean she still didn't show at the club? He called here an hour ago looking for her. I told him she was on her way.

Vicki: Did you talk to her this morning?

Lucy: No. She was already gone when I woke up. I assumed she'd gone to the club.

Jovito: (LOOKING INTO THE BABY'S BASKET) Where's the baby?

Lucy: I guess she took her with her.

Vicki: *You guess she took the baby to the club?* What's the matter with you?

Lucy: I guess I didn't think...I was half asleep...

Vicki: You don't know where she is, Jovito?

Jovito: Would I be here if I did?

Vicki: So what does Narciso want you to do?

Jovito: I am to find her and "drag her to work...by her hair, if necessary." And Narciso will "pay me handsomely" to do so.

Maricris: And you would take his money and do this?

Jovito: Honey, I'll take anybody's money, but *especially* that bastard's. I doubt that Tammy needs dragging by the hair, just a little talking to. Is she really upset?

Vicki: I don't know! I haven't seen her since last night. She was holding one of her all-nighters with the Virgin Mary. I just assumed she was at the club by now.

Lucy: So, Vicki, where did *you* think the baby was?

Vicki: I thought Jovito had the baby.

Jovito: Why does *everybody* think *I* should have the baby? I am *not* her father!

Vicki: Let's get serious here. We have to find Tammy. If she doesn't go to work, Narciso will beat the hell out of her.

Lucy: Not to mention us.

Vicki: And don't take lightly the threat he made about getting rid of the baby.

Maricris: Would he hurt a baby?

Vicki: He's done worse than that.

Jovito: I'll go check the park....

JUST THEN, TAMMY ENTERS. SHE GOES TO THE VIRGIN'S SHRINE AND BEGINS PRAYING.

Vicki: Tammy! Where have you been? You're supposed to be at work!

Lucy: Narciso is furious! He sent Jovito to get you.

Jovito: Where's the baby?

Vicki: Answer us, Tammy, where's Corazon?

Tammy: Gone.

Jovito: What do you mean, "gone?"

Tammy: Gone. (SHE CONTINUES PRAYING.)

CANDY AND PIPAY COME BURSTING INTO THE APARTMENT.

Candy: There you are! You've got to go with Pipay right away! Quickly!

Lucy: It's that one from the bar last night. Why did you bring her here, Candy?

Pipay: I want to help her!

Vicki: She doesn't need your help. Get out...

Candy: Vicki, who else can get Tammy out of here?

Pipay: I *saw* her do it! I was out on the street talking to some women, when I looked up and saw her do it. I'll try to protect her as best I can.

Vicki: From what?

Candy: From that mob outside! They want to kill her!

Lucy: Why?

Candy: You...you don't know?

Jovito: What the hell are you talking about?

Candy: Oh, my God, you don't know yet!

Jovito: *Say it, dammit!*

Candy: Tammy...she...the baby...

Pipay: She threw her baby off the top of this apartment building.

THEY ARE SILENT—UTTERLY STUNNED. THEN LUCY RUNS TO LOOK OUT THE WINDOW.

Jovito: You didn't do that, did you, Tammy?

Lucy: Oh, my God! Look at the people!

Pipay: We have to get her out of here!

Jovito: (JOVITO GRABS TAMMY AND SHAKES HER.) Tammy, where's Corazon?

Tammy: Gone.

Jovito: Where *is* she?

Tammy: Gone to heaven to be with the Virgin Mary.

Pipay: I've got a car. I'll try to get her to the police station. She can turn herself in...

Vicki: Turn herself in?

Pipay: They're going to kill her out there. At least she'll be safer locked up!

Jovito: Not the baby...

Pipay: ...there's no time now....

Candy: Tammy, go with Pipay!

Jovito: ...not Corazon....

Tammy: The Virgin Mary told me to do it...this morning while I prayed...she said that I'm bad. I do bad things and I must protect Corazon from this bad world or else Corazon will grow up and do bad things too. And Our Lady doesn't want Corazon to do bad things.

Jovito: Not the baby...not Corazon....

Tammy: Don't cry, Jovito. I know how you loved her...but don't worry. Corazon is safe now. She's in heaven. She's in heaven with the Virgin Mother.

(BLACK.)

## *INTERMISSION*

### *ACT II. Scene 1.*

LIGHTS DOWN. A FAINT SOUND IS HEARD. GRADUALLY IT CAN BE RECOGNIZED AS THE SOUND OF A METAL GARBAGE CAN BEING BUMPED AGAINST WHILE IT BUMPS AGAINST ANOTHER METAL GARBAGE CAN. THE SOUND IS RHYTHMIC AND GETS SLIGHTLY LOUDER AS IT GETS SLIGHTLY FASTER WHILE THE LIGHTS COME UP SLOWLY. THE SOUND GETS LOUDER AND LOUDER, THE RHYTHM FASTER AND FASTER, AS THE LIGHTS REVEAL A SOLDIER AND A WOMAN COPULATING AGAINST THE CANS IN AN ALLEY.

JOVITO RUNS INTO THE ALLEY, OBVIOUSLY HIDING FROM SOMEONE. HE SEE THE COPULATORS BUT DOESN'T TAKE MORE THAN A GLANCE.

Jovito: Hey, can you two hold it down?

THE CANS REACH A FRANTIC BANGING AS THE COUPLE'S COPULATING REACHES ITS CLIMAX.

Soldier: Yeah, that's it, baby, come on, come on...oooooooooh!!!!

Jovito: Man, he's going to find me if you don't keep it...(JOVITO LOOKS AT THE COUPLE FOR THE FIRST TIME. HE IS SHOCKED TO SEE TAMMY.) Holy shit! Tammy! Is that you? Tammy?

Soldier: Who are you? Hey, I thought she was available! I didn't know!

THE SOLDIER ZIPS HIS PANTS QUICKLY AND RUNS OFF, TOSSING TAMMY INTO THE GARGAGE CANS IN HIS HURRY TO GET AWAY. JOVITO PULLS HER UP AND GETS A CLOSER LOOK AT HER FACE.

Jovito: *It is* you! What are you doing out of jail? (NO RESPONSE.) How did you get away? (NO RESPONSE.) Tammy? What are you doing here in this alley? Did you think you couldn't come home? Come on, I'll take you.... (SHE PULLS AWAY.)

Tammy: Go away, Jovito.

Jovito: Sweetheart, it's okay to come home. Vicki's half crazy worrying about you. You don't have to work the streets.

Tammy: I have to be back by dawn.

Jovito: Back where?

Tammy: They send me out at night. I have to...

Jovito: Who sends you out?

Tammy: The guards.

Jovito: The prison guards? They make you hustle at night? (SHE NODS.) Jesus. *Why?*

Tammy: For money, of course.

Jovito: I can't believe it...the guards are pimping you? (SHE NODS AGAIN.) Well, you're free now. Come on, I'll take you home....

Tammy: I told you I've got to be back by dawn.

Jovito: Baby, you're not thinking straight...you're out of there...we'll hide you...you're not go...

Tammy: If I don't go back, they'll choose another woman and make her pay for my desertion.

Jovito: Who?

Tammy: One of the other women prisoners. I don't know which one. They don't choose until they do it...usually one of the mothers with children or a grandmother....

Jovito: We'll they'll just have to get beaten.

Tammy: They don't just beat them

Tammy: I have to go now, Jovito. I have to have ten johns by morning and I've only had seven.

Jovito: You're coming with me! (HE GRABS HER.)

Tammy: Let go! Go, Jovito. I have to hurry.

Jovito: You're *free* now, Tammy. Why do you care what happens to those other women? You think they'd worry about you?.

Tammy: One morning, one woman didn't come back. They had sent her out to get ten johns and she didn't come back...so...so...they...buried another woman alive. (JOVITO STARES AT HER. HE IS SPEECHLESS.) I told you, you wouldn't believe me.

Jovito: They just spread that rumor to scare you..

Tammy: I saw it. I was there.

Jovito: You saw them bury a woman alive?

Tammy: Yes. Right in the prison yard. The same yard we walk on everyday, cook our food on everyday. Now let me leave.

Jovito: This is not *real*.

Tammy: It was real. We heard her screaming right till the end. Goodbye, Jovito.

Jovito: I can't just let you go. When I tell Vicki and Lucy....

Tammy: Don't tell them you've seen me! What I've seen...the things I've seen...there's nothing they can do....their lives will be in danger if they start talking about this...

Jovito: What about you? What about your life?

Tammy: Jovito, they *beheaded* a woman.

Jovito: Tammy, how am I supposed to believe...

Tammy: She attacked one of the guards when he was raping her....*they cut off her head.* And I saw that too.

Jovito: ...Tammy...this can't be for real....

Tammy: You can believe me or not believe me. It doesn't matter. But you can't keep me from going back. Goodbye, Jovito. (SHE SIMPLY WANDERS AWAY AND HE DOES NOTHING TO STOP HER.)

Jovito: Goodbye, Tammy. (HE WATCHES HER GO, THEN KICKS ONE OF THE GARBAGE CANS. )

(BLACK.)

ACT II. Scene 2.

VICKI, LUCY, CANDY, AND MARICRIS ARE WALKING TO WORK. PIPAY CATCHES UP WITH THEM.

Pipay: Hello! Vicki, wait, please! (MARICRIS AND CANDY STOP. LUCY HESITATES. VICKI KEEPS WALKING.) Just a minutes, please!

Vicki: We can't be late for work. (PIPAY BLOCKS HER WAY.) What is it?

Pipay: Why haven't you been to visit Tammy?

Vicki: Narciso has forbidden us.

Pipay: You're her friends. She has no one else.

Vicki: Don't you think I know that? Don't you think I'm sick over this? I can't do anything for her now.

Pipay: You can let her know she's not forgotten. Take her some food. Make sure she eats it. You know prisoners have to supply their own food. Do you want her to starve to death?

Lucy: She's starving to death?

Vicki: I knew that you wouldn't let her starve.

Pipay: I can't get her to eat. She practically comatose. Maybe if you visited her, sat with her while she ate the food you brought...

Vicki: Narciso has forbidden us to even say her name, much less visit her. He'd kill us.

Pipay: Think of Tammy.

Candy: We have been doing nothing but thinking of Tammy...talking about Tammy...grieving over Tammy...missing Tammy.

Vicki: She was our friend long before you ever met her.

Lucy: She was like a sister. We were with her when she gave birth to Corazon.

Pipay: Then go visit her!

Vicki: Narciso won't....

Pipay: Narciso can't tell you what to do when you're not at the bar! (THE WOMEN LAUGH CYNICALLY.)

Vicki: You come from a rich family. You're free. You're educated. How little you know of the real world.

Pipay: I know that Tammy isn't going to survive until her trial next month if somebody doesn't make sure she eats. Isn't saving her life worth risking Narciso's anger?

Vicki: And if Narciso beats me to death one night in the back room, will that help Tammy?

Pipay: Could it really come to that?

Lucy: Last year, this girl named...

Vicki: Yes. It could come to that. Don't go into that, Lucy.

Maricris: I hate Narciso! (SHE TAKES A BOTTLE OUT OF HER PURSE AND DRINKS FROM IT...THE SAME KIND OF BOTTLE THAT VICKI USUALLY HAS.)

Candy: Never say that, Mary! You don't know who's listening!

Vicki: (REMEMBERING THE TIME) We're going to be late for work! We have to go, Miss Rizal.

Pipay: Pipay.

Vicki: Pipay.

Pipay: Tammy's trial is the first of next month, 10 a.m. Will you come?

Vicki: How did you get a trial so fast?

Pipay: I bribed everybody I could think of.

Lucy: It must be nice to be rich.

Pipay: It comes in handy, I admit. That's three weeks away, Vicki. Just three weeks. You don't have to visit her everyday til then. Just twice a week...maybe three times...each of you.... That will give her enough food to build her strength up until the trial.

Candy: What's the point? They're going to execute her anyway.

Lucy: Oh, Lucy, don't say it!

Candy: You know it's true.

Pipay: I'm trying to get them to find her insane. Send her to a mental hospital where she could get help.

Vicki: That would be wonderful. You really think it's possible?

Pipay: With me as her lawyer, how can we lose? (SHE LAUGHS. THEY STARE AT HER WITHOUT HUMOR.) Yes, it's possible.

Vicki: I'll *try* to take her some food.

Lucy: Me too.

Pipay: Thank you! What about you, Candy?

Candy: I'll think about it.

Pipay: Thank you!

Candy: That's a maybe!

Maricris: What time is it, Lucy? Are we going to be late? Narciso will...

Lucy: She's scared to death of him.

Candy: Who isn't?

Vicki: We have to go, Pipay.

Pipay: Go! Go! I didn't mean to keep you. I'll tell Tammy that you're coming to see her. She'll be so happy. Thank you. Thank you very much. (AS THE FOUR WOMEN WALK AWAY) Goodbye! Have a good night! (THEY TURN AND LOOK AT PIPAY IN DISMAY. SHE REALIZES WHAT SHE HAS JUST SAID.) Oh, I didn't mean that...sorry.

(BLACK.)

ACT II. Scene 3.

AT RISE, PIPAY AND TAMMY ARE IN COURT, PIPAY STANDING AND TAMMY SITTING NEXT TO HER, STARING INTO SPACE, NOT SEEING, NOT HEARING. PIPAY IS ADDRESSING AN UNSEEN PANEL OF THREE JUDGES.

IN THE VIEWING SECTION SIT VICKI, LUCY, CANDY, MARICRIS, JOVITO AND NARCISO, ALTHOUGH NARCISO IS NOT SITTING WITH THE OTHERS. HE IS WEARING DARK GLASSES AND APPEARS UNEASY ABOUT BEING SEEN. OTHER MISCELLANEOUS SPECTATORS ARE ALSO PRESENT.

Pipay: Yes, your Honors, I do wish to make a closing statement. Sirs, Milagros Ernestina Avendano, known as "Tammy" to some, is indeed a prostitute as the witnesses called earlier by the prosecution so thoroughly established. (NARCISO GETS EVEN MORE UNEASY.) Prostitution is against the law in the Philippines, as we all know. Nevertheless, Tammy is a prostitute. Has been one since she was a child, not that many years ago. Tammy's mother was also a prostitute, as was her grandmother. In fact, she comes from a long line of prostitutes.

Who is her father? We do not know. All we know is that he was probably an American serviceman. That is what Tammy's mother told her once; that's all she knows. And, of course, Tammy's American features support that presumption. Her father was almost certainly one of the millions and millions of American sailors who have come to Olongapo for decades and decades for "R and R." Rest and recreation.

(TED NORRIDGE SLIPS INTO THE COURTROOM AND SITS DOWN. )

Pipay: “Rest and recreation.” Sounds innocent enough, doesn’t it? Except that the recreation is sex for money...every kind of sex you can imagine. Every kind of sex for every kind of taste. Women, girls, boys, children. Singles. Doubles. Standing up. Lying down. Swinging from baskets....

Your Honors, this *is* pertinent to my client’s case. Thank you.

Milagros...Tammy...never knew her father. Perhaps today he is living in the State of California, or Texas, or Ohio, even Washington D.C. Perhaps he has a wife and two or three children. He may be poor, but it’s unlikely. We can be certain that he isn’t as poor as his daughter in Olongapo. He probably owns his own home, or at least, rents a nice apartment. You can be bet he has heat in the winter...and electricity...and plenty of water to drink...even enough to squander in a bathtub once, even twice, a day, so abundant, we are told, are the resources in the United States. Does he know...or better to ask...does he care, that he has a daughter here in the Philippines? A daughter desperately poor, hopelessly destined to live an unnatural life of being a sex toy for other sailors’ “rest and relaxation” until the day she dies? A daughter who looks like him, whose skin--white like his--marks her for what she is and makes her an object of scorn and ridicule among “respectable” Filipinos but ironically makes her *the most* desirable sex object for the American servicemen here?

This man’s cast off daughter has been trying to make a living...no...not a living...has been trying to *survive* for eighteen years. In Olongapo, there is little other way to survive when you have no education, no father to support you while you’re growing up, no family to help you, except a mother who shared with her the only life *she* knew, a life of prostitution. So Tammy became part of the sex industry. Yes, I said “industry.” Sex for money. One of our country’s biggest industries, to my undying shame. An industry so big...so lucrative...so notorious...so infamous that there is a term used world-wide...world wide...for the women in this industry. Little Brown Fucking Machines! *Little Brown Fucking Machines*. Ask the youngest private to the oldest general in the United States Armed Forces...in the Japanese, Saudi Arabian, Australian armies if they know the term, and they will say they know it. They will say they know the stories of our supple Asian bodies being so perfectly built for giving pleasure tht we can pick up a dollar bill with our vaginas--and give change!

Oh, are we not supposed to talk about it--only *live* it? Your Honors, my line of discussion does, in fact, lead directly to my client’s alleged murder of her child. Yes. Thank you, your Honors.

Now. Why would a woman throw her own child off a building? Over the last week you have heard testimonies from her friends and co-workers, even her bar manager, that she loved her daughter dearly...that, in fact, when she first realized that she was going to have a baby, she was overjoyed. And when her bar manager demanded that she have an abortion--like he made all his "girls" do--she wept and begged him to let her have the baby, until he finally allowed it. And how she cared for her baby. Fed the baby. Bathed the baby. Even named the baby after Mrs. Aquino in the hope that her little daughter might one day, too, rise to greatness...that maybe her daughter would be the one to break the cycle of prostitution and hopelessness. Then why would such a good mother throw her baby off an apartment building?

Malice, you say? Cruelty? No. Testimonies have dispelled those incorrect theories. Tammy is a gentle little flower, a deeply religious girl. There's not a cruel bone in her body. Every witness called told us that. No. Desperation. Desperation coupled with exhaustion. Remember, she had been forced to dance for over twenty hours straight...dance and have sex on demand...and this after only recently having given birth to a baby...something she had never been allowed to recuperate from. Her bar manager put her back to work immediately. These are what sent her over the brink. Turned her into a disturbed woman...a sick woman who should be pitied, not punished. Forgiven, not executed. Tammy should not be in prison, but in a hospital receiving psychiatric care!

You say, "Not every young mother who is exhausted throws her bby off a roof." Then what would have sent this young mother over the brink? Do you have any idea what she has been through for the last eighteen years?

Please bear with me, your Honors. I *am* coming to a conclusion.

Reliable estimates declare that there are at least 20,000 prostitutes, hospitality girls, if you like...in Olongapo. The average age of these girls is fifteen. The average age of these girls is *fifteen!* And most of them don't live beyond their forties. They die of cervical cancer, venereal disease, tuberculosis, AIDS, malnutrition, drugs, street violence, home violence. Before death they wander through life suffering from urinary tract infections from outdated intra-uterine devices that have been *pulled from* the American market but sold under the table here. The orifices of these girls' bodies are burned and ripped by sadistic customers...*anything* goes as long as the pimp or the club get their money....

Am I getting too graphic? If these women can endure *living* it, surely we can endure hearing about it when a woman's life is at stake!

They live with lice in their hair, drug addictions of all kinds...the most common being cough syrup. In my research, every prostitute I interviewed took some type of drug to “get high” before having to have sexual intercourse with their customers. *Every* prostitute I interviewed, male *and* female, and I interviewed a lot.

And let’s not forget botched abortions ordered by the clubs, or the “pimps,” where the woman bleeds to death on the floor of an unclean room...deadly infections from pregnancies they try to keep secret by starving themselves or binding themselves...babies delivered alone in a toilet...it’s a miracle some of them *live* until they’re forty!

Did you realize that a Filipina woman walking down the street with an American soldier can be stopped and asked for her “night-off pass?” That’s a paper granting her permission to go with the soldier after he’s paid for her services at whatever bar “owns” her. If she doesn’t have a night-off pass, she’s fined. Penalized for walking down the street of her own town! It is just assumed that she’s a prostitute, and, therefore, deserving of no rights. And it is *assumed by the government of Olongapo*,

the police who run this town, the very people who should be protecting her and instead are persecuting her!

Sirs, Olongapo is a city of pain and illusion, and this is the city that Tammy was born into. Lights flash, music blares. Sailors and hospitality girls come together under the illusion that one can ease the other one’s pain. But, instead, it causes pain. Causes pain. The lights, the dancing, it’s all illusion. Sex for money is a dehumanizing practice...dehumanizing for the man who buys the sex...and even more dehumanizing for the woman who must sell it. Something inside a woman must die if she is to sell her body, her most private part of herself, nightly...no... hourly... every fifteen minutes...to nameless man after nameless man. To be touched in her most private parts, to be pawed, to be manhandled, and abused, endlessly, endlessly. Every day. Every night. Is it any wonder that she is driven to perform an inhuman act when the act she must perform endlessly is a dehumanizing act?

*I am* closing, your Honors! Milagros Ernestina Avendano...Tammy...is *not guilty* by reason of insanity! Insanity caused by the dehumanizing acts she was forced to endure from the beginning of her life. I urge...I beg...the Court to show mercy upon this young woman and to give her the medical and psychological help she so desperately needs.

Thank you, your Honors.

(BLACK)

ACT II. Scene 4.

AT RISE, PIPAY AND TAMMY ARE STANDING IN THE COURTROOM. THE VERDICT IS ABOUT TO BE READ. TAMMY NERVOUSLY HOLDS A PENCIL FROM THE TABLE.

Offstage Voice:       Milagros Ernestina Avendano, it is the judgment of this Court that you are guilty of the first-degree murder of your daughter, Corazon Teresita Avendano. It is your sentence that for this most unforgivable of crimes -- the murder of a child by her mother -- you be executed according to the laws of this Province.

TAMMY SNAPS THE PENCIL IN TWO. THE COURT ROOM ERUPTS IN RESPONSE, SOME FAVORABLE, OTHERS NOT. PIPAY ANGRILY STARTS COLLECTING HER PAPERS. FOR A MOMENT, TAMMY IS ALMOST FORGOTTEN STANDING THERE.

Maricris:       What does this mean?

Jovito:       They're going to hang her!

SUDDENLY, AND TAKING EVERYONE COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE, TAMMY PULLS A KNIFE.

Vicki:       Where did she get that knife?

Pipay:       Tammy! Give me the knife. We can appeal....

Tammy:       Don't get near me. Stay away. Everybody, stay away!

Jovito:       Tammy, give *me* the knife. I'll ...

Tammy:       I'm warning everybody, stay away from me! Don't fight me. I'm a woman without a future, so I'm not afraid to die right here. I'll take you with me if I have to! Get back....

Vicki:       Tammy, *please*....

Tammy:       Who wants to die today? Huh? Who wants to die? (SHE LOOKS AT THEM ALL FOR A MOMENT.) Me. Me. I want to die today.... (SHE PLUNGES THE KNIFE INTO HERSELF AND FALLS OVER DEAD.)

(BLACK.)

ACT II. Scene 5.

VICKI, CANDY, AND LUCY SIT DAZED IN THEIR APARTMENT. IN THE CORNER OF THE APARTMENT, MARICRIS SITS IN A FETAL POSITION, SOBBING QUIETLY AND DRINKING SWIG AFTER SWIG OF COUGH SYRUP.. SHE HAS COME UNGLUED.

Lucy: It's like a bad dream. Isn't that what they say when it all goes wrong? "Like a bad dream." Tammy *and* her baby. Wasn't it only yesterday they were both in this room, alive and full of life?

Candy: (LOOKING AT A CLOCK) Well, by now Narciso should have realized that we aren't late but that we're just not coming.

Lucy: How late are we?

Candy: A full hour.

Lucy: He knows by now. What are we going to do, Vicki, if he comes for us?

Vicki: You mean *when* he comes for us.

THERE IS A BANGING AT THE DOOR. THE WOMEN JUMP SKY HIGH.

Candy: Oh, my God—it's him!

Vicki: Let him in, Candy.

Candy: Why me? Who is it?

Pipay: Pipay. (CANDY OPENS THE DOOR.)

Candy: Come in.

Pipay: Well, I got the paperwork done. They agreed to release her body to us so we can bury her—and the baby. They were remarkably agreeable to letting us have her body. I think they just want the whole thing hushed up and over with.

Candy: They still have the baby?

Pipay: Yes, they froze her in the morgue.

Lucy: Morbid.

Pipay: She was evidence in the trial.

Vicki: She *was* a human being.

Pipay: (LOOKING AT MARICRIS) How's she doing?

Candy: Can't you see?

Vicki: She's gone.

Pipay: Maybe if we can get her back to her family.

Vicki: Maybe—if they want her.

Lucy: A lot of families don't want...ruined...daughters.

Candy: I know mine won't take me back.

Pipay: Where are you going to go?

Candy: I don't know yet.

Pipay: What about you, Vicki?

Vicki: I can't think past today.

Lucy: We still have Narciso to deal with.

Pipay: He has no legal right to stop you from leaving.

Candy: You still hang on to that legal bullshit, don't you?

Lucy: Candy. It's not Pipay's fault.

Vicki: Who's fault is it? Tammy is dead—a tortured life—but *her* life and it's over at twenty! And what about my life? And yours? And hers (LOOKING AT MARICRIS). Narciso will not let us leave, Pipay. I assure you.

Pipay: Well, I'm going to get a restraining order against him.

Vicki: Better hurry.

Pipay: I intend to. (GOING TO THE DOOR) I'll be back...and stop her from drinking that stuff. She's going to kill herself too.

Vicki: She's oblivious. She's better off this way. Goodbye, Pipay.

Pipay: I'll be back soon. (SHE LEAVES.)

Candy: She won't be back.

Lucy: Would you come back—if you didn't have to?

(BLACK.)

ACT II. Scene 6.

THERE IS A PLAIN WOODEN COFFIN SURROUNDED BY CANDLES IN THE APARTMENT. THE WOMEN ARE SITTING SILENTLY. MARICRIS IS STILL DRINKING HER COUGH SYRUP OVER IN A CORNER. THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. THE WOMEN ARE STARTLED. CANDY OPENS THE DOOR. JOVITO ENTERS, CARRYING FLOWERS, AND PLACES THEM IN THE COFFIN. HE MAKES THE SIGN OF THE CROSS AND PRAYS SILENTLY AT THE COFFIN.

Jovito: Amen. Well, I'm here, but no one else will come.

Vicki: Not even Reynaldo?

Jovito: Especially Reynaldo. He won't even let me in the clinic now. He doesn't want to be shut down.

Lucy: Some friend he all turned out to be.

Vicki: He was never a friend.

Jovito: He's afraid, Vicki. That clinic is his life...and a lot of other people's.

Lucy: What's there left to be afraid of?

Jovito: Of guilt by association.

Lucy: With who? Tammy is dead.

Jovito: But you're still alive, right?

Candy: For the time being.

Jovito: You heard from Narciso yet?

Vicki: He has been ominously silent—and absent. I wonder what he's up to.

(THERE IS ANOTHER KNOCK ON THE DOOR AND PIPAY IS LET IN.)

Jovito: You? Why don't you just leave us alone.

Pipay: Hello to you, too, Jovito.

Lucy: Be polite, Jovito.

Jovito: All those damned things she said in court about the government...the police...Olongapo being corrupt from the inside. Jesus, Lucy, weren't you listening? Do you think they're just going to let her walk around saying those things? You don't want her hanging around here. Things are bad enough!

Lucy: Pipay, are you *in trouble too*?

Jovito: Pipay said it herself. This town is an industry. And it's very lucrative for the people who are running it.

(THERE IS A KNOCK ON THE DOOR. EVERYONE LOOKS FEARFULLY AT THE DOOR.)

Lucy: (WHISPERING) Narciso.

LUCY OPENS TO THE DOOR BUT INSTEAD THERE STANDS TED NORRIDGE WITH FLOWERS. SHE LOOKS TO VICKI FOR INSTRUCTION.)

Ted: I came to pay my respects.

Vicki: Let him in, Lucy.

Ted: Thank you. (HE PLACES FLOWERS HE HAS BROUGHT IN THE COFFIN AND TAKES A MOMENT OF SILENCE THERE.) Vicki, I wanted to come sooner, you know I did. (HE KISSES HER CHEEK.)

Vicki: I understand, Ted. You're a very brave man for coming now.

Ted: Pipay, I thought you were wonderful in court. It took a lot of courage to say those things.

Jovito: Courage or stupidity?

Pipay: Thank you, Ted.

Jovito: Listen...ah...Lieutenant...

Vicki: Jovito, this is Ted Norridge.

Ted: Ted. (THEY SHAKE HANDS.)

Jovito: Ted, forgive my bluntness, but it's not a good idea for you to be here.

Ted: I'm not afraid.

Jovito: I wasn't thinking about you! For godssake, these ladies are in enough trouble!

Ted: Why? They didn't do anything.

Jovito: What, are you all in denial? Pipay told the judges right to their face that they're all a bunch of hypocrites. She said prostitution is a crime but the whole damned town is one big whorehouse. Pipay, your crime was saying it out loud...and they're going to arrest you, you mark my word!

Lucy: Jovito, what about us? Do you think we're in a lot of trouble or just a little trouble?

Vicki: How should he know? There are no rules. Either they will arrest us or they won't. If they think we're troublemakers, they'll arrest us.

Lucy: But *we're* not troublemakers!

Jovito: You visited Tammy in prison. You testified for her in court. Now you're having a funeral for her in your apartment. They'll figure you're working with Pipay now.

Lucy: Vicki, what'll we do? (NO RESPONSE) Vicki?

Vicki: I should have suspected Tammy would hurt herself.

Lucy: You can't keep blaming yourself, Vicki. We had no way of knowing.

Vicki: (FINALLY) What kind of life is *this*? Maybe I will work with Pipay. Maybe I'll try to stop Narciso. Maybe he'll kill me. I don't know.

Jovito: Vicki! Shut up! Don't say anything in front of this American. No offense.

Ted: Truthfully, people, I am *not* involved in any military actions. I just came to pay my respects.

Jovito: Why? Why should you care about a dead whore and her baby?

Lucy: Oh, Jovito...

Ted: Well, I can understand you're wondering that...I kind of wondered about that myself, why did I go to the trial everyday? Why *did* I care so much? And you really want to know? I mean, *really*?

Pipay: Yes, we do.

Ted: I think because she was part American. Because her father was some American service man, somebody like me. She could have been my daughter...or my father's daughter...or one of my men's. The point is, she was *somebody's* daughter. Some American, like *me*. Some guy went to a bar, like *I admit*, I have gone to bars...like I went to your bar, Vicki, and paid for *you*...I'm sorry, Vicki...well, we can talk about that some other time...but Tammy, she was *somebody's* daughter...*somebody* sired her, and then forgot her. And it doesn't seem right. It isn't right. I guess I came here to represent--does it sound funny?--to "represent" her father, whoever he was...to ask your forgiveness on his behalf. Strange, huh?

Pipay: Yes.

Jovito: Hard to believe too.

Ted: Well, I wanted to come....

MARICRIS SUDDENLY LETS OUT A CRY. SHE HOLDS HER HEAD, FALLS TO THE FLOOR, AND HAS A CONVULSION. JUST AS SUDDENLY, SHE LIES STILL. THEY ALL RUN TO HER.

JOVITO LISTENS TO HER HEART AND CHECKS HER PULSE. HE LOOKS AT THE REST OF THEM IN DISBELIEF.

Jovito: I think she's dead.

Vicki: What? How? (SHE TRIES TO RESUSCITATE MARICRIS.)

Lucy: She's gone.

Jovito: This can't be happening.

(TED PICKS UP THE BOTTLES MARICRIS HAD BEEN DRINKING.)

Ted: What's this?

Vicki: Just cough syrup. (DEFENSIVELY) It *helps*, okay?

Ted: It isn't cough syrup.

Vicki: What?

Pipay: Let me see...oh my God! "Tuberculin Vaccine."

Vicki: Jovito, where did you get this?

Jovito: At the clinic...in the stock room...I thought it was cough syrup! I didn't even look...it's in the same size bottle they usually give me for you!

Ted: It says here, "Take only as directed. If accidental overdose occurs, may cause convulsions or death."

Jovito: I didn't know...I didn't do it on purpose!

Lucy: Oh, Jovito!

Jovito: I didn't know. Jeez, you don't think...

Vicki: (SHE HAS NOT RISEN FROM MARICRIS' BODY.) So. Maricris is dead too. Just like that. Dead.

Candy: I don't believe it. I don't believe it.

Jovito: I'm sorry...

Vicki: Don't people die fast?

Lucy: This is just like a bad dream.

Vicki: Is that *all* you can ever say?

Lucy: What do you want me to say?

Vicki: Say Maricris isn't dead. Say it's all a mistake...that Tammy is alive and working at the club tonight. Say Corazon is asleep in her basket. Say Narciso isn't going to get us. Say Pipay never spoke those treasonous words. Say I'm at home with my parents in my little village. Say we have enough food to eat and I don't have to do this work. Say that everybody is okay...that everything will *be* okay...say it...say it, Tammy, say it!

Lucy: I'm Lucy.

Vicki: Oh, *Lucy!* (SHE SOBS INTO LUCY'S ARMS.)

Jovito: Vicki, I'm sorry!

Ted: Vicki, you know I think the world of you.

Candy: No. she doesn't know that.

Ted: Vicki, didn't I come only to you at the club whenever I was in port?

Jovito: Shut up, man! This isn't the club, it's her home!

Ted: I'm trying to say that I can help her. Vicki, I can help you and maybe even Lucy and Candy get jobs—legitimate jobs.

Jovito: Where?

Ted: On the base.

Jovito: Dream on.

Pipay: Who's going to hire three former prostitutes on the base, Ted?

Ted: I don't know right now. I'm just trying to help.

Candy: With pipe dreams?

Jovito: Help by leaving.

Ted: Vicki, Lucy, will you let me help you? I can talk to somebody. There are people who care. We're not all heartless.

Vicki: I never thought you were heartless, Ted.

Ted: Then let me try to help you get a safe job, Vicki.

Pipay: What about the thousands of other women in Olongapo who can't get "safe" jobs on your base?

Ted: Jeez, don't be so immovable, Pipay. Two women lie dead here. Would you rather these women make it four or five? I'll do what I can for them. I promise.

Jovito: Vicki, you don't believe him, do you? He's an American.

Vicki: I would like to believe him.

Pipay: We'd all like to believe him, Vicki, but that's not reality. He's only one man and his word can't amount to anything because there's a whole hierarchy out there that's bigger than he is. This system will keep any Filipina from being anything to them except what they think she is—remember—little brown fucking machines!

Vicki: Stop it!

Pipay: Vicki, change the system by joining with your peers. Don't go to the oppressor to get free of his oppression!

Ted: I honestly don't think that I've ever intentionally "oppressed" anyone, but if I have, Vicki, I am heartfully sorry. If you feel that way, I guess I'd better be leaving.

Vicki: I can't feel anything anymore, Ted. You'd better go.

Ted: All right then. (REMEMBERING) what should we do about Maricris?

Pipay: What about her?

Ted: Do you want me to get the police or something?

Pipay: *What?*

Jovito: What did I tell you?

Ted: A death has occurred here. Are you just going to leave her on the floor? You've got to notify someone. This girl is dead.

Jovito: (TO VICKI) I *warned* you.

Vicki: Ted, are you saying you're going to turn us in?

Ted: No! Never! I just mean...

Vicki: Ted, nobody cares that she's dead—except us. And we don't even know her last name. She showed up on my doorstep one day, like they all do. She said she came from a little village. Do you know how many "little villages" there are out there? Her parents just won't hear from her anymore. Maybe they'll send someone to look for her, but more likely than not, they'll just write her off as having died...

Lucy: ...or maybe they'll even think she disgraced them and ran away. After a while, they'll forget her.

Ted: What a sad commentary.

Pipay: Isn't it though? And what's sadder is that, if you go to the police, they'll come here and somehow, somehow, use *this* as the excuse to arrest us. All of us. We'll all go to jail--Jovito maybe for life—because he bought the medicine that killed her. Who knows? They could execute him. (JOVITO GOES RIDGED.)

Ted: Execute him?

Pipay: Who's to stop them from setting an example? Your American Navy, Ted? Do you think they'd life a finger to help a Filipino male prostitute who gave tuberculin vaccine to a young girl. Grow up!

Jovito: Jesus help me! I gotta get out of here!

Ted: (AFTER PAINFUL DELIBERATION) Then, what are you going to do with Maricris?

Pipay: Bury her in Tammy's coffin too.

Ted: That's against the law.

Pipay: It won't be the first time the law gets broken in Olongapo.

Ted: Can you manage it quietly?

Vicki: Of course.

Ted: You need my help?

Pipay: It'd be better if you didn't know the details.

Ted: Well...I guess...then...alright...I'd better leave. I shouldn't be here if you're not going to notify the authorities...Vicki...I just hate to leave you....

Vicki: It's okay, Ted. Just leave.

Ted: My offer still stands for you and the girls. Come look me up if you need *or want* my help...I mean it.

Vicki: Thank you. Goodbye, Ted.

Ted: Goodbye. (HE HUGS HER, THEN LEAVES.)

Jovito: He's going to the police!

Vicki: He said he wouldn't.

Jovito: And you believe him?

Vicki: We have to believe in something.

Jovito: I believe in being careful. I believe in staying alive. Listen, I'm sorry. I came to help you bury Tammy...but now...*prison? Execution?* I've got to look out for myself. I'm sorry. I've got to get out of here. He's bringing *the police* here! I'm sorry! (JOVITO RUNS OUT.)

Vicki: Candy, if you want to go too, I'll understand.

Candy: No.

Vicki: Lucy?

Lucy: No. Let's get Maricris in the coffin. (VICKI SMILES AT LUCY AND THEN GOES TO MARICRIS' CORPSE.)

Vicki: I'd like to wash her first.

Pipay: There's no time.

Candy: She's cleaner now than she's ever been before in her life. (SHE BEGINS TO LIFT THE BODY. THE OTHERS HURRY TO ASSIST.)

Vicki: Pipay, move Tammy over a little. (PIPAY COMPLIES.)

Pipay: Careful! Don't drop her on the baby.

AS THE THREE WOMEN STRUGGLE TO GET THE CORPSE INTO THE COFFIN, THEY ARE OVERCOME WITH A MORBID REACTION TO THE HORROR OF THEIR TASK: THEY GIGGLE.

Candy: Can you believe we're doing this?

Vicki: No.

Pipay: It's bizarre.

Lucy:            There. Good thing she was tiny. This coffin's still going to weigh a ton.

(THEY ARE IMMEDIATELY SOBER AS THEY STAND BACK AND LOOK AT THE TWO YOUNG WOMEN AND THE BABY IN THE COFFIN. THEY STAND FOR A MOMENT IN SILENCE. VICKI SHUDDERS.)

Vicki:           Oooh.

Lucy:            What?

Vicki:            I got a sudden chill.

Candy:           You know what that means.

Vicki:            Somebody walked on my grave. (MORE SILENCE.)

Lucy:            They're going to arrest us, aren't they?

Pipay:           Probably. They're probably waiting until after we bury Tammy. Looks better.

Lucy:            What do you think they'll do to us?

Pipay:            The same things they did to Tammy.

Vicki:            (VICKI SHUDDERS AGAIN.) I'm so cold.

Lucy:            You know that old wives' tale? "When somebody dies in the house, another death will follow."

Pipay:            I thought of that too.

Candy:           You're scaring me.

Vicki:            As long as you can feel fear, you're still alive.

Lucy:            How are we going to lift this coffin?

Vicki:            If we can get it down the stairs, I'm sure *some* neighbors will help us carry it when they see us struggling with it on the street... if we do it in the dark.

Candy:           How will they see us struggling if it's in the dark?

Vicki:            The neighbors see all. And know all. They will help us.

Lucy:            *If* we can get it down the stairs!

Pipay: We'll get it down the stairs.

DARKNESS IS FALLING AS THE WOMEN TALK. MANY OF THE CANDLES FROM TAMMY'S COFFIN HAVE ALREADY BURNED OUT.

Lucy: Pipay, will your parents try to buy your way out of prison?

Pipay: At the moment, they are not speaking to me because I took this case. It looks very bad for a Rizal to be mixed up in something like this.

Lucy: Are you afraid?

Pipay: Yes.

Lucy: Me too.

Vicki: It's getting dark.

Candy: I'll help you light more candles.

THE WOMEN LIGHT CANDLES AND HOLD THEM.

Vicki: Ready. Let's begin. Who's going to say the prayer?

Lucy: You.

Vicki: I haven't prayed in years.

Lucy: Start now.

Vicki: Very well. Ah.... "Dear God, Almighty Father....these are our friends...Tammy, and..."

Lucy: Use their full names.

Vicki: "Milagros Ernestina Avendano and Maricris...Maricris...ah...well, God, *You* are the only one here who knows her full name. To us she was just little Maricris, and we didn't even know her very well..."

Lucy: ...but we could see that she was a very nice girl...

Candy: ...yes, a very nice girl...they were both very nice girls.

Lucy: And the baby was a sweet, innocent baby.

Vicki: Dear God, please take Milagros and her baby Corazon and little Maricris to heaven with you and give them the happiness *You* refused to give them here on earth. Amen.

Lucy: That's it?

Vicki: Yes.

Lucy: That was a little snippy.

Vicki: I'm not going to thank God for this. I have nothing more to say to Him.

Lucy: What about you, Candy?

Vicki: I am not religious.

Pipay: No, but they were.

Lucy: Vicki, say a prayer to the Virgin Mother...for Tammy.

Vicki: I'm not sure I even remember it.

Lucy: I'll help you. "Hail, Mary...

Vicki: "...full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus...."

Lucy: "Holy, Mary,

Candy and Pipay: "Mother of God,

All: "Pray for us sinner, now, and at the hour of our death. Amen."

CANDY BLOWS OUT HER CANDLE. LUCY BLOWS OUT HER CANDLE. PIPAY BLOWS OUT HER CANDLE. VICKI BRINGS HER CANDLE CLOSE TO HER FACE, STARES INTO IT FOR A MOMENT, THEN BLOWS IT OUT. TOTAL DARKNESS.

(CURTAIN.)