

STUART →

STUART. But I'm not fat.

EDGAR. You have a gut. Like the gut of a guy who buys his wife. *(Stammers.)* And I just figured she's from the slums of Manila so —

STUART. She's not.

ASUNCIÓN. I told you, Edgar. I'm from Makari. Not the slums. My parents were rich.

EDGAR. But you told me your mother died.

ASUNCIÓN. She did, I have an inheritance.

EDGAR. So what are you doing here then? In America!

ASUNCIÓN. I'm not allowed to come to America?

EDGAR. Well, it depends what you're doing here! We can't just tolerate immigration willy-nilly!

ASUNCIÓN. I came here for business!

EDGAR. What kind of business?

STUART. You're being an asshole, Edgar.

EDGAR. Well, at least someone is. I'm looking out for my nation!

STUART. Sunny, why don't you go pack your stuff.

ASUNCIÓN. Thank you. *(Crosses to Edgar.)* I'm sorry I couldn't help you more, Edgar. *(She brushes past him into the bedroom.)*

EDGAR. So, if she's not a hooker, why did she have to stay up here? What did you rope her into doing?

STUART. I didn't rope her into anything.

EDGAR. So what was it?

STUART. I'm not telling you. You're a child.

EDGAR. *(Smug.)* Well, I know it was something illegal.

STUART. Oh yeah? You do?

EDGAR. Yeah! You were probably covering up a mass slaughter in the Middle East so you could extract cheap oil.

STUART. You're an idiot!

EDGAR. Or running a child labor crime ring in your basement.

STUART. Okay, shut up. You wanna know what it was?

EDGAR. Yes!

STUART. Her family's been selling cheap antibiotics from the Philippines. It's their family business and Sunny's been trying to get out of it! And she couldn't be in New York while I cleaned up the last of this bullshit.

EDGAR. So why wouldn't you tell me that?

STUART. Because you're a child. I just didn't realize how young!

EDGAR. Okay, well then, I'm gonna turn her in.

STUART. No, you're not.

EDGAR. How do you know?

STUART. Because you don't do things like that. You don't do much of anything.

EDGAR. I do lots of things.

STUART. You don't do anything, Edgar.

EDGAR. I went to Cambodia!

STUART. Would you shut the fuck up about Cambodia! You went there by accident. For two fucking nights.

EDGAR. Doesn't matter. I went there!

STUART. Yeah, when your little freshman spring break plane to Bangkok got rerouted.

EDGAR. Well, where have you gone? I mean what difficult places have you been to?

STUART. This apartment ranks pretty high. Is that your gauge of a person's value? Where they travel?

EDGAR. Not value, but I do think it's important. We're too ethnocentric in America, I've always said that.

STUART. But you think you're better than me!

EDGAR. Well, I am!

STUART. No, we're just different!

EDGAR. Why are you attacking my convictions?

STUART. You don't have convictions, Edgar. You have opinions. They're two very different things. Sit down! *(Edgar sits.)* I took Asuncion up here because she wanted to meet her new brother. Yes, we were in a bit of trouble, which is my issue — not yours! — but when I told her I thought she should stay in a hotel for a few days, she starts crying, thinking that my white family won't accept my new Filipina bride. And I understood why. Because, frankly, white people have kind of been pricks over the years. But whatever you did to her this week, however you made her feel, makes you the worst kind of white prick there is. Because you call yourself a pussy, when you're actually a prick!

*(Edgar is stunned on the couch. Vinny coughs awake and stumbles in.)*

VINNY. Hey, man.

STUART. Morning, Vinny.

VINNY. Thanks for showing up unannounced again. *(Vinny crosses into the bathroom and leaves the door open as he pisses. Edgar exits into the bedroom as Asuncion reenters.)*

STUART. We're gonna go. You ready?

ASUNCIÓN. One sec. Toothbrush. *(She walks into the bathroom to fetch her toothbrush as Vinny reenters —)*

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