

START →

VINNY. Adorable. (Stuart exits the apartment. Vinny continues rolling the joint. Edgar and Asuncion stare at each other.)

EDGAR. No one's going to hurt you.

ASUNCION. Thanks! It's so great to finally meet you.

EDGAR. Would you like me to hug you?

ASUNCION. Um, definitely not. I'm totally sticky from the car ride.

VINNY. (Without looking up.) Ewww.

EDGAR. I completely understand. And I'm sorry to have been so forward.

ASUNCION. No problem. Can I actually take a shower?

EDGAR. Of course! Do you need soap?

ASUNCION. No, I have soap. Where's the bathroom?

EDGAR. In there! Have a nice shower, Asuncion! (Asuncion exits into the bathroom and we hear the shower turn on. Vinny casually lights up his joint.) We gotta get her out of here!

VINNY. What?

EDGAR. Or maybe we should get out of here and call the police.

VINNY. What the hell are you talking about?

EDGAR. Okay, Vinny, I think — and just hear me out here — but I think she might be a sex slave.

VINNY. Excuse me?

EDGAR. It's not clear to you?

VINNY. What's not clear?

EDGAR. All the clues!

VINNY. Dude, what clues?

EDGAR. She is from the Philippines, Vinny! You're practically born into the sex trade there if you're not from fucking white European colonial descent.

VINNY. I'm sure there are women from the Philippines who aren't sex slaves.

EDGAR. Yeah? Name one! He's probably hiding her out here! Homeland Security is probably on to them and that's why he wouldn't tell us what's going on! It's all starting to gel.

VINNY. Calm down! What did he tell you? Did he say where they met?

EDGAR. Yes! On the internet! And I've been to these websites, for my work. You go online, there are thousands of pictures of young girls. Remember I wrote that article, "The Meat Market of Europe" about Ukraine? Well, the Philippines is the same thing, but with Asians.

VINNY. I don't think Stuart would do that.

EDGAR. Stuart is exactly the kind of guy who does shit like this. He lost his virginity to a prostitute in Red Bank.

VINNY. He did?

EDGAR. Yes, on prom night.

VINNY. I didn't know that. Either way, you're an idiot. Look, if you think she's a sex worker, just ask her.

EDGAR. No! You can't ask a victim about their oppressor. They're brainwashed to worship them and lie. We have to be very gentle with her. And when Stuart returns on Monday, we hide Asuncion, call the police from the bathroom and have Stuart arrested.

VINNY. So she can stay until Monday?

EDGAR. Yes, until I sort out what to do.

VINNY. Good, she's kind of hot.

EDGAR. Vinny! Don't say that! Don't sexualize her!

VINNY. Why not? She is.

EDGAR. She's not for that kind of consumption. She's to be pitied! She's a victim, she's a sex slave victim!

VINNY. Well, if she is, it's because she's hot.

EDGAR. Vinny!

VINNY. Don't feel so guilty, Edgar. Women like her, if she is a sex worker — and don't say slaves — they think of sex differently. They've been trained to do it to please the man rather than receive pleasure themselves, so it's thought of like a service, rather than as recreation.

EDGAR. No. Sex should be a mutually enjoyable experience. If it has to be had.

VINNY. So should skiing. Which you hate. But when your fat little girlfriend wanted to go skiing last year, you went with her, because you were fucking her and it was worth it. Sometimes two people do things that one of them enjoys more.

EDGAR. Huh. That's not a bad point.

VINNY. Fuck you, don't condescend.

EDGAR. Sorry.

VINNY. This is interesting. Let's travel down this garden path for a minute. A sex worker might be in our house. And a sex worker's duty is to please the man of the house. Which, in this case, is so obviously me. In fact, I think I may take her skiing.

EDGAR. Vinny! She's my brother's wife!

VINNY. She's staying in my apartment. *Quid pro quo.*

EDGAR. Vinny, please ...

VINNY. You may want to hit the slopes yourself, young Eddie!

EDGAR. This is absurd! I can't tell if you're joking!

VINNY. Me neither.

EDGAR. She's my sister!

VINNY. She's not your sister! And you haven't had sex for a year. It's not healthy, Edgar.

EDGAR. Stop talking like this, it's disgusting. (*Intimately*.) It's been more than a year. And I haven't masturbated in three months.

VINNY. Jesus, Edgar! Don't tell me that!

EDGAR. The last time I masturbated, I did it for five hours. Five hours, one ejaculation. I hated myself for a whole week after that. I couldn't look in a mirror. I couldn't look at my naked body. I dressed at night in the dark and slept in my clothes and wore them the next day so I wouldn't ever see me. And my penis was smaller than ever. It was like it was dried and bagged. Like NASA ice cream or a shriveled apricot that occasionally pissed.

VINNY. (*Gently*.) You're unhealthy, buddy.

EDGAR. I used to be inspired.

VINNY. (*Laughing*.) You should cure yourself by having sex with your sister, Edgar. (*Edgar laughs too.*) Actually, what you should do, Edgar, what you should do — You should write a story about her.

EDGAR. Huh ...

VINNY. While she's here. You should write a story about her, about her plight. A personal account of Asuncion, an orphan child born on the streets of Calcutra — or wherever she's from, you can work out those details on your own — and hidden in the hull of a steamer, gnawing on the fallen breadcrumbs from her master's supper, and traversing the seven seas just to marry your dumb brother.

EDGAR. That's actually a great idea.

VINNY. You could be published!

EDGAR. You think?

VINNY. And then pay me some rent.

EDGAR. *The Nation* would take something like this —

VINNY. Even *Vanity Fair* —

EDGAR. I could win a Pulitzer!

VINNY. I don't think you'll win a Pulitzer.

EDGAR. Well, you said *Vanity Fair*, so I was just going along with the dream —

VINNY. It's good to have dreams, Edgar.

EDGAR. But you can't tell her what I'm doing.

VINNY. Don't tell me what to do.

EDGAR. Oh right, sorry.

VINNY. And don't apologize.

EDGAR. Okay, sor — Okay. I could tell it "A Woman In The Shadows." No, no ... "Out from the Shadows."

VINNY. What about ... "The Pacific Rim-job."

EDGAR. That's good — that's funny. What about "Stopped 'traffick'?"

VINNY. "The Great Barrier Queue!"

EDGAR. I'm going to write something so great, Vinny. I'm going to save her! (*We hear the shower turn off. The bathroom door opens and Asuncion exits in Vinny's robe.*)

ASUNCION. I found this robe, I hope it's okay.

VINNY. Of course! It's mine, but you can keep it.

EDGAR. Yeah, no problem! (*Asuncion walks to the garbage can, opens it and pulls out her McDonald's bag, placing it on the table. Then she casually moves to the couch, grabs her duffel bag and exits into the bathroom. Edgar runs to his shelf and digs through his clothes, finding a spiral notebook and pen.*)

VINNY. What the hell are you doing? Put that away! (*Edgar quickly hides the notebook as Asuncion emerges from the bathroom.*)

ASUNCION. Okay, I'm clean now, Edgar, I can give you that hug!

EDGAR. Oh, I didn't think you were unclean before. But we don't have to hug, there's no pressure.

VINNY. Well, take that hug! Come here! (*Vinny grabs Asuncion and squeezes her.*) That felt good.

ASUNCION. I'm glad. Your turn, Mr. Edgar.

EDGAR. Okay, sure! You really don't need to do this.

ASUNCION. Please! It's what I do. (*Edgar hugs Asuncion while desperately trying to keep his pelvis away from her. She looks at him tentatively and strokes his face.*) Stuart's little brother.

EDGAR. Thank you. Thank you, Asuncion.

VINNY. Yes. Thank you. For all that you've done. And all that you're going to do. (*Blackout.*)

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