

# Newsletter

Department of Foreign Languages & Applied Linguistics • National Taipei University

March

## A Trip to Yosemite Waterfall

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Last summer vacation I took my first trip to California for a month to attend a language learning program. Many people had shared their wonderful experience of traveling to the States with me since I was in high school; therefore, I hope having opportunity to visit the U.S. Until last year, I finally made up my mind to take a trip to America as a gift for myself to celebrate my 20th birthday. Without my parents' help, I found a study tour agency to assist me in accomplishing all the complicated visa process. Everything was going on well, and a few months later, after taking an 18-hour flight I arrived in California where I met lots of new friends and saw stunning scenery of the Yosemite National Park's waterfall. The trip to Yosemite not only went beyond my expectations but inspired me of how wonderful it is to be in touch with nature.

It was a sunny day when my classmates and I took our tour bus to the Yosemite National Park. To my surprise, on the way to the park the view outside our bus was the same—a golden desert.



It was very different from Taiwan, which has abundant rainfall. Therefore, I stared at the shining crack surface which was like an

unfinished golden puzzle and the coral-like bush between the rifts all the way to the park. Suddenly, when I opened my eyes, a mirror-like lake captured my heart. It was a dark blue lake so peaceful that I thought it seemed frozen. The still lake reflected the trees around like someone just painted there onto its blue surface. The soaring mountains behind hinted that we were near the park. From the golden desert to the still lake, I almost could imagine how beautiful the park is. The view outside turned into grassland and its variegated greens intermingled with gold and red. The immense grassland dotted with dazzling bright colors made my heart beat and thump like a drumbeat. After a few minutes, our tour guide told us we arrived at our stop—Yosemite National Park.

Upon getting off the bus, we were tortured by the scorching hot temperature. After walking for about fifteen minutes, I amazingly couldn't feel the burning heat anymore because I found myself surrounded by cool giant sequoia groves almost as high as 10-storey buildings and which stood as still and straight as a soldier. The groves looked like they were the honor guards welcoming us to visit this magical world. The sunshine leaking

through the leaves enhanced the mysterious and solemn atmosphere of the place. The faint sound of waterfall and the scratchy

sound of trees created a beautiful concerto which made my heart leaped with joy. As the sound of waterfall became louder and

clearer, I could hear people ahead scream in excitement. All at once, the breathtaking waterfall came into my sight. Falling from the spectacular cliff was an uncanny workmanship of nature. The waterfall created an illusion that it moved smoothly and slowly as if someone played it in slow motion. The sun glistened on the drops of water falling over the edge, hitting on the rocks underneath, and rebounding like a broken pearl necklace decorating people's face and clothes. Those pearl-like drops formed a clear stream as lucid as crystals that cut through the gleaming stones. All of a sudden, I felt that I entered another world that it was the waterfall ruling everything, and everyone made a pilgrimage to this shrine. At that moment, I realized why people descended upon this place because it could comfort their hearts and purify their souls. Through the power of nature, people felt reborn and so did I.

The impact of this trip reminded me of the importance of nature and made me realize what an ecstasy I got by being close to nature again. Modern people always live a hectic life of the cities that we seldom have free time to appreciate the beauty of nature. Living in concrete jungles, we almost forget how precious nature is. However, we should not ignore that we belong to Mother Nature that nourishes and shields not only our bodies but also our minds. Without it, we cannot be and feel alive.



## Play Script

Be Free

賴映蓉

Charlotte Lai

### CHARACTERS

CONNIE, a waitress

PHILIP, her husband

TERRY, a lawyer

OLD JOHN, a customer

THE MAN, a customer with a cage

### Act 1

*An untidy small living room. At the center of the stage are a small sofa and a table in a mess. The ground is full of books, withered flowers, and a broken vase. The back wall hangs a picture of the honeymoon couple. The right side of the picture is the door of the kitchen. And the left of the back wall is the entrance.*

*(A sound of someone turning the door knob from the entrance. The door opens and comes in Connie. Connie closes the door with a bang. Her husband jumps up right away. He pulls and drags her hair violently.)*

PHILIP What the hell are you doing? Why do you come back home so late? Don't you know I am waiting for you? I am starving over here.

CONNIE *(With her shaking hands she tries to save her hair, but not to enrage her angry husband.)* It...it... it's because there are too many customers today. I can't come off work on time.

PHILIP *(Looses her hair to be free.)* Are you paid extra for overtime?

CONNIE Yes, of course.

PHILIP *(Holds her in his arms.)* Oh! Baby, I do not mean to be so rude. You know I love you more than anything. Maybe you should call me first. Waiting here so long, I am just too worried about you, so I am anxious and then I lose my control a little bit. I love

you, baby. You will forgive me, right?

CONNIE uh... *(Pause)* Yes. Of course.

PHILIP Say you love me.

CONNIE I love you.

PHILIP And more than anything.

CONNIE I love you *(Pause)* more than anything.

PHILIP Good. I love you, too. *(He kisses her and then releases her.)* So, where is your salary?

CONNIE In my pocket. *(Reaching for the money in her pocket.)*

PHILIP *(Stretches out his hand.)* Give it to me. I will spend it on some worthwhile usage. You know what? Next Friday is the third anniversary of our marriage. We should have a candlelight dinner at a romantic restaurant. There will be a lot of things. I should make a reservation. I should have a nice suit and a pair of leather shoes. And I need a camera to record our third anniversary. And... what I should do? Oh! I should buy some flowers to you. Red roses, right? I always remember your favorite flower. What a good husband I am! I believe the money will bring us an unforgettable night.

CONNIE *(With no emotion.)* Yes, it will. Just keep planning, and I go to cook, OK?

PHILIP *(Pleasingly.)* Sure. You're always busy, but you are still a nice wife.

*(Connie walks to the kitchen with a tired face, leaving Philip who counts money happily.)*

### Act 2

*In an ordinary restaurant. The right and back side is a door, and the left and front is the gate. There are some tables, chairs, and some customers in the center.*

*(Connie is serving customers. Old John comes in, walks to the table of the center, sits down, and takes out a newspaper. Then, Connie walks to him.)*

CONNIE Good evening. What is your menu today?

OLD JOHN *(Reading the newspaper.)* How are you today?

CONNIE If you order right now, I will be fine. I hope I can get off early.

OLD JOHN *(Still reading the newspaper.)* Yes, I know. You need time to be dressed up. You are going to a date, aren't you? With a handsome man, not your bad husband.

CONNIE *(Astonished.)* Shh... how do you know this?

OLD JOHN There is nothing I don't know. *(Moves the paper lower and reveals his eyes.)* It is not a good way to relax yourself from a terrible marriage. You are just trying to escape. And it will get more troubles.

CONNIE I just... *(Interrupted.)*

OLD JOHN Just give me cold water with no ice, a sandwich, an apple pie, and a cup of coffee with sugar beside.

CONNIE Alright. *(Connie leaves.)*

*(After a while, Connie walks to old John with a plate and puts the food on the table.)*

OLD JOHN You want to know today's horoscope? The suggestion for your star sign is to be yourself, using your wings to fly high in the blue sky. *(He puts down the paper and starts to eat.)*

*(Connie sits opposite to old John, pondering. After a while, a man who carries a cage comes in. The creature in the cage looks very inactive. Connie gazes at the little creature, pondering. Suddenly, she gets up and walks directly to the cage.)*



CONNIE

Excuse me, Sir. I want to buy this bird with all my money. *(Taking out all the money in her pocket.)*

THE MAN But.... *(Interrupted.)*

CONNIE Please.

THE MAN Alright. In fact, you can buy this kind of bird everywhere.

CONNIE *(Whispering.)* Yep, there are captive birds and people everywhere.

THE MAN With this cage?

CONNIE No. I don't need it any more. *(Giving the money to the man.)*

THE MAN You pay too much for it.

CONNIE No. It is the payment for freedom. *(She grasps the creature carefully.)*

*(Connie opens the gate and frees the creature. Standing there, Connie murmurs "be free, be free..." Suddenly, Connie turns back and makes a call. Then, she goes on her work. About five o'clock, a handsome man comes in with a bunch of white lilies. He is Terry Apolskin, Connie's affair. He chooses a hidden seat. Connie walks to his opposite seat and sits. )*

TERRY *(Gives the flowers to Connie.)* For you. Your favorite flower. Why do you choose here to date today?

CONNIE I just want to tell you something in a familiar place.

TERRY What? Is it important?

CONNIE I think... we can't go on like this.

*(Silence.)*

TERRY You never talk about this. Why? *(Pause)* But... I won't give up my marriage. I am a lawyer. I have a fine reputation. Although I am tired of my wife and my marriage, and I am fond of you, I still can't ignore moral judgment. You understand what I mean? Let's just go on like this, OK?

CONNIE OK. *(Pause)* In fact, I just want to say good bye.

TERRY *(Amazed.)* What? *(Embarrassed.)* Oh...uh...you're not...asking...

CONNIE No. Originally no. Now definitely no! What I want to say is only good bye. *(Pause)* If we go on, this situation will force you and me to an endless hole sooner

or later. The only thing I need is to get free from my marriages, live my life and be myself. Be myself. Do what I want to do. So, farewell. *(Going toward the gate and leaving the stage.)*

### Act 3

*(In the restaurant which Connie works, Connie is busy working. Philip comes in with three red roses and yells at Connie and he pulls and drags her hair violently.)*

PHILIP Don't you know what day it is today? Don't you know you are going to dine with your dear husband? Why, you are still dressed like this? OK. I don't want to destroy this romantic atmosphere. I will give you three minutes to dress up. One, two, three.... *(Watching his fine watch and Counting.)*

*(Connie goes to dress up. After a while, she comes in the stage and sits in old John's old seats. Philip stops counting and steps toward Connie and sits.)*

PHILIP Hey, baby. These roses are for you. You know what these three roses mean?

CONNIE Yes, of course.

PHILIP I love you, just like you love me. So, am I handsome today?

CONNIE Yes, of course.

PHILIP This suit costs me a lot of money. Look, my new watch. I think I need a new watch to fit this new suit. It looks nice on me, right?

CONNIE Yes, of course.

PHILIP Baby, you know what? Tonight, I decide to declare one important thing. Since we have been married for three years, maybe we should have our own baby. This is what you always want. So I decide to give you a baby as a present. But you have to promise that you will love me more than the baby after the baby is born. You can not love the child too much, or you will spoil the child. Promise, you

love me, and you will love me more in the future.

CONNIE *(Calmly.)* No, I want a divorce.

PHILIP What? You say it again.

CONNIE I want a divorce.

PHILIP You are just kidding, aren't you?

CONNIE No! I do want to get divorced. Divorce is the present for you to celebrate our third anniversary, and for me to get free. *(She stands up, turns back and steps out of the gate.)*

*(At first, Philip is stupefied. Then, he starts to shout and curse. The light is darkened gradually. The curtain is lowered slowly.)*



### In the Café Evelyn Huang

黃伊婷

**List** (in the order of appearance)

MAN 1

MAN 2

WAITER

LADY|

WAITRESS

**SCENE** A small blackboard is set on the edge of the down-left stage as an indication of the door, on which some chalk writing shows some names of coffee and the prices of the coffee. There are three round tables on the stage, one on the down-right stage, another on the central stage, and the other on the down-left stage. On the table in the center, there is an ashtray full of cigarettes. On the up-right stage there is also a counter, behind which a twenty-year-old waiter is busily washing glasses, making some water noises. Two middle-aged men sit at the table in the center of the stage, one in coveralls (MAN 1) and the other in black suit (MAN 2), but both of the other tables are not occupied. The light is faint; sometimes even the faces of the men on the stage cannot be seen. Suddenly some thunders were heard, and then the noise of downpour begins. The footfalls hurry, and the car

wheels make much uncomfortable noises.  
The man in coveralls at the center takes a look at the audience as if he is looking outside the window. The man in black suit just lights a cigarette and smokes.

Silence.

A young lady now emerges behind the counter from the backstage.

WAITRESS *(Jumps lightly to the waiter.)* Where do we go after work?

WAITER I don't know. Up to you. But it's raining now. Besides, I have to finish all these chores first.

WAITRESS It's raining? *(Runs toward the blackboard, as if looking outside of a door.)*

WAITER Yeah. . . By the way, I can't draw the curtains at that window. *(Points toward the down-right stage.)* I can't see clearly what's happening outside from here. Did you call a repairman?

WAITRESS I called, but I don't think he will make it here in this rainy day.

WAITER Well. . .

WAITRESS Don't you worry about that, honey. *(Then turns herself around with great delight.)* Look, how's my new dress?

WAITER Beautiful. *(Takes a look at the waitress. Then lowers his head, keeping washing some utensils in the sink.)*

WAITRESS *(Looks down on her sandals.)* But I don't know what shoes can go with it. . .

WAITER *(Not looks at the waitress.)* Any shoes, babe. You are so pretty that any shoes can go perfectly with you.

WAITRESS Oh, honey, you're so sweet. *(Smiles at the waiter, trying to have eye contact with him, but in vain.)*

Now the man in coveralls sips his coffee and starts to talk.

MAN 1 It's raining... Do you have an umbrella?

MAN 2 Of course not. Why do you think I have any?!

*(Inhales a puff of smoke.)*

MAN 1 Fine, just asking.

MAN 2 ...

MAN 1 Last night I dreamt about the past. . .

MAN 2 Un-uh.

MAN 1 You know, I did have a good life before. Because of my job, I'd been almost everywhere over the world. My boss praised me and girls all liked me especially.

MAN 2 ... *(Just finishes his cigarette, busily lighting another.)*

MAN 1 Hey, are you listening?

MAN 2 Yes? *(Not listens actually. Eyes focus on his cigarette.)*

MAN 1 In the dream, I saw my daughter's passionate eyes shining as the first time she heard of my story, and my wife, she...

MAN 2 *(Shouts suddenly.)* Wife, wife. . . I don't even have any. Could you stop talking . . . like a girl. Trying to drive me crazy. . . If I know you were here, I won't even open the door. Damn, now it's raining. . .

*The rain makes great noises. It is heard that the cars rush outside. A woman in thirties in white suit now walks in. While she is wiping the water from her head, she walks toward the counter. The waitress then hurries into the backstage.*

LADY *(Toward the waiter.)* I want a latte, please.

WAITER Ok. . . *(Nervously grasps a menu, squeezing some smile on his face.)* Do you

want to try our kiwi-flavor latte? It's only sold in this season.

LADY No, thanks. *(Waves her head and nervously watches her watch on her left hand.)*

WAITER *(Eagerly.)* Or do you want some of our special chocolate cake?

LADY No. *(Without any expression on her face.)*

WAITER . . . Our handmade cookies are also gorgeous, do you want some?

LADY No. A latte's just fine.

*(Again watches her watch.)*

WAITER Ok. . . La. . . te. . . *(Busily types into the cashier and then smiles again.)* Well. . . Good choice! Two dollars. *(Turns his head toward the back and yells.)* One latte! *(Turns back.)* Please wait for a moment.

*The woman then looks towards the audience as if she is observing the rain outside, and then she sighs.*

WAITER Ok, here you are. *(Hands the coffee to her.)* Thanks for coming!

LADY Thanks. *(Heads to the down-left table next to the two men.)*

*The white smoke from the man in black now is all around the tables, making the woman hardly seen on the stage.*

*The woman then takes a seat. Silence. After a while, the voice of the man in coveralls again appears.*

MAN 1 God. . . *(Sighs)* If it is still raining at four, my boss will definitely piss off thinking that I must be here drinking coffee. . . When will the rain stop?

MAN 2 *(Silent. Taps on the table. Pouts his lips trying to puff some smoke circles.)*

LADY Sir, would you mind stop smoking? It's a non-smoking area.

MAN 2 What? Did I bother you? You won't die now just inhaling some smoke, right?

LADY *(Not knowing how to reply. Silent.)*

*Some car trumpets emerges outside, with some men's words swearing at each other.*

*The man in black suit just goes on to smoke, while the lady worriedly takes a look at her watch and then browses around. The man in coveralls is still murmuring.*

Silence.

*Suddenly the lady now stands up, and then walks hastily toward the counter again in a strange way.*

LADY Sir, can I borrow the phone?

WAITER Sure. . . (Hands her the phone from the interior of the counter.) Here you are.

LADY Thanks. (Takes the phone.) Sir, do you know when the rain will stop?

WAITER I don't know, ma' am. It's been like this for a week, always a sudden downfall. . . I can't take it anymore, either. (The waiter shrugs, and the lady just nods her head.)

LADY (Dials the phone.) . . . Hello? Yes, speaking. Yes, yes. . . I'm afraid. . . Yes. . . But it's raining heavily here. I'm afraid that I. . . Yes, yes. . . Ok. . . Ok. . . I'll make it. Ok. . . See you later. . . (Hangs up the phone and sighs.) Thank you. (Turns the phone back to the waiter.)

WAITER It's my pleasure. (Takes the phone back.) Good luck. (Without looking at the lady actually.)

Now the rainfall sounds louder than before. Some cars brake sharply outside.

The lady is stumbling back to her seat, her right hand oddly touches her watch on her left hand, with her face straight ahead showing great

agony. Now the man in black suit again finishes the cigarette and soon begins another.

Silence.

MAN 1 (Turns his head back to the counter.) Kid, could you play some music? Everything is dead inside. God. . . (Turns back and drinks up his coffee.)

WAITER Ok. . . Please wait a second. (Busily looks for something.) Ok, now!

Some music flows out. Now everyone bends his or her head down. The light on the stage is getting darker and darker. The rain is still falling.

SONG (MUSIC) Somewhere over the rainbow. . . Skies are blue. . . And the dreams that you dare to dream. . . Really do come

true. . .

Silence.

Suddenly, a long car's brake sound shouts near by.

WOMAN'S VOICE (Screams, unseen.) Ah!!!! Oh!!!! Watch out!

WAITER What?! What's happening? (Tries to see something through the window, but in vain.)

Bomb! All of a sudden, a dark-green truck crashes in from the left stage.

LADY (Shocked) No?! (The truck then runs over her)

WAITER, MAN 1, and MAN 2 Ah!!!! (Hit by the truck onto the ground, rolling.)

Soon, some blood immediately floods under the truck with the lady's left hand protruding out. The rainfall outside now sounds quieter.

WAITRESS (Appears behind the counter.) . . . What happened?! (Runs out of the counter toward the waiter. Her high-heels on her feet make some clicks against the ground.) Are you ok, are you ok, honey? . . . Honey? Are you. . . (Sobs.)

The light becomes brighter on the stage.

Silence.

WAITRESS (Holds the waiter in her arms, and looks upward with some tears in her eyes.) . . . (Silent.) . . . Look. . . Look. . . Honey. . . It's rainbow over there. . .

(Curtain)



What?!

謝依

彭 Evon Hsieh

At rise, we can see three doors line in the central stage. One is green, another is yellow, and the

other is red. Each door is decorated with two plants in the front. Between central stage and central down stage, there are two benches for passengers to sit on and wait for the bus. On the down stage central in front of the bench is a bus stop.

A long-haired young woman, Lisa, in a blue dress is sitting on the bench, and raises her left arm glancing at the watch from time to time. A middle-aged woman, Mrs. White, walks toward the young lady.

MRS. WHITE. Excuse me.

LISA. (Raising her head) Yes?

MRS. WHITE. Which bus should I take to get to the airport?

LISA. (She looks at the board, thinks for a while and answers with a smile.) You can take bus 57 or 311, but bus 57 is faster.

MRS. WHITE. Thank you. Oh, I'm so excited! (She sits down on the bench next to Lisa.) I have never taken a plane before. Have you?

LISA. Yes, I have. (She pauses for a while, seeing Mrs. White's smiling face, and continues politely.) I think it was a great experience. It's



good that you've got a chance to try it.

MRS. WHITE. (Excited) Really? Ha, I think so too. Have you ever

been abroad? Or it was just domestic flight?

LISA. No, never. It was just domestic flight.

MRS. WHITE. What a pity! I'm going to England. You know what, England seems to be close to Taiwan but I'll have to transfer in Hong Kong! And it will take me another two and a half hours to wait for the plane there. How inconvenient!

LISA. Uh. . . Do you think England is near Taiwan?

MRS. WHITE. Isn't she just next to us?

LISA. I'm afraid not.

MRS. WHITE. Whatever. I still think it's too inconvenient to transfer the plane. It takes time. Time is money.

(*Indignant*) Oh, no, I want my money back!

LISA. (*Searching for what to say*) Uh, wish you could make it.

MRS. WHITE. Thank you. You are so kind! By the way, I really have been in a run of bad luck recently. All kinds of bad things happened to me. All kinds!

LISA. Really. (*Raising her head to see if the bus she's waiting for is coming*)

MRS. WHITE. You must wonder what those things are. First, I got up this morning only to discover that my bed was tilting to the left, because one of the four legs of my bed was almost eaten up by white ants. But there wasn't time for me to feel sad, because then I realized that it was quite late in the morning, so I rushed to the kitchen to prepare breakfast for the whole family. I quickly fried eggs and hams, and pour five glasses of milk. After all the five portions of breakfast were done, I called them but none answered. Then I thought of that today is Sunday and that they have all gone to the baseball game. They won't be back until evening. So I just ate up all the five portions of breakfast! Don't you think I'm so unlucky?

LISA. Why don't you put them in the fridge?

MRS. WHITE. (*She thinks for a while and suddenly sees the light*) Oh! Oh, yeah, you're right! You're so smart, ha ha!

LISA. Um...thank you...

MRS. WHITE. But you know what, my bad luck didn't end with it. After the huge breakfast, I was so stuffed that I decided to take a walk in the nearby park regardless of tons of house chores left. When I was putting on the shoes, I felt something like a small stone sticking in my left shoe, but I didn't stop to take a look. I just put it on. And then I walked down the stairs. I found something slippery in my shoe. It made me fall down from the third floor directly to the first floor, with

some turns, of course.

LISA. (*She looks upward and turns her head from the left to the right.*) Sor...sorry to interrupt, Mrs. White, but here comes my bus. I think I'd better go... (*She stands up a little.*)

MRS. WHITE. Sorry? No, no, no. You don't have to feel sorry. (*She smiles and presses Lisa's arm, making her sit back.*) You know it's not your fault.

LISA. I mean...

MRS. WHITE. Then I took off my shoes and checked. I discovered in horror that, oh my Jesus, in my left shoe there was a big smashed cockroach! I tried hard to clean it up. But there still left some stain at the bottom in my shoe.

LISA. ... (*She sits deadpan and then moves a bit farther from where Mrs. White is sitting.*)

MRS. WHITE. (*She keeps talking*) And the stain is in a strange shape. It looks like a lobster! I know you must wonder what it looks like and wanna take a look at it. Let me show you! (*She intends to take off her left shoe and to show Lisa the stain*)

LISA. (*Shocked, she turns very quickly and looks at Mrs. White.*) Uh...no, thanks. I don't really want to take a look, actually.

MRS. WHITE. (*She stops her movement and thinks for a while.*) Are you being polite? You know you don't have to. (*She continues and insists on taking off the shoe.*)

LISA. (*She grabs Mrs. White's wrist tight, looking seriously into Mrs. White's eyes.*) No! No, please! I mean it!

MRS. WHITE. Oh...okay...

(*After a short period of silence, a handsome young man in a black suit walks in, carelessly and slightly steps on Lisa's toe.*)

YOUNG MAN. (*Smiling at Lisa*) Sorry madam. Does that hurt?

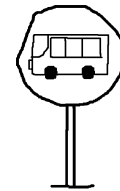
LISA. (*Smiling to the young man*) No, no. That's okay. Never mind.

(*The young man nods his head politely and then sits on the bench next to Lisa.*)

MRS. WHITE. Oh! You've got a boyfriend!

LISA. (*She frowns slightly.*) Uh...yes.

MRS. WHITE. How nice to be young! I was once young, also! When I was young, there were a lot of men who wanted to date me. Ho, ho, ho! (*Her left hand covers her left cheek as she laughs heartedly.*) Let me tell you a secret, something I don't dare to tell my husband so far. When I was thirty years younger, I once went to my classmate's house with some other classmates. She was my best friend. Her brother



treated all of us to KFC for lunch. He said he treated us only out of politeness. But I knew, oh, (*looking upward*) he wanted to treat me so that all the others were treated as well. So, so, so romantic! (*She keeps shaking her head.*)

LISA. (*Indifferent*) Is that so?

(*The young man stands up and waves the bus stop. After the bus stops steady, he gets on the bus.*)

MRS. WHITE. (*She pats slightly on Lisa's shoulder, talking in a sympathetic tone*) Oh, my dear poor little girl...

LISA. (*Bemused, looking at Mrs. White*) What's this for, then?

MRS. WHITE. Oh, you know. It's me. I'm here. You know you can always count on me. I will always support you to the last minute!

LISA. (*She sighs.*) May I ask why?

MRS. WHITE. (*She points at the direction where the young man got on the bus.*) Didn't your dear boyfriend just get on the bus without saying a word to you?

LISA. ...

(*The music of the garbage truck*

comes.)

MRS. WHITE. (*She looks at her watch and shouts.*) Oh my god! Six o'clock already! I'd better go upstairs and prepare dinner for my family!

LISA. (*She raises her eyebrows*) Go upstairs?

MRS. WHITE. Yeah! I live right there! (*pointing at the red door*)

LISA. Uh...I though you were waiting for the bus?

MRS. WHITE. You mean bus 57 or 311?

LISA. Yes.

MRS. WHITE. Oh, ha, ha. I'm going on the trip next week. And it was a little bit boring to stay home alone all the afternoon, you know.

LISA. So you just wanted to do something to kill time...

MRS. WHITE. Yeah, and thus you got someone to talk to!

LISA. ...

MRS. WHITE. Wanna come and have a cup of tea?

LISA. (*round-eyed*) No! Please! It's time to leave me alone. You know.

MRS. WHITE. Why?

LISA. Because...because...just like what you've said, my boyfriend just left me! Don't you think now I should be alone and get over with it anyway.

MRS. WHITE. Yeah, maybe...you poor little thing...(*She smiles kindly*) Goodbye, then! (*She leaves the stage and says from under the stage*) See you next time!

(*Mrs. White leaves. Lisa sighs, frowns, keeps looking at her watch and glances to the left frequently to see whether or not her bus is coming.*)

THE END



Who Ate My Cake?

新詠 Celia Sun

LIST OF CHAEACTERS

CLAIR

BETTY

ADAM

GILL

(Four of them are all colleague students, and they live in the same dorm.)

THE GHOST

**SCENE:** *The time is noon of a summer day. The place is a dorm with a dining room. On the wall is a window with a window box and a plain curtain. In the dining room is one woody table and four woody chairs. There is a stair which can reach the second floor. At the second floor are two doors—one is printed with color blue and one is printed with red. Both doors can be opened and closed. Clair enters from the right wing of the stage, holding a box with four pieces of cake inside.*

CLAIR [*putting the box on the table*]. Gosh! I spent six hours standing in line for these goddamn cake. If they are not as delicious as people said, I will go back to that store and break its signboard. [*taking a look at her watch*]. 12:30. Maybe I still have time to take a bath and go to sleep for a while.

[*She goes upstairs and enters the red door.*]

ADAM [*coming out from the blue door in his pajamas*]. What time is it? Have I missed the lunch time? [*He strokes his belly.*] I feel a little bit hungry. [*He slowly walks down the stairs and notices the box on the table.*] Cake? Great! Just let me taste one. [*taking out one piece of cake.*]

[*Betty and Gill enter the stage from the right wing.*]

BETTY [*to Gill*]. Gill, you're so sweet

GILL For beautiful lady, it's my duty. [*turning to Adam*]. Hi, Adam. What are you eating?

ADAM Cake. Do you want

some?

Gill Sure. [*Adam takes two pieces of cake out of the box and hands them to Gill*]. Where did you get these cake? [*Gill passes one piece of cake to Betty.*]

ADAM I just waked up a few minutes ago and I felt a little bit hungry. When I went down the stairs and tried to find something to eat, I found these cake on the table.

BETTY So you don't know how these cake appear here?

ADAM Theoretically speaking, no.

GILL We didn't buy it, and you didn't buy it, either. So the only one who could buy it is Clair. See, there are four pieces of cake in the box, and we have four people in this house. So obviously our kind sweet Clair bought each of us one.

BETTY Oh, Gill! You're so smart! Just like a detective.

ADAM [*taking one bite of the cake*]. But the flavor of the cake is a little bit strange.

GILL Really? [*taking one bite*]. Sucks! What's this? I don't want to take another bite anymore.

BETTY But Clair specially bought these cake for us.....

GILL Well, let's hide it behind the curtain.

[*They put the cake on the window box and draw the curtain down.*]

BETTY I feel I'm a criminal. What should we do next?

GILL Just pretend that nothing has happened and go back to our usual routine.

ADAM Hey, I bought a new computer game yesterday. Do you want to see that?

GILL Sure. Let's go. [*They go upstairs and enter the blue door.*]

[*The light on stage gradually becomes dim. The Ghost enters from the left wing of stage.*]

THE GOHST [*with shrill voice*]. Cake! I like it very much. Oh,



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there is still one piece left in the box. *[taking the last cake and then leaving from the right wing].*

*[The stage becomes bright again.]*

CLAIR *[coming out from the red door with a traveling case].* It's time to take the road. *[going downstairs and staring at the box on the table].* Hey, what's going on? Where is my cake? *[searching for the cake everywhere around the table].* Dammmmn! I've promised my family to buy them the cake from that famous store. I remember I put all of them on the table.....

*[Betty and Gill enter the stage from the blue door. Both of them stand on the second floor and look at Clair.]*

GILL Hey, Clair. What's wrong?

CLAIR My cake disappeared! For my family, I stood in line for six hours to buy those cake. But now they've all gone! Disappear! Damn it!

BETTY Oops! For your family? Clair, I.....*[She is stopped by Gill].*

GILL Clair, we're sorry to hear about that. *[whispering to Betty].* Shh... can't you see that she is angry? We cannot tell her the truth now. She'll kill us all. You know how terrible if Clair gets angry.

BETTY *[adoringly].* Oh, Gill, you're so careful about everything. What should we do now?

GILL It's ok. I can handle this situation. Let's get in and tell Adam this. Maybe we could fake up a story, a ghost story or something like that.

CLAIR *[impatiently].* Hey, what are you guys talking about?

BETTY & GILL *[at the same time].* Nothing!

CLAIR Where's Adam? Has he seen my cake?

GILL Well, he's in his room. I can go in and help you to call

him out. *[pushing Betty to enter the blue door].*

CLAIR Thanks. *[still searching]* *[Adam enters the stage from the blue door.]*

ADAM Hi, Clair.

CLAIR Hi, Adam. Have you seen my cake on the table?

ADAM No! No! I haven't seen your cake. But...but I...I heard Gill...No! I heard someone, of course not Gill, say that this house is haunted.

CLAIR What?

ADAM Here lives a ghost who likes cake very much, so probably your cake were eaten by him or her.

CLAIR Adam. Stop talking about such silly things. There is no ghost in this world and no ghost will like to eat cake. *[walking toward the window].* Maybe some little animals stole my cake from the window.

ADAM No! *[running down the stair].* No little animals stole your cake, I promise. *[He stands in front of the window and stops Clair from drawing apart the curtain].*

CLAIR Adam? *[Betty and Gill enter again from the blue door].*

GILL Hey, have you found your cake yet?

CLAIR Not really. *[ironically]* Adam said that some ghost stole them.

GILL Ha! Maybe it's true. So, Clair, you have to go home today, right? It's a little bit late now. I suggest that you forget about the cake and go home right away.

*[Betty and Gill go downstairs slowly.]*

CLAIR *[She looks at her watch.]* Oh. Thank you for reminding me that. I'd better hit the road now. *[pulling her traveling case with her].*

ADAM Yes, yes. It's a good decision to go home without those cake. They taste disgusting.

CLAIR Pardon?

BETTY *[pulling Clair by her arm].* He said nothing, Clair. Forget about it. You have to hurry up or you will miss your bus.

*[Betty looks at Gill. Gill looks at Adam, and then Adam turns back to look at the window.]*

CLAIR *[thinking for a second].* No. *[disengaging her arm from Betty].* I wonder what's behind the window. *[She walks toward the window, pushes Adam away, and draws apart the curtain.]*

GILL God bless us.

CLAIR *[with irate facial expression]* Who can tell me what's this.

BETTY I'm so sorry, Clair. We thought that you bought those cake for us, so each of us took one. However, it was not as delicious as we thought.....

GILL But we still left one for you.

CLAIR *[still angry].* Left one for me? But all my cake is gone! I spent six hours doing nothing but standing in line for those cake!

BETTY *[starting crying].* I'm sorry.....

ADAM *[He starts crying, too.]* I'm sorry, too.....

CLAIR Stop crying, you guys. Just tell me who ate the last piece of cake. Be honest and I will forgive you all.

GILL But we really.....

CLAIR *[with a full-mouthed voice].* Be honest!

*[All the people fall into silence.]*

SOUND OF THE GHOST *[from a distance]* I did, please forgive me.....

ALL *[astonished]* Who's that?

Blackout.



A Family Quarrel

矢口 惠

理 Eri Yaguchi





## LIST OF CHARACTERS

George  
Tina  
Willy  
Fiona  
Terry (only mentioned)

## ACT ONE

**SCENE:** *The action takes place in a simple but neat living room. In the middle of the room, there is a sofa and a coffee table. And next to the sofa is a small square table which has a telephone on it. There are three doors in the room, one is to outside, another is to the bedroom, and the other is to the kitchen. In the background is a set of bookshelves, and some paintings. The telephone starts to ring. Lights go up and Tina, an old lady in her 60s wearing an apron, comes out of the kitchen. She directly walks to the phone and answers it. At the same time, there is a man, also in his 60s, who peeps at Tina's action through the barely opened door. He is Tina's husband George.*

TINA. Hello? Oh, Willy! (*with excitement*) How are you doing? Fine? Then how about Fiona and Terry? Oh, they are both fine. That's great! Your father and I talk about you often, especially our cute little Terry... You say that you plan to travel around Japan during New Year vacation? That's a good idea; Terry must be excited about that ... So you mean that you three can't get together with us during Chinese New year. (*Her facial expression shows her disappointment, but she pretends she doesn't mind at all.*) Oh, never mind! You just go and have fun! We can get together after you come back from Japan. OK. Bye. (*She hangs up the phone.*)

(*George rashly comes into the room, with an angry face.*)

GEORGE. (*saying to Tina with*

*excited loud voice*) Do my ears deceive me? Willy said that he won't come back in New Year!? I can't believe it! He is the only son in our family! How can he do this to us!

TINA. Don't be so mad, honey. (*sitting*) The time is changing. Young people have their own ways of lives which are very different from us. But we should try to accept them or the young may think that we are conservative and not following new era. Moreover we can not... (*interrupted*)

GEORGE. (*still in anger*) Who cares those so called "new" or "innovative" thoughts! Coming back home before the eve of Chinese New Year and spending time together during the New Year vacation are the most important traditions of we Chinese! He shouldn't do that!

TINA. Those traditions are not as important as the old days. I heard that many working people are stressed out by their works, so they need to relax and have fun in vacations. (*As she talks, she picks up some books on the coffee table and puts them back to the bookshelf.*) You know our Willy very well. He is a very good hard-working boy. You should be more considerate as I am, then Willy will.... (*interrupted*)

GEORGE. Considerate? Are you kidding me? Both Willy and Fiona don't show any respect to us, and I should be considerate to them? No way! The other day I got on a crowded bus, I saw many young people sitting on the priority seat, but no one gave me a seat! The young are all the same! They don't know how to respect elders!

TINA. (*turning her head toward George with angry expression*) PLEASE DO NOT lump my Willy in with those rude kids! (*She walks back to sofa and stands next to it.*) Willy won't do the thing

like that. Why can you say that he doesn't respect us! He does! Willy is always nice to me because I understand him best. And he said in phone that he will come to visit us with Fiona and Terry after coming back to Taiwan. Willy is such a thoughtful boy! He's the best boy I have ever seen, and....

GEORGE. I still can't accept his idea! ... (*short silence*)... Oh, I can't stand it! I'm going to call him! I will tell him that I disagree with his absence in New Year and he should obey me if he respects me as his father! (*picking up the phone*)

TINA. Oh, you stubborn old man. Do your worst! I don't want to talk to you anymore or I will become mad! (*She leaves the room and goes back to the kitchen.*)

GEORGE. That's what I'm supposed to say! (*He dials the number and waits.*)...

(*lights gradually fading*)

## ACT TWO

**SCENE:** *Another living room. In the middle of the room, there is a bright-colored sofa and a fancy coffee table. There is a cell phone on the table. There are also three doors in the room the same as George's home. In the background is a set of shelves with antiques, and a window. The lights go up. There is a woman, Fiona, in her 30s sitting on the sofa and reading magazine. The cell phone suddenly rings.*

Fiona. (*shouting to the bedroom door*) Willy! Willy! Your phone is ringing!

Willy. (*He comes out from the bedroom.*) I'm coming. (*He picks up the cell phone*) Oh, it's my dad. (*Unwillingly, he answers the phone.*) Hello? Hi, Dad. How do you ... Oh, please calm down. I know that not visiting you during New Year time doesn't conform to the tradition. But

sorry Dad, Terry has wanted to go abroad for a long time, and New Year vacation is the only time Fiona and I have time to take him abroad... I know! So, I said sorry to you... Oh, Dad, please do not say such a harsh word. I didn't mean to contempt you at all! We can't cancel our schedule, we have already got everything ready including tickets, hotels and... Dad, I'm so sorry but I really can't go back home in New Year. But... *(the sound of slamming down the phone)* Dad? Dad! *(to Fiona)* He has slammed down the phone!

Fiona. *(She puts the magazine away.)* Your father seemed so angry. I heard his shouts from the phone.

Willy. Yeah. *(He sits down and puts the cell phone back on the table.)* He thinks that we treat him disrespectfully because we won't visit him in New Year. That's a ridiculous idea!

Fiona. So we're not going to cancel our plan right? Honestly, I am tired of visiting your parents' place every year. *(She signs.)* Every year is just the same! Your father is angry at something we never know, and your mother always talks about how she raised you and that I should do exactly the same way to take care of Terry! I know they are your parents so I try very hard to get along with them, but I'm stressed out doing it!

Willy. Sorry, honey. *(Holding Fiona's hand)* I know you try your best on it. It's not your fault at all. The problem is the conservativeness and stubbornness of my father and talkativeness of my mother! I sometimes also feel annoyed of their behaviors such as the call earlier. But I don't want to be called an undutiful son, and you too, right? Thus, we must choose one day to visit them after we come back. Besides, they are

eager to see Terry.

Fiona. I know. Only one day! I think Terry also misses his grandparents. That's no problem at all.

Willy. Thanks Fiona. You are the person who understands me the most! I love you so much. *(He hugs Fiona.)*

*(While Willy and Fiona hug, the door bell rings)*

Willy. *(He stops hugging.)* Is that Terry coming home?

Fiona. No, it is too early for him to come back. Maybe it's the repairman. I ask him to come and fix the sink. *(Door bell rings again.)* I'm going to answer it. *(She stands up, walks to the door and opens it.)*

*(George rushes into the house, Tina follows him.)*

Fiona. George! Tina! Why...uh, I mean hello. I didn't know you are coming today.

George. *(He ignores what Fiona said.)* Willy! I'm coming to talk to you directly!

Willy. *(He is surprised and stands up.)* Dad!? I can't believe that! You are crazy!

Tina. Sorry, Willy and Fiona. I try to prevent him from doing this stupid action. But he didn't listen to me.

George. *(Being very excited and angry)* It's not stupid! It's VERY IMPORTANT! You are not allowed to spend Chinese New Year by yourselves! *(He hits the table)*

Willy. Dad!! Why can you be so stubborn! I don't want to talk to you! Please go home! You are not welcomed to my house!

George. What!? You ask me to go home! You, such a rude son! Undutiful son!

*(George seizes Willy by the collar, they start to fight.)*

Tina and Fiona. *(trying to stop them)* Stop! Stop!

*(Chaos on the stage)*

Fiona. *(She goes into kitchen and takes out a pan and a ladle, and then she hits them to make a loud noise.)* That's enough! Calm down, everyone! Calm down! *(The other three are frightened by her action, and all stop what they are doing.)* I have an idea. *(saying calmly)* The idea that can make everybody happy.

Willy. What's that? Tell us quickly.

Fiona. *(still calm)* How about we all go to Japan in New Year.

Tina. *(very happily)* That's a wonderful idea! Oh, Fiona, you are so smart! I know that the girl Willy chose cannot be wrong! I'm for her. George, you too, right?

George. *(Trying to hide his delight and satisfaction)* Better than the previous one.

Willy. *(Pulling Fiona to the front corner of stage)* Are you crazy? I don't want to take them with us to Japan! It's tiring! You said that you also do not want to spend time with them, didn't you? What's wrong with you?

Fiona. Well... I did say we can all go to Japan, but I didn't say we can go there TOGETHER. After all, Japan is so big, we go our way, and they go their way!

*(Blackout)*



## Couples in the Divorce Affair Office

周彙捷

Laura Chou

### ACT1

Two chairs in gray slipcovers are separately seated by HUSBAND A and WIFE A; a cold and square teapoy with two glasses is set between the two. The man, sitting in front of the couple, is the LAWYER who specially copes with affairs of divorce. Now he is holding sheets of papers, pushing his glasses softly, and

then gradually knitting his brows.

LAWYER Well, who is going to start the conversation? Now, both of you need to say something. Listen, be frank to each other; otherwise, the problem will never be solved.

WIFE A (*Burst out crying with her shoulders shivering, she is almost hysterical.*) My husband is cheating on me! He has been having sex with his secretary for over 3 months. If it were not for that day I happened to go to his office, I might be deceived in my whole life!

HUSBAND A (*Supports his wife's shoulders with both hands, starts to appease his wife.*) No, honey, things are not what you think. I was only curious about her, not serious. Give me more time, she will leave. The one I love is not going to change; it's you. (*Almost kneels down by his wife.*)

LAWYER Madam, do you really want to divorce your husband? Or if you want to give your husband one more chance?

WIFE A I don't think I can forgive him. (*Turns her face to her husband.*) After all, you are a big liar! How can I trust you? Oh...what can I do with my little child? We are going to leave you!

HUSBAND A (*He kneels down right away.*) I know it's my entire fault. Please forgive me. I promise I will leave her right away. Baby, I love you, and I cannot live without you... (*Begins weeping.*)

WIFE A Honey, I love you, too. Promise me you will not leave me again...

(*The couple start to embrace each other and kiss.*)

LAWYER Well... So, I guess you two don't plan to get a divorce now.

Congratulations (*HUSBAND A and WIFE A leave the office happily.*)



### ACT2

Two chairs in gray slipcovers are separately seated by HUSBAND B and WIFE B; a cold and square teapoy with two glasses is located between the two. The man, sitting in front of the couple, is still the LAWYER. Now he is

also holding sheets of papers, pushing his glasses softly, and then gradually knitting his brows.

LAWYER Well, who is going to start the conversation? Now, both of you need to say something. Listen, be frank to each other; otherwise, the problem will never be solved.

HUSBAND B (*Talks in quite a loud voice.*) I cannot stand my wife anymore! Every morning I wake up, she keeps questioning me where I have been yesterday, which really makes me feel like a prisoner who has killed a dozen of people. I'm fed up with her ceaseless chattering and babbling!

WIFE B No! I'm not babbling! I think the point is why can't you come home early so that I don't have to suspect if you are unfaithful to me? You are never concerned with what I have done and what our child has done in his school. The only thing you care is your job, your work! It should be me who want to get a divorce with you!

LAWYER Madam, do you really want to divorce your husband? Or if you can give a chance to listen to your husband's explanation once again?

HUSBAND B I admit that I put too much emphasis on my company, but what I want is to give you and our child a better life with more happiness and well-beings. Maybe I did something wrong against you. Forgive me for I never listen to your heart with consideration before.

WIFE B Never mind. I have some faults, too. I shouldn't ask you so harshly...

HUSBAND B Sweet heart, I love you. Never quarrel with me anymore!

(*The couple start to embrace each other and kiss.*)

LAWYER Well... So, I guess you two are not going to divorce now.

Congratulations. (*HUSBAND B and WIFE B leave the office happily.*)

### ACT3

Still in the same office, two chairs in gray slipcovers are separately

seated by HUSBAND C and WIFE C; a cold and square teapoy with two glasses is in the middle of the two. The man, sitting in front of the couple, is always the LAWYER. Now he is still holding sheets of papers, pushing his glasses softly, and then gradually knitting his brows.

LAWYER Well, who is going to start the conversation? Now, both of you need to be frank to each other; otherwise, the problem will never be solved. Say it! Say what you cannot resist toward the other!

HUSBAND C My wife, she seems to have addiction to shopping. She spends a great part of my salaries, and sometimes she even steals my money as her pocket money! (*Turns his face to his wife, shouts out cruelly.*) How selfish you are!

WIFE C Every woman in the world does this: spending her husband's money and then dressing herself splendidly! There is nothing to be so fussy at all! You idiot!

HUSBAND C What are you talking about? (*Gets extremely mad immediately.*)

LAWYER STOP! ALL OF YOU! My office is not a place where you guys pick up several petty things, then fight! I don't care if you cannot stand her or she cannot bear you! (*With one finger pointing at HUSBAND C.*) Also I don't mind how much money she takes from you! How many people are going to waste my time and ruin my mood in a single day? NO DIVORCE, THEN GET OUT! You! And you! GET OUT! GET OUT! I quit! What a boring job! I can't tolerate that each couple come to my office to complain each other, quarrel emotionally and severely, and finally make up again. I am a lawyer, not a marriage consultant, OK? Now all of you get out! Get out of my place!

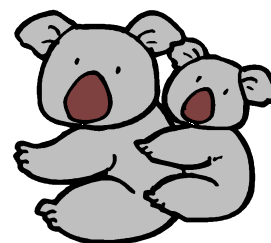
(*Blackout.*)

### Poem

#### Worthlessness

范德政 Patrick

Fan



Busy as a bee,  
Crazy like a rough sea,  
My temper flew into a rage,  
When I flipped through a page.

As I heard my name called,  
Response from me was yelled.  
My mom was thus hurt,  
Regrettable I felt like dirt.

Walking dead like a zombie,  
Sleeping dead like a mummy,  
Life was like a pool of ditchwater.  
My energy was no more super.

Off the branch my beloved leaf  
was fallen.

Inside the trunk a heart was  
broken.

What I had was wealth,  
Little left was health.