

AMPUTEES 2022 Workshop Casting Info
Follow character names for links to sides

SYNOPSIS:

SAM NGUYEN: (19) Mixed Vietnamese & White American. Goes to Fordham University. Home for winter break. Self-aggrandizing. Self-centered. Only has a repulsive sense of entitlement to show for his first semester at liberal arts school.

PHUONG NGUYEN: (58) Vietnamese American. Father of Sam and Dev Nguyen. Immigrated from Saigon, Vietnam in 1975. Restaurant manager at Shabu Zen in White City, Ohio. He has the remnants of a Vietnamese accent. He is animated when he is speaking. Also plays ÔNG NỘI: (42) Father of Phuong Nguyen.

DEV NGUYEN: (24) Mixed Vietnamese & White American. Schizo-affective. Lives at home with his father, Phuong Nguyen. Studies computer science at WCCC. He looks like a total slob but he's oddly brilliant. He is scatterbrained and talks fast. Also plays YOUNG PHUONG: (9-18)

ANNIE: (49) White. Mother of Sam and Dev Nguyen. Crisis counselor in training. Lives elsewhere. Has a serious and ongoing battle with depression stemming from devoting herself to two unstable boys and an erratic ex-husband. This can make her come off as cold and unloving at times.

BA NOI: (30s - 40s) Vietnamese/Asian American. Grandmother of Phuong Nguyen shown in flashbacks. Grandiose in gesture and speech Also plays XING XING/MS.
KIM/RECEPTIONIST: Ethereal mystic Asian lady trope.

BA NOI/MS. KIM SIDE #1

SAIGON 1975. BA NOI lights a candle, revealing a deck of Tarot cards. YOUNG PHUONG is half-wrapped in a blanket, nested beside her, studying the cards

BA NOI

(Splaying out the deck.)

You see, Con? They're *Tarot cards*. From *France*. They tell you your *future*. What you do is you shuffle the cards — like this!

(BA NOI shuffles the deck. Knocks on the deck three times.)

YOUNG PHUONG

(Peaking over at the deck.)

Why did you knock on the cards, Ma? Is someone supposed to come out?

BA NOI

(Laughing.)

No, Con. We knock on the cards to get rid of the bad spirits.

YOUNG PHUONG

Ba tells me that it is stupid to believe in ghosts.

BA NOI

Ghosts are all around us, Kong... No family exists without the company of spirits...
(*Smiling.*) Now, Phuong. What you do now is you ask a question, and then you pick a card, okay?

YOUNG PHUONG

(Thinking.) ... What will I be when I grow up?

YOUNG PHUONG's hand hovers over the piles.

He picks one.

He looks at the card, puzzled, then shows it to BA NOI.

A Ten of Pentacles.

BA NOI

(Reading.)

Oh, Con! The *Ten of Pentacles*... This one means in the future you will be *rich*!
So *rich*, and so handsome! Just like your father!

YOUNG PHUONG

(Excitedly.)

Can I ask again! Please, Mẹ!

BA NOI

You cannot ask the cards too much, Con.

YOUNG PHUONG

Please, Mẹ! I want to!

Silence.

BA NOI shuffles the deck, splays them out one more time.

YOUNG PHUONG thinks of a question.

A concerned expression dawns upon his face.

YOUNG PHUONG

Is my Ba going to be okay?

BA NOI

(Snapping.)

Kong! Do not ask such a silly question!

(Cheerfully.)

Mẹ yêu con!¹ Your father is a *strong* man. He can handle those
Vietcong jokesters. It is silly to wonder otherwise, okay?

(Reluctantly.)

Let's see what the cards say.

¹ Translates to "I love you, Son."

(Drawing a card.)

Now, this one is —

Beat.

She stares at the card.

YOUNG PHUONG

(Getting impatient.)

What is it, Mẹ! Let me see!

Beat.

Why is the man hanging, Mẹ?

BA NOI

... He —

*The sound of a mortar erupts somewhere outside the city limits,
shaking the ground beneath them .*

*BA NOI blows out the candles, wraps YOUNG PHUONG in a
blanket and cradles him amongst the sound and fury flashes from
outside.*

Then, silence.

BA NOI/MS. KIM SIDE #2

SAM

So, If you were born after the Korean war, and came over here...
And Louie's dad is American —

MS. KIM

What makes you think I'm from Korea! What makes you think
Louie American!

SAM

...

MS. KIM

(Laughs scornfully) Ha! I *AM* Korean! I'm just fucking with you,
Sam. Of course Louie father American. Louie black.

SAM

Well... I dunno — I mean I didn't mean to make that assumption.
I guess I just want to know, do you remember anything about
Korea?

MS. KIM

Very, very long time ago, Sam. America my home now.

SAM

What about the war?

MS. KIM

War ended ten year before I was born, Sam.

SAM

What did you do over there? Like your family and everything?

MS. KIM

My family, Sam... *Very* wealth. My dad, high ranking political negotiator. He want to send me and my sisters over to find better opportunity and, uh, *education*, in America.

SAM

What about Louie's dad?

MS. KIM

Ah, Lou's dad... I don't remember.

SAM

Was he in America when you met him?

MS. KIM

My memory is imperfect Sam. He probably was friend of mine. (*Suspicious*) Why you want to know?

SAM

I'm doing a uh, school project my dad —

MS. KIM

Oh, Phuong?

SAM

That would be it, yes.

MS. KIM

Ahh — quite the upstanding man, yeah? Does he still live in the blue house with that Xing Xing lady?

SAM

We live above her, yeah. She's always making a lot of noise downstairs cause she thinks they're squirrels living above her —

MS. KIM

She better keep her hands off him... Ha!

PHUONG SIDE

DEVIN

Hey, tell us a story, dad!

SAM

Yeah!

PHUONG

Man, you guys old as shit. Telling me to tell you a bedtime story.
What the hell I do to deserve this man, shit.

SAM

Tell us about anything!

PHUONG

Okay, okay... let me tell you about *first time* I smoke reefer...

SAM

No, Dad. Something about the war.

DEV

I want the reefer story!

PHUONG

Ah, okay... Sam... The first time I realize the communists are
going to raid Saigon, I am... about your age.

SAM

Nineteen?

PHUONG

Must be around nine years old, yes.

SAM

...

PHUONG

Your ông nội? Million-dollar playboy. Used to sit on his front porch naked. Hit the weights every day at four a.m. Lady's *love* him —

SAM

And?

PHUONG

He come bursting through the front door with a brand new *radio* man. First time I ever saw such a thing. We are on our way to dine with the *French* embassy —

SAM

Really? The French? I thought all Vietnamese people were like, poor and stuff.

DEV

Dude, shh.

PHUONG

He burst through the front door with a brand new *radio*! I hear the ghost of Elvis Presley singing from inside a metal box!..
(*Returning to thought*) We are all listening to radio when it — Bam — a government PSA comes on, and it say... to prepare...

SAM

Like, how?

PHUONG

(Sitting down.)

For war, Sam... Eventually, ông nội stay behind to bury his gold. The rest of it, he give to me and your Ba Noi... We come over here with gold *sewn into our clothes*... Then we end up in Camp Pendleton where we know *no one*!

SAM

(Checking his notes.)

Wait, didn't ông nội come over to the states later in... 1985?

PHUONG

Oh... no. Your ông nội — he pass away in camp for *re-education*.

(Silence.)

DEV

Oo! Oo! How'd you meet mom?

PHUONG

Oh, your mom! *Sexiest* white girl I ever met —

SAM

(Stops recorder.)

Dude, no.

DEV

Ew, Dad.

PHUONG

I see your mom walk by — most *beautiful* white woman I ever saw! — And she walking *three* dogs, man! *Three* dogs! I say “Đẹp Quá!² In Vietnam, we eat dog!”

Two claps. Black out.

² “Đẹp Quá” can mean “very beautiful” in Vietnamese.

DEV SIDE

SAM

What's good, big bro?

*DEV doesn't hear Sam.
DEV is transfixed on his computer
screen.*

SAM

(Sounding out the words to get DEV's attention) What. Are. You.
Working. On?

*Dev jumps up and whips around
instinctively, smacking Sam in the
face hard with his hand.
Sam drops the takeout bags creating
a mess on the floor*

SAM

(Holding his face.) WHAT THE FUCK, PORK-RIND!

DEV

(Recovering) Sam, I'm so sorry!

SAM

SHIT!

*Dev starts cleaning up the takeout
mess. He finds a box of mochi ice
cream and gives it to Sam. Sam ices
his cheek with the package.*

DEV

(Cleaning up the bags.) Fuck... You scared me, man!

*Sam goes to the bathroom to check
his face for swelling.
Dev cleans up the take out bags and
sits with his head in his hands.*

SAM

Nope, no swelling.

*Sam tosses the mochi ice cream to
Dev, he catches it.*

DEV

(Opening them.) It's green tea... you want one?

SAM

I know, I stole them.

DEV

Ms. Kim's?

*Dev throws him one, he catches it,
eats it.*

SAM

Mmm. Tastes so good... Almost makes up for the black eye.

DEV

(Flustered) I — I didn't mean to.

*Silence.
Sam leans in, looking at the laptop.*

SAM

What is that?

DEV

Oh! This?

(He holds up the laptop.)

It's a... Umm... VR simulation thing... for people — patients with
PTSD.

See all of these rooms?

Each room contains a visual representation of trauma from the
user's past.

Exposure therapy.

Sam leans into the screen.

SAM

Whooah. Is that a —

DEV

Giant tarantula? Yeah.
People compartmentalize their traumas.
The patients' traumas are stored up in all these
(He motions.)
Moving rooms and the patients enter them.
With a VR.

*Sam starts unbagging the takeout.
He sees a slew of open fun-size Frito
bags laying on the ground and a
burnt stub of a cigarette.*

SAM

~~(Picking up and throwing away the trash.) You gotta start
cleaning up your trash, man.~~

DEV

~~I know.~~

SAM

~~I mean we live in an Asian household, it's practically a sin if you
even enter this place with shoes on.~~

*Beat.
Sam and Dev realize that Dev has
sneakers on. He takes them off.*

SAM

~~... Whatever. Here's some Chop Chae (hands over takeout box)
stole some for you.~~

*DEV takes the box.
Fusses over opening it.
Looks around.
SAM hands over chopsticks and
opens the box for him.*

SAM

~~Don't get too excited. Ms. Kim almost put me in the dirt. I swear
her and Xing Xing have a conspiracy against me...~~

DEV

~~Ms. Kim doesn't like you, huh?~~

SAM

~~She's psycho. Speaking of psychotic Asians.~~ How was hanging with Dad?

DEV

(Eating.) It was great, Sam. You shoulda' been there... Dad took me to Cleveland and he showed me the museum with the... You know, art stuff?

SAM

Yeah, art?

DEV

Yeah, that... And it was just like old times, hanging with Dad. Just needed you there...

SAM

Had work.
I still have to finish this godforsaken play, too.

DEV

The one about Dad?

SAM

It's... an exploration of trauma inheritability.

Sam Lays on the couch.

SAM

~~Mental illness as a cultural phenomena.
Miscarriages in African-American women stemming from slavery,
higher resting cortisol levels in descendants of the Holocaust,
mental illness in first-generation Vietnamese.~~

*SAM looks at DEV.
DEV is eating fast.*

SAM

~~It starts off in Vietnam, 1970.
(Imagining.)
Before the Fall of Saigon.
Phuong Nguyen, a young and impressionable boy.
Windswept by a conflict that is infinitely larger than him.
How it affects his life,
And in turn,
The lives of his sons...~~

~~Dev is obviously not listening. Sam
resumes normal talk.~~

SAM

~~It's for a first-generation dramatic writing scholarship.
If I turn it in by the end of break.
And I get a scholarship.
Well, then.... I guess I can go back to school and not drop out
because our family is so irreparably poor.
(Referring to the open laptop.)
So, that program's for PTSD?~~

DEV

~~(Realizing.)~~
Oh! Yeah, that sounds really cool, Sam/

SAM

~~(Sarcastically)~~ I bet/

DEV

I guess we're doing the same thing... ha-ha.

SAM

How do you mean?

~~Dev drops the takeout, goes to the
computer.~~

DEV

Say someone had a traumatic experience with a pit bull... well, if they put on this VR, then they could pet a pitbull without flipping shit.

SAM

... Maybe Phuong could use that so he wouldn't have PTSD about like loud noises.

DEV

Oh, boy.

SAM

We could watch scary movies without dad covering his ears and shit, like —

*SAM does impression of PHUONG
freaking out.
DEV laughs.*

DEV

Exactly! Like the spider!

SAM

What?

*~~DEV sets up the VR for SAM. DEV
picks up the VR, hands it to SAM.
DEV motions for SAM to put on the
VR.~~*

DEV

You see it?

SAM

Yeah...

~~It's sort of on my fucking eyeballs.~~

DEV

~~Well, all those moving rooms... *That's* what's going on in our
heads *all* the time; a moving tower of compartmentalized traumas.
A tower of Jenga.
Each block stacked up upon the other,
Compounding into one, unsteady structure which could
Snap!
At any moment...~~

*~~SAM tears off the VR.
SAM stares at the palm of his hand.~~*

SAM

~~... I'm dizzy.~~

DEV

~~(Examining the VR) Still trying to work that out.~~

~~Beat.~~

DEV

So, this play is for..?

SAM

Scholarship. I'm going to write about the Vietnam war.

DEV

... Why?

SAM

You throw ethnic shit into an academic setting and you're guaranteed prize money. It's racist if you don't get it. It's [insert current year], so people love shit about... colored people.

SAM Pokes DEV's forehead

SAM

Remember that, yeah? For when you apply to real college next year?

ANNIE SIDE

Annie and Sam are on the phone.

ANNIE

You remember that enneagram thing?

SAM

... You got that?

ANNIE

Yeah.

SAM

For Dev?

SAM rolls his eyes.

*ANNIE picks up enneagram book off
bedside table.*

She flips through.

SAM

The arbitrary guide to determining self-worth? It's like a Meyers-Briggs test invented by pagans.

ANNIE

It's a self-awareness building tool.

SAM

What was I again?

ANNIE

“The Helper.”

SAM

What a trait...

ANNIE

Exactly. It’s funny (*flipping through*) it actually says I’m the “Peacemaker.”

SAM

The Peacemaker?

ANNIE

Yeah, well *I* think it sounds like me.

SAM

And what does the enneagram say? A good listener? Internalizes conflict at the expense of ruining self-worth?

ANNIE

Jesus, Sam.

SAM

Gives up agency over self to prioritize the well-being of others?

ANNIE

So dramatic!

SAM

You’re letting this book profile you on the basis of your failed marriage.

ANNIE

Sam! My marriage wasn’t failed. We raised you two —

SAM

Oh, boy —

ANNIE

And astrology isn't bullshit!

SAM

Okay, fine... You know in my psych class last year --

ANNIE

Sam, I'm a mental health specialist —

SAM

— In training.

ANNIE

Shut up. I'm a mental health specialist and I've taken a beginning level psych class too, buddy —

SAM

In my psych class last year — which I aced — we studied retroactive bias. Being told information about someone and aligning our memories to fit the description of what we're told. Like, if you told me my brother wasn't a schizophrenic psychofreak —

ANNIE

Dev isn't a "psychofreak" —

SAM

— I would go back and align my memories to fabricate — teleologically — an impression of my brother as a functional person.

ANNIE

I don't know how many times I have to tell you this, Sam. Dev was sick and he's getting better —

SAM

~~If you tell me "oh, he's an Aquarius," and I say "yes, that makes so much sense," that's purely because that information is making me realign my memories.~~

~~ANNIE~~

~~... Okay, Sam. You're right, I'm wrong. Happy?~~

~~SAM~~

~~So, by that logic, it's valid for skin color or sexuality to influence the way we deal with people. Maybe astrology is the equivalent of, like, *Tarot cards* or the Salem Witch Trials.~~

~~ANNIE is about to hang up the phone~~

~~SAM~~

~~It just amazes me that society insists on upholding pseudoscience as a legitimate practice. No matter how scientifically advanced we are, three-fourths of the population insists on being stupid.~~

~~ANNIE~~

~~Jesus, Sam! Can you —~~

~~SAM~~

~~You're enneagram book is stupid. Astrology is stupid.~~

~~ANNIE~~

~~...~~

~~SAM~~

~~....~~

~~ANNIE~~

~~Goodbye.~~

~~SAM~~

~~... Sorry. That was tangential. Didn't mean to —~~

~~ANNIE~~

~~Do you feel good? Do you feel okay now that you battered down my one thing that makes me a tiny bit happy?~~

~~SAM~~

(Away from phone) Fuck... *(In phone)* Yeah, okay but it's a valid point.

ANNIE

I will never understand why you continue to blame me for everything everyone else did wrong.

SAM

I'm talking about astrology.

ANNIE

And I'm not your punching bag. If you're not grown up enough to have a civil conversation with your mother then I don't know why the *hell* you think you're better than Dev.

SAM

Because Dev is an idiot.

ANNIE

He is a recovering schizophrenic.
And he's a hell of a lot smarter than you.

SAM SIDE #1

*Sam starts unbagging the takeout.
He sees a slew of open fun-size Frito
bags laying on the ground and a
burnt stub of a cigarette.*

SAM

(Picking up and throwing away the trash.) You gotta start cleaning up your trash, man.

DEV

I know.

SAM

I mean we live in an *Asian* household, it's practically a *sin* if you even enter this place with shoes on.

Beat.

Sam and Dev realize that Dev has sneakers on. He takes them off.

SAM

... Whatever. Here's some Chop Chae (*hands over takeout box*) stole some for you.

DEV takes the box.

Fusses over opening it.

Looks around.

SAM hands over chopsticks and opens the box for him.

SAM

Don't get too excited. Ms. Kim almost put me in the dirt. I swear her and Xing Xing have a conspiracy against me...

DEV

Ms. Kim doesn't like you, huh?

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She's psycho. Speaking of psychotic Asians. How was hanging with Dad?

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If I turn it in by the end of break.
And I get a scholarship.
Well, then... I guess I can go back to school and not drop out
because our family is so irreparably poor.
(Referring to the open laptop.)
So, that program's for PTSD?

DEV

(Realizing.)
Oh! Yeah, that sounds really cool, Sam/

SAM

(Sarcastically) I bet/

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I guess we're doing the same thing... ha-ha.

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~~Yeah...~~

~~It's sort of on my fucking eyeballs.~~

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~~Well, all those moving rooms... That's what's going on in our
heads *all* the time; a moving tower of compartmentalized traumas.
A tower of Jenga.
Each block stacked up upon the other,~~

~~Compounding into one, unsteady structure which could~~
~~Snap!~~
~~At any moment...~~

~~SAM tears off the VR.~~
~~SAM stares at the palm of his hand.~~

SAM

~~... I'm dizzy.~~

DEV

~~(Examining the VR) Still trying to work that out.~~

~~Beat.~~

DEV

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SAM Pokes DEV's forehead

SAM

Remember that, yeah? For when you apply to real college next year?

SAM SIDE #2

DEV hits SAM in the face.
SAM walks over to the window and
checks his nose for blood.

DEV

Sammy, I didn't mean to... Sammy? I'm sorry. I didn't mean to...

SAM

You know what's funny? I've put up with you acting like this ever since I could remember, and it doesn't get any better —

DEV

You don't mean that.

SAM

The only reason this family accepts you is because you're a liability.

DEV

Don't say that! Sam, That's not true!

SAM

What are you gonna do? Hit me and hide behind your mommy's skirt because you're sick?

DEV

Shut up! You didn't know what it was like to grow up without a dad —

SAM

He was gone from my life, too!

DEV

I needed him!

SAM

And I didn't? Annie was always dealing with your little episodes, Phuong ran away from you —

DEV

He wasn't running away from me!

SAM

(Cont'd) And I didn't grow up with a parent in sight! No one even knew I existed until I got into college. And now Phuong's in my life, and you're trying to be buddy-buddy again, and Annie's re-emerging from her ten-year Dev-induced *stress* coma to get the

family back together again!

DEV

You don't even remember Dad leaving! Don't act like it was hard for you. You don't want these problems.

SAM

When you went away to that group home — when you overdosed on drugs —

DEV

Sam...

SAM

SHUT UP. Let me talk! No one ever lets me talk in this family!

DEV

(Covering ears) Stop it!

SAM

When I spent Freshman year of high school comforting Annie while she worried herself *sick* over you —

DEV

I don't want to hear it!

SAM

Listen to me, god-damnit!

DEV

No!

SAM

I use to lay awake, watching. Just watching Annie doze off in the light of the TV, her cellphone still in her hand. And I'd pray. You know what I'd pray for?

DEV

...

SAM

I'd pray the next time that telephone rang, it wouldn't be that you were safe and sound in the hospital, or that you were back in the loony bin, but that you left. Just up and left. And Annie, Phuong, and I could be an actual family again — without you there to ruin it.

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Sam, I'm a mental health specialist —

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— In training.

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He sees a slew of open fun-size Frito
bags laying on the ground and a
burnt stub of a cigarette.*

SAM

(Picking up and throwing away the trash.) You gotta start cleaning up your trash, man.

DEV

I know.

SAM

I mean we live in an *Asian* household, it's practically a *sin* if you even enter this place with shoes on.

Beat.

Sam and Dev realize that Dev has sneakers on. He takes them off.

SAM

... Whatever. Here's some Chop Chae (*hands over takeout box*) stole some for you.

DEV takes the box.

Fusses over opening it.

Looks around.

SAM hands over chopsticks and opens the box for him.

SAM

Don't get too excited. Ms. Kim almost put me in the dirt. I swear her and Xing Xing have a conspiracy against me...

DEV

Ms. Kim doesn't like you, huh?

SAM

She's psycho. Speaking of psychotic Asians. How was hanging with Dad?

DEV

(Eating.) It was great, Sam. You shoulda' been there... Dad took me to Cleveland and he showed me the museum with the... You know, art stuff?

SAM

Yeah, art?

DEV

Yeah, that... And it was just like old times, hanging with Dad. Just needed you there...

SAM

Had work.

I still have to finish this godforsaken play, too.

DEV

The one about Dad?

SAM

It's... an exploration of trauma inheritability.

Sam Lays on the couch.

SAM

Mental illness as a cultural phenomena.

Miscarriages in African-American women stemming from slavery,
higher resting cortisol levels in descendants of the Holocaust,
mental illness in first-generation Vietnamese.

SAM looks at DEV.

DEV is eating fast.

SAM

It starts off in Vietnam, 1970.

(Imagining.)

Before the Fall of Saigon.

Phuong Nguyen, a young and impressionable boy.

Windswept by a conflict that is infinitely larger than him.

How it affects his life,

And in turn,

The lives of his sons...

*Dev is obviously not listening. Sam
resumes normal talk.*

SAM

It's for a first-generation dramatic writing scholarship.

If I turn it in by the end of break.

And I get a scholarship.

Well, then.... I guess I can go back to school and not drop out
because our family is so irreparably poor.

(Referring to the open laptop.)

So, that program's for PTSD?

DEV

(Realizing.)

Oh! Yeah, that sounds really cool, Sam/

SAM

(Sarcastically) I bet/

DEV
I guess we're doing the same thing... ha-ha.

SAM
How do you mean?

Dev drops the takeout, goes to the computer.

DEV
Say someone had a traumatic experience with a pit bull... well, if they put on this VR, then they could pet a pitbull without flipping shit.

SAM
... Maybe Phuong could use that so he wouldn't have PTSD about like loud noises.

DEV
Oh, boy.

SAM
We could watch scary movies without dad covering his ears and shit, like —

*SAM does impression of PHUONG
freaking out.
DEV laughs.*

DEV
Exactly! Like the spider!

SAM
What?

*DEV sets up the VR for SAM. DEV
picks up the VR, hands it to SAM.
DEV motions for SAM to put on the
VR.*

DEV
You see it?

SAM
Yeah...

~~It's sort of on my fucking eyeballs.~~

DEV

~~Well, all those moving rooms... *That's* what's going on in our heads *all* the time; a moving tower of compartmentalized traumas. A tower of Jenga. Each block stacked up upon the other, Compounding into one, unsteady structure which could *Snap!* At any moment...~~

~~*SAM tears off the VR.*
SAM stares at the palm of his hand.~~

SAM

~~... I'm dizzy.~~

DEV

~~(*Examining the VR*) Still trying to work that out.~~

~~*Beat.*~~

DEV

So, this play is for..?

SAM

Scholarship. I'm going to write about the Vietnam war.

DEV

... Why?

SAM

You throw ethnic shit into an academic setting and you're guaranteed prize money. It's racist if you don't get it. It's [insert current year], so people love shit about... colored people.

SAM Pokes DEV's forehead

SAM

Remember that, yeah? For when you apply to real college next year?

SAM SIDE #2

DEV hits SAM in the face.

*SAM walks over to the window and
checks his nose for blood.*

DEV

Sammy, I didn't mean to... Sammy? I'm sorry. I didn't mean to...

SAM

You know what's funny? I've put up with you acting like this ever since I could remember, and it doesn't get any better —

DEV

You don't mean that.

SAM

The only reason this family accepts you is because you're a liability.

DEV

Don't say that! Sam, That's not true!

SAM

What are you gonna do? Hit me and hide behind your mommy's skirt because you're sick?

DEV

Shut up! You didn't know what it was like to grow up without a dad —

SAM

He was gone from my life, too!

DEV

I needed him!

SAM

And I didn't? Annie was always dealing with your little episodes, Phuong ran away from you —

DEV

He wasn't running away from me!

SAM

(Cont'd) And I didn't grow up with a parent in sight! No one even knew I existed until I got into college. And now Phuong's in my life, and you're trying to be buddy-buddy again, and Annie's re-emerging from her ten-year Dev-induced *stress* coma to get the family back together again!

DEV

You don't even remember Dad leaving! Don't act like it was hard for you. You don't want these problems.

SAM

When you went away to that group home — when you overdosed on drugs —

DEV

Sam...

SAM

SHUT UP. Let me talk! No one ever lets me talk in this family!

DEV

(Covering ears) Stop it!

SAM

When I spent Freshman year of high school comforting Annie while she worried herself *sick* over you —

DEV

I don't want to hear it!

SAM

Listen to me, god-damnit!

DEV

No!

SAM

I use to lay awake, watching. Just watching Annie doze off in the light of the TV, her cellphone still in her hand. And I'd pray. You know what I'd pray for?

DEV

...

SAM

I'd pray the next time that telephone rang, it wouldn't be that you were safe and sound in the hospital, or that you were back in the loony bin, but that you left. Just up and left. And Annie, Phuong, and I could be an actual family again — without you there to ruin it.