A FEMINISM APPROACH-BASED ANALYSIS ON THE CHARACTER OF CELIE IN ALICE WALKER’S THE COLOR PURPLE

A Paper
Submitted to the Faculty of Adab and Humanities
on Partial Accomplishment of the Requirements for the Degree of Strata I (S1)

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A MAXIM ANALYSIS ON THE DIALOGUE OF DAVID HENRY HWANG’S DRAMA ‘FOB’ (FRESH OFF THE BOAT)

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A Thesis
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ABSTRACT


This research is aimed to know violation of maxim based on the readily visible fact. The writer uses the descriptive method in which she tries to describe violation of maxim. The unit of analysis of her research is the dialogue of David Henry Hwang’s drama “FOB” (fresh-off-the-boat). It is analyzed descriptively based on related theory of maxim by Herbert Grice. She analyzes violation of maxims on the dialogue of the drama. She uses herself as a main research instrument through reading, identifying and classifying the data which are needed from the text dialogue of David Henry Hwang’s drama “FOB” (fresh-off-the-boat).

The conclusions that the writer can get from the analysis are: there are so many violations of maxims on the dialogue of David Henry Hwang’s drama “FOB” (fresh-off-the-boat). There are 2 dialogues which violate maxim of quantity, 3 dialogues which violate maxim of quality, 1 dialogue which violate maxim of manner and 14 dialogues which violate maxim of relevance. FOB (fresh-off-the-boat) tells about someone who comes from China and he lives in America with different language and culture.
APPROVEMENT

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LEGALIZATION

The thesis entitled "A Maxim Analysis on the Dialogue of David Henry Hwang's Drama FOB" has been defended before the Letters and Humanities Faculty's Examination Committed on October, 1 2007. The thesis has already been accepted as a partial fulfillment of the requirements for S1 degree.

Jakarta, October 1, 2007

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DECLARATION

I hereby declare that this submission is my own work and that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, it contains no material previously published or written by another person nor material which to a substantial extent has been accepted for the award of my other degree or diploma of the university or other institute of higher learning, except where due acknowledgment has been made in the text.

Jakarta, September 14, 2007

UMMY FATIMAH
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Hayatul Akbar who give their kindness, helps, critics and supports in making this paper, and all library staff who help her in making this paper.

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Allah SWT always bless us. Amiiin.............

Jakarta, September 14, 2007

The Writer
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## CHAPTER I  INTRODUCTION

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A. Background of the Study

One important thing that has a connecting with human being especially people is language, because people are social creative who cannot live alone and need other people to make their live balance. People use language to make interaction with other. So it is very important means of establishing and maintaining relationship with other people.

In making and maintaining relationship with other, people use language for communication. It is suitable with the definition of language itself. According to, Harimurti Kridalaksana as quoted by Kentjono. "Language is an arbitrary vocal symbol used by human being for cooperation, communication and identification human being himself".1

Sapir as quoted by Alwasilah says language is a purely human and non instinctive method of communication ideas, emotion and desire, by means of a voluntarily produced symbol.2 So it can be understood that language is the important thing for human being in making and maintaining a relationship with other.

Besides, the basic function of language, it is necessary to understand communication itself. “Communication is a process by with information
exchanged between individuals through a common system of symbol, signs or behavior".3

From that definition the writer can take a conclusion that a communication is an activity done by two people or more. The first person is called speaker who has a role as the server and the second person is called hearer who has a role as the receiver. The speaker uses the language in order to make the receiver knows about the message of the information that the speaker wants to give. The information can be a message, a contact, a context or code. The message or information can be in the form of sign or code that is understood by both of them. So the communication can be running well. Another factor in communication is a context that is all the things outside the sentence, such as: the topic of discussion and the situation.

Beside of statements above, the communication can be running well when the speaker and hearer obey the requirement of conversation. The rules are:

a. They cooperative each other

b. Giving the information clearly

c. Do not make mistake in pragmatic rules

d. Be effective and efficient in their conversation

When the requirement is obeyed by the speaker and hearer, the purpose of communication can be reached and they fulfilled the cooperative
principle. The philosopher Herbert Grice developed a cooperative principle which according to him it underlies successful verbal communication.

Grice as quoted by Black says the cooperative principle states "make your conversational contribution such as is required, at the stage at which it occurs, by the accepted purpose or direction of the talk exchange in which you are engaged". Grice distinguished four categories within this general principle and he formulated these in basic rules or maxims.

The maxims of the cooperative principle can be used to describe how participants in a conversation derive implicature. The word implicature is derived from the verb ‘to imply’, as is its cognate ‘implication’. Originally, ‘to imply’ means ‘to fold something into something else’. A conversational implicature is, therefore, something which is implied in conversation, that is, something which is left implicit in actual language usage. The following example: A is standing by an obviously immobilized car and can be approached by B. Example:

A: I am out of petrol

B: There is a garage round the corner

A is able to decide the reaction of B that there is a garage around the corner that opens and sells gasoline. B, however, has not mentioned these facts. A

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6 Ibid n 24
can only make these assumptions if she/he assumes that reaction of B is appropriate with the cooperative principle.

On the other hand, the communication cannot be running well and the purpose of communication will not be reached when the requirements above are violated and participants of communication cannot fulfill the cooperative principle. The following example: the speaker who violates the maxim seems to give too little or too much information. In:

A: Well, how do I look?
B: Your shoes are nice...

B does not say that the sweet shirt and jeans do not look nice, but he knows that A will understand that implication, because A asks about his whole appearance and he only told one part of it. It means B gives too little information to A and it does not appropriate with the cooperative principle. It means B’s reaction violates the cooperative principle.

One part of communication is conversation. It can be done at formal and informal situation with two people or more. Conversation between characters in a drama, it is called dialogue. On drama’s dialogue there are so many obeying and violations the cooperative principle. In this paper, the writer will analyze the violation of maxim because it is relevance with the dialogue on drama which has been chosen by her. The title of drama is FOB “fresh-off-the-boat” by David Henry Hwang.
David Henry Hwang had already written his first play, FOB is the story about “fresh-off-the-boat” Chinese immigrant and his more assimilated friends. The players of “fresh-off-the-boat” are Grace, Dale and Steve. Grace and Dale are Chinese American, they are first and second generation, while Steve is a Chinese newcomer in America. In their dialogue there are so many violations of maxim because they have different languages, cultures and accents. So their communications cannot be running well.

B. Focus of the Study

To limit the research, the writer only focuses on violation of the maxim. Violation of maxim happen when the speaker knows that the hearer will not know the truth and will only understand the surface meaning of the words in that situation. They do not cooperate each other so their communicative cannot be running well. The writer will find violation of maxim as many as possible on the dialogue of David Henry Hwang’s drama “FOB”.

C. Research Question

Based on the focus of the study above, the main questions of the research are:

1. What are types of violation of the maxim on the dialogue of David Henry Hwang’s drama “FOB” (fresh-off-the-boat)?
2. How does the situation when violations of maxim happen on the dialogue of David Henry Hwang's drama "FOB" (fresh-off-the-boat)?

D. Significance of the Study

By violation analyzing of the maxims on the dialogue David Henry Hwang's drama "FOB" (fresh-off-the-boat) the writer wishes the results of the research will give some advantages for the reader who is interested in linguistic work and it has significance as an effort to study the drama's dialogue through a pragmatic approach. Then, it can enrich the research of literary studies in this university, especially the English Letters Department of Letters and Humanities faculty.

E. Research Methodology

1. Objective of the Study

Based on the research questions above, the writer has several objectives as follow:

a. To know types of violation of maxim on the dialogue of David Henry Hwang's drama "FOB" (fresh-off-the-boat).

b. To know how the situation when violation of maxim happen on the dialogue of David Henry Hwang's drama "FOB" (fresh-off-the-boat).
2. Method of the Study

In this research, the writer uses the descriptive method. According to Nawawi that the descriptive method is a solving problem produce through describing an object based on the readily visible fact. Therefore, the research report will contain excerpts data to give an illustration in setting out the report.

3. Technique of Data Analysis

To get the aim of the research, the writer conducts qualitative technique of data analysis, the following steps:

a. To write some notes of maxim violation agencies offered by Grice
b. To read all the contents of the drama’s dialogue
c. To give the order number of dialogue within the drama’s text
d. To sign up the violation of maxim agencies accruing within the drama’s text
e. To conclude the collecting data

4. Instrument of the Research

The writer uses herself as a main research instrument through reading, identifying and classifying the data which are needed from the drama’s text. She observes and signs the possibility of the violation of maxim agencies occurrence within the drama’s text.
5. **Unit of Analysis**

The unit of analysis of this research is the text from dialogue of David Henry Hwang drama’s “FOB” (fresh-off-the-boat, 1978). David Henry Hwang had already written his first play “FOB” in 1978 and first produced as part of a student festival in 1979. It played in Broadway, New York in 1979. It was produced at The New York Shakespeare Festival’s Public Theatre and winning an Obie award in 1981 as the best new play of the season.¹⁰
CHAPTER II
THEORETICAL FRAMEWORK

In this chapter, the writer explains about the theory which she uses for analyzing of violation of the maxim. In analyzing the text of David Henry Hwang’s drama “FOB” the writer uses the pragmatics approaches about the human language usage and theory of cooperative principle about the principles of conversation from Herbert Grice.

The writer uses the pragmatics approaches because pragmatics is the branch of linguistic that focusing on the structure of a language as communication tool. She uses cooperative principle as the theory framework, because cooperative principle focuses on the principles of conversation to make the purpose of the communication has been reached but when it cannot be reached, so it has violated the principles of conversation.

A. Definition of Pragmatic

According to Jacob L. Mey, Pragmatic studies the use of language in human communication as determined by the condition of society.\textsuperscript{11}

Levinson as quoted by Rahardi, Pragmatic is the study of those relations between language and context that are grammatically, or encoded in the structure of a language.\textsuperscript{12}

\textsuperscript{11} Jacob L. Mey, Pragmatics; an Introduction (Blackwell Published Inc: Malden, Massachusetts, 2001) p.6

\textsuperscript{12}
From that definition the writer can take a conclusion that pragmatic is a study of language in human communication and it has a relation between language and context. Context is all background knowledge having the speaker and the hearer in a communication, if they have good context so the communication will be running well. According to scientists pragmatic has some principles, hence: Herbert Grice with cooperative principle, Geoffrey Leech, Brown Levinson, and Robin Lakoff with politeness principle.

B. Pragmatic Principles

The concept of principles is a familiar concept in linguistic (as in other branches of science) one encounters the term in many standard titles of linguistics, old and new, and of widely varying content. Principles cannot be only ‘element of understanding’ but even ‘prerequisites to understanding’, going all the way from elementary knowledge to high level and theoretical.

There are some principles uses pragmatics, hence: the communicative principle, politeness principle as mainly is advocated by Leech and cooperative principle as mainly advocated by Herbert Grice.

1. The Communicative Principle

The fact that people engage in communicative activity whenever they use language; whether as not they observe a particular syntactic rule is not too important. People talk with the intention to communicate
something to somebody; this is the foundation of all linguistic behavior. It calls the Communicative Principle; even though this principle is not mentioned in the pragmatic literature. It is nevertheless the hidden condition for all human pragmatic activity.

2. Politeness Principle

A criticism that often offered of Grice’s maxims can be interpreted as a moral code of behavior. Now days, politeness principle is used more because the principle is complete and more comprehensive. Leech distinguishes the principle for six maxims, are:
a. Tact maxim: Minimize cost to other. Maximize benefit to other.
b. Generosity maxim: Minimize benefit to self. Maximize cost to self.
c. Approbation maxim: Minimize dispraise. Maximize praise of other.
e. Agreement maxim: Minimize disagreement between self and other. Maximize agreement between self and other.

3. The Cooperative Principle

I. The Definition of Cooperative Principle

A speaker’s words often convey more than the literal meaning of the words uttered. The logician and philosopher Herbert Grice developed principle about it.
Example:

A and B are talking about a mutual friend, C, who is now working in a bank. A asks B how C is getting on his job, and B replies, *oh quite well, I think; he likes his colleagues and he has not been to prison yet.*

The form of this utterance does not discuss the meaning and therefore the function. A can derive from reaction of B that B does not hold a high opinion of C. In fact, B has basically said that C is a criminal potential. Yet, this cannot be derived from the literal meaning of B's words. A can assumes that there is some relevance to reaction of B. The reaction of B implies that C is a criminal potential.\(^{18}\)

A speaker can only get a meaning like this across if the hearer cooperative. To capture that nation, Grice formulated a general principle of language use "The Cooperative Principle".\(^{19}\)

The cooperative principle state: *make your conversational contribution such as is required, at the stage at which is occurs, by the accepted purpose or direction of the talk exchange in which you are engaged.*\(^{20}\)

From the statement above the writer can take a conclusion that cooperative principle is a rule in communication to make conversation be running well. The speaker and hearer must be cooperative each
other and give the information effectively and informatively so that the purpose of communication will be reached.

Grice distinguished four categories within this general principle. He formulated these in basic rules or maxims\(^{21}\), such as: maxim of quantity, maxim of quality, maxim of relevance, and maxim of manner.

II. Types and Characteristic of Maxims (Obeying Maxims)

a. Maxim of Quantity: give the right amount of information:
   1. Make your contribution as informative as is required.
   2. Do not make your contribution more informative than is required\(^{22}\).

For example:
A: Where is a famous English author lives?
B: In Birmingham.

That conversation describe about B’s respond. B gives a good respond to A, she or he gives information that A needs. B gives the information not too more or not too less, B believes to be appropriate for that point in the conversation. B knows that A is simple curious about which part of the country the author lives in, it might suffice to respond ‘in Birmingham’. On the other hand, if


\(^{22}\)
B knows that A wants to visit the author, then much more specific information (perhaps even the address) is appropriate.

b. **Maxim of Quality**: try to make your contribution one that is true:

1. Do not say what you believe to be false.
2. Do not say that for which you lack adequate evidence.  

For example:

A: What is the weather like?
B: It is snowing.

A conversation above explains about A's assumes. A's assume provides reliable information about the current weather. A makes sure herself that the weather is snowing.

c. **Maxim of Relation**: be relevant.  

For example:

A: Would you like to go to the cinema tonight?
B: I have to study for an exam.

A conversation above is relevant because B's response is relevant to the topic. A can capture implied meaning from B's response which describes that B is unable or unwilling to go to the cinema at that night.

d. **Maxim of Manner**: be perspicuous:

1. Avoid obscurity of expression.
2. Avoid ambiguity.
3. Be brief (avoid unnecessary prolixity)

4. Be orderly.²⁵

For example:

A: Which one, comedy or horror movie?

B: Comedy is good. The picture is better than horror.

A conversation above describes that B’s answer is a brief answer and not too more. B’s response is very clear and does not make ambiguities.

III. Violation of Maxim

Thomas as quoted by Cutting says a speaker can be considered at her/him violates a maxim when they know that the hearer will not know the truth and will only understand the surface meaning of the word.²⁶ So it can be understood that the speaker and the hearer do not have good context in their communication so it cannot be running well and the purpose of it will not be reached.

a. Maxim of Quantity

A speaker violates maxim of quantity when she/he does not give the hearer information enough to know what is being talked about, because the speaker does not want to make a hearer knows the full information.²⁷
The speaker is not implying anything; they are being economical with the truth. Example:

A: Does your dog bite?
B: No.
A: (bends down to stroke it and gets bitten) ow! You said your dog does not bite!
B: That is not my dog.

The receptionist (B) knows that he (A) was talking about the dog in front of her and her dog is not at home. She does not give him information enough. The receptionist just answer A’s question and she does not give more explain to him.

b. Maxim of Quality

The speaker violates maxim of quality, because she/he does not give the hearer truth information. Yet, the speaker gives the hearer wrong information.28

Husband: How much did that new dress cost, darling?
Wife: Less than the last one.

The wife covers up the price of the dress by not saying how much less than her last dress. Sometimes violation of quality is called white lying.
c. Maxim of Relation

The speaker who violates maxim of relation because she/he answers’s the question with other reaction that is irrelevant with the question.\textsuperscript{29}

Husband : How much did that new dress cost, darling?
Wife : I know, let’s go out tonight.

The wife answers her husband’s question with irrelevant reaction, she does not give her husband truth information or wrong one, but she changes the topic of conversation.

d. Maxim of Manner

The speaker who violates maxim of manner seems she/he avoids giving a brief and orderly answer.\textsuperscript{30} Example:

Interviewer : What would the other people say?
Old Lady : Ah, well I don’t know. I could not repeat it because I don’t really believe half of what they are saying. They just get a fixed thing into their mind.

Her ‘half of what they are saying’ is an obscure reference to the other people opinion, and ‘a fixed thing’ contains a general noun containing vague reference. She may be using that expression to avoid giving a brief and orderly answer.
C. Drama

1. Definition of Drama

Drama is a type of literature usually written to be performed, and the other definition; drama is a prose or verse composition one telling a serious story, that is intended for representation by action impersonating the character and performing the dialogue and action. There are prologue, dialogue and epilogue in it. Prologue has function to open the performance at stage or theatre; it describes opening situation of stage. Dialogue is a conversation between characters in a drama. Epilogue has function to close performance at stage, it describes closing situation of stage. Dramas are performed in various media: theatre, radio, film and television. Drama if often combined with music and dance. The drama in opera combined with musicals includes spoken dialogue and songs.

2. Kinds of Drama

The most widespread and familiar subdivisions of drama are comedy, tragedy, farce, and melodrama. A comedy typically deals with common people, is dominated by the light tones that encourages laughter, and ends happily. A tragedy is dominated a serious tone, concern kings and princes, deals with profound issue, and usually conclude with the death of the leading character. Farce is effect from physical humor that can even turn violate at times and from crude verbal jokes, rather than from verbal wit or nuances of social behavior. Like farce, melodrama is
associated with physical action; interest grew in the exploration of the emotions.

D. Dialogue

1. Definition of Dialogue

Language is almost always an important element in drama, and it is occasionally the dominant element. Dialogue is a conversation between two or more people or conversation between characters in a drama or narrative. Dialogue is one more important in drama because it describes character and tells the story of drama to the audience, and usually it is supported with nonspoken elements like: setting, stage direction and plot.

2. Kinds of Dialogue

There are two main kinds of drama are dialogue with self and dialogue with other. Dialogue with self is conversation that be done by character with her or his self, this dialogue just be done by one character. Dialogue with other is conversation between characters in a drama. It is usually use in drama’s performed.

33 http://education.yahoo.com/reference/dictionary/entry/dialogue
34 Ibid
A. Description of Data

This chapter will explain an analysis of David Henry Hwang’s drama ‘FOB’ (fresh-off-the-boat) by using Herbert Grice theory of maxim. The concept is used to know the violation of maxim of the analyzed text. The data are collected from the text of the drama. The data that the writer has obtained can be presented below:

Characters (all in early twenties)

Dale, an American of Chinese descent, second generation.
Grace, his cousin, a first generation Chinese American.
Steve, her friend, a Chinese newcomer.
Gwan Gung, the God of warrior in Chinese’s culture.
Chong you bing, a type of Chinese pancake, a Northern Chinese appetizer often made with dough and scallions, with a consistency similar to that of pita bread.

1. Violation of Quantity

Data: 1
Steve : You working here?
Grace : Part time. It’s my father’s place. I’m also in school.
(Act I, line 61-62)

Data: 2
Grace : I told you, you’re too wimpy to be Gwan Gung. And even if you were, you’d have to wait your turn in line.
Steve : What?
Grace : I already have something for tonight. My cousin and I are having dinner.
(Act I, line 132-134)
2. Violation of Quality

Data: 1
Steve : I said, I'll tell you.
Grace : If this is how you go around meeting people, I think it’s pretty screwed.
Steve : Silence! I’m Gwan Gung! God of warriors, writers and prostitutes!
Pause
Grace : Bullshit!
Steve : What?
Grace : Bullshit! Bullshit! You are not Gwan Gung. And gimme back my box.
(Act I, line 42-47)

Data: 2
Steve : You made me thinking of you as a quite listener. A good trick what is your name?
Grace : You can call me “The woman Who Has Defeated Gwan Gung”, if that’s really who you are.
(Act I, line 55-56)

Data: 3
Grace : I guess he’s late. You know, he just came to this country.
Dale : Oh yeah? How’d you meet him?
Grace : At a Chinese dance at U.C.L.A.
Dale : Hmmm. Some of those FOBs get moving pretty fast.
(Act I, line 172-176)

3. Violation of Relevance

Data: 1
Grace : One whole roll you know how much of it got on here? Look that much. That’s all.
Steve : (in Chinese) yeah. Do you serve chong you bing today?
Grace : (picking up box) could’ve skipped the wrapping paper, just covered it with tape.
Steve : (in Chinese) excuse me!
(Act I, line 5-8)

Data: 2
Grace : Yeah? (Pause) you wouldn’t have any on you, would you?
Steve : (English from on onward) sorry? No, I don’t have bing. I want to buy bing.
Data: 3
Grace : Not bing! Tape, Have you any tape?
Steve : Tape? Of course I don’t have tape.
Grace : Just checking.
Steve : Do you have any bing?
(Act I, line 11-14)

Data: 4
Grace : Look, we’re closed till five...
Steve : Idiot girl!
Grace : Why don’t you take a menu?
Steve : I want you to tell me!
(Act I, line 15-18)

Data: 5
Grace : If the customer’s Chinese. You insult them by giving forks.
Steve : I said I want you to tell me.
(Act I, line 21-22)

Data: 6
Grace : If the customer Anglo, you starve them by not giving forks.
Steve : You serve bing or not?
Grace : But it’s always easy just to dump whatever happens to be in your hands at the moment.
(Act I, line 23-25)

Data: 7
Steve : I suggest you answer my question at once!
Grace : And I suggest you grab a menu and start doing thing for your self. Look, I’ll get you one, even. How’s that?
Steve : I want it from your mouth.
(Act I, line 26-29)

Data: 8
(Act I, line 99)
Data: 9
Steve: Another kid -blue jeans and T-shirt- I ask him, does he know *Gwan Gung*? He says, he doesn’t need it, he knows Jesus Christ. What city is this now?

_Act I, line 101_

Data: 10
Dale: I’ll drive, you sent the hearse home.
Steve: I tell driver - return car after dinner.
Dale: How could you...? What time did you...? When did you tell him to return? What time?
Steve: *(looks at his watch)* seven – five
Dale: No – not what time is it. What time you tell him to return?
Steve: Seven – five. Go see.

_Act I, line 115-120_

Data: 11
Steve: *Gwan Gung* - bows to no one’s terms but his own.
Grace: Fine, why don’t you go down the street to *Imperial Dragon* Restaurant and see if they have *bing*?
Steve: Do you have *bing*?
Grace: See for your self.

_Act I, line 143-146_

Data: 12
Grace: Oh! Steve, this is Dale, my cousin. Dale, Steve.
Dale: Hey, nice to meet...
Steve: *(Now speaking with Chinese accent)* Hello. Thank you. I’m fine.
    *Pause*
Dale: Uh, yeah, me too. So, you just got here, huh? What’cha thinks?

_Act I, line 219-222_

Data: 13
Dale: So, how do you like America?
Steve: Very nice.
Dale: “Very nice”. Good, colorful Hong Kong English. English –how much of it you got down, anyway?

_Act I, line 328-330_

Data: 14
Grace: Dale! Shit! I’m sorry. I didn’t...
Dale: *(Groggy)* Am I late?
Grace: I didn’t know it was you. Dale,
4. Violation of Manner

Data: 1
Grace: Pretty good. If you are *Gwan Gung*, you’re not the dumb jock I was expecting. Got a lot learn about school though.
Steve: Expecting? You were expecting me?
Grace: (quickly) No, no. I meant what I expected from the stories.
(Act I, line 68-70)

B. Data Analysis

For analyzing the data, the writer uses data from text of dialogue David Henry Hwang’s drama ‘FOB’ (fresh-off-the-boat) above. First, she writes the text of dialogue and explains violation of maxim which is on the dialogue. She gives a reason by using Herbert Grice theory of maxims.

1. Violation of Quantity

Data 1:

Steve: You working here?
Grace: Part time. It’s my father’s place. I’m also in school.
(Act I, line 61-62)

A dialogue above violates maxim of quantity because Grace gives too much information to answer Steve’s question. Grace gives information that is not needed. Grace explains the owner of restaurant and she tells him that she is a student, although Steve just asks about her job. Implicature appear at Grace tells Steve “I’m also in school”. This text implies about who is Grace, and this text describes that Grace is still a student in a school
Data 2:

Grace : I told you, you’re too wimpy to be *Gwan Gung*. And even if you were, you’d have to wait your turn in line.

Steve : What?

Grace : I already have something for tonight. My cousin and I are having dinner.

(Act I, line 132-134)

From that dialogue the writer finds violation of maxim of quantity because Grace gives the information which Steve does not need. Grace tells Steve that she has an appointment with her cousin to dinner tonight, although Steve does not ask her about it. Grace makes her contribution as not as informative is required. Implicature appears at Grace tells Steve “I told you, you’re too wimpy to be *Gwan Gung*. And even if you were, you’d have to wait your turn in line”. The text implies Grace has many appointments with other people and she will choose someone. Apparently, someone is her cousin.

2. Violation of Quality

Data 1:

Steve : I said, I’ll tell you.

Grace : If this is how you go around meeting people, I think it’s pretty screwed.

Steve : Silence! I’m *Gwan Gung*! God of warriors, writers and...
prostitutes!  

Grace : Bullshit!

Steve : What?

Grace : Bullshit! You are not Gwan Gung. And gimme back my box.  (Act I, line 42-47)

The writer finds violates maxim of quality in dialogue above. Steve says something that he does not give adequate evidence for it. Steve announces Grace that he is Gwan Gung the God of warriors, writers and prostitutes! Steve is not a God, but he just a man that live in the real world and that is different with Gwan Gung who is a God of warrior. Steve can not give enough evidence that he is like Gwan Gung.

Data 2:

Steve : You made me thinking of you as a quite listener. A good trick what is your name?

Grace : You can call me “The woman Who Has Defeated Gwan Gung”, if that’s really who you are.

(Act I, line 55-56)

A dialogue above violates maxim of quality because Grace says something that she believes it is false and she has not an evidence to explain about it. Grace tells Steve that her name is The Woman Who Has Defeated Gwan Gung; it is not true because Grace is a human and she knows that Steve is not Gwan Gung the God.
Data 3:

Grace : I guess he’s late. You know, he just came to this country.

Dale : Oh yeah? How’d you meet him?

Grace : At a Chinese dance at U.C.L.A.

Dale : Hmmm. Some of those FOBs get moving pretty fast.

(Act I, line 172-176)

From that dialogue the writer finds violation of maxim of quality because Grace does not give the truth information to Dale about her first meeting with Steve. Grace tells Dale that she meet Steve at a Chinese dance at U.C.L.A, although she meet Steve for the first time in her father restaurant in Torrance, California. Grace covers up the truth about Steve.

3. Violation of Relevance

Data 1:

Grace : One whole roll you know how much of it got on here?

Look that much. That’s all.

Steve : (in Chinese) yeah. Do you serve chong you bing today?

Grace : (picking up box) could’ve skipped the wrapping paper, just covered it with tape.

Steve : (in Chinese) excuse me!

(Act I, line 5-8)

From that dialogue the writer finds violation of maxim of relevance because there are no connection between Steve’s question and Grace’s answer.
answer. Steve asks Grace about *chong you bing* and Grace answer Steve’s question with other statements which are not irrelevant with Steve’s question. Grace changes topic of conversation even though Steve still asks her about *chong you bing*.

Data 2:

Grace : Yeah? *(Pause)* you wouldn’t have any on you, would you?

Steve : *(English from on onward)* sorry? No, I don’t have *bing*. I want to buy *bing*.

Grace : Not *bing*! Tape, have you got any tape?

*(Act I, line 9-11)*

From that dialogue the writer finds violation of maxim of relevance because Steve answers Grace’s question with irrelevant reaction. Grace asks Steve about tape but Steve answers that he does not has *bing*. From that dialogue seems there are no connection between Grace’s question and Steve’s answer.

Data 3:

Grace : Not *bing*! Tape, Have you any tape?

Steve : Tape? Of course I don’t have tape.

Grace : Just checking.

Steve : Do you have any *bing*?

*(Act I, line 11-14)*

From dialogue above, the writer finds that Steve always ask Grace about *bing* although Grace always answer his question with other statement.
There are no connection between Steve's question and Grace's answer. The purpose of communication between Steve and Grace can not be reached because their dialogue violates maxim of relevance.

Data 4:

Grace : Look, we're closed till five...
Steve : Idiot girl!
Grace : Why don't you take a menu?
Steve : I want you to tell me!

(Act I, line 15-18)

From the dialogue, the writer finds violation of maxim of relevance because dialogue between Steve and Grace does not reach the purpose of communication. It seems at Grace explains that the restaurant close at five but Steve does not care and he still stay at the restaurant, because he did not know what does Grace say.

Data 5:

Grace : If the customer's Chinese. You insult them by giving forks.
Steve : I said I want you to tell me.

(Act I, line 21-22)

The writer finds violation of maxim of relevance in dialogue above. Steve gives irrelevance response to Grace's statement. Grace explains to Steve about behavior of customer's Chinese but Steve gives other response. He still waits Grace's answer to his first question about hing.
Data 6:

Grace : If the customer Anglo, you starve them by not giving forks.

Steve : You serve bing or not?

Grace : But it's always easy just to dump whatever happens to be in your hands at the moment.

(Act I, line 23-25)

The writer finds violate maxim of relevance in dialogue above. Steve tries hard to get Grace's answer about bing. Grace always gives explain to him about customer behavior. They do not cooperative so they do not get the purpose of their communication.

Data 7:

Steve : I suggest you answer my question at once!

Grace : And I suggest you grab a menu and start doing thing for your self. Look, I'll get you one, even. How's that?

Steve : I want it from your mouth.

(Act I, line 26-29)

The data 7 above violates maxim of relevance because Steve does not do what Grace wants. Steve always stays at the restaurant although it is closed. He wants Grace tell him about bing but Grace explains him about the restaurant and how to serve the costumer. Their conversation is not running well.
Data 8:


(Act I, line 99)

That dialogue describes conversation between Steve and China Man who lives in America and he does not know about Chinese’s culture. Steve asks him about *Gwan Gung* the God of warrior but the China Man has other perspective about that. The China Man thinks *Gwan Gung* is a place in Hong Kong. This dialogue violates maxim of relevance because Steve does not get a true answer from China Man and he answers with irrelevant statement.

Data 9:

Steve : Another kid –blue jeans and T-shirt- I ask him, does he know *Gwan Gung*? He says, he doesn’t need it, he knows Jesus Christ. What city is this now?

(Act I, line 101)

In another situations Steve meet another kid and he asked him about
*Gwan Gung*, unfortunately the kid has assume that *Gwan Gung* is something that he does not need. This dialogue violates maxim of relevance too because Steve does not get what he want from the kid and there is not connection between both. The aim of communication cannot be reached because they do not cooperative each other.

Data 10:

Dale : I’ll drive, you sent the hearse home.

Steve : I tell driver – return car after dinner.

Dale : How could you…? What time did you…? When did you tell him to return? What time?

Steve : *(looks at his watch)* seven – five

Dale : No – not what time is it. What time you tell him to return?

Steve : Seven – five. Go see.

(Act I, line 115-120)

The writer finds violates maxim of relevance in dialogue above. Dale asks Steve about what time he will return, but Steve answer Dale’s question with irrelevant response. Steve answers time now at Dale and him at the restaurant. Steve does not understand what Dale’s mean. They cannot cooperate in their communication so the purpose of communication cannot be reached.

Data 11:

Steve : *Gwan Gung*- bows to no one’s terms but his own.

Grace : Fine, why don’t you go down the street to Imperial Dragon
4. Violation of Manner

Data 1:

Grace : Pretty good. If you are Gwan Gung, you're not the dumb jock I was expecting. Got a lot learn about school though.

Steve : Expecting? You were expecting me?

Grace : (quickly) No, no. I meant what I expected from the stories.

(Act I, line 68-70)

The writer finds violation of maxim of manner because there is ambiguity between Steve’s and Grace’s dialogues. In that dialogue can be seen that Grace is expecting Steve but if he is Gwan Gung. Steve has assumed that Grace is expecting him, Grace is upset. Grace is not brief to talk that she is expecting Steve, so she say quickly that she is expecting the stories, in that situation Grace violates maxim of manner.
A. Conclusion

The writer used 20 kinds of dialogue David Henry Hwang’s drama ‘FOB’ (fresh-off-the-boat) as the object of the research. She focused to analyze about violation of maxim with using Herbert Grice’s theory. In general, he distinguished maxim four categories, were: maxim of quantity, maxim of quantity, maxim of relevance and maxim of manner. On the text dialogue David Henry Hwang’s drama she found 2 dialogues which violated maxim of quantity, 3 dialogues which violated maxim of quality, 14 dialogues which violated maxim of relevance and 1 dialogue which violated maxim of manner.

There were 2 dialogues which violated maxim of quantity because the player of drama gave information that was not needed for other player, so the conversation or dialogue was not informatively and not efficiently.

Then, there were 3 dialogues which violated maxim of quality because the player of drama gave some informations that were true or false but she or he did not give adequate evidence for it. Sometimes the violation of maxim quality is called the white lying.

There were 14 dialogues which violated maxim of relevance; it happened on the dialogue because the drama told about someone who had a new friend with different language and culture. Some of the dialogues were
not relevance because they had different assume about their conversation so the purpose of conversation could not be reached.

There was 1 dialogue which violated maxim of manner; it happened because there was ambiguity between one player and other so the conversation could not be running well.

B. Suggestion

The result from this research, the writer has some suggestions to the readers of drama have to be more concern to the text of drama because it can be object of research on literary and linguistic work. The students of English Letter Department more concern to analyze linguistic work with using relevant theory.
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APPENDICES

1. Biography of David Henry Hwang

David Henry Hwang was born in Los Angeles on August 11th, 1957. His father was a banker and his mother was a professor of piano. He graduated from Stanford University in 1979, later attending in Yale School of drama. *FOB* was written and first produced as part of a student festival in 1979, when he was an undergraduate. Hwang’s other works include *The Dance and The Railroad* (1981), *Family Devotions* (1981), and *M. Butterfly* (1988), that won the Tony Award for best play of the year. The son of Chinese immigrants, Hwang became fascinated as a college student by how a Chinese past and an American future can be reconciled. Most of his dramatic work has centered on this conflict. His most recent work, *M Butterfly*, deals with the true story of a French diplomat and his lover, a Chinese opera star, who was revealed to have been a man years later; in this play, Hwang explored the cultural stereotype of the submissive Chinese woman and used experts from Puccini’s opera, *Madame Butterfly*.

*FOB* (1978) is the story of a ‘fresh-off-the-boat’ Chinese immigrant and his more assimilated friends. Hwang mixed realism and symbolism in this play, evoking the powerful presence of Chinese mythic figures. In his 1982 introduction to a volume of four play, including *FOB*, he wrote, “to Asian-American theater people across the nation...I dedicate this volume.”
I present these plays as an offering, with respect for the past and excitement for our future lives together”.

2. Summary of David Henry Hwang’s Drama ‘FOB’

The roots of *FOB* are thoroughly American. The play began when a sketch he was writing about the limousine trip through Westwood, California, was invaded by two figures from American literature: *Fa Mu Lan*, the girl who takes her father’s place in battle, from Maxine Hong Kingston’s *The Woman Warrior*, and *Gwan Gung*, the God of fighters and writers, from Frank Chin’s *Gee, Pop!*

This fact testifies to the existence of an Asian American literary tradition. Japanese Americans, for instance, wrote play in American concentration camps during World War II. Earlier, with the emergence of the railroads, came regular performances of Cantonese operas, featuring *Gwan Gung*, the adopted god of Chinese America.

Grace, Dale and Steve, three twenty-something year olds in 1978 explored Chinese and Chinese American identities among the Bee Gees, China food and ancient Chinese ghosts.

The main characters in Fresh off the boat are Grace, Dale and Steve. Grace and Dale are the first and second generation Chinese American. They live in California, United State of America. Grace’s father had a small Chinese restaurant in Torrance, California. Grace worked part time in her father’s restaurant and she also was a student in UCLA University.
Her cousin, Dale was a student in a university too. Steve was Grace’s friend. He was a Chinese Newcomer in United State of America. He came to America for school but he worked part time at a small Chinese Restaurant.

Grace and Dale were Chinese American who lives in America; although they were immigrant but they had American culture and they could assimilate with their American friends. While, Steve was Chinese who had different culture and different language with them. Steve could speak English but he used Chinese’s accent. He used to tell about Chinese culture. He is a FOB ‘fresh-off-the-boat’ in California, America.
Luka: (seeing the kiss) Mercy on us! Holy saints above!
Mrs. Popov: (dropping her eyes) Luka, tell them in the stable that Toby is not to have any oats today.

READING AND REACTING

1. Because *The Brute* is a farce, Chekhov’s characters frequently exaggerate for comic effect. For instance, Smirnov tells Mrs. Popov, “I’ve known more women than you’ve known pussy cats. I’ve fought three duels on their account. I’ve jilted twelve, and been jilted by nine others.” Give some additional examples of such broad language, and explain its function.

2. Give some examples of physical actions used to reinforce emotions or attitudes in *The Brute*.

3. Explain and illustrate how language reveals each of the following moods: Mrs. Popov’s anger at Mr. Smirnov, Mrs. Popov’s ambivalence toward her late husband, Mr. Smirnov’s impatience with Mrs. Popov, Mr. Smirnov’s stubbornness.

4. As the play progresses, Mrs. Popov’s changing language communicates her changing feelings toward her husband. Explain.

5. What can you infer about Mrs. Popov’s relationship with Luka from the language she uses when she addresses him? From the language he uses with her?

6. At what point in the play does Mr. Smirnov’s language become more elaborate? What does his use of figurative language suggest?

7. Where in the play does dramatic irony occur? Is verbal irony present?

8. Where in the play do asides occur? What is their function?

9. JOURNAL ENTRY: Does this play reinforce stereotypes about gender or question their validity? What role does the play’s language play in helping you draw your conclusion?

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DAVID HENRY HWANG (1957–) was born in Los Angeles and graduated from Stanford University in 1979, later attending the Yale School of Drama. *FOB* was written and first produced as part of a student festival in 1979, while he was an undergraduate. Hwang’s other works include *The Dance and the Railroad* (1981), *Family Devotions* (1981), and *M. Butterfly* (1988), which won the Tony Award for best play of the year. The son of Chinese immigrants, Hwang became fascinated as a college student by how a Chinese past and an American future can be reconciled. Most of his dramatic work has centered on this conflict. His most recent work, *M. Butterfly*, deals with the true story of a French diplomat and his lover, a Chinese

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**PLAYWRIGHT’S NOTE**

The roots of *FOB* are thoroughly American. The play began when a sketch I was writing about a limousine trip through Westwood, California, was invaded by two figures from American literature: Fa Mu Lan, the girl who takes her father’s place in battle, from Maxine Hong Kingston’s *The Woman Warrior*, and Gwan Gung, the god of fighters and writers, from Frank Chin’s *Gee, Papi!*

This fact testifies to the existence of an “Asian American literary tradition, Japanese Americans, for instance, wrote plays in American concentration camps during World War II. Earlier, with the emergence of the railroads, came regular performances of Cantonese operas, featuring Gwan Gung, the adopted god of Chinese America.

**CHARACTERS** (all in early twenties)

Dale, an American of Chinese descent, second generation.
Grace, his cousin, a first-generation Chinese American.
Steve, her friend, a Chinese newcomer.

**Scene**
The back room of a small Chinese restaurant in Torrance, California.

**Time**
The year 1980. Act I, Scene 1, takes place in the late afternoon. Act I, Scene 2, is a few minutes later. Act II is after dinner.

**Definitions**

chong you bing is a type of Chinese pancake, a Northern Chinese appetizer often made with dough and scallions, with a consistency similar to that of pita bread.

Gwan Gung means “grandfather.”
Steve: I suggest you answer my question at once!
Grace: And I suggest you grab a menu and start doing things for yourself.
Steve: I want it from your mouth!
Grace: Sorry. We don't keep 'em there.
Steve: If I say they are there, they are there. (He grabs her box.)
Grace: What—What're you doing? Give that back to me!

They parry around the table.

Steve: Aaaah! Now it's different, isn't it? Now you're listening to me.
Grace: 'Scuse me, but you really are an asshole, you know that? Who do you think you are?
Steve: What are you asking me? Who I am?
Grace: Yes. You take it easy with that, hear?
Steve: You ask who I am?
Grace: One more second and I'm gonna call the cops.
Steve: Very well, I will tell you.

She picks up the phone. He slams it down.

Steve: I said, I'll tell you.
Grace: If this is how you go around meeting people, I think it's pretty screwed.
Steve: Silence! I am Gwan Gung! God of warriors, writers, and prostitutes!

Pause.

Grace: Bullshit!
Steve: What?
Grace: Bullshit! Bull-shit! You are not Gwan Gung. And gimme back my box.
Steve: I am Gwan Gung. Perhaps we should see what you have in here.
Grace: Don't open that! (Beat.) You don't look like Gwan Gung. Gwan Gung is a warrior.
Steve: I am a warrior!
Grace: Yeah? Why are you so scrawny, then? You wouldn't last a day in battle.
Steve: My credit! Many a larger man has been humiliated by the strength in one of my size.

Grace: Tell me, then. Tell me, if you are Gwan Gung. Tell me of your battles. Of one battle, Of Gung's favorite battle.

Steve: Very well. Here is a living memory: One day, Gwan Gung woke up and saw the ring of fire around the sun and decided, 'This is a good day of rebellion and taking up!'
But planned slaughter required an order and restraint which soon became tedious. So Gwan Gung decided a change was in order. He called for his tailor, who he asked to make a beautiful blindfold of layered silk, fine enough to be weightless, yet thick enough to blind the wearer completely. The tailor complied, and soon produced a perfect piece of red silk, exactly suited to Gwan Gung's demands. In gratitude, Gwan Gung stayed the tailor's execution. He then put on his blindfold, pulled out his sword, and began passing over the land, swiping at whatever got in his path. You see, Gwan Gung figured there was so much revenge and so much evil in those days that he could stay at random and still stand a good chance of fulfilling justice. This worked very well, until his sword, in its blind fury, hit upon an old and irritable atom bomb.

Grace catches Steve, takes back the box.

Grace: Ha! Some Gwan Gung you are! Some warrior you are! You can't even protect a tiny box from the grasp of a woman! How could you have shielded your big head in battle?
Steve: Shield! Shield! I still go to battle!
Grace: Only your head goes to battle, 'cause only your head is Gwan Gung.

Pause.

Steve: You made me think of you as a quiet listener. A good trick. What is your name?
Grace: You can call me "The Woman Who Has Defeated Gwan Gung," if that's really who you are.
Steve: Very well. But that name will change before long.
Grace: That story you told—that wasn't a Gwan Gung story.
Steve: What—you think you know all of my adventures through stories? All the books in the world couldn't record the life of one man, let alone a god. Now—do you serve bing?

Grace: I won the battle; you go look yourself. There.
Steve: You working here?
Grace: Part time. It's my father's place. I'm also in school.
Steve: School? University?
Grace: Yeah, UCLA.
Steve: Excellent. I have also come to America for school.
Grace: Well, what use would Gwan Gung have for school?
Steve: Wisdom. Wisdom makes a warrior stronger.
Grace: Pretty good. If you are Gwan Gung, you're not the dumb jock I was expecting. Got a lot to learn about school, though.
stream my name while rushing into battle, or is it too sacred to be used in such ostentatious display?

Grace: Uh—no.
Steve: No—what? I didn’t ask a ‘no’ question.
Grace: What I mean is, neither. They don’t do either of those.
Steve: Not good. The name of Gwan Gung has been restricted for the use of leaders only?
Grace: Uh—no. I think you better sit down.
Steve: This is very scandalous. How are the people to take my strength?
Grace: You got it.
Steve: I got what? You seem to be having trouble making your answers fit my questions.
Grace: No, I think you’re having trouble making your questions fit my answers.
Steve: What is this nonsense? Speak clearly, or don’t speak at all.
Grace: Speak clearly?
Steve: Yes. Like a warrior.
Grace: Well, you see, Gwan Gung, god of warriors, writers, and prostitutes, no one gives a wipe about you ’round here. You’re dead.

Pause.

Steve: You ... you make me laugh.

Grace: You died way back ... hell, no one even noticed when you died—that’s how bad off your PR was. You died and no one even missed a burp.
Steve: You lie! The name of Gwan Gung must be feared around the world—you jeopardize your health with such remarks. (Pause) You—have heard of me, I see. How can you say—?
Grace: Oh, I just study it a lot—Chinese American history, I mean.
Steve: Ah. In the schools, in the universities, where new leaders are born, they study my ways.
Grace: Well, fifteen of us do.
Steve: Fifteen. Fifteen of the brightest, of the most promising?
Grace: One wants to be a dental technician.
Steve: A man studies Gwan Gung in order to clean teeth?
Grace: There’s also a middle-aged woman that’s kinda bored with her kids.
Steve: I refuse—I don’t believe you—your stories. You’re just angry at me for treating you like a servant. You’re trying to sap my faith. The people—the people outside—they know me—they know the deeds of Gwan Gung.
Grace: Check it out yourself.

Steve exits. Grace picks up the box. She studies it.

Grace: Fa Mu Lan sits and waits. She learns to be still while the emperors, the dynasties, the foreign lands flow past, unaware of her slender form, thinking it a tree in the woods, a statue to a goddess long abandoned by her people. But Fa Mu Lan, the Woman Warrior, is not ashamed. She knows that the one who can exist without movement while the ages pass is the one to whom no victory can be denied. It is training, to wait. And Fa Mu Lan, the Woman Warrior, must train, for she is no goddess, but girl—girl who takes her father’s place in battle.
No goddess, but woman—warrior-woman (She breaks through the wrapping, reaches in, and pulls out another box, beautifully wrapped and ribbed.)—and ghost. (She puts the new box on the shelf, goes to the phone, dials.) Hi, Dale? Hi, this is Grace . . . Pretty good. How ‘bout you? . . . Good, good. Hey, listen, I’m sorry to ask you at the last minute and everything, but are you doing anything tonight? . . . Are you sure? . . . Oh, good. Would you like to go out with me and some of my friends? . . . Just out to dinner, then maybe we were thinking of going to a movie or something . . . Oh, good . . . Are you sure? . . . Yeah, okay. Um, we’re all going to meet at the restaurant . . . No, our restaurant . . . right—as soon as possible. Okay, good . . . I’m really glad that you’re coming. Sorry it’s such short notice. Okay. Bye, now . . . Huh? Frank? Oh, okay. (Pause) Hi, Frank . . . Pretty good . . . Yeah? . . . No, I don’t think so . . . Yeah . . . No, I’m sorry, I’d still rather not . . . I don’t want to, okay? Do I have to be any clearer than that? . . . You are not! . . . You don’t even know when they come—you’d have to lie on those tracks for hours . . . Forget it, okay? . . . Look, I’ll get you a schedule so you can time it properly . . . It’s not a favor, damn it. Now goodbye! (She hangs up.) Jesus!

Steve enters.


Grace: See? Even if you didn’t die—who cares?

Steve: Another kid—blue jeans and a T-shirt—I ask him, does he know Gwan Gung? He says, he doesn’t need it, he knows Jesus Christ. What city is this now?
Grace: Los Angeles.
Steve: This isn’t the only place where a new ChinaMan can land, is it?
Grace: Yeah.
Steve: They could never be followers of Gwan Gung. All who follow me must be loyal and righteous.
Grace: Maybe you should try some other state.
Steve: Huh? What you say?
Grace: Never mind. You'll get used to it—like the rest of us.

Pause. Steve begins laughing.

Steve: You are a very clever woman.
Grace: Just average.
Steve: No. You do a good job to make it seem like Gwan Gung has no followers here. At the university, what do you study?
Grace: Journalism.
Steve: Of a sort.
Steve: Very good. You are close to Gwan Gung's heart.
Grace: As close as I'm gonna get.
Steve: I would like to go out tonight with you.
Grace: I knew it. Look, I've heard a lot of lines before, and yours is very creative, but ...
Steve: I will take you out.
Grace: You will, huh?
Steve: I do so because I find you worthy to be favored.
Grace: You're starting to sound like any other guy now.
Steve: I'm sorry?
Grace: Look—if you're going to have any kinds of relationships with women in this country, you better learn to give us some respect.
Steve: Respect? I give respect.
Grace: The pushy, aggressive type is out, understand?
Steve: Taking you out is among my highest tokens of respect.
Grace: Oh, c'mon—they don't even say that in Hong Kong.
Steve: You are being asked out by Gwan Gung!
Grace: I told you, you're too wimpy to be Gwan Gung. And even if you were, you'd have to wait your turn in line.
Steve: What?
Grace: I already have something for tonight. My cousin and I are having dinner.
Steve: You would turn down Gwan Gung for your cousin?
Grace: Well, he has a X-1/9.

Pause.

Steve: What has happened?
Grace: Look—I tell you what. If you take both of us out, then it'll be okay, all right?

Steve: Gwan Gung . . . bows to no one's terms but his own.
Grace: Fine. Why don't you go down the street to Imperial Dragon Restaurant and see if they have bing?
Steve: Do you have bing?
Grace: See for yourself.

She hands him a menu. He exits. Grace moves with the box.

Grace: Fa Mu Lan stood in the center of the village and turned round and round as the bits of fingers, the tips of tongues, the arms, the legs, the peeled skulls, the torn maidenheads, all whirled by. She pulled the loose gown closer to her body, stepped over the torsos, in search of the one of her family who might still be alive. Reaching the house that was once her home, crushing bones in her haste, only to find the doorway covered with the stretched and dried skin of that which was once her father. Climbing through an open window, noticing the shiny black thousand-day-old egg still floating in the shiny black sauce. Finding her sister tied spread-eagle on the ground with thin black ribbon tied around her arms, a sort of a thin rope that was once a boy, the egg had dropped from her. She turned and studied the ideographs that had long ago been carved into the flesh of her young back . . . Carved by her mother, who lay carved in the basket.

Dale enters, approaches Grace.

She ran her fingers over the skin and felt the ridges where there had been pain.

Dale is behind Grace.

Grace: But now they were firm and hard.

Dale touches Grace, who reacts by swinging around and knocking him to the ground. Only after he is down does she see his face.

Grace: Dale! Shit! I'm sorry. I didn't . . . !
Dale: Groovy! Am I late?
Grace: I didn't know it was you, Dale.
Grace: I mean, you should've yelled from the dining room.
Dale: Dangerous neighborhood, huh?
Grace: I'm so sorry. Really.
Dale: Yeah. Uh—where're your other friends? They on the floor around here too?
Grace: No. Uh—this is really bad, Dale. I'm really sorry.
Dale: What?—you can't make it after all?
Grace: No, I can make it. It's just that...
Dale: They can't make it? Okay, so it'll just be us. That's cool.
Grace: Well, not quite us.
Dale: Oh.
Grace: See, what happened is—You know my friend Judy?
Dale: Uh—no.
Grace: Well, she was gonna come with us—with me and this guy I know—his name is Steve.
Dale: Oh, he's with you, right?
Grace: Well, sort of. So since she was gonna come, I thought you should come too.
Dale: To even out the couples?
Grace: But now my friend Judy, she decided she had too much work to do, so... oh, it's all messed up.
Dale: Well, that's okay. I can go home—or I can go with you, if this guy Steve doesn't mind. Where is he, anyway?
Grace: I guess he's late. You know, he just came to this country.
Dale: Oh yeah? How'd you meet him?
Grace: At a Chinese dance at U.C.L.A.
Dale: Hmmm. Some of those FOBs get moving pretty fast.

Grace glares.

Dale: Oh. Is he... nice?
Grace: He's okay. I don't know him that well. You know, I'm really sorry.
Dale: Hey, I said it as okay, Jesus, it's not like you hurt me or anything.

Grace: For that, too.
Dale: Look!—(He hits himself) No pain!
Grace: What I meant was, I'm sorry tonight's got so messed up.
Dale: Oh, it's okay. I wasn't doing anything anyway.
Grace: I know, but still...

Silence.

Dale: Hey, that Frank is a joke, huh?
Grace: Yeah. He's kind of a pain.
Dale: Yeah. What an asshole to call my friend.

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Grace: Dumb? He's dumb. He's doing it right now.
Dale: Huh? Are you serious?
Grace: Yeah. I'm tempted to tie him down so, for once in his life, he won't screw something up.
Dale: You're kidding!
Grace: Huh? Yeah, sure I'm kidding. Who would I go bowling with?
Dale: Yeah—no, I mean about him actually going out there—is that true?
Grace: No!—he's lying there. You know, right on Torrance Boulevard?
Dale: Yeah!
Grace: But what if a train really comes?
Dale: I dunno. I guess he'll get up.
Grace: I don't believe it!
Dale: Unless he's fallen asleep by that time or something.
Grace: He's crazy.
Dale: Which is a real possibility for Frank, he's such a bore anyway.
Grace: He's weird.
Dale: No, he just thinks he's in love with you.
Grace: Is he?
Dale: I dunno. We'll see when the train comes.
Grace: Do you think we should do something?
Dale: What?—You're not gonna fall for the twerp, are you?
Grace: Well, no, but...
Dale: He's stupid—and ugly, to boot.
Grace: But staying on the tracks is kinda dangerous.
Dale: Let him. Teach him a lesson.
Grace: You serious?
Dale: (Moving closer to Grace) Not to fool with my cousin.

He strokes her hair. They freeze in place, but his arm continues to stroke. Steve enters, oblivious of Dale and Grace, who do not respond to him. He speaks to the audience as if it were a panel of judges.

Steve: No! Please! Listen to me! This is fifth time I come here. I tell you both my parents, I tell you their parents, I tell you their parents' parents and who was adopted great-granduncle. I tell you how many beggars in home town and name of their blind dogs. I tell you number of steps from my front door to temple, to well, to governor house, to fields, to whorehouse, to fifth cousin inn, to eighth neighbor toilet—you ask only: What for am I in whorehouse? I tell north, south, northeast, southwest, west, east, north-northeast, south-southwest, east-east-south—Why will you not let me enter in America? I come here five times—I raise lifetime fortune five times. Five times, I first come here, you say to me I am illegal, you return me on boat to fathers and
Pause; light shift. Grace and Dale become mobile and aware of Steve's presence.

Grace: Oh! Steve, this is Dale, my cousin. Dale, Steve.

Dale: Hey, nice to meet...

Steve: (Now speaking with Chinese accent) Hello. Thank you. I am fine.

Pause.

Dale: Uh, yeah. Me too. So, you just got here, huh? What'cha think?

Steve smiles and nods, Dale smiles and nods; Steve laughs, Dale laughs; Steve hits Dale on the shoulder. They laugh some more. They stop laughing.

Dale: Oh. Uh—good. (Pause) Well, it looks like it's just gonna be the three of us, right? (To Grace) Where you wanna go?

Grace: I think Steve's already taken care of that. Right, Steve?

Steve: Excuse?

Grace: You made reservations at a restaurant?

Steve: Oh, reservations. Yes, yes.

Dale: Oh, okay. That limits the possibilities. Guess we're going to China-town or something, right?

Grace: (To Steve) Where is the restaurant?

Steve: Oh. The restaurant is a French restaurant, Los Angeles downtown.

Dale: Oh, we're going to a Western place? (To Grace) Are you sure he...made reservations?

Grace: We'll see.

Dale: Well, I'll get my car.

Grace: Okay.

Steve: No!

Dale: Huh?

Steve: Please—allow me to provide car.

Dale: Oh. You wanna drive.

Steve: Yes. I have car.

Dale: Look—why don't you let me drive? You've got enough to do without worrying about—how to get around L.A., read the stop signs, all that.

Steve: Please—allow me to provide car. No problem.

Dale: Well, let's ask Grace, okay? (To Grace) Grace, who do you think should drive?

Grace: I don't really care. Why don't you two figure it out? But let's hurry, okay? We open pretty soon.

Dale: (To Steve) Look—you had to pick the restaurant we're going to, so the least I can do is drive.

Steve: Uh, your car—how many people sit in it?
Grace: Steve's father manufactures souvenirs in Hong Kong.

Dale: (To Steve) Oh, and that's how you manage that out there, huh?—from thousands of aluminum Buddhas and striptease pens.

Grace: Well, he can't drive and he has the money—

Dale: (To Grace) I mean, wouldn't you just feel filthy?

Grace: —so it's easier for him.

Dale: Getting out of a limo in the middle of Westwood? People staring, thinking we're from 'SC? Wouldn't you feel like dirt?

Grace: It doesn't matter either way to me.

Pause.

Dale: Where's your social conscience?

Grace: Look—I have an idea. Why don't we just stay here.

Steve: We stay here to eat?

Grace: No one from the restaurant will bother us, and we can bring stuff in from the kitchen.

Steve: I ask you to go out.

Dale: Look, Grace, I can't put ya out like that.

Grace: (To Dale) It's no problem, really. It should be fun. (To Steve) Since there are three of us—

Dale: Fun?

Grace: (To Steve) —it is easier to eat here.

Dale: How can it be fun? It's cheaper.

Steve: Does not seem right.

Grace: I mean, unless our restaurant isn't nice enough.

Dale: No, no—that's not it.

Steve: (Watching Dale) No—this place, very nice.

Grace: Are you sure?

Dale: Yeah. Sure.

Steve: (Motto) Yeah. Sure.

Dale: Do you have...uh—those burrito things?

Grace: Moo-Shoo?

Dale: Yeah, that.

Grace: Yeah.

Dale: And black mushrooms.

Grace: Sure.

Dale: And sea cucumber?

Steve: Do you have bing?

Pause.

Grace: Look, Dad and Russ and some of the others are gonna be setting up pretty soon, so let's get our place ready, okay?
Steve: (To Grace) After eating, would you like to go dancing?
Dale: (Face in bowl) No, thanks. I think we'd be conspicuous.
Steve: (To Grace) Do you want to go dancing?
Grace: Perhaps. We will see.

Dale: (To Steve) Wait a minute. Hold on. How can you just . . . ? I'm here, too, you know. Don't forget I exist just 'cuz you can't understand me.
Steve: Please repeat?
Dale: I get better communication from my fish. Look, we go see movie. Three here. See? One, two, three. Three can see movie. Only two can dance.
Steve: (To Grace) I ask you to go dance.
Grace: True, but . . .
Dale: (To Grace) That would really be a screw, you know? You invite me down here, you don't have anyone for me to go out with, but you decide to go dancing.
Grace: Dale, I understand.
Dale: Understand? That would really be a screw. (To Steve) Look, if you wanna dance, go find yourself some nice FOB partner.

Steve: “FOB”? Has what meaning?
Grace: Dale . . .
Dale: F-O-B. Fresh Off the Boat. FOB.
Grace: Dale, I agree.
Dale: See, we both agree. (To Grace) He's a pretty prime example, isn't he?
Grace: I mean, I agree about going dancing.
Dale: —go swimming in their underwear and everything—What?
Grace: (To Steve) Please understand. This is not the right time for dancing.
Steve: Okay.
Dale: “Okay.” It's okay when she says it's okay.
Steve: (To Dale) “Fresh Off Boat” has what meaning?

Pause.

Dale: (To Grace) Did you ever hear about Dad his first year in the U.S.?
Grace: Dale, he wants to know . . .
Dale: Well, Gung Gung was pretty rich back then, so Dad must've been a pretty disgusting . . . one, too. You know, his first year here, he spent like, thirteen thousand dollars. And that was back 'round 1950.
Grace: Well, Mom never got anything.
Steve: FOB means what?
Dale: (Snatching Grace's plate) Want me to throw yours out?
Steve, cautiously, begins to eat his food.

Dale and Steve stare at each other across the table. In unison, they pick up as large a glob of food as possible, stuff it into their mouths. They cough and choke. They rest, repeat the face-off a second time. They continue in silent pain. Grace, who has been watching this, speaks to us...

Grace: Yeah. It's tough trying to live in Chinatown. But it's tough trying to live in Torrance, too. It's true. I don't like being alone. You know, when Mom could finally bring me to the U.S., I was already ten. But I never studied my English very hard in Taiwan, so I got moved back to the second grade. There were a few Chinese girls in the fourth grade, but they were American-born, so they wouldn't even talk to me. They just stay with themselves and compare how much clothes they all had, and make fun of the way we all talked. I figured I had a better chance of getting in with the white kids than with them, so in junior high I started bleaching my hair and hanging out at the beach—you know, Chinese hair looks pretty lousy when you bleach it. After a while, I knew what bench was gonna be good on any given day, and I could tell who was coming just by his van. But the American-born Chinese, it didn't matter to them. They just giggled and went to their own dances. Until my senior year in high school—that's how long it took for me to get over this whole thing. One night I took Dad's car and drove on Hollywood Boulevard, all the way from downtown to Beverly Hills, then back on Sunset. I was looking and listening—all the time with the window down, just so I'd feel like I was part of the city. And that Friday, it was—I guess—I said, "I'm lonely. And I don't like it. I don't like being alone." And that was all. As soon as I said it, I felt all of the breeze—it was really cool on my face—and I heard all of the radio—and the music sounded really good, you know? So I drove home.

Pause. Dale bursts out coughing.

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Steve and Grace stare at each other, as Lights Fade to Black.

Act II

Dale: I am much better now. (Single spot on Dale) I go out now. Lots. I can, anyway. Sometimes I don't ask anyone, so I don't go out. But I could. (Pause) I am much better now. I have friends now. Lots. They drive Porsche Carreras. Well, one does. He has a house up in the Hollywood Hills where I can stand and look down on the lights of L.A. I guess I haven't really been there yet. But I could easily go, I'd just have to ask. (Pause) My parents—they don't know nothing about the world, about watching Benson at the Roxy, about ordering hors d'oeuvres at Scandia's, downshifting into the Ventura Freeway at midnight. They're yellow ghosts and they've tried to cage me up with Chinese-ness when all the time we were in America. (Pause) So, I've had to work real hard—real hard—to be myself. To not be a Chinese, a yellow, a slant, a gook. To be just a human being, like everyone else, (Pause) I've paid my dues. And that's why I am much better now. I'm making it, you know? I'm making it in America.

A napkin is thrown in front of Dale's face from right. As it passes, the lights go up. The napkin falls on what we recognize as the dinner table from the last scene. We are in the back room. Dinner is over. Steve has thrown the napkin from where he is sitting in his chair. Dale is standing upstage of the table and had been talking to Steve.

Dale: So, look, will you just not be so... Couldn't you just be a little more...? Mean, we don't have to do all this... You know what's gonna happen to us tomorrow morning? (He burps.) What kinda diarrhea...? Look, maybe if you could just be a little more... (He groans.) Normal. Here—stand up.

Steve does.

Dale: Don't smile like that. Okay. You ever see Saturday Night Fever?
Steve: Oh, Saturday...
Dale: Yeah.
Steve: Oh, Saturday Night Fever. Disco.
Dale: That's it. Okay. You know...
Steve: John Travolta.
Grace: You like Bee Gees?
Dale: I dunno. They’re okay. Just stand a little more like him, you know.
Steve: I believe Bee Gees very good.
Dale: Will you listen for sec?
Steve:... Grease?
Dale: Hold on!
Steve: Also Bee Gees.
Dale: I’m trying to help you!
Steve: Also John Travolta?
Dale: I’m trying to get you normal!
Steve: And—Oliver John-Newton.
Dale: WILL YOU SHUT UP? I’M TRYING TO HELP YOU! I’M TRYING...
Steve: Very good!
Dale:... TO MAKE YOU LIKE JOHN TRAVOLTA!

Dale grabs Steve by the arm. Pause. Steve coldly knocks Dale’s hands away. Dale picks up the last of the dirty dishes on the table and backs into the kitchen. Grace enters from the kitchen with the box wrapped in Act I. She sits in a chair and goes over the wrapping, her back to Steve. He gets up and begins to go for the box, almost reaching her. She turns around suddenly, though, at which point he drops to the floor and pretends to be looking for something. She then turns back front, and he resumes his attempt. Just as he reaches the kitchen door, Dale enters with a wet sponge.

Dale: (To Steve) Oh, you finally willing to help? I already brought in all the dishes, you know. Here—wipe the table.

Dale gives sponge to Steve, returns to kitchen. Steve throws the sponge on the floor, sits back at table. Grace turns around, sees sponge on the floor, picks it up, and goes to wipe the table. She brings the box with her and holds it in one hand.

Grace: Look—you’ve been wanting this for some time now. Okay. Here. I’ll give it to you. (She puts it on the table.) A welcome to this country. You don’t have to fight for it—I’ll give it to you instead.

Pause; Steve pushes the box off the table.

Grace: Okay. Your choice.

Grace wipes the table.

Grace: I asked him to do it.
Dale: I asked him to do it. He’s useless! (Dale takes the sponge.) Look. I don’t know how much English you know, but look—(He uses a more Chinese accent.)
Grace: Dale, don’t do that.
Dale: (Using sponge) Look—makes table all clean, see?
Grace: You have to understand...
Dale: Ooohh! Nice and clean!
Grace:... he’s not used to this.
Dale: *Look! I can see myself!*
Grace: Look. I can do this. Really.
Dale: Here—now you do. (Dale forces Steve’s hand onto the sponge.) Good. Very good. Now, move it around. (Dale leads Steve’s hand.) Oh, you learn so fast. Get green card, no time flat, buddy.

Dale removes his hand; Steve stops.

Dale: Uh—uh. You must do it yourself. Come. There—now doesn’t that make you feel proud?

He takes his hand off; Steve stops. Dale gives up, crosses downstage. Steve removes at the table, still.

Dale: Jesus! I’d trade him in for a vacuum cleaner any day.
Grace: You shouldn’t humiliate him like that.
Dale: What humiliate? I asked him to wipe the table, that’s all.
Grace: See, he’s different. He probably has a lot of servants at home.
Dale: Big deal. He’s in America, now. He’d better learn to work.
Grace: He’s rich, you know.
Dale: So what? They all are. Rich FOBs.
Grace: Does that include me?
Dale: Huh?
Grace: Does that include me? Am I one of your “rich FOBs”?
Dale: What? Grace, c’mon, that’s ridiculous. You’re not rich. I mean, you’re not poor, but you’re not rich either. I mean, you’re not a FOB. FOBs are different. You’ve been over here most of your life. You’ve had time to thaw out. You’ve thawed out really well, and, besides—you’re my cousin.

Dale strokes Grace’s hair, and they freeze as before. Steve, meanwhile, has almost imperceptibly begun to clean with his sponge. He speaks to the audience as if speaking with his family.

Steve: Yes. I will go to America. “Mei Guo.” (Pause. He begins working.) The white ghosts came into the harbor today. They promised that they would
Steve: (His wipping becomes increasingly frenzied.) I am going to America because of its promises. I am going to follow the white ghosts because of their promises.

Dale: Is this for me?

Steve: Because they promised! They promised! AND LOOK! YOU PROMISED! THIS IS SHIT! IT'S NOT TRUE.

Dale: (Taking the box) Let's see what's inside, is that okay?

Steve: (Shoves Dale to the ground and takes the box.) IT IS NOT! (With accent) THIS IS MINE!

Dale: Well, what kind of shit is that?

Steve: She gave this to me.

Dale: What kind of ... we're not at your place. We're not in Hong Kong, you know. Look—look all around you—you see shit on the sidewalks?

Steve: This is mine!

Dale: You see armies of rice-bowl haircuts?

Steve: She gave this to me!

Dale: People here have their flies zipped up—see?

Steve: You should not look in it.

Dale: So we're not in Hong Kong. And I'm not one of your servant boys. that you can knock around— that you got by trading in a pack of pornographic playing cards—that you probably deal out to your friends.

Steve: Quiet! Do you know who I am?

Dale: Yeah—you're a FOB. You're a rich FOB in the U.S. But you better watch yourself. 'Cause you can be sent back.

Steve: Shut up! Do you know who I am?

Dale: You can be sent back, you know—just like that, 'Cause you're a guest here, understand?

Steve: (To Grace) Tell him who I am.

Dale: I know who he is—heir to a fortune in junk merchandise. Big deal. Like being heir to Captain Crunch.

Grace: Quiet! Do you know who lam?

Dale: You're a FOB. You're a rich FOB in the U.S. But you better watch yourself. 'Cause you can be sent back.

Steve: Shut up! Do you know who I am?

Dale: You can be sent back, you know—just like that, 'Cause you're a guest here, understand?

Steve: (To Grace) Tell him who I am.

Dale: I know who he is—heir to a fortune in junk merchandise. Big deal. Like being heir to Captain Crunch.

Grace: You mean, like him. So what? It's easy to be classy when you're rich.

Grace: All I'm saying is ...  

Dale: Hell, I could do that.

Grace: Huh?

Dale: I could be classy, too, if I was rich.

Grace: You are rich.

Dale: No, just upper-middle. Maybe.

Grace: Compared to us, you're rich.

Dale: No, not really. And especially not compared to him. Besides, when I was born we were still poor.

Grace: Well, you're rich now.

Grace: That's all? One Life Saver a day.

Dale: Used to get one Life Saver a day.

Grace: Well, I mean, that's not all I lived on. We got normal food, too.

Grace: I know, but ...  

Dale: Not like we were living in cardboard boxes or anything.

Grace: All I'm saying is that the people who are coming in now—a lot of them are different—they're already real Westernized. They don't act like they're fresh off the boat.

Dale: Maybe. But they're still FOBs.

Steve: Tell him who I am!

Dale: Anyway, real nice dinner, Grace. I really enjoyed it.

Grace: Thank you.

Steve: Okay! I will tell myself.

Dale: Go tell yourself—just don’t bother us.

Grace: (Standing, to Steve) What would you like to do now?

Steve: Huh?

Grace: You wanted to go out after dinner?

Steve: Yes, yes. We go out.
Steve: How could you ... ? What time did you ... ? When did you tell him to return? What time?

Steve: (Looks at his watch) Seven-five.

Dale: No—not what time is it. What time you tell him to return?

Steve: Seven-five. Go see.

Dale exits through kitchen.

Steve: (No accent) Why wouldn't you tell him who I am?

Grace: Can Gwan Gung die?

Pause.

Steve: No warrior can defeat Gwan Gung.

Grace: Does Gwan Gung fear ghosts?

Steve: Gwan Gung fears no ghosts.

Grace: Ghosts of warriors?

Steve: No warrior ghosts.

Grace: Ghosts that avenge?

Steve: No avenging ghosts.

Grace: Ghosts forced into exile?

Steve: No exiled ghosts.

Grace: Ghosts that wait?

Pause.

Steve: (Quietly) May I ... take you out tonight? Maybe not tonight, but some other time? Another time? (He strokes her hair.) What has happened?

Dale: (Entering) I cannot believe it ... (He sees them.) What do you think you're doing? (He grabs Steve's hand. To Steve) What ... I step out for one second and you just go and—hell, you FOBs are sneaky. No wonder they check you so close at Immigration.

Grace: Dale, I can really take care of myself.

Dale: Yeah? What was his hand doing, then?

Grace: Stroking my hair.

Dale: Well, yeah. I could see that. I mean, what was it doing stroking your hair? (Pause) Uh, never mind. All I'm saying is ... (He gropes.) Jesus! If you want to be alone, why don't you just say so, huh? If that's what you really want, just say it, okay?

Pause.

Dale: Okay. Time's up.

Grace: Was the car out there?
Grace takes the tie, wraps it around Dale's face like a blindfold.

Dale: Grace, what are you ...?
Grace: (To Steve) Do you remember this?
Dale: I already told you. I don't need a closer look or nothing.
Steve: Yes.
Grace: (Ties the blindfold, releases it) Let's sit down.
Dale: Wait.

Steve: You want me to sit here?
Dale: Grace, is he understanding you?
Grace: Have you ever played Group Story?
Steve: Yes, I have played that.
Dale: There—there he goes again! Grace, I'm gonna take ... He starts to remove the blindfold.

Grace: (Slipping him) Dale, listen or you won't understand.
Dale: But how come he's understanding?
Grace: Because he's listening.
Dale: But ... Now, let's play Group Story.
Grace: See, we're talking normal speed—and he still understood.
Dale: Well, would you like to start?

Pause.

Dale: All right.

By this time, the lights have dimmed, throwing shadows on the stage. Grace will strike two pots together to indicate each speaker change and the ritual will gradually take on elements of Chinese opera.

Uh, once upon a time ... there were ... three bears—Grace, this is ridiculous!

Grace: Tell a story.
Dale: Three bears and they each had ... cancer of the lymph nodes. Uh—and they were very sad. So the baby bear said, "I'll go today to the new Cedar Sinai Hospital where they may have a cure for this fatal illness."

Grace: But the new Cedar Sinai Hospital happened to be two thousand miles away—across the ocean.

off by alligators—are there alligators in the Pacific Ocean?—Oh, well.
So he ended up having to go for a leg and a cure for malignant cancer of the lymph nodes.

Grace: When he arrived there, he came face to face with—
Steve: With Gwan Gung, god of warriors, writers, and prostitutes.
Dale: And Gwan Gung looked at the bear and said ...

Grace: ... strongly and with spirit ...
Steve: "One-legged bear, what are you doing on my land? You are from America, are you not?"
Dale: And the bear said, "Yes. Yes."
Grace: And Gwan Gung replied ...
Steve: (Getting up) By stepping forward, sword drawn, ready to wound, not kill, not end it so soon. To draw it out, play it, taunt it, make it feel like a dog.
Dale: Which is probably rather closely related to the bear.

Steve: "When I came to America, did you lick my wounds? When I came to America, did you cure my sickness?"
Dale: And just as Gwan Gung was about to strike—
Grace: There arrived Fa Mu Lan, the Woman Warrior. (She stands, faces Steve. From here on in, striking pots together is not needed.) "Gwan Gung,
Steve: "What do you want? Don't interfere! Don't forget, I have gone before you into battle many times."
Dale: But Fa Mu Lan seemed not to hear Gwan Gung's warning. She stood between him and the bear, drawing out her own sword.
Grace: "You will learn I cannot forget. I don't forget, Gwan Gung. Spare the bear and I will present gifts."
Steve: "Very well. He is hardly worth killing."
Dale: And the bear hopped off. Fa Mu Lan pulled a parcel from beneath her gown. (She removes Dale's blindfold.)
Dale: She pulled out two items.

Steve: "This is for you." (She hands blindfold to Steve.)
Steve: "What is that?"
Dale: She showed him a beautiful piece of red silk, thick enough to be opaque, yet so light, he barely felt it in his hands.
Grace: "Do you remember this?"
Steve: "Why, yes. I used this silk for sport one day. How did you get hold of it?"
Dale: Then she presented him with a second item. It was a fabric—thick and dried and brittle.
Grace: "Do you remember this?"
Steve: (Turning away) "No, no. I've never seen this before in my life. This has nothing to do with me. What is it—a dragon skin?"
Dale: Fa Mu Lan handed it to Gwan Gung.
Grace: "Never mind. Use it—as a tablecloth. As a favor to me."
Dale: That night, Gwan Gung had a large banquet, at which there was plenty, even for the slaves. But Fa Mu Lan ate nothing. She waited until midnight, till Gwan Gung and the gods were full of wine and empty of sense. Sneaking behind him, she pulled out the tablecloth, waving it above her head.

Grace: *(Ripping the tablecloth from the table)* Gwan Gung, you foolish boy. This thing you have used tonight as a tablecloth—it is the stretched and dried skins of my fathers. My fathers, whom you slew—for sport! And you have been eating their sins—you ate them!'

Steve: *No. I was blindfolded. I did not know.*

Dale: Fa Mu Lan waved the skin before Gwan Gung's face. It smelled suddenly of death.

Grace: *Remember the day you played? Remember? Well, eat that day, Gwan Gung.*

Steve: *I am not responsible. No. No.*

Grace throws one end of the tablecloth to Dale, who catches it. Together, they become like Steve's parents. They chase him about the stage, waving the tablecloth like a net.

Dale: *Yes!*
Grace: *Yes!*
Steve: *No!*

Dale: *You must!*
Grace: *Go!*
Steve: *Where?*
Dale: *To America!*
Grace: *To work!*
Steve: *Why?*
Dale: *Because!*
Grace: *We need!*
Steve: *No!*
Dale: *Why?*
Steve: *Hard!*
Dale: *So?*
Grace: *Need.*
Steve: *Far!*
Dale: *So?*
Grace: *Need!*
Steve: *Safe!*
Dale: *Here?*
Grace: *No!*
Steve: *Why?*
Dale: *Them:*

Steve: *Won't!*
Dale: *Must!*
Grace: *Must!*
Steve: *Won't!*
Dale: *Go!*
Grace: *Go!*
Steve: *Won't!*

Dale: *Bye!*
Grace: *Bye!*
Steve: *Won't!*
Dale: *Fa!*
Grace: *Well!*

Dale and Grace throw the tablecloth over Steve, who sinks to the floor. Grace then moves offstage into the bathroom—storage room, while Dale goes upstage and stands with his back to the audience. Silence.

Steve: *(Begins pounding the ground)* Noooo! *(He throws off the tablecloth, standing up full. Lights up full, blindingly)* I am GWAN GUNG!

Dale: *(Turning downstage suddenly)* What . . . ?
Steve: *I HAVE COME TO THIS LAND TO STUDY!*
Dale: *Grace . . . *
Steve: *TO STUDY THE ARTS OF WAR, OF LITERATURE, OF RIGHTEOUSNESS!*

Dale: *A movie's fine.*
Steve: *I FOUGHT THE WARS OF THE THREE KINGDOMS!*
Dale: *An ordinary movie, let's go.*
Steve: *I FOUGHT WITH THE FIRST PIONEERS, THE FIRST WARRIORS THAT CHOSE TO FOLLOW THE WHITE GHOSTS TO THIS LAND!*
Dale: *You can pick okay?*
Steve: *I WAS THEIR HERO, THEIR LEADER, THEIR FIRE!*
Dale: *I'll even let him drive, how's that?*
Steve: *AND THIS LAND IS MINE! IT HAS NO RIGHT TO TREAT ME THIS WAY!*
Grace: *No, Gwan Gung, you have no rights.*
Steve: *Who's speaking?*

Grace: *(Enters with a da dao and mao, two swords)* It is Fa Mu Lan. You are in a new land, Gwan Gung.

Steve: *Not new—I have been here before, many times. This time, I said I will have it easy. I will come as no ChinaMan before—on a plane, with money and rank.*
Grace: *And?*
Steve: *And—there is no change. I am still treated like this! This land . . . has no right. I AM GWAN GUNG!*
Steve: (To Dale) You! How can you—I came over with your parents.
Grace: (Turning to Steve) We are in America. And we have a battle to fight.

She tosses the da dao to Steve. They square off.

Steve: I don't want to fight you.
Grace: You killed my family.
Steve: You were revenged—I ate your father's sins.
Grace: That's not revenge!

Dale: (To Steve) Daniel.
Steve: (To Dale) Yes?
Dale: Our hands are beautiful.

Steve: Sssshh! Please, miss! Please—quiet! I will not hurt you, I promise.
All I want is . . . food . . . anything. You look full of plenty. I have not eaten almost one week now, but four days past when I found one egg and I ate every piece of it—including shell. Every piece, I ate.

Dale: Yes? I see your hands, warriors. What of gods then?
Grace: Warriors? What of gods then?
Dale: What was the point in dying if you don't know the cause of your death?
Grace: What is the point in dying if you don't know the cause of your death?

Series of strikes. Steve falls.

Dale: Okay! That's it!
Grace stands over Steve, her sword pointed at his heart. Dale snatch the sword from her hands. She does not move.

Dale: Jesus! Enough is enough!
Dale takes Steve's sword; he also does not react.

Dale: What the hell kind of movie was that?
Dale turns his back on the couple, heads for the bathroom-storage room. Grace uses her now-invisible sword to thrust in and out of Steve's heart once.


Dale strokes Grace's hair. They freeze. Steve rises slowly to his knees and delivers a monologue to the audience.

Steve: Sssshh! Please, miss! Please—quiet! I will not hurt you, I promise. All I want is . . . food . . . anything. You look full of plenty. I have not eaten almost one week now, but four days past when I found one egg and I ate every piece of it—including shell. Every piece, I ate.

Grace: You! Hesitates, then does, and takes out a small chonq in your bing.

Grace: Eat it.

He does, slowly at first, then ravenously.

Dale: What do you see?
Grace: I see . . . I see the hands of warriors.
Dale: There are no gods that travel. Only warriors travel. (Silence) Would you like go dance?

They start to leave. Dale speaks softly.

Dale: Well, if you want to be alone . . .
Grace: I think we would, Dale. Is that okay? (Pause) Thanks for coming over. I'm sorry things got so screwed up.

Dale: Oh—uh—that's okay. The evening was real . . . different, anyway.
Grace: Yeah. Maybe you can take Frank off the tracks now?