

MING/OSCAR – SIDE B

MING: It seems so long ago.

OSCAR: What seems so long ago?

MING: When we first met.

OSCAR: Yes. Doesn't it?

MING: Do you remember how it happened?

OSCAR: Some dinner party on Charles Street.

MING: I thought it was in the South End.

OSCAR: A typical Asian-Wanna-be-Caucasian-and-Caucasian-Wanna-be-an-Asian kind of party.

MING: Everyone at the party was frantically speaking in tongues.

OSCAR: Thai, Cantonese, Vietnamese, Tagalog, pig latin. And believe it or not, French.

MING: The Americans were looking rather bewildered. Sat there politely complimenting the host and deciphering what the hell they were eating. nodding too frequently and sometimes a little too enthusiastically at anyone who wasn't white. Arching their eyebrows at everyone white as if to say, "Where am I?"

OSCAR: While all this was going on, I stood by the kitchen, looking at him across the room.

MING: Staring.

OSCAR: I wondered at that moment what it was like to kiss you.

MING: To see you naked.

OSCAR: But we never spoke to each other.