

Sexy Junk by Jeff Goode
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*(A Chinese JUNK docked at a PIER in the port of Shanghai. In a corner of the ship, a little old **CHINESE MAN** can be seen humping something.)*

*(Enter, on the pier, **ENGLISH JOHN**.)*

JOHN. Ahoy, there! You aboard ship there, I say, ahoy!

(CHINESE MAN turns with a start. He speaks with a bad Chinese accent. And by bad, I mean, morally reprehensible)

CHINESE MAN. Ah! *(shouts into the cargo hold)* Customers! Customers! *Moo goo gai pan! Chop chop!*¹

JOHN. I say there! Is this the good ship *(reads from a scrap of paper)* Lotus Leaf?

CHINESE MAN. *(to John)* Rotus reaf, yes. Rotus Reaf of Rost Rove.

JOHN. Rotus Reaf? Ah, then it seems I've come to the right place. Are you Master Beijing?

CHINESE MAN. Just finished. How may I herp you?

JOHN. *(nervous and evasive)* Ah, I say. Right to the quick of it then, eh? Well, you see, it seems that I am new here in town, as it were, and find myself, much to my chagrin and, frankly, embarrassment, to be rather heartsick for the comforts of home. Well, certain of the comforts of home, that is, if you take my meaning.

CHINESE MAN. Ahhhh. You rike some tea?

JOHN. I mean, certain of the comforts of home which only a woman can provide.

CHINESE MAN. Ahhhh. Raundry?

JOHN. Um, no, ahem, what I mean is. How shall I put this delicately? Well, you see, I was told that if a lonely traveler were to make his way down to the harbor at midnight looking for Master Beijing on the good ship Lotus Leaf. That said traveler would be afforded the opportunity to purchase certain services which might relieve his pent up, uh, loneliness.

¹ Throughout the play, CHINESE MAN occasionally lapses into *incomprehensible foreign gibberish*, as foreign caricatures are wont to do. However, his version of incomprehensible Chinese gibberish are random words from a takeout menu.

CHINESE MAN. Ah! Come come come.

JOHN. That's putting it bluntly, but yes.

CHINESE. MAN. No, no, no, crime on ship.

JOHN. Under maritime law, it might be a crime, but I'm sure it's only a misdemeanor.

CHINESE. MAN. I mean, you seek femare companionship.

JOHN. Precisely.

CHINESE. MAN. You have come to light prace. I am Master Beijing on the Rotus Reaf. And for a smarr fee, I can plovide you with femare companionship of the highest quarity.

JOHN. Jolly good!

CHINESE MAN. You rike Asian girr?

JOHN. If that's all you've got.

CHINESE MAN. Behord! Arr the way flom the Fal East. Her name Ping Tang. Dericate frower of womanhood.

JOHN. I thought this was the Far East.

(Enter DEMURE GIRL.)

CHINESE MAN. Beautifur, yes? Tlained in ev'ly kind of sexuar plocrivity.

GIRL. Herro, sairor.

JOHN. *(suspicious)* Now wait a minute.

CHINESE MAN. Ping Tang is master of Kama Sutra. Ancient Asian art of rovemaking. Ping Tang! *Kung pao pork moo shu!*

(At his command, Girl demonstrates several Kama Sutra positions)

GIRL. Congress of swan and spider. *(pose)* Yawning tiger devour bashful serpent. *(pose)* Weeping pig impaled on corncob. *(pose)*

JOHN. I'm sorry, old chap, but I don't think that's a woman.

CHINESE MAN. What?! No, she a woman. I buy her from her parents.

JOHN. I think you've been hoodwinked.

CHINESE. What! Impossible! *(to Girl)* How you winky my hood? Go, get out of my sight!

(DEMURE GIRL exits.)

CHINESE GIRL. Thousand pardons. It will not happen again. She will be beaten for it.

JOHN. Beaten? Well, no, don't...

CHINESE. No matter, no matter. You like Asian girl?

JOHN. I thought we had established that.

CHINESE. Behord! Flom the Fal East of Japan come Makufuku. Japanese geisha. Trained in all womanry arts.

JOHN. I thought the last one was trained in womanly arts.

CHINESE. *(shouting into hold)* Bonsai! Benihana! Hai! Teriyaki arigato!

(ENTER GIRL #2 as GEISHA.)

GEISHA. *(giggles demurely)* Mushi mushi shoshana damari.

JOHN. Now wait a minute

CHINESE MAN. Makufuku study carrigraphy, kalaoke and Japanese Kabuki

GIESHA. *(sings Japanese opera and dances around the stage Kabuki-style)*

JOHN. I say, old fellow, that one's a man too.

CHINESE MAN. You no like?

JOHN. He has a beard.

CHINESE MAN. *(to GIRL #2)* Hai! Tiramisu! Shimi shimi! Hai!

JOHN. That one wasn't even close.

CHINESE MAN. You like Asian girl?

JOHN. Do you have an Asian girl?

CHINESE MAN. Behord! From far east. Well, south east. Bad part of Asia. Vietnamese whore!

*(Enter GIRL #1 as **VIETNAMESE WHORE.**)*

VIETNAMESE WHORE. Me rove you wrong time.

JOHN. What? No!

VIETNAMESE WHORE. GI Joe make number one fukki fukki wrong time.

JOHN. That's just the first one in a different outfit.

VIETNAMESE WHORE. Wrong time!

JOHN. I'll say it's wrong.

CHINESE MAN. Get off him!

(CHINESE MAN chases GIRL #1 around the stage)

VIETNAMESE WHORE. Me get off GI Joe wrong time!

(GIRL #1 exits.)

CHINESE MAN. Maybe you rike Asian girl?

JOHN. Girl, yes! Asian girl!

CHINESE MAN. Behord! From far east. Jong Jing Park. Korean srut.

*(Enter GIRL #2 as **KOREAN SCHOOLGIRL.**)*

KOREAN. Me go both ways. North and south.

CHINESE MAN. She velly poriticar.

JOHN. I don't think you understand. I want a girl.

CHINESE MAN. Girrrr.

JOHN. No, girl!

CHINESE MAN. Girrrr...

JOHN. No, a girl. A lady.

CHINESE MAN. Rady?

JOHN. A lassie.

CHINESE MAN. Rassie?

JOHN. A dame, a chick, a broad, a bird.

CHINESE MAN. Oh! You want bird!

JOHN. Yes!

CHINESE MAN. *(shouting into hold)* Order number one to go!

*(Enter GIRL #1 as a **LARGE BIRD.**)*

GIRL #1. *(clucks like a chicken)*

CHINESE MAN. Behord! From the far east! Her name is Mandarin Orange Duck.

GIRL #1. *(quacks like a duck)*

JOHN. No! I am not going to fornicate with a waterfowl!

GIRL #1. You no fukky ducky?

JOHN. Ugh!

CHINESE MAN. You prefer monkey?

*(Enter GIRL #2 as a **RANDY MONKEY**)*

GIRL #2. *(gibbers like an lusty chimpanzee)*

JOHN. Get it off me!

CHINESE MAN. How about two dogs humping? *(shouts into hold)* Number one dog!

*(Enter GIRL #1 as a **PEKINESE.**)*

CHINESE MAN. Number two dog!

*(Enter GIRL #2 as **SECOND PEKINESE**, leaps on GIRL #1 and humps rapidly.)*

GIRL #1 *(yips intermittently)* Yip...yip...yip...yip...yip...yip...yip...

GIRL #2 *(overlapping, pants in Asian)* Shi-shi-shi-shi-shi-shi-shi-shi...

JOHN. Ew! That's disgusting.

CHINESE MAN. Man humping dog!

(GIRL #1 and GIRL #2 switch places.)

GIRL #2 *(yips intermittently)* Yip...yip...yip...yip...yip...yip...yip...

GIRL #1 *(overlapping, as MAN)* Aw... aw yeah... aw baby

JOHN. No, no, no! Wait a minute! You just said that one's a man!

CHINESE MAN. Half man, half woman. Best of both worlds.

GIRL #1 *(as HERMAPHRODITE)* Me rove you wrong time. / Aw yeah, baby...

(HERMAPHRODITE tries to hump ENGLISH JOHN. PEKINESE humps ENGLISH JOHN's leg)

JOHN. No! Stop! Bad dog!

(After awhile, CHINESE MAN clubs ENGLISH JOHN over the head and knocks him out.)

(Beat.)

CHINESE MAN. Don't just stand there. Put him in the back with the others.
What I pay you people for? *Chop chop! Mushi mushi!*

(CHINESE MAN exits. GIRLS pick up JOHN and start to carry him off.)

GIRL #2. Looks like one of us just got a promotion.

GIRL #1. Dibs on the monkey.

END OF PLAY