

CHING-WEI

Yeah. Go. Moon-faced idiot! Go present yourself in front of that rich girl and get a fistful of chilli powder in your face! Asshole.

(his cell rings)

Motherfucker.

(he answers)

Hello. Yes... No... No... I mean... we're not getting any updates on the ground. No... I mean... No... now, please, wait, be reasonable... this isn't my fault. This is just unfortunate... I am helpless here... I am powerless... If I could lift the truck and fly into the air I would, but I can't... No... No... Please. Please listen. Don't do this... I need... I have a family... I...

The phone call ends. Silence.

Ching lets out a primal scream of anguish and drops to the ground. Gao continues to sit and silently smoke. He shuffles the cards.

CHING-WEI

They're docking my pay. My entire pay. They're not paying me. When I finally reach Beijing- If I ever reach Beijing- I will have nothing.

GAO-MIN

The officials will take care of us.

CHING-WEI

Like hell they will. They are the reason we are in this jam in the first place. They don't care. No one cares. No one.

(A beat)

How can you be like this? Do you feel nothing, old man?

GAO-MIN

You keep fixating on your perceived destination. Perhaps where we are is the destination. Maybe we have arrived and you do not realize it yet.

Ching hocks and spits at Gao.

CHING-WEI

Get the fuck out of my sight, Confucius. Complacent loyalists like you are the reason this country is going to the dogs.

The honking grows louder.

CHING-WEI

HONK. HONK YOU BASTARDS! HONK. THERE IS NOTHING ELSE WE CAN  
DO!

He crumples to the ground and begins  
to sob. Gao calmly wipes away the  
spit.