

MINA

by: Kyoung H. Park

Kyoung H. Park  
248 McKibbin Street  
Apt. 3H  
Brooklyn, NY 11206  
(917) 319-5147  
kyoungpark@hotmail.com

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**CAST:** Mina, late 20's, a Korean woman, raised in Peru, living in New York City.

**TIME AND PLACE:** New York City. Now.

*At rise: Mina stands alone on stage.  
The stage is empty.*

**MINA:**

Soy una mina,  
coqueta y feliz.  
Toda mi vida  
fue un trampolín.

From Lima to New York,  
I've been there.  
Cosmopolitan metrosexuals,  
Inca men—beware.

Soy una bestia--  
una furia!--  
mujer asiática  
con raíces latinas.

Esa soy yo.

This is me.

On a yellow island  
named Jejudo,  
solitary, solid, singular,  
I was born.

But I grew up in Lima,  
where people called me a mina—  
a *gal*.  
Funny enough—that's my *name*.

During the nineties, my parents  
followed the Japanese,  
to live under the rule of Fujimori—  
the president of Perú back then.  
Ironically, my father would never say  
anything nice about the Japanese:

“No trust them!  
They took advantage  
of our people—  
we fermented cabbage,  
because we were poor.  
We made kimchi

with onions, garlic and chili.  
We let the ingredients fester  
for months  
before we ate it.  
But the Japanese invaded our shores  
stole our fish, and  
they had raw, expensive sushi!”

Don’t think I’m judging.  
I’m just relaying my father’s words.  
“Cooking facts,” he said.

In New York,  
my therapist calls facts a  
trauma.  
So I asked her:  
His trauma or mine?

There was a silence.

They always want you to  
answer your own questions.  
They’re tricky, aren’t they?

I guess, looking back, Dr. Lee,  
the trauma,  
whether it was his,  
or mine,  
because history books said *this*,  
but people said *that*,  
were only facts.

Just facts.

Then again, little did I know  
I would fall in love with  
a Japanese man.  
A *Peruvian* Japanese man!

The shock just  
made my father die.

“Mina-ya, no puede!  
No puede!  
You Korean woman,  
you can’t Japanese marry.”

But dad, él es Peruano.

“Japanese blood is  
in his body.”

Pero papá, he was born in Perú.  
He doesn't even speak Japanese.  
He speaks Spanish.

“Mina-ya, you marry  
Peruvian,  
you're children will be  
mutants.”

Yes, Dr. Lee.  
That's what he said:  
“Mutants.”

“Mina-ya, Japanese men  
invaded Korea  
and raped our woman!  
Not your mother,  
but woman like your  
great-grandmother.”

My omma,  
she didn't say anything.  
But she nodded.  
And with that nod,  
that silly domesticated  
head-bobbing,  
she said more than enough.

*So Mina, whose trauma do you think it is?  
His or yours?*

I don't know Dr. Lee,  
why don't you tell me  
what *you* think?

*Well, I grew up differently.  
I grew up in America.  
I don't know what it's like  
to be Peruvian.*

“Mina-ya, you  
Korean woman!”

Well, Dr. Lee, you're  
Korean too, aren't you?

*Korean-American.*

“Mina-ya, you  
not love him.  
You young!  
You don't know!”

Lo único que sé  
es que te quiero.  
Hombre peruano,  
A tí te quiero.

Te quiero desde que naciste,  
te quiero porque eres de esta tierra,  
from this earth,  
you have been born!

Me? I don't know.  
I wished I knew  
where I belong.

“Mina-ya, tell me,  
truthfully,  
are you in love?”

I didn't answer.

My omma started crying:  
“*Oh-mo! Se-sang he!*  
*Ai-gu,*  
*ai-guuuu!*”

“Mina-ya,  
truthfully,  
you pregnant?”

Me? Pregnant?  
Yes,  
I was pregnant.