

HÀ:
How long has he been sick?

KIM:
I don't know. He was a musician - Cai Luong opera. After he lost his job, he played at underground bars. Sài Gòn girls, with their motorbike-riding pimps outside. Anything you want to smoke.

HÀ:
Opium.

KIM:
He just wanted to play. One night, he didn't come home. Nobody knew where he was. After two days my neighbour took me to the den. It was inside an old abandoned shop, on the top floor. There was a door- no handle or knocker. I remember thinking it was a mistake. But there it was. A small room full of smoke. And the smell..it smelled like rotting flowers. Men lying on bamboo beds, with long pipes by their sides. We found Danh in a corner curled up on a mat, with a smile on his face. His eyes barely open; he didn't recognize me. He didn't move. He'd sold his precious ghi ta for opium. My neighbour helped me pick him up and we got him home. I went back the next day with money for his ghi ta. He was lucky he didn't get caught.

Beat.

I should go. Bring him some chao.

Kim lifts the bucket of chao and exits.

MAI:
How did a drug addict get on the boat?

HÀ:
You no remember? She say he sick, wear shawl. But I think she make him look like woman. Sneak him on. Kim very smart.

MAI:
I mean, he could've been dangerous. Especially around children.

HÀ:
Many people on boat. Me, a single mother with six children. Kim, she a wife with opium-addict husband. Biên, she a prostitute. We the same now. Refugee. The next morning, we go on small boat to big ship. I not want to go. I scare we fall on the sea. Maybe new boat be bad. We the last one. Few second later, big wave come. Sink the small boat.