

East Side Story
Yale By Night 1999
Vietnamese Students Association

(music from "Jet Song," *West Side Story*,
composed by Leonard Bernstein, original lyrics by Stephen Sondheim,
new lyrics by An-Dinh Nguyen)

A.J., an Eaststreet Boy

When you're a Boy from the east streets of town,
You've no work but to polish your musical crown.
When you're a Boy, you just need to look good
To surpass all that rock and those songs from the 'hood.

We're top of the charts; our albums are a-flyin'.
They're not-so-fine arts, but girly-girls are buyin',
And we ain't tryin'!

We are the Boys—yeah!—and we're gonna beat
Every Rice 'til she's screeching and signing for "peace,"
And we're back
Tunin',
Croonin'
Our streets!

(music from "America," *West Side Story*,
composed by Leonard Bernstein, original lyrics by Stephen Sondheim,
new lyrics by An-Dinh Nguyen)

Scary Rice

Though we're despised by those Asians—

Baby Rice

You know we are!

Scary Rice

—we'll spread our songs like contagions!
So, how the heck to prepare, zig-ah?

Baby Rice

Stab with the sticks in your hair, zig-ah.

Posh Rice

Find something ugly to wear, zig-ah.

Sporty Rice

It's your fight. Why should I care, zig-ah?

Scary Rice

How many faces should I make?

Baby Rice

Bump him and grind him 'til he aches.

Posh Rice

Blow them away with your voice skills.

Sporty Rice

Yeah, that should work 'cause your voice kills!

Scary Rice

Still, I'll be fighting, so there, zig-ah!

Baby Rice

Beat the guy down fair and square, zig-ah!

Posh Rice

Girl Power won't seem so rare, zig-ah.

All Rice Girls

Eaststreet Boys better beware, zig-ah!