

# **MADE IN AMERICA**

**by**

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Mainly I fell in love with New York because I was an artist. If I could make it in New York, I knew I could survive anywhere. Plus everyone in America was a hypersexual butt fanatic. And being Japanese, where the kinkiest fetish videos are made, I was overly privileged.

**SOUND 13: EMPIRE STATE OF MIND \*\*\***

**LIGHTS: TAKE OUT COLOR / GENERAL WASH**

**SLIDE 5: NYC SKYLINE**

I moved to New York City by myself. I had nothing but a sexy dynamite body and my type A personality. My visa was easily approved in the United States. I chose NYU grad school at first, because it sounded cool. My parents thought I would come back home after 2 years, but once I moved, I transferred to a professional school of dance in order to graduate A.S.A.P., get a work permit and support myself in this country and stay here forever. I had so much guilt when I left Japan because of what might happen to my mother. I wouldn't be able to protect her. But I had no intention of going back home.

Adjusting to America wasn't easy. In the very first week, a grocery cashier who was a muscle conscious meaty gentleman, asked me where I am from. I said, "Teruko is from Tokyo Japan," and he said "HEY! GET A FUCK OUT HERE!" I cried and threw away my basket at him and stormed out of the store. He was like, "Oh no sweetie I didn't mean it, come back." (*shaking head*) I never went back there.

Another time was at a party. A guy wearing a lot of cologne asked me out. Maybe I was overwhelmed by his smell, but I said yes. The day before our date he emailed me, "I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE YOU." He can't wait one more day to see me? I was so disappointed, I immediately blocked his stinky ass.

Then my first American friend taught me the phrase, "YOU COCK SUCKER." She LOVED me saying those words and even recorded them as her voicemail. So I started saying to everyone as a greeting, "HELLO YOU COCK SUCKER." Until my professor stopped me. She told me what it meant and why I shouldn't say it. That confused the hell out of me. Because if you really, really think about it, nothing's wrong with sucking chicken heads, or male genital areas.

**SOUND FADE OUT**

**SLIDE 6: NYC Street**

After graduating from a professional school of dance, where I majored in Latin dance, I became an assistant to the legendary Maria Torres and worked for her, then I became a professional show dancer and worked at a bunch of salsa clubs in New York. Dancing on stage didn't pay a lot, but I loved my job and was so proud of it. Teacher Maria taught me

professionalism as a dancer, kept telling me to imagine every single step I make is worth a thousand dollars.

**SOUND 14: LA BANDA \*\*\***

**LIGHTS: ADD FUN COLOR**

I just made twenty-five thousand dollars. I was constantly harassed in New York. Men jumped on me on the street, groped me on crowded trains, and grabbed my vagina from behind when I was walking home.

There was one sultry summer night in Astor Place. It was steamy and everybody was horny. A strange man on the 6 train kept rubbing his dick on my butt in the crowded car. He followed me and I rushed into my deli for help. He waited outside and gave me a creepy smirk by the window. I asked my deli guy, Jose, to call the police. But I was so angry that I didn't want to wait. So Jose gave me a flip knife and said, "Teruko, don't think, just stab." I went outside and the stalker came super close to me, aggressively grabbed me by the shoulders and whispered...

**SOUND: HARD OUT**

**LIGHTS: FUN COLOR OUT**

"Come on, do you want it?" The way he whispered, that triggered my memory of the fake disabled predator who attacked me when I was 13. I turned around and stabbed his right thigh. He collapsed. I casually walked home without even looking back. I washed the knife and gave it back to Jose the very next day.

**SOUND 15: LA BANDA 2**

**LIGHTS: FUN LIGHTS BACK**

GETTA FUCK OUTTA HERE!

**LIGHTS: FUN LIGHTS OUT**

**SLIDE OUT**

Because of all the hours I spent dancing in high heels, I got stress fractures on my ankles and couldn't work for a month. I became completely broke and had no money to even buy food. But I couldn't ask for help because I was too ashamed of my irresponsibility.

I was limping down St. Marks late one night when all of a sudden, an angel appeared. His name was Cliff, a greasy guy in a biker outfit, with a long silver beard. He asked if I was looking for a job. He said it pays 350 dollars per hour, plus tips. The job was called dominatrix.

I didn't know what that meant, so I decided to check out the place. It was in a bank building in midtown, near Bryant Park. When the elevator door opened, I heard a man's weird moans, the air was smokey and sweaty with a distinct smell of sperm. I was like, "Is this the right floor?" An executive looking guy with an attaché case walked out, fixed his tie, and said thank you to the front desk as he rushed out into the elevator.

## **LIGHTS: ADD STAGE RIGHT**

Cliff gave me a brief tour. There were 5 different themed rooms...

### **SLIDE 7: Office room**

Office room...

### **SLIDE 8: Principal's room**

Principal's room...

### **SLIDE 9: Hospital Room**

Hospital room...

### **SLIDE 10: Coffin Room**

Coffin room...

### **SLIDE 11: Regular Living Room**

And a regular person's living room. All I would have to do on this job was kick, punch, spit, tie, and say bad words. No hanky panky. Clients would NEVER be allowed to touch me. A little bit of a weird job but I needed money, so I accepted.

## **SLIDE OUT**

### **SOUND 16: FEVER\*\*\***

I started my training, which paid \$200 an hour.

First thing I learned was you don't have to show your skin as a dominatrix. Less skin is more sensual. (*Teruko puts on gloves and eye-mask.*)

Next I was taught how to tie a dick and balls to maximize the sensation. When you do it right, it looks like a dick wearing fishnet tights, and balls looked like two bulging red eyes. The last, and most important lesson was safety. You cannot kill the client.

Then I became the assistant of Mistress Katerina. Dominatrix are called mistresses. She taught me how to give the actual “session” to the clients. Make them pay up front. Make them sanitize their bodies with alcohol wipes. Make them sign a waiver because there is no safe word. It was my very first time seeing grown men crying, panicking, and begging for their lives.

*(pose)* One client wanted Ms Katarina to asphyxiate him with her own feces. *(pose)* Another client passed out while getting his thigh tickled with a chainsaw. *(pose)* Two different clients were rushed to the Emergency Room. They never came back. They lived, but they never came back.  
Men paid for these sessions.

This job was very extreme but the work itself was so easy. And I was such a quick learner.

Finally I got my first client. He offered me 3,000 dollars for 6 hours. He requested that I “be normal,” wearing regular clothes, no masks, no gloves. *(removes mask and gloves)* Nothing sexy. He wanted me to sit on a metal chair over his naked body and smoke. All I had to do was flick the cigarette in his mouth like it was an ashtray. Piece of cake! Forget about it!

He came 3 times without even touching his dick. But the third time his sperm shot up and landed on my left thumb.

## **SOUND: MUSIC HARD OUT**

This was just another man dirtying my body with his sperm. His face looked like every man who had ever used me. I realized while the money was great, this was not the job I wanted. After all, the most important lesson was not to kill them, and I was having a hard time with that. So I quit.

## **LIGHTS: GENERAL WASH**

By this time my ankles had healed, but my passion for dancing was fading. One day a talent agent from Los Angeles told me to call her if I ever moved out there. Maybe this is my chance to become an actor. I was ready to leave New York City.

## **SLIDE 12: LA**

So I moved to LA, with only 300 dollars and I didn’t know anybody. I went straight to Little Tokyo, looked up the classified ads, saw a listing for a hostess at a fancy Japanese club with live music, and started working right away.

## **SOUND 17: THE LADY IS A TRAMP**

## **LIGHTS: TRANSITION TO STAGE LEFT**