

# **K-TOWN SUPER FROG**

Screenplay by

**SCOTT COFFEY**

Inspired by the short story

**ALL GOD'S CHILDREN CAN DANCE**

by

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## **K-TOWN SUPER FROG**

THE SOUND OF WIND BLOWING AND CLANGING.

SLOW FADE UP ON:

**EXT. BASEBALL DIAMOND - DUSK**

WIDE SHOT:

The baseball diamond is surrounded by a rusty chain-link fence that clangs against itself.

Weeds grow on the pitcher's mound.

The dilapidated dugout is tagged with layers of graffiti. Spray-painted in bright, vivid colors are names and images. Discarded spray-paint cans lay under the dilapidated bleachers.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

On the far side of the diamond is a burnt and rusted car missing its wheels.

A strong gust of desert wind clangs the chain-link fence louder and whips up a small dust devil that sucks up trash.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

**EXTREME CLOSE UP ON:**

An upsidedown eye. (Briefly superimposed over the baseball diamond.)

The eye is closed but it's moving around wildly under the lid.

Slow pull back from the eye revealing, the second eye and the upsidedown face of a young guy.

KENGO YOSHIYA, early 20's, half-Asian, great looking but shy and slightly goofy. There is a wide-eyed openness in his face.

His eyes slowly blink open with a slow groan, surveying the surroundings of his room.

**KENGO'S POV**

His upsidedown room, blurry. A small shaft of light streams into the window. Flecks of dust flicker around in the light. It's the entire universe in miniature drifting around Kengo's room. The rest of the room is out of focus.

Kengo head hangs over the side of the bed. His arm twisted under him and his face, squashed against the back of his hand. Obviously having passed out in this odd position. He takes a deep breath and blows. The dust wildly dances through the shaft. Chaos. Kengo smiles. He drags his numb arm out from under himself and lifts his head off his hand and the hangover hits.

KENGO  
(in soft pain)  
Oh, fuck.

There is a small black ink smudge on his cheek and a smeared club re-entry stamp on the back of his hand. Evidence of a late night.

In another room, haunting traditional Asian folk music is softly playing.

**INT. KENGO'S ROOM - MORNING - WIDE**

There would be a floor but it's buried in layers of clothes. Art posters on the wall and several photos Kengo has taken of his life. Candid shots of people, buildings... There is a large black and white photo of a young woman at the beach. (His girlfriend SANDRA).

There is a small collection of cameras on a shelf. A tiny Thai Buddha peers out from a shelf.

A garbage truck rumbles by and shakes the room. Kengo groans suffering his hangover headache.

**KENGO'S POV**

The light has shifted, brushing across a large print of Leonardo Da Vinci's "THE ANNUNCIATION". It's creased and wrinkled but still haunting.

**CLOSE ON:** The angel. It's large wings are spread, on its knees informing Mary of her immaculate conception.

KENGO  
(to the angle)  
Please God, never do this to me  
again.

There is a soft knock at his door.

WOMAN VOICE (EVELYN)  
(softly)  
Kengo?

Kengo turns looks at his door as it cracks opens. His head throbs.

KENGO  
(quietly)  
Ahhhhhh! No!

EVELYN, late 30's, stands in his doorway, upsidedown, still his POV. She is beautiful, wearing only her underwear; a bra and panties. They don't match and are a bit chaste to be contemporary.

Evelyn leans over sideways trying to make her head right-side-up for Kengo.

EVELYN  
Rise and shine monkey of mine.

Kengo groans. With all the effort he has in the world, he pulls his head back onto the pillow.

Right-side-up, Evelyn is even more beautiful. There is a fragility and sadness about her. She's heartbreaking.

Evelyn finds Kengo's glasses hanging off a lamp and puts them on. She looks funny, her eyes a little buggy now.

Kengo pulls his pillow over his face.

Evelyn walks across the room and slides the pillow off Kengo.

He squints in the light.

EVELYN  
(whispering)  
Move over.

He hesitatingly moves over, groaning.

Evelyn lifts up the sheet and crawls into bed with Kengo, snuggling up next to him.

Kengo drift back to unconsciousness. He yawns.

Evelyn gets a whiff of his breath. She plugs her nose.

EVELYN  
Oh God! The smell. You smell like a  
brewery. No, not a *brewery*, a...  
*distillery*.

She lightly rubs his chest.

EVELYN  
(whispering into his ear)  
You got home very late last night.  
Actually it was very early in the  
*morning*.

Kengo groans again. Drifting off...

SLOW DISSOLVE TO...

### **FLASHBACK**

#### **EXT. THE BUILDINGS OF KOREA TOWN - NIGHT**

For a moment the image of the buildings appear on the walls of Kengo's bedroom.

Impressionistic, dreamy shots of Korea Town at night.  
Traffic. Neon.

The great old 1920's buildings and the glass office towers built in the '70s. The huge video monitor near the corner of Wilshire and Western. A 747 on its final decent into LAX drones over seemingly in slow-motion.

Kids skateboarding on the steps of the monolithic 1960's Wilshire Park Place building.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

**CLOSE UP ON:**

Kengo. His glasses don't hide how good-looking he is, but they magnify his eyes slightly, making him look slightly like a frog.

We pull back to reveal...

**EXT. WILSHIRE BLOULVARD - NIGHT**

Kengo waits, pacing on the corner.

He changes his backpack from one shoulder to the other, looking down the street, a little anxious. He sees something. He hops to his feet, excitedly.

**KENGO'S POV:**

A BEAUTIFUL GIRL crosses the street.

This is SANDRA, Kengo's girlfriend.

Sandra is dressed in a great cool outfit that she's made herself. She has a totally unique style and vibe with the awkward grace of young race horse colt.

KENGO  
(yelling)  
Sandra!

SANDRA  
(yelling)  
Hey!

She trips over the curb as she hops off the traffic island in the center of Wilshire Blvd. One of her shoes to shoot off her foot and into the street.

Kengo's face lights up. He runs into the street, dodging a honking car. He grabs her shoe and runs to her, falling on his knees, holding her shoe out.

Sandra does a little leap in the air and a kick. She slips her foot into the shoe.

Kengo kisses up her leg and up her body to her face. They embrace, not noticing the car that's stopped, waiting for them to get out of the way.

SANDRA

My punk Prince Charming.

The driver lays on his horn. Startled, they run back to the sliver of island in the center of Wlshire Blvd.

**ON THE TRAFFIC ISLAND**

SANDRA

You could have gone in. You didn't have to wait.

KENGO

I went in and got stamped. It's still fresh.

He holds up his hand. A black barcode is stamped on the back of it.

Kengo takes Sandra's hand and licks it. She squirms.

Kengo presses his stamped hand against hers, holding it there. Sandra looks at him, smiling conspiratorially. He removes his hand. Sandra's stamp is perfect.

SANDRA

Now I'm marked for life.

She kissed him.

**WIDE ON THE TRAFFIC ISLAND**

Kengo and Sandra kiss, standing under a scrappy stick of a tree as traffic whizzing past them.

**EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT**

Kengo and Sandra walk off of Wilshire onto a quiet side street.

KENGO

(remembering)

Oh! I have something for you.

He pulls a tube out of his backpack and hands it to her.

Sandra gently fingers the top of the tube and very seductively kisses the top of it.

Kengo grabs the tube and bangs her on the head with it.

KENGO

(laughing and turned on)

Open it. You slut.

Sandra opens the tube and gingerly pulls out a large black and white photograph.

Sandra moves into light of a street lamp and unrolls the photograph. She looks at it carefully, mesmerized.

Kengo covertly fishes his camera out of his backpack while Sandra checks out the photo.

**CLOSE UP ON A PHOTO:**

A view of the sky, framed by a window. A 747 flies through a beautiful sunset, over the buildings of Korea Town. Kengo in silhouette, his back to us, looks out the window. It's a great photograph. It expresses a palatable sense of longing.

Sandra slowly looks back up at Kengo and smiles, impressed.

Kengo quickly snaps a photo of Sandra, smiling at him in the yellow street light.

SANDRA

(quietly, a bit in awe)

Oh, Kengo! It's really beautiful.

KENGO

Really?

She hugs him.

KENGO

I used the self timer. See? It's me?

Sandra laughs.



SANDRA

I know. I Recognize you.

She studies the photo, getting into it.

SANDRA

I love it. What airline is that?

KENGO

Air China! Look carefully at the tail.

He moves around next to her and delicately points it out. Sandra watches him not the photo, smiling.

KENGO

See? You can tell by the cherry blossom on it. It's the same flight around the same time every day.

SANDRA

I can feel you in it. It's... melancholy but it's... *expansive* too.

Kengo is deeply pleased by her critique.

SANDRA

You're getting *really* good.

**EXT. HOUSE "BAR CODE" - NIGHT**

People talk and smoke out front as Kengo and Sandra walk up.

**INT. THE HOUSE "BAR CODE" - NIGHT**

The house has been converted into a small club and bar. It's intimate but sophisticated. It's populated by good looking, mostly Asian hipsters. People dance. A DJ spins records. Pin ball machines line the wall.

Kengo and Sandra sit drinking and talking with a couple friends. We can't hear the dialogue but Kengo is clearly animated with his friends and having a good time.

Sandra is moving around to the music, shaking her hair, bobbing her head, wanting to get up and dance. She gestures a toward the dancers. Kengo shakes his head.

Kengo's friend puts a shot in front of him and Kengo knocks it back His friend hands him another. He drinks that too.

Sandra grabs Kengo and pulls.

He grabs the table, in mock panic for leverage but she's strong, and pulls him towards the dancers.

Kengo puts up a good struggle but she gets him out in front of the speakers. She dances around him seductively. He tentatively begins to flap his arms like a weird bird to the music.

BACK AT THE TABLE, his friends watch and laugh.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR, the camera swirls around Kengo and Sandra.

Kengo becomes more confident. People dance around him as his inhibitions melt away. His dancing movements are weird and floppy but strangely cool. Awkwardly smooth like a frog doing ballet.

Sandra dances along laughing. She leans over and plugs one ear and yells above the music in the other.

SANDRA  
Super-Frog!

Kengo kisses her and then leaps into the air flapping his arms and legs harder hopping around, head swiveling around on his neck.

Sandra grabs his head again and pulls it to her.

SANDRA  
(loud whisper)  
Big dicked Super-Frog!

She rubs his crotch. He presses against her.

As we PULL BACK the sound slowly fades to complete silence. Just the image remains.

People dance wildly, surrealistically in the silence.

Slow fade out.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT (CONTINUED FLASHBACK)**

Sandra and Kengo zigzag drunkenly down the street leaning against each other for support.

Sandra carries her tube with Kengo's photo inside.

Kengo looks up at the sky and stops walking. Sandra wraps her arms around him looking up to see what he sees.

SANDRA

What?

KENGO

(whispering)

Wait. Keep looking.

**ON THE SKY:** The clouds are milky, illuminated by the city's lights. The moon appears then quickly disappears back into the clouds. Kengo reaches his hand up to the sky in a weird little gesture of reverence to the moon. Sandra giggles.

SANDRA

(quietly)

It's full. All the lunatics are out.

She kisses him out of his trance.

SANDRA

(realizing, ohhh!)

That's what the word came from.  
Crazy from the moon.

Kengo cocks his head.

SANDRA

*Luna...tics...*

KENGO

It's the same moon as the people in Sri Lanka look up and see. We're all...

He rubs his hands together wildly and waves his drunken arms around, simulating chaos.

KENGO

War and... tsunamis and shit... but  
it's... just still there... the  
same.

SANDRA

Take a picture of us now.

Kengo holds the camera out at as far as he can, stretching his arm. They press their faces together. She bites his ear.

KENGO

(yelping)  
Ow!

The flash blinds them. Freezing the moment.

**DOWN THE STREET:**

Kengo and Sandra manage to propel themselves along holding hands.

KENGO

Do you really like the one I gave  
you?

SANDRA

I love it.

KENGO

You swear?

SANDRA

God, you're so *insecure*.

Sandra grabs his face and kisses him.

SANDRA

It's a great photograph. You're  
gifted.

**EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT**

A group of KOREAN KIDS take turns running and jumping as high as they can, planting their feet on the wall.

A GIRL measures how high each guys' feet land. She takes money from people betting on who can plant their feet the highest.

Kengo and Sandra stop to watch them. Kengo takes a photo.

After a moment, Sandra pulls Kengo away.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

Kengo and Sandra stand against Sandra's car, a dirty old Volvo, and make out. It's messy and passionate.

Sandra puts her hand down Kengo's pants the abruptly pulls away and walks to the driver's side of her car.

SANDRA

Get in, Super-Frog.

KENGO

You're not driving anywhere. You're too drunk. I'm walking you home.

SANDRA

Who said anything about *driving*?  
Get in.

Sandra unlocks her door and plops in. She takes a little flask out of her glove compartment and takes a swig.

Kengo presses his face against the windshield.

Sandra honks the horn.

**INT. SANDRA'S CAR - NIGHT**

Kengo kisses the windshield.

SANDRA

Oh that's so gross. I'm *never*  
kissing you again.

(MORE)

SANDRA (cont'd)

There's like about a billion  
squashed bugs on the windshield. I  
haven't washed it since we went to  
Joshua Tree.

Kengo tries to get in the passenger side of the car but  
Sandra quickly locks it.

KENGO

Come on, open it, or you're going  
to be *very sorry*.

SANDRA

No way. Bug mouth. But I guess  
that's what super frogs eat. Bug  
guts.

Kengo ducks down, disappearing from view.

Sandra moves to the passenger seat and looks in the side  
mirror trying to find him.

She opens the driver's door leaning out. Kengo leaps up from  
behind it and pushes her back into the car, kissing her  
passionately. Keeping his lips locked to hers as he crawls  
over her to the passenger seat.

SANDRA

Tell me about how you used to  
pretend you were an invisible  
Ninja.

KENGO

I would practice my quiet Ninja  
walking...

They kiss deeply, scraping teeth.

KENGO (CONT'D)

...sneaking around my neighborhood  
when it got dark.

He takes a dramatic pause, getting into it.

SANDRA

I'd look in people's windows and  
see families eating diner.

Kengo takes a big swig from the flask. Sandra sucks it out of his mouth.

KENGO  
I'd watch fathers... eating with  
their sons.

He gets lost in the memory.

KENGO  
Sometimes the whole family would be  
laughing.

Sandra watches Kengo. He turns to look at her.

KENGO (CONT'D)  
(ominously)  
Later, late at night, I'd sneak  
into their houses.

He slowly put his hand under her skirt, feeling her. Sandra bites her lower lip.

KENGO (CONT'D)  
I'd go into the girl's bedrooms and  
watch them sleep.

Sandra's mouth opens.

SANDRA  
(shocked)  
You never told me that part.

KENGO  
Then... as they were dreaming, I  
would gently peel their sheets down  
and...

She bursts out laughing and punches him.

SANDRA  
You are such a liar.

They make out passionately. Kengo slides his hands back under her skirt. Sandra fumbles with his belt.

SANDRA  
 (without taking her lips  
 off Kengo's)  
 Take them off.

Kengo removes her panties and puts them in his mouth. He shakes his head and growls like a dog with a toy.

SANDRA  
 (giggling)  
 No. *Your pants.*

She pulls her panties but he won't let go. She does and the elastic snaps him in the face.

KENGO  
 Ow.

They resume making out. Kengo starts to take off his pants.

KENGO  
 (between kisses)  
 Let's...(kiss) go back...(kiss) to  
 my....(kiss) house.

Sandra pulls away.

SANDRA  
 No, Kengo. Your mom.

KENGO  
 She doesn't care.

SANDRA  
 It always so weird there. It's  
 like...

She looks off frustrated.

KENGO  
 Why? She *likes* you.

SANDRA  
 I feel... I don't know... like *the  
 other woman.*



Kengo is freaked by what she's just said. He expertly shakes it off.

KENGO

Oh whatever. You're crazy.

He kisses her.

KENGO

I'll sneak into your room and I'll be gone before your parents wake up.

SANDRA

No way. Can't risk it. My dad would skewer you and have... frog legs.

She thinks this is really funny.

SANDRA

(suddenly a great idea)

Wait!

Sandra has a very mischievous look on her face.

SANDRA

Let's go to the building where you work. We can sneak into one of the empty apartments.

KENGO

No fucking way. Someone'll bust us.

SANDRA

We'll be really quiet. We've done it before.

KENGO

Yeah, but the more we do it, the better the odds are at getting caught.

Sandra sighs.

KENGO

We can't. It full of busy-body old people.

SANDRA  
(giggling)  
Busy-body?

She kisses him.

SANDRA  
You're such a freak.

They start to make out and it gets heavier and more intense.

SANDRA  
Fuck me.

Kengo pulls his wallet out and gets a condom out of his pocket.

SANDRA  
Give it to me. I'll put it on.

She gets his pants off and leans back for a better view.

SANDRA  
Wow! God, I'm always surprised by  
how big it is.

KENGO  
Is that the only reason you like  
me?

She laughs.

SANDRA  
Yes.

They continue making out as Sandra puts the condom on him.

They slide over the seats, into the back of Sandra's Volvo. Their heads hit the roof and they have to kick their legs to position themselves in the back seat.

They're laughing as they fumble with each other's clothes but soon their passion takes over.

SANDRA  
(breathless)  
Busy-bodies.

KENGO

Wait.

He reaches for his pants that are crumpled on the floor. He digs in the pocket and takes his camera out of his jeans.

SANDRA

Oh God, no!

**EXT. SANDRA'S CAR - NIGHT**

Close on: Sandra's bare feet pressed against the back window. Her toes wiggles around in passion her feet press against the window harder making little foggy impressions on the glass.

Slow move back revealing more of the car.

The flash goes off. It's like lightning in a Volvo.

A couple walk by on the street, not noticing. The flash goes off again.

The car rocks gently.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO...

**EXT. KENGO'S ROOM - DAY**

**BACK TO THE PRESENT:**

Evelyn takes his glasses off and puts them on him. She wets her finger and tries to get the little ink smear off his cheek. He pulls away annoyed.

KENGO

I have demons in my head and  
they're eating my brain.

EVELYN

You have a *lot* of devil in you.

KENGO

Come on mom. I don't believe that  
shit.

She puts a hand over his mouth.

EVELYN

Don't say shit!

Kengo farts. It's loud. He smiles.

Evelyn shrieks and unclamps his mouth. She reaches over and pinches his nipple hard.

KENGO

Ow!

He turns away from her and toward the wall.

Evelyn starts to tickle him.

Kengo flaps the sheet blowing the fart smell on her.

Evelyn screams and hops out of bed pulling the sheet off him. Revealing his naked (except for his underwear) body.

Kengo covers himself with his hands.

Evelyn runs out of the room laughing.

Kengo sits up and adjusts his erection that is poking through his underwear.

Evelyn runs back in the room with a long stick of burning incense.

Kengo grabs a pillow and holds it over his crotch.

KENGO

Mom!

Evelyn giggles and does a swirling dance around his room waving the incense.

EVELYN

I'm scaring your demons away.

Evelyn's dance is part ballet, part interpretative mixed with traditional Kabuki moves. She's graceful and beautiful.

Kengo watches her dance and spin around his room, entranced.

The phone rings, breaking their spell.

Kengo and Evelyn look at each other in mock-horror. Neither of them makes a move to answer it. The machine picks up.

EVELYN

(the outgoing message)  
Hi, neither Kengo or Evelyn are home right now. Please leave a message after the tone and we will call you back. God Bless.

KENGO

Oh God, mom. Why did you have to add *God Bless*?

EVELYN

Shhhhh.

They listen.

VOICE ON MACHINE (GLEN TABATA)

Hello? Hello?

Kengo and Evelyn laugh.

KENGO

Oh shit! I'm late.

But he makes no effort to get up.

GLEN

It's Glen Tabata here. Is anyone home? I'm calling to inform Kengo that he is late for work by more than one hour. This is very late. Please call me at the office. Hello to you Evelyn. I hope you are good.

He hangs up.

KENGO

He's so sweet, but why does he have to be so *formal*?

EVELYN

He is a gentlemen and a very... *spiritual* man.

KENGO

Oh God mom. He's been in love with  
you for years... *Evelyn*.

Kengo sits up and his head pounds. He grabs his head.

KENGO

(under his breath)

God, please, I'll never drink again  
if you let me get through this day.

Kengo stumbles out of bed. His erection has subsided so he's  
safe to move around the room to gather whatever clothes he  
can find that aren't filthy.

Evelyn watches as he smells a pair of jeans and decides that  
they're clean enough to wear. He slides them on.

Evelyn picks up a shirt and smells it.

EVELYN

Uhh. Horrible.

She looks at him.

EVELYN

You aren't going to shower?

KENGO

No time. I'll take a bird bath in  
the sink.

She cocks her head and looks at him strangely.

KENGO

What? What are you looking at me  
like that for?

EVELYN

You are really a man now.

KENGO

Really?

He looks at himself in the mirror. He puffs up his chest a  
little. He makes a "man face".

Evelyn laughs.

EVELYN

You are handsome Kengo, like your father was handsome.

KENGO

(almost whispering)  
Really?

She nods.

KENGO

I thought I got all my good looks from my foxy mother.

She actually blushes.

EVELYN

You should get to work.

KENGO

How do I look like him?

She walks out of the room. Kengo watches. She has a great body and he can't help noticing her beauty.

One of her buttocks is exposed and she has a slight wedgy. She adjusts it, pulling her underwear out of her butt crack as she walks away.

KENGO

(calling after her)  
H.A.

EVELYN

What.

KENGO

It stands for hungry ass. When that happens it's called H.A. When your butt eats your...

EVELYN

(mock-shocked)  
Don't talk to your mother like that.

She runs away.

Kengo laughs.

He walks over and looks out his window.

**KENGO'S POV:**

We recognize the view out the window from Kengo's photograph that he gave to Sandra.

It's a foggy day and visibility isn't very far. Another jumbo jet from Asia makes its decent across the sky.

Kengo smells his hands and fingers. He can still smell Sandra from last night. He smiles thinking about her. Rays of sun break through the fog. Kengo catches his breath at the sight. Heaven?

EVELYN  
(from the living room)  
You should hurry.

Kengo snaps out of his trance.

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY**

Kengo, in a rush, takes what he calls a bird bath, splashing water on his face and under his armpits.

He looks in the medicine cabinet and finds his mom's expensive face cleanser. He cleans his armpits with it, then his face. He rinses, gargles with mouthwash and he's done.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Kengo quickly walks through the kitchen and into a small room off the kitchen that he has converted into a darkroom.

**INT. DARKROOM - DAY**

It's small but has everything he needs to develop black-and-white photos.



Kengo closes the door and switches the red light on. He expertly takes a roll of film, pulls it open, puts it in the developing fluid, into the enlarger, into the tray and develops a photo.

Even though he's in a rush, it's important for him to see this photo.

**ON THE PHOTO:**

It slowly appears on the paper.

It's a great shot: Sandra, naked, sitting on top of Kengo in the back seat of her car, from the night before.

It's a great shot. It's blurry but very erotic and very clear they're having sex.

Kengo watches the image sharpen and contrast.

Rushing, he quickly pulls down his pants and starts to jack off.

EVELYN

(V.O. Outside the door)

Kengo, you need to go.

He pulls up his pants, frustrated. He gathers his things.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Evelyn sits on the floor and chants in front of a alter that she's constructed in the corner of the room. It's an eclectic mix of Buddhist, Hindu and Christian icons. A large Thai Buddha, a big cross, a Ganesh statue...

Evelyn's eyes are closed. She gently rocks back and forth, chanting.

Kengo passes through room. He stops to watch her. He loses himself for a moment in her rhythmic chanting and prayer. Her voice is lovely and radiates peace.

**INT. KENGO'S ROOM - DAY**

Kengo stuffs a few things into his backpack: his camera, a sketch book, a vintage army jacket that has several badges and buttons pinned to it...

He looks at his night stand noticing something.

**KENGO'S POV:**

On his night stand: film canisters, change, gum and peaking out from under a photography magazine, a thin gold chain. Kengo pulls the chain revealing a small cross fastened to it.

He hasn't seen in a long time. He holds the tiny cross in the palm of his hand and considers it. He spaces out to it, nearly hypnotised. It catches the light and flashes, gently pulling his consciousness back into the room.

He kisses the cross and fastens the chain around his neck.

Kengo carefully rolls up the naked print of Sandra and slides it into a tube. He puts the tube in his backpack.

He sticks ear pods in his ears, presses play on his iPod and shoves it in his pocket. He shoves his cell phone in the other pocket, takes one of the cameras off the shelf and is off.

*Kengo's music starts.*

**EXT. HALL - DAY**

Evelyn continues her chanting as Kengo walks down the hall. He opens the front door quietly so he won't disturb her.

EVELYN

(V.O. From the living  
room)

Kengo! You left the front door wide  
open last night, *again*.

He can't hear her over his music as he walks out the door, forgetting to close it.

EVELYN  
(from the living room)  
You must remember to close it.  
Kengo? Kengo?

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

Kengo walks out of his apartment building onto the street. It's a cold and windy day for LA. He looks up at the sky.

He pulls a red ski cap onto his head, and turns on his iPod. Mellow ambient music gives Kengo his own private soundtrack to the world as he walks down the street.

Kengo seems to almost float in slow-motion along to his music. His hangover dissipates. He's in his own private bubble.

He stops to ponder an pile of garbage. Someone has moved and decided not to take a lot of their stuff. There is an ironing board, a chair, clothes and a collection of stuffed animals. Kengo stares at the discarded contents of someone's life. He shakes off his trance. Then he takes out his camera and carefully deliberates the composition, finally shooting a photo.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

Kengo walks down the street toward the high rise building of Wilshire Blvd. He is the only one on the street walking. He has the slight presents of a lone warrior in a post apocalyptic world. He makes sure to make the music on his iPod enhance this mood.

Kengo floats down the residential street. He looks up into the sky at the clouds. He snaps a photo.

Kengo slows down as he passes a large 3-D portrait of Christ, taped to the window of a shop. He leans in for a closer look.

As Kengo leans closer, the Christ's eyes close.

He takes a couple of steps backwards making the eyes open again and then.

He zooms into the Christ with his camera lens. Over the feet of the Jesus is the price tag. \$9.99 and a bar code.

Without missing a step, Kengo reaches into his pocket changing the music to match the festive mood of the market. He does this with one hand without having to look. This is obviously something he's very practiced at.

**EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD - DAY**

Kengo emerges onto Wilshire. A few people on the street but even here it's oddly deserted for such a huge city.

Kengo reaches into his pocket, scrolling through for the perfect music for the frenetic mood of the street. A ambulance screams buy but Kengo can't hear it. He looks up at a helicopter circling.

Each song he goes though changes the vibe completely, even if it's just for the split-second before he changes it again. He finds a perfect song.

The song transforms his mood. He walks faster with a swagger inspired by the energy of the rock song.

*Note: The song he listens to here should be pop, loud and ecstatic.*

Kengo walks along, watching the traffic and looking at the architecture and occasional pedestrian.

An OLD WOMAN in a traditional Korean outfit walks by. A couple of SECRETARIES gossip and smoke. SOMEONE dressed up as a hotdog waits to pass out fliers to people but there is barley anyone walking. He waves at traffic.

Kengo slows to take a few photographs.

He changes the music again. This time it's Jazz from the 1950's. The scene takes on a totally different mood.

*Note: Think Miles Davis. Maybe something from "Walking."*

He changes the music a couple more times. A sad ballad, Hip Hop, 60's psychedellia...

*(Note: Think something from George Harrison's "All Things Must Pass" like "Beware of Darkness" or "Isn't it a Pity".)*

It's not that he doesn't have the patience for a full song; he does this to heighten and to get the most of his experience walking to work.

**EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY**

A large hole in the ground with cement slab poured at the bottom.

A HOMELESS MAN dressed in army fatigues sits next to the hole with his shopping cart. He has long gray hair. He's probably a Vietnam War Veteran.

The shopping cart has a large tattered American flag tied to it.

As Kengo passes by, he stops and takes a photo.

As the shutter snaps, the Homeless Man gives Kengo the peace sign. Kengo flashes it back and keeps walking but he turns to look back, wondering about the man for a moment.

**EXT. MID-RISE APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY**

A building built in the mid-1960's -- four stories with about 20 units. It's without architectural detail with the exception of a cheesy sign in a Hawaiian-looking font that reads *PARADISE APARTMENTS*.

In the bottom of the Paradise Apartments is a small office. A sign on the door reads *PARADISE COPIES* and a smaller sign below it reads *NOTARY PUBLIC*.

Kengo walks briskly across the street and into the office.

**INT. PARADISE APARTMENTS OFFICE - DAY**

This is the maintenance and manager's office for the apartments but also a small copy store and Notary Public.

Kengo walks in the front door. A loud bell rings. He turns off the music, pops the headphones out from his ears, and takes off his hat.

Behind the counter is his boss, GLEN TABATA, 60, graying handsome but a little uptight. He's the building manager and Notary Public.

Glen looks up at Kengo and gives him a very disappointed look.

Kengo walks over toward him. He cares what Glen thinks of him and is pained to have any disapproval from him.

KENGO

I'm really sorry, Mr. Tabata.

Kengo walks around behind the counter. He carefully puts his camera in his backpack.

GLEN

Kengo. Glen. We're both men now.

KENGO

Okay, (trying it out) Glen.

Glen smiles slightly. He turns and begins to sort through some papers. He seems sad and far away.

Kengo watches him, seeming to almost absorb his loneliness.

KENGO

(gently, softly)

I'm sorry... (trying out his name)

*Glen.*

Glen nods.

KENGO

I was helping my mom at the market.  
The line was really long and my  
cell phone battery died. I forgot  
to charge it.

Kengo's cell phone rings in his pocket. He's mortified. It rings again. Kengo just stands there.

GLEN

Just answer it.

Kengo pulls his phone out and looks at it. It's stopped ringing.

KENGO

I missed it. I guess my battery  
wasn't totally...

GLEN

Will you put new paper in the  
machines and copy this manuscript?  
It's being picked up today.

Kengo takes a big stack of paper and loads up two big copy  
machines at the front of the office.

As he is sliding paper into one of the machines, he gets a  
nasty paper cut. He grimaces.

**CLOSE-UP ON KENGO'S FINGER:**

He squeezes it and blood comes out of the tiny slice.

GLEN

You should always wear gloves when  
you load the machines.

Kengo sticks his finger in his mouth,

KENGO

(his finger in his mouth)  
I always forget.

Glen takes a first aid kit off the wall and opens it.

GLEN

You are letting your mind slip too  
much. You have to become...  
*mindful.*

Glen removes a band-aid and some anti-bacterial ointment from  
the first aid kit.

KENGO

It's okay. I don't need...

But Glen has already methodically made Kengo a little  
treatment for his cut.

Kengo walks over to the counter offering Glen his finger.

Glen carefully blots up the little sliver of blood off Kengo's finger, applies the anti-bacterial ointment, and gently puts the Band-Aid on it.

Kengo watches him. He is touched by how much Glen obviously cares for him.

Glen hands Kengo some gloves and Kengo puts them on and gets back to work copying the manuscript.

Kengo's cell phone beeps.

Glen looks over.

KENGO

I have a message. It's probably my mom... *Evelyn*.

Kengo sheepishly pulls his phone out of his pocket and checks it out.

**ON THE PHONE:**

The picture loads. It's a close-up of breasts. They are nice full firm breasts. Sandra's breasts.

Kengo smiles and looks closer. The phone rings and it says, *Sandra Cell*. Glen looks over.

KENGO

Sorry. I'll turn the ringer off.

He puts his cell phone away and gets back to work.

GLEN

It's okay, Kengo. I'm not your prison warden.

KENGO

I feel guilty that I was late.

GLEN

You are young. It's okay to go out and have good time. I just think you need...

Glen looks off searching for the right words.



GLEN

When I was your age, I was in love  
with a girl named Jessica.

KENGO

What happened to her?

GLEN

Her family didn't approve of me.

Glen seems full of sadness today.

Kengo walks over toward him. It's clear Glen needs to talk.

KENGO

Where was that?

GLEN

When I was a young man, I lived in  
Long Beach. I know I told you about  
when I had the fruit store there.

KENGO

Yeah. You did. It sounded really  
cool.

GLEN

You don't have to humour me Kengo.  
You are a good boy.

KENGO

I'm not humouring you. I like to  
hear about your life.

A WOMAN walks into the shop.

WOMAN

Hi, I need to send a fax.

GLEN

Sure let me help you.

As Glen is helping the woman Kengo's phone buzzes again.  
Kengo takes it out and looks.

**ON THE PHONE**

The text window alerts him that he has a photo.

Kengo presses a button and the photo loads.

It's a shot of Sandra's pelvis. Her pierced navel and smooth stomach. Her thumb pulls down the top of her panties so there is just a cute little peak of pubic hair revealed.

Kengo stares at the photo. It's definitely turning him on.

The machine vibrates as it spits out copies.

Kengo presses himself against it as he continues looking at his phone and the Sandra's sexy photo.

His cell phone beeps and says *LOW BATTERY*.

Kengo makes sure Glen and the woman are engaged and not looking at him.

He presses himself harder against the vibrating machine. He humps it a little.

GLEN

Kengo?

Kengo shoves his phone in his pocket quickly.

GLEN

Will you load new paper in the fax machine when you get the chance?

KENGO

Sure.

The woman thanks Glen and leaves.

The office phone rings. Glen answers it.

GLEN

Paradise Copies and Management.  
Hold on. He just got here.

Glen holds the phone out to Kengo.

GLEN

It's for you.

KENGO

Sorry.

He takes it.

KENGO

Hello, this is Kengo. Oh, Hi  
Sandra.

Kengo pretends to be surprised that it's her for Glen's benefit. He gives Glen a big smile and points to the phone.

KENGO

(whispering to Glen)  
Sandra.

Glen smiles.

KENGO

Yeah, I got it. Of course I knew it was you. Who do you think I thought it was? I recognize them.

Kengo goggles.

KENGO

I made a present for you.

He giggles again. Then he remembers Glen. He mouths "sorry" to Glen.

KENGO

Look, I can't talk now. I'm busy at work and I'm tying up the fax line. What!?

Kengo is alarmed and turns away from Glen.

KENGO

(quietly)  
Where? You can't... how did you...  
I... uh...

KENGO

(acting normal again)  
Okay. Well thank you for calling.  
(MORE)

KENGO (cont'd)  
I'll call you later. Okay. Yeah.  
Kiss.

He hangs up.

KENGO  
Sorry.

GLEN  
You don't need to tell me "sorry"  
all the time, Kengo. I'm not the  
police and not your disciplinarian.

KENGO  
Okay, I'm sor... Yeah, okay.

GLEN  
Is everything okay?

Kengo looks at him puzzled.

GLEN  
With Sandra?

KENGO  
Oh yeah. Uh... Her car got towed.  
But she's going to get it now.

Kengo walks back over to the machine. The machine hums and blows out hot air. Kengo is very distracted and anxious. He stares out the window, grinding his teeth.

KENGO  
(suddenly blurting out)  
Oh my Jesus Christ! I forgot to go  
and help Mrs. Jun Pak with her  
sink... I mean bath leak.

GLEN  
Don't talk the Lord's name in vain.

KENGO  
Sorry. I said I would help her  
yesterday when I saw her at the  
store.

Glen thinks it's a little odd that Kengo would be in such a panic but he is a weird kid sometimes.

KENGO  
There's a leak and I think it just  
need tightened.

Kengo rushes behind a curtain into a little room and emerges with a tool chest.

The copy machine starts beeping, alerting them there's a paper jam.

KENGO  
(very stressed)  
Oh no.

Kengo is frozen with near panic.

GLEN  
Go, go. I'll take care of it.

**EXT. COURTYARD OF PARADISE APARTMENTS - DAY**

Balconies overlook a small courtyard swimming pool. A very OVERWEIGHT WOMAN sunbathes.

Kengo runs up the stairs carrying the tool chest. He looks around to see if anyone is watching him.

**INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY**

Kengo walks down the dark hallway and stops in front of a door. He knocks.

A door down the hall opens. An OLD MAN, wearing an oxygen mask peers into the hall.

KENGO  
Oh, hi Mr. Soon? How is your new  
stove?

The man abruptly closes his door.

Kengo looks up and down the hall, paranoid. He knocks on the door again, then jiggles the door knob. It opens.

**INT. APARTMENT - DAY**

Kengo walks into the empty apartment.

It's clean but ugly, partially furnished with a table, some chairs and shag carpet all from the 1970's.

KENGO  
Where are you?

Kengo closes the door and locks it.

He walks into the bedroom.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

A mattress with a flowered bedspread is the only thing in the room.

Kengo looks around the room. He notices a light on in the bathroom.

Kengo walks toward the bathroom.

KENGO  
Hello?

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY**

Kengo walks into the bathroom.

KENGO  
What the fuck?

The shower curtain is closed. Kengo walks towards the shower. Just as he reaches out to open the shower curtain, it suddenly and violently rips open, terrifying Kengo.

KENGO  
Ahhhh!

Sandra stands in the shower. She jumps on Kengo, laughing hysterically.

KENGO  
You scared the shit out of me!

Sandra straddles Kengo.

Kengo carries her out of the room.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Kengo throws Sandra on the bed.

They roll around making out, pulling each other's clothes off.

CUT TO:

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Kengo and Sandra lie on the bed after sex. They're wrapped up in the bedspread.

KENGO

I have to get back to work.

He starts to get up.

SANDRA

Wait.

She pushes him back down on the bed.

KENGO

What?

She sits on his chest.

SANDRA

That was fun.

KENGO

I know. It was fun last night too.

He squirms out from under her and gives her a kiss.

KENGO

It always is. I always get horny when I have a hangover. Do you?

Sandra sits up and sighs. She looks off making it obvious that something is bothering her.

KENGO

What?

SANDRA

Nothing.

Kengo rubs her back.

SANDRA

We've been together for a long time  
and... we still like each other.  
Right?

She looks at him. He spaces out. She lightly taps him.

SANDRA

Do you still like *me*?

KENGO

Yeah, of course. You *know* that.

SANDRA

It's real between us. I don't  
understand...

She picks at a loose thread on the bedspread.

KENGO

What?

She buries her head under. He looks for her face in the covers.

KENGO

What?

SANDRA

Why... Why are we *sneaking* around  
still? *Hiding*.

They've talked about this a million times. She is on egg shells here.

SANDRA

(gently)

*Who* are we hiding from?

They stare at each other for a long moment.



SANDRA

This is so lame and... *bourgeois*.  
It's like we're having... an  
*affair*.

She pulls at the bedspread thread. It starts to unravel.  
Kengo gently stops her, taking her hand in his.

SANDRA

I don't why... Fuck.

She falls back on the bed, exasperated.

KENGO

What?

SANDRA

Why we can't get married?

KENGO

We've talked... you...

She springs back up and straddles him, looking in his eyes.

SANDRA

I want you to tell me again.

Kengo avoids her interrogating stare. She pushes him onto his  
back so she is on top of him.

SANDRA

Kengo?

KENGO

I can't marry you because...

Kengo takes a deep breath. Sandra waits.

KENGO

(totally serious and  
without any irony)  
I'm the son of God.

Sandra gets off him, flinging the bedspread off herself and  
stands up. She starts putting her clothes on.

SANDRA  
I can't believe you're still saying  
that hit Kengo.

She hops around angrily trying to but her pants on.

SANDRA  
(pissed)  
I thought you would have outgrown  
it by now. You're fucking  
brainwashed.

Kengo gets up and starts to put on his clothes on, too.

KENGO  
I'm not brainwashed.

Sandra stares at him waiting for him to say something else.

KENGO  
What if it's true?

SANDRA  
(super frustrated)  
It's not true.

Sandra is dressed. She starts to walk away.

She stops and turns back to him.

SANDRA  
(sadly, soft)  
You're just a scared little frog  
boy.

She shakes her head and walks out of the room. Kengo listens to the door slam as Sandra leaves.

He walks to the window, opening the curtain. He watches her walk down the hall and quickly away.

Kengo looks up to the sky spacing out to...

Another huge jet makes it's decent, banking into it final turn above downtown and on to LAX.

**INT. PARADISE APARTMENTS OFFICE - DAY**

Kengo walks back into the office, a little disheveled.

Glen is binding the manuscript that Kengo was copying earlier. He looks up.

GLEN

Where's the tool bag?

Kengo slaps his forehead.

KENGO

Oh no!

Kengo turns to go back and get it.

GLEN

Wait.

Glen just stands there. He opens his mouth but nothing comes out. He looks away from Kengo and down at his feet.

KENGO

What's wrong? Mr. Tabata?

Glen's eyes tear up but he quickly turns away.

GLEN

Please call me Glen.

KENGO

(gently)

Glen.

Kengo walks over to him.

Glen disappears behind the curtain into the other room.

Kengo watches the curtain.

Glen comes back carrying a photo album.

GLEN

I want to show you this.

Kengo walks over and looks at the album with Glen.

GLEN  
(pointing to a photo of a  
beautiful younger Evelyn)  
That's your mother when I first met  
her.

She's stunning, in her early 20's or late teens.

KENGO  
Wow!

He turns the page and there are more photos of her. A tear  
falls onto the page, splashing on her face.

Kengo looks up at Glen, studying him.

KENGO  
(blurting)  
Did you know my dad? Do I look like  
him?

Kengo rubs the top of his ear.

Glen closes the book slowly. He looks off.

GLEN  
I'm dying, Kengo.

KENGO  
What?

GLEN  
I have pancreatic cancer. I have  
six months. If I'm lucky, a year.

Glen takes a moment for this to sink in then he takes a deep  
breath and puts his hand on Kengo's shoulder.

GLEN  
I want you to have the store.

Kengo is shocked.

KENGO  
(abrupt, accidentally shrill  
but without anger)  
I don't want the store.

GLEN

You're like a son...

KENGO

(subdued, panic)

No, I'm *not at all* like a son. I don't know how to be a son. I'm selfish. I can't...

Kengo is trying not to cry.

KENGO

Are you sure? Doctors are stupid. They say the wrong thing all the time.

Glen nods.

GLEN

I'm making peace with God. Life is nothing but a short painful dream. Thanks to His guidance, I have made it through this far.

KENGO

Fuck God!

Kengo is totally shocked that he has just said this.

KENGO

I'm sorry.

GLEN

(very gently)

Before I die, there is one thing I have to tell you. It shames me to say it but I have no choice.

KENGO

It's okay. You can tell me anything.

GLEN

I have had lustful thoughts towards your mother. I've always been in love with her.

KENGO

I have too.

Kengo is even more shocked that he's just said this. It's like he's been suddenly stricken with Turrets Syndrome. His face turns bright red. He looks away from Glen.

Glen rests his hand on Kengo's shoulder.

GLEN

I know.

Kengo suddenly hugs Glen and holds on to him tightly. He hides his face so Glen can't see that he's crying.

GLEN

You poor boy.

Kengo lets go of Glen and pulls himself together.

GLEN

You're going to have a difficult time finding a woman you want to share your life with after having Evelyn for your mother.

Kengo knows he is right. It terrifies him.

GLEN

You'll hold her up as a standard for all other women. Even if you try not to.

Kengo blushes again. He feels totally naked and exposed.

Glen rubs Kengo's shoulder, trying to comfort him.

GLEN

*Every boy is a little bit in love with his mother...*

Kengo is frozen and all the color drains from his face.

Everything has changed.

Glen walks back through the curtains to put the photo album away.

KENGO  
(to the curtain)  
You were good at being... a little  
like a father... to me.

We can hear Glen quietly crying behind the curtain.

GLEN  
(o.s. From behind the  
curtains)  
Will you do me a favor?

KENGO  
Anything.

Glen holds his hand out through the curtain and hands Kengo a piece of paper and \$20.

GLEN  
Please go and pick up a  
prescription for me at the  
pharmacy. You need some fresh air.  
Why don't you get something to eat  
while you're out, too.

Kengo is torn between wanting to stay and comfort him but it's obvious Glen need to be alone.

KENGO  
Okay.

Kengo grabs his backpack and starts to head out the door.

Glen sticks his head between the curtains.

GLEN  
Be careful.

**EXT. STREET - WILSHIRE - DAY**

Kengo walks slowly through Korea Town. He is still in a bit of a daze. He puts on his iPod. Scrolling through the music, he can't find the right song for this moment.

He pulls out his arm jacket and put it on. He pulls his red hat on too.

**EXT. HARVERD AND WILSHIRE - OUR LADY OF THE ANGELS CHURCH - DAY**

On the wall surrounding the church is a large statue of an angel. His arms are open wide and reaching to the sky.

Kengo walks across the street. He stops and stares up at statue.

The angel's lifted arms convey a timeless longing for ecstasy especially contrasted with the modern 60's architecture of the church on the other side of the wall.

Kengo, in his trance, slowly lifts his arms up imitating the angel. People brush past him.

**INT. PHARMACY - DAY**

Kengo hands the prescription to the PHARMACIST. The pharmacist looks at the prescription. He gives Kengo a sad, grim look.

PHARMACIST  
(gently with pity)  
It'll be twenty minutes.

The Pharmacist walks away, sadly.

KENGO  
(under his breath, to soft  
to hear)  
It's not.... for me.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

Kengo walks out of the pharmacy. He takes his cell phone out and looks at the picture of Sandra's breasts. He calls her.

KENGO  
Hi.

He starts to get a little choked up but hides it well.

KENGO  
Sandra!? I'm sorry. Wait! Listen to me. What are you doing right now? Can you meet me? Just for ten minutes. I need to talk to someone.  
(MORE)



KENGO (cont'd)

Can you get something to eat? Meet me at the Tofu House. Okay bye.

**INT. TOFU HOUSE - DAY**

Kengo sits in front of a huge photographic mural of a temple in Korea. It stretches from floor to ceiling and wraps around the corner. He puts his iPod back on and watches people walk by on Wilshire as he waits, listening to music.

A sexy WAITRESS with pink hair walks up to his table.

KENGO

I'm waiting for my... someone.

WAITRESS

Do you want something to drink?

KENGO

Yeah, I'll have some green tea.

He watches her walk to another table. He turns his music up as his mood brightens. He takes his camera out of his backpack.

When he is sure that the pink-haired waitress isn't looking at him, Kengo takes her picture and then quickly puts the camera back.

He watches the pink-haired waitress take the check from A MAN. The man is in his 50's or 60's

On her way to the cash register, she gives Kengo a big smile. Kengo smiles back and gives her a little wave.

Kengo looks back at the Man gather his things and stand up.

Something about this man is very intriguing to Kengo. He is captivated by him.

The man is well dressed and handsome and one of the few Non-Asians in the restaurant at the moment. There is a grace and worldly elegance about him that seems from another era; a tailored double breasted suit, a hat, a pocket square.

**KENGO'S POV**

We zoom slowly into the man as he puts on his coat. He turns revealing the other side of his face and we see that his right ear is strangely misshapen. It looks as though something had taken a bite out of it. Very little of his ear remains.

**ON KENGO**

Kengo is frozen and all the color drains from his face. It's as if he has seen a ghost. He knocks over his water but just lets it drip off the table and into his lap, numb.

The man leaves a tip and slowly starts to walk to the door.

The waitress comes back to Kengo's table with his tea.

WAITRESS

Here you are.

She looks down and sees that he has spilt his water into his lap.

WAITRESS

I'll get a towel.

Kengo doesn't even notice her. He is still dumbfounded, staring at the man.

The waitress shrugs.

WAITRESS

Whatever.

She walks away.

Kengo watches the man grab a toothpick, open the door and walk out to the street.

Kengo grabs his backpack and bolts up from the table. It's as if he has been shot out of a cannon, propelling himself across the restaurant toward the door.

The waitress watches him.

WAITRESS

Hey!

Just before he leaves, Kengo hears her. He digs in his pocket pulls out a ten-dollar bill and slams it on the counter. He runs out the door.

The waitress watches Kengo run after the man.

#### **ON THE TABLE**

Kengo's red hat sits on the abandoned table. It absorbs the spilled water.

#### **EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON**

The man walks briskly down Wilshire, navigating his way through an abandoned construction site.

We see Kengo, blurry, over the man's shoulder running, behind him.

The man slows down to light a cigarette. Kengo gets closer.

The man continues to walk and alternates between smoking and picking his teeth with the toothpick.

#### **ON KENGO**

Kengo keeps his distance, not too far behind him.

He's out of breath, from the rush of adrenaline surging through his body as he trail the man. His heart is beating very fast. Maybe we hear it.

#### **WIDE**

We track with the Man and Kengo as they walk about 20 yards apart down the block. They have a similar gait. Kengo does a small skip so he can walk in sync with the man.

The man stumbles over a plank. He regains his pace and continues walking, smoking and picking his teeth.

When Kengo gets to the plank he imitates the man's trip.

#### **EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY**

The man stops at the corner to wait for the light to change.

Kengo walks up to the corner and stands just a few feet behind the man. He cranes his head a little to see around to the side of the man's head, so he can look at his ear.

**CLOSE UP/KENGO'S POV**

The side of the man's head and his strange ear.

Kengo gets a good look.

Next to the man is a WOMAN waiting with her small SON. He is about eight.

The little boy looks up and sees his ear too. The little boy stares.

The mother picks up the little boy and whispers something.

The light changes and the crowd walks.

Kengo tries to stay close to him but not too close. He follows him down Wilshire. His lap is wet from the spilled water. He looks like he's wet himself.

**INT. TOFU HOUSE - AFTERNOON**

Sandra walks into the Tofu house. She looks around the nearly empty restaurant for Kengo, walking through the restaurant looking for him.

Sandra spots Kengo's red ski hat sitting on a table. She walks to the table and sits down thinking maybe Kengo is in the bathroom. She puts on Kengo's hat and waits. She feels that it's wet. She smells the hat.

**EXT. CORNER OF VERMONT AND WILSHIRE - AFTERNOON**

The Man waits for the light to change. Kengo stands not far behind him. A couple other people wait too.

THE HOMELESS MAN, Kengo took a photo of earlier in the day, stands under the fluorescent lights of the gas station. He holds a sign that reads, "VIETNAM VET WILL WORK FOR FOOD OR SEX." People pump gas ignoring him. The man's shopping cart with his American flag is parked in front gas station sign.

Kengo stares at the homeless man, spacing out. He hasn't noticed that the light has changed.

The homeless man recognizes Kengo and salutes him. Kengo salutes him back. He looks back and is shocked to see the man and the other people waiting are gone and crossed the street.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

Startled out of his trance, Kengo looks around frantically.

He catches a glimpse of the man who is heading towards the huge subway stop across the street.

Kengo's spacing out has cost him. The light changes back to "don't walk" and the torrent of traffic is unleashed in front of him, stranding him on his corner.

He jumps up to see over a truck. When it passed the man is gone.

Kengo jumps into the street nearly getting hit by a SUV. The driver lays on the horn hard. Kengo jumps back onto the curb. There is no way he can cross the street now. Kengo panics.

**EXT. TOFU HOUSE - AFTERNOON**

Through the windows we see Sandra sitting at the table wearing Kengo's red hat, waiting.

The Pink Haired Waitress comes to the table and talks to Sandra.

**INT. TOFU HOUSE - AFTERNOON**

WAITRESS

He spilled his water and split.

SANDRA

God, he is such a freak.

WAITRESS

My ex used to wear my g-strings.

The waitress walks away.

**EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON**

Sandra walks out of the Tofu House and onto the street. She puts Kengo's damp hat on and looks around at a loss of what to do next.

**EXT. VERMONT AND WILSHIRE SUBWAY STOP - AFTERNOON**

Kengo sprints across the street, toward the subway entrance.

Just below the street is a plaza. The ticket booth is on this level and escalators that lead down to the metro.

Kengo runs down the stairs and into the plaza. He desperately searches for the man in the empty plaza.

**KENGO'S SHAKY FRANTIC POV**

Searching, spinning 360 degrees around the plaza. We hear his breathing.

Suddenly the man steps out from behind a ticket kiosk and heads to the escalator.

**ON A TICKET KIOSK**

Kengo stuffs a five into the machine. He grabs his ticket and takes off after the man.

**INT. TOP OF SUBWAY ESCALATORS - AFTERNOON**

Kengo gets on the nearest escalator and hopes it's the right one. It's a long escalator. A hot wind blows up from the subway tracks. The man is gone.

Kengo is despondent.

KENGO

Fuck.

Kengo leans over as far as he can and looks down the escalator next to him. This one is even longer. It seem to go on forever.

Kengo spots the man on that escalator.

Kengo hops over the steel partition onto the other escalator. His backpack almost causes the woman he's landed behind to fall.

KENGO

Sorry. Excuse me. I'm really sorry.

He cranes his head and stands on his tiptoes. He can see the back of the man's head, about 20 feet ahead of Kengo. This is an extremely long escalator.

Kengo is impatient and is excruciating. He's terrified he'll lose sight of the man again.

The screeching train pulls into the station. People move quickly down the escalator and onto the platform. A big sign on the platform reads "NORTH HOLLYWOOD."

The man steps off the escalator and running towards the train and out Kengo's view.

Kengo freaks out and starts to push his way through a couple people. They're not happy about it.

KENGO

I'm really sorry. I have to get this train.

WOMAN

There's always another train you rude bastard.

**EXT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - DAY**

Kengo hits the platform and runs to the train.

Just as he gets to it, the doors begin closing.

Kengo leaps onto the train. The doors close on his backpack.

**INT. SUBWAY - DAY**

Kengo struggles with the door, shoving himself into it with all his weight, ramming his shoulder into the closing door.

People inside the train watch. It's an impressive fight.

MAN IN TRAIN

Give up! Get the next one.

KENGO

No way.

Kengo manages to squeeze himself into the train car. It's like a difficult birth but he lives. The train lurches off.

**INT. SUBWAY - AFTERNOON**

A couple people applaud.

Kengo feels heroic for a second. A commuter hero beating the dehumanizing routine of their day.

Kengo looks around. It's nearly deserted. Just a few grumpy passengers. No man.

Kengo walks up to the front of the car, searching. He walks back to the other end of the car.

An OLD BLACK MAN stands up from his seat.

BLACK MAN

I'm sorry, but can anyone spare  
some change. I haven't eaten days  
and I need help. I'm blind.

To prove it, the man lifts his eyelids, showing his milky eyes. He continues in Spanish.

BLACK MAN

No tengo los ojos. No miro...

He walks down the car, his hat out to the empty seats hoping for money.

BLACK MAN

Que Dios los acompañe...

Kengo puts a dollar in his hat.

BLACK MAN

Finally, my brethren, be strong in  
the Lord, and in the power of his  
might.



A woman sitting near Kengo mouths along to this passage from the bible.

WOMAN

Amen.

She crosses herself.

KENGO

(very quietly)

Amen.

He tries to peer into the next car.

**INT. BEVERLY AND VERMONT SUBWAY PLATFORM - AFTERNOON**

A small group of people on the platform lean over the track and gaze into the tunnel waiting for the train. The rumbling gets louder and the train's light appears. The people leaning step back as the train screeches into the stop.

Before the doors even open completely, Kengo launches off the train and runs down the platform to the next car. He's like a wild animal pursued by invisible prey. His frantic movements are oddly reminiscent of his frog dancing the night before.

**INT. BEVERLY AND VERMONT SUBWAY PLATFORM - AFTERNOON**

Kengo flings himself into the next car just as the doors close.

**INT. SUBWAY - AFTERNOON**

Kengo lands directly in front of the man.

The man looks up and for a brief moment Kengo and the man make eye contact.

In that moment everything goes completely silent except Kengo's racing beating heart. The world has gone into slow motion. It's a fleeting moment but of enormous resonance for Kengo. The man seems to have glimpsed into Kengo's soul.

The man slowly looks back to the newspaper he was reading. The train takes off.

Kengo walks down the car to an empty seat. He closes his eyes and tries to calm himself.

He opens his eyes. Looking at his reflection in the window opposite him, he gently feels the shape of his face with his fingers. He sneaks glances at the man searching for similarities between them.

Kengo examines his reflection.

Fade to darkness.

**FLASHBACK - YEARS EARLIER**

A door slowly opens, revealing Evelyn and a very young Kengo, 8, standing on the front porch of someone's house. Evelyn is dressed very nicely if conservatively.

EVELYN

We're from the Reformers Church of Christ and we would love to leave you some literature.

**EXT. FRONT PORCH OF SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY**

A MIDDLE-AGED HOUSE WIFE listens patiently.

HOUSE WIFE

Well we're already Christians but I appreciate your faith and dedication.

She looks down at Kengo.

Kengo smiles.

HOUSE WIFE

And what's your name, sweetie?

KENGO

Kengo. (then, spelling it out)  
K\*E\*N\*G\*O!

Kengo has some pamphlets in his hand. He holds them out to the woman.

HOUSE WIFE

Why thank you. I'd be happy to read them.

KENGO

Peace be with you.

HOUSE WIFE

Thank you sweetie.

She looks up at Evelyn.

HOUSE WIFE

Your son has a very sweet nature about him. And you do too.

EVELYN

Thank you. Be sure to come and see us if you ever have any pain or difficulties. We never push, we only offer.

CUT TO:

**EXT. PORCH OF ANOTHER HOUSE - DAY**

Evelyn is talking to a YOUNG AFRICAN-AMERICAN MOTHER holding her baby.

EVELYN

There was a time when my soul was wondering through the deepest darkness until the day I was saved by our teachings.

The woman listens.

Kengo looks inside the house. He sees...

**INT. HOUSE - DAY**

A MAN asleep in a big chair. This is the woman's husband.

EVELYN

I was carrying this child inside me.

Evelyn gestures to Kengo. Kengo smiles at the woman.

EVELYN

I was about to throw myself and him  
into the ocean. But I was saved by  
His hand, the One who is in heaven,  
and now my son and I live in the  
holy light of our Lord.

The woman considers this.

Kengo hands her some literature.

KENGO

Peace be with you.

CUT TO:

**EXT. HOUSE - DAY**

Evelyn stands at the front door of another house.

EVELYN

Okay, go ahead.

Evelyn gives little Kengo a soft nudge toward the door.

Kengo reaches up and rings the doorbell.

A YOUNG GUY opens the door.

EVELYN

Hi, we're...

GUY

Fucking holy rollers. Why don't you  
fuck off and go to hell?

He slams the door.

Evelyn takes Kengo's hand more to comfort herself than him.  
She's visibly upset.

**EXT. STREET SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY**

Evelyn and Kengo walk off the porch. Evelyn is shaking.

Kengo looks up at her and sees that she's upset. He wraps his arms around her waist and hugs her hard.

EVELYN  
 (talking to both of them)  
 It's okay. It's okay.

A younger Glen Tabata walks up the sidewalk to them. He's dressed in a suit and carries a briefcase with the same pamphlets Evelyn and Kengo were handing out.

GLEN  
 How's it going?

Evelyn suddenly brightens, expertly covering her true feelings.

EVELYN  
 Great. This is such satisfying work.

Kengo looks between them confused by his mother's sudden shift in tone and dishonesty.

**INT. GLEN'S VAN - DAY (CONTINUED FLASHBACK)**

Kengo rides in the back and Evelyn is up front while Glen drives. Kengo looks outside the window and sees a father playing catch with his son. He cranks his head around to keep watching as they pass.

KENGO  
 Evelyn?

EVELYN  
 Call me *Mom*.

KENGO  
 Mom?

EVELYN  
 Yes.

KENGO  
 Where is my father right now?

Evelyn and Glen look at each other.

EVELYN

Well, your father is our Lord.

She turns around in her seat and looks at him.

EVELYN

Our Lord must stay high up in Heaven.

KENGO

Why?

EVELYN

He can't live down here with us.

KENGO

Why?

EVELYN

Well... He's too busy. But he's always watching over you, sweetie. He always has your best interests in his heart.

This frustrates Kengo who has heard this a million times now. He wants another explanation. Evelyn turns around to look at him.

EVELYN

He sent you down to be with me.

Glen clears his throat. He moves the rearview mirror so he can have eye contact with Kengo.

GLEN

It's true Kengo, that you don't have a father in *this* world, and you're going to meet all sorts of people who say stupid things to you about that. Unfortunately, the eyes of most people are clouded and unable to see the truth, Kengo. But in our world, your father is the world itself.

Glen gets overly involved in lecturing Kengo and is distracted. He nearly misses a stop sign.

Evelyn grabs his arm.

EVELYN

Look out!

Glen stops quickly and they all jerk forward. After a brief pause Glen gains his composure. He starts to drive again.

GLEN

You are fortunate to live in the embrace of His love. You must be proud of that and live a life that is good and true.

Kengo thinks about this.

KENGO

Yeah, I know. But God belongs to everybody doesn't he? Fathers are different though. Everybody has a different one. Right?

GLEN

Listen, little man. Someday our Lord, your father, will reveal himself to you as yours and yours alone. You will meet Him where you least expect it. But if you begin to doubt or abandon your faith, He may be so disappointed that He never shows Himself to you.

Kengo sighs in frustration.

KENGO

I know where babies come from.

Glen swerves a little.

KENGO

And I know how they are made...  
*Evelyn.*

EVELYN

(embarrassed)

This is not something we are going to talk about now.

Evelyn moves the rearview mirror so she can see herself. She nervously puts on her lipstick. Glen looks over at her watching.

EVELYN  
 (quietly, not looking at  
 him)  
 Glen. You should watch the road.

She puts her lipstick away. Her lips are perfect. She turns around back to Kengo

EVELYN  
 But you can talk to your dad by  
 praying to him.

CUT TO:

**EXT. BASEBALL DIAMOND - DAY (CONTINUED FLASHBACK)**

A prison-like elementary school looms in the background. It's the middle of a baseball game.

Young Kengo is way outfield.

The ten-year-old PITCHER pitches the ball and the batter hits it. The ball goes flying through the air. It's surprising a little kid could hit a ball so high.

The ball is heading right to Kengo.

LITTLE KID PITCHER  
 Oh shit! It's going toward Kengo.

All the players in the outfield run toward Kengo, hoping to get to him before the ball does, but it's clear that it's not going to happen unless these kids can fly.

**KENGO'S POV:**

The ball is very high, but fast coming right toward him.

**SLOW MOTION:**

High on the field, we float down toward Kengo. His baseball mitt is wide open and he has a look of horror on his face.



KENGO

Please God... Dad, let me catch  
this ball. Please...

Kengo concentrates really hard.

Kids run toward him.

The ball is getting closer.

Kengo closes his eyes and leans back, face pointed to the  
sky.

KENGO

(under his breath, with  
fast fervor)

Please Dad. Prove to me that I'm  
your son and that you can see me  
and since you didn't ever teach me  
how to catch you can make it up to  
me now by letting me...

The ball flies by him and Kengo falls over backwards trying  
to catch it. The ball bounces on the manicured grass a few  
feet behind him.

People boo and groan.

KID

(o.s.)  
Idiot! Open your eyes.

ANOTHER KID

(o.s)  
His eyes can't open very wide.

Other kids laugh.

Kengo opens his eyes and lies there looking up at the sky.

**THE SKY**

It's cloudless, dirty blue and vacant.

**BACK TO PRESENT:**

**INT. SUBWAY - AFTERNOON**

Kengo shakes off the memory and looks over at the man.

The man is nodding off. On his lap is a very old medical text book. It's open to a diagram of the human reproductive organs. A woman next to him glances at it, then quickly looks away.

Kengo looks at the seat across from him. A WHITE KID, about 15, sitting there now.

ON THE KID:

He's dressed in baggy clothes; sweats, a Lakers jersey, gold chains, and tucked into his waistband, barely visible above the elastic of his sweats... the butt of a gun.

The kid notices that Kengo is looking at the gun. He pulls up his shirt a bit higher making sure Kengo gets a good look at the gun then pulls his shirt back over it. He raises his eyebrows at Kengo, like he's saying, "*What? You got a problem with something?*"

Kengo quickly looks away.

**INT. SANDRA'S CAR - LATE AFTERNOON**

Sandra drives up to the front of Kengo's building. She is wearing his red hat. She honks a few times. It's a "code honk". She leans over across the passenger seat and looks up.

Nothing.

SANDRA

Fucker.

Sandra starts to cry. A car behind her honks. She drives on.

**INT. SUBWAY - AFTERNOON**

The train comes into the next stop, the man stands up and walks toward the door.

The train slows down.

The doors open and the man gets off. Kengo jumps up and follows. The kid with the gun stays on the train.

**EXT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - LATE AFTERNOON**

Kengo follows him up the escalators toward the natural light of...

**EXT. THE STREET - LATE AFTERNOON**

The man, with Kengo close behind, emerge into the hazy late afternoon sunlight of the San Fernando Valley.

The man crosses the street and waits at a bus stop. Kengo walks over and waits too. He's less worried about being caught now, so he stands pretty close.

The man looks at Kengo. Kengo can feel the man's eyes on him. With great courage Kengo turns to meet the man's eyes.

Time seems to stop. Kengo's heart is in his throat, his ears buzz, he can't breath.

The man gives Kengo a barely imperception nod and the faintest smile or does he?

Kengo opens his mouth as if to say something. A weird little song escapes.

**EXT. PARADISE APARTMENTS OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON**

Glen is standing on the sidewalk in front of the office. He looks his watch and then walks back in.

Sandra pulls up in her Volvo. It makes a lot of noise and belches smoke.

Sandra turns off the ignition and gets out. She is wearing Kengo's red hat.

Just as Sandra gets to the front door, Glen walks back out onto the sidewalk.

Sandra takes Kengo's hat off and walks up to Glen.

They talk but we don't hear what they're saying.

Glen can tell Sandra is upset. He walks her into the office.

**INT. BUS - LATE AFTERNOON**

The bus isn't crowded either. Kengo sits up front across from the man.

Kengo looks at the man's hands and then looks down at his own.

The bus stops at the next stop and more people get off.

A very OLD WOMAN gets on. She is having a hard time walking. She stands directly in front of the man.

As the bus lurches forward, the old woman almost falls. The man looks back down at his paper.

Kengo can't believe how inconsiderate he is. He is profoundly disappointed.

KENGO  
(to the old woman)  
Ma'am!? Excuse me, Ma'am?!

The old woman looks over at Kengo.

KENGO  
Please. Sit here.

He gets up and helps the woman over to his seat. She sits.

OLD WOMAN  
Thank you very much. It's so hard  
for me to get to the back of the  
bus.

She smiles at Kengo.

OLD WOMAN  
You're such a handsome gentleman.

Kengo smiles.

OLD WOMAN  
You must have lovely parents.

Kengo smiles. He looks over to the man who continues to read.

OLD WOMAN

What is your name?

KENGO

Kengo.

OLD WOMAN

Oh that's a Japanese name! Are you... Japanese?

KENGO

No. I'm American.

OLD WOMAN

But where are you from originally?

KENGO

Here. I'm American. I was born here.

OLD WOMAN

But... you're Japanese?

KENGO

No, I'm Chinese. I'm a Chinese American. With a Japanese name.

OLD WOMAN

That is very American. I'm Polish. We don't have a Polish town but you have a Little Tokyo and a Chinatown. Do you live there?

KENGO

No, I live in K-Town.

The old woman cocks her head and gives him a puzzled look.

KENGO

Korea Town.

OLD WOMAN

Oh, how confusing.

Kengo sort of fake laughs, humoring her.

His cell phone rings. This panics him. He grabs it and looks at it. It say's *Work*.

KENGO  
(under his breath)  
Shit!

He answers his phone.

KENGO  
(quiet)  
Hello? Glen?

He panics.

KENGO  
Sandra?!

Everyone on the bus looks at him because Kengo just yelled her name.

Even the man looks up from his paper for a moment.

Kengo and the man make eye for a brief second.

The man looks back at his reading.

KENGO  
(quieter)  
I'm really sorry. I can't believe  
what's happening...

His phone starts to beep, obnoxiously. He looks at it.

KENGO  
Oh, fuck, Sandra my battery is  
dying. I'm okay but something  
really...

His phone dies. He closes it and put it away.

The Old Woman laughs. Kengo looks down at her.

She is asleep but once in a while, she laughs and smiles.

The bus pulls onto the freeway. It looks like it's going somewhere far.

Kengo puts his iPod on. He scrolls through some music searching for something that seems appropriately weighty enough for this situation.

As he searches for the right music he watches the man, looking for a song that fits his vibe.

He tries several different songs but everything seems trivial. Then suddenly he finds something. It's strange and haunting. It could be the man's theme song.

*Note: Arvo Part (something from LITANY), Brian Eno and Harold Budd (something from THE PEARL) would all have pieces that would be great here.*

**INT. PARADISE APARTMENTS OFFICE - DAY**

Sandra slams down Glen's office phone.

SANDRA  
(frustrated)  
Nothing!

She paces. Glen stands by the counter watching patiently.

SANDRA  
Sometimes I want to just... split.

She looks over at him.

SANDRA  
I feel like running away.  
Vanishing. *Then* maybe he would...

She runs out of words. She starts to cry.

SANDRA  
I'm sorry. God, I'm being such a  
stupid... *girl*.

Glen grabs two small folding chairs from behind the counter and a box of tissues. He unfolds them.

GLEN  
(gently)  
Sit.

Glen waits for Sandra to sit before he does. She grabs a few tissues as Glen holds the box.

SANDRA

(through her tears)

I would go to Mongolia on a trek.  
That's one of the few places that  
hasn't been totally... raped by  
western civilization.

Glen smiles. He just listens.

SANDRA

I could go live with the fucking  
nomads. They heard across these  
beautiful meadows that go on  
forever.

She starts to cry even harder.

SANDRA

They have these round tents and  
they all just share the same  
room...

Glen moves a little closer to her and takes her in his arms.  
She calms down. Glen sits back and takes her hand and pats  
it.

SANDRA

(calming)

I'm sorry I said fucking. I'm have  
a mouth like a garbage can.

Glen laughs. Sandra does too.

SANDRA

I've never seen you laugh.

GLEN

That was the first time.

She laughs a little more. Sandra looks at him like he is a  
whole new person.

SANDRA

Why is he such a....



GLEN

Weirdo?

SANDRA

Exactly. Totally.

GLEN

Well. It's very difficult to let people be who they are without letting our expectations of them get in the way.

SANDRA

I'm not trying to change him. I just want him to be more...

She stops, realizing what she is saying. Glen smiles.

GLEN

Remember why you love him and why you first realized that you did.

Sandra looks off remembering something specific.

GLEN

You fell in love with him because he's... a *weirdo*.

Sandra laughs.

GLEN

All of the different parts of him make him who he is. Right now, he needs all these parts to be... Kengo. Even when some of him makes us crazy. They all fit together.

Sandra nods.

GLEN

You two fit together.

Glen's eyes tear up. Sandra see how sad he suddenly is. She takes his hand and gives it a kiss.

SANDRA

You're a *weirdo* too.

**INT. BUS - LATE AFTERNOON**

Kengo steals looks at the man. His hands, shoes, parts of his face, mouth...

The man takes some pills out of his pocket. He tosses a pill into the back of his throat and swallows it dry.

Kengo swallows in unison. He looks out the window seeing:

**EXT. FREEWAY - LATE AFTERNOON (KENGO'S POV)**

A station wagon carries a family. A MAN drives while his WIFE is turned around in her seat yelling at her SON in the back seat.

The little boy is crying.

**FLASH BACK - A THREE (3) YEARS EARLIER****INT. KENGO'S ROOM - VERY EARLY MORNING**

Kengo's room is similar but the objects in the room are different - those of a younger boy. He is in his mid-teens here.

Kengo sleeps. Suddenly the room starts to shake violently. It's an earthquake. A large one.

Kengo bolts upright in bed and watches the room shake. Some of his things fall off the shelves.

From the other room we hear Evelyn scream.

Evelyn comes flying into the room nearly ripping Kengo's door off its hinges in terror. She's wearing only her panties.

KENGO

It's okay! It's okay! It's just an earthquake.

Evelyn flies across the room and lands in bed with Kengo. She grabs onto him like he's a life raft.

EVELYN

(screaming)

It's the big one! This is it.

The shaking stops but Evelyn won't let go of Kengo. Her breasts are squashed against him.

Car alarms are going off.

Kengo's room is a wreck (more than usual). Most of the things that were on the shelves are on the floor.

KENGO

I don't think that was *the* big one,  
but it was *a big one*.

Kengo sits up and the bed moves. Evelyn thinks it's another earthquake.

EVELYN

Oh my God!

KENGO

Mom, it's okay. That was me.

He hugs her, comforting her.

KENGO

Next time we should stand in the door jam. That's what you're supposed to do. It's the strongest part of the building.

Evelyn is crying.

EVELYN

I know people are hurt. People have died. I know it.

Kengo tries to comfort her.

KENGO

We're okay.

**EXT STREET - MORNING**

Evelyn, in a rather revealing and frayed nightgown, and Kengo stand in front of their building.

Car alarms are still going off.

Kengo takes photos of a fallen street lamp that's shattered on an SUV.

Other people from the building are on the sidewalk too, and across the street.

Kengo puts his arm around Evelyn to comfort her.

An OLD WOMAN from their building gives them a dirty look, obviously appalled by, what she deems their inappropriate intimacy.

Kengo sticks his tongue out at her and wiggles it obscenely.

The old woman couldn't be more horrified.

KENGO  
Come on, let's go back inside. The  
building's fine.

The traumatized old woman watches them retreat back into the building.

**INT. KITCHEN - MORNING**

Kengo paces as he dials the phone that's tethered to the kitchen wall.

He gets a busy signal and dials again. It's busy.

KENGO  
(under his breath)  
Shit!

The electricity buzzes back on and several lights come on.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING**

Evelyn sits on the couch very disheveled and scared, watching news about the earthquake on television. She has a blanket wrapped around her.

Kengo comes in from the kitchen carrying a tray of tea. He sits down next to her and hands her a cup.

KENGO

I keep trying to call Sandra but  
it's busy.

Evelyn takes the tea and grabs Kengo's hand and holds on to  
it tightly.

EVELYN

I'm sure all the lines are tied up.

**ON THE TV:** footage of a fallen building and a stretcher being  
loaded onto an ambulance.

EVELYN

(bursting in to tears)  
Oh no! No!

Kengo rubs her back.

KENGO

It's okay.

EVELYN

No. It's not okay. We have to do  
something. We have to help.

CUT TO:

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY (CONTINUED FLASHBACK)**

Evelyn is on the phone organizing with her Church people.

EVELYN

I'll pick you up. I've got some  
blankets here. What about canned  
foods? Non-perishables?

There's a pile of clothing and other items ready to be  
donated to victims.

Kengo carries a sleeping bag into the kitchen, adding it to  
the pile.

Evelyn hangs up and goes into a frenzy of activity preparing  
to go help the earthquake victims.

EVELYN  
(emptying a cabinet of food)  
They're picking us up in half an  
hour.

KENGO  
(calm, strong)  
I'm not going.

EVELYN  
What?

KENGO  
I'm not a believer, Mom. Not  
anymore.

Evelyn freezes her frantic gathering. He walks over to her  
and places his hands on her shoulders.

KENGO  
I haven't been for a long time and  
I've felt like... I don't know...  
Today feels like a good time to  
tell you.

Evelyn sits down on the floor and puts her head in her hands.

KENGO  
I'm sorry mom. I love you but I  
don't believe in your... God. I'm  
not going to pretend like it  
anymore.

Evelyn starts to cry.

KENGO  
Come on Evelyn. Don't be a martyr.

She stands up walks to her room and closes the door.

**INT. EVELYN 'S ROOM - DAY**

Evelyn lies on her bed and weeps. Kengo knocks on the door  
and then walks into the room. He sits down on her bed. He  
hands her a box of tissues. She takes them and blows her nose  
and rubs her eyes.

EVELYN  
I can't take more than one  
earthquake per day.

KENGO  
*Evelyn?*

He makes sure he has her attention. This is serious.

KENGO  
I want you to tell me who my father  
was.

Evelyn takes a deep breath.

EVELYN  
(automatically)  
Your father is up...

KENGO  
(strong and firm)  
No Evelyn. The truth.

Evelyn hides her face under a pillow.

EVELYN  
(muffled, into the pillow)  
No.

Kengo grabs the pillow and pulls it off her. He throws it  
across the room the.

KENGO  
(firm but calm)  
Enough Mom. Tell me. You can't hide  
this from me my whole life. I'll  
never be able to believe in  
anything if you do.

Evelyn is surprised by how self possessed her boy suddenly  
is. The earthquake has cracked the surface of him and a man  
is underneath.

**INT. KITCHEN - MORNING (CONTINUED FLASHBACK)**

Kengo and Evelyn sit at the kitchen table looking at each  
other. They drink tea.

Evelyn holds the army jacket we recognize as Kengo's, now. She carefully places it on the table like it's an egg. Kengo reaches for it but Evelyn holds her hand up stopping him.

Evelyn gets up and grabs a small box she keeps on the top of the refrigerator. She sits back down with it, takes a cigarette and a book of matches out and, lights it. She takes a big inhale and slowly exhales.

Kengo is a little shocked but he doesn't say anything.

Evelyn takes another big drag. She starts to say something but then stops, only smoke coming out of her mouth.

KENGO  
(frustrated)  
Come on *Evelyn*. Talk.

Evelyn takes another drag and exhales.

EVELYN  
(slow, finding the words)  
I was living in a deep... darkness  
in my teen years. My soul was in  
chaos. Like an underwater volcano.

She makes an elaborate gesture expressing what an underwater volcano might look like.

EVELYN  
The true light was hidden behind  
dark clouds.

She adds dramatic sound effects.

Kengo rolls his eyes.

EVELYN  
No. Really, it's the truth. I used  
to have... disturbing thoughts.

She takes another drag of the cigarette.

KENGO  
What... 'disturbing thoughts'?

This is difficult to talk about with her son.



EVELYN  
I... about death and things. I  
saw... demons.

Kengo gets goose bumps. He realizes she isn't making this up.

EVELYN  
I would try everything to make them  
just...

She throws her arms up as if the demons are in the room now.

EVELYN  
(yelling at the demons)  
Go Away!

She takes another drag of her cigarette and to Kengo's  
astonishment, blows out a couple of perfect smoke rings.

EVELYN  
I tried everything. Even LSD

Kengo is shocked. Someone should throw a blanket over him.

EVELYN  
That make them worse.  
And so... I had... *knowledge* of...

She looks away from him and then back.

EVELYN  
...several different men. Without  
love.

She stops and takes a drag. It seems like she can't go on any  
further. She stares at the jacket.

EVELYN  
I Don't want you to judge me,  
Kengo.

KENGO  
(trying not sound  
horrified)  
Go on.

EVELYN

You know what it means to have  
knowledge, don't you?

Kengo rolls his eyes again.

KENGO

Yes. God, what century are we  
living in? You're acting like...  
there is still a queen or  
something. I know what it is to  
*have knowledge* of... someone.

Now, Evelyn's a little shocked. She looks at him, wondering  
if he *really* knows what having knowledge means.

Kengo presses together the index finger and thumb on his  
hand, then sticks his other finger through it a few times,  
clearly indicating sexual intercourse.

Evelyn gasps and swats the offending gesture off Kengo's  
hands.

KENGO

Stop stalling.

She takes another drag of her cigarette.

EVELYN

Do you have knowledge of Sandra?

Kengo blushes and tries not to smile. Then he shakes it off.

KENGO

*Mom...*

He uses "mom" as a weapon of manipulation.

KENGO

Just tell me about my *father*.

EVELYN

(carefully, without  
emotion)

I got pregnant in the second year  
of high school.

(MORE)

EVELYN (cont'd)

A friend of mine introduced me to a doctor who gave me an abortion.

She looks at Kengo for his reaction, making sure he isn't too shocked at what she is telling him. Then she continues.

EVELYN

He was a very kind doctor. And handsome and pretty young, too... for a doctor.

Kengo nods, encouraging her along.

EVELYN

After the... procedure, he lectured to me about contraception.

A helicopter flies over making her have to talk louder.

EVELYN

(in a deep man voice)

"Abortion was good neither for the body nor the spirit." That's what he would say. I should also be careful about venereal disease, so I should always be sure to use a condom, and he gave me a new box of them.

Evelyn giggles at the memory. She takes another drag, lost in the memory. She spaces out as the helicopter noise fades.

KENGO

Mom?

Evelyn snaps out of it. She looks at Kengo, remembering again that he's here. She continues her story.

EVELYN

I told him that I *had* condoms but he told me that the guys probably didn't put them on right. Kengo, you would be amazed at how few people know the right way to use them.

Kengo makes a confused face, wondering what people might do with condoms, *'the wrong way'*.

EVELYN

But I wasn't stupid and I was very careful about contraception. I mean, the minute we took our clothes off, I would be sure to put it on the penis... (she is suddenly embarrassed) on *the man...* myself.

Evelyn does a little gesture miming putting a condom on a man.

Kengo is a little grossed out. He tries not to let her see.

EVELYN

You just can't trust men with anything like that.

Kengo nods, to get her to keep talking.

EVELYN

Kengo? You know about condoms, right?

KENGO

Yes. Totally. I carry them in my wallet.

She stares at him.

KENGO

Go on! Come on!

EVELYN

Well, two months later... I got pregnant again.

KENGO

Jesus!

Evelyn is self-conscious. Embarrassed, she looks down.

KENGO

(gently, encouraging)  
Sorry. Go on.

Her cigarette helps her have a little more courage. She takes a big drag and blow more smoke rings. They're like little shields of smoke.

EVELYN

I went back to the same doctor who I knew I could trust and who I knew wouldn't tell my parents. He took one look at me and scolded, "I told you to be careful. What are you thinking?"

She gets a little quieter now. She picks at a piece of lint on the army jacket.

EVELYN

I couldn't stop crying.

A siren grows louder and then fades again.

EVELYN

He was so mad. I told him I had used the condoms and that I was very careful but he didn't believe me.

Evelyn suddenly is like a sad little girl.

Kengo moves to try to comfort her but he doesn't know how and really wants to hear about his father.

KENGO

Mom? Tell me. Please.

EVELYN

The doctor was your father. *Is your father.*

Kengo stops breathing.

They sit in the silence waiting for the consequences of this revelation, waiting to see if the universe will come to an end.

Kengo finally takes a breath.

Evelyn let's the gravity sink in then continues.

EVELYN

About six months after my second abortion and after a series of weird events, I ended up... having knowledge of the doctor himself. He was about thirty at the time and I was sixteen. He was very handsome.

Evelyn is trying not to get emotional by pretending like she is talking about somebody else.

EVELYN

He was still a bachelor. He was kind of boring to talk to, but we didn't talk much. He was sweet.

Remembering him and that time in her life, Evelyn smiles.

EVELYN

His right ear was... kind of... mangled. A lot of it was missing. He was a medic in Viet Nam but he said that's not how it happened. A dog chewed it off when he was a boy. He was just walking along the street one day and when a big black dog he had never seen before jumped up and bit his ear off.

KENGO

Oh, *whatever*.

Evelyn is slightly startled back into the room from her memory.

EVELYN

(consistory)

I think it happened in the war.

She carefully folds the army jacket.

EVELYN

He used to say he was glad it was just his ear. He could live without an entire ear.

Evelyn gently slides the jacket across the table, in front to Kengo.

KENGO

(in awe)

This was his?

Evelyn suddenly starts to cry.

Kengo picks it up and smells it.

EVELYN

(through her tears)

Being with him helped me... get myself.... *back*.

Evelyn takes deep breath. Kengo she's how brave she is.

EVELYN

When I was having... knowledge of him, I managed not to think disturbing thoughts. I even got to like his ear.

She reaches over and traces her finger around Kengo's perfect ear.

EVELYN

I thought it was cute.

Evelyn lights another cigarette.

EVELYN

He was so dedicated to his work. He would lecture me about the use of the condom while we were in bed. When to put it on and when to take it off. You think this would make for a foolproof contraception, but I ended up pregnant again.

KENGO

With me?

Evelyn nods slowly.

Outside, another siren screams past.

Kengo takes this in. Now he has even more questions but he doesn't know where to start.

Evelyn senses this and tries to help out.

EVELYN

He examined me and he was the one who told me I was pregnant. He was really mad and said I had been cheating on him but it wasn't true. He was the only man I had been with for months. He got me pregnant.

KENGO

Didn't you tell him that?

EVELYN

Yeah, but he didn't believe me. All my friends knew him and we would go out together with them and they knew that he was the only one I had been with. He just kept saying, "My contraceptive techniques are beyond reproach, which means you have has relations with another man."

Evelyn shakes her head.

EVELYN

But I hadn't. I was devastated. I was so hurt.

KENGO

I understand. I don't blame you.

EVELYN

He called me a slut. He demanded I get another abortion. But there was no way I could that again.



Kengo fights tears back. He puts his hand on Evelyn's hand.

EVELYN

That was the last I ever saw of  
him.

She seems to helpless and venerable as she remembers her  
past.

EVELYN

(quietly)  
He never even called me... or  
anything.

KENGO

Fucker.

Kengo pats her hand.

EVELYN

It's okay, Mom.

EVELYN

When my parents found out they  
kicked me out of the house. I was  
going to kill myself. I was going  
to drive to San Francisco and jump  
off the Golden Gate bridge.

KENGO

I'm glad you didn't.

EVELYN

Glen Tabata found me crying, out  
wondering the streets, and took me  
to the church shelter. Without him,  
I would have died.

KENGO

So, biologically speaking, my  
father is that fucking obstetrician  
that you... *had knowledge of?*

EVELYN

Oh no, listen. This isn't the whole  
truth.

(MORE)

EVELYN (cont'd)

I took the most rigorous  
contraceptive measures and became  
pregnant. In fact, I became  
pregnant three times in a row.  
That's not chance.

Kengo knows what's coming.

EVELYN

Three chance occurrences is not  
chance. The number three is none  
other than that which is used by  
our Lord for Revelations.

Kengo sighs, exasperated.

EVELYN

It was our Lord's wish that I give  
birth to you. See, the doctor's  
contraceptive methods were  
absolutely foolproof. Your father  
is the Lord. You came into this  
world not through carnal knowledge,  
but through an act of our Lord's  
will.

KENGO

Oh God mom. They brainwashed you.  
I'm sure every mother wants to  
think her son is the son of God  
but...

He stops knowing there's no dissuading her from her faith.

KENGO

Does the doctor know that you had  
me?

EVELYN

I don't think so. I never saw him  
again, He never contacted me in any  
way. I'm sure he has no idea.

Evelyn looks down at the box where she keeps her cigarettes.  
She pulls a tiny gold cross on a thin gold chain.

EVELYN  
This was his too.

She hands it to Kengo.

He looks at it like it's a the missing piece of an ancient secret. He puts it on.

Evelyn gets melancholy again and seems a million miles away.

KENGO  
Mom?

Evelyn consciousness comes back into the room.

EVELYN  
Yes, sweetie.

KENGO  
Am I like him at all? What did I  
get from him?

Evelyn looks at him, considering his question.

EVELYN  
Well, not his ears.

She giggles and then covers her mouth.

KENGO  
What?

EVELYN  
Your big wee-wee.

Kengo is horrified.

A little after-shock rattles the room and they both run to the doorway.

**BACK TO THE PRESENT**

**INT. BUS - LATE AFTERNOON**

Kengo, lost in thought and memory, stares off into the vast empty spaces of the valley outside the bus window.

The old woman wakes up and looks up at Kengo. She taps his leg, startling him.

OLD WOMAN

You look very far away in a sad place.

Kengo looks over at the man and looks closer at his ear.

**KENGO'S POV**

A slow zoom into the man's ear. It does look like it was chewed off by a dog.

Kengo looks back at the old woman.

OLD WOMAN

Whatever it is that is troubling you will be gone. Things are always changing.

The woman holds her finger up as if to tell him to wait. She closes her eyes. She opens them again.

OLD WOMAN

See. Things are different now than they were a second ago.

Kengo smiles.

OLD WOMAN

There is only ever... *now*.

KENGO

Are you physic?

The woman laughs.

OLD WOMAN

No. Just very old. So I know a little about time.

Like he's been struck by lightning, Kengo suddenly remembers something. He unzips his backpack and takes out his camera.

KENGO

Can I take your portrait?

OLD WOMAN

Why, Because I'm such a relic?  
You've never seen anyone this old.

KENGO

No, no, that's not... I think you  
have a great face.

The old woman bats her eyes like a Hollywood starlet.

Kengo laughs, taking this as consent.

OLD WOMAN

Is that digital? That's all anyone  
ever says anymore. *Digital,*  
*digital, digital.* The whole world  
is not made of one's and zeros.

KENGO

No, this good old fashioned film.

He crouches down, positioning himself so the old woman is in  
the foreground, and in the frame not far behind her, the man.

The woman stares into his lens.

Kengo racks the focus to...

### **THROUGH THE LENS**

The old woman goes out of focus and the man comes into focus,  
perfectly.

Just as Kengo presses the shutter, the man stands up going  
partly out of frame.

The camera makes a whirling sound, rewinding the film. That  
was the last photo on the roll.

KENGO

(in frustration)

Oh.

OLD WOMAN

What? Bad? Ugly?

The man is getting ready to get off at the next stop.

KENGO  
(distracting, looking at  
the man)  
No. It's great. That was the last  
shot.

KENGO  
(to the old woman)  
This is my stop.

The old woman blows him a kiss as the bus slows.

OLD WOMAN  
Remember... It's always right now.

The doors open and Kengo follows the man off the bus.

**INT. STREET - LATE AFTERNOON**

The bus drives off, leaving the two of them.

Power lines buzz and crackle in the distance suspended by huge towers. This is mostly an industrial area but a new housing development is creeping in. Every few blocks between warehouses an old house remains, but not for long.

The sun is low and the few clouds are beginning to take on an orange tint.

The man walks slowly along the barren street.

Kengo quietly follows half a block behind him.

They're the only people on the street and seems like they're the only ones left on the planet.

A cold dry desert wind blows litter down the street. A fast food wrapper, wraps around Kengo's shin. He has to shake his leg violently to get it off.

As Kengo passes a junk-yard, a furious dog runs at him flinging itself against the fence barking ferociously at Kengo. The dog didn't bark at the man.

Kengo is startled and even more adrenaline pumps through him. He walks on, his heart pounding.

The only sound now is the man's shoes rhythmically tapping against the side walk. It's oddly hypnotic.

Kengo's practices his silent Ninja walking.

**EXT. FIELD - LATE AFTERNOON**

**WIDE**

Two giant electrical towers holding up power lines rise out of the field of dead grass and dumped garbage.

The power lines buzz loudly like a swarm of giant insects.

The man and Kengo are like ants as they make their way across the buzzing field.

Kengo remains at a safe distance but makes sure he keeps the man in view.

**ON KENGO**

He walks with determined trepidation as if his about to discover a new continent or the secret identity of a spy.

KENGO  
(whispering, barely  
audible)  
Are you my father?

He takes a deep breath.

KENGO  
(just slightly louder)  
Are you my father?

He takes another deep breath.

KENGO  
(as loud as he can without  
the man hearing)  
Are you my one-eared father?

Kengo takes a deep breath.

KENGO  
(yelling as loud as he  
can)

HEY!

The man stops and turns to look.

Kengo ducks down, hiding in the grass.

The man just sees an empty field. He takes a few steps back toward where Kengo is hiding.

**ON KENGO:**

Crouching in the tall grass his heart beating wildly, he hears the man walking toward him.

The man looks around and then turns and keeps walking.

**EXT. FIELD - LATE AFTERNOON**

The man leaves the field and walks around the corner of a building.

Kengo pops up and runs as fast as he can to catch up.

**EXT. STREET - LATE AFTERNOON**

The man, his shoes clicking walks along.

Kengo appears behind him.

They continue walking through the industrial wasteland of this part of town.

**ON KENGO**

KENGO  
(quietly)  
If you are my father, you will know  
I'm here.

Kengo closes his eyes concentrating. He continues walking.

KENGO  
(quiet, pleading)  
Turn around and see me.



Kengo opens his eyes. The man doesn't turn around.

Kengo closes his eyes again.

KENGO

If you are my father...

He stumbles off the curb. He opens his eyes.

KENGO

Come on. I'm part of you.

Kengo's eyes fill with tears. He desperately needs this man to turn around and acknowledge him.

KENGO

(a touch of anger)

I'm from you. Turn around.

Kengo stops walking and concentrates hard. He touches the cross around his neck.

**ON THE MAN:**

The man slowly turns around so see Kengo.

**MAN'S POV**

Kengo: eyes shut, reaching for the sky.

Who is this bizarre, seemingly possessed street kid, gesticulating and genuflecting to the sky?

**ON THE MAN**

The man slowly turns and walks on, his shoes clicking against the assault.

**CLOSE ON KENGO:**

Kengo keeps his eyes squeezed shut as tight as possible, squeezing out tears.

KENGO

(like a prayer)

Are you my father?

He raises his arms up in the air as a conduit to receive the answer he needs.

KENGO

See me.

He puts his arms down and slowly opens his eyes.

**KENGO'S POV**

The street is empty. The man is gone.

Kengo panics. He runs up the street.

KENGO

(yelling)

Hey!

Kengo comes to an alley too narrow to drive a car down.

Kengo stops.

He listens and faintly but distinctly hears the mans shoes echoing from somewhere down the alley.

He walks runs down the long alley.

**IN THE ALLEY - VERY LATE AFTERNOON**

Kengo runs a few steps then stops and listens again.

Utter silence except for the wind.

Kengo runs as fast as he can and comes around the corner to...

**EXT. BASEBALL DIAMOND - DUSK**

This is the same dusty baseball diamond we saw at the beginning of the script:

Long neglected, surrounded by a rusty chain-link fence, weeds growing on the pitcher's mound, the dilapidated dugout, tagged with layers of graffiti, discarded spray paint cans laying under the bleachers, the burnt and rusted car missing its wheels.

Kengo runs into the diamond and stops.

KENGO  
(yelling)  
Hey! Hello!

There is only a slight echo.

KENGO  
(yelling)  
Bastard!

Still nothing.

KENGO  
(not yelling)  
Fucking bastard. Where did you go?

He listens of an answer. Again just the wind.

KENGO  
*I'm the bastard.*

Kengo kicks an empty spray paint can. The can bounces through the dirt.

He walks over to the battered car and looks inside.

#### **KENGO'S POV**

#### **INSIDE THE CAR**

The seats are ripped up and there are several syringes laying on them.

A used condom is draped over the steering wheel.

Kengo walks away from the car back to top of the pitcher's mound.

He looks up at the sky.

#### **THE SKY:**

It's nearly dusk and the sky is turning incredible shades of pink and orange.

**ON KENGO:**

Kengo turns in a full circle surveying the area. He walks into the dugout.

The dugout's walls are amazingly colorful, covered with graffiti and spray paint art. A lot of it is people's names and gang tags - where they are from names, names of couples... a few political slogans. One reads "USA Lies."

Kengo walks over and picks up the can of spray paint.

He shakes it then holds his hand out and sprays. The very last bit of red paint spurts onto Kengo's hand.

He throws the can as hard as he can. It clangs loudly against the car.

Kengo walks over to the wall and presses his hand against it. He bangs his fist on top of his hand making sure it's pressed against the wall hard. Satisfied he gently removes his hand. He backs up admiring his work.

**ON THE WALL:**

Kengo's fresh, bright red hand print shimmers among the older graffiti. The newest piece in years and layers of paint.

**ON THE FIELD:**

Kengo walks out into the field and sits down. He lies on his back and looks up at the sky.

**KENGO'S POV**

In stark contrast to Kengo's terrestrial surrounds, the sky is beautiful, in the full blush of an amazing sunset.

Orange and pink clouds streak through the sky. A jet a mile up leaves a contrail that turns orange. Its engines make a distinct static roar.

**ABOVE KENGO (SKY'S POV?)**

We float above the field looking down at Kengo stretched out on his back looking up at the sky. We descend towards him.

As we reach him he raises his arms up and opens his hands against the sunset sky.

#### **KENGO'S POV**

He holds his hands together like a frame. He makes the sound of a picture being taken.

Kengo reaches into his pocket and pulls out his iPod and turns it on.

He finds the right music to look at the sky with.

*Something ambient and atmospheric but delicate.*

Kengo gets tired of the song and looking at the sky. He jumps up and changes the music to something with a faster tempo.

Kengo starts to dance along to the music. It's his trademark flapping frog-like dancing. It's weird and jerky.

We swirl around him as he flaps along to the music.

Suddenly the music stops.

Kengo stops dancing and checks out his iPod. He bangs it on his hand.

The batteries are dead.

#### **WIDE ON THE BASEBALL DIAMOND**

Kengo stands on top of the pitchers mound softly humming.

The wind picks up as the sun sets.

Kengo stops humming and listens. A gust of wind clangs the chain link fence making a strange rhythm.

Kengo moves to the weird clang of the fence. He starts to hum again, a little louder.

He starts moving a little more, swaying back and forth then a little faster. He spins around and jumps in the air.

His movements evolve slowly into a dance. There is a little bit of his frog movements but they diminish as his movements become more and more fluid. The fence clangs, the wind blows, a distant siren howls, Kengo dances along.

#### **ANGLE ON THE FIELD**

Kengo runs to one side of the lot and does some dancing then to the other side. He runs around the baseball diamond following where the bases would be, an imaginary home run.

After home base, he runs to the abandoned car and jumps on the roof.

On the roof of the car he goes wild, dancing and jumping with unprecedented grace, at least for him.

He rips his shirt off and waves it around like a flag before throwing it down. He takes his pants off and whips them through the air.

He continues dancing but now it's taken on an almost religious feel.

Kengo is in the middle of some huge personal ritual. He is sweating and moving wildly dancing to his own music. He is purging something deep from inside him.

Kengo leaps off the car and runs back to the pitcher's mound. His dancing crescendos in a flurry of wild movements and then, Kengo collapses onto the ground, hyperventilating.

#### **ANGLE - ABOVE THE BASEBALL DIAMOND**

The light has drained from the sky and the world has taken on a bluish color.

Kengo lies on the pitcher's mound catching his breath.

We slowly float down to him.

There is a strange sorrowful compliance in him.

He sighs a long sigh and then takes the deepest of breaths.

KENGO

Oh, God.

A large gust of wind whistles hauntingly through the rusty chain-link fence like it's answering him.

Kengo starts to cry.

The last light of the day drains from the sky.

Slow dissolve to...

**INT. BUS - NIGHT**

Kengo rides the bus. It's dark outside and the fluorescent lights in the bus are bright. There are only a few other passengers. They all ride in silence.

Slow dissolve to...

**INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT**

Kengo gets off the subway at Vermont and Wilshire and rides the very long escalator up to street level.

Slow dissolve to...

**EXT. WILSHIRE BLOULVARD - NIGHT**

It's raining lightly and the streets are slick, reflecting the headlights of the traffic. Fog has rolled in and the streetlights radiate an eerie glow.

Kengo walks along the sidewalk slowly and contemplatively as Korea Town swirls around him.

An OLD MAN sells flowers from a little kiosk.

Kengo stops at the flower stand.

The homeless man with the American flag on his shopping cart walks by, singing *The Star Spangled Banner*.

*The Star Spangled Banner* echoes, slowly dissolving over...

**EXT. SMALL HOUSE - NIGHT**

This mid-century house in a suburban neighborhood is just on the edge of K-Town.

Kengo walks across the street and stops in front of the house. He holds a small bouquet of daisies.

Kengo makes a loud chirp. His signal to Sandra. There is no response so he chirps again. Still nothing.

KENGO  
(loud whisper)  
Sandra.

A light in the house goes on.

A MAN, 50'S (Sandra's father) opens the front door. He stares at Kengo.

Sandra is obviously not home. Kengo walks away.

**INT. KENGO AND EVELYN'S APT. - NIGHT**

Kengo quietly opens up the front door. He carries the bouquet of daisies. He steps into the hall, trying not to make the floor creak. It's like a mine field but he's well practiced at maneuvering through it. If Evelyn is sleeping, he doesn't want to wake her.

Music begins playing from the living room. It's haunting and beautiful. *Maybe traditionally Asian.*

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

Sandra drives her Volvo up to the front of Kengo's building. She is wearing Kengo's hat. She takes a hand off the wheel to honk the horn but stops herself. She turns the igniting off and sits there for a moment in the quiet. She takes a tissue from the dashboard and blows her nose.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

Sandra gets out of her car. She stares up at Kengo's building. Her eyes are puffy from crying.

**INT. KENGO AND EVELYN'S APT. - NIGHT**

Kengo walks down the hall forgetting to close the front door.



**KENGO'S POV**

Floating towards the living room and the source of the music.

Slowly we round the doorway revealing...

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Evelyn, dances slowly around the room to the music. She is dressed in a beautiful silk nightgown, seeming to almost defy gravity with her grace, totally uninhabited.

Kengo sets the daisies down next to the record player. He leans against the door and watches Evelyn, hypnotised. Her dance is almost mournful.

Evelyn turns and sees Kengo. She smiles at him, dancing slowly, using the whole room as her stage.

Kengo starts to sway to the music. He steps into the room and dances slowly in place.

Evelyn reaches her arms out inviting Kengo to dance with her.

Kengo smiles and pushes himself off the wall, toward her. Evelyn embraces Kengo and they begin to dance together, around the room.

Sandra quietly steps into the doorway, peering into the living room. Kengo's red ski hat is in her hand.

Kengo sees Sandra over Evelyn's shoulder and keeping Evelyn's back to Sandra, he looks at her. He can see she's been crying.

Sandra watches Kengo and Evelyn's intimate dance. The hat slips out of her hand.

Kengo gently takes Evelyn's hands from himself and steps out of her embrace.

Evelyn turns and sees Sandra. She stops dancing.

Kengo walks across the room toward Sandra. He picks his hat up from the floor and places it on Sandra's head. Kengo reaches his hand out to Sandra.

Sandra takes a small hesitant step towards Kengo and he takes her in his arms and guides her into the room. Kengo leads her, gracefully into his dance. They use the full space of the room, moving through it effortlessly.

Evelyn takes a step back and watches.

Sandra closes her eyes and hugs Kengo, harder. The tension in her face relaxes. They press their bodies together, tightly.

Evelyn turns away and dances slowly in her corner of the room, her back to Kengo and Sandra.

Freeze Frame.

The music continues.

Fade Out.

## **THE END**

### **EPILOGUE - OVER THE END CREDITS**

Kengo's music.

Under the end credits we fade up to:

The photo Kengo took on the bus.

The old woman is blurry but we can tell she is smiling.

Behind her, THE MAN is standing. His head is almost completely out of frame. We can't see his eyes, nose or any of his face. But we can see the bottom of his profile, and as we slowly zoom in, his ear.

Fade out.