

NO OTHER CHOICE

by

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(Based on the Donald E. Westlake novel, THE AX)

Final Draft

MOHO FILM
KG PRODUCTIONS

CREDITS fade in and out slowly to the piano solo from the ANDANTE MOVEMENT OF MOZART'S PIANO CONCERTO No. 23.

The sweeping orchestra joins and the SCREEN surges with turquoise sky and clouds tinged with warm colors.

The CAMERA BOOMS DOWN and the face of YOU MAN-SU (early 50s) rises into frame as he flips eels on the barbecue grill for the Sunday roast. He has a natural mustache and rosy cheeks. Sweat beads on his forehead and the bridge of his nose from the heat.

Feeling a faint breeze brushing through his hair, Man-su lifts his gaze and looks around his garden, murmuring -

MAN-SU
Yeah... Come on, fall!

His charming, well tended garden is part of an old, but neatly fixed up two-story western style house.

The petals of the crape myrtle tree in the garden flutter in the breeze, and TWO LARGE DOGS are eating from their bowls nearby.

Man-su's gaze lingers on his son, SI-ONE (13), sitting at the outdoor table, eyes fixed on his tablet computer, before drifting to his wife, LEE MIRI (40s) -- a lively, playful woman full of laughter -- coming over with a large plate in her hands.

MIRI
They must really like you. Sending you expensive eel.

Man-su takes another eel out of a box and lays its long snake-like body on the grill.

MAN-SU
It's not that they like me. They're going to work me even harder.

Man-su moves the grilled eel pieces onto the plate.

MIRI
Those Americans too must know that eels make men perform better.

MAN-SU
(giving her a smoldering look)
They even sent it on your birthday.

MIRI
(giving him a playful
push with her
shoulder)
The kids will hear!

Man-su plays a boxer getting knocked out and collapses at the mere touch, all complete with a groan and a hand stretched out, looking for help -

MAN-SU
I need eel! Eel!

Determined not to laugh lest it encourage him a habit of making lame jokes, Miri grabs the plate and turns her back on him. Miri calls out to the second floor of the house.

MIRI
Come and eat! Dad sweated in the heat
grilling these.

MAN-SU
I'll go.

Miri distributes the eels on the smaller dishes for each family member, as Man-su heads inside the house. Si-one glares at the unfamiliar dish served in front of him. Next to him sits one of the dogs, waiting to be fed.

SI-ONE
A snake?

MIRI
Snakes don't taste this good! Dad's
company sent it, for doing a good
job. It's not even a holiday.

SI-ONE
Couldn't they give us beef?

RI-ONE (9), sitting alone with her cello on the second-floor terrace, practices the same short phrase over and over again when Man-su comes up.

MAN-SU
Ri-one, dinner. Come on. Let's eat.

Man-su sets her cello down on the table, then lifts his daughter into his arms.

MAN-SU (cont'd)
Let the cello take a nap.

THE MOZART PIANO CONCERTO NOW PLAYS FROM THE SMALL PORTABLE SPEAKER.

At the outdoor table, Miri pulls out a chair to sit down, but finds a gift box underneath.

MIRI
What's this?

She opens the box to find a pair of high-end dance shoes. The corners of her mouth turn up -

MIRI (cont'd)
Honey! Must've been expensive!

Man-su comes back out to the garden, carrying Ri-one in his arms.

MAN-SU
Well, I can afford decent dance shoes.

Man-su hides his smile and sets Ri-one down beside her brother. Miri shows her daughter the shoes.

MIRI
Aren't Mom's shoes pretty?

Man-su pats Ri-one on the shoulders and returns to the grill.

MAN-SU
Eat up.

Neither of the siblings touch their eels. Miri quickly puts on the new shoes.

MIRI
I'll be able to dance so well in these.

She walks over to Man-su and gives him a hug from behind.

MIRI (cont'd)
(playful)
They say not to gift shoes to your lover.

SI-ONE
Why?

RI-ONE
(repeating after her
brother)

Why?

MIRI
'Cause they might run away in them.
Seems your dad is confident.

Miri sends Man-su a mischievous glance. The confident smile on his face makes her feel good.

MIRI (cont'd)
Come on.

Miri pulls her husband away from the grill and starts to dance to the music. Her new shoes step around daintily.

MIRI (cont'd)
We need to practice when we can.
Ready, start! One two three, two two
three, three two three...

Man-su's not into dancing, but he does it for his wife. Holding hands, the couple turns in circles. The dogs join them. Mid-circle, Man-su lets go of Miri's hand, and walks over to the table.

Finally, the entire family, including their dogs, has converged around the table. In that short time, Si-one is won over by the taste of the eel. Ri-one only eats the sausages.

From an ice-bucket, Man-su pulls out a half bottle wine and tops up Miri's glass. He gives the bottle a quick sniff, then sets it down. There's only a bottle of coca-cola in front of him. As he's about to pour it into his glass, Miri takes the bottle from his hand and pours it for him.

Man-su then notices a piece of paper inside the eel gift box.

It's a thin sheet of paper with a subtle green color and a printed message that reads: "Thanks for your hard work and years of dedication to Solar Paper."

He holds it up to the sunlight to observe the quality of the paper and then gently rubs it between his fingers, savoring the texture.

MIRI (cont'd)
Damned paper...

Man-su smiles and stands up, taking Miri's hand and pulling her toward the garden just as she reaches for the wine bottle.

MAN-SU
Honey, come here.

MIRI
Why?

He puts his arm around Miri's waist and gestures to his kids. Si-one and Ri-one roll their eyes, 'not this again'. Regardless, Man-su keeps gesturing, beckoning them over. Miri does the same, smiling.

MIRI (cont'd)
Come on, Ri-one. Come on.

The kids give in and come into their mom and dad's arms, but there are smiles on their faces. The dogs also push in between the legs of their human family. Man-su looks up at the sky. The sun sets slowly. Man-su feels pretty happy with his life.

MAN-SU
Just three minutes more.
(off the family's
groaning, quickly)
One minute...

'Well, we could do one minute...' The family stands completely still in a huddle, just breathing in and out.

MAN-SU (cont'd)
Know what I'm feeling now?
(off Miri's look)
I've got it all.

During these thirty seconds, the sun has dipped a little lower and it gets a little darker.

2 INT. PAPER MILL BUILDING, SOLAR PAPER - DAY

2

A rotor begins to spin at full force, pulling pulp into a violent swirl.

OVERWHELMING NOISE OF THE MACHINES RUNNING.

The factory floor is full of giant machines stretched out in a long line, like steel dinosaurs crouching down in a row.

From the wet ends where the pulp is fed, along the mesh conveyor belts of the forward drive to the massive rolls of the press section, Man-su walks along the production line and checks that there are no issues.

Man-su spots a YOUNG WORKER (early 20s) in the sweltering dryer section, working without a hardhat. He walks over and places the hat on the young worker's head.

MAN-SU (V.O.)

You people bought Solar Paper, where I devoted 25 years of my life. But as soon as you take over, you say you'll cut 20% of the production line? And you ask for a list of names to fire?

Man-su grabs a frozen water bottle and sends it up in a bucket to an ELDERLY LINE WORKER (late 60s), working high above in the mill.

MAN-SU (V.O.) (cont'd)

Names of veterans who taught me their craft? Names of young men who came of age in this factory?

Man-su walks over to a console in the middle of the production line. He checks the documents on a clipboard and adjusts the dials on the console.

MAN-SU (V.O.) (cont'd)

Innocent workers who lovingly cared for these machines, you want me to point a gun at their heads? I can't do it. Guns are meant to be aimed at one's enemies!

On one wall hangs a large old wooden signboard that reads:
"STOP! THINK! ACT!"

A weathered, BEARDED WORKER (40s) puts his hand on the thundering roller, running his fingers over the drying pulp. Man-su taps the roll with a mallet to check its condition. The two veterans exchange looks.

MAN-SU (V.O.) (cont'd)

I cannot give you that list.

3 EXT. WOOD YARD BEHIND THE PAPER MILL BUILDING, SOLAR PAPER - 3
DAY

Standing next to a mountain of logs destined to soon become pulp, Man-su rehearses his speech in front of his three colleagues with cigarettes in their mouths. Man-su shouts to be heard over the NOISE OF THE TRUCKS passing by -

MAN-SU

You Americans say, to be fired is to be 'axed'? Know what we say in Korea?
(gestures cutting his
own neck with the
blade of his hand)
"Off with your head!" So being fired
is having your head chopped clear off
with an ax!

The workers applaud. Excited by the support, Man-su eagerly tries to continue with his speech, but can't remember his next sentence. He looks down at the palm of his left hand. After taking a peek at the keywords he had written on it ("job for life", "old shoes," etc.), he regains his confidence, and continues in a belting voice -

MAN-SU (cont'd)

"If you don't start a union, we
guarantee a job for life." That
beautiful tradition... tossed out
like...

A truck passes close by, and Man-su is forced to shout louder.

MAN-SU (cont'd)

Like old shoes! To you Americans...!
(voice cracking, then
clearing with a
cough)
Damn, my throat... I said to do this
in the warehouse. All because you
wanted to smoke. Quit, dammit!

YOUNG WORKER

(apologetic)

You put so much work into this.

ELDERLY LINE WORKER

He could've said, forget it. But he
acts like it's his job at stake.

MAN-SU

It is! If you guys are fired,
who will I work with?

BEARDED WORKER
 (nodding in approval)
 Real sense of humanity.

The other two also nod in agreement. Man-su quite likes this evaluation.

4 EXT. PAPER MILL BUILDING ENTRANCE, SOLAR PAPER - DAY

4

Man-su hurries over from the wood yard. His colleagues follow him too.

The MILL MANAGER (60s) and the AMERICANS walk out from the mill. Next to two waiting black Escalades, the Americans take off their guest hardhats before getting in the cars.

INTERPRETER
 (in English)
 So we're done with the tour here.
 We'll head back to headquarters in
 Seoul.

Man-su takes the return box for the guest safety gear from the nearby MILL MANAGER'S ASSISTANT and takes it to the Americans himself. Keeping his eyes on one of them, the HEAD OF HR, Man-su grabs the INTERPRETER by the elbow and speaks urgently --

MAN-SU
 Hello, sir.

INTERPRETER
 (in English)
 He wants to say something.

MAN-SU
 You Americans say, to be fired is to
 be 'axed'? Know what we say in Korea?

He is about to gesture cutting his own neck with the blade of his hand, but hearing the Interpreter translate the first sentence, the Head of HR wears an awkward expression and cuts him off -

HEAD OF HR
 (in English)
 I'm sorry. There's no other choice.

With his guest hardhat still on, he hurries inside the waiting car. Man-su doesn't back down, continuing his speech until the door closes.

MAN-SU
 "Off with your head!" So to be
 fired...

MILL MANAGER
 (to Head of HR)
 Give back the helmet!

MAN-SU
 ...is to chop your head clear off!

The two Escalades leave.

MILL MANAGER
 Wait! What'll he do with that helmet?

After the Americans are gone, Man-su just stands there, perplexed, holding the return box. The Mill Manager turns to Man-su, worried -

MILL MANAGER (cont'd)
 They didn't... give you the eel, did they?

The Bearded Worker and the Elderly Worker exchange a look, gripped by a sense of foreboding. Only the Young Worker doesn't quite understand what's going on and looks puzzled.

MILL MANAGER (cont'd)
 No way, right?

Man-su regards the manager with a vacant look in his eyes. He's trying to figure out the meaning behind the question.

5 EXT. FRONT YARD, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DAY

5

Man-su stands with a troubled look on his face.

MIRI
 Honey.

MAN-SU
 What?

Man-su snaps out of his daze. Miri holds Ri-one's cello case as she stares at her husband. Man-su quickly puts a smile on his face.

MIRI
 You said you'd say something.

MAN-SU
 I forgot.

MIRI
Aren't you going to work?

MAN-SU
Right, right. That's right.

Man-su snatches the cello from Miri and loads it into the backseat of her Kia Sorento. The mother and son and the father and daughter hug each other. Man-su hugs his kids tighter and longer than Miri does. Ri-one is wearing her backpack in front, making it hard to hug her closely.

SI-ONE
(pointing at the dog
house)
Si-two Ri-two, house!

MIRI
Study hard.
(to Ri-one)
Ri-one, let's go.

MAN-SU
Ri-one! Have a good day.

Once Si-two and Ri-two run back to the dog house, Man-su locks the gate.

The son gets in his father's car, and the daughter gets in her mother's.

Man-su hops into the driver's seat of his Hyundai Grandeur sedan, and stares blankly as his wife's SUV departs.

MIRI
Good luck!

MAN-SU (PRELAP)
I slaved for 25 years!

6 INT. LECTURE ROOM, EMPLOYMENT TRAINING CENTER - DAY

6

Man-su sits among THIRTY ODD FRESHLY FIRED MEN of Solar Paper, which include the Bearded Worker and the Elderly Line Worker.

A banner adorning a wall reads: "YOU'VE STOPPED, SO... THINK! THEN ACT!"

Dressed like an evangelist, a female INSTRUCTOR (30s) with long straight hair is speaking to the class in a soft, gentle tone. She has dealt with this situation countless times before.

She approaches Man-su, puts her hand on his shoulder and nods as if to say she understands everything. Man-su seethes.

INSTRUCTOR
Deep breaths. Hoo, ha, hoo, ha...

INSERT - With a loud shout bursting out, Miri swings her racquet, her eyes focused, her feet quick.

INSTRUCTOR (cont'd)
Hoo, ha, hoo, ha...

The Instructor's breaths stir his hair. Man-su is tormented inside.

7 EXT. TENNIS CLUB - DAY

7

Miri smashes the ball with all her strength, but it hits the net and falls. She lets out a big groan as she stomps her feet. Miri has a competitive streak.

INSTRUCTOR (PRELAP)
I am...

8 INT. LECTURE ROOM, EMPLOYMENT TRAINING CENTER - DAY

8

The Instructor holds up a stack of cardboard signs. The topmost cardboard reads: "I am".

The men echo back her words. She rips off a strip of sticker tape on the cardboard to reveal the rest of the words written after "I am": "a good person."

INSTRUCTOR
A good person.

The men chant in unison. The Instructor sends Man-su a glance, urging him to participate. Man-su ends up joining in.

INSTRUCTOR (cont'd)
Man-su!

MAN-SU
...person.

Finally satisfied, the Instructor moves on. The next signboard reads: "Losing my job".

INSTRUCTOR
Losing my job...

Man-su, curious what words might follow, watches on.

INSTRUCTOR (cont'd)
Losing my job!

The Instructor rips off the tape to reveal the words.

INSTRUCTOR (cont'd)
...is not my choice!

The Instructor throws away the signboard. Man-su chokes up. The third cardboard starts with the words: "My loving family".

INSTRUCTOR (cont'd)
My loving family...

She repeats the words twice, tapping her temple this time. The men follow her lead with more fervor.

The unemployed men are intensely curious. The tape gets peeled off to reveal the words: "will support me fully as I seek new opportunities."

The men swallow their tears. The Instructor now taps her forehead, and the men follow along as they repeat the chant in loud voices. Man-su is now as sincere as anyone else.

MAN-SU
...will support me fully as I seek
new opportunities. My loving family
will support me fully as I seek new
opportunities.

9 INT. HALLWAY, EMPLOYMENT TRAINING CENTER - DAY

9

Man-su stands in a secluded spot against a window, with earphones in his ears, anxiously waiting for someone to pick up the phone on the other side of the call.

In the classroom, a chorus of men murmur their self-hypnotic affirmations, following the lead of the instructor.

INSTRUCTOR/THE UNEMPLOYED (O.S.)
I have nothing to be ashamed of... I
have nothing to hide from my
family...

Man-su looks down at his left palm. He flinches as Miri actually answers the call.

MIRI (V.O.)
Honey.

MAN-SU

Can you put in earphones?

MIRI (V.O.)

Just a sec.

Unable to continue with his words, Man-su clenches his teeth -- his mind draws a blank. He looks down at his palm again, where his handwritten notes in red read: "Hired in 3 months".

10 EXT. TENNIS CLUB - DAY

10

With earphones in and her brows furrowed, Miri sits on a bench next to the court, listening to Man-su.

On the court, OH CHIN-HO (early 40s) practices serving on his own, sneaking glances at Miri.

Miri, who becomes stronger in times of adversity, puts on a cheerful smile.

MIRI

So you must've had sleepless nights?
Are you crying?

Man-su appears teary-eyed on her cellphone screen.

MIRI (cont'd)

Where's that brave bachelor who
proposed to a single mom? I made a
new start, you can too. Sure you can!

11 INT. LECTURE ROOM, EMPLOYMENT TRAINING CENTER - DAY

11

The door at the back of the room opens slightly, and Man-su enters after ending his call.

Wiping away the remaining tears, Man-su tiptoes back to his seat, observing the men around him.

INSTRUCTOR

Take all your hopes and dreams, and
recite your own incantation. Ready?
Go!

They all go hard at it. Man-su joins in too, adding his voice to the chorus of men.

MAN-SU (V.O.)

A new start... A new start... A new
start...

INSERT - Miri hangs up the phone and drops her head low, her brave attitude from talking to her husband just now all but gone. A concerned Chin-ho approaches her, studying the look on her face. Miri raises her head reflexively, staring blankly at Chin-ho for a long moment before dropping her head again.

MAN-SU

A new start. I'm head of a family.
I'll be born again. To put food in my
family's mouths... there's nothing I
won't do. In three months, I'll get
hired again!

He speaks louder, and taps his temples faster with both hands. He's more confident. He's going to make it. We see a smile blooming on his face.

ECU of veins bulging on the temple, pulsing as his fingers tap on them. We hear the SOUND OF HIS HEARTBEAT.

MAN-SU (cont'd)

I feel great!

12 INT. RETAIL STORE - DAY

12

SUPER: 13 MONTHS LATER

Wearing a staff uniform, Man-su walks to a display shelf carrying a heavy box on his shoulder and sets it down.

Man-su's now clean-shaven face makes him look more vulnerable than clean. He grimaces and massages his cheek near his molars, as if he's developed a toothache.

At the sound of his PHONE RINGING, he checks the caller ID and answers surreptitiously, glancing around to see if the MANAGER, who's checking stock at a distant display shelf, is watching. He lowers his voice -

MAN-SU

Hi Namgu, I know. Today at 5 o'clock.

NAMGU (V.O.)

My boss is really curious about you.
Sorry to ask so suddenly, but can you
come at noon?

MAN-SU

Listen, I'm... at the retail store,
with my wife.

NAMGU (V.O.)
The boss suddenly booked a 5pm flight
back to China. Too much to ask?

MAN-SU
No no, hold on. Wait. I'll plead with
my wife.

Man-su turns to the Manager in the distance.

13 EXT. CARPARK, RETAIL STORE - DAY

13

From a distance, in the loading dock, we see the tiny
figures of Man-su pleading and his manager lecturing him.
Their voices are lost in the NOISE of delivery trucks coming
and going.

The Manager points at Man-su's chest and his legs. In
response, Man-su takes off his uniform and hands it to the
Manager, who takes it and leaves.

Now in only his underwear, he's about to put his shoes back
on when he hears female employees approaching. Man-su
quickly hides behind a truck. Man-su hangs his head low,
seething. Then the truck drives away, leaving him exposed
with nowhere to hide.

NAMGU (V.O.)
That's right. Come over now. But
there's a question he always asks.
"What's your weak point?"

MAN-SU (V.O.)
Weak point?

NAMGU (V.O.)
It's a crucial-utely sensitive issue,
okay?

MAN-SU (V.O.)
Okay, thanks!

NAMGU (V.O.)
Yep.

14 EXT. FRONT YARD, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DAY

14

Miri talks on the phone as she tears open an envelope.

MIRI
Weak point?

MAN-SU (V.O.)
 Sorry, I know it's absolutely
 impossible to answer. What's my weak
 point?

MIRI
 What do you think? You love plants
 too much. You're a vegetable.

MAN-SU (V.O.)
 Last night you called me an animal.
 (off Miri's chuckle)
 Namgu gave me this awesome tip. If
 only I can explain my weak point
 well. It's a crucial-utely sensitive
 issue.

Holding the phone between her shoulder and ear, Miri reads a
 Mortgage Default Warning. Her expression darkens.

15 INT. MEETING ROOM, PAPYRUS - DAY

15

On one side of a long table sit the interview team -- a
 stern faced CHINESE CEO (30s), an INTERPRETER (20s), a
 Korean HR MANAGER (40s) and CHOI NAMGU (40s).

Man-su sits across from them, red-faced. He feels a sudden
 toothache, and his hand reflexively goes to his cheek but he
 barely manages to stop it midway. He then glances at Namgu,
 who adjusts his eyeglasses.

The Interpreter translates the Chinese CEO's question.

INTERPRETER
 If you're hired, you'll work *under*
 your former subordinate Namgu. Tell
 us how you feel about that.

Man-su crosses his right leg over his trembling left leg, to
 steady it.

MAN-SU
 I was a manager, true, but I've
 always considered myself to be blue
 collar. So, in that respect...

HR MANAGER
 I don't think you understood the
 question. Namgu--

Man-su raises a hand to his cheek from the toothache, then
 adjusts his tie to make the gesture look natural --

MAN-SU

No, of course I understand, my point is...

HR MANAGER

Namgu came to Papyrus first, so you'll learn from him, right?

MAN-SU

Of course! I am always learning. I got hired as soon as I graduated from high school. But even while working, I earned a chemistry degree. Of course, that was at a distance university.

Feeling his trembling has settled, Man-su puts his right leg back down and sits up, making fists with his hands, placing them neatly on his knees.

His left leg shakes again. As he speaks with speed and energy, he tries pressing down on his leg with his fist, but fails to stop the shaking. He crosses his right leg on top, stops the shaking leg, and plants it back down.

MAN-SU (cont'd)

Of course after that too, I kept... learning. And of course, *safety management*. When I received the 2019 'Pulp Man of the Year', it was that aspect that they singled out in my record. And that same year, I finally bought my own home. The very house I was *born* in. Of course... I'm saying "of course" too much, aren't I? Hahaha. It's not so much because I'm nervous, but... self-confidence? Assurance? That's what it is. Of course! Hahahaha.

CHINESE CEO

(in Chinese)

If you don't mind, could you tell me about your weak point?

Finally, it's the question he's been warned about. Namgu gives him a surreptitious nod. Man-su answers with confidence, as if he's been waiting for it -

MAN-SU

No.

The answer startles everyone. Namgu's mouth drops open. Man-su waits for a beat, then smiles.

MAN-SU (cont'd)
 ...is the one thing I can't say,
 that's my biggest weak point! Hahaha!

16 INT. CORRIDOR, PAPYRUS - DAY

16

After the interview, Man-su exits into the hallway with a grimace. Namgu follows.

NAMGU
 Have you looked into Moon Paper?

MAN-SU
 Moon?

NAMGU
 They say Moon Paper has cracked the Japanese market, look into it. Pacific Paper is restructuring this winter, too... Go to a dentist, will you? Just go, okay? If you get hired, you'll be too busy to go.

MAN-SU
 No, I'm fine.

NAMGU
 (pitying his
 stubbornness)
 There's that pigheadedness of yours!

They arrive at a fork in the corridor. A middle-aged man in a gray suit like Man-su's -- a man we'll meet again later named GU BUMMO (50s) -- stands in the interviewee waiting room with a nervous look on his face. He taps his neck with four fingers, muttering a chant.

Namgu stops and extends his hand toward Man-su for a shake.

NAMGU (cont'd)
 Anyway, get hired before winter, okay? The company will call you soon.

MAN-SU
 Thanks.

NAMGU
 Don't forget, Moon Paper!

Man-su turns and walks away. Nearby, Bummo keeps murmuring to himself.

BUMMO
I'm a man. I'm a good person...

17 INT. GREENHOUSE, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - NIGHT

17

Chock full of various plants and gardening tools, this greenhouse is Man-su's little kingdom.

Along with the colorful flowers, there are many bonsai trees.

ON SCREEN:

A video plays, showing a YOUTUBER (20s) interviewing CHOI SUN-CHUL (50s) against a backdrop of a mountain of logs at the paper mill's wood yard, with the subtitle: "Choi Sun-chul, Line Manager at Moon Paper".

SUN-CHUL
Founded by legendary paper man Moon
Changho, Moon Paper is--

YOUTUBER
(cutting him off with
polite, inoffensive
laughter)
Mr. Choi! We agreed to talk about how
paper is made.

SUN-CHUL
That's what I'm--

YOUTUBER
Leave the promotion to the company
channel.

A subtitle flashes on the video: "6 hours 17 minutes
later..."

SUN-CHUL
(toward the camera)
Many people think paper companies
mindlessly raze entire forests,
right? That's not true.

The video is playing on Man-su's laptop as he watches at his desk. Upset with envy, Man-su slams the laptop shut.

He moves to the bonsai he's working on, and focuses on wrapping thick copper wire around the pine branches to change their growth direction.

ECU of a branch: as Man-su pulls the wire, the branch bends. He tightens the wire excessively - making a CRACKING SOUND as the wire digs into the branch.

Man-su, his face turning red from the effort, tightens it so much that he breaks the branch completely. He lets out an involuntary curse, then senses someone and looks up.

Through the glass, Si-one is watching him. He stares blankly at the unfamiliar expression on his father's face for a beat, and then makes a hand gesture indicating eating.

18 INT. DINING ROOM, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - NIGHT

18

On the dinner table, there's seaweed soup with just seaweed and a few meager side dishes. Si-one looks disappointed as he picks at his food, peering repeatedly into his tablet computer. Meanwhile, Ri-one draws very colorful and complicated patterns in her sketchbook.

Man-su is suffering from his toothache. He squeezes his chin, having trouble eating. But even so, it is Man-su who helps Ri-one with her meal.

It's only after completing a block of patterns that she reluctantly opens her mouth to the spoon Man-su's been holding.

Miri bustles between the dining room and the adjacent kitchen, chattering in a loud voice. She is over-enthused to the verge of delirium.

MIRI

First, the good news. I got a part time job. Mom's going out to work now!

Man-su's eyes widen. Si-one finally looks up from his tablet -

SI-ONE

You always blamed us for killing your career. Congrats, Mom!

RI-ONE

Congrats, Mom!

MIRI

Thanks.

MAN-SU

Where? A dental clinic?

MIRI
Dr. Oh Chin-ho.

MAN-SU
Dr. Ouch In-ho?

MIRI
No jokes allowed. I'd like us all to
face the fact we're in a crisis.
(closing the cover on
Si-one's tablet
computer, holding
out a piece of paper)
Refrain from the listed activities
until Dad finds work. Except for Ri-
one's lessons, anything nonessential
must go. For example...

SI-ONE
For example, meat in the soup?

MIRI
There is some, look harder. For
example, my car.

INSERT - Miri's Kia Sorento and Man-su's Hyundai Grandeur

MIRI (cont'd)
We'll trade your car for something
smaller. And our house.

INSERT - Exterior view of Man-su's house

MAN-SU
What?

SI-ONE
What?

RI-ONE
What?

MIRI
If we sell the house, we can pay off
our loans and rent an apartment.

INSERT - A dense apartment complex, buildings in endless
rows

Completely shocked, Man-su feels the toothache flare up
again.

Miri hands Man-su the Mortgage Default Warning, and he reads it: "If the overdue principal and interest are not repaid within three months from the date of this notice, please be advised that, in accordance with the loan agreement, foreclosure proceedings on your property may be initiated."

MIRI (cont'd)

You said you'd find work in 3 months. So we kept living as usual, dipping into your severance pay. Now that's run dry.

MAN-SU

Honey. This house... I have so many childhood memories in this home. After turning 9, I moved every 10 months on average. I worked so hard to buy back this home. I mean, we did.

Man-su's gesturing at him and her emphasizing the "we" isn't so convincing for Miri. Man-su is on the verge of tears.

MAN-SU (cont'd)

With my own hands, I tore down the old barn, built the greenhouse... and the swing. Every corner of this home...

MIRI

Honey. If we go bankrupt, they'll take it anyway.

Man-su becomes speechless.

INSERT - The piano, the living room table, two chairs, TV, curtain, carpet, and Miri's racquet

MIRI (cont'd)

The piano, living room table, two chairs, TV, curtain, carpet... have all been put up for sale. My racket, too. No more tennis.

(off Man-su, looking humiliated)

Let's quit dance lessons, too. Your bonsai magazine. And I'm canceling Netflix.

Si-one opens his tablet again. Man-su gives him a glare.

MAN-SU

Hey!

SI-ONE
Before it's cancelled, I should watch
one more show.

We hear the Netflix "TU-DUM". Si-one gets up from his seat and heads to the stairs, watching a TV series. Ri-one follows her brother like a puppy.

MIRI
So comrades, now for the bad news.

Si-one stops with his foot on the first step. He turns, appalled. Ri-one also turns with the same look on her face.

SI-ONE
Something even worse?

RI-ONE
Something even worse?

Man-su is also nervous. Miri takes a deep breath, then declares with a determined look on her face.

MIRI
In these circumstances, we can't
afford to feed so many mouths.

MAN-SU
What do you mean, so many?

19 EXT. FRONT STREET, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DAY

19

The two dogs are packed into the backseat of a taxi belonging to Miri's father -- where their crates have also been laid down.

Man-su and Miri console Si-one and Ri-one, who are hugging the dogs tight, and won't budge.

RI-ONE
(hugging Ri-two)
Don't go, Ri-two.

MIRI
(separating Si-one
from Si-two)
Si-one.

MAN-SU
(separating Ri-one
from Ri-two)
We'll see them soon, okay Ri-one?

SI-ONE

When!?

Feeling sorry for the kids, MIRI'S MOTHER (late 60s) says to them -

MIRI'S MOTHER

You can come visit them at our house.
Okay?

MIRI

Si-two Ri-two will be back. As soon
as Dad gets hired.

Miri clenches her teeth and fights back her tears as well.
Miri's parents give Man-su a disapproving look. MIRI'S
FATHER (late 60s) sneezes.

MIRI'S FATHER

That dog hair is brutal.

MIRI

I'm sorry, Dad.

Miri's parents get into the car.

MAN-SU

Have a safe drive.

MIRI

(turning toward the
house)

Let's go in. Come on.

The car pulls out. Through the rear window, the dogs stare
back longingly at their old owners.

MAN-SU

I'll bring them back soon, I will.

Almost immediately, another car drives up to take the spot,
followed by yet another. Man-su, Si-one and Ri-one turn to
look, dumbfounded - 'what now?'

A FEMALE REAL ESTATE AGENT (40s) steps out of the first car
and hollers -

REAL ESTATE AGENT

Hello, ma'am!

MIRI

You're here early!

From the big, foreign make car parked behind the realtor's car, a big middle aged man, LEE WONNO (early 50s), steps out. Surprised to see him, Man-su turns to his wife and whispers.

MAN-SU

The potential buyer is that dickhead?

Wonno's wife, EUNMI (40s), and their son, DONGHO (14), follow him out of the car. Eunmi gives Miri a warm greeting, as does Dongho to Si-one and Ri-one.

Miri links her arm with Man-su's and puts on a gentle smile befitting an affectionate wife as she greets their guests.

20 INT. LIVING ROOM/DINING ROOM, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DAY

20

Man-su and Miri lead the real estate agent, Wonno, and Eunmi into the room.

WONNO

Not bad for a 50-year-old house.

EUNMI

I told you.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

Look at the curtains. They fixed up this ruined house so well. It's been born again.

WONNO

You know my townhouse near here? That land was originally part of his dad's pig farm.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

Wow, if he still owned that land...

WONNO

(to Eunmi, pointing
at the backyard)

If we tear down that greenhouse, it'd make a great practice green.

Wonno mimics a putting motion. Man-su mumbles something unintelligible and slips away, towards the stairs.

MAN-SU

Disgusting pig.

Eunmi cozies up to Miri, linking arms. Miri is on the verge of tears now that people are actually in her house, intent on buying. But Miri is the type of person who smiles even bigger in times like this.

Wonno peeks into every corner.

WONNO

You're quite the handyman, You Man-su.

(plays around with
the piano, then
mutters)

That's enough for today. The moms are besties. The kids are besties.

IN THE DINING ROOM -- Inside a glass display cabinet, on the most visible shelf, sits Man-su's Pulp Man of the Year trophy.

WONNO (cont'd)

Pulp Man of the Year!

On the shelf above, there is a wooden box with a glass top, secured with a small combination lock. The velvet-inlaid box contains a North Korea Type 64 pistol, a Medal of Military Merit, a dog tag, a photo of Man-su's father in military uniform, and a Vietnam War Service Certificate.

WONNO (cont'd)

Your dad's gun is still looking good...

21 INT. MASTER BEDROOM, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DAY

21

Man-su is changing into his dress pants when the tour barges into the room. He zips his pants frantically.

Miri quickly tidies up the rumpled bed. The real estate agent points to the window and turns the visitors' attention away, speaking in over excited tone -

REAL ESTATE AGENT

Oh, look here! Imagine waking up and seeing that sturdy red pine!

MAN-SU

It's a white pine.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

White pine...

MAN-SU

(to Wonno, mumbling)
Look around. I'll stop by the dry
cleaners. Pick up my clothes for an
interview.

WONNO

(pointing at Man-su
like he's shooting a
pistol)
You're a Man! Su! Fight!

Man-su runs away. Miri watches her husband leave with a
pitiful look, then turns her head, which makes her meet eyes
with Wonno, who is standing right in the middle of the room.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

(to Eunmi)
Shall we see the kids' rooms?

EUNMI

With just one kid, we'll use that as
a closet.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

I thought that too!

Wonno plops down on the bed, making the springs bounce. Even
when he meets eyes with the owner of the bed, Wonno smiles
without getting flustered. He strokes the sheets on the bed,
his gaze unwavering and lustful. Miri stares right back at
him, putting on a polite smile, holding her ground.

WONNO

Nice mattress.

MIRI

That's for sale too, buy it.

22 EXT. FRONT YARD, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DAY

22

Man-su walks out of the house. Si-one squats on the ground
next to the doghouses and talks to himself. Man-su stops in
his tracks, weirded out.

DONGHO

Where will you move to?

SI-ONE

Need to sell the house first.

DONGHO

Hope you don't go far.

From inside the doghouses, WE HEAR MUMBLING VOICES. Man-su approaches one of the doghouses, and peers inside to find Dongho sitting in it, talking to Si-one.

SI-ONE

If we leave, Si-two Ri-two won't be able to find us.

MAN-SU

Says who?

Dongho's eyes meet with Man-su, and he gestures towards the neighboring doghouse. Man-su takes a look to find Ri-one inside, with her eyes swollen from crying.

MAN-SU (cont'd)

We're not leaving. I promise.

RI-ONE

(swaying back and forth rhythmically)

Si-one Ri-one Si-one Ri-one... Si-two Ri-two Si-two...

23 INT. MEN'S TOILET/HALLWAY, MOON PAPER - DAY

23

Man-su is kneeling on the tiled floor, holding out his resume and a cover letter. With the entrance blocked by Man-su, MOON PAPER MILL MANAGER (60s) paces around inside the toilet, distressed.

MOON PAPER MILL MANAGER

Let me through! I'm late for a meeting.

MAN-SU

Listen, please. My wife is doing part time work, we put our home up for sale, cancelled Netflix...

MOON PAPER MILL MANAGER

What?

SUN-CHUL

Sir?

Sun-chul, passing by the toilet, stops in his tracks at this strange scene. The mill manager is relieved at the sight of his savior.

MOON PAPER MILL MANAGER

Choi Sun-chul!

Man-su stiffens at the name, "Sun-chul".

SUN-CHUL

What's going on? Who's this?

MOON PAPER MILL MANAGER

He was fired from Solar.

Man-su hangs his head low, not wanting to show his face to Sun-chul, who seems to have everything as far as Man-su is concerned. Feeling sorry for Man-su, Sun-chul lets out a big sigh, then without any hesitation, pushes in from Man-su's righthand side. Man-su is pushed against the wall to his left by the sheer force of Sun-chul's legs.

Overwhelmed by shame, Man-su submits limply to Sun-chul's shoving. Sun-chul extends his hand towards the mill manager.

SUN-CHUL

Just a sec. Come out.

The mill manager quickly slips out through the narrow path Sun-chul created.

MOON PAPER MILL MANAGER

I'm sorry.

SUN-CHUL

(to the manager)

Going to the meeting?

MOON PAPER MILL MANAGER

Yeah.

SUN-CHUL

(to the manager)

I wanted to talk to you.

MOON PAPER MILL MANAGER

(reluctantly)

Sure, then.

Sun-chul's interest shifts to Man-su, and he bends to look at Man-su's face. With amazing agility, Man-su raises his arms to cover his face.

SUN-CHUL

Huh?

Sun-chul tries to pull down Man-su's hand, but Man-su flaps his arms and desperately pulls away. Unable to bear the sight of Man-su's distress, the Moon Paper mill manager leaves.

SUN-CHUL (cont'd)
 (trying to lower Man-
 su's hand)
 Let me look... God, you're strong.

Sun-chul straightens up, looks down at Man-su and speaks gently.

SUN-CHUL (cont'd)
 If you have any shame, don't do this
 in a place where people shit and
 piss.

Sun-chul leaves the toilet as he speaks, his voice growing distant -

SUN-CHUL (cont'd)
 (to the manager)
 Sir! I told you to come visit me!
 We'll have a nice barbecue.

MOON PAPER MILL MANAGER
 All right, then.

Man-su, lying down in a miserable heap, stands up. He barely manages to pull himself together and leave the bathroom, only to bump into Sun-chul in the hallway. Their faces are now fully exposed to each other. Man-su's mind goes blank.

Sun-chul raises his hand quickly and Man-su clenches his fist, thinking the other man is about to hit him. But Sun-chul actually tries to slip a 50 dollar bill into Man-su's hand -- which Man-su pushes away and refuses. Sun-chul remains composed as he finally succeeds pushing the money into the breast pocket of Man-su's jacket. Sun-chul taps the jacket pocket --

SUN-CHUL
 Oh my. Listen. On the hill opposite,
 there's a nice whisky bar called Moon
 Shine. Have a drink on your way.

To save Man-su from feeling embarrassed, Sun-chul quickly leaves.

24 INT. MOON SHINE BAR - DAY

24

Man-su sits at the bar alone -- it's early hours, and there are no other customers. The sunlight streaming in through the large, blue tinted window illuminates the interior.

Man-su's eyes are glued to his phone playing an Instagram video of Choi Sun-chul: boasting the country house living he's been dreaming about.

In the video, Sun-chul stands before a massive rock engraved with the island's name.

SUN-CHUL (ON PHONE SCREEN)
I just moved here to Hoi Island. It's
really gorgeous.

Man-su scrolls to the next video, showing the street address plaque next to the main gate.

SUN-CHUL (ON PHONE SCREEN) (cont'd)
Revealed for the first time ever!
Give a shout! Barbecue over my own
wood fire is out of this world!

Man-su glares with bloodshot eyes. In another video, Sun-chul chops firewood with an ax in the backyard.

SUN-CHUL (ON PHONE SCREEN) (cont'd)
(as he strikes the
wood)
Die!

Next in the feed is a clip of him sipping whisky from his flask. Watching it, Man-su swallows hard, almost tasting it.

SUN-CHUL (ON PHONE SCREEN) (cont'd)
For each drop of sweat, a drop of
whisky! It's what I live for.

Suddenly, the video stops, and a video call signal appears, startling Man-su. The caller ID reads: "Ms. Wife".

Man-su answers the call, putting on a cheerful face. Miri seems to have made the phone call while hanging the laundry.

MAN-SU
Hi honey.

MIRI (ON PHONE SCREEN)
Listen, the cello teacher called...
Where are you?

MAN-SU
Huh?

MIRI (ON PHONE SCREEN)
(eyes widening)
Are you in a bar?

MAN-SU

No no. Well, it's true. It's true,
but I'm not. Look. I'm by myself.

MIRI (ON PHONE SCREEN)

Have you gone mad?

Man-su holds up his glass for her to see.

MAN-SU

I'm drinking this, really.

MIRI (ON PHONE SCREEN)

Whisky?

Flustered, Man-su stammers and then shows an empty apple juice bottle. He proves his innocence by pointing the phone camera in all directions around him.

MAN-SU

This here.

MIRI (ON PHONE SCREEN)

You went to a bar to drink apple
juice?

MAN-SU

(giving her a subtle,
reassuring smile)

Honey, you trust me?

MIRI (ON PHONE SCREEN)

(softening)

Of course.

MAN-SU

Why'd the cello teacher call?

25 INT. CELLO TEACHER'S APARTMENT - DAY

25

The view outside the windows indicates we are at a super high floor.

Ri-one sits alone in the living room, cradling her cello in her arms. She draws a short, flicking stroke across one string. She uses her left hand to give the string a long vibrato, and then leans in to listen.

Ri-one presses down on another string and plays another spiccato. She quietly listens to the sound reverberating.

Standing awkwardly in the corridor leading to the bedrooms, Man-su and Miri talk with the CELLO TEACHER (50s). She begins in a firm tone.

CELLO TEACHER
I can't teach Ri-one anymore.
(off the couple's
shock)
Ri-one's talent is too...
outstanding?

Man-su and Miri are relieved. Miri stares at the teacher inquisitively as she asks -

MIRI
But ma'am, how can I believe you? She
doesn't play for us. We've never
heard anything but a few notes.

CELLO TEACHER
Right. Why do you think I'd give up
my lesson fee to another teacher?

MIRI
Another teacher?

CELLO TEACHER
Ri-one needs to learn from a music
professor now.
(off delighted Man-su)
But you should know, the fee is on a
different level than mine.
(off Man-su and Miri
looking at each
other)
You said you wanted Ri-one to be able
to live independently. If so, this
level of investment...

Man-su helplessly pokes his head around the corner to look at his daughter. Ri-one still repeats the same actions.

26 INT. LIVING ROOM, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - NIGHT

26

Since the last time, the piano and the large table in front of the sofa have disappeared, making the space look even more bare.

Ri-one wears her headphones and sits on the floor, watching a video of a cello performance on the TV.

Still dressed in the clothes he wore outside, Man-su lies on the sofa with his smartphone held out in the air.

In contrast to his lazy posture, Man-su's unblinking eyes glare at the phone.

Ri-one scoots closer and closer to the TV.

Man-su pushes his face closer and closer to his phone screen, looking into Sun-chul's eyes.

WE INTERCUT between the faces of the two men as if they are sitting together face to face in the same place.

SUN-CHUL (ON PHONE SCREEN)
I'll say two things. Many people think paper companies mindlessly raze entire forests, right? That's not true. Trees for paper are grown separately, cut, planted again, grown and cut again. And that's not all. There's reuse. We collect waste paper, recycle it, then collect it again and--

MIRI (O.S.)
What are you watching?

MAN-SU
(pausing the video)
The only company doing well these days is Moon Paper. They cracked the Japanese market. He's line manager of specialty paper.

Walking over from the kitchen, Miri grabs the cushion Ri-one is sitting on, and pulls it back and back, pulling her away from the TV. Ri-one is so immersed in watching the cello performance on screen, she doesn't even realize she's being pulled away.

MIRI
A perfect job for you. You're good at Japanese, too.

Miri arrives at the sofa and squeezes herself next to Man-su. Man-su plays the video again. Miri lifts one of Man-su's arms and uses it as her pillow.

SUN-CHUL (ON PHONE SCREEN)
Korea's the most advanced country in paper reuse. Unlimited reuse! Freaking unlimited reuse!

Miri finds Sun-chul annoying.

MIRI

Compared to my husband, he's nothing.
 (off Man-su, finding
 his wife lovely)
 Can't he get hit by lightning? Pointy
 umbrella in a thunderstorm...

Man-su snickers. Then he gives a bitter smile. Finally, a belated glow of realization dawns on him.

27 INT. MOON SHINE BAR - DAY

27

On Sun-chul's face: cheerful, laughing, cheeks red.

He must have made some funny joke -- his TEAM MEMBERS howl with laughter.

Sitting at the bar, Man-su steals glances at Sun-chul through the mirror behind the bartender.

The bar is buzzing with lunchtime CUSTOMERS. Sun-chul sits by the window, lunching with his team. He drinks whisky while his team members drink draft beer.

The bartender takes out a bottle of Springbank whisky with a name-tag that reads "Choi Sun-chul". He then pours it into three Glencairn glasses. Man-su watches with envy.

28 EXT. HILLSIDE NEIGHBORHOOD, NEAR MOON SHINE BAR - DAY

28

A winding alleyway, cramped with houses standing wall to wall with each other. Sun-chul swings his arms in wide circles and whistles as he walks. He's full of energy.

Man-su follows behind, looking almost as if he's entranced.

Up and down, right turn then left, Sun-chul expertly navigates the narrow paths. He swiftly descends some steps, then turns a corner to disappear from view.

Man-su turns the corner behind him to find Sun-chul standing right there in front of him, and quickly turns away.

Man-su gets back on the steps and climbs up. Arriving on the rooftop of a house, he climbs onto a doghouse, setting off the dogs -- they rush out and bark at him. Man-su looks down at Sun-chul, who is talking on the phone. He is pleading with someone.

SUN-CHUL

Sure, it's fabulous! Try living there just one week. An apartment can't even compare!

(beat)

Come on, the ferry runs so often! I'm telling you. I know that, but it's so quiet there. Air's clean, it's fabulous. Even more fabulous at night...

Man-su notices various small and large pot plants on the doghouse.

Talking on his phone, Sun-chul takes a couple of steps forward nonchalantly. Above him, Man-su's hands appear over the rooftop edge, holding a small pot. If it falls, it'll be a direct hit.

SUN-CHUL (cont'd)

Right.

(beat)

No, there aren't any! If you're scared, we'll raise chickens. They eat snakes.

(beat)

What? Listen, honey... For once, at least come for a barbecue!

(beat)

Pork! Who roasts snakes? No alcohol, of course.

His eyes shut, Man-su is about to drop the pot - then stops. He opens his eyes, rethinks it. The pot's too light to do any real damage. He sets it down, grabs a bigger one. Then an even bigger one. He puts that down too. His feet shift as he searches for the pot with just the right size.

He switches to the largest pot with lots of red chilis hanging on the stalks and lifts it high above his head.

Man-su's lips are dry, and his eyes are bloodshot. Water trickles down from the hole in the pot base onto Man-su's forehead - it must have been watered not long ago.

Behind him, the LANDLADY (70s) steps out to see what Man-su is up to. His arms tremble from nervousness and the weight of the pot. He just stands there like that for a while, unable to make a decision, then his eyes widen as a realization hits him. His gaze shifts from Sun-chul to the distant sky.

Another beat of contemplation. Man-su's arm weakens and the pot gets lowered slightly.

Sun-chul pockets his phone and resumes walking, and Man-su just lets him go.

LANDLADY
Weight lifting?

Man-su slowly turns to look, but he's so lost in his thoughts that he doesn't even seem to register the landlady. He turns back to face forward.

We see him from his back as he gently sets the pot back down in its original place and mutters to himself.

MAN-SU
Even if this guy disappears, it's not like I can take his place. Right?

LANDLADY
What's so great about that spot?

Man-su's knees give out and he plops to the ground. His mouth hangs open, and his eyes are filled with terror.

MAN-SU
The competition for the place will be fierce.

LANDLADY
Actually, it is a pretty nice spot. Lots of sun, nice breeze.

MAN-SU
(starts talking to himself)
Right... How many other candidates will there be?
(turning again towards the direction Sun-chul disappeared, looking diffident)
Ten people?

His eyes fall on a distant landscape that he hadn't noticed before.

From MAN-SU'S POV: The top of a chimney pumping smoke.

MAN-SU (V.O.)
Five?

Man-su slowly rises, gradually gaining confidence.

MAN-SU'S POV: A river winding like a snake, leading to the sea, a harbor with piles of logs, the massive structure of a factory with its corrugated metal roofing ablaze in the waning sunlight, and the letters painted vertically on the chimney reading -- "MOON PAPER".

There is a scary determination in Man-su's gleaming eyes as he gazes at his ultimate destination below.

Then, after a more fair self-evaluation --

MAN-SU

Four?

Man-su takes a moment to muster his resolve. Then he turns, points to the potted plant, and speaks to the Landlady -

MAN-SU (cont'd)

Sell me this.

(pulling out his
wallet)

How much do you want?

29 INT. GREENHOUSE, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DUSK

29

Man-su places the potted plant on the workbench, and takes out an old model flip phone from the shopping bag. He looks at the Pulp Men phone number he already searched on his smartphone, enters the number on the flip phone and hits the call button. As he waits for the person on the other side to pick up, we see a plastic model box in the shopping bag.

AD SALES REP (V.O.)

This is Pulp Men.

MAN-SU

Is this the advertising division?

The printed letters on the box read: "North Korea Type 64 Pistol" -- above the picture of a pistol that looks identical to the one we saw in the dining room display cabinet.

30 INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM, BUMMO'S HOUSE - DAY

30

ARA (40s), dressed in a black hanbok, is busy pulling her hair into a tight bun as she waits for coffee to be dispensed by a machine. Her husband, Bummo (whom we met before), sits on the couch in stained pajamas, glaring at a bottle of soju with his eyes blurry from staying up all night drinking. He reaches for, but misses the bottle before successfully grabbing it the second time.

Ara pours the coffee into a thermos and sets a hairpin made of cotton cloth in her hair -

ARA

Hey. At least give me those pajamas to wash. And take a shower this century! And will you let our pear tree die? Bugs are swarming all over it.

(off Bummo letting
out a long fart)

Hey! You want me dead, too?

Bummo giggles. Ara holds her nose. Bummo takes off his t-shirt and pants, then drops them on the floor.

Incredulous, Ara hurries out the door, not wanting to see Bummo for one more second. As she leaves, she picks up the magazine delivered at the front door and throws it inside. It flies far and hits Bummo squarely on the head -- Ara has good aim and strength. Impassive, Bummo picks up the magazine.

ARA (cont'd)

Too drunk to feel pain? You're practically paralyzed!

BUMMO

(in the singing style
of Na Hoon-a)

It's because of all those bugs. So what I'm asking is...

(holding up the soju
bottle)

...please give me a drop of remedy.

ARA (O.S.)

You're the bug!

Bummo takes a big gulp as if he's swallowing some medicine.

ARA

I'll be back late. I have a meeting after the audition!

Ara storms out, slamming the door behind her. Sitting in his underwear, Bummo silently tears open the envelope, takes out and starts reading the Pulp Men magazine.

CLOSE ON: AD PAGE -- over which we hear Man-su reciting the copy with as much energy and wit as he can muster.

MAN-SU (V.O.)
 Paper is our life! A master's degree
 in paper or chemical engineering is
 required. Japanese speakers
 preferred.

31 INT. GREENHOUSE, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DAY

31

Holding his potted chili pepper plant, Man-su talks into the
 CAMERA -

MAN-SU
 We at Red Pepper Paper, together with
 European and Japanese firms, are
 launching a three-company joint
 venture in Korea. Our goal is to be
 the top boutique factory in
 specialized security paper.

32 INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN, BUMMO'S HOUSE - DAY

32

The room is quiet. Reading Man-su's advert, Bummo's pupils
 find focus. He straightens his head and his back. He gulps,
 gets to his feet, then takes off his underwear.

MAN-SU (V.O.)
 We seek family, not cogs in a
 machine.

INSERT - Water pours from the shower head toward the lens.

OVERHEAD SHOT OF THE DRAIN - Bummo pours out a bottle of
 soju into the kitchen sink.

Bummo's hair is still wet from the shower. He has changed
 into clean pants and t-shirt. On the counter next to him sit
 several soju bottles already emptied. His eyes are swollen
 and the skin around his nostrils is red -- he must have been
 crying.

MAN-SU (V.O.) (cont'd)
 Tell us about your hobbies,
 personality and family. Give us a
 photo as large and recent as
 possible. Send it to P.O. Box 76,
 Gujong City Central Post Office. We
 firmly reject applications by
 internet. If we don't use paper, who
 will?

33 INT. MUSIC ROOM, BUMMO'S HOUSE - DAY

33

Dressed for work, complete with his factory work jacket, Bummo enters the room and switches the audio equipment on.

He puts the needle on top of an LP, then picks up a sheet of premium typing paper from a neat pile. He rubs the paper between his thumb and index finger, appreciating the quality of the weave, then holds it up to the sunlight.

CLOSE on the vivid texture of the smooth, high quality paper while the letters are being typed, practically engraved deep into the thick finish: "My name is Gu Bummo."

BUMMO (V.O.)

My name is Gu Bummo. As a resolutely analogue person, I play music only on vinyl, take photos only on film, and write letters only on paper. My bond to paper, as durable as reinforced synthetic paper, began before I was even born. Encouraged by my uncle, a first generation paper man, I enrolled in paper manufacturing at Kangwon University.

On the back of his jacket, printed letters read: "NAMSUN PAPER".

BUMMO (V.O.) (cont'd)

After serving in the Marines, I joined Namsun Paper in 1999.

34 EXT/INT. POST OFFICE/MAN-SU'S CAR - DAY

34

Man-su walks out of the post office with a large stack of maybe a hundred unopened envelopes in his arms, and proceeds towards his car where Ri-one sits inside waiting for him. His car is a gray Hyundai Elantra -- an old used car, of course.

Through the front passenger seat window, he hands the envelopes to Ri-one. He then walks around the front and gets into the driver's seat.

BUMMO (V.O.)

In 2013, I oversaw the reinforced paper line, with most of our customers coming from the defense industry.

MAN-SU
 (to Ri-one)
 Just a sec.

BUMMO (V.O.)
 Winning Pulp Man of the Year in 2018
 was the pinnacle of my career...

Ri-one flips through the envelopes, reading aloud the recipient names -- they are all addressed to "Red Pepper Paper HR". Man-su starts the car.

RI-ONE
 To Red Pepper Paper HR, To Red Pepper
 Paper HR.

35 INT. GREENHOUSE, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - NIGHT

35

Man-su opens the envelopes he picked up one by one, taking out the resumes and cover letters from within. Man-su studies them one by one. Marking with a red pencil, underlining and circling words, he looks like a teacher grading papers.

CLOSE ON the red marked highlights: a PRESTIGIOUS UNIVERSITY here, a SUMMA CUM LAUDE there, this one won an industry AWARD, this one is fluent in JAPANESE, and so on.

BUMMO (V.O.)
 But in 2023 the Defense Ministry had a change in strategy, causing our production line to close. Namsun Paper merged with Mori Paper, and all specialty paper personnel such as myself had to leave the company. I've now been 8 months between jobs, and I feel my batteries are completely charged. During my extensive free time, I...

Man-su finishes grading -- he picks four high scoring candidates, then gathers the remaining resumes and cover letters to set aside. Man-su reviews the final four candidates' documents again, but the decision is too difficult. Man-su GROANS from a toothache that throbs like high-voltage current through his jaw.

After much deliberation, he gets an idea: he retrieves his own resume from the drawer and mixes it with the final candidates. Man-su objectively compares the five people including himself and ranks them -- his ranking fluctuating between number four one moment, number two another as he does. Eventually, he settles on third place.

Above him are "Gu Bummo" and "Go Sijo". He compares the two and ranks between them as well. With a red pencil, he marks the rankings on their photos, writing a large "1" on Bummo's face and a "2" on Sijo's.

He adds number four and five's resumes to the rejected pile, then takes the stack, dumps it into a pot outside the greenhouse, and sets it on fire.

Man-su assembles the plastic model of a "North Korea Type 64 Pistol".

INSERT - Inside the dining room display cabinet, an identical-looking pistol sits in the glass top wooden box. Man-su unlocks the box, and swaps the the real handgun with the plastic model toy gun.

Man-su opens the model gun box. Inside, there's an interview page ripped from an industry magazine that features a large photo of Sun-chul. Man-su writes '3' on Sun-chul's photo and places the other two resumes on top.

MAN-SU
One, two, three men...

The first target, Bummo's face, is on the top.

36 INT/EXT. MAN-SU'S CAR/FRONT STREET, BUMMO'S HOUSE - DAY 36

The CHIRPING of birds fills the quiet suburb.

With his car parked on the street, Man-su surveys the house through binoculars. He notices an unseasonably leafless pear tree - dying from pests and disease.

MAN-SU'S EMOTIONAL POV: CLOSE on one of the only few leaves left on the tree -- only the leaf's veins remain, like fish bones. Twelve-spotted leaf beetles eagerly gnaw at the last remnants of the flesh, making TERRIFYING SCRAPING SOUNDS.

Man-su gazes at the tree for a while, then notices the security camera installed outside the entrance. He sighs in frustration.

37 EXT. SERVICE ROAD NEARBY BUMMO'S HOUSE - DAY 37

Man-su parks his car on the side of a secluded road, and gets out.

He looks around, then proceeds to climb a hill behind Bummo's house.

38 EXT. BACK HILL/BACK YARD, BUMMO'S HOUSE - DAY

38

Man-su crosses over a small hill, covered in autumn leaves. He reaches a vantage point overlooking the back of Bummo's house, and takes out his binoculars.

There's a security camera here too.

He then notices a man in a dark brown leather rider jacket, whom we'll later come to know as LEE CHUN-OH (early 30s), climbing out of the window -- and not through the door -- of Bummo's house below. The man picks up a motorcycle helmet from behind a potted plant.

Man-su quickly checks him out with his binoculars and compares him to the photo of Bummo he brought. But he looks different, much younger. Not only that, he looks around and heads towards the back hill, but he walks in a strange direction. He takes cautious steps, as if walking on an invisible rope, and takes a roundabout zigzag route that is not the shortest path.

Man-su checks the security camera and notes the direction and angle in which the camera faces. Now he understands the man's actions -- he's also someone who is not supposed to come into this house.

The young man climbs the hill. Man-su quickly leaves before he gets too close.

39 EXT. FRONT YARD, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DUSK

39

Man-su notices his daughter on the swing. Ri-one kicks the ground lightly with one foot, to swing back and forth at the exact same angle. Dangling from the top of the swing, a small Bluetooth speaker plays a CELLO SOLO PIECE.

MAN-SU

How was your day?

As Man-su walks up to her, her face moves away, then comes closer again as she swings. Man-su inches further towards her as he speaks. Man-su holds up both hands and opens his palms. Ri-one pushes her dad's palms with her feet, as if she's giving him a high five with them.

MAN-SU (cont'd)

Daddy's day was hard. There's this house with a beautiful pear tree, but bugs are eating it alive. It made me sad.

RI-ONE

In these circumstances, we can't
afford to feed so many mouths.

40 EXT. BACK HILL, BUMMO'S HOUSE - DAY

40

Man-su takes out his binoculars. He looks into the upstairs music room -- with shelves full of vinyls and high-end audio equipment. But he finds no one inside.

Man-su hears a NOISE from below and ducks behind some bushes.

Bummo strolls up from the house. He uses a wooden walking stick to tap rocks as he walks. He passes by Man-su. Man-su quietly stands up, aiming his pistol at him. As his gun-holding hand starts to tremble, he raises the other hand to grip it tight. Now both hands shake.

A bead of sweat trickles from his eyebrow into his eye. He wipes the sweat with his sleeve and blinks his eyes. He then wipes his sweaty palms on his clothes.

MAN-SU'S POV: the handgun's front and rear sights line up with Bummo's back.

Bummo spots a mushroom and crouches to pick it.

ARA (O.S.)

Eating any old mushroom again!

Reflexively, Man-su crouches right down and hides. Bummo looks back, and Ara appears waving her walking stick. She has her long hair tied up, wears a wide-brimmed hat, a full skirt, and a pair of leather boots. Rushing to catch up with her husband, she has a blush on her fair cheeks that is quite seductive.

ARA (O.S.) (cont'd)

You quit drinking, and now you'll eat anything?

She shows Bummo a rolled up picnic blanket under her arm -

ARA

My back will ache without a blanket.

BUMMO

(walking alongside
her, cheeky)

Why would you lie down? Not scared of a snake?

ARA

Oh, stop...

As if to say, "You know what I'm gonna do, stop teasing," Ara slaps Bummo on the back. It's only a light slap, but Bummo exaggerates his reaction as he staggers and groans. Ara giggles heartily and links her arm with his.

The playfulness lasts only briefly, and Bummo returns to his stolid face. Ara, with her mouth open, walks as if drinking up the sunlight hitting her face.

Far behind them, Man-su, stooped at the waist, nimbly zigzags, then ducks and dives as he follows.

BUMMO

They haven't called for an interview.

ARA

They'll call. Do like me.

BUMMO

(glancing back
briefly, indifferent)

What?

ARA

(speaking with her
mouth open, speech
slurred)

Wrap the sunlight in wind and take a bite. With a dollop of foliage.

BUMMO

I've always at least gotten an interview.

Ara doesn't like Bummo's anxious attitude. She stops and screams -

ARA

What about me?

(off startled Bummo,
looking back at her)

I failed my audition again!

Bummo stops in his tracks. Ara pinches her cheek -

ARA (cont'd)

My skin's too firm to play a woman wailing over her husband's death. Still, it was nice being at the Arts Center after so long.

She catches up to him in quick steps, takes his arm and they resume their walk.

ARA (cont'd)
Remember the night of the blackout?
Our first play seen together.

The couple reaches a narrow clearing. Man-su also settles behind a tree not too far away. Bummo takes the blanket from his wife, spreads it out, sits down, and takes their packed lunch out from the basket.

ARA (cont'd)
In Act 2, suddenly the lights go out.
People panic, women scream, and I was
about to have a panic attack, when
you appeared. Suddenly, from who
knows where, like a streetlight
turning on, your face...

FLASHBACK: YOUNGER BUMMO flicks his zippo lighter and his face is illuminated in the darkened theatre. He is smiling. YOUNGER ARA is mesmerized.

ARA (V.O.)
Smiling, you lead me to the door.
(her voice providing
the voice over
Younger Bummo's face
as he talks)
"Ara, follow me. Only me. Watch your
step. Are you okay?"

Ara lights her cigarette, as she speaks to herself, dreamy -

ARA
I was at my most innocent then. Plump
and pretty.

FLASHBACK: Younger Bummo slowly pulls back from Younger Ara after a kiss.

Bummo takes a big bite of a fried chicken. He takes out his phone and checks to see if he got any text or email from Red Pepper Paper.

ARA (cont'd)
I let you have my first kiss.
Remember what you said?

FLASHBACK: Younger Bummo's right hand cups Younger Ara's face. His thumb gently caresses her lips.

ARA (cont'd)

"Ara, your lips are softer than the highest quality Okamoto tracing paper."

Man-su winces -- the look on his face says, "Ah, that's the wrong name!" Without fail, Bummo also catches it -

BUMMO

Akimoto. Okamoto is a condom brand.

Like an actor going for take two after fumbling the line, Ara tries again in the same tone as before -

ARA

"Ara, your lips are softer than the highest quality Akimoto tracing paper."

Man-su touches his lips. Not only does he feel satisfied the error has been corrected, such a plausible metaphor brings a smile to his lips.

Checking he's received no text or emails from Red Pepper Paper, Bummo feels defeated. Bummo tears into the drumstick, grease dripping down his chin. Watching him, Ara's good mood is spoiled. As she follows her chain of thoughts, she finds herself getting worked up.

BUMMO

No message, no email.

ARA

Paper, paper! Damned paper! My dad kept offering to set you up with a café, but no, it had to be paper! Even if they hire you, you'll retire in 6-7 years. What then? In an age of living to 100? You with your nice audio system, you could earn even more with a music café! Know how I feel lately? I want to run through the mountains, wailing like a madwoman! I'm like one of your precious paper machines. Neglect me, and I'll break! Hurry up and smother me in that lube oil! Or I'll rip you to pieces. Like tracing paper!

Man-su feels like he's been hit hard on the back of his head -- especially at the words, "Neglect me, and I'll break." She might as well have been talking about him.

BUMMO

Paper has fed me for 25 years. Honey. It's how I'm meant to be, I've no other choice. You've been fed by the money I earned from paper, too. That money was printed on paper I made, and the cigarette filter you smoke is paper, too.

(suddenly realizing)

"If we don't use paper, who will?"

ARA

What?

BUMMO

(scrambling to his feet)

They won't send a text or email. The mailbox! The mailbox!

Bummo rushes like a madman past Man-su back to his house. Man-su wants to follow, but Ara's presence keeps him rooted to his spot.

Ara springs to her feet, grabbing and throwing stones in a fit of rage.

ARA

Hey! Hey! I'm through with you!
You... As useless as scrap paper!

A couple of the stones hit Bummo on the back, and although he cries out in pain, he continues to run, hunched over.

41 INT. OH CHIN-HO DENTAL CLINIC - DAY

41

A female patient sits in the dental chair, waiting.

MIRI

(reclining the backrest on the dental chair)

Sorry to keep you waiting. I'll check before the doctor comes.

EUNMI

Yes.

Miri is surprised to see that the female patient is Eunmi. She's also surprised.

EUNMI (cont'd)

You're a nurse?

MIRI
Dental hygienist. It's different.
(a beat of awkward
silence)
Don't you have dance class now?

EUNMI
My tooth hurts too much.

MIRI
Then say "ah".

Miri puts a mouth mirror in Eunmi's gaping mouth. Eunmi's speech gets garbled because of the dental mirror -

EUNMI
You'll come to the dance party,
though?

MIRI
How can I? I quit the lessons.

EUNMI
You can still come! Ask the teacher.

Then Chin-ho walks in. He puts his hand gently on Miri's shoulder -

CHIN-HO
Ms. Lee, go on home. You need to pick
up Ri-one.

Miri swiftly vacates the dentist's seat for him. Eunmi looks back and forth between Chin-ho and Miri.

42 EXT. BACK HILL, BUMMO'S HOUSE - DAY

42

Ara is alone, fuming. She holds a paperback book and reads it aloud as she walks slowly. This is her personal anger management technique, of sorts -- practicing lines from an Oscar Wilde play. The dialogue feels translated, and her acting is very exaggerated, old school.

ARA
You were a thing pure, noble, honest,
without stain! And now - oh! When I
think that I made of a man like you
my ideal! Dear me! The ideal of my
life!

Suddenly, a snake, scared by her, skitters in Man-su's direction. He freezes, screams, and gets bitten.

MAN-SU
Fucking snake!

Alarmed, Ara raises her stick to protect herself. But as Man-su falls yelling, she rushes over to help.

Maintaining her composure, Ara rolls up Man-su's left pant leg and pulls down his sock to reveal the wound.

ARA
Was its head triangle-shaped?
(off Man-su, too
stunned to answer,
just stammering)
Then it's a cannibal viper. It'll eat
its own mother. Or was it a black-
and-white pattern?
(removing his necktie)
Then it's a 7-step mamushi. You'll
die before taking 7 steps.

MAN-SU
(blanching)
I think I heard a rattle, too.

ARA
(tying the necktie in
a tourniquet below
his knee)
Keep the bite wound higher than your
heart.

Ara hoists Man-su's leg, making his upper body fall back.

She takes a fruit knife out of her picnic basket, uses her lighter to sterilize the blade.

MAN-SU
Shouldn't it be *lower*?

ARA
Don't worry. I did this in a play
once.

MAN-SU
Did what?

She cuts a small X over the wound with it. Ara then puts her mouth on the wound and starts sucking.

Man-su is flustered and pushes her away. While Ara spits, he tries to grab his own ankle and suck the venom out, but he is not flexible enough. As he struggles -

Ara calmly grabs his ankle again. She bends over and resumes sucking. Man-su leans back awkwardly, blinking his eyes.

Suddenly, his phone RINGS -- the caller ID reads: "Ms. Wife". Startled, he quickly answers the video call.

MIRI (ON PHONE SCREEN)
Honey, know what?

MAN-SU
Listen... A snake just bit me.

MIRI (ON PHONE SCREEN)
What?

MAN-SU
Might be poisonous, I'll call you back.

Ara picks up the wooden walking stick Bummo left behind. She whacks it against the rustling brush.

ARA
Chase the snakes away like this.

Man-su takes the walking stick from her.

43 INT. MASTER BEDROOM, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - NIGHT

43

Man-su lies on the edge of the bed in his boxers and a T-shirt, one leg raised high as he looks at his phone.

MAN-SU'S POV: On his phone screen, instructions read, "Keep bite lower than heart," "Don't cut, or suck out poison." Man-su swears in frustration, lowering his leg.

From behind the translucent en-suite bathroom door, we hear the sound of a hairdryer.

MIRI
Shouldn't you go to the hospital?

MAN-SU
It's okay. If it were poisonous, I'd be dead now.

Man-su fiddles with his phone, and a moment later, music starts to play through a small Bluetooth speaker.

Miri steps out of the bathroom wearing a bathrobe, with steam trailing behind her. Her face glows as "LOIE" BEGINS TO PLAY.

MIRI
What's with you?

Miri sits on top of the lying Man-su, then tugs his hand, pulling him to his feet. The two fall into a natural embrace and start swaying to the rhythm.

MIRI (cont'd)
About the dance party... We better not go, right? We quit the lessons.

The look in her eyes wonders how her husband will respond. The two hold hands.

MAN-SU
What? But we practiced so much.

Miri is touched. They let the music take them away -

MAN-SU (cont'd)
It's from the first mixtape you gave me.

MIRI
For a guy who only listens to '80s rock. I was blinded by love. I think I was prettiest back then. Even if I was a divorcee with a kid.

It's this married couple's long running in-joke -

MAN-SU
Hey, don't talk like that.

MIRI
Of course, I earned more money than you.

MAN-SU
What? You think I proposed because of your paycheck?

MIRI
Who knows? I had a college degree too.

MAN-SU
So did I.

MIRI
Not back then.

MAN-SU
You're so mean. Forget it.

Pretending to be upset, Man-su lets go of her hands. Miri grumbles, pretending to be even more upset.

MIRI

You were busy doing the distance degree while working. I wanted so much to have fun with you then. Apologize, will you? Right now.

MAN-SU

(nodding and hugging her)

You're right. Let's have 10 times more fun now instead of wasting time complaining.

MIRI

When should we tell Si-one?

MAN-SU

Tell him what?

MIRI

We agreed to tell him when he's old enough to shave.

MAN-SU

But do we have to tell him? I've been his dad since he was 2, so I'm his dad.

Finding him adorable, she hugs him.

MAN-SU (cont'd)

I'm sorry, Miri. You must want some lube oil too. I've been so -

MIRI

(frowning her brows)

Lube oil?

MAN-SU

It's not that, I've just been so busy these days with job interviews.

Miri takes the opportunity to say what's been sitting on her mind -

MIRI

Does it have to be paper? How about some other job?

MAN-SU
 (triggered, lashing
 out)
 What? Like a café?

MIRI
 Why a café?

MAN-SU
 Paper has fed me for 25 years, honey.
 It's how I'm meant to be. Think about
 it, would you tell a cannibal viper
 to live off pear leaves? It's meant
 to eat its mother.

Man-su gets overly worked up, his pride hurt. Miri tries to
 soothe him.

MIRI
 Is that so, Mr. You?
 (holding Man-su's
 hands)
 Mr. You. You're not a bad dancer.

MAN-SU
 Follow me. Only me.

44 INT. DINING ROOM, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DAY

44

Man-su and Ri-one sit side by side at the dining table. Man-
 su uses a nail file to smooth out the calluses on the tips
 of Ri-one's left fingers (from practicing the cello).

MAN-SU
 Guess you overdid the vibrato.

Miri runs down the stairs with a necktie in her hand,
 wearing a dress with the sash trailing behind her like a
 tail.

She plants a quick kiss on Si-one's cheek as she comes to
 the table, then straddles Man-su's lap. She undoes his drab
 tie -

MIRI
 This will be the best job interview
 ever. Slay them all!

MAN-SU
 (not feeling
 confident, but going
 along)
 Okay, I'll slay them all.

MIRI
(tying the stylish
green tie for him)
Green light!

45 EXT. SERVICE ROAD NEARBY BUMMO'S HOUSE - DAY

45

Man-su's Elantra is parked in the same spot as the day before. He has pulled on chest-high, orange colored fishing waders. He's also wearing an oven mitt on his right hand, which looks like it's stuffed full with its strangely huge bulge.

Feeling sufficiently protected, Man-su holds up the walking stick Ara gave him as well.

Man-su walks uphill. Another day on the job. He disappears into the autumn foliage. His orange outfit might as well be camouflage.

46 INT/EXT. UTILITY ROOM/BACK HILL, BUMMO'S HOUSE - DAY

46

From inside, through a window -- we see Man-su coming down the hill, carefully following exactly the particular route the young man in leather riding jacket took before.

47 INT. HALLWAY TO MASTER BEDROOM, BUMMO'S HOUSE - DAY

47

Man-su tiptoes up the stairs, holding out his mitten clad right hand in front of him. He hears the voices of a man and a woman making love from within the bedroom, and stops in his tracks.

Today is not the day. Feeling defeated, about to turn to leave, curiosity sparks within him.

48 INT. MASTER BEDROOM, BUMMO'S HOUSE - DAY

48

Through the crack in the door, Man-su's eye appears.

MAN-SU'S POV: A couple having sex -- we see the back of a man, and limbs of a woman lying down. On the man's muscular back, there's a large tattoo of a motorbike. His dark brown leather rider jacket is draped over a chair.

Not wanting to see anymore, Man-su backs away from the door. Man-su somehow feels betrayed and hurt. He leans against the hallway wall, seething.

ARA (O.S.)
Chun-oh! Chun-oh!

CHUN-OH (O.S.)
Doing it on your bed is great, ma'am.
It doesn't even creak.

ARA (O.S.)
Don't call me ma'am!

CHUN-OH (O.S.)
Tell your husband not to quit that
group for quitting drinking. This is
great.

Man-su gazes at a framed picture of Bummo on a shelf inside the display cabinet in the hallway: In the snapshot from a 'Paper Day' commemoration ceremony, Bummo is smiling at the camera, holding a trophy in one hand and a bouquet in the other.

49 INT/EXT. MAN-SU'S CAR/BUMMO'S HOUSE - DAY

49

Man-su drives past Bummo's house.

As he drives past an oncoming car, he gets a glimpse of its driver -- it's Bummo. Man-su gets flustered.

MAN-SU
No...

He makes a sharp U-turn and slows down as he approaches Bummo's house.

Beyond the trees, near where Man-su's car is parked, we see Bummo's car back into a parking spot. Man-su takes out Bummo's resume and looks for his phone number. We hear the sound of a car door opening and closing, then Bummo appears from behind the trees.

Man-su scurries to a corner of Bummo's yard, where he can see Bummo walking toward the house, and crouches low as he frantically calls on his flip phone.

Bummo stops in his tracks, cocks his head, then answers the phone. Not even giving him the time to say hello, Man-su launches into it -

MAN-SU (cont'd)
Hello, this is Red Pepper Paper.

BUMMO
Oh, hello!

Man-su panics as Bummo starts walking toward the house again. Man-su yells out as Bummo reaches for the door lock.

MAN-SU
Hey, don't!

BUMMO
What?

MAN-SU
Yes? Hello? What was that?
I'm having trouble hearing you.

BUMMO
I can hear you fine.

MAN-SU
I heard well from the spot where you
first answered.

BUMMO
(walking back to
where he parked his
car)
I see! I'm heading there now.

MAN-SU
Stop! That spot is perfect.

BUMMO
You can hear best from here?

MAN-SU
Yes, I can hear you great now.

BUMMO
Huh.

MAN-SU
By any chance are you at your home in
Minsan City?

BUMMO
I am.

MAN-SU
My boss would like to meet you. He's
very curious about you, Mr. Gu.

BUMMO
(restraining his
excitement)
Oh, I see...

MAN-SU

However... My boss is returning to Zurich on a 5pm flight. I'm sorry, but if you leave from Minsan right now, you should have time.

BUMMO

Right now?

MAN-SU

Guess it's too much to ask? Okay, then I'll tell him you're not--

BUMMO

No, no! I can go. Of course! I'll go.

MAN-SU

(smiling, genuinely
glad)

Then I'll text you right now with the address of our office, so please set off now.

Excited, Bummo turns to his car, but halts in his tracks -- he thinks his attire is too casual.

BUMMO

Of course, yes. I'll just change clothes quickly and go. Text me the address!

MAN-SU

No, no! You're fine as you...

Bummo hangs up and rushes into his house. Man-su is at a loss. His head drops, phone still in hand.

A MOMENT LATER --

Man-su lifts his head and sees Bummo leaving his house. Still wearing the same clothes, Bummo staggers like a drunkard, then collapses on his knees. He holds his breath as he rolls around left and right on the ground.

Man-su observes Bummo's breakdown in detail. He feels helpless, not knowing what to do.

Finally, Bummo manages to calm down a bit as he gets up and sits on the dirt ground. He brushes the dust off his clothes and then takes out his phone to check for a text message from Red Pepper Paper. Ara's photo on his phone wallpaper is killing him.

BUMMO

Bitch...

Of course, there's no message. He dials the number from the call he received earlier.

BUMMO (cont'd)

Please answer... Come on, pick up.

Listening to his flip phone vibrate, Man-su watches Bummo with a pained expression.

Bummo ends the call helplessly, and looks up at the sky, contemplating his next move. He casually dials another number. He speaks as if nothing's the matter --

BUMMO (cont'd)

Hey, how are you? Busy? Bad reception? No way! The signal's best here... You hear me, right? Well, I went to some gathering without seeing that it got cancelled. So I came back early, and now I'm feeling so bored.

(beat)

My wife? Not sure. Maybe she went out. Want to catch up over a drink?

(beat)

I quit, sure, but now it's under control. I can drink reasonably.

(beat)

Exactly! See you at the fried chicken place. Come when you finish work. I'll wait there.

After the call, Bummo becomes expressionless. Gathering his strength, he stands up and walks to his car.

50 EXT/INT. OH CHIN-HO DENTAL CLINIC/MAN-SU'S CAR - DUSK

50

MAN-SU'S POV as he drives: Miri, Ri-one and Chin-ho stand side by side on the curb. They look like a perfect family.

Man-su's car pulls up.

While Miri helps Ri-one in the backseat and buckles her up, Chin-ho loads the cello.

Chin-ho's leather jacket reminds Man-su of Chun-oh. Man-su finds him immediately unlikable.

CHIN-HO
 (opens the rear door
 and tucks the cello
 inside)
 Hello.

MAN-SU
 Yeah.
 (as Ri-one climbs in)
 Hi Ri-one.

MIRI
 You're late.

Chin-ho opens the passenger door for Miri. She frowns at what she sees. Man-su must have finished a whole bucket of chicken by himself. Dirty napkins, oil drenched wrappers, a pile of chicken bones on the passenger seat, and Man-su with his lips smeared with grease. She glares at the mess and her husband one by one, then picks up the trash as she gets in the car.

Chin-ho snatches the trash from Miri's hand.

CHIN-HO
 I'll throw it out.

MIRI
 Thank you.

CHIN-HO
 (coming around to the
 driver's seat, to
 Man-su)
 I waited to say hello to you. I'm Oh
 Chin-ho. You've got a bad toothache?
 Stop by some time. Could you lower
 the window?

Chin-ho gestures for Man-su to lower the window. But Man-su keeps the window closed, and shouts -

MAN-SU
 I'm okay. I'm totally fine, Mr. Oh
 Chun-oh.

Miri shoots a glare at her husband for saying the doctor's name wrong. She shuts the door, and speaks to Chin-ho in a loud voice, enunciating each syllable for Man-su to hear -

MIRI
 Thank you, Doctor Oh. Chin. Ho.

MAN-SU
 (flashing a relaxed
 smile at Chin-ho)
 Thanks! Go home now.

Man-su quickly pulls out. Rather, he tries to, but as he steps on the accelerator, all we hear is the LOUD VROOM of the engine spinning without moving the car. Ri-one is startled, and covers her ears with her hands as she yells -

RI-ONE
 Vroom!

Man-su's face turns red from embarrassment.

MAN-SU
 Goddamned embarrassing...

He puts the car in gear, and the car finally moves off. Ri-one keeps repeating, "Vroom!"

MIRI
 Ri-one, it's okay now. Dad's not a
 very smooth driver, that's all.

Ri-one settles down, and Man-su turns to Miri,

MAN-SU
 He's young. Quite an age gap.

MIRI
 Age gap? With who?

MAN-SU
 I'd rather you not talk to that man
 about me.

Man-su drives with his eyes fixed ahead and lips pursed - sulking. Miri laughs in disbelief and frustration.

CHO YONG-PIL'S "RED DRAGONFLY" STARTS PLAYING --

51 EXT. SERVICE ROAD NEARBY BUMMO'S HOUSE - DAY 51

Man-su groans from his toothache as he raises the shoulder strap of his fishing waders.

52 INT. MUSIC ROOM, BUMMO'S HOUSE - DAY 52

The door opens quietly, and Man-su enters.

53 EXT. BACK HILL, BUMMO'S HOUSE - DAY 53

CU on a snake slithering through piled-up autumn leaves.

Ara, out on her daily walk, notices the snake pass by just in front of her and realizes that she forgot her walking stick.

54 INT. MUSIC ROOM, BUMMO'S HOUSE - DAY 54

Listening to the CHO YONG-PIL SONG, Bummo is stretched out on his recliner with his eyes closed.

Man-su looks down at the poor, vulnerable man.

55 INT. STORAGE ROOM, BUMMO'S HOUSE - DAY 55

Ara opens the back door and enters. She grabs her walking stick from an umbrella stand. But just as she is about to go back out, A SUDDEN HIKE IN THE VOLUME OF THE SONG "RED DRAGONFLY" TO A THUNDEROUS LEVEL stops her in her tracks.

Ara looks up at the second floor and furrows her brows.

56 INT. MUSIC ROOM/HALLWAY, BUMMO'S HOUSE - DAY 56

Bummo opens his eyes to find Man-su take his hand off the volume dial. Bummo stares at this strange man who extends his right hand enwrapped in a bulging oven mitt.

Bummo says something that can not be heard under the music. Man-su furrows his brows, then turns one ear towards him. Bummo SCREAMS -

BUMMO

Have you no fear? How dare you come
in here?

ENSUING DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE TWO MEN ARE SUBTITLED.

BUMMO (cont'd)

The two of us can't live under the
same sky.

Man-su has now heard the words, but can't understand what they mean. He cocks his head to one side.

Man-su stands two steps away from Bummo. He glares at Man-su's huge right hand, and unwittingly holds out his own right fist, too - like boxers fist bumping before the fight begins.

BUMMO (cont'd)
Want to end this with a duel? Does
Ara know you're doing this, newcomer
actor Lee Chun-oh?

The two men scream at the top of their lungs, to overcome
the deafening volume of the Cho Yong-pil song.

MAN-SU
Who?

Man-su realizes he's being mistaken for Ara's lover.

Bummo points at Man-su's oven mitt -

BUMMO
Were you baking, and suddenly,
decided you want Ara all to yourself?

MAN-SU
Exactly!

Man-su decides he'll play along. He takes off layer upon
layer of mittens on his right hand -- off comes the oven
mitt, then a ski mitten, then a Santa mitten, revealing a
layer of plastic cling film wrapped around his entire hand
including the pistol.

Watching on with curious eyes, Bummo starts to chuckle at
the sight of the handgun. He must be having trouble
accepting the reality of the situation.

FROM ARA'S POV: as she peeks through the slightly open door --
we see Bummo sitting upright in his recliner, and the back of
Man-su standing face to face with Bummo.

Man-su is unaware that Ara has arrived, and she hasn't seen
Man-su's gun. Only Bummo has seen both.

Ara looks at her husband with shock and fear in her eyes.
From the look on her face, Bummo realizes that his wife is
not in cahoots with this man.

Ara looks around and disappears into the hallway.

Man-su unwinds the plastic wrap around his hand and pistol,
then shoves the plastic in his pocket along with the
mittens.

MAN-SU (cont'd)
Sorry. But you must disappear for me
to live.

While Man-su delays, Ara returns, holding a Paper Man of the Year trophy in the shape of a paper roll. She sneaks up behind Man-su.

Man-su levels his gun at Bummo.

Ara slowly moves her fully stretched arm to gauge the distance. The tip of the trophy almost grazes the back of Man-su's head. She takes a step forward -- she is now within striking range.

Bummo gains confidence. Preparing for a big swing, Ara raises her arm behind the back of her head.

BUMMO

Know your place! The man Ara loves is me!

Ara freezes. Man-su finds Bummo's pathetic lack of self awareness annoying and laughs bitterly -- he wanted to put off pulling the trigger as much as possible anyway. Ara also lets out a snicker at her pathetic husband -

MAN-SU

You sure?

BUMMO

What! Can't an unemployed man love?

Man-su finds Bummo too similar to himself, which disgusts him. Frustrated, Man-su waves his gun in the air as he struggles to find the right words.

MAN-SU

That's not it! That's not it at all, but... You... did not...

(desperately grasping
for the right
expression)

...even listen to your wife's
sensible suggestions! Damn, my
throat. What's wrong with a music
café?

Bummo looks utterly shocked -- his mouth drops open and tears roll down his cheeks. Turning the table and making Man-su the one who's flustered.

BUMMO

She even told you that?

Man-su finds him even more loathsome and gets angrier. Ara on the other hand, becomes intrigued by the strange turn of events.

MAN-SU

If you can't earn money, sell the house! Work at a retail store moving boxes!

Ara lowers her trophy holding hand, lost in thought.

BUMMO

I'm an engineer! An expert! The house... is Ara's father's, so I can't sell it. The boxes... hurt my back, so I can't lift them!

ARA

You proud of that?

Man-su turns his head, sees Ara and freezes. He stands dazed, then pulls the trigger in the moment of confusion.

The bullet hits Bummo in the shoulder.

A stunned silence.

Ara SCREAMS and swings the trophy, hitting Man-su in the temple and knocking him down -- he drops his pistol.

Ara goes to pick up the gun.

ARA (cont'd)

(to Bummo)

If you found out, tell me! Why not say something?

Man-su crawls towards the gun, and Ara jumps at him. While the two wrestle on the ground, Bummo -- closest to the pistol -- flops on the floor and picks up the gun. He points the gun at his wife, entangled with Man-su on the floor -

BUMMO

And if I do? Will you come back?

Man-su and Ara, still tangled together, freeze. Ara climbs on top of him and starts to strangle Man-su. Bummo trembles, gun aimed at his wife. Ara is flabbergasted to see the barrel pointed at her. The tormented wife and husband glare at each other. Seizing the moment, Man-su kicks Ara off him.

ARA

Huh? Snake bite! You fucker!

Bummo flies back and thrashes on the floor, screaming. Ara, fallen on his gunshot wound, unknowingly presses it as she tries to get up, searching for the gun.

Bleeding heavily, Ara crawls toward the gun. Man-su goes after her. As Man-su pulls at Ara's sweater, it stretches to reveal her shoulder. Her skirt gets hiked up over her thighs. Writhing in pain, Bummo struggles to get up.

Ara and Man-su lock one way, and then the other. Panting and grunting, Ara manages to grab the trophy and takes a swing. It smashes Man-su on his back. She then lunges for the pistol. All three reach for the gun that's slid under the display cabinet.

BANG! The shot goes off, fired by someone -- they all flinch for a second, then scramble for the gun again.

As Ara picks up the gun, Man-su dashes out of the room. Ara and Bummo get to their feet. Bummo holds out his palm to Ara -

BUMMO

The gun! Give me the gun! I'm an ex-Marine!

57 EXT. BACK YARD, BUMMO'S HOUSE - DAY

57

The back door flings open and Man-su runs out. He looks back to see Bummo pursuing him.

Man-su darts across the backyard towards the back hill, but at the SOUND OF A GUNSHOT, he howls and falls, thinking he is shot. Checking his body in panic, he turns around to see Bummo collapsing with a new gunshot wound to his back.

Man-su is frozen on the spot.

Ara dashes out with the gun in her hand. With disheveled hair, she doesn't even think about wiping the blood off her nose. She looks down at her husband, lying on the ground groaning, unable to understand why his wife would go to such lengths.

BUMMO

Losing my job is not my choice.

Eyes welling up with tears of anger and resentment, Ara stomps her feet and waves the gun as she argues -

ARA

How many times must I say it? Losing your job isn't the problem! The problem is how you deal with it!

Bummo dies. Ara, in a daze, mumbles incoherently -

ARA (cont'd)
Oh, come on... You going to die from
two bullets?

Ara stops talking and looks down. She then suddenly jerks her head up, spotting Man-su. She has a vacant look in her eyes and blood trickles down from her nose.

Man-su is scared shitless.

58 EXT. BACK HILL, BUMMO'S HOUSE - DUSK 58

Man-su staggers away, blood dripping from his temple. He struggles to run in the chest waders he's wearing.

Ara chases after him, brandishing the gun, screaming.

59 EXT/INT. SERVICE ROAD/MAN-SU'S CAR - DUSK 59

Man-su barely manages to make it out of the woods and jumps into his parked car, quickly starting the engine and driving off.

Ara, visible in the side mirror, catches her breath as she glares down the road.

Having successfully escaped, Man-su lets out a sigh of relief. He opens the glovebox and checks his smartphone. 10 missed calls from Miri. To make matters worse, the low fuel warning lamp lights up.

MAN-SU/ARA
Fucking... hell!

60 INT. SI-ONE'S ROOM, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - NIGHT 60

Si-one and Dongho sit at the computer, brewing up some scheme.

On the monitor: images of smartphones and their prices.

Ri-one clings tightly to Si-one's back. With her eyes closed, resting her chin on her brother's shoulder, she looks quite comfortable.

DONGHO
(pointing at the
phone images on the
screen)
These ones sell for a lot.

Si-one's phone RINGS, and he answers on SPEAKER MODE.

SI-ONE

Yup!

61 EXT. SELF-SERVE GAS STATION - NIGHT

61

Man-su's Elantra gets refueled at a rundown gas station by the quiet roadside.

With his phone propped on his shoulder, Man-su takes off his fishing waders and tosses them in the trunk. He has wads of bloody tissues matted to his temple.

MAN-SU

Why won't your mom pick up?

SI-ONE (V.O.)

Dunno.

MAN-SU

Is Mom home?

62 INT. SI-ONE'S ROOM, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - NIGHT

62

SI-ONE

Nope.

MAN-SU (V.O.)

Did she leave any message?

Si-one shrugs his shoulder to wake his sister, her chin still resting on it.

SI-ONE

Hey.

Ri-one opens her eyes and looks at Si-one's phone.

RI-ONE

Your dad is going to regret this!

63 EXT. SELF-SERVE GAS STATION - NIGHT

63

Man-su listens to his daughter's voice over the phone.

RI-ONE (V.O.)

Your dad is going to regret this!

Suddenly scared, Man-su puts the gas pump nozzle back in place -

MAN-SU
Why? Where'd she go?

64 INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

64

It's the Halloween dance party hosted by "Ginger & Fred Dance Academy". Members of Miri's dance club, each flaunting glamorous and creative costumes, waltz around on the floor. Except for Miri, who stands without a partner.

She is dressed as a Native American princess in a buckskin miniskirt, wearing the dance shoes Man-su bought her as her birthday gift and a beaded headdress. She is with Chin-ho, dressed as a brave, complete with war paint on his face, and two nurses -- including MIN-JI -- dressed as Native American maidens.

The four of them stand next to a makeshift cocktail bar, just watching other people dancing.

65 EXT. SELF-SERVE GAS STATION - NIGHT

65

Man-su's jaw drops weakly. His mouth agape, Man-su looks incredulous at his own memory lapse.

MAN-SU
Oh, no.
(jumping into his
car, starting the
engine)
Did Mom leave me a costume?

SI-ONE (V.O.)
Yep.

MAN-SU
(stepping on the gas,
exhausted voice)
Can't you answer me in full
sentences?

SI-ONE (V.O.)
(cheerfully)
Good luck, Dad!

MAN-SU
Thanks!

66 INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

66

Miri sways slightly to the rhythm without realizing it. Eunmi, fully annoyed, walks over and stands next to her. Chin-ho, who has been quietly observing Miri's gloomy expression as she was watching the dancing couples, grabs her elbow -

CHIN-HO

Let's dance.

MIRI

You don't know the dance.

Miri gently pulls her arm away and turns her eyes back to her dance club members.

CHIN-HO

Sure I know it.

(off Miri, turning to
look at him)

I memorized it, watching now.

(off Miri's slightly
surprised look)

You said you practiced a lot.

(extending his hand
elegantly)

Got to show it off.

Miri looks around cautiously, conscious how dancing with this man might appear, but she takes Chin-ho's hand and they head to the dance floor. Eunmi looks at them with surprise.

67 INT. LOBBY, HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

67

Man-su rushes in, dressed in a blue British naval uniform with braided epaulets, holding a tricorne hat in one hand. A STAFF MEMBER behind the reception desk gestures toward the doors on her left.

STAFF MEMBER

Greetings. That way.

Man-su quickly sets the hat on his head.

Just as he tries to open the dance hall door, someone pushes the door open from inside. A woman dressed like a CHINESE FAIRY darts out of the hall as if she's fleeing, followed by Wonno dressed as a bullfighter.

Man-su ends up hidden behind the large door, and watches as Wonno grabs the woman's wrist, trying to calm her down. The look on Man-su's face indicates how pathetic he finds Wonno.

WONNO
Don't you believe me?

CHINESE FAIRY
No, I don't!

WONNO
I'm a bullfighter today, so a pretty
bull... no, cow...

68 INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

68

There's a long line in front of a PHOTOGRAPHER taking
Polaroid photos for the guests.

PHOTOGRAPHER
(to the guests posing)
Nice!

Bursting in through the queue, Man-su immediately spots Miri
dancing and his face blanches.

Miri and Chin-ho make a great pair.

Even as she twirls around, Miri keeps glancing at the
entrance, but when she actually spots Man-su, she becomes
infuriated.

A WAITER offers a tray of cocktail glasses to Man-su.

WAITER
Care for a cocktail?

Tempted, Man-su smacks his lips but waves his hand to say
no, then sets off towards his wife. In an attempt to appear
inconspicuous, he shakes his body like he's dancing. Swaying
and weaving, he wades through the crowd, getting closer and
closer to Miri.

Deciding to provoke her husband, Miri deliberately laughs
happily towards Chin-ho. Chin-ho's face lights up with
joyous surprise, then disappears as he twirls, revealing
Miri's face over his shoulder -- her eyes are closed, she's
in heaven.

Man-su trembles with jealousy and turns away, at which
moment Miri opens her eyes, subtly scanning the
surroundings, but her husband is already moving away.

69 EXT. BACK HILL, BUMMO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

69

Panting heavily from hastily climbing over the hill, Man-su hides behind a tree. He looks down into Bummo's backyard with his binoculars:

Ara and Chun-oh sweat profusely as they dig a hole. Next to the hole lies Bummo's dead body wrapped in a blanket. But Man-su's focus is on his pistol, which lies discarded next to the corpse.

LATER --

Rain falls.

In the music room, Ara and Chun-oh sway to a SPACED-OUT TRIP-HOP BEAT. Ara shifts from crying to laughing to screaming -- she's a complete mess.

CAMERA PANS to the backyard, revealing Man-su, maniacally digging up Bummo's grave.

70 INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

70

Miri shakes her body to FAST MUSIC. She dances hard but she doesn't look too excited. Chin-ho, Min-ji, and the members of her dance club surround her.

71 EXT/INT. NATIONAL HIGHWAY/MAN-SU'S CAR - NIGHT

71

A roadside sign reads: "Welcome to Gujong City."

Man-su's Hyundai Elantra races along the highway. He is having quite a hectic day. The mud-covered handgun sits on the passenger seat.

72 INT. MASTER BEDROOM, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - NIGHT

72

Miri enters the dark room. The empty bed is faintly visible.

She throws her handbag (fringed leather, "Native American") on the empty bed and sits at her dressing table. She gazes blankly at her pale, moonlit reflection in the mirror. Then, Man-su's voice frightens her:

MAN-SU
Did you fuck in the car?
(MORE)

MAN-SU (cont'd)
(off Miri, looking
for her invisible
husband)

You like it in the car. You wore the
black fishnet panties? Rose lace?

The door to the dressing room is open -- Inside, in one corner behind the open closet door, Miri finds Man-su crouched on the floor. His wet hair glistens in the darkness, his eyes gleam.

MAN-SU (cont'd)
I searched, and they're missing.

Miri turns on the lights. Squinting at the bright light, Man-su looks small and miserable.

Miri's jaw drops as she sees all the drawers pulled out and clothes strewn everywhere in the closet.

MIRI
What are you doing?

Man-su lunges at her like a bullet out of a gun -- he pulls up her skirt and clutches her panties, screaming -

MAN-SU
You're wearing them! You are! Take
them off. If I smell them, I'll know
if you fucked him or not.

Miri, suppressing a scream, tries to push Man-su off. They start to wrestle.

MAN-SU (cont'd)
It'll just take a second! If you're
innocent, what are you scared of?

Now on the floor, Miri uses both feet against Man-su's chest to throw him back. Man-su tumbles to the floor, and Miri stands up.

MIRI
Did you drink?

Sprawled on the floor, Man-su scoffs at the suggestion. Miri misinterprets it as an admission, and shakes her head in despair.

MIRI (cont'd)
You can't! We can't go through that
again! Nine years! You've held back
nine years, gritting your teeth. Has
it gone up in smoke?
(MORE)

MIRI (cont'd)
 Puking in your sleep, almost
 suffocating! Getting drunk and...
 (starting to whisper,
 so kids won't hear)
 ...beating my 5-year old son. Saying
 he's jealous of your daughter!

MAN-SU
 (sitting up on the
 floor, through
 clenched teeth)
 I've said it a million times. Si-one
 is my kid, too.

MIRI
 Sure enough. You don't discriminate.
 You're a dog to everyone when drunk.

Man-su's face contorts in shame. Suddenly, he lets out a
 series of barks like a dog.

Without a moment's hesitation, Miri takes off her panties
 and throws them at him. Man-su brings them to his nose, but
 now that he is smelling them, he realizes the ridiculousness
 of his actions and feels ashamed. Miri lunges forward, grabs
 her husband's head with both hands and lifts him. She bends
 down and brings her nose to Man-su's mouth, then smells his
 breath. This clears up Miri's misunderstanding as well.

Man-su tries a different tack --

MAN-SU
 What were you thinking? Matching your
 costume with Dr. Ouch... Dressing me
 up as a goddamn Nutcracker!

MIRI
 (wiping her face with
 both palms,
 exhausted)
 John Smith!

Man-su looks up and stares blankly at her, not getting it.

MIRI (cont'd)
 British Admiral John Smith and
 Pocahontas, you idiot! Ri-one's
 favorite cartoon! You forgot? We
 watched it a million times with her!
 (MORE)

MIRI (cont'd)
 (off Man-su's look of realization)
 When I told Dr. Oh I'd be Pocahontas, the whole clinic decided to be Native Americans! The nurse there was dressed as one, too!
 (pointing to herself and her husband)
You and I were meant to be a pair!
 You think I'm that kind of person?
 How can you suspect me?

MAN-SU
 Sure I can suspect you! You're pretty! You're so damned pretty!

MIRI
 (as if saying, "please shut up!")
 You're handsome, too!
 (noticing the blood-matted hair at Man-su's temple and pointing, worried)
 What's this? Who did this?

Man-su glares intently, trying to evoke sympathy -

MAN-SU
 I'm fighting a war, for our family. So we need to band together and believe each other. Loyalty. Trust.

Immediately, Miri's eyes sparkle as if to say, "gotcha!"

MIRI
 Then why lock yourself in the greenhouse? That damned greenhouse! And driving 3000 km in a month! Why bring rubber pants? How can you get a snakebite at a job interview? How stupid do you think I am? Tell me! Who is she? The bitch you go fishing and eat chicken with, having sex smothered in lube oil!

Man-su doesn't know where to begin. Feeling overwhelmed, he hangs his head low, on the verge of tears. He gets up.

MAN-SU
 Honey, don't do this to me.
 (MORE)

MAN-SU (cont'd)
 (a beat, then raising
 his head, with
 utmost sincerity)
 My job interviews, they're really
 difficult interviews. Looking someone
 right in the eye...

Unaware, he mimes pulling a trigger. When Miri flicks on the
 light, he lowers his hand quickly, startled.

MAN-SU (cont'd)
 Doing that is really hard.

Anguished, Miri smiles bitterly, one corner of her mouth
 curling up -

MIRI
 You don't deny it?

Feeling unjustly accused and out of frustration, Man-su
 SMASHES his head against the wall! Hurting his temple again,
 Man-su screams in pain and writhes in agony for a moment,
 then rushes out.

73 EXT/INT. GREENHOUSE, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - NIGHT

73

Lights flicker on, and the greenhouse glows like a glass
 box.

As Man-su enters, he strips off the John Smith costume and
 slams it down on the floor.

74 INT. SHOE STORE - DAY

74

Conscious of surveillance cameras, Man-su pulls down the visor
 of his baseball cap to obscure his face -- he's even wearing a
 pair of glasses. His attire is also more vibrant than usual.
 Man-su sweats profusely as he pretends to browse shoes in one
 corner while repeatedly checking the writing on his palm
 ("drink with colleagues", "work talk"). He looks at GO SIJO
 (50s) from a distance through the wall mirror.

Sitting down on one knee, Sijo assists a picky looking YOUNG
 MALE CUSTOMER (20s) put on shoes. Next to him we see three
 pairs of shoes that have already been tried on.

Wearing his fourth pair, the customer stands up and examines
 himself in the mirror from different angles. He walks
 around, while Sijo watches anxiously.

SIJO
How is this? This is a softer material.

YOUNG MALE CUSTOMER
Not really.

SIJO
Oh...

The door opens, and in walks YENI, a middle school girl in her uniform with a painting storage tube slung around her shoulder. Sijo is glad to see her, but is conscious of the customers and speaks in a low voice -

SIJO (cont'd)
Just a moment. Yeni, what is it?

Seeing the girl wearing her backpack in front of her, Man-su is reminded of his daughter and becomes emotional.

YENI
Can I hang out with my friends after art lessons?

Sijo looks out the door -- YENI'S TWO FRIENDS bow politely. Man-su unconsciously eavesdrops on their conversation.

SIJO
Min's dad will drive you?

YENI
Yes.

YOUNG MALE CUSTOMER
These are no good, either.

SIJO
Yes, just a minute. I have a pair that you'll like.

Sijo quickly pulls out his wallet, hands his daughter a 10 dollar bill, gestures for her to leave, and heads to the counter -

SIJO (cont'd)
It's a brand new item, so...

Yeni waves him goodbye and leaves. Sijo gives her a small wave back. Man-su observes all these details without missing a beat.

YOUNG MALE CUSTOMER
Never mind, mister.

SIJO

Wait. Just a second. Don't go yet.

As soon as Sijo goes into the storage room, the customer changes into his own shoes and heads for the door. Man-su shoots him a glare, finding this situation unbearable.

SIJO (O.S.)

Headquarters only sends us a few pairs. Just a moment. I'll be right there.

Man-su also opens the door to leave, already taking a step outside, when a voice calls him back.

SIJO

Sir!

MAN-SU

(freezing, turning
his head, looking
guilty)

Yes?

SIJO

(holding a shoebox)

So the other man left?

MAN-SU

Seems so.

SIJO

(cheerfully)

Sorry to keep you waiting. Shoes for yourself? Or a gift?

MAN-SU

I've got a daughter, too.

SIJO

How old is she? Come in.

Man-su stares at Sijo, reading the desperation in his eyes -- no choice but to bring back the foot that's stepped outside the door.

Man-su walks back in with his head bowed deeply, sneaking a glance at the notes he has written in his palm, unable to remember any of the lines he had prepared. Reaching at some decision, he looks up directly at Sijo and speaks -

MAN-SU

You miss it, right? Having a drink
with colleagues, talking about work?

(MORE)

MAN-SU (cont'd)
 (off Sijo's surprise)
 It's been over a year for me too, so
 I recognize an unemployed comrade at
 once. You don't look like a man for
 this job.
 (off Sijo's bitter
 smile of admission)
 Ten years old.

SIJO
 Your daughter!
 (snapping out of
 melancholy, lively)
 What kind of shoes? Boots? Sandals?

MAN-SU
 Enamel shoes. Quite shiny.

Sijo heads to the children's shoe section. He squats down to
 pick out shoes, disappearing from sight behind some shelves.
 But his voice is audible as he speaks -

SIJO
 I worked in the paper industry.
 Specialty paper. We made banknotes,
 lottery tickets... invoices,
 passports, ice cream cone sleeves,
 menstrual pad release paper,
 cigarette filters... People laugh
 when I say this, but for those of us
 who make it, white paper is a kind of
 art.

MAN-SU
 Why laugh? That feeling of touching
 fine paper is so comforting.

Man-su is so happy he doesn't have to lie. Sijo returns with
 a pair of black children's shoes -- holding a shoe in each
 hand -- and offers them to Man-su.

SIJO
 You've got fine senses, I see.

MAN-SU
 (grabbing the shiny
 shoes, looking at
 them)
 My daughter hardly ever speaks. When
 she does, it's to echo others' words.
 She was born that way. She only plays
 cello. Her teacher says she's gifted.
 Might even become world famous... But
 she won't play for us.
 (MORE)

MAN-SU (cont'd)

As parents, we should support her talent, because without music she'll never be independent. Her teacher said she needs to be playing on a \$50,000 cello. She'll give a recital this Christmas, but she only has rain boots. I can't buy her an instrument, at least I'll get her shoes.

As he speaks, tears well up in Man-su's eyes, and he gets flustered.

MAN-SU (cont'd)

Wait. Her lesson finishes soon. Maybe I'll bring her to try them on. When do you close?

SIJO

You can come any time before 7.

MAN-SU

Her lesson won't finish by 7.

SIJO

It takes me an hour to clean up. I'll wait, then. 8 o'clock!

(embarrassed,
confessing)

I can only get a commission if you buy through me.

MAN-SU

Yes.

75 EXT/INT. SHOULDER SPACE/MAN-SU'S CAR - NIGHT

75

Two-lane road overlooking the sea, with almost no traffic. Man-su's car is parked on a semicircular shoulder space for turning.

Man-su turns off the ignition, and turns on the hazard lights. The orange light flashes onto the surrounding trees.

Man-su opens the hood and nervously takes out a pack of cigarettes from his pocket. He lights one up and takes a deep drag. His head spins. It doesn't help steady him. He tries the technique he learned at the employment training. He starts tapping his carotid artery -

MAN-SU

No other choice. No other choice. No other choice. No other choice...

A car appears in the distance. Tense, Man-su stares straight at the approaching vehicle. The car switches on its hazard lights and pulls into the shoulder space. The driver pokes his head out -- it's Sijo. His car is, coincidentally, an Elantra as well.

SIJO

What are you doing here? You haven't been able to pick up your daughter?

MAN-SU

Think it has to be towed. It's so expensive, though.

(with a small sigh)

Then, the money for the shoes...

Before Man-su finishes his sentence, Sijo turns off the ignition of his car, gets out, and immediately leaps into action. He rolls up his sleeves and then dives into the engine compartment of Man-su's car.

INSERT - With a red pencil, Man-su circles the words "I'm a machine repairman" on Sijo's cover letter.

SIJO

Let's see if my skills are any use.
My beloved Elantra, no less! My,
without your glasses, you look like a
model.

Using the Maglite Man-su has prepared, Sijo gets down to work.

SIJO (cont'd)

What have we got here?

Man-su circles around to stand behind Sijo.

MAN-SU

So this is on your way home.

He raises his pistol, and pulls the slide. He repeats raising and lowering the gun until Sijo yells --

SIJO

So this is it!
(finding a
disconnected cable,
reconnecting it)
Try starting...

Stretching his back and turning around, Sijo sees Man-su's gun aimed at him and cocks his head in confusion. Man-su is shaking as he glares at Sijo.

Sijo realizes this is no joke. Man-su can't bear his gaze and covers his eyes with his left hand, pressing the tip of his gun against his chest. He pulls the trigger. But all that follows are EMPTY CLICKS.

Panicked, Sijo pushes Man-su off and tries to run. He barely takes a couple of steps, before Man-su successfully fires his gun. Hit in the back, Sijo falls like a log.

Man-su's legs give out from under him and he collapses.

THE KIM CHANG-WAN SONG, "YES, LET'S WALK," STARTS.

SERIES OF JUMP CUTS:

- Man-su opens the trunk of his car.
- Man-su covers the corpse he placed in the trunk with a blue tarp.
- Man-su rips off the dash cam.
- Man-su runs to his car, gets in, and drives off.
- CLOSE ON a single bullet casing left on the ground.

76 EXT. FRONT YARD, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - NIGHT

76

A WIDE SHOT of the entire house. It's raining.

The upstairs master bedroom is brightly lit. The window to Si-one's room opens, and Si-one sneaks out, wearing a raincoat and carrying a large-but-empty-backpack. He climbs down the drainpipe, and quietly leaves the house on his bicycle.

77 EXT. STREET, TOWNHOUSE BLOCK - NIGHT

77

Si-one's bicycle appears from around a street corner.

A boy in a yellow raincoat stands next to his own bike, waiting for Si-one.

Si-one screeches to a halt, and smiles.

The boy in the yellow raincoat returns the smile -- it's Si-one's friend, Dongho. The two bicycles start to ride side by side.

- 78 INT/EXT. MAN-SU'S CAR/ROAD - NIGHT 78
- The Elantra drives through a town where it's not raining. Man-su, driving with a lifeless expression on his face, turns up the radio volume -- KIM CHANG-WAN'S VOICE GETS LOUDER.
- 79 INT. CORRIDOR, CELL PHONE STORE - NIGHT 79
- Dongho punches the security code on the digital door lock keypad attached to the back door. Si-one is on the lookout.
- 80 EXT. FRONT STREET, CELL PHONE STORE - NIGHT 80
- WIDE ANGLE of the shopfront from across the street: The back door opens and two beams of headlamp lights break the darkness. Si-one and Dongho go into the storage room.
- 81 EXT/INT. MAN-SU'S CAR/BRIDGE - NIGHT 81
- As the raindrops start to fall, Man-su turns on the wipers.
- 82 EXT. COMMERCIAL DISTRICT NEAR THE CELL PHONE STORE - NIGHT 82
- Gushing wind and rain. Lit from behind, the two bicycles speed along the road like mad.
- A police car gives chase with its SIREN blaring.
- The bikes split at an intersection. The police car follows Dongho.
- 83 EXT. FRONT STREET, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - NIGHT 83
- THE SOUND OF THE RAIN ABRUPTLY STOPS.
- Man-su's car arrives in the quiet neighborhood. All the lights in Man-su's house are off.
- 84 EXT. BACK YARD, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - NIGHT 84
- MAN-SU'S POV: Si-one's bicycle lies haphazardly on the ground, its wheels caked with mud.
- Man-su picks up the bicycle. He gauges the distance from the house and picks a corner. He begins to dig into the wet ground with a shovel.

85 INT. MASTER BEDROOM, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - NIGHT 85

Miri is asleep.

86 EXT. BACK YARD, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DAWN 86

The sky is faintly lit as starlight fades. Man-su yawns while shoveling tirelessly.

87 INT. RI-ONE'S ROOM, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DAWN 87

Ri-one is asleep.

88 EXT. BACK YARD, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DAWN 88

Dawn is breaking. Exhausted to the point of collapse, Man-su's legs give out. He stumbles as he tries to climb out of the now fairly deep hole.

89 INT. SI-ONE'S ROOM, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DAWN 89

Si-one is asleep.

90 EXT. BACK YARD, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DAWN 90

Man-su stops shoveling and climbs into the hole. He lies down and looks up at the sky, which has already become bright.

His family will wake up soon, but the hole isn't deep enough yet. He is unbearably tired. A ROOSTER CROWS. Man-su lets out a sigh and closes his eyes.

"YES, LET'S WALK" FADES OUT.

MIRI (V.O.)

Honey. Honey.

91 INT. LIVING ROOM, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DAY 91

Man-su's sleeping face shakes.

MIRI

Honey!

Man-su wakes up. Miri is shaking him. Seeing Miri's face filled with concern, but also anger, Man-su quickly sits up on the sofa.

MIRI (cont'd)
The police are here. What should we
do?

In the direction Miri points -- TWO UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS stand in the yard, looking this way through the window.

Still in last night's clothes, Man-su rises to his feet. He thinks they've finally caught on to him, but he remains surprisingly calm -- he's imagined this moment countless times.

MAN-SU
(hugging Miri)
Be sure not to panic, okay?

MIRI
(flustered, pushes
Man-su away)
I need to change clothes.

Miri goes upstairs. Man-su turns to the window, revealing his back crusted with dried mud.

92 EXT. FRONT YARD, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DAY

92

Man-su steps out, hands held in front, ready to be handcuffed.

MAN-SU
I'll explain it all at the station.
It's all my...

Holding Ri-one's hand, Miri exits the house, looking like she might break into tears any moment. She brings out a glum-faced Si-one. The officers walk past Man-su and seize Si-one's arms.

POLICE OFFICER 1
You Si-one.
(to Man-su)
What were you saying?

Man-su turns and sees the officers holding his son.

MAN-SU
...It's all my fault for being a bad
father.

The officers take Si-one, and Miri and Ri-one move past Man-su. Man-su watches them leave, then turns to the hole he dug. Anxiety grips him.

MAN-SU'S POV: We see the half dug hole with the handle part of the shovel poking out from it.

He follows them out, then freezes at the sight of -

MAN-SU'S POV: a small bit of blue tarp sticking out between the trunk lid and the car body.

93 EXT. FRONT STREET, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DAY

93

As the police car pulls away with Si-one in the back seat, Miri hurriedly opens Man-su's car door, getting Ri-one to sit in the backseat.

Conscious of what's in the trunk, Man-su freezes. Miri, feeling choked up and frustrated, hastens him -

MIRI

You're the one who said not to panic!
Get in!

Seeing Man-su still just standing there hesitating, Miri gets in the driver's seat herself. As soon as Man-su sits next to Ri-one, Miri drives off - the tarp still poking out.

94 INT/EXT. MAN-SU'S CAR/ROAD - DAY

94

With a dead body in the trunk and his son taken by the police, Man-su is completely disoriented.

Miri keeps calling Eunmi, but as she doesn't answer, vents her frustration on her husband -

MIRI

Is Dongho's mom not picking up on purpose? How could Dongho rat on his friend like that? It can't have been Si-one's idea. It's Dongho's dad's store. So Dongho suggested it. Isn't it obvious?

(eyes on the back of
Si-one's head in the
police car ahead)

He must be so lonely and scared, my baby.

(off Man-su's lack of
response, angry)

This is all your fault!

Feeling unfairly blamed, Man-su starts to ask why but thinks better of it.

95 EXT. FRONT STEPS, POLICE STATION - DAY

95

The two uniformed officers escort Si-one up the steps toward the entrance, casting long shadows on the steps.

Breathlessly catching up with them, Man-su calls out from behind them -

MAN-SU

Excuse me! Just a minute! Wait! Hold on a minute!

(off the officers
stopping in their
tracks)

Listen, his mother is parking the car. Can we go in with him? He's still just a kid.

The uniformed officers nod, and wait at the top of the steps. Man-su wraps his arm around Si-one's shoulder and says -

MAN-SU (cont'd)

Lift your head. Look at me. Dongho dragged you into it, right?

SI-ONE

Dongho? Why would he drag me...

The veins popping in Man-su's glaring eyes make his intentions clear. Si-one gets it, but he's still scared.

MAN-SU

(leaning in nose to
nose)

Hey. Listen... Doing a crime on your own is incredibly lonely and scary. That's how I imagine it, anyway. I'll never leave you to feel lonely. So, I need your cooperation. Since we're a team.

Man-su holds out his clenched fist, but Si-one, lost in thought, doesn't notice the gesture for a fist bump. Man-su awkwardly lowers his hand. Miri walks over to them, holding Si-one's hand.

SI-ONE

Actually, the one who suggested it--

Man-su quickly grabs Si-one's head firmly and pulls it to his -- maybe too hard -- making their foreheads BUMP. It hurts, but Si-one bears it.

Man-su looks straight into his son's eyes, and whispers quietly but firmly, with sporadic grimaces from his toothache -

MAN-SU

Hey, hey, wait. Wait! Get a grip.
Listen to me. Our family is in a war
now.

SI-ONE

What?

MAN-SU

No, I don't mean with each other.
(off Si-one, finally
getting it, nodding)
You and me, in this war, we need to
protect our women, right?
(off Si-one's nod)
You know Grandpa's pistol?
(off Si-one's nod,
enunciating)
Your grandpa bent the fingers of a
dead Viet Cong and took that pistol,
why do you think?
(off Si-one shaking
his head, 'I don't
know')
To remember that if he hadn't shot
first, the enemy would've shot him
with that gun.
(looking into Si-
one's eyes, making
sure he understands)
You get what I mean?

Man-su lets go of his head. Si-one turns to look at Miri, who has heard everything from right behind him. She nods at her son.

96 INT. WOMEN'S TOILET, POLICE STATION - DAY

96

Looking in the mirror, Miri takes off her jacket. We start to hear the SOUND OF SI-ONE PEEING.

Miri takes off the bra under her sweater.

97 INT. MEN'S TOILET, POLICE STATION - DAY

97

Man-su raises his chin high, and mumbles like an actor memorizing lines.

MAN-SU

All the men... What'll you do, huh?

He writes down keywords that come to mind on his palm with a red pen. His palm is covered in red.

98 INT. WOMEN'S TOILET, POLICE STATION - DAY

98

As Miri puts on lipstick, Ri-one flushes the toilet and exits her cubicle, letting out a big yawn. Miri picks Ri-one up and leans her over the sink to wash her hands.

MIRI

Let's wash your hands.

99 EXT. CARPARK, POLICE STATION - DAY

99

Ri-one is asleep inside the Elantra.

In the distance, Miri and Wonno stand in a shadowy corner, talking. Wonno speaks with a cigarette in his mouth, with resentment --

WONNO

Dongho says Si-one wanted to sell the phones and help out his *mom*. Damn!

MIRI

(shocked, but not
letting it show)

It's your own store. Let's put this behind us.

Wonno scoffs, but Miri knew this -- determined, she takes off her jacket as she planned. Wonno glances at the nipple area of Miri's tight fitting turtleneck sweater. Miri speaks in a calm, confident voice -

MIRI (cont'd)

If you don't settle, he'll get a year's sentence. A mom can't let that happen to her son. Isn't that so?

Flustered, Wonno glances back and forth between Miri's eyes and her chest. But he notices Man-su walking towards them from behind Miri, and straightens up. Wonno acknowledges Man-su, as if to signal his arrival to Miri -

WONNO

Hey, Man-su.

Man-su walks past Miri, who folds her arms to cover her chest, and stands in front of Wonno.

MAN-SU
Wonno. Gimme a smoke.

Miri looks at the cigarette and the lighter being passed around, and asks Man-su incredulously –

MIRI
What are you doing?

MAN-SU
I started smoking again. But honey,
mind if I talk to my friend for a
sec?

Miri doesn't like his coercive tone and the way he shamelessly smokes. But she pretends not to mind –

MIRI
Just talk.
(to Wonno)
You don't mind, do you?

But Man-su gives Wonno a look that says, "Please tell her it's not okay." Miri stands a step behind Man-su and unfolds her arms. She places one hand on her hip, and straightens her shoulders, staring directly at Wonno. Even though he hasn't done anything wrong yet, Wonno feels unnecessarily cowed in front of Man-su, blinking nervously.

A beat of silence.

Finally, Man-su decides to resolve the matter in front of his wife. His expression changes, and his tone becomes firm.

MAN-SU
Dongho dragged Si-one into it. That's
what Dongho will testify. Si-one just
stood nearby.

WONNO
What a crock of shit!

But Wonno is overwhelmed by Man-su's assertive non-stop barrage of words. Nevertheless, he tries to get the upper hand somehow by stepping closer. He's taller, and Man-su has to tilt his head back to look at him.

MAN-SU
Dongho turned off the CCTV, but not
the other one.
(MORE)

MAN-SU (cont'd)
 (sneaks a glance at
 the notes on his
 palm)

He didn't know to turn off the security system. What if your wife found out you use that store at night as a place for fucking women? And if she heard you bragged about it to all the men in the neighborhood?

WONNO
 You jobless stinking piece of shit!
 I'll fucking kill you!

Wonno raises his fist, Man-su calmly looks up. Wonno trembles, unable to swing nor bring down his fist. Looking at his blanched face, Miri decides it's game over and she puts her jacket back on.

Man-su starts to turn to leave, but remembers something and looks back at Wonno -

MAN-SU
 One more thing. You're not buying my home. Miri, let's go.

MIRI
 Forget buying it.

100 INT. SI-ONE'S ROOM, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DAY

100

Man-su climbs up into the attic through the ceiling hatch.

MIRI (O.S.)
 Honey, be careful.

He lets out a sigh at what he sees and pulls the cell phone boxes toward him.

MIRI
 Are they up there? Are there many?

He passes down to Miri all the cell phone boxes Si-one had hidden in there.

MIRI (cont'd)
 How many? There's more?

Man-su finds a pack of Marlboro Menthols and a lighter -- he surreptitiously pockets them.

MIRI (cont'd)
 That brat... Two, four, six...

101 EXT. BACK YARD, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DUSK

101

Man-su dumps the stolen goods into the hole he dug early in the morning. Miri watches beside him, looking concerned.

MIRI
(looking up)
We don't have to give them back?

MAN-SU
Let's make them disappear. Wonno
can't help but cover it up anyway.

MIRI
Right?

MAN-SU
Of course.

Man-su covers the loot with soil. Miri helps, taking the gardening glove he hands her. Miri finds her husband dependable.

MIRI
(out of breath)
What tree will you plant?

102 EXT. BACK YARD, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DAY

102

Ri-one practices pizzicato on her cello. No melody -- just PLUCK, PLUCK, PLUCK. Next to her sits Miri, reading a comic book. She looks up frequently to check on Ri-one.

All is peaceful and safe.

Si-one waters an apple sapling. Man-su crouches beside him, watching. There is another freshly dug hole next to them.

MAN-SU
When the apples ripen, let's make
jam.

SI-ONE
Will the roots grow over the phones?

MAN-SU
The tastiest things grow on filth.
Fertilizer's made from shit and piss.

Man-su frowns, struggling to look toward the sun.

MAN-SU'S POV: Si-one scoots over, shading the sun for him.

MAN-SU (cont'd)
 Okay, thank you.

SI-ONE
 Is it true about Grandpa? He hung
 himself *in this house*?

MAN-SU
 (hesitating, then
 pointing at the
 townhouse block)
 You know his pig farm?
 (off Si-one nodding)
 They caught a disease, and he had to
 kill them all, 20,000 pigs.

SI-ONE
 (mouth falling open
 at the sheer scale)
 How?

MAN-SU
 He buried them, alive.
 (off his son's
 horrified
 expression, quickly
 changing to lighter
 tone)
 But he was always a bit unstable.
 Ever since fighting in Vietnam. In
 the old barn, he... you know... but I
 didn't see it.

Then Man-su remembers something. THE CAMERA PANS, following
 him as he moves sideways, crouched.

MAN-SU (cont'd)
 Hey. Sit with me. Come closer.

He takes out the pack of Marlboro Menthol and the lighter
 from his pocket and hands them to Si-one.

MAN-SU (cont'd)
 Mom doesn't know.
 (off Si-one
 involuntarily
 glancing at Miri)
 Don't look, don't look!

SI-ONE
 (barely audible)
 I quit.

MAN-SU
Throw them out yourself.

Man-su enjoys playing the cool dad; and Si-one enjoys being treated like an adult. He takes the pack of cigarettes and pockets it. Man-su holds out his fist. Si-one raises his and they bump fists.

103 EXT. GREENHOUSE, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DAY/NIGHT 103

Man-su walks inside the greenhouse. The exterior glass wall reflects the back yard landscape. TIME LAPSES -- and sun sets on the landscape. As night falls, the reflection of the exterior landscape disappears, revealing the interior: Man-su, smoking a cigarette, covers the glass walls of the greenhouse with a tarp.

104 INT. SI-ONE'S ROOM, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - NIGHT 104

Si-one, lying in the bed, springs up. He reaches into the pocket of the pants hanging on a clothes rack and takes out the pack of Marlboro Menthols.

He pops one in his mouth, turns the light off, then quietly opens his window and climbs out.

105 EXT. ROOFTOP/GREENHOUSE, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - NIGHT 105

Si-one climbs outside, up onto the roof and walks on the roof-tiles all the way to the edge. He settles in a cozy corner, complete with an ashtray with a lid, it's his secret smoking spot.

He lights a cigarette, takes a deep drag, and exhales. Watching the smoke disperse in the air under the full moon, his attention gets drawn to the greenhouse, which is lit from within.

His dad, in his chest waders, stands in the middle of the greenhouse with his arms crossed, surveying his surroundings. The walls of the greenhouse are covered with tarps, wooden boards, cardboard boxes, and anything else he could get his hands on.

He seems satisfied that all four walls are well covered, but from Si-one's position, some parts of the greenhouse can be seen through the glass roof. Man-su didn't think to cover the ceiling.

As a wooden panel falls off from a glass wall, we get a glimpse of something resembling a person lying face down.

Man-su rushes over to reattach the panel, then he switches on a small electric saw and stands quietly, looking down below for a long while.

From here, Si-one's rooftop spot, we can't see what Man-su is looking at.

106 INT. GREENHOUSE, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - NIGHT

106

Man-su looks down at Sijo's dead body, which has been stripped down to his underpants. Man-su just can't bring himself to do it. He turns off the chainsaw and sets it down on the workbench.

Lighting a cigarette, he thinks for a long while, and then grabs copper wire used for bonsai.

He folds the arms of the dead body, and starts wrapping them with the wire.

A MOMENT LATER --

With all the limbs folded, the body has been tightly bound with wires crossing horizontally and vertically, reducing its volume to a minimum. Next to the body lies a coffee bean sack. Man-su looks down at it.

107 EXT. BACK YARD, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DAWN

107

The morning has broken, but it's still heavy with fog.

The coffee bean sack is buried deep in the big hole. Man-su covers it with some soil, and then plants an apple sapling on top of it. He feels a toothache and sticks his fingers deep into his mouth.

CU INSIDE THE MOUTH: his fingers wiggle the rotten molar back and forth.

108 INT. LIVING ROOM/DINING ROOM, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DAY

108

A MIDDLE-AGED DETECTIVE (50s) and a YOUNG DETECTIVE (30s) sit side by side at an outdoor plastic table (taking the place of the big living room table which is now gone). Man-su sits across the table, pretending to pore over the photos of Bummo and Sijo on a tablet computer, trying desperately to calm his racing heart.

The Middle-aged Detective looks around, taking in the house. With the curtains, the wall-mounted TV and the single-seater recliner sold off, the space appears larger.

Miri listens in from behind the dining room wall.

YOUNG DETECTIVE
Papyrus... You interviewed there?

MAN-SU
I was rejected.

YOUNG DETECTIVE
The name Go Sijo--

MAN-SU
(answering before the
question finishes)
Never heard of it.

The Middle-aged Detective turns his eyes to Man-su. Man-su, thinking he might have answered too quickly, regrets it. The Young Detective writes down Man-su's words in his notebook -

YOUNG DETECTIVE
And Gu Bummo?
(off Man-su,
pretending to think
carefully, and then
shaking his head)
We're visiting people who interviewed
there. Anything unusual happen
recently? Have you felt in danger?

Man-su gives him a questioning look. The Young Detective turns to look at his senior -

MIDDLE-AGED DETECTIVE
Those two men have disappeared.

MAN-SU
You may think badly of me, but even
after hearing they died, the thought
that comes to mind is... I wonder
what lucky person got hired?

MIDDLE-AGED DETECTIVE
I said "disappeared".
(off Man-su's face
turning rigid, to
the Young Detective)
Give me that.
(MORE)

MIDDLE-AGED DETECTIVE (cont'd)
 (poring into the
 notebook handed over
 by the Young
 Detective)

And then, Mr. You, you said to me,
 "they died". Why do you think they're
 dead?

MAN-SU
 Well... In today's world, if someone
 disappears, then usually...

Man-su trails off, not even able to finish properly. The
 Middle-aged Detective shows no sign of being convinced as he
 just stares. He then gestures for his junior to make notes
 quickly.

YOUNG DETECTIVE
 (writing in his
 notepad)
 "In today's world, if someone
 disappears, then usually..."

Man-su gulps.

MIDDLE-AGED DETECTIVE
 Go Sijo's wife reported him missing,
 and after tracking his phone, we
 found his car sitting by itself.

YOUNG DETECTIVE
 She said after being fired, he was
 extremely depressed.

Man-su nods, to show he completely understands what the guy
 must have gone through. He senses this turn of events could
 provide him with a way out.

MIDDLE-AGED DETECTIVE
 A phone contains all of a person's
 life, right? Who you talked to, and
 also, who you *couldn't* talk to.

109 EXT/INT. SHOULDER SPACE/CORRIDOR, PAPYRUS - DAY (FLASHBACK) 109

The two detectives examine the call history on Sijo's mobile
 phone inside a zipper bag. They notice several missed calls
 from the same number.

As they scrutinize the call history, the phone RINGS -
 making the middle-aged detective jump in surprise.

MIDDLE-AGED DETECTIVE

What the!

YOUNG DETECTIVE

It's that number! The missed calls.

The Middle-aged Detective answers the phone, waiting for the other person to speak first.

HR MANAGER

Finally, you answered.

At the Papyrus building we saw earlier, the HR Manager -- the one who interviewed Man-su -- walks while talking on the phone.

MIDDLE-AGED DETECTIVE

You've called the phone of a man who's gone missing. Excuse me, but who are you?

BACK AT THE SHOULDER SPACE, the Middle-aged Detective stands in one corner, talking on the phone. The CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATION TEAM MEMBERS search the area around Sijo's car.

HR MANAGER

I'm head of HR at Papyrus. Mr. Go interviewed at our company, and I called to say he was hired. This is like some kind of curse.

MIDDLE-AGED DETECTIVE (V.O.)

What?

HR MANAGER

We originally planned to hire a different applicant but couldn't reach him, either.

MIDDLE-AGED DETECTIVE (V.O.)

What was that man's name?

HR MANAGER

That man... hold on, his name... He scored highest. Gu... Gu... Gu...

110 INT. LIVING ROOM, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DAY

110

MIDDLE-AGED DETECTIVE

(staring at Man-su)

Bummo. And I knew I'd seen that name before.

111 EXT. SHOULDER SPACE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

111

The two detectives examine Go Sijo's mobile phone. As they scroll through the call history, they come across the name "Gu Bummo". The Middle-aged Detective stops scrolling, and looks at the Young Detective with a triumphant look on his face. The Young Detective's face lights up as if to say, "Nice one!" The Middle-aged Detective points to his head with his finger.

MIDDLE-AGED DETECTIVE

Look, kiddo!

112 INT. LIVING ROOM/DINING ROOM, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DAY

112

MAN-SU

They knew each other?

(thinking his
reaction was too
strong, calming down
a bit)

Hmm.

MIDDLE-AGED DETECTIVE

(putting his index
finger to his
temple, mimicking
deep thinking)

So, there were two paper men. They
knew each other. And disappeared at
the same time.

YOUNG DETECTIVE

We did a painstaking search around
the car. We found traces of Mr. Go's
blood...

MIDDLE-AGED DETECTIVE

Blood... And *what* might've caused Mr.
Go's blood to spill out of his veins?

(a beat)

A gun.

YOUNG DETECTIVE

A handgun.

MIDDLE-AGED DETECTIVE

Made in North Korea.

Miri's ears perk up, and before she knows it, she's on her feet, blocking the glass display cabinet from view. Man-su's mouth drops open.

MIDDLE-AGED DETECTIVE (cont'd)
A bullet shell was found.

YOUNG DETECTIVE
By me.

113 EXT. SHOULDER SPACE - DAY (FLASHBACK) 113

The Young Detective picks up a shell casing with his latex gloved hand and holds it up to the sunlight.

114 INT. LIVING ROOM, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DAY 114

Man-su, anxious with fear, pretends to be scared for another reason -

MAN-SU
A bullet shell!
(turns back to Miri)
Pretty scary.

115 EXT. FRONT YARD, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DAY 115

Man-su and the two detectives step out the door.

MIDDLE-AGED DETECTIVE
Until I catch the culprit, you must
be very careful.

The Middle-aged Detective leads in front. Walking behind him, the Young Detective hands his business card to Man-su.

As they cross the yard, the Middle-aged Detective notices the doghouse and finds something odd. Ri-one's legs are sticking out. We hear the SOUND OF SOBBING and a CELLO SOLO PIECE coming from within.

MIDDLE-AGED DETECTIVE (cont'd)
What kid listens to such music?

MAN-SU
I'll contact you as soon as I go
missing.

Both detectives turn around abruptly. Man-su smiles awkwardly at his own lame joke. The Middle-aged Detective turns back -

MIDDLE-AGED DETECTIVE
This is not a joking matter.

MAN-SU
 (embarrassed)
 Drive safely!
 (to Ri-one)
 Ri-one! What are you doing?

The detectives leave. Man-su grabs Ri-one's ankles and pulls her out -- Ri-one's tear-streaked face emerges from the doghouse.

MAN-SU (cont'd)
 What's wrong? My dear Ri-one... Don't cry... Don't cry. Don't cry. I'll bring them back, okay? Stop crying. Just need to do one more.

Through the living room window, we see Miri inside, looking out at her husband with a hint of doubt.

116 EXT. FERRY DECK - DUSK

116

Sitting in the driver's seat, Man-su writes some lines for his next interview on the palm of his hand -- "25 years / 25 minutes". The ferry ramp drops. Man-su's car drives off the ferry and onto the island.

117 EXT/INT. FRONT STREET, SUN-CHUL'S HOUSE / SUN-CHUL'S CAR - NIGHT

117

A KOREAN TROT SONG (with lyrics about being lonely) blasting on the car stereo, Sun-chul sings along as he drives. His face is red.

He passes a road sign with the silhouette of a water deer. Nearing his home, he slows down, and is about to make a right turn -- when suddenly a man jumps in front of his car.

The man's face, ghastly white in headlights, belongs to Man-su.

Sun-chul STOMPS ON THE BRAKES, irritated.

SUN-CHUL
 What the fuck?

Carrying a large sports bag, Man-su walks up to the driver's window with a cheerful smile on his face. Standing next to the tuned up car with huge wheels, Man-su seems small.

He says something, but it SOUNDS MUFFLED behind the glass -

MAN-SU

Mr. Choi Sun-chul? You thought I was a deer?

SUN-CHUL

For fuck's sake.

MAN-SU

I waited all day.

(showing his driver's
license to the
window)

I'm You Man-su. I was manager of specialty paper at Solar until they fired me.

SUN-CHUL

(recognizing Man-su's
face, lowering the
window)

The guy from the restroom?

MAN-SU

I've got all this free time, and I envy you so much, I've been watching your Instagram every day.

SUN-CHUL

(with his arm out the
window)

Whoa. You mean I'm being stalked?

MAN-SU

Want to have a drink with me?

(taking a closer look
at Sun-chul)

Seems like you already had some.

Sun-chul just laughs. Man-su gives Sun-chul a glimpse of the Springbank bottle, and Sun-chul smiles from ear to ear. He shifts gears and starts to drive his car slowly, gesturing for Man-su to follow. Trotting alongside the large car, Man-su continues to talk -

MAN-SU (cont'd)

All right. After slaving for 25 years, they gave me 25 minutes to clear out. I walk out of the office, and the security guard had my things in a box already and was standing there, holding it.

Sun-chul turns a corner and parks in front of his house.

MAN-SU (cont'd)
They wouldn't let me go down the
hallway where I'd always walked.

Sun-chul rolls up the driver's side window, turns off the
engine, and swings the door open -

SUN-CHUL
Sent you out the back door?
(off Man-su's nod)
Fucking dickwads!

118 INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - NIGHT

118

Si-one does the dishes. Miri sits on the living room couch,
and Ri-one sits on the floor in front of the plastic table.

Finishing her tea, Miri heads to the kitchen. Ri-one keeps
drawing her complex patterns without touching her food.

MIRI
(to Ri-one)
Hurry up and eat.

Miri sets the empty mug in the sink. Si-one turns to her,
looking like he has something to say. She gives him a
questioning look to say, "what?", but Si-one turns away.

Miri returns to the living room and looks at what her
daughter is doing. Miri sighs, and then yells -

MIRI (cont'd)
Not again! If you don't eat, I'll
take that paper away!
(off Ri-one eating a
half a spoonful,
feeling apologetic
and brushing her
cheek)
You need to eat, so your arms get
strong, and your bowing gets
stronger.

Miri takes her seat on the sofa again and looks at Si-one.
When their eyes meet, Si-one quickly turns away. Miri speaks
to Ri-one in a gentle voice -

MIRI (cont'd)
Why are the men in this house all
hiding something from me, Ri-one?
(turning to Si-one,
with a forced smile)
Why could it be? Do they want to die?

119 INT. SUN-CHUL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

119

When Sun-chul isn't looking, Man-su dumps his whisky into a bowl on his lap. As soon as Sun-chul's glass is empty, Man-su promptly fills it again. The bottle of Springbank is almost empty. Whenever there's a chance, Man-su offers Sun-chul large pieces of sausage on a fork.

Sun-chul's speech is slurred, and Man-su only pretends that his is too, but he is genuinely excited by the shop talk.

MAN-SU

My quality ratio was 96%. On those old Bumin machines. They don't give out Pulp Man of the Year to any old fool. Hey, eat up. Eat this.

SUN-CHUL

Right. If they gave it to any old fool, I'd have gotten one.

MAN-SU

Hey, that's not what I meant! Sorry, fuck. Damn it, drink up.

SUN-CHUL

"Fuck"?

MAN-SU

No, I...

Sun-chul laughs heartily and Man-su sighs with relief. Sun-chul's glass gets filled up by Man-su.

MAN-SU (cont'd)

Hey! Listen to you.

SUN-CHUL

I fucking love it, fuck!

MAN-SU

Have a fucking drink!

SUN-CHUL

Let's fucking drink!

MAN-SU

Hey, slow down a bit.

SUN-CHUL

To hell with that, I'm drinking fast.

120 INT/EXT. LIVING ROOM/BACK YARD, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - NIGHT 120

Ri-one is working on another abstract drawing.

RI-ONE
Do they want to die?

Out in the backyard, crape myrtle tree branch has cast a shadow on Miri's face. She turns her gaze from Ri-one in the brightly lit living room to Si-one, sitting on the swing with his head hung low.

MIRI
So you saw it, or you *think* you saw it?

121 INT. SUN-CHUL'S HOUSE - NIGHT 121

Sun-chul takes two cigars from a wooden box and offers one to Man-su. Man-su takes it.

SUN-CHUL
I'll die if I keep working like this.

Feeling a pang of conscience at his words about dying, Man-su is unable to say anything back and just blinks. Sun-chul lights the cigars -

SUN-CHUL (cont'd)
With this much work to do, I need another manager.

MAN-SU
(ears perking up,
fervently)
Right. At your level!

SUN-CHUL
That's what I'm saying! Man-su my man, you crying? Feel sorry for me? Why so soft-hearted?

Looking up high above, Man-su blinks his eyes. This is an unexpected hope -- maybe he can get a new job without any more blood on his hands! Trying to hold back his tears, he swallows hard and then turns back to Sun-chul.

MAN-SU
Ask the higher-ups.

SUN-CHUL
Ask what?

MAN-SU
 (slightly taken
 aback, but forcing a
 smile)
 Ask them to hire someone else!

SUN-CHUL
 Those tight-assed pricks?

MAN-SU
 If you sit tight, their asses get
 tighter! Demand it! Just collapse at
 work one day! You'll need sick leave!
 Production will stop! Won't they come
 to their senses then?

SUN-CHUL
 (unconvinced)
 Come to their senses? They'll just
 fire me.

MAN-SU
 Recommend me. We'd work really well
 together! Complementing each other. A
 Team, B Team.

SUN-CHUL
 Sure. I'll try talking to them.

Sun-chul's voice is insincere as he pours drink for Man-su.
 Man-su's hope fades again.

FADE OUT:

122 INT. LIVING ROOM/DINING ROOM, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - NIGHT 122

It's dark and quiet. Miri walks to the display cabinet in
 the dining room. She unlocks the combination lock on the
 wooden box and takes out the hand gun. But it feels too
 light. It's plastic.

Shocked, Miri struggles to breathe.

MAN-SU (PRELAP)
 Oh dear.

123 INT. SUN-CHUL'S HOUSE - NIGHT 123

Man-su picks up a paper sample that Sun-chul has placed on
 the table. Like a true connoisseur, he rubs it between his
 fingers and holds it up to the light. He clicks his
 tongue...

MAN-SU

So this is the best you got?

SUN-CHUL

I know, water streaks. It's the cross-link cellulose recipe of those bastards at Bumin. But you know, I've got no other choice.

MAN-SU

Even if you use their machines, you don't have to use their recipe, too.

(looking around)

How can you afford this house as a line manager? And that car?

(not noticing Sun-chul's face going rigid)

Someone might think you're pocketing all kinds of cash.

(belatedly noticing Sun-chul's glare and the sobering effect his words are having)

That's not what I think, but others might think that way, I mean.

(off Sun-chul holding his icy stare, not accepting his apology)

I really don't think that. Here. Bottoms up.

Man-su raises his glass, but Sun-chul doesn't -- he gets to his feet.

MAN-SU (cont'd)

You okay?

Sun-chul turns away.

SUN-CHUL

You're dead now.

With his plans foiled, Man-su urgently moves to plan B.

Maintaining his gaze on Sun-chul slowly staggering away, Man-su slowly pushes his right hand into his pocket. As Man-su rises to his feet, he pulls out his gun, taking aim.

Sun-chul wobbles to the fridge and opens it. He peers into it for a beat, then abruptly turns his head this way.

Man-su quickly sits back down and plays the innocent.

SUN-CHUL (cont'd)
Bomb shots, okay?

Sun-chul returns with two bottles of beer. He pours two glasses full to the brim, and fills two shot glasses with whisky. He drops the shot glasses into the beer.

Man-su watches the process nervously. As his legs start shaking, he presses down firmly with his fists to steady them.

Man-su gets up and takes the glass, but hesitates. Sun-chul waits with his own glass raised.

Man-su closes his eyes. He taps his carotid artery with his right hand, and chants in a low voice.

INSERT - Miri sits alone on the swing. It's dark and quiet.

MAN-SU
No other choice. No other choice. No
other choice...

Sun-chul yells --

SUN-CHUL
Hurry the fuck up!

Having finished his ritual, Man-su opens his eyes.

He lifts the glass to his lips, takes one sip, but does not swallow. Sun-chul glares at him intently. There's no way out of this. Man-su closes his eyes again, and chugs the rest of the glass.

Man-su's glass tips horizontally, and the shot glass inside flips.

The two alcohols mix in a potent blend on their way into Man-su's mouth. His Adam's apple yo-yos as he gulps and gulps.

A sudden rush of forgotten pleasure.

INSERT - Man-su's house. The empty swing sways gently.

Satisfied at last, Sun-chul empties his glass in one gulp as well. He uses his right elbow to give himself two strong taps on his flank, then sits down on the floor, stretching out his legs.

Man-su's head rises again, transformed, red-faced, eyes bloodshot. Man-su lets out a hearty, "AAAH", as he cracks a broad smile.

SUN-CHUL (cont'd)
So freaking cold... My head...

MAN-SU
Where do you keep the...?

Man-su rummages through the drawers and comes back with a pair of pliers.

He shoves them into his mouth and pulls out his rotten molar, SCREAMING.

Man-su empties the remaining whisky into his bloody mouth -- he looks demonic. Sun-chul's mouth drops open.

Man-su bellows --

MAN-SU (cont'd)
What a fucking relief! I need some
fucking air!

Man-su slings his sports bag over his shoulder, pulls a bottle of vodka from it and dangles it alluringly in front of Sun-chul as he walks backwards.

MAN-SU (cont'd)
Let's go out. Getting drunk in front
of a bonfire is my lifelong dream!

Sun-chul erupts into boisterous laughter as he stands. He staggers in a drunken stupor and falls on his ass. Laughing again, he gets up and follows Man-su out.

SUN-CHUL
You're freaking awesome.

MAN-SU
(like luring a dog
with a treat)
Vodka.

SUN-CHUL
You had more? Man-superman, you're
the best!

Man-su walks down the stairs with his sports bag, Sun-chul trailing behind.

124 EXT. BACK YARD, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - NIGHT

124

Miri steps out of the house and crosses the yard towards the corner where her husband planted a sapling of an apple tree. She holds a shovel in her hand.

125 EXT. BACK YARD, SUN-CHUL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

125

Logs blaze brightly in the fire pit. The vodka bottle is nearly empty already -- the result being Sun-chul, completely drunk, staring blankly at the fire.

SUN-CHUL

I moved here 6 months ago and it's my first fucking bonfire. I thought I'd have barbecue every day.

Man-su sits beside Sun-chul, also blankly fire gazing.

MAN-SU

When you get the thing you want, that's what happens.

SUN-CHUL

My wife was right.

MAN-SU

(unzipping the sport bag, then stopping, staring at the fire, mesmerized)

I really don't want to do this.

SUN-CHUL

What?

MAN-SU

But if I don't, the deaths of those other two are meaningless. Just a dog's death.

Sun-chul can't make out a word of what Man-su is mumbling. He hunches over, closes his eyes, and mumbles to himself -

SUN-CHUL

No... You shouldn't barbecue dogs!

126 EXT. BACK YARD, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - NIGHT

126

Miri is digging up the ground. Once the roots of the apple tree sapling start to appear, she pulls it out and lays it down.

127 EXT. BACK YARD, SUN-CHUL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

127

Sun-chul lies on his side, asleep, his whole body wrapped in tarp except for his head.

Next to him, Man-su is hard at work, digging a hole in the ground.

128 EXT. BACK YARD, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - NIGHT 128

Miri continues to dig. The hole has become quite deep.

129 EXT. BACK YARD, SUN-CHUL'S HOUSE - NIGHT 129

Man-su is breathing heavily as he digs. The hole is already quite deep, and his knees are below the ground.

130 EXT. BACK YARD, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - NIGHT 130

Covered in dirt and sweat, Miri finally uncovers the coffee bean sack buried deep in the ground. She looks back at the house. Just in case the kids might be watching.

MIRI'S POV: of the upper floor, with the lights off.

131 INT. GREENHOUSE, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - NIGHT 131

The door opens a crack and a silhouette enters. Approaching a low shelf in one corner and gazing down at the bonsai placed on it, is Si-one.

FROM SI-ONE'S POV: we see a miniature pine forest.

We leave the POV to see that the person looking down at the bonsai is now changed to Man-su.

FROM MAN-SU'S POV: we see a miniature Si-one sitting on a moss-covered rock in the miniature forest.

Si-one looks up to see: a towering pine tree with its branches draping over his head, and a giant Man-su, several times larger than the pine tree, looking down at him.

Man-su's expression is chillingly cold. Frightened, Si-one flicks on his phone flashlight, aiming it at Man-su's eyes.

132 EXT. BACK YARD, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - NIGHT 132

Miri moves to another spot, turning her back to the house, and then switches her flashlight on.

Taking a deep breath, she gathers courage and kneels down to sweep the dirt off the top of the sack with her hands. She's afraid to see what might be inside it.

133 EXT. BACK YARD, SUN-CHUL'S HOUSE/BACK YARD, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - 133
NIGHT

Sun-chul is buried under ground, except for his head -- sticking up like a harvest-ready cabbage. The edges of the tarp stick out from the ground around his shoulders. He's been preserved so that not a single speck of dirt comes in contact with his body or face.

Wearing surgical gloves, Man-su is now completely sobered up. He takes out a funnel he brought with him -- when his phone RINGS: It's a video call from Miri.

Man-su sees blood on his face on the phone screen and quickly wipes it away. He turns off the video as he accepts the call. He takes out a bloody cotton ball from the hole left by the extracted molar in his mouth.

MAN-SU

Sorry, I can't turn on the video.

MIRI

It's okay. You look at me.

MAN-SU

I didn't want to get your hopes up, but I'm visiting a friend from Moon Paper. He's got so much work, the company needs another line manager.

Man-su speaks quickly, while Miri responds calmly.

MIRI

Remember what the detectives said?
About the interviewees.

MAN-SU

Yeah.

MIRI

(fishing)
That they died.

MAN-SU

(without thinking)
Yeah?

Miri paces back and forth.

MAN-SU (cont'd)

So?

MIRI
I'm worried. You go around late at night...

MAN-SU
Hey, I'm okay.

MIRI
How can you be so sure?

Caught off guard, he hesitates before managing a response -

MAN-SU
Because I'm... me?

Miri shuts her eyes tightly, then opens them again -

MIRI
(regretful tone)
Hey, can't you drop that and come home now?

MAN-SU
I don't want to say this, but no.

MIRI
Don't carry the load by yourself.
Even a sheet of paper is better lifted together.

MAN-SU
That's a favorite saying in our industry. A sheet of paper.

MIRI
If the four of us band together, we can beat this.

MAN-SU
Six.

MIRI
I know, Si-two Ri-two.

MAN-SU
I'm going to bring them back.

MIRI
You'd be good at gardening or bonsai, too. People live to 100, you have time.

Man-su, turns at the sound of a GROAN. Looks like Sun-chul is waking up.

MAN-SU

This is my last interview. Up until now I've been digging, now I need to plant the tree.

Miri hears Sun-chul's groan, she is shocked --

MIRI

If you do something bad, I'm doing it with you, okay?

Man-su turns on the video, trying to assert that he's not up to anything bad.

MAN-SU

Hey, don't worry.
(trying to put on a
natural smile, then)
I think my friend woke up.

Miri is surprised to see Man-su's face swollen on one side with the missing tooth.

MIRI (ON PHONE SCREEN)

Your cheek...

MAN-SU

I'll call tomorrow, okay? Bye.

MIRI (ON PHONE SCREEN)

Honey!

Smiling, Man-su waves goodbye, then quickly hangs up. Blood dribbles down from his open mouth. He quickly puts the cotton ball back in his mouth and wipes the corner of his mouth with the back of his hand.

134 EXT. BACK YARD, SUN-CHUL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

134

Sun-chul awakens. He thrashes about, but with his body buried he is unable to extricate himself.

Man-su inserts a funnel into Sun-chul's mouth, then forcefully stuffs small chunks of sausage down the hole. Petrified, Sun-chul stares up at Man-su with bulging eyes.

As soon as Sun-chul starts to retch, Man-su swiftly removes the funnel and tightly wraps Sun-chul's head with plastic wrap until his head looks like a cocoon.

Sun-chul vomits, but the puke is trapped in his mouth because of the plastic wrapping.

135 INT. SI-ONE'S ROOM, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - NIGHT

135

Si-one screams and thrashes about. Miri rushes in and sits by his bedside, shaking him awake. Si-one opens his eyes and Miri hugs him.

MIRI
Si-one, Si-one! It's okay.

Miri looks at Si-one quietly, pondering what to do.

MIRI (cont'd)
I dug in the ground.

SI-ONE
(waking up fully)
There?

MIRI
There really was something.

136 EXT. ROOFTOP/BACK YARD, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - NIGHT

136

Si-one and Miri sit together at Si-one's secret smoking spot. He gives his mom a confused look.

SI-ONE
He cut up a pig?

Miri purses her lips and nods once. Si-one wants to believe her words. Miri studies her son's face.

MIRI
Yes.

The mother and son look down at the two apple trees below.

137 EXT. BACK YARD, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - NIGHT

137

As if they've just teleported, Si-one and Miri are already down from the roof, standing in front of the apple tree. Si-one looks down at where the body was buried.

SI-ONE
Like when he barbecued a pig for us
last year?

Relieved to see her son responding so innocently to her haphazard improvisation, Miri nods vigorously -

MIRI

He put a whole pig in the ground to
fertilize the tree. Must've been so
tough for him.

Miri barely manages to fight back her tears. Si-one strokes
the apple tree leaves -

SI-ONE

So that's what it was, a pig...

Miri tries to smile at her son.

138 EXT/INT. SUN-CHUL'S HOUSE - DAWN

138

Sun-chul's body, wrapped in a tarp, lies on the ground. Man-su scatters leaves over the freshly filled hole.

Man-su wipes his fingerprints off everything he's touched, stuffs what he can into his bag, and arranges the place to look as if Sun-chul was drinking alone. Then he remembers to grab the blood-stained pliers and his molar too.

Man-su lays the dead body on the bed -- the body is only wearing underwear and a T-shirt, with plastic wrap still around the head.

Wearing surgical gloves, he holds a pair of scissors and snips the plastic wrap around Sun-chul's head: the puke has been trapped by the plastic and it fills Sun-chul's mouth and nose.

Man-su scatters some empty bottles, a tumbler, some leftover sausages and a fork around the body. He also turns on the TV.

After finally wiping down the front door handle, he opens the door to leave.

139 INT. LIVING ROOM, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DAY

139

As if the two worlds are joined at the door -- the door opens and Man-su walks in.

Miri, ready for work, sits blankly on the couch. Her makeup is meticulous, her clothes without a single wrinkle. But her face is devoid of any emotion except fatigue.

MIRI

Did the interview go well?

MAN-SU

Yeah.

(sitting next to her)

Did you sleep well?

Man-su notices Miri's gaze on his swollen cheek, and opens his mouth wide. Miri peers inside, furrowing her brows at his condition but avoids mentioning it.

As Man-su stretches out his arms and moves to hug his wife, she reflexively leans back slightly. Before things get even more awkward, Man-su quickly scoots to her and gives her a tight hug. Miri flinches for a moment, but once she's nestled in his familiar arms, she doesn't resist. Man-su, urgently and desperately —

MAN-SU (cont'd)

Just one minute.

MIRI

(sighing, then
relaxing her body)

59, 58, 57...

MAN-SU

Count up, not down.

MIRI

1, 2, 3, 4... So you drank, in the end.

MAN-SU

Yeah.

MIRI

You smell of smoke, too.

MAN-SU

We had a barbecue at my friend's place. He's been on his own six months, but he's lonely already.

MIRI

Divorced?

MAN-SU

They split up because of the house. He wanted to live in nature, but she refused.

MIRI

Can that be a reason? Splitting up over that?

MAN-SU

I'm sorry. When I was doing my degree, I couldn't have fun with you.

MIRI

You shouldn't have lived so hard.

Miri tries hard to hide her fluctuating emotions, and tears well up. Sensing something is off, Man-su tries to pull away so he can look at his wife's face. But Miri hugs him tight, not letting him. Man-su, unaware of her intention, smiles happily.

MAN-SU

How many seconds? 30?

MIRI

...59, 60.

Miri pulls away, abruptly standing up to hide her tears. Man-su sits still, not wanting her to leave but not looking up at her. His one arm stays wrapped around her, just as he was holding her.

With the laughter of men -

140 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, MOON PAPER - DAY

140

We see THREE INTERVIEWERS -- including the Mill Manager Man-su met in the toilet -- laughing heartily. Man-su must have successfully pulled off a joke just now.

INTERVIEWER 2

That must've been hard for you.

Behind his composed demeanor befitting someone who has overcome a huge ordeal, we glimpse his resilience. Man-su switches to serious mode.

MAN-SU

So what I *realized* while going through that ordeal...

141 EXT. FRONT YARD, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DAY

141

Carrying their backpacks, Si-one and Ri-one step out of the Elantra. Miri gets out of the driver's seat.

Then, the children's eyes widen in surprise.

MAN-SU (V.O.)
 ...is you need a creative plan. The important thing is to shift your perspective. In the execution phase, you have to be persistent and bold. When necessary, at any time you need to be able to say no.

Miri glances at her wristwatch.

142 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, MOON PAPER - DAY 142

CU on Man-su's wristwatch. Man-su can't help smiling at the thought of his children.

143 EXT. FRONT YARD, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DAY 143

Si-two and Ri-two run toward Si-one and Ri-one. The two children and two dogs tumble and roll around together. Ri-one starts crying.

144 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, MOON PAPER - DAY 144

Interviewer 1 nods in agreement, then suddenly -

INTERVIEWER 1
 We have a "lights-out system".
 Recently we built a fully automated factory.

MAN-SU
 Lights out?

INTERVIEWER 2
 Since AI doesn't need lights turned on.

MOON PAPER MILL MANAGER
 The days of tapping a roll with a stick are over.

MAN-SU
 Yes, of course.

MOON PAPER MILL MANAGER
 Anyway, we quite urgently need you to oversee this test run.

INSERT - Ri-two licks Ri-one's tears.

MAN-SU
 (face showing a crack
 in his confidence)
 When you say fully automated, the
 workers...

INTERVIEWER 1
 ...will have to be reduced, right?

INTERVIEWER 2
 That's the whole point of the system.
 No other choice.

MOON PAPER MILL MANAGER
 Do you have any objection?

INSERT - Miri's parents stand in the front yard, watching
 with warm smiles -- they look pleased. Miri enters the yard
 and looks down at her children, but the expression on her
 face isn't all happy.

INTERVIEWER 1
 (half-joking)
 If you don't like it, you can say no.

MAN-SU
 (laughing and waving
 his hand)
 Not at all. How can you go against
 the times? But at any rate, you need
 one person to watch over it all,
 right?

Man-su nods his head as if trying to convince himself.

145 INT. DINING ROOM/LIVING ROOM, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DAY

145

Miri stands in front of the glass display cabinet. She looks
 tense as she watches Man-su and the detectives sitting on
 the couch, drinking tea.

YOUNG DETECTIVE
 So 5 years ago, there was a secret
 bid at Minting and Security Printing
 Corp?

Man-su is bewildered, but after searching his memory,
 recalls -

MAN-SU

Yes, the competition was fierce then. Solar, where I worked, was one of the three designated companies. We never even considered bidding.

YOUNG DETECTIVE

Then who made the bid?

MIDDLE-AGED DETECTIVE

Two people facing off as representatives of the two major paper companies. Who were the rivals in this bloody bidding war?

A dramatic pause. Then the Young Detective shows a photo on a tablet computer -

YOUNG DETECTIVE

Gu Bummo and...

MIDDLE-AGED DETECTIVE

Go Sijo!

The photo is the 'Paper Day' commemoration photo Man-su saw at Bummo's house. In this photo of seven people, Bummo, holding a trophy (which was used to whack Man-su's head) in his left hand and a bouquet in his right, appears to be the main subject. But now, we also notice Sijo in the background on the right.

146 INT. MUSIC ROOM, BUMMO'S HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

146

Ara has changed her style. She's wearing simple make-up and clothes. She's stage-ready. Quite the 'widow agonized by the loss of her husband'.

ARA

The day he returned from his business trip to Daejeon... His sleep-talking woke me up in the middle of the night. He started crying and whining, saying things like "It's not fair!" and "Don't insult me!" Then after that, wouldn't you know...

(reenacting the sound
of coughing up
phlegm)

He was surely asleep, but he gathered the phlegm in his mouth and... He spit on his own face. It startled him too, and he woke up.

MIDDLE-AGED DETECTIVE
The day he came back from Daejeon?

YOUNG DETECTIVE
"It's so unfair"?

Ara nods. The two detectives look at each other.

147 INT. LIVING ROOM, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DAY 147

With sparkling eyes, the Young Detective explains to Man-su -

YOUNG DETECTIVE
As you know, Minting and Security
Printing Corp is in Daejeon.

148 INT. MUSIC ROOM, BUMMO'S HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK) 148

Ara's eyes well up.

ARA
Was that when it started? He just
listened to music here, avoided going
to bed with me. After he got fired,
he drank all day, developed
depression... Oh my god. He didn't
bring his medication.
(grabbing a pill
bottle, a prop she
prepared)
Honey, where in the world are you?

She lets the tears she managed to conjure up roll down her
cheeks undisturbed.

YOUNG DETECTIVE
Does your husband own a handgun by
any chance?

Ara's eyes widen. A beat of silence ensues, while she
quickly racks her brain - and then she gives a cautious nod.

Admiring his own sharp questioning, the Middle-aged
Detective asks -

MIDDLE-AGED DETECTIVE
Can I ask why you take so long to
answer?

ARA

If you own a firearm, you need to report it, right? He didn't do that. What's more...

(after an ample pause)

It vanished with my husband. He could... commit suicide with it. Please find him quickly.

YOUNG DETECTIVE

Was it one of these?

The Young Detective hands her his tablet computer. It displays a page with photos of about fifty different handguns. Ara zooms in and scrolls through the pictures, eventually points to one with her finger, then looks at the detectives, speaking cautiously -

ARA

This one?

The two detectives check. Sure enough, it's the North Korea Type 64 pistol.

149 INT. LIVING ROOM/DINING ROOM, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DAY

149

The Middle-aged Detective looks back on the process of his deduction falling into place, and finds it enjoyable all afresh. Man-su wonders where this story is going.

MAN-SU

Gu Bummo's wife really said that?

MIDDLE-AGED DETECTIVE

So be wary of Gu Bummo. Remember his face.

MAN-SU

(praying this
overwhelming sense
of happiness isn't
to be short lived,
checking once more)

Gu Bummo killed Go Sijo and ran away?

INSERT - Ara nods.

Man-su is bewildered by the absurdity of the situation.

But to the two detectives, it looks like Man-su is impressed to the point of being speechless at their skills of deduction.

Miri stares intently at her husband.

MAN-SU (PRELAP)

Honey!

150 EXT. FRONT YARD, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DAY

150

CLOSE ON Miri -- standing in a daze.

MAN-SU

Got something to say to me?

Man-su stands in the middle of the yard, holding an umbrella. He stares at his wife, her feet planted near the crape myrtle tree.

Miri acts normal and smiles.

Si-one stands next to her holding an umbrella over her head.

Ri-one commands Si-two and Ri-two -- the three of them wear identical raincoats.

MIRI

(snapping out of it)

Congrats on your first day at work.

As if taking care of an unpleasant chore, Miri walks over and stands in front of her husband. Si-one follows her with his umbrella like a bodyguard.

How much he wanted to hear those words! Tears well up in Man-su's eyes. He looks at each member of his family, and declares cheerfully -

MAN-SU

This weekend, should we do a pig roast?

MIRI

(waving her hands)

No.

SI-ONE

(waving his hands)

No way!

Man-su is taken aback by his wife and son's reaction. Miri tries to pick up the pieces --

MIRI

It's too cold for that now.

Her words are cryptic, but Man-su just laughs it off.

MAN-SU

Quit the clinic and take up tennis again. I'll buy you a new racket.

MIRI

I'm not doing that anymore. I'll save money.

Man-su searches his wife's face for clues -- There's a smile, but her eyes are determined. Man-su is about to ask her for her reasons, but thinks better of it and looks away.

He notices Si-two and Ri-two, who smell the earth under the apple tree (where the body is buried). Seeing Man-su's startled expression, Miri also turns her gaze towards the apple tree. She points and speaks sternly.

MIRI (cont'd)

Si-two Ri-two, house! House!

Si-two and Ri-two scramble into the doghouse. Man-su relaxes and heads towards the gate.

MIRI (cont'd)

Ri-one, come here! Don't play over there.

RI-ONE

(coming over, a snail
in her hand)

A snail! A snail!

MIRI

I called the real estate agent. Said we'll keep the house.

Man-su turns back. Miri calmly observes her husband's face, which quickly lightens up -

MIRI (cont'd)

We planted an apple tree here, how can we sell it?

MAN-SU

Exactly.

Man-su nods in agreement, and then walks over to Ri-one. He bends down to give her a hug but stops, worried he might get his clothes wet. Stooping awkwardly, he holds out his hand instead and waits for a high-five.

MAN-SU (cont'd)

Ri-one! Ri-one! I'll see you later.

RI-ONE
Bugs are eating it alive.

151 INT/EXT. MAN-SU'S CAR/STREET IN TOWNHOUSE BLOCK - DAY 151

Driving, Man-su reflects on the farewell he just had with his family.

As Man-su's car leaves the driveway, Miri and Si-one close the gate.

From high above, Man-su's house looks small beside the blocks of townhouses.

Luxury cars of townhouse residents drive in front of, and behind him.

A radio forecasts the weather.

REPORTER (V.O.)
...will ease up sometime this morning. After the nighttime rain which seemed to mourn the passing of autumn, the temperature also dropped sharply, bringing us one step closer to winter.

152 INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DAY 152

Ri-one climbs the stairs, water dripping from her raincoat. She goes into her room. Si-two and Ri-two follow her in.

153 INT. LIVING ROOM, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DAY 153

Miri cleans the muddy footprints of Si-two and Ri-two with a mop. Si-one, now changed into his school uniform, comes downstairs carrying a backpack.

MIRI
Going to school already?

SI-ONE
(pulling out his raincoat from the shoe cabinet, putting it on)
Dongho and I are meeting early.

MIRI
Are you two still friends? Even after what happened last...

Si-one hears something and shushes his mom. He listens intently to discern it's the SOUND OF A CELLO.

The mother and son stand motionless as they listen.

154 INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DAY 154

We follow a long trail of wet footprints on the floor. The SOUND OF A CELLO echoes through the empty space, growing nearer.

155 INT. RI-ONE'S ROOM, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DAY 155

Looking at her sketchbook placed on the music stand, RI-ONE PLAYS A PIECE BY MARIN MARAIS on the cello. The intricate patterns drawn in the sketchbook turn out to be Ri-one's version of sheet music. Ri-one bows without hesitation, dancing her fingers dizzily on the fingerboard.

The depth of her sound is uncanny.

Si-two and Ri-two sit quietly, listening attentively.

INSERT - Man-su, driving to work.

156 INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DAY 156

Miri stands in front of Ri-one's room.

157 EXT. FRONT YARD, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DAY 157

Si-one walks his bike across the yard, turning his head to glance back at the house.

158 INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DAY 158

Frozen outside Ri-one's room, Miri listens intently.

159 EXT. FRONT YARD, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DAY 159

Si-one looks spellbound by Ri-one's cello performance.

160 INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DAY 160

Miri presses her ear to the door, listening.

161 INT. RI-ONE'S ROOM, MAN-SU'S HOUSE - DAY 161

The floor is soaked with water. Suddenly, Ri-two gets up and shakes, splashing water everywhere.

As Ri-one plays, the door opens quietly. Miri peeks in. Ri-one turns her head slightly toward her mom, then drifts back into the music. Miri sits in the doorway, half her body inside the room, watching her daughter close her eyes and smile.

162 INT/EXT. MAN-SU'S CAR/ROAD NEAR MOON PAPER - DAY 162

CELLO MUSIC CONTINUES. Man-su sits in his car, driving.

163 EXT. TOWNHOUSE BLOCK - DAY 163

Si-one rides his bike along the street, and joins Dongho, who's been waiting in front of his house. The two boys ride side by side and speed away.

164 INT/EXT. MAN-SU'S CAR/ROAD NEAR MOON PAPER - DAY 164

The traffic starts to become congested.

Man-su leans forward, and looks up at his new workplace.

FROM MAN-SU'S POV: the giant factory looms closer, its chimneys rising high above.

AERIAL ANGLE ON: a string of cars, like small toys, moving slowly along the road, spattered by droplets of rain. Like an army of ants on the march, dozens of cars funnel their way to the gates of the factory.

Other than Man-su's car, most of the vehicles on the road are trucks laden with timber and waste paper.

165 INT. MILL BUILDING, MOON PAPER - DAY 165

Darkness.

THE MECHANICAL HUM NEARLY DROWNS OUT THE CELLO.

Man-su enters wearing a 'Moon Paper' jacket. He turns on his tablet computer. As he presses a button on the management app, the lights flicker on sequentially, illuminating the vast space. Here, Man-su appears tiny, as if he's been squashed by the overwhelming size and noise of the machines.

There are no workers, only robots moving back and forth.
Man-su surveys the machines. He's finally here.

Is he happy? Disappointed?

Second floor. Man-su, tiny against the massive machines surrounding him, walks up the stairs and into the distance. Man-su taps a roll of paper with a mallet -- a satisfied look on his face.

Robots move in to stamp and slice horizontally through the paper rolls. Man-su walks along a path lined with jumbo rolls waiting to be transported. As he peers at his tablet and looks around, unsure of what to do next, the lights begin to flicker out, starting from the far end.

166 EXT. REFORESTED AREA, MOON PAPER - DAY (MAN-SU'S
IMAGINATION)

166

THE FACTORY NOISE CONTINUES -- THE SOUND OF THE REFORESTED
AREA IS MUTED.

Logging robots fell trees and instantly cut them into
specified lengths.

THE ANGLE WIDENS TO REVEAL vast stretches of land laid bare
with only tree stumps remaining. A robot works alone at a
steady pace.

THE END