

# ELEOS

**Episode 101**

**"Chapter One"**

Written by  
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Based on the novel by Min Jin Lee

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## **Please note:**

These scripts do not reflect the specific regional dialects spoken by some of our characters (i.e. Busan, Osaka), nor distinguish between honorific and casual form.\* These elements will be incorporated during the later translation steps in partnership with dialect writers and coaches to ensure authenticity of voice.

\*Both Korean and Japanese utilize different forms of speech to connote respect for addressing elders and those in higher positions of power.

PACHINKO

Ep. 101 Revision History  
Double Yellow Draft 3/25/21

**CURRENT REVISION:**

DOUBLE YELLOW DRAFT – (3/25/21) Set List, Double Yellow Pages

- Scene A43: is OMITTED
- Scene A48: is OMITTED

PACHINKO

Ep. 101 Character List  
Double Pink Draft 3/3/21

ARIMOTO	MALE ANALYST (1989)
BILL WINOKUR (1989)	MARKET OFFICIAL (1931)
BOARDER 1 (1915)	MAYFLOWER KING (1989)*
BOARDER 2 (1915)	MIDWIFE (1915)
BOARDER 3 (1915)	MAMORU YOSHII*
BOARDER 4 (1922)	MOZASU (AGE 53)
BOARDER 5 (1922)	MUDANG
BOARDER 6 (1922)	NAOMI*
BULLPEN ASSOCIATE (1989)*	NEIGHBOR FARMER (1922)*
BYUNG HO SONG (1922)	NEIGHBOR'S DAUGHTER (1915)
CABBAGE VENDOR (1931)*	NEWSPAPER VENDOR (1922)
CANDY VENDOR (1931)*	"SHIP" GARRITY
CAREER SECRETARY (1989)*	SOLOMON
CHILD ASSISTANT (1914)*	SUNJA (AGE 7/9)
EEL VENDOR (1922)	SUNJA (AGE 16-23)
EEL VENDOR 2 (1931)	SUNJA (AGE 74)
ETSUKO	TOBY HESS (1989)
FAMILIAR CUSTOMER 1 (1989)*	TOM ANDREWS
FAMILIAR CUSTOMER 2 (1989)*	VAGABOND (1922)
FEMALE ANALYST (1989)	YANGJIN (AGE 18-35)
FEMALE COLLEGE STUDENT (1989)*	
FISH CAKE VENDOR (1922)	*
FRUIT VENDOR (1922)*	
FRUSTATED ANALYST (1989)	
GOTO (1989)	
HAENYEO DIVER (1922)*	
HAENYEO DIVER 1 (1922)*	
HAENYEO DIVER 2 (1922)	
HAENYEO DIVER 3 (1922)*	
HAENYEO DIVER 4 (1922)*	
HANSU	
HEAD JAPANESE POLICE OFFICER*	
HIROTA	
HOONIE	
JAPANESE OFFICER 1 (1922)	
JAPANESE OFFICER 2 (1922)	
JAPANESE OFFICER 3 (1931)*	
JAPANESE OFFICER 4 (1931)*	
JAPANESE LOWER GIRL (1989)	
JAPANESE LOWER GIRL 2 (1989)*	
JOURNALIST (1989)	
KYUNGHEE (AGE 84)	

PACHINKO

Ep. 101 Set List  
Double Yellow Draft 3/25/21

EXTERIORS

KOREA

BOARDING HOUSE  
KITCHEN  
BUSAN  
BUPYEONG MARKET  
FOOD MARKET  
SWASH ZONE  
COUNTRYSIDE  
FERRY BOAT  
FERRY STOP  
NET HOUSE  
YEONGDO  
COVE  
UNDERWATER  
VILLAGE PATHWAY  
YEONGDO ISLET  
MEADOWS  
NEIGHBOR'S RICE FARM  
TAEJONGDAE FOREST  
THE HUT  
~~THE WOODS~~

NYC

MANHATTAN  
SIDEWALKS

OSAKA

MOZASU'S HOUSE  
PACHINKO PARLOR  
STAIRCASE  
TAXI

TOKYO

OVERHEAD ESTABLISHING  
SHIBUYA CROSSING

INTERIORS

KOREA

BOARDING HOUSE  
FAMILY ROOM  
MAIN ROOM  
STORAGE ROOM  
BUSAN  
BUPYEONG MARKET  
YEONGDO ISLET  
THE HUT

NYC

YARDLEY'S BANK  
BULLPEN  
CONFERENCE ROOM  
HALLWAY  
LOBBY ENTRANCE

OSAKA

MOZASU'S HOUSE  
BEDROOM  
KITCHEN  
LIVING ROOM  
SOLOMON'S BEDROOM  
PACHINKO PARLOR  
TAXI

TOKYO

SHIFFLEY'S BANK  
BULLPEN  
ELEVATOR  
RECEPTION  
SOLOMON'S OFFICE

**PROLOGUE**

OVER BLACK:

Mozart's Requiem Mass in D Minor ("Lacrimosa") fades up and unabashedly declares its bold ambitions--to move us, to astonish us, to conquer us.

As the music crescendoes, a CHYRON announces in bold, oversized letters--

**HISTORY HAS FAILED US**

These words fade away...

More words appear in smaller, lowercase font, as if a sigh--

**but no matter**

HARD CUT TO:

1

EXT. SIDEWALKS OF MANHATTAN, NEW YORK CITY - DAY (1989)

1

The Greatest City in the World, looming with skyscrapers that shoot up into the skies like commercial cathedrals paying homage to Man's Prodigy. But here, on the ground, the MORNING CROWDS flood the sidewalk. A sea of white faces, washing over Wall Street like a prodigious wave. But gradually, one face starts to stand out...

SOLOMON BAEK (28, Korean). Despite being the only ASIAN in this canvas of WHITE FACES, or perhaps because of it, this man holds his own. His confidence--a force to be reckoned with. And as he plows past our camera--

CHYRON: **NEW YORK, 1989**

We begin to glimpse another figure approaching--A KOREAN WOMAN dressed in the traditional hanbok. No one else in the crowd seems to spot her. Only us, marveling at this discombobulating figure who stands very much "out of time" here. And as we PUSH IN on her face, isolating her in the frame, the music abruptly stops, and we--

SLOW DISSOLVE  
TO:

A1 EXT. TAEJONGDAE FOREST, YEONGDO ISLET, KOREA - EARLY MORNING A1 (1914)

From that world of stone, concrete, and steel, we jump to the poetic rustlings of green treetops turning to fall orange, rendered in delicate brush strokes. A world seemingly devoid of any unnatural materials.

Here, we find the same woman from our cityscape--YANGJIN (18)--halting suddenly to stare at a tiny hut cloaked in trees. We see now that she is all skin and bones. An adult, barely, though Teflon eyes hint at a life already burdened with troubles too much. Once more, she must search within herself for that fortitude. Whatever lurks inside that hut unnerves her.

**CHYRON: JAPANESE-OCCUPIED JOSEON, 1914**

Nervously, she checks her surroundings. Only when she is certain that not a soul stirs does she trudge forward, her feet crunching over hard ground. Sonically, she is our trespasser here. And as she moves closer to the hut...

SLOW DISSOLVE  
TO:

2 OMITTED 2

3 OMITTED 3

4 OMITTED 4

5 INT. LOBBY ENTRANCE, SHIFFLEY'S BANK, NYC - DAY (1989) 5

The revolving doors spit Solomon into a vast lobby rolled out in too much marble. Solomon, used to all this, focuses his attention on all the PEOPLE who pass by, deftly taking in how they walk and how they talk. And in these sharpened eyes, we see his tally of who's up, who's down, who's faking it, and who are the ones wielding true power. They shine for him.

CONTINUED:

As he approaches the bank of elevators, one door slides open and beckons him to enter. Off this easy ride--

YANGJIN [PRELAP]  
(in Korean, Busan dialect)  
*My mother was not a fortunate  
woman...*



6

INT. THE HUT, YEONGDO ISLET, KOREA - EARLY MORNING (1914)

6

In the one-room abode, Yangjin is kneeled in front of the MUDANG (the Shaman)--as old as time itself--along with her CHILD ASSISTANT.

First forced into the realm of shadows by the Joseon Dynasty and further marginalized for being "too Korean" by the Japanese, the Mudang now sits crouched small. But in desperation, Yangjin offers her story:

YANGJIN

*And my birth was a great burden to  
her. She died when I was very  
young, and my father--in his grief--  
took to drink--*

Yangjin flinches suddenly, flinging something off her hand--a COCKROACH.

Peering up, she takes notice of the rotting roof that festers with bugs creeping. But this is not new to her. These conditions--they are of the times. And so she looks back to the Mudang, who continues to wield her stone-faced silence bluntly.

YANGJIN (CONT'D)

*My three older sisters and I, we  
were forced into the villages to  
beg for food. But even at a young  
age, I knew there was shame in what  
we did.*

Yangjin's voice builds and begins to possess the space--

YANGJIN (CONT'D)

*A matchmaker took pity on us. She  
told my father about a couple who  
ran a boarding house near Dongsam.  
They had a son she said who was  
deformed. A conventional marriage  
was not possible for him. My father  
readily offered me, his youngest,  
because he knew my older sisters  
would never agree to such a match.  
Their pride--stronger than their  
hunger. At least it was then.*

(beat)

*When I first arrived at the  
boarding house... I admit. I  
flinched when I saw him. That was  
three years ago, and I've tried--  
tried to be a good wife, an  
obedient daughter-in-law...*

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

Her voice cracks, and as she looks down upon her hands with shame--

YANGJIN (CONT'D)  
*But I have failed.*

7 INT. BULLPEN, SHIFFLEY'S BANK, NYC - DAY (1989)

7

Solomon marches through the bullpen--the blood, sweat, and tears of the investment banking world, stripped bare here of its P.R. glory.

(50) ANALYSTS and ASSOCIATES, mostly men though there are a handful of women, sit weary-eyed over research binders fresh off the dot-matrix printers. Jackets shrug carelessly over chairs. Sweat stains mar once-crisp dress shirts. Wastebaskets brim with takeout containers. Somewhere, a phone is always ringing urgent. Someone always bellowing.

Solomon approaches his desk, his face cracking open into a wide smile. On his desk, he finds an absurdly enormous bouquet of penis-shaped balloons, along with a bottle of Louis Roederer Cristal Brut, elegantly wrapped in a bow.

"SHIP" (O.S.)  
Come on--they're awesome!

Solomon looks over at "SHIP" GARRITY (late-20s), across the aisle, sitting with his feet propped up on his desk. Between his ink-stained fingers, a red plastic pen twirls hypnotically.

"SHIP" (CONT'D)  
Seriously, you won't believe what I had to do to find them--

SOLOMON  
Don't want to hear it. Too early for one of your stories. But the better question--what's the plan for tonight? And no, do not say O'Neill's. If I have to spend another night watching you strike out with that bartender--

"SHIP"  
Fuck you.

SOLOMON  
C'mon. Let's swing big tonight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

[NOTE: Solomon speaks with an accented English. Though mostly fluent in English and Korean, Japanese is his predominant language.]

"SHIP"

You hearing this shit--?

"Ship" turns to the MALE ANALYST (20s) at the desk next to him. The Male Analyst has his Walkman on, blasting acid house at 8:50 in the morning as he methodically pours over the overnight research binders, his fingers tapping almost manically against his desk.

"SHIP" (CONT'D)

Hasn't even gotten the official word on the promotion but dude's already talking like I work for him.

But the Male Analyst, all his brain cells already spoken for, waves "Ship" off. Turning his attention back to Solomon--

"SHIP" (CONT'D)

I mean it. Blood swear when you get that corner office you won't forget us plebs out here. Remember, I know where your bodies are buried.

Laughing, Solomon opens his desk drawer. Inside, packs of mints of various varieties. An inordinate amount. As Solomon pops one into his mouth--

FEMALE ANALYST (O.S.)

Hey, Sol. I hear today's the big day...

Solomon glances up to see an attractive FEMALE ANALYST (20s) crossing through the aisle, bestowing him with one of her rare megawatt smiles.

"SHIP"

You coming out to celebrate or what?

FEMALE ANALYST

(to Solomon, flirting)  
You buying?

SOLOMON

For you--top shelf.

FEMALE ANALYST

How can I resist? Page me where.

(CONTINUED)

She seemingly floats away, leaving "Ship", smitten, to shake his head mournfully--

"SHIP"

I loathe you.

SOLOMON

No you don't. You wanna be me.

Completely in his element, Solomon plops down at his desk and starts rifling through his binders. Reams of spreadsheets with columns and columns of numbers. To us, gibberish. But to Solomon, order and harmony can be found here. And as we watch him fall mesmerized...

FRUSTRATED ANALYST (O.S.)

(on the phone)

--Fuck knows, but this woman turned them down again and Colton's going apoplectic. Seriously, when you think about all the money that's been sunk into this deal... it's cursed, man! And guess who's the sucker who gets to pull another all-nighter for the fuck-ass Tokyo team-

At the mention of Tokyo, Solomon pricks his ears and his eyes go scanning for this voice of doom and gloom...

But his eyes land on THE MAYFLOWER KING (20s, W.A.S.P), strutting out from one of the hallways. Just one glance and we get the full biography--Upper East Side, prep school, Martha's Vineyard, tennis. Vested with all this privilege, the guy almost seems to GLOW.

And their eyes COLLIDE. Perhaps it was intentional, perhaps not, but Solomon discerns a subtle smirk on the Mayflower King's face. Solomon, curious by this--

7 CONTINUED:

"SHIP"

Hey, catch--

A jolted Solomon looks over too late. And the rubber band ball "Ship" tosses goes rolling under his desk...

YANGJIN [PRELAP]

*In three years, I've given birth to three sons, but none lived to see his first birthday...*

8 INT. THE HUT, YEONGDO ISLET, KOREA - EARLY MORNING (1914) 8

Yangjin looks up to meet the Mudang's eyes, determined to own her story--

YANGJIN

*A month or two ago, after the harvest, my in-laws both passed from the outbreak that took so many of the villagers around here.*

(beat)

*I know life is meant to be hard. I do. If it were just me--I would learn to bear it. But my husband...*

At the thought of him, her voice aches.

YANGJIN (CONT'D)

*He hears such cruel things about his afflictions. Even then, he shows only kindness in return. I came to him empty-handed, promising to provide him with a family. Instead, I have brought only sorrow into his home.*

(beat)

*This curse--it's in my blood.*

9 INT. HALLWAY, SHIFFLEY'S BANK, NYC - DAY (1989) 9

A CAREER SECRETARY leads Solomon through a plush hallway. The further they veer from the rabble of the bullpen, the more ominous the silence feels.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

The passage dead ends to an impressive glassed-in CONFERENCE ROOM. Inside, TWO MANAGING DIRECTORS (50s) -- BILL WINOKUR and TOBY HESS -- sit casually talking. They could be talking about the markets, or their latest golf game. One of them laughs, belly quaking.

Solomon wipes his sweaty palms on his pants, and fixes his face to hide his nerves. Turns out he's not made of Teflon. But this flicker of vulnerability--he sheds it fast.

With confidence, he pushes the glass door open and charges into the winner's circle. We linger outside, peering in as hands shake with ease...

10 INT. THE HUT, YEONGDO ISLET, KOREA - EARLY MORNING (1914)

10

Yangjin unties her bundle and presents her meager offering to the Mudang: (5) sweet potatoes, (6) turnips, a hemp bag of barley, and a large stretch of coarse, white fabric.

She waits anxiously as the Mudang critically picks through the offerings. The Child Assistant eyes the sweet potatoes with unabashed hunger. Finally--

The Mudang releases a drawn-out sigh. *So it has come to this.* Nevertheless, she nods to her Assistant who jumps up to unpack the Ceremonial Robe from the trunk.

As the Mudang adds more wood to the fire, the flames rise, and the sounds of embers CRACKLING carry us into--

BILL [PRELAP]

Listen, there's no easy way to say this...

AUDIO PRELAP: BEEP BEEP--

11 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, SHIFFLEY'S BANK, NYC - DAY (1989)

11

Solomon sits across from the (2) Managing Directors. Bill takes the lead while Toby routinely glances down at his active beeper, his attention barely able to be contained in the room. Solomon doesn't seem to interest him much. But Bill, deeply discomfited--

BILL

You're not getting the bump. Not this year.

For Solomon, these words come as a total shock to his nervous system. Words fail him.

(CONTINUED)

BILL (CONT'D)

I know we gave you all signs otherwise, but... the forty-third floor believes it'd be better for you to have another year under your belt--

SOLOMON

(realizing)

Mitch Endicott. That's who you're giving it to.

BILL

(surprised)

Uh, yes. It is Mitch. I'm sorry, Sol, we really wanted you to hear this from--

SOLOMON

I wanna know why.

TOBY

He told you why. They don't think you're ready. But keep busting ahead like you've been doing and next year--

SOLOMON

I helped close the Teestone merger... handled Brixley's buyout. Number one on my year's leaderboard for two years running, but you're telling me I'm being passed over for a guy who's never even broken the top five--ever.

Solomon's anger is rising, but even now he knows he must contain it. He's succeeding, but just barely.

BILL

No one's doubting your accomplishments, but sometimes-- other factors come into play--

SOLOMON

Like the Endicott's family assets. Managed by this firm.

Toby, bristling at Solomon's tone--

TOBY

It's not your year, okay? Yeah, it sucks.

(CONTINUED)

TOBY (CONT'D)

So go out, get drunk, get laid, get whatever, but on Monday morning, you get back in that seat of yours and you show us just how much you really want that VP-ship. Do that, and next year--it's yours.

End of conversation. Toby stands and makes his way over to the door. Bill is at least decent enough to apologize to Solomon with his eyes before following. Only Solomon remains at the table, his face inscrutable. But just before the two men can fully exit, he plays his final card--

SOLOMON

Colton Hotels.

The Managing Directors pause at the door.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Priority client for this firm. Itching to go public next year, but their valuation needs an adrenaline shot.

(beat)

They need that hotel.

BILL

Isn't that deal in Tokyo?

SOLOMON

Where one landowner--one--holds the entire deal hostage.

TOBY

What's this about? I have to get uptown--

SOLOMON

She's Korean. The landowner. Doesn't mean anything to you, I know, but I'm telling you--I can close that deal.

AUDIO PRELAP: A low and guttural CHANTING begins...



12      INT. THE HUT, YEONGDO ISLET, KOREA - EARLY MORNING (1914)      12

The Mudang, now wearing all white beneath the ceremonial robe, performs THE CHISONG, a devout prayer, standing before a table that serves as the altar, an offering of rotted fruits, grains, and dried vegetables.

This particular Chisong is a blessing to the Seven Stars. It begins with a prayer over the grains of barley, and shifts to a dance punctuated by her Assistant's beating on the *changgo*, the hourglass drum.

Entranced, Yangjin watches as the Mudang, without breaking her chant, moves into "The Ushering." Her dance picks up in intensity as she reaches the point of *mu a*--the death of the ego. Fittingly, a single roach, disturbed now, falls...

Then another, and another--

HARD CUT TO:

13      INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, SHIFFLEY'S BANK, NYC - DAY (1989)      13

Bill and Toby are now back at the table. Solomon knows he has their full attention, and he takes advantage of it, breaking no eye contact--

TOBY

What do you know?

SOLOMON

A 300-plus room hotel--at a 150 to 200 million build cost, not to mention the loan on the land, design fees, permitting... Back of the napkin calculations say ten, fifteen million payday for us. Unfortunately, Colton and their development partner in Japan have already broken land. Bad move. They can't just get out now--

Toby's beeper goes off again. He ignores it this time.

TOBY

So this landowner, her being Korean--you think you'll have an in with her--

BILL

Wait, I'm confused here. I thought you were Japanese.

(CONTINUED)

SOLOMON

Just grew up there.

Throughout this, the energy shifts in the room. The Directors lean in now, fully engaged. Seeing this, Solomon allows himself a margin of a smile. He knows he has them.

BILL

Who's over in Tokyo?

TOBY

Tom Andrews.

Off the name, Bill and Toby exchange pointed looks. Solomon catches this, a survival instinct.

BILL

That's a name I haven't heard in a while. The guy's gonna think he's being pushed out--

TOBY

Who cares what Tom Andrews thinks anymore, but you--  
(drilling in on Solomon)  
You're sure about this?

SOLOMON

Yeah, I'm sure. And once I close this deal, I want to be transferred back right away...

MUDANG [PRELAP]

A child...

SOLOMON

I want that VP title and the raise backdated to today's date...

MUDANG [PRELAP]

A child is coming...

SOLOMON

And I want my year-end bonus to reflect just how much Colton Hotels means to this firm.

(CONTINUED)

MUDANG [PRELAP]

*This one--*

SOLOMON

I would like all this in writing.

And as Solomon leans back in his chair, allowing this victory moment to soak in--

MUDANG [PRELAP]

*This one must endure...*

INT. THE HUT, YEONGDO ISLET, KOREA - EARLY MORNING (1914)

The Mudang leans in, eyes shining black like coal.

MUDANG

*She must thrive.*

Off Yangjin, daring to hope--

CUT TO:

[MAIN TITLES]

The introductory melodic beats of The Rolling Stones' "Out of Time" plays over BLACK--

THE ROLLING STONES

*You don't know what's going  
on/you've been away for far too  
long...*

PICTURE fades up--

We begin in the 1930s, inside a Pachinko parlor, and we move through the room in a virtuosic "one shot."

THE ROLLING STONES (CONT'D)

*You're out of touch, my baby/My  
poor discarded baby/I said, baby,  
baby, baby, you're out of time...*

Pieced together in VFX, the sequence narrates time's passage over the decades--beginning with the thirties and culminating in the eighties. Seamlessly, we shift from black-and-white to color as PATRONS play at machines which modernize over time, going from manual machines to hyper sensory digital screens.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Occasionally, someone rises from his/her seat and DANCES toward the camera. We recognize these faces as characters from our FIRST SEASON (Sunja, Hansu, Solomon, Isak, Kyunghee, Yoseb). Each character has his/her signature move. They're all exuberant.

All CHYRONS go from Korean to Japanese to English.

THE ROLLING STONES (CONT'D)

The girl who wants to run away,  
discovers that she's had her  
day/It's no good thinking that you  
are still mine...

The "tracking shot" concludes with the camera leaving the Pachinko parlor and coming to a full stop on the busy city sidewalk.

THE ROLLING STONES (CONT'D)

Well, baby, baby, baby, you're out  
of time/I said, baby, baby, baby,  
you're out of time...

A SWARM OF PEDESTRIANS, in 1989, rush at us, wiping the screen to BLACK.

**END OF PROLOGUE**

15 INT. STORAGE ROOM, BOARDING HOUSE, KOREA - DAY (1915) 15

It's one year later, and the MIDWIFE helps Yangjin (19) labor inside the small, windowless storage room. The door is slid shut. The air is old. And in the back of the room, a small table holds a bowl of uncooked rice, a white bowl of freshly drawn water, and another bowl of steaming seaweed soup.

Our attention, however, remains fixated on Yangjin, who presses her lips tight, doing her best to retain all her bodily sounds. But as the Midwife wrings out a wet cloth over Yangjin's head, Yangjin can hold it in no longer. And as she releases a PRIMAL HOWL--

CUT TO BLACK:

**CHYRON: In 1910, Japan annexes the independent nation of Korea.**

CUT TO:

16 INT. STORAGE ROOM, BOARDING HOUSE, KOREA - CONT., DAY (1915) 16

The Midwife helps Yangjin sit up. She speaks in barks and orders--

MIDWIFE  
(in Korean, Busan dialect)  
*It's time. Push.*

Yangjin puffs her cheeks full of air. This makes her look even younger, painting us the unsettling portrait of a child giving birth to a child.

AS she POPS her cheeks to PUSH--

CUT TO BLACK:

**CHYRON: But upon its defeat in World War II, Japan is forced to relinquish its colonies.**

CUT TO:

17 INT. STORAGE ROOM, BOARDING HOUSE, KOREA - CONT., DAY (1915) 17

Hanging her hair over a bucket, Yangjin vomits. Pitifully, she looks up at the Midwife and speaks in a croaking voice--

YANGJIN  
*Something's wrong. She won't come.*

(CONTINUED)

MIDWIFE

*Aigoo. You aren't pushing hard  
enough. Get up!*

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

She grabs Yangjin's arm and pulls her up--

CUT TO BLACK:

**CHYRON: Instead of being granted its independence, Korea becomes a Cold War pawn and is split into two halves.**

MIDWIFE [PRELAP]

*He's coming--*

**CHYRON: But that is not our story.**

CUT TO:

18 INT. MAIN ROOM, BOARDING HOUSE, KOREA - CONT., DAY (1915)

18

THREE KOREAN MALE BOARDERS take their breakfasts in a cramped 6-mat room as the audio narrative of Yangjin's arduous birth plays in the next room. They make no comment. Instead, the Boarders hurry their eating. They are eager to go.

**CHYRON: 1915**

19 EXT. KITCHEN, BOARDING HOUSE, KOREA - CONT., DAY (1915)

19

HOONIE (31, Yangjin's husband) boils water in the outdoor kitchen. He's surrounded by his CHICKENS who roam a small garden where ponytail radishes and sweet potatoes grow plump. On the clothesline that zigzags across the courtyard, pollack and squid hang dry, resembling gelatinous handprints.

A NEIGHBOR'S DAUGHTER (teens) helps Hoonie with the Boarders. She's accustomed to Hoonie's afflictions but we are not--he has a cleft palate and a lame left foot which drags as he walks. Despite this, or perhaps in spite of it, he has a generous face and a strong, unyielding body.

But today, he is anxious.

HOONIE

(in Korean, Busan dialect)

*Soon-hee, go see how they're doing.*

She gives him a wary look but Hoonie nods her along. As she scurries inside, the Boarders exit. They squeeze into their heavy fishing boots.

BOARDER 1

(in Korean, Busan dialect)

*I imagine next time we see you, everything will be different--*

(CONTINUED)

NEIGHBOR'S DAUGHTER (O.S.)  
 (in Korean, Busan dialect)  
*Ajusshi, she hit me!*

The Neighbor's Daughter returns with tears and moans.

NEIGHBOR'S DAUGHTER (CONT'D)  
*She said to stop bothering her.*

HOONIE  
*But did you see anything?*

The Daughter shakes her head, weeping louder for the lack of attention.

HOONIE (CONT'D)  
 (gently)  
*Don't cry now. Why don't you clear the table. The others will be back soon.*

She disappears inside, though we can still hear her occasional cries. Boarder 2, regarding the Daughter's drama--

BOARDER 2  
 (in Korean, Busan dialect)  
*Let us hope for a boy.*

BOARDER 3  
 (in Korean, Busan dialect)  
*Why speak such nonsense? Everyone knows what really matters in this life is good fortune. Doesn't matter if you're born ugly, or poor, or even stupid. With good fortune, you can live like a King. Not like us fools.*

BOARDER 2  
*And when have you ever met a fortunate woman--?*

MIDWIFE (O.S.)  
*Ajushi, come now!*

The Midwife pounds her palm on the baby's back. Yangjin cranes for a look but the Midwife turns away. Finally, to much relief, the red-faced baby sputters a defiant cry. Already, she sounds disappointed by life's meager offerings.

Hoonie rushes in.



MIDWIFE

*A daughter--*

She shoves the baby into Hoonie's hands, disavowing responsibility for the unfortunate news. But Hoonie cares only about his child's lips and feet. As he checks thoroughly for his familiar maladies--

MIDWIFE (CONT'D)

*She won't be easy, this one.  
Listen to that cry.*

HOONIE

*She's perfect.*

He looks over at Yangjin, who fights to keep her grateful tears in check.

YANGJIN

(to the Midwife)

*Thank you for all you have done--*

MIDWIFE

*Don't thank me yet. Let's see if  
she passes her baek-il (first 100  
days).*

The Midwife collects her things. But before she leaves, she pours the rice into the bowl with water, and covers it with a white cloth. When she is gone, Hoonie hands Yangjin her baby to hold for the first time. Yangjin's arms quiver from the muscle memory of past babies lost. In her husband's comfort, Yangjin allows her tears to fall.

HOONIE

*It'll be different this time. The  
Mudang told you so.*

YANGJIN

*I know it was wrong for me to go to  
her--*

HOONIE

(gently)

*It's done now. Let us just hope  
this one fights.*

Fear hangs heavy over both of them. Yangjin puts her ears to the baby's face, intently listening to her breathing. Finally, she looks up at Hoonie and nods:

YANGJIN

*She needs a name.*

21 INT. BOARDING HOUSE, KOREA - NIGHT (1915)

21

Hoonie dotingly rocks his daughter in his arms. She is wide awake and restless. He brings her face close to his, so she can hear him and grow accustomed to his deformities. As she grows increasingly fussy, Hoonie clicks his tongue to imitate a horse's clopping.

HOONIE

*You hear that..? Those horses..?*

Mesmerized by the sounds, Sunja begins to settle.

HOONIE (CONT'D)

*My parents used to tell me about the horses that used to run wild here. Chollimas. They would run for days, for nights, so fast they wouldn't even let their own shadows keep up, and the two became separated.*

*(beat)*

*Now, there are no more wild horses. Not here. But I still wonder--what happened to those shadows? Are they still searching to be reunited with their bodies? Perhaps one day Sunja, you will tell me the answer.*

In response to his questions, Sunja shrieks angrily. As Hoonie tries to rock her back to calm--

HOONIE (CONT'D)

*Shhhhh... I am here...*

HARD CUT TO:

22 OMITTED

22

AA22 INT./EXT. TAXI, OSAKA - DAY (1989)

AA22

Solomon sits in the backseat of a taxi cab, his gaze going lost on the passing cityscape. Osaka is a dizzying, mesmerizing blend of old and new, flash and class. A city that's stood its ground for more than sixteen hundred years, Osaka has attitude.

A22 EXT. PACHINKO PARLOR, OSAKA - DAY (1989)

A22

The taxi pulls up to a garish, pop-colored complex in the middle of a busy commercial street. The parlor occupies three entire floors. Front glass plastered with bright posters: *Cold beer! Ice cream! Best odds!*

Solomon steps out of the cab with a weekend travel bag. He stops to look up at the parlor, his face hard to read. Slowly, he trudges towards the entrance. His footsteps, we realize, feel heavy and burdened.

23 INT. PACHINKO PARLOR, OSAKA - DAY (1989)

23

CLOSE ON a SERIES of hypnotic shots of various Pachinko machines with balls SPINNING, lights FLASHING, fingers FLICKING. Off this jazz-like rhythm, we CUT OUT TO REVEAL--

Solomon standing at the entrance of the vast, smoke-choked parlor, reckoning with it all.

The overall SOUNDSCAPE almost deafens, as J-Pop battles the sounds of silver balls slamming and smashing inside a hundred machines. And despite the daylight hours, the parlor is nevertheless a quarter full. The patrons a motley crew of HOUSEWIVES, CAREER MEN, RETIRED FOLKS.

CHYRON: **OSAKA**

Even Solomon can't help himself. He goes over to one of the machines that directly takes bills and feeds the beast his money. Dozens of tiny silver balls spit out, and with the flick of fingers and a subtle flip of the wrist, Solomon puts his ball into action...

It's impossible to keep track of all the balls in play, and Solomon plays reckless. Fortune chooses not to favor him today. But Solomon, never seeing himself the loser, rises--

And he spots his father MOZASU (51) crossing the floor. Mozasu has yet to see Solomon, offering Solomon a poignant moment to watch his father thrive in his element: picking up trash from the floor, warmly greeting FAMILIAR CUSTOMERS, wiping the glass of a smudged machine. As Mozasu scans the floor--

His eyes fall upon Solomon, and the rest of the world falls away. Here, a father beams proudly, taking in the glory that is his son. As they come together, like two social amoebas reuniting as one...

(CONTINUED)

MOZASU

(in Japanese, Kansai dialect)  
*Good. You put on weight.*

SOLOMON

(in English)  
Too much pizza.  
(in Japanese, Kansai dialect)  
*I need to watch myself.*

MOZASU

*How's Tokyo? The new place--is it nice?*

SOLOMON

*It's a hotel room. Fine for a few weeks--*

GOTO (O.S.)

(in Japanese, Osaka dialect)  
*Is he here--? Is that Solomon?*

Solomon and Mozasu follow the gravelly voice to a dapper-dressed man hobbling towards them with the aide of a cane. This is GOTO (70s, Japanese), always donned in a silk suit. A man who smiles big and wears proudly the lines of a life lived hard.

Solomon, happy to see him--

SOLOMON

(nodding)

*Goto-san. I should've known you'd  
be here.*

GOTO

(re: Mozasu)

*He may own this place now, but I  
still have to make sure he's  
running things right.*

MOZASU

*You tell yourself that. I know the  
real reason you come in every day  
is to flirt with the girls, hoping  
one of them will be crazy enough to  
say yes.*

GOTO

*Just wait till you get to my age.  
You'll see. A pretty girl's smile--  
the elixir of youth.*

The two men regard one another warmly. There is much affection between them. Then Mozasu, noticing--

MOZASU

*Ah, Hirota-san--*

Mozasu calls over to HIROTA (70s), who takes a seat at a machine nearby.

MOZASU (CONT'D)

*My son--Solomon! He has just been  
promoted to Vice President by his  
American bank.*

Solomon shifts his eyes away, not correcting his father.

HIROTA

(in Japanese, Osaka dialect)

*So this is him! You really do  
exist. Is it true you went to Yale?*

SOLOMON

*If my father says then it must be  
so.*

Meanwhile, Goto's attention drifts to one of the television screens fixed to the ceiling (all muted). But Solomon and Mozasu, not noticing, remain focused on Hirota--

(CONTINUED)

HIROTA

*It's good to see you finally. I was beginning to think your father dreamed you up! And you certainly look successful, don't you?*

GOTO

(to Mozasu)

*Are you seeing this? You know who that is--?*

Goto wags a raging finger at the screen where a HANDSOME MAN (late-30s, Japanese) gives an interview with a JOURNALIST (female, Japanese) on a STUDIO NEWS PROGRAM. The CHYRON tells us his name is MAMORU YOSHII, President of KUROHANA ENTERPRISES.

GOTO (CONT'D)

(pointedly to Mozasu)

*That's Isamu Yoshii's grandson.*

Solomon notices his father tense at the name, his focus also jumping to the TV screen. Curious, Solomon's attention follows to the screen. As he focuses in on Yoshii-san's face--

GOTO (CONT'D)

(as if to spit--)

*The old man's dead but his blood is still trying to fool everyone with that talk of clean money. What a crock of shit!*

SOLOMON

*Who's Isamu Yoshii?*

Mozasu jumps in before Goto can respond--

MOZASU

*A man who is dead and gone. He is no one to us now.*

And with a quick look to Goto to tell him this conversation is over--

*PING! PING! PING..!*

The FEMALE COLLEGE STUDENT next to Hirota hits JACKPOT. The machine's lights FLASH, and the College Student yelps delighted. As hundreds of balls flood her tray...

HIROTA

(with an envious sigh)

*Look at that!*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIROTA (CONT'D)

*No such thing as clean money or  
dirty money. Money's money!*

An unabashed Hirota leans over, trying to estimate the College Student's earnings. At the same time, the "Man of War" TUNE (*Gunkan machi*) starts up on the speakers. A rousing military march, it's often piped in at Pachinko parlors to pump up the players.

We see all this through Solomon's critical eyes. Desperation cloaked as entertainment, and fortunes bought for a price.

24 EXT. SWASH ZONE, BUPYEONG MARKET, BUSAN, KOREA - DAY (1922) 24

It's overwhelming at first.

Rows and rows of VENDORS packed elbow-to-elbow, hawking their goods loudly. The star attractions come from the sea--every species imaginable and unimaginable are on display, freshly caught by one of the hundreds of boats bobbing in the waters.

We see all this through THE EYES of SUNJA (now 7, our heroine-to-be) as she accompanies her father on their weekly ritual. Her tiny hand grips possessively to Hoonie's pinkie finger. Her inquisitive child-sight oversizes the colors and sounds and scale of this world, especially the shadows creeping in--

TWO JAPANESE POLICE OFFICERS march towards Sunja and Hoonie. To Sunja, they read menacingly in their military uniforms, adorned with sabers. She's not the only one. Upon their presence, the Locals cast their eyes down, like flowers wilting.

Sunja dares to peek.

HOONIE

*Sunja.*

Sunja grins at her father, all teeth and imp. Hoonie shakes his head, wanting to be stern but failing. And once they're safe from the Officer's crosshair, Sunja lets go of her father's hand and sprints into--

AA24 INT. BUPYEONG MARKET, BUSAN, KOREA - DAY (1922)

AA24

Sunja runs over to the EEL VENDOR, barely out of breath.

EEL VENDOR

(in Korean, Busan dialect)

*You're late today.*

Hoonie catches up, and the EEL VENDOR greets him warmly. Everyone in the market knows and respects Hoonie. Sunja takes great pride in this. But despite the familiarity, Hoonie speaks with his hand masking his mouth. He does this more for their sake. He doesn't want to inconvenience them.

HOONIE

*The ferry had to stop for inspection.*

(CONTINUED)



AA24 CONTINUED:

AA24

The Eel Vendor casts a hard look at the Japanese Officers, harassing a FRUIT VENDOR. The Eel Vendor's voice goes low--

EEL VENDOR

*Just to show us they can. That's  
the point of all this.*

Hoonie nods, locking eyes with the Eel Vendor. They are speaking in the discreet language of the times.

EEL VENDOR (CONT'D)

*I saved this one for you.*

The Eel Vendor sticks his hand directly into a bucket filled with seawater and tightly-packed eels. He lifts up a writhing eel for approval. Both men look to Sunja, who approves the victim.

The Vendor lays the eel down on a board and--without warning--performs the beheading with a sharp blade. It takes a moment for the rest of the eel's body to admit defeat, but the head is unceremoniously tossed into another bucket crammed only with heads. Neither Sunja nor Hoonie flinches.

AB24 EXT. FOOD MARKET, BUPYEONG MARKET, BUSAN, KOREA - DAY (1922) AB24

Hoonie and Sunja emerge with bags and baskets full. Hoonie makes one last stop at the RICE CAKE STAND. But Sunja, now sucking on a piece of *ppopgi*, a cheap Korean sweet, looks across and spots a face she knows. With a huge grin, Sunja breaks into a spirited run.

Sunja catches up to BYUNG HO SONG (Korean, early-20s), a fisherman, rolling a huge catch on a cart. Happy to see her, the Fisherman slows down so she can keep up. But Sunja, staring down at the fish, scowls--

SUNJA

*It doesn't look very happy.*

Four-feet long and weighing in at almost sixty-pounds, the cod's eyes and mouth are frozen in a rictus of indignant horror.

SONG

*(in Korean, Busan dialect)  
Just goes to show you that even the  
most wretched of us creatures still  
yearns to live.*

SUNJA

*Not the ajumma (lady) who sells  
chestnuts.*

(CONTINUED)

SUNJA (CONT'D)

*She's always complaining that death  
thinks he is too good for her.*

SONG

*That's because she has a husband  
who smiles to the world then comes  
home to beat his wife and children.  
But trust me, even she wants to  
live.*

With this, Song halts his cart in front of the FISH CAKE  
VENDOR (Korean, male) and his stand. As he presents his  
horrified fish--

SONG (CONT'D)

*Isn't this a fine one? I dare you  
to show me a better catch today.*

But the Fish Cake Vendor, purposely looking unimpressed--

FISH CAKE VENDOR

*(in Korean, Busan dialect)  
What am I supposed to do with  
something that big, huh?!*

SONG

*Kim-si, you make the best fish  
cakes at the market and you're  
always selling out before noon.  
But with this one--*

He gently pats his catch with pride.

SONG (CONT'D)

*You'll have enough fish cakes made  
for weeks!*

FISH CAKE VENDOR

*(grudgingly)  
I'll give you thirty for it.*

SUNJA

*(to Song)  
Forget it. You should be getting  
three times that amount.*

FISH CAKE VENDOR

*(annoyed)  
Is that so? And what do you know  
about it, little girl?*

SUNJA

*I know that the daegu jorim place  
down the alley gave him twice that  
amount for a cod half this size.*

*(turning to Song)*

*You should just go straight there.*

Song nods gravely, doing his best not to burst. But the Fish Cake Vendor, actually worried now--

FISH CAKE VENDOR

*There's no need for that. Eighty-  
sen. It's my best offer, and a fair  
one.*

SUNJA

*(before Song can respond--)*

*He'll take it.*

Even the Fish Cake Vendor doesn't bother for a response from Song. He starts to count out the money from his purse, as Song heaves the heavy fish on to the counter.

SONG

*I thank you for this.*

Taking the money, Song and Sunja start to walk away, but Song stops once more, and he offers Sunja a coin. She looks at the money, surprised.

SONG (CONT'D)

*Consider it your cut.*

SUNJA

*But--I can't--*

SONG

*Of course you can. It's your cut.*

*(still seeing her hesitation)*

*Didn't your parents raise you to  
always obey your elders?*

Sunja grins, picking up on what he's playing. Greedily, she snatches the coin and stares at it.

Song, seeing Hoonie arrive, shakes his head at Sunja--

SONG (CONT'D)

*You're going to have to watch this  
one! I'm not sure the life of a  
boarding house will be good enough  
for her. Her eyes are growing big--*

(CONTINUED)

AB24 CONTINUED:

AB24

Just as Hoonie notices the coin in Sunja's hand, a commotion draws their attention, along with the others in the area...

(CONTINUED)

Further down, about twenty feet away, the (2) Japanese Police Officers from earlier speak tensely with a NEWSPAPER VENDOR (Korean, male), who is pointedly not wearing Western-style clothes. Their voices faintly drift over--

NEWSPAPER VENDOR

(in Korean)

*--But I swear--I did no such thing!*

JAPANESE OFFICER 1

(in poor Korean)

*We have two signed accounts that say otherwise.*

NEWSPAPER VENDOR

*They're lying. I'm not involved in that stuff--*

JAPANESE OFFICER 1

*We will speak of this at the station. Please, follow us--*

NEWSPAPER VENDOR

*I beg of you--*

Japanese Officer 2 leans in and whispers something to the Newspaper Vendor. Sunja, Hoonie, and Song are not privy to these words, but whatever is said brings a pallor of fear to the Vendor's eyes. He nods glumly, follows along.

Once they've passed, Song rattles his head in disgust.

SONG

*And this is what they call loosening the chains on us.*

But Hoonie, always more observant than people give him credit for, notices Sunja watching after the Newspaper Vendor and the Officers with wide, disturbed eyes. Realizing--

HOONIE

*Sunja-ya, let's go. I want to get these rice cakes home to your mother before they cool completely.*

(to Song)

*We will see you back at the house. I have a feeling my wife is making eel stew for dinner.*

Song tries to smile, forcing away his heavy thoughts--

SONG

*I will dream of it till then.*

(CONTINUED)

AB24 CONTINUED:

AB24

Hoonie leads Sunja towards the ferry. But before they get too far, Sunja can't help but glance back for the Newspaper Vendor. He is gone.

AC24 EXT. NET HOUSE, BUSAN, KOREA - DAY (1922)

AC24

Still gripped to her father's pinkie, Sunja accompanies Hoonie through a shortcut to the ferry...

AD24 EXT. FERRY STOP, BUSAN, KOREA - DAY (1922)

AD24

...And as Sunja and Hoonie approach the waiting ferry...

EXTREME SLOW  
DISSOLVE TO--

A24 EXT. FERRY BOAT, BUSAN, KOREA - DAY (1922)

A24

...We are upon the waves now, lulling up and down, up and down to an eternal rhythm. As we fall hypnotized, we CUT TO REVEAL--

A FERRY BOAT gliding across the waters that bridges the Korean mainland to the islets which dot the southern crest. Here, we find Sunja and Hoonie peering over the gunwale, their market bags settled at their feet.

After a moment, Sunja looks up at her father with a face still burdened with worry:

SUNJA

*Appa, did that man in the market do something bad?*

HOONIE

*I can't say. I don't know what his crime is, but in days like these... Whether a man is truly guilty or not is no longer a simple question.*

SUNJA

*But what happens to him? Will he come home?*

Sunja looks her father squarely in the eyes, demanding the truth. Hoonie struggles under this piercing gaze, torn on how much of the truth she's ready to handle. Finally...

HOONIE

*Some do, but others...they don't.*  
(off Sunja's confused silence)

(CONTINUED)

A24

CONTINUED:

A24

HOONIE (CONT'D)

*Sunja-ya, you know I made a promise  
to you?*

SUNJA

*What promise?*

HOONIE

*When you were just a week old, and  
your mother and I, we were barely  
sleeping then. Both of us staying  
up night and day to watch over you,  
making sure you were still  
breathing.*

Sunja listens, rapt.

HOONIE (CONT'D)

*That's when I swore to you... If  
you kept breathing--one breath at a  
time--then I would do whatever I  
could to keep the ugliness of this  
world from chasing after you.*

(beat)

*I intend to keep that promise.*

Sunja nods at her father, and that burden starts to lift. She stares back out at the blue-green sea, and she sees no ugliness here. As she smiles quietly, our camera sweeps away from the boat and swoops up to reveal the full vista of this landscape. Off this majesty--

AUDIO PRELAP: An ominous POUND, POUND, POUNDING...

25

EXT. KITCHEN, BOARDING HOUSE, KOREA - DAY (1922)

25

As Yangjin gives Hoonie and Sunja a dress-down, she expertly chops the cabbage with a long knife. The eel has already been dismembered into little moons and set aside.

YANGJIN

*He barely scrapes by with what he  
catches. You should be ashamed  
taking his money--*

HOONIE

*Let it go--*

YANGJIN

*And you! You do her no good  
indulging her like this, talking  
nonsense like sending her to  
school. What's the point of that?!*

(CONTINUED)

In anger, we see how much the past seven years have altered her. Whatever girlhood was left when we last saw her has fast faded away. That is how it goes here.

YANGJIN (CONT'D)

*Hard times, easy times. Doesn't matter. Not for a woman. She must learn to feed herself--*

SUNJA

(brightening)

*The cove! It's calm today. I can continue my lessons with the ajummas! Please, can I go?*

YANGJIN

*Sunja, have you been listening to me?*

SUNJA

(nodding)

*Next time, I'll tell Ajushi (mister) that I must disobey him because I am a girl--*

YANGJIN

*That is not what--*

SUNJA

*And that he is not a good enough fisherman to waste his money--*

YANGJIN

*Aigoo. Go!*

Knowing she has won, Sunja runs inside to change. Yangjin turns to Hoonie, eyes flashing--

YANGJIN (CONT'D)

*We must love her enough not to dote on her. We only ruin her.*

HOONIE

*I do not believe I am ruining our daughter by allowing her candy--*

YANGJIN

*It wasn't your money--*

HOONIE

*No, but it was another man's kindness. It's important for her to see that as well.*

(CONTINUED)



25 CONTINUED:

25

Yangjin sighs tiredly. She turns back to her work, heavily salting the cabbage, and wrestling the water out with her brown, weathered hands. If we saw only her hands, we would call them ancient.

AUDIO PRELAP: The seagulls CAW loudly--

26 EXT. COVE, YEONGDO, KOREA - DAY (1922)

26

With her tiny hand gripped tightly to Hoonie's pinkie, Sunja steers her father across the rocky shoreline towards the calm waters. She is armored in her diving gear, everything homemade and rustic. But eagerness gets the better of her, and she breaks her grip with Hoonie, charges ahead.

HOONIE

*Sunja-ya, not too deep, you hear?*

But if she heard him, she doesn't respond. Instead, she leaps joyfully into the water, rushing towards a group of (3) HAENYEO DIVERS (female, 70s). Diver 2 and Diver 3 are looking through their nets to determine the value of their catch. Haenyeo Diver 4 goes back under, her day's quota not met.

Haenyeo Diver 2 notices Sunja, beckons her over--

HAENYEO DIVER 2

(in Korean)

*Hurry now! Before the tides come in.*

Hearing this, Sunja waves back to Diver 2. As she POPS underwater--

HOONIE

*Not too far!*

HARD CUT TO:

27 EXT. UNDERWATER, COVE, KOREA - CONTINUOUS, DAY (1922)

27

We are in Sunja's POV as she dives deeper and deeper into the fathoms. We lose light from the surface but Sunja's eyes adjust...

...and the details of this world sharpen like a ghostly dream starting to come to life. It is beautiful.

Then she sees it--her hidden treasure--an ABALONE SHELL, the size of a grown man's fist. It sits camouflaged on the sea floor, covered in seagrass, determined to endure. As Sunja fights the currents to reach it...

28

EXT. COVE, YEONGDO, KOREA - CONTINUOUS, DAY (1922)

28

Hoonie waits patiently along the shoreline, careful not to get his feet wet. The CALL of the seagulls draws his attention, and he looks up--

A FLOCK sweeps overhead, crowning the skies. All is peaceful.

29        EXT. UNDERWATER, COVE, KOREA - CONTINUOUS, DAY (1922)        29

Sunja battles time to cut the abalone free with her *bitchang*, a hook-like tool. As her mouth emits tiny air bubbles, her reserves run out.

But she is stubborn. She will bleed if she must.

30        EXT. COVE, YEONGDO, KOREA - CONTINUOUS, DAY (1922)        30

Hoonie gazes steadily out, waiting. The other Divers have gone under as well. A canvas of water rolls out before him. But gradually, his anxieties rise...

Each second starts to feel like a minute. Still, no sign of his Sunja. Without realizing, Hoonie takes a step forward, his feet now getting sloshed by the gentle tides.

Then, another foot in. And another...

HOONIE

*Sunja!*

The panic grips him, and he charges in. As he gets in knee-deep--

Sunja breaks through the surface. Seeing her father, she waves her prize proudly for him to see.

SUNJA

*Look what I got?!*

Hoonie's breath settles, and he looks upon his child and he sees her face no longer creased with any worry in the world. He smiles with relief. She is safe.

AUDIO PRELAP: A satisfy CRACK--

A30       EXT. KITCHEN, BOARDING HOUSE, KOREA - NIGHT (1922)        A30

CLOSE ON hands prying open the abalone shell and tearing out the meat.

YANGJIN (O.S.)

*You know why I'm hard on you, don't you?*

The meat is then unceremoniously chopped up and dropped into a clay pot, its textures changing from one form to another...

PULL OUT TO REVEAL Yangjin and Sunja preparing various courses for the Boarders' dinner.

(CONTINUED)

From inside the main house, they can hear the Boarders. The men are in a cheery mood tonight. But Sunja, scrubbing the radishes free of dirt, looks up at her mother, fearful that she is about to get another lecture. Instead--

Yangjin lays her hand gently on Sunja's head, and her eyes soften...

YANGJIN (CONT'D)

*You're our only one. The one who made it. You know what that means? It means you can carry more than you think. That's why I give it to you.*

Sunja's not entirely sure what this means, but she nods, happy that her mother is no longer angry with her. At the same time, Hoonie comes over with a tray in hand and this rare moment of emotional openness between mother and daughter is ruptured.

Yangjin scoops the cooked abalone back into the shell and places it on Hoonie's tray. Almost on cue, the Boarders break out into a workman's chantey--

THE BOARDERS (O.S.)

(singing in Korean)

*Eyano yanoya! Eyano yano uhgi-ee uhcha! Let us go asea.*

31      INT. MAIN ROOM, BOARDING HOUSE, KOREA - NIGHT (1922)

31

FOUR BOARDERS, including Sunja's friend Song, enjoy the rare treat of abalone with their usual dinner of barley, boiled eel, kimchee, cold sweet potatoes. Notably, there is no rice on the table.

They celebrate their king's feast with bottles of home-brewed makgeolli, rice wine. This explains the men's slurred song.

THE BOARDERS

*Float atop the boundless expanse,  
Befriend the lone seagull, We shall  
fight ahead/Eyano yanoya! Eyano  
yano uhgi-ee uhcha! Let us go asea.*

A sea chantey of the Kyoungsang province, the men belt out the fishermen's worksong to the "gutgori" rhythm slapped out with rough hands on floors, chopsticks on bowls. Some of the Boarders sing forlorn, others merrily. It depends on the emotional build ("han") of the man.

The sliding doors open. Hoonie carries in more plates of food--boiled beans in bean paste, fermented cucumbers, grilled mackerel. The song happily cuts off and chopsticks go in.

BOARDER 4

(in Korean, Busan dialect)

*You are a very fortunate man. A  
daughter who catches abalone and a  
wife who cooks like this.*

SONG

*Luck has nothing to do with it. He  
works hard.*

Song drains his cup and pours a serving of alcohol for Hoonie. He shakes his head in protest--

HOONIE

*I've never had a taste for it.*

SONG

*One drink.*

He speaks forcefully and Hoonie gives in. The others make space for him around the crowded table.

SONG (CONT'D)

*We must take our little victories  
while we can.*

He stuffs a piece of raw abalone into his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

SONG (CONT'D)

*But just watch. They will find a  
way to take this from us as well.*

BOARDER 5

(in Korean, Busan dialect)  
*Pssh! How can anyone steal the sea  
from us--?*

BOARDER 6

(in Korean, Busan dialect)  
*Not even the American God can  
achieve something like that.*

Song rattles his chopsticks in the air--

SONG

(to Boarder 5)  
*You are a moron then.*

BOARDER 5

*Come on now--*

SONG

*They took our land from us, didn't  
they? Take our rice, our potatoes,  
our fish. Shame our women from  
wearing white.*

As he shakes his head for dramatic purpose, the other Boarders glance nervously at one another. They are wondering who is going to be the one to stop it.

SONG (CONT'D)

*They want us to speak like them,  
eat like them, but never will they  
accept that we are as good as them.  
And why should they? It's our own  
damn fault we lost this country.  
Those goddamn aristocrat sons of  
bitches sold us out--*

BOARDER 4

*Calm yourself.*

But Song, drunk now with both alcohol and rage, does not heed the quiet warning.

(CONTINUED)

31

CONTINUED:

31

## SONG

*Even if each one of us slaughtered  
just one man--it still wouldn't be  
enough, but at least it would be  
something to dream of... Crushing a  
soldier's head with a rock from our  
land, and feeling his blood warm my  
hands when I am cold from the sea.  
To see his eyelashes flutter, then  
go still...*

He smiles to himself while the other Boarders exchange disturbed looks. Hoonie keeps his eyes focused on his still-full glass of makgeolli. Even the chopsticks are quiet. Off this--

A31

EXT. KITCHEN, BOARDING HOUSE, KOREA - NIGHT (1922)

A31

The cooking now finished, Sunja helps Yangjin scrub down the cookware. From the main boarding house, they can hear--

## SONG (O.S.)

*Just to know we have one less  
cockroach roaming our land, and to  
imagine his mother's cries of grief--  
-this would make me pleased.*

Sunja notices how still her mother has gone, a strange look washing over face...

## SONG (O.S.) (CONT'D)

*But this thirst for blood I have  
now...*

Sunja realizes her mother is fully spooked now. These words she hears--they are a damning to her.

B31

INT. MAIN ROOM, BOARDING HOUSE, KOREA - NIGHT (1922)

B31

## SONG

*...This too will curse our  
children. So how can this all  
possibly end?*

With no clear answers to his question, Song grows despondent, taking Hoonie's cup and finishing it. Hoonie uses the break to make his escape, clearing the empty dishes.

32

EXT. KITCHEN, BOARDING HOUSE, KOREA - NIGHT (1922)

32

As Hoonie comes out with the dirty plates, he is accosted by Yangjin. As she pulls his arm to a private corner, we see Sunja pulling the dried clothes from the laundry lines. She watches her parents closely, strains to listen.

YANGJIN

*Why didn't you stop him? If any of our neighbors were listening--*

HOONIE

*They can't hear--*

YANGJIN

*I heard! And what about the other Boarders?*

(CONTINUED)



YANGJIN (CONT'D)

*Any one of them could sell this information to the Japanese--*

HOONIE

*I do not believe it of any of them. They've been under our roof for months now--*

YANGJIN

*It takes only one man to say one word.*

HOONIE

*Do not excite yourself. We have nothing to do with this.*

YANGJIN

*We keep him in our house, don't we? Even after talk like that?*

Hoonie looks worried now.

YANGJIN (CONT'D)

*You heard about Mr. Hong. No one's heard from him since he was taken. If such a thing were to happen to us... Who takes care of Sunja then? We have no one, you and I.*

*(beat)*

*Even if they were to only take you-- how would the two of us survive? I'm sorry, I have lived that life of a beggar, and it is not one we want for our daughter--*

She shakes her head vehemently at the memory. Sunja watches with both terror and fascination. Her parents are strangers to her in this moment.

HOONIE

*(uncertain)*

*We should turn him out then--*

YANGJIN

*We should.*

*(beat)*

YANGJIN (CONT'D)

*But where would he go? He also has  
no one.*

HOONIE

*He is a good man.*

YANGJIN

*He is foolish.*

HOONIE

*Even so, we need his rent.*

YANGJIN

*(with a sigh)*

*How am I to sleep tonight?*

Hoonie puts a hand on Yangjin's shoulder.

HOONIE

*We can't live like this, always  
fearing the worst. It will work  
out, you'll see--*

YANGJIN

*You don't know that. You don't.*

The door slides open and Boarder 4 exits to use the outhouse.  
Yangjin fixes her face quickly.

YANGJIN (CONT'D)

*Ajushi--is your belly full?*

BOARDER 4

*Aie, we eat too well in your home.  
You are too good to us.*

But his smile, Yangjin notices, does not reach his eyes.  
There is only fear there. There is fear everywhere.

The next morning, the Four Boarders--nursing hangovers--head  
down on the dirt road toward the beckoning sea. Sunja follows  
after them, out of sight.

She passes THE COAL MAN, who goes from door to door hauling  
his heavy load. When she sees him disappear into one of the  
courtyards, she picks up a small rock, the size of her thumb,  
and hurls it at Song's head. He turns--

Sunja puts a finger to her mouth and beckons him over.  
Amused, he comes to her. The other Boarders do not notice.

SONG

*What is this, Sunja--*

SUNJA

*You have to go away.*

He thinks this must be a game, and he plays along.

SONG

*And where am I supposed to go?*

SUNJA

*I'm serious. You were stupid last night and now everyone's scared.*

SONG

*Scared? Who are you talking about?*

SUNJA

*All of them. They all want you to go but no one wants to say it.*

SONG

*But--where would I go?*

SUNJA

*Anywhere. Just not here.*

As she's telling him this, a VAGABOND (female, 30s) lurks in the background. On any other morning, her presence wouldn't be odd, but today...

SONG

*(growing nervous)*

*Sunja-ya, I drank too much. That is all. Those were just the reckless words of a man tired of feeling small. You can understand that, can't you?*

SUNJA

*(shaking her head)*

*I don't want to crush the head of a Japanese man, and I don't want to lose my umma and appa and be one of those beggars on the streets. I don't want that!*

She bursts into tears.

SONG

*Don't cry.*

(CONTINUED)

The Vagabond stares at them now. She yells--

VAGABOND

(in Korean, Busan dialect)

*What is wrong with that child? Why  
is she crying?*

She sounds drunk.

SONG

*It's okay. You go on now. And tell  
your parents I am sorry. Can you do  
that for me?*

(off Sunja's nod)

*Good.*

Slowly, he starts to go in the opposite direction of the sea, but he stops. He turns and looks back at Sunja--

SONG (CONT'D)

*Forget what I have told you.  
They're the words of a man who does  
not know how to live in a world  
like this. For your children,  
perhaps it will be different.*

He gives her one last smile, a final ray of hope, and he walks forward. He will not let her see him run.

Sunja tries to watch him for as long as possible but the Vagabond starts to cross towards her. Sunja runs away.

VAGABOND

*Get back here! What are you running  
from?*

But Sunja does not stop.

Solomon and Mozasu climb up a steep staircase that moves them from the flats of the city into the residential hillsides. As they talk, they pause occasionally to rest their hands. Their stop-and-go rhythm should feel natural, two bodies synced to the same beat. In Japanese--

MOZASU

*But I'm telling you, this will be  
our year. I feel it!*

SOLOMON

*You said the same thing last year,  
and the year before, and the year  
before that--*

MOZASU

*This is different. They've really  
been training hard--*

SOLOMON

*When are you just going to accept  
that you don't have the talent you  
need on the bench--*

MOZASU

*Who are you to talk? You think your  
Yankees are going to do any better?  
Ah, I can't talk about this with  
you. It's making my blood boil.*

While Mozasu stews for a beat, Solomon--hiding a smile--takes in the passing neighborhood as he and his father climb higher into the hillsides...

SOLOMON

*They're still building so much out  
here.*

MOZASU

*Hie, these lands are a small  
fortune now. Remember the Sugawara  
family?*

SOLOMON

*I remember the dog who kept  
shitting in front of our house.*

MOZASU

*The dog died awhile back but the  
family--they sold that house for 50  
million yen. Bought an apartment in  
a new building near one of the  
canals. I hear it's nice.*

SOLOMON

*50 million yen. For that tiny  
house? Makes you wonder what we'd  
get for ours--*

MOZASU

*More ridiculous talk from you! Cut  
it out. We're not selling our  
house.*

This time, however, Mozasu's mock annoyance has a ring of truth to it. It stings him slightly that Solomon would suggest such a thing. Knowing to drop it, Solomon gently shifts gears--

(CONTINUED)

SOLOMON

*Did Hanme tell Auntie what the  
doctor said?*

(CONTINUED)

MOZASU

(with a soft sigh)

*Not yet. We're worried that if your  
aunt hears about the tumors  
spreading--she'll lose hope.*

SOLOMON

(beat)

*And if Auntie dies--how will Hanme  
bear it?*

MOZASU

*She's been through much worse,  
believe me. Just keep doing well.  
It makes her happy. And who knows,  
maybe you'll find working in Tokyo  
suits you.*

Solomon stops abruptly on the stairs, looking at his father with surprise.

SOLOMON

*You would want me to come back--for  
good?*

MOZASU

*You have a good job now at a top  
American firm. It's not like when  
you were a boy here, when  
everything can be taken away.*

Solomon sees just how much his father yearns for this, but gently, he must shake his head--

SOLOMON

*I have a life back in New York. I  
can't just come back and fit myself  
into a life here. Too much has  
changed.*

Hearing this, Mozasu tries to smile it off--

MOZASU

*You've gotten too big for the  
Hanshin Tigers, huh?*

--But the disappointment dulls his eyes. Solomon, unable to see this--

SOLOMON

*I'm sorry, Appa, but I'd rather  
root for a team that wins.*

(CONTINUED)



34

CONTINUED:

34

And as Solomon continues trekking up the stairs, Mozasu lingers behind for a moment, watching his son peel further away from him. These few feet--it starts to feel like a distance. Off this widening--

A34

EXT. MOZASU'S HOUSE, OKAKA - DAY (1989)

A34

A large, traditional wood-framed house comes into view. It looks like all the other houses on the street. That's the point. And perched on top of a ladder is an OLD KOREAN WOMAN, bundled in a winter coat but wearing slippers on bare feet. She clears the leaves from the roof, her hands withered and age-spotted. This is SUNJA, now seventy-four years old. It should be impossible to trace the physical thru-line from the seven-year-old girl to the old woman standing before us now, but in spirit, we recognize our heroine.

Suddenly, a powerful feeling washes over her. She turns to look down at the street, and she sees TWO FIGURES emerging from a dip in the road. Her eyes immediately snap to the younger one--it's Solomon.

He doesn't see her yet, but for Sunja, she nearly goes breathless. Finally, after a long beat, Solomon looks up--

(CONTINUED)

A34 CONTINUED:

A34

And as their gazes lock, Sunja's eyes water, for at last, her grandson is home.

35 EXT. KITCHEN, BOARDING HOUSE, KOREA - DAY (1922)

35

Sunja carries a basket of wet laundry on her head and approaches the half-open gates that lead into the boarding house. But upon hearing strange voices, she slows...

Through a gap in the wood fencing, she spies her mother standing small in front of (2) Japanese Police Officers. Sunja recognizes them as the ones who patrol the market.

Feeling her daughter's presence, Yangjin's eyes find Sunja's and though her poised demeanor does not waver, Sunja reads the warning on her mother's face.

Quietly, Sunja puts down her basket and backs away...

36 EXT. NEIGHBOR'S RICE FARM, YEONGDO ISLET, KOREA - DUSK (1922)36

Hoonie helps a NEIGHBOR FARMER with the rice harvest. Glancing up, Hoonie sees a tiny figure sprinting towards his direction. The figure is backlit by the sinking sun but he knows who it is, and he knows something terrible has happened.

As Hoonie drops his pack and runs to his daughter...

37 INT. LIVING ROOM, MOZASU'S HOUSE, OSAKA - DAY (1989)

37

Solomon, in slippers now, wanders the house alone like the dead returning. The home, like Mozasu and Solomon, reflects a schizophrenic identity of Korean, Japanese, and Western styles. But somehow, it all works comfortably.

Solomon lands at the baby grand piano covered with framed photos and his eyes flit over the visual story of his life...

From newborn to most recently in New York, this is the life of an exalted one chronicled. But it's not just his life we see. There are a myriad of faces that stare back at us, mostly strangers now, but their stories, both intimate and epic, will give voice to the enduring spirit of this one family. Through their triumphs and their heartaches, we will come to understand how each of them got to the here and now. But for Solomon, seemingly unaware of all this, his eyes move past History and settle on his own past...

(CONTINUED)

A photo of him as a FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD, sharing a private laugh with a luminous TEENAGE GIRL (who we will meet much later as HANA). Whatever her story, she's his Achilles Heel.

Strangely vulnerable now, Solomon lifts the cover to the piano and tickles the keys. He is not very good.

SUNJA

(in Korean)

*Listen to that noise--!*

Solomon stops playing to see Sunja standing in the kitchen doorway, her annoyance feigned.

SUNJA (CONT'D)

*No matter how much you practiced--  
never did any good.*

[NOTE: Solomon speaks to Sunja mostly in Korean but with Japanese words scattered throughout. The Japanese words are double underlined.]

SOLOMON

*Then why did it take years for you  
to let me quit?*

SUNJA

*Do you know how much that piano  
cost!?*

SOLOMON

*Of course I do, Hanme! You reminded  
me of it every day.*

Sunja cackles. Despite her words, her eyes shine with love and pride. This banter of theirs--it's an old routine for them, as well as a comfort.

SUNJA

*How was your aunt?*

SOLOMON

*She's sleeping now. I think she got  
too excited by the Estée Lauder  
sample bag I brought her.*

SUNJA

*Is that why you smell like a bar?*

SOLOMON

*Hanme! Have you ever even been to a  
bar?*

(CONTINUED)

SUNJA

*What are you talking about? Of course. What do you think I am? Now stop being one of those lazy Americans and come help me.*

She turns and goes back to her cooking in the kitchen, which we can glimpse through the doorway. As Solomon rolls the cover back on the piano, his gaze falls upon one last photo--

This one is of 7-year-old Sunja, Hoonie (age 38), and Yangjin (age 26). And while Hoonie and Yangjin stand serious and composed, Sunja grins wide. A boundless optimism bursting forth.

With this face in his mind's-eye, Solomon glances back at his grandmother, and he marvels. It's nearly impossible for him to see these two faces--the past and present--as one. But he doesn't know about all that's happened in the years between. Those things, they change a person.



Solomon lifts the lid to a large stockpot. Inside, "kkori gomtang" (oxtail soup) simmers, the color of liquid clouds.

SOLOMON

*Is that why you're making so much  
food?! It's too much!*

SUNJA

*I have to feed you as well, don't  
I? Look at you!*

Sunja slaps Solomon's shoulder.

SUNJA (CONT'D)

*All skin and bones. You don't eat  
properly over there. You work too  
much--*

She stuffs some boiled spinach marinated in miso into his mouth. Permission is not needed. As Solomon chews--

SUNJA (CONT'D)

*What are you waiting for! The green  
onions!*

Picking up old habits, Solomon places the long stalks of green onions into the pan, arranging them in neat, parallel rows. Suddenly--

Solomon grunts out in pain. But Sunja, seeing Solomon nurse a burn, shakes her head...

SUNJA (CONT'D)

(not impressed)

*That tells me you never cook for  
yourself in that big apartment of  
yours. Run it under cold water.*

Solomon runs his hand under the sink faucet. Gingerly, he approaches a sensitive topic...

SOLOMON

*Appa (father) works too hard at the  
Parlor. If he can't rely on his  
managers, he should hire better  
ones--*

SUNJA

*Your father works hard because he  
likes to.*

(CONTINUED)

SOLOMON

*Well he should sell it. Use the money to get into commercial real estate, maybe apartment complexes. Hanme, I'm serious. This is what I do! And I'm telling you it's stupid not to take advantage of this real estate market--*

Solomon realizes his grandmother is staring at him.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

*What?*

SUNJA

*So he didn't tell you?*

SOLOMON

*Tell me what?*

SUNJA

*Your father--he's opening a second parlor.*

*(beat)*

*Get that look off your face! You know he's been thinking about it for awhile, and now that we don't have your school to pay for--*

SOLOMON

*But where's he getting the money?*

SUNJA

*The bank. Like everyone else.*

Sunja turns away to pour a ladleful of batter on top of the now-blackened green onions. Once more, the pan sizzles. Without looking back at Solomon, Sunja's voice goes serious--

SUNJA (CONT'D)

*You leave him alone. He's proud of what he's built. He doesn't need your shame to bring him down.*

SOLOMON

*Who said anything about shame--?*

SUNJA

*You don't need to say it for me to know it's there. I've heard enough of it in my life to know what it sounds like. Now crack the egg.*

A bothered Solomon grabs an egg from the fridge, and cracks it on top of the hardening Pajeon. Sunja reaches over and checks to make sure the crust is browning evenly. Satisfied, she sprinkles the chopped seafood on top. All this is done in tense silence. Finally--

Sunja turns to look at Solomon head-on:

SUNJA (CONT'D)

*Tell me. Why are you here? Really.*

Solomon meets his grandmother's demanding eyes, and he falters...

SOLOMON

*What do you mean? The bank sent me to work on a big land deal. The biggest hotel in all of Asia. I start Monday in the office.*

(CONTINUED)



SUNJA

(anxious)

*But you're going back--? You're not staying.*

SOLOMON

*What is this? You want me to go, Appa wants me to stay. What is it with the two of you?*

SUNJA

*You think I like you being so far away? What kind of talk is that? But your father may fool himself into thinking things have changed here, but I know better. Things like that--they don't change.*

(beat)

*You're safer there.*

SOLOMON

*Safe from what exactly?*

But before Sunja can answer--

ETSUKO (O.S.)

*Solomon!*

ETSUKO (53) flutters in and flies immediately to Solomon. A tiny woman, she nevertheless moves with gregarious energies. She likes colorful makeup and bold clothing. She and Sunja, side by side, are a study in visual contrast.

(CONTINUED)

ETSUKO (CONT'D)

(in Japanese, Osaka dialect)  
*I'm sorry I couldn't leave the restaurant earlier! We've been understaffed this week. But look at you! You've gained weight! Oh how unfair life is. You're not supposed to get more handsome, Solomon. Leave some for the rest of us.*

SOLOMON

(in Japanese, Kansai dialect)  
*You don't need to worry, Etsuko-san. You barely seem to age.*

ETSUKO

*See. This is why those American girls must surely love you. I know. So when are we finally going to get the good news that you've settled on a girl. Tell me!*

SOLOMON

*Still single. I'm sorry.*

ETSUKO

*You're not sorry. I see it on your face. You're having too much fun with those American girls.*

*(with a dramatic sigh)*

*To be young.*

*(to Sunja, in Japanese)*

*And Ummoni, how are you today?*

SUNJA

*(in broken Japanese)*

*How can I complain. I still walk on my own two feet.*

Sunja is careful not to show it, but we register a disturbed current between her and Etsuko. There's a quiet tension here. Solomon is oblivious.

SUNJA (CONT'D)

*(in Korean)*

*Solomon! Pajeon!*

Remembering, Solomon goes back to the pan to find it smoking. Grabbing chopsticks, he flips the pancake over. It's burned on the other side. Annoyed, Solomon takes the pan to the trash can, but Sunja "tssks" him and grabs the pan.

(CONTINUED)

SUNJA (CONT'D)

*Are you crazy? Throwing out good  
food.*

And as Sunja takes a pair of metal chopsticks to scrape away  
the burnings--

HOONIE [PRELAP]

(in Korean)

*We never saw signs of it before--  
his disloyalty--*

40

INT. MAIN ROOM, BOARDING HOUSE, KOREA - NIGHT (1922)

40

The two Japanese Police Officers from the market are seated at the table across from Hoonie. Hoonie covers his mouth as he speaks--

HOONIE

*But he left all his things behind.  
And he still owes us two months'  
rent. We will have to scramble now  
to find a new lodger.*

JAPANESE OFFICER 1

*(the Superior, in broken Korean)  
And he said nothing--to you or the  
other Boarders?*

His Korean is a struggle, for both Hoonie and the Officer.

HOONIE

*The others were just as surprised.*

JAPANESE OFFICER 1

*That night in question--*

HOONIE

*He had too much to drink.*

JAPANESE OFFICER 2

*(in Korean)  
Are you saying that is an excuse?*

His Korean is flawless. But Hoonie, realizing his mistake, shakes his head vehemently. His voice trembles.

HOONIE

*No--I assure you--we were all  
terribly shocked by what was said--*

JAPANESE OFFICER 2

*And yet you didn't report him.*

Hoonie does not answer. He knows his next words could condemn him.

JAPANESE OFFICER 2 (CONT'D)

*It was your duty, as it was  
everyone else's in that room that  
night.*

HOONIE

*I beg of you--*

(CONTINUED)

JAPANESE OFFICER 2  
*How dare you interrupt me?!*

Hoonie casts his eyes down.

JAPANESE OFFICER 2 (CONT'D)  
(in Japanese, standard dialect)  
*We bestow onto these idiots all of  
our progress, our innovations, our  
education--only to have a cripple  
spew lies to our face.*

JAPANESE OFFICER 1  
(in Japanese, standard dialect)  
*Come now. Let's just end this with  
a warning.*

JAPANESE OFFICER 2  
*We have become too soft on them--*

JAPANESE OFFICER 1  
*Because we had to. Pull too hard...  
they snap! What good is there in  
that?*

Hoonie has no idea what they're saying, but his nerves are fritzing. And he knows he's awaiting a judgment.

[NOTE: We may choose not to subtitle the above Japanese exchange to keep with Hoonie's terrified perspective.]

JAPANESE OFFICER 1 (CONT'D)  
(to Hoonie, in Korean)  
*There will be no second chances.*

HOONIE  
(bowing)  
*I understand. I am grateful--*

JAPANESE OFFICER 1  
*If you hear any news of this man--*

HOONIE  
*I will come to you, right away.*

Japanese Officer 1 rises. The second one is slower to stand. He is pissed.

Sunja sits on Yangjin's lap. The doors slide open and the two Officers exit. Hoonie stands under the sliding doors.

CONTINUED:

Yangjin pushes Sunja off, and they both stand straight, heads bowed.

JAPANESE OFFICER 1

(in Korean)

*Ajumma, I have heard much praise for your cooking. I will have to come by to see if it's all just exaggeration.*

Yangjin notices Japanese Officer 1 linger a look at Sunja. Her blood runs cold. In Korean--

YANGJIN

*You are welcome.*

But as she says this, she takes one step to obscure Sunja from the man's view. Japanese Officer 1 blinks at her, trying to figure out if he's been offended.

JAPANESE OFFICER 2

(in Korean)

*There's nothing more here.*

He looks around the outdoor kitchen, openly showing his disgust. Silently, Sunja's eyes blaze. Hoonie subtly gives her a pointed look. Sunja forces her gaze down to the ground.

The two Officers leave, and Yangjin allows herself to breathe. Sunja runs to her father.

YANGJIN

*How did he know not to come back?  
Someone warned him.*

HOONIE

(shaking his head)

*I swear to you--it wasn't me.*

Unnoticed, Sunja buries her face into the safety of her father's body. Her muffled, anxious breathing lingers into--

43 INT. SOLOMON'S BEDROOM, MOZASU'S HOUSE, OSAKA - NIGHT (1989) 43

Solomon, in his pajamas, brushes his teeth as he looks through his childhood bedroom. A room half frozen in time, half storage room. There are shopping bags on his bed full of underwear and socks bought over the past few months on sale. The price tags with the discount markings are still attached.

Solomon, amused, moves on to the items on his bookshelves. His eyes light upon a metal box covered with faded stickers. He opens the lid and roots through the contents...

With delight, Solomon rescues from the sea of junk a set of vintage Rikidozan figurines that once belonged to his father. Carefully, Solomon sets them out on his shelf, taking care to pose his hero in his most badass stance. [Note: Rikidozan was a (in)famous wrestler from the 1950s who was murdered in a club by a Yakuza heavy. Upon his death, it was revealed that he was in fact Korean.]

Further within the mess of the metal box, Solomon unearths a pair of hand-carved acacia ducks, their surfaces worn down and shimmering from years of being handled. One of the ducks, however, has sadly lost its head. But this time, with no sentimentality, Solomon chucks the ducks into his trashcan, continues exploring...

Finally, he comes upon a packet of Hi-Chew gum, never opened. It's from 1975, when Chewlets were re-introduced as Hi-Chews. But for Solomon, this seemingly innocuous packet of gum detonates like a gut punch. As he sucks in his breath--

A43 OMITTED A43 \*

44 OMITTED 44

ETSUKO (O.S.) \*

*Solomon..?*

45 INT. SOLOMON'S BEDROOM, MOZASU'S HOUSE, OSAKA - NIGHT (1989) 45

Solomon shakes himself out of his reverie to see Etsuko watching him in the doorway, curious.

ETSUKO  
(in Japanese)  
*Where were you just now?*

SOLOMON  
(in Japanese, Kansai dialect)  
*I'm not sure.*

Etsuko enters the room and takes the hand that holds the Hi-Chew.

ETSUKO  
*Why do you have this?*

SOLOMON  
*Sentimental reasons, I suppose.*

Etsuko studies Solomon's hand, seeing how much bigger it is than hers. Solomon, understanding what she is thinking of, asks softly--

SOLOMON (CONT'D)  
*Have you heard anything?*

ETSUKO  
*No, but we've hired a new detective who comes highly recommended. He seems hopeful.*  
(beat)  
*But I wonder... Is her hand bigger than mine now? Or perhaps they are the same size.*

SOLOMON  
(carefully)  
*How can you be so certain--that she's still alive*

ETSUKO  
*When you have children, you'll understand. If she were gone... I would know.*

Gently, she closes Solomon's hand around the packet of gum.

ETSUKO (CONT'D)  
*Your father--he can't stop smiling. You do that to him, you know.*  
(beat)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ETSUKO (CONT'D)

*And your mother... she would be  
proud. How could she not be?*

Etsuko tries to smile, attempting to hide her sorrow away.  
But Solomon sees it anyway--it is always there.



49

INT. BEDROOM, MOZASU'S HOUSE, OSAKA - NIGHT (1989)

49

Sunja places a dinner tray down on the nightstand in a dark room. The curtains are pulled closed but the light from the Sony Trinitron television--always on, volume low--bathes the room with a haunting glow.

Gently, Sunja wakes KYUNGHEE (84), who wakes up slowly, groggily. Sunja helps her sit up.

KYUNGHEE

(in Korean, standard dialect)

*Where is he?*

SUNJA

*He's gone to sleep. He's had a long day of travel.*

Sunja moves the tray to Kyunghee's lap.

KYUNGHEE

*Oh, Sunja. We always knew, didn't we? He would be the one to do it.*

SUNJA

(nodding)

*He's a good boy. Now eat.*

But Kyunghee just stares at the food.

SUNJA (CONT'D)

*Aie, you can't take the medication on an empty stomach. Look, I made your favorite--*

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

*KYUNGHEE**Sunja... I don't want to take the medicine anymore.*

It is hard for her to speak. She breathes heavily. But she regards Sunja with clear eyes, trying to get her dear friend to understand what she is truly saying.

CROSSCUT:

50 EXT. BUPYEONG MARKET, BUSAN, KOREA - DAY (1922)

50

Sunja and Hoonie make their way to the ferry carrying their bounty from the market. Ahead, they notice a small crowd gathering on the road. They push through the crowd to see what is happening. Sunja strains to see over all the adults but manages to find a sliver of space between bodies...

From her POV we see the (2) Japanese Police Officers who interrogated Hoonie dragging a prisoner whose hands are tied with rope. The Prisoner's head is down, making it difficult to see him. But as the Japanese Officers draw close, the crowd catches a glimpse of the Prisoner--

It is Fisherman Song. Off Sunja and Hoonie realizing...

CROSSCUT:

51 INT. BEDROOM, MOZASU'S HOUSE, OSAKA - NIGHT (1989)

51

Sunja shakes her head, annoyed.

SUNJA

*What kind of talk is this? You heard the doctor--you need to fight this--!*

KYUNGHEE

*Haven't we been fighting long enough? When do we get to rest?*

SUNJA

*I don't like this nonsense--*

(CONTINUED)

With trembling hands, Kyunghee grabs Sunja's hand--

KYUNGHEE

*These years, they've turned you  
into stone.*

Sunja goes cold at these words. To hear her worst fears spoken aloud...

KYUNGHEE (CONT'D)

*(bringing the hand to her face)  
And this face of mine--it's a  
stranger to me now. How did this  
happen, Sunja? How did all that  
time just pass so quickly?*

SUNJA

*You still have years in you--*

KYUNGHEE

*We know that's not true. There was  
a time when you used to say things  
as they were. No matter how much it  
pained us.*

SUNJA

*You know how much I regret that--*

KYUNGHEE

*I'm not talking about that. I'm  
talking about when you used to have  
that fight in you. What happened to  
that?*

SUNJA

*(quietly)  
You know what happened.*

And as Sunja looks up to meet Kyunghee's eyes, Kyunghee nods with tears in her eyes. Yes, she knows. She knows too much. Off this haunting--

Sunja and Hoonie stand rigid with dread, too terrified to move. They watch helpless as the Japanese Officers come within a few feet of them. As Sunja shifts her eyes--

KYUNGHEE [POST-LAP]

*I see them, you know. In my  
dreams... all those faces--*

Song raises his head, and he spots them.

Sunja's body trembles but she knows she must not cry. Everything depends on it.

At first, Song's face softens, apologies in his eyes. But when he notices Japanese Officer 2 watching him closely, Song looks away. Staring straight forward now, he wills himself to rise tall, and he starts singing the same tune he sang at the dinner table all those nights ago...

## SONG

Eyano yanoya! Eyano yano uhqi-ee  
uhcha! Let us go asea...

JAPANESE OFFICER 2  
 (in Japanese, standard dialect)  
*Quiet!*

SONG  
*Float atop the boundless expanse,  
 Befriend the lone seagull, we shall  
 fight ahead/Eyano yanoya! Eyano  
 yano uhgi-ee uhcha..!*

Japanese Officer 2 beats Song down to the ground.

Sunja gasps, but Hoonie restrains her close to him. Japanese Officer 1 runs up and chides Officer 2 with a harsh look. He leans down, and gently helps Song up to his feet. Song stumbles. Japanese Officer 1 catches him, keeping him steady.

Song looks back to see if Sunja is still watching. When he sees her, he shakes off Japanese Officer 1's helping hands and forces himself to walk forward on his own. He does this for Sunja, because he does not want this little girl who once worshipped him to remember him henceforth as one of the weak and conquered. While little Sunja may not understand the nuances of this monumental gesture, she comprehends enough to know that a terrible injustice is unfolding before her, and that she will never see this dreamer again. This affects her greatly, and tears roll down her face.

Without a word, Hoonie leads her away. There are no words to say to a child who is starting to recognize the world for what it truly is. All he can do is offer his steadfast pinkie, and she takes it.

KYUNGHEE [PRELAP]  
*I thought it was better to forget,  
 but now--*

Kyunghee, still holding Sunja's hands, looks at Sunja with a rush of clarity.

KYUNGHEE  
*I want to remember it all, Sunja. I  
 want to remember their names, their  
 faces...*

53

CONTINUED:

53

Kyunghee erupts into a coughing fit. Sunja helps her sip some water, and Kyunghee settles back into her pillow, and she sighs.

KYUNGHEE (CONT'D)

*I want to remember my home...*

54

EXT. MEADOWS, YEONGDO, KOREA - DUSK (1922)

54

Trekking home through the lush meadows, Sunja and Hoonie come upon a field swarming with red dragonflies. Laughing, Sunja rushes into the eye of the swarm and jumps wildly to catch one.

And with too much love, Hoonie watches her. He is happy.

KYUNGHEE [PRELAP]

*My home... And to think--I will never see it again--*

55

INT. BEDROOM, MOZASU'S HOUSE, OSAKA - NIGHT (1989)

55

Kyunghee sighs deeply, as if attempting to exhale all her longing...

KYUNGHEE

*That's all gone for me.*

SUNJA

*We all lost it.*

KYUNGHEE

*Mmmm... But tell me, truly--do you never think of him anymore?*

Sunja's eyes widen slightly, a look of unmistakable pain flitting past. But Kyunghee needs to know:

KYUNGHEE (CONT'D)

*Did you never imagine how your life would've turned out, if only you had chosen differently?*

(beat)

*I know I do.*

56

EXT. MEADOWS, YEONGDO, KOREA - DUSK (1922)

56

Hoonie SNAPS his fingers to reveal he's caught a dragonfly. Sunja yelps with joy. And as Hoonie carefully passes the dragonfly to her tiny, waiting fingers...

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Sunja grips it between her tiny fingers and brings it close to her eyes. She watches the dragonfly beat its wings in futility, trying to escape. Neither Sunja nor the dragonfly are able to comprehend the enormous forces working against them, but already they feel entitled to nothing.

And as we ZOOM IN on the flapping wings...

BLOOD sprays the lens of the camera--

57            INT. STORAGE ROOM, BOARDING HOUSE, KOREA - DAY (1924)            57

ANGLE ON a newspaper-covered wall. From nearby, someone COUGHS violently. More blood splatters the wall. We PULL OUT to reveal--

Yangjin and Sunja (now 9, but played by the same actress), hovering over a very ill Hoonie (41), coughing his life out. Sunja wipes her father's face with a wet cloth. Both women do their best to hide the panic off their faces. They do this for Hoonie.

CHYRON: **1924, TWO YEARS LATER**

But Hoonie, he knows. And as he looks up and meets his daughter's eyes for the very last time, he feels the full weight of what it means for a father not to see his child grow up. Sunja shakes her head, unable to accept this--

SUNJA

*Appa!*

58            EXT. OVERHEAD ESTABLISHING, TOKYO - DAY (1989)            58

From high up, our camera rolls over the winter-laden city. From these great heights, everything below is rendered small and unreal, like a dream we can't quite grasp onto.

CHYRON: **TOKYO**

EXTREME SLOW  
DISSOLVE TO:

A58            EXT. SHIBUYA CROSSING, TOKYO - DAY (1989)            A58

And it's the shot we see in all Western movies about Japan...

The iconic image of hundreds of pedestrians crossing the street in front of Shibuya Station. Traditionally, this shot is used to illustrate that one lone white face in a rush of Asians. That stranger in a strange land. But today...

Today, we almost don't see Solomon amidst the bustle and hustle of Japan's dominance. That's because here... Solomon blends in.

EXTREME SLOW  
DISSOLVE TO:

59

INT. ELEVATOR, SHIFFLEY'S BANK, TOYKO - DAY (1989)

59

Solomon stands patiently in the middle of a packed elevator. Everyone is Asian. Everyone wears a suit. No one dares stand out.

DING--!

The elevator stops on a floor, the doors open, and two people exit. Solomon remains, and the elevator continues its rapid CLIMB.

AUDIO PRELAP: The stark sounds of waves beating against the rocks take us into--

CROSSCUT:



63 INT. BULLPEN, SHIFFLEY'S BANK, TOKYO - CONT., DAY (1989) 63

The Lower Girl leads Solomon through the BULLPEN...

Unlike New York, it is silent here, like a holy temple. No screaming over desks or overt displays of masculine posturing. Instead, the JAPANESE ANALYSTS and ASSOCIATES toil at their desks as if hypnotized to never break focus. It's intense.

As Solomon passes, and as the silent eyes of the masses start to follow him, Solomon studies the various faces, trying to get a sense of the playing field. But here, it's more difficult to get an accurate tally. Everyone is dressed in similar black suits, dons similar haircuts. There are no clear alphas nor betas. But then--

He catches sight of a striking Japanese woman speaking with a BULLPEN ASSOCIATE before an architectural model of the hotel to be built in Tokyo. Even in model form, the building screams its ambition to dominate the city's skyline. And the woman, her name is NAOMI (28). On first glance, she codes as the ideal modern Japanese woman: composed, emotionally symmetrical. But as she looks up, locks eyes with Solomon...

He sees that she knows who he is, and she's not pleased to see him. As she ruptures their eye contact--

64 INT. SOLOMON'S OFFICE, SHIFFLEY'S BANK, TOKYO - CONT., DAY (1989) 64

The Lower Girl ushers Solomon into his office. It is tiny. Barely 4-tatami mats big. But this doesn't matter to Solomon. Not yet, at least. On the desk, he finds his new business cards printed on thick card stock. It's two-sided--one side in English, the other in Japanese.

He steps to the window and scans his Emperor's view of the most expensive city in the world. Across the street, a new skyscraper is going up. Solomon watches as CONSTRUCTION WORKERS--faces masked--work diligently to get the steel skeleton of the building in place. Over the course of our series, the build's progress will give us the passage of time. In English--

TOM (O.S.)  
Solomon Baek!

Solomon looks up to see TOM ANDREWS (late-30s, white American) standing in the doorway. Solomon takes in Tom's Brioni suit, Rolex watch. Comforted, he smiles to himself. He knows the Tom Andrews of the world.

(CONTINUED)

SOLOMON  
(in English)  
Mr. Andrews--

TOM  
Tom. So just be straight with me.  
Do I have to watch my back with  
you? Is that what this is?

SOLOMON  
You don't have to worry about me.  
I'm not here to stay.

CROSSCUT:

EXT. COVE, YEONGDO, KOREA - DAY (1924)

Reaching the water, Sunja jumps in, fully clothed. On her face, we feel the frigid temperatures. She endeavors, however, to keep moving against the determined currents.

As the water hits her waist, she gasps sharply from the cold, her tears freezing.

INT. SOLOMON'S OFFICE, SHIFFLEY'S BANK, TOKYO - CONT., DAY (1989)

Solomon and Tom notice a CROWD gathering in the bullpen. Curious, Tom walks out. Solomon follows...

INT. BULLPEN, SHIFFLEY'S BANK, TOKYO - CONT., DAY (1989)

Noticing Tom, the crowds begin to disperse.

TOM  
(in poor Japanese)  
*What is it? What's happened?*

ARIMOTO (mid-40s) walks over to Tom and Solomon. With a deep bow--

ARIMOTO  
(in Japanese, standard dialect)  
*Tom-san, we have just heard the news. Our Emperor has passed.*



The Officer looks pissed at being made to wait, but Hansu makes a point of not looking over. Instead, Hansu raises his voice so that the Officer can hear him clearly--

HANSU

(in Japanese)

*I'm glad to pay my respects--every week in a fat envelope. But if he prefers other forms of gratitude, then--*

MARKET OFFICIAL

(in Japanese)

*That will certainly not be his wish. If you don't mind, Sir, since you are new here, and new to our ways--*

HANSU

(in Japanese)

*Believe me, none of this is new to me.*

Tired of all this now, Hansu drops his cigarette and scans the CROWD...

His eyes happen to fall upon a TEENAGE GIRL walking purposefully from vendor to vendor, a no-nonsense energy to her steps. And it's our Sunja, now sixteen-years-old. No longer a child but a woman on the cusp. We watch her from Hansu's point-of-view, trying to read her story in her body language. In her eyes, we notice that spark of childhood innocence has dimmed considerably. But it has not been extinguished entirely.

Hansu starts to lose interest in her, his eyes flicking away when (2) JAPANESE POLICE OFFICERS cross Sunja's path. Different faces from the Officers in the past, but the same carriage, the same discipline. And while everyone around Sunja stops to lower his/her head in deference, Sunja alone stands with her head raised high. In her eyes, a defiance holds steady. She will not yield. Hansu, catching this--

HANSU (CONT'D)

(switching to Korean)

*That girl--who is she?*

MARKET OFFICIAL

(in Korean)

*Which girl?*

HANSU

*That one--*

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

He nods his head towards Sunja, who is on her way again. The Japanese Officers have safely gone past. When the Market Official sees who Hansu is referring to--

MARKET OFFICIAL (O.S.)

*She's--she's no one.*

(CONTINUED)

But Hansu finds himself unable to look away now, following Sunja as she stops at the EEL VENDOR. It's not the same person from her youth.

EEL VENDOR 2

(faintly)

*Sunja, look--I saved the biggest one for you!*

Sunja responds back, but Hansu can't hear her words. As Sunja continues on to the CABBAGE VENDOR, the Market Official shrugs:

MARKET OFFICIAL

*I believe her mother runs a boarding house in Yeongdo. A widow.*

Hansu's eyes continue to follow Sunja as she walks past the CANDY VENDOR, surrounded by a gaggle of CHILDREN. And then suddenly, she feels it...

Looking up, she stares directly at "us"--at Hansu--and their eyes grip for a charged, piercing moment. Unnerved by how openly he stares at her, with no shame, Sunja severs their connection and rushes towards the exit. She can no longer bear to be in the same space with him. She can't breathe.

Hansu strains to keep her in his sight. He even shuffles to the edge of the dais, but she is soon lost to him altogether.

And as the Market Official bends down to wipe the cigarette ashes from Hansu's shoe clean with a cloth, Hansu keeps his thoughts to her. He can't explain why, not yet at least, but this "no one" girl intrigues him.

He wants her.

71 OMITTED

71

72 OMITTED

72

73 OMITTED

73

[END TITLES]

Infectious K-POP MUSIC blasts over the scrolling names of all those who worked tirelessly to make this show happen.

**END OF PILOT EPISODE**