

The View From Here

Revision 4-23

By

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INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

1

We open in a dark room, to see Isabel ready for bed in a sweater with her hair pulled back, lying on her belly facing the foot of the bed, illuminated by her Macbook screen. She's typing quickly, yet quietly and she casts a glance towards the bedroom door left open just enough to draw a rectangle of light around its frame behind her, casting a sliver onto the floor. Ray, in silhouette, crosses through the light outside the room.

They are continuing a conversation which neither seem to have a strong investment in.

RAY  
(wistful)  
It'd be creepy to drug and fuck  
someone in their sleep.

\*  
\*

ISABEL  
(disconnected)  
I would drug you and tell you I  
did something.

\*  
\*

RAY  
Like what exactly?

\*  
\*

ISABEL  
I'd tell you I fucked you with a  
zucchini that you then ate for  
dinner. But in reality I would  
have just painted your toenails  
pink.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

RAY  
(replying, then pausing  
before changing the topic)  
Yeah? We're getting up when?

\*

ISABEL  
We're getting up at nine. I need  
to shower and you need to do all  
those last minute things that you  
do because you forget to do them  
until the last minute. That puts  
us at the door around eleven.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

RAY  
Eleven?

\*  
\*

ISABEL  
Eleven. Then we'll taxi to the  
train and train to Incheon around  
one thirty and then we'll take  
the bus to the vacation house and  
get there around check in at two.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

Ray opens the door bringing Isabel into light, as she switches what's on the screen to something else.

\*  
\*

RAY

Do you find it easier to work in the dark?

ISABEL

I was just finishing up.

Ray walks over to her and puts his hands on her shoulders. He massages her gently while sneaking a glance of the computer screen. Isabel smiles as she closes the laptop lid, unlatches her bra under her shirt and tosses it into the closet.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Isabel crawls into bed with Ray still standing.

\*

ISABEL

Are you going to be up for a while?

\*  
\*

RAY

No. I'm waiting for you.

\*  
\*

Ray jumps into bed and lies still on his back as Isabel snuggles up beside him.

\*  
\*

ISABEL

Your toes are cold.

RAY

Body's sending all the blood somewhere else.

ISABEL

No it isn't.

Isabel turns away from him. He puts his arm under her pillow.

RAY

Perhaps gangrene is setting in.

ISABEL

Somewhere in the world somebody's got gangrene.

RAY

Somewhere in the world someone's got gangrene on their cock.

ISABEL

Somewhere in the world it's warm.

(CONTINUED)

RAY  
(dismissively)  
Somewhere...

Ray pauses and looks over her shoulder out the window.  
It's night. The sky is dimly lit by city lights.

ISABEL  
C'mon brain dead. You know the  
game. Your turn.

RAY  
I know the game.

ISABEL  
Then say something.

RAY  
What if I don't want to play?

Isabel turns again. She nudges him and pouts.

ISABEL  
C'mon play with me.

RAY  
No.

ISABEL  
Play with me.

Ray looks at her and she smiles at him. She kisses his  
nose and his forehead. He rolls back onto the pillow and  
stares up at the ceiling.

ISABEL  
Somewhere in the world a pretty  
girl lies on a blue beach towel,  
her bikini undone in the sand and  
a group of men eye her, waiting  
for her to turn just to catch a  
glimpse of what she's hiding  
underneath.

RAY  
...and a boy grabs her bikini and  
runs away.

ISABEL  
Somewhere a couple lie in bed  
playing a game and the boyfriend  
won't play right because he  
sucks.

Ray laughs and turns towards her to see if she's being  
serious. He can't read her face which seems to suggest  
suspicion or annoyance.

(CONTINUED)

RAY

Somewhere a couple lies in bed. They have an early morning and the woman refuses to sleep.

ISABEL

Point taken. But they're still playing.

RAY

True. Somewhere in the world a man stands outside his house. The lights are on and the family can be seen through the living room window. He thinks about going inside but lights a cigarette instead. His daughter's much older than he remembers.

ISABEL

Ooh, good. Let me think. Somewhere, a woman uses her lipstick to write a message on her lover's back. it says I'm not who you think I am.

RAY

Somewhere an old man shivers on the staircase of their home calling out the window for the sun to rise.

ISABEL

Right now someone is freaking out because they're in bed alone and just heard glass shatter on the linoleum of their kitchen floor.

RAY

Pretty good. Right now a man admires the curve of his lover's neck.

Ray reaches out to touch Isabel who recoils slightly. When he pulls his hand back she turns to him and smiles coyly.

ISABEL

Somewhere a boy stands in a department store staring at a mannequin in lingerie. He feels a tingle in his pants and reaches down to touch himself for the first time.

\*

\*

Ray reaches into her top and she pushes him away.

\*

(CONTINUED)

ISABEL

But his mother sees him and  
smacks his hand.

RAY

Right now two people on opposite  
sides of the earth look up at the  
same star and wonder.

ISABEL

How can they be looking at the  
same star?

RAY

Parallax.

ISABEL

Right now a girl is lying in her  
bathtub picking the blade out of  
her razor.

RAY

Right now her lover comes to wash  
her hair.

ISABEL

Right now a dog is growling at  
the night. And someone puts a  
cold barrel to it's head.

RAY

That's not fair.

ISABEL

Right now someone pulled the  
trigger.

Ray looks at her distrustful and hurt.

ISABEL

These things happen.

RAY

It didn't.

She rolls away from him and closes her eyes. He looks her  
way turning his body to hers and he pulls the covers up  
over her shoulders and wraps his arm around her.

EXT. STREET - DAY

2

Isabel flags a taxi and Ray starts loading it with bags.  
He's lightly packed but she has several bags.

INT. GROCERY - DAY

3

Isabel waves goodbye to someone we don't see at the end of a grocery aisle. On her shoulder is a heavy backpack. In her hand, she has an orange which she turns in her fingers.

ISABEL

Hey Basketman.

She turns the corner to find Ray, carrying a grocery basket and a few bags over his shoulders. This scene should move briskly.

She pretends to throw the orange at him and he shields himself with the basket. He's got his hands on a carton of eggs.

RAY

So we need eggs?

ISABEL

Are you sure they won't have eggs there? Do we want to be carrying eggs the whole time?

RAY

I don't know, but you'd think they'd have eggs everywhere right?

ISABEL

Get what you want. You're the one cooking breakfast.

RAY

French Toast? Isabel what time is it?

Ray looks for Isabel but he can't find her. The basket is getting heavy at this point. Juice, milk, cereal.

Ray spots her by the door. She's pointing to her watch.

ISABEL

No time! The bus!

Ray puts down the basket where he stands and grabs her hand, pulling her through the crowd, SHOUTING apologies in broken Korean.

They both run out of the store, nearly dropping the bags they are carrying.

EXT. TRAIN WINDOW - DAY 4

The landscape slides by: rice paddies, buildings water bridges.

TITLE: THE VIEW FROM HERE 5

INT. TRAIN - DAY 6

The couple walks down the aisle to the middle of the car. It's not crowded, in fact it's fairly empty. Both are relieved and amused. Ray puts his bags up in the overhead bin and Isabel simply tosses her bag into the next open seat.

RAY

That's not going to bother anyone?

ISABEL

Do you see a packed car?

Ray pulls his bags down and puts them in the seat with hers. He sits down beside her and she wraps her arms around his bicep pressing her face into his shoulder.

ISABEL

Want to hear something funny?

RAY

Sure

ISABEL

I ran into one of my students at the grocery.

RAY

Cool.

ISABEL

He's cute. He was like "who's that?"

RAY

What'd you tell him?

ISABEL

"Oh, that's just some guy I'm fucking".

RAY

Brilliant. Two years and a half and I've been upgraded to some guy. You are joking right?

(CONTINUED)



ISABEL

Duh? But I did see the kid and his mom. He's one of my elementary students.

RAY

What did his mom say?

ISABEL

"Was it good? The fucking?" And I said, "sometimes".

RAY

(grimaces)

Hmm.

ISABEL

C'mon. "Usually".

RAY

It'd be funny if you were completely joking.

ISABEL

Don't you want to know what he told me?

RAY

What.

ISABEL

He recognized you.

RAY

Visiting you at work?

ISABEL

He recognized you as Santa. He said, "I know he was Santa. Santa's not real."

RAY

Was he sad?

ISABEL

I don't know. I don't think so, I mean he's pretty smart.

RAY

Christmas doesn't matter here.

ISABEL

Not as much.

RAY

Kid's got a good memory.

(CONTINUED)

ISABEL  
Wasn't that long ago.

RAY  
I would've forgotten.

ISABEL  
That's because you have the  
memory of a goldfish.

RAY  
Gonna remember that.

Ray looks off into the distance, intentionally looking  
distant and lost.

ISABEL  
Ray?

RAY  
(feigning forgetfulness)  
Huh? What were we talking about?

ISABEL  
Dork.

RAY  
Kinda.

ISABEL  
Last night... before we went to  
bed...

RAY  
Yeah?

ISABEL  
(She touches his face.)  
Look. I can be mean. I mean... I  
was mean. I said some things. But  
I fucking love you. I love  
fucking you... When you can.

RAY  
Hmm.

ISABEL  
It hurts... not physically  
because that I'd take; that I'd  
like... but you can be a shithead  
sometimes.

RAY  
(Nods sullenly)  
We didn't get anything for  
breakfast.

(CONTINUED)

ISABEL

Shit. You're right. They'll have a grocery right?

RAY

They should. Pizza delivery at least. Chicken and beer.

ISABEL

I love that fried chicken and pizza are a staple of the Korean diet. How are they not fat?

RAY

[improvisational dialog]

ISABEL

What?

ISABEL

(Searches her pockets.)  
Breakfast!

Isabel reaches into her pocket and pulls out an orange.

RAY

Oh, you're going to jail.

ISABEL

You're gonna turn me in?

RAY

It's the only right thing to do.

ISABEL

Any police on this bus?

RAY

I'll take you into citizen's arrest.

ISABEL

You got handcuffs?

RAY

No.

ISABEL

You should.

RAY

We can buy some rope.

ISABEL

I'll tie you up and throw eggs at you.

(CONTINUED)

RAY

You'd enjoy that.

ISABEL

I know I would.

EXT. BUS - DAY

7

The city is gone giving way to pastoral landscapes. Ray and Isabel sit comfortable, yet tired of travel waiting for their bus to arrive.

INT. BUS - DAY

8

Isabel sleeps soundly, her head on his shoulder. His shoulder is asleep, but he's not inclined to immediately move. He smells her hair, then tries to raise his arm slightly to relieve some of the pain. She awakens slowly and lifting her head, settles into her seat.

RAY

It's quiet out here. Can't believe we're hardly outside the city.

ISABEL

(sleepily)

Yeah.

A moment passes between them. The lights flicker through the windows.

RAY

You got a little something there.

He points to the side of her mouth. She laughs and wipes her jaw.

ISABEL

So sexy. Wanna make out?

RAY

Sure.

They share a laugh.

ISABEL

It's pretty out here. The city's like a big black hole.

RAY

(finishing her sentence)  
black hole?

(CONTINUED)

ISABEL

But it's true. It's like once you get in, you can't get out.

RAY

I'm glad we got out.

ISABEL

Me too. This is going to be good for us. I'm going to be very nice.

RAY

I'd like that.

They pass into silence looking out the window.

ISABEL

Suppose you were on a deserted island. Who would you bring?

RAY

A desert island? I don't know? Based on what?

ISABEL

It's like, a question, I mean, c'mon. You can bring anyone. [Ginger. Mary Ann.]

RAY

Ok. How about you? Who would you bring?

ISABEL

I'm asking you. I want to know who'd you bring.

RAY

I'd want to get off the island.

ISABEL

I'd bring you to fight coconut crabs.

RAY

Ok, it's kinda like this game we play from school where we put these character on an island and see who'd survive best?

ISABEL

No, I'm not talking about survival. Like, you're spending the rest, an eternity on a deserted island. Who would you bring?

(CONTINUED)

RAY

I wouldn't want to spend eternity on an island.

ISABEL

That's not the choice. You're there staring down eternity and you have one person with you.

RAY

Well, it could be anyone right? I can only choose one?

ISABEL

Really? You have to think about it?

She huffs a bit and pulls her arm away from him.

RAY

What did I say?

ISABEL

Nothing. You didn't say anything.

RAY

You think that I should say you.

ISABEL

Yeah, I do actually. But I expect you to choose some big-titted porn star or someone. To help you chop wood.

RAY

No, I'm not even sure I'd want to bring a woman. What if I just want to get off the island?

ISABEL

See, this is why you're a liar. You don't feel about me the same way I feel about you.

RAY

First, I hate hypotheticals. You've done this before... and I get in trouble because I'm trying to give you like, an actual theoretical, logical, analytical answer and all you want is for me to stroke your ego.

ISABEL

First, I don't need you to stroke my ego. And I don't want some theoretical, analytical answer

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ISABEL (cont'd)  
either. It's just... I want you  
to want me, that's all. You're on  
a deserted island and you don't  
want me there. I'm sorry. That  
makes me feel like shit.

RAY  
Look. Let's not do this. It's  
silly.

ISABEL  
It's not silly. Don't belittle my  
feelings.

He's silent. They both stare out the window at the passing  
fields.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

9

Ray and Isabel arrive at a small town bus depot. It's  
cold. They unload their bags onto a bench at the bus stop.  
Isabel is withdrawn, bothered.

ISABEL  
Did you text the manager and let  
him know we're here?

RAY  
I'll do it now. I forgot.

ISABEL  
I told you on the bus.

Ray pulls out his phone. He checks his messages.

RAY  
Wait. I did. I texted him on the  
bus.

ISABEL  
Great. I'll stay here with the  
bags if you want to look for some  
eggs.

RAY  
Are you still mad?

She glares at him upon hearing the question. Unable to  
control her anger, she starts into him with renewed vigor.

ISABEL  
I'm not sure I'd want to be there  
with you either to be honest.

(CONTINUED)

RAY

So we're still on this? I'm sorry. I don't know what you want me to say.

ISABEL

I think if I were on a deserted island with you I'd kill you within a week.

RAY

That sounds very likely.

ISABEL

I'd probably bring [new name]. He knows me better than anyone. I can talk to him about anything.

RAY

I get it. You're trying to hurt my feelings. Fair enough. I'm sorry.

ISABEL

And so, I understand if you want someone else there. Maybe one of your exes or some [improv].

RAY

I didn't say any of that. Look, you're getting all bent out of shape over a hypothetical question that I didn't even answer. You're putting words in my mouth.

ISABEL

Why can't you just be honest with me?

RAY

(flustered)

And what? Tell you my detailed plans on how I'd [build a boat out of toothpicks] on this imaginary island?

ISABEL

No, that you're not attracted to me.

RAY

That's not true and it's not fair.

(CONTINUED)



ISABEL

You should just get some groceries.

Ray walks across the empty lot into the grocery store while Isabel stands in the quiet and the cold facing the street. A CAR pulls up beside her. The MANAGER of the pension greets her in Korean. She puts on a forced smile.

Isabel yells out to Ray. We see the manager and Isabel waiting by the car as Ray approaches from the distance. He jogs lightly carrying bags in each hand and greets the manager.

They exchange basic hellos in the native tongue they barely understand, confirming that they are the guests that he was to pick up. The manager helps them put the bags in the trunk and the backseat.

EXT. RIDE TO PENSION - DAY

10

Isabel sits up front and the Ray sits in the backseat with the bags. She's trying to converse with the manager unsuccessfully. Ray knows enough to make basic conversation, while Isabel relies strongly on gestures.

ISABEL

(turning around in her seat)  
Should we ask him where we can find a restaurant? What are we going to do tonight?

RAY

I thought we'd have a quiet night in.

ISABEL

We don't have any food. We have to go out at some point.

RAY

We have food just nothing to eat for breakfast.

ISABEL

(to the manager)  
Are there restaurants? Places to eat near the pension?

The manager is confused and doesn't know what she's asking. He seems frustrated.

RAY

(to the manager in Korean)  
Are there any restaurants near the pension?

(CONTINUED)

MANAGER

(trying to understand,  
replying in Korean)

No, there's not really anywhere  
to eat that's close by. There's a  
few small convenience stores but  
it's a long walk.

ISABEL

What's that he said?

RAY

He said there aren't any  
restaurants.

ISABEL

(to the manager)

What about norebangs? are there  
any norebangs?

MANAGER

(in Korean)

Norebangs? You want to go to a  
norebang?

RAY

Is that what you want to do  
tonight?

ISABEL

I thought it might be nice to  
find a restaurant and get out of  
the house.

RAY

(in Korean)

Are there any norebangs near the  
pension?

MANAGER

(understanding)

No, not many places to go that  
are close. Back at the bus stop  
there are some places.

ISABEL

what did he say?

RAY

There aren't any near the  
pension. That's all I understood.

ISABEL

(to the driver)

Can you take us there tonight? We  
want to go to a restaurant and  
sing?

(CONTINUED)

RAY

Is it necessary to turn everything you say into a question?

ISABEL

Is it necessary for everything you say to be so damn condescending?

EXT. PENSION - DAY

11

They arrive at the pension and get their bags out of the car. The water is far and down a cliff. The hillside is covered with the small pension homes stacked close together.

INT. PENSION ROOM - DAY

12

They get the bags inside. Ray throws down his coat and picks at the laces on his boots. Isabel peels off her boots and steps through the room to the large patio doors that look out to the waterfront. The water has receded leaving the stretch of oceanfront covered in glistening mud.

ISABEL

It's all mud out there.

RAY

How do you know?

ISABEL

You can see it. I don't see any water.

RAY

Sure there's water out there.

ISABEL

Take a look for yourself.

Ray looks out over the landscape and sees the mud stretch out as far as the hills on the horizon.

RAY

The view from here is pretty incredible.

ISABEL

It's all mud.

RAY

It is.

(CONTINUED)

ISABEL

I didn't come out here to look  
out at mud.

Ray pulls Isabel into his arms to comfort her. For all her gruffness, she melts in his embrace. She presses her ear to his chest and listens.

He starts to speak and she HUSHES him. She can hear his heart beating. It seems all she wants for the moment exists there in that sound.

RAY

It's not so bad. Look, we'll hang  
out here and when it's dinner  
time we'll get dressed and find a  
restaurant and...

ISABEL

Singing?

RAY

Sure. This is going to be a good  
night.

ISABEL

OK. What should we do now?

RAY

I guess we should unpack and get  
comfy.

She leans back and looks up at Ray. She loves him. As he lets go, her expression changes. Perhaps fear sets in. Does he understand her? Can he see how she loves him?

Ray looks through the bags as she looks on from the window. He seems concerned.

RAY

Isabel. I didn't get eggs.

ISABEL

You want eggs?

RAY

Well, I thought that's what we  
were making.

ISABEL

I thought you just we were going  
to a restaurant?

RAY

We are. I mean for the morning.

(CONTINUED)

ISABEL

You don't think we can find some near the restaurant?

RAY

No, you're right. Sure. We can find them then.

ISABEL

You want me to go out there and get eggs?

RAY

No, of course not. It's not a big deal.

ISABEL

Sure, it is. Let me just put my boots on.

RAY

Isabel.

ISABEL

No. I want to go out anyway.

Isabel puts on her boots and coat and leaves. Ray sits in a chair and looks out onto the day. His attention turns to the computer.

INT. PENSION ROOM - NIGHT

13

A laptop sits on the floor playing music and Isabel is singing from the bathroom as she comes out wrapped in a towel, but her hair's wet. Ray sits at the table in the chair next to the wall reading a book on Henry Kissinger.

ISABEL

You think the guy knew what we were asking about?

RAY

Yeah. He told us there were restaurants up the street.

ISABEL

How far up the street?

RAY

I don't know. I mean I didn't understand him that well. He talks too fast.

Isabel sits in front of the computer to change the music. Ray looks uncomfortably at the window, in which he can see his reflection.

(CONTINUED)

ISABEL

How far do you think it is?

RAY

What?

ISABEL

(yelling)

How far do you think it is?

RAY

Maybe a kilometer?

ISABEL

Can we ask if he'll drive us there?

RAY

It's late. Should we really bother him?

ISABEL

It's not bothering him... we paid for the room.

RAY

We still haven't worked out what we're going to do for food.

ISABEL

I thought we were going to find a restaurant?

RAY

I mean for tomorrow.

ISABEL

But are we or aren't we going to a restaurant tonight?

RAY

I suppose we are. That's why we're getting ready right? To go out?

ISABEL

Yes but where?

RAY

I guess whatever's nearby.

ISABEL

(curtly)

Jesus you're frustrating.

RAY

I didn't say anything.

ISABEL

That's kinda the point. You haven't said ANYTHING. Anything at all.

Ray sits silent. Not answering, unwilling to participate in her anger. She stands by the patio door watching the people below.

ISABEL

They look like they're having fun.

RAY

Who?

ISABEL

The people outside?

RAY

Ah. Well, when you're ready we'll ask the guy what's available.

ISABEL

But we don't know what's available.

RAY

We passed some places on the way.

ISABEL

They're cooking down there I think. Whatever it is it smells delicious.

RAY

Yeah, it does.

Isabel steps away from the window and goes into the bathroom. She leaves the door open and continues to talk through it.

ISABEL

Can you go downstairs now and ask the guy what's in the area? That would save us some time don't you think?

RAY

Sure. I could wait. It's not like it'll save us an hour.

(CONTINUED)

ISABEL

Can you just do it? really is it that hard?

RAY

Alright. no big deal.

Ray puts on his coat and his boots. Isabel comes out in her underwear. She goes back to the window.

RAY

Do you mind not doing that?

ISABEL

Doing what?

RAY

Standing there like that.

ISABEL

Am I not allowed to stand where I want?

RAY

They can see you. It's embarrassing.

ISABEL

So you're embarrassed by how I look?

RAY

No. I'm embarrassed by your lack of modesty.

ISABEL

(mockingly)

I'm embarrassed by your lack of modesty... you're a curmudgeon.

\*  
\*

RAY

Can you please shut the curtain?

ISABEL

Really? Are you that bothered by me in my undergarments?

RAY

Can you please?

Isabel doesn't respond. She quietly moves towards the window, stands there open to the night, then in a move whips the curtain shut.

Ray meets her glance and leaves the room slamming the door behind him.



EXT. PENSION - NIGHT

14

Ray goes downstairs to find the manager's office. The rooms aren't marked, and he's a little lost at first. He goes the room at the top of the stairs and knocks on the door.

No one answers. He knocks again and nothing. He then walks around the building to where the Koreans are having their gathering.

Young men are drinking and and firing roman candles at a dancing battery powered doll that sings a haunting song. The men are drinking and laughing.

He looks for the manager unsuccessfully. A young Korean motions for him to come over. Ray waves meekly.

YOUNG MAN 1

Are you American? \*

RAY

I am. Connecticut.

YM 1

Would you like a drink?

He yells to a friend in Korean.

YM 1

(in Korean)

Should I invite over the foreigner?

YM 2

(in Korean)

Ask him if he likes soju.

YM 1

(in English)

Do you like soju?

RAY

Sometimes, but not right now  
thank you.

YM 1

Would you like something to eat? \*  
We're cooking food if you'd like  
to join us.

RAY

Thanks but no. My wife and I are \*  
going out to eat tonight. I was  
actually looking for the manager.

(CONTINUED)

YM 1

The restaurants are pretty far away. You don't want to walk there.

RAY

I know, I was hoping to see if he could take us.

YM 1

He's not here. Maybe, he'll come back later. Why don't you join us for a drink?

RAY

No, no. Thank you. That's very nice but I think my wife and I are just going to have a quiet night.

YM 1

OK. I understand. Good night.

Ray waves and turns back to walk back around the building to the steps leading up to their room.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

15

Ray enters and takes off his shoes, hat, and then his coat. Isabel is dressed in a outfit particularly inappropriate for the weather.

RAY

Are you going to wear a sweater over that?

ISABEL

Are you telling me what to wear?

RAY

No. That's just my way of saying that it's cold.

ISABEL

So did you find him? What did he say?

RAY

I didn't. I think he left for a while.

ISABEL

Did you ask the group downstairs?

(CONTINUED)

RAY

I did. They said he wasn't here.

ISABEL

Did you ask them if they knew anywhere we could go?

RAY

Why would they know where we could go? They're just visitors too.

ISABEL

So what did they say?

RAY

Nothing. just asked if I wanted a drink. I said no because we're going out.

ISABEL

You should drink with them. If you want to.

RAY

I don't want to. I want to go out with you.

ISABEL

Are they the ones cooking?

RAY

Yeah.

ISABEL

Why didn't you ask if we could eat with them?

RAY

(flustered)

Why would I do that? I'm not some homeless guy begging for scraps.

ISABEL

Alright. you don't need to get offended.

Ray sits on the floor by the computer. Isabel crosses the room into the bedroom. He looks over at her in the bedroom.

ISABEL

So what are we going to do about dinner?

(CONTINUED)

RAY

Well, we can wait til he gets back and ask him then or we can get out and walk and see what we can find.

ISABEL

It's too cold for that.

RAY

I know I just told you it's cold. If you dress warmer then it won't be much of a problem.

ISABEL

I don't want to go out dressed like an eskimo. I mean, this is our vacation.

RAY

You're right. But it's cold.

ISABEL

well, I was just trying to look good for you. But if you don't care, then I guess I can go out looking like a slob.

RAY

I never said that.

Isabel goes out to the window and pulls back the curtain.

ISABEL

Can I smoke in here?

RAY

I don't think that's allowed.

ISABEL

(frustrated)

Fine.

She grabs her coat and steps out onto the patio in bare feet.

EXT. BACK PATIO - NIGHT

16

She lights her cigarette and covers one foot with the other, her legs bare underneath her coat. The guys below are still firing off roman candles. Young Man 1 calls up to her.

YOUNG MAN 1

Hello! Where are you from?

(CONTINUED)

ISABEL

Hi. Visiting from Seoul.

YM 1

Are you American? Are you a teacher?

ISABEL

I am. On both counts.  
Connecticut.

YM 1

I met your husband. Am I right?

ISABEL

oh, we're not married.

Young man 2 yells at young man 1. They share a laugh.

YM 2

Do they speak Korean? Ask if they speak Korean.

YM 1

Do you speak Korean?

ISABEL

No. none at all.

YM 1

Does your husband?

ISABEL

No my boyfriend doesn't speak either.

Young Man 1 yells to Young Man 2.

YM 1

(in Korean)

No. She doesn't speak Korean. He doesn't either.

YM 2

(in Korean)

Tell her we saw her in her underwear.

YM 1

(in Korean)

No. You're crazy.

ISABEL

What did he say?

(CONTINUED)

YM 1

He was asking if you wanted to come down for soju and grilled beef.

ISABEL

You know? I think we'd love that. Can my boyfriend come down too.

YM 1

Yes. We asked him first but he said no.

ISABEL

He's just being polite. We're both really hungry and there's nowhere to go.

YM 1

You're welcome to eat with us! Come down!

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

17

She hurries into the warmth of the room, making a scene of being cold.

ISABEL

Oh my god, my feet are going to freeze off. Hey guess what?

Ray lifts his head from the computer. He already knows what she's going to say.

RAY

I heard you. The door's not that thick.

ISABEL

So you want to then? We can't say no, that's impolite. Plus they have food.

RAY

Yeah, but I already told them no.

ISABEL

So what? I asked them if you could come and they said yes, so no big deal.

RAY

So we're not going out?

(CONTINUED)

ISABEL

You can if you want to.

RAY

I'm not saying I want to go without you. Why would I want that?

ISABEL

I'm just saying that if you really want to eat out that's fine. But I'm hungry and they have food. And we could use some new company.

RAY

Is a weekend to ourselves already too much?

ISABEL

You're the one who seems distraught at the idea of spending a long period of time alone with me. At least I wouldn't be the first on your list.

RAY

I'm not going to even justify that with a response. It's silly. If you want to go down we'll go down. See? I can be agreeable.

ISABEL

Fine. I'm not forcing you. I just think it'll be nice.

There's a knock on the door and Ray answers. The young man stands in the cold.

YM 1

We have food there. Inside the room over there.

The young man points around the corner.

YM 1

We're eating now if you want to join us. After that we're going to sing songs.

Isabel shows her delight from the other side of the room.

INT. NEIGHBORS LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

18

The room is dim with neon light and some lamps. The tv is on and playing random karaoke scenes. One guy lays down a stick used to keep the door shut.

YM 1

This is the stage.

Young man 2 laughs and gets a flashlight. He turns it on.

YM 2

(in Korean)

It's like a concert.

Young Man 2 turns to Isabel and Ray.

YM 2

(in English)

Hip hop. I like. You know Korea music? K pop?

ISABEL

I like Kpop. I'm going to have GDragon's babies.

RAY

You know he's like 20.

ISABEL

So I can still have his babies?

YM 1

If you know any songs you can sing them. Can you read Korean?

ISABEL

I can't but he can. Ray?

RAY

Yes?

ISABEL

Can you help me pick songs?

RAY

(smiling)

Sure. I can do that.

The couple sit in the room drinking and flipping through the song list. The men are singing and encourage Ray and Isabel to sing. Her songs suggest sex with strangers. His suggest being alone.

Isabel is flirting and getting drunk. Ray is growing irritated.



MONTAGE over music of singing and drinking and Ray becoming unresponsive. He leaves quietly when no one seems to be paying any more attention. Isabel watches as he sneaks out the door.

EXT. PENSION FRONT STAIRCASE - NIGHT

19

Isabel catches Ray outside the door. She steps out and shuts the door behind her.

ISABEL

Where are you going?

RAY

I'm tired. I'm going to bed.

ISABEL

Weren't you going to tell me?

RAY

You looked like you were having fun.

ISABEL

I am. C'mon. Why don't you stick around for a little while longer?

RAY

I'm tired. I'm bored. You're still drinking and I've had enough.

Isabel stands quietly looking out at the streetlight.

RAY

Do you want to come back? Call it a night?

ISABEL

Not yet. I'll be back in later ok?

RAY

Yeah.

Ray goes inside their room leaving Isabel out on the patio. She goes back into the neighbors room, the noise filling the space until the door closes.

INT. NEIGHBORS LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

20

Isabel sings with the Korean men. They drink and have broken conversations about sex. The two other Korean men use the one English speaker as a translator for the particularly saucy bits, though each finds their English improving with each round of drinks.

(CONTINUED)

She talks about how Ray is a stick in the mud and in spite of that how she loves him. One of the men makes an advance during a last song, and she pushes him away. She has another drink and the man drinks with her.

She wakes on the floor with the man's hand wrapped around her breast as she lays on the floor. She wakes to the sound of the singing doll, and gets up to turn it off. She puts it in the man's arms where she had been.

INT. PENSION - MORNING

21

She knocks on the door. She then realizes the door is unlocked. She enters and takes off her shoes, passing the computer on the way to the bedroom.

She stops to see what he'd been doing. There's nothing on the screen, but she opens the web browser and checks his history. There's a link to a porn site and she follows it.

She watches a man throat fuck a woman and after a minute, stops the video and closes the laptop.

She goes into the bedroom and gets into bed. The man gets up and goes into the living room. He grabs pillows and a blanket from the closet and sleeps on the floor.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

22

Ray is up reading and boiling some water for coffee. Isabel stumbles from the bedroom to the bathroom sick to her stomach. Ray runs water in the sink. He goes over to the bathroom door and listens. It doesn't sound like she's puking. He turns off the faucet. Isabel opens the door and falls over onto her back halfway in and out of the door frame.

ISABEL

I feel like shit.

RAY

I can tell.

Ray turns his attention to the coffee and Isabel looks at him warily. She stands and goes over to the bags in the living room, and finding her yoga mat, lays it across the floor, kicking his bedding out of the way in the process.

RAY

I'm gonna make breakfast.

ISABEL

I can't have any.

(CONTINUED)

RAY

Did you drink much?

ISABEL

Can you tell?

Isabel lies on the yoga mat closing her eyes. Ray pays no attention to her.

RAY

I'll leave some in the fridge.

Isabel rolls over into child's pose. We don't see her face as she speaks to Ray.

ISABEL

I couldn't sleep. I feel like shit. I don't want to be awake but if I lie down my head spins.

RAY

Well you did come in at around eight in the morning.

ISABEL

It wasn't that late.

RAY

It was. I looked at the phone when you woke me up.

ISABEL

I don't want to argue.

Isabel raises her body slowly, easing into her pain and out of the conversation. Ray turns to her, distraught.

He opens the window and lights a cigarette, holding it up towards the window blowing the smoke back in.

ISABEL

Can you not do that in here?

RAY

I'm not really the cigarette's outside.

ISABEL

But the cold air is getting in. Just stand outside...

Ray goes outside and shuts the door behind him. He opens it again to talk to her.

EXT. PATIO - MORNING

23

He smokes in the chilly morning air. The mud out to the horizon glistens in the light. Through the door we see Isabel moving through poses and settling into a headstand.

RAY

Does that move have a name?

ISABEL

A headstand. For the headache.

RAY

That can't possibly help.

ISABEL

Actually, it kinda does. I could do this for an hour.

Ray closes the door and smokes quietly. He stubs out his smoke and goes back inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

24

Ray stands in the doorway. He looks to Isabel who's still on her head. He rubs his hands together.

RAY

What did you do last night?

ISABEL

Last night? You were there.

RAY

After I left. What did you do then?

ISABEL

After you skipped out without telling me? After you bailed on me? Then?

RAY

Don't make this about me. I'm asking you what you did.

She falls into another position. She waits to answer. Once she's on her feet, she turns to him and smiles.

ISABEL

OK. You cook. I'm going to lie down.

She walks past him into the room and slams the door. He's confused. He's struggling for words. He snaps the door open.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

25

Isabel is under the blankets. She doesn't even lift up her head.

RAY

What did you do last night?

ISABEL

What?

RAY

After I left. Did you hang out with those guys?

She pulls the blanket down from over her head and turns to face the ceiling.

ISABEL

Yeah. But you don't need to accuse me. I had some drinks. I sang some songs. They got drunk and I came home.

RAY

Did they try to hit on you?

ISABEL

No. We sang. They were boring, honestly. I came home because I was getting tired.

RAY

That's it?

ISABEL

Yeah. What do you think happened?

RAY

I think they made a move on you.

ISABEL

So? Men can't be attracted to me?

RAY

And you let them.

ISABEL

(snapping)

Fuck off.

She pulls the covers back over her head. Ray reaches over and pulls the blanket off of her.

RAY

Did you do anything stupid?

(CONTINUED)

ISABEL

What do you mean?

RAY

Did they try to grab your ass?  
Did they physically touch you?

ISABEL

No.

RAY

You fucking liar. Fucking bitch.

She bolts out of bed bumping her shoulder on the door frame and stumbling into the kitchen. Ray steps through the open bedroom door.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

26

Isabel is rummaging through her bags looking to get out. She wants to leave, but furious turns to Ray again.

ISABEL

You think I'm a bitch? Fuck you!  
You suck. You believe whatever  
the fuck you want.

RAY

I will. Cause it's true. And  
you'll never tell the truth  
because that's what you do.

ISABEL

(frustrated, furious)  
Ok, I'm a liar. They wanted to  
fuck me and they started grabbing  
at my tits and putting their  
hands up my skirt and I let them.  
Just like in your fucked up  
imagination. You happy?

Ray and Isabel stare each other down. She is leaning into him and he's backing away and still in shock and taking in this attack.

ISABEL

Is that what you want to hear?

The door locks. He hears her vomiting. He waits for the vomiting to stop.

She bursts out past him making a bee line to the stove. She grabs the pot of noodles and throws it at him. He's taken off guard. His chest is burning. Shocked, he goes into the bedroom, locking the door behind him.

INT. BEDROOM/LIVING ROOM - DAY

27

Ray stands in the bedroom pulling the steaming tee shirt off of his body.

RAY

What the fuck was that?

ISABEL

Shut up. You deserve it.

Ray tears off his shirt and slides down the door frame. He sits facing the window, as she stands in the living room at his back.

ISABEL

You know what I think you want?

RAY

I don't want you to throw fucking boiling ramen noodles at me. That's all.

ISABEL

You... Fuck you. Let me in.

She bangs on the door with her hands and kicks with her feet.

RAY

Whoa! You're going to break the fucking door.

ISABEL

I don't care. Let me in.

RAY

You're fucking crazy. There's no way I'm letting you in here.

Isabel sits on the other side of the door.

ISABEL

You know what I think? I think you'd like it if I cheated. I think you secretly want it.

RAY

You're out of your mind. I'd leave you.

ISABEL

You would. But you'd like it all the same. You'd leave me out of shame for liking it... for wanting me to fuck some other dude because you can't. You want

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ISABEL (cont'd)

me to be... I don't know what.  
You want to know that I've fucked  
them and you want to smell it one  
me.

RAY

You really think that? Or is that  
you justifying the fact that  
you're a whore.

ISABEL

I'm a whore? You prick. You tiny  
dicked prick of a man. You weak  
flaccid useless prick. If you had  
a dick that worked I'd be  
satisfied...

\*  
\*

RAY

(loudly interrupting)  
See now there's the truth.

ISABEL

(continuing uninterrupted)  
...That's why you always think  
I'm cheating or going to cheat or  
want to cheat because you can't  
do anything for me.

RAY

You. Are the one with the issues.  
You're the one who just burned  
the shit out of me with a burning  
pot of noodles. I'm locked in the  
room like a goddamned beat up  
house wife and I've got problems?  
My problem right now is I can't  
hit you back.

ISABEL

Because you're scared. It's not  
because you're good or kind. It's  
because you don't have the balls.

RAY

Believe me I'm not afraid of you.  
And I would never accept you  
cheating. That would be it. We'd  
be done. I wouldn't hit you. I'd  
be gone. We'd be finished.

ISABEL

Come out.

RAY

No.

(CONTINUED)



She bangs on the door for a minute. She kicks and screams. She paces around the room. then she comes back yelling.

RAY

Should I let you in now?

ISABEL

Yes.

RAY

Fuck off. \*

ISABEL

You'd leave me? That's convenient.

RAY

In a way it would be. I wouldn't have to deal with your shit.

ISABEL

My shit?

RAY

And I accuse you because you have a history of it. And you said you'd lie if you did cheat. Is that not enough of a reason to be concerned?

ISABEL

Who I fuck is none of your business.

RAY

It is.

ISABEL

Who I fucked before is none of your business.

RAY

You're right I suppose. And you're wrong. If you got herpes it'd be my business.

ISABEL

(laughs)

Herpes? I don't have herpes. So it's none of your business.

RAY

But you make it my business when you bring shit up.

(CONTINUED)

ISABEL

What shit?

RAY

I don't want to talk about it.

ISABEL

No tell me. You can't just say something that vague and expect me to understand.

RAY

I don't like this shit... when you get me to say things I don't like to say.

ISABEL

You have to talk about it.

RAY

I don't. I don't trust you. I don't even like you. You're a shitty person. \*

ISABEL

You don't believe that.

RAY

Why wouldn't I?

ISABEL

You know what I think of you?

RAY

I think you've made that perfectly clear.

ISABEL

I think you're sad. Not emotionally, you know in any sympathetic way. But as a person. As a human being you're sad. Truly unfortunate... \*

RAY

I know what I am. I've always been good. I've worked damn hard to to be that way.

ISABEL

Sure. You're good in all the easy ways. You work hard and make your money in a job you hate. You haven't really done anything to make things happen in your life and you accuse people who do of being assholes when really

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ISABEL (cont'd)

they're just taking advantage of opportunities you pass up because you're scared. You're lost in life and you're blind and you're surprised that you wound up who you are and where you are. You're always a victim. It's never you it's your circumstances and you're incapable of life decisions because you lack the balls to accept responsibility for your choices. You have your opinions, and you love your politics those stupid blogs that make you feel like you're interesting, but your opinions are boring. They're impotent. You're impotent. You spend all day online and you fight the urge to masturbate because there's so much ass to fuck, imaginary ass that you don't have to talk to and be real with. It's not the porn that's the problem; it's you. I've watched porn. I've fucked to porn and it was great. You need to accept that it's not a "man" problem; it's a "you" problem. But it's true. You're a nice guy. When it's convenient. But you're a coward who is fucking a woman he doesn't even like. I'm sorry, because there's not a woman alive who could find that appealing.

A minute passes before Ray responds.

RAY

Are you done?

ISABEL

Let me in.

RAY

Go fuck yourself.

Some time passes. He doesn't hear her as he presses his ear to the door. He calls out her name and she doesn't respond. He shivers suddenly. He opens the door to the front door wide open. She's gone.

EXT. HER FLATS - DAY

28

Isabel steps lightly in her bare feet on the rough dirt road. The cliff face down to the flat is steep and she climbs down carefully.

She eases her feet into the cold mud.

ISABEL

(to herself)

My feet sink easily. I'm not moving very gracefully. I feel a strain on my toes and I wonder if my feet will freeze. But I'm not trying to escape. I'm trying to clear my mind. I just want to be free. I'm done with this. I want out. Put a fork in me I'm cooked. I'm done.

Isabel looks back at the empty dirt road.

ISABEL

(to herself)

When I left [new name] he couldn't follow. But he followed with his heart. He followed with his words. I didn't hurt as badly as him... in fact at first I didn't hurt at all. I was moving. I was not alone in my body. I was not alone in those places that were tired of my body. Tired of my regular space taking. When I left him I was drinking a lot. He was studying and I was drunk and... I needed out. I didn't look back but he did. It's true perhaps. The freedom isn't ours to give. Perhaps one always wants freedom more and one less.

EXT. MUD FLATS - DAY

29

She's farther out when he gets there. He stomps through the mud quickly to catch her.

RAY

Where are you going?

ISABEL

I'm getting the fuck away from you.

(CONTINUED)

RAY

There's nothing out there.

ISABEL

There's not enough space to get away from you.

RAY

Listen to me.

ISABEL

Go away.

RAY

You can't keep walking.

ISABEL

I can't? Watch me.

RAY

Alright. I'll keep following you.

ISABEL

Seriously. Fuck off.

Isabel stops and turns back to Ray. She's waiting for him to act. He waits. She hurls a handful of mud his way. It hits him. She laughs. He laughs awkwardly.

RAY

(laughing awkwardly)

I'm not letting you go out there.

ISABEL

(laughing yet furious)

You're not going to tell me shit. I'm tired of hearing you say what I can and can't do. I'm tired of you judging me. It stops. I'm done. Put a fucking fork in me. I'm done. Go back inside and leave me alone. Please? Maybe I'll come back.

They stare each other down. The space between them is wide. There's no one around but their voices resonate and they feel self-conscious. \*

RAY

You will?

ISABEL

I will.

RAY

OK.

(CONTINUED)

ISABEL

Not until you go inside.

RAY

OK. OK. I'm turning around see?

Ray makes a show of turning around, he speaks with his back to her.

ISABEL

Good.

She continues walking off into the open space towards the island in the mud. towards the mountains in the distance. He listens to her footsteps and as they get more distant. He turns.

RAY

You're not coming back.

ISABEL

(walking)

When you're there I'll turn back.

RAY

No. I won't.

ISABEL

Won't what?

RAY

Won't go back alone.

ISABEL

(stops and turns)

All i want is to be left alone.  
Can you give me that?

RAY

Look, I'm sorry.

ISABEL

No you're not. And you don't even  
really care.

\*

RAY

What are yo talking about? Of  
course I do.

ISABEL

Why? Why do you care?

RAY

I don't know.

Isabel looks at him waiting. Not getting a response she looks as if confirming what she believed. She begins to turn and walk.

(CONTINUED)

RAY

You don't love me anymore.

ISABEL

Don't tell me... that.

She stops and stomps back to him. She's in his face.

ISABEL

Don't you dare tell me i didn't love you. Don't love you. I've done everything I can.

RAY

What have you done?

ISABEL

No. This weekend you've lied to me. Lied to me and made me feel like shit. You left me there alone and then when I'm sick you kick me when I'm down. I'm sick of it. I'm sick...

Out of the blue, she starts swinging at him, her gloved fists catching him in the face and ear and shoulder. He falls over and she pounces and keeps hitting him. He covers his face.

RAY

Stop!

Ray tries to grab her hands but she fights. He catches her.

RAY

Alright! You want to hit me? Fuck it... just get it over with.

Ray lets go. puts his hands at his side. He turns his face slightly... more instinct than protection. She hits his once. He opens his eyes.

RAY

I'm sorry.

Isabel stands. She's angry and covered in mud.

\*

ISABEL

Go home. I'll either walk across this shit and see what's over... there, whatever, or I'll come back. but I'm not doing it while you're following me.

(CONTINUED)

RAY

You're not gonna come back. I'm worried.

ISABEL

Oh please. Do me a favor. Don't care about me. I don't want it. I don't want your care or your love if this is what its like. It stinks and it hurts, and I'm sick of it.

\*

RAY

OK. If you think my love sucks then I guess we're done here. Kill yourself. Go and don't come back.

ISABEL

Maybe I will.

RAY

Good. I've done everything I can. You want to end this? Then we're done. Easy as that.

Ray starts to turn around and walk but he turns back.

RAY

I'm turning back and... and you can stay out here and get hypothermia or go out there and fucking die on that island in the woods. I'm not crazy. I'll be there... back in the room warm and cozy and free from your ridiculous shit.

ISABEL

Go back. Turn on the computer and jack off to whatever tits du jour 19 year old is on the internet today. That's what you really want. And I'll go to a bar and find two dudes and I'll make sure they have big cocks, big solid cocks that will hurt, and I'll let them fuck me raw.

She comes back to him she's smiling and sweet and in his face again and he's bracing for the hit. But she's just whispering close to his neck.

ISABEL

So while you're in there spanking it half-limp raw and alone, remember that. You'll be dreaming it, but I'll be doing it.

(CONTINUED)



RAY

Then I hope they hurt you and I hope you cry. I hope they fucking tear you apart like a pack of wolves. I hope they spit in your face or kill you and leave your carcass in a dumpster in a side alley and I hope they can't even recognize you. All fucked up and dead.

ISABEL

Bastard.

RAY

I hated fucking you anyway. Couldn't feel a thing. And you suck in bed. You don't fucking do anything. You don't even try. You're a damned lazy fuck. Some guy said you were the best they had? They're fucking lying. Every guy says that. Why not? It's their semen dripping out of you. They didn't think you were so fucking amazing that they kept you around? So have your dudes, your night of cocks, cockroaches. It's easy enough to get fucked. But no one will ever really love you. You'll never find a guy who really does. You're selfish and lazy and a ugly pile of shit wrapped in flabby skin shit bastard daughter of a bitch and a drunk whose only gift was a name. And that wasn't even hers... yours, it was your mothers' just a copy paste job you ask me.

She starts to swing at him again and he catches her hand. Throws her back.

RAY

I could fucking kill you. You're fucking lucky I'm a good guy.

ISABEL

You're no good guy. You're a fool. You said all you've ever wanted to say just now and now I understand exactly why you treat me like shit. Just accept that. You hate me. You hate women. Know what? Hate us. Every woman. Fuck us beat us kill us if you want. But don't lie about it. Do

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ISABEL (cont'd)  
yourself a favor do that. At  
least you'll feel less guilty.

Isabel turns to walk away, but stops and turns again. \*

ISABEL  
I loved you and I regret it. All  
of it. But at least I'm never  
going to have your children.  
That's a relief. \*

With that she turns and walks.

He watches her for a few minutes as she trudges through  
the mud, as it swells up around her calf and knee, one  
foot after another. Slowly trudging away from him one step  
after another, each step a point of separation, a moment  
lost, and nothing he can do would regain that. He could  
chase after her -- his steps slowly after hers, frantic to  
be faster, wider steps closing ground between them, but he  
lost the furtive drive to bridge that gap. She was very  
clear about what she wanted and it wasn't for him to  
follow. \*

INT. PENSION - DUSK

30

Returning to the room he finds much of the mud has dried  
or frozen on his clothes. His pants are done; covered and  
soaked through, heavy and tight with mud. His jacket is  
dirty and his sweater has rings of brown around the wrists  
and collar. He takes off all his clothes in the narrow  
shoe island by the doorway. He isn't ready to enter into  
their space without her. He sits on the floor naked and  
empty. A tear perhaps, or merely a lonely sob and nothing  
more. \*

The light is beginning to wane. The blinds are drawn,  
leaving only slivers of sun to peer through. The  
thermostat has made the room uncomfortably hot, so he  
lowers the temperature. \*

He can only sit and fume and feel the ugly fascination of  
women having uncomfortable sex. Porn. \*

Food isn't going to get cooked on its own. If it isn't  
getting cooked by him, it isn't getting cooked at all. \*

A movie. Maybe a movie. Something on the computer.  
Distracted, he goes back to porn. Then back to the movie.  
He leaves the tissue on the floor. \*

Drink. He's drunk. They've brought enough to get them both  
drunk for days. They've brought enough for him to get  
drunk for a day. \*

The room remains pink and green in the waning light of day. Smoke. He wants to smoke.

EXT. PENSION - DUSK

31

He goes out onto the patio and lights a cigarette. The chill forces him back inside momentarily to grab a coat. He looks for a place to put down his cigarette. There's an ashtray.

He pulls on the coat and looks out over the water. There's water. That's not supposed to be there. She's out there.

He doesn't react immediately. He's slow. He stubs out the cigarette (as if he's trying to avoid facing the situation at hand) and walks along the railing hesitantly. He looks out to the water and he sees it as far as he can see. The light is waning and the flat is covered in water.

He pulls out his phone and dials Isabel. Ring ring ring. No answer. He dials again. He's now feeling the onset of an emotion. He dials again. Fuck fuck fuck.

EXT. PENSION - EVENING

32

The sun is low and the pension is consumed in pinkish light. Ray comes running down the dirt road beside the pension that goes down to the tidal flat.

His eyes are panicky as he looks for a way down. The end of the road is a series of steep dirt walls carved flat by the scoops of bulldozers. He steps one foot after another, clumsily, perhaps falling but managing his way down.

From the top of the cliff Ray gets smaller as he winds his way to the water. The horizon is long and flat.

EXT. MUD FLATS - EVENING

33

Ray paces along the water's edge. He peers out into the emptiness and calls for Isabel.

RAY

Isabel! Isabel! You pain in the  
ass!

Ray reaches into his pocket for his mobile. He finds her number and dials. His lips tremble as he mutters incomprehensibly into the mic.

RAY

Goddamn you, Isabel. Pick up.  
What were you thinking?

(CONTINUED)

The line rings and rings. Ray looks out into the expanse for any sign of movement.

The trees on the far side of the water. The birds flying over. The shimmering of light on the surface. It's quiet but for the wind.

On a dime, he turns back to the pension. He runs up the hill. There's lights in both rooms. Theirs and the neighbors.

INT. PENSION - EVENING

34

\*

Ray flings the door open without removing his shoes. He starts into her coat. He finds her phone. Fuck. He sees her shoes there as well. Some dirty socks. There's the music from the computer. It sounds distant and foreboding.

EXT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - EVENING

35

\*

Ray runs up the stairs to the manager's room. There's no answer at first. Ray stands uneasy peering out into the night. Footsteps can be heard inside and the door opens.

RAY

My girlfriend is out on the water. Out there.

Ray points to the tidal flat around the door. He's waving the manager outside.

RAY

Please come with me. Come.  
Please. She is in the water.  
She's out there and I don't know  
where she is. I think she's  
really in danger. (improvization)

\*

The manager looks at him confused. He closes the door, in Ray's face nearly. Ray takes a step back as the door opens again. The manager grabs his jacket and puts on his boots.

EXT. MUD FLATS/LAKE - NIGHT

36

The manager walks down with Ray carrying a flashlight. Ray walks quickly while the manager approaches the walk more carefully. Ray is frustrated and calls to the manager.

RAY

Quickly, please. Bali. Danger.  
Trouble.

Ray runs to the shore and waves to the manager and points to the island.

(CONTINUED)

RAY

There. She's out there.

Ray calls out to her again as the manager stands behind him at some distance. The manager calls someone on the phone as Ray tries to explain what happened.

RAY

(to the manager, who's on the phone)

So we had a fight. Pow Pow! Not punches, at least not from me, and she's screaming. Blah Blah! And I'm telling her to calm down and she stomps off into the fucking mud like a retard and I come down to stop her and she keeps on walking and I go out there and try to talk some sense into her see? And she, she is not having it. So she's insisting on walking and I think it's safe right? I mean I had no idea this place did this? What's the fucking deal with this? So she's out there now. She's out there somewhere and I have no idea if she's dead or alive. We got to do something. Please?

Ray grabs the manager, who looks furious.

RAY

Please help me.

MANAGER

(ending his call)

Hey, this crazy guy needs something. He speaks English and I don't know what he's saying. I'll call you back if I need help.

RAY

You gotta help.

MANAGER

(in broken English)

There's nothing we can do.

RAY

Look. We can't not do anything. She's out there. You gotta help. What if she's drowned? What if...

(CONTINUED)

MANAGER

Call the police. I can calling?

RAY

Yes. Call the police.

MANAGER

(in Korean)

You don't want to call the  
Police. Hold on a minute.

Manager pulls out the phone again. He dials and waits. Ray paces.

MANAGER

Can you talk to the foreigner?  
Just tell him to go home. No,  
doesn't matter. Tell him just to  
sleep. He's drunk and the police  
can't help.

Ray turns to the water. He yells out into the night. From a window of one of the pensions, he looks like a madman howling. He laughs. He laughs and screams. He stops. His expression turns blank.

VOICE ON PHONE

(distant, tinny)

Yes. There's nothing the police  
can do. You should sleep. She's  
probably okay. There's a road on  
the other island. If she's made  
it across the flat she's probably  
somewhere safe. Go home and  
sleep.

He looks out to see something in the expanse. Is it her?  
He looks out to the island to see her. Is it her?

EXT. MOKDO ISLAND - DAY

37

Ray dressed for winter while standing on a land bridge across an ocean that leads out to a large island. In the distance, Isabel walks in a bikini and carrying sandals. He follows her. She turns back to him and smiles. He walks closer and passes people, travelers and asks them to help her.

RAY

She's drowning. Help.

TRAVELER #1

(in Korean, but Ray  
understands)

I don't think she would do that.  
Do you? Please, don't upset her.

(CONTINUED)

RAY

No. She can't. Please. You're not listening.

Isabel walks alongside another man. He's putting his arms around her. He reaches into her bikini. She turns back and smiles.

Traveler grabs Ray by the arm.

TRAVELER #1

You're in a hurry. What's the rush when we have such a nice day?

RAY

I'm not in a hurry really. I'm just not comfortable. But maybe I want to run. I mean, I like running.

TRAVELER #1

I understand. If that's what you want.

The traveler leans in as if to whisper a secret. In Ray's ear, it's Isabel's mouth and voice. She says...

ISABEL

Then run.

INT. PENSION - DAY

38

Ray lies on the floor by the bed. The light from the sliding glass door cuts across him. Slow to wake, reality sets in and he stumbles on his way to his feet. He's still in his filthy clothes from the day before.

Through the living room, Ray makes his way to the sliding glass doors overlooking the tidal flats. He makes out mud as far as he can see.

He momentarily pauses before going out and shutting the door behind him. On the floor, her shoes are missing.

EXT. HIS FLATS - DAY

39

The water is gone. He walks out slowly into the mud flat. The thick brown muck envelops his feet and boots.

RAY

Isabel, I dreamt of you.

EXT. MOKDO ISLAND - DAY

40

Ray is on the land bridge leading out to the island. Isabel is there as she was the night before.

RAY

I was there and it was nice. I don't recall any anger. Just freedom. And sadness. Loss. And I wake into my skin and it doesn't feel like mine. I wanted to go up to her and say thank you. Thank you for letting me go.

EXT. MUD FLATS - DAY

41

Ray continues out into the mud. He trudges slowly. His boots are consumed. His knees are barely visible. The sound of the muddy sucking and the wind and his breath are all that can be heard.

RAY

(to himself under his breath)

The lover is the one who leaves us in complete freedom and the one who nevertheless forces us to be fully what we are. That is extraordinary. Don't be less.

He walks out to the middle only to look back and see her on the shore. She has come back.

EXT. HER FLATS

42

From the shore, over her shoulder he looks pathetic. Muddy and struggling against it up to his knees. She turns and walks calmly to the dirt trail leading up to the pension.

EXT. PENSION - DAY

43

Isabel is packing the manager's car with her bags. He gets into the driver's side and starts the car. She runs up the stairs to the apartment.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

44

Isabel enters quickly to check if there's anything she left. She gazes at the computer and the empty bottles on the table.

(CONTINUED)



She looks for her phone. It must be there somewhere. She finds it on the floor. She flips it open to see a dozen calls from Ray. She thinks to take the computer. Instead, she puts it in the trash.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

The manager honks the car horn. She turns to go shutting the door behind her.

EXT. PENSION - DAY

45

Isabel walks around to the passenger side and gets in the car.

The car slowly pulls out of the drive and up the street. Ray is still in the distance down the road.

INT. PENSION - DAY

46

When he gets back to the room all of her things are gone. He stands silently.

There's a muddied towel by the door. Scattered blankets. The computer which was on the floor is gone. Guess she didn't want him to have it. Wait. There it is. In the trash. There's something Ray keeps: the computer.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

She took her backpack. She took her boots. Her phone. This is what she likely came back for. The fridge is empty but then, it was never full. The bed is unmade.

\*  
\*  
\*

There's some books scattered on the floor. One's been trampled. In the back of the book is a Christmas card. It's from Isabel.

\*  
\*  
\*

He looks at himself and the train wreck he's become and he laughs quietly at a joke that only he understands.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

47

He stands at the edge of the road. There are only a few passing cars but he looks in each of them gauging their reactions.

INT. CAR - DAY

48

The car winds around the sharp bends and hills. Outside there are more pensions and some open spaces. Isabel pulls out a cigarette and examines it carefully. She holds it up to show it to the driver.

ISABEL  
Can I smoke?

(CONTINUED)

MANAGER

No.

She turns back towards the pension. Her expression changes subtly, but turning forward in her seat, she speaks to the driver.

ISABEL

Turn around.

MANAGER

(in Korean)

What?

ISABEL

I'm sorry. Please turn around.

She gestures to him to go the other way. The manager doesn't approve.

MANAGER

(in Korean)

No. I'm taking you to the bus.  
I'm sorry but you can't go back.

ISABEL

GO back please.

The manager ignores her.

ISABEL

(loudly)

Take me back now!

Isabel begins to freak out. The manager stops the car in the street. A pause before he turns the car around.

EXT. PENSION - DAY

49

The car pulls up to the front of the pension to find Ray on his knees in the lawn. He looks up at Isabel as she approaches. She sits beside him. They look at the manager together as if to say, What's next?