

**"If Living Is Breathing, I'm Holding My Breath"**

--LVT

**SUMMATION**

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN CAR. EARLY EVENING

JIRO (45), a civil servant of dubious repute, stands in the midst of a very crowded subway car, surrounded by a sea of tired workers.

Some WORKERS are sleeping as they stand. Most are fiddling on their cell phones. Others are lost in comic books.

JIRO is struggling to hold a small, pocket-size textbook that reads, "Everyday English for the Japanese Businessman." Between reading he can't help but notice the spread of naked centerfold models gracing the back page of a porno magazine being read by a businessman seated before him.

It is an advertisement for "massage girls." JIRO is focused on one girl in particular. His eyes slowly close as the image dreamily dissolves into:

INT. CAFETERIA. SAME TIME

KANA (42), dressed in an apron and hair net, washes her hands in the back room of a cafeteria kitchen. She concentrates on the lines and wrinkles that have formed around her palms.

MIYUKI (55), a robust woman supervisor comes up behind her.

MIYUKI:

I saved you some cutlets-

KANA jumps at the voice, unaware of MIYUKI'S presence.

MIYUKI:

I didn't mean to scare you, honey.  
I just wanted to offer you these  
cutlets to bring home with you. No  
sense in them going to waste-

KANA:

Oh, Miyuki, I couldn't, really-

MIYUKI:

Oh, Please. Enough with the false  
modesty. It's unbecoming a real

(MORE)

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MIYUKI: (cont'd)  
woman. Take them. Otherwise, I'll  
end up throwing them out-

KANA:  
In that case, Thank you-

KANA takes the greasy bag. She removes her apron and hair net, revealing long hair and a beauty still apparent beneath the stress lines and exhaustion.

MIYUKI:  
Do you need a ride home tonight?  
It's awfully hot out there-

KANA:  
Oh, no thank you, really. I'm fine-

MIYUKI:  
It's no trouble-

KANA:  
I like to walk-

MIYUKI:  
In this heat?

KANA:  
In any weather, really, I'm fine-

MIYUKI:  
Suit yourself. Thank you for your  
hard work!

KANA:  
See you tomorrow-

KANA heads out passing a clientele of grungy, sweaty construction workers and truck drivers slurping noodles and shoveling cheap bowls of rice down their gullets.

INT. MASATO'S BEDROOM. SAME TIME

MASATO (19), a college freshman, is seated before a computer in his room. The room is decorated with bikini-clad pin up models and J-Pop bands. There are comic books strewn about the floor as well.

MASATO has long, dyed-blond hair that hangs over his eyes. He is frail and pasty, resembling the members in the posters on the wall. He is on MIXI, a Japanese social networking site, a la Facebook.

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The screen reads:

*HOW TO PREVENT SMELLY BREATH!*

MASATO types in under his username, SeXyBOY:

MASATO (TYPING):

*Drink lots of green tea, eat plain white rice, and don't eat vegetables or spicy foods. Oh, and chew at least 3 pieces of gum at one time!*

EXT. STREET. CONTINUOUS

KANA strolls down the street with her purse over one shoulder and the cutlet bag hanging around her other wrist. She passes by a pachinko parlor.

This is a gambling establishment where pinball-like games are played at an exaggeratedly loud pitch in which customers try to win household goods and toys. They bare a gaudy theme and this one is no exception.

The building is made of mirrors with a papier mache statue of liberty extending out from its rooftop. There is a large gorilla a la King Kong dangling from the building's antenna.

KANA glances at the sliding mirror doors. As they open to let customers in and out, an irritating din of clanging bells and metal balls exudes from the inside. But as the door closes, peace is restored and KANA can see the reflection of the twilight sunset behind her in the mirror.

It opens: NOISE. It closes: Sunset.

KANA walks on, smiling at the contradiction.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING. CONTINUOUS.

JIRO stands outside the apartment complex of their home. He sighs and climbs the stairs to the second floor domicile. He breathes heavily as his girth and the heat begin to get the best of him. He enters.

INT. APARTMENT. CONTINUOUS.

JIRO enters and loosens his tie, removing his scuffed shoes in the process.

JIRO:

I'm home!

No answer. He notices a photo on the shoebox in the otherwise barren foyer. It is a photo of him, MASATO (aged 10), and KANA at Disneyland going down Splash Mountain. They look happy.

JIRO:

I'm home!

MASATO (OFFSCREEN) (UNENTHUSIASTICALLY):

Welcome back!

JIRO:

Where's your mother?

MASATO:

Not yet-

JIRO:

What about dinner?

MASATO:

I ate-

JIRO sighs again and makes his way into the kitchen. He drops his tie and briefcase on the floor absent-minded as he walks.

He opens the fridge and looks around. He closes it. He opens the freezer and sees nothing as well. He sticks his head deep inside, enjoying the cool of the empty box.

He grabs a bowl, rinses it, and fills it with plain, white rice from the steamer on the sink.

He makes his way into the living area and plops himself on the floor with the remote in one hand and his rice in the other. He turns on the TV and stretches out.

There are holes in his socks.

EXT. STREET. CONTINUOUS.

KANA walks along and stops before a liquor shop. She enters.

INT. LIQUOR SHOP. CONTINUOUS.

She greets the indifferent clerk and makes her way to the beer. She takes two big cans and pays for them.

INT. APARTMENT. CONTINUOUS.

KANA enters the apartment.

KANA:  
I'm home!

She notices the photo of Disneyland.

JIRO:  
(indifferently) There's no food-

KANA removes her shoes excitedly and hurries in with the bag of cutlets and the beer.

KANA:  
Miyuki gave us some cutlets and I  
bought us some beer. I thought it  
would be nice to have a drink  
together-

JIRO:  
(indifferent)  
Umm-

KANA hands him the beer. He doesn't take his eyes off the TV which reveals a host of people in velcro suits jumping against a velcro wall.

KANA:  
(feigning interest)  
Oh, that's funny! Wait, I'll just  
get us some glasses-

As she heads off, JIRO opens the beer and gulps it down in one swig.

KANA returns with two glasses and the cutlets on a dish.

KANA:  
Here we are-

JIRO belches.