

NIPPON PARK

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. OPEN SEA - NIGHT

AERIAL SHOT

A supersized silvery moon with the traits of its mountainous face well recognizable shines on the iridescent surface of the sea.

In a VERY LONG SHOT from far above an otherworldly moonlit white spot appears in about a mile distance.

While getting closer it turns out to be a sail. Its shape is circular and it's gently swollen in the breeze.

From a birds-eye view just above the catamaran-like vessel a young woman lying on the canvas between the two hulls is discernible, CHIEKO NINGENKAN. Her mid-long, bob-cut dark hair covers her face. Her feet are naked, she wears a kind of light cotton-kimono.

EXT. BOAT - NIGHT

A swashing noise swells, indicating that something is going on in the water. A swarm of unidentifiable creatures flashes by.

One of them lands accidentally on Chieko. She doesn't budge. The animal, a small squid, uses its tentacles to crawl down from her and back into the black water.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BOAT - DAY

The wind blows the hair aside from Chieko's face. She is between life and death. Her face is swollen and sunburnt, her lips are chapped. She's about 20 years old and looks Japanese in a dollish way.

ESTABLISHING SHOT

The tiny boat in front of the impressive skyline of thousands of monumental brown, grey and somewhat rusty high-rises with small, blind windows.

There is no coastline or beach, the buildings on the waterfront pop out of the sea.

In the background they are crammed on the slopes of the hills. The view is dismal, although the sun is shining.

WRITTEN ON SCREEN: BUSAN, NEW CHINA, 2169

AERIAL SHOT

This is a dirty, smoldering, buzzing and loud place. The scenic view displays the amphitheatric topography of this major coastal city in former South Korea with a sea basin and a harbor in the center.

There are huge arrays of shabby, corroded and overgrown solar panels running across the rooftops and urban canyons. On the ground an invisible mass of people shouts paroles.

The peaks of the surrounding hills are cluttered with gigantic wind mills, many of them immobile or visibly broken.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

The treatment room is a hall crammed with patients on filthy camp beds. The M.D. and a NURSE finish their job on dehydrated and seemingly unconscious Chieko by fixing a fresh infusion bag and talk while walking away.

Dialogue in Korean.

M.D.

I have never seen a Japanese before. When I was called, I thought this a joke. They are extinct for... let me think... almost two generations?

NURSE

Yes, but isn't she pretty? The poor gal! Thrown ashore like a dirty piece of flotsam. What might she have gone through?

M.D.

I'll call the metro guardians.

NURSE

No, it's OK. Reception already took care of it.

M.D.

Well, then...

CLOSEUP CHIEKO'S FACE

She wakes up and opens circumspectly squinting her grey-green eyes. She's got plasters on her face and some ointment on her lips.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Chieko slips out of the door of the ambulance. Her kimono is in a mess like her hair. She is still barefoot and hurries away.

Passengers of different ethnicity, most of them noticeably ugly, walk the street. Their dresses look like badly fitting diving-suits made from tarpaulin. Bikes with rear-cars and electric rickshaws pass by. She is obviously a foreign matter, but nobody takes notice of her.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Chieko grubs for food in a waste container. Out of the dark a group of small, hairy creatures approach. They look like eerie old children. Shy like straying dogs they get closer. Then they jump on Chieko and rip off her cotton-kimono.

Somebody (O. S.) shouts at them. They disappear with Chieko's robe. She lies naked in the gutter, semiconscious - then passes out.

INT. APPARTEMENT - DAY

A small, slightly shabby and disorderly place with many ticking clocks. SIMON LEE, a Korean in his late twenties, unattractive, but in a somehow likeable way, sits in front of the window at his desk and repairs a clock under a base magnifier.

The door to the balcony is open. It's raining. There is a rhythmic riot from a demonstration coming up from the street.

As Chieko wakes up in the big bed, Simon stands up and closes the door, but the noise can still be heard. She is naked under the blanket.

CHIEKO
Do you speak Japanese?

SIMON
No. Do you?

CHIEKO
What... what do you mean? I am
talking to you.

SIMON
Yes, you're talking to me.

CHIEKO
In Japanese!

SIMON
Well, then I wonder how it sounds
like when you talk in English?

CHIEKO
What is 'English'?

SIMON
For example the language we are
having this interesting
conversation in...

CHIEKO
(helpless)
What is this in your face?

SIMON
You mean my glasses? My
spectacles?

CHIEKO
If this is what you call it -
yes. What is it for? Does it
protect your eyes? From insects?

SIMON
C'mon! You have never seen glasses?

CHIEKO
No... I mean... yes. Just once.
But I could not ask for
explanations. So, what is it for?

SIMON

I am shortsighted. The glasses improve my sight. But still I don't see well. I'm probably more the aural type.

CHIEKO

Is that a disease? Is it contagious?

SIMON

No, for Buddha's sake! It isn't! Many people have it. It's quite normal.

CHIEKO

What happened to my yukata?

SIMON

If you mean your dress - they ate it.

CHIEKO

They... What?

SIMON

Your... thing was made from cotton, right?

CHIEKO

Yes. How does it matter?

SIMON

It does. Cotton is cellulose. They can digest it. They eat it, like moths.

Chieko looks disgusted.

SIMON (CONT'D)

How can you not know this? They eat grass, leaves and even wood when there is no other food in avail. They're 'cow people'. There's not so many of them, fortunately. Their reproduction is difficult, most die during infancy. Just another botched genetic experiment. But they are everywhere.