

INT. SIM'S CAR - DAY

SIM (28) folds a map of BC and puts it in his glove compartment. He appears to be both Caucasian and Middle Eastern, with black hair and tanned skin. His body is quite large for the size of his car.

White mountains face to the north and a village main street to the east.

Sim takes a picture of the mountains. He opens the door.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Sim walks down the busy street surrounded by two and three story restaurants and shops.

He looks up at a distinct red triplex close ahead and slows to a halt.

Sim lights a cigarette and sits on a bench.

INT. YANDI'S APARTMENT - DAY

YANDI (25) is Korean with long permed hair and red glossy lips. She wears a long-sleeved dress and slippers.

She paces in her bachelor apartment, picking up and throwing dirty clothes into a corner.

Sitting on her L-couch, she picks up a classical guitar and pluck strings harmoniously.

Yandi looks at the clock above her shelf unit and then at a picture frame on her shelf of an ORANGE KITTEN.

YANDI

Oh, shit.

She walks over to the frame and places it face-down.

We see a full pan of the room; it's still messy. Smoking paraphernalia and boarding equipment are spread throughout.

Yandi leans back on her couch, head touching the wall. She takes a deep breath, puts her hands through her hair, and then on her breasts.

Looking at her front door, she shakes her head.

YANDI (CONT'D)  
Always late...

She hears a knock and runs to open the door. Sim is there.

YANDI (CONT'D)  
Sim, you're early.

SIM  
Am I?...Nice dress, Yandi.

YANDI  
You came all this way. This is me showing my appreciation.

Yandi shrugs, blushing. She raises her head.

YANDI (CONT'D)  
It's not very revealing, but it should be once it's hiked up and pulled down.

She raises her eyebrows comically. They kiss on both cheeks.

YANDI (CONT'D)  
(pointing)  
Couch. Kitchen. Bedroom. You pick.

SIM  
What about we sit down and have a drink first, darling. Come on, what's new?

Yandi shakes her head. Sim follows her to the kitchen.

YANDI  
Man, we just caught up on life last week! Absolutely nothing is new. Except that you're in my village. That's...you know...

Sim doesn't look at Yandi but shows that he is half engaged by smiling.

He pulls a dark green bottle out from his bag.

SIM  
I know you like Whiskey, but you're going to drink Scotch tonight.

YANDI  
(not listening)  
I didn't think I'd see you again.

SIM  
Me, too, darling.

Yandi puts on a sanguine smile.

SIM (CONT'D)  
(rolls his eyes)  
I couldn't handle conversing with  
my step-mother any longer. I  
probably would have wasted more  
time sitting on the couch than I  
did driving up here. Cheaper than a  
hotel, too.

Yandi's smile becomes less natural.

She signals him to follow her to the couch, where they sit  
close to one another.

YANDI  
Back to Poland in two days, eh? And  
here you are trekking through the  
mountain terrain looking for some  
more coochie.

SIM  
When else am I going to see you?

Yandi looks down. She rubs Sim's leg.

YANDI  
So let's make this count, shall we?

SIM  
I can imagine what that means,  
coming from your mouth.

YANDI  
Pun intended?

SIM  
Yes.

YANDI  
Good.

Sim shakes his head.

YANDI (CONT'D)  
Come on, man. We only have one  
night. Getting down to business is  
essentially why we've kept in  
touch.

SIM  
That's not true-

YANDI  
(quietly)  
Yes, it is. But it's fine.  
(normally)  
It's splendid, actually. I think  
this can be our record session.

SIM  
Session? Yandi...

Yandi nods arrogantly.

Sim studies her.

SIM (CONT'D)  
Fine. Obviously I am not opposed.  
Get on your knees.

YANDI  
(surprised, intrigued)  
You want me on my knees...

Sim nods.

Yandi grabs Sims buckle while dropping to the carpet.

Sim strokes Yandi's hair.

She reaches behind her to grab a pack of cigarettes off the coffee table and hands them to Sim, who lights up.

She continues undoing his jeans.

SIM  
Thanks, baby.

YANDI  
I'll have you calling me baby all  
day.

Eyes shut, Sim laughs.

A phone rings.

Yandi stops and looks at the phone.

YANDI (CONT'D)  
Should you get that?

SIM  
No, no. I'll call her later.

Yandi continues apprehensively.

But when Sim opens his eyes and looks at her, she responds with a deviant smile.

SIM (CONT'D)  
Come here, baby.

She sits on his lap.

Shirts are removed and they kiss. They are most attentive to one another when kissing.

INT. YANDI'S APARTMENT - DAY - LATER

On the couch under a blanket, they are both relaxed.

Sim is on his back with Yandi's head on his chest.

On the patio, it snows.

Yandi grabs a pipe from the cluttered coffee table.

YANDI  
I get wasted off my ass every time  
I'm with you. You're always forcing  
it in me--on the rocks.

SIM  
I don't force you to do anything.

YANDI  
It's time for you to get high, my  
friend.

Sim takes the pipe hesitantly.

SIM  
This reminds me of how we met.

YANDI  
In my defense, bringing weed over  
the boarder was a mistake--and a  
lucky one.

SIM  
That could have gone so wrong.

Sim looks at the top of Yandi's head.

SIM (CONT'D)

Do you remember how long it took me  
to convince you to sleep in my  
room?

Yandi looks up to Sim's eyes.

YANDI

Do you remember when I woke up  
naked and freaked out not realizing  
that you finally had?

SIM

Obviously...Do you remember that  
night at all?

YANDI

I was so drunk, man. My bad.

SIM

Too bad. It was a good night. They  
were all good nights.

YANDI

I'm really happy that you're here.

Yandi looks at Sim lovingly, until she realizes and rests  
her head back down. Sim continues to stare at her head.

YANDI (CONT'D)

But it's not like there were any  
sober nights. Not enough to call it  
much of a relationship at least...

Sim looks up at the ceiling.

SIM

...Come to think of it, this is the  
most sober we've ever been  
together.

YANDI

I can fuck you in any condition.

SIM

I noticed.

They kiss and laugh simultaneously.

Sim rolls on top of her, and they stop laughing, gazing  
intensely at each other momentarily.

Yandi shakes her head and laughs.

Sim thrusts into Yandi, and she moans painfully.

He rests his head on her shoulder, and she grabs the back of his head.

Yandi still sounds like she is in pain, but they continue at that pace.

Then Sim slows, lifts his head from her shoulder, and looks at her closed eyes.

SIM (CONT'D)

Open your eyes.

Yandi opens her eyes.

They stare at each other until they finish.

Sim gets off and they both look at the ceiling.

YANDI

I'm going to take a shower. Yeah.

INT. YANDI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - LATER

Sim walks around Yandi's apartment in boxers, looking around at her possessions.

He laughs when Yandi can be heard singing a Korean song from the shower.

He sees the photo frame that she had turned down earlier and lifts it up to see the KITTEN. He sits on the couch holding the frame.

When the running water stops, he puts the frame back the way it was.

Sim lies on the bed, hands behind head. He stares at the ceiling.

Yandi enters in her towel and looks at Sim.

YANDI

What are you thinking about?

Yandi puts on socks and underwear while listening.

SIM

There were two girls...the ones that got away. "Relationship material," if you will.

YANDI

Ya? You going to tell me about them?

SIM

One was an Aussie, the other was Polish.

Yandi can't fake a smile, despite her efforts, so she looks away while towel drying her hair.

SIM (CONT'D)

The Aussie has a boyfriend, and she never broke up with him. She was a teacher, and the reason why I was thrown in jail at times. I'm almost over her. The Polish girl didn't think I was "safe".

YANDI

What do you mean?

SIM

She was the type of girl that wanted to marry. She would never follow me around the world and live my unorthodox lifestyle. But that doesn't mean that every time I see her we can stop ourselves from making out on the street.

YANDI

(pained)

Wow.

SIM

Yeah.

YANDI

(forcing smile)

And all this time I thought you were married.

SIM

No, Darling. For the dozenth time, I am not married. Nor am I a Palestinian spy.

YANDI

Even so, I envy your lifestyle. You're obligated to no one and you have ties everywhere and nowhere.

SIM  
 (arrogantly)  
 You mean I inspire you.

YANDI  
 (rolling eyes)  
 Call it what you will. Do you think  
 you will ever come back? I mean,  
 most of your family is here.

SIM  
 Hell no.

Yandi lies down.

Sim's eyes are glued to the ceiling.

SIM (CONT'D)  
 Not that it's not great that you  
 decided to come back to BC. I just  
 have no interest.

YANDI  
 (matter of factly)  
 I'm going to head back to the  
 Middle East after I graduate.

SIM  
 Journalism?

Yandi nods nonchalantly.

Sim looks at her.

SIM (CONT'D)  
 It's a beautiful place with some  
 beautiful memories.

YANDI  
 (amused)  
 Seriously? Someone's fucking  
 cheesy.

Sim shrugs. He turns on his side to face her.

SIM  
 Why did you turn over that picture  
 of Hercules?

Yandi's jaw slightly drops.

YANDI  
To avoid this awkward moment?

SIM  
What's so awkward about having a  
picture of Hercules? You loved him.

YANDI  
I know, I know...He was our baby.

SIM  
The hostel manager kicked him out.

YANDI  
WHAT?

Yandi sits up.

SIM  
After he was fully grown. They had  
too many cats. Raj thought you  
would stick around and take care of  
him. So did I.

YANDI  
Why would you tell me that, man?

SIM  
You want me to lie to you?

YANDI  
No, just don't say anything at all.  
Why couldn't you take care of him?  
You loved him, too.

SIM  
I left soon after you, darling.

Yandi looks at the ceiling, shaking her head.

YANDI  
Please don't call me that.

SIM  
Come on, Yandi. We both left.

YANDI  
It's fine.

SIM  
He's a survivor like us.

YANDI  
It's fine, okay.

Sim kisses Yandi's head and puts his hand on her leg.

She looks at him, then down at his hand. She moves it up her thigh.

SIM  
Damn, Yandi.

YANDI  
(defensively)  
I won't see you again.

SIM  
You'll see me again. Whenever I'm  
in town. Now let's go to bed.

Yandi stares at Sims closed eyes, bummed. She turns on her side, facing away from Sim.

Sim opens his eyes. He touches Yandi's neck.

She turns over.

Sim gets on top of her.

Eyes locked, he thrusts slowly.

SIM (CONT'D)  
(moaning)  
Oh, kochanie...Kochanie.

YANDI  
(amused, moaning)  
Does that mean baby?

SIM  
No. Kochanie...

YANDI  
What language is that?

SIM  
What? Oh. Polish.

YANDI  
Am I kochanie?

SIM  
My kochanie.

Yandi is fascinated by this. She gets on top.

They stare at each other.

Yandi smiles at him, then Sim closes his eyes and lies back.

SIM (CONT'D)

Baby...

YANDI

Call me Kochanie again.

SIM

Baby.

YANDI

No, Kochanie.

SIM

Mmm.

Yandi looks down at his closed eyes, upset.

She rotates her body to face his feet.

The pace is mutually accelerated, and the sex becomes loveless.

Their climax is in sync which is quickly followed by Yandi hopping off and sitting up on the edge of the bed.

SIM (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

Yandi scrummages through a side table for her first and only cigarette of the night.

She lights it, and rubs her temples.

YANDI

Yeah, for sure.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The room is filled with natural light.

Yandi sits on top of Sim with an elbow resting on his leg. She's relaxed and aloof this morning.

Pushing herself up with great effort, she rolls off of Sim in a turtlelike manner.

YANDI  
Mmm, food.

SIM  
Yes? Did you burn all your energy?

YANDI  
I don't have much, but I have  
frozen pizza and one egg, so how  
does that combo sound to you?

SIM  
Go make it.

YANDI  
Always been a lazy motherfucker.

SIM  
Or the one suggesting we eat ought  
to make food out of common  
courtesy.

Yandi pulls clothes from the crinkled sheets. She puts on  
his massive shirt.

YANDI  
(indifferently)  
Touche, my friend. Touche.

Yandi gets up and walks into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Yandi pours two cups of tea. Sim enters.

SIM  
I'm going to take a shower.

YANDI  
Now? I have to watch the pizza!

SIM  
Don't worry about it. You make  
pizza, I'll shower. I should go  
shortly anyways.

YANDI  
(kind of pissed)  
You're right. If you're physically  
useless to me, I suppose you  
should.

Sim flashes a smile to cheer Yandi up. She blushes.

Sim walks over and kisses her.

They touch each other's faces.

A phone rings. They look to the noise.

Sim leaves the kitchen to pick it up.

Between hearing the patio door slide open and shut, Yandi hears the words "Witaj, kochanie."

She gasps.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY - LATER

Sim and Yandi are standing near the front door of the apartment.

YANDI

Well, I'm good for another 6 months.

SIM

Really? I'd see you more than that.

YANDI

Nah.

(looking down awkwardly)

It would lose its luster.

SIM

Your peak of awkwardness is definitely during goodbyes. They're terrible, darling.

YANDI

(rubbing forehead)

I know. Oh god. Okay, well peace.

Sim kisses Yandi's cheek.

She looks away, pestered.

YANDI (CONT'D)

Sim, if I don't see you...take care.

Sim tilts his head in confusion.

He looks at Yandi, who can only hold eye contact for seconds at a time.

SIM  
You too, darling.

Sim leaves.

Yandi looks expressionless.

Sim yells back, returning.

SIM (CONT'D)  
Wait! I forgot my keys...

YANDI  
(annoyed but laughing)  
Oh fuck you!

Sim grabs his keys.

He touches her hand, trying to get her attention.

She's not interested in sentiment or gazing.

YANDI (CONT'D)  
(jokingly, semi-serious)  
Now get the fuck out of my flat.

SIM  
I'm sorry about Hercules.

Yandi looks at him.

YANDI  
Sim...Me, too.

Sim opens his mouth to say something but nothing comes out.  
He kisses her hand.

They nod goodbye casually.

He leaves, and she shuts the door.

Yandi sits on the couch and lights a joint. She takes a hefty toke and then puts it out quickly.

She plays a mellow guitar rhythm, singing...

YANDI  
"Neohuideul eun nal gamdong  
issdameon , nan jeonhyeo gamdong  
anilago." ("If you're impressed  
with me at all, I'm not impressed  
at all.")

She puts the instrument down, goes on her laptop, and opens up a translator.

She types the word *cochanie* which the translator does not recognize but then suggests the word *kochanie*.

It translates to *darling*.

She stares at the word.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Sim walks down the street.

Looking back at the apartment building, he stops in his tracks, lights a cigarette and sits on a bench similarly placed to the previous one.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Yandi picks up the turned over picture frame.

The picture is gone.

She walks onto the patio and looks at the mountains.

EXT. SIM'S CAR - DAY

Sim gets in the driver's seat.

He starts his engine.

Before driving off, he picks up the camera and takes a picture of the village, red triplex included.