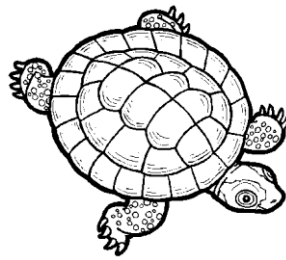


Behave the Heaven



FIRST DRAFT

2/16/2014



INT- LOCAL FAST FOOD RESTAURANT-MORNING

Four male students gather around in the cheap empty fast food restaurant dining table. Their names are **John, Akira, Billy** and **Louis**. They are around 15-16 years old. They are eating ramen burger and discussing their favorite manga. A tasty-looking burger was being picked up. After that, the conversation starts.

Akira

Hey, you guys heard of Doraemon?

Billy

(Take a big bite of his delicious burger)

What is Doraemon???

Akira

(drawing a horrible sketch of Doraemon)

What is Doraemon? Call yourself a fan and you don't even know Doraemon? It is like the best manga ever made from Japan. The story basically is like this. A cute, robotic cat, shaped like a balloon was sent back to the past to help one ill-witted little boy to change his future, his name is named Nobita. They become close friends, through adventures and quests, the bonding relationship between these two friends become so strong that people can't even imagine they get separate.

John

(smiling calmly)

We know the story, A. Bill was kidding with you.

Louis

I heard it was a rage back in 1992 in Asia man, every kid begged their mom to buy one every Friday.

John

Uhhh. well, definitely not me.

Akira

Fascinating story. And the author, he can't even come up with the ending. So, I wrote it myself.

Billy

Wait, you did it yourself?

Akira

(exicted)

Sure, I created the ending for the manga. And one of them is like this, Nobita in one day, fell and hit his head on a rock. He fell into a deep coma, and eventually enters a semi-vegetative state. To raise money for an operation to save Nobita, Doraemon sold all the tools and devices in his four-dimensional pocket. However, the operation failed. Doraemon sold all his tools except for one used as a last resort. He used it to enable Nobita to go wherever he wanted, whichever time or era he wished to go...

Louis

Hold your horse, A, what is the point of making the ending for a manga that has no ending?

John

Well, matter of fact; THAT is a good point. Let A finish. Go on, Akira, and then what happened?

Akira

In the end, the very place Nobita wanted to go was heaven (point his finger up) Huh? Huh? It's a brilliantly fitting ending for the series, don't you think?

The table is unimpressed by the tragic ending of their favorite manga.

Akira

(disappointed)

Oh well. Anyway, the manga is mindless fun, but it also has some deep message about friendship as well.

John

Yeah, and what message is there?

Akira

The actual message, John, that the author had so carefully crafted, and you had carelessly missed, is that “Friendship... is... conditional”

Billy

What? It was “Friendship is precious”.

John

(ignore Billy, talk to Akira)

You mean, the friendship between Nobita and Doraemon, is actually conditional?

Akira

No, it was pure. But remember, Doraemon is a robot, created by human, so it's no rocket science that his loyalty to Nobita is 100% pure. He was designed that way.

Louis

Lets me put it this way, you are saying that, the author want kids to believe in this message “pure friendship” without even believing it himself?

Akira

It is an inside joke, he promote the idea, but he never believed in it. Look, every character in the manga, at some point or another, use and manipulate others character, all of them, even the nice one: Shizuka, Jaian, Suneo ...

John

Even Nobita?

Akira

Even Nobita, he use and manipulate Doraemon all the time. Sure he love Doraemon as a friend, but it doesn't stop him from take advantage of his best friend once in a while. Doraemon remain the strongest icon of the “Incorruptible Friendship” out of all character. That is why he is the main character that is why he is so popular, that is why he is unreal, he is an illusion, a symbol of hope that the author wants the reader to grasp.

Louis

That's rather ironic. So the story's theme is not about friendship at all, it's about illusion.

John

Your ending was alright, Akira. A bit sad and I don't think the fans will be too happy with you killing off their favorite childhood characters like that.

Billy

Yeah, same thing happened to Sherlock Holmes, mate.

John

Exactly. Anyways, Doraemon was alright, and I think the author wants to teach us that friendship has its value and we kids need to respect that. Yeah, that might be true in comic fantasy but the world we live in, there are few people we can call friends. Let's me prove it to you. Alright? Let's say you kill someone and stash the body in your bathroom.

The table gives John weird looks.

John

How many friends would you trust enough to confess? Two, three, not even one; Even your best friend for 20 years still can turn on you;

Louis

That... 's kinda true.

John

I mean, think about it, we live in a technology world that is so well connected, the irony is, we start to lose our communication skill over time. We are so happy to use whatever gadgets the media throw at us, we thought those gadgets would make us happy and would have a lot of friends. But the truth is they only make you lonelier.

Akira

Hahahah. Apple wouldn't be too happy hearing you said that

John

A, I don't give a damn what they tell me to think. B, they have done enough damage as it is. I mean, thanks to them. Everyone loves be in their own world nowadays, their own shell. And when you are so lonely, your EGO grows, you tend to get upset more easily. You lose your touch of dealing and socialize with people.

Billy

Well, I'm not entirely agreeing with your anti-social point of view. But maybe it is not entirely wrong either. You know, I did research that in 1945, our grandparents were actually happier and had more friends than we high-tech geeks and emos ever dreamt of.

Louis

Why?

Billy

WHY? Because there is something wrong with the modern world, that's why. Why? Because there is no Internet until 1997; there are no World of War craft. Why do you think people like to cut their wrists over and over again? Because though it's hurt, it feels painful, but it is real. What would you do when you friend's mom die 10 years ago? You'd drive to his house and you comfort him

What would you do when your friend's mom die now? You'd text him a message;
This phony world just gets more and more unreal.

John

Too true, too true. and you know what the funny thing is? We have more psychopaths now than we did in 1950. And the problem is transparent. So the government just pretends to be cool until some lonely outcast finally snaps and starts his campaign of massacre against the society. Yeah that reminds me. You guys ever heard of Issei Sagawa?

Akira

Who?

Louis

Issei Sagawa, a man-eater, serial killer in Japan, Tokyo; Jesus, Akira, I live in Boston and even I knew him. You all see the movie "Silence of the Lamb" right?

Akira

Oh yes, the sick freak that goes around and kills people then eats them. What's his name?
Hannibal the Cannibal; that's right.

John

Well, Issei Sagawa is like the "Asian version" of Hannibal. And he looks just like an average looking guy, short, ugly. The type you usually sit next to on the bus every day. One day, this average looking guy asks his first girl friend to his apartment for "dinner".

Billy

Then, what happened?

John

What do you think? He shot her in the fucking neck; perform some ritual with her naked dead body, then butcher the girl like a pig. He cooks her meat and ate some of it. The bastard even recalled “it was the best tasting meal he ever had.” And you guys should know that he come from an extremely wealthy family in Tokyo.

John

Oh, I haven't told you the best part. He was caught in 1981, and got released in 1986, and became a free man. As we speak, he is living in Tokyo, right now. It's nice to have a powerful father figure, eh? This SOB even become small celebrity in Japan, appears on TV program, talk shows, and they ask him how human tastes? “Taste like tuna”,he said.“It's really good. I would like to eat it again sometimes.”

Billy

(looking at Akira)

Well. Japan has some freaks.

John

I am not making this shit up, Don't believe me? Google it.

The table turn silent

Louis

Yeah. Well, What time is it?

John

(smiling)

9:14.He should be here about now.

Louis

(seriously)

Are you sure you want to work with Lee? I mean this guy is a bouncer. Do you really need someone like him to get even?

John

(calmly)

Don't sweat it, Louis. I know what I am doing.

Enter Lee

Lee is a 40 years old bouncer, a skinny, slender, long haired, yakuza-looking man; he is wearing a Hawaiian, old fashioned T-shirt. He looks unkempt, wear shaggy clothes, his wild big eyes resemble hungry animals. Enters the restaurant, he glance slowly at the group of friends, and approaches the table. John gets up, offer his hand. He did not take it.

John

(awkward, but still act professionally)

Morning, sorry to call you on such short notice but I can't think of anyone more suitable for the job.

Lee

(blow smoke)

You want me to bounce someone?

John

Ah yes, but no knife, please. I don't want to get in trouble with the cops.

Lee find this funny, he burts out laughing, the entire group follow.

Lee

(stop laughing)

OK, who?

John show him a picture

John

There he is. The guy in the white shirt, stand next to me.

Lee

(look at the picture)

You want me to stab him?

John

What? No, no, no.

Lee

(creepily)

Gimme 700, I stab anyone.

John

(firmly)

That won't be necessary, I just want to teach him a lesson. Just beat the crap out of that prick would be enough. And... don't hit him in the face.

Lee

Oh, well, it's your call. How much?

John

250 sound okay?

Lee frown, lock eye on John.

Lee

You gotta be kidding me?

John

No, no, no. 300 is not enough?

Lee

(professionally)

Make it 5. 4 now, 1 when I get the job done.

John

Now? But I got only 50 in my pocket at the moment. I'll send you 400 tomorrow.

Lee

No, no, no, I don't think so. I have a lot of deals right now. If I don't have 400 bond right now, at this table, then forget it. You don't pay, you don't play. But you have credit card, I think?

John

What? Oh yeah, I do. Why?

Lee

Then let's go. I know an ATM nearby. Only 5 minutes walking.

John

Okay, alright, we will be right back, guys. Wait for me. Alright, let's go

They exit the restaurant.

EXT. STREET-AFTERNOON

John and Lee is walking on the street

John

Looks like you are doing pretty well yourself

Lee

(smile)

You can say that again.

EXT. PARK-AFTERNOON

They enter an isolating park, where the local ATM machine is waiting. Lee is leading the way. John follows him, when they arrive at the location.

Suddenly, John stop and slowly turn his head around 180 degree. Something had caught his attention.

A turtle is lying on the grass, looking up at him. Their eyes meet. Extreme close up. It is a very small turtle, on its shell, there are green moss and weed grow on it. Not your everyday turtle. It keep looking at John. John smile at it, knowingly, then turn around and leave.

John catch up with Lee, who is 4 metres ahead of him. Lee is standing, observe the ATM machine, in front of an abandon building block, surrounded by trees.

Next to the ATM, stands another person.

John

Oh shit, that's him right there.

Lee

I know. Want to do it now?

John

Sure, but don't kill him, okay?

Lee

I wouldn't worry about him.

John, look confused

John

wha..?

A vicious knee attack from Lee to John's groin.

Howling in pain, John get on his knee, try to breathe.

A strong, football-type kick land right in his left side of the face. The pain is too intense, John is already half-conscious.

Lee grab him by the hair, and give him a series of quick heavy slap. After 3 slaps, John passes out.

When he wakes up, the person standing near the ATM comes toward him.

His name is Jack.

The picture in John's pocket fell out from the intense beating, lie on the ground. John's face is beyond f-up, bleeding nose, his teeth are broken, bruise all over. He tries to reach for the picture.
Jack steps on it.

Jack

Looks like I got you this time, John. How it feel to taste your own medicine? Look at you. Not the pretty boy no more. You aren't smart as you think you are, John. And it's more to life than being a smart ass all the time. Consider this your first hard life experience. Don't underestimate your opponent, especially the one that used to be close to you.

Lee is still kicking John in the face repeatedly. He already loses consciousness.

Jack

Okay, that's enough. (still kicking) DAMN IT, that's enough. I told you, don't hit his face. Do you want to get us both to jail? Holy shit, he's not dead, is he?

Lee

Nah

John, passes out, his face is full of bruises and blood, he's lying on the ground. Lee start to search for John's wallet, to loot his money. Meanwhile, Jack looks at once-best friend passed out on the ground, half-sad, half-satisfy, then whisper to himself.

Jack

You would have done it to me anyway

Lee stands up, overjoyed by how much he's made, laughing manically.

Lee

(put John's cash inside his pocket)

Hell, this's much better than being bouncer.

Jack look at him, cautious

Jack

Aright, let me get the money for ya.

Jack inserts his card into the ATM. Putting in the pin number, takes out \$700. Lee stops looting John's pockets and looks at Jack from behind, a greedy look appear on his face.

Jack hands Lee his payment, Lee takes the money, without counting, put it in his pocket.

Lee

Thanks, man... Hey, you know what?

Jack turn around and look at Lee

Lee

This piece of shit is definitely gonna get back to you, you sure you don't want backup?

Jack

What do you mean?

Lee

I mean, you pay me 50 dollars a week, and I give you full protection from this prick. Deal? Oh come on, man. It's a good deal. Look at him,(pointing at John, lying on the ground) he's not gonna let it go, am I correct? Shall we start today?

Jack

No, thanks.

He walks away.

Lee looks angry, looking around quickly, he then rushes toward and attacks Jack from behind, beats him into a bloody pulp. Jack tries his best to fight back, but no use. Slams Jack's face to the ground, Lee takes his wallet.

He tries to take out some money from the card, but he doesn't know the pin number to proceed.

Lee

Hey, bud, what's the goddamned pin?

He looked at Jack. Jack spits blood into his face. Lee takes out his cigarette, lights it, and pokes it right to Jack's cheek. Jack still refuses, he pulls out his big bowie knife.

Lee

You gonna tell me anyway, we have all day, Jackie boy.

Then, start to carve up Jack's face slowly.

Jack screams in agony, shakes violently.

A big rock flies, hits Lee hard in the back of his head, he lets go of Jack right away.

John wakes up, grab a tree branch and starts hitting Lee in the face as hard as he can.

Lee grabs a hold of John's arm; **stabs it with the hunting knife**. John scream his lung out, clutch his bloody arm.

Jack, hearing his friends screams, dashes forward, grabs Lee's both legs, trips him. With Lee on the ground, two of them start an intense fist fight with him.

John and Jack, each hold a big stone in their hand, keep hitting Lee in the head till he is no more.

After the battle is done, Jack gets 2 more deep slashes on his ankles from the bowie knife. but the rich bouncer is no more.

The two friends stop and catch their breath, glance at each other's face.

They suddenly burst out laughing, laugh like they never laugh before. (Hao Han Ge)

They get up at the same time. Jack can't stand up due to his leg injury, John turns back, looks at him, still avoid Jack's eyes, and offers him a hand. They shake hands, and together, they walk out of the forest and leaving the dying wolf. The sun is set, shine upon them. The turtle is watching them. He is smiling.

The End