
FADE IN:

INT. INSURANCE OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Insert text: "Monday."

The hum of the artificial lighting is louder than the voices of the employees. Small desks line the aisles. Clocks tick on every wall. The windows are very small.

YOUNG PEOPLE in tight clothing snake around desks while OLD PEOPLE in loose clothing are almost combined with their desk chairs. The environment is so full of motion that from the outside windows of the high-rise, it may even look like a stack of fish tanks.

KOJI SASAKI (38, introverted and unassuming) stands quietly by a printer. He does not move. He does not blink. Eyes focused on the stack of neon-green papers piling up in the tray.

INT. KOJI'S DESK (OFFICE BUILDING) - DAY

Koji's desk is not the desk of anything more than a small time intern, but it suits him just fine. The whiteness of the desk contrasts with the black chair, just as the green papers contrast with Koji himself. A picture of his wife and daughter stands in front of the monitor.

Koji sits behind the stack of green papers at his small desk. He begins to laminate one of the green papers, making sure to do it face down. He inspects his work and begins to laminate another.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Like the office, the parking lot is small. Several tired OFFICE EMPLOYEES shuffle to their small cars to make their way to their small homes in their small towns. Koji's car is dark blue and once again, small.

Koji carries a briefcase as well as a medium-sized cardboard box. A few of the green papers stick out of it. Koji manually unlocks his car, sets the paper box on the passenger seat.

Sighing, he stares through the windshield for a beat before starting the car.

INT. KOJI'S CAR - DAY

Down a winding highway, Koji's car looks tiny. There is not that much traffic.

Koji stares hard at the road in front of him. His eyes are unwavering, but his hands tremble softly. The box of green paper shifts with each curve.

Grabbing the steering wheel, Koji closes his eyes tightly.

Koji's eyes well up with tears. He lets them fall and furrows his eyebrows. He starts exhaling quickly, almost as if hyping himself up for a fight.

Suddenly, a loud mechanical sound erupts from the little blue car. Koji snaps out of his trance, and whips his head around the car. He turns the hazard lights on. The power in the car flickers on and off as the engine turns off. The car slowly rolls to a halt. All the lights in the car snap off.

Koji sits, catching his breath. The sun is setting around him, as the last of the day's light touches his face slightly. He breathes in the stale air of the motionless car.

He takes the keys out of the ignition with as little force as possible. Leans over and grabs the box of paper and his briefcase. Koji ducks out of the car.

EXT. CLIFF EDGE - NIGHT

A large cliff, overlooking the ocean, is about twenty feet away from Koji's blue car. The waves crash gently but beautifully under the hundred foot drop. Koji walks forward to the very edge. One of the green papers flutters down. He watches the wind take the paper left and right, slowing down and speeding up as the wind blows.

Koji begins back-peddling slowly. He reaches the driver's door of the car, inserts the key, locks the car and continues back-peddling. Once the grass turns in to pavement, Koji turns around and walks ahead.

Walking, slowly and expressionless, Koji moves under the street lights. As each car passes, he waves his hand at the driver. With no luck, Koji continues walking.

A small white sedan rushes past Koji. The car screeches to a halt ahead of him.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Apparently, her mother told my wife that by stealing this album 'I was stealing her daughter away, too'. Eventually, she began to understand why I did it. But it took quite a while.

The Old Man trails off into sentimentality. Koji shifts his weight. The music plays as the sun sets across the highway.

The second track clicks into motion.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

One time. I was in a museum. In Hokkaido. But I was looking at a beautiful painting. The label was gone, so I had no clue who the artist was. But it was a painting of a swordfish. It was the most beautiful painting I had ever seen. I was there on an anniversary trip with my wife a couple of years ago, but that painting is what I remember the most. That fish. At least I believe it was, since there was no label on it, how should I know if it was supposed to be a fish or a Sony camera!

(Chuckles lightly.)

I was looking at it for so long that some other people joined me. A young woman and a small girl. They were looking at it as they walked by. They stopped and stared at it too. It almost looked like they were a part of it. Painted and beautiful.

(beat)

I wonder if they thought it was a fish too?

The music fades. The sound of the wheels and the bumps of the road take up the "conversation".

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

This may sound strange, but I think watching people is so pleasurable.

Koji shifts his eyes and his sitting position.

A wrinkled hand attached to a wrinkled OLD MAN (70, wise but jokey) reaches out and waves Koji towards the vehicle.

INT. WHITE SEDAN - NIGHT

Koji shoves himself into the passenger's seat, briefcase, box and himself, almost folded into one. The interior of the car is neat, but older. The Old Man is also neat, older, and smiling.

KOJI

Thank you. Will you be able to drive me to Yokohama?

OLD MAN

My pleasure. I'm headed that way anyway.

The car pushes off and towards Koji's home.

Koji peers at the side mirror, his blue car blends in with the ocean as it fades off into the horizon line.

The two men sit in silence.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Would you mind grabbing a CD for me from the console? Rebecca Clarke's Piano Trios?

Koji nods and shoves the box between his legs, crushing his briefcase. The Old Man's eyes are hazily trained on the road in front of him while Koji leafs through the rolodex of CDs from the Old Man's collection. Koji finds the CD and inserts it into the slot.

The CD turns and registers in the car. Koji and the Old Man look ahead as the first track begins to slowly and quietly fill the small car.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Rebecca Clarke. She wrote these pieces in 1921. A great pioneer in the classical music field. Both as a musician and as a composer.

The CD plays simply and beautifully.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

I think. I stole the record of this from my wife's mother when we were still dating. It was a big deal for me. And her mother.

(MORE)

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

I can hear your confusion and your judgement, but I think it would be good for more people to understand that. In order to understand people, you have to see them! By watching people in public you learn more about them than you can by talking to someone in a private sphere. The way that people walk, the way people move, the way people talk and look at others, it's all so... interesting. It's all so enlightening. Have you ever tried it? People-watching?

KOJI

I just tried to kill myself.

The Old Man doesn't take his eyes off the road. He nods slowly. The streetlights reflect and bounce off of the hood of the small white car.

KOJI (CONT'D)

I tried to drive my car off a cliff. I wanted to drown myself. I didn't tell my wife. I have a daughter. I resigned from my job. I even laminated some of my suicide notes so people wouldn't have to spend the extra time figuring out what happened. I just didn't want to be a burden to anyone. Anymore.

OLD MAN

It's okay. Do you know why?

KOJI

Why I tried to kill myself?

OLD MAN

Yes.

KOJI

I don't know.

EXT. KOJI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Koji's house is plain. The lights are on in the house, but there's little to no movement.

Koji stands outside the white car as it drives away. He has the box of his suicide notes.