

BEEF

Episode 101
"The Birds Don't Sing, They Screech in Pain"

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BEEF

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"The Birds Don't Sing, They Screech in Pain"

Second Green Revised 05/06/22

CAST LIST

DANNY CHO STEVEN YEUN
AMY LAU ALI WONG
JORDANA "JORDAN" FORSTER MARIA BELLO
GEORGE NAKAI JOSEPH LEE
PAUL CHO YOUNG MAZINO
ISAAC CHO DAVID CHOE
FUMI NAKAI PATTI YASUTAKE
NAOMI ASHLEY PARK
JUNE NAKAI REMY HOLT
MIA MIA SERAFINO
MRS. CHO GINA LEE
MR. CHO JERRY KIM
JESTEN JESTEN MARICONDA
EDGAR GABRIEL TIGERMAN
FAROUK BERNARD WHITE

OVER BLACK: WARM, HAPPY LAUGHTER OF KIDS PLAYING.

101 INT. FORSTERS - RETURN REGISTER - DAY (D1) 101

Typical commotion of a hardware store. SHOPPERS with carts. TWO BOY SIBLINGS (6 and 11 years old) play by their PARENTS, who make SMALL TALK with a cashier, JESTEN, at the register.

SLOW PUSH IN ON DANNY CHO, 37, at the front of the RETURN LINE with a cart of SIX HIBACHI GRILLS and a plastic bag. He thinks he's next and begins to push his cart forward, only to realize it's not yet his turn. He steps back.

He glances over at the nearby shelf and grabs a package of drill bits. He reads the back and turns to the MALE CUSTOMER behind him and jokes, covering for his inner anxiety:

DANNY
Made in China. Everything's made in
China.

He puts it back. As soon as the Customer at the register begins to move, Danny pulls into the spot with his cart.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Just making a return.

Danny covers the Forsters plastic bag, almost embarrassed.

JESTEN (O.S.)
Everything okay?

PUSH CONTINUES as Danny looks down and searches his wallet.

DANNY
Yeah, I changed my mind.

JESTEN (O.S.)
Okay, it's just-- this is the third
time you've bought and returned
these Hibachi grills.

DANNY
(not looking up)
I thought you guys have a no-
questions-asked policy.

JESTEN (O.S.)
I'm not asking a question. I'm
making a statement.

Danny looks up at him.

JESTEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You got a receipt?

Danny searches his front pockets. No receipt.

DANNY
Yeah, I got it somewhere.

PUSH CONTINUES ON Danny checking his back pockets. He glances over at CUSTOMERS in line. Danny, scrambling, checks his wallet again. Pennies fall out. He checks his cart.

JESTEN (O.S.)
(into intercom)
If you're making a return, please
be sure to have your receipt ready.

PUSH LANDS TIGHT ON Danny as he stares and SCOFFS.

DANNY
Okay. I'll just keep them, yeah?

Danny pushes his cart and leaves in a huff.

102

INT. DANNY'S TRUCK/EXT. FORSTERS - MOMENTS LATER

102

Danny sits. He SIGHS. Starts the truck. Puts on seatbelt.

DANNY
(mutters, to self)
There's always fucking something.

THE OMINOUS SCORE SWELLS as he starts to pull out of his spot when the score is abruptly interrupted by...

An UNENDING HONK. SCREECH. Danny SLAMS on the brakes.

A WHITE SUV with tinted windows holds its horn, the HONK BLARING indefinitely.

Danny looks back over both shoulders, incredulous.

VROOOOOM. The SUV drives off. Honking ends. Finally, silence. But then in the distance, far enough to not make out the DRIVER'S race or gender...

A MIDDLE FINGER flies out the SUV window.

Beat. Danny debates what to do. OMINOUS SCORE ROARS BACK.

SKRRRRRT! Danny PULLS out and LURCHES after the SUV.

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2nd Yellow Rev. [101] 5/6/22

103 INT. DANNY'S TRUCK/EXT. VALLEY STREET - MOMENTS LATER 103

Danny's truck zips down a street, snaking through lanes. The SUV just ahead. *HONK! HONK! HONK!*

He hits the horn and PUNCHES the gas, trying to pull up next to the SUV when it swerves into him. He veers out of the way.

DANNY
What the fuck man?!

The SUV SQUEALS off.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Oh you wanna play then? Okay. Okay!

Danny FLOORS it, trying to catch up-- RED LIGHT!

Danny grips the steering wheel. *Fuck it*. His truck BURSTS through the intersection, careening around CARS braking HARD. A SONIC SHITSTORM of SCREECHES and HONKS.

CLANG! TWO Hibachi grills fly off the back of the truck.

104 INT. DANNY'S TRUCK/EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREETS - MOMENTS LATER 104

Hot on the SUV's tail, Danny STREAKS past quiet houses. The SUV BARRELS down suburban streets. Its window rolls down.

SPLAT! A Starbucks cup EXPLODES on Danny's windshield with OTHER TRASH. Not missing a beat, Danny FLICKS the wipers on. He SWERVES to the left to get a peek at who's driving.

DANNY
Show your fucking face...

HONK! An ONCOMING CAR forces him to jolt back into his lane. PEDESTRIANS look over, concerned. SUNGLASSES. HAT. Danny scrambles to cover his face.

The SUV SLAMS to a halt at a stop sign as a CAR passes. As it turns right, Danny's truck LEAPS onto a corner lawn. He RIPS up a flower bed as he races to block the SUV.

The truck cuts off the SUV. Danny looks back to catch a glimpse of the driver, but the SUV REVERSES into a J-TURN, destroying the rest of the flower bed. HONK HONK! Danny PUNCHES his horn over and over.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Fuck you! You fucking-- oh shit.

Danny's face falls as he sees the back of the SUV REVERSING FULL-SPEED TOWARDS HIM, clearly intent on hitting his truck. Danny braces and SQUEALS, terrified.

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FULL Salmon Draft [101] 5/6/22

The SUV stops, HONKS like a last laugh, then zooms away. The homeowner, FAROUK, runs out, distraught over his flower bed.

FAROUK
No no no! My flowers!

Danny quickly rushes off into a side street.

105 INT. DANNY'S TRUCK/EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREETS - LATER 105

Frustrated, Danny slowly drives through a less busy part of the neighborhood, looking for the SUV.

DANNY
C'mon, c'mon...

He passes a house garage door closing. He catches a glimpse of the WHITE SUV inside. As Danny slows to a stop and stares at the asshole's house...

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106 EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY (D1) 106

Danny installs a Ring doorbell. He is mid-conversation:

DANNY
...I mean, I just played it cool,
but that dude is lucky, I coulda
gone nuts on him. Lotta crazy
drivers out there, you know?

EDGAR, the home's owner, stands sipping on a glass of lemonade. He nods politely.

EDGAR
No, I hear you.

Danny puts the cover on the front of the Ring doorbell. He admires his work and adjusts his hat, which says "AT CHO SERVICE CONSTRUCTION."

DANNY
Alright, there she is. I put in my
own grout by the way, grout's easy.

EDGAR
Looks great, Danny.

DANNY
Hey bud, you got any referrals you
could send my way? Remember I
texted you about that?

EDGAR

Shoot, I must've forgotten to hit send. I asked around but my friends already have a handyman--

DANNY

Contractor. I'm a contractor.

EDGAR

Hey if you know a good tree trimmer, let me know. I've been meaning to cut these bad boys--

He realizes the mistake he's made. Danny's eyes light up.

DANNY

I can do it.

EDGAR

Oh. Don't you need like, um, certification or something?

DANNY

What, you're gonna hire someone with five stars on Yelp? Those reviews are fake, man. I give you a hundred percent. Show my receipts. That's how I keep your business.

Edgar looks uncomfortable.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I can come back tomorrow with some guys. Four hundred bucks.

EDGAR

I guess it would be nice to get this all done. Three fifty?

Danny glares, then CHUCKLES. Edgar LAUGHS, nervous.

DANNY

My guy. Only cause it's you.

EDGAR

You're the best. See you tomorrow.

Edgar waves bye and enters his house. Danny looks over the Ring one more time and begins to turn away when:

EDGAR'S WIFE (O.S.)

Did you fire him?

EDGAR (O.S.)
No, he's gonna trim the trees.

PUSH IN ON: Danny's face, stoic. Jaw clench.

EDGAR'S WIFE (O.S.)
We have to fire him after that.
He's so annoying.

CUT TO: A BIRD WEATHER VANE on the house.

EDGAR (O.S.)
I know, he really is-- wait--

Suddenly, silence. WHISPERING. Danny realizes they can see him on the Ring. He pretends like he didn't hear and takes out a level, WHISTLING. The Ring turns on:

EDGAR (ON SPEAKER) (CONT'D)
Above and beyond Danny, thank you!

DANNY
You got it, boss.

107

EXT. DANNY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - COURTYARD - DAY (D1)

107

Danny enters, struggling to lug four Hibachi grills through the courtyard. He walks by the tacky pool and gym equipment. He glances at a sign-up sheet in front of the ping pong table. He runs over.

CLOSE ON: the sheet - slots to reserve the ping pong table. He grabs the pen attached via string and begins to write on every open slot, alternating between his name and "Paul Cho."

108 INT. DANNY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER (D1) 108

KEYS FUMBLING. Danny struggles outside the door, calls out:

DANNY (O.S)

Paul?

Danny enters, shoving a Hibachi in with his foot. Basketball shorts on the carpet. A Korean folding table.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Paul!

Danny approaches and opens a closed door. PAUL CHO, 31, sits at a computer, streaming on Twitch. He doesn't look up.

DANNY (CONT'D)

ㅁ! Have you seen a Forsters receipt anywhere?

PAUL

I'm in the middle of a game.

Danny starts tidying Paul's messy room.

DANNY

Yo I snagged all the ping pong spots... Did you hear me mofo? I snagged all the ping pong spots.

PAUL

I'm in the middle of a game.

Danny grabs clothes off the ground and puts them in a hamper.

DANNY

You got more clothes I can run downstairs?

PAUL

Yeah, in the bathroom. Thanks.

Danny exits with the hamper, picking up more dirty clothes.

DANNY

Yo, this fuckin' guy today-- he starts honking at me, right? So I chased him down. Scared the shit out of that motherfucker.

He CHUCKLES, grabs a grip-strength trainer, starts squeezing.

DANNY (CONT'D)

That's what's wrong with the world today, man. They want you to feel like you have no control. Like you're gonna eat shit with a smile on your face.

Paul glances over for the first time, slightly perturbed.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Fuck that, I'm sick of smiling, man-

RINGING. Danny receives a KakaoTalk video call. He answers with a smile.

109 INT. DANNY'S APARTMENT/INT. INCHEON APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 109

Danny's mother, MRS. CHO, 61, calls from a small room.

MRS. CHO (ON PHONE)
Danny-야, 잘 있었어?

MRS. CHO (ON PHONE)
Danny, have you been good?

DANNY
네, 엄마.

DANNY
Yes, Mom.

MRS. CHO (ON PHONE)
Paul-은 어딴어?

MRS. CHO (ON PHONE)
Where's Paul?

DANNY
방에 있지, 어디 있겠어요?

DANNY
He's in his room, where else?

He angles the phone. Paul doesn't look up. Mrs. Cho, sweet:

MRS. CHO (ON PHONE)
Unh. Paul. Hello.

Paul GRUNTS an unintelligible one-syllable reply.

DANNY
엄마아빠는 잘 계세요?

DANNY
How are you and Dad?

MRS. CHO (ON PHONE)
삼촌이랑 같이 사는게 힘들지. 엄마랑 아빠는 요즘 맨날 싸워고. 아빠가 더이상 일하고 싶지 않은것같아.

MRS. CHO
Living with your uncle's been tough. Dad and I fight every day too. I don't think he wants to work anymore.

Behind Mrs. Cho, their father, MR. CHO, 65, shovels food into his mouth in the background. He calls out, agitated:

MR. CHO (ON PHONE)
내 나이에 왜 일을 하고 싶겠어? 요즘에 점심
먹을 시간 도 없어!

MR. CHO (ON PHONE)
Why would I want to work at
my age? I don't even have
time to eat lunch these days!

DANNY
엄마아빠 걱정하지 마세요. Business is
good. 제가 엄마아빠 항상 원하던 땅을 사줄
거예요. Build a big house.

DANNY
Mom, Dad, don't worry.
Business is good. I'll buy
that land you two always
wanted. Build a big house.

MR. CHO (ON PHONE)
(dismissive)
영영 그래.

MR. CHO
(dismissive)
Yeah yeah, okay.

DANNY
아니요 진짜로!

DANNY
No really!

MRS. CHO (ON PHONE)
우리 걱정하지 말고, Danny-는 교회에서
좋은 한국 여자 만나고, 가족을 시작해.

MRS. CHO (ON PHONE)
Don't worry about us, just
find a nice Korean girl at
church and start a family.

MR. CHO (ON PHONE)
Paul-도 이제 돈 좀 벌면 좋겠어.

MR. CHO (ON PHONE)
And Paul needs to make money.

DANNY
방에서도 안 나왔는데, 무슨 돈을 벌겠어요?

DANNY
He doesn't leave his room,
how's he gonna make money?

Paul looks over, pulls a gold chain out from under his shirt.

PAUL
I just bought this chain for two
G's, what the fuck did you guys do?

Paul gets up, SLAMS his door shut. Danny looks at his phone.

DANNY
I'll call you guys back.

Danny hangs up, looks at Paul's door.

110

INT. DANNY'S APARTMENT - PAUL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

110

Danny storms in, grabs Paul's headphones and speaks into the
mic. He looks into the webcam and waves.

DANNY
Paul can't play right now.

PAUL
What the fuck's your problem?

DANNY

Did you make that money off crypto?

PAUL

It's none of your business.

DANNY

It is if you lose all your fucking money again!

PAUL

I know what I'm doing.

DANNY

No, you don't! You promised you wouldn't do that shit, fool!

PAUL

I made more than you this week, and I didn't have to fix a toilet.

DANNY

I've been busting my ass since Mom and Dad lost the motel - you really think you should be gambling when they had to go work for 삼촌 (uncle)?

PAUL

You really think you should be lecturing me when you let Isaac run his shady shit at the motel?

DANNY

I didn't know! He's our cousin!

PAUL

Our whole family's a bunch of losers.

DANNY

Write down your passwords. All of them, all your accounts.

Danny grabs a pen and paper and shoves it in Paul's chest.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna change 'em so you can't access this shit.

PAUL

I'm not writing nothing down.

Danny takes off his socks, hops in Paul's bed and gets comfortable, scratching his crotch in an exaggerated way.

DANNY

Huh. It's nice to be you.

(mumbles, imitating Paul)

I wake up at 4PM. I play computer with twelve-year-olds. I don't need a family, my family's the internet.

Danny and Paul stare at each other.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Write them down, or you can start paying rent.

Paul glances at the webcam, ashamed. He exits the stream. Danny watches him write his passwords. He softens.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Did you eat?

111 INT. KOREAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT (N1)

111

INSERT: Paul's COINBASE crypto account. The graphs all trend upwards. Paul's account is up 22.7% to \$4,181.

Danny looks at his phone at a table. He looks intrigued -

ISAAC (O.S.)

Yooo big boy, how you so pretty?

His cousin ISAAC CHO, 40s, approaches.

DANNY

Isaac, long time!

ISAAC

No, you sit and stay pretty.

Isaac snaps at a WAITRESS as he sits.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

아가씨! 여기 설렁탕 두개!

(then, to Danny)

They're so fucking slow here.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

Miss! Two ox bone soups!

(then, to Danny)

They're so fucking slow here.

DANNY

How you been cuz? You look healthy.

ISAAC

Three months out of jail, what do I got to complain about, right? Thank god for the Filipinos, they had my back. What's new with you?

DANNY

Not much. I got into a road rage thing. Chased the motherfucker down, beat the shit out of him.

ISAAC

You chased him down? Okay, that's what's up.

Isaac picks at *ban-chan*. Danny notices a ROLEX WATCH on him.

DANNY

Nice Rollie. Business must be good?

ISAAC

You know how it is, goods gotta import, goods gotta export. How's your work going?

DANNY

Good. Busy. My parents though, they're having a rough time since the motel...

ISAAC

Sorry to hear that.

DANNY

Honestly, it's been killing me how-- you know they're stuck in Korea 'cause of me--

ISAAC

You didn't do anything wrong. Neither of us did. It's like I told the cops, I was just the middle man, I didn't know you could counterfeit baby formula--

DANNY

No, for sure... Well, I'm glad you're back on your feet so quick.

ISAAC

I feel like you wanna say something, what's up?

DANNY

No, nothing, it's just-- well, I
could use a little money...

Isaac realizes why they're meeting up. He slams the table:

ISAAC

Where the fuck is this waitress?

DANNY

I got this thing, it's a lock, man--
like the return, it's gonna be
crazy-- I just need like 20k. It's
totally legit by the way, not
gambling at all-- it would just
help my parents so much--

ISAAC

Jesus, have you heard of foreplay?
Can you like, fucking get me wet
with some soup first?

DANNY

No, of course, it's just-- I
promise I'll pay you back quick--

ISAAC

I get it. I feel bad. So I'm gonna
help you out, but now we're going
to enjoy each other's company okay?

Danny shuts up and nods. Isaac takes a big bite of *kkakdugi*.
He CHOMPS and quickly changes back to jovial.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

So how's Paul? He still bow-legged?

112 EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY (D2)

112

THREE LATINO WORKERS trim trees outside the suburban home
from earlier. Danny points and directs them.

DANNY

Hey, *señor*-- *tú- allá?* Grande tree.
Muy rápido. Muy dineros. Comprende?

Danny looks around for Paul. He's in the corner swinging a
branch, bored. Danny discreetly pulls out his phone.

INSERT: Danny's own COINBASE account, newly setup. It's up
10.22% from \$20,000 to \$22,044.

Danny's eyes go wide, excited. He puts his phone away and approaches workers looking up at a very tall tree.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Vámonos. Arriba! Chop chop.

LATINO WORKER
No one wants to climb it, bro.

DANNY
Why not? I'm paying good money.

LATINO WORKER
No one's trained for this, bro.

DANNY
Gotta do everything myself. Watch and learn. *Mira, mira!* I show you!

CUT TO: Around twenty feet above, Danny climbs onto a branch via a ladder. The workers look at each other while holding onto the climbing rope, unsure what to do. CROWS SQUAWK.

DANNY (CONT'D)
You hear that? The crows love me!

Danny starts SAWING a branch off.

DANNY (CONT'D)
See? *No problema. Amigos!* Let's be done by lunch. *Muy rápido--*

Danny sees a WHITE SUV coming down the street. He turns to look while sawing. It's not the same make as the earlier SUV. Disappointed, he starts to turn when he slips and plummets to the ground. Danny SCREAMS. Workers GASP.

The workers rush to grab the rope and pull just in time, saving him right before he hits the ground. The saw SLAMS hard and bounces a few times, landing at Paul's feet. Swinging in the air, Danny tries to LAUGH it off:

DANNY (CONT'D)
Lunch on me, fellas!

As he gets lowered, the Ring on the house turns on:

EDGAR(ON SPEAKER)
Danny. Could we speak to you?

EDGAR'S WIFE (ON SPEAKER)
Just fire him!

Danny, embarrassed, looks around at all the workers and Paul.

113 EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - LATER 113

Latino Workers continue to trim the trees. Danny angrily puts his tools away in his truck. Paul lags behind.

DANNY

They want it done all wrong, that's on them. Ugly ass house anyway--

He opens his truck door, looks up to see Paul not getting in.

DANNY (CONT'D)

What are you doing? Get in the car.

PAUL

I'm gonna have a friend pick me up.

DANNY

Just get in the car, Paul.

PAUL

It's fine. My friend lives nearby.

Danny glares at him. As Danny aggressively nods:

DANNY

Okay. Message received.

Danny gets in his car, slams the door and STARTS THE ENGINE. He sees an UBERX pull up behind him. Its window rolls down.

UBER DRIVER

Uber for Paul?

Paul gets in the back seat. Danny SCOFFS and starts to drive.

114 INT. DANNY'S TRUCK/EXT. LAGUNA BEACH LAND - DUSK (DUSK 2) 114

Danny's phone RINGS on speaker on his steering wheel.

He sits in his truck and devours an Original Chicken Sandwich, the Burger King bag in his lap, while looking out at a TEAR-DOWN PROPERTY on an unkempt plot of land with a FOR SALE sign including an agent's number.

The phone call hits the agent's VOICEMAIL. Danny leans into his phone:

DANNY

Hi, this is Danny Cho. I'm calling about the Summit Drive property. I run a very successful residential construction company, and I'm very serious about buying. Call me back.

Danny hangs up. He finishes his Original Chicken Sandwich and takes out another. As he scarfs the new one down, BUZZ - his phone gets a NOTIFICATION.

His face falls. He clicks on the notification.

INSERT: phone screen. DANNY'S CRYPTO ACCOUNT: A VERY SHARP DROP. He's down to only \$2,584.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Fuck.

(sighs, then)

There's always something...

Suddenly, Danny almost throws up but holds it in. He swallows, looks up at the land. A beat. He eats more fries.

115 OMITTED 115

116 INT. DANNY'S APARTMENT - DANNY'S BEDROOM - LATER 116

Danny sits on the floor. HIBACHI GRILLS lit around him. He glances at his laptop nearby.

DANNY

(reading)

"To ensure high CO levels, wait for Hibachis to set off detector."

ANGLE ON LAPTOP SCREEN: A QUORA THREAD titled "what's the least painful way to kill yourself?"

CONTINUOUS BEEPING STARTS from a newly opened CO detector on top of the plastic Forsters bag. He grabs it and looks at it.

Danny takes in a long BREATH, closes his eyes. A beat. He opens his eyes wide, nervous.

DANNY (CONT'D)

The fuck am I doing?

Danny jumps up and scrambles to put out each grill.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Ow, fuck!

Danny burns his hand as he closes one. He rushes to open the window. He takes the towel from under the door and opens it. He fans the air with a COUPON SAVER, but the pages fall out.

He lets out a PAINED GRUNT as he flails his arms. He slumps to the ground, dejected. He stares at the floor. A beat. He grabs the plastic Forsters bag. He takes out the RECEIPT. It was there all along. He stares at it, indignant. His look turns angry as he recalls something. He opens his phone.

He types in a CALABASAS ADDRESS. He clicks on "Street View." The earlier house of the White SUV driver comes up. As he glares at the house, and the CO detector CONTINUES TO BEEP...

CUT TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK: WARM, HAPPY LAUGHTER OF A KID PLAYING.

117 INT. AMY'S HOME - GARAGE - DAY [EARLIER] (D1) 117

AMY LAU, 39, in her WHITE SUV, pulls in, garage door closing behind her. Hands clenched tight around the wheel. A CHILD GIGGLES inside the house.

PUSH LANDS TIGHT ON AMY, composing herself.

118 INT. AMY'S HOME - KITCHEN/GEORGE'S STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER 118

Amy enters. Her Japanese-American husband, GEORGE NAKAI, late-30s, attractive, earnest, sweet, in cycling gear, makes lunch for their four-year-old daughter, JUNE, who watches an iPad.

GEORGE
Oh wow, Mommy's back!

JUNE
Mommy! We missed you!

June runs over. Amy smiles big and turns on her positivity.

AMY
I missed you too, sweetie!

JUNE
Daddy made a new vase! I think you're gonna love it, yep!

Amy looks at a very high-art, avant-garde vase covered in a gloopy, wart-like glaze. It sits on the kitchen island.

AMY
You're right, June! I do love it!

GEORGE
Junie, go wash your hands before you eat, sweetie.

Amy watches June rush off to the bathroom.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
What brings you back? Did you
forget something?

AMY
Oh you know, I just... thought I'd
come home for lunch--
(deflects, grabs vase)
Want me to find a spot for this?

GEORGE
It's okay, you should eat.

AMY
(slightly forceful)
I can do it.

DRONE SCORE RETURNS. Amy, smile still frozen on her face,
takes the vase and walks through her home, trying out spots:

IN THE FOYER PHOTOS WITH GEORGE'S PARENTS. None of Amy's
parents.

IN THE LIVING ROOM, toys of a four year old scattered. Plants
in a zen PATIO SPACE.

GEORGE'S STUDIO. PORTRAIT PHOTOS of his father, HARU NAKAI, a
Noguchi-type designer. His SKETCHES. Amy turns to face a
shelf. SO MANY VASES. The SCORE CRESCENDOS as Amy stares. As
if she may want to break them. ABRUPTLY END SCORE.

GEORGE (O.S.)
Do you really love it though?

George pops up by the other entrance. Amy jumps, startled.

AMY
What?

GEORGE
The vase.

AMY
Oh. Yeah. No, it's great.

GEORGE
Babe, I was thinking, what if we
sold my vases at your store?

Thrown, Amy looks down at the vase in her hands.

AMY
I mean, this is art. My store's
just, you know, for consumers.

BEEF

2nd White Rev.

"The Birds Don't Sing, They Screech in Pain"
[101]

18A.
5/6/22

GEORGE

I know, but these aren't really
selling at the galleries. I figure,
you and I are...

(forms circle with hands)

...one, you know?

AMY

How about this - I'll take it to
the store today, and we'll see how
it goes, yeah?

GEORGE

(pleasantly surprised)

Okay, yeah. What would I do without
you?

He kisses her on her forehead. She forces a smile.

BEEF "The Birds Don't Sing, They Screech in Pain" 19.
Cherry Revised [101] 5/6/22

119 OMITTED 119

120 INT. KÖYŌHAUS - DAY (D1) 120

Amy attempts to find a spot for George's gaudy vase. The plant store has a millennial minimalist aesthetic.

AMY

What do you think?

MIA, white, late-20s, Amy's employee:

MIA

I mean, there's no bad spot for it.
Your husband is brilliant.

Amy moves it to different areas. It is an eyesore in the calm, wabi-sabi energy of the store. Amy places the vase in a tenuous spot where a light breeze could knock it over.

AMY

What about right here?

MIA

I think that works really well, do
you think it works really well?

A FEMALE CUSTOMER, 40s, Instagram Momfluencer type, enters.

AMY

Hi! Look around, take your time,
let us know if you have questions.

FEMALE CUSTOMER

Oh my god, I love the space.

AMY

Appreciate you, mama.

Amy forces a smile. UNSETTLING SCORE returns. A ONER tracks her as she walks TO THE BACK, where EMPLOYEES pack plants into boxes and load them into a truck.

AMY (CONT'D)

Let's make sure to get these all
out by end of day, okay? You guys
are the best. In-N-Out food truck
this week. On me.

(nods, fake smile)

Okay then.

Amy exits and returns TO THE FRONT. The Female Customer approaches her.

FEMALE CUSTOMER

Do you mind taking a picture of me
for my IG?

AMY

I got you, girlfriend.

The Female Customer hands Amy her phone.

FEMALE CUSTOMER

By the way, no pressure to follow
back, but I think you'd love my
business. It empowers women.

AMY

Oh my god, I love that. What kind
of business?

FEMALE CUSTOMER

We sell soap.
(adjusts her pose)
From my good side.

Amy takes the photo. She seems like a woman whose outward-
facing identity grows more disconnected with her inner self.

The Female Customer ALMOST knocks over George's vase.

FEMALE CUSTOMER (CONT'D)

Oh my god--

It wobbles, but she steadies it. Amy glances over and masks a
small hint of disappointment. END SCORE.

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FULL Salmon Draft [101] 5/6/22

121 OMITTED 121

122 INT. AMY'S HOME - HALLWAY/KITCHEN - NIGHT (N1) 122

Amy enters from the garage side of the hall, overhearing.

FUMI (O.S.)

There is no good or bad. It's perfect. Just like you, Junie. Can you go get your other paintings?

JUNE (O.S.)

Okay!

SOUND OF JUNE RUNNING UPSTAIRS. Amy rounds the corner and walks the hall, approaching FUMI NAKAI, mid-60s, and George.

FUMI

She needs a real art teacher. It's not about talent, it's about taste.

GEORGE

Yeah, I know what you mean, Mom.

Amy puts her bag on the kitchen counter.

AMY

I don't want to pressure June. Painting helps her anxiety. And she just stopped picking her skin.

Fumi shoots her a look. George freezes.

AMY (CONT'D)

But we always appreciate your advice, Fumi. And thanks again for babysitting tomorrow.

FUMI

A grandmother should spend time with her grandchild.

Amy's unsure how to reply. Fumi heads to the fridge, takes out a Go-Gurt and begins to suck it down. Amy pushes past it.

AMY

It's gonna be a big day. Jordan's finally invited us to her home, I think we're close to an offer.

GEORGE

Amy's been working so hard on this sale, Mom. Kōyōhaus could be in every Forsters, all over the country.

FUMI

Joji, your father only made one of the Tamago chair. What she should do is move her store to Rodeo Drive.

AMY

I'll look into that.

GEORGE

Hey, even if it all falls through, we have everything we need right here, right guys?

AMY/FUMI

Honey./Joji.

FUMI

Your whole house needs a remodel.

AMY

And you wanted June in those mindfulness classes and organic gardening playgroups--

GEORGE

All that matters is that June thrives as her truest self.

AMY

I know, but no one thrives for free-

Fumi finishes her Go-Gurt and flattens it on the counter:

FUMI

My sister was a loud eater. And you know, three years ago, her husband was struck by a train.

She gives Amy a glance. Amy hides her bewilderment.

AMY

I'm so sorry to hear that.

123

EXT. JORDAN'S ARCHITECTURAL MANSION - DAY (D2)

123

Amy and George approach a mansion. Nearby, JORDAN'S VEHICLES are parked outside to show off. GUESTS arriving.

AMY

Ugh, I can't wait to cash out and just stay home with June--

GEORGE

Remember, if you have a bad trip, I'm here for you. I've been micro-dosing to up my creativity.

AMY

I should be fine. This "mushroom dinner" is just a means to an end. It's not enough for people like Jordan to have a retail empire. They need to see God.

GEORGE

Paul McCartney once saw God on a trip and he said that God looked like a massive wall.

AMY

Say shit like that inside.

Suddenly, HONKING from behind them. Amy glares, then snaps out of it. She heads to the door.

AMY (CONT'D)

By the way, if I go to a spiritual place tonight, just-- Let me go alone, okay?

GEORGE

What? Wait--

124 INT. JORDAN'S ARCHITECTURAL MANSION - DAY (D2) 124

Amy and George dine with all WHITE GUESTS. JORDANA FORSTER, White, 50s, is mid-speech:

JORDAN

A critical cornerstone of every ecosystem, they have more in common with us, than they do with plants. We share fifty percent of our DNA with them. They're the circulatory system of the planet. And when we ingest these generous fungi, we are in fact, ingesting vital energy...

*
*
*

As Jordan TALKS, WAITERS plate interesting mushroom dishes.

AMY

George, they're normal mushrooms. This is so stupid.

JORDAN

As CEO of the Forsters Corporation, I am happy to announce we've partnered with several non-profits in the exploration of fungal utility...

*
*
*
*
*

A CATERER plates a CLEAR CLOUD OF BUBBLES.

AMY

What the hell is that?

GEORGE

Babe, it's a mushroom pizza.

JORDAN

...so thank you for coming out. Please enjoy. And as my father used to say, "you can eat any mushroom... once."

LAUGHTER from the crowd, including George. Amy forces a smile, takes a small bite off her plate. NAOMI, 30s, Asian American, the only other POC, stands up, clinking her glass.

NAOMI

Hi. Sorry. Hi. I just wanted to take a moment to say a word about our inspiring host, my sister-in-law, Jordana Forster. I remember the first time you took me foraging-

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George looks eager to hear more and munches on the bubble.
Amy looks around, questioning the point of everything.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

We were visiting my motherland,
trekking through the forests of--
(overly Korean)
Gyeongsangbuk-do...

Amy slyly puts her hand over a CANDLE FLAME nearby. She holds
it there for a long beat.

125

INT. JORDAN'S ARCHITECTURAL MANSION - NIGHT (N2)

125

WHITE GUESTS mingle. Amy and Jordan speaking privately.

JORDAN

Amy, you never mentioned you were married to Haru Nakai's son.

AMY

I didn't know you were a fan. You should come by this gallery opening tomorrow. George loaned one of his father's pieces.

JORDAN

I'd love that. Nobody else in my family understands culture-- that's why Forsters has been stuck in the past.

AMY

But that's why you're here. To change that.

Jordan smiles and takes Amy in.

JORDAN

See, I like you. You have a serene, Zen Buddhist thing going on.

AMY

Yeah, you know, just doing me.

JORDAN

Look, I obviously didn't invite you here just to eat weird shit. There's an offer being drawn up. Expect a term sheet tomorrow.

AMY

Oh my god, wow. Thank you so much, Jordan. I can't wait to see what you do with Kōyōhaus.

JORDAN

There'll be a few weeks of due diligence, couple months max.

AMY

Of course. No skeletons here.

JORDAN

Good. Don't fuck this up. 'Cause I can just go to China and copy your shit for less.

AMY

(forces laugh, joking)
Yeah, no, let's keep the jobs in America, right?

JORDAN

Hey I've been meaning to ask-- how did you come up with that name? Kōyōhaus. It's so global.

AMY

I was just inspired you know. The Japanese word for plant, the German word for house. They say so much.

JORDAN

Mmm. So were you born in Japan?

AMY

No, I'm Chinese--

JORDAN

Oh.

AMY

And Vietnamese.

JORDAN

Oh!

Off Amy's confused look, HUGE LAUGHTER. They look over to see George charming everyone. Jordan turns back to Amy, sincere:

JORDAN (CONT'D)

He's a keeper, huh?

George WINKS at Amy, who smiles back. CROWD NOISE INCREASES.

126 INT. AMY'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT (N2)

126

Amy and George are mid-sex. A lot of eye contact.

GEORGE
You're so perfect.

Amy doesn't reply. George stops thrusting.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Is everything okay?

AMY
Everything's great. It's just...
(covering)
Seventy percent of M&A's fall apart
during due diligence.

GEORGE
Aw honey, you're anxious. Do you
wanna talk about it?

George starts to pull away. Amy pulls him back in.

AMY
No, no. Don't stop.

GEORGE
Are you sure?

AMY
Yeah, keep going. I love you.

GEORGE
I love our little life.

He kisses her on the forehead. Amy closes her eyes.

AMY
Me too.

Amy opens her eyes. ON GEORGE'S FACE: there's a hint he may wonder if this is performative on Amy's side. She looks away and hugs him close, so they are no longer face-to-face.

127 INT. AMY'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM/CLOSET - LATER

127

George sleeps. Amy opens the Nextdoor app on her phone.

Farouk has posted, seeking details on the vehicles - he's looking to press charges for property damage and reckless driving. A NEIGHBOR has commented with a link to phone footage of the incident.

BEEF

"The Birds Don't Sing, They Screech in Pain"

26A.

FULL Salmon Draft

[101]

5/6/22

Amy LOWERS THE VOLUME and presses PLAY. The video is shaky, only capturing some of Danny's truck. Amy scrolls through the comments. No other leads. She breathes a SIGH of relief. She looks over at George, fast asleep, mouth open.

She heads to her WALK-IN CLOSET. She opens a built-in cabinet door. Inside is a SAFE. She enters the combo to open it, but it doesn't work.

She tries again. And again. Nope. She looks confused. Then angry. She furiously shakes the locked safe door, then:

A HORRIFYING SCREAM from another room.

128

INT. AMY'S HOME - JUNE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

128

Amy sits by an upset June, tucked in her bed. June looks off, eyebrows furrowed. Amy wipes the sweat off her forehead.

AMY

It was just a dream, sweetie. You can go back to sleep. Mommy's here.

JUNE

What if the nightmare comes back?

AMY

You know, whenever I have a nightmare, I just think of a happy time.

JUNE

You do?

AMY

Yeah. In fact, I think of a happy time with you, June. I think about the day you were born. You know, for a really long time, you were growing inside of mama's belly, then suddenly, you were right there. Looking back at me. And you were already you...

Amy strokes June's hair as she gets lost in the memory:

AMY (CONT'D)

I remember the hospital bed. And the blanket around your little face. It was four in the morning, and the whole city was silent. No meetings. No emails. It was just you and me, and there was nothing wrong anywhere in the universe...

Amy looks down sweetly at June, who has fallen asleep. Amy's look then turns to deep sadness.

AMY (CONT'D)

I wish we could've stayed there.

As Amy looks up, PRE-LAP: SCREAM-LAUGH.

129 INT. AMY'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY (D3) 129

June SCREAM-LAUGHS as George wrangles her into a jacket. Amy prepares June's lunch while firing off emails on her phone with one hand. June wiggles out of George's arms and runs.

JUNE
You gotta catch me!

June hides behind a chair. George starts to walk after her.

AMY
Hey, do we have any nine volt batteries?

GEORGE
I don't think so, why?

AMY
Nothing. I think we need to replace some.

GEORGE
In what? I'll take a look later.

AMY
I think... in the safe?

George's demeanor changes. Amy turns away and acts busy.

GEORGE
Why were you opening the safe?

AMY
I was just making sure... I've been seeing all these Nextdoor posts--

GEORGE
Well, I changed the combo.

June walks over to George and puts both arms into her jacket. George continues to stare at Amy. She continues to act busy.

AMY
You don't think... maybe I should have the new combo? What if something bad happens, like someone follows me home or something--

June looks concerned. George clocks this and adjusts.

GEORGE

Amy. You know why I didn't tell
you.

Amy finally turns to face George. They look at one another.
Clearly a past incident looms over them.

JUNE

Dad!

Amy almost continues, but lets it go for the sake of their
daughter. June grabs George's hand and pulls him to the door.

AMY

Wait, sweetie.

Amy hands George the lunch and walks over to June.

AMY (CONT'D)

Have a good day, and tell Mommy all
about it later, okay? I love you.

Amy leans down and tries to kiss her on the cheek.

JARRING CUT TO: a NEW VASE. It sits in the same spot as the
other vase did earlier on the kitchen island.

JUNE (O.S.)

(annoyed)

Mom, stop.

(then, sweet)

C'mon Daddy, let's go.

BACK ON AMY: She solemnly watches June and George go.

130 INT. AMY'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM/CLOSET - LATER 130

Amy rifles through the nightstand on George's side and finds a monthly planner. She flips through it. November. On 11/14, it reads "Mom's Birthday."

She rushes to the walk-in closet. On the safe dial, she punches in Fumi's birth date: "1-1-1-4." IT OPENS. Her eyebrows raise. She reaches in and takes out a HANDGUN.

She holds it and stares. She switches the safety on. CLICK. She points it, then CLICKS the safety off. On. Off. CLICK CLICK. Again. Over and over, like GUN ASMR. Oddly sensual.

She leans against the built-in and runs the barrel down the front of her neck. She pops out the clip and pops it back in. CLICK CLICK. She puts her hand down her pants and starts playing with herself.

She looks frustrated, the gun losing its appeal. She closes her eyes, tries harder. She lowers the gun and rubs the barrel against her pelvis. CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK--

Suddenly, the DOORBELL RINGS. Amy's startled.

131 EXT. AMY'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER 131

Danny takes in Amy's home. FROM THE INTERCOM:

AMY (V.O.)
Can I help you?

Danny leans into the intercom.

DANNY
Sorry to bother you. I'm a contractor working down the street. Did you remodel recently?

AMY (V.O.)
Uh, yes? Why?

DANNY
I couldn't help but notice that your rooftop conduits don't have supports. Electrical hazard.

AMY (V.O.)
What?

DANNY

I'm not trying to make money off you, just felt like I should let you know so you can call your guy to fix it. Alright, take care.

Danny turns to leave. On his face, there's a look of anticipation as he waits for Amy to take the bait. A beat.

AMY (V.O.)

You're not some weirdo, right? I own a gun.

Danny smiles to himself, then wipes it off as he turns.

DANNY

Like I said Miss, just trying to be helpful. Didn't mean to make you uncomfortable. I'll be on my way.

AMY (V.O.)

No, wait, one second.

RUSTLING inside. The door opens. They stand face-to-face.

DANNY

Hi.

AMY

Hi.

132

INT. AMY'S HOME - VARIOUS - MOMENTS LATER

132

Amy leads Danny through the house.

AMY

...pretty much everything in the kitchen is brand new. New tiling in the bathrooms. My mother-in-law thinks it's all basic, but I don't know, I feel like I did a good job.

Danny smirks, taking in every detail.

DANNY

Oh, you did good, alright...

Danny smiles flirtatiously. Amy looks intrigued.

AMY

Yeah, well, tell that to her and my husband.

DANNY
Is he home right now?

Amy's unsure what to make of this comment.

AMY
He won't be home for a while.

She looks willing to participate in this odd flirtation.
Danny sees a photo nearby with George in cycling gear.

DANNY
Oh. He's Japanese.

Amy looks confused, now unsure where this is heading.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Hey, where's your garage?

133

OMITTED

133

A133 INT. AMY'S HOME - GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

A133

Amy and Danny enter. Danny's eyebrows raise - the White SUV is the same one from the incident. He plays it cool as he taps on the built-in cabinets to check their craftsmanship.

AMY

We had two different companies come out to do the cabinetry.

DANNY

I see some warp. That whole unit's gotta go.

AMY

Are you serious?

DANNY

They're probably absorbing too much moisture.

AMY

There's always something...

DANNY

What do you mean?

AMY

I don't know, you work so hard for so long, trying to be everything for everyone, just so you can provide for your family, right?

DANNY

Yep. If not you, who's gonna?

AMY

Exactly. And you'd think at some point you'd get to relax, but no, there's too much moisture. I gotta redo the walls. Then redo the roof. By the time I'm done, the kitchen's out of style, and I'm running out of money, and the whole time all I wanted was a fucking hot tub. I'm stuck in a maze of my own creation.

A beat, then:

DANNY

I think the kitchen's timeless.

AMY

Yeah, no, sorry, I'm just tired.

Danny walks along the edge of the garage, nodding, intrigued by their brief connection.

DANNY
Cool car. Your husband like it?

AMY
He drives the minivan for the kid.
I drive the luxury car for work.

Danny puts the pieces together. He covers his reaction.

DANNY
Nice. Yeah. Hey, do you mind if I
use your restroom?

134 INT. AMY'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

134

Amy's on the phone leaving a voicemail.

AMY
...Babe, call me when you get this.
Thank god this contractor caught
everything-- Oh. Gotta go.

Amy hangs up as Danny approaches.

AMY (CONT'D)
Hey, thanks again. We should
exchange numbers and keep in touch--

DANNY
I'm late for an appointment.

Danny rushes out the door. Amy looks confused. A beat. She notices liquid pooling out from under the bathroom door. She cautiously steps towards the bathroom door and opens it.

REVEAL: Danny has PISSED EVERYWHERE. All over the toilet. All over the white tile floor.

Amy process what she's witnessing. Something snaps inside.

135 EXT. AMY'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER 135

Amy comes running out of her house and spots Danny far away.

AMY

Hey! Who the fuck do you think you
are?! Get the fuck back here! You
motherfucker! You fucking worm!

MUSIC UP: "Today" - The Smashing Pumpkins

Amy starts running. Danny turns back to spot her. He begins
running full speed as Amy chases after him.

CLOSE ON: his face. HE'S SMILING JOYFULLY.

Amy slows down as she watches him get in his truck, the one
from the incident. She connects the dots. A look of
recognition dawns on her face. She notes the license plate:

AMY (CONT'D)

(whispers, to self)
6-R-K-P-6-3-2, 6-R-K-P-6-3-2...

CLOSE ON: Amy's face. She seems to relax. Like she's found a
private space just for her. Finally, a GENUINE SMILE.

As the distorted guitars of "Today" hit....

CUT TO: **END CREDITS.**