

THE FOREIGNER

Written by

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Based on true events.

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jong-min (28), sits on a mattress on the floor. His face red and bruised like someone took a whip to it. He stares at the backpack at his feet, absorbed in thought.

A messy, cell-like apartment. A hot plate on the counter with some leftover ramen. A small hunter's knife on the counter.

He winces, touches his red cheek. Looks at his hand.

CLOSE ON a spot of blood on his fingers.

He reaches down to the backpack at his feet. He groans, moves like a sore old man. He unzips the backpack. Pulls out a pink purse, stares at it.

FLASH TO:

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Five friends drink and chat. Jong-min among them, he stares out at the dance floor.

POV of a young American BRO moving in close to a Korean woman. She leans into him.

Jong-min shakes his head. He nudges the guy next to him, TAE SONG (27). Flicks a nod to the dance floor. Tae-song looks.

JONG-MIN
(Korean)
Fucking foreigners

TAE-SONG
She seems into it.

Jong-min shakes his head. PO-SUN (29), a thick guy with a perfect pompadour, shoves Jong-min's shoulder.

PO-SUN
Why don't you go rescue her?

The group laughs. Jong-min forces a laugh. He stands from the table.

JONG-MIN
I gotta get going.

The group moans and groans. Jong-min exchanges fives all around. He drops some cash the table.

JONG-MIN
Sorry, I gotta work.

CLOSE ON Jong-min's back pocket. He tucks his wallet in.

EXT. METRO - NIGHT

A young woman in elegant business attire, JI-AE (32) hesitates at the turnstile, nervous, a bit disheveled. A couple of people beside her scan their cards, move through the turnstiles.

The sound of a train rolling up. She looks up.

POV the train slows to a stop on the other side of the turnstile. People board.

Ji-ae bites her lip, pauses, then hops over the turnstile. Her ankle twists as her heel collapses under her. She hobbles toward the train, almost to the doors--

A hand grabs Ji-ae's arm, pulls her back. She whips her head around.

An officer stares her down.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jong-min struts down the wet street. A sprinkling of rain falls on him.

He shoves a pink purse into the backpack he wears on his front. He pulls out a hunk of cash from it. Zips it up. Throws it around to his back.

He counts the cash as he walks. Nods, pleased with the score. Shoves it in his pocket.

POV. An American FOREIGNER, cloaked in shadows, folds down his umbrella as he strolls into an alley.

Jong-min checks the coast. Nobody on the street around him. He rushes toward the alley.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The Foreigner walks with his cane-style umbrella. Jong-min sneaks behind him.

JONG-MIN
Hey!

The Foreigner stops, checks behind him. Mid to late twenties, he has a kind face, wears black-rimmed glasses, average-sized. He flashes a friendly smile. And he speaks perfect, fluent Korean.

THE FOREIGNER

Hey, what's up?

Jong-min stops in his tracks for a moment, taken aback. Then...

Pulls a hunter's knife from his pocket, flashes it at The Foreigner.

JONG-MIN

Your wallet. Give it to me now.

The Foreigner's smile vanishes. A look of confusion and shock replaces it.

THE FOREIGNER

I don't have much. I just have enough for the metro and I'm headed home. Can I just--

Jong-min holds the knife out closer, points it at The Foreigner. The Foreigner resigns, he reaches behind him toward his back pocket.

Jong-min moves in close to snatch it. Then--

CLOSE ON Jong-min's faces a something swaps his cheek. A loud whipping sound. He grabs his cheek.

Another blurry flash of a ship to his other cheek.

Jong-min stumbles back.

ANGLE ON The Foreigner. He holds his umbrella en garde with the confidence of a skilled fencer.

Before Jong-min can process it. The Foreigner juts forward in a fierce attack. A hit to the arm, a swap to the ribs, a whack to the temple.

Jong-min folds and flinches at every hit. The Foreigner moves with ninja-like speed.

Jong-min stumbles back, falls onto his ass. The Foreigner looms over him. Jong-min, pushes himself up, bolts toward the street.

Behind him, The Foreigner gives chase.

He rushes faster, total panic on his face. He peers back again.

POV. The Foreigner has stopped. Watches him run away.

Jong-min pants as he continues forward. He peers back once more.

POV. The Foreigner disappears into the shadows of the alley.

CLOSE ON Jong-min's pocket. His wallet slips out, hits the ground.

As he runs off into the distance, a Korean man leans down, picks up the wallet, waves it at him.

KOREAN MAN

Hey, you dropped your wallet!

Jong-min keeps running. The Korean man shrugs in confusion.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Jong-min, red-face, beaten, panting, unzips the backpack in front of him. He pulls out the pink purse. Glares at it.

A phrase echoes in his mind.

JONG-MIN (V.O.)

Fucking foreigners.

He shakes his head as a look of regret comes over him.

Jong-min rushes to the trash can by sink counter. He tosses the pink purse in the garbage. Pulls out a wallet from the backpack. Tosses it in.

He spots the hunter's knife on the counter. Grabs it. His gaze lingers on it for a moment. Tosses it in the trash.

CLOSE ON Jong-min as he stares at the trash-can. His eyes filled with an intense determination.

FADE OUT.

THE END