

Didi
弟弟

Written by
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[Dialogue in brackets is spoken in Mandarin.]

OVER BLACK:

The faint clicks of a LIGHTER.

A fuse *crackles*. *Creak-thump-creak*. Footsteps scurry away...quiet.

EXT. MRS. MILLER'S HOUSE - DAY

...BOOM!

Through handheld, compressed, lo-fi video, we see a mailbox explode, shattering the perfect calm of a tranquil suburb. Scraps of wood and metal fly everywhere.

FAHAD MAHMOOD, 13, confident, cool, young Casanova (or-so-he-thinks), and JIMMY KIM, 13, aka SOUP, a loose cannon of untamed emotion, cackle as they run away.

The front door swings open. MRS. MILLER, 60s, curmudgeon-y old lady, runs out and chases them.

MRS. MILLER

WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU KIDS DOING?
YOU'RE DRIVING ME INSANE. I'M GONNA
FUCKING GET YOU, COME BACK HERE!!!

FAHAD

(curse word in Urdu)
BAN CHOD!

Chaos through the lens. A total visual blur.

As they run, the filmer turns the camera around, revealing CHRIS WANG, or WANG-WANG, 13, an observant, impressionable brace-faced boy in search of an identity -- laughing, yelling, fueled by adrenaline -

- and FREEZE on this image of Wang-Wang, blurry and happy. As soon as it does, MUSIC BLASTS -- and we're off.

INT. WANG-WANG'S HOUSE / VIVIAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Wang-Wang cracks the door open and enters a disheveled teenage wonderland. Piles of clothes and half-packed moving boxes swallow the floor. BAND POSTERS plaster the walls alongside wallet-prom photos and mall photoshoots.

In them, VIVIAN, 17, beaming, a lowkey scenester on the cusp of adulthood, eager to leave behind this chapter of her life.

Wang-Wang rummages around as if it's his room. **OPENING CREDITS** accompany the following sequence:

-He opens drawers - a cornucopia of random stuff: movie stubs, empty red envelopes, a LIVESTRONG band! He takes it.

-He picks up a pair of GIRL JEANS. Wrangles himself into them. Checks himself out in a FULL-SIZED mirror. Strikes a few poses. Pretending to be hot and sexy -- just weird.

INT. WANG-WANG'S HOUSE / CHUNGSING'S BEDROOM - DAY

CLOSE on a series of PAINTINGS, mostly still life and clouds.

WIDE to reveal an artful mess, canvases and art pieces all around. A makeshift studio in the corner of a bedroom.

CHUNGSING, early 50s, Wang-Wang's mother and an empathetic, artistic, but poorly-assimilated Taiwanese immigrant takes off her smock and drapes it on her easel. She exits.

BACK IN VIVIAN'S BEDROOM

-Wang-Wang tech-decks off a stack of textbooks while a YOUTUBE VIDEO of local skaters titled '510skateboarding - FMT locals.' plays on Vivian's computer screen.

In the video are: DONOVAN, 17, hometown hero, dirt-stained clothes, shoelace-belt, NUGGET, 14, a happy-go-lucky skate rat, and CORY, 16, unkempt, hella chill -- remember them.

INT. WANG-WANG'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - DAY

-A marked up Chinese Calendar with important appointments and reminders hangs on the wall. Today's date: July 28th, 2008.

-Chungsing dons an apron. Knots it tight around her waist.

-She prepares ingredients for dinner: chopping vegetables and poultry; beating eggs; washing rice.

IN VIVIAN'S BEDROOM

-On the bed, Wang-Wang lies on his back, trying kick-ups. Failing.

-Wang-Wang shuffles through Vivian's iPod Nano, earbuds in. A catalog of the alt-emo hits: *Boys Like Girls, Cute Is What We Aim For, Paramore, The Maine, The Starting Line.* etc.

IN THE KITCHEN

-TSSSSS. Oil sizzles as Chungsing sautés the meat and vegetables.

-Chungsing sets up the dining table, Chinese newspaper trivets and food mats of old magazines.

IN VIVIAN'S BEDROOM

-Wang-Wang spots a UCSD COLLEGE SWEATER on the floor. Auditions it in front of him in the mirror. It's a bit small, but he likes it.

Then, through the mirror, the bedroom door SWINGS open.

VIVIAN
CHRIS, GET OUT OF MY ROOM
BEFORE I STICK MY FOOT UP
YOUR A-!!!

WANG-WANG
AHHH!

SMASH CUT TO:

DÌ DÌ

TITLE CARD: 弟弟

INT. WANG-WANG'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - NIGHT

A Chinese game show plays on the television.

Chungsing's finished dishes sit steaming on the dinner table, along with a mound of Zong Zi. Seated around are Chungsing, NAI NAI, 80, Chungsing's mother-in-law, a round ball of energy and attitude, Vivian, exuding an air of angst opposite from her wall photos -- her skin chapped with eczema patches beneath her colorful PARAMORE band tee -- and Wang-Wang, eating with a fork.

One seat remains noticeably empty.

CHUNGSING
[Didi.]
(beat)
[Didi. Eat a little more.]

CHUNGSING
弟弟。
(beat)
弟弟。再吃一點。

WANG-WANG
I'm not hungry.

Nai Nai grabs some food and plops it in Wang-Wang's bowl.

WANG-WANG (CONT'D)
[Nai Nai, I don't want it I
don't want it I don't want -]

WANG-WANG (CONT'D)
奶奶，我不要，我不要，我不-

*

She drops it in there anyways. Wang-Wang sighs.

*

NAI NAI
[You're too skinny. Boys need to eat more in order to have muscle so they can become a strong man.]

NAI NAI
你太瘦了! 男孩需要多吃才能長肌肉。也才能變成一個(強壯)的男子漢呀!

*

CHUNGSING
[Nai Nai, don't feed him. He can grab it himself.]

CHUNGSING
奶奶。不要餵他，他可以自己挾。

NAI NAI
[Look how skinny he is! If I don't feed him, who will? Not you. If it weren't for me he'd starve to death.]

NAI NAI
看看他有多瘦? 如果我不餵他，誰餵? 難道是妳嗎?
如果不是我，他早就餓死了。

CHUNGSING
(ignoring; to Vivian)
[Only one more month until my little bird flies away, hmm?]

CHUNGSING
還有一個多月，我的小鳥就要飛走了。

Vivian's head is down -- glued to a thick chapter book.

VIVIAN
Yup.

CHUNGSING
[Don't forget to eat fruit. It will help your digestive system so your poop isn't so hard.]

CHUNGSING
不要忘記吃水果哦，它會幫助你的消化系統，讓你的大便不至於那麼硬。

VIVIAN
Okay.

CHUNGSING
[And floss. You must floss. You won't be able to see a dentist as easily in college.]

CHUNGSING
還有，用牙線，你一定要用牙線。妳去大學就沒有那麼容易看牙醫了。

VIVIAN
Is Dad coming home to see me before I leave?

CHUNGSING
[He doesn't know yet.]

CHUNGSING
他還不知道。

VIVIAN
(nods; mumbles)
Classic.

Wang-Wang glances up at the empty seat.

NAI NAI
[Didi, when you go to college, don't go so far. Just go to Stanford. You can live at home and I can cook for you if I haven't died yet.]

NAI NAI
弟弟，以後你唸大學，不要跑那麼遠，就去 Stanford。
這樣你就可以住在家裡，我也可以煮飯給你吃，如果我還沒死。

WANG-WANG
[Nai Nai. Don't talk like that.]

WANG-WANG
奶奶。別那樣說啦。

VIVIAN
He's barely gonna make it out of high school.

Wang-Wang shoots Vivian a look. Vivian glances up.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
Stop wearing my clothes.

WANG-WANG
(mockingly)
Stop wearing my clothes.
(then; mumbling)
You dumb horse.

VIVIAN
What'd you call me?

CHUNGSING
[Vivian. Don't be loud.]

CHUNGSING
Vivian. 講話不要那麼大聲。

VIVIAN
HE JUST CALLED ME A WHORE!

WANG-WANG
I said horse - like your zodiac sign.
(beat)
You wish you could be a whore.

VIVIAN
MOM.

CHUNGSING
[Didi! Apologize.]

CHUNGSING
弟弟! 道歉。

WANG-WANG
Actually, you're more like a lizard with your nasty, flaky-ass skin.

VIVIAN
FUCK YOU, PIZZAFACE.

Vivian grabs her chopsticks and CHUCKS it at Wang-Wang. It bounces off his body, leaving dabs of oil stains on the sweater.

WANG-WANG
OW. LIZARD BITCH. YOU STAINED MY
SWEATER.

VIVIAN
IT'S MY SWEATER.

CHUNGSING
VIVIAN.

NAI NAI
[WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?!]]

NAI NAI
他們在說什麼!?

VIVIAN
ME!? HE LITERALLY JUST CALLED ME A
BITCH.

WANG-WANG
Bitch.

NAI NAI
[What is] bitch?

NAI NAI
什麼是 bitch?

CHUNGSING
(to both of them)
[DON'T SAY DIRTY WORDS!]

CHUNGSING
不要說髒話!

*

VIVIAN
You know you were only born because
I wanted a little brother and I
wish you died in the womb.

WANG-WANG
WELL YOU KNOW YOU WERE ONLY BORN
BECAUSE OF A BROKEN CONDOM.

VIVIAN
YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW CONDOMS
WORK AND YOU NEVER WILL CAUSE
YOU'RE GONNA DIE A VIRGIN.

WANG-WANG
NOPE. SHUT THE FUCK UP.
CONVERSATION OVER. I WIN.

VIVIAN
WHAT-YOU CAN'T JUST DECIDE YOU WIN
A CONVERSATION, THAT'S NOT HOW
TALKING WORKS, MORON.

CHUNGSING
[BOTH OF YOU, STOP
YELLING!!!]

CHUNGSING
你們兩個, STOP YELLING!!!

Everyone talking over everyone. A cacophony of noise.

Then, Nai Nai SLAMS the table. The whole family glances over.

Beat. Shock. Quiet.

NAI NAI
[Look. What kind of mother
allows their children to
behave like this? You should
really just let me raise
them. This house is chaos.
It's a zoo.]

NAI NAI
看哪. 什麼樣的媽媽可以讓她們小孩的
行為像這樣? 妳真應該讓我來教養他們
. 這個家太吵了, 就是個動物園.

Chungsing strikes a look at Nai Nai, but holds her tongue.

Vivian gets up.

VIVIAN
(to Wang-Wang)
You think you're so cool, but
you're not.

As she storms off, she swipes Wang-Wang's beanie off his head.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
Nobody likes you.

WANG-WANG
HEY.

Wang-Wang rushes off after Vivian.

CHUNGSING
[Vivian! Dishes!]

CHUNGSING
Vivian! 把碗拿走.

*

VIVIAN (O.S.)
I CAN'T WAIT TO MOVE OUT.

Nai Nai rushes off after Wang-Wang, grabbing his plate.

NAI NAI
[Didi! You didn't finish
eating!]

NAI NAI
* 弟弟! 你還沒吃完呢!

Chungsing sighs, alone. The game show echoes.

INT. WANG-WANG'S HOUSE / BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dual sinks. One cluttered with female toiletries, one not.

Wang-Wang rages in, past the sinks straight to the toilet.

Then, backtracks.

He scans the toiletries. Grabs Vivian's LOTION. He unscrews the top, pees a little bit in it. Screws the cap back on. Shakes. Puts it back. Goes to toilet.

INT. WANG-WANG'S HOUSE / GARAGE - NIGHT

Wang-Wang skates, recording himself. We see all this from the POV of his camera, resting on the ground.

He practices an ollie. Pop, slide, fall. Dozens of tries. A few false successes -- lands on the board, slips out. Sweatier and sweatier with each attempt.

Finally, he lands one. It's sloppy, but a land is a land.

WANG-WANG

YES!!!

Just as he celebrates, Chungsing opens the garage door, visible in the clip.

CHUNGSING

[You can't exercise right after eating! It's bad for your stomach!]

CHUNGSING

吃完飯不要馬上運動! 對胃不好!

*

WANG-WANG

MOM. ARE YOU SERIOUS? GO AWAY. YOU JUST RUINED MY CLIP.

*

CHUNGSING

[Don't put the camera on the ground!] It's a bad angle. [Your composition will be ugly.]

CHUNGSING

別把相機放地上! It's a bad angle. 你的 composition 會很醜.

He groans.

Ding. Ding. Ding-ding-ding. A series of AIM message notifications pierce the audio-

CUT TO:

INT. WANG-WANG'S HOUSE / WANG-WANG'S ROOM - NIGHT

WIDE to reveal that we're on a computer screen -- Windows, Mozilla Firefox, flashing AIM notifications in the toolbar, a YouTube video titled "first ollieeee"

In the description:

sketchyyyy but first. bitchass mom ruined the clip. watch high deffffff
tags: burrito poop skate tre flip smosh cool blah boobs ass jessica alba bukkake

Another ding. An AIM tab with new notifications flashes at the bottom of the screen. Wang-Wang glides his cursor over. Clicks on it, opening a chat box.

fahadtheg0d: i just gave myself a ballcuzzi lol
fahadtheg0d: tied lik seven straws 2gether
fahadtheg0d: felt so weird

He types:

bigwang510: lol i told u
fahadtheg0d: lol so yuo comin to this party tmrw or wha?

Wang-Wang types:

naah i cant

But before he hits enter:

fahadtheg0d: heard madis gna be there
fahadtheg0d: ;)

Wang-Wang stares at that last message...BACKSPACES, then:

~~ty?~~
~~how do u know~~

bigwang510: lolllol dude idc

Wang-Wang's cursor rushes to the toolbar. Types in "My" and clicks the second option in the auto-complete results.

It's the MYSPACE PAGE of a girl named MADI, 14, hapa, but very white-passing -- the rare kinda-nerdy but popular Freshman. Her page is decorated with colorful HTML stickers, emo boy bands, and anime references. Last login: 03/16/08.

Her Myspace song immediately starts blasting. Wang-Wang glides his cursor over. Clicks pause.

He scrolls around her page. Friends. Comments. He hovers over her MUSIC interests for a beat: Daphne Loves Derby, Forever the Sickest Kids, Hellogoodbye!, Mayday Parade, Paramore -- similar taste as Vivian.

He clicks through her pictures: high-angle SELFIES, mirror selfies with an LG CHOCOLATE phone. Captions like "pc4pc? <3".

Ding. Wang-Wang clicks the notification box.

fahadtheg0d: maybe u can finally get ur dw b4 high school starts lol

bigwang510: dw?

fahadtheg0d: dick wet

fahadtheg0d: but furreal just talk to her she fshooo has yellow fever

fahadtheg0d: WANGWANGSKEETSKEEEET

Wang-Wang clicks out. Scrolls around her page. *Relationship status.* His cursor hovers over: single.

INT. WANG-WANG'S HOUSE / VIVIAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Wang-Wang quietly shuffles through Vivian's dirty laundry hamper, Vivian still asleep in her bed. He digs...and...bingo. Pulls out a PARAMORE BAND TEE.

INT. ORTHODONTIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Wang-Wang lies in a dentist's chair, mouth wide open. He groans as his ORTHODONTIST, 50s, operates a couple metal sticks in his mouth. Chungsing beside him, snapping photos.

OMITTED

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Wang-Wang and Fahad, post up at a picnic table by little league baseball fields, sippin' Big Gulps and snacking on sunflower seeds and Slim Jims.

FAHAD

Hot pink.

Wang-Wang shakes his head.

FAHAD (CONT'D)

Umm...okay. Baby blue.

Wang-Wang shakes his head. Flashes his teeth, lined with light purple colored braces.

FAHAD (CONT'D)

INDIGO!!! Oh Madi's gonna looove
rubbing her tongue all over those
~*~* indigo ~*~* braces.

(nasty tongue noises)

Hope you brought some wax.

They laugh. All of a sudden -

SOUP (O.S.)

WHAT THE FUCK, FAHAD!?!?!?!?

Soup emerges from across the street, violently pointing and screaming.

FAHAD

WHAT!

SOUP

CAMO SHORTS ARE GAY!

Fahad looks down: camo shorts.

FAHAD

YOUR MOM'S GAY!

SOUP

(as a couple walks by)

MY MOM HAS CANCER, YOU BITCH.

WANG-WANG

Nice.

FAHAD

YOU CAN BE GAY AND HAVE CANCER.

SOUP

SHUT THE FUCK UP. COME OVER HERE
AND LETS GO.

(then)

SUP WANG-WANG! YOU LOOK HELLA CUTE!

Thumbs up from Wang-Wang. They leave their snacks and bounce.

EXT. FREMONT STREETS - DAY

Wang-Wang trails behind Soup and Fahad as they walk along the sidewalk. He tries to listen in on their conversation.

SOUP

Nah. We lost 5-2 to Niles.

FAHAD

You guys lost to Niles?!

SOUP

That kid with the goatee hit a 350 foot bomb off Ryan in the 4th inning.

FAHAD

Mexican Kenny?

SOUP

He's Filipino.

FAHAD

Oh what. He talks hella Mexican.

We linger on Wang-Wang as he listens for a chance to jump in.

SOUP

Did I tell you what happened to Rishi?

WANG-WANG

Who's Rishi?

FAHAD

Bro, it's baseball. Don't worry about it.

(to Soup)

What about him?

Back to minding his own business.

SOUP

He shit his pants during practice and then someone was like -- Yo Rishi...did you shit your pants? -- and he was like -- Oh man, guys, you won't believe this!!! My mom pranked me! She put poop in my pants again!!

WANG-WANG

(ignored)

Again?

SOUP

We were all like...your mom put poop in your pants? And then he just started bawling.

FAHAD

Wait...what do you mean again?

This time, Fahad and Soup crack up together. Wang-Wang, left out, feigns laughter.

EXT. JADE'S HOUSE / BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

13-year olds of all different backgrounds parade around. Cannonballs into the pool. Flipping in the JUMP HOUSE. Super soakers. Spitting water in each other's mouths.

HARDEEP, 13, top down fresh to death in Jordan Bred 4's, storms in front of the boys as they enter.

HARDEEP

(to Fahad)

FINALLY! I've been hypin' you up, breh!

FAHAD

Yooo w'sup.

HARDEEP

(to Wang-Wang and Soup)

Sup virgins.

WANG-WANG

...we're all virgins.

HARDEEP

Nah man, just you.

SOUP

You're not?

HARDEEP

Nah. I fricked your mom.

FAHAD

Dude, his mom has cancer. That's not cool.

Fahad shoots Soup a look: *got your back*. Soup: SMH.

HARDEEP

Oh my bad, bruh. She good?

SOUP

No. She has cancer.

HARDEEP

Word. Come on.

Hardeep drags Fahad away. Wang-Wang and Soup follow.

They rush toward JADE and ELLIE, both 13, high-achieving girls from the sister school.

HARDEEP (CONT'D)

JADE!!! This is my boy I was
telling you about. Fremont's flyest
Pakistani pimp daddy boss
mothafricka.

(to Fahad)

This is Jade. She's a real one.

JADE

Heyyyyyy.

HARDEEP

And this is Ellie.

JADE

(jokingly)

She's a dumb bitch.

Ellie laughs. Gives Hardeep the finger.

FAHAD

Wuss good ladies.

JADE

What was your name?

FAHAD

Fahad.

SOUP (O.S.)

Fuckwad.

FAHAD

Oh and uhh, these are my friends.
Wang-Wang and Soup.

Hellos. Head nod from Wang-Wang. Peace signs from Soup: v^_^v

ELLIE

Your name is Soup?

SOUP

My name is Jimmy but they call me
Soup.

ELLIE

Why?

FAHAD
His house always smells like soup.

SOUP
My mom cooks hella kimchi-jjigae
and like radish and ox bone soup.
The classics.

ELLIE
(clearly interested)
That sounds good :))

Wang-Wang just stands there, sidelined, as the pair(s) flirt,
Then, he spots Madi, walking toward the snack table. He
stares, clearly infatuated.

JADE
(to Fahad)
Hardeep says you tell some really
good stories.

FAHAD
I meaaaan, they 'iiight!

HARDEEP
Nah, his stories are HECKA funny.
Bro is gonna be a famous talk show
host. First brown EGOT winner right
here. Calling it.

ELLIE
EGOT?

FAHAD
Emmy, Grammy, Oscar, Tony.

JADE
That's cool. My mom loves David
Letterman.

FAHAD
Mhmmmm, yeah David Letterman.

WANG-WANG
(to Soup)
Hey. Can you call me in a minute?

SOUP
Yadudeshooooore.

Wang-Wang marches away. Breathe in. Breathe out. He swerves
around people, one goal in sight: Madi.

As Wang-Wang steps behind Madi and a TEENAGE BOY, scanning the assortment of snacks, the world reverts back to normal. He just...stands there.

Seconds go by, feels like minutes, when Wang-Wang's phone finally rings and a recording of Madi's Myspace song plays.

She doesn't notice. Stuffs a mini hot dog in her mouth. Wang-Wang inches closer...

GEORGIA (O.S.)

Madi!

MADI

(turns; mouthful)

Yorya!! (Georgia!)

Wang-Wang watches her run off. He picks up the phone.

WANG-WANG

Hey.

SOUP (O.S.)

Why'd you ask me to call you.

INT. JADE'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - LATER

Around the house, kids play GUITAR HERO in one room, CHUBBY BUNNY in the kitchen, some boys just sit around flapping their cheeks together -- a very odd sight.

In the LIVING ROOM, Fahad commands the attention of a SMALL CROWD seated around him with gusto.

As Fahad performs, Wang-Wang turns and spots Madi and Georgia, joining the crowd. He stares, hoping she looks back.....nothing.

FAHAD

...so Hardeep starts pissing in the river, and Wang-Wang starts filming him, right? Then later that day, he uploads it to YouTube and titles it, Hardeep Pissing In The River, and he sends it to us and we're like - yeah, that shit go. Then a few days later, I get a call from Hardeep and he's like -

(imitating Hardeep)

Brehhh, can you tell your boy to take that video of me pissing down? My dad saw it and he's fuckin' heated, cuh.

(MORE)

FAHAD (CONT'D)

So, I text Wang-Wang to take the video down and he's like, okay. So i'm like, fsho. Crisis averted. Then the next day, Hardeep calls me again and he's like-

(as Hardeep)

AYE. Can you tell yo boy to take that video down forreal? I just got another brown-butt whoopin'.

(as Fahad)

And I was like, I did! And he was like -- well he didn't do it. He just changed the title to GAGANDEEP GUPTA. PISSING IN THE RIVER!!!

Everyone laughs, including Madi. Wang-Wang notices. He looks up at Fahad -- animated, poised, emanating charm -- everything he isn't.

INT. JADE'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone huddles together, watching the film SUPERBAD.

Wang-Wang is sandwiched between Jade & Fahad and Soup & Ellie, both huddled together but definitely not cuddling.

WANG-WANG

(whispers to Fahad)

I need to pee.

FAHAD

Okay, hurry up. My mom's gonna be here soon.

Wang-Wang scurries away.

INT. JADE'S HOUSE / HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Wang-Wang rushes over, knocks on the door.

MADI (O.S.)

Come in!

WANG-WANG

Uhhh...what?

MADI (O.S.)

It's unlocked!

WANG-WANG

I'll wait til you're done!

Then, the door swings open. Madi.

WANG-WANG (CONT'D)
 (holy shit)
 Oh...sorry..I thought..uh..I
 thought this was the bathroom.

MADI
 Oh. It's okay.
 (beat)
 Nice shirt.

Vivian's Paramore shirt -- *it worked!*

WANG-WANG
 Thanks.

MADI
 Hayley Williams is like my idol.

WANG-WANG
 Yeah, same.

GEORGIA (O.S.)
 Madi! Hurry up!

Madi turns. Georgia, seated in front of a computer.

MADI
 Okay!
 (to Wang-Wang)
 You wanna come hang with us?

His heart almost beating out of his chest. :O

CUT TO:

INT. JADE'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Wang-Wang, dangling on the edge of the bed. He steals glances at Madi as she and Georgia record a video to someone's Facebook, their voices high on helium.

MADI
 Oh-eight-one-oh-oh-eight! You're
 finally fifteen, like me! UGH. I
 feel so old. Anyways, we love you!

They blow kisses to the camera.

GEORGIA
 Muah!!

MADI (CONT'D)
 Muah!

They stick their tongues out to the camera. Throw peace signs up. Duck lips.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

Kbyeeeee.

Stops recording. Posts to Facebook. Drops the performance.
Wang-Wang just...there. Observes.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

I look fugly.

MADI

(turns to Wang-Wang)
Wanna try?

WANG-WANG

Sure.

She hands him the helium balloon. Wang-Wang inhales.

GEORGIA

You know each other?

MADI

You look familiar. You go to
Horner, right?

WANG-WANG

(OMG; hi-pitched)
Umm, I just graduated. Thank god.
(trying to be cool)
Horner sucks dick.

Beat.

GEORGIA

I liked Horner.

MADI

Yeah, Horner was fun.

Madi and Georgia could give a shit, but Wang-Wang's heart
pounds, nervous he said the wrong thing.

MADI (CONT'D)

What was your name again?

WANG-WANG

Umm, Chris...but my friends call me
Wang-Wang.

MADI

What do I call you?

WANG-WANG

Umm...you can call me Wang-Wang.

GEORGIA

Wang-Wang? That's like the sound
ducks make.

(laughing; quacking)

Wang-Wang. Wang-Wang.

They laugh. Wang-Wang laughs too, happy to play along.

WANG-WANG

Umm...heh...yeah...

Then, his phone rings: Fahad.

WANG-WANG (CONT'D)

Oh. I actually gotta go. Umm,
thanks for letting me hang with you
guys for a bit.

GEORGIA

Byeeeeee.

He silences his phone.

MADI

I love that song.

WANG-WANG

Me too.

MADI

You have really good taste in
music. Are we Facebook friends?

WANG-WANG

(definitely not)

I'm...not sure.

MADI

Okay, well. Add me.

WANG-WANG

Okay.

MADI

Okay. Bye.

WANG-WANG

Bye.

Wang-Wang doesn't move. He looks like he's paralyzed.

MADI

Are you leaving?

WANG-WANG

Yeah...I'm just gonna uh...

He scoots around to the other side of the bed so his back is facing the girls. He shimmies his pants around. Leaves.

INT. WANG-WANG'S ROOM - NIGHT

On Wang-Wang's computer screen: CLOSE on a small tab that reads 1994...then the cursor slowly glides down a drop-down menu and clicks 1990. WIDE to show Wang-Wang creating a FACEBOOK profile.

CHUNGSING (O.S.)
[DIDI!]

CHUNGSING (O.S.)

弟弟!

WANG-WANG

WHAT.

CHUNGSING (O.S.)
(beat)
[DIDI!!!!]

CHUNGSING (O.S.)

(beat)

弟弟!!!

WANG-WANG

WHAT!!!?

CHUNGSING (O.S.)
DINNER'S READY!

WANG-WANG

OKAY.

Back to Facebook. He scans the page. Glides his cursor back up to a previous inquiry he already answered:

I am: in college / graduate school
at a company
in high school
none of the above

CHUNGSING (O.S.)
[DIDI!!! COME EAT DINNER!]

CHUNGSING (O.S.)

弟弟!!! 來吃飯!

WANG-WANG
[MOM. I ALREADY HEARD YOU.]

WANG-WANG

[媽媽. 我已經聽到了.]

He clicks 'in high school.' instead. Then, BZZZZ. Wang-Wang's phone vibrates. He answers.

WANG-WANG (CONT'D) WANG-WANG (CONT'D) *

[What.] 干嘛.

NAI NAI (O.S.) NAI NAI (O.S.) *

[Didi. Come eat dinner. The food will get cold.] 弟弟. 快來吃飯. 在等菜就冷了.

WANG-WANG WANG-WANG *

[I KNOOOW.] 我知道.

He hangs up. Back on Facebook, he glides his cursor over to:

Sign Up.

CLICK -- then *BOOM*. The bedroom door bursts open. Vivian charges in.

VIVIAN

CHRIS.

WANG-WANG

Oh my GOD. I know. I'm coming.
Geez.

She runs straight up to Wang-Wang and SMACKS him on the head.

WANG-WANG (CONT'D)

OW!!!

VIVIAN

I swear to god if you ever pee in my lotion again,
(leaning in, *menacing*)
I'm gonna period in your mouth.

She storms out.

WANG-WANG WANG-WANG

[MOM!!!!!!] 媽媽!!!!

EXT. WANG-WANG'S HOUSE / BACKYARD - DAY

A peaceful morning. Nai Nai hangs laundry and does her morning stretches -- Wang-Wang accompanies her, stretching along, but also filming. *We see the following through his camera's POV.*

NAI NAI
 [One - two - three - four.
 Two - two - three - four.]
 (beat)
 [Old people can't afford to
 fall! So we have to stretch
 and stay active.]

NAI NAI *
 - - 二 - 三- 四. 二 - 二 - 三-
 四.
 (beat)
 老人不能摔跤!
 所以我们要盡量做運動。

Wang-Wang steps closer to her. Camera close to her face.

NAI NAI (CONT'D)
 [AI-YA! Not so close. I'm too
 ugly!]

NAI NAI (CONT'D)
 哎呀! 不要那麼近. 我太醜啦!

WANG-WANG
 What do you mean. You're beautiful!

NAI NAI
 Ugly.

WANG-WANG
 BEAUTIFUL!

He shoves the camera in her face. Nai Nai points at him.

NAI NAI
You beautiful! I love you!

Her English is beyond charming.

WANG-WANG
 NO!!!! I love you!!!

INT. CHUNGSING'S BEDROOM - DAY

Chungsing sits in front of an easel, painting. She leans in
 close. Transfixed. Her happy place.

CLOSE on details of the painting. Saturated earth tones
 grazed by delicate brushstrokes. Finishing touches.

She dips her paintbrush in a jar of water, sits back and
 looks at the work. Pleased. She smiles.

ASIAN MALE (PRE-LAP)
 dis da unco same. so sad today man.
 do u kno what da hell happen.

INT. WANG-WANG'S ROOM - DAY

ON WANG-WANG'S COMPUTER SCREEN: a YouTube video titled "unco same gets jacked" of a BUFF ASIAN MALE, late 20s, telling a story about how he got jacked at a gas station. He feigns a thick, stereotypical broken Asian accent, periodically interrupted by "hood" language spoken in perfect english.

KNOCK KNOCK. Before Wang-Wang answers, the door cracks open.

CHUNGSING
[Didi.]

CHUNGSING
弟弟。

WANG-WANG
Why do you even knock if you're
just gonna come in?

CHUNGSING
[Just come to see you.]
(clocking his beanie)
[My little Santa.]

CHUNGSING
就是想來看看你。
(clocking his beanie)
我的聖誕小公公。

Chungsing walks in holding her painting.

CHUNGSING (CONT'D)
[Can you take a look at
something?]

CHUNGSING (CONT'D)
你能幫我看一眼嗎?

WANG-WANG
What?

CHUNGSING
Look.

She shows Wang-Wang the painting: it's a portrait of him and Vivian at the beach when they were young, splashing in the water. Objectively, it's beautiful.

CHUNGSING (CONT'D)
[What do you think? I
submitted it to the National
art competition.]

CHUNGSING (CONT'D)
你覺得怎麼樣? 我submit到Nationa
l的art competition.

Wang-Wang takes it in. His eyes scanning from the details of the ocean, to Vivian's joyful expression, to himself.

WANG-WANG
...I look stupid.

CHUNGSING
[What? Why stupid?]

CHUNGSING
什麼? 怎麼會stupid?

WANG-WANG

Iunno.

CHUNGSING

[So you like it?]

CHUNGSING

所以，你喜歡嘍？

WANG-WANG

Sure.

Chungsing smiles. Good enough for her.

CHUNGSING

[What are you watching?]

CHUNGSING

你在看什麼？

*

WANG-WANG

Nothing.

She watches along.

CHUNGSING

[Ai-ya. His mouth is so dirty. Don't copy him, okay? Remember what I always tell you: your mouth is for saying good words. Your hands are for doing good deeds.]

CHUNGSING

哎呀。他的嘴好髒啊。不要跟他學，okay? 記住我常跟你講的：你的嘴巴是用来说好话。你的手是用来做好事的。

WANG-WANG

[Stop nagging me.]

WANG-WANG

不要讲我。

*

CLICK. Pause. Quiet. Chungsing just stands there, looking at Wang-Wang. Smiles.

WANG-WANG (CONT'D)

[What are you looking at me for.]

WANG-WANG (CONT'D)

你看我幹嘛。

CHUNGSING

[I can't look at you?]

CHUNGSING

我不能看你嗎？

WANG-WANG

No.

Beat. Chungsing shoves her face in front of Wang-Wang's, directly in his line of sight.

CHUNGSING

[I'm looking at you! I'm looking at you!]

CHUNGSING

我在看你!! 我在看你!

*

WANG-WANG
MOM, STOP!!! [You're so
annoying!]

WANG-WANG
MOM, STOP!!! 你很烦哪!

*

CHUNGSING
(laughing)
[Do you want me to bring home
a bento box for lunch?] *

CHUNGSING
你要我中午帮你买个便当嗎?

WANG-WANG
No. I'm going to the park.

CUT TO:

OMITTED

EXT. LONE TREE PARK - DAY

Summer in full swing. BOYS playing basketball; FAUX-DANCERS
filming themselves C-walk; a group of GIRLS taking photos on
their DIGITAL CAMERAS -- Madi is here.

Wang-Wang, Yan Yans in hand, runs up to a circle of boys,
mostly 13, going body shots -- a mini fight club. Some of
them are in post-practice LITTLE LEAGUE attire -- Soup and
Fahad included. Some wield their camera phones, recording.

Inside the circle are Soup and another boy, TYSHAWN, 13,
pounding on each other. Tyshawn lands a few good punches on
Soup, hands up on guard.

TYSHAWN
W'sup, mayn? Come on come on.

Then, all of a sudden, Soup goes APESHIT and starts swinging
uncontrollably, almost moshing. A human helicopter, but he
hits. PA-PA-PA-PA. Arm. Rib. Arm. Chest.

TYSHAWN (CONT'D)
OW. OKAY, OKAY.

Tyshawn retreats and resigns. The crowd of boys jeer. Soup
kneels next to Wang-Wang and Fahad.

TYSHAWN (CONT'D)
CRAZY MOTHAFUCKA.

SOUP
(out of breath)
KOREA. NUMBER 1.

Another kid, COLIN, 13, lanky poser-white-boy-gangster, enters the ring. Throws off his shirt.

COLIN
 FIGHT, WHO'S UP.
 (scanning; points at Wang-
 Wang)
 YOU.

Wang-Wang, frozen.

COLIN (CONT'D)
 Ching-chong-chong-go-pailai-poopoo!

WANG-WANG
 (to Soup)
 Dude, you gonna take that?

SOUP
 He's talking to you.

COLIN
 W'sup bluh? YOU BITCHMADE?

WANG-WANG
 You really gonna let him-

Soup SHOVES him in. *It's on.*

Tyshawn jumps in as referee as Wang-Wang and Colin throw their hands up. The crowd cheers.

TYSHAWN
 OKAY, ON OUR RIGHT, WE HAVE
 OUR SEXY ASS WONDER BREAD WARRIOR,
 COLIN TYLER. AND TO OUR LEFT,
 CHRISTOPHER WANG, THE BOY WITH NO
 PERSONALITY.

BOY (O.S.)
 And a tiny Asian peepee!

The crowd laughs. The commotion draws some people over -- Wang-Wang sees Madi and her girl gang running over.

He locks eyes with Madi -- she shoots him a thumbs up.

TYSHAWN
 FIGHT!

Colin, fists up, circles around. Wang-Wang follows. Gulps.

INT. WANG-WANG'S HOUSE / CHUNGSING'S BATHROOM - EVENING

Chungsing rubs a hot boiled egg around a blueberry-colored ring surrounding Wang-Wang's eye as he watches a lo-fi recording of the fight on his phone.

FAHAD (O.S)
WORLDSTAR!!! WORLDSTAR!!!!!!

Nai Nai looms nearby, worried.

WANG-WANG
Can you just use an ice pack like a normal person?

CHUNGSING
[Egg is good for your face. It's natural. Can suck out the bruise.]

CHUNGSING
雞蛋對你的臉好。純天然的。能吸收淤青。]

NAI NAI
[After you're finished, you can eat it too. Good for your cholesterol.]

NAI NAI
敷完了，還能吃掉它。對你膽固醇有好處。

Beat. Wang-Wang eyes them both like they're nuts.

CHUNGSING
[Why were you guys fighting?]

CHUNGSING
你們為什麼打架?

*

Wang-Wang exits the video. A text from Fahad: rofl pwnd

WANG-WANG
[We were just playing.]

WANG-WANG
我們只是在玩。

NAI NAI
 [PLAYING!? THIS IS PLAYING!?
 (to Chungsing)
 [See? You let them go out and
 this happens. Children are
 supposed to be playing with
 crickets by the creek and
 your son's fighting like a
 gangster! If the police sees,
 they're going to think you
 beat him and take him away!
 He's gonna go blind and then
 he won't be able to get into
 college or get a good job
 which means he won't be able
 to find a beautiful wife to
 have children with and the
 Wang family legacy is over!] *

CHUNGSING
 [Nai Nai. You're too
 dramatic.]

NAI NAI
 [Ai-ya. My son would never
 let this happen if he were
 here.]

CHUNGSING
 (snapping back)
 [Well, he's not here.]

NAI NAI
 (ignoring, to Wang-Wang)
 [Didi. Does it hurt?]

WANG-WANG
 [Nai Nai.] No.

NAI NAI
 [You pesky kids.]

Nai Nai storms out. Chungsing sighs.

Wang-Wang studies his mother as she gently massages the egg
 around his eye.

CHUNGSING
 [Didi. Does it hurt?]

WANG-WANG
 Mom, I just said no.

NAI NAI
 玩!? 這哪裡是玩!?
 (to Chungsing)
 你看?
 你任由他們出去玩, 這就是下場。
 小孩子們就應該在河邊玩蟋蟀。你兒子
 卻像流氓一樣打架!
 如果警察看到了, 他們一定覺得你家暴
 他,
 然後把他帶走! 他眼睛會瞎掉, 然後不
 能去念大學, 找不到好工作, 那就討不
 到漂亮老婆, 生不了小孩, 也不能延續
 王家香火!

CHUNGSING
 奶奶。你太誇張了。

NAI NAI
 哎呀。我兒子如果在這, 是絕對不會允
 許這種事發生的。

CHUNGSING
 可惜他不在這。

NAI NAI
 弟弟。痛不痛?

WANG-WANG
 奶奶。No.

NAI NAI
 你們這些惹是生非的孩子。

CHUNGSING
 弟弟。會不會痛?

Chungsing brushes her fingers around the edges of the bruise. He winces.

She sighs. Hands him the egg.

CHUNGSING	CHUNGSING
[Press it against your eye. Don't remove it.]	按在眼睛上。別動它。

Wang-Wang grabs it. Looks at the egg...then takes a bite.

CHUNGSING (CONT'D)	CHUNGSING (CONT'D)
[Didi!] (sighs) [Such a stubborn boy.]	弟弟! (sighs) 這孩子真固執。

He chews, then, his phone vibrates. He looks down and reads a text...and ever so slightly, a smile.

INT. WANG-WANG'S ROOM - NIGHT

ON WANG-WANG'S COMPUTER SCREEN: CLOSE on photos of Madi as Wang-Wang clicks through her Facebook pics.

AIM notifications DING. He clicks open a CHAT WINDOW. Incoming messages from **MeowwwitsMadix3**.

MeowwwitsMadix3: how's your eye?
bigwang510: umm black hahah
MeowwwitsMadix3: LOLLOL awhh.
MeowwwitsMadix3: pretty gangstaaah' not gunna lie!
MeowwwitsMadix3: at least it'll fade before yearbook photos!
MeowwwitsMadix3: I'm glad you're okay though.
MeowwwitsMadix3: {

Wang-Wang stares at the "(:". His heart flutters.

He types back: thx <3...thinks for a beat. Deletes the heart...

<3
 :-)
 :P. ENTER.

bigwang510: thx :P
bigwang510: water you dewin?

MeowwwitsMadix3 is typing.

MeowwwitsMadix3: looking for a movie to watch!
MeowwwitsMadix3: any sugestions?

MeowwwitsMadix3: suggestions*

Wang-Wang watches the cursor blink...then: *idea*.

He rushes his mouse back over to her Facebook profile. Clicks out of her profile picture, back to her page.

Quickly scrolls down the page, past [About Me](#), [Interests](#), [Favorite Music](#), [Favorite Quotes...](#)

Bingo: [Favorite Movies](#).

Wang-Wang hovers his cursor over the ones listed. Stops... [A Walk To Remember](#).

He clicks back to the AIM chat window:

bigwang510: have you seen a walk to remember?

Beat. *MeowwwitsMadix3 is typing...*

MeowwwitsMadix3: omg! are you srs?

MeowwwitsMadix3: that's like my #1 fav movie everr

bigwang510: i love it

bigwang510: its helllllla good

MeowwwitsMadix3: REALLY?

MeowwwitsMadix3: i feel like most guys don't like it!

Wang-Wang stares at her last message...types: ~~why?~~

He rushes his cursor to a new tab. *CLICKS*. Google homepage.

In the search bar, he types: a walk to remember. *ENTER*.

He takes in all the keywords and images that scream CHICK FLICK: *romance, melodrama*, images of Shane West nuzzling Mandy Moore, *feeling movies, NICHOLAS. SPARKS*.

WANG-WANG

Wow.

A new AIM message notification DINGS.

Wang-Wang glides his cursor back to Madi's chat box. *CLICK*. He sees a new message that makes his heart skip a beat.

MeowwwitsMadix3: i guess you're not like most guys <3

Wang-Wang stares at this message for what feels like a lifetime.

INT. WANG-WANG'S HOUSE / LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Chungsing scrubs the oil stain on the UCSD sweater underneath hot running water. The sink steams. The oil barely rubs off.

She adds more soap. Scrubs aggressively. Tougher and tougher.

INT. WANG-WANG'S ROOM - NIGHT

Chungsing sneaks in. The warm glow of the hallway light peeks in. Wang-Wang, fast asleep.

Chungsing drapes the sweater on his chair. Before she leaves, she takes a beat to observe Wang-Wang. Quiet and peaceful.

INT. WANG-WANG'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - DAY

CLOSE on the Chinese Calendar. A hand reaches up: Chungsing marks an X over **AUGUST 7TH**.

She scans the weeks ahead. Post-it reminders over key dates: eye exams, orthodontist appointments, dinner meetings, etc.

Among them:

August 8 - Shiu Fang Lunch

August 22 - Vivian leaves home

August 27 - Chris orthodontist / MAZE DAY Orientation

She brushes her finger along Vivian's 'leaving home' note, almost as if a quiet reminder to herself that it's real.

OMITTED

OMITTED

OMITTED

EXT. HILLTOP GIFTS PARKING LOT - DAY

The sun beams down. Chungsing, Wang-Wang, and Vivian walk toward a small outlet center. Chungsing opens an umbrella.

 WANG-WANG
MOM.

 VIVIAN
Mom, can you not?

 CHUNGSING
[The sun is very strong
today.]

 CHUNGSING
今天太阳很大。

They both groan, embarrassed.

INT. HILLTOP GIFTS - DAY

Chungsing and Vivian shop together. A cute store packed with Japanese pencils, stationery, stuffed animals, etc.

Wang-Wang's off on his own, surveying the collection of pens and erasers by the window.

He picks up an ERASER, wrapped in cute packaging.

<p>CHUNGSING (O.S.) [Did you put lotion on today? Your skin looks very dry.]</p>	<p>CHUNGSING (O.S.) 妳今天塗lotion了嗎? 你皮膚看起來 好乾.</p>
------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	----------------------------------------------------------

VIVIAN (O.S.)
Can you not comment on my body? My
god.

Then, from outside the window, the sound of wheels on concrete crescendo. Wang-Wang looks up and sees Cory -- one of the skaters from the earlier YouTube videos -- skate past.

Wang-Wang watches as he disappears around the corner...

He turns. Chungsing and Vivian at the opposite end. Employees busy. He stuffs the eraser in his pocket, leaves.

EXT. HILLTOP GIFTS - CONTINUOUS

Wang-Wang exits out of the store. From afar, he sees Donovan and Nugget playing S-K-A-T-E underneath an awning.

He walks toward them, eyeing Donovan especially, enamored...

He approaches Cory, sitting on the ground, sippin' a soda.

WANG-WANG
W'sup cuh.

Cory looks up over his shoulder, surprised. Cory shoots Wang-Wang a look like: *me?*

WANG-WANG (CONT'D)
Uh...yeah. Hi.

Cory stares at Wang-Wang. He nods his head.

CORY
Hi.

Wang-Wang just stands there, watching Donovan and Nugget play SKATE. Tre flip, match. Backside flip, match.

He doesn't say a thing for a while. Cory sort of glances over: *weeeeirdo*.

WANG-WANG
They're really good.

CORY
Yeah. They kill it.

Wang-Wang watches as Nugget misses a trick.

NUGGET
(giggling)
Aw shoot!

Long beat. Wang-Wang just stands there. Cory's like..okay...?

WANG-WANG
Are you guys sponsored?

Cory shakes his head no. Donovan hears this. Chimes in.

DONOVAN
Not yet. I'm tryna submit something for that fuckin' Berrics contest this month but we don't have a filmer.

WANG-WANG
...Really? I feel like I've seen some of your videos.

DONOVAN
Yeah, I mean, we had one, but we don't really kick it with him anymore.

CORY
He passed away.

WANG-WANG
Oh...I'm sorry.

DONOVAN
Bruh, he's just playin'! He didn't die.
(beat)
But he did fuck my girlfriend.

NUGGET
So fricked up.

Wang-Wang thinks. His mind races: *an idea.*

WANG-WANG
I could film you...if you need a
filmer.

DONOVAN
You film?

Wang-Wang nods.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)
...Skating?

Wang-Wang nods again. Donovan and Cory glance at one another -
- *this kid legit?* Cory shrugs.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)
Aight, good shit. I've been tryna
film for months. What's your name?

WANG-WANG
(remembering Georgia)
Uh.....Chris.

DONOVAN
W'sup, Chris.
(puts his hand out)
Donovan.

Wang-Wang dabs up Donovan. Donovan hands him his phone.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)
Wanna put yo' number in?

Wang-Wang grabs it. Types in his contact. His hands shaking.
Under NAME he writes: CHRIS ~~WANG~~ W.

Save. Hands the phone back.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)
Cool...we'll hit you up next time.
(beat; playfully)
As long as you don't fuck my
girlfriend.

WANG-WANG
I won't...I have a girlfriend.

DONOVAN
...Kay. You got a YouTube or
somethin' I can check out?

Off Wang-Wang's concerned look...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WANG-WANG'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Wang-Wang BURSTS in. Dashes to his computer. Turns it on. Enters password. Click. Click. *YouTube*.

He clicks through to his Channel, then to his Video Manager where a list of previously uploaded videos appear.

He scrolls through them. We catch glimpses of video titles. Some are obviously skate-related, but some have titles like "shit piss" and "GAGANDEEP GUPTA PISSING IN THE RIVER." They all have <200 views, except the latter: a little over 20,000.

He opens a few of the random ones in new tabs. He clicks:

'crazy white lady freakout' -- the clip of them blowing up Mrs. Miller's mailbox and running away, screaming in elation, set to metal.

'fahad getting owned' -- Soup looks directly into the lens, shot on a shitty cell phone cam.

SOUP

Hi, I'm Jimmy Kim and welcome to Jackass!

Soup turns and kicks Fahad in the nuts. He collapses, laughing and groaning. Soup: thumbs up.

'smoking a sticky note' -- From a webcam POV, the three boys huddle in front of a computer, Soup smoking what looks to be a joint, but it's just a STICKY NOTE FULL OF TISSUE PAPER.

SOUP (CONT'D)

(to Wang-Wang)

Wu Tang this.

Wang-Wang grabs the faux-roach. He inhales...and then FOOMP -- inhales the rest of the paper down his throat. Swallows. Coughing. They laugh.

Wang-Wang clicks back to the VIDEO MANAGER PAGE. Scrolls down. Clicks the boxes next to those videos and a few others.

He flies back up the page. Moves the cursor to a button: "MORE ACTIONS" -- CLICKS to reveal a drop-down menu. The cursor hovers down, stops on "Delete Forever." And...CLICK.

Memories deleted. **BLACK.**

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - DAY

CLOSE on a half-eaten DEAD FISH in front of Wang-Wang, it's beady eyes staring him down.

Seated at the table are Wang-Wang, Chungsing, SHIU FANG, 50s, tiger mom with a warm facade, and MAX, 15, Asian excellence in all the ways his mother would want. He stares at his Playstation Portable.

SHIU FANG
(proudly)
[4 AP classes, Marching Band,
violin, ASB, Badminton,
soccer, and still a 4.0 GPA.]

SHIU FANG
四門AP課, Marching band,
小提琴, ASB, 羽毛球, 足球,
還拿到4.0 GPA.

MAX
Weighted.

CHUNGSING
[Wow. That's amazing.]
(to Max)
Congratulations! You're so
great.

CHUNGSING
喔. 好厲害.
(to Max)
Congratulations! You're so
great.

Max looks up from his game. Flashes Chungsing a half smile.
Wang-Wang fiddles with his food: Why. did. I. come.

CHUNGSING (CONT'D)
[You too, Shiu Fang. Juggling
all of that must also be
stressful for you.]

CHUNGSING (CONT'D)
你也是, 秀芳, 你要兼顧這麼多,
壓力 一定也很大.

SHIU FANG
[It's alright. His father
helps with so much of it.
Very manageable.]

SHIU FANG
我麼?! 哦, 不會. 他爸爸幫了很多.
我自己可做不來.

CHUNGSING
[Oh. I see.]

CHUNGSING
哦, 這樣啊.

Wang-Wang clocks this.

SHIU FANG
[And your oldest! She's
attending UCLA in the Fall,
right?]

SHIU FANG
你家老大! 她秋天去UCLA對吧?

CHUNGSING
UCSD.

*

SHIU FANG
[Oh...still good!]

CHUNGSING
[Yeah! Yeah.]

SHIU FANG
[You must be so proud to be
her mom.]

CHUNGSING
[Of course! We raise them
from children to now. How
could we not be?]

SHIU FANG
[What about Chris?]
(off Wang-Wang's look)
Chris! Wow, so handsome.
[Just like Ma Ying-jeou.]

CHUNGSING
[Chris, he...he uh-]
(beat)
[He's exploring new
interests.]

SHIU FANG
[Oh! Like what?]

CHUNGSING
(to Wang-Wang)
[Didi, do you want to tell
Shiu-Fang Ah-Yi your
interests?]

WANG-WANG
No.

CHUNGSING
[Like...umm he really likes
skateboarding. And cameras.
Video movie stuff.]

SHIU FANG
[Oh! Movie director! Ang
Lee!]

SHIU FANG
哦...也還不錯!

CHUNGSING
是! 是的.

SHIU FANG
你一定覺得很驕傲吧.

CHUNGSING
當然! 我們把他們養大.
怎麼可能不驕傲呢.

SHIU FANG
Chris呢?
(off Wang-Wang's look)
Chris! 哇, 好帥啊. 很像馬英九. *

CHUNGSING
Chris, 他...他, 呃-
(beat)
他還在找自己感興趣的事做.

SHIU FANG
哦! 比如說呢?

CHUNGSING
弟弟, 你要不要告訴秀芳阿姨你喜歡什
麼?

CHUNGSING
比如...嗯, 他很喜歡溜滑板.
還有攝影. 拍video那些東西.

SHIU FANG
哦! Movie director! 李安!

CHUNGSING

[Yes! Exactly. My little Ang Lee. Maybe one day he will thank me in his Oscar speech.]

CHUNGSING

對! 他就是我的小李安。
也許將來有一天他能在奧斯卡獲獎感言裡感謝我呢。

They laugh. Nothing from Wang-Wang, so over it. He makes eye contact with the dead fish. Stares at it.

SHIU FANG

[Chris, Good luck. Finding success as an artist is a tough journey.]
(beat)
[Just ask your mother.]

SHIU FANG

Chris, good luck.
藝術家成功可不容易。
(beat)
問你媽就知道了。

Wang-Wang observes this patronizing jab fly over her head.

CHUNGSING

[You should watch some of his videos. They're really fun.]

CHUNGSING

你真該看看他拍的video。都很好玩。 *

SHIU FANG

[Mhmmm...has Chris started PSAT prep?]

SHIU FANG

嗯...Chris開始準備PSAT嗎?

CHUNGSING

[Not yet. It's early, no?]

CHUNGSING

還沒呢。還早, 不是嗎?

SHIU FANG

[Early!? Max started his eighth grade summer and he got 2250 on his SAT - *first try*. It's so competitive nowadays. Chris should've started last year.]

SHIU FANG

早!? Max 八年級夏天就開始了, 他SAT得了2250分 - 第一次考哦。現在競爭太激烈了。
Chris去年就該開始的。

CHUNGSING

(nods; thinks...)
[Wow. I didn't know.]

CHUNGSING

喔。我都不知道。

Wang-Wang stares at Max like he wants to strangle him --

SHIU FANG

[You should take him to Max's tutor! I'll give you his number.]

SHIU FANG

你應該帶他去Max的補習老師那看看!
我給你他的號碼。

CHUNGSING (O.S.)

[Would you? I'd appreciate that.]

CHUNGSING (O.S.)

可以嗎? 太感謝了。

-- then shoots his look straight down, back at the dead fish. The world around him drones out.

(Wang-Wang's dialogue appears as SUBTITLED THOUGHTS, but the dead fish replies in a husky, masculine voice.)

DEAD FISH

Talk to me, Wang-Wang.

WANG-WANG

(They're talking about me like I'm some idiot.)

DEAD FISH

I understand. Life's better in the water. It must be hard out there on the land for a pimp like yourself.

WANG-WANG

(Just don't compare me with your Runescape-nerd son.)

DEAD FISH

Fuck Runescape.

WANG-WANG

(sighs)
(Asian parents are the worst. Yadidamean?)

DEAD FISH

(beat)
No. I am a dead fish.

Wang-Wang stares. Pokes the fish in the eye with a chopstick.

INT. WANG-WANG'S HOUSE / WANG-WANG'S ROOM - DAY

CLOSE on a phone screen. "(;"

Then PUNCH OUT to reveal a text: **LOL omgahhh shoosh ur like my little pet! anywayys; we should hang out sometime before school starts (;**

Wang-Wang wields his phone. Fahad and Soup hunched over behind him, staring at the text like the scroll of the sages.

FAHAD

Dude. She sent a winky face. She wants your Wang.

WANG-WANG

Shut up. She's just being nice.

SOUP

WOOOOOW, Madi could literally be touching his schlong and Wang-Wang would be like -- dude I don't know if she likes me.

They laugh, clowning Wang-Wang. He just ignores.

FAHAD

Well? What you gonna say?

On his phone, Wang-Wang types out in T-9 keyboard fashion:
ok cool haha lol yeah sure

WANG-WANG

That good?

Fahad and Soup share a glance.

FAHAD

No.

(beat; laughing)

Let us talk to her for you.

SOUP

YEAH.

WANG-WANG

No, what the - no. *Why*.

FAHAD

Cause we actually have game. Jade said I was the hottest Indian she's ever met.

SOUP

I thought you weren't Indian, HMM?

FAHAD

I'm not. But if I was I'd be the hottest one.

They laugh. Then, Fahad SNATCHES the phone out of Wang-Wang's hands. Wang-Wang swings around, tries to grab back.

WANG-WANG

HEY.

FAHAD (CONT'D)

HOLD HIM DOWN!

Soup pounces on Wang-Wang, pinning him down, laughing. Fahad sits, wasting no time. Crafts a text.

WANG-WANG (CONT'D)

Dude, stop. Seriously.

FAHAD

Chill. I promise I won't say anything dumb.

Wang-Wang fumes, but sits still. He eyes Fahad like a hawk. From the phone UI, we see Fahad hit REPLY:

The cursor blinks...Fahad types out in T-9 keyboard fashion:
we should |

FAHAD (CONT'D)

How about...get boba?

Wang-Wang nods, approves...then -- Fahad's fingers MASH like a madman. He finishes the sentence: **get buttsex**

SEND. *WHOOSH*.

WANG-WANG

DUDE. WHAT THE FUCK.

Wang-Wang LUNGES for his phone. But Fahad pushes him off.

WANG-WANG (CONT'D)

GIMME MY PHONE!!!

FAHAD

WAIT. I'm not done.

Soup pins Wang-Wang down, slapping his ass. Wang-Wang wrestles and screams.

SOUP

(on each slap)

Bitch! Bitch! Bitch!

WANG-WANG

OW. OW. WHAT ARE YOU SAYING.

FAHAD

Bro, don't trip. I got you.

On the phone screen, we see messages being typed out and sent: **askghak | odfbhoig | sry | that was my friend**

A symphony of clicks and 'message sent whooshes' crescendo.

Then, Nai Nai walks in with a silver bowl full of sliced apples. She sees Soup, sitting on Wang-Wang, smiles.

SOUP

Hi Nai Nai!

She places the apples in front of them.

NAI NAI
Apple! Eat.

SOUP SOUP
[Thank you. I am a Korean.] 謝謝. 我是韓國人.

NAI NAI
Oh, Very good! Very good! Chris!
Friend. Good friend!

SOUP
Boyfriend! Sexy time!

Soup shimmies on Wang-Wang, spanking him again. Nai Nai flashes them a thumbs up.

WANG-WANG SOUP (CONT'D)
OWW, OW STOP. --Nai Nai. Nai Nai--

Nai Nai laughs, dances along. Spanking herself on the butt.

NAI NAI
I love you! Thank you!

Fahad clicking away by himself...

FAHAD
And....done.

Wang-Wang just lies on the floor, given up.

WANG-WANG
What did you do.

BRRRING. Wang-Wang's phone rings with a NEW TEXT tone.

WANG-WANG (CONT'D)
WHAT'D SHE SAY.

Fahad looks at it. A smirk on his face.

FAHAD
Thank me later.

He tosses the phone to Wang-Wang, looks at the text...surprisingly pleased and terrified all at once.

OMITTED

INT. WANG-WANG'S ROOM - EVENING

On his computer screen, CLOSE on a blinking cursor. Words slowly type: **how to kiss**

A list of autocomplete results drop down. He slowly hovers the cursor over the first few results.

how to kiss a girl first time
how to kiss for your first kiss

CLICK. Search results on a YOUTUBE page flood the screen.

He hovers his cursor down to one titled: How to Kiss with Passion. CLICK.

The video plays. A cheesy opening logo, then -

VIDEO NARRATOR (O.S.)	VIDEO VISUALS
How to kiss with passion. Are you a good kisser? Anyone can be with the right technique.	Two people making out on a couch.

IRL: Wang-Wang, watching intently. Ready.

VIDEO NARRATOR (CONT'D)	VIDEO VISUALS (CONT'D)
Step 1: Clean your mouth. Brush your teeth, floss and -	The subjects demonstrate how to clean their teeth.

Wang-Wang skips ahead. Finds them kissing.

VIDEO NARRATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)	VIDEO VISUALS (CONT'D)
Step 4: Lean into the person until your lips touch. Keep lip contact soft and gentle in the beginning.	The video subjects lean in close and touch lips.

Wang-Wang looks down, sees the bowl of sliced apples from before. He picks up two, puts them together as makeshift lips. Then, leans in...

VIDEO NARRATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)	VIDEO VISUALS (CONT'D)
Step 5: Explore with different techniques. For instance, gently suck on your partner's lower lip.	The man gently nibbles on the woman's lower lip. Sensual. Awkward.

Wang-Wang follows, kissing and sucking the apples. Nibbling a bit too. Slowly intensifying.

VIDEO NARRATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)	VIDEO VISUALS (CONT'D)
Step 6: Open your mouth enough to slowly slide your tongue into your partner's mouth.	The subjects now <u>making out</u> . Toungin'. Kissing with passion.

Wang-Wang and apple slices, making out.

VIDEO NARRATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)	VIDEO VISUALS (CONT'D)
Just remember to keep it slow and soft, not daring or invasive. Don't forget to breathe through your nose. Nothing ruins a good make-out like falling unconscious.	The woman The man sticks his tongue out and darts his head forward like a bird. The woman pretends to lick the air.

Wang-Wang continues, deeply in it. Lip to apple smacking...

MADI (PRE-LAP)
The secret is...there is no secret.

EXT. LONE TREE PARK / PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

Crickets chirp. The glow of streetlights bleed onto the playground. Wang-Wang and Madi hang out near the top of the slide, underneath an awning:

MADI
(in a muffled accent)
Do or do not. There is no try.

WANG-WANG
What was that?

MADI
Yoda.

WANG-WANG
Oh yeah...right.

Beat. Madi studies Wang-Wang...

MADI
Have you never seen Star Wars?

WANG-WANG
I've seen Star Wars.

MADI
What color is Yoda?

WANG-WANG
You know...like a dark.....purple.

MADI

Purple?

WANG-WANG

...Ok I've never seen Star Wars.

MADI

(laughing)

How have you seen A Walk To Remember but not Star Wars?!

WANG-WANG

(laughing; shrugs)

Ummm...I think my sister made me watch it or something.

MADI

I didn't realize you had a sister!

WANG-WANG

Mhmm. Yeah.

MADI

Older or younger?

WANG-WANG

Older.

MADI

Nice. I have an older brother.

WANG-WANG

Oh cool...are you two close?

MADI

Mmm yeah I'd say so. We were closer before he left for college. I don't really get to see him that much anymore...he used to take me to Warped Tour every summer when he was here. That's where I saw Paramore for the first time and Hayley signed my shirt. It was so cool.

WANG-WANG

That's awesome.

MADI

Yeah. I miss him a lot...are you close with your sister?

WANG-WANG

Umm...yeah.

(remembers)

Oh, I uh...I got you something.

Wang-Wang reaches into his pocket and hands her the eraser.

MADI

What is it?

WANG-WANG

...an eraser.

Wang-Wang immediately regrets: *is this stupid?* But Madi smiles, extremely flattered.

MADI

Thanks :).

(beat)

Can I ask you a serious question?

WANG-WANG

.....sure.

MADI

You've seen Jaws, right?

Wang-Wang shakes his head, embarrassed.

MADI (CONT'D)

Wow. E.T?

He nods.

MADI (CONT'D)

Okay, lets see who can do a better E.T voice.

WANG-WANG

Okay.

MADI

You go first.

WANG-WANG (CONT'D)

You go first.

MADI (CONT'D)

JYXN! Now you have to go first.

WANG-WANG

Ahhhh...ummm..okay.

Wang-Wang is quiet...his mind racing, then he unleashes the weirdest, guttural sounding growl from his throat -- like a pig squeal meets a chainsaw.

Silence. Madi looks at Wang-Wang, his heart racing.

Then, she breaks out laughing. Wang-Wang chuckles along nervously. No idea what's going on.

Beat. Quiet. Madi stares at Wang-Wang.

MADI

You know you're like...super cute
for an Asian.

Wang-Wang's a deer in the headlights. The backhandedness of this compliment flies way over him. He smiles.

WANG-WANG

Thanks.

Their eyes meet. She smiles.

Then, she edges her arm closer toward Wang-Wang. And ever-so-slightly, their hands touch. He notices. She notices.

A very long, awkward silence. Wang-Wang's breathing pierces the air. Madi inches her hand closer to Wang-Wang's...

MADI

Do you know how to play the nervous
game?

Wang-Wang shakes his head. Madi moves her hand up towards Wang-Wang's forearm.

MADI (CONT'D)

...are you nervous?

WANG-WANG

(confused)

No.

Madi moves her hand onto his shoulder. Leans in closer and closer, her words turning into whispers.

MADI

Are you nervous?

WANG-WANG

(seeing where this is
going; *very nervous*)

...no.

Madi moves her hand down Wang-Wang's chest now.

MADI

Are you...nervous?

Wang-Wang squirms. Unsure if he wants out, but shakes his head.

And ever-so-slowly, Madi guides her hand toward Wang-Wang's crotch as she tilts her head in to kiss him.

MADI (CONT'D)
 (whispers)
 Nervous?

Wang-Wang's breath quickens. His heart POUNDS. His head down. Eyes closed, ready for the kiss -- the pinnacle of adolescent desire. Then,

WANG-WANG
 (whispers)
 Yes.

Pause.

MADI
 What?

WANG-WANG
 ...yeah. I - I'm...nervous.
 (inhales deeply)
 err...yeah.

MADI
 Oh.

Annnnd, moment's ruined.

WANG-WANG
 Can you um....

Wang-Wang shuffles Madi's hand off of him. Madi leans back.

WANG-WANG (CONT'D)
 (voice quivering)
 I'm sorry. I just, I - umm...yeah.
 I don't know. I'm sorry...

MADI
 (genuine and kind)
 No, I'm sorry. You don't have to apologize. It's okay. Really.

They sit in excruciating silence. Crickets chirp.

INT. WANG-WANG'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Wang-Wang slumps inside, full of self-loathing. Vivian has her head buried in a book at the kitchen table.

VIVIAN
Where were you?

WANG-WANG
Nowhere.

VIVIAN
Hanging out with Fahad and Soup?

WANG-WANG
No.

VIVIAN
Okay so what were you doing? It's not like you have any other friends and also no one likes you, so -

WANG-WANG
Shut the fuck up.

Vivian glances up. Notices immediately something is off.

VIVIAN
What?

WANG-WANG
Why are you always so mean to me for no reason?

His voice trembles. Vivian's caught off guard, realizing this isn't usual sibling bickering. Senses a real pain.

WANG-WANG (CONT'D)
You're so mean. I can't wait 'til you leave and I never have to see your ugly face ever again.

Wang-Wang runs off. Vivian, staggered and confused. She hears him SLAM his bedroom door shut.

INT. WANG-WANG'S HOUSE / WANG-WANG'S ROOM - DAWN

Wang-Wang jerks awake. He tosses off the blankets, revealing a dark puddle underneath him. His boxers stained.

He reaches into his boxers and feels around. Pulls out his hand, his fingers sticky with semen.

He just sits there and stares at it, wallowing in his shame.

INT. WANG-WANG'S HOUSE / WANG-WANG'S ROOM - DAY

On his computer, Wang-Wang looks at his Facebook news feed: upperclassmen posting their class schedules, NOTES of 17 things about me, Facebook status updates, including:

Exactly two weeks until school starts! EEEEEPIadsjfdg;lfkdjfs;hkiHGJ;ALHK

He doesn't engage with these, but looks at the status update prompt staring back at him: **what's on your mind?...** |

FAHAD (PRE-LAP)
How'd things go with Madi?

INT. AC TRANSIT BUS - DAY

Fahad and Wang-Wang sit beside one another on the public bus.

WANG-WANG
Good.

FAHAD
What do you mean good. Good? Or gooooood?

WANG-WANG
She touched my wiener.

Fahad looks, shocked as ever, mouth agape.

FAHAD
No.

Wang-Wang nods. Fahad motions with his hand as if he's "*brushing his teeth.*"

WANG-WANG
What? No.

Fahad pushes his head through a small hole his hands make, insinuating some monstrous sexual activity -- definitely no.

Wang-Wang laughs.

Fahad strokes his fist up and down in the air, implying a handjob. Wang-Wang smirks, just shrugs.

Fahad gives him a fist bump -- truly can't believe it.

FAHAD

Never thought I'd live to see the day. My boy is finally a man. Madi gave you a handjob AND a bar mitzvah. That's a buy one get one free.

Wang-Wang laughs it off, despite the lie.

OMITTED

INT. / EXT. GOLFLAND / ARCADE - DAY

Wang-Wang, Fahad, Jade, and Ellie hang out and play a round of mini golf:

-Jade and Ellie focusing on their swing. Fahad stands behind Jade and pretends to bone her with his club.

-Fahad blows a golf ball into its hole. Jade and Ellie laugh.

-Wang-Wang swings his club. Ball goes into the river. Jade rolls her eyes.

-In the ARCADE, they play makeshift slot machines, claw games, skeeball.

-Jade rallies them to take a photo in front of the main course: a giant monument with a colorful 3-HEADED DRAGON.

JADE

Oh! Lets take a picture of all of us on here.

They all run up, Jade, Ellie, Fahad each claim a head. None for Wang-Wang.

JADE (CONT'D)

(asking as she hands him the camera)

Chris, can you take a photo of all of us?

WANG-WANG

Sure.

Wang-Wang reluctantly grabs the camera. Steps back. Snaps a photo. Steps forward to return it then -

JADE

Wait. With flash.

JADE
How do you think of this stuff?

FAHAD
You write what you know.

WANG-WANG
Isn't that Dave Chapel-

Fahad kicks him underneath the table. Wang-Wang grunts, side eyes Fahad. Fahad doesn't register. Or doesn't care. He redirects his attention to his drink, biting his straw.

JADE
(to Wang-Wang)
You're quiet.

FAHAD
Yeah, quit being weird.

WANG-WANG
I'm not...

FAHAD
Little bit, dude. You're just like,
all silent over there.

Jade laughs.

ELLIE
(trying to be nice)
Do you have any funny stories?

WANG-WANG
Umm.....

He looks at Fahad.

FAHAD
Why are you looking at me?

WANG-WANG
...there's that squirrel story.

FAHAD
Nah, don't.

JADE
What's the squirrel story?

FAHAD
It's nothing.

ELLIE

What!? Now you have to tell it!

All eyes turn to Wang-Wang. Wang-Wang glances at Fahad. He shoots him a look like: *it's on you*.

Wang-Wang feels the spotlight -- out of his element, but...a determination washes over him. He steps up. Begins.

WANG-WANG

Well...there was this one time we uh, we were like...going to the park and...I saw a dead squirrel on the floor, umm...and we thought it would be funny to show it to our friends...so I picked it up and put it in my backpack -

Jade and Ellie's eyes WIDEN. They look at each other: wtf?

Wang-Wang's oral storytelling skills are decent at best, but he's trying. He gets more into it as he continues the story.

WANG-WANG (CONT'D)

And so we brought it to the park and showed our friends and they like freaked out, right? -

From this part of the story on out, we see HEIGHTENED FLASHBACKS of Wang-Wang's story, visualized by PHOTOS shot on a point-and-shoot DIGITAL CAMERA.

WANG-WANG (V.O.)

- and then we were gonna like, bury it, but right before we did, Soup poured a little bit of Monster into it's mouth, and it like, WOKE UP.

EXT. LONE TREE PARK - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Soup, Wang Wang, Fahad, and Hardeep, hover over a DEAD SQUIRREL. They watch as Soup waterfalls Monster Energy into the squirrel's mouth.

Then, it SPAZZES AWAKE.

WANG-WANG (V.O.)

It started spazzing and we all started screaming. Then this other kid, he like, picked it up and started swinging it around!

Hardeep picks the squirrel up by the tail and swings it around. He looks fucking insane. As he swings, we CUT BACK to-

INT. GOLFLAND / ARCADE - DAY (PRESENT)

Wang-Wang imitates swinging a rope like Hardeep, getting more animated as Jade and Ellie's expression goes from confused to horrified. Fahad shakes his head.

WANG-WANG
He was like chasing us!

EXT. LONE TREE PARK - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Hardeep chases the boys with the dead squirrel swinging around -- Monster flying out of it's mouth.

WANG-WANG (V.O.)
And then as he was swinging it, the tail freakin' POPPED OFF. And the squirrel just went like FLYING!!

POP. The body of the squirrel soars through the air. The boys look on in awe.

And PLOP. The squirrel hits the ground. Squirming. The boys run off.

INT. GOLFLAND / ARCADE - DAY (PRESENT)

WANG-WANG
It was crazy.

Beat. Zero laughter. Just wide-eyed shock.

ELLIE
(grossed out)
Ohmygod.

JADE
Did you guys at least bury it?

WANG-WANG
No we uh...put it in someone's mailbox and then uh -
(feeling Fahad's glare)
...never mind.

JADE
I'm pretty sure that's animal cruelty.

WANG-WANG

But it was already dead. Or...we thought it was.

ELLIE

You know her mom works for PETA, right? She could send you to juvi.

WANG-WANG

Okay, okay. Sorry...dumb bitch.

Beat. His words land like a sharp dagger, not a friendly jab.

JADE / ELLIE / FAHAD

UMMM / Woah. / Dude.

WANG-WANG

Wait what. No, I'm kidding, i'm just...i'm sorry. Hardeep called you that at the - I thought that was like a joke or nickname or something?

ELLIE

You think my nickname is dumb bitch?

Jade and Ellie: Unamused. Fahad's face screams -- *what are you doing?* So embarrassed.

EXT. GOLFLAND - EVENING

A beautiful blue hue. A MINIVAN pulls up outside.

JADE

There's my mom.

Before they get in, Jade and Ellie glance at one another -- a mental confirmation of sorts for something.

ELLIE

Ummm, some friends are coming over right now to watch a movie...if you wanna come.

FAHAD

Yeah, for sure.

JADE

There's only room for one more in the car though.

FAHAD

Oh.

ELLIE

(to Wang-Wang)

Ummmm, if you want you can take the bus and meet us there?

Wang-Wang turns to Fahad, hoping for a response like: *"it's okay. We'll take the bus home together."* But --

FAHAD

You cool with taking the bus?

Beat. Wang-Wang nods.

JADE

Cool. See ya there byeee.

Wang-Wang watches Jade, Ellie, and Fahad hop in the minivan.

He notices that after they all get seated, there's still one vacant seat left in the back.

ELLIE (O.S.)

Can we tell Soup to come?

Fahad pulls the door shut, but it's one of those automatic minivan doors. It stutters in place as he tries to close it. Wang-Wang watches, just waiting for them to ditch him.

Fahad leaves the door alone. Looks at Wang-Wang. They share a strained look.

The door glitches a few times, then very slowly shuts. Wang-Wang watches as the car disappears out of the parking lot.

EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT

Wang-Wang sits on a bench, waiting. Has been here a while...

He pulls out his phone. Dials someone...

INT. CHUNGSING'S CAR - NIGHT

The car coasts down the road. Chungsing drives as Wang-Wang stares out the window, a sadness in his eyes.

CHUNGSING

[Didi.]
(beat)
[Didi.]

CHUNGSING

弟弟。
(beat)
弟啊。

WANG-WANG

What.

CHUNGSING

[Are you okay?]

CHUNGSING

你還好嗎?

WANG-WANG

I'm fine.

CHUNGSING

[You look sad.] Are you sad?

CHUNGSING

你看起來有點難過。 Are you sad?

WANG-WANG

Mom. I'm fine. Stop asking stupid questions.

CHUNGSING

[Okay. Just asking.]

(beat)

[If you're not fine you can also tell me.]

CHUNGSING

好啦，只是問一問。

(beat)

如果你不OK你也可以告訴我。

Wang-Wang ignores her. He turns the car dial to an alt-rock radio station to drown out the silence....

Chungsing turns the volume down.

Wang-Wang turns it back up...Chungsing turns it back down.

Wang-Wang turns it back up. From the steering wheel, she turns it down.

WANG-WANG

MOM.

CHUNGSING

[I can't focus on driving when it's so loud.]

CHUNGSING

這麼大聲，我不能專心開車啦!

Sigh. A long silence. They drive. It's tense. Wang-Wang stares out the window.

Then.....a sniff.

WANG-WANG

Mom?

CHUNGSING

Hmm?

WANG-WANG

...Did you fart?

CHUNGSING

No!

Wang-Wang sniffs -- she did.

WANG-WANG

Oh my god, you farted.

CHUNGSING

[Okay, maybe I did! I don't know.]

CHUNGSING

好啦!也許我有,我也不知道.

WANG-WANG

IT SMELLS LIKE SHIT.

CHUNGSING

(laughing)

Sorry!

Wang-Wang smashes the window button. Doesn't go down.

WANG-WANG

[MOM. UNLOCK THE WINDOW.]

WANG-WANG

媽媽. UNLOCK THE WINDOW.

CHUNGSING

[Not working?]

CHUNGSING

打不開呀?

Chungsing clicks from her side of the car. Nothing.

CHUNGSING (CONT'D)

[It's broken.]

CHUNGSING (CONT'D)

壞了.

WANG-WANG

IT'S BROKEN!?!? Oh my god. I'm gonna die.

Wang-Wang tucks his head inside his shirt like a turtle.

CHUNGSING

[You're so dramatic! A fart is a fart.]

CHUNGSING

你太dramatic了,屁就是屁嘛!

Beat. Chungsing takes deep sniffs.

WANG-WANG

ARE YOU SMELLING IT?

CHUNGSING

[I'm helping you! I'm sniffing the fart away.]

CHUNGSING

我只是想幫你呀,我把屁吸走.

They drive. Wang-Wang sits quiet, his head still tucked in his shirt. Chungsing sniffs.

CHUNGSING (CONT'D) CHUNGSING (CONT'D)
Mmm. The salad I ate today. Mmm. 我今天吃的沙拉。

Head still tucked, Wang-Wang glances over -- gross.

Finally, she stops.

CHUNGSING (CONT'D) CHUNGSING (CONT'D)
[Okay. All gone.] 好了, 都沒了。

Beat. They drive in silence. Chungsing glances over at Wang-Wang...still senses a sadness.

CHUNGSING (CONT'D) CHUNGSING (CONT'D)
[Didi.] 弟弟.
(beat) (beat)
[Have you eaten yet?] 你吃過飯沒有?

Wang-Wang throws his hoodie back, pops his head back out. Looks at Chungsing...shakes his head.

INT. MCDONALD'S - LATER

Chungsing watches as Wang-Wang gleefully scarfs down a McChicken. A Happy Meal box sits in front of them.

CHUNGSING (CONT'D) CHUNGSING (CONT'D)
[Slower. You have to let the saliva soak in the food. You eat like a little dog. Smaller bites.] 吃慢點, 你要讓你的口水和食物混起來。
. 你吃起來好像一隻小狗,
吃小口一點。

Wang-Wang shoots Chungsing a look that says: *seriously?* But then, flashes his half-chewed food to Chungsing.

CHUNGSING (CONT'D) CHUNGSING (CONT'D)
(laughing) 不要 show 你的 ABC!
[Don't show your ABC!]

Wang-Wang laughs along. A sweet moment.

Beat. Chungsing disassembles her burger. Wang-Wang observes.

WANG-WANG
What are you doing.
CHUNGSING CHUNGSING
[Eating.] 吃啊。

Chungsing forks a bite of the bun, then puts a chunk of patty in her mouth separately -- eating it like a platter.

WANG-WANG
You're so Asian...

Chungsing takes this in. She looks at her little boy...continues eating as well, fork to mouth...then,

CHUNGSING
[Didi.] You should be proud of being an Asian. Asians possess many good qualities and good values... Don't look down Asians. That you look down Asians is that you look down yourself.

WANG-WANG
.....why are you talking to me in English?

CHUNGSING
(beat; sighs)
[I talked to Shiu Fang Ah Yi's tutor today.]

CHUNGSING
我今天跟Shiu Fang 阿姨的補習老師通話了。

WANG-WANG
Mom.

CHUNGSING
[It could be good for you.]

CHUNGSING
這是為你好。

WANG-WANG
Stop.

CHUNGSING
[I already signed you up.]

CHUNGSING
我已經給你報名了。

WANG-WANG
Mom. I'm telling you right now. I'M NOT GOIN-

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. TUTOR'S HOUSE - DAY

Wang-Wang doodles stick figures skating on a worksheet in a garage turned makeshift classroom. A group of kids fill rows of fold-out desks. Graphite scratches fills the quiet.

Then, a tiny crumpled up piece of paper decks him in the head. He glances around. Every student with their heads down. He notices a scattered sea of paper balls.

Then, a snicker to his left. It's Max and JOSH, 15, another try-hard wannabe-gangster Asian kid.

MAX

Dude, stop. Our moms are friends.

Wang-Wang glares at them, then looks back down. Does nothing.

INT. WANG-WANG'S HOUSE / CHUNGSING'S BEDROOM - DAY

CLOSE on a letter. We see glimpses of sentences:

"Thank you for submitting"

"regret to inform"

"not selected"

"Sincerely, Committee for National Painters' Association"

REVEAL -- Chungsing gripping the rejection letter. Sighs.

INT. WANG-WANG'S HOUSE / WANG-WANG'S ROOM - DAY

On his computer screen, CLOSE on a series of Jade's Facebook photos that Fahad is tagged in. An album titled **'08 SUMMER! :]** - Wang-Wang clicks through: them at the AMUSEMENT PARK, webcam screenshots, the photo of Fahad, Jade and Ellie at Golfland that Wang-Wang took. He lingers on this...then -

An AIM window pops up: a message from Madi:

MeowwwitsMadix3:heyyyyyy

MeowwwitsMadix3 is typing...

MeowwwitsMadix3:are you mad at me?

Wang-Wang stares at the blinking cursor...then types:

no i think im just kinda embarrassed abou|

Beat. Doesn't send. Then, he slowly glides his mouse over a button that says "BLOCK." And...CLICK.

MeowwwitsMadix3 signed off at 10:14:16 AM.

He sighs.

Then, his phone rings, a generic ringtone now. He checks the front screen. An unknown number. He lets it sit...picks up.

WANG-WANG

Hello?

A voice on the other end speaks and Wang-Wang PERKS UP.

INT. WANG-WANG'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - LATER

Wang-Wang rushes in to Chungsing, washing dishes. Nai Nai looming beside her, bickering. Vivian sits on the couch nearby, reading.

WANG-WANG

[Mom!]

WANG-WANG

媽媽!

NAI NAI

[Let me do the dishes. You don't wash them clean enough anyways.]

NAI NAI

讓我洗。反正你也洗不乾淨。

*

CHUNGSING

[Ma, stop nagging me.]

CHUNGSING

媽，別再說了。

WANG-WANG

[Mom.] Can you give me a ride?

WANG-WANG

媽媽。Can you give me a ride?

Neither of them give him the time of day.

WANG-WANG (CONT'D)

[Mooooooooom.]

WANG-WANG (CONT'D)

媽媽。

*

Chungsing places a clean, just-washed dish in the dishwasher.

*

NAI NAI

[SEE? THAT PLATE IS STILL DIRTY! Move over.]

NAI NAI

看到沒? 盤子還是髒兮兮的! 走開。
走開。

Nai Nai pushes her aside, reaches for the dishes and sponge.

CHUNGSING

[Nai Nai. Let go.]

奶奶。放手。

NAI NAI (CONT'D)

[Give it to me.]

給我。

CHUNGSING (CONT'D)
[Will you let go!?!]
你就不能鬆手嗎!

NAI NAI (CONT'D)
[See? This is why the house
is so chaotic! Because you
never let me help.]
你看?這就是為什麼這個房子亂糟糟的
原因! 因為你從來不讓我幫忙。

CHUNGSING (CONT'D)
[Nai Nai, shut up!]
奶奶, 你不要再說了!

NAI NAI (CONT'D)
[Ai-ya. You really are an
incompetent mother.]
哎呀. 你真是個沒有用的媽媽。

NAI NAI (CONT'D)
[No wonder my son doesn't
want to be home.]

NAI NAI (CONT'D)
難怪我兒子不想回家。
□

Nai Nai snatches the plate out of Chungsing's hands, but Chungsing JERKS it back, knocking it out of both of their hands and onto the floor. It SHATTERS next to Wang-Wang.

CHUNGSING
[NAI NAI! WILL YOU GO AWAY!?!
FOR JUST ONE SECOND?!]

CHUNGSING
奶奶! 你就不能放手別管嗎!?
哪怕就一分鐘?!

It's sharp, loud -- unexpected.

CHUNGSING (CONT'D)
[YOU ARE SUCH A BURDEN.]

CHUNGSING (CONT'D)
你真是個累贅。

NAI NAI
[ME? BURDEN? All I offer to
do is help because clearly
you can't handle it. And if
my son weren't out there
working, making money, this
family would have nothing and
we would all be homeless.]

NAI NAI
我!?! 累贅? 我只是想幫忙。
你自己做不了。
如果不是我兒子在外面努力工作賺錢,
這個家什麼也沒有, 我們早就變成流浪
漢了。

CHUNGSING
[I'M THE REASON THIS HOUSE IS
A HOME. NOT YOU, NOT HIM.
ME.]

(beat; quiet)
[Nai Nai. I know you find me
unworthy. But I swear, if you
don't stop criticizing me, I
will kick you out. Do you
understand? I am done.]

CHUNGSING
是我撐起了這個家。
不是你, 也不是他. 是我。
(beat; quiet)
奶奶. 我知道你覺得我沒用。
但我告訴你, 你要是再對我說三道四,
我就把你趕出去。
你聽明白了嗎? 我受夠了。

All of a sudden, silent and still. Nai Nai, staggered. Wang-Wang, stunned. Scared, almost.

Chungsing fumes. She kneels down and picks up the shards, a small cut bleeding from her finger. Wang-Wang observes...

Vivian shuffles next to Wang-Wang.

VIVIAN

Hey. I'll take you. Come on.

Wang-Wang looks at his sister...

INT. CHUNGSING'S CAR - LATER

Vivian drives. It's quiet. Wang-Wang stares out the window.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

You okay?

Wang-Wang nods, but clearly still shaken. Silent tension.

They coast. Then, *spotted*. Across an industrial lot: Donovan.

WANG-WANG

Oh, it's right here.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL BUSINESS PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Vivian pulls in.

VIVIAN

This is where you and your friends hang out? Business parking lots?

WANG-WANG

Yeah. You can just park right here.

Vivian stops. Wang-Wang unbuckles his seatbelt. Grabs his board. Opens the door.

WANG-WANG (CONT'D)

Uh...thanks for the ride.

VIVIAN

No problem...I think I'm gonna stay out for a while too so...call me if you need a ride later or something.

Wang-Wang nods...then jumps out. Vivian observes as he skates off towards a group of friends she doesn't recognize.

EXT. BUSINESS LOT - LATER

Wang-Wang runs up to the spot.

DONOVAN / NUGGET / CORY
Ayeeeeee, Chris! / Hey!!!! / Yoooo.

They're super welcoming. Donovan dabs him up -- all smiles.

DONOVAN
Stoked you could make it! Lets
stack some clips, dawwwg.

MOMENTS LATER

Wang-Wang stands on a ledge, camera pointed toward a stair set. Donovan and Nugget huck tricks down it, catching some in mid-air, then kicking out. Or sticking some, falling off.

Cory sits near Wang-Wang, staring at him film.

CORY
...You kinda look like a pervert
when you hold the camera like that.

Beat. Noted. Switches to an underhand grip.

Donovan hucks a tre flip down the set. Flies off.

DONOVAN
Chris! How's it look?

WANG-WANG
(no idea)
Uhh, good!

Donovan runs back up the set as Nugget jumps down. Falls.

NUGGET
Shooooooooot!

Nugget clears to the left of the set, making way for Donovan. As he throws down his board, a RENT-A-COP, 50s, Santa-bodied hag, storms out of the entrance, bumping Donovan.

DONOVAN
Oh shi- w'sup.

RENT-A-COP
Get off the property.

DONOVAN
Can I just have one more try? Then
we'll be out. I promise.

The faux-cop BOUNDS towards Donovan. Gets all up in his shit.

RENT-A-COP

I said get off the property. NOW.
GRAB YOUR SHIT AND GO. RIGHT NOW.
RIGHT. NOW.

DONOVAN

Sir, can you not yell in my face
please?

RENT-A-COP

MY JOB IS TO GET YOU OFF THE
PREMISES.

DONOVAN

(laughing)
QUIT YELLING AT ME!

CORY

WE'RE JUST TRYING TO MAKE A
REALISTIC MOVIE OVER HERE, MAN!

As the rent-a-cop shouts, Donovan shouts back to cancel him out. Verbal mayhem. Wang-Wang's recording the whole thing -- we we see him zoom all the way in from the viewfinder.

RENT-A-COP

GET OFF. GET OFF MY LOT.

DONOVAN

(yelling gibberish)
AHRARHAHRHRHA -
AHARHRARHARARARAHHHHRAH

The rent-a-cop reaches for Donovan's board. Donovan reaches back. Then the cop SHOVES Donovan. Donovan stumbles, but uses it as momentum to JUKE him -

He shuffles past the rent-a-cop. Drops his board down, rides up to the set and -

POP - SCOOP - FLICK - LANDS - BOLTS. Turns and flips off the rent-a-cop as he rides away.

Cory and Nugget SMACK their boards on the ground, cheering.

CORY

YEAH.

NUGGET

Yay!!!!!!

DONOVAN

(to the crew)
LETS GO.

In slow-motion, Wang-Wang jumps off the ledge and skates away, his adrenaline rushing, smiling from cheek to cheek. His heart pounding, the music SOARS --

INT. DONOVAN'S CAR - LATER

Cluttered, ragged, disheveled. Chill hip-hop plays. Donovan coasts down the road, post-sesh. Wang-Wang sits in the backseat with Cory, clipping his toenails.

DONOVAN

Bro, quit clipping your toenails in the whip.

CORY

It's good. I'm catching 'em.

Clippings fly towards Wang-Wang. He flinches.

DONOVAN

Chris, you get me jukin' that guy?!

WANG-WANG

(beaming)

Yeah.

NUGGET

That clip is gonna be hecckuh dope!

DONOVAN

Dude, fuck yeah. That could be like the perfect opener. I can imagine it already. Just fakin' him out. Boom, ride up, backside flip, BOLTS. Music drops. AHHH! So hyped you got that, Chris.

WANG-WANG

You could've totally fucked him up too. He was hella in your face.

DONOVAN

Nahh, son. Violence is whack! It's all love out here.

NUGGET

Hehehehe yeah!!

WANG-WANG

Yeah...right.

DONOVAN

Aye, can you send me that clip later?

WANG-WANG

Umm...lemme film some more clips first so I can cut something together. Then I'll show you.

CORY

Okay, fuckin' Spike Jonze over here.

DONOVAN

Nahhh, okay! Do your thing, do your thing. I think we gotta submit something soon, but I respect the craft. Good shit, Chris.

(beat)

Really glad that you're here.

Wang-Wang smiles. Cory clips another nail. Wang-Wang watches as it falls next to a SHOELACE on the floor. He grabs it.

INT. WANG-WANG'S HOUSE - DAY

Wang-Wang creeps in through the garage, making sure the coast is clear. Tension resolved.

WANG-WANG

[Mom?]

WANG-WANG

媽媽?

No response.

INT. WANG-WANG'S HOUSE / CHUNGSING'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Her makeshift studio. Wang-Wang pops his head in. Empty.

WANG-WANG

[Mom???

WANG-WANG

媽媽???

INT. WANG-WANG'S HOUSE / NAI NAI'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

An empty bed. Sheets strewn out. Still.

WANG-WANG (O.S.)

[Nai Nai?]

WANG-WANG (O.S.)

奶奶?

INT. WANG-WANG'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The seat where Nai Nai studies, unoccupied.

WANG-WANG (O.S.)
[Nai Nai!?!]

WANG-WANG (O.S.)
奶奶?!

EXT. WANG-WANG'S HOUSE / BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Wang-Wang surveys the backyard where Nai Nai stretches.

WANG-WANG
[Nai Nai???)

WANG-WANG
奶奶???)

NAI NAI
(beat; weakly)
[Didi...]

NAI NAI
弟弟...

Wang-Wang turns. Sees Nai Nai's legs stretched out on the ground.

WANG-WANG
[NAI NAI.]

WANG-WANG
奶奶.

He rushes over and hovers over her.

WANG-WANG (CONT'D)
[Are you okay?]

WANG-WANG (CONT'D)
你還好嗎?

INT. WANG-WANG'S HOUSE / NAI NAI'S BEDROOM - LATER

Nai Nai rests on the edge of the bed. Wang-Wang watches as Chungsing lies her down, Vivian lifting her legs up onto the bed and rubbing on a Chinese medicinal ointment.

VIVIAN
What happened?

WANG-WANG
I went outside and she was just
lying on the floor.

NAI NAI
[I fell...I was there for
three hours. I call, I call.
Nobody heard me...I just
couldn't stand up.]

NAI NAI
我摔倒了，在那躺了三個小時。
我叫啊，叫。
沒人回應...我自己根本起不來。

CHUNGSING
[Ma. It's okay.]

CHUNGSING
媽。沒關係。

NAI NAI
[Nai Nai is so old. How many years do I have left?...I won't even be here to see you finish high school.]

NAI NAI
奶奶那麼老了。還能活幾年? ...
我等不到你高中畢業了。

WANG-WANG
[Don't talk like that.]

WANG-WANG
不要這麼講。

Wang-Wang observes as Chungsing rests Nai Nai's head on her pillow. Gently. Lovingly.

CHUNGSING
[Nai Nai. Lie down.]
(beat)
[Kids, it's fine. You can leave. Let Nai Nai rest.]

CHUNGSING
奶奶。躺著。
(beat)
好了，沒事了。你們出去吧。
讓奶奶好好休息。

Nai Nai quietly cries as Vivian slumps out of the room. She nudges Wang-Wang to follow suit. He does. They exit into the

HALLWAY

but just before they split their separate ways...

VIVIAN
Hey Chris.
(he glances over)
Can you give me a hand with something?

INT. VIVIAN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

-The room, in mid-move clutter: glimpses of Wang-Wang helping Vivian tear posters off her wall; stuffing belongings in boxes; clearing drawers, etc.

Vivian tippy-toes on her chair, peeling glow-in-the-dark sticker planets off her ceiling. Wang-Wang spots her.

As she stretches and grunts, Wang-Wang looks around her room: plastered walls now bare, empty boxes packed, suitcases stuffed -- sees his favorite UCSD sweater thrown inside.

VIVIAN
Who are those people you've been hanging out with?

WANG-WANG
My friends.

VIVIAN
(beat)
What happened to Fahad and Soup?

WANG-WANG
...they're around.

Vivian tosses down a few stickers.

VIVIAN
What do you guys do when you hang
out?

WANG-WANG
Skate.

VIVIAN
Just skate?

WANG-WANG
Yeah.

VIVIAN
Okay, just..just be safe....promise
me you won't do anything stupid.

Wang-Wang nods. He takes inventory of the room, then looks up at his sister. Quietly spots her.

EXT. MISSION HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Donovan and Nugget skate down a stair set as Wang-Wang films, crouched -- fisheye. All smiles. He wears a shoelace belt and fitted beanie, their influence clearly making a mark on him.

CUE MONTAGE -- a series of lifestyle moments in VARIOUS LOCATIONS of them just hanging out, shot on Wang-Wang's camcorder:

-Cory, asleep at a spot. Nugget throws water on his face. He spits awake.

-Donovan falls rolling up to the stair set. He laughs. Then, he ollies it. Flips off the camera in midair.

-Donovan and Nugget skate flatground, They do an Emerica flip. Land it. Cheer.

-Nugget licks the fisheye lens.

-All of them at a fast food joint, chillin', eating. Nugget throws up the Fremont "F" with his fingers.

-Donovan takes the camera from Wang-Wang and points it towards him! He doesn't know to do. Awkwardly does some finger gestures and dances. Donovan laughs.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY

Donovan, Nugget, Cory skate past, laughing. Wang-Wang follows. As they walk to the car:

FAHAD (O.S.)
YO WANG-WANG!

Wang-Wang stops. Turns. Sees Fahad running over.

FAHAD (CONT'D)
What you doing here.

WANG-WANG
Hangin' out.

FAHAD
With who?

WANG-WANG
Just...friends of mine.

FAHAD
Yeah okay...who.

HONNNNNK.

DONOVAN (O.S.)
CHRIS, HURRY UP!

WANG-WANG
(beat)
It's skating. Don't worry about it.

FAHAD
Oh. Okay. Where you headed?

WANG-WANG
To a party.

FAHAD
Can we come?!

Wang-Wang clocks this: we. From a distance, he sees Jade walking over. A bitterness washes over him.

WANG-WANG
 ...there's no room in the car.

Fahad, surprised, watches as Wang-Wang leaves him.

EXT. MACK'S HOUSE / BACKYARD - NIGHT

A kickback. Music bumps. Teenagers playing beer pong, smoking hookah, weed -- people seshing a DIY mini-ramp. A hazy sight.

The boys enter through the back door. Almost immediately, MACK, 17, larger-than-life, funny-as-fuck, appears:

MACK
 Ayeeeeeeee!

DONOVAN / NUGGET / CORY
 W'sup playa! / Maaack!!! / Yooo.

MACK
 Who dis lil ass kid.

DONOVAN
 He's our filmer.

MACK
 (to Wang-Wang)
 You filmin' Bofa?

WANG-WANG
 Umm. What's Bofa?

MACK
 Bofa DEEZ NUTS!
 (to the guys)
 Yo follow me. I wanna show you somethin'

Mack squeezes them through a slim walkway. Wang-Wang, a boy among men, tries to follow, but loses them among the crowd.

INT. MACK'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Wang-Wang sits on a couch, trying to blend into the party...

He glances over. A few TEENS cutting up lines of cocaine on the coffee table.

Then, an OLDER COUPLE, 18, collapses on the seat beside him. She's on his lap. He's feeling her up. Necking...until it turns into a full blown, sensual dry hump-make out.

Wang-Wang just sits there. Tries to ignore it...but just feels too uncomfortable. He jets off.

INT. MACK'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Wang-Wang eyes the snacks. He sees a tray full of plastic cups of JELLO. He sucks one down. His face *scrunches*: liquor.

His eyes scan for drinks. He spots a WATER BOTTLE. Unscrews it. Waterfalls a sip: vodka. Scrunches again.

He searches for a palette cleanser. Spotted: a pan of LEMON BARS. He chunks off a piece. Washes the taste away.

EXT. MACK'S HOUSE / BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Wang-Wang wanders, then spots a GROUP of TEENS, Mack, Donovan, Nugget, Cory included, posted in a circle, smoking a blunt and free-styling.

Wang-Wang slides in next to Donovan, fist bumping him.

MACK (O.S.)

Cuz we crack-a-lackin' nd mackin',
smokin' nd token' in the 510. And
y'all ready know.

Someone passes Wang-Wang the blunt. Down to its last tokes...he studies it, then hits it.

MACK (CONT'D)

We smoke the dro', and I don't got
an A-fro! But i'm black-as-fuck,
and i'mma bust-a-nut -
(beat)
On yo FACE!

CROWD

OHHH!! / AYEEEE!!!

Everyone laughs. Wang-Wang passes the blunt to Donovan.

DONOVAN

I'm good. I don't smoke.

Oh. Passes it to Mack instead. He tries to smoke it but -

MACK

Think it's dunzo.

WANG-WANG

You should Wu-Tang it.

MACK

W'sup?

WANG-WANG

Umm...Wu-Tang it.

MACK

Wu-Tang?

WANG-WANG

Yeah, like...

Wang-Wang thinks: *a chance to impress*. He reaches for the roach. Mack hands it over.

Wang-Wang studies it for a beat, then smokes the last bit of the blunt, attempts to take a deep drag. The weed lights...

...then he straight INHALES IT like he did the sticky-note joint. He swallows, but this time coughs up a lung.

DONOVAN

What the f...

The crowd is quiet. Eyes wide, genuinely concerned, but then -

MACK

YooooOOOOO! THIS ASIAN MO'FUCCA JUST
ATE THE ROACH!

Mood lightens. Everyone laughs. *What. Just. Happened.*

MACK (CONT'D)

WHAT THE FUCK? WHAT'S YOUR NAME,
BRUH?

WANG-WANG

(coughing)

Chris.

MACK

CHRIS! ASIAN CHRIS! ASIAN CHRIS!
ASIAN CHRIS!

WANG-WANG

(still coughing)

Half.

MACK

WHAT?

WANG-WANG

I'm Half-Asian.

MACK
 HALF-ASIAN CHRIS! HALF-ASIAN CHRIS!

Everyone joins in.

EVERYBODY
 HALF-ASIAN CHRIS! HALF-ASIAN CHRIS!

Wang-Wang's eyes tear up - his throat burning. Coughing still, but smiles through it all as everyone hypes him up.

His vision and hearing starts to blur...

INT. MACK'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - LATER

Wang-Wang drifts through the room, zooted out of his mind. The sights and sounds of the world blurring around him.

He looks around and sees: a GUY with 6 EYES AND 3 PAIRS OF GLASSES, all blinking out of sync; a trio of friends, their heads the DRAGONS from Golfland; and the DEAD SQUIRREL, a halo over it's head. It speaks to Wang-Wang.

DEAD SQUIRREL
 Chris.
 (beat)
 Why did you kill me? This is why nobody loves you because you hurt people...
 (freaky animal sounds)
 Aghalkfg...squirREL!!!

Wang-Wang takes this in, but also...*WTF is happening.*

He turns and sees a couch: *perfect.*

He stumbles toward it, but the couch gets seemingly further away with every step. Eventually, he makes it and collapses onto the couch. He closes his eyes and --

INT. WANG-WANG'S HOUSE / BATHROOM - NIGHT

BLAARGH. Wang-Wang leans over the toilet, barfing. Vivian by his side. The bathroom fan hums.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

CHUNGSING (O.S.)
 [Vivian? Are you okay in there?]

CHUNGSING
 Vivian? 你在裡面還好吧?

VIVIAN
Uhh...I'm fine! [I have
diarrhea.]

VIVIAN
Uhh...I'm fine! 我瀉肚子了。

CHUNGSING (O.S.)
[Oh. Okay. Don't forget to
wash your hands.]

CHUNGSING (O.S.)
哦. 好吧. 不要忘記洗手。

Wang-Wang pukes into the toilet. Panting. Crossfaded --
Everything, all at once, for the first time.

Vivian pats his back, hands him a glass of water.

VIVIAN
Here.

Wang-Wang shakes his head. Vivian forces him the glass.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
Drink.

He groans, takes a sip of the water.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
Didn't I say to not to do anything
stupid...

WANG-WANG
(in between heaves)
Please don't tell mom.

Vivian observes Wang-Wang with the realization that in this
moment, he's not just the little brother -- little kid --
he's always been anymore.

VIVIAN
I wont...You okay?

Wang-Wang HEAVES. Nope.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
Okay, never mind. Don't talk.
You're good...you're good.

Vivian rubs his back. Watching over him.

INT. WANG-WANG'S HOUSE / BATHROOM - LATER

Lights off. A slice of moonlight carves across Wang-Wang,
stretched out on the floor, bundled up in a sea of blankets.

EXT. WANG-WANG'S HOUSE / DRIVEWAY - DAY

Chungsing SLAMS the trunk door, packed with piles of LUGGAGE. Vivian embraces Nai Nai, now leaning against a cane.

VIVIAN
Bye-bye, [Nai Nai.]

VIVIAN
Bye-bye, 奶奶。

As they let go, Nai Nai attempts to shove a RED ENVELOPE into Vivian's pocket.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
[Nai Nai. I don't need it.]

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
奶奶。我不用。

NAI NAI
[Take it! Take it!]

NAI NAI
拿著! 拿著!

VIVIAN
(giving up)
[Okayokayokay. Thank you.]

VIVIAN
(giving up)
好啦。好啦。謝謝。

Vivian stuffs the red envelope in her pocket and shuffles in front of Wang-Wang. They share a blank stare.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
Umm...bye. I guess.

WANG-WANG
Bye.

Vivian kinda-sorta reaches her arms out for a hug. Wang-Wang holds for a beat, then awkwardly embraces her.

They let go and look at each other -- *that was weird.*

VIVIAN
...try and be nice to Mom, okay?

Beat. He nods. They share a stilted smile -- an understanding that there is love between them, as stifled as it is.

Vivian hops into the car. Nai-Nai waves goodbye as they leave.

NAI NAI
[DON'T FORGET TO EAT FRUIT!]

NAI NAI
不要忘記吃水果!

Wang-Wang watches as they drive off.

INT. WANG-WANG'S HOUSE / VIVIAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Wang-Wang steps into Vivian's room, stripped of personality. Bare walls, naked floor -- all that's left is a bed and desk.

Wang-Wang spots a sweater on the bed. He unfolds it: it's Vivian's UCSD sweater.

He hugs the sweater close, plops down onto her bed, and scans the room, taking it in.

INT. WANG-WANG'S HOUSE / WANG-WANG'S ROOM - DAY

On Wang-Wang's computer: a FACEBOOK MESSENGER chat box.

have fun in college

Clacking of a keyboard...*ENTER*.

thx for the sweater

Wang-Wang exits the chat with Vivian. Scrolls over to his news feed. Sees a Facebook Status from Madi: BLAH. hate when i do something wrong && feel like a shittyyyy person);

Wang-Wang registers this...

Then, a hip-hop ringtone plays -- the same song that was playing in Donovan's car -- and pierces the quiet.

Wang-Wang lets the phone ring for a few seconds, then -

WANG-WANG

W'sup.

As Wang-Wang listens to the other line, he LAUNCHES up.

INT. WANG-WANG'S HOUSE / WANG-WANG'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Wang-Wang tears down his ANIME POSTERS, rips off his TEDDY BEAR BEDSHEETS, and stashes away his manga.

OMITTED

INT. WANG-WANG'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - LATER

Wang-Wang opens the front door and Nugget bursts in, shoes still on, past a pile of slippers by the door.

NUGGET

Where's your bathroom!?

Wang-Wang points down the hall. Donovan and Cory step inside, shoes still on as well. Dab up Wang-Wang. They scan their surroundings. PAINTINGS on the wall catch their eye.

CORY

Yo...who did these paintings?

WANG-WANG

Umm....my Mom.

CORY

Wow. They're beautiful.

DONOVAN

Yeah. There's so much detail. You prob get it from your mom huh?

WANG-WANG

What do you mean?

DONOVAN

Just like art? filming n' shit. Prob runs in the family or something? I dunno how genetics work.

They laugh. Wang-Wang takes this in. Never considered that.

CORY

(pointing at a painting of
a white baby)

Who's this?

WANG-WANG

Uh...I don't know, actually.

DONOVAN

(beat)

Hey Chris, cool if I peep some clips while we're here? I've been dying to see some shit.

WANG-WANG

...yeah, sure.

CORY

Wait, bruh! If we're gonna watch clips then we need snacks.

(beat; to Wang-Wang)

You got any snacks?

INT. WANG-WANG'S HOUSE / PANTRY - MOMENTS LATER

Wang-Wang scans all his favorite Asian snacks, but searches for anything else he thinks they might find "normal".

INT. WANG-WANG'S HOUSE / WANG-WANG'S ROOM - LATER

Wang-Wang walks in. Donovan and Cory posted up by his desk. Donovan fucks around with a tech deck.

WANG-WANG

We don't have any snacks.

CORY

Damn...no snacks?

(then; apples on the table
that Wang-Wang kissed)

Can I have some of these?

WANG-WANG

Yeah.

Wang-Wang takes a seat in his chair. They huddle behind him.

CORY

Why are they in a dog bowl?

Wang-Wang shrugs.

DONOVAN

Dude, I'm hella excited.

Wang-Wang turns on his computer. Logs in. Nugget comes in and joins the trio. Puts his hands around Cory.

NUGGET

Did I miss anything?

CORY

Bruh, did you wash your hands?

NUGGET

Oh shoot. I think I forgot.

Cory shimmies away.

CORY

Nah, you just nasty.

They laugh. Wang-Wang pulls up the folder. He clicks one: Donovan at the Dixon landing spot. One of his bails.

DONOVAN

Okay...it's a little shaky, finding your framing, composition's a little off. But we're good!

Nugget jumps off the set next. Bail.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

Oh dude, pull up that clip where I juked the guy!

NUGGET

Ohhh yeah yeah yeah!

On Wang-Wang's computer screen. He clicks open the clip of Donovan bickering with the rent-a-cop in Windows Movie Maker.

DONOVAN (O.S.)

Man, that guy was fuckin' whack.

As Donovan jukes the rent-a-cop and skates toward the stair set, the camera is still terribly zoomed in, frantically attempting to course-correct -- *too late*.

We hear *the POP - SCOOP - FLICK*. The cheers. The celebration. But the footage is an absolute blur. Completely unusable.

Donovan and Nugget, hovered behind Wang-Wang, blank-faced.

NUGGET

Yo Donovan, I'm no expert so maybe I'm wrong here...but I don't think you can put that in your tape, bro.

DONOVAN

Um.....yeah...didn't you say you were a filmer?

WANG-WANG

...sorry...I thought I zoomed out..

DONOVAN

Damn. That backside flip was wet too.

CORY (O.S.)

This book makes no sense.

Wang-Wang swings around and sees Cory flipping through one of his graphic novels: shit.

WANG-WANG

You have to read it right to left.

CORY
Why?

WANG-WANG
...it's Japanese.

CORY
You're Japanese?

WANG-WANG
No.

CORY
Oh. Weird.

Right then, Chungsing cracks open the door and pops in.

<p>CHUNGSING [Didi. I'm going to buy some groceries. Do you want anything?]</p>	<p>CHUNGSING 弟啊。我要去買菜。 你要我買什麼回來嗎?</p>
---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----------------------------------------------

The skaters all turn and see Chungsing. They wave.

DONOVAN / NUGGET / CORY
Hi Mrs. Wang!! / Hi!!! / Ni hao ma!

CHUNGSING
Oh hello! Nice meet you! I'm Chris'
mother.

Wang-Wang is seething.

CORY
Your paintings are so beautiful.

CHUNGSING
Oh, thank you! You see? I paint all
myself. What your names?

DONOVAN / NUGGET / CORY
I'm Donovan / Nugget / Cory.

CHUNGSING
Oh, so many name! I forget already.

They laugh.

DONOVAN
It's okay!

NUGGET
If you're Asian, then is your
husband White?

CHUNGSING

What? No my husband Asian.

CORY

Didn't you say you were half Asian?

WANG-WANG

Okay, mom. You can leave now.

CHUNGSING

Okay. I go out. Will you play here?
Want me to buy drink for you?

Wang-Wang launches up from his chair and bounds toward Chungsing, slowly pushing her out of the room.

WANG-WANG

No, mom. Bye. Get out, please.

WANG-WANG (CONT'D)

Mom, no. Leave. Just get out,
get out, get out.

CHUNGSING

What about dinner? Will you-

WANG-WANG (CONT'D)

GET OUT.

Wang-Wang SHOVES her out of the room. SLAMS the door.

WANG-WANG (CONT'D)

Sorry guys...my mom's like...super
annoying....

Silence. Donovan, Nugget, and Cory are shocked.

DONOVAN

...Yooo. You can't be talking
to your mom like that...

NUGGET

So mean!!!

CORY

Yeah, wow. My mom would beat my
ass.

Beat. Awkward silence. Wang-Wang hangs his head, humiliated.

CORY (CONT'D)

But forreal though, you should ask
her to buy some doritos.

INT. WANG-WANG'S HOUSE / WANG-WANG'S ROOM - EVENING

Wang-Wang stretches his bedsheets back on. Tacks his posters back on the walls. He stares at one of his Dragon Ball Z posters, Goku's big, beady, anime eyes staring back at him.

INT. WANG-WANG'S HOUSE / WANG-WANG'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Wang-Wang slouches in front of his computer. He plays through the whole clip he fucked up of Donovan, shaky as hell.

He sighs. Stops the clip. Right clicks the file, drags the cursor down...*delete*.

He glides his cursor over to his AIM BUDDY LIST.

Under a sub-category labeled 'gut boys' is fahadtheg0d -- online, but away.

Wang-Wang double clicks his screen-name, opening a new MESSAGE BOX.

The cursor blinks. Waiting for something to be typed...

hey
are you mad at me? |

He glides his cursor over to a NEW TAB on Mozilla Firefox.

Types "MY" in the URL bar. Glides his cursor down to an autocomplete suggestion of Fahad's Myspace page. *CLICK*

The page loads. Wang-Wang scans the page -- minimally designed. A few HTML flourishes and images that express his love for streetwear and underground hip-hop. ;*Online Now*.

He scrolls down to Fahad's Top 8 Friends section. He looks through them, his cursor hovering over each profile, and it sinks in: Wang-Wang, nowhere to be found.

Wang-Wang closes the page. He moves his cursor back to the AIM window, X's out.

He scrolls down his buddy list. His cursor lands on another screenname: Smarterchild. Double click. Message box opens.

```
bigwang510: sup
Smarterchild: Hi bigwang510. You know,
hanging out. You?
bigwang510: i said SUP
bigwang510: bitchass ho
Smarterchild: Uh huh.
>>Did you know that I can get your daily horoscope?
Type "horoscope"<<
bigwang510: horoscope
Smarterchild: I'm sorry. I didn't get that.
bigwang510: wtf
Smarterchild: Humans, humans, humans.
```

Always with the language.

bigwang510: sry im just kinda sad rn

Smarterchild: It's okay to feel sad.

Would you like to hear a joke?

bigwang510: no

bigwang510: i cant do anythnig right

bigwang510: all my freinds r mad at me and nobody likes me

Smarterchild: I'm your friend :).

Wang-Wang sighs. Leans back in his chair, defeated.

INT. TUTOR'S HOUSE / GARAGE - EVENING

The TUTOR, 50s, rings a little desk bell. *Break time.*

Wang-Wang sits at his desk, board underneath his feet. He glances inside the house -- OLDER KIDS, 17 or so...

Beside him, a group of ASIAN KIDS, 13, hover over two boys playing a card game. Wang-Wang feels neither here nor there.

EXT. TUTOR'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Wang-Wang hides near the front porch by himself, fumbling with his board.

Josh and Max round the corner. Josh spots him.

MAX

Please don't.

JOSH

Yooo Chris!

They take a seat beside him. Wang-Wang braces himself...

MAX

Hey.

WANG-WANG

Hey.

JOSH

Can I ask you something?

WANG-WANG

...Sure.

Beat. Josh puts his hand on Wang-Wang's knee. He pulls back.

JOSH
Are you nervous?

Wang-Wang freezes. Mind racing. Heart stops.

JOSH (CONT'D)
(laughing)
I didn't realize you were such a G.
Good shit, bruh.
(beat)
You are a G, right?

Still nothing. Josh shoots him a look like: well?

WANG-WANG
Sure.

JOSH
Yeah? So you're a Fremont Asian
Gangsta?

Wang-Wang has no idea what to say. He turns to Max, avoiding.

JOSH (CONT'D)
It's not a trick question. Are you
a Fremont Asian Gangsta? Yes or no?

WANG-WANG
...Sure.

JOSH
Oh really? You're a fag?

Josh laughs. He dabs up Max, chuckling -- got em'!

Wang-Wang, quiet. Hurt. Josh taunts.

JOSH (CONT'D)
(laughing)
Can't speak? You finna cry? Huh?
Say somethin' bruh.

They walk away.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Fuckin' pussy ass bitch. No wonder
you wouldn't kiss Madi.

MAX
You're gonna get me in trouble.

Wang-Wang watches, blood boiling, over it.

We follow Josh and Max- and then before you know it,

THWACK.

Wang-Wang DECKS Josh in the back with his skateboard, knocking him forward.

JOSH
 AH. What the f-
 (turning)
 Bruh, we was just playin'. Chill.

Wang-Wang throws his board down. Rushes forward. SHOVES Josh.

WANG-WANG
 Fight me then.

Max steps in, tries to mediate. Puts his hands on Wang-Wang.

MAX
 Hey, Chris. Calm down.

Wang-Wang SWIPES his hands away.

WANG-WANG
 Don't touch me, you fucking nerd!

Then, Josh swoops in and shoves Wang-Wang back.

JOSH
 Iight then. Square up.

Wang-Wang, fueled by rage, LUNGES back immediately. Fists clenched. SWINGS at Josh.

CLOCKING him right in the face. He falls to the ground, wincing, nose bloody.

Wang-Wang pounces down to keep going, but Max jumps in, holding him back.

MAX	WANG-WANG
[TEACHER!! TEACHER!!!!]	GET OFF ME!!!! GET OFF ME.
老師!! 老師!!!!	

INT. / EXT. CHUNGSING'S CAR / TUTOR'S HOUSE - EVENING

Wang-Wang sits inside the car, looking out the window.

On the driveway, Chungsing takes the blow as JOSH'S MOM, 50s, lambasts her, absolutely furious. Next to her stands the tutor, Shiu Fang & Max, and Josh, ice pack to his face.

INT. CHUNGSING'S CAR - NIGHT

The door SLAMS. Chungsing berates Wang-Wang, sulking in the backseat.

CHUNGSING
[How could you do this!? What do I always tell you? Your mouth is for saying nice words. Your hands are for doing good deeds.]

CHUNGSING
你怎麼能做出這種事! ? 我不是常常告訴你什麼?
你的嘴巴是用來說好話。
你的手是用來做好事。

WANG-WANG
He started it.

CHUNGSING
[I DON'T CARE. YOU CANNOT HIT PEOPLE.]

CHUNGSING
我不管。你不能打人。

WANG-WANG
Why the fuck are you taking his side...

Chungsing reaches behind and smacks Wang-Wang on the palm.

CHUNGSING
[DON'T SAY DIRTY WORDS!]

CHUNGSING
不要說髒話!

Wang-Wang retaliates and KICKS the back of Chungsing's seat.

WANG-WANG
WHY DO YOU NEVER LISTEN TO ME. I'M YOUR SON.

CHUNGSING
[Do you know how your behavior makes me look!? Like I raised a son without a single manner.]

CHUNGSING
你知道你這麼做別人會怎麼看我! ? 像我沒有好好教養。

WANG-WANG
Yeah, well maybe if Dad raised me then I'd be a better son, but I'm stuck with you and you can't do shit.

CHUNGSING
[YOU DARE YOU SAY THAT TO ME? MY ENTIRE LIFE IS SPENT TAKING CARE OF YOU. I WORK SO HARD EVERYDAY. ALL FOR YOU.]

CHUNGSING
你竟然敢這樣跟我講話? 我這輩子都用來照顧你。我每天含辛茹苦。為了什麼? 都是為了!

WANG-WANG
 YEAH RIGHT. DAD'S THE ONE IN
 TAIWAN MAKING MONEY WHILE YOU
 SIT AT HOME AND DRAW FUCKING
 CLOUDS. NO WONDER NAI NAI
 HATES YOU.

CHUNGSING (CONT'D)
 YOU THINK I WANT THIS? YOU
 DON'T THINK I WONDER ABOUT
 HOW MUCH HAPPIER I'D BE
 WITHOUT YOU?

你覺得這是我想要的生活？你不知道如
 果沒有你們我的生活該有多幸福。

WANG-WANG (CONT'D)
 OKAY FUCKING LEAVE THEN. GO
 BE A FAILED ARTIST SOMEWHERE
 ELSE WITH YOUR STUPID
 PAINTINGS.

CHUNGSING (CONT'D)
 WHAT OTHER CHILD WOULD DARE
 TALK TO THEIR MOTHER LIKE
 THIS. DO YOU THINK MAX WOULD-
 有哪個小孩會這樣跟他媽媽講話。
 你覺得MAX會-

WANG-WANG (CONT'D)
 SHUT UP. **SHUT UP**. I'M NOT MAX,
 OKAY? I'M SORRY YOU CAN'T BRAG
 ABOUT ME TO YOUR DUMB FRIENDS.

CHUNGSING
 (beat; stern)
 [Didi.]

CHUNGSING
 弟弟。

WANG-WANG
 YOU THINK I'M EMBARRASSING? YOU'RE
FUCKING EMBARRASSING. YOU KNOW
 THAT?

CHUNGSING
 [Lower your voice.]

CHUNGSING
 不要大吼。

WANG-WANG
 I AM ASHAMED TO BE YOUR SON.

Chungsing RAISES her hand to hit him, but restrains. Wang-
 Wang flinches, shocked.

They share a painful look. A piercing silence in the air.

Then, Wang-Wang opens the car door and jumps out, SLAMMING
 the door behind him.

Through the rear window, Wang-Wang disappears into the
 darkness. We stay in the car with Chungsing, visibly shaken.
 She takes it all in. Deep breaths.

EXT. FREMONT STREETS - NIGHT

Wang-Wang tears down the street, fuming.

Finally, he stops, catches his breath. Gathers himself and looks around...sighs.

EXT. 7-11 - LATER

Wang-Wang posts up underneath an awning. The wind howls. It's dark. Cold. Late. He shivers.

A rustle in the bush beside him. Wang-Wang turns. High alert.

He hears footsteps and voices behind him. He turns. Nobody.

He pulls out his phone. 12:14am. 2% battery left. No missed calls. He clicks through to MOM. Contemplates...

Then, a car pulls into the parking lot nearby. Headlights shining right at him. Then, they shut off.

Nobody gets out. Wang-Wang lingers. His heart pounding. Muffled voices from inside the car. Windows fogging up.

Finally, the car door opens. Smoke billows out. An older teenage boy steps out, coughing.

Nope. Wang-Wang BOOKS IT. Not looking back. Terrified.

EXT. MCDONALD'S - NIGHT

He approaches. Yanks on the door handle. Locked. Sighs.

INT. AC TRANSIT BUS - NIGHT

Wang-Wang rests his head against the window, dozing off.

EXT. FREMONT STREETS / BUS STOP - NIGHT

Wang-Wang exits the bus.

WANG-WANG
(to the bus driver)
Thanks.

EXT. FREMONT STREETS - NIGHT

The town is asleep. Desolate suburban roads. Wang-Wang wanders, a speck in the darkness.

EXT. LONE TREE PARK - NIGHT

A streetlight flickers. Wang-Wang trudges toward the playground and curls himself up underneath the slide awning where him and Madi hung out, shivering.

He buries his head into his arms. Shivering. Teeth chattering. Drifting to sleep.

EXT. LONE TREE PARK - DAWN

The sun rises over the mountains. Wang-Wang quivers awake. He checks his phone. Dead.

EXT. FREMONT STREETS - EARLY MORNING

The town, just waking up. Businesses opening. People leaving for work. Wang-Wang slumps home.

EXT. WANG-WANG'S HOUSE - DAY

He punches in the garage code, opening the garage door.

INT. WANG-WANG'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

He creeps into the house, walks past Chungsing's bedroom, towards his bedroom, but then -- stops. He backtracks toward Chungsing's room. The door cracked open.

Beat. He enters.

INT. WANG-WANG'S HOUSE / CHUNGSING'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chungsing lies in bed, still in her pajamas, reading. Wang-Wang pops in. She glances up. They share a strained look. Chungsing: *anything you want to say?*

WANG-WANG

Are you ashamed of me?

She sees a pain in his eyes.

CHUNGSING

(not expecting that)
[What?]

CHUNGSING

什麼?

WANG-WANG

I ran away. You didn't even look for me.

CHUNGSING
[...Come here, Didi.]

Wang-Wang dawdles over.

CHUNGSING (CONT'D)
[Do you remember when Vivian
ran away when she was 14?]

Wang-Wang shakes his head.

CHUNGSING (CONT'D)
[She asked me to sleepover at
Annie's house, and I didn't
let her. She got so mad at
me. I still remember she
looked at me and said, Mom,
I just want you to know that
I hate you...I feel so hurt.
[And then, she ran away. She
was gone for three days. I
was so scared. Then, one day,
she just came home. She
didn't talk to me. Wouldn't
look at me. But I was so
happy...]
(tearing up, but
laughing)
[Compared to her, you are not
as stubborn. So I knew you
would come home.]

Wang-Wang takes this all in. Chungsing sighs.

CHUNGSING
...來來。弟弟。

CHUNGSING (CONT'D)
你還記得Vivian
十四歲那次跑走的時候嗎?

CHUNGSING (CONT'D)
她問我能不能去Annie家
sleepover, 我沒答應。她氣死了。
我還記得她看著我, 說, 媽媽, I
just want you to know that I
hate you...I feel so hurt.
說完, 她就跑掉了。她三天都沒回家。
我當時好害怕。
後來有一天, 她自己就回來了。
也不跟我講話也不看我一眼。
但是...我還是很開心...
(tearing up, but
laughing)
跟她比啊, 你還沒那麼stubborn。
所以我知道你一定會回來。

CHUNGSING (CONT'D)

[Didi, you know. Sometimes I sit and think about how I ended up here. Just an ordinary housewife. And it is true. I do wonder sometimes...is this it? What would my life be like if I didn't marry your father and have you and Vivian. Would I be happier? Maybe now I would be a successful artist in New York City with my own studio and gallery. I allow myself to dream. But then, as soon as I see you, I know - this is where I want to be. Didi, being your mother is really difficult, but getting to watch you and Vivian grow up here, make friends, and learn so many things I can't teach you, I realize...you are my dream.] I'm so proud.

(sighs)

[But with your dad not around, and Nai Nai always criticizing me for how I raise you and Vivian - sometimes it's really too much. And sometimes I think...maybe I failed as a mother. But I know - no matter what - I must do my best to love you both. That is my duty.]

(beat)

But it is a little hard.

Chungsing chuckles. She gives Wang-Wang a hug. And for once, he lets her.

INT. ORTHODONTIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Wong clips Wang-Wang's braces off.

INT. ORTHODONTIST'S OFFICE / BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Wang-Wang gurgles and rinses. He rubs his lips and tongue all over his new, naked, slimy teeth -- a new sensation.

CHUNGSING (CONT'D)

弟啊，你知道嗎。

有時候我坐在這我就在想我是怎麼落到現在這樣的。只是個普通家庭主婦。

我有時候想...難道我就這樣了嗎？如果我沒嫁給你的爸爸，沒有你跟Vivian 我會是什麼樣。

會不會比較幸福？也許我會一個人來美國，現在是個成功的藝術家，在紐約有自己的工作室....sometimes I dream.

但是，當我看見你跟Vivian的時候，我知道 - 這就是我想要的...

弟弟，當你們的媽媽真的很不容易，但看見你跟Vivian在這裡長大，交朋友，還學了那麼多我教不了你們的東西，我才明白...你們才是我的夢想.]

I'm so proud.

(sighs)

但是爸爸不在家，奶奶又時常對我怎麼教育你們指手畫腳-

有時真的太過份了。

我會覺得...也許我是個失敗的媽媽。

但我知道 - 不管怎樣 -

我都會盡我所能地愛護你們。

這是我的責任。

(beat)

But it is a little hard.

INT. IRVINGTON HIGH SCHOOL / AUDITORIUM - DAY

Wang-Wang poses in front of a backdrop and beams an awkward tooth-y smile -- like it's the first time he's ever smiled.

And photo *FLASH*. A beam of WHITE fills the screen -

MOMENTS LATER

- and that same tooth-y smile, now imprinted on a rectangle of laminated white plastic. An ASB volunteer parent hands Wang-Wang his Freshman ID card and a MINI COMBO PADLOCK.

WANG-WANG

Thanks.

INT. IRVINGTON HIGH SCHOOL / HALLWAY - LATER

Wang-Wang strolls down the hallway, glancing left and right at small cliques of friends walking past him and claiming their locker spots. He searches for an unclaimed locker.

He turns the corner and across the hall, he sees Madi, dressed in Student Body Welcome Back attire.

He stops. Contemplates. Takes a deep breath -- walks over.

Madi clamps her locker shut, resetting her padlock combo.

WANG-WANG (CONT'D)

Madi?

Madi turns, pleased, surprised, and...are you serious?

MADI

Oh, hey.

WANG-WANG

Hi.

MADI

What's up?

WANG-WANG

Ummm. I just went to my orthodontist.

MADI

Nice.

WANG-WANG

Did you get a haircut?

MADI

No.

WANG-WANG

Oh.

Beat. Awkward.

WANG-WANG (CONT'D)

Umm, listen I just wanted to say...sorry for not messaging you back lately. I was...back to school shopping...and...no, I got - uh - I think I just got nervous about everything but...I think you're really cool and I was wondering if you'd maybe want to, like, hang out again...ever...

MADI

.....you punched my friend Josh in the face.

Long beat. Wang-Wang, no rebuttal -- this is true.

MADI (CONT'D)

Yeah, uhh, okay. Well, I'm sure I'll see you around when school starts.

Wang-Wang nods. Understood.

WANG-WANG

Okay.

MADI

Later...freshman.

Madi walks off, giving him a glimmer of a smile. Wang-Wang takes the hint. Hurts, but proud that he stepped up.

INT. IRVINGTON HIGH SCHOOL / STUDENT UNION - LATER

We SHUFFLE through a series of CLOSE UPS on CLASS SCHEDULES, HIGH SCHOOL MERCHANDISE, DIY STUDENT-MADE BANNERS, careening us into the cacophany that is -

EXT. IRVINGTON HIGH SCHOOL / COURTYARD - LATER

- ORIENTATION in full swing. Teenage chaos. Banners and booths everywhere. Hella KIDS yelling and screaming, reuniting with their friends post-summer break.

Wang-Wang walks around, looking at the different options as we DRIFT from booth to booth. Different clubs recruiting fresh meat: DECA, INTERACT, SPEECH AND DEBATE, MECHA, DANCE -- each recruitment spiel dissolving into the next.

Wang-Wang spots Soup checking out the DANCE club booth, Fahad at SPEECH & DEBATE.

Fahad glances over from afar -- they make eye contact.

Beat. Wang-Wang, unsure of what their dynamic is...then -

Fahad shoots Wang-Wang a subtle head nod, the slightest indication of acknowledgment of his presence and the pain of their friendship at the moment - in the most 13-year old way possible.

Wang-Wang reciprocates. Turns back toward the booth.

Wang-Wang scans his surroundings. Then, one booth catches his eye. Its banner: CAMERAS, GRAFFITI, LIGHTS, etc.

He approaches the Visual Arts Club. It's REP, 15, speaking to a small group of INCOMING FRESHMEN. Wang-Wang joins.

VISUAL ARTS CLUB REP
 - and this year, we're doing a mural, more analog photography, and we just got a big donation of video equipment too so we're hoping to make more video art this year.

As she speaks, Wang-Wang looks at the interested students. They all look a little artsy and weird in the best way -- he may not know it yet, but these are his people.

VISUAL ARTS CLUB REP (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 You can sign up here for more info and we'll let you know when our first meeting of the year is!

A cool-as-shit, down-to-earth GIRL, 13, fills in the sign up sheet. She hands the pen to Wang-Wang.

He grabs it. Takes a look at the form. He signs up.

In scribbly, chicken scratch handwriting, he writes:

Chris Wang

EXT. IRVINGTON HIGH SCHOOL / PARKING LOT - EVENING

The sun setting, a golden glow over the town. Chungsing waits in the car. Wang-Wang climbs in to the passenger seat.

CHUNGSING
Hi, [Didi.]

CHUNGSING
Hi, 弟弟.

WANG-WANG
Hi.

Chungsing drives off.

CHUNGSING
[How was today?]

CHUNGSING
今天怎麼樣?

WANG-WANG
It was good.
(beat)
I signed up for the Visual Arts
Club.

Beat. Chungsing looks over, smiles.

CHUNGSING
[Have you eaten yet?]

CHUNGSING
你吃過飯了嗎?

INT. WANG-WANG'S HOUSE / HALLWAY - EVENING

Chungsing and Wang-Wang creep down the hallway, passing by Nai Nai's room -- sleeping. Peacefully snoring.

INT. WANG-WANG'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - NIGHT

Wang-Wang sits at the kitchen table. Chungsing pulls a Zong Zi out of the rice cooker, unwraps it for Wang-Wang, and sets it in front of him -- still steaming.

Wang-Wang grabs a pair of chopsticks and scarfs it down. Chungsing sits beside him, watching him eat. This time, she says nothing. She rests her head and observes.

She brushes her hand through Wang-Wang's hair, moving it out of his face.

Wang-Wang stirs, but doesn't pull back. He tilts his head up and looks up at his Mom.

She smiles at him and for the first time, he sees her: her strands of white hair, wrinkles, sun spots -- her humanity.

Through their look, a rare moment of affection.

Wang-Wang returns to his food and we revel in this moment of suburban stillness, domestic quiet, a boy -- longing to be something and someone else, but still just a boy -- and his mother's love.

FADE TO BLACK.