

Three Days of Happiness

Written for the screen by
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Based on the light novel
By Sugaru Miaki

"Happiness is the meaning and the purpose of life, the whole aim
and end of human existence."

- Aristotle

1

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

1

With his cheap set of headphones on and his schoolbag under his right arm, an elementary school aged kid speed walks by clumps of students.

He fixes his vision on the ground so as to avoid eye contact.

This is KUSUNOKI (10).

The song "Strange Chameleon" by The Pillows plays through his speakers.

Even as he speeds by them, a number of students yell something at him, but it falls to deaf ears due to the music.

During the inaudible verbal onslaught, Kusunoki swerves away from the extended leg of a faceless kid before getting roughly pushed to the ground by another kid.

Nevertheless, he doesn't acknowledge any of it and still keeps going.

2

EXT. TWO-WAY STREET

2

Kusunoki approaches a suburban narrow two way street.

He breaks off from the group and goes down the right path, while every other student casually walks down the left path.

He walks a short distance down the street before turning back towards the path of students, examining every person who passes by him.

He's waiting for someone.

Beat.

At the end of the trail, Kusunoki spots another student, a girl, who is going through what he had just endured moments prior.

Her head droops down to the ground as the kids around her call her names.

Fortunately, she also breaks off from the path as well.

This is HIMENO (10).

Even as she walks towards him, Kusunoki keeps his eyes on the students walking by.

The final one walks down the left path and he diverts his gaze to Himeno.

He waits for her to catch up to him before they both walk down the path together, side by side.

3

INT. CLASSROOM - ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - THE NEXT DAY

3

Kusunoki walks into class, where roughly half the students sit within a square of desks.

He spots Himeno sitting right in the middle, her head resting on the edge of her desk as she holds a small piece of folded paper in front of her.

Perplexed, Kusunoki walks down the edge of the square to his desk, which sits in the far back corner.

Upon arriving, he spots another piece of paper sitting above a number of cruel and ego-crushing messages etched onto the desk itself.

He sits down, picks up the paper and reads the message on it:

You will never be important. You'll never be an artist. Don't even try.

Kusunoki lays the note on the desk, leans in his chair and takes a disappointing sigh.

He peeks over at Himeno, who still has her head down, and glances at her note for a split second before she puts it away.

He couldn't tell what it said but knew from the handwriting that it was similar to his.

The bell rings. All of the students get in their seats.

The TEACHER (late 20s) gets up from her desk and faces the chalkboard behind her, has her back to the class.

TEACHER

Now class, you've all been told that it's something that can't be replaced, and that it's more valuable than anything. But if a human life were given a monetary value, how much do you think it would be worth?

The class murmur amongst each other about the question that was just asked.

The teacher draws something on the chalkboard in front of her with blue chalk.

Himeno slightly stands up and makes her presence known.

HIMENO

I read that the lifetime earnings of a Japanese salaryman is around two to three hundred million yen. That should be about right for the average person.

Half the class looks at her, impressed.

The other annoyed.

TEACHER

(with a grimace)

That is true. I think most adults would say the same thing. Calculating the worth of a person as the amount of money they make in their lifetime is one way to get an answer.

(beat)

But I want you to put that to the side for now. How about this? I'll make an analogy. Another one of my famous tricky thought experiments.

The teacher puts the blue chalk down and shows the class what she drew on the chalkboard:

An absurdist drawing that looks like anywhere between a person and a piece of gum stuck to the road.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Let's say one day, you cross paths with this *something* with an infinite amount of money and it asks you 'Hey. That life you're gonna lead. Would ya let me have it?'

MALE CLASSMATE

What happens if you sell it?

TEACHER

(matter-of-factly)

You'd die, surely. Which is why you'll initially turn it down. But this *something* is persistent.

(MORE)

TEACHER (CONT'D)
 It'll bargain with you and tell you
 'You have 'X' more years to live,
 so why not give me half of it?'

During the session, Kusunoki lazily sits with his fist propped up on his chin.

He doesn't even attempt to join in the conversation.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
 But here's the problem. How much
 per year will this mysterious buyer
 pay for your lifespan? And honestly-
 - there is no right answer. Now, I
 want you to turn to the person next
 to you and discuss with them about
 this.

The class begins to buzz with conversation.

Everyone except for Kusunoki, who looks off into the distance, waits for the time to pass.

Himeno talks with a classmate next to her.

A couple seats behind her, a couple boys point at her bag on the ground next to her desk.

They count down to themselves from three.

When they hit one, the boys dart from their desks and one of them snatches the bag.

In one fell swoop, they dodge past all the desks in front of them and make the turn towards the classroom door, before anyone even notices what's going on.

Everyone except Himeno and Kusunoki stops talking and reacts to what happened.

The former sighs in annoyance while the latter just watches it occur with no reaction.

4

EXT. SHRINE - LATER THAT DAY - EVENING

4

Kusunoki sits alone on the top steps of the shrine behind him.

Himeno walks up the steps to a trashcan next to Kusunoki.

She pulls her bag out of the trash and sits down next to him. They both say nothing.

Beat.

The sun crosses the horizon in front of them.

Himeno stands up, brushes the dust off her skirt and stares straight ahead.

HIMENO

In the future, we're gonna be very important people.

KUSUNOKI

How far are we talking?

HIMENO

Probably not that soon, but not that far, either. I bet it'll take about ten years.

KUSUNOKI

Ten years. We'll be twenty by then.

HIMENO

Something will happen. Ten years from now, we'll finally feel like we're glad to be alive. Once we're important and rich, we'll look back to today and tell ourselves that we didn't learn a single thing.

KUSUNOKI

It's amazing if you think about it. We won't feel like a bunch of leftovers. We can drink, we can smoke, we can get married-- well, that comes earlier. But I don't think I'll be able to do it.

HIMENO

How come?

KUSUNOKI

There's too much out there I don't like.

HIMENO

Me too.

From Kusunoki's point of view, the setting sun changes Himeno's profile into a completely different person.

More adult. Fragile. Breakable.

HIMENO (CONT'D)
In that case--

She glances at Kusunoki very briefly before turning away again.

HIMENO (CONT'D)
--when we turn twenty, and get
famous...and we aren't married yet--

She coughs, clears her throat.

HIMENO (CONT'D)
--why don't we be leftovers
together?

They both stare off at the setting sun in front of them.

5 INT. KUSUNOKI'S APARTMENT - DAY - **TEN YEARS LATER** 5

The final moments of "The Last Song" by RADWIMPS plays.

Kusunoki (now 20) lays on the floor of his messy one-room apartment. He stares at the ceiling with soulless eyes, the room fan with blue blades is what gets his attention.

A pair of bags sit next to him: One full of books, the other full with CDs.

He listens to music through the same small pair of headphones connected to a CD player.

A physical copy of the album "Radwimps 3" by RADWIMPS lays next to the player.

The song ends. Kusunoki reaches for the CD player, ejects the disc and puts it back in the album.

He picks up the album, and puts it in the CD bag.

6 INT. USED BOOKSTORE - DAY 6

A small, niche college bookstore.

With a bag of books in one hand and a bag of CDs in the other, Kusunoki walks in through the lone glass door, rings the bell above him.

The sounds of a radio echo from the desk all around the store.

He squeezes past the narrow aisles towards the checkout desk, where the BOOKSTORE OWNER (mid-60s) minds his own business doing whatever else on the side.

Kusunoki plops the bag of books on the desk.

KUSUNOKI

Hey. I'm here to sell some books.

The owner looks up at Kusunoki, his eyes widen, raises his eyebrows, mildly taken aback.

BOOKSTORE OWNER

You moving or something?

KUSUNOKI

No. Nothing like that.

BOOKSTORE OWNER

Then what's the reason?

KUSUNOKI

(sarcastic)

As much as I want to, paper just doesn't make for a good meal. Not much nutritional value.

The owners lets out a single chuckle.

BOOKSTORE OWNER

So you're short on cash then?

Kusunoki nods in response.

The owner crosses his arms, stares at the bag, thinking.

BOOKSTORE OWNER (CONT'D)

Alright, it'll take about thirty minutes to look these over.

7 EXT. USED BOOKSTORE - LATER

7

Just outside the bookstore.

Kusunoki looks over a bulletin board covered with flyers, from the summer festival to stargazing to fireworks and the like.

Wind chimes ring from a distant house, produces the only source of loud noise in the area.

The owner hands Kusunoki a handful of dollars.

BOOKSTORE OWNER

While you're here, I've got something to tell you.

KUSUNOKI

What is it?

BOOKSTORE OWNER

You need money, right?

KUSUNOKI

Why else do you think I'm here?

The owner leans in close on the desk.

BOOKSTORE OWNER

Look, I don't care how poor you are or how you got here. I just wanna ask you one thing.

KUSUNOKI

What is it?

BOOKSTORE OWNER

You wanna sell some of your lifespan?

KUSUNOKI

(shocked)

Lifespan?

BOOKSTORE OWNER

Yeah. I won't buy it off you but you can sell it for a lot.

Kusunoki averts his eyes away from the owner, as if to process what he just heard.

BOOKSTORE OWNER (CONT'D)

Look, I don't blame you if you think I'm joking. But if you want to play along with the crazy old guy, I'll tell you where to go. Not too far from here, there's a business which buys and sells lifespan, time and health. The price differs from person to person. By that metric, the value can fluctuate a lot.

Kusunoki tilts his head to the side, eyebrows raised.
Skeptical.

BOOKSTORE OWNER (CONT'D)
I don't really know you much at
all, but you don't look like a bad
guy.
(looks at stack of books)
And you've got decent taste in
books, too. Maybe you'll be worth
something.

KUSUNOKI
What's the difference between
lifespan and time?

BOOKSTORE OWNER
Don't know the details. I've never
sold anything to them.

The owner pulls out a memo sheet and begins to draw a map and
a phone number.

BOOKSTORE OWNER (CONT'D)
You go down this street, look for
this building. It's on the fourth
floor, first door when you walk up
the stairs.

Kusunoki picks up the memo sheet.

KUSUNOKI
Thanks.

He walks past the narrow aisles again, towards the door.

BOOKSTORE OWNER
No problem. Good luck!

Kusunoki exits the store.

9 INT. CD STORE - DAY

9

Another local college joint, only more visually modern.

The aisles are farther apart and a recent summer hit plays
over the speakers.

Just like clockwork, Kusunoki walks into the store, towards
the CD STORE OWNER (early 30s, bleached hair) and plops a bag
of CDs on the front desk.

CD STORE OWNER
What's going on, man?

KUSUNOKI
I need to sell these CDs. I'm a bit short on cash.

The owner sifts through the bag, looks back up at Kusunoki.

CD STORE OWNER
In that case, I actually have something you might wanna hear. I'm not supposed to tell you about this, but since you have pretty good taste in music, I'll tell you this one time. There's a business in this town that will buy your lifespan!

KUSUNOKI
(chuckles a little)
Lifespan? You don't say.

CD STORE OWNER
(dead serious)
Yeah, lifespan. It also buys and sells time and health, too, although it's different for everyone. That's what they told me when I went over there and decided to get some cash myself.

KUSUNOKI
(surprised)
Really?! How much did you get?

CD STORE OWNER
Eh, um-- I'm not comfortable saying. But I can show you where you can go.

He pulls out a piece of paper and writes down a map and a phone number, hands it to Kusunoki.

It's identical to what the bookstore owner gave him just earlier.

A soda can falls down from a vending machine.

Kusunoki takes it out, pops the tab and sips it.

He pulls out both maps from his pocket and compares them.

They are almost identical minus the different writing styles. He stares at both of them for a bit, thinking.

11 EXT. OLD BUILDING - DAY 11

Kusunoki looks up at the fourth floor of an old stone building, which towers over him in size.

12 INT. HALLWAY - FOURTH FLOOR - OLD BUILDING 12

Kusunoki climbs up the stairs and stops at the first door he sees to his right.

There is no sign on the door.

He stares at the doorknob.

Beat.

Breaking the silence, he turns the doorknob and opens the door into--

13 INT. BUSINESS ROOM 13

The room is unmistakably clean.

Empty display cases sit in the center of the room and empty shelves line up the walls on both sides, like a pawn shop without the items.

Kusunoki looks around the room in front of him until--

MIYAGI

Welcome.

He is startled by a voice to his right.

A young woman in a suit and glasses sits at a receptionists desk, acting way older than her age suggests.

This is MIYAGI (20).

MIYAGI (CONT'D)

Time? Health? Lifespan?

Kusunoki can't get himself to respond.

MIYAGI (CONT'D)
 (repeats herself)
 Time? Health? Lifespan?

He shakes his head, breaks himself out of his trance.

KUSUNOKI
 (with some hesitation)
 Lifespan.

Without a second thought, she types away at her computer.

MIYAGI
 Alright. This'll take about three
 hours.

KUSUNOKI
 (confused)
 Huh? That's it? Don't I have to
 sign some paperwork or something?

MIYAGI
 That's not needed. Standard
 procedure.

KUSUNOKI
 Alright.

14 EXT. SHOPPING DISTRICT - DAY

14

Kusunoki aimlessly walks down the street, keeping his
 distance from other passersby.

He spots a cigarette and a lighter sitting on a bench.

Cautious, Kusunoki looks around him before quickly picking it
 up and discreetly slips them into his pocket.

Now with a little kick in his step, he turns a corner to a--

SIDE STREET

--where he lights the cigarette.

He coughs a little upon exhale. He hasn't done this in a
 while.

After one puff, he drops the cigarette, steps on it and walks
 down the street once more.

15 INT. BUSINESS ROOM - LATER

15

Exhausted, Kusunoki goes straight for a black leather chair, settles himself and is about to fall to sleep when--

MIYAGI

Mr. Kusunoki. Mr. Kusunoki.

Miyagi still sits at her desk. She hasn't moved a muscle.

Kusunoki, still not fully awake, peeks over at her.

KUSUNOKI

Yeah?

More accustomed to his surroundings this time, Kusunoki gets up and walks over to the desk.

Miyagi lays a piece of paper flat in front of him.

MIYAGI

This is the result of your evaluation. What would you like to do?

He picks up the paper, reads through it, his expression changes from hopeful to confused to concerned.

On the paper, it reads his estimated value to be three hundred thousand yen.

KUSUNOKI

No-- No, this can't be right. This has to be a joke.

MIYAGI

It is not, Mr. Kusunoki. What I have assembled says the rest of your life won't hold any value whatsoever. This means the yearly price is the lowest possible price of ten thousand yen. Your remaining life is listed as thirty years and three months, so you can walk out of here with about three hundred thousand yen.

Kusunoki nervously laughs at what he's being told.

MIYAGI (CONT'D)

Of course, this doesn't indicate some universal value. That's simply the total we arrived at after measuring you against our standard.

KUSUNOKI

I'd like to know more about this standard.

Miyagi sighs in disgust.

MIYAGI

The detailed evaluations are carried out by a different consultative body, so even I don't know the specifics myself.

Miyagi pushes up her glasses.

MIYAGI (CONT'D)

But from what I know, the result is largely influenced by the ability to satisfy certain values, such as happiness, fulfillment and contribution-- In essence, how happy will you be throughout the rest of your life, how happy will you make others, and contributing to society all play a big part in the appraised value of life.

KUSUNOKI

Why is the rest of my life so short?

MIYAGI

I'm very sorry, but any further information can only be revealed to customers who choose to sell either their time, health, or lifespan.

Kusunoki stares off into space, into deep thought, before looking back at Miyagi.

KUSUNOKI

Alright. I'll sell the last thirty years.

MIYAGI

Okay.

She places a contract down on the desk, in front of Kusunoki.

MIYAGI (CONT'D)

I'd like you to read through and sign this for me, please.

He blankly reads through the contract before signing it at the bottom.

MIYAGI (CONT'D)
 Alright. Do you have any questions?

KUSUNOKI
 (out of it)
 Not really.

She hands Kusunoki an envelope full of money.

MIYAGI
 Remember, you can perform up to
 three transactions in total. That
 means you have two more
 opportunities to buy or sell life,
 health and lifespan.

As she talks, Kusunoki blows her off and leaves the room back
 the way he came.

16 EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY 16

Tired and beaten down, Kusunoki plods down the sidewalk.

In contrast, he passes a man, also in his early 20s, with a
 big smile on his face, like he just won the lottery.

Upon passing each other, Kusunoki looks over his shoulder
 towards the man in great disdain.

17 INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY 17

Kusunoki takes four cans of liquor off the shelf and carries
 them over to the checkout desk.

18 EXT. FOOD CART - DAY 18

The food cart vendor hands Kusunoki five skewers of yakitori
 chicken in his free hand, holding the beer in a plastic bag
 with the other.

19 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - EVENING 19

Kusunoki sits on a bench. Like a man who doesn't have much to
 live, he powers through skewer after skewer and throws the
 sticks on the ground.

Wasting no time, he takes out a beer can, pops it open and
 chugs it empty.

Upon finishing it, he spikes the can on the ground and screams out to the heavens in ecstasy.

20 INT. BATHROOM - KUSUNOKI'S APARTMENT 20

Slumped down, Kusunoki pukes profusely in the toilet until only phlegm drools out of his mouth.

21 EXT. PARK - DAY - **DREAM** 21

Kusunoki (16) stands at the edge of a park, looks over at a group of teenagers playing with firecrackers, red smoke billows from the sparklers.

A banner is hung in between two trees which read out "KIYOSE HIGASHI CLASS REUNION"

HIMENO
How's high school?

Kusunoki turns to see Himeno (16) standing next to him.

KUSUNOKI
I'm not enjoying it. But it could be worse.

HIMENO
I guess I'd say the same.

HIMENO (CONT'D)
Sometimes I find myself thinking about how life was fun back then.

KUSUNOKI
Back when?

Himeno doesn't answer.

She crouches down, looks up at Kusunoki. He still looks on at the students and sparks.

HIMENO
Do you still consider yourself a leftover?

KUSUNOKI
I suppose.

They switch.

Himeno looks on at everyone else while Kusunoki looks down at her.

HIMENO
 (with a smirk)
 I suppose I am, too.

Her cheeks dimpled.

HIMENO (CONT'D)
 Good. Right on schedule.

KUSUNOKI
 Yeah, right on schedule.

The cheering fades out until--

22 INT. KUSUNOKI'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT DAY - MORNING - ~~PRESENT~~
DAY

--Kusunoki wakes up.

He lays under his blanket, motionless.

He gazes up at the ceiling once more, his eyes dart around from one side to the next, like he's watching a memory play out in his mind.

DING DONG

The doorbell rings. Kusunoki ignores it.

DING DONG

It rings again.

KUSUNOKI
 (to the front door)
 I'm coming! I'm coming.

Hungover, Kusunoki forces himself off the bed, puts on some sweatpants and a t-shirt over a pair of boxers and stumbles over to the front door.

He opens it and sees a girl standing across from him, a wheeled suitcase sits by her side.

KUSUNOKI (CONT'D)
 Can I help you?

The girl gives Kusunoki an exasperated look.

She pulls out a pair of glasses from her bag and puts them on.

It's clear now.

This girl is Miyagi.

KUSUNOKI (CONT'D)
Why are you here? Did I miss
something?

She puts the glasses away and stares at Kusunoki with
emotionless eyes.

MIYAGI
My name is Miyagi. I'll be your
monitor from now on.

23 LATER - DAY

23

Miyagi stands by the bathroom door, waiting.

The toilet flushes. Kusunoki walks out of the bathroom.

He is startled for a few seconds upon seeing her before he
continues walking towards his bed.

Kusunoki lays down on the bed and faces away from Miyagi, who
follows him all the way from the bathroom door to the side of
his bed. Personal space doesn't interest her at the moment.

MIYAGI
As I explained to you yesterday,
because you have less than a year
left to live, from now on, you will
have a monitor at all times.
Furthermore--

KUSUNOKI
(still facing away from
her)
Can this wait 'til later?

MIYAGI
Very well. I'll wait.

Miyagi picks up her suitcase from the floor, walks over to
the corner of the room and sits down, with her back against
the wall, and legs cradled in her arms.

Kusunoki peeks over his shoulder and spots Miyagi in the
corner.

MIYAGI (CONT'D)
Don't mind me. Pretend like I'm
never here.

KUSUNOKI

(annoyed)

Yeah, sure. Right. Easier said than done.

He lays his head back down on the bed.

24 EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT 24

Neon lights shine all through the night in many different colors.

Kusunoki walks down the sidewalk, while Miyagi walks at about the same speed but five steps behind.

He tries to walk faster only to hear her footsteps walk just as fast. He can't get her off his tail.

25 INT. PIT STOP RESTAURANT - NIGHT 25

A wide, squat building faded with time.

Inside, ten vending machines are lined up on the wall with two narrow tables with ashtrays on them.

Music from a few arcade cabinets echo throughout the room as Kusunoki walks through the glass double doors.

He aims straight for the soda machine, inserts a few yen into the slot, pushes a button for a can of coffee and the machine spits it out.

All the while, Miyagi watches on from just outside the glass wall up front.

Kusunoki picks up the drink, exits the restaurant.

He doesn't make eye contact or even acknowledges Miyagi, who follows behind him once again after a short time.

26 INT. KUSUNOKI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 26

Kusunoki sits at his desk, deep in thought.

He holds a pen in his hand and a notebook sits in front of him, with only the words "**Things I should do before I die.**"

He writes down a list of tasks in bullet points:

- **Don't go to college.**

- Don't do any work.
- Don't hold back when you want something.
- Eat something delicious.
- Look at something beautiful.
- Write a will.
- Meet with Naruse and talk.
- Tell Himeno how I feel.

MIYAGI

I would suggest against that one.

Kusunoki turns around and sees Miyagi standing behind him, looking over his shoulder at the list.

KUSUNOKI

Does a monitor have an obligation to spy on their target and give them pointless advice?

Miyagi looks down at *her* notebook.

MIYAGI

This Himeno person has been through a lot. She had a kid at age seventeen. Then quit high school and got married at eighteen but was divorced a year later. Now at twenty, she's living with her parents and raising her baby. Two years from now, at twenty-two, she's gonna kill herself. And her last message will be extremely dark. Nothing good is going to happen if you try to see her. Not to mention she barely remembers you. She certainly wouldn't remember the special *promise* you made ten years ago.

Kusunoki is unable to speak, like all the air had been sucked out from his lungs.

KUSUNOKI

(mumbles)

You know that much about me?

He tries to hide his panic.

KUSUNOKI (CONT'D)
 Sounds like you know everything
 that's about to happen, too, right?

Miyagi shakes her head.

MIYAGI
 What I know is what *might* have
 happened, Mr. Kusunoki.

While keeping her eyes on the notebook, Miyagi pulls her hair
 back behind her ear.

MIYAGI (CONT'D)
 It seems Himeno was someone very
 important to you. Your life's
 "summary" was mainly all about her.

KUSUNOKI
 So everything else was too
 unimportant? Is that what you're
 trying to say?

MIYAGI
 Guess so. All I can tell you is
 you're only going to waste your
 time. It will only spoil your
 memory of her.

KUSUNOKI
 Thanks for the concern. But it was
 spoiled a long time ago.

MIYAGI
 I still saved you time, haven't I?

KUSUNOKI
 (agitated)
 Are you just allowed to tell people
 about the future like that?

MIYAGI
 (curious)
 Why did you assume I shouldn't?

Kusunoki could not come with an answer once again.

This time, he's merely stumped instead of shocked.

MIYAGI (CONT'D)
 In essence, we just want you all to
 live the rest of your lives in
 tranquility.

(MORE)

MIYAGI (CONT'D)

That's why I'm giving you advice based on your future and warning you away from anything that might harm you or anyone else.

Kusunoki scratches his head.

He takes deep breaths as he listens to her. He looks like he's about to blow a gasket.

KUSUNOKI

Maybe you're telling me this 'cause you're trying to protect me from getting hurt. But couldn't you also say what you're doing is robbing me of the *freedom* to be hurt? Let's say-- Let's say I actually wanted to hear that directly from her so that it could hurt me. All you've done is stuck your nose in where you're not wanted.

Miyagi sighs with obvious annoyance.

MIYAGI

Is that so? Well, I had only good intentions. I'm very sorry.

She bows to him. Miyagi returns to her corner of her room, wraps her arms around her legs again.

KUSUNOKI

Now if you excuse me, I gotta make a call outside.

Kusunoki picks up his phone from his bed and walks out the front door.

27 EXT. SAME - NIGHT

27

Just outside his apartment door. Kusunoki looks down at his phone, searches through his contacts.

He stops on the contact titled "Wakana" and taps it.

Kusunoki puts the phone to his ear.

It rings. Two, three, four, five times.

He paces back and forth a few short steps at a time, where he spots Miyagi standing by the apartment door.

He gives her a frustrating stare.

Eventually, he hangs up the phone himself and goes to his mail app and taps an email address with "Wakana" in the name.

He types out a message: *Sorry if this is out of the blue, but do you wanna hang out tomorrow?*

He sends the message.

Beat.

He gets a reply. Only it isn't from Wakana: *The address you're trying to reach has been deactivated.*

Kusunoki is defeated. He doesn't move a muscle.

He stares down at the screen, at the automated message.

Miyagi peers over his shoulder again at the phone.

MIYAGI

Let's check the answer.

Curious, Kusunoki turns around to Miyagi.

KUSUNOKI

Huh?

MIYAGI

That girl you tried to call was your last ray of hope. Wakana was the last person who you thought may have loved you. But you were too late. Wakana doesn't care about you anymore. In fact, she hates you now for not returning the affection, and she wishes she could show you the boyfriend she has now.

Miyagi speaks with distance and dispassion.

MIYAGI (CONT'D)

There will *never be another person* who will love you from this point forward. When you only see other people as tools to ease your own loneliness, people pick up on that.

Bright, cheerful voices come from the apartment next door, the window shines bright from the inside by comparison to Kusunoki's apartment. **Rubbing salt in the wound.**

Kusunoki's phone rings.

It catches his attention away from Miyagi.

He looks at the caller ID. It's Wakana.

Kusunoki answers the call.

KUSUNOKI

Hey.

WAKANA (O.S.)

Kusunoki. What's going on? I saw you tried to call earlier.

He looks over at Miyagi, tries to keep his voice light.

KUSUNOKI

Sorry about that. I misdialed by mistake.

WAKANA (O.S.)

Well, that's not surprising. You're not the kind of person who calls other people.

(chuckles a little)

Exactly why I stopped talking to you.

KUSUNOKI

Yeah. I guess that's--

Without warning, Wakana ends the call.

The sounds from the room next door gets louder and the lights get brighter.

With any shred of dignity ripped in pieces, Kusunoki puts the phone away, leans on the wall to the right of the apartment door, across from Miyagi, and lights a cigarette.

28 INT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

28

Kusunoki takes a six-pack of beer off the shelf and puts it in a basket with a tray of fried chicken and a few instant noodle cups.

29 SAME TIME

29

At a frozen drinks section, Miyagi takes a couple bottles of mineral water and tosses them into her basket, which are full of similarly bland items like nutrition bars, gluten free alternatives and the like.

30

LATER

30

Miyagi pays for her items at a self-checkout register.
Kusunoki pays for his items at the register next to her.
He looks at her, what she's buying.

KUSUNOKI

Is that all you're gonna get?

She doesn't answer.

KUSUNOKI (CONT'D)

Nothing edible?

Miyagi ignores Kusunoki's misery-induced complaints, keeps putting her food in a store bag.

31

EXT. KUSUNOKI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

31

With bags in their hands, Kusunoki and Miyagi enter the apartment through the front door.

32

INT. SAME

32

A little tipsy, Kusunoki places the bowl of ramen on a small table, next to a plate of half eaten fried chicken and a popped open can of beer.

He takes one sip of the beer before he turns to Miyagi, who sits in her corner, as usual, writing in her notebook.

KUSUNOKI

Wanna drink?

She doesn't look up from her notebook.

MIYAGI

No thanks. I'm working.

Beat.

KUSUNOKI

I've been wondering-- What are you writing?

MIYAGI

My observation record.

KUSUNOKI

Observing what?

MIYAGI

You.

KUSUNOKI

Oh, okay. Then let me help you out.
I'm drunk right now.

MIYAGI

I can see that. You certainly look
drunk.

KUSUNOKI

And not only that. I want to drink
with you.

MIYAGI

(grumbles; annoyed)

I know. You just said that.

Kusunoki sits down at the table, eats away at his ramen and
fried chicken.

He looks out at the open apartment window, the moonlight
coming in tinged with navy blue and the sounds of the night
breeze filled the space.

He takes another sip of beer.

Suddenly, with great pomp and circumstance, he stands up from
his chair, faces Miyagi.

KUSUNOKI

With the three hundred thousand yen
and the three months I have left,
I'm gonna change for the better!

Kusunoki picks up his beer can, downs it in one go and
violently sets it down on the table.

Miyagi raises her eyes a few inches from her notebook, gives
Kusunoki a cold expression.

MIYAGI

Is that so?

She returns to her notebook.

KUSUNOKI

(undeterred)

Yeah. I'll make it go farther than
thirty million or three hundred
million. I'll work my ass off and
show the world who I really am.

MIYAGI
(not impressed)
Everyone says that.

KUSUNOKI
What?

She places the notebook and pen down beside her, cradles her knees and rests her chin in between them.

MIYAGI
If you weren't going to accomplish anything in thirty years, how do you expect to do anything in three months?

KUSUNOKI
--Never know unless you try.

MIYAGI
Don't you think it would be smarter to find small but certain bits of happiness instead? Finding the little victories will leave you with less disappointment in the end.

KUSUNOKI
Fine, fine, I get it. But I'm tired of hearing the right way to do things. If you don't mind, can you tell me everything that would've happened? How was I going to live the next thirty years? Maybe hearing about it will keep me from hoping too much.

From the window, fireworks rumble in the distance. One after another.

Mesmerized, Miyagi gets up from her corner, walks past Kusunoki and leans out the window to get a better view of the pyrotechnics.

KUSUNOKI (CONT'D)
Oh, really? You're gonna watch that instead? What if I just run out while you're not looking?

MIYAGI
(still watching the fireworks)
Did you want me to keep an eye on you?

KUSUNOKI

Nope. I can't do anything I want with you watching me.

MIYAGI

I see. Well, just in case you do run away, it'll be seen as a sign of intent to cause trouble for others when you get beyond a certain distance and you'll instantly die.

KUSUNOKI

How far are we talking here?

MIYAGI

It's not exact. I would guess maybe a hundred yards.

KUSUNOKI

Okay, fine. I'll be careful.

There are a few quick pops in the sky.

The fireworks show reaches its climax.

Miyagi turns around, faces Kusunoki.

MIYAGI

Now, about your lost thirty years. First, you don't last long in college. You make enough money to get by, read books, listen to music, and sleep-- that's it. It simply flies by.

(beat)

You graduate without gaining anything of true substance, and ironically, you end up in the same line of work you despised when you were younger and full of hope.

(beat)

Instead, you were unable to get over your memory of the time you were 'special', and your belief that this isn't where you belong prevents you from really settling in. Working yourself to the bone, you go back and forth to and from work every day without the ability to think about anything else until you realize the only thing that gives you any sort of pleasure is drinking.

KUSUNOKI

Doesn't sound too out of the ordinary.

MIYAGI

Next thing you know, you're in your late thirties. In your solitude, the only hobby you have is riding a motorcycle around without a destination. But as you know, motorcycles are dangerous. The silver lining is that you don't hit a car or run over someone. You merely fall off the bike on your own accord. But as a result, you lose half of your face, the ability to walk and most of your fingers.

(beat)

Soon enough, you consider taking your own life. But you're unable to do it. You can't give up that last little drop of hope that someday, somehow, something good might happen. It's a wish no one can take away from you-- but that's all it is. You will live on this feeble hope until you are fifty-- but without anything to show for it, you fall apart and die alone. And to the very last moment, you will tell yourself how your life wasn't supposed to turn out this way.

MIYAGI (CONT'D)

So what do you think?

Kusunoki's eyes widen, takes a few deep breaths. He is absolutely convinced what she has told him is real.

KUSUNOKI

Now I wish I could've just sold my life down to three days instead.

MIYAGI

You can still do that. You can sell your lifespan two more times.

KUSUNOKI

And once I'm down to three days, you're gone, right?

MIYAGI

Yep. If you really dislike me that much, the choice is yours.

KUSUNOKI
I'll keep that in mind.

33 INT. SAME - EARLY MORNING - RAIN 33

Droplets of water fall from a broken rain gutter just outside the open window.

The noise wakes Kusunoki up from his slumber.

He reaches for his phone, checks the time: **3:05 am.**

He sighs in annoyance. Another day has begun.

The sound of a shower turning on catches his attention. He looks up at the bathroom from where he lays.

Light pours out from under the closed door.

Beat.

Kusunoki leans outwards, under his bed through his stack of unsold CDs.

He chooses a CD, takes the disc out and puts it in the player near his pillow.

The CD is the album "Nurture" by Porter Robinson.

He connects the headphones to the player, puts them on, turns on the player and places it under the pillow.

The first track on the record, "Lifelike", bleeds through the tiny speakers.

Kusunoki closes his eyes, attempts to go back to sleep through the music.

34 INT. SAME - THE NEXT DAY - RAIN 34

The rain still falls outside.

Kusunoki sits at his desk, stares down at his bucket list, in thought.

Miyagi stands up from her spot in the corner, walks up to him.

MIYAGI
How do you plan to spend today?

Kusunoki doesn't move, respond.

Miyagi looks down at the list, too.

MIYAGI (CONT'D)

This is purely for curiosity's sake, but are these things you truly, personally want to do?

KUSUNOKI

I was just wondering the same thing.

MIYAGI

I hate to say this, but to me, this looks like a list of things you think someone *else* in your position would most likely do before they die.

KUSUNOKI

Maybe. The truth is, I might not want to do a single thing before I die. But I can't just do nothing.

MIYAGI

Even still, I would think there's a way that's better suited to you.

Miyagi returns to her corner, sits down in her usual position.

Beat.

Kusunoki pulls out his phone, dials a number, puts the phone to his ear. It rings once. Twice. Three times.

35 EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

35

The rain has stopped. The wet asphalt of the station platform gleams in the sun.

With an umbrella in one hand, Kusunoki buys a cola from a vending machine.

Miyagi watches him nearby and drinks from a bottle of mineral water.

Kusunoki spots a faint rainbow in the sky as he gulps down his drink.

He stares at it with new eyes. Five colors in a massive band of light spanning the sky.

MIYAGI

You probably should look at it closely. This may be the last rainbow you'll ever see.

KUSUNOKI

Well, yeah. Everything can be the last time.

A train arrives at the station.

36

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

36

An upscale fancy restaurant. Busy. Bustling.

Kusunoki sits at a banquette across from an empty chair. Miyagi sits between Kusunoki and a wall.

KUSUNOKI

Hey, Miss Monitor?

MIYAGI

Yeah?

Kusunoki scratches the back of his neck.

KUSUNOKI

I got a favor to ask--

As he talks, a waitress stops by the table.

WAITRESS

Excuse me, are you waiting for someone? Is it okay if I can come back for your order?

KUSUNOKI

No, you're fine. I'll take a cola.
(turns to Miyagi)
You want anything?

Miyagi gives him an awkward look.

KUSUNOKI (CONT'D)

What?

MIYAGI

I don't think you should be talking to me while other people are around.

KUSUNOKI

What are you talking about?

MIYAGI

I believed I've already explained this to you, but only the person being monitored can see the monitor. Just like this.

Miyagi grabs the waitress's sleeve, shakes it a little.

She doesn't notice the tug, keeps looking at Kusunoki like he's crazy.

KUSUNOKI

(to the waitress; in shock)

Just the cola please.

The waitress awkwardly walks away.

KUSUNOKI (CONT'D)

(to Miyagi)

What the hell was that all about?

MIYAGI

Every influence I might potentially have on another person has no effect.

Miyagi picks up the napkin dispenser.

MIYAGI (CONT'D)

So if I pick this up, no would notice the dispenser floating in the air. To everyone else, the dispenser is still on the table. Unfortunately, while I can't effect other people, the same doesn't apply when you interact with me. In other words, she saw you talking to the wall.

The waitress returns, places a glass of cola on the table, then quickly leaves.

She doesn't even attempt to say anything or make eye contact with Kusunoki.

He sips his cola.

From the other end of the room, Kusunoki spots NARUSE (21) and signals for him over to the table.

NARUSE

(happy)

There you are!

Naruse, excited to see his old friend again, sits in the empty chair across from Kusunoki.

He doesn't notice Miyagi sitting next to him.

KUSUNOKI
Hey, Naruse.

NARUSE
Man, it's been too long. How's life been treating you?

KUSUNOKI
(with a fake smile)
Oh, its-- pretty good.

Kusunoki picks up his drink, which has barely been touched and--

37 LATER

37

He places it back down, now nearly empty.

Both Kusunoki and Naruse each has a plate of food in front of them, the former's plate almost empty as well.

NARUSE
Oh yeah, that reminds me. You still drawing?

KUSUNOKI
(abruptly)
No.
(beat)
I haven't really been drawing much recently.

Naruse chuckles a little through his smile.

NARUSE
I figured. I'd be worried about you if you were still drawing, man. If you kept going, sooner or later, you might turn into one of those sketch artists at carnivals who paint kids faces into giraffes or elephants or whatever, you know?

Kusunoki's welcoming smile towards his reunited friend turns into a shell of a smile.

KUSUNOKI
Uh-huh.

As Naruse keeps talking about who-knows-what now, Kusunoki now begins to hear--

MIYAGI
(from the side)
Now-- let's check the answer.

Kusunoki keeps his eyes on Naruse, shakes his head, as a way to tell her not to continue, but she does anyway.

MIYAGI (CONT'D)
You're disgusted with Naruse now, but as a matter of fact, he doesn't like you as much as you think, either. Originally, two years from now, you would meet in a manner just like this and get into a heated argument over something so trivial, an outburst so bad you two wouldn't speak to each other again. You should probably break this off before too long. Nothing good will come of putting your hopes on him.

As she finishes that last sentence, Kusunoki throws his empty glass towards the wall, aimed at Miyagi, where it shatters into pieces on the floor.

The restaurant falls into silence for a brief moment before getting just as loud again, like nothing even happened. Naruse stops talking, stares at Kusunoki in shock.

Kusunoki sees an employee rush over to the table with napkins and turns to Miyagi, who sighs in exasperation.

KUSUNOKI
I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

Kusunoki takes a few hundred yen out from his wallet, places it on the table and scampers out of the building.

He repeats the words "I'm sorry" as he goes through the exchange.

38

EXT. BATTING CAGES - DAY

38

Kusunoki, in terrible frame, waits for the next pitch in one of the batting cages.

Sweat flies off of him with every swing, regardless if it connects or not.

He swings at every pitch shot his way.

He takes a chance at everything that's thrown at him.

39 LATER 39

Kusunoki gets a Pocari Sweat sports drink from a nearby vending machine, sits down on a bench overlooking the cages.

He sips his drink slowly as he watches the men in other cages take a crack at the cages, take a breather from their everyday lives.

40 INT. TRAIN 40

Kusunoki grips onto a handrail in the midst of a group of teenagers talking amongst each other. He feels way older by comparison.

He closes his eyes, drowns out the talking around him and focuses on the sounds of the train.

41 INT. KUSUNOKI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 41

Once again a little hammered, Kusunoki eats from a plate of barbeque meat and spring onions and drinks from yet another can of beer at the small table.

KUSUNOKI
Hey, Monitor!

He calls out to Miyagi, who quietly sits in her corner once more.

KUSUNOKI (CONT'D)
I'm sorry for what I did. I think I
got a little confused there.
Sometimes I just snap.

Miyagi looks up at Kusunoki with a sense of caution.

MIYAGI
Yeah, I know.

Beat.

KUSUNOKI
Are you hurt?

MIYAGI
No. Unfortunately.

KUSUNOKI
Look, I feel bad about it.

MIYAGI
It's fine. You didn't hit me.

KUSUNOKI
When you're done writing, you wanna
drink?

He outstretches his beer out towards her direction.

MIYAGI
You wanna drink with me?

KUSUNOKI
Well, yeah. I'm lonely.

MIYAGI
I see. Well, I'm sorry to say I
can't. I'm on the job.

KUSUNOKI
Then just say that first.

MIYAGI
I'm sorry. I just found it a bit
odd.

KUSUNOKI
I get lonely sometimes, just like
anybody else.

MIYAGI
I see.

42 SAME - THE NEXT DAY - DAY

42

A cicada screeches from outside the open window.

Kusunoki sits in front of his desk once more, in front of a
pad of paper and a pen.

He has his elbows on the desk, hands on his head, deep in
thought.

Beat.

In one quick motion, Kusunoki picks up the pen, begins
writing a letter:

Himeno,

I don't know what you think of me by now, but I've kept loving you since that day ten years ago. I survived until twenty because of my memories from when I was with you, and I won't survive beyond twenty because I can't stand a world without you. Now that I'm about to die, I've finally realized that. In a way. I've already been dead for a very long time. Ever since the day we separated. Goodbye, Himeno. I'm praying the ten-year-old me survives inside you for just a little longer.

Kusunoki reads through the letter.

When he finishes, he tosses the pen onto the desk, quickly looks over his shoulder, folds the letter and lays back on his chair, staring up at the ceiling.

TEACHER (O.S.)

Class, your assignment today is to write a letter to yourselves, ten years from now.

43

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

43

Similar to the opening scene.

The teacher stands in front of the chalkboard, facing the entire class.

TEACHER

We'll be making a time capsule, and bury it behind the gymnasium tomorrow. If it becomes difficult to think of anything to write about, you can simply ask questions, if you want. Trust me, it'll be food for thought.

(beat)

When you're done, at the bottom of the letter, I want you guys to write down the name of the person you consider to be your best friend right now. You don't have to worry about what that person thinks of you. If you know you like them, but you think they don't like you, write their names down anyway. We're going to be very careful with these letters so that no one can read them-- not even me.

44 INT. KUSUNOKI'S APARTMENT - **PRESENT DAY**

44

Kusunoki gets up from his chair.

Miyagi remains seated in the corner.

MIYAGI

What are you gonna do today?

He turns to Miyagi.

KUSUNOKI

I'm gonna ransack a time capsule.

45 EXT. RICE FIELDS - DAY

45

Not a cloud in the sky. A green, hilly town. Birds and insect drum noise all around the surrounding area.

The sun shines down as Kusunoki walks on a dirt walkway. Miyagi walks behind him.

MIYAGI

Are you really gonna sneak into the schoolyard and start digging in broad daylight?

KUSUNOKI

Of course not!

(beat)

I'll wait until it's dark out.

MIYAGI

If you're thinking of something to do to past the time, why not go visit some places you used to go to? Where you possibly made some good memories.

KUSUNOKI

Yeah, right. The only memories I have of this town are bad ones.

MIYAGI

Aside from all the ones with Himeno, I assume?

KUSUNOKI

(hostile)

I'd appreciate it if you didn't bring her up. If there is anyone I don't wanna hear it from, it's you.

MIYAGI
Is that so. I'll be aware of that.

46 EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

46

Kusunoki and Miyagi sit next to each other at a train station bench, under the shade.

Miyagi applies sunblock on her arms, legs, and face.

KUSUNOKI
I'm the only one who can see you,
right?

MIYAGI
That's right.

KUSUNOKI
Is it always like that?

MIYAGI
Yep. Why do you ask?

KUSUNOKI
No reason. Just wondering why you
care about how you look so much if
no one can see you anyway.

Miyagi gives Kusunoki a look of disgust, of offense.

MIYAGI
I do it for myself. You take
showers even when you don't have
plans to meet anyone don't you?

Kusunoki smirks at his retort *and* Miyagi's response.

47 EXT. WOODED AREA - EVENING

47

Kusunoki walks through the rough forest terrain, followed by Miyagi.

They keep walking until they both reach an--

48 EXT. ABANDONED BUS

48

A tiny bit of red paint sticks out under the nearly rusted exterior.

They both walk into the bus through the front door.

49 INT. SAME 49

On the contrary, the interior is rather clean apart from the piles of dust on the seats and floor. There are hardly any bugs to be seen.

Kusunoki searches through each deserted aisles, under the seats, on the walls, on the windows.

He looks on the side of the driver's seat and spots what he's been looking for: An arrow.

He looks where the arrow points at down the chair to another arrow, then another arrow, then another.

After six arrows, Kusunoki reaches to the back of the seat, finds a "love umbrella" diagram with his name and Himeno's name under it.

Kusunoki stares at the umbrella, commits the sight to memory.

Miyagi looks at the diagram over his shoulder, silently.

50 EXT. SAME 50

Kusunoki lays flat on the roof, looking up to the sky at the tiny interconnecting branches above him.

Miyagi sits nearby in her own world, doesn't acknowledge his presence.

51 EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - NIGHT 51

Behind the gymnasium. With a shovel, Kusunoki digs a hole under the green glow of the emergency exit light.

52 LATER 52

The hole gets deeper.

Sweat flies off of Kusunoki with every swing at the dirt.

He keeps digging until--

CLANK

He hits something metal. He digs around the object, tosses the shovel to the side and pulls out a moderate sized spherical object from the hole to under the light, all the while Miyagi jots something down in her notebook.

Kusunoki opens up the sphere and finds a pile of unopened envelopes.

He opens all of them and straightens out all the letters into a pile in his hand.

He pulls out his notebook and opens it up to a blank page.

Like a detective, Kusunoki examines the first letter, who wrote it, whose did they say their "best friend" was at the bottom.

MIYAGI

Are you sure you should be reading other people's letters?

KUSUNOKI

I'm gonna die in a few months. I should be allowed *that* much.

In the notebook, he writes the writer's name, then an arrow, then the 'best friend'.

He continues through the letters, writes down more names until he makes a diagram of his own of who liked whom and who was liked by whom.

Kusunoki reads the final letter, then looks back at the notebook.

His name is the only one isolated on the diagram.

Confused, he rereads the letters, looks through the names of who wrote them.

Himeno's name isn't found anywhere.

Distraught, Kusunoki puts his letter in his pocket, the rest in the sphere, closes it and places it back in the hole.

53

EXT. RICE FIELDS - NIGHT

53

Kusunoki walks down a dirt road surrounded by rice fields, his clothes now ragged with dirt and mud.

Miyagi follows behind.

MIYAGI

Have you figured it out yet?

KUSUNOKI

Huh?

MIYAGI

You aren't meant to cling your past. You've completely ignored them until now. Did you ever send a single letter to Himeno? Did you even try to contact Naruse *once* after you two graduated high school? Why did Wakana give up on you? Don't you think it's awfully presumptuous of you to look back into the past now?

Kusunoki keeps facing forward, doesn't acknowledge her, doesn't answer.

54 EXT. TRAIN STATION

54

Kusunoki looks at the timetable on the wall, then his phone.

KUSUNOKI

We got a problem.

MIYAGI

Train's not coming?

KUSUNOKI

Left hours ago.

Without a second thought, a shivering Kusunoki sits on one of the hard benches, lays down on his side, closes his eyes.

Miyagi sits at a bench behind him, her posture makes her look immune to the elements.

The sound of bugs hitting the fluorescent lights and Miyagi's pen scribbling on her notebook breaks the silence.

55 EXT. TRAIN STATION - THE NEXT MORNING

55

A light orange tint grows from across the train tracks.

A nutrient drink clinks down to the open compartment in the bottom of a vending machine.

Kusunoki slowly pulls it out, drinks it.

He slow walks back towards the benches, stares at Miyagi as she stretches from her seated position with a confused and a borderline sadistic gaze.

She notices him watching her, takes a slightly more guarded pose.

KUSUNOKI

I got a question for you.

He takes a sip of his drink.

MIYAGI

Yeah?

KUSUNOKI

When a monitor sees their subject doing something 'inappropriate', how much of their life would be taken away before I die?

MIYAGI

(with cautious eyes)
Why'd you ask?

KUSUNOKI

I wanna know how long it would take 'til I'm dead if I attacked you right now.

Miyagi's gaze turns cold.

MIYAGI

Contact can be made instantly. From there, it won't be more than twenty minutes. And there's nothing you can do about it.

KUSUNOKI

So ten minutes?

Miyagi looks away, down at her knees.

MIYAGI

(mumbles)
I didn't say that.

Beat.

Kusunoki walks towards Miyagi, puts his hand on her exposed shoulder.

Her head slightly turns towards the point of contact in response, then looks up at him with a sad look in her eyes.

They are frozen in this position.

Kusunoki lets go, sits down a couple seats away to her left.

He looks down at the ground in front of him, ashamed.

KUSUNOKI
Must be a tough job, having to deal
with scum like me.

Miyagi doesn't look at him.

MIYAGI
I'm glad you understand.

KUSUNOKI
I bet you've seen more than a few
people like me. Guys who go nuts
when they're about to die and take
their anger out on their monitor.

Miyagi slowly shakes her head.

MIYAGI
If anything, you're more of an easy
case.

KUSUNOKI
Why did you take this job anyway?

MIYAGI
To put it simply: because I had to.

KUSUNOKI
Tell me the not-simple version.

MIYAGI
(surprised)
I thought you had no interest in
anyone but Himeno.

KUSUNOKI
It's all right if you don't want to
talk about it.

MIYAGI
Let's see--
(beat)
I already told you that one can
sell not just their lifespan, but
also health and time, right?

Kusunoki nods.

MIYAGI (CONT'D)
I sold my time. About thirty years'
worth.

(MORE)

MIYAGI (CONT'D)

The majority of the monitors are people who visited the store just like you, and they all chose to sell their time.

KUSUNOKI

So if you sold thirty years of time, that means you'll be free when you're fortysomething.

MIYAGI

Assuming I live that long.

KUSUNOKI

Why would you need money that bad?

MIYAGI

You have a lot of questions today.

KUSUNOKI

You don't have to answer if you don't want to.

MIYAGI

It's not a very interesting story.

KUSUNOKI

It's got to be better than mine.

Miyagi looks over at the train schedule from her seat.

MIYAGI

I recall I was about six years old when mom became a monitor. I still don't know why she did it. I remember she was always complaining about her life. It seemed she was always dissatisfied with the reality she lived in. For the next several years, I was living in my aunt's house, but they didn't really care for me, either.

(beat)

(more frank, bloodless)

I was ten when I found out she died. I don't know the exact details, except she was murdered by one of her subjects. The man who came and told me about her death told me something else, too. He said I had a debt to pay.

(MORE)

MIYAGI (CONT'D)

That my mother left behind a massive deficit, and I needed to sell either my time, life span or health in order to pay it back. She had extended her life span by selling almost an entire life's worth of time, but she died before she could work it off.

KUSUNOKI

And you chose time?

MIYAGI

That's right. And that's why I make a living as a monitor.

KUSUNOKI

How much was it?

MIYAGI

(mirthfully)

The same as yours. Ten thousand per year.

KUSUNOKI

There's no way to see it nicely, but wouldn't it be better to die and get it over with? It means there's nothing to look forward to.

MIYAGI

You're right. And yet I suppose I can't do so. Living won't do me any good, but all I can do is keep going. You never know when something good might happen.

KUSUNOKI

(jokes around)

Well, I know one guy who was slated to live fifty years without a single fucking thing going his way.

MIYAGI

(with a smile)

So do I.

Kusunoki smiles back in response, lets out a simple chuckle.

He takes out a box of cigarettes, pulls one out, lights one in his mouth with a lighter.

Miyagi sees this and stands up, pulls a cigarette right out of the open box in his hand and pops it in her mouth.

Kusunoki moves the lighter closer to her, clicks the switch on the lighter but doesn't make a spark.

With the cigarette still in her mouth, Miyagi points at it, then the one in Kusunoki's mouth.

Getting the message, they lean closer to each other and the tips of each others' cigarettes connect until Miyagi's catches on fire.

They sit back down.

Miyagi inhales the smoke, exhales, lowers her shoulders in relaxation.

Kusunoki stares out across the train tracks.

Dawn breaks at last.

56 INT. KUSUNOKI'S APARTMENT - DAY

56

Kusunoki sits at the table, folds a paper crane.

One of many which covers the table, a few more spill onto the floor nearby, an aesthetic boost to the bland apartment.

Miyagi walks up to the table, picks up a blue crane, examines it.

MIYAGI

Are you really gonna fold a thousand of these?

KUSUNOKI

Yep.

MIYAGI

Why?

KUSUNOKI

To wish for happiness for the rest of my life before I die.

57 INT. SAME - DAYS LATER - DAY

57

Kusunoki puts the final paper cranes on the final string, creating a senbazuru, and hangs it up in front of the window.

He looks over at Miyagi, still in her corner.

They make eye contact for a good second before she looks away, her quick gaze less cold as it once was.

58 LATER

58

Kusunoki puts his clothes into the washer, article by article.

He searches through his jean pockets where he pulls out a folded-up letter.

He opens it up.

It's the one he wrote for the time capsule. He tosses the jeans in the washer and reads the note:

To myself in ten years,

I have to ask you to do something only you can do.

If I'm still a leftover ten years later, I want you to go see Himeno.

She's helpless without me and I think I'm helpless without her.

59 LATER

59

Miyagi reads the letter.

MIYAGI

It looks like ten-year-old you was surprisingly honest and kind. So what do you intend to do now?

KUSUNOKI

Go meet Himeno. I'm well aware of how stupid it is, but this is my *ten-year-old* self asking for this. Ten-year-old me wants to cherish that. She gave me a life, so I want to repay her with the three hundred thousand yen I got for selling my life span, or whatever I have left. I haven't kept track.

MIYAGI

I'm not gonna stop you. It's not like I don't understand that feeling.

Kusunoki raises an eyebrow at Miyagi, surprised by the answer.

KUSUNOKI

Okay, alright.

(beat)

I'm thinking of going to her house tomorrow morning. She's living with her parents, right?

MIYAGI

Yeah. After she separated, she's been relying on her family ever since.

Miyagi glances at him, with some resistance. *Oh, right. He told me not to talk about her.*

KUSUNOKI

(a slight smile)

Thanks.

MIYAGI

(with a sigh of relief)

Don't mention it.

60

EXT. KUSUNOKI'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT DAY - MORNING

60

Kusunoki sticks his key into a yellow moped, places his foot on the pedal.

Miyagi stands to the side, watches him.

MIYAGI

I hate to bring this up, but I can't have you going off on your own.

KUSUNOKI

What? Why--

(realizes)

Oh yeah. The hundred yards thing.

MIYAGI

Yeah. That can seat two right?

KUSUNOKI

Technically.

MIYAGI

Then we'll be able to use it-- if you don't mind.

KUSUNOKI

No, it's fine.

Kusunoki starts the engine, drops the kickstand and points behind him.

Miyagi sits in the back seat, places her hands around his midriff.

Starting off slow and steady, they drive away from the apartment building.

61 EXT. MOPED - MOVING - MORNING 61

They drive down an empty stretch of road, no cars or people in sight regardless how many times they make a turn.

A giant cumulonimbus cloud dwarfs the blue sky.

62 INT. COLLEGE LIBRARY - DAY 62

Kusunoki puts a page from an atlas onto a printer scanner.

He presses a few buttons before a piece of paper with a map on it is ejected on the side of the large printer.

He picks it up.

63 INT. LOUNGE - DAY 63

Kusunoki sits with Miyagi at a table by the window, eating breakfast.

The former with a sweet-bean bread and a cup of coffee while the latter quietly chewed onto a donut.

KUSUNOKI

I know this doesn't necessarily mean anything, but I'm curious anyway. How would you spend your last few months if you were in my shoes?

MIYAGI

Hmm-- I don't think I would say unless I were there.

Miyagi glances around for a bit.

A few college students sitting at their own tables give Kusunoki odd and funny glares, to which he doesn't notice.

MIYAGI (CONT'D)

I know I already told you, but you shouldn't talk to me in places like this. People will think you're crazy.

KUSUNOKI

It's fine. I'm crazy anyway.

The students walk away, confused.

64

EXT. STONE PATH - COLLEGE GROUNDS - DAY

64

Kusunoki and Miyagi walk away from the library down a stone path.

MIYAGI

I've been thinking over what you asked and there are three things I absolutely want to do before I die.

KUSUNOKI

Alright. What do you got?

MIYAGI

First, there's a certain lake I'd like to go to. The second is to build my own grave. And third, just like you, would be to go and see someone who was once important to me. That's what I'd say.

KUSUNOKI

That doesn't tell me a lot. Can you be more specific?

MIYAGI

The lake is a typical lake. Nothing special. I remember going there as a kid, looking up at the stars and how unbelievably beautiful they were. The most stunning thing I've ever seen in my miserable life.

KUSUNOKI

I see. When you say grave, do you mean you want to buy a plot?

MIYAGI

No. Basically, I just want to find, say, a great big rock and say 'This will be my grave'. Easy.

(beat)

(MORE)

MIYAGI (CONT'D)

And as for the person I care about--
 (lowers her eyes)
 --I'm afraid I can't tell you that.

KUSUNOKI

So it's a man then?

MIYAGI

You could put it that way.

65 EXT. HIMENO'S HOUSE - DAY

65

An ordinary suburban house, blended in with every other house on the street.

Kusunoki stands at the front of the house, rings the doorbell. No response.

Another ring. Still no answer. A third ring. Nothing.

Kusunoki pulls out the map he printed earlier, searches through it, spots a marker titled "*City Library*"

KUSUNOKI

Might as well kill some time.

66 INT. CITY LIBRARY - DAY

66

Kusunoki and Miyagi sit across from each other at a circular table.

He reads "*The Gift of the Magi*" by O. Henry and a stack of books sit by next to him. Paul Auster. Hemingway. Kenji Miyazawa.

Miyagi gets up, sits next to Kusunoki, peers over at the page he's reading.

He notices her presence by his side.

KUSUNOKI

Are you going to monitor me *and*
 read at the same time?

MIYAGI

Something like that.

She leans even closer.

67 EXT. HIMENO'S HOUSE - EVENING 67

Kusunoki rings the doorbell again. Still no response.

68 LATER 68

Cigarette butts scatter at Kusunoki's feet.

With reproach, Miyagi looks at him, then the butts on the ground.

In response, Kusunoki pulls out a portable ashtray from his bag and puts his cigarette in it.

KUSUNOKI
Alright. Let's try again tomorrow.

69 EXT. MOPED - MOVING - DUSK 69

Kusunoki and Miyagi drive through a shopping area with hanging paper lanterns.

As they go farther down the street, they see more people walking around and more food stands. It's a summer festival.

KUSUNOKI
You hungry?

MIYAGI
Yep.

70 EXT. SHRINE - NIGHT 70

The two sit on the top steps of the shrine behind him.

Two giant plastic bags of food sit between them.

MIYAGI
What do you expect to do with all that food? Did you really need to go to every stand?

KUSUNOKI
Make my childhood dreams come true. I can't eat all of this myself, so you'll need to help.

Kusunoki pulls out a bin of ramen from the bag, indulges in.

Miyagi reaches hesitantly in the bag, pulls out some grilled eel.

MIYAGI

Fine. I'll eat.

She eats the eel.

71

LATER

71

Kusunoki holds his stomach in, takes deep breaths. He ate too much food.

Miyagi licks a candy apple with a grumpy expression.

Kusunoki picks up the food scraps around him, puts them in the bag.

He stands up, takes a step down the stairs before he spots a woman walking up towards him.

With every step up the stairs, Kusunoki gets a better look at her.

First it's just her outline illuminated by the lights behind her.

Then he sees her face and blurts out--

KUSUNOKI

Himeno.

The woman stops, looks at him with blank eyes.

Her expression turns into dumbfounded shock.

HIMENO

(in a familiar voice)

Kusunoki?

KUSUNOKI

(dumbfounded himself)

Holy shit. I--I didn't expect to see you here. You came to watch the festival, too?

(questions himself)

No, that's not-- You know what I mean. You still... You're here to take in the sights? The food?

HIMENO

I know what you mean and no, I'm not here for the festival. I'm here on business. I just happened to park nearby and wanted to walk up here like old times.

KUSUNOKI

That's cool. What are you doing for business?

HIMENO

Oh, it's nothing. I just deal with a lot of people, that's it. There's nothing much to it.

(beat)

Say, Kusunoki, I'd love to chat some more but I really have to go. I have to be up early tomorrow for work.

KUSUNOKI

Oh, I understand. Understand completely. Do you wanna get a drink sometime? I really wanna catch up with you.

HIMENO

Sure thing. Not the drink. Just dinner is fine. But yeah, I look forward to catching up, too. I'm available in a couple days, if that's alright with you.

KUSUNOKI

Oh yeah. That sounds great. In a couple days it is. Where do you wanna meet?

HIMENO

Near the bookstore at the train station. Five o' clock.

KUSUNOKI

I'll be there.

HIMENO

Great! See you then, Kusunoki.

KUSUNOKI

See you soon, Himeno.

Himeno walks back down the shrine steps.

MIYAGI

Well, that was nice. Honestly, I didn't expect it to go like that.

KUSUNOKI

Me neither. Just seems to good to be true, you know? It really is.

MIYAGI

Yeah-- I suppose it is too good to believe sometimes.

72

INT. KUSUNOKI'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT DAY - MORNING

72

Kusunoki crosses off the lines "**Meet with Naruse and talk**" and "**Meet with Himeno and tell her how I feel**" off of the bucket list at his desk.

He turns over to Miyagi at the corner.

KUSUNOKI

Hey, Miss Monitor. I have a bit of a strange request for you.

MIYAGI

I don't drink.

KUSUNOKI

It's not that. I want you to help me prepare for my dinner with Himeno.

MIYAGI

Prepare what?

KUSUNOKI

I don't think there's any good in keeping anything from you at this point, so I'm just gonna be honest. I have never had a proper relationship with a girl. So if I went into this dinner unprepared in who-knows-what, I'd probably bore her and mess up royally. To prevent that, I want to go to town tomorrow and rehearse.

Miyagi freezes, stares at Kusunoki, stunned.

MIYAGI

So...if I'm not mistaken, you want me to play the role of Himeno?

KUSUNOKI

Yeah. You think you can do that?

MIYAGI

Well, I don't mind, but if that's what you're thinking, there are several fatal flaws with your plan.

KUSUNOKI

And one of them is that I'm the only one who can see you?

MIYAGI

Exactly.

KUSUNOKI

No problem. I couldn't care less what anyone else thinks. The only thing that matters to me is if I make a good impression on Himeno. I don't care if anyone else thinks I'm weird--it'll be worth it as long as Himeno likes me just a little.

Miyagi sighs.

MIYAGI

(nervously)

Well...if you don't mind...then I suppose it's alright.

KUSUNOKI

You don't look so happy about it to me.

MIYAGI

What are you talking about? This is how I always look.

Miyagi looks at Kusunoki with the same lowkey, deadpan expression she always sports.

KUSUNOKI

Look, just to be clear, during this whole rehearsal, I'm going to treat you just like my childhood friend. You *really* won't mind that?

MIYAGI

No. I do not mind.

KUSUNOKI

Alright. Guess we're set for tomorrow.

Kusunoki walks a few paces ahead of Miyagi down a suburban walkway.

MIYAGI

Are you sure you mean to treat me like your childhood friend?

KUSUNOKI

Yeah. That's the idea.

MIYAGI

In that case, shouldn't we be walking a bit closer together?

Kusunoki stops walking, turns to Miyagi. He realizes what she means.

KUSUNOKI

You're right. Let's try walking side by side.

Miyagi speeds up to Kusunoki and they both continue walking side-by-side.

MIYAGI

When you're alone for so long, you tend to forget things like that.

KUSUNOKI

So at times like this, what's a friendly couple supposed to talk about?

MIYAGI

Please don't ask me that.

KUSUNOKI

I just wanna say before you pointed it out, but I'm really nervous right now.

MIYAGI

Please don't be. It's contagious.

KUSUNOKI

Then I'll let it spread.

MIYAGI

If that's how it is, let me say this before you point it out, too.

(beat)

I've been invisible since I was ten. So I don't really understand the proper etiquette for situations like these.

74 INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

74

Kusunoki pulls the curtain open and walks out of a dressing room with a Fred Perry polo shirt, chino pants with a matching belt and a pair of chocolate-brown chukka boots.

KUSUNOKI

How does this look? I think it looks pretty good.

MIYAGI

I don't believe you have to wear anything too fancy. As long as it looks clean and welcoming, it's more than enough.

KUSUNOKI

Can I interpret that as "You'd look good in anything"?

MIYAGI

You're free to take it however you want.

KUSUNOKI

Got it. I'll interpret that as a compliment.

MIYAGI

You don't actually have to say it.

Miyagi pushes Kusunoki through the dressing room curtain.

MIYAGI (CONT'D)

Now come on, go change if you made up your mind.

KUSUNOKI (O.S.)

Miyagi?

MIYAGI

Huh?

Kusunoki pops his head out through the curtain.

KUSUNOKI

Thanks for today.

MIYAGI

Don't mention it.

75 INT. HAIR SALON - DAY

75

Kusunoki sits in a styling chair, a black cape covers his body under his neck.

A stylist stands behind him, preparing to cut his hair.

STYLIST

So, what's the occasion?

KUSUNOKI

I'm meeting someone special tomorrow.

The stylist gives Kusunoki a big grin.

STYLIST

That's great to hear.

She begins to cut his hair.

76 INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - LATER

76

Miyagi sits across from a nearly-unrecognizable Kusunoki, whose new, sleek hairstyle and wardrobe makes him look like a star out of a pop music video.

MIYAGI

You seem like a different person than who you were yesterday.

KUSUNOKI

Yeah. I don't look like a guy whose worth ten thousand yen a year anymore, do I?

MIYAGI

Nope. You look like a person with a happy future ahead of you.

KUSUNOKI

Thanks. You know, if you smile more often, you'd look like a library fairy.

MIYAGI

(impressed)

You really are in a good mood today.

KUSUNOKI

I guess so.

MIYAGI

What exactly is a 'library fairy' anyway?

KUSUNOKI

Someone who's intellectual and graceful.

Miyagi gracefully smiles.

MIYAGI

You're gonna say that to Himeno, too, aren't you?

KUSUNOKI

No. She's different. I'm only talking about you, Miyagi.

Miyagi's face freezes once more.

She dips her head a little.

MIYAGI

Thanks.

KUSUNOKI

Don't mention it.

MIYAGI

Anyway, we're both worth essentially nothing.

KUSUNOKI

It's strange, isn't it?

As they talk to each other, a middle-aged couple at a nearby table sneaks a look at them and whisper amongst each other.

77

EXT. RIVERBANK - EVENING

77

Kusunoki and Miyagi walk down the stone walkway.

KUSUNOKI

Now, I wanna take this practice one step further. If it gets too unpleasant, don't hesitate to tell me.

MIYAGI

You're fine. It won't bother me.
Part of a monitor's job is to
provide support for the remainder
of the subject's life. Considering
this as merely one such case--

Kusunoki holds Miyagi's hand.

Her eyes widen as it catches her off guard.

KUSUNOKI

I had you promise, right? So no
complaining.

Miyagi cracks a little smile.

She's enjoying the moment.

MIYAGI

That's why I said it wouldn't
bother me.

Elated and a little buzzed, Kusunoki swings his arms as they
walked.

MIYAGI (CONT'D)

(smugly)

Go on, Mr. Drunken Kusunoki. Think
of me as Himeno and try to seduce
me.

Taken aback by her words, Kusunoki abruptly stops and looks
into her eyes.

KUSUNOKI

'The greatest thing that has ever
happened to me was meeting you. And
the worst thing was you leaving.
Depending on your response, this
moment will either be my new best
or my new worst.'

MIYAGI

I'm amazed you can fire off such a
longwinded pick-up line so quickly.

KUSUNOKI

What do you think Himeno would say?

MIYAGI

Let's see. If I were Himeno--

Miyagi puts a finger to her lips. She's thinking.

MIYAGI (CONT'D)

I might respond with 'What are you talking about?' and laugh it off.

KUSUNOKI

Okay. And if it were you?

MIYAGI

I don't know what you mean.

Beat.

KUSUNOKI

(with a laugh)

I'm just kidding. Don't worry about it.

MIYAGI

Is this what you're really like, Mr. Kusunoki? The type of guy who jokes around?

KUSUNOKI

To be honest, I don't really know. I don't really trust words like *personality* and *disposition* and *character*. They can all change with circumstances. In the long run, I think the way people actually differ is in which situations they most likely fall into. Everyone has this extreme belief in consistency of character, but I think it's a much shallower quality than most people like to think.

MIYAGI

(a little taken aback)

I never expected you, of all people, would say such a thing.

KUSUNOKI

Everyone likes to assume they're the exception when it comes to these depressing things, even when it's common.

MIYAGI

(sighs)

I suppose it's true.

78

EXT. OBSERVATION DECK - NIGHT

78

Streams of orange, purple and yellow hues and white clouds float in the sky above a quaint observation deck.

A handful of couples walks around the area, either relishing the view from above, hands over shoulders or kissing, making the moment even more of a memory.

Kusunoki and Miyagi watch the view from the deck.

KUSUNOKI

Hey, Miyagi. See that?

Kusunoki spots one of the couples doing the former, looking on over the deck as well.

KUSUNOKI (CONT'D)

Can we practice that too?

MIYAGI

You don't have to ask permission of everything. You already told me I promised.

KUSUNOKI

You're right. Then I'll just do this without asking.

Without asking, Kusunoki wraps his arm around Miyagi's shoulder.

She slightly tenses them at first before gradually lowering them down again.

They bask in the moment.

KUSUNOKI (CONT'D)

Please don't read anything weird into what I'm trying to say.

MIYAGI

What is it?

Kusunoki runs his fingers through Miyagi's long black hair.

KUSUNOKI

Your smell kind of calms me down.

MIYAGI

Please don't touch my hair.

He puts his hand on her shoulder again.

KUSUNOKI

That's not what you said earlier,
is it? I need permission now?

MIYAGI

You do know how you look to
everyone else right now, don't you?

Kusunoki cracks a smile.

KUSUNOKI

I dunno. Do I look happy?

Miyagi looks to Kusunoki's confident smile.

She innocently chuckles a bit before looking back out at the
view. *He's such an idiot.*

79

EXT. WALKWAY - NIGHT

79

KUSUNOKI

How would you score that confession
I gave earlier?

MIYAGI

(blunt)
Forty points.

KUSUNOKI

Really?! Harsh.

MIYAGI

It's just too roundabout. Try
something more simple next time.

KUSUNOKI

Ah, okay.

MIYAGI

Let's try it again. Once more,
think of me as Himeno and try to
seduce me.

Kusunoki turns to Miyagi, puts both hands on her shoulders,
looks her dead in the eyes.

KUSUNOKI

'Himeno. From now on, always be by
my side.'

Miyagi doesn't say anything.

KUSUNOKI (CONT'D)
So? What's my score now?

Miyagi turns away from Kusunoki, looks forward.

MIYAGI
Sixty points.

KUSUNOKI
Alright, alright. So adding that to the forty makes a hundred.

MIYAGI
No. You can't add them up like that. Sixty points is sixty points.

KUSUNOKI
So how can I make up the remaining forty?

MIYAGI
I doubt you'll ever be able to figure it out your whole life. It's unfortunate, really.

KUSUNOKI
Boy, you're tough.

80 INT. KUSUNOKI'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT DAY

80

Kusunoki puts his shoes on next to the front door, while Miyagi watches him do so nearby.

KUSUNOKI
Thanks for yesterday, Miyagi.

MIYAGI
It was nothing, really.

Kusunoki turns to Miyagi with a giant, pure grin on his face.

KUSUNOKI
It was totally something. Thanks to you, I feel like I can do it today. I feel like I can *really* do it.

MIYAGI
I hope it goes well. I'll be nearby in case you need help.

KUSUNOKI
Oh, I think I'll be fine. I'll be fine.

Kusunoki opens the door, exits the apartment.

Miyagi stays frozen in place, stares at the front door with a bittersweet look in her eyes, like something bad is about to happen.

Beat.

She leaves the apartment.

81 INT. BOOKSTORE - TRAIN STATION - THE NEXT DAY - RAIN 81

Kusunoki waits near a train station bookstore.

He looks out at the window at the open space below and spots the many different colored umbrellas scramble in different directions in the rain.

He looks down at his watch. **5:27 pm.**

As he looks up, he spots Himeno walking towards him, waving her hand to get his attention.

HIMENO

Sorry to keep you waiting. Bus was late cause of the rain. Let me buy you something.

KUSUNOKI

No, you're fine. You're fine. Allow me.

HIMENO

(feigned surprise)
So you're thinking about the next time, huh?

KUSUNOKI

Yeah. I'll make plans for the one after that, too. And the one after that.

HIMENO

(with a chuckle)
At least you're honest.

82 EXT. STREET - RAIN 82

They emerge out of the train tunnel and walk onto the street.

Kusunoki opens his umbrella, to which Himeno slips it out of his hand and holds it between the two of them.

HIMENO

I remember you were always the one who forgot his umbrella, and I had to let you share mine.

KUSUNOKI

That's right.

He snatches the umbrella back.

KUSUNOKI (CONT'D)

So we can do the opposite this time, right?

HIMENO

(innocently chuckles)

Aha. I guess so.

The two walk on, huddled under a single umbrella.

HIMENO (CONT'D)

By the way, what were you doing at the festival the other day?

KUSUNOKI

I was looking for you.

HIMENO

You liar.

She lightly punches his shoulder.

KUSUNOKI

(laughing)

It's true.

83

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT

83

Kusunoki sits across from Himeno at a window table at a fancy, high class restaurant.

A waiter stops by the table and drops off two glasses of ice water.

They both thank him.

HIMENO

So, Kusunoki. I'll let you take the floor first. What's happened to you these last ten years?

KUSUNOKI
(a little flattered)
No, I wanna hear you first.

HIMENO
I'm serious. I want to know what's
been going on.

KUSUNOKI
It's not very interesting. There's
nothing to write home about middle
school and high school. My grades
began to slip about the second year
of middle school and as the years
went on, my memory of certain
things just faded away. I couldn't
keep up at this really good high
school so I ended up going to this
average college. I didn't hear the
end of it from my parents. They
believed that college was pointless
unless it was one of those
'prestigious' ones, but I talked
them into just paying for the
entrance fee and I paid for tuition
and lodge. Life got in the way so
much I had to stop drawing. I
hadn't even held up a pencil or
drew anything since I was
seventeen.

HIMENO
So, you gave up art? That's too
bad... Personally, I liked your
art, Kusunoki.

KUSUNOKI
Woah, where did this come from? I
never heard you say this.

HIMENO
I had too much of an inner rivalry
with you to say it.

Himeno had a far-off look in her eyes as she talked.

KUSUNOKI
I felt that rivalry, too. We might
have been equally good students,
but at the time, you were always
the one who got complimented the
most by everybody. I thought it
wasn't fair that you were smart *and*
pretty.

HIMENO

(casually)

I'm sure no one could have imagined
I would have dropped out of high
school.

This catches Kusunoki by surprise.

KUSUNOKI

Drop out?

HIMENO

You didn't know?

She smiles at him, her brows drooping.

HIMENO (CONT'D)

Oh, well... my story isn't that
great either. I met this guy who
had just graduated high school and
we hit it off, which led me to quit
school entirely but it all meant
nothing after we divorced.

(beat)

Ultimately, I was still a kid. I
don't think anything in my brain
has changed since I moved away ten
years ago-- I think I was a really
smart kid, ten years ago. Even
while everyone else is evolving
around me.

She looks down at her hands on the table like a hurt child.

HIMENO (CONT'D)

What about you, Kusunoki?

Kusunoki starts to lose his cool as he talks.

KUSUNOKI

You're not the only one who hasn't
changed. I've been stuck ever since
the day we separated. That's why, a
few days ago--

Kusunoki stops himself, briefly.

KUSUNOKI (CONT'D)

--I sold off my lifespan. For ten
thousand yen per year.

Confusion crosses Himeno's face, but Kusunoki rambles on.

KUSUNOKI (CONT'D)

There was a store that you can sell your lifespan at and I did exactly that. I sold my lifespan but it turns out that my life was worth the lowest possible amount at ten thousand yen instead of what I thought was, like, a few million. Anyway, I sold off all but three months of my life left which means I'm going to die soon, alright? And ever since, this invisible monitor has been following me.

Kusunoki points at Miyagi, who watches them talk from a table at the other end of the restaurant. To Himeno, she sees an empty table.

KUSUNOKI (CONT'D)

She's here. Her name is Miyagi, and although she can be kind of harsh, if you learn to talk to her, she's actually pretty sweet and--

HIMENO

(apologetically)

Hey, Kusunoki? I hope you don't take this the wrong way but-- do you have any idea how completely unreal what you're saying is?

KUSUNOKI

Yeah, I know exactly how ridiculous it sounds.

HIMENO

And yet, I can't bring myself to think you're lying to me.

Kusunoki keeps a straight face while she talks, keeping any sort of joy he has for this moment inside.

HIMENO (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for making you go first-- but to tell the truth, I've been hiding something from you, too.

Himeno clears her throat.

She presses her handkerchief to her mouth and stands up.

HIMENO (CONT'D)

Excuse me. Let's talk more about this later.

Himeno leaves the table.

84

LATER

84

The waiter drops off two plates of pasta.

Kusunoki thanks him.

He silently signals for Miyagi to come to the table.

She walks up to the table.

MIYAGI

Yeah?

KUSUNOKI

Could you check the women's
bathroom? She's been in there for a
while.

MIYAGI

Sure.

Miyagi walks towards the bathrooms, Kusunoki keeps an eye on her the whole way out of sheer impatience.

She comes back.

MIYAGI (CONT'D)

She's not in there.

KUSUNOKI

What?

Kusunoki gets up from his seat and discreetly walks around the restaurant, trying not to make it look like he's looking for Himeno but at the same time doing exactly that.

85

LATER

85

Defeated, he sits back at the table, in front of his now-cold pasta.

He slowly eats it.

Miyagi takes Himeno's place and sits across from him, also begins to eat the cold pasta.

MIYAGI

It's still good cold.

Kusunoki doesn't acknowledge her.

KUSUNOKI

Why did you think she walked out?

MIYAGI

It's probably because she thought
you were insane.

Kusunoki looks out the window, still eating his food,
devastated at the recent developments.

86

LATER

86

Kusunoki signs the check at the front desk.

He is about to walk out of the restaurant with Miyagi when--

WAITER

Excuse me, sir?

A waiter calls for his attention and walks up to them.

WAITER (CONT'D)

Your guest wanted me to give this
to you.

He hands Kusunoki a folded piece of notebook paper.

Perplexed, he reads the note.

To my one and only friend,

*The truth is, you were going to watch me die tonight. I was
gonna have you wait under the observation deck and you were
gonna watch me fall right next to you. You might've never
realized, but I have always despised you. You never answered
my cries for help, and yet now you show up out of the blue. I
hate you. Once I became irreplaceable to you, I thought I'd
kill myself. Just to show you. But I can see the last ten
years have driven you more insane than me. It would've made
my revenge all but pointless. Instead, the best I could do is
walk out of your life without saying a single word.*

Goodbye, Kusunoki. I hope your story comes true.

Dread and trauma fill Kusunoki's face.

He looks up from the note, stares out into the void in front
of him, then to Miyagi, who looks down on the floor.

KUSUNOKI

You lied to me.

MIYAGI
I'm sorry.

87 EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT - RAIN

87

Kusunoki trudges along the bridge next to Miyagi.

He folds up the note into a paper airplane and throws it towards the river below.

He pulls an envelope full of money out of his pocket and hands the bills out to anyone who happened to pass him by.

Regardless of their reactions, he keeps giving away cash in the same bleak motion.

Some gave him suspicious looks, others gave him wicked grins and ran off, while some flat out refused. There were even a few who came back and asked for more.

Growing impatient, Miyagi grabs Kusunoki's sleeve.

MIYAGI
You can stop now.

KUSUNOKI
Why? I'm not bothering anyone, am I?

He brushes her hand away.

Kusunoki runs out of money in the envelope.

Without a second thought, he pulled out his wallet, only to discover he has no more cash on him.

He stands in the middle of the bridge walkway, in place amidst the flow of humanity.

Beat.

It starts to rain.

Miyagi pulls out her umbrella and holds it under him.

MIYAGI
You're going to get wet.

KUSUNOKI
As you can see, I'm in the mood to get wet.

MIYAGI

I see.

She closes the umbrella and puts it in her bag.

The two continue walking on the bridge underneath the pouring rain.

88 EXT. BUS STOP - LATER 88

Kusunoki and Miyagi sit under some decent cover at a bus stop.

As he sat down, Kusunoki droops his head before waking himself back up.

He looks down at Miyagi, who is fast asleep next to him, sitting in a fetal position.

89 INT. KUSUNOKI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 89

Kusunoki lays on his bed. He has his eyes closed but isn't actually asleep.

He hears Miyagi's footsteps head towards the bathroom and opens his eyes.

Kusunoki is about to sit up before he hears her walk towards him.

Without a second to lose, he closes his eyes and pretends to go to sleep.

Miyagi stands by his bedside.

MIYAGI

Mr. Kusunoki.

He pretends not to hear her.

MIYAGI (CONT'D)

Are you sleeping? I'm asking cause it looks like you're faking it. If you are, I hope it's out of consideration for me. I'm gonna borrow your shower. Sweet dreams.

Miyagi walks to the bathroom, closes the door behind her.

The moment the door clicks shut, Kusunoki sits up and looks over at Miyagi's corner. She's not there.

He gets out of bed, walks to the corner and sits in a fetal position, exactly how Miyagi would sit.

In an attempt to sleep, he nods his head to the side and closes his eyes.

Beat.

Someone taps his shoulder.

He opens his eyes to see Miyagi standing over him.

MIYAGI (CONT'D)

What are you doing? You should be asleep.

KUSUNOKI

That's my line. It's crazy that you actually sleep like this.

MIYAGI

I'm fine with being crazy. I'm used to it.

Kusunoki gets up and walks back to his bed.

He scoots himself all the way to its left side.

KUSUNOKI

I'll sleep on the left side. No matter what happens, I won't turn around. If you ask me, that's probably the best place to monitor me from. You're free to use it or not as you see fit, but regardless, I'm sleeping right here.

He closes his eyes.

Miyagi silently lays down on the right side of the bed.

They sleep with their backs to each other.

90

INT. KUSUNOKI'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT DAY - MORNING

90

The reddish glow of the sunset beams through the window.

Kusunoki wakes up.

From his prone position, he gazes over to Miyagi, who is sitting up on her side, her hair and clothes disheveled.

The moment her gaze connects with his, they both look away from each other.

MIYAGI

I was a bit tired today. I'll sleep in my usual spot tomorrow.

(beat)

But thank you.

KUSUNOKI

(with little energy)

Don't worry about it.

91 EXT. BEEF BOWL RESTAURANT - DAY

91

Kusunoki sits next to Miyagi and finishes a bowl of miso soup.

KUSUNOKI

I've got nothing left to do. I've done everything on my bucket list. So now what?

MIYAGI

Do whatever you want. You must have hobbies, right?

KUSUNOKI

Yeah. They were listening to music and reading-- But thinking about it now, those were a means for me to live.

While Kusunoki talks, an old man nearby shoots a suspicious look at him, talking alone with himself about death.

MIYAGI

Is there nothing you enjoy in a more simplistic way? Do you like looking at ruins, or counting the railroad ties as you walk along the tracks, or playing video games on systems that were abandoned a decade ago?

KUSUNOKI

Those are very specific. I assumed you've monitored people like that before?

MIYAGI

Yeah. There was even one who spent the last month of his life lying face up in the back of his pick up truck and looking up at the sky. It was surprisingly enjoyable, watching the landscape shoot backward like that. It was very novel.

92

EXT. TOBACCO SHOP - THE NEXT DAY - DAY

92

A can of coffee falls down from one of the many vending machines lined up near the tobacco shop.

Kusunoki takes the can, pops the lid and takes a quick sip. Miyagi stands nearby, watches him.

He stares at the line of machines.

KUSUNOKI

(murmurs to self)

That's it.

MIYAGI

What is it?

He turns to Miyagi.

KUSUNOKI

Oh, it's really stupid, but...I just remembered there *is* something I can truly say I like.

MIYAGI

Tell me.

Kusunoki scratches his head with embarrassment.

KUSUNOKI

I love vending machines.

MIYAGI

(nonplussed)

Oh, what do you love about them?

KUSUNOKI

I'm not sure. Can't really explain it. But when I was a kid, I wanted to be a vending machine when I grew up.

Miyagi cocks her head to the side and gives Kusunoki a dumbfounded look. *You wanna be what now?*

MIYAGI

Um-- are you sure you mean the machine you just got that coffee from?

KUSUNOKI

Yeah. But they also dispense cigarettes, udon noodles, ice, ice cream, hamburgers, instant ramen, beer, *shochu*-- vending machines sell everything. Japan is the land of vending machines, because it's so peaceful and orderly here.

MIYAGI

And you love vending machines?

KUSUNOKI

Exactly. You're free to use them or just look at them. Even when I see one that has nothing inside, I'll make sure to take in all the details.

MIYAGI

I'll admit, that is a unique hobby. But I feel like I might understand it.

KUSUNOKI

(laughs a little)

What? The wish to be a vending machine?

MIYAGI

No, not that. But you know-- vending machines are always there. As long as you have money, they'll give you something warm to eat or drink. There's something very cut-and-dried, unchanging, eternal about them, I feel. But what exactly are you gonna do with that?

KUSUNOKI

Every time I come to a tobacco shop like this, it reminds me of a plotline from Paul Auster's movie *Smoke*.

(MORE)

KUSUNOKI (CONT'D)

The cigar shop owner stands at the intersection in front of his store every morning and takes a picture of the exact same spot, without fail. I like that bit a lot; the way it seemed to challenge the very notion of *meaning* really made an impression on me. So I'm going to imitate him and take pictures that seem meaningless. I'll just get the basic shots of vending machines, the kind you can find anywhere. The kind anyone could do.

MIYAGI

I don't know if I can explain it, either, but I kind of like that.

- 93 INT. USED GOODS STORE - DAY 93
Kusunoki puts a gelatin silver print camera and ten rolls of film on the checkout desk.
- 94 EXT. LINE OF VENDING MACHINES - DAY 94
From different angles, Kusunoki takes pictures of the vending machines he has grown all too accustomed to.
- 95 INT. KUSUNOKI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 95
Kusunoki and Miyagi carefully put every photograph into a photo album on the desk.
- 96 INT. PHOTO LAB - THE NEXT DAY - DAY 96
Kusunoki puts a roll of film on the front counter across from the PHOTO LAB OWNER (male, 40).
He turns to Miyagi and talks to her.
The owner watches him talk to thin air, cocks his head to the side, confused.
- PHOTO LAB OWNER
Are you with anybody else?
Kusunoki turns to the owner, at Miyagi, back to the owner.

KUSUNOKI

Yeah. Her name's Miyagi. She's monitoring me for the time being.

Miyagi bows her head at the owner.

MIYAGI

Hello.

Of course, the owner doesn't notice.

PHOTO LAB OWNER

Ah, interesting. And I assume she's in these pictures?

KUSUNOKI

No, actually. They're just pictures of vending machines.

The owner gives Kusunoki a look of bafflement.

PHOTO LAB OWNER

(unsure)

Well, okay. Sure. Good luck with that, I guess.

97

EXT. PHOTO LAB - LATER

97

Miyagi leans on the moped.

Kusunoki exits the photo lab, walks towards her and takes her picture with the camera.

MIYAGI

What are you doing?

KUSUNOKI

After what that guy said, I thought I'd take a picture of you.

MIYAGI

You do realize you just took a meaningless photo of the moped, right?

KUSUNOKI

Nobody is ever going to think any of my photos are anything *but* meaningless.

98 EXT. MOPED - MOVING - DAY 98

They drive through a suburban town.

Beat.

99 EXT. PARK - DAY 99

Kusunoki and Miyagi sit alone on a park bench, eating some pre-packed *onigiri*.

A black cat and a brown tabby watch them from the other side of the stone walkway, amidst the weeds.

Beat.

The two cats creep closer to the bench.

KUSUNOKI
Can cats see you?

Miyagi stands up and walks towards them.

The black cat runs away while the tabby takes a few cautionary steps backwards.

She turns back to Kusunoki.

MIYAGI
Yeah, they can see me. Not that
ever liked me anyway.

Miyagi sits back down on the bench.

Kusunoki lights a cigarette.

Miyagi spots the cats back in their original place and begins to draw them in her notebook.

He turns to Miyagi, then looks down at the notebook.

KUSUNOKI
I didn't know you were interested
in drawing.

MIYAGI
It's surprising, isn't it?

KUSUNOKI
Sure. But you're not that good at
it.

MIYAGI

(smug)

That's why I'm practicing. It's great, isn't it?

KUSUNOKI

Will you show me what you've drawn before?

Beat.

MIYAGI

(ignoring the question)

Let's go to the next one.

100

EXT. MOPED - MOVING - NIGHT

100

Kusunoki stares straight ahead.

He blocks everything out and just glares at the road, illuminated by the moped's lone headlight, thinking.

MIYAGI

Mr. Kusunoki? Mr. Kusunoki?

Miyagi tries to get his attention, but to no avail.

She taps his shoulder, which snaps him out of his self-inclusive trance.

KUSUNOKI

Yeah? What is it?

MIYAGI

Do you wanna know what I just realized?

KUSUNOKI

What?

MIYAGI

I've been here before. I've been on this road before. If you keep following this road, you'll reach the starry lake.

KUSUNOKI

Starry lake?

(remembers now)

Oh, right, you did mention something about that. I don't see what's wrong with it.

101 EXT. STONE PATH - NIGHT

101

It is nearly pitch black. Miyagi looks around at the nearby buildings which illuminate the only sources of light, while Kusunoki stares down at the ground.

He peeks at the starry night sky from the corner of his eye.

MIYAGI

Are you still looking down?

KUSUNOKI

Yeah. Yeah. I'm still looking.

MIYAGI

Good. Now, listen closely to what I tell you next. I'm going to take the lead, so I want you to keep your eyes shut until I say it's okay.

KUSUNOKI

So you don't want me to see until the moment is exactly right?

MIYAGI

Yes. We came out here for the stars, so you might as well see them in the best possible conditions, right? Now...close your eyes.

Kusunoki does as he's told.

Miyagi holds his hand, directs him where to go.

MIYAGI (CONT'D)

So, Mr. Kusunoki, if I was fooling you and led you somewhere completely different, what would you do?

KUSUNOKI

Where would it be?

MIYAGI

Good question...Maybe like a cliff or a bridge.

KUSUNOKI

I never considered that, and I don't intend to start.

MIYAGI

Why?

KUSUNOKI

Because I can't see any reason you would do something like that.

MIYAGI

(disappointed)

Is that right?

102 EXT. LAKESIDE PIER - NIGHT

102

Miyagi guides Kusunoki onto a pier.

MIYAGI

Now stop and keep your eyes shut.

She lets go of his hand.

MIYAGI (CONT'D)

Watch your step and lie down on your back. When you're facing straight up, then you can look.

Kusunoki crouches down and carefully lays his back on the ground. He takes a deep breath and opens his eyes to--

--an immense array of stars crowding the night sky for as far as the eye can see.

Miyagi stands next to the prone Kusunoki.

KUSUNOKI

(in awe)

It's amazing.

She looks down at him.

MIYAGI

(with great satisfaction)

Right?

Miyagi lays next to Kusunoki.

Beat.

KUSUNOKI

You lied to me for my own sake, didn't you?

Miyagi turns her head at Kusunoki, back up at the stars.

MIYAGI
(ignoring the question)
I had a childhood friend, too.

KUSUNOKI
Is that the person you said was
important to you?

MIYAGI
Yeah. I'm surprised you remember.

MIYAGI (CONT'D)
I knew someone who meant to me what
Himeno did to you. We were both
people who didn't fit in. So we
stuck together and made our own
world. I went to check on him the
first chance I could after becoming
a monitor. I assumed he wouldn't
know what to do without me. But
when I saw him, he had seamlessly
blended into the normal world,
living the same way all the people
who shunned us for being different
did.

A mirthless smile stretches across Miyagi's face as se gazes
up at the sky.

KUSUNOKI
But you still want to see him
before you die, right?

MIYAGI
Yeah. That's the only thing I have
to cling on to until the very, very
end.

She sits up into her usual knee-hugging pose.

MIYAGI (CONT'D)
So I understand very well how you
feel. Though maybe you don't
actually want anyone to.

KUSUNOKI
That's not true. I'm glad you do.
Thanks.

MIYAGI
(smiling shyly)
No problem.

103 EXT. DOCK - THE NEXT DAY - DAY

103

Kusunoki and Miyagi step into a ridiculous swan boat at a dock.

An employee watches nearby with confusion.

He steps in to one of the seats.

KUSUNOKI

You ready?

MIYAGI

Mm-hmm.

Miyagi steps into the other seat.

The employee's face suddenly turns white and they scamper away from the dock.

Miyagi giggles at the employee's reaction

KUSUNOKI

What are you laughing at?

MIYAGI

Don't you realize you'll look like a grown man riding by yourself?

KUSUNOKI

Something tells me it won't be as silly when we actually ride it.

104 EXT. POND

104

The swan boat slowly circles the pond, past the cherry trees which tower over them.

Miyagi hums the beginning of "Stand By Me" by Ben E. King.

She does so up until where the first verse begins when--

KUSUNOKI

(singing)

*When the night has come / And the
land is dark / And the moon is the
only light we see.*

Miyagi turns to Kusunoki, smiles as she keeps humming the bass line.

KUSUNOKI (CONT'D)

(singing)

*No I won't be afraid / Oh, I won't
be afraid / Just as long as you
stand, stand by me.*

MIYAGI

(singing)

*So darlin', darlin', stand by me /
Oh, stand by me--*

KUSUNOKI

(singing)

*Oh stand / Stand by me, stand
by me*

MIYAGI (CONT'D)

(singing)

*Oh stand / Stand by me, stand
by me*

105 EXT. FERRIS WHEEL - NIGHT

105

The song continues to play as Kusunoki and Miyagi sit and laugh amongst each other on a ferris wheel at an amusement park.

KUSUNOKI (O.S.)

(singing)

*If the sky that we look upon /
Should tumble and fall.*

106 INT. POOL

106

The two swim and playfully splash each other in an indoor pool.

MIYAGI (O.S.)

(singing)

*Or the mountains should crumble to
the sea.*

107 INT. AQUARIUM

107

Their silhouettes walk in front of a giant indoor water tank, pointing out the different animals to each other.

KUSUNOKI (O.S.)

(singing)

I won't cry, I won't cry

MIYAGI (O.S.)

(singing)

No I won't shed a tear.

108 EXT. ZOO 108

They wander through the many habitats in the zoo, hand in hand, side by side.

KUSUNOKI (O.S.)
(singing)
*Just as long as you stand, stand by
me.*

109 EXT. MERRY-GO-ROUND - NIGHT 109

They ride side-by-side on identical giant horses on a merry-go-round.

They are still laughing with each other about who-knows-what.

KUSUNOKI (O.S.)	MIYAGI (O.S.)
(singing)	(singing)
<i>So darlin', darlin' stand by me / Oh stand by me</i>	<i>So darlin', darlin' stand by me / Oh stand by me</i>

110 INT. BAR 110

The two jokingly banter to each other at a pub table.

In the background, a few people give Kusunoki concerning glares, which he ignores.

KUSUNOKI (O.S.)	MIYAGI (O.S.)
(singing)	(singing)
<i>Woah, stand now / Stand by me, stand by me</i>	<i>Woah, stand now / Stand by me, stand by me</i>

111 EXT. GRASSY HILL - DAY 111

Kusunoki and Miyagi sit on a tablecloth on the grass for a picnic.

As they continue to laugh with each other, many passersby catch a glimpse at them, either with laughter, sympathy or out of embarrassment.

KUSUNOKI (O.S.)	MIYAGI (O.S.)
(singing)	(singing)
<i>Whenever you're in trouble won't you stand by me / Oh, stand by me</i>	<i>Whenever you're in trouble won't you stand by me / Oh, stand by me</i>

112 EXT. POND

112

KUSUNOKI
(singing)
*Oh, stand now / Stand by me, stand
by me.*

Kusunoki turns to Miyagi, who stops singing and points past his head at something.

He turns to see a group of schoolkids by the shore, laughing and filming him with their phones.

Kusunoki apologetically waves at them, a shameless smile fills his face.

113 INT. KUSUNOKI'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT DAY - MORNING

113

Kusunoki wakes up from his bed. He looks around the apartment to discover--

--Miyagi is gone.

Not in her corner. Not in the bathroom.

Nowhere to be seen in the apartment. **Gone.**

He finds her notebook on the pillow next to him.

Kusunoki picks up the notebook, is about to look through it when--

--Somebody knocks on the door.

He stumbles out of bed, puts on a pair of pants and heads to the door.

KUSUNOKI
Miyagi! Miyagi, I'm coming!

He opens the door to see--

--a short man with a hideous balding pattern and a face as red as a drunk's, but with pale whiskers and greasy skin.

This is TERUTERU (mid-40s).

KUSUNOKI (CONT'D)
Where's Miyagi?

TERUTERU
(bluntly)
She's on break.

He spoke with a thick voice as if he had phlegm caught in his throat.

TERUTERU (CONT'D)
I'm her sub for the next couple days.

KUSUNOKI
(more composed)
Monitors get to have vacation days, too, huh?

TERUTERU
'Course, gotta. 'Cause unlike you, we've actually got to keep living after this.

KUSUNOKI
Okay. Okay, that's good to hear.

114 INT. SAME - LATER

114

Kusunoki walks out of the bathroom, rubs his sleepy eyes.

When his vision comes to, he sees Teruteru looking through his photo album.

He looks up to Kusunoki.

TERUTERU
What the hell is this?

KUSUNOKI
What? You never seen a vending machine before?

Teruteru clicks his tongue.

TERUTERU
I was obviously asking why you would take pictures of these.

KUSUNOKI
People who like the sky take pictures of the sky. People who like flowers take pictures of flowers. People who like trains takes pictures of trains. I take these pictures because I want to. I like vending machines.

Teruteru flips through a few more pages without much interest.

TERUTERU
 (sarcastic)
 Well those make sense. This?

He tosses the book to Kusunoki.

TERUTERU (CONT'D)
 You have some trash taste, man.

He looks at the vast amount of origami cranes scattered around the room, sighs with obvious annoyance.

TERUTERU (CONT'D)
 Are you really wasting the rest of your time with this?

In frustration, Teruteru attempts to kick a few of the small cranes up in the air.

TERUTERU (CONT'D)
 This is stupid. Is there seriously nothing better for you to do?

KUSUNOKI
 (with a chuckle)
 There probably is, but if I try to have any more fun than this, I won't last.

Teruteru shakes his head and rolls his eyes. A real negative Nancy.

115 LATER

115

Kusunoki lies in front of the fan, listens to music through his headphones.

TERUTERU
 Hey, you.

Kusunoki doesn't hear him. Teruteru clears his throat.

TERUTERU (CONT'D)
 (louder)
 Did you do anything to her? HEY!

Kusunoki looks over to him, takes off his headphones.

KUSUNOKI
 Huh?

TERUTERU

The girl. Did you do anything to her?

KUSUNOKI

You mean Miyagi?

TERUTERU

Who else?!

Kusunoki stares at Teruteru, thinking.

KUSUNOKI

Let me guess, you're friendly with Miyagi?

TERUTERU

(better behaved)

Nah. Nothin' like that. I was the one at the desk when she sold her time. That's it.

KUSUNOKI

What did you think?

TERUTERU

(flatly; honest)

I felt sorry for her. I really, really pity her.

KUSUNOKI

My life span earned me about the same amount of money as her. Do you feel sorry for me?

TERUTERU

Hell no. You're gonna die soon. You don't matter.

KUSUNOKI

That's probably the right way to view it.

TERUTERU

But she sold the one thing you should never, ever sell. She couldn't have known what she was doing, but still. The poor thing, she's got to continue dealing with nihilistic people like you who don't care about their lives anymore. Again, you didn't do anything to her, did you?

Kusunoki dips his head to the ground, thinking.

KUSUNOKI

I think I was pretty bad to her. I said some hurtful things and I very nearly physically hurt her. Fuck it, I almost assaulted her.

Teruteru's face goes pale, looks ready to fight Kusunoki.

But instead, Kusunoki hands him Miyagi's notebook.

He lowers his shoulders, goes back to passive stance.

TERUTERU

What's this?

KUSUNOKI

She forgot her journal. Isn't the actual subject not supposed to read it?

Teruteru takes the journal and opens the cover, flips through the pages.

KUSUNOKI (CONT'D)

I don't really know about your job and it doesn't really seem like the rules are that strict, but I wouldn't want Miyagi to get punished for some breach of responsibility.

TERUTERU

(still looking through the book)

Uh-huh.

Kusunoki gazes at the notebook and the pages which get flipped from one end to the other, thinking.

116 INT. KUSUNOKI'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT DAY

116

Hot. Humid. Kusunoki places a B5-sized Tsubame notebook and a cheap fountain pen on his desk.

His own notebook and pen. An ashtray sits in the corner.

He lights up a cigarette, opens the notebook and begins to write.

117 LATER - EVENING

117

A few cigarettes lay in the ashtray.

Kusunoki continues writing down to the bottom of a page. The words just flow right out of him.

A drop of sweat hits the paper and blots the letters beneath it, but he doesn't bother to notice.

Just like Miyagi before him, Teruteru looks over his shoulder.

TERUTERU

What are you writing?

KUSUNOKI

I'm writing what happened in the last month.

TERUTERU

Why would you do that? So someone else would read it?

KUSUNOKI

I don't know. I don't really care. Writing it down helps me organize it. It's like a defrag process.

118 LATER - NIGHT

118

More burnt cigarettes on the ashtrays.

More sweat falls on the notebook and the desk around it.

Kusunoki stops writing.

He gets up and heads outside. Teruteru follows close behind.

119 EXT. KUSUNOKI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

119

Kusunoki leans on the wall next to the door and wipes his sweaty face with his hands, basks in the cold around him.

He looks at Teruteru, who leans on the wall next to him.

KUSUNOKI

I assume you must have sold your time, too, didn't you?

TERUTERU

If I said yes, would you feel bad
for me?

KUSUNOKI

Yeah. I do.

Teruteru gives Kusunoki a surprised look. His words caught
him off guard.

TERUTERU

Well...thanks. But the truth is, I
didn't sell any of that. I picked
this job because I wanted to do it.

KUSUNOKI

And you say *I* got trash taste.
What's so fun about it?

TERUTERU

It's not fun at all. It's like
visiting someone else's grave. I'm
going to die someday, too. I want
to be around for a lot of death
row, while I can, so that I can
accept it when it happens.

KUSUNOKI

Sounds like something an old man
would think.

TERUTERU

Sounds about right. I *am* old.

The two chuckle amongst each other at Teruteru's comment.

120

INT. KUSUNOKI'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT DAY - DAY

120

Kusunoki continues writing in his notebook.

A radio sits on his desk, tuned to a station covering the
Koshien high school baseball tournament. Pure irony.

He drops the pen, his fingers shake and his hand stays in
place. He's been writing for so long.

Kusunoki slowly gets up before carefully laying down on the
floor.

He looks up at the ceiling above him, switching glances
between a weird black stain, a few bent nails scattered
around and a spiderweb in the corner.

TERUTERU

This is something I ask all my subjects I monitor, but-- what did you use the money from selling your life on?

Kusunoki sits up, turns behind him.

Teruteru is watching him from across the room.

KUSUNOKI

(as he gets up)

It didn't say in the journal?

TERUTERU

Didn't read it in much detail.

KUSUNOKI

I walked around and handed them out to people, one bill at a time.

TERUTERU

One at a time?

Beat.

Teruteru starts to laugh uncontrollably.

KUSUNOKI

It's funny right?

TERUTERU

(catches his breath)

Oh god, no. That's not what I'm laughing at. You sold your life span and all you did with the money was just give it away?

KUSUNOKI

Yeah. Sounds about right.

He keeps laughing.

TERUTERU

You really are an idiot.

KUSUNOKI

You're right. I could've done lots of things with three hundred thousand yen.

TERUTERU

No. *That's* not even why I'm making fun of you.

Kusunoki cocks his head, curious.

Teruteru stops laughing.

TERUTERU (CONT'D)

Tell me-- did you seriously believe it when they said your lifespan was with three hundred thousand yen?

KUSUNOKI

What do you mean?

TERUTERU

I mean exactly what I said.

KUSUNOKI

Well, yeah... but I did think it was way too low at first.

Teruteru chuckled to himself at Kusunoki's statement.

TERUTERU

Okay. Listen, I can't really tell you anything, but when you see her tomorrow, ask her if your life was really worth three hundred thousand yen.

Kusunoki stares at Teruteru, thinking.

121 LATER - NIGHT

121

Kusunoki stares up at the pitch black ceiling from his bed, still thinking.

122 INT. KUSUNOKI'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT DAY - MORNING

122

MIYAGI

Good morning, Mr. Kusunoki.

Kusunoki is woken up by Miyagi's voice.

He looks up and finds her sitting in her corner, giving him a friendly smile.

MIYAGI (CONT'D)

What are you gonna do today?

Kusunoki stares back at Miyagi, thinking.

KUSUNOKI

The usual.

MIYAGI

Back on the vending machine pilgrimage?

KUSUNOKI

Yeah. Something like that.

123 EXT. SMALL DAM - EVENING

123

Kusunoki stops the moped at a small dam. He and Miyagi exit and walk down some stairs onto a--

WALKING PATH

Kusunoki walks a bit in front of Miyagi.

MIYAGI

Where are we going?

Kusunoki doesn't turn around.

KUSUNOKI

What would you do if I deceived you and took you somewhere completely outrageous?

MIYAGI

Meaning somewhere with beautiful scenery?

KUSUNOKI

(lying)
Who knows.

124 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

124

Kusunoki and Miyagi cross a little footbridge into the forest.

With every step, she begins to notice a few blinking green lights around them.

They keep walking down a dirt path until they are surrounded by a countless number of fireflies, their bright lights contrasting with the vast of night.

MIYAGI

May I interpret this as thanks for the night at the lake?

KUSUNOKI

You can interpret it however you like.

MIYAGI

(cracks a smile)

Very well. I *will* interpret it. Very much so.

KUSUNOKI

You don't have to say it.

Beat.

The two sit down, next to each other, on a clear patch of land surrounded by tall grass, the fireflies still fill the air around them.

KUSUNOKI (CONT'D)

Miyagi.

MIYAGI

Yeah?

KUSUNOKI

Why did you lie to me?

She looks at Kusunoki, who darts his eyes back at her.

MIYAGI

What do you mean?

KUSUNOKI

Was my life really worth three hundred thousand yen?

She shifts her eyes away from him.

MIYAGI

Of course it was. I thought you'd accepted that already.

KUSUNOKI

I did. Until last night.

Miyagi sighs in anticipation.

MIYAGI

Did my substitute say something to you?

Kusunoki drifts off at a school of fireflies, thinking.

He looks right at Miyagi.

KUSUNOKI

Why did you decide to give a perfect stranger three hundred thousand yen?

She avoids his gaze.

MIYAGI

I have no idea what you're talking about.

Kusunoki shifts his body to where he now sits directly across from Miyagi, puts his arms around his knees, mirroring her.

Miyagi cracks a little smile.

KUSUNOKI

You can feign ignorance, that works. But I just wanna say thanks.

Miyagi shakes her head.

MIYAGI

It's no problem.

KUSUNOKI

Then how much was I actually worth?

MIYAGI

(mumbles)
--Thirty yen.

KUSUNOKI

(laughs)
That's enough for a three minute phone call. Sorry for using up the money the way I did then.

MIYAGI

You should be. I do wish you would've used it more for yourself. But thinking about it now, if I had told you the truth, you wouldn't have sold your life away.

Miyagi buries her chin between her knees, stares down at her toes.

KUSUNOKI

That's not true. If you would've told me the truth from the very beginning, I would've completely self-destructed.

MIYAGI

There was never any need for you to be self-destructive. Thirty yen is just a number some big shot somewhere decided on. To me, you're worth thirty million or three billion yen right now.

KUSUNOKI

(awkwardly)

Oh, stop it. That's such a weird consolation.

MIYAGI

It's true!

KUSUNOKI

If you're too kind to me, I'll just get miserable. I know you're a nice girl already. So really, you can stop.

MIYAGI

You're quite annoying, you know that? Just be quiet and let me comfort you.

Miyagi looks down with shy embarrassment.

MIYAGI (CONT'D)

I'll admit, when I first met you, I thought you were worth thirty yen. But over time, my perception of you changed. Ever since I became a monitor, you are the first person to treat me like I'm actually *there* from start to finish, Mr. Kusunoki.

KUSUNOKI

(teasing her)

If you like it that much...I can keep doing that until the day I die.

Miyagi nods.

MIYAGI

I suppose you will. It's why I really do love you.

(smiles sadly)

I guess there's no use to falling in love with someone who's going away, though.

Kusunoki's chest seizes up.

He freezes in place in front of Miyagi, taken completely by surprise.

MIYAGI (CONT'D)

Mr. Kusunoki, I've lied to you about a lot of things. The price of your life. Himeno's past. How I can end your life if you mess with people. The hundred yard thing. All of it. They were just excuses to protect themselves. If you're angry, you can do whatever you want to me.

KUSUNOKI

Anything?

MIYAGI

Yeah. Whatever you can think of.

KUSUNOKI

Okay.

Kusunoki grabs Miyagi's hand, pulls her up with him into a standing position--

--and hugs her.

MIYAGI

(sniffles)

This is really cruel of you. After this, it's gonna be impossible to forget you.

KUSUNOKI

Yeah. You better be sad after I die.

Miyagi smiles. The two stay wrapped in each other's arms.

A bittersweet beat.

125

EXT. LINE OF VENDING MACHINES - THE NEXT DAY

125

A soda can falls down from a vending machine. Kusunoki takes it out, pops the tab and sips it.

KUSUNOKI

Hey, Miyagi.

MIYAGI

Hm?

KUSUNOKI

How much value do you think my life would get if I went back to the store?

MIYAGI

As you suspect, a human's worth doesn't fluctuate to a certain extent. But unfortunately, subjective happiness has little effect on the value of your life span. What they value is objective, measurable, metric-based happiness. Not that I think highly of that.

KUSUNOKI

In that case, what *does* have the most influence on the value?

MIYAGI

Contributions to society, fame-- they favor things which are objective and easily recognizable, so to speak.

(looks worried)

Please don't get any funny ideas.

KUSUNOKI

I'm not. My ideas are the most natural there are, for this kind of situation.

Kusunoki takes a sip of his soda, thinking.

126

INT. BOOKSTORE - RAIN

126

Kusunoki and Miyagi browse through random shelves, idly looking at any books that caught their eye.

Kusunoki looks at Miyagi, who surfs through a book, before he heads straight to the front desk.

The owner behind the desk is working on some paperwork while listening to a baseball game on the radio behind him.

The two have a quick banter about a variety of topics: baseball, books, the weather, anything.

As he talks to the owner, Kusunoki quickly turns to Miyagi to see she is browsing at the furthest end of the store.

KUSUNOKI

(quietly)

What do you think I should do to raise my value?

The owner lowers the volume on the radio.

BOOKSTORE OWNER

That's a good question. I think you just have to be reliable. Just take it one step at a time and build up from there.

KUSUNOKI

(murmurs)

Uh-huh.

BOOKSTORE OWNER

But there's something more important than that. And that's to not trust the advice of people like me. Anyone who talks about success without having achieved it for himself as a loser who can't admit it. That's why they don't learn. Lots of people who have failed will talk like they know how to succeed. But those people, myself included, are making a fundamental mistake. Sure, a loser's got plenty of experience with failing. But knowing about failure and knowing about success are completely separate things. That's why they don't understand.

Kusunoki looks off into the corner, thinking, letting what the owner has said sink in.

127

INT. KUSUNOKI'S APARTMENT - DAYS LATER - DAY

127

Kusunoki and Miyagi eat together at the table.

MIYAGI

Hey, Mr. Kusunoki.

KUSUNOKI

Huh?

MIYAGI

Is there anything you want me to do?

KUSUNOKI

Where's this coming from?

MIYAGI

I just feel like I'm the one being given everything. I like to be on the giving side now and then.

KUSUNOKI

Is there anything you want me to do for you?

MIYAGI

No, not really. If anything, my wish is to know what *your* wish is.

KUSUNOKI

Then my wish is to know your wish.

MIYAGI

Like I said, my wish to know what your wish is.

KUSUNOKI

Okay, my wish is to know your wish.

MIYAGI

Again, like I said, my wish is--

Miyagi cuts herself off, looks off at the distance, thinking.

MIYAGI (CONT'D)

Okay.

(beat)

Do you remember the three things I told you I wanted to do before I die?

KUSUNOKI

Hmm...you wanted to see the lake, dig your own grave and meet your old friend.

MIYAGI

That's right.

KUSUNOKI

You want to go see your friend?

Miyagi nods, somewhat apologetically.

KUSUNOKI (CONT'D)

What's his name.

MIYAGI

Enishi.

KUSUNOKI

You know where he lives?

MIYAGI

No, but I think I know where he
might be.

KUSUNOKI

At least it's something.

MIYAGI

Will you come with me?

KUSUNOKI

Yes, of course.

MIYAGI

And you'll have to tell me your
wish someday, too, Mr. Kusunoki.

KUSUNOKI

I'll tell you when I think about
it.

128

EXT. LOCAL TRAIN STATION - DAY

128

A local, small town train station. Kusunoki walks through the automatic double doors, while Miyagi sneaks inside behind his back.

She pops her head out upon seeing a boy in his early twenties sitting on a bench in the corner, reading a book.

The way he sits gives off a sense of easygoing confidence.

Slowly and carefully, Miyagi walks towards the boy until she stands right next to him, confirming the boy is indeed Enishi.

Beat.

A two-car train makes its stop. People flood out into the station.

One of these people is a pleasant-looking woman with red hair, possibly in her mid-twenties.

Upon seeing her, Enishi gets up and walk towards the woman, both utterly joyful the other one is with them.

Miyagi watches the two exchange greetings with an expressionless look, while Kusunoki watches near the double doors behind her, his eyes wide open in shock.

Enishi and the woman walk past the both of them until they both leave the building.

Only Kusunoki and Miyagi are left inside.

Kusunoki walks to Miyagi in slow steps, puts his arm around her back--

--and kisses Miyagi.

Beat.

She freezes with shock before relaxing her shoulders and returns the gesture.

129

INT. KUSUNOKI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

129

They lay on the bed, their backs face each other.

Unable to sleep, Kusunoki slips out from under the blanket and quietly walks to the kitchen.

He gets a glass from the cupboard and fills it up with water from the sink and downs it in one go.

He walks back towards the bed before something on the floor catches his eye: It's Miyagi's notebook.

Curious, Kusunoki picks it up and sits down at his desk.

He sifts through the notebook, page by page, and discovers numerous drawings of every place he had gone to with Miyagi, from the restaurant to the time capsule to the starry lake.

All of it, intricately drawn on its own page.

The final drawing Kusunoki finds is of his sleeping face.

He peeks over at the bed to see Miyagi has turned the other way, facing him.

In an act of revenge, he turns to the next open page, picks up a pencil and begins to draw her sleeping face with laser-like focus.

He finishes the drawing, looks on at his work with a sense of surprise and satisfaction. **He hasn't drawn anything in years.**

Beat.

He spins the pencil in his hand, looks off into the distance, then the notebook, thinking, his mind racing.

Without a second thought, he turns to the next open page and continues drawing, this time with a single-minded fervor, like he was possessed.

130 EXT. FESTIVAL GROUNDS - DAY 130

Kusunoki and Miyagi walk, hand-in-hand, through the festival grounds of an upcoming fireworks show.

They pass by a group of children, who point at them and call for his attention.

When he looks over to them, Kusunoki proudly lifts the hand holding Miyagi's in response.

131 LATER 131

They're waiting in line at a food stand. A few high-school age kids walk up to them.

HIGH SCHOOL BOY

Hey, you're girlfriend's pretty hot.

With a smile on his face, Kusunoki wraps his arm around Miyagi in front of them.

KUSUNOKI

Is she now? Too bad, guys. You can't have her.

The boys cackle and whistle back at them in response.

132 EXT. FESTIVAL GROUNDS - NIGHT 132

Lights of many colors spread across the night sky.

Cheers arise from the crowd, before a bang shakes the air itself a split second later.

Kusunoki and Miyagi lay down on a flat plot of grass away from the rest of the festival goers.

They watch as dozens of fireworks shoot up into the sky, their colors illuminating the ground around them as they go off.

Kusunoki glances over at Miyagi to see she's doing to same thing. Their eyes meet.

They both laugh it off.

MIYAGI

You have all the time you want to look at me. Watch the show.

KUSUNOKI

That may not be quite true.

They both attempt to talk over the booming fireworks.

MIYAGI

I know I got another day off tomorrow. But it's only for one day.

KUSUNOKI

That's not the problem.

MIYAGI

What is?

The fireworks show ends. The festival-goers cheer nearby.

Kusunoki lifts himself up and looks at Miyagi from above.

KUSUNOKI

I want to thank you for everything.

MIYAGI

Don't you think it's a little too early for this? You got a month left.

KUSUNOKI

You said you wanted to know what my wish was. And I promised to tell you once I thought of one.

MIYAGI

Yes. If I can help you with it, I'll do anything.

KUSUNOKI

Okay. Then I'll be direct about it. My one wish is for you to forget everything you ever knew about me.

MIYAGI

(immediately)

No.

Miyagi stares off into the distance, thinking, her face now showing signs of distress and worry. *Her mind is racing.*

MIYAGI (CONT'D)
Mr. Kusunoki, please don't do anything stupid.

Kusunoki shakes his head.

KUSUNOKI
Think about it. Who could've imagined a man worth thirty yen would lead such a wonderful end of his life? Nobody would've seen this coming. I had the worst life imaginable, and look at how happy I am now. You don't know what your future holds, either. Maybe someone with much more to offer will come along and make you happy.

MIYAGI
They won't.

KUSUNOKI
But I should have never met someone like you, Miyagi. So you could also find--

MIYAGI
THEY. WON'T!

Miyagi jumps onto Kusunoki's chest, knocks him down on the ground.

MIYAGI (CONT'D)
Mr. Kusunoki, I'm begging you, don't do this!

Her voice shakes. Tears flow down her face.

MIYAGI (CONT'D)
Please just stay with me! I know what's going to happen. I'm ready for when it happens. I'm ready for all of it. But we have so much time left! So much to do! Don't do this! Please don't do this!

Kusunoki caresses her head, over and over and over, as she sobs into his shirt. Niagara Falls.

133 INT. KUSUNOKI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

133

In the dead of night.

Kusunoki and Miyagi embrace at the front door. She loosens her grip and gives him a sad, lonely smile.

MIYAGI

Good-bye. Thanks for everything,
Mr. Kusunoki.

She bows her head at him, grabs the handle to her wheeled suitcase and exits the apartment.

Kusunoki stays standing in place in front of the door, lets the moment sink in.

134 INT. BUSINESS ROOM - THE NEXT DAY - DAY

134

Kusunoki and Teruteru stand in front of the same desk, another RECEPTIONIST (30s) sits where Miyagi once was.

TERUTERU

(to Kusunoki)

Hey, uh-- Did you come here knowin'
this was gonna happen?

KUSUNOKI

Yep.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm gonna be honest... I don't recommend what you're about to do. At this point, the money itself can't be that much of a concern, can it? You do realize you'll spend more time drawing if you keep this last month, right? You'll spend your last thirty-three days drawing like your life depends on it. The entire time, that monitor girl will be by your side, cheering you on. What's the problem?

KUSUNOKI

If money is meaningless after you die, so is fame.

RECEPTIONIST

Don't you want to be eternal?

KUSUNOKI

Eternity means nothing if I'm not here to experience it.

The receptionist dips her head in disappointment.

She knows he's made his decision.

RECEPTIONIST

I see.

The receptionist types on the computer.

Beat.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Alright. We've got you covered. Thirty days doesn't quite get you enough to repay Ms. Miyagi's debt in full. But she'll be free with three more years of work.

KUSUNOKI

Fine by me.

RECEPTIONIST

Excuse me for a moment, I'll be getting your paperwork and we'll be all set.

KUSUNOKI

Sweet. Thank you.

The receptionist gets out of her chair, walks away from the desk and exits the room through a back door.

Kusunoki and Teruteru watch her leave.

TERUTERU

Thirty days is more valuable than thirty years, huh?

KUSUNOKI

It sure is.

135 INT. KUSUNOKI'S APARTMENT - MORNING - THE NEXT DAY

135

Kusunoki wakes up, gets out of bed.

He looks over to the corner of the room.

It's empty.

136 EXT. MOPED - MOVING - DAY 136

Kusunoki rides his moped through the streets under a clear blue sky.

Beat.

137 EXT. PUBLIC PARK - DAY 137

Kusunoki strolls through the park, a giant fountain towers over him nearby.

A few middle school-aged kids wave at him from a distance, to which he waves back.

Beat.

Trying to hold on for desperation, Kusunoki holds out his hand and pretends Miyagi is walking right next to him.

KUSUNOKI
(to nothing)
C'mon, Miyagi.

Kusunoki tries to grab her imaginary hand multiple times. Nothing happens.

It triggers something inside him.

He stumbles through the park with a worried look on his face.

He looks down on the ground, frantically thinking. Everything is hitting him all at once. ***Was I hallucinating? Am I really going to die? What's going on?! WHAT DO I DO?!***

He sits on the lip of the fountain and keeps his head hanging down to the ground.

A couple of the middle school kids, a BOY and a GIRL, walk up to him.

MIDDLE SCHOOL BOY
(teases him)
Is Miyagi with you again, Mr.
Kusunoki?

He slowly lifts up his head.

KUSUNOKI
Sorry, kid. She's not here today.

The girl puts a hand to her mouth in shock.

MIDDLE SCHOOL GIRL

What happened? Did you two get into a fight?

KUSUNOKI

You can say that. I don't recommend it.

The kids look at each other, then shake their heads.

MIDDLE SCHOOL GIRL

If such a close couple can get mad at each other, there's no way we can avoid it.

Kusunoki gives the kids a broken smile as tears flow down his face.

Soon enough, like a cork had been popped loose, Kusunoki bawls his eyes out.

He tries to hide it by both hanging his head down again and covering it with his hand.

Anything to not expose his sorrow.

The two kids sit on either side of him and offer him comfort. The girl pats him on the shoulder.

MIDDLE SCHOOL BOY

It's alright, Mr. Kusunoki. She'll come back.

MIYAGI (O.S.)

That's right. She'll be back eventually.

A familiar voice from behind grabs his attention.

He turns around.

It's Miyagi, smiling back at him.

Miyagi wraps her arms around Kusunoki's neck.

Kusunoki automatically returns her embrace, buries his face in her long, flowing hair.

MIYAGI (CONT'D)

I'm back, Mr. Kusunoki-- I was looking for you.

He looks over at the two kids, who look at both of them equally confused.

The boy looks up at Miyagi.

MIDDLE SCHOOL BOY
Um...excuse me?

Miyagi casually looks at him while Kusunoki does the same with wide eyes of shock. **He can SEE her?!**

MIYAGI
Y--yes?

MIDDLE SCHOOL BOY
Are you Miss Miyagi?

She flashes a smile at him.

MIYAGI
That's right. I'm Miss Miyagi.

The two kids smile with wonder and hug both of them from their seats.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Itsuki! Mikuru! We're heading home!

The two kids peek their heads towards the voice and run off towards it, leaving only the two of them.

Kusunoki and Miyagi.

She squeezes his hand in an attempt to ease his confusion.

MIYAGI
It's strange, isn't it?

KUSUNOKI
How were they able to see you?

MIYAGI
It's simple. I did the same thing.

KUSUNOKI
The same thing?

Kusunoki stares off into the distance, thinking.

He knows what she means.

KUSUNOKI (CONT'D)
How much did you sell?

MIYAGI
All of it. I have three days left, too.

Kusunoki can't help but smile. **He never loved anything more than her betrayal and foolishness.**

Miyagi sits down next to Kusunoki, leans against him and closes her eyes.

MIYAGI (CONT'D)

You must think I'm stupid for doing this, do I?

KUSUNOKI

No, you're not stupid. If anyone was stupid, it's me. I couldn't even think about living three days without you.

Miyagi smiles and rubs her cheek against his shoulder.

MIYAGI

Thanks to you, the value of my life went up a bit as well. So not only is the debt paid, there's plenty of money left, too. More than we could possible go through in three days.

KUSUNOKI

(teases)

So we're rich now, is that right?

Kusunoki throws his arms around Miyagi and rocks her side to side.

MIYAGI

(laughs)

Oh, we're rich all right!

She enthusiastically hugs him back, making a big show of it.

They both cry and laugh in each other's arms.

Together. Until the day they die.

Miyagi turns to face Kusunoki with an adorable smile.

MIYAGI (CONT'D)

Well, Mr. Kusunoki, we got three days left. What should we do now?

THE END

"Twilight" by Boa plays as the credits roll.