

EXT. HOUSE DEPOT PARKING LOT — DAY

House Depot is a home improvement store in a suburban plaza. Parked cars and shopping carts are scattered throughout the lot.

Suddenly, upbeat K-POP MUSIC begins.

K-POP dancers emerge and push shopping carts. Smoke, wind, and flashing lights take over the lot as K-pop sensations 4LYFE arrive in shopping carts being pushed by hunky B-BOYS.

AUTUMN, WINTER, SUMMER, and SUSAN sing in KOREAN, with English subtitles.

AUTUMN

(in Korean, subtitled)

When you need the grill./

WINTER

When you need the plywood./

SUMMER

*When you need the fixtures for
your home./*

AUTUMN

We'll sell you the grill./

WINTER

We'll sell you the plywood./

SUMMER

*There's only one place you should
go!./*

ALL

*House Depot for your house
supplies!/
House Depot, for a low low price!/
House! House! Depot! Depot!
Depot! Depot! House...*

EXT. STORE FRONT — DAY

The store has a loading station on one end and automatic doors on the other. BOBBI, the store manager, stands beside a cage of propane tanks and stares out into the lot.

There are no K-Pop dancers; there is only DAVE, a forty-something, not-attractive man in a "House Depot" apron. He dances alone with his eyes closed while pushing a cart towards the cart corral.

EXT. HOUSE DEPOT PARKING LOT — DAY

Dave's imaginary K-Pop SONG has made its way to the bridge.

It is raining and gusty.

The dance sequence calls for slow-motion hair whipping.

Autumn speaks her lyrics in ENGLISH.

AUTUMN

(spoken)

*Yeah boy. House Depot. Affordable
lumber. Dave. Don't touch that,
Dave. No no Dave, that is a
diaper. Dave, what are you doing?
What are you doing?*

The K-Pop scenario completely melts away.

Dave clutches a soiled diaper with a picture of *Sesame Street's* Elmo on it. Bobbi stands behind him.

BOBBI

Dave. What are you doing?

DAVE

Oh, um, someone left a poopy diaper
in one of the carts.

Bobbi grabs the diaper and examines it.

BOBBI

Elmo. Again. Wash your hands and
clock out. We're can't pay you
overtime.

EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT — NIGHT

A traditional gothic cathedral looms over the parking lot.

Dave's beat-up Toyota Corolla pulls in, the ugliest of the
few cars in the lot.

His driver's side door barely opens.

Bells CHIME the melody from the "House Depot" song as Dave
squeezes out of his car and approaches the church.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT – NIGHT

Chairs are set up in a circle. Water, coffee, and some cookies on a folding table. Several Alcoholics Anonymous MEMBERS are seated, Dave among them. MARGARET, mid-forties, holds a clipboard. GEORGE, mid-thirties, speaks to the group.

GEORGE

Drinking was my god. I thought about it all the time. I still think about it. But I have a kid...

FADE TO:

INT. "CONCERT HALL" – NIGHT

The venue is packed. Covered in sweat, Dave stands onstage with K-pop legends 4LYFE. They bow as fans CHEER and CHANT:

FANS

Encore! Encore! Encore!

AUTUMN

Thank you! Alright everybody! We have time for one more!

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT – NIGHT

Dave snaps out of his daydream.

MARGARET

We have time for one more.

Margaret eyes Dave for an uncomfortably long time. He looks away.

MARGARET

Alright, next week everybody. Be well.

The members gather their belongings and shuffle out.

EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT – NIGHT

Dave jams his keys into his driver's side door as Church Bells CHIME. George calls from his nearby BMW:

GEORGE

Hey Dave. If you need a friend, I'm all ears.

DAVE

Thanks George.

George pulls a colored sobriety coin from his pocket and holds it up.

GEORGE

Three months today, Dave.

Dave struggles with his door. George watches.

GEORGE

You need help?

DAVE

Got all the help I need. Thanks.

The door barely opens wide enough for Dave to squeeze in.

INT. COROLLA — NIGHT

The interior is bleached from years of sunlight. Wrappers and receipts cover the floor.

Dave blows into an Ignition Interlock Device before STARTING his car.

A K-pop song PLAYS on the radio.

EXT. TACO CHIME DRIVE-THRU — NIGHT

There are no cars in line at the drive-thru except Dave's Corolla.

SARAH, a forty-something Korean-American employee, is skilled at the takeout window:

With one hand she catapults a set of plasticware into a to-go bag...

With the other she stabs a straw into a soda cup...

She tosses three packets of sauce into the air and bags them one by one...

Finally, she rolls the top of the bag and hands it over to Dave.

INT. COROLLA — NIGHT

Dave opens his door to awkwardly receive his take-out from Sarah.

SARAH
You should fix that window.

DAVE
Yeah.

SARAH
Twelve ninety four.

Dave attempts to pay in exact change.

He drops some coins.

DAVE
Dammit.

SARAH
Don't worry about it. See you
tomorrow?

INT. DAVE'S STUDIO — NIGHT

Dave's apartment is only slightly cleaner than his car. Posters of K-Pop groups hang on his walls. The most prominent one, of course, is 4LYFE.

The Taco Chime meal has been reduced to crumpled wrappers and empty containers.

K-Pop videos PLAY on a desktop computer.

Behind the desktop hangs a calendar with previous days Xed out. A small picture of YOUNGER DAVE and his sister DENYSE, is tacked to the corner. They are drinking beers at a bar.

Dave opens a pink gel pen and adds one X to the calendar.

From his pocket, he pulls out a sobriety coin and stares at it.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. BAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Denyse has a guitar on her back, and she is loading it into the back seat the Corolla, notably in good condition. She and Dave are a little tipsy.

DENYSE
If you want to be a singer, you
should be up there singing with
me. You have a better voice
anyway.

DAVE
I don't sing what you sing.

DENYSE
We'll sing your stuff.

DAVE
People don't want to hear K-pop covers.

DENYSE
Oh yes they do. They just don't know it yet. But they will. Next week. We'll sing your stuff. Deal?

She tosses Dave the keys.

DAVE
Next week. My stuff.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. DAVE'S STUDIO — LATER

The apartment is darker than before, but a K-pop video emits a soft glow. Dave stands in his underwear and a teeshirt. He dances and sings karaoke into a microphone, which is connected to a single speaker.

The SONG playing is *Bo Peep Bo Peep*, by T-ara.

DAVE
*Bo Peep Bo Peep Bo Peep Bo Peep Bo
Peep Bo Peep Bo Peep ah! Bo Peep
Bo Peep Bo Peep Bo Peep Bo Peep Bo
Peep Bo Peep ah ah!*

EXT. HOUSE DEPOT PARKING LOT — DAY

Dave, in his apron, pushes a cart into the corral and quietly sings *Bo Peep Bo Peep*.

DAVE
(singing)
I'm so sorry. Na ttaemune ijen...

ZACK, twenty, approaches.

ZACK
Hey man, thanks for punching me in this morning.

DAVE
No problem.

ZACK
Ten o'clock's stupid early.

DAVE
You live across the street.

A van pulls up.

A MAN leans out his window and gestures to a parking spot blocked by a cart.

MAN
Can you move that cart?

Zack locks eyes with the man, places his hand on the cart, and shoves it across the parking lot into another car.

An ALARM goes off.

ZACK
Wouldn't want you to walk any further. You might burn a calorie.

Zack reconvenes with Dave.

ZACK
How long you been working here, Dave?

DAVE
About a year?

ZACK
Jesus, I'd kill myself. One hundred fifteen days, and I can't wait to get fired. You know how many times a day I think about blowing up those propane tanks?

DAVE
Two? Two times a day?

ZACK
One molotov cocktail, man, and-

Zack makes an explosion gesture.

ZACK (CONT'D)
This bullshit is for ex cons. And simpletons.
Dave gestures to Zack.

ZACK (CONT'D)
Shut up.

DAVE
They have good insurance.

ZACK
Is that what you want, Dave?
Insurance?

DAVE
Prostate cancer runs in my family.

ZACK
Ew. You still listen to that
Japanese music?

DAVE
It's Korean. K-pop. The K is for
"Korean."

Zack pulls out a pack of cigarettes. He offers one to Dave.

DAVE (CONT'D)
No thanks.

Zack puts his pack away and lights his cigarette.

ZACK
So that was K-pop I heard you
singing over there?

DAVE
You could hear me?

ZACK
Oh yeah. There's karaoke at
Cherrywood tomorrow night. You
should go sing some of your Korean
stuff.

DAVE
I have a meeting.

ZACK
You're a lot attendant, Dave. What
meeting could you possibly have?

DAVE
I'm in a program.

ZACK
A weight loss program?
(beat)
You know, because of your fat?

DAVE

I'm in AA.

ZACK

Oh. Oh! They sell soda at the bar,
dude.

DAVE

I'm not supposed to go places
that might trigger my addiction.

ZACK

I promise you I will swallow any
and all alcohol that comes your
way. You won't get a single drop.

DAVE

You're a good friend.

ZACK

I know. Look, if you want to be a
singer, you need an audience.
Otherwise you're just a sad sack
singing alone in his room.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVE'S ROOM – NIGHT

Dave SINGS a tearful K-pop BALLAD in his bedroom. He is in a
teeshirt and underwear.

BACK TO SCENE.

ZACK

The lady from Taco Chime hosts
it.

DAVE

Eyepatch?

CUT TO:

EXT. TACO CHIME DRIVE-THRU – NIGHT

EYEPATCH, an angry employee, pitches a bag of Taco Chime
through a car window.

BACK TO SCENE.

ZACK

No, the other one.

CUT TO:

EXT. TACO CHIME DRIVE-THRU – NIGHT

Sarah deftly rolls a Taco Chime bag, kisses it, and hands it out of the window.

BACK TO SCENE.

DAVE

She does?

ZACK

I'm gonna need a K-pop primer before we go tomorrow. Who do I look up?

DAVE

Oh! Definitely 4LYFE. Start with them. But there's a lot. I can make a list if you want.

ZACK

No, no. Don't do that. 4LYFE. Got it.

Store Manager Bobbi YELLS from the entrance of the store.

BOBBI

Zack, you can't smoke when you're working.

ZACK

Then I guess I'm on break, Bobbi!
(to Dave)
Please fire me. Karaoke tomorrow night. It's a date. There's a diaper in that one.

Zack nods to a cart and walks away.

Dave walks over to the cart. There is an Elmo diaper inside. He picks it up and examines it.

DAVE

Who are you?