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Characters:

ARNOLD MC'CONNOR

MI LIN

JEREMY LIN

JUAN

JINBO KIM

ANGELA WANG

AI WANG

MARIA

MARCUS

MIKE CALHOUN

AUSTEN LAMPREY

KEVIN MING

STEVIE

OFFICER 1

OFFICER 2

OFFICER 3

EXT. CHINA TOWN - DAY

underneath a bunch of stereotypical chinese lanterns is a laundromat called SU MIEN right next to the chinese restaurant FOOK YUEN SEAFOOD RESTAURANT.

ARNOLD MC'CONNOR, 23, steps out with a sack of laundry in one hand and a big bag of shitty greasy chinese food in the other.

MI LIN LING, a 40 year old laundromat owner old chinese lady is hear from off screen.

MI LIN  
U COME BACK NAO OK BOY?

ARNOLD

okay I will see you next week Mi Lin.

Arnold takes his bags to his car and disappears off screen.

MONTAGE

Cool Chinese Dubstep plays as a montage of the Fook Yuen kitchen workers do their thing. Credits roll over it as the steam from the laundromat mixes in with the montage of the restaurant.

INT. SU MIEN - DUSK

The title "Steamed Dumplings" appears on a logoed shirt that JEREMY LING, the 17 yr old son of Mi Lin, is washing.

Music Fades out.

JEREMY LING

Ma I gotta get off work early toda--

Mi Lin cuts him off.

MI LIN

(angrily suspicious)  
where you go?

JEREMY

My f--- er, my study group is meeting at  
the library.

Through a steel grate in the wall (the restaurant and the laundromat are connected kind of) ANGELA WANG, 16, smiles at Jeremy while she folds dumplings.

Jeremy catches her eye then furiously goes back to scrubbing his laundry pile.

MI LIN

(satisfied)  
Ok anysing for study and grade. :)

Korean curses are heard from the kitchen. Angela doesn't seem to mind continues to cook stuff.

INT. FOOK YUEN - DUSK

JINBO KIM, 52, greasy old korean guy is yelling at JUAN MARTINEZ, 19, the bus boy.

JINBO KIM

I know UR KIND NO GOOD butt u must stop  
breaking dishes I cannot have dis  
incompetance in my rastran

JUAN

Jes sorry mister Kim.

JINBO KIM  
byoong-sheen

Jinbo glares as much as a man with barely no eyes can then spits in the sink before returning to the front of the restaurant.

Juan punches himself.

JUAN  
Fuck man I can't lose this job too.

ANGELA  
(quietly)  
I think you're doing okay for your first week.

JUAN  
Yeah well tell that to my pay check bitch.

Juan grabs a mop and bucket and heads back out of the front.

AI WANG, Angela's mom comes in.

AI WANG  
Are you done with those dumplings yet?  
People are waiting on you, damn.

ANGELA  
Almost.

Angela throws the wontons in the fryer.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

Jeremy walks up with a bag and throws it on the ground next to a bench where his friends are hanging out.

JEREMY  
Jesus christ my fucking mom kept me at  
the laundromat so long

MARIA JUAREZ, 18, one of Jeremy's friends pats him on the back.  
MARCUS CONNOLEY opens Jeremy's bag.

MARIA  
Damn dat bitch overworks you man you  
should run away or some shit

MARCUS  
All right bro u got us the good stuff

Marcus takes out a bottle of whiskey from Jeremy's bag.

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ANGELA  
I thought you stopped stealing...

MARCUS  
Shut up bitch he's getting us good shit

ANGELA  
stfu retard

JEREMY  
Hey stop that with her.

Jeremy pushes marcus.

MARCUS  
What the fuck man???

MARIA  
Yo stop it fuckers

ANGELA  
stop!

MARCUS  
gdam fine

JEREMY  
Wha tthe hell let's just get to it

The kids all pull out a bunch of spray cans and start tagging the basketball court with a kick ass mural of some weird shit like a chinese dragon or some shit eating a bagel

INT. POLICE OFFICE - MORNING

ARNOLD  
School called again. They said they were tagged again.

Arnold's boss, LT. MIKE CALHOUN, leans back in his chair and coughs.

MIKE  
Fuckin gangster shits.

ARNOLD  
I mean they principle didn't seem too mad or anything

MIKE  
Those fucks think they can get away with this??? Defacing public property!

ARNOLD  
Well.

MIKE

That's ride! A fucking innocent  
elemtnary school mother fucker. You  
think that's funny?

ARNOLD

Well no

MIKE

You think its fuckingokay?

ARNOLD

No...

MIKE

Well it fucking isn't.

ARNOLD

Of course not, sir, but.

MIKE

Ain't no butts except the shit they been  
drawing on the damn school.

Mike coughs and takes a sip of his free coffee.

MIKE

We're going to catch those little shits  
and teach them a lesson ok?

ARNOLD

Hell, I'd like to know who did it. The  
artwork isn't too bad.

Arnold shuffles through the file of photographs they have of the  
graffiti done by the culprits.

MIKE

Seems to be an oriental theme huh?  
That's what I was thinking too. Those  
fucks are good at drawing.

ARNOLD

Well I wouldn't say that.

MIKE

My daughter, got a fuckin' B+ in her art  
class. Guess what the fuckin' Ling or  
Lang or Wang kid whatever got?

ARNOLD

Sir...

MIKE

A fuckin' A+. You think that shit is  
fair? IT's like they have a fuckin'

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ability to outdo us.

Mike gets up and grabs his coat and slaps arnold hard on theback, friendly, but still five-starring him.

MIKE

Arright ARny let's go check this shit  
out see what they fucked with this time.

Mike walks out. Arnold grabs all the shit that Mike forgot and follows.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

STEVIE ERICKSON, a special 8 year old bounces on one of those bouncy balls as the two police officers walk up next to him. They're clearly in the best spot to view all the colorful graffiti.

STEVIE

YAYYYYYY!!!!!! DRAGON!!!!!!

MIKE

You see who did this, kid?

STEVIE

I LIKE PICTURES; AND COLORS.

ARNOLD

(clearing his throat)  
Oh really?

STEVIE

Yeah I LOVE dem!!! HEh!!!!

MIKE

The hell? Get to taking pictures  
O'Connor!

ARNOLD

Right.

Arnold goes to take pictures. Stevie continues to bounce. Mike crosses his arms and shakes his head. AUSTEN LAMPREY, the principal walks over.

AUSTEN

Thank you for coming Lt.

MIKE

Don't worry we'll find the retards who  
did this

STEVIE

Yay!! Bounce!!!!!! Bounce!!! Bounce!

AUSTEN  
Uhhh... well it's not that our school is  
angry so much as--

MIKE  
Defacing property like this is a serious  
crime.

A basketball from the playing children in the distance comes and hits Stevie in the head. He seems to keep bouncing and not caring after it bounces right off him. Austen and Mike are too busy talking to each other to notice.

AUSTEN  
The incidences seem to be increasing  
this month, too.

MIKE  
If push comes to shove we'll set up a  
fucking camera and catch these fouckers  
or even have a steak out.

AUSTEN  
I don't think that's necessary.

MIKE  
It is. Shit.

STEVIE  
(frantic)  
Owwwwwwwww ahhhh!!!!

Stevie rolls over and starts bleeding on the concrete. Austen rushes over.

MIKE  
Damn that's more you're going to have to  
clean up off your blacktop.

INT. FOOK YUEN - AFTERNOON

Mike and Arnold walk into the restaurant. They are greeted by Jinbo at the door.

JINBO KIM  
Yes, yes come in table for 2 yes.

ARNOLD  
Thank you.

MIKE  
uH huh.

The two sit down at their usual table and look over the menus. Across the room, Juan glares at them from the corner of his eye while he cleans a table.

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Angela walks in from school with her backpack and seems nervous as she spots the two officers. She rushes to the kitchen.

The waiter, KEVIN MING, walks over to the officers.

KEVIN  
Ready to order sirs?

ARNOLD  
Uh yes we'll have...

MIKE  
Fuck shouldn't you know our usual by now kid?

KEVIN  
Two green teas, chow mein, and kung pao chicken. Coming right up.

Kevin walks to the back with the ticket.

MIKE  
shit you think theyd b faster at this shit.

Arnold is quiet. He looks around the restaurant. The walls are covered in paintings... He looks back at the photographs from the file.

He looks over at the kitchen. Angela is peeking at them and quickly looks busy.

ARNOLD  
Holy shit...

MIKE  
What is it kid?

Kevin comes and sets down the green teas. Mike goes to take a sip and burns his tongue. He coughs violently.

MIKE  
FUCK!!!!!! Fuckin' hell these fuckers like their tea hot.

INT. FOOK YUEN KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Angela knocks on the grates between the laundromat and the kitchen.

ANGELA  
Jeremy?

Jeremy shows up behind the grate.

JEREMY

What's up?

ANGELA

The cops are here... do you think they know..?

JEREMY

lol you're so paranoid why would they care about some crappy drawings.

ANGELA

Well they caught maria for giving ppl bj's behind the grocery store i mean maybe they know what we did.

JEREMY

That's totally different.. maria is a slut

ANGELA

Ughhh I can't do this shit

MI LIN

(off screen)

Jelamy get back to work! We have rots to do today

JEREMY

Shit angela I gotta go don't fuck up ok

ANGELA

Fine

Angela cuts her finger on a knife.

ANGELA

Fuck.

Angela's blood gets all over the kung pao chicken. Kevin comes and takes the dish out before she can say anything.

Juan jumps out from the bathroom (didnt wash his hands).

JUAN

Are you fucking crazy?

Angela jumps and gasps.

ANGELA

What?

JUAN

I know your secret. Do you think ou can get away with this shit what the fuck

ANGELA

What are you talking about? I tried to tell him what happened but he grabbed it before I could. It wasn't too much blood.

JUAN

Stupid bitch do you know what you've done? They probably ate it by now

Angela starts to cry but Juan grabs her by the neck and lifts her up with super human strength choking her.

JUAN

That's right. I am smoo strong that's why I keep breaking all the plates and shit around here but I had to get this shitty job just so I could watch over you.

ANGELA

Wh--coughh-cough

Angela kicks her legs violently as tears flow from her eyes. Juan's eyes turn bright red.

JUAN

You still don't know? They're infected now that they've had your blood.

Angela keeps choking. She passes out. Juan throws her body on the floor.

Jinbo comes in and he's like what the hell.

JINBO KIM

What the hell going on? Juan what the hell you do you mang-hal-nom!

JUAN

Fuck off you fucking korean shit

Juan smashes a plate in half and uses the sharp edge to slit Jinbo's throat. Blood spurts everywhere even covering Angela's body.

Jinbo clutches his throat and gargles out a korean last insult as he collapses onto the stove.

JINBO KIM

sheeb-sehk-keeh geh-sehk-keehjoong-sheen  
byoong-mahn!

Jinbo's body hits the stove and catches on fire. The fire alarm goes off.

INT. FOOK YUEN MAIN RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

Mike and Arnold eat their Kung Pao Chicken.

MIKE

These people make some good shit to eat

ARNOLD

It is pretty good.

Mike and Arnold hear the commotion from the kitchen and get suspicious.

ARNOLD

Hey, Kevin, what's going on in there?

KEVIN

Mr. Kim already went to check, it is okay.

MIKE

Ah fuck it their kid probably just got a bad grade or some shit. Leave it, O'Connor.

The fire alarm goes off.

Arnold shakes his head and grabs his gun.

ARNOLD

I'm going in.

INT. SU MIEN - AFTERNOON

Jeremy leaves his station and walks toward the back to see into the grate when he hears banging and a commotion.

JEREMY

What the hell is going on over there..?

MI

You betta not leave yo work you did not finish all last night

JEREMY

ma I think something is

MI

I don care you go back to work NOW!!

Mi grabs Jeremy by the ear and drags him back to his station.

INT. FOOK YUEN KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Arnold enters the kitchen, gun in hand, to see the fire sprinklers putting out a burning Jinbo's body.

ARNOLD

What the fuck..?

He looks around. There's blood on the ground. No girl from earlier.

ARNOLD

There goes that theory.

He kneels down to inspect the bloody ground. A foot print near the back door. He takes a photo with his camera.

EXT. CHINA TOWN - DUSK

Police question the workers of Fook Yuen and Su Mien.

OFFICER 1

Do you know who was working there today?

OFFICER 2

Anything else you can tell us about the owners?

MI LIN

Well you want yo laundry done? Go Su Mien! We very cheap.

OFFICER 1

Ma'am...

OFFICER 2

(sighs)

What is the connection between Su Mien and Fook Yuen?

Officer 1 shakes his head.

OFFICER 3

Tell me more about your daughter. Do you have any pictures?

AI WANG

(distraught)

She gone! She work tonight she gone!

Jeremy, Maria, and Marcus are sitting on the curb looking upset.

MARIA

Maybe she went out?

MARCUS

Fuck no that bitch is dead.

JEREMY

She was worried about the cops.

MARCUS

The cops know aobut our shit?

MARIA

The fuck?

JEREMY

No i dont think the cops did this.

MARIA

She'll come back man dont worry shit

Arnold walks up to the kids with the Graffiti file in hand.

ARNOLD

You kids all right?

MARIA

Yes officer.

ARNOLD

Do you know if the girl...

JEREMY

Angela wouldn't have done it.

ARNOLD

Angela, yes. I don't think she had anything to do with it.

MARCUS

But yo man you guys are saying she killed that old fucker and fucked off.

ARNOLD

That's only a theory, but I have some more questions.

Arnold pulls out a photograph from teh file.

ARNOLD

What can you tell me about this?

The kids look at each other, unsure what to say.

MARCUS

Aint never seen that shit before what the fuck

ARNOLD

Was Angela an artist at all?

MARIA

Yo man drawing shit aint has anything to do with fucking burning people and...

JEREMY

Angela isn't behind this. Never seen that graffiti before in my life.

MARCUS

Uh yeah never seen it. The fuck man?

ARNOLD

Right. Well here's my card. Contact me if you have any more information. On anything.

Arnold hands Jeremy a card and walks back to Mike.

MIKE

What did I tell you? These fuckers are crazy with their kung fu and what not.

ARNOLD

That really seems inappropriate...

MIKE

I'll tell you what's inappropriate, son, fuckin' fuckers like this fucking with the city. They think they can do whatever the fuck they want? Fuck each other up and fuckin' fry each other's faces on stoves and shit? Theyre fuckheads! Fucked up in the head! FUck!

ARNOLD

Sir, I think we need to find out more about the employees.

MIKE

That crazy chinese kid sure fucked up this old fucker.

Mike pats the body bag of Jinbo as it gets put away. Arnold sighs and glances back at the kids.

INT. JEREMY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jeremy lays on his bed wondering about shit.

He checks his phone and tries texting Angela again "Where are you?"

JEREMY

It wasn't her.

He stares at his phone.

JEREMY

She was telling me about...

Jeremy has a flashback and remembers seeing Juan washing dishes

behind her. He snaps out of it and sits up straight.

JEREMY

Shit!

He goes to his desk and grabs the card with Arnold's information on it. He's typing the number into his phone when suddenly his window crashes open, glass gets into his face and everything.

JEREMY

What the fuck?

JUAN

Not so fast you don't want to do that

JEREMY

Where the fuck is Angela?

Angela jumps in from the window and pushes Juan aside.

ANGELA

No, let me do it.

JEREMY

Holy shit, Angela, what the fuck is going on f

ANGELA

Its okay Jeremy just don't call the cops we can figure this out. But first I have to do something.

JEREMY

DUDE seriously what is going on i thought that fucker killed you or something are you okay

ANGELA

Yes, and you will be too.

Angela reaches out and snaps Jeremy's neck. His body falls limp on the ground.

JUAN

Jesus I told you we didnt have time to talk to him just grab onto me again let's get out.

Juan picks up Jeremy's body and jumps out the window. Angela grabs his hand and follows.

TO BE CONTINUED...