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Love Fiction

By Kye Soo Jeon

Executive Producer Woody KIM
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Written and directed by JEON Gyesoo
MA DONG-WOOK

PRIVATE DETECTIVE

we're closed.

Please come back tomorrow.

You want me to find your memory?

I don't think this is a job for me.

I'm just a private eye who lives
off doing secret investigations.

But you must, Detective MA.

Why me?

What do I say next?

THE FEMME FATALE PONDERES WHAT TO SAY

He doesn't even know.

No way.

He has absolutely no idea
where to go with this novel.

Asking a P.I. To find a memory
was strange to start with.

It's not a bad set up.

He falls in love while finding her memory.

He finds out her ugly past
and falls in agony.

In order to cover her crime,
he makes up an alibi.

And he eventually gets ruined cuz of that.

Writers who never really loved
twist things hard like that.

Who cares if he jerks off by himself?

He wants literary recognition.

That's the problem.

That's sad.

He's a retard!

LOVE FICTION:

Give it back!

Weirdo!

Just buying a vase again?

I'd like the best shattering one.

That spring, I was floundering

in the biggest crisis of my life
The new book I started on went
nothing beyond just the title
Su-jung, who criticized me
for being vegetarian
broke up with me with these last words.
If only you could eat pork stew.
I went to a psychiatrist
seeking help in concentrating.
He said I was obsessive-compulsive
and suggested group therapy.
Sitting with these hallucinating folks,
I felt like I'd go crazy.
I sometimes feel like a fried egg.
What if my yolk bursts?
I can't sit on the chair!
Is something up?
What's with the gloomy face?
What's wrong?
I'm going crazy.
Crazy cuz you can't write
or cuz you got no girl?
I need an intense image to get me started.
An intense image?
I got major intense porn at my house.
Not Japanese.
North Korean.
? That's right, baby!
?Bro, you need a girl
?Look at famous writers
They all had girls.
Rilke had Lou Salome.
Dante had Beatrice.
MA Kwang-soo had
Sara the muse.
?But you got no one
You need a girl, baby
where can I find one?
Well...
Don't look too far.
- Intense, huh?
- Shit.
Anyway,
I wrote the music for your song,

wanna here it?
?Let's go!
?Oh, my dear
?My cute little
?Cherry tomato
?So plump and sweet
? So red and pretty
?I want to kiss
?Your flushed cheeks
?Kiss you
? Oh, baby. My love
?Mashed or crushed
?You make me drool
?Your red eyes
?Burn my heart
? Live like there's no tomorrow
? Run like the wind
Perhaps the thing I need most right now is
someone to soothe by injured
soul and inspire me.
I need to meet her.
Looking back, I've wandered
in love since I was young.
I love you.
What's love?
Showing everything you got.
I love you, too.
Then, show me you peeing.
I once had an ardent crush
on my hairdresser.
She was good with her mouth
in various ways.
- Ma'am?
- Hmm?
I love you.
Hey!
Min-ji, a girl at my Catholic church,
was a living Virgin Mary.
Though she suffered from
severe athlete's foot.
Whenever I saw her, my creativity
burned and I wrote her love letters.
I'll burrow into your every darkness.
Who cares about the scars in your toes.

I'll be your calcim permanganate.
Unable to understand my longing
and anxiousness.
She soon left for the convent.
Take care, brother Stefano.
Though I failed at love in the past,
I still believe in love.
Out of all the countless,
indistinct people,
there must be a woman to soothe
my stooped spirit.
I'm not giving up.
Sorry to interrupt.
Long time no see.
What's with the long face?
How've you been?
Just here and there.
- How've you been?
- Poor guy.
Take it easy or you'll get sick.
I'm so sorry, boss.
It's okay. It happens.
- How are things these days?
- Business?
When's it ever good in publishing.
I get by.
What's this?
Rumors and Truth?
What's this tabloids?
Started up recently.
Book sales aren't easy.
Does this make any money?
I still get a lot of ads with this.
Isn't the company motto
'Reflection on Culture'?
Done reflecting?
Can't just reflect forever.
Let's go out for drinks.
I have something to tell you.
Berlin?
There's a German publishing company
I deal with.
They made some children's series.
Let's see if anything's worth buying.

What will I do there?
Come on.
Just go and get some air.
You majored in German.
Speak it well?
Nope.
It's your major!
Why do you always get lost
when you majored in geography?
But I ended up going to Berlin.
I went to clear my head and
drink free beer for translating.
- He's Muller.
- Hi, Muller.
The week in Berlin went by in a flash.
In my smooth but awful German,
I discussed contracts.
I landed 20 contracts on books
that don't even sell well there.
Before I knew, it was
the last night in Germany.
There was a film market closing party.
Boss said he'll introduce a friend of his
and dragged me there.
The party was booming with
film industry people from worldwide.
But getting sick of them acting like
celebrities leading the world's culture,
I went out for some fresh, lakeside air.
Just then.
Are you Korean?
How'd you know?
Your pronunciation sucked.
Right then, I instinctively knew
I'd fall in love with her.
I'm LEE Heejin.
I'm KHOO Joo-wol.
What do you do?
I just go around here and there.
A taxi driver?
A taxi driver in Berlin.
No, I write novels.
I also write song lyrics.
You're a writer?

Well, yes. And you?
I import films.
Here.
There's nothing good in this year's market.
Yes...
I'd better go in.
Forgive me if I was rude.
Nice meeting you.
Maybe it's a sign meeting her in Berlin.
Although short, her smile at the end
felt like an angelic light
to save me from my pains.
It's the start of a typical
fever of romance.
I have to find her and ask her
to answer to my love.
How do I get to her?
Call her and ask her out?
So mundane.
Women like classic methods.
You're an author.
Like Young werther, write a love letter.
A letter?
That's right.
One thing to keep in mind.
Don't be too serious.
She'll feel burderned.
Know why werther failed at love?
Because of his awful sense of humor.
Humor has won women over for generations.
- What's that?
- Hmm?
Greetings, Lady Heejin.
Do you recall our chance meeting
by the lake in Berlin?
I am KHOO Joo-wol who goes
here and there.
The banquet was filled with
film envoys from various countries.
The hustle and bustle was much
like a market place.
As a young lad of culture,
I was chatting with numerous figures.
I met thee and almost fainted

by your beauty.
Like a midsummer dog
I swallowed back saliva.
In Confucius and Mencius ways,
I fear I haven't done well
in our first meeting.
So, I write this letter in dire apology.
If thy art not busy, honor me
with thy presence to dinner.
I would love to chat with you
over a drink of cocktail.
I took the courage, so please
do not scold me for ill manners.
I shall await your dear reply.
Toodles.
- What is it?
- This is hilarious!
What's wrong?
No response from her?
Wait. She must have a reason.
I guess.
Must be some unavoidable reason.
Like a very strict, disapproving father.
Or her fiance in the States
took her away to New York.
She could be stuck in the hospital
and crying cuz she can't call me.
All I can do is just wait.
But waiting is torture.
Just think God is testing your love.
Think of Werther's painful nights
after writing letters to Lotte.
Though his love for Lotte was painful.
That's why werther's waiting is so revered.
She is a noble being who can
give such pain to you.
Then, in order to prove my love
and ease her of pain,
should I just end my life
by shooting myself?
You should stop reading books.
Okay.
Try fishing instead.
- Fishing?

- That's right.
It's great for mental health.
Think of women as fish.
Shit.
If the fish doesn't touch the bait.
Then, you move to another point.
Meet other women!
Joo-wol! Call for you.
Who is it?
I'm Joo-wol's older brother.
He's sick.
Who's calling?
Says it's LEE Heejin.
I wondered what time it was
in New York and answered.
Hello?
Hello, Mr. KHOO.
Did I call too late?
I have a horrible memory.
I moved departments and found
your letter while cleaning.
If I didn't, I would've called when I quit.
I was dying here, and she's joking!
I'm hungry.
Wanna get something?
Sure. What do you like?
I enjoyed reading your novel.
Which one?
Is there another book besides
'Memoirs from the Basement'?
That's the only one officially published.
So, what are you working on these days?
It's called 'Femme Fatale',
but I can't get it started.
Like 'Femme Fatale' by Brian De Palma?
I've been planning to read
Brian's book, but I haven't yet.
It's a movie.
Oh, right.
Why aren't you eating?
Don't you like pork?
I'm happy just watching you eat.
- Have some.
- Okay.

- It's good.
- Okay.
Thanks.
That's tiny.
Right.
You can't eat meat?
Actually, yes.
- Why didn't you tell me?
- I'm sorry.
But your wrap tastes good.
You can eat meat wraps?
Cuz the meat is covered with vegetables.
It's okay if you don't see the meat?
Then, I feel less repulsed to it.
Appearances must be important
to you in judging people then.
I think appearances are important
in judging people.
What clothes they like.
What color.
Running shoes or heels.
Horn-rimmed or
rimless glasses.
Straight posture when walking
or a splay-footed walk.
Doesn't that say a lot about a person?
It's true. I'm a firm believer
of appearances.
I started thinking like this
from high school.
Our class motto was
'Look good in form.'
That was our homeroom teacher's theory.
Form's important.
No matter what sport, learn the form
then you'll master the sport.
It was his simple theory in sports.
I could copy Denis Bergkamp's
shoot and turn pretty well.
I got chosen on our class team
for the school's soccer matchup.
But the kids in class 7
played like their ignorant drill teacher.
Forget form, they ran around

in clumps like in the army
and humiliated us doing
ballet on the field.

Yes!

With the humiliating

score of 8:

our teacher, the gym teacher,
was put to shame.

That's hilarious.

Wanna hear something even funnier?

Sure.

During summer vacation.

The teacher gave us homework.

What?

Circumcision.

- For homework?

- Yup.

He said, when a man sleeps with a woman,
it's embarrassing if it isn't tucked.

There's a guy who lived
in Europe till grade 9.

He kept saying his family
forbids circumcision.

Know that the teacher said?

Nip it.

Ah, I'm sorry.

That was stupid.

Guys like that kind of jokes, right?

Tell me about you.

I've been babbling on here.

About what? Ask me.

Well, about how you lived.

The most insulting thing
your mom ever said to you.

Ever prayed for the guy you had
a crush on to dump his girlfriend?

Do you take phone pics on an angle
or not. Stuff like that.

- You're curious?

- Yes.

I lived in Alaska till high school.

Alaska.

My dad runs a Korean restaurant

in Anchorage.
My mom died when I was young,
so no insults.
I went to an all girls middle
school, so no crush.
I majored in photography so
I don't take my pics.
Photography was your major?
Yes, but now I take pics as a hobby
in a club and stuff.
What kind of pictures?
Pictures of people.
Objects and scenery don't interest me.
Then, can you take my picture sometime?
Really?
If not being handsome is okay.
That makes it more interesting.
I see.
Mr. KHOO? Then, can you
pose for me?
Sure, I have a new book coming out.
I need a picture for that.
A good looking one.
I take pictures as is.
Of course.
It's time to go.
I've been with her for over 4 hours.
I cannot reckon her expression.
Does she like me or not?
Time is so cruel.
I have so much more to show her.
The only thing she learned about me
is that I'm vegetarian
and that I got circumcised in high school.
Another first impression utterly ruined!
- Oops.
- Heejin!
...Your place is very secluded.
I guess.
Aren't you scared to live here alone?
My husband chose it
to hear birds in the morning.
Wait. You have a husband?
Not now.

But still.
You were married?
Yes.
Oh.
Are you disappointed?
No, why should I be?
We parted a year ago.
I see.
Should I have mentioned it?
No, it's nothing big.
Right.
It's nothing to be ashamed of
or blurt about.
Right. Of course.
Marriage? It's good to
try it first.
Better to get it over with.
I'm sorry.
That's classic. It's perfect.
This is my friend, Dominique.
She's talking to me.
She's talking about Alaska
for over an hour.
But who cares?
The fact that she's looking at me
and talking
makes me the happiest
man on earth right now.
- In Alaska,
- Yes?
- When they greet.
- Yes?
They slap each other on the ear, right?
Slapping ears means they're really close.
Oh, really.
It means they're happy to see you.
The tribes have slightly
different greetings.
Some hold arms up.
Some rub noses.
Like the Maori in New Zealand.
How they rub noses to greet each other?
No, it's slightly different.
They put noses together.

When the man says Bu-ten-ni,
the woman says Eum-hmm.
Bu-te-gi-ni?
- Bu-ten-ni.
- Bu-ten-ni.
It's getting late.
Let's get to it.
The bathroom's over there.
You don't have to wash up.
I like it natural.
Okay.
- I'll get ready.
- Okay.
That way.
That's good.
Just be yourself.
You're hilarious. It's great.
- Am I doing this right?
- It's great!
Funny?
So, you didn't even get to hold her hand?
It happens.
What now?
What now?
Well, she's the one to ask.
I'm already her slave.
The only thing I want from her is
the most preposterous demand in the world,
for her to love me.
That's all.
Hey, KHOO.
Yes?
How about taking a breather
and writing something else?
Like what?
Our tabloid paper.
- Rumors and Truth?
- Yup.
I thought of running a serial story in it.
What do you think?
You're asking me to write a serial story?
Yes!
In the yellow journalism?
My book isn't even going anywhere.

So, try writing something light.
Don't think too much.
Something people will read
in subways while going to work.
Something erotic?
That'd be great!
Where are you going?
I'll finish 'Femme Fatale' by next week.
Expect me to believe that!
I'll write it.
I've been waiting for 2 years!
Why didn't you write it then?
Is this all I am to you?
I'll return your deposit.
Writing a serial in a tabloid
is the end for a writer!
After a series there,
no literary paper will print my work!
Try living diligently like
serial story writers.
Writing every day!
Think it's easy writing novels
people want to read!
Where's your sense of calling!
How many words do you write a day?
Your head's filled with delusional vanity.
Think you're some
Nobel Prize winning author?
Fine! Go!
I'm sorry.
YOU DON'TKNOW SHIT HOWI FEEL
Hello?
It's Heejin.
Did I wake you?
No, Heejin.
I was just working.
Wanna watch a movie?
A movie? Which one?
It's a screening for
one of our imported films.
Do you like melodramas?
Of course, summer's for melos.
Is it? Wasn't it fall?
Almost forgot.

Bring anyone you'd like to.
What?
I have extra tickets.
Bring your friends.
Right. Okay, bye.
To Werther who wanted to love,
so cruel was the girl
who didn't see his feelings.
Kaurismaki or Mickey Mouse
some director from Finland's
all too slow film started.
But I was too crossed to concentrate on it.
That's it. Right there, babe.
That's it.
Wake me when it's over.
Why's it so long?
The movie rocked!
Great movie and awesome food.
So, that's why!
Great movie, right?
That's nice.
Over here.
Wait here.
This is KHOO Joo-wol.
He's a novelist.
This is director HwANG Hyun-chul
of The Ghost Theater Murders.
- Pleasure.
- Nice to meet you.
Heejin has an exceptional taste in films.
That's my point.
Someone who imports films
shouldn't have a unique sense.
Even if it's same as others,
it's hard to succeed.
But
I loved how the man confessed
his love to the woman.
It was a little curt, but very sincere.
It was overly dramatic.
Confession of love is
the most dramatic moment.
Like everything in the world
vanishes except for the two.

Ever got proposed to like that?
Me? No.
Who'd do something so romantic for me?
Korean men must all be blind.
Leaving a pretty lady like you alone.
I guess Korean men are blind.
Yes, I'm a Korean man.
But I know.
How intoxicatingly beautiful you are.
But you don't know.
How mercilessly you rip apart my heart.
Thank you.
Our novelist is quite good
at mixing drinks.
I work as a bartender on the side.
Great.
- Mix one for me.
- Me, too.
How about a game folks?
Drink if you speak English.
You're drunk.
How long are you going to just sit there?
Did you come here to serve
drinks in front of her?
I don't know what she wants.
Can't you see it in her eyes?
Her eyes are crying out to you.
To whisk her away from these dreadful men!
Take heart! Don Quixote!
- I'm out.
- What?
Welcome back.
What was it? Right, KHOO.
We can't drink without you.
We need you to mix
the drinks. Here.
Now, Heejin.
Tell us about your life in the States.
Alaska?
Gotcha!
- Again!
It's a name, how can I not use English?
Just say, the 50th state in America.
Right. Right.

But that's Hawaii.
- Gotcha!
- Again!
I don't believe this.
Hurry up and drink.
Here.
Go on!
- Drink up!
- That's good.
One more drink.
You got caught twice.
I don't want to play this anymore.
- No way!
- Please, I can't.
- You have to.
- A rule is a rule!
I don't want to.
- Gotcha!
- You, too.
Why? Oh, rule.
Rule, rule, rule.
This is hard.
That's good.
Come on! I drank.
You, too!
- Drink up.
- Let me off the hook, once?
Heejin! I'll drink it for you.
Who asked you?
Why?
Nice.
Keep talking, Heejin.
About the States.
Stop it! I keep getting caught
talking about Alaska.
- Gotcha!
- Again!
Heejin? Don't polar bears
live in Alaska?
And siberian huskies and reindeers.
I heard it's a fucking great place.
I spoke English.
What's with him?
Sorry.

You think you're some big hotshot?
Say, what?
Stop it. That's enough.
Come on.
Our dear Mr. KHOO.
He thinks he's some great guy
to save someone.
When I think he's fuckin' nothing.
Hey! You know me?
We just met today.
Ever read my book?
How can you say that
to someone you just met!
So strange.
Oh, you wanna look good
to Heejin, is that it?
What the hell can you do?
What the hell can you show?
What fucking great thing
can you show! Show us, then!
Shit!
Live or die? Live or die?
Now.
Before you gentlemen here.
To charge that lady,
I stand and risk being rude!
With her noble character, generous beauty,
humble intelligence, and stable
humor she burned my heart.
Charged with the same deadly charm
that led werther to death.
I stand her in the court of Cupid!
She keeps me up at nights.
And makes me shudder in frail
comparison to her perfection.
Elegance, honor, hope,
joy, peace, enchantment
and sexiness are all hers.
Only depravity, sadness, despair, chaos,
mediocrity, and banality
are permitted to me.
Who are you?
Who am I to you? Heejin?
She is guilty!

He's good.
It was boring, right?
No.
I had fun, thanks to you.
Really?
How's your book coming?
I'm thinking of writing something else.
With your sense, I'm sure it'll be great.
I just hope it won't be garbage.
Come on. Cheer up.
I'm sure it'll be great.
Heejin, can you help me?
Me? How?
Seeing your face, I get so inspired.
A writer's pick up line.
Win many girls with that?
It's not a line.
I'll take a taxi from here.
Good night, Heejin.
You were great tonight.
Good night.
The sharp kiss of that night
changed my destiny completely.
I was deafened by her sweet voice.
I was blinded by her dazzling beauty.
She was my exclamation mark
and I was her period.
She said the weather was nice
and I rented a car.
She seemed somewhat sad
and I burst into silly dances.
She was sometimes a question mark.
She asked me what love is and
I said, the fear of losing her.
She asked for a solution to global warming.
I answered, all human kind
living in the nude.
Can I ask you something?
What?
Anything but why I got divorced.
That's what you want to know?
Don't tell me if you don't want to.
You're dying to know.
Just wondering why he left

such a lovable lady.
It was cuz of my braces.
Braces?
I had braces to close a gap
in my front teeth.
We were having lunch together at home.
He said my braces shining
in the sun bothered him.
Can't you eat with your mouth closed?
So, I asked him.
Don't you love me anymore?
And he nodded.
You broke up cuz of that?
He got me the braces.
I found out later, he had a woman.
She was my dentist.
You'll get tired of me, too.
No way. Never.
It's okay. Nothing's forever.
I'll love you even if
all your teeth fall out.
Everything in the past happened
so that I may have you here.
I even love your past that led you to me.
Thanks. Even if it's just for now.
I'm serious.
I'll always be with you.
You promise?
Of course. Only three reasons
why I can't keep my promise.
What's that?
First, I get attacked by Jaws.
Second, King Kong visits.
- And third?
- Reserve forces training.
Can I come over tonight?
Tonight? Of course.
Sure! My brother's
on a biz trip now.
Hello?
What are you doing?
Aren't you coming?
There's a soccer game on.
Stuck at home when it's so nice out?

Aren't you going mountain climbing?
Not in the middle of the night.
How about meeting friends?
I don't have any.
You wanna bring Heejin over?
Yes.
That's great.
Let's see a girl for a change.
Talking about girls when you
wanna become a monk?
Heejin will be your
sister-in-law.
Anyway, go to a nearby theater
and watch a movie or something.
No money.
There's \$100 bill inside
my 'Lord of the Rings' book.
Okay!
Heejin is taking a shower in my bathroom.
Oh, happy water drops!
Exhilarated bubbles!
White tiles that took in dried up semen.
Let's all sing in glory!
What the.
Why?
What's going on here?
What? Never seen underarm
hair before?
It's not that.
Just not this much.
Think it's weird?
I'm a little confused.
Women in Alaska never shave it.
But this isn't Alaska.
So what? You have armpit hair.
It's different for a guy.
How?
I can't do this.
- Heejin! I'm sorry!
- I'm going!
I'm sorry.
Forget it.
I'm so sorry. Please?
I don't mind your underarm hair.

I love furry things.
I only wear fur hats.
I love furry animals.
I love furry mold growing on cheese.
And we have furballs all over.
I'm really sorry.
Really?
Really.
If you say anything about it again,
I won't sleep with you.
Promise.
Come on. I love fur.
Whoa! Fur!
Before we start again, I want to
officially apologize to the fur.
- Go ahead.
- Okay.
Hey, furry fellas.
Hear me?
Sweet fur that keep my dear
Heejin's armpits warm.
How furry and thickly you've grown.
Stop!
You're awake?
Yes. Did you sleep well?
Yes. And you?
Slept too well.
I look ugly.
No, you're gorgeous.
Your dazzling beauty blinds me.
You lie.
No, my breath stinks.
I don't care.
What were you doing?
Talking with your underarm hair.
What did it say?
Let's meet often.
I think it likes me.
For you, my love, I could jump
into an explosive volcano.
RUMORS AND TRUTH SEEKS
SERIAL STORY WRITERS
HAIRYLADY CHAPTER 1
Afternoon showers turned into

a downpour at nightfall.
While the broken window wiper squeaked
and struggled to push the rain away.
Inspector MA of Incheon police
suddenly recalled a line
from a German poem.
'The city streets all led to
foul swamps in my time'
Running to the scene of a crime on call,
he wondered why that line
popped in his head.
And shook his head in dismay.
Just then.
Is she dead?
No, she's breathing.
Let's take her to the hospital.
Oh, no.
Why the hell are you so late!
What a spectacle.
This! This! This!
The water's not deep enough to drown.
Identified the victim?
Why you!
I had an accident on the way.
Why the face?
You'll get wrinkles.
You always get in accidents.
Who's the girl this time?
Well, well.
A middle-aged man can't be
at a mansion alone.
Where's the girl?
It's your job to find her.
He must've had a lover.
Find her.
The victim's a senator.
- Captain?
- What.
We got an ID on his lover.
Name, KIM Hae-young, age 31.
Photographer.
She can't be reached.
Why? Do you know her?
She seems familiar.

Of course.
You know every good looking
lady in Incheon.
Fine. I'll find her.
Bring her within 24 hours.
No need.
I'll call you in the morning.
Are you okay?
What happened?
Someone hit you with his car last night.
You don't remember anything?
Really?
The man beside you.
Do you recognize him?
I've never seen him.
My head hurts.
Excuse me. I must lie down.
Looking at KIM fast asleep,
MA starts to regret
what he said to Capt. GWAK.
'This lady must have
some unavoidable reason.'
'I'll snoop around more
before I hand her over.'
BOSS, I'M SORRYABOUTBEFORE
I STARTED WORKING ON A SERIAL
Is she gone?
Yup.
Did you do it?
Yup.
How was it?
What do you mean?
Why do you want to know?
Was it good?
Yes.
Did you use a condom?
Don't worry.
Great. Going all the way
this time?
What's that?
Marriage, fool.
Marriage? After sleeping
one night?
You want to get married, right?

Don't know.
I've been thinking.
Dating and serial stories are similar.
Based on reader response,
the story can grow
or be given up early.
As episodes build up, I'll be more sure.
It could end up a happy ending
or a sad one.
Who'd wanna read a story
knowing the ending?
Shit, it's sour.
No one reads a series from the end.
As skilled writers do, I refrained
from rash judgments
and waited for the character to come to me.
So, I started writing notes on Heejin.
First, she's lovable.
Second, she grows underarm hair.
You're early.
Hi.
What are you starrng at?
Nothing.
Excusez moi.
She's my girlfriend.
Very pretty.
Who'd ever imagine she grows armpit hair?
Sorry.
After all these years,
I thought I met the perfect woman.
How do you think I feel?
Perhaps like this?
An art historian sets out
in search for Cleopatra's portrait.
He struggles and eventually
finds the original.
But someone drew a mustache
on the Egyptian queen's face?
Exactly.
Armpit hair.
Don't!
Is there something on my face?
Aren't you curious why I like you?
I am, but I don't want to hear why.

Why not?
I like imagining it.
No matter what you say, it's temporary.
I don't want to make you a liar
if we ever break up later.
I love you.
Can you say something else?
Don't women like to hear I love you?
Not something every woman wants to hear.
Say something only I can understand.
That's hard.
I...
cherry you.
Me, too.
- By the way.
- Hmm?
- I have a favor to ask.
- What?
Write me a letter.
A letter?
It doesn't have to be funny
like when you first hit on me.
Just write anything.
I want to read your letters.
Fine.
The fourteenth thing I learned about her.
She sometimes misses letters for her.
You look like a rocker!
Our cherry-like days continued.
'Hairy Lady', the serial,
Also worked out smoothly.
Heejin's thick armpit hair
shocked me deeply.
And that shock inspired me to write.
What seemed to be a flaw at first
felt like a very unique expression
of her individuality.
I'm the only one in the universe
who can see her armpit hair.
Having that privilege somehow
made me proud.
An inspector in love with a criminal.
It's so cliché.
But the criminal's dilemma of

not remembering her crime is good.

It's good. I like it.

Nice.

So, what happens next?

She'll get caught in the hospital.

First, MA hides Hae-young
somewhere.

Then, they spend the night together.

Great. We need that!

I want a detailed depiction
of that in the next segment.

While they are making love,
MA discover's Hae-young's
armpit hair.

- Armpit hair?

- Yes.

That's why it's called 'Hairy Lady'?

MA thinks there's gotta be a story
behind her armpit hair.

So, he questions and investigates
for her memory to come back.

Then what?

Does MA find something out about her?

Who really is this woman?

I'm not quite sure yet.

- You're not?

- No.

If the writer doesn't know, who does?

I'm just writing it as it comes.

No conclusion. Just going
with the characters.

That's dangerous.

Fine. Just stick to
the deadlines.

I'll set up an online site.

Check the readers' response.

Wait.

I want it under a pen name.

Whatever you want.

- Got something in mind?

- Yes.

Double Cherry.

- Double Cherry?

- Yup.

You mean.
Two cherries like this?
Think whatever.
Your style changed completely
being in love.
What muse changed a 19th century
lad into a rock star?
Who is she?
?How much can I really
know about you?
?Knowing you doesn't mean
I know everything
Heejin? Who are you?
What?
What kind of girl are you?
I'm your girl.
Not like that.
What do you want to know?
I don't know anything about you.
You don't take me to meet your friends.
Do I embarrass you?
I don't have friends.
I moved to the States when I was young.
But you went to college here.
They're all too materialistic.
What about work?
I'm quitting soon.
Relatives?
What do you want to know?
Want my report cards and family register?
Who cares about the past?
Now is what counts.
Are you going to talk crap
with this great music playing?
Girls used to wear shorts
and white stockings under.
Boys wore that, too.
I was on my way home.
My stomach hurt and I had to take a dump.
But a little girl can't just go anywhere.
So, I thought I'd go a little bit
then wash up at home.
I let go just a bit.
But a piece the size of my fist came out!

Then, it started to slide out
of my underwear
and down my stockings!

It was the size of a pear.

A shitty pear!

- She's my girlfriend. Excuse us.

- That's me!

On the way home, a shitty pear came out!

- What a girl!

- What, bro?

Where are you?

- At the club.

- Come to church, now.

Why?

- Angela passed away.

- What?

Apparently, she's been ill.

I just got the call now.

- Her funeral mass will start soon.

- Okay, bro.

Our sister Angela entrusts herself to you
with full confidence in all your promises.

Lead her to your kingdom in peace.

We ask this through

our Lord Jesus Christ, your son,

who lives and reigns

with you and the Holy Spirit,

one God, for ever and ever.

- Amen.

- Amen.

Jesus.

Why you!

Hello.

Hi, I heard a lot about you.

Must be hard dating him.

No, it's great.

What are you wearing!

You reek of booze.

I came in a rush.

We have to lead the funeral service.

What?

Why us?

She didn't have any children.

The godsons have to.

Really?
Oh, Lord.
Let us pray.
Merciful God.
What the!
Are you okay?
Get down!
Is it out?
You fool!
Are you okay?
Yes, are you?
I'm fine.
Just sorry to Angela.
Why'd you cry back there?
Just thought of my mom
seeing Angela's picture.
I suddenly thought, people all
die alone like that.
No matter how much you love them,
you can't die with them.
But Romeo and Juliet died together.
They misunderstood each other's intentions.
They loved, but didn't understand
each other.
We live our lives explaining the
misapprehensions about ourselves
then die alone.
Do you know?
If you blow hard, snot can
come of your eyes.
- Really?
- Yup.
Excuse me.
Stefano?
Min-ji?
It's you. I was right.
Long time no see.
She was my friend at church.
I'm Veronica.
I'm LEE Heejin.
I was startled back there.
Are you okay?
You saw that?
I almost died trying not to laugh.

You haven't changed a bit, Stefano.

How?

Still odd.

- Me?

- You didn't know?

When I said I'll go into the convent,
you hid in the car trunk
to try and stop me.

No way.

Joo-wol really did that?

It rattled so we opened the trunk.

- Stefano was covered in sweat.

- I don't remember this.

Why am I scared to meet girls in my past?

One Saturday afternoon,

I was standing at a crosswalk.

I saw two women across the street
and got shocked.

Heejin was there with

Su-jung nearby.

They were shockingly similar!

Silk scarves over white shirts
and skinny, tight jeans.

They were even standing
with their arms crossed.

How can this be?

The 71st thing I found out about her.

She looks like my ex.

Joo-wol!

- You ran off cuz you saw your ex?

- Yup.

What did you do to her?

She kept forcing me to eat meat.

So, I overturned the table once.

How could you?

She wanted you to eat a balanced diet.

Why couldn't she just
respect my preference?

Still, that was violent.

I see why she left.

I was stressed from writer's block.

Then, you'll do that to me, too?

I regret it.

Is it good?

Sorry to eat by myself.
Is the salad good?
Want some noodles?
It's okay.
Really hungry? You're like
a gorilla that starved for days.
I was craving meat.
Wanna try it?
No, I'm eating something on the way home.
How can you say that?
What?
I don't want to force you
to eat meat like your ex.
But I'm not a vegetarian.
I gotta eat meat 3 days a week
to function properly.
What did I say?
You were sour for hours.
Are you mad that I wanted to eat this?
What?
I don't eat much without you.
Can't I eat what I want?
I didn't say you can't.
You're bitchy today.
Got your period?
You just said what I hate the most.
What? About your period?
When women are angry for good reasons,
ignorant men's most violent comment ever is
that women have their brains
in their uterus.
I thought you're different.
I'm disappointed.
I'm not eating.
Seeing Heejin eat meat that I can't
doesn't make me mad.
But the thing that I loved about her is
not her eating, pooping,
and nose picking side.
But to shout with me the great
victory of love in this sick world.
Her poetic being.
What?
Sounds like you're getting tired of her.

KYUNG-SOOK'S PORK STEW

How long will you hide her here?

Don't worry.

It won't be long.

Why are you doing this?

What?

Why are you doing all this

when it's so dangerous?

You're not in love with her, are you?

That insane woman?

Kyung-sook, watch it.

Get out of here.

Fine, I'll go.

And take her with you!

Fool!

What the hell are you doing!

You left like you'll catch her any minute!

Why crawl in here now!

Don't worry. I'll catch her.

A senator is dead, fool!

Can't you drop the fool and speak nicer?

You fool!

You're off this case!

Why should I?

What is it?

Captain, we've located

KIM Hae-young.

What? Where?

A pork stew place in Misari.

Aren't there just clubs out there?

Guess not.

The owner reported her.

- Okay, get moving!

- Yes, sir.

Aren't you going?

You said I'm off this.

As you wish.

I'll get you later!

A GIRL WITH ARMPITHAIR!

TOTALLY REMINDS ME OF A GIRL BACK IN COLLEGE

Hello, it's Double Cherry.

I'm curious about the armpit hair

girl in your college years.

I think it'll help with the story.

I'd like to meet up
and hear more about her.
Whenever you can make time.
Other readers will be so jealous.
Thank you for enjoying it.
When MA swept Hae-young away
from getting caught by the cops.
What can I say, it's a total movie!
The descriptions were so real,
I couldn't breathe.
I asked you to meet like this because...
- The armpit hair girl?
- Was she a friend?
No. We had different majors
so I didn't know her.
- What was her major?
- Photography.
No classes together.
But she'd come to swim in the school pool.
So, we said hello a few times.
Then, you saw her armpit hair?
Of course, while swimming.
Some guys hated it,
but I thought it was wild.
Where can you see a girl like that?
But that's not why
she got famous on campus.
There was another reason?
She took nude pictures of men
for her assignments.
Men in the nude?
Totally.
There were rumors cuz of that.
That she slept with the men
after, for modeling.
She had many boyfriends, too.
to be her model.
Because of that,
her nickname was 'School Bus'.
Anybody got on her, get it?
The 98th thing I learned about her.
She was a school bus. Damn.
Her college chum's story was a shocker.
You must be devastated.

You thought you met your destiny.
But she's a man-eater.
Could be just rumors.
Where there's smoke, there's fire.
It's probably a rumor started
by men who couldn't get to her.
Like the fox that couldn't reach
thought they're sour grapes.
What if the grape really is sour?
Even if so, it's just the past.
I have no right to ramble on
about what happened in her past.
That's good.
Hon? Pass me the Coke?
Thanks.
I'll let you touch my tits later.
Don't you cherry me, today?
- I cherry you.
- Really?
Of course. Why?
Just asking.
Okay.
- Sorry.
- Yeah.
What the hell are you doing!
Shit.
This isn't a school bus!
Stop it. I'm fine.
I should get a beat-up car
or something.
I'm taking pictures of you.
No way. I didn't
wash my hair. Come on.
It's okay. Look here.
No. Please, don't.
Don't do that.
Don't smile.
Do you know?
Camera loves your face.
Look.
How's the food? Is it good?
It's good, but the radish is too big.
Are you busy these days?
You know. A little.

Too busy to write me a letter?
You promised you'll write to me sometimes.
I wanna read your letters
when I can't see you.
You know I love reading
your writing, right?
I have writer's block.
Can't write anything these days.
I'll write.
Your story's not working out?
I can't concentrate.
My brain's frozen.
That happens.
Take a break from it.
Go to concerts or trips.
I'm going to Anmyeon Island.
Really? Want me to come?
No, I wanna go alone and concentrate.
Okay, then.
Oh, right!
You'll be back before Friday, right?
Not sure. Why?
You've been invited to my
photography club's annual exhibition.
What an honor.
I'm entering some of your pictures.
Whatever you want.
Don't you wanna see my pic?
I'm sure they're good.
- I'm going.
- Okay.
Bye.
Bye, bye.
I've been thinking.
You think love is too easy.
I've been with Heejin for over 8 months.
I met her 89 times
and had 102 meals together.
Though we fought 9 times and cried 3 times,
we overcame things with countless kisses.
I'd better go in for a nap.
Get some rest.
I'll wake you for dinner.
Okay.

But the things I learned about her
stopped at 98, the school bus.
Where did all her mysterious sides go?
Something's missing.
Maybe it's not cooked.
I'm hungry.
What should we eat?
How about fish stew?
Fish stew, please.
There's no fish.
Except for what he caught.
Can they have the fish?
Sure, go ahead.
Why don't you just come and join us here?
You're Japanese?
Your Korean is good.
- I've been here over 5 years.
- Really?
Mai is a stage actress.
She did some shows.
Stop. We just met.
It's okay.
Practically a Korean lady.
What do you do?
I do some publishing work.
And he writes novels.
Double Cherry.
Hi, I'm Mai.
Hi, I'm Double Cherry.
When I first started acting
in Korea, it was hard.
When others went out
for drinks after a show,
I cried alone on the dark stage.
I was shocked at myself
listening to her boring story.
Why do I get so romantic
when I come to new places?
?Have you ever seen
the dark, unlit stage
Is this the kind of man you are!
Inspector MA!
Why are you doing this!
Know how much I lost

cuz of KIM Hae-young?
She totally ruined my business!
Inspector MA!
Where's he going?
What kind of woman are you?
What?
Who are you, really!
Why did you jump into my life?
I'm sorry.
I don't know who I am, either.
You can't remember or don't want to?
Take me to the cops.
I'll turn myself in.
I can't put you in danger any longer.
What will you confess to
if you can't remember?
Do you know the charges against you?
It's too late.
We've come much too far.
Then, what will happen to us, now?
Stay together until we know the truth.
The only truth I know for sure is
that I'm in love with you.
What are you doing?
Think I'm a pushover?
With just a kiss?
Begging for love?
How many bastards
No, men...
were taken by your sweet lips!
How many men!
You made KIM into a famous
call girl and serial killer?
When the readers love her?
Does it have to be so obscene?
Isn't that what you wanted?
Won't that sell more papers?
Who cares about literary quality in this?
You have a way of hurting
people with words.
What's with you?
What did I ever do to you?
Who is it?
It's HwANG.

Why're you calling me this early?
When's Heejin's exhibition today?
What exhibition?
The photo exhibition.
That's today?
You fool.
Why're you going?
Heejin said to come.
Aren't you going?
I'm not going back just to
look at pics by some amateurs.
I'm at Anmyeon Island.
I came to write.
Fine, then.
By the way, we finished
editing the music video.
What?
You know, 'Alaska'.
Heejin's birthday present?
What music video?
It's a home video.
I'm playing it at the exhibition.
Did you tell Heejin already?
She wants to see it.
You bastard!
Hey, dude!
Awesome!
When did you become a model?
Cool poses!
- He's mad.
- Cool!
Get lost!
That's him!
Damn it.
Joo-wol! You're late.
What the hell is this?
This? They're your pictures.
Why're these pictures here?
I told you I'm entering
your pictures. Remember?
Think I'm a joke?
Of course not.
What's with you?
Like seeing me get embarrassed

in front of people?

No. Stop it.

Shit.

- Who are those men?

- Who?

All in the nude like me!

Are they all here, too?

I took 'em in the past.

They're not here.

- Nice habit you got there.

- What are you saying?

Did you date all these men?

They're models who got paid.

My club members went with me to take them.

You expect me to believe that!

Think whatever you want.

Heejin!

Now, for this year's highlight.

The Best Photograph Award.

The winner is

LEE Heejin!

The judges chose her because of

the great physical expression

of modern man's loneliness

and capturing an imperfect

man's self pity realistically.

And the animalistic timing of

capturing both fear and joy.

Thank you.

I'm speechless. First,

I'd like to thank the judges.

And I dedicate this award

to my boyfriend, KHOO Joo-wol,

who sacrificed and posed for me.

I love you, Joo-wol.

Our club not only recognizes

a photographer's passion

but salutes the hard work of models, too.

Now, for the Best Pose Award!

The winner is KHOO Joo-wol!

KHOO Joo-wol!

Will KHOO Joo-wol please come up

to the podium?

KHOO Joo-wol!

I have no idea how I came to stand up here.
I just did whatever Heejin told me.
It's my first time to win an award.
So, this is a little awkward.
Sorry. Take care.
That completes the ceremonies.
- Congratulations.
- We'll talk later.
Where are you going!
Give us a pose!
You're home early for once.
What's this?
You finally got a literary award!
Best Pose Award?
Where'd you get this?
Hey!
Why you.
Coming!
The best!
- Hello.
- Heejin.
Sorry to come so late.
Is Joo-wol home?
Why didn't you come together?
- Come in.
- Thanks.
Joo-wol! Heejin's here!
What's with him?
- I'll go in.
- Sure.
Can you leave us alone?
Where would I go this late?
We can go out and talk.
Stop eating noodles and eat
real food for a change!
Fine.
Nothing's opened at this hour.
Don't yell at him.
Yell at me if you're mad.
- Think you can play me around?
- No, Joo-wol.
Your club folks all turned me
into a complete fool.
It's not like that.

Forget it.
How do I get you to stop being mad?
Don't see me for a bit.
That's so cruel.
I'm not kidding.
I don't want to see you.
You want to break up cuz of that?
What? You used me.
I used you?
Didn't you?
You used me for your piece.
You think I'm an idiot!
You agreed to it.
I didn't force you
to pose for the pictures.
What are you doing?
What? It's my damn award.
I threw what's mine in my house.
What's it to you?
I throw things when I'm stressed!
I smashed countless vases!
Is this the real you?
Yeah! So what!
Don't regret this.
Don't worry! I won't!
I'm not your first, am I!
What?
You took nude pics of men
in college for assignments.
What are you saying?
I wasn't going to bring this up.
But you had quite a rep in school.
How many men did you hit on with that hair!
What number am I on your list of men?
Where did you hear this?
The rumors about you, school bus or not.
I don't believe that.
You probably did it like two, three times.
You slept with men for being your models.
You probably liked them and dated them.
That's what I think!
It's true.
What?
The rumors are true.

Not 2, 3 times. Every time.
Every time I had an assignment.
That's how I could get
the expressions I wanted.
Happy?
Damn.
I used you for my pictures.
You used me for your novel!
Isn't that the same?
Double Cherry?
Double Cherry? Sick bastard.
Since you're dying to know, I'll tell you.
You're my 31st.
Our argument didn't stop there.
We enjoyed insults and
growled at each other non-stop.
- It could be cultural differences.
- Are you crazy?
- But I still don't get you.
- I'm watching a movie!
- Stop calling me!
- Listen to me!
I'm not your sandbag!
- Iced Americano.
- What?
- You're eating meat, aren't you!
- Stop calling me from the john.
- Damn meat.
- We're done talking.
Heejin...
Several days went by
with no word from Heejin.
Boss got me started on the next
piece, 'Mustache Lady'.
With the down payment,
I bought a small car.

DOUBLE CHERRY:

Heejin.
Happy birthday.
You knew? Thanks.
How've you been?
Good.
Heejin, I'm sorry. I was wrong.

It's okay. Don't say that.
I was going to call you, too.
Really?
I quit my job.
Really? Why?
Films don't really suit me.
I'm going back to Alaska.
What do you mean?
Dad's older and it's hard
to run the restaurant alone.
I'll help him out, tak pictures
of Inuits now and then.
Then, start a photo studio or something.
What about me?
That's why I was going to call.
I gave this a lot of thought.
I think we should break up.
What are you saying?
I think that's best.
Cool car!
We don't suit each other.
That's for sure.
Joo-wol! Let's roll!
Hey!
Heejin, don't do this.
I was wrong.
I'll never do it again.
No, Joo-wol.
I wasn't much help to you.
I'm sorry, too.
This relationship wasn't easy
for me, either.
What are you saying?
No! We can't break up.
I want to be happy.
This isn't love.
Joo-wol! Let's go!
Don't say that!
Couples can sometimes fight!
Always the girlfriend first.
What are you doing!
Let's break up.
It's over.
No!

Don't be so selfish!
You crazy ass!
What did you say?
Sorry, some crazy fool's driving my car.
You bought a car?
Anyway, I'm done talking.
Hey!
I'm sorry, Joo-wol.
You son of a bitch!
Hello? Did you hear me?
Hear what?
I'm done talking.
So what!
Let's break up.
Stop right there!
Hello? I'm hanging up.
I hope you understand.
Understand what!
Let's just break up.
Fine! Let's break up!
- Goodbye.
- Take care.
I'll visit.
- Bye
- Bye
Take care.
Yes!
Let's discuss what we don't
like about ourselves.
Humans all have their dark sides.
If we can control it, it's okay.
We must face up to it.
My wife gave up on me.
I love Sung-soo Bridge.
The bridge was re-built.
But it's not the same as before.
What about you, Joo-wol?
Well.
It's okay. Just tell us.
I love armpit hair.
It's getting cold out.
Shouldn't you finish up 'Hairy Lady'?
DNA analysis of her armpit hair
is the decisive evidence.

I guess.

How about this?

Hae-young gets her memory back.

She's shocked to find all
charges against her are true.

Suffocated by utter guilt,
she walks into the police.

Then, she cries in prison and knits
for the remainder of her life.

- Knits?

- Yeah!

She knits a sweater for Inspector MA.
Man.

Don't like it?

What did MA ever do for her
that she'd knit for him there?

If MA didn't hit her with his car,
Hae-young would've vanished
and lived well.

What!

Then, where would the story be!

Why bring up that problem now?

It's almost over, but you're gonna
apologize and start all over?

I said I didn't want to
do this from the start.

Jesus.

If I ever do another piece
with you, I'll die.

Do you want to start
all over with her, too?

It's too late.

I failed at love again.

You give up too easily.

Well, it's your choice.

You're leaving?

Yes.

You can't just leave me.

To whether who's already given up,
what good am I?

Got any last words for me then?

Just jump in the lake and die!

Idiot!

Why you!

Shit!

Snap to it, pal!

Stop dealing with love

like characters in your story!

This is your reality!

You ignorant fool!

Let us pray.

Dear Lord.

Bless this newly-wedded couple.

By your love and providence,

you have brought them together.

Bless their days of married life.

We ask this through Christ our Lord.

Amen.

Amen.

Amen.

Now.

I pronounce you man and wife.

Think MA will regret the choice he made?

Well.

MA's just dying to know who wrote

the poem lingering in his head.

'Whereto, you two? '

'Nowhere'

'From whom? '

'From all'

THE END:

Hi, Heejin. It's been a while

since I wrote to you.

How's life there?

Is your father well?

Everyone's good here

Romantic Chimpanzee members say hi.

They're crazy preparing for

a Christmas concert at the club.

And I'm still going here and there.

I pushed off writing the letter

you so wanted to get.

Now that you're gone away,

I finally picked up the pen.

The series is over.

It got published into a book.

It has all the wonders and

despair I felt in knowing you.
I'm sorry.
You once said,
we live our lives explaining the
misapprehensions about ourselves.
The look on your face when you
said that still rips my heart.
Hope you stay healthy.
P. S.
I also sent a music video I made
for your birthday.
More like a home video.
Don't laugh too much.

HAIRYLADY:

Though we had no money, we tried our best.

DOUBLE CHERRY:

ALASKA LYRICS BYKHOO JOO-WOL MUSIC BYROMANTIC
CHIMPANZEE SUNG BYJOO-WOL & ROMANTIC CHIMPANZEE

?Alaska
?Alaska
?The girl from cold Alaska
?She tells me
?Alaska
?Alaska's too cold
They all grow armpit hair
?white bears live in Alaska
?Seals live there
The girl lives there
?Everybody, hold your arms up
to greet
?Hello, Alaska!
?Alaska
?Alaska
?Hello, white bear
?Hello, seal
?Shy girl, hello to you, too
?Cool smile
?white bears live in Alaska
?Seals live there
The girl lives there
?Everybody, hold your arms up
to greet

?Hello, Alaska!

?Hold your arms up to greet

?You look great today

?Everybody, hold your arms up
to greet

?Your smile shines in the sun

?Hold your arms up to greet

?You look great today

?She tells the white bear

'Your armpit hair is stiff'

?if you dive into -40 water,
yours will be, too

?She tells the seal

'Your fur shines like silver'

?if you dive into -40 water,
yours will be, too

Come on.

Look!

Hee-jin!

Lee Hee-jin!

But...

Where are you going! Heejin!

- Heejin?

- What.

I cherry you.

Say, what?

Can I stay over, tonight?

Whatever.

? Hold your arms up to greet

? Let's all grow thick

armpit hair

? Hold your arms up to greet

? You look great today

? Everybody, hold your arms up
to greet

? Your smile shines in the sun

? Hold your arms up to greet

? You all look great

? Hold your arms up to greet

? Let's all grow thick

armpit hair

? Hold your arms up to greet

? You look great today

? Everybody, hold your arms up

to greet
? Your smile shines in the sun
? Hold your arms up to greet
? You all look great
? Hold your arms up to greet
? Let's all grow thick
armpit hair
? Hold your arms up to greet
? You look great today
? Everybody, hold your arms up? to greet
? Your smile shines in the sun
? Hold your arms up to greet
? You all look great
? She tells the white bear
'Your armpit hair is stiff'
? if you dive into -40 water,
?yours will be, too
? She tells the seal
'Your fur shines like silver'
? if you dive into -40 water,
yours will be, too