

INT. MINNEAPOLIS CONCERT VENUE - NIGHT

A loud and soulless pop song: Wailing guitar, pounding drums, throbbing bass. Lights paint the stage in red and orange.

JOSHUA SEO (26), half-Korean heartthrob, America's sexy boy next door, rolls his body and sings. A thousand fans scream.

JOSHUA

Call me a meteor, can't stay still

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Fans swarm. Manager MARVIN STARR (42) leads Joshua to a car.

INT. GYM - DAY

Joshua on a scale. Trainer ROCK SAMPSON (51) shakes his head.

INT. MADISON CONCERT VENUE - NIGHT

Joshua shrugs his hoodie off an arm, reveals a bare shoulder.

JOSHUA

Burst into flame in your atmosphere

INT. CHICAGO MORNING NEWS SET - DAY

Anchor SAMANTHA WILLOW (28) touches Joshua's abs, giggles.

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - DAY

Joshua models a suit as a FASHION PHOTOGRAPHER snaps photos.

INT. DETROIT CONCERT VENUE - NIGHT

A rousing crescendo ends the song. Joshua's alive. He blows kisses, grins. A STAGE HAND gives him an acoustic guitar.

JOSHUA

Y'all ready for my favorite song?

TWO LOUD FANS

(simultaneously)

Take off your shirt!

Joshua's face falls, but he recovers. He plasters on a winning smile, begins to play a heartfelt melody.

EXT. KENJIRO'S FRONT YARD - MORNING

A suburban street. A 1950s ranch-style house. A front garden. Every shrub and succulent is precisely and artfully arranged.

JOSHUA (O.C.) (SINGS)
Some people know how to live
Rest of us try not to die
Crawlin' when we'd rather fly

The front path. DELIVERY WOMAN (32) steps over a chalk line.

INT. KENJIRO'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

KENJIRO SUMMERFIELD (28) designs a website at his standing desk. J Seo's song plays on the laptop speakers.

JOSHUA (O.C.) (SINGS)
Wish I wasn't wound so tight
Wish the day stayed all night
But we can't dream when it's light

A tap tap at the window Kenjiro faces. He jumps. The delivery woman holds up her phone, makes a writing motion.

KENJIRO
 (through the window)
 I've never had to --

DELIVERY WOMAN
 (through the window)
 Buddy, I got five more deliveries.
 Ice cream's melting in my backseat.

Kenjiro's visibly frustrated. Boxes of gloves and face masks sit on the shoe rack. Kenjiro puts on both, opens the door.

EXT. KENJIRO'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Delivery Woman thrusts her smeared, filthy phone at Kenjiro. He signs with a finger. Or tries to. Nothing appears.

DELIVERY WOMAN
 Doesn't work with the glove.

Kenjiro can't hide his disgust. He removes his glove, signs.

DELIVERY WOMAN (CONT'D)
 Y'know Covid's over, right?

Kenjiro holds his tainted finger away from his body, grabs his groceries, retreats back inside, slamming the door.

INT. KENJIRO'S KITCHEN

Kenjiro's heartbeat thumps. His breaths are loud pants.

He scrubs with soap and water, removes his mask, puts on fresh gloves.

He cleans the groceries with antibacterial wipes, then tosses his gloves in the garbage.

He throws away the bags, sanitizes the counter with Lysol, washes his hands again.

INT. KENJIRO'S DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He sits at the dining table, flattens his hands on the wood. He breathes deeply. His heartbeat slows. He can hear again.

JOSHUA (O.C.) (SINGS)
*Many things I can't control
 Like to work on those I can
 Wasn't born this way
 Chose to be this man*

EXT. KENJIRO'S BACK YARD

Paving stones lead toward the poolhouse. The pool's turquoise water glints in the LA sun.

Kenjiro sits on a chaise lounge, sips a cup of coffee. A second chaise lounge is set up next to him. For who?

DARK SHADOW, a black cat, jumps on the chaise and flops over.

TITLE CARD: VALLEY GLEN

A text. Kenjiro's sister, ICHIKA SUMMERFIELD (34). The profile photo is her in a doctor's coat, middle fingers out.

ICHIKA (TEXT)
*Did you check your schedule? You
 coming to visit?*

KENJIRO (TEXT)
*I don't know. Booked solid right
 now. Lots of jobs coming in.*

He clicks open his email app. He has no emails. Not zero unread emails, literally inbox zero.

ICHIKA (TEXT)
*You're talking with Dr. Taylor
 about work-life balance, right?*

Kenjiro chews at his lip.

KENJIRO (TEXT)
*Just got home from therapy,
 actually. Tons of breakthroughs.*

ICHIKA (TEXT)
*Keep up the good work!
 Ask me how I'm doing.*

He starts typing. She can't wait for a reply.

ICHIKA (TEXT) (CONT'D)
I'm in love!!!!

Another message. A screenshot, a dating profile. MARCO HERNANDEZ (36), a big guy with an even bigger smile.

ICHIKA (TEXT) (CONT'D)
He's THE ONE.

KENJIRO (TEXT)
So were the last three.

ICHIKA (TEXT)
I mean it this time.

KENJIRO (TEXT)
Good for you.

ICHIKA (TEXT)
It would be good for you, too.

Kenjiro scoffs. Falling in love? Him? He imagines --

INT. GROCERY STORE - DREAM SEQUENCE

Kenjiro wears a face mask and gloves, carries a basket.

He reaches for a box of green tea. A male supermodel, basically a HOTTER VERSION OF MARCO, reaches for it too, accidentally brushing his hand.

KENJIRO
Don't fucking touch me.

HOTTER VERSION OF MARCO
*I find your crippling anxiety and
 terrible attitude incredibly
 attractive.*

Kenjiro rips off his mask. Hotter Marco grasps him in passion. They messily kiss in a parody of romance.

EXT. KENJIRO'S BACK YARD - PRESENT MOMENT

Kenjiro texts Ichika back.

KENJIRO (TEXT)

*Fucked up people don't get to fall
in love.*

His phone buzzes. He puts it down, doesn't read the texts. He's read a thousand like them.

He walks over to the skimmer leaned against the poolhouse wall. He uses it to fish out every leaf from the pool.

INT. BUDGET HOTEL ROOM 1 - LATE NIGHT

Joshua's reflection. Towel on a shoulder, wet hair. He wipes at the shadows under his eyes. It's not leftover mascara.

His phone rings. He knows who it is. He trudges to the bed. Five unread text messages, missed calls. He answers.

JOSHUA

J here.

MARVIN (ON PHONE)

Metrics look strong. Twenty thousand, one hundred and thirteen new Instagram followers this week.

JOSHUA

That's good.

MARVIN (ON PHONE)

Good isn't enough. We need *great* if we want a stadium tour next year.

JOSHUA

Right. Okay.

MARVIN (ON PHONE)

Interview with New Day Cleveland tomorrow. The most shared segment, ten AM.

Joshua pulls up a map, types in "Cleveland." He frowns.

MARVIN (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

Afterward, we're on the Drag Queen Story Hour podcast. Lunch is with that TikTok influencer. Concert pre-check, fan meet and greet, then --

JOSHUA
I actually get to sing.

MARVIN (ON PHONE)
Be outside tomorrow at five-thirty.
Make sure to retweet my photos
before you go to sleep.

JOSHUA
Yessir. We ride at dawn.

Joshua ends the call, towels his hair. He pulls up Twitter.
Marvin's posted a photo, captioned "On stage in Pittsburgh."

JOSHUA (CONT'D)
Shit on a stick. I'm in *Pittsburgh*?

His eye catches the first comment. "I feel bad for him."
Split screen. On one side, Joshua reads. On the other:

INT. KENJIRO'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

On his couch, Kenjiro sets down a glass of wine, typing on his phone with both hands as he mouths the words.

JOSHUA (READING)
"I feel bad for him. Forty cities
in forty days? He's exhausted. Did
you see him at his last TV
appearance? @jseo, if you're
reading this -- "

Joshua looks around. Yes, he's alone. Kenjiro says the rest.

KENJIRO
"@jseo, if you're reading this, you
deserve a day off. The next time
you're in LA, come to Valley Glen.
I have a pool. I'll leave you
ALONE. You can RELAX. I promise."

The split shot of Kenjiro's living room ends.

INT. BUDGET HOTEL ROOM 1

Joshua huffs, clicks on Kenjiro's handle, ready to clap back.
He sees a link in @ksummerfield's header: "Photography."

Gorgeous black and white photos: a cat in a window, an
artfully arranged cup of coffee, succulents in a planter.

JOSHUA
Valley Glen.

Marvin texts him, interrupting his train of thought.

MARVIN (TEXT)
Where are those retweets?

Joshua closes his eyes. Three more texts, rapid-fire.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
*Check your email, I sent you the
interview questions.
And you never replied about the
setlist change.
Make sure you get at least three
hours of sleep.*

Joshua opens his eyes, takes a deep, shaky breath.

He swipes away Marvin's messages. Kenjiro's photos are still there. He clicks back, taps the DM icon, types.

INT. KENJIRO'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Kenjiro sets down his clean wine glass on a drying mat. He picks up his phone. A new Twitter DM awaits.

JOSHUA (DM)
*Thanks for the offer
I'm back in Cali soon, I think
What's your address?*

Kenjiro's phone falls, knocks the glass. It hits the ground. Dark Shadow walks in to find him white-knuckling the counter.

KENJIRO
Holy fucking -- J Seo. Messaged me.

Kenjiro gets on the floor to clean up the glass. He starts hyperventilating. He puts his head between his knees.

After five deep breaths, he gets his phone. He stares at it, deciding what to do. He finally types with shaking hands.

KENJIRO (DM) (CONT'D)
I didn't actually mean to...

He shakes his head. He meant it. He deletes it, tries again.

KENJIRO (DM) (CONT'D)
I should warn you I'm a complete...

He takes a deep breath. Now's not the time. He deletes it.

KENJIRO (DM) (CONT'D)
6319 Longridge Ave
Valley Glen, 91401
(818) 985-2662

He puts his phone down, finishes cleaning up the glass.

He notices the space beneath his oven. He gets a spray bottle and a long brush from under the sink, and starts scrubbing.

INT. AUSTIN CONCERT HALL DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Joshua slurps iced coffee in his barber's chair. Makeup artist BRENDA LOPEZ (52), pats concealer under his eyes.

JOSHUA
You ever think about getting away?

BRENDA
Like a spa day? Sounds nice.

JOSHUA
More than that. Maybe... head west,
ride off into the sunset.

BRENDA
Ooh. The beach. Or the desert.

JOSHUA
Off a cliff.

Brenda looks at him in the mirror, worried. Joshua forces himself to smile and laugh. Brenda laughs with him.

BRENDA
Talented *and* funny.

Joshua pulls up Kenjiro's address on his phone.

Street view. The garden. He zooms in, thumbs the picture longingly.

EXT. KENJIRO'S FRONT YARD - LATE MORNING

Kenjiro, wearing a mask, waters his succulents with a hose. He's careful, precise. Gardening is no joke.

INT. BLACK SUV

Joshua's in the back, in a baseball cap, sunglasses.

JOSHUA
This is fine right here, thanks.

EXT. KENJIRO'S STREET

Joshua hides behind next door's bushes, watching Kenjiro.

KENJIRO
Well, well. If it isn't my nemesis.
Back again for more, I see.

He stops watering, squats, carefully removes a weed from the succulent, tosses it into a nearby pile.

KENJIRO (CONT'D)
You'll stay away this time, if you
know what's good for you.

Joshua decides Kenjiro's no threat. He walks up the path.

KENJIRO (CONT'D)
Back behind the line.

Joshua looks down at the chalk line, steps back. He takes off his cap and sunglasses, raises his hands.

JOSHUA
Please, don't shoot.

The hose hits the ground, spraying Kenjiro. His t-shirt is now wet and see-through. Joshua looks him up and down, grins.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)
K Summerfield, I presume?

Kenjiro turns off the hose, makes a dry coughing sound.

KENJIRO
J-- Seo. J Seo. Holy fucking shit.

JOSHUA
Do I go in through here?

KENJIRO
No!

Joshua freezes.

KENJIRO (CONT'D)
I mean... This way's better.

Kenjiro walks over to the side gate. Joshua follows.

INT. KENJIRO'S POOLHOUSE

A large queen bed, a fluffy white duvet. Two nightstands in grey wood. A short hallway, a closet, a door to a bathroom.

KENJIRO
Here's the bedroom. Um. Because of the bed. And there's a bathroom.

JOSHUA
Lemme guess. With a bath?

Kenjiro might throw up.

KENJIRO
Ha. Yeah. A shower too. And, um.
You can go in the pool if you want.

JOSHUA
Ooh, gonna join me?

KENJIRO
What? No. Wait. For what?

Joshua waggles his eyebrows and smirks.

JOSHUA
Skinny dipping.

Kenjiro opens the nearby closet. His answer is a squeak.

KENJIRO
Swim trunks. Are in here.

Joshua looks around. The room is neat, clean, comfortable.

JOSHUA
Gosh darn. This is the nicest place
I've stayed in a hot minute.

KENJIRO
I'm... particular about things.

JOSHUA
Well gorgeous, it's working. You
should open a B and B. Want me to
post on IG and tag you?

KENJIRO

Please don't. I mean, post whatever
you want. But not about here. Or
me. Do you need the wi-fi password?

Joshua sits on the bed, bounces twice. He waggles his brows.

JOSHUA

Won't be necessary. Right, babe?

A beat. Kenjiro leaves.

Not what Joshua was expecting.

INT. KENJIRO'S DINING ROOM

Kenjiro closes the french doors, rips off his mask, paces. He closes the curtains. He looks over at his kitchen.

INT. KENJIRO'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Kenjiro puts on gloves, makes a precise sandwich, with a side of grapes, carrots, and a small container of hummus.

He pours green tea into a thermos, adds a bit of honey. J's favorite, according to an interviews he saw on YouTube.

It all goes on a covered tray. He heads outside.

EXT. KENJIRO'S BACK YARD

Joshua floats in the pool, falls asleep, wakes up sputtering.

Out of the pool, he towels off, notices the tray on the chaise lounge. He picks up the cover, sees the meal.

Joshua looks around. Kenjiro's not watching.

EXT. KENJIRO'S BACK YARD

Joshua's on the chaise lounge, the one Dark Shadow flopped on earlier. The tray, messy and demolished, is next to him.

The *Find my iPhone* alarm blares. Goodbye peace and quiet.

INT. KENJIRO'S POOLHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

His phone has many missed calls. Joshua sighs, dials Marvin.