

OKJA

Written by

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INT. CEO OFFICE, MIRANDO COMPANY HEADQUARTERS, MANHATTAN -  
AFTERNOON

SUBTITLES: 10 years ago. 2006.

An expansive, modern CEO office. Late afternoon sunlight pierces the 74th floor of the Mirando Company. The company's green tree logo covers one of the walls.

A woman stands at the window, her back filling the SCREEN. She looks down at the lesser Manhattan skyscrapers. This is LUCY MIRANDO (40s).

On the window are arrows pointing at the various Mirando subsidiaries scattered throughout Manhattan: Mirando Organic Harvesting, Mirando Peachy Delight Baking Company, Mirando Chemicals, Mirando Tenderloin Fine Dining Supplies, Mirando Biotech, Mirando Hungry Pirates Burgers, Mirando Transformatives, Mirando Happy Pups Good Boy! Treats.

Lucy's breath mists over the arrows. She mumbles to herself in a small voice, practicing some kind of speech.

A hand reaches in - holding a cosmetics brush - and begins to gently brush Lucy's face.

From O.S a spray of HAIR SPRAY coats Lucy's hair.

WIDE: Lucy is surrounded by a MAKEUP ARTIST, a HAIR STYLIST and MIRANDO COMPANY EMPLOYEES, including Lucy's senior assistant FRANK DAWSON (60).

MAKE-UP WOMAN  
I'm a huge fan.

Lucy looks at her, surprised.

MAKE-UP WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Of your Tenderloin Fricassee ready meal.

They both glance at an ADVERTISING POSTER framed on the wall - a photograph of a FARMER gently stroking a cow's face. The slogan: THE SECRET INGREDIENT IN OUR TENDERLOINS? TENDERNESS.

MAKE-UP WOMAN (CONT'D)  
So what's all this about? The reporters out there...

FRANK  
Ms. Mirando doesn't want to have a conversation right now, dear.

LUCY  
(Smiling)  
It's okay, Frank. I'm not my  
sister!  
(To the Make-Up Lady)  
I am announcing a miracle.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, MIRANDO COMPANY HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The conference room is packed with REPORTERS and TV CREWS.

A spotlight shines on a small potted tree in the corner of the stage. It looks uncannily similar to the Mirando Company logo.

Lucy stands on the stage. She's charismatic, modern, maybe slightly vulnerable. The sight calls to mind a Steve Jobs product launch or Gwyneth Paltrow delivering a TED talk.

LUCY  
On a Spring morning three years ago  
a Chilean farmer named Senor Victor  
Zamora Villacorta was tending to  
his pigs when he chanced upon  
something very strange.

A beat. Lucy has the reporters' attention. Lucy outstretches her long, graceful arm and clicks on the touchscreen behind her.

A PHOTOGRAPH fills the screen of a CHILEAN FARMER posing for the camera. He looks wise, old, kind - straight out of Chilean Farmer Central Casting.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
I recently had the opportunity to  
meet with Senor Villacorta at his  
hilltop farm.

Each time Lucy says Senor Villacorta's name, she does so with a slight Chilean twang.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
We sat out on his porch and drank  
wine as the sun went down.

Another PHOTOGRAPH appears on the screen, this time of Lucy and Senor Villacorta drinking wine at sunset. A picture-perfect rustic setting.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
He said the sweetest thing to me.  
"Lucy!

(MORE)

LUCY (CONT'D)

Why couldn't this miracle have happened forty years ago when I was looking for a wife! I could have married a supermodel!" Well, I'm sorry Senor Villacorta. It turns out we don't choose when we get to save humanity.

Lucy makes a peculiar hand gesture. The words "Saving Humanity" appear on the screen in hundreds of languages, in various styles of calligraphy.

LUCY (CONT'D)

(urgently)

The world's population is at seven billion. 805 million of our fellow humans struggle with hunger each day, including 30 million right here in the United States.

A PHOTO-MONTAGE of WORRIED-LOOKING HUMANS from across the globe fills the screen behind Lucy. They look lost, helpless, in need of a leader.

LUCY (CONT'D)

And by 2050? We'll somehow have to feed a staggering 9.6 billion people. The world is running out of food and we are not talking about it. We needed a miracle. And then we got one - on Senor Villacorta's little hilltop farm.

The lights dim. Music swells.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Say hello to Mary.

A photograph fills the screen of Senor Villacorta cradling a VERY ODD-LOOKING PIGLET in his arms. The room falls silent as the fascinated Reporters stare at the very odd piglet.

LUCY (CONT'D)

All the other piglets in the litter were normal. But this peculiar little lady turned out to be about the least normal thing you can imagine. Our scientists at the Mirando Ranch in Arizona have been raising Mary with love and care ever since, observing her and performing various studies. And I can tell you the results right now.

(MORE)

LUCY (CONT'D)

(Beat)

Mary is like nothing on earth.

FRANK watches Lucy speak from below the stage. He quietly mouths '*like nothing on Earth*' in time with her.

LUCY (CONT'D)

And so, please welcome to the stage  
the inspirational ... Senor Victor  
Zamora Villacorta!

SENOR VILLACORTA walks onto the stage and stands in his predesignated spot. He's dressed in his full farmer's outfit. There's a smattering of dutiful applause from the reporters.

SARCASTIC REPORTER

Uh, no offence to Senor...

LUCY

Villacorta.

SARCASTIC REPORTER

But we'd prefer to see the pig.

LUCY

(Smiling)

You will. But not yet.

BRITISH REPORTER

You're announcing the birth of the  
world's most amazing pig and you're  
not showing us the pig? You're a  
temptress!

The British reporter gives Lucy a sleazy, misogynistic grin. Lucy responds with a mock-scolding look.

BRITISH REPORTER (CONT'D)

(Winking)

You're much more fun than the last  
Chief Executive!

LUCY

Of course I am. Peter. Yes, she's  
my sister, but Nancy and I are very  
different human beings with very  
different business ethics. Very  
different. The only thing we share  
is our last name.

Lucy smiles, but her composure is slightly rattled. A question from the audience ends the brief silence.

REPORTER C

What's so great about this pig  
anyway?

LUCY

She has an impressive reproduction  
rate.

The Reporters look underwhelmed.

LUCY (CONT'D)

(A small smile)

A regular sow averages five or six  
piglets in a litter and two litters  
in a year. Mary has mated with one  
of our best hogs while she's been  
living with us in Arizona, and  
she's had a few piglets. Would you  
care to see them?

Lucy makes a hand gesture. A FILM fills the screen of A  
HUNDRED very odd-looking piglets grazing the beautiful,  
grassy acres of the Mirando Ranch.

A beat while the reporters take it in. Then the room ERUPTS  
with a volley of QUESTIONS and CAMERA FLASHES.

Under the stage, Frank SMILES. This is going exactly to plan.

SARCASTIC REPORTER

How the hell did one pig have so  
many babies?

LUCY

(Beat)

She got big.

The reporters take in the implication.

LUCY (CONT'D)

And her babies are going to get big  
too.

REPORTER B

Show us a picture of the big pig!

LUCY

(Smiling)

Simon! Patience! Last week we sent  
twenty-six of Mary's Super Piglets  
to the twenty-six countries around  
the world where our Mirando branch  
offices are located.

The screen behind Lucy becomes a colorful world map. Through cool graphics we see the Super Piglets being spread to New Zealand, Brazil, France, Sweden, Spain, Germany, Denmark, South Korea, Japan, South Africa, and so on.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Each piglet was given to an esteemed local farmer.

A PHOTOMONTAGE of SUPER PIGLETS being handed by MIRANDO EMPLOYEES to charismatic-looking FARMERS in picture-perfect locations. Faces of all shapes and colors. A testament to the global nature of the project.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I have asked each farmer to raise their special guests in a natural environment with the utmost care, honoring traditional techniques unique to their respective cultures. My top scientists at the Mirando branch offices will be on hand to offer whatever support is required.

(beat)

And now we have a competition!

On the word 'Competition' the colorful world map reappears on the large screen behind Lucy. The faces of the Local Farmers appear over the map.

LUCY (CONT'D)

These little piggies will be the forebears of a whole new species! From these, we'll pick the most exceptional specimens and develop them into a super breed! A revolution in the livestock industry! And one local farmer will rear the biggest and most beautiful and special one! The Ultimate Super Pig! But which farmer will it be? Will Denmark win? New Zealand? That's my bet! But I'm no expert.

(beat)

But I know someone who is! The judging panel will be led by none other than the wonderful Dr. Johnny Wiseman - TV's most popular zoologist and veterinarian - and the new face of the Mirando Company!

The reporters are taken aback.

REPORTER

Johnny Wiseman's working for  
Mirando now?

LUCY

Let's remind ourselves of Dr.  
Johnny's work.

The screen behind Lucy fills with a MONTAGE of famous clips  
from the HUGELY SUCCESSFUL TV show DR. JOHNNY'S MAGICAL  
ANIMALS:

A GORILLA throws straw in DR. JOHNNY's face. Dr. Johnny  
laughs uproariously. Dr. Johnny lies underneath an ELEPHANT,  
washing its underside. The elephant takes a shit on Dr.  
Johnny's face. Dr. Johnny shrieks with laughter. Dr. Johnny  
cuddles a Panda.

Throughout it all we hear upbeat music - MAGICAL, MAGICAL  
ANIMALS!

The MONTAGE ends.

LUCY (CONT'D)

(to the screen)

Oh Johnny!

(to the reporters - a  
little chilly)

He's just hilarious.

REPORTER

How did you get Johnny Wiseman  
working for you?

SARCASTIC REPORTER

Deep pockets, right?!

LUCY

(smiling)

We're just delighted to have him!

(beat)

When the competition reaches its  
climax, Dr. Johnny will crown the  
winner at a Magical Animals live  
telecast right here in New York  
City! THAT'S when we'll unveil our  
Super Pigs to the world! And,  
believe me, it'll be worth the  
wait.

Senor Villacorta is still standing on his spot - awkwardly -  
nobody paying him any attention.



REPORTER

How long will the wait be? When do we get to see the big pigs?

For a beat, Lucy looks like she doesn't know what to say. Then she recovers.

LUCY

Ten years.

ELDERLY REPORTER

Ten years?! Jesus Christ. I'll be dead by then!

BRITISH REPORTER

This has to be the longest beauty contest in world history! If it was Miss America all the girls would be old and ugly by the end! They'd be putting the crown on the head of a wizened old hag!

The sleazy British Reporter grins and looks around, pleased with himself for his joke. Frowns from a few of the female reporters.

LUCY

I don't think 10 years is a terribly long commitment, given that we're developing an entirely new, scientifically ground-breaking species that will single-handedly remedy the planet's food shortage crisis! Our super pigs will not only be big and beautiful, they'll be designed to leave a minimal footprint on the environment, consuming less feed and forage, producing less excretions. But most importantly ...

Lucy creates a long, expectant beat.

LUCY (CONT'D)

They'll need to taste fucking good.

A Pig-Faced Reporter blurts out ...

PIG-FACE

Goddamn right!

Lucy and the other reporters laugh. The atmosphere is merry.

Frank laughs and claps loudly as music begins to flow through the speakers - The Isley Brothers' HARVEST FOR THE WORLD.

*...All babies together, everyone a seed, half of us are satisfied, half of us in need... Love's bountiful in us, tarnished by our greed, when will there be a harvest for the world?*

LUCY

Ten years. *That's* when there'll be a harvest for the world. Thank you.

Words drift across the screen: 'The Super Pig Project.'  
'Saving Humanity.' 'Harvest for the World'.

INT. BATHROOM / HALLWAY, MIRANDO COMPANY HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Lucy Mirando slumps on the toilet with a cigarette in her mouth, sans makeup. She is web-searching articles on her cutting edge 2006 flip phone. Press photos of her dancing to "Harvest For the World" pass through the screen. She begins mouthing words to herself. We don't know whether she's reading the article or reliving her speech.

The phone begins to ring and the name "Nancy Mirando" flashes across the screen in bold letters. **Lucy debates whether to answer before shutting it.**

CUT TO:

Lucy washes her hands in front of the mirror. She feels something behind her and turns around to find... Frank awkwardly holding out his phone.

LUCY

**What is it?**

FRANK

It's Nancy.  
(looking at Lucy)  
She said you weren't answering...

LUCY

(hushed voice)  
Are you working for me, or her?  
Jesus, Frank.

**Lucy's outburst barely affects Frank, who stares back with an innocent face. Lucy takes the phone.**

LUCY (CONT'D)

Hey, sis! How's London?

A LONG SILENCE. We hear Nancy breathing down the phone.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
(beat)  
Are you angry?

Another hard silence.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
(trying to keep it light)  
Come on, Nance! Don't be angry!  
Talk to me!

NANCY (V.O.)  
(finally)  
I think Denmark's going to win.

LUCY  
(happily)  
Really? Why do you think Denmark?

A small, cold chuckle from Nancy.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Are you mocking me? Please don't  
mock me.  
(beat)  
Nance?

NANCY (O.S.)  
Yes, Luce?

LUCY  
(awkwardly)  
What I did today... Do you think  
Dad would have liked it?

NANCY (V.O.)  
Oh, Lucy, sweetheart. Poor darling.  
Dad would have thought you were a  
total cunt.

CUT TO:

Lucy walks out of the bathroom and hands the phone to Frank waiting by the door. An EXTREME WIDE SHOT of Manhattan skyscrapers. We see Lucy as a small dot as she walks down the infinite hallway.

MAIN TITLES

TITLE OVER BLACK: "OKJA"

The STREET NOISE and sounds of AIRPLANES are replaced by meditative SOUNDS OF NATURE - the mountain breeze and chirping birds.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY

A thick forest sits at the foot of a mountain range that stretches for miles.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE: "The Present Day. 2016."

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE: "South Korea."

When the TITLE disappears, we notice a tiny white dot moving in the woods far ahead. A person? An animal?

EXT. WOODS - DAY

A SMALL GIRL carefully climbs down the hill, a straw sack over her shoulder, her face a mix of street-smart stubbornness and innocence. She is **MIJA**.

We hear BUSTLING behind her - and see a VERY LARGE and VERY STRANGE-LOOKING ANIMAL unsteadily tiptoeing down the hill. It is a fully grown SUPER PIG - **OKJA**.

Okja clumsily makes her way down the hill, looking terrified.

She steps on a thorny chestnut bur and immediately freezes. She looks back and forth between Mija and her foot with a blank expression. She looks silly - the hugely oversized creature with her foot daintily raised.

Mija immediately runs over and plucks the chestnut bur from Okja's foot. Okja blows through her nostrils in relief, still wearing the same blank expression. She is awesome in size, but slow, and doesn't appear very intelligent.

EXT. PERSIMMON TREE, WOODS - DAY

From atop the hill, Mija looks down at a tree in the bottom. It teems with ripe orange persimmons.

MIJA

Go!

On Mija's command, Okja enters frame and runs downhill towards the tree. But she trips over her feet and begins tumbling and tumbling until...

...she hits the tree trunk. THUMP. The tree is nearly pulled out of the ground. Ripe persimmons fall everywhere.

Okja raises herself, unfazed by the impact. Mija scuttles down and gathers the persimmons in her straw sack. She picks up the largest one and throws it to Okja, who snaps up her chin and catches it like a dog catching a tennis ball.

CLOSE ON Okja's silly, innocent face as she moves her humongous jaws, savoring the juicy persimmon.

EXT. STREAM - DAY

Mija peers into the water. She looks up and waves at Okja (O.S.) - indicating a part of the stream where the water is deepest.

Suddenly, Okja's colossal body fills the SCREEN as she flies across the air toward Mija. She splashes into the water, sending a mini-tsunami in all directions.

Like when an obese person jumps into a small tub, copious amounts of water and FISH flow over the banks. The fish flap around frantically. Mija quickly picks out the larger ones, puts them in the sack and throws the little ones back into the stream. Quick and efficient. A familiar routine.

With her eyes and nostrils barely poking out of the water, Okja takes a leisurely swim. Mija takes off her clothes and jumps in. They swim under the blissful autumn sunlight. An idyllic moment. It feels like time has stopped.

Okja suddenly climbs onto a large rock. She shakes off the water like a dog and tightens, arching her body. Her large ears point up in a peculiar fashion. Mija catches the 'signal'.

MIJA

No! Wait!

Okja glances at her and freezes. Mija quickly swims upstream until - at a safe distance - she gives Okja the 'OK' sign with both hands. With that...

Okja's epic pooping begins.

It is similar to the pooping of hippopotamuses. Okja spins her short tail like a helicopter as she projects fecal matter in all directions. A spectacular scene, with countless pieces of shit flying across a wide radius. The excrements fall in the water and fish gather around the pieces to feed on them. The 'circle of life' in full effect.

Okja jumps back in the water and the fish gather around her bottom. They swim gracefully as a school, chasing after whatever is left behind by Okja.

EXT. NEAR THE STREAM - DAY

Okja is sprawled on a rock next to the stream, taking a nap. Mija sleeps on Okja's belly, moving up and down every time Okja takes a breath. Whenever Okja shifts, Mija adjusts, somehow maintaining her position on the belly.

We notice a small BLACK BOX the size of a cell phone attached to Okja's ear.

EXT. MIJA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mija's grandfather, HEE BONG (70), carries firewood, getting ready to make dinner. The sun is falling fast. Hee Bong looks toward the mountains with concern.

HEE BONG  
(Shouting)  
Mija! Where are you?

EXT. STREAM - CONTINUOUS

Hee Bong's voice echoes through the mountains. Inside Mija's straw sack, half-submerged in water, a fish peeks through the chestnuts and persimmons, still breathing.

Mija jolts awake. She looks around blankly before realizing she slept too long. She shakes Okja awake. Okja spreads open her humongous jaws and yawns.

MIJA  
(to Okja)  
We're late for dinner. We'll take  
the short cut.

Okja responds with a distinctive SQUEAL.

EXT. TRAIL/CLIFF - DAY

The short-cut is narrow and borders a steep incline. Mija and Okja hurry down it. Mija notices that the rope around Okja's neck is hanging limply off her. She turns to re-tie it, suddenly SLIPS, and FALLS down the incline, the rope in her hand. She slides towards a SHEER DROP.

She grabs a nearby scrub, which holds her for a moment, then SNAPS in her hand. She continues sliding, the cliff edge approaching sharply...

Okja looks blankly down. Then she suddenly steps on her end of the rope. Mija's plummet abruptly STOPS. She dangles precariously over the cliff - **her life barely preserved by the tip of Okja's foot.**

Okja lowers her enormous snout toward the rope, trying to pull Mija back up with her mouth. But her mouth and tongue are large and unwieldy. Okja struggles until - in a sudden move - she twists her neck and successfully bites the rope. But as she does, she loses balance and begins sliding down the incline.

Still desperately holding onto the rope, Mija immediately drops several feet in the air. Then she suddenly STOPS.

She looks up and sees Okja peeking over her, having slid all the way to the edge of the cliff. The rope is tightly stretched between them. Large drops of drool escape through Okja's fiercely clenched teeth and fall onto Mija's body.

With an emphatic *umph*, Okja steps backwards, the rope in her mouth. She somehow manages a few strenuous steps. But then a rock that had been anchoring her foot suddenly comes loose and she begins sliding again.

Mija SCREAMS as she goes into a free fall. Okja shrieks too as she slides towards the SHEER DROP.

Suddenly, Okja spots a large tree stump below. With the rope clenched in her mouth, she twists and steers her body towards the stump. Right before reaching the edge, she coils herself and jumps over to the other side of the stump.

Okja FALLS OFF THE CLIFF. But the rope hung over the stump forms a pulley mechanism. And so - as Okja dives headlong with the rope in her mouth - Mija is pulled up by Okja's weight.

**As Okja falls and Mija rises**, they lock eyes at the midpoint. A fleeting moment of desperate, longing sadness.

When Mija reaches the tree stump, Okja unclenches her jaws and lets go of the rope - PLUMMETING towards the woods below.

MIJA  
(Screaming)  
OKJA!

Okja plummets further, until she's swallowed up in the green leaves. Mija's heart breaks as she watches Okja fall after saving her life.

MIJA (CONT'D)

OKJA!

There is no answer from below.

EXT. FOREST BELOW THE CLIFF - DAY

The forest is densely packed with trees. Mija desperately searches for Okja, but she is nowhere to be found.

MIJA

OKJA!

The echo dies out, and the forest is once again silent. We only hear the BUZZING of insects and the CHIRPING of birds until...

...we hear a huge FART from somewhere in the woods. Mija quickly turns toward the sound. She sees Okja through the trees - casually chomping on grass, completely unaffected by the fall. Mija runs over with a huge smile, happily swinging the straw sack on her shoulder.

MIJA (CONT'D)

Okja! Are you okay?

Mija checks everywhere on Okja's body for injuries. As she does, Okja slowly slinks to the ground and lies on her back. She lets out a MOAN and pretends to be hurt while she continues to chew on the grass. She holds up her rear foot and begs for attention, like a little child. Mija looks at her foot.

She sees a fresh scar near Okja's hip, blood oozing from it. She picks out a ripe persimmon from her sack and peels it. She takes the soft inner part and rubs it gently against Okja's wound. The soft, moist sensation soothes Okja and she slowly closes her eyes. Her chewing slows as well.

MIJA (CONT'D)

You like that?

Okja MOANS in pleasure.

MIJA (CONT'D)

You saved my life. Again.

Okja SQUEALS in response.



**It looks like they're really talking to each other.** Mija holds up Okja's large, floppy ear and whispers something. We can't hear what, but the soft whisper, combined with the late afternoon sunlight, leaves us with an achingly beautiful feeling. Okja nods as if responding to whatever Mija said.

EXT. MIJA'S HOUSE - EVENING

CLOSE ON a dinner table. Wild greens, potatoes, boiled eggs, pan-seared fish in the middle. It's the fish Mija caught at the stream earlier. Hee Bong and Mija sit in the living room and chow on the dinner.

HEE BONG  
(out of the blue)  
Uncle Mundo says he's coming by tomorrow.

MIJA  
To collect the money? For Okja?

HEE BONG  
I already sent the money to the company.

MIJA  
Right. So Okja is ours now.

Hee Bong nods. Mija smiles.

MIJA (CONT'D)  
So why is Uncle Mundo coming?  
Paperwork?

Without answering, Hee Bong turns away and switches on an ancient tube television. A soccer game is on.

HEE BONG  
Damn. The first half is almost over.

The screen blinks on and off with static. Hee Bong slaps the side of the set, making it normal again. With his eyes on the soccer match, he picks up his spoon to eat when the screen blinks and dissolves into static again.

HEE BONG (CONT'D)  
Son of a...

MIJA  
Great! Now we can buy a new TV!

Hee Bong goes over to the TV. He raises his hand to strike it again when... BUZZ. The screen returns. It's as if the TV is afraid of Hee Bong.

HEE BONG  
This one's perfectly fine.

MIJA  
(pouting)  
Such a tightwad...

Behind Mija's disgruntled face, we see Okja poking her head out of the shed to drink water from the bucket. Hee Bong retrieves a half-drunk bottle of soju and opens it. He carefully pours the soju into the cap, and with trembling hands, lifts the tiny cap brimming with soju.

INT. MIJA'S ROOM - LATE NIGHT

It's silent except for the sound of insects.

We see the picture frames on the wall. A story spanning ten years.

There's a Mirando Certificate with Hee Bong's picture printed on it. It reads in English: ***Congratulations farmer HEE BONG! Raise your Super Pig with love and care! Love, Lucy Mirando.***

There's 6-year-old Mija hugging her Super Piglet.

There's 12-year-old Mija tightly hugging the fully grown Okja.

Mija sleeps with a comic book open in front of her. A sound wakes her up. She looks toward a tiny window in the corner of the room. The window opens directly to the shed where Okja is kept.

We see Okja's massive butt through the window. She keeps shifting her tail, bothered by the itching in the wounded area. The tail is too short and hardly reaches the wound.

Mija picks up a back scratcher from the floor. She attaches a long bamboo stick to the end and sits in front of the tiny window. She yawns as she pokes the stick through the window and scratches the area around Okja's wound.

Mija begins to doze. She closes her eyes.

EXT. STREAM, MOUNTAIN - DAY

MUNDO PARK (39) hikes up along the stream, covered in sweat. Dressed in a suit and tie, he carries a bag that bears the 'Mirando Korea' logo. He stops for breath, and looks down the mountain behind him. He takes out his phone. The signal is poor, and he holds up his phone at various angles before finally getting a bar and dialing.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hello?

MUNDO

(Into the phone)

Where are you? What's taking you so long?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(Out of breath)

We're all so out of shape. And Dr. Johnny is being... somewhat difficult.

MUNDO

(Surprised)

Dr. Johnny? But he's so much fun on TV!

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(Thinly)

Right. On TV. But not in the water.

MUNDO

Water?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

He dove into the water saying he couldn't stand the heat. Now he won't come out.

(quietly)

Aw, disgusting. I think he's doing a secret piss.

EXT. FRONT YARD, MIJA'S HOUSE - DAY

Hee Bong stands at the faucet and pours water into a bucket. He turns off the faucet almost as soon as he turns it on. Still thinking he poured too much, he pours off a little into the basin before handing the bucket to Mundo. Mundo gulps down the water, thoroughly covered in sweat.

Mija washes Okja in the front yard.

HEE BONG  
 (quietly)  
 I thought a bunch of you were  
 coming.

Mundo glances down the hill.

MUNDO  
 They're coming.

MIJA  
 (calling over)  
 It's nice to see you, Uncle Mundo.  
 Why are you here?

Mundo steals a glimpse at Mija.

MUNDO  
 (silently mouthing)  
 You didn't tell her?

Hee Bong looks away without answering. Mundo looks frustrated. He walks over to Okja. Mija claps and gives a sign to Okja, who obediently sits on the ground. Mundo removes the small black box on Okja's ear and unlocks the waterproof casing. He opens it to reveal various computer chips and SD card slots.

He removes the SD cards and plugs them into his laptop. Numbers and graphs showing data about Okja's health abound on the screen: "*Blood Pressure*," "*Temperature*," "*Heart Rate*." The clean, design-conscious interface of the "*Mirando Super Pig Health/Growth Management*" software.

Mija looks over Mundo's shoulder, lustily eyeing his brand new Macbook when...

We suddenly hear someone SHOUT in English.

JOHNNY  
 Fuck me!  
 (panting)  
 All right. I'm here. I'm fucking  
 here, goddamn it.

Hee Bong, Mija, and Mundo all turn their heads. A large man struggles up the steep incline, bitching and moaning all the way. This is Dr. JOHNNY WISEMAN.

MIJA  
 (eyes wide)  
 It's that guy! From TV!

She runs excitedly to Hee Bong - leaving Okja at the back of the yard.

MIJA (CONT'D)  
 (to Hee Bong)  
 It's him, right? From Magical  
 Animals!

JOHNNY  
 You...  
 (panting)  
 You just had to...  
 (panting)  
 ... drag me all the way up to this  
 fucking mountain top.

MIJA  
 (To Hee Bong)  
 He came to meet Okja even though  
 she isn't in the competition any  
 more! He must think Okja is that  
 special!

Mundo looks uneasy.

Johnny suddenly notices Mija. Then he is abruptly back to his panting and bitching.

JOHNNY  
 All the other Super Pigs were on  
 flat land, accessible by car.  
 Japan's Super Pig was about a five  
 minute drive from the airport. I  
 notice that you leave the fucking  
 mountain top Super Pig to the end  
 because you knew the climb would  
 rile me. Well, guess what? I'm  
 riled.

Johnny's companions stand around awkwardly. There's JENNIFER, the Marketing Director from Mirando HQ (30s, American). She wears a DSLR over her neck. And there's a Korean TV crew - CHANG (35), the cameraman, and CHOI (26, female) the interpreter/assistant.

Choi looks back and forth between Johnny and Hee Bong, trying to smile the awkwardness away.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
 Well, can someone at least bring me  
 some water? Given that I am about  
 to be filmed for fucking  
 television?

Choi RUSHES over to the faucet and begins to pour.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
Not sparkling water. I don't want  
to belch my way through the  
broadcast.

CHOI  
I don't think they have sparkling  
water here.  
(to Hee Bong)  
Excuse me, sir, if you don't mind.  
Dr. Johnny's a bit thirsty from the  
hike.

But Johnny spots Hee Bong's green soju bottle. He stomps over  
and snatches it up.

JOHNNY  
Soju...

Before Hee Bong can react, Johnny cracks open the bottle and  
downs the soju in one swig.

HEE BONG  
Ah, I was saving that...

Johnny lets out a refreshed, drunken sigh. Hee Bong looks on,  
devastated. Mija stifles her laughter.

Johnny spots Okja for the first time. As he does his  
personality changes totally - he looks INCREDIBLY EXCITED.

JOHNNY  
There she is!

CHOI  
This is Okja!

JOHNNY  
She's wonderful.

He rushes over to Okja and begins caressing her body. This is  
real, touching enthusiasm.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
(softly)  
Just perfect!  
(furiously, to Chang the  
cameraman)  
Well, fucking film me! You can't  
fake these emotions.

CHOI  
 (yelling at Chang)  
 Film him!

Chang hurriedly switches the camera on and dances around, fishing for the right angle. Jennifer snaps away on her DSLR.

JENNIFER  
 (to Choi)  
 Get him his doctor's coat!

Choi hurriedly retrieves a white doctor's coat from her bag. It has the Mirando logo emblazoned on it. She scurries over to Johnny and helps him into it.

Johnny continues to caress Okja - her well-developed muscles, faultless skin, and taut curves, his expression one of awe.

JOHNNY  
 (to the camera)  
 Ten years ago twenty-six local farmers in twenty-six far-flung countries were each given a super piglet. This year I've traveled to each of the twenty-six farms to meet the Super Pigs and decide which one will be invited to the BEST SUPER PIG FEST in New York City, where they'll be unveiled to the world!

MIJA  
 (to Hee Bong)  
 What's he saying?

JENNIFER  
 Shhh! They're filming!

Johnny looks at Hee Bong with sincere respect, giving him a big thumbs up.

JOHNNY  
 You've done an incredible job.

Hee Bong doesn't need a translator to understand. He holds up his thumb. Jennifer is ecstatic. This is exactly what she wanted.

JENNIFER  
 (to Chang)  
 Pan from Johnny to the old man!

CHOI  
 (to Chang)  
 Pan!

Chang pans from Johnny to Hee Bong.

JENNIFER  
 (to Johnny)  
 This is it! The moment of mutual  
 trust between Mirando's very own  
 Dr. Johnny and the esteemed local  
 farmer.

JOHNNY  
 (to Hee Bong)  
 She's truly exceptional.

HEE BONG  
 (a thick Korean accent)  
 Ssank you so much.

JOHNNY  
 How did you do it? What was your  
 method?

Choi translates. 'Uh...' Hee Bong thinks. A brief silence as  
 everyone watches Hee Bong.

HEE BONG  
 I just... uh, let her run around is  
 all.

Hee Bong laughs. Choi translates.

JOHNNY  
 (to the camera)  
 He just let her run around! How  
 beguiling!  
 (beat)  
 I'm not supposed to do this... I  
 mean I'm *supposed* to go back to  
 America and examine all the data  
 before making my decision and yada  
 yada yada... But...

Johnny winks at the camera.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
 (dramatically)  
 Jennifer? Two medals please.

Chang pans to Jennifer as she takes out two 'Best Super Pig'  
 medals and hands them to Johnny.



Johnny puts one medal over Hee Bong's neck and another over Okja's neck.

Okja BLOWS in Johnny's face, covering his face with drool. Johnny responds with his trademark UPROARIOUS LAUGH.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

(to Okja)

We have our winner! Ready for the festival in New York City?

MIJA

What's going on?

JOHNNY

One more medal please!

Jennifer hands another medal to Johnny. Johnny walks over to Mija.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

A special medal for a special lady who I'm sure helped raise the Super Pig too in her own special way!

Johnny ceremoniously puts the medal over Mija's neck.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Get some cutaways of the pig!

Chang dutifully does. After he's gone, Johnny talks quietly to Mija.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I was kinda grumpy when I first arrived on your farm. Being a television presenter can be stressful.

Mija looks blank - she has no idea what he's saying.

As Chang gets cutaways of Okja, Mundo tries to squeeze into the frame.

JENNIFER

Hey! No!

With a hand gesture, Jennifer shoos Mundo out of the shot.

Mundo lingers awkwardly. He walks over to Hee Bong and WHISPERS something in his ear.

JOHNNY  
(still talking to Mija)  
I always have to be 'on'.  
Especially now I find myself the  
'face of the Mirando Corporation'!  
How did that even happen?!

Hee Bong grabs Mija's hand and takes her to the corner of the yard.

MIJA  
What?

HEE BONG  
I... Let's go visit your mom and  
dad up there.

MIJA  
Now? Why? I want to watch this.

HEE BONG  
They appeared in my dream last  
night, said they missed you.

Hee Bong pulls the reluctant Mija uphill.

HEE BONG (CONT'D)  
(pointing to the group)  
They'll be here for a while. Come  
on.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

The sun shines on two burial mounds lying side by side in the quiet woods. Hee Bong and Mija pluck weeds and dust off the tombstone.

MIJA  
I can't remember their faces...

Hee Bong looks at Mija with pity. He sighs.

HEE BONG  
It's been so many years. Just the  
two of us, living here in the  
mountains.

MIJA  
(cold)  
Not two. Three.

HEE BONG  
Sure! Okja too. Our little fatty.

Silence. Hee Bong takes out a box from his pocket and opens it. Inside the box is a gold pig, the size of an adult fist. Mija regards it quizzically.

MIJA

What's that?

HEE BONG

A gold pig. 100% real gold.

Mija, confused.

HEE BONG (CONT'D)

So pretty, don't you think? In the old days the elders would give this gold pig to their daughters as a wedding gift. Take it. It's yours.

MIJA

Why are you giving me a gold pig?

Hee Bong hands the gold pig to Mija. He points downhill with his chin.

HEE BONG

Well, you're not getting married, but... since Okja will be leaving us and going far away... You can keep this gold pig instead of her.

MIJA

What?

Mija stares blankly with the gold pig in her hands, still not understanding.

HEE BONG

They're here to take Okja.

MIJA

Okja?

HEE BONG

Yeah. The competition's nearly over. So they're taking all the Super Pigs back to the company.

MIJA

But Okja's ours. We bought her from them. You sent them the money!

HEE BONG

That...

(turning away)

(MORE)

HEE BONG (CONT'D)  
It didn't work out so well. I  
couldn't buy her. That's why I  
bought this pig instead. This gold  
pig...

MIJA  
(disbelieving)  
No...

HEE BONG  
We can't do anything about it.  
Especially not now. They said that  
Okja was selected as the best pig.  
They have big plans for her in  
America...

MIJA  
America...?

HEE BONG  
(nods)  
She'll be spending the night in  
Seoul, and tomorrow she'll be on a  
plane to America. She's a celebrity  
now!  
(laughs)  
Going all the way across the  
Pacific!

Hee Bong lets out an exaggerated laugh as he carefully  
searches for Mija's reaction. Mija is in utter shock.

HEE BONG (CONT'D)  
(sternly)  
Mija! You're nearly a grown woman,  
and to be honest I wasn't too keen  
on seeing you playing with that pig  
all day. You should go to the town,  
maybe meet a boyfr...

Mija throws the gold pig at Hee Bong's foot and rushes down  
the mountain.

EXT. MIJA'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Mija runs out of the trees and arrives at the house to find  
it completely empty. The dirt in the yard is wildly printed  
with footprints. We can picture how Okja must have been  
dragged away. The hairs stand on Mija's body.

MIJA  
OKJA!!!

Mija shouts at the top of her lungs. Her voice echoes along the massive ridges of the mountain but goes unanswered. Mija begins to run - with the urgency of a sprinter.

EXT. FOREST - LATE AFTERNOON

Mija runs down the mountain with great speed and athleticism, having grown up roaming these hills. She runs her legs off - through the trees, over the rocks, and through the air across the stream. The branches scratch and scar Mija's face but she continues running, gaining speed.

But Okja and her escorts are nowhere to be seen.

EXT. BEGINNING OF HIGHWAY - SUNSET

Mija stands at the point where the highway begins. She looks far ahead at a sedan and a large container truck - just dots. Mija breathes heavily, exhausted from her run. A tear forms in her eye. The truck containing Okja rounds the bend and disappears to the other side of the mountain.

INT. MIJA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a large cauldron sitting on top of a fire hole, steam rising from it. Hee Bong opens the lid, and we see a whole chicken inside the boiling water. Hee Bong adds cinnamon, ginger, and vetch to the pot. He hears someone entering and pokes his head out of the kitchen. He sees Mija crossing the yard limply, eyes swollen from crying and cheeks streaked with dirty tears. Mija stomps past Hee Bong and towards her room, scattering the chickens away.

INT. MIJA'S ROOM, MIJA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hee Bong pokes his head inside the room. He carefully opens his mouth.

HEE BONG

You must be hungry. I made your  
favorite - chicken stew.

No answer. Mija can't seem to put a stop on her emotions. She sobs as she undresses. Hee Bong becomes embarrassed and turns his head, but Mija doesn't care. She continues to take off her pants and her socks.

HEE BONG (CONT'D)

Go clean up, and let's have some  
chicken stew.

(MORE)

HEE BONG (CONT'D)  
I put in all the herbs that are  
supposed to be good for you.

Mija continues to sob as she removes a training suit from her drawer. She puts it on along with fresh socks. Hee Bong looks at her curiously. Mija takes out a red fanny pack from the drawer.

HEE BONG (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

Mija still doesn't answer. Her face is a grotesque mess of tears and snot. She puts the fanny pack around her waist.

HEE BONG (CONT'D)  
Where do you think you're going?

MIJA  
Seoul...

HEE BONG  
What?

MIJA  
I'm going to bring Okja home.

HEE BONG  
Are you crazy? Seoul? In the middle  
of night? Do you even know how much  
it costs to go to Seoul?

Mija picks up a large piggy bank from the top of the chest. She raises it high and throws it to the floor with surprising strength. The piggy bank shatters into pieces, unleashing a vast sea of coins. Hee Bong gasps.

Mija continues to sob as she sweeps the coins into her fanny pack and pockets. There are a few bank notes in there too. She bites them between her lips.

Hee Bong comes into the room and tries to stop her, but Mija throws him to the floor.

Hee Bong has had enough. He stands and begins frantically shoving the coins under the furniture with his feet. He looks ridiculous. And it's pointless. Mija has already filled her fanny pack. She zips it up and heads fast towards the door.

HEE BONG (CONT'D)  
Don't you dare leave this room!

Mija turns and stares at him.

HEE BONG (CONT'D)  
Look. I miss Okja too.

Mija's eyes instantly swell with tears at the thought of Okja.

HEE BONG (CONT'D)  
But she's an animal. They all have  
to go sometime.

Hee Bong grabs a permanent marker from Mija's desk and starts drawing lines over the photograph of Okja - the one where she's being hugged by Mija. With rough strokes, he divides Okja's body parts like a butcher's meat chart.

HEE BONG (CONT'D)  
Blade shoulder, loin, spare rib,  
hock. This is what she is!

Mija cries even louder - this is deeply disturbing to her. She pushes Hee Bong away and runs out into the windy front yard.

Hee Bong runs after her and manages to grab her.

MIJA  
(yelling)  
No!

As Mija yells, the bank notes she was biting between her lips accidentally fly away in the wind. Hee Bong instinctively throws himself toward the money.

Mija uses the opportunity to run away, dashing into the dark woods.

Hee Bong belatedly realizes his mistake and runs after her - but she is GONE. He breathes heavily as he stands in the black windy forest, the bank-notes clenched in his fist.

HEE BONG  
MIJA - !

Hee Bong's voice echoes throughout the woods. Instead of Mija's answer...

A cacophony of CITY NOISES begin to crowd our ears.

INT. SUBWAY TRANSFER TERMINAL, SOMEWHERE IN SEOUL - DAY

As the NOISE reaches a crescendo, we see a wide staircase filled with SUBWAY PASSENGERS transferring between lines.

Black heads filling the SCREEN move in a single direction. One of the heads turns and looks around - Mija.

INT. PLATFORM, SUBWAY STATION - DAY

Mija stares hopelessly at the large subway map on the wall. The subway lines are intricately spun like spider webs. They resemble Mija's tangled hair and her utterly confused state.

She somehow identifies her destination on the sprawling map and takes out a coin from her fanny pack, inserts it in the ticketing machine. The fanny pack is a promotional gift from Mirando. Mija makes note of the Mirando Korea address and phone number printed on the inside.

EXT. ENTRANCE, MIRANDO KOREA OFFICES - DAY

A white, clean interior brightly lit by fluorescent lights. Mija stands up against the glass door and peers inside. We see an empty front desk with the Mirando logo and a potted tree that has the exact silhouette of the logo.

The lobby is silent until... CLICK, CLICK. A skinny RECEPTIONIST clicks her high heels into the lobby and returns to her seat.

Mija tries to make eye contact, but the Receptionist looks down at her smartphone and doesn't look up. Mija - feeling invisible - KNOCKS on the glass.

The Receptionist finally raises her head and sees Mija's wild appearance. She points to a guest phone attached to a stand in front of the entrance.

RECEPTIONIST  
(mouthing the words)  
Use the phone...

Suppressing her anger, Mija picks up the receiver and presses the 'call' button. We hear upbeat music as the automated voice speaks in Korean/English.

AUTOMATED VOICE (V.O.)  
Welcome to Mirando Korea! If you would like to know the number of the department you are looking for, press #7. If you would like to speed-dial your party, press \*24 to switch to voice recognition mode.

Mija presses the button.



AUTOMATED VOICE (V.O.)  
After the beep, please clearly  
state the name of the person you  
are looking for.

MIJA  
Mun, Do, Park.

AUTOMATED VOICE (V.O.)  
Sorry, I did not hear you. Please  
clearly state the name.

Mija holds the receiver with both hands.

MIJA  
Mun! Do!! Park -- !!!

AUTOMATED VOICE (V.O.)  
Sorry! I did not hear you. Please  
clearly state the name...

Mija screams her lungs off, hoping the Receptionist will  
notice her frustration. The Receptionist gets up and casually  
walks into the back office.

MIJA  
(yelling)  
Wait!

The Receptionist disappears without answering. The front desk  
is empty again.

Mija closes her eyes and takes a deep breath to calm herself.  
She suddenly begins walking backwards. She spins the fanny  
pack to her side and fully zips up her training suit. She  
stands at the opposite end of the long hallway, staring at  
the Mirando Korea entrance. Suddenly...

**She begins to run...**

She charges ahead with explosive speed. Upon nearing the  
entrance, she accelerates even more and throws herself into  
the glass door.

THUMP! Mija's body collides with the door, and the entire  
glass wall vibrates from the tremendous impact.

The door remains intact while Mija bounces off and tumbles on  
the floor.

BEEP! BEEP! The security system is activated. The  
Receptionist hurries out to the lobby. She sees Mija on the  
floor, MOANING.

RECEPTIONIST  
 (startled)  
 Oh my God! Are you okay?

Looking down at the fallen Mija, the Receptionist presses the button of the automatic door. The moment she does, a spider web begins to spread on the glass, and soon the huge glass door begins to come down in a cascade of shards.

The Receptionist SCREAMS as tiny, sharp particles pour onto the floor. Mija immediately leaps up and charges into the office, bumping into the Receptionist on the way. The Receptionist grabs onto the tree that looks exactly like the Mirando logo as she tumbles onto the floor. Dirt pours out of the pot, revealing the bizarre-looking root of the tree. We realize it was a plastic tree all along.

INT. MIRANDO KOREA OFFICES - DAY

Mija runs frantically down a MAZE of LONG, EMPTY FLUORESCENT-LIT CORRIDORS. It's creepy and corporate - the stuff of conspiracy theory nightmares.

MIJA  
 (yelling)  
 Uncle Mundo! Okja! Mundo!

The maze finally opens into a large, brightly lit office. She sees rows and rows of desks - BUT NOT ONE EMPLOYEE.

She runs through the cubicles, looking around.

MIJA (CONT'D)  
 (yelling)  
 Uncle Mundo! Okja!

MIJA'S POV:

A poster on the wall, advertising Mirando's Super Pig project. The copy 'Harvest For The World' accompanies a picture of hundreds of fully grown Super Pigs feeding on the grassy acres of the Mirando corporate Ranch in Arizona.

To Mija the sight is deeply unsettling. It's like seeing hundreds of Okjas.

**At that moment, we hear a SQUEAL. Is it the real Okja?!**

Mija runs toward the sound but is caught by an ELDERLY SECURITY GUARD. She throws him off, sending him into the ground. Now it's the RECEPTIONIST'S turn. She leaps at Mija - but Mija evades her with great athleticism, jumping over desks and cubicles.

Mija runs into a conference room and locks the glass door.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mija runs to the window.

MIJA'S POV:

A PARKING LOT, invisible to the outside world. Mundo and UNIFORMED MIRANDO EMPLOYEES are dragging a chained and roped Okja towards a large trailer.

The Mirando uniforms are surprisingly BRIGHT and COLORFUL and VIBRANT looking.

Okja is desperately resisting - but to no avail.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The OFFICE EMPLOYEES have vacated their desks to form a gallery in the parking lot. They're all busy taking selfies with Okja in the background.

MUNDO  
(yelling at them)  
Hey, put your selfie sticks away!  
This is classified! Those are  
direct orders from HQ in America!

The Employees reluctantly lower their selfie sticks.

MUNDO (CONT'D)  
I don't want to see any of those on  
Instagram.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

MIJA  
(banging on the window)  
Okja!!! Okja!!!

It's like the scene in The Graduate where Ben bangs on the window at the wedding - "Elaine! Elaine!" - except Mundo and the Mirando Employees don't notice Mija. The glass is too thick and soundproofed. We can see she's yelling, but they can't hear a thing.

Mija's eyes are alight with fury. The Security Guard and the Receptionist are unlocking the door when Mija charges toward them and throws herself at the door, knocking them to the ground.

With fierce determination, Mija runs toward the elevator...

EXT. TRAILER - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

As the Uniformed Employees struggle to tie the violently resisting Okja in place, Mundo puts his face against Okja's and raises a selfie stick. He makes his best cute face as he takes a picture.

INT. CAB, MIRANDO TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Mundo climbs in the passenger seat.

MUNDO  
(To the driver)  
Let's go.

The driver is KIM (24). The truck begins to move with a huge roar. Mundo scans Kim up and down, suspicious. Slight frame, baby face, distracted eyes. Something about him is just ...off.

MUNDO (CONT'D)  
You've got a commercial driver's  
licence, right?

KIM  
(Nonchalantly)  
Huh?

MUNDO  
A licence to drive a heavy goods  
vehicle. A Class A truck?

Kim smiles blankly without answering. He steers the truck roughly out of the parking lot and into the outside world.

As he does, we see Mija bolting out of the main entrance.

EXT. STREETS NEAR MIRANDO KOREA - DAY

Mija runs with wild desperation as the truck disappears into the distance. But it soon slows down to merge onto a larger road and Mija accelerates with all her might until she reaches a point where the road continues downhill but the sidewalk remains level with the buildings. She runs alongside the truck until...

...she boldly jumps and - THUMP - lands on the roof of the trailer.

INT. TRAILER, MIRANDO TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

THUMP. Okja looks up at the sound. She SQUEALS and hikes up her head. The Uniformed Employees also look up curiously. Okja can feel Mija's presence above her. She touches the ceiling with her face as she continues to SQUEAL.

EXT. TRAILER ROOF, MIRANDO TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Mija balances herself on the moving trailer. Through the fluttering strands of her hair she sees an overpass approaching.

INT. CAB, MIRANDO TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Mundo sees the overpass. It seems very low. He looks over at Kim, who drives, still looking blank.

MUNDO

What's the height of this truck?

Kim gives Mundo a listless, nonchalant look.

KIM

Uh, they did tell me... it was,  
uh...

Still, Kim doesn't slow down.

The overpass approaches fast. The sign that indicates the height comes into view: 4.2 meters.

Mundo stares at Kim.

EXT. TRAILER ROOF, MIRANDO TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Mija drops to her stomach. She lies flat and closes her eyes.

The truck blasts through.

INT. CAB, MIRANDO TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

KIM

I guess they said it was less than  
4.2 meters.

Mundo wipes his sweat, relieved.

EXT. TRAILER ROOF, MIRANDO TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Mija sits up. She made it. Just.

INT. CAB, MIRANDO TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Kim continues to floor the gas pedal with a blank face.

Mundo looks ahead and sees another overpass quickly approaching. This time the sign reads 3.9 meters.

MUNDO

(Yelling)

The height! Can. You. Remember?

Kim slowly shakes his head and indicates his foggy memory.

KIM

(mumbling)

I can't... They made me drink a  
lot at the staff dinner last  
night...

The overpass approaches. Mundo turns white. He instinctively shrivels his body like a squid on a grill.

EXT. TRAILER ROOF, MIRANDO TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Wind batters Mija's face. She squints and looks ahead at the overpass. Her muscles tense as she instinctively senses danger.

INT. CAB, MIRANDO TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Mundo is too paralyzed to speak. Kim floors the pedal with that dead expression on his face. The 3.9 meter overpass approaches fast.

INT. TRAILER, MIRANDO TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Okja lets out a piercing SQUEAL - as if calling for Mija. The Uniformed Employees cover their ears.

EXT. TRAILER, MIRANDO TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

As Okja SQUEALS, Mija runs toward the back of the trailer. The overpass is about to slam the back of her head when...

...Mija jumps and hangs onto the rear door handle of the trailer.

SPARKS fly as the trailer roof scrapes against the underside of the overpass. The horrible sound of metal scratching against concrete, Mundo's scream, and Mija's shouting overwhelm our ears at once.

Dangling from the handle, Mija BANGS on the rear door of the trailer.

INT. TRAILER, MIRANDO TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The Uniformed Employees stand up to investigate the banging when they get caught between Okja's massive body and the trailer wall. They scream in pain as Okja twists her gigantic body towards Mija.

Mija and Okja cry for each other.

I/E. MIRANDO TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

MUNDO

What was that noise?

But Kim is preoccupied by something different - something VERY STRANGE occurring O.S. His eyes widen.

MUNDO (CONT'D)

(Beat)

What?

Mundo follows Kim's startled stare to the side of the truck.

MUNDO (CONT'D)

(yelling)

**TERRORISTS?!**

A black semi is driving purposefully alongside the Mirando truck. The two occupants - both staring at Mundo - are wearing BLACK SKI-MASKS. One wears a **SUIT** underneath, the other a casual **JACKET**.

JACKET

(broken Korean)

I'm not terrorist... Nice meet you.

But his strange accent, along with the wind noise and roar of the trucks engines, make it impossible for Mundo and Kim to understand him.

MUNDO

What?

JACKET

I don't want hurt you. I don't like fighting. Stop car!

MUNDO

(to Kim)

What the hell are they saying?

JACKET

I said I don't like fighting. Come on, guy. Just cooperate.

(to the Suit)

Shit. Fucker doesn't even understand my Korean...

The **Suit** just looks at the Jacket - his eyes are a curious color.

The **Jacket** rolls up the window. He fixes his ski mask and abruptly turns the handle. SLAM.

The black semi rams into the side of the Mirando truck. Mundo screams like a girl.

The Mirando truck gets sandwiched between the black semi and the underpass wall. Sparks FLY.

Nearby DRIVERS react with horror as the two mammoth trucks duel. Horns blare everywhere.

Amidst the chaos the **Suit** never loses his composure, remaining cool, silent.

The **Jacket** abruptly turns the steering wheel and delivers the final blow. The Mirando truck smashes against the wall.

The violent shaking makes Mija lose her grip on the rear door handle. She tumbles onto the asphalt and screams in pain.

The cars behind her screech and turn to avoid her - adding to the chaos.

The Mirando truck is finally forced to a STOP.

The black semi's trailer door opens and FOUR more people dressed entirely in black and wearing ski-masks come running out - although ONE of the four is noticeably THINNER and SLOWER than the others. They carry various tools. One carries a bolt cutter.



The Uniformed Mirando Employees open the trailer door and are immediately ambushed by the Black Assailants.

The Assailant with the bolt cutter severs the chains binding Okja to the trailer. The Mirando employees watch him, compliantly.

Mundo and Kim are trapped in the cab - sandwiched between the wall and the black semi. Mundo desperately tries to open the door.

The **Suit** leaves the black semi and walks towards Kim and Mundo. They watch his approach with curiosity. **He begins shaking a SPRAY PAINT CAN in his hand.**

He sprays black paint onto the spotless white front end of the truck. He seems to be writing something.

MUNDO

What the...

But Kim finds the whole situation amusing.

MUNDO (CONT'D)

Are you smiling?

KIM

(Nonchalantly)

I'm just watching the destruction  
of Mirando property.

Kim laughs.

Behind the truck, the Black Assailants drag Okja towards their trailer.

**Okja desperately looks around for Mija. But she can't see her anywhere.**

Traffic is at a standstill. DRIVERS in the opposite lane have stopped their cars to take pictures and record video of this bizarre sight.

Suddenly, among the pileup of cars, a girl ARISES. It is Mija. She limps to a car and climbs onto its roof. Her body is covered in grazes but she is undeterred.

She takes a deep breath and blows hard on her WHISTLE. Okja suddenly turns her head as she is being dragged away.

**Okja and Mija finally see each other.**

Despite her injuries, Mija dashes toward Okja. But Okja cannot move. The Black Assailants have her locked down with ropes.

Okja tips her body and rolls over the Black Assailants. They scream - crushed by the weight.

Okja and Mija beeline toward each other. They REUNITE, OVERJOYED. Like a gunslinger jumping onto a running horse in a Western, Mija grabs the rope tied to Okja's body and swiftly jumps onto her back.

Okja pulls an abrupt U-turn and runs toward the open road with Mija on her back.

The **Suit** gives a hand signal to the Black Assailants. They regroup under the Suit's command and board the truck. They chase after Okja.

MUNDO

(To Kim)

Follow them!

KIM

(mumbling)

Fuck it. What do I care? I'm leaving this shit country soon.

MUNDO

What did you say?

KIM

(pulls keys out of ignition and tosses them)

You know what? I DO have a commercial driving license, but my temporary contract doesn't cover me for workplace injuries.

Everything finally makes sense for Mundo. He opens the door and runs out.

MUNDO

You want a workplace injury compensation package?

Mundo starts RUNNING in the direction of Okja.

MUNDO (CONT'D)

(Over his shoulder to Kim)

Then you'd better start showing some LOYALTY to this COMPANY! And THIS IS WHAT COMPANY LOYALTY LOOKS LIKE!

As Mundo proudly yells this he loses his footing and SLAMS into a PARKED CAR - knocking himself UNCONSCIOUS.

EXT. UNDERPASS EXIT - MINUTES LATER

The point where the underpass joins the open road. Okja runs at full speed with Mija on her back while the black semi chases them, quickly closing the gap. The Uniformed Employees belatedly join the chase carrying tranquilizer guns. Mundo holds onto his head as he tags along.

MUNDO  
(to the Uniformed  
Employees)  
Hurry your asses up! Whoever gets  
them first, I'll recommend for a  
permanent contract! With full  
welfare benefits! No bullshit!

The Uniformed Employees consider this, and look at each other awkwardly. But only momentarily as they start running at full speed.

We see police cars approaching from across the intersection with sirens blaring. Mija quickly changes direction and rides Okja toward an underground passage.

INT. UNDERGROUND PASSAGE / UNDERGROUND SHOPPING CENTER

Okja enters the passage and stumbles down the concrete steps. She's never climbed stairs before and is anxious about it. PEDESTRIANS scream and scatter at the sight of the giant pig.

MIJA  
Sorry... Get out of the way!!

The **Suit**, the **Jacket**, and a few of the black assailants follow Okja into the underground. The Pedestrians panic even more at the sight of threatening men in ski masks. The Uniformed Employees follow in with tranquilizer guns, adding to the pandemonium.

INT. UNDERGROUND SHOPPING CENTER - CONTINUOUS

SHOPPERS and SHOP OWNERS scream in horror. Shoes, makeup, clothes and mannequins are blasted into the air as Okja blows past.

A PART-TIME STUDENT dressed as a PINK PIG distributes flyers in front of a newly opened snack bar decorated with colorful balloons. Dance music blares in the background.

He sees the enormous pig hurtling toward him. He begins running for his life - the huge pig face still over his head. As he runs, he desperately fishes for an angle with his smartphone - trying to film a video of Okja and himself.

As Okja makes a sudden turn, her foot gets caught in a clothing rack jutting out of the corner. She falls on top of glass plates displayed before the adjacent store. A loud CRASH. Mija is thrown off Okja's back, landing head first on the floor.

The **Jacket** breaks from his group and rushes to Mija's side, propping her up. Mija looks dazed from the impact.

JACKET

Hey! You okay?

The **Suit** turns around to see Uniformed Mirando Employees aiming their tranquilizer guns at Okja!

He picks up one of the panels displayed in front of the nearby frame shop. The tranquilizer dart flies through the air and sticks on the panel. THUNK. The other assailants also pick up panels, and the subsequent barrage of darts all fall on panels printed with the images of celebrities.

While the Uniformed Employees hurriedly reload their guns, the **Suit** gives a quick hand signal to his group. The black assailants begin charging toward the Employees like terrorists in an ambush.

The **Suit** calmly walks over to the injured Okja and grabs her ankle. He is caring as he touches Okja, having a natural ease around animals. He immediately locates the broken piece of glass lodged in Okja's foot. He quickly and painlessly plucks it out - like when Mija removed the chestnut bur from Okja's foot back in the mountains.

Mija watches, impressed.

MIJA

Who are you guys?

INT. UNDERPASS - CONTINUOUS

KIM

ALF... Animal Liberation Front?

Kim searches 'A.L.F.' on the Google browser of his smartphone. He looks at the spray-painted "A.L.F" on the front of the Mirando truck.

## INT. UNDERGROUND SHOPPING CENTER

Instead of answering, the **Jacket** lifts his t-shirt and shows Mija a TATTOO - a balaclava-wearing, angel-winged Animal Liberation Front member embracing a lamb in his arms.

Mija stares blankly at the tattoo as POLICEMEN come running from the opposite end of the passage with tear gas guns drawn.

The group - along with Okja and Mija - stand and run. The police give chase.

The **Jacket** sees a passage that leads to a garage. He directs the other members towards it and shouts into the phone.

JACKET

Underground garage! Zone 3!

## INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The group bolt out of the door just as the black semi speeds toward them from the opposite side.

The back doors of the trailer are already open and Mija jumps in first. She gives a sign to Okja, who climbs in with great difficulty. The A.L.F. members push Okja's behind with their combined strength. Again, ONE seems frailer than the others. Once Okja is inside, the Assailants climb aboard.

The Police finally arrive and haphazardly fire their tear gas guns, but to no avail. The black semi speeds away, the back doors still swinging open, the policemen running pathetically after them.

Suddenly a man squeezes through the group of Policemen and leaps to the front with tremendous speed. It is none other than MUNDO, with the UNIFORMED MIRANDO EMPLOYEES running behind him.

Mundo chases the semi with fierce determination. The A.L.F. members watch with mild curiosity.

Okja suddenly bends her body and perks up her ears as she turns to Mija. Mija stares in disbelief.

MIJA

Now?

Mija sighs.

MIJA (CONT'D)  
Well, I guess you've been holding  
it in for a long time.

Mija gives Okja the sign.

**Okja begins pooping. The scale is beyond epic.**

Her tail spins like a propeller as she unleashes a veritable  
'shit storm.' Mundo has nearly closed the gap when he's  
BOMBARDED with countless pieces of shit.

Two A.L.F. members look on as Mundo cries in horror.

A.L.F. MEMBER 1  
I never tire of the way they shit.

A.L.F. MEMBER 2  
Could watch it all day.

The black semi reaches the exit. It smashes through the gate -  
leaving Mundo a dejected shit-covered blob in the distance.

INT. TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Mija hugs Okja's face tightly. The A.L.F. members - still in  
their ski-masks - watch them.

MIJA  
(Whispering)  
I'll never leave you again.

JACKET  
(Translating)  
I'll never leave you again.

MIJA  
I'm taking you back to the  
mountains.

JACKET  
(Translating)  
I'm taking you back to the  
mountains.

Mija glances suspiciously at the Black Assailants in their  
ski-masks.

FEMALE A.L.F. MEMBER  
Stop with the creepiness, K.

JACKET  
What? I'm not being creepy.

FEMALE A.L.F. MEMBER  
 You don't think that's creepy?  
 Translating everything she's saying  
 in your balaclava and your eerie  
 man's voice?

JACKET  
 (Thinly)  
 The mission is no longer as we'd  
 planned it because the girl showed  
 up so I'm providing the team with  
 unfolding intel. And BY THE WAY.  
 This isn't my "eerie man's voice".  
 It's my VOICE.

SUIT  
 (With quiet authority)  
 Shhh!

The bickering A.L.F. members dutifully shut up. The **Suit** walks over to Mija. He crouches to her eye-level and takes off his balaclava. He is **JAY** - good-looking, serious (30s).

As he removes his balaclava, the other A.L.F. members take off theirs. They're all younger than Jay, in their 20s. Jay introduces each member to Mija. **Jacket** is **K** (Asian). The woman is **RED**. The two others are men - **BLOND** and **SILVER**. Each are named after the color of their hair. Silver looks sweet, but socially awkward, very thin. Red and Blond look restless.

JAY  
 ...And my name is Jay.

K TRANSLATES for Mija - word-for-word.

MIJA  
 I'm Mija. And this is Okja.

K  
 (chuckling)  
 Mija. Okja. Those are like old-fashioned names. That's sweet.

Jay gives K a "so what" look. Awkward silence.

JAY  
 We are animal lovers. We rescue animals from slaughterhouses, zoos, labs. We tear down cages and set them free. This is why we rescued Okja.

Mija bows politely.

MIJA

Thank you so much.

Jay speaks in an overly formal manner as he fixes his necktie.

JAY

For forty years our group has  
liberated animals from places of  
abuse.

Jay gestures to K. K removes a mini-tablet from his jacket and shows it to Mija.

CLOSE on the mini-tablet. OLD ARCHIVE FILM of the A.L.F. smashing down doors with hammers and crowbars and rescuing the caged animals inside.

JAY (CONT'D)

We inflict economic damage on those  
who profit from their misery. We  
reveal their atrocities to the  
public. And we never harm anyone -  
human or non-human. That is our  
forty year credo.

THUMP. Jay turns at the sound of something falling and sees Silver barely being held up by Blond. He looks pale, sickly.

JAY (CONT'D)

Are you okay, Silver?  
(to Blond)  
He didn't eat anything even today?

BLOND

(shaking his head)  
He's still trying to leave the  
smallest footprint he can on the  
planet Earth.

SILVER

(weakly)  
All food production is  
exploitative.

BLOND

(exasperated)  
What about tomatoes?

SILVER

Ripened with ethylene gas.  
Transported in trucks.



JAY

I admire your conviction, Silver,  
but your pallid complexion worries  
me.

Jay turns to Mija.

JAY (CONT'D)

How long have you and Okja lived  
together?

MIJA

Since I was four.

At this the group let out a low sigh.

JAY

Do you know where she was being  
taken?

MIJA

To America. The Best Super Pig  
Fest.

JAY

Yes. But she was being taken  
**somewhere** else first. Mija. You  
need to prepare yourself.  
Everything you believe you know  
about Okja is a lie.

Mija instinctively reaches out to touch Okja.

JAY (CONT'D)

Okja's other destination was...

K presses the screen on his mini-tablet. We see PHOTOGRAPHS  
of a WAREHOUSE. It looks ABANDONED. But it's surrounded by  
barbed wired fences and AMERICAN SECURITY GUARDS.

JAY (CONT'D)

This underground laboratory in  
Paramus, New Jersey. This is the  
building where Okja was created.

Mija frowns - then grins.

MIJA

No, Okja was born on a ranch in  
Arizona. Her mother was born in  
Chile. On a beautiful farm.

JAY

Okja was created in this lab. So was her so-called 'mother'. **This is where Mirando experiment with their genetically mutated animals.**

Mija looks troubled.

JAY (CONT'D)

They're looking to develop the breed that will generate them the biggest profit. In that very lab. You and the other local farmers across the world are just promotional devices for them - just a picturesque backdrop.

MIJA

Backdrop?

SILVER

They make everything seem cosy. But it's not cosy. It's never cosy.

JAY

Mirando know their consumers won't eat mutant GM foods. So ten years ago their 'beautiful' head psychopath Lucy Mirando - who by the way became CEO by forcing out another psychopath named Nancy Mirando in a fucked-up coup d'état... Anyway, they went into the laboratory and dug around amongst all the disfigured, misshapen creatures to unearth the prettiest ones.

As K quietly translates, he shows Mija more photographs of the laboratory's innocuous-looking exterior.

JAY (CONT'D)

And then - big fanfare - she sent them around the world.

K pulls up a file on his mini-tablet. It's VIDEO of Lucy's press conference from ten years ago. We see the photographs of the SUPER PIGLETS being handed to farmers across the world. We see Lucy on the stage...

REPORTER

When do we get to see the big pigs?

For a tiny moment, Lucy looks like she doesn't know what to say. Then she recovers.

LUCY

Ten years.

K pauses the video - a freeze-frame of Lucy, a triumphant glint in her eye.

JAY

You know why she said ten years? To consolidate power. The longer the project's duration, the longer she'd get to be at the top, running things.

RED

And those were the ten years you spent with Okja.

Mija stares blankly, her face crowded with conflicting emotions.

JAY

And now the ten years are nearly up. They've been frantically breeding super pigs and soon the supermarkets will be filled with their flesh and organs. Dog food, hot dogs, bacon...

K translates clearly for Mija.

JAY (CONT'D)

**Our plan is to put a stop to their project by exposing the lab and its crimes against animals.** But to do so, we need video from **inside** - footage of the horrible atrocities being committed in the lab. And there's a problem.

Mija is now completely immersed in the story. She looks at him intently.

JAY (CONT'D)

The security is impenetrable. Other groups have tried and failed to get in.

(Beat)

But there is a way. Although we will only go ahead with it if you give us your consent.

At this, K stops translating and stares at Jay. So do the other A.L.F. members.

Jay nods.

BLOND  
(protesting)  
If this kid doesn't give her  
consent, we're going to abandon the  
mission?

JAY  
(to K)  
Please don't translate. Hold on.  
(to everyone)  
We do not harm any non-human or  
human. This little girl is Okja's  
*family* and I will not harm her by  
forcing a mission upon her that she  
does not consent to.

RED  
We have to abort just because some  
man from the 1970s wrote a fucking  
'credo'?

BLOND  
Tradition doesn't make a movement  
strong.

SILVER  
(coughing violently)  
*WE* make a movement strong.

Jay looks around coolly at his riled up colleagues. He doesn't have to raise his voice. His quiet charisma instantly subdues everyone. The trailer, once again silent.

JAY  
(Calmly)  
If that's how you feel call  
yourself something else and not the  
A.L.F. and don't come around here  
anymore.

The members look abashed by Jay's words. Jay quietly gazes into Mija's eyes.

JAY (CONT'D)  
In order to expose Mirando we need  
video from inside the laboratory...

K hesitates briefly before continuing to translate.

JAY (CONT'D)

And this is where your Okja comes in. The Mirando scientists are dying to get their hands on her at their underground lab. Their star super pig! They're desperate to put her through a slew of tests.

(Beat)

Which is why we've made this.

K removes a small, black electronic device from his pocket and shows it to Mija.

JAY (CONT'D)

It looks exactly like the black box on Okja's ear, right? But this one has a transmitter that will wirelessly send their video feed to us. We want to replace the device on Okja's ear with this, so Okja can send us a live feed from inside the laboratory.

K

(in Korean - to Mija)

It will be like Okja's hidden camera show!

Mija is still confused.

MIJA

You want to send Okja to America?  
To this laboratory?

JAY

(nodding)

I'm sorry. That was indeed our plan. Rescue Okja, replace the black box, and let Mirando retake Okja.

Mija can't believe what she's hearing.

JAY (CONT'D)

But don't worry. They won't hurt Okja. They wouldn't dare. She needs to be perfect for their beauty pageant. Whatever tests they'll do on her in there will need to be harmless.

Mija nods but looks concerned.

JAY (CONT'D)

You have to trust us. We've been planning this mission for a long time. We have a detailed plan on how to rescue her from the event in New York City. We promise to bring her back to you.

We hear POLICE SIRENS growing closer in the background. Jay carefully puts a hand on Mija's shoulder.

JAY (CONT'D)

If our mission succeeds we'll be able to shut down Mirando's Super Pig project completely. We'll be saving millions of Super Pigs like Okja from death.

Jay looks straight into Mija's eyes, pleading earnestly. Mija looks straight back.

JAY (CONT'D)

But we won't do it without your approval.

Mija looks at Jay with a grave expression. The police sirens in the distance get louder...

JAY (CONT'D)

What is your decision?

K translates the last question in a solemn voice.

MIJA

I'm going back to the mountain with Okja.

She says it just like that - bluntly and squarely. In Korean, it sounds even more blunt and square. K tries to hide his surprise, speechless. Jay and the other members eagerly await his translation.

K takes a deep breath before saying...

K

She agrees to the mission.

Neither Mija nor the A.L.F. members notice K's lie. The members applaud vigorously. Jay gives her a warm, sincere hug, deeply moved. Mija stands there, not knowing what just happened.

JAY

Thank you.

The SIRENS are closer than ever.

The members put on their balaclavas. K opens the small side door of the trailer. Cold wind rushes in.

He yells into his cell phone:

K

Go!!

He takes out a Ziplock bag from his pocket and puts his mini-tablet and iPhone in the bag. The members form a single file before him and deposit their own cell phones into the bag.

EXT. RIVERSIDE EXPRESSWAY - EVENING

The sun has nearly set. The black semi races through the dark riverside road. We see police cars and Mirando security cars chasing after it with SIRENS blaring.

The semi steers toward the railing, so close that we plainly see the dark river below. While other A.L.F. members hesitate nervously, Silver limps to the door and fearlessly jumps off the truck.

SILVER

Aaaaah - !!

INT. TRAILER, BLACK SEMI

Motivated by Silver, Blond and Red dive off after him. Jay is the last one to put his cell phone in K's Ziplock bag. He turns to Mija.

JAY

Till we meet again.

Jay swiftly dives out of the truck. K winks at Mija as he closes the Ziplock bag bulging with cell phones.

EXT. RIVERBANK, HAN RIVER - EVENING

A BIKER riding along the bank looks up in surprise when a black figure jumps from the expressway above and SPLASHES into the water. SPLASH, SPLASH. Columns of water go up, and the black figures subsequently swim out of the water one by one. JOGGERS stop and watch the bizarre spectacle.

EXT. RIVERSIDE EXPRESSWAY / TRAILER, BLACK SEMI - EVENING

Once K jumps, the A.L.F. member who was driving stops the truck and runs out. He throws his outdated folder phone into the river and himself jumps off the expressway. SPLASH.

The police cars and Mirando security cars surround the black semi. POLICEMEN run out of their vehicles and look down at the river, defeated. The circular ripples from the last splash slowly disperse.

POLICE 1

You swim?

POLICE 2

Uh-uh. Never.

While the Police look for a way down to the bank, the Uniformed Mirando Employees open the door of the trailer. Headlights and red police lights flood inside the trailer to reveal Okja and a wide-eyed Mija standing side by side. Mija tries to hide her confusion and anger, but her eyes are moist with tears.

AMERICAN NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

The Animal Liberation Front...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, MIRANDO COMPANY HEADQUARTERS - DAY

ON THE TV: Amateur footage of A.L.F. members with bolt cutters and other tools ambushing the Mirando truck in the underpass.

AMERICAN NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

...hasn't been in the headlines for a number of years, but they are back in the spotlight after today's extraordinary events.

16 people - including Lucy Mirando, Frank, Johnny, and Jennifer - sit around the table and watch the news. They are silent, their expressions grave. The scene looks exactly like the photo of Obama, Hillary and the national security team watching the Bin Laden raid in the White House situation room - right down to the gestures and the facial expressions.

The only unruffled person among them is head assistant Frank, who sits in the middle in a leisurely, presidential manner.

AMERICAN NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

The group seems to have been highly organized.



ON THE TV: We see **KIM** - the Mirando driver - being interviewed in front of the truck spray-painted with the "A.L.F." sign. He speaks surprisingly good English.

KIM  
 (smiling)  
 They were fast, organized, and on point, like ninjas. No way a salary man from Mirando could take them.  
 (laughs)  
 Mirando is completely fucked!  
 Completely fucked!

A BEEP censors Kim every time he says "fucked," but he says it with such emphasis that it is impossible not to read his lips.

The Mirando employees bat their eyes nervously, worried about Lucy's reaction.

ON THE TV: A repeat of the news footage of A.L.F. members running in formation.

EXECUTIVE 1  
 Look at *that* one!

He points at the blurry figure of Silver, lagging behind.

EXECUTIVE 1 (CONT'D)  
 Get some exercise, you dick!

He laughs and glances at Lucy for approval. The tension is palpable.

FRANK  
 I wouldn't worry too much, Luce.  
 The A.L.F technically failed.

EXECUTIVE 1  
 They weren't even able to take the product.

EXECUTIVE 2  
 This is just a kerfuffle over nothing. We shouldn't make a big deal out of it.

EXECUTIVE 1  
 It actually means the security at our US facilities and main office is so airtight that they wouldn't even think about breaking in. That's why they went all the way to South Korea.

## EXECUTIVE 2

The important thing is that the pig  
is on its way to New York now.

## JENNIFER

(Brightly)

Right! The Best Super Pig Fest will  
continue as planned!

Their eyes flicker nervously towards Lucy - who has thus far  
said nothing. Finally, she stirs.

## LUCY

(quietly)

I know what they call me. They call  
me a psychopath.

## JENNIFER

YOU'RE not a psychopath! THEY'RE  
the psychopaths, right, Ms.  
Mirando? They're narcissists.

Jennifer glances around the conference room, pleased with  
herself.

## LUCY

Do narcissists wear balaclavas?

## FRANK

Oh, crazy radicals have been  
calling us psychopaths since the  
'60s! You're a psychopath! Your  
sister's a psychopath! Your daddy  
was a psychopath!

We barely notice, but Frank has a CELLPHONE concealed in his  
hand. We see the name "Nancy Mirando" on the screen. He's  
surreptitiously pointing it in Lucy's direction.

## LUCY

Daddy WAS a psychopath, Frank.  
That's not an unfair slur. "What  
did YOU do in the War, Daddy?" "I  
manufactured the napalm that made  
everyone's skin fall off!" And he  
calls ME an idiot loser?

## FRANK

In fairness to your father when he  
called you an idiot loser...

## LUCY

Yes?

FRANK

You had just signed up for a two year course in California called Unleash Your Calling.

LUCY

At a highly respected Institute for the Advancement of Human Potential. Where many forward-thinking CEOs go.

Lucy's anxiety level is rising. She's beginning to display subtle OCD symptoms - repeating phrases and movements.

LUCY (CONT'D)

And if you can't see the correlation between the advancement of my human potential and the fact we're currently on the cusp of the biggest product launch in the history of the food industry then I don't know what! You know how I spent my time at the Institute? VISUALIZING new and better ways of doing business! While SISTER was... what was the name of the lake that exploded?

FRANK

Moose Lake.

LUCY

While my sister was dumping so much toxic waste into Moose Lake it EXPLODED... the only lake ever to explode, well done, Nancy... I was visualizing how to turn the most hated agrochemical company in America into the most likeable miracle pig rearing company. And it's WORKING! It's WORKING! It was WORKING until last night. Until last night the synthesis between New Mirando and Old Mirando was impeccable!

Lucy holds both of her hands in the air.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I took science...

Lucy manipulates her left hand into a deformed claw.

LUCY (CONT'D)

And nature...

Lucy waves her right hand softly, mimicking ocean waves or a field of crops blowing gently in the wind.

LUCY (CONT'D)

And I synthesized.

She brings both hands together, mimicking a flower blooming.

LUCY (CONT'D)

And EVERYONE loved it. Remember what the New York Times called our Super Pigs? "Intriguing." Slate: "Lucy Mirando is pulling off the impossible. She's making us fall in love with a creature that we're also excited about eating." These are journalists who never write about pigs! They never write about pigs! But they wrote about OUR pigs. Ten years of planning! We're on the cusp of launching a product that will feed MILLIONS! And what happens? We fall victim to terrorism. And somehow WE'RE the ones that come out looking bad?

JENNIFER

(brightly)

Oh, we don't look too bad!

LUCY

We don't? Rewind!

A beat. Jennifer nervously presses rewind - knowing Lucy is right about how bad they look.

ON THE TV: Footage of the moment of Okja's recapture. Uniformed Mirando Employees drag Okja back to the Mirando truck. We see Mija crying and desperately trying to stop them.

AMERICAN NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

Following the failed kidnapping, Mirando Company employees were securing their super pig when a young girl suddenly stepped in and tried to stop them.

ON THE TV: Uniformed Mirando Employees - the guys Mundo had promised full time contracts to - pull Mija away. They're rough, violent.

AMERICAN NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)  
The girl was later revealed to be  
the granddaughter of a local farmer  
selected by Mirando CEO Lucy  
Mirando to...

LUCY  
Pause.

Jennifer does.

ON THE TV: FREEZE-FRAME of the Uniformed Employees roughly  
pulling the poor, crying Mija away.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
And there it is! The image that's  
going to destroy us! Who are those  
idiots?

Lucy points at the Uniformed Employees.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Find out and fire them.

JENNIFER  
(Brightly)  
Sure! Leave it with me!

Jennifer looks delighted and relieved that others are getting  
the blame.

LUCY  
Abusing that adorable girl in the  
uniforms I personally designed!  
What are we famous for?

A silence, before it dawns on the Executives that Lucy isn't  
asking a rhetorical question.

EXECUTIVE 1  
Super pigs?

LUCY  
Holding indigenous farmers in high  
esteem! Who are we violently  
manhandling right there on TV?

EXECUTIVE 2  
(beat)  
The granddaughter of an indigenous  
farmer.

LUCY

Is that the reason why she's crying?

EXECUTIVE 1

(cautiously)

Yes?

LUCY

It's one of two reasons she's crying. What's the other reason?

EXECUTIVE 2

(beat)

We're taking away her super pig?

LUCY

We are shoving her best friend into a truck! That's going to kill us. Right there. That image. We're dead.

Unbeknownst to Lucy, Frank has his phone pressed to his ear, listening. He puts it down. Suddenly, he pushes his chair back with a loud SQUEAK. He casually saunters over to the coffee machine and makes himself a capsule coffee. The machine pisses out coffee with a loud, obnoxious WHIR.

FRANK

Lucy... May I say something?

Frank looks over at Lucy as he smells his coffee.

FRANK (CONT'D)

The girl. You're thinking of inviting her to New York, aren't you?

A light bulb goes off in Lucy's head.

LUCY

I was just about to say that!

FRANK

Yes, of course.

(nods)

You'll invite her to The Best Super Pig Festival and...

LUCY

(cutting him off)

A moving reunion! The Best Pig and the adorable farmer girl forced to part but reunited on our stage.

FRANK

Of course!  
(smiles)  
Brilliant, Lucy.

LUCY

An emotional reunion, then the two  
of them leave the stage. Hand in  
hand. Hand in trotter!

Frank watches Lucy become more and more excited. He is more  
laid back than ever.

LUCY (CONT'D)

She'll be the face of the Mirando  
Company! The living embodiment of  
the Mirando ideal. Young, pretty,  
eco-friendly, global! She's a  
godsend! Are you writing all this  
down?!

Jennifer and the Executives write notes with fury.

Suddenly Johnny stands up in a HUFF.

JOHNNY

Uh. She's not the face of the  
Mirando Company. I am. You don't  
even know if she can DO anything  
other than cry. Whereas I am much  
loved all over the world!

LUCY

(With unexpected venom)  
Sit down.

Johnny lets out a GASP.

JOHNNY

You're... forcing me to...

LUCY

To do WHAT?

JOHNNY

To examine my options.

LUCY

Go on then. Examine them. Are you  
examining them now? Have you  
finished examining them?

Lucy stares at Johnny. He sits down - his humiliation  
complete.

Lucy resumes her conversation with Jennifer like nothing happened.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Get her a first-class ticket and book her a hotel! She probably doesn't have a passport. Get her a passport! Don't try to force an image on her - like what Benetton did to those Asian girl models.

Jennifer takes notes with impossible speed, her pen a mere blur.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
No! I've got a BETTER idea! Get her wearing a Mirando uniform. Let's reclaim the uniform after what those idiots did!

INT. CEO OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Lucy's limp body is sprawled on the sofa. Her iPhone rings. The words Nancy Mirando flash up on the screen.

LUCY  
(Muttering)  
Oh fuck off.

Lucy ignores it. But the phone keeps ringing. Finally Lucy picks up.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Hey Nance!

NANCY (V.O.)  
Hey Luce!

LUCY  
I guess you saw the news. Don't worry. It's under control.

NANCY (V.O.)  
What news? What are you talking about?

LUCY  
(beat)  
Oh. Nothing.  
(beat)  
So, how's London? Do you ever get time to go to fun places like the London Eye and the London Dungeon?  
(MORE)



LUCY (CONT'D)

I never have a free minute, but I figure running Mirando Global is more taxing than running Mirando UK. Oh! You should try Madam Tussauds! Have you been there yet?

NANCY (V.O.)

(beat)

No.

LUCY

I heard such an interesting thing about Madam Tussauds. When the celebrities become has-beens they just melt down the heads and turn them into someone more fashionable. Saddam Hussain is Justin Timberlake now. Anyway. How ARE you?

NANCY (V.O.)

I just phoned to wish you luck. 10 years! Your dream project is finally about to come to fruition! Everything you've worked towards!

LUCY

Yeah, it's exciting!

NANCY (V.O.)

It must be, right? The basket containing all of your eggs! Every single one of your eggs! You must be SO excited.

The blood drains from Lucy's face. Nancy can still terrify her.

NANCY (V.O.)

You must be SO excited!

INT. POLICE STATION, SEOUL - EARLY MORNING

Mija crouches inside the police station. A few REPORTERS surround her, shoving their microphones into her face.

REPORTER 1

They're going to charge you with property damage and obstruction of justice. Did you know that?

Mija looks blank.

REPORTER 1 (CONT'D)  
 Animal Liberal Front, right?  
 People are saying you're a member.  
 Is that true?

Mija stays silent, her head lowered. The Reporter comes closer.

REPORTER 2  
 It says on the Internet you have an  
 A.L.F. tattoo on your arm.

Reporter 2 tries to lift up her sleeve, but Mija slaps his hand away. A FEMALE REPORTER who'd been watching from behind jumps in and tries to forcibly pull up Mija's sleeve. Mija resists mightily. As she grapples with the Female Reporter, we see someone hurtling into the station in the background with a worried face - **Hee Bong**.

Hee Bong squeezes in between the Reporters and grabs Mija's arm. He raises the sleeve himself.

HEE BONG  
 Let me see!

The Reporters briefly step back at Hee Bong's apparent aggression. Hee Bong checks Mija's arms, neck, everywhere.

HEE BONG (CONT'D)  
 Tell me where you were hurt. Are  
 you okay?

With that, the floodgates open. Mija puts her arms around Hee Bong and begins to bawl. Hee Bong embraces her tightly. The Reporters quickly realize who Hee Bong is and shove their mics toward him. FLASHES explode.

HEE BONG (CONT'D)  
 Stop with the cameras... She's just  
 a baby.

REPORTER  
 You're her guardian, aren't you?

HEE BONG  
 Go away...

Hee Bong hides Mija with one arm while pushing away the Reporters with the other. He is never violent but puts up a formidable fight as he fends them off. He is old but strong.

HEE BONG (CONT'D)  
 Be civil, will you? Don't test me  
 now...

The Reporters are backing away when one of them suddenly dips down and POPS a flash up at Mija's face. Hee Bong violently SLAPS the camera away, stunning the Reporter.

HEE BONG (CONT'D)

Sorry! That's an expensive camera.

As soon as he apologizes he returns to roughly pushing the reporters. The grappling match becomes more and more heated. DETECTIVES and POLICE OFFICERS belatedly swarm the scene. The station quickly descends into chaos.

Suddenly, a familiar voice rings throughout the station.

MUNDO (O.S.)

Mi - Ja - !

Mundo is walking into the station. Choi - the Mirando Korea translator from the mountain - follows him with a flower basket. Wearing a radiant smile, Mundo walks past bewildered faces and hands the flower basket to Mija. It is lavishly decorated with Mirando company colors.

I/E. CONVENIENCE STORE - EARLY MORNING

The store is brightly lit by fluorescent lights. Mija stands at the window-side bar and eats cup ramen. The flower basket lies next to her. Mundo and Hee Bong and Choi smoke in front of the store.

HEE BONG

So all the damage in the shopping center... Mirando will pay for that too?

MUNDO

How many times do I have to tell you? HQ is paying for everything. The main office in America.

HEE BONG

The glass door in your office Mija shattered. That too?

MUNDO

That's what you're worried about? They are inviting her out to America. She'll be doing Mirando commercials pretty soon.

Having finished her ramen, Mija walks out toward Hee Bong and Mundo. She hurls the Mirando flower basket at Mundo's feet.

MIJA  
Forget commercials. Get her on the  
phone right now!

MUNDO  
(startled)  
Phone? Who?

MIJA  
I need to talk to Okja. I need to  
find out how she is.

Choi stares blankly.

HEE BONG  
They do that... you know, talk to  
each other. They've always done it.

CHOI  
(scrambling)  
Okja's probably on the plane right  
now. She won't be able to answer.

OVER Mija's seething face, we hear the deafening noise of an  
airplane.

As upbeat MONTAGE MUSIC begins, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. JFK INT'L AIRPORT - DAY

We see a large passenger airliner from behind as it touches  
down on a landing strip. The wheels touch the ground with an  
ear-splitting noise.

EXT. STORAGE HANGAR, JFK - DAY

As the MONTAGE MUSIC continues, we see large CARGO being  
unloaded from the back of the plane. We follow one of the  
containers - a large metal cage. We see Okja crouched inside.

MIRANDO HQ EMPLOYEES and PRIVATE SECURITY CONTRACTORS swarm  
the cage as soon as it hits the tarmac.

I/E. CAGE, MOVING TRUCK - DAY

Okja sits inside the cage with a sullen expression. She  
nervously blinks her eyes.

OKJA'S POV: Through a small opening on the side, she sees the unfamiliar scenery of New York passing by. The fake black-box/video transmission device is also pointed outside.

I/E. A.L.F. SEDAN, NEW YORK STREETS - DAY

The A.L.F. team is crowded into the Sedan. Brief static as K's laptop begins receiving the video signal from Okja.

K  
Got it! The signal's good.  
(to the members in the  
backseat)  
We're seeing what Okja's seeing.

K sits in the passenger seat with his laptop connected to a satellite receiver. Through the front windshield, we see the Mirando truck about 50 meters ahead of the sedan.

RED  
(driving)  
Hey, pretty good resolution. Can't  
wait to see inside the laboratory!

BLOND  
Brought to you live from Mirando's  
secret underground lab. We invite  
you to the mecca of genetic  
modification!

Blond giggles as he imitates a travel channel host. He keeps pushing a sandwich into Silver's hand, who only picks at it and looks through its contents. Jay sits behind K and quietly regards the laptop screen.

JAY  
(barely containing his  
excitement)  
In this moment only the five of us  
know what the whole world will soon  
know. This mission has the  
potential to surpass ...my God...  
we may surpass even the Silver  
Spring Monkey liberation in terms  
of epoch-defining A.L.F.  
operations! We are ushering in a  
new era!

The members cringe at Jay's pompous way of talking. An awkward silence. K yells to Red, trying to change the mood.

K

Slow down. Let's put some distance  
between us and them. I want to test  
how far the signal reaches.

EXT. R.F.K BRIDGE - DAY

The MONTAGE MUSIC escalates. The East River glistens under the sun. A vast AERIAL VIEW: The Mirando truck crosses the bridge, surrounded by escort vehicles. We see the A.L.F. sedan far behind.

INT. INCHEON INT'L AIRPORT - DAY

The MONTAGE MUSIC continues.

Mija wears a passport/ticket pouch over her neck, the ones given to unaccompanied minors. Hee Bong takes out the gold pig from his pocket.

HEE BONG

Take this. In case there's an  
emergency. You might need money.  
Make sure you hide it well.

Mija takes it, hugs Hee Bong. Mundo hurries Mija toward the departure gate, where reporters are gathered. Choi hands Mija a large bouquet.

MIJA

Where's Okja now? Why won't you let  
me talk to her?

MUNDO

(forced smile)

We'll call her soon! Let's take a  
picture first.

A shoddy event obviously organized at the last minute.  
'Congratulations - Winner of the Best Super Pig World  
Competition. Joo Mija Send-Off Ceremony.' The Mirando Korea  
BRANCH PRESIDENT and the DIRECTOR of the National Livestock  
Cooperative have already taken their places under the banner.  
Mundo shoves Mija between them. Mija forces a toothy smile as  
cameras FLASH.

MIJA

(to Mundo - through her  
forced smile)

You want me to be nice in New York?  
Get me Okja on the phone.

INT. MARKETING DEPARTMENT, MIRANDO HQ - DAY

The MONTAGE MUSIC continues.

CLOSE on a screen: We see an amateur You Tube VIDEO of Mija riding Okja in the Seoul supermarket. It's had 126 million views.

A team of young MIRANDO MARKETING EMPLOYEES sit in front of their computers and eagerly watch their boss, Jennifer.

JENNIFER  
(Brightly)  
And... GO!

All at once, the Mirando Marketing Employees begin enthusiastically typing.

CLOSE on their screens: They're typing messages on TWITTER and TUMBLR and FACEBOOK and YOU TUBE and INSTAGRAM - an orchestrated corporate endeavor to flood the Internet with Mirando positivity:

"Yo, I heard the hot You Tube girl riding the giant pig is coming to NYC!!!" "Cute!" "Totally my type!" "She's gonna be at the Mirando Best Super Pig Fest in NYC!! AWESOME!" "LOVE HER!!!" "The hot girl and Dr. Johnny and the giant pig together in NYC!!! SO COOL!!!"

INT. PLANE - NIGHT

Mija sleeps, her body awkwardly folded in her first-class seat. A FEMALE CABIN ATTENDANT stops to pull up her blanket. She removes the "**Smile: Beginner's Conversation English**:" book from her hand and puts it in the seat-back pocket. Mija sweats from a nightmare. Her eyes twitch under the lids.

INSERT - MIJA'S DREAM / FLASHBACK

Grainy B & W footage. POV of Mija sitting in the backseat of a compact car:

Okja - at this point a piglet - looks up from Mija's embrace and tries to lick her face/the CAMERA. In the front seat, we see the back of Mija's DAD, who turns toward Mija, but whose face is washed featureless by the strong backlight. We also see the silhouette of Mija's MOM in the next seat. Her mouth is open wide as if to scream, but we can't hear anything.

Through the front windshield, we see a large truck crossing the yellow line of the narrow mountain road and hurtling toward Mija's car. Okja the piglet SQUEALS in the foreground.

CUT TO:

The car is crashed in the woods on the steep incline bordering the road. Okja crawls out of the broken window and looks inside the car with a worried look. We see five-year-old Mija bleeding, her eyes out of focus. Okja climbs toward the road as fast as she can.

CUT TO:

Grainy footage from a fixed high angle CAMERA... seems to be traffic camera footage from the road:

Okja climbs onto the road and begins SQUEALING frantically toward the cars as they whiz by dangerously close to her. One car stops, and a YOUNG MAN steps out. Okja continues to SQUEAL as she leads the man down to the woods. The man discovers the wreckage and hurries down the incline after her.

The upbeat MONTAGE MUSIC changes into...

I/E. LABORATORY ENTRANCE, PARAMUS, NEW JERSEY - EVENING

...DARK, OPPRESSIVE MUSIC.

CLOSE ON Okja's terrified face as she's dragged into the dilapidated warehouse - the front for the laboratory. The lights are dim and the atmosphere ominous.

I/E. NEARBY MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The A.L.F. team is gathered around the laptop, eyes anxiously on the screen. Red opens the large bag and takes out a round satellite dish.

K connects the satellite dish to the receiver. With the dish up, static decreases and the image becomes clearer.

JAY  
Are we recording?

K  
Of course.

We begin to see the inside of the secret laboratory through Okja's POV. The A.L.F. members all lean in.



SILVER

Oh my God.

INT. LABORATORY - WHITE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Okja's POV: We see small cages lined on either side of the hallway, each containing tiny Super Piglets: A piglet with a hideously large tumor, one with red, veiny eyes and neck-twitching tic symptoms, one dragging its deformed hind legs...

Victims of genetic experimentation. They SQUEAL loudly when they see Okja. Okja also lets out a heart-wrenching SQUEAL as if commiserating with the piglets in the cages.

The seasoned MIRANDO LABORATORY WORKERS move Okja toward a steel door, pulling on her leash and poking her from behind with stun batons. The Worker in the front opens the door to reveal an immaculate white room. Inside the room is none other than Dr. Johnny Wiseman! He greets Okja enthusiastically, dressed in a white gown.

JOHNNY

Okja!

He runs his hands over Okja's body.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

So we reunite. In this wretched laboratory no less.

Johnny lovingly caresses Okja's face, clearly drunk. Behind him, we see a hideous male Super Pig twisting its gigantic body. It is about 1.5 times the size of Okja.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Let me introduce you to each other.  
Alfonso, say hello to Okja! Okja,  
Alfonso! Your boyfriend! Haha!

Johnny drags Okja toward **ALFONSO**, the male pig. As the steel door shuts with a loud CLANK, the MONTAGE MUSIC abruptly stops.

Oppressive SILENCE fills the screen.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Heavy silence. The faces of the A.L.F. members are lit by the ghostly light of the computer screen.

They are seeing Okja's POV, but because one side of the 'White Room' is covered entirely by a mirror, they see everything Okja is going through.

Johnny and the Lab Workers drag Okja toward Alfonso, who is increasingly excited at the sight of her. Okja's fearful SCREAM pierces the computer speakers.

SILVER

Can you turn down the volume,  
please?

K lowers the volume, his face filled with dread.

RED

(Sobbing)

We should never have sent her  
there.

BLOND

Stop it!

RED

We knowingly sent her into that  
chamber of horrors...

BLOND

No we didn't! We didn't know they'd  
hurt her! That, you know, they'd  
put her through a ...mating.

RED

We suspected. Come on. We all  
suspected.

Okja's SCREAM and Red's sobbing become blended in a sorrowful harmony. The male members sit in uncomfortable silence. K looks especially distraught. Jay quietly approaches Red and puts a hand on her shoulder.

JAY

Don't cry. We can't be weak.

BLOND

Right. This is all the more reason  
to stay focused and stick to our  
plan.

JAY

The little girl trusted us with  
Okja. We have to respect her  
bravery.

K cannot keep it to himself any longer.

K

She never agreed to send Okja.

What? All eyes fall on K. Red stops crying.

BLOND

What did you just say?

K

When she was in our truck... She said she was "taking Okja back to the mountains."

Jay and the members are speechless.

K (CONT'D)

(sighs)

I lied.

RED

You little piece of shit! I knew something was up in that truck!

JAY

(Quietly)

Why did you lie?

K

I don't know. In that moment... I just couldn't stop the mission. It was the coolest mission ever.

K stares at the cool A.L.F. tattoo on his wrist. Jay gets up from the sofa and walks over. He gently lays a hand on K's shoulder.

JAY

K, it's okay. Look at me.

As soon as K looks up - POW - Jay drives a fist across his face. Before the other members can even react, Jay pushes K into a corner and begins pummeling him mercilessly.

JAY (CONT'D)

I hold you dear to my heart - as I do all creatures - but you have dishonored the forty year history and meaningful legacy of the Animal Liberation Front. You have betrayed the great minds and brave fighters who preceded you.

Even as he unloads a savage beating, Jay maintains his formal manner of speech, speaking like he's at an academic seminar.

JAY (CONT'D)  
You have besmirched a forty year  
tradition.

Jay withdraws his fists and gathers his breath. He looks down at K.

JAY (CONT'D)  
Never mistranslate. Translations  
are sacred.

Jay throws a bag at K.

JAY (CONT'D)  
From this moment on you are no  
longer a member of the A.L.F. You  
are permanently banned. Get out.  
However, since it's vital that we  
proceed with our mission, we will  
have to return your equipment after  
its completion. Consider this your  
last contribution to the A.L.F.

K wipes the blood off his lips, dejected, disgraced. He puts the bag over his shoulder and begins to walk out. He stops by the table and adjusts the position of the satellite dish. When he does, the image on the laptop instantly becomes clearer.

INT. LABORATORY - WHITE ROOM - LATER

CLOSE ON a green soju bottle. Johnny picks it up and gulps it down. Alfonso isn't in the room anymore. Okja is sprawled on the floor, lifeless. A dreadful silence. The heavily inebriated Johnny takes the remainder of the soju and walks over to Okja. He crouches before her.

JOHNNY  
You want some?

He pours some on his hand and brings it to her mouth. Okja closes her nostrils, repulsed by the smell. Johnny doesn't care. He just slurps it up himself. He licks every last drop.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
It makes you feel better.

Okja is completely drained from the brutal mating session with Alfonso, barely moving. Johnny also lies on the floor, resting his head on his arm, face to face with Okja.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
The first time is the hardest.  
It'll get easier.

Johnny lets out a melancholy sigh.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
Oh, this is a unspeakable place. I  
know, I know. And this room isn't  
even the worst. There are worse  
rooms out there.  
(Beat)  
Lucy Mirando told me I wasn't to  
harm you in here. At least not  
visibly. She wants you perfect for  
her big telecast!

Johnny starts to rise.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
But when a woman humiliates a man  
in front of his colleagues, a man  
is inclined to make his own  
decisions.

Johnny suddenly picks up a piece of long metallic equipment  
from the floor.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
So there is one last thing. This.

Johnny laughs. He fits the tip of the equipment with a  
needle.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
This... It's called a biopsy gun.  
What it does is...  
(laughs)  
It's nothing really. It's used on  
beef... I mean live cows... To  
check the marbling...

A phone RINGS inside the room. Johnny presses the  
speakerphone button, and we hear Jennifer's annoyingly high-  
pitched voice.

JENNIFER (V.O.)  
Hi, Johnny. Is Okja with you? Will  
you put her on the phone?

JOHNNY  
What?

JENNIFER (V.O.)  
 (with a laugh)  
 Our precious local farmer princess insists that she speaks to her on the phone. Whatever... She says you should lift her ear and put the receiver underneath.

JOHNNY  
 You're on speakerphone.

We hear a SNAP as Mija snatches the phone from Jennifer. We hear her voice through the speaker.

MIJA (V.O.)  
 Okja!!!

The previously lifeless Okja opens her eyes and leaps to her feet upon hearing Mija's voice.

OKJA  
 Eeeeeeeeeehhhhhhhhhhhh!!!

I/E. MOVING VAN, NEAR JFK - EVENING

MIJA  
 Okja - ! Are you okay?

We see the JFK terminal growing farther in the rear window. Mija practically screams into the phone.

Jennifer and the Mirando employees cover their ears.

OKJA (V.O.)  
 Eeeeeeeeeeeeeehhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!

MIJA  
 What? I can't hear you!!

INT. LABORATORY - WHITE ROOM

Johnny SLAMS off the speakerphone. Okja cries, saying something to Mija. When the sound abruptly stops, she begins to shift back and forth nervously. Okja's desperate dance enrages Johnny, and he SMASHES the speakerphone on the floor.

Okja freezes. Johnny wobbles over with the biopsy gun in one hand and a semi-translucent iPad in the other. Open on the iPad is an app developed by Mirando for intra-company use. When Johnny takes a picture of Okja using the app, 3-D contours appear over the picture along with the names of meat parts.

He aims the gun on Okja's back. He pretends to stick the needle in her skin.

JOHNNY  
BANG!! Sirloin!

Okja lets out a weak GROWL.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
The shank! Oh, yeah!

Johnny laughs as he drunkenly sways from side to side. He touches the needle of the biopsy gun.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
Don't worry. You won't die. I'm just going to take a bit of your 'meat.' Of course I'm not going to eat it. We have 'tasters' for that.  
(laughs)  
They're a bunch of half-wit degenerate fucktards.

He laughs like a madman. Okja MOANS weakly.

Johnny is losing his mind, partially due to the alcohol but mostly due to his guilt.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
So... I'm gonna have to poke you in five places.

He raises the gun.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry!

Johnny becomes teary-eyed. His emotions swing wildly from manic laughter to self-pitying sorrow.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
It's gonna hurt!  
(sobs)  
But I can't anesthetize you! We need to eat your meat!

Okja MOANS. Johnny weeps uncontrollably, his face a mask of tears and snot.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
I shouldn't be here. I'm an animal lover. Everyone knows that about me! And the sick shit Lucy makes us do in here.  
(MORE)

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
Christ knows how many laws we're  
breaking. It makes my stomach --

BANG. Johnny pulls the trigger mid-speech. Okja's leg spasms from the sting. Her SCREAM echoes throughout the room.

INT. SOMEWHERE IN THE LABORATORY - LATER

A MAN IN A WHITE GOWN cooks meat on several frying pans laid out in a row. Each pan is labeled with a sign: "Sirloin," "ribs," "Boston butt," etc. Each contains three pieces of meat. A MIDDLE-AGED MAN, a MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN, and a TEENAGER - aka the "half-wit degenerate fucktards" - approach with forks.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN  
Tasty.

TEENAGER  
Fuck yeah.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN  
It's the best I've ever had. The  
best of the best!

Her exclamation is accompanied by the sound of trumpets and drums. As upbeat MARCHING BAND MUSIC begins, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS, MANHATTAN - DAY

A bright afternoon. An enormous Super Pig balloon emerges through the buildings. Below the balloon is a banner: 'Best of the Best! Magical Animals Super Pig Fest!'

The scene resembles the Macy's Thanksgiving Parade. The balloon is pulled from below by dozens of men and women in UNIFORMS. They are followed by a MARCHING BAND and other parade participants. People cheer and take pictures - finally a chance to meet the famous Super Pig!

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE MIJA'S HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Jennifer and STYLIST 1 quickly walk down the boutique hotel hallway carrying a Mirando uniform on a hanger, fluid STEADICAM following from behind.

Jennifer inspects the uniform, front and back.



JENNIFER  
What the hell is this?

We see wild cursive scrawled on the bright uniform. Hardly couture. Messy.

STYLIST 1  
That's Lucy's autograph. "Designed  
by Lucy Mirando."

JENNIFER  
She can't get enough of herself,  
can she?

Jennifer looks tired from the weeks of rigorous event planning, but as soon as she opens the hotel room door, she turns her face upside down and returns to her usual hyperactive self.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
(brightly)  
How's everyone doing?!

People busily mill about in Mija's suite. Mija is surrounded by a MAKEUP ARTIST, HAIR STYLIST, and WARDROBE STYLIST 2 and seems to be in some sort of stand-off involving the **fanny pack**.

STYLIST 2  
Do you have to wear this thing? It  
looks super tacky.

Mija seems to have understood, clings tightly to the fanny pack.

MIJA  
Get lost. I'm keeping this on.

Mija's outburst startles Jennifer and the staff. A white male employee, the TRANSLATOR, tries to calm Mija in imperfect Korean.

TRANSLATOR  
Okay, all right! It's okay, it's  
okay. You can keep it.

Jennifer and the staff regard her nervously. The Translator cautiously glances at Mija before saying...

TRANSLATOR (CONT'D)  
(to the staff; quietly)  
I think she understands some  
English. We should watch what we  
say.

The Translator surreptitiously points at the **"Smile: Beginner's Conversation English"** book on the table. Jennifer and the staff glance at the book then Mija.

JENNIFER

(brightly)

Yes, yes, everything is fine! But you have to wear this. Isn't this uniform pretty? It's a special edition custom-made just for you. Look! The CEO even autographed it. Totally rad, right?! Wow!

Jennifer continues to hype it up, but Mija is not in the mood. She refuses bluntly.

MIJA

No! I want to see Okja first.

JENNIFER

Mija. Sweetheart! You'll meet her on stage in just a few hours! Wearing this very pretty uniform! Think about how dramatic it'll be.

As Jennifer's speech becomes more and more impassioned, a ROOM SERVICE worker enters with a cart and begins putting down food. Confused chatter: "Who ordered food?" "Looks fantastic!" "Just sign for it." Garbled voices overwhelm the suite.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Okja doesn't even know you're here. If you show up on stage without telling her, it'll be such a great surprise! I'm getting emotional just thinking about it! Yay!

MIJA

(cold)

I don't care. I need to see Okja. Right now. Or I won't cooperate with the event.

Mija is unrelenting. A fatigue comes over Jennifer as she listens to the Translator. She turns cold.

JENNIFER

Mija. I don't think you understand this situation. We are the ones who have Okja. Okay? We are doing you a favor. Do you get it now?

Mija becomes nervous. We've never seen Jennifer like this before.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

(smiles)

You want to go back home with Okja, right? Then do as you're told. Otherwise, this is what will happen to Okja.

Jennifer removes the lid of the room service tray next to her, revealing a deliciously cooked pork chop steak. Mija is petrified. Jennifer holds out the uniform again.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Put it on.

Mija fearfully takes the uniform and goes into the suite bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

As soon as she closes the sliding door, the voices recede into the background, and a vast loneliness overcomes her. Dust particles glow in the beam of light falling through the curtains.

She SIGHS as she looks at the strangely designed uniform. She glimpses something behind it - a SHADOW lurking in the corner. Mija GASPS. The Shadow soon reveals himself to be the Room Service Worker from earlier... and the Room Service Worker is subsequently revealed to be JAY!

JAY

Shhh!

Mija stares at Jay, stunned. Jay quietly removes a stack of papers from behind his back. Short English/Korean words/phrases are written on cards the size of a small sketchbook. Jay begins to flip through the cards in front of Mija, kind of like Bob Dylan in his "Subterranean Homesick Blues" video.

JAY (CONT'D)

'SORRY.'

MIJA

(mouthing)

What?

JAY

'FOR EVERYTHING.'

Mija silently nods, still nervous.

JAY (CONT'D)  
'WE WILL RESCUE OKJA FROM THE  
STAGE.'

We begin to hear MARCHING BAND MUSIC in the far distance. Jay flips the cards almost to the beat.

JAY (CONT'D)  
'WHEN WE DO,' 'DON'T,' 'LOOK BACK.'

Mija, puzzled.

JAY (CONT'D)  
'DON'T EVER LOOK,' 'AT THE SCREEN,'  
'BEHIND YOU.'

Jay changes his expression slightly with each card.

JAY (CONT'D)  
'ONLY,' 'LOOK AT OKJA,' 'IN FRONT  
OF YOU.'

Mija still hasn't the faintest idea what he's talking about, but Jay's dead seriousness somehow compels her to nod.

Jay nods back with a serene smile. He flips the last card over:

JAY (CONT'D)  
'A.L.F. LOVES YOU.'

Jay vanishes through the curtains. We hear him going down the metal steps of the fire escape. Mija is left alone again in the dark bedroom.

EXT. STREETS, MANHATTAN - DAY

Jay casually saunters out of the hotel alley and walks out onto the large street. He changes into his suit as he walks and joins the Super Pig Festival parade happening in the street.

Among the dozens of people holding the lines of the giant Okja balloon is SILVER, disguised as one of the Uniformed Employees. He exchanges secret glances with Jay, who walks along the sidewalk. Silver gives Jay a knowing look as he points up at the balloon, and Jay looks up as well.

Mirando EVENT WORKERS distribute samples - Super Pig jerkies and Super Sausages - practically showering the crowd with them. People eat them up enthusiastically.

Some of the Employees holding the chords of the balloon also dig into the samples, giddy at seeing the brand new products. Silver becomes nauseated by the mere sight.

A Mirando Employee marching next to him hands him a Super Sausage sample. Finding himself with the most vile junk food made from GM Super Pigs in his hand, Silver turns white like a sheet. Conscious of all the Mirando eyes around, he pretends to eagerly munch on the sausage, but he cannot get past the stench of meat and nearly retches.

A SKINNY MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN sees this and looks down at a sample fallen on the ground. As she crouches to pick it up, we glimpse an A.L.F. tattoo below her slightly raised shirt.

A HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT sees the tattoo as he's walking by and quickly checks the surroundings. He seems worried that someone might see the tattoo. As he turns, he bumps into a twenty-something WOMAN walking past. A black balaclava drops from his jacket. The High School Student turns pale upon seeing the dropped balaclava.

HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT

I'm so sorry!

The Woman just smiles and picks up the balaclava for him. As she reaches out to give it back, she tugs on one side of her jacket, pulling it over her t-shirt. The A, L from the word 'ALIVE' on the t-shirt connects with the F of the word LIFE of the jacket to spell out "A.L.F."

The Student sees this and flashes a faint smile. He puts the balaclava back in his jacket and walks toward the parade. More and more people join the parade under the giant Okja balloon.

INT. DRESSING ROOM, LUXURY TRAILER - DAY

A trailer parked behind the stage. Lucy sits in front of the mirror surrounded by her Makeup Team.

The door opens, and Frank enters with a large bouquet. Lucy smiles at Frank through the mirror.

FRANK

Here! For you!

Frank hands the beautiful flowers to Lucy.

LUCY

Thank you, Frank.

FRANK  
Congratulations. 10 years. An  
extraordinary accomplishment.

LUCY  
10 years, finally coming to  
fruition.

Lucy picks up a Super Pig jerky sample.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
They're just delicious. Try one.

Frank takes one from the table and eats it.

FRANK  
Delicious. Beautiful.

They both munch in silence for a few moments. A proud moment  
shared - their crowning achievement realized.

Lucy smells the flowers.

LUCY  
They're beautiful. Your taste is  
impeccable as always.

FRANK  
(laughs awkwardly)  
The flowers aren't actually from  
me...

LUCY  
Oh?

Frank hesitates. Lucy's face darkens. She stares at Frank.  
Frank gives a look to the Makeup Team. They leave.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
They're from Nancy?

FRANK  
Yes. Nancy's here. Not in London.

LUCY  
In New York? Fuck, Frank!

FRANK  
She's actually been here for a  
while.

Lucy becomes fretful, glances involuntarily around the  
trailer.

LUCY  
(Hissing)  
I told you to keep her away. She  
frightens people.

FRANK  
(smiles)  
You frighten people too, Lucy.

LUCY  
She REALLY frightens people. She  
reminds everyone of dad.

Lucy tries not to show it, but her panic level is rising  
fast.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
This is mine! My project!

FRANK  
She just wants to support you on  
your big day. It's what we all  
want.

LUCY  
Support? Oh, yeah, right...

Lucy quietly regards Frank's eyes. She is now beyond panic,  
actually rather calm. The MARCHING BAND MUSIC, which had  
remained in the background so far, becomes loud as it arrives  
in front of the trailer. The trailer thumps with the sound of  
DRUMS.

EXT. OUTDOOR STAGE - CONTINUOUS

The marching band reaches a climax as the enormous inflatable  
super pig floats above the stage.

The crowd GOES WILD as Johnny jumps up excitedly on the  
stage. He swings his arms wildly, acting like he's conducting  
the orchestra.

Johnny brings his performance to a end with a dramatic snap.  
The marching band stops playing at the exact moment. A brief  
moment of silence before the crowd erupts in APPLAUSE.  
Johnny snatches up the microphone and yells into it like a  
rock star.

JOHNNY  
Magical, Magical...

CROWD  
ANIMALS!!!

The crowd is familiar with the drill.

JOHNNY

Now everyone knows Dr. Johnny can't stand anything boring.

CROWD

Yeah!!

JOHNNY

Have I ever given you a boring show?

CROWD

Nooo!!

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Red sits cross-legged on the floor, constructing some weird MECHANICAL DEVICE. She stands and looks out of the window.

RED'S POV: A little distance off, Johnny is on stage, amping up the crowd. The Super Pig balloon hovers above the stage. Johnny's voice booms throughout the plaza.

EXT. OUTDOOR STAGE - CONTINUOUS

JOHNNY

Ten years ago twenty-six farmers from lands far away were each given one magical super piglet. This year I met each of these twenty-six wonderful people...

On the large screen behind Johnny, we see a VIDEO MONTAGE of Johnny meeting fully grown Super Pigs and their Farmers in picture perfect settings - New Zealand, Sweden, South Korea, Italy...

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

...to decide which Super Pig would have the honor of being invited to this prestigious occasion.

(beat)

Are you ready to meet the WINNER of the contest? The Best Super Pig on the face of this earth? The Best of the best?

CROWD

YEAH!



JOHNNY  
ARE YOU READY?

CROWD  
YEAH!

JOHNNY  
Well I'm afraid you're going to  
have to meet someone else first!

The crowd BOOS good-naturedly.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
Isn't that always the way? Before  
you meet the talent, you gotta meet  
the suits!

Johnny does a theatrical yawn. The crowd laugh.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
Just kidding! She's an amazing  
little lady and the brains behind  
this whole Super Pig project! So  
please put your hands together for  
the one, the only, Luuucy  
Mirandoooooooo!

APPLAUSE. Lucy gracefully struts onto the stage, mock-wagging  
her finger at Johnny.

LUCY  
(Laughing, into the  
microphone)  
Oh Johnny! You're skating on thin  
ice! Don't fall through and drown!

I/E. LED MULTI-SCREEN - CONTINUOUS

We see a gray eye peeking through a small hole.

BLOND  
(mocking Johnny)  
Luuucy -- Mirandoooooooo --

Blond is crouched inside the enclosed space behind the multi-  
screen, among various electric lines and AV cables.  
Concentrating hard, he connects an HDMI cable to his laptop  
and does an equipment check.

EXT. OUTDOOR STAGE - CONTINUOUS

LUCY

Don't worry! I'm not here to bore you with some corporate speech. I'm here to introduce you to a real superstar! Maybe you've already seen this amazing little girl on You Tube enjoying a shopping trip in Seoul!

The audience laughs.

JOHNNY

I wonder what she bought?! Maybe some oinkment! Or maybe a DVD. Jurassic Pork? Or a copy of Porks Illustrated! If she did, I hope she doesn't HOG it! I want a look at the swimwear models myself!!

The audience and Lucy groan. Lucy puts up her hand to shush everyone.

LUCY

So let's all welcome an extraordinary young girl!

Acoustic indie music plays through the loudspeakers.

LUCY (CONT'D)

A local farmer who raised her Super Pig in wild and beautiful nature with more love than I could have ever asked for.

With a loud WHIR, the barrel-like lift containing Mija begins to rise. Mija's nervous face peeks over the stage.

LUCY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The fearless pig rider from all the way across the globe! Please welcome, Miiii - Jaaaaaaa -!

Mija turns bright red upon seeing the cheering crowd. She waves at them with an awkward smile. But she keeps her focus.

Mija's eyes suddenly widen. **She sees Okja approaching the stage on a parade float.**

LUCY (CONT'D)

And here she is! Our ultimate Super Pig! Okjaaaa!

The crowd cheer as they turn around. Okja stands atop a parade float decorated with trees and flowers. She feeds on the real grass covering the top of the float as it approaches slowly.

Mija cups her hands around her mouth and yells,

MIJA

Okja!

Mija waves her arms wildly, but Okja doesn't look up. She merely continues to chomp on the grass.

LUCY

Separated by a cruel twist of fate,  
Okja and Mija! Best friends  
forever, reunited by the Mirando  
Company!

The Mirando Event Staff begin to penetrate the crowd in a single file.

Once they've threaded through, they divide the crowd to make a path. It is almost like the parting of the Red Sea. The parade float enters the path and proceeds toward Mija.

Jay stands among the crowd. He looks up at Mija and scans the surroundings, on high alert.

MIJA

Okja, it's me!  
(sobs)  
I came for you!

Jennifer stands below the stage eagerly awaiting the dramatic reunion.

JENNIFER

3...2...1...

Okja is now only a few feet away from Mija, but she still doesn't look up. She continues to mindlessly chew on the grass. The crowd begins to stir, and Lucy becomes nervous.

Finally, Mija jumps at Okja and grabs her face.

MIJA

Okja... What's wrong?

Okja shakes her head from side to side like she has a tic. Mija lifts up Okja's drooped eyelid.

MIJA (CONT'D)

AAAHH!!

The crowd hold their breath. Silence spreads throughout the plaza.

CLOSE ON Okja's eyes. They resemble shark eyes. No focus, no soul. Both eyes are completely saturated blood-red.

MIJA (CONT'D)

What did you do to my Okja..?

BUZZ. Piercing static noise as the LED multi-screen loses its picture. The clips of local farmers in vast, unadulterated nature disappear from the screen. Jay picks up his cell phone as he stands amidst the confused crowd.

JAY

(in a small voice)

Hurry up! Now!

INT. LED MULTI-SCREEN - CONTINUOUS

BLOND

Okay, okay.

(grumbling to himself)

This is like the most advanced  
hacking ever endeavored.

Blond unplugs the cable from the monitor's HDMI port and holds it in his mouth. He plugs in the HDMI cable connected to his laptop instead.

EXT. LED MULTI-SCREEN, STAGE - CONTINUOUS

BUZZ. The secretly filmed footage of the Mirando laboratory appears on the screen. We see horrendously deformed GMO piglets screaming in pain, fear. Okja suddenly SQUEALS and spasms uncontrollably.

LUCY

What the hell is going on?!

Mija tries to calm Okja.

Mija can sense that something horrific is being shown on the screen behind her, but she never turns around - just as she was told by Jay.

The crowd scream and shout in horror and anger at what they're seeing on the screen.

The highlight is when the drunk and pathetic Dr. Johnny tells Okja:

JOHNNY

...the sick shit Lucy makes us do  
in here. Christ knows how many laws  
we're breaking. It makes my stomach  
--

BANG. Johnny pulls the biopsy gun trigger mid-speech.

Blond has LOOPED that dreadful moment so it plays on the  
giant LED screen OVER AND OVER.

Johnny and Lucy stare at the screen, at a loss. Audience  
members SHOUT IN FURY, throwing bottles and cans in their  
direction.

LUCY

Turn it off!

Johnny's brain whirs. What can he possibly do to rescue his  
reputation? He approaches the microphone.

JOHNNY

(with as much sincerity as  
he can muster)

I promise - no, I pledge - to learn  
from this.

Johnny's face is a picture of humility. He gulps. A beat.  
Then a soda can hits him straight between the eyes.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Red casually smokes a cigarette as watches the plaza below  
descend into further pandemonium. She takes the cigarette and  
carefully brings it to the fuse on top of the DIY bazooka.  
She watches the CRACKLING fuse slowly disappear.

EXT. LED MULTI-SCREEN, STAGE - CONTINUOUS

A loud BOOM. A mortar is fired from the nearby abandoned  
building. The handmade bomb flies across the air leaving a  
wake of white baking powder. It hits the Super Pig balloon  
smack in the middle. People scream as the balloon POPS.

When it does, fliers and print-outs that were hidden inside  
the balloon pour out onto the street.

As soon as the mortar fires, Jay puts on his balaclava. The  
other A.L.F. members dispersed throughout the crowd do the  
same. Soon the plaza is covered by a sea of black heads.

They vastly outnumber the NYPD OFFICERS and Mirando Event Staff. Lucy begins to panic.

The punctured balloon begins to shoot around wildly, and Silver pulls on the chord with all his strength to steer it toward the crowd. Because of his gaunt frame, he is steered by the balloon instead, lifted up and sideways like a marionette on strings. Still he somehow manages to keep the balloon on course, and the fliers fall over the crowd like snow on an open field.

Provocative titles: **"The Ugly Truth Behind the Mirando Super Pig Project!" "Mirando: Criminals. Abusers."** The angry crowd run over to pick up the printouts. As they do, we hear Blond's voice through the speakers.

INT. LED MULTI-SCREEN - CONTINUOUS

BLOND (V.O.)  
(mimicking a BBC anchor)  
For more details and shocking proof  
of Mirando's crimes against humans  
and animals, go to You Tube and  
search 'Mirando is Fucked'. Again.  
Go to You Tube and search 'Mirando  
is F, U, C, K, E, D'.

Blond repeats the phrases like an automated machine, comically crouched in the narrow space among machines and circuitry.

EXT. LED MULTI-SCREEN, STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Unfolding before us is the biggest A.L.F. demonstration in history. They have completely taken over the plaza. Jay jumps on the stage, necktie heroically flapping in the air. He lifts his balaclava slightly and shows Mija his face.

JAY  
Let's get Okja out of here.

Mija is too busy trying to calm Okja, who SQUEALS and thrashes at the increasing confusion around her. Mija tries her best to connect, but the red-eyed Okja is still unresponsive.

INT. NEARBY UPSCALE RESTAURANT - DAY

Frank looks down at the chaos from the second story window.

FRANK

I don't think we have a choice,  
Nancy. You have to go out there.

NANCY (O.S.)

You don't say.

The voice is familiar. **NANCY MIRANDO** clicks her high heels into the FRAME. We see her from behind as she walks to Frank's side and looks down at the situation unfolding in the plaza.

NANCY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

What a clusterfuck.

She lets out a long sigh.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Let's get private security in  
there.

FRANK

Black Chalk?

NANCY

Yes.

Frank dials on his cell phone as he walks out of the FRAME.

We see the hell that has broken loose in front of Nancy.

EXT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Big A.L.F. members jump at Okja to subdue her, but they're instantly thrown off by her violent thrashing.

Mija sprints toward the wild and unruly Okja. She leaps onto Okja's face and tries to hug her, but Okja bites on her arm.

Mija lets out a horrible SCREAM. Jay and the A.L.F. members don't know what to do as they watch the red-eyed Okja clamp down on Mija's blood-dripping arm. Jay picks up a microphone stand. He is about to stab Okja in the mouth when...

MIJA

No!

Mija stops Jay with her other arm. She looks up at Okja, biting down the bone-crushing pain. Okja's eyes are still red, lost. She growls as she shakes her head from side to side, nearly tearing off Mija's arm. In spite of the horrible pain, Mija puts on a peaceful face. She smiles and begins caressing Okja's face with her free hand.

MIJA (CONT'D)

Okja...

Okja lets out a weak growl.

MIJA (CONT'D)

It's okay...

Okja's violent motions slowly subside. The crowd watches closely.

MIJA (CONT'D)

Trees... The trees...

MIJA'S POV, AS SHE LIES ON THE STAGE:

We see Manhattan skyscrapers piercing the sky. No trees. The blue sky behind Okja's face, however, is the same blue sky we saw back in the mountains.

MIJA (CONT'D)

Clouds... The blue sky...

Mija whispers as she caresses Okja's face. She has completely forgotten about the pain, her face more peaceful than ever. Okja's breathing becomes more even.

The violent activity in the plaza becomes a meaningless blur to Mija and Okja as they gaze at each other. The police fighting the A.L.F., the angry crowd screaming at Johnny and Lucy - we barely notice it now. The red subsides from Okja's eyes. Her face returns to the gentle, innocent Okja we know. She belatedly comes to and frets over what she has done. She licks the blood off Mija's arm.

JAY'S POV: Behind the crowd, we see a black semi-trailer truck rushing toward the plaza. At Jay's signal, the A.L.F. crew begin moving in organized fashion. They fight off police and crowd members and create a path for the semi to approach Mija and Okja.

JAY

Our driver has arrived!

At that moment, a large steel-enforced vehicle appears at the intersection and CRASHES into the A.L.F. semi, forcing it off the road and into a nearby street lamp. The steel surface is unpainted, making it look all the more intimidating. MERCENARIES in special ops uniforms rush out from the back.

The uniforms are marked with the name 'BLACK CHALK - Private Security Company.' Other Black Chalk cars arrive from all directions. Soon they surround the entire plaza.



The specially-trained mercenaries attack and subdue the A.L.F. members with an UNEXPECTED technique. Every method they utilize is designed to look to the Manhattan passers-by like no big deal - just an apparently gentle arm-lock or little dig at a pressure point or underneath a finger nail. But close-up it's clear they're inflicting INCREDIBLE PAIN on the A.L.F. These are brilliant martial-arts techniques - it is violence so discreet the onlookers are oblivious to it. The SCREAMS of the A.L.F. members seem incongruous and pathetic as a result.

A MAN IN A SHARP SUIT emerges from the steel-enforced vehicle and walks over to the NYPD COMMANDING OFFICER. He hands the officer a stack of documents.

SHARP SUIT

We are Black Chalk - a Private Security Company. We've just signed a contract with Nancy Mirando of the Mirando Company.

NYPD COMMANDING OFFICER

Okay?

SHARP SUIT

Here is info about our team of attorneys. We are restraining the demonstrators because they're hindering our client's business and destroying her property. As you can see we are not using excessive force.

A.L.F. members scream in front of Jay as they're being subdued by the mercenaries. Jay's heart breaks at the sight, but he forces himself to turn away. He climbs off the stage and runs away as fast as he can with Mija and Okja in tow. A few A.L.F. members follow to protect them, including Red and Blond and Silver. Black Chalk Mercenaries quickly give chase.

EXT. BELOW THE STAGE - DAY

Lucy - in HIDING - watches the chaos unfold. Her shock has subsided and she's rather calm. She takes out a cigarette and looks for a lighter but can't find one.

Nancy Mirando enters the FRAME with a lighter and lights Lucy's cigarette. We still only see Nancy from behind.

LUCY

You knew this would happen of course, Nancy.

NANCY  
Not at all.

LUCY  
Well. Good luck with cleaning up my  
mess.

Lucy is acting calm, but she's bereft. Nancy squeezes Lucy's  
shoulder.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
For a while back then I forgot I  
was a fucking loser, Nance.

NANCY  
Oh, Luce. Dad should never have  
done and said those things to you.  
But why rebel against his legacy so  
ridiculously?

We see Nancy's face for the first time. She looks exactly  
like Lucy. Identical twins.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
I mean, Dad was a terrible man. But  
he was fucking good at business.

Nancy takes out a cigarette and tries to light it, but the  
lighter won't work. She lights it from the burning part of  
Lucy's cigarette. The two sisters look like a symmetrical  
decalcomania print as they stand face to face with their  
cigarettes touching.

We see Frank approaching in the background.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
Don't worry about your apology  
speech. I'll pretend to be you in  
front of the press.

Nancy smiles at Lucy - an in-joke between identical twins.

LUCY  
(scoffs)  
Fuck off.

NANCY  
But you'll need to do your own jail  
time.

Lucy laughs. Then she stops laughing. Nancy isn't kidding.

LUCY

Jail!?! Because of that lab  
footage?? Who cares? It's just  
some...

NANCY

... just some animal cruelty. I  
know. If you can even call them  
animals.

Nancy shivers.

NANCY (CONT'D)

But our attorneys will be way too  
busy to help you out of this one.

We see a team of NYPD officers approach Lucy.

Nancy doesn't look behind her. She knows Frank is there.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Frank, I want to get started on  
this ASAP. Do you have a pen and a  
pad?

FRANK

Of course.

Frank takes out his note pad.

NANCY

The demonstrators. We'll put them  
all in jail. Put together a team  
for a criminal lawsuit.

FRANK

Sure.

Frank and Nancy move to one side to allow the NYPD officers  
to surround Lucy. She DISAPPEARS amongst them.

NANCY

We'll drastically cut down the  
promotional budget. We'll use the  
money we save on marketing to lobby  
Congress and pay off the Federal  
commissions.

INT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Nancy's terse, chilling orders continue in VOICE-OVER as we  
see Okja, Mija, Jay and the A.L.F. members running through  
the alley. We only hear Nancy and Frank's voices.

FRANK (V.O.)

What about spending some of the money on media damage control?

NANCY (V.O.)

No point. They'll hate us for a bit and then they'll forget. We'll get production started right away. We already have FDA approval, correct?

FRANK (V.O.)

Yes. But I'm not sure how the customers will react after today.

NANCY (V.O.)

If it's cheap, they'll eat it. I guarantee early sales will be high.

The Black Chalk Mercenaries catch up with the A.L.F. members guarding Okja and Mija. The mercenaries scan the area and - seeing the coast is clear of onlookers - viciously bludgeon them.

Blond falls to the ground.

We see a mercenary standing over Red. She looks up at him with disdain.

MERCENARY

Slut.

The Mercenary kicks her in the stomach.

We see Silver pushed violently against a wall. With his slight frame, Silver is easy to take down, but the Mercenary acts with extreme force anyway.

As Silver lies on the ground, about to lose consciousness, he spots a WOMAN and her LITTLE DOG - bystanders who have somehow found themselves caught up in this terrifying situation.

Silver's POV: The woman looks petrified. But the adorable little dog has its tongue out, almost like it's smiling at Silver. The little dog's smiling face is Silver's last sight before he loses consciousness.

Mija clutches her bloody arm as she runs away. She looks to the side and sees even more Black Chalk Mercenaries approach from a different route. One aims a large NET GUN at Okja.

NANCY (V.O.)

Tell the factories to start  
production tonight and begin  
supplying to supermarkets, hotels,  
and butcher shops ASAP.

BOOM. The fired net immediately clings to Okja. She trips on the net and tumbles.

She becomes further entangled as she rolls on the ground. Mija runs over to Okja. Jay turns toward her as well.

Mija and Jay try to untangle Okja. The Mercenaries come over and begin to beat Jay. The charismatic Jay goes down instantly - without putting up any fight. He is taken apart.

NANCY (V.O.)

Shut down the laboratory. **Put all the animals we have into production.** We'll go to the production facility tonight for an inspection. Put all the execs on call. Even the ones on vacation.

Okja SCREAMS through the net as she's dragged into the Black Chalk vehicle.

Mija rolls helplessly on the ground, barely conscious. The Mercenaries put Jay on his knees and pull his arms back.

A LOUD HONK. The A.L.F. TRUCK careers into the alley. We can't tell who's driving.

While the Mercenaries are distracted by the oncoming truck, Jay runs over to Mija and rolls her out of the way just in time. The A.L.F. truck charges on, scattering the Mercenaries out of its way.

Jay helps the bloody Mija to her feet and takes her to the next block, where the A.L.F. truck meets them after rounding the corner. They use the last of their strength to climb into it.

INT. CAB, BLACK SEMI - DAY/EVENING/NIGHT

Jay lays the barely conscious Mija in the passenger seat. He's exhausted and covered in blood. The driver takes off his balaclava. It's K!

K

Are you okay?

JAY  
K? What are you...?

Jay sinks in his seat. K shows him a new tattoo on his arm: **'Translations Are Sacred.'** Jay doesn't have the energy to respond to the ridiculous tattoo.

JAY (CONT'D)  
Okja... We need to hurry...

The brutal beating has taken a toll. Jay's focus goes in and out. He's lost a lot of blood.

JAY (CONT'D)  
Okja...

Mija is also barely conscious. She's losing blood fast from the wound on her arm.

FADE TO BLACK:

We hear music. Rhythmic, like a heartbeat. We see MIJA'S blurry POV as she fades in and out of consciousness.

FADE IN:

A blood-red sunset outside the window. The semi screeches to a stop and an IRANIAN MAN hops on, carrying a medical bag. He bickers with K, making big arm gestures, as he removes syringes from his bag.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

The sky is dark. Street lamps pass by. Mija turns her head. The Iranian man stitches Jay's forehead with great concentration. He looks nervous. The procedure is illuminated by a flashlight between his lips. An IV bottle feeding into Mija's arm dangles precariously in the moving truck.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

Still night, still inside the moving semi. The Iranian man is gone. Mija's wound is bandaged. K is driving, talking on the phone, his back to us. Jay has regained consciousness. He's sitting up, yelling at K, but we can't hear what he's saying.

A huge truck blasts by in the opposite lane with a deafening noise.

At that moment, all sounds come rushing back to Mija - the roaring wind, the growling engine, Jay and K's shouting.

JAY (CONT'D)  
Are you sure?

K  
Yeah! It has to be true.

Jay looks conflicted. He sees that Mija is awake and turns to her.

JAY  
Are you okay?

MIJA  
Yes.

K turns his head slightly. He translates in a rigid, formal tone, sitting upright and tightly gripping the steering wheel.

MIJA (CONT'D)  
Where are we going?

Jay and K look at each other. They hesitate.

JAY  
We're going to Okja.

MIJA  
Really?

JAY  
(nods)  
Yes but... You should know that the situation... it's not good.  
I'm sorry.

Mija becomes scared. She doesn't even want to ask. Jay thinks before asking...

JAY (CONT'D)  
What's the Black Chalk response time after we infiltrate?

K  
Six, seven minutes at best.

K floors the pedal, accelerating further. The MUSIC becomes faster, like a heartbeat fueled by adrenaline. The truck begins to shake as it enters a dirt road.

JAY  
Is it even possible to do it in  
seven minutes?

MIJA  
Do what?

The truck pulls an abrupt turn. Even amidst the shaking and the clouds of dirt from the road Jay maintains his calm gaze.

JAY  
Sorry. We are going to need your  
help.

MIJA  
(Annoyed by Jay's oblique  
comments)  
My help with WHAT?

K abruptly stops the truck. Jay and Mija and K climb/tumble out into...

**...a vast feedyard.**

JAY  
Helping us find Okja!

Mija gasps at the sight before her. The field and the nearby hill are densely packed with thousands, no, *tens* of thousands of Super Pigs. Standing atop the hill is a factory-type slaughterhouse...

EXT. FEEDYARD - NIGHT

MIJA  
Okja!

Mija, Jay and K split up and run in DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS through the field shouting Okja's name - small dots in the vast field filled with countless Super Pigs, all with the same face. Soon they are far away from each other.

K  
(Calling)  
Okja!

Suddenly K comes face to face with an OLD SECURITY GUARD. The man rushes K, and K knocks him to the ground as politely as he can.

K sees the fallen Security Guard calling for help on his phone. He looks at his watch.



K (CONT'D)

Shit.

K quickly telephones Jay - who is somewhere far across the field.

K (CONT'D)

Seven minutes. Starting now.

JAY

Damn.

(Calling)

Okja!!

Mija shouts Okja's name as she runs, even louder than Jay. She suddenly stops when she hears a LOW GROWL. Is it Okja? A hallucination? She turns toward the sound to find...

...a long line of pigs marching into the entrance of the slaughterhouse, silhouetted by the bright light from inside. A solemn death march.

MIJA

(mumbling to herself)

Okja...

**The pig at the top of the line turns toward Mija, crying desperately.**

MIJA (CONT'D)

It's Okja!

Mija quickly looks for Jay and K, but they're too far away. There's no time. She has to do this alone.

Mija runs as fast as she can toward the slaughterhouse. Okja sees her and cries harder, but she is shoved further down the line into the slaughterhouse.

K sees Okja and calls after Jay, who turns and begins running toward Okja with K.

A WORKER at the entrance gives Okja's bottom a jolt with a taser. Quick and efficient, an everyday routine. Okja starts walking again. She enters the slaughterhouse.

MIJA (CONT'D)

No!! Don't go inside!!

Mija's voice is overwhelmed by the machinery noise coming from the slaughterhouse. She sees an employee's entrance 40 metres from the door Okja walked into. She hurries towards it.

INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - NIGHT

Mija enters the 'factory of death'. The structure is labyrinthine, and she has no idea where to go. She's consumed by shock and fear. The humidity, the revolting smell, the deafening noise, the slick, blood-covered floor. A traumatic sight for a girl who grew up in the mountains.

Various slabs of meat hanging from metal hooks move steadily along the aerial conveyor system. Instinctively, she runs in the opposite direction of the movement.

WORKERS wearing large noise-blocking earmuffs stand along the conveyor system and go about their jobs. They look at Mija with some curiosity, but return to their work. They're unable to leave the ever-moving production line.

Mija finally arrives at the **stun box** - aka the execution box. She sees a Super Pig being forced into the box. Its head is firmly fitted into a hole in the front. A YOUNG HISPANIC WORKER aims a large **bolt gun** at its forehead and prepares to shoot when he sees Mija running toward him. He briefly hesitates but soon returns his attention to his task.

CLOSE on Mija's face. We hear a BANG. The worker has evidently pulled the trigger. Mija is too horrified to even scream.

Mija freezes after witnessing the execution in all its gruesome reality. The next Super Pig is led into the stun box. It's **Okja**.

MIJA  
(a trembling voice)  
Okja...

Mija goes blank, completely petrified. She looks straight at Okja, whose head is being threaded through the 'hole of death.'

MIJA (CONT'D)  
It's okay...

Okja seems to know that death is imminent. She desperately tries to free her head. She looks up at Mija with tear-filled eyes.

MIJA (CONT'D)  
Because...

Mija's voice trembles. The Hispanic Worker looks at Mija as he reloads the bolt gun. He doesn't know who the hell this girl is or why she's here. He just carries on with his work.

MIJA (CONT'D)  
Even this man...

With his eyes still on Mija, the Hispanic Worker aims the bolt gun at Okja's forehead. Okja closes her eyes when she feels the cold barrel of the bolt gun on her forehead. Tears fall.

Mija looks into the Worker's eyes.

MIJA (CONT'D)  
...he doesn't want to do this.

Mija raises her hand at the worker. 'Hold on.' She reaches into her back pocket with her other hand. For some reason, the Hispanic Worker is compelled to hold back from pulling the trigger. He looks into Mija's eyes.

Mija removes a PHOTOGRAPH from her back pocket. She shows it to the Worker. It's one of the photos from Mija's room. 10-year-old Mija tightly hugging Okja. The Hispanic Worker squints at the photo, his bolt gun still trained on Okja's forehead.

The production line becomes backed up, and the ALARM begins to sound. Red lights flash throughout the slaughterhouse.

CLOSE ON the Hispanic Worker's ambiguous expression.

He points at the photo Mija is holding - '*that pig...*' - and then points at Okja - '*...is this pig?*'

Mija nods quietly. The Hispanic Worker freezes. The finger around the trigger trembles lightly.

Just then Jay and K arrive, out of breath. They stop next to Mija. Okja stays absolutely still with her mouth fiercely clamped and eyes closed. Suddenly...

A loud metallic CREAK.

The large stun box leans to the side. We see the Hispanic Worker holding down the button.

**Okja, still alive, slides onto the conveyor belt below.**

Mija's legs give in and she falls on her knees. She embraces Okja's head. Her arms continue to shake.

The Hispanic Worker looks down at them with a heavy heart. But he soon breaks out of his lull and returns to work like nothing happened. He brings in the next pig. The ALARM and the red lights stop - the production line being back to normal.

Mija sobs as she watches the continued death march. K hurries over and helps Mija onto her feet. Jay leads the group toward the exit. As they round the corner...

NANCY

Was this what caused the alarm?

FRANK

I believe so.

... they come face to face with Nancy and a dozen MIRANDO EXECUTIVES, performing an inspection of the facility. We see Black Chalk Mercenaries arriving at the entrance and running toward Okja.

NANCY

I'm staggered that security is so lax some hooligans were able to stop our entire production line, even for a second.

FRANK

It won't happen again. Please note that Black Chalk was here exactly on time. Seven minutes after Security telephoned them.

While all the Executives look down at their watches, Black Chalk Mercenaries quickly surround Mija and the gang. One of the Mercenaries discovers K's A.L.F. tattoo as he restrains him with a PlastiCuff. He treats Jay and K even more violently upon realizing who they are.

Mija glares at Nancy.

NANCY

Isn't this Lucy's beloved 'Fearless Pig Rider?'

FRANK

She is. And that would be our Best Super Pig.

NANCY

What's it doing out here? It should be on a meat hook.

Tension fills the room. Mija carefully breaches the silence. She speaks in English.

MIJA

I wanna go home, with Okja.

Mija says each word slowly and clearly.

NANCY

No. It's my property.

Mija is not sure what Nancy is saying but continues to stare straight into her eyes.

MIJA

Why you want to kill Okja?

NANCY

We can only sell the dead ones.

Jay barks at Nancy with his hands cuffed.

JAY

You should be ashamed of yourself.

NANCY

Quite the opposite. We're pretty proud of our accomplishments.

K

Psychopath.

NANCY

No. We're hardworking business people. And we've got it down to an art. Well, a science.

Nancy points at specific parts of a Super Pig carcass dangling on a hook behind her.

NANCY (CONT'D)

There's the tenderloin. For the sophisticated restaurants! Mexicans love the feet. I know! Go figure! We ALL love the face and the anus. They're American as apple pie! Hot Dogs! It's all edible. Everything but the squeal! Will I go on? No. I won't go on.

Frank gestures to the Black Chalk Mercenaries. They grab Jay and K by their arms and begin to pull them out.

Jay turns to Nancy as he's being dragged out.

JAY

You're Nancy Mirando, aren't you?

Nancy glances at Jay, curious. She raises her hand at the Black Chalks to hold.

NANCY

And you are?

JAY

Let Mija and Okja go.

NANCY

Why?

K

You already have shitloads of money.

NANCY

(genuinely baffled)

But this is BUSINESS.

JAY

(quietly)

I hold all creatures dear to my heart Nancy but... You're crying out to be an exception.

Nancy scoffs. The Black Chalk Mercenaries violently drag Jay and K out of the slaughterhouse. Frank gives a signal to the Manager, who in turn signals his employees. The Workers run over and drag Okja toward the stun box.

MIJA

Wait!

Mija's voice booms throughout the slaughterhouse. She zips open her ridiculous fanny pack and reaches inside. **She takes out the shiny gold pig that Hee Bong gave her.**

Mija holds up the gold pig.

MIJA (CONT'D)

I wanna buy Okja! Alive!

Nancy looks at the gold pig, amused. The little girl is impressive. Mija pushes the gold pig toward Nancy. It glides across the slick, blood-covered floor and stops at Nancy's foot. Frank takes out his handkerchief and wipes the blood off as he picks it up.

Nancy picks up the gold pig and studies it carefully. She gives it a quick bite with her front teeth. A strange, grotesque expression appears on her face. She winces at the lingering smell of blood before quietly gazing at Mija.

NANCY

(to Frank)

We have a customer!

Frank looks back and forth between Nancy and Mija, his facial expression peculiar.

NANCY (CONT'D)

This is worth a lot of money! Make sure the girl gets home safely. The first ever buyer of a Mirando Super Pig!

(happily, to Mija)

Congratulations on your purchase!

Frank calls one of the Black Chalks and delivers a few instructions. Nancy turns around and continues her inspection with the Executives. Mija finally unclenches her fist, which she'd been nervously squeezing the entire time. Once the tension lifts, her chest swells with a mixture of emotions.

EXT. FEED-YARD - NIGHT

Two Black Chalk Mercenaries lead Mija and Okja across the expansive feed-yard. Mija looks back and sees the line of pigs marching into the slaughterhouse. The death march looks even sadder under the beautiful light of the moon. Mija's heart is heavy as she leaves the rest of the pigs behind.

The pigs inside the fence watch Okja enviously as she leaves. Two Super Pigs walk along the fence and begin following Okja. Mija and Okja look at them curiously, soon noticing something between the two adult pigs - a small PIGLET, their baby.

The mother pig pushes the baby through the fence with her snout. The piglet is small enough to fit through the wire, but it kicks and squirms and refuses to separate from its parents. The mother stubbornly shoves it through the fence.

Mija realizes what the mother is trying to do. She quickly herds the piglet under Okja's belly and looks at the two Black Chalk Mercenaries walking ahead. They are too immersed in their conversation to notice.

The baby pig keeps looking back as it treads along under the cover of Okja's belly. Its mother and father poke their heads over the fence and let out a heartfelt SQUEAL - a goodbye.

As they do, other super pigs notice the BABY ESCAPEE and begin SQUEALING as well. Their cries spread, until ALL the super pigs in the feedyard have joined in - a CACOPHONY of SORROW, but also of DEFIANCE and CELEBRATION.

The Black Chalks look around dumbfounded. As they do the cries reach a crescendo, and one of the pigs begins POOPING.

And then THOUSANDS do. Thousands of super pigs shoot poop out of their behinds like fireworks - a bizarre and miraculous act of rebellion. A celebration of life.

Mija continues walking, a brave smile, her eyes moist.

Okja carefully traipses along, minding the piglet underneath like her own.

I/E. MIRANDO TRUCK - NIGHT

Inside the moving truck. Mija sits inside the cargo area. We follow her gaze to find Okja sleeping in front of her, exhausted from her ordeal. Okja opens her mouth to yawn, and we see the tiny piglet peeking out from underneath Okja's huge slab of a tongue. When Mija reaches out her hand, the piglet crawls out and jumps into her arms. Okja doesn't even notice that the baby is gone. She continues to sleep, gently rocked by the moving truck. The truck travels along the dark road.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

CLOSE ON Mija's face as she sleeps. Fragments of light fall through the leaves and flicker on her face. Mija opens her eyes at the sound of BIRDS CHIRPING. She looks down at her belly where the piglet has fallen asleep with her face down. Mija gently runs her hand over the piglet's body. Mija, in turn, is lying on top of the sleeping Okja. A tower of bodies: Okja - Mija - the piglet.

A gentle breeze blows from the woods. The piglet shifts in her sleep and falls off Mija onto the grass. She looks around, dazed, before finding a place underneath Okja's ear and returning to sleep.

The woods, the sun, the breeze. Peace is all around.

With her eyes closed, Okja flaps her ears and creates a gentle breeze for the piglet. Lying on Okja's back, Mija looks up at the trees and the blue sky.

EXT. MIJA'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Hee Bong sets up an early dinner on the table outside. He walks back and forth between the kitchen and the front yard carrying vegetables and boiled eggs and other side dishes to the table. Chickens leisurely roam the yard. Hee Bong smells the boiled potato in his hands as he brings it to the table.



Okja and Mija enter the frame and pass the yard toward the shed. Okja suddenly stops and looks into the camera. She stares for a while before she is dragged into the shed by Mija.

The piglet comes in late. She runs around the yard kicking up dust and scaring the chickens. Hee Bong walks out into the dusty yard with two bowls of rice and utensils.

HEE BONG

Mija!

MIJA (O.S.)

I'm here!

Hee Bong sits at the table. He shouts toward the shed.

HEE BONG

Hurry up! The food's getting cold!

MIJA (O.S.)

Coming!

Hee Bong waits. He picks up the green soju bottle next to the table and peers into it. A tiny bit is left on the bottom.

Hee Bong can't hold his hunger any longer. As he picks up the spoon and digs into the rice...

# **THE END**

END CREDITS begin with lively MUSIC. As the CREDITS of the KEY CREW appear one by one, we CUT TO the exterior of a prison all the way across the globe, somewhere on the East Coast of the US.

EXT. PRISON GATE - DAY

Bright sunlight greets Jay as he exits the penitentiary. We can tell from his hair and beard that he was inside for at least a year or two. K welcomes Jay, offers him a cigarette.

K

(grinning)

You're sure you don't want to get some rest first? I mean you only just got out...

Jay smiles without answering. As a bus SWOOSHES into frame and blocks our view, we...

CUT TO:

INT. BUS - DAY

The bus speeds through city streets. Jay's face fills the foreground. He looks back at the seats behind him to see...

Red, Blond, Silver scattered around the bus. They each greet him with a knowing glance or a slight hand gesture. Silver looks healthy, rejuvenated.

K enters the FRAME and sits next to Jay.

K  
(quietly)  
It's going to be big. Record-breaking. A lot of folks have flown in from the Midwest and Canada.

JAY  
Great.

K  
Oh, I want to introduce you to a new member.

When K waves, a small Asian man enters the FRAME. We recognize him as KIM - the ex-Mirando truck driver. He shakes hands with Jay and returns to his seat in the back.

K (CONT'D)  
He runs 'Mirandoisfucked.com'. Just arrived here from Seoul.

Kim sits between Red and Blond and chatters incessantly like a little bird.

K (CONT'D)  
He's a chatty one...

Jay smiles and opens his bag to remove a black balaclava. K gives a signal to the other members, and they all take out their balaclavas. The sound of drums and marching band music grows louder as the demonstration site approaches.

JAY  
I'm guessing most of the Mirando big wigs will be there.

K  
Of course. Including Nancy.

Jay flashes a slick smile as he puts on his balaclava. The other members don theirs as well. The remaining passengers take out balaclavas too, revealing themselves to be A.L.F. members. A sea of black all around.

The only people without balaclavas are two OLD LADIES who look around with befuddled looks. The bus loudly rumbles through the bright sunlight, and the music from the festival reaches a crescendo.

As the MUSIC continues, the remaining CREDITS begin to CRAWL OVER BLACK.