

(excerpt from) JING WEI or: OF BAIJIU AND POTEEN

a screenplay by

Chad Callaghan

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A) Jackie is stopped by yet another ADMIRER. Mandarin praises ensue.

AMPLIFIED VOICE (O.S.)

Ganbei!!

Drinks are drunk.

B) Jackie is hiding in plain sight behind ornate statuary.

AMPLIFIED VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

GAAaan BEI!

A HAND appears "through" the statue, provides him a baijiu.

C) Drunk, he stands, smokes under lavish outdoor lanterns.

AMPLIFIED VOICE (FROM INSIDE) (CONT'D)

Ganbei!

Stylized: a WAITER butler-passes a booze tray. Jackie grabs one. Foreground moves "fast", Jackie hardly at all.

JACKIE

ganbei.

D) Jackie is in the men's room. He throws cold water on his face, peers at his reflection.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

(to his reflection)

You, sir, need to retreat. With both a writer and an Irish reputation at stake, you need to retreat. Now.

A kindly old BATHROOM VALET hands him a warm towel.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Thanks. *Xie xie* very much, Pops.

Jackie tosses bills in the tip jar, reaches for the door.

AMPLIFIED VOICE (O.S.)

(muffled)

Ganbei...

Jackie ABOUT FACES, return to the lavatory. He peruses the Valet's toiletries spread, pulls out a smoke. The Valet instantly has a flame ready.

He sarcastically (*stereotypically?*) pantomimes the Chinese businessmen drinking; mouths the word.

JACKIE

Ganbei.

The Valet laughs, hard.

VALET

(broken English)

Very good impression!

Jackie smiles/winks, places more bills in the tip jar. He pauses a second to make sure, pushes the door open.

Back to scene.

Jackie tries to look casual, breaks for the main door. He moves toward the closing elevator.

JACKIE

Hold the elevator. Please.

Just missing it, he looks inside the shutting doors to catch a glimpse of the gorgeous twenty-something JING-WEI, and the distinguished sparkles of her green/blue dress.

Jackie pushes the elevator button. Rapidly.

SWANKY PRIVATE CLUB

Back inside, Liko is looking frantically for Jackie. Still searching, he places a call on his smart phone.

LIKO (INTO PHONE)

Hi, Epstein Xiānshēng...

(pause)

Yeah, it is Liko. Jackie O'Kelly's liaison...

(pause)

Yes, here at the ganbei club...

(pause)

Well, that is the thing... I cannot seem to find Mister O'Kelly and he is not answering his phone. I thought perhaps you could try...

We hear DISTANT YELLING issuing from the phone.

EXT. BEIJING STREET

The night is vibrant, thumping with color.

Jackie runs into frame, searching. Searching.

He passes discos/diners/street-fooders, with patrons all.

His heart pumps *baijui*-infused blood faster and faster.

Searching.

Nothing, nothing... Then, *something*. Everything.

He catches the blue, the green of Jing-Wei's dress in a bar.

INT./EXT. BAR

which is a mix of modern feng shui and electric urban.

Jing-Wei sits at a window-side hightop with three FRIENDS.

As they chat, laugh; we SEE Jackie slowly approach the large window from the street.

The gals first try to ignore him - then look out, up at him.

Jackie breaks the situational awkwardness by bumping into the glass, rubs his head.

The girlfriends laugh.

Jackie enters the bar, approaches the ladies.

JACKIE

So. Well, here's the thing.

(beat)

I saw you in the elevator, and I think you saw me. Then it was 'Run, Jackie, Run' time. See spot run. I'm seeing spots. Actually, I'm only seeing your eyes. And that. Dress. My God you're beauti... Fool. Stop being a fool, Jack!

Jing-Wei and party look at each other...