

FRAGMENTED

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FADE IN:

[...] INDICATE ORIGINAL MANDARIN LANGUAGE WITH SUBTITLE

INT. BEDROOM-LATE AFTERNOON

Water is filled to the rim of the glass. Light travels through the water. Water reflects the light in many directions.

On a side table, a pill is set aside the glass.

A hand grabs the pill, shaking and another hand lifts the glass - almost loses the grip.

An old face, eyes empty -- XIN (80), Chinese American.

Xin lies in bed, takes his pill and sighs.

MEI, (78), Chinese American, years leave some mark on her, but her grace remains and her strength seeps through, takes Xin's glass, sets it aside and sits by his bed.

XIN
[Who're you...]

MEI
[I'm Mei, your wife.]

Mei's heart aches.

XIN
When did I get married?

MEI
Fifty two years ago, honey.

Xin pauses for a moment and nods his head -- acknowledges it.

Slowly...something stirs in him.

XIN
I'm going to Pasadena.

Xin struggles to sit up but slips, too frail. He examines his surroundings, lost. Puzzled eyes.

Mei moves forward, gently slides a pillow under him and pops him up.

MEI
You retired years ago.