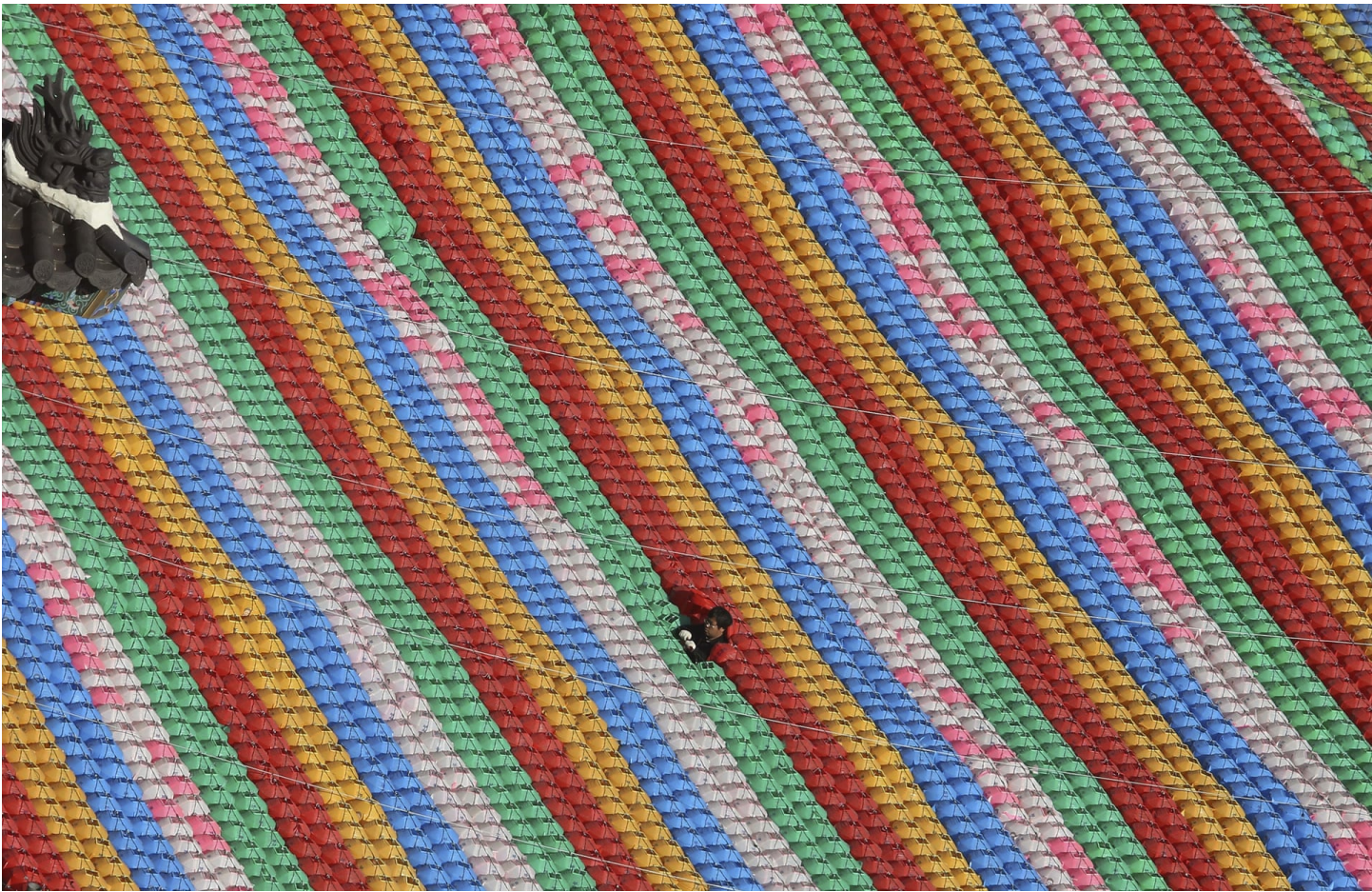


A PRAYER FOR THE WORKER, SUNG-MIN

Written by

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Photograph: Ahn Young-joon/AP



EXT. COURTYARD - JOGYE TEMPLE - DAY

At the temple's vast entrance, a wide, layered blanket of paper lanterns bobs in a breeze, strung far, corner to corner in the historic, sacred square.

SUNG-MIN (39, a worker, in mind and body), bent over in overalls and tool belt, steps across tiles beneath this canopy of colour, checks fixings, hangings, hooked into the work, absorbed in his task, *diligent*.

EXT. COURTYARD - JOGYE TEMPLE - DUSK

Working by a lamp strapped to his forehead, Sung-min unties a lantern that's come loose from its web, bringing the delicate work down for repair.

A hole opens above his head, revealing dusk's failing light.

Sung-min examines the lantern, sees a knot in the thread attached at one of its corners, picks at it with fine nails and bright teeth, patient, loosening the link in even hands.

The tie comes undone and Sung-min lifts the lantern back up into its place, blocking out the light of the night above.

Sung-min secures the corners of the lantern and moves on.

EXT. COURTYARD - JOGYE TEMPLE - NIGHT

Sung-min, eyes wide, paces across those tiles, quicker now, urgent, through a dark that's quickly deepened, but that is shaded pastel still by the loose paper lanterns above.

Sung-min pauses, his breathing shallow, rolls his shoulders.

SUNG-MIN

Seventy by sixty-five, fourteen
paces from the north-eastern corner-

He looks up, off into the thick black lying ahead.

SUNG-MIN (CONT'D)

But...

With trembling hand, Sung-min reaches to his tool belt, pulls up a pair of long, slender scissors, sharp in the shadow.

He looks from the scissors to the swaying paper above...

SUNG-MIN (CONT'D)

Forgive me -