

Prologue (Thai) <Japanese text>

It's been over a week of this strange high atmospheric pressure, like the city has been swallowed into the belly of a snake. And these unhappy days continue...

The heat is hot enough to drive one crazy.

Kid (Thai): Did the guy who rode this die?

Mon1212PM

FUTURE BLUES

Cast... Blah Blah Blah... Music = Yoko Kanno!!

Fri0222AM

Hiroshi (Japanese): <No translation, sorry>

Boy (English): Hey, Good luck!

Fri0550AM

Chinese man (Cantonese) <Japanese text>:

I don't even want to see his face!

A dirty money grubbing lying bastard.

I took him in because he sang real well, but he bit me in the back.

I fell for his tricks, and by the time I noticed my safe was emptied.

And he even took my woman.

I'll settle the score sooner or later.

Go to hell!

Chinese man (Cantonese) <Cantonese voice>:

You know him? He's bad mojo, how did you get to know him? He's a hopeless person.

The only thing I know is that he was a popular singer. A famous singer, but he's no longer of this world. Nope.

Wed0110AM

Tailor (Japanese):

He ordered 50 suits, and didn't pay a cent for them. You're a friend of his? Please pay up? Now?

Unknown (Turkish??):

This guy is Urashima isn't he? He's not allowed in these parts no more.

He's a crazy guy who smokes his Cannabis from dawn to dusk as if he didn't have time to sleep.

You look at him and know he's crazy.

And with such an innocent smile on his face, he gambles till his bones are dry.

Doesn't know how to lend others a helping hand.

You can't live in this town without having morals.

He is FUCK!!

Hiroshi:

Give me a break.

Where did you get?

French guy (French?):

This is from the heaven,

This is from the earth,

and this is from your tears.

You are an empty shell.

There is no meaning in your being here.

A body with no laughter.

An iron body that never gets wet.

Disappointment

Deceleration

De-failure

Wed0329AM

Lady? (English):

Damn, the wise man says, remember not getting what you want is sometimes a wonderful stroke of luck.

So, what is luck? You'll never know anyway.

Oh, Urashima, his baby. But he's cautious and it's cool.

That's why I changed the gear.

I don't know where he is now.

He just disappeared.

Lady (Thai) <Japanese text>:

Said he was preparing for the World Cup, he had to shoot a thousand goals.

Last time I saw him, he said he can see Heaven's door.

Funny isn't it?

Lady. (English):

I am May. Scorpio. I'm a Lady.

May:

Who are you anyway?

Hiroshi:

Who? Me? Who?

May:

You are looking for the guys (guy) Ah?

Hiroshi:

You know where it is. (You know where he is don't you)

May:

Why?

Hiroshi:

STRANGER told me. (That weird stranger)

May:

What?

Hiroshi:

FIRE MAN (The guy who breathes fire)

May:

Who is that?

Hiroshi:

Forget about it

May:

What is your name?

Hiroshi:

Me, Hiroshi

Hiroshi:

Ah, excuse me.

Thanks.

<Shower Scene!>

May:  
OK. It's the showtime

<Red eye!?!>

<May's visual of something hard and long cut of... and what can that be...>

Fri0600AM

Fri0606AM

Wed0555AM

May:  
We're looking for this place...

Man:  
Ah... Peach Village (Momohana)

Man:  
But it's gone already.

May:  
What?

Man:  
Well anyhow, go and have a look.

May:  
Thanks.

Wed0333PM

Hiroshi:  
Here it reached the shallows and is cast aside.  
These bones and memories for which not a tear is shed.  
In a place that deserves to stand as its record.

Lady:  
I know it. I knew it.

Thu0715AM

<Kanno Yoko sama!?!?!?>

Fri0222AM

And when you think it's over, it's really just begun.

It's painful being at ease.

Light only shines brightly in the darkness.

It's only when there's nothing that you can have it all.

To see is to see nothing. (The more you learn, the more you realize how little you know)

Hiroshi (English) <English vocals>:

(Four legs on the boat?), (? grass by the fjord?), (? ? ? Spring), (? ? all the ?).

I'll take those things, to remember for years, to remember with tears...

Hiroshi (English) <Japanese text>:

There are four ducks in the pond.

Green grass by the shore.

It's a trivial thing but I will remember it with every passing of Spring.

May:

Come on, do it.

May:

Let's make our weekend.

Fri0600AM

<Boy, that hotel kid is creepy...>

Boy:

And only now do you finally realise...

Mon1212PM

Hiroshi:

Eh? Yoshima...

Fri0606AM

<End>