

<Minimal Version>

PROLOGUE – a

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The boy gets off the bicycle and lays it on the lawn. He walks on the grass to the house. Through the open door, he steps inside the entrance hall.

The movers walk outside.

A large painting is hanging on the wall. The dark blue abstract painting has yellow around the bottom.

Standing by the painting, the boy looks around the cluttered entrance hall.

Many boxes are piled up. Beside them are a cabinet, a dresser, and a floor lamp.

A young woman with long blond hair comes down the big staircase. She rubs her slightly rounded pregnant belly.

The boy says, “What are all those things?”

The woman in a bright red pantsuit says, “Well, your dad bought me a lot of those things. Look, like that lamp. Isn’t that beautiful?”

The boy looks at the gaudy lamp made of shiny red beads. And then the woman with the long blond hair. He finds her body covered in a light.

The light becomes stronger and larger. Soon the light fills up the entire entrance hall. It blinds him. It takes a few moments for his eyes to adjust to the light.

He sees a faint blue light outline the woman’s body. He rubs his eyes and looks down at himself. He finds his body in a blue light, too. He freezes. He raises his

hands and looks at his palms in a blue light. He sees the woman's hand with a wedding ring pick up a gold-colored china bowl.

Holding up the bowl in a blue light, she says, "Your dad got me this in New York. Don't you think it's pretty?"

"...You're so blue," the boy says.

"Blue?...I'm not blue." The young woman puts her hand on her waist and harshly looks at the boy.

The boy looks at the woman flaring in a blue light.

She says, "What are you talking about?"

Don't glare at me like that! the boy wants to say, but the voice doesn't come out. He wants to run upstairs to his room, but he cannot move.

The blue light on the woman's body becomes larger. The light moves forward to him as if a giant wave of light is about to attack his body. Now the blue light floods over the boy, swallowing his entire body.

But the boy is frozen. His feet are glued to the floor, unable to move.

His body vanishes in the blue light.

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In the motel room, the young man turns to lie on his back, throwing his left arm to the other side of the bed. He opens his eyes.

The light on the nightstand blinds him.

He rubs his eyes with his fingers and takes a deep breath. He crosses his arms under his head on the blue pillow.

He stares into space.

PROLOGUE – b

On the outskirts of Miami, in a quiet bar made of plain plaster walls, the young man sits alone at a small round table, an empty glass before him. Wearing a blue flannel shirt, worn jeans, and a pair of black sneakers, he rests his face in his hand under his dark brown hair. He hears a man's voice that comes from behind him:

“How about a drink, buddy? My treat.”

Kane Scot, twenty-seven, turns around and looks up at an African-American man.

The middle-aged man in a brown corduroy jacket sits on a high stool at the small bar counter. Despite his powerful physique, he wears a little smile.

Kane says, “Oh, no, that's okay...Thanks.”

The man says, “I've never seen you around here.”

“Yeah...I'm just passing through.” Kane raises his empty glass to ask for another drink.

The bartender behind the counter nods to him.

From the back pocket of his jeans, Kane takes out a piece of folded fax paper. He stares at a handwritten telephone number.

The bartender brings a glass of whisky. Putting it on the table, he picks up the

empty one.

Kane takes a sip. He stands up and walks to a pay phone at the end of the uncrowded bar.

A black and white clock sits on a clean plaster wall. It reads 8:10.

Glancing at the fax paper, Kane dials a number. As he finishes dialing, he takes a deep breath.