

New Rose Hotel

by

William Gibson

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Edward R. Pressman Film Corp
4063 Radford Avenue - Suite 102
Studio City, CA 91604

NEW ROSE HOTEL

William Gibson / John Shirley

EXT. NIGHT. TOMEI EXPRESSWAY. TOKYO

SPEED.

Lights blur past.

Anxious BLEEPING,

a Japanese vehicle exceeding the legal limit.

Shots from a MICRO-VAN as we pass one bizarre building after another.

These are LOVE HOTELS.

They seem to line the expressway: go-for-baroque full-tilt kitsch fantasies of Europe, America, the future, names like "Queen Elizabeth" and "Freedom Shower American" spelled out in mini-Vegas neon.

CLOSE ON CHANEY driving, big American in a tiny Japanese van.

In bad shape.

In trouble.

Blood on his white shirt.

PULL BACK: The micro-van swerving from lane to lane.

CLOSE ON CHANEY: Sweating it.

Checking the mirrors.

Checking his watch.

Snaps on radio to drown the speed-bleeper;

loud music fills car, dies as sexy Californian girl-voice announces "RADIO YOKOHAMA FM, NUMBER ONE RADIO STATION IN JAPAN!", bang into next song--

Airport direction sign: NARITA. Where our man wants to go--

But can't.

Whirling roadblock lights behind

POLICE IN SAMURAI RIOT-ARMOR,

blocking the way.

Red flares.

Chaney JAMS INTO REVERSE and BACKS UP FAST. Horns blare and tires screech as drivers behind him swerve out of his way.
BIG TRUCKS hurtle past in a WAIL OF HORNS.

Chaney makes the exit.
Shuts off radio as he swings onto surface road.

Quasi-industrial Tokyo suburbs.

Neon-topped building looms.
Chaney's eyes widen.
Seeing a ghost.
Lush neon pastels.
The sign fills the screen.

NEW ROSE HOTEL

HOLD on the sign.

Opening credits roll.
Chaney eases the micro-van into a tiny garage.
Garage door snaps shut.

INT. GARAGE

Credits continue as Chaney gets stiffly out of van.
Limping from recent bruising.
Carries a small duffle.
Wears an expensive suit, ripped and dusty.

INT. REGISTRATION

Fully automated, no contact with staff.
Chaney knows the drill.
Takes a fat wad of yen from his jacket.
Counts off an amount.
Deposits it in a slot (like a drive-in bank).
Lights go on above a row of numbered buttons.

His hand thumps button #7.
Key to Room 7 comes rattling down a chute.

Gets into cramped elevator, door closes.

INT. CORRIDOR

Chaney from behind, moving.
Overlit.
Fluorescent.

End opening credits.

INT. ROOM 7

Darkness.

Rattle of a key.

Chaney backlit by glare from corridor.

Steps in quick, flicks on lights, closes and locks door.

CHANEY'S POV: the room in quick glances.

Black imitation leather.

Weird Japanese take on French postmodern.

Kinky severity.

Round bed, round mirror overhead.

Black minicam on a tripod, VCR, enormous video monitor, low black cabinet with glasses.

REACTION SHOT: This room is at the heart of Chaney's darkness.

This is where he started to Lose It.

This is where the end began, and he knows that, and knows what it was worth, and what it's already cost.

What it's going to cost...

He looks at the bed...

And grins.

Bad crazy.

CHANEY'S POV, CLOSE, dumping out the contents of the duffle on the black leatherette bed: keys, Chinese cigarettes, a Swiss army knife, video cassette, several thick rubber-banded slabs of yen, a woman's purse (cheap and worn) lipstick, makeup, condoms, gum-wrappers, loose change...and something (a pistol) wrapped in dirty gauze bandages...

CLOSE, Chaney slotting cassette in VCR.

Punches FORWARD.

Into street-surveillance tape of YOMIYURI with data flashing across bottom of screen: time, date, location.

Audio is white noise.

Jerky, nervous camera-action; handheld, violent auto-zooms, Yomiuri isolated by a square targeting-device.

Chaney impatiently fast-forwards through this to:

SANDII in a single freeze-frame of
IMMEDIATE EROTIC INTENSITY.
Motion: Sandii and Chaney tangle slow
on a black bed.
The bed in Room 7.
Sex and death:
like you could cut it with a knife.

CHANEY, watching the screen.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAPSULE HOTEL. SHINJUKU. NIGHT

The Sleaze Zone.
Brighter than day.

Camera slams down out of a forest of neon.

Rack of single-occupancy capsules jammed back into
a bustling, brightly lit alley.

Through the passing crowd and the transparent
hatch, CHANEY.
Flat on his back, hands behind his head, trying to
follow a Japanese game-show with glazed
determination.
Anything to temporarily blot out Tokyo
street-reality.

CHANEY'S POV, screen mounted flush with ceiling.

OPTION: insert real Japanese tv clips w/
commercials, or make our own.
Whatever he sees, it has a high culture-shock index
while being extremely tedious.
Chaney gives up.
Punches a different channel: Japanese MTV.

Image blurs into cable-filter mode as words appear:

YOUR THIRTY MINUTES ARE OVER. PLEASE DEPOSIT Y3,000
TO RETAIN USE OF CAPSULE.

CHANEY
Shit! That's thirty fucking
dollars!

He slams the wall of the capsule in helpless anger. Hands in white cotton gloves appear, rap sharply on the transparent hatch. Hatch swings up. Chaney scrambles out, tired and pissed off. A drunken salaryman sways behind the attendant. Attendant bends to strip the capsule-bed of its hospital-style paper sheet. Salaryman beams blearily at Chaney and belches.

SALARYMAN

Good evening! Sorry! I very exciting to meet you!

Chaney wears a baggy tan suit in need of cleaning.

CHANEY

Hey. Pretty exciting myself, boss. You get yourself a good sleep, hear?

Salaryman nods happily and plunges headfirst into the capsule and unconsciousness. Begins to snore. The attendant clucks and begins to remove the man's shoes.

CHANEY

Maybe you got the right idea, boss...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LIQUOR STORE. NIGHT

THROUGH WINDOW, Chaney points at a clear glass bottle of colorless Japanese booze. Counts the money carefully before paying; counts the change after. Leaves with his bottle in a paper bag.

EXT. SHINJUKU STREETS. NIGHT

Chaney wandering through NEON, black-clad crowds thick as Christmas shopping, soft drizzle of rain, bobbing forest of umbrellas, giant wall-television ads, sonic overload of video arcades and pachinko parlors.

Takes a pull on his bottle, still in the bag.
Winces at the taste.
Fishes out a last cigarette, crumples the pack.
Looks after an attractive Japanese girl who brushes
past him like he doesn't exist. Dribble of rain
from an awning extinguishes his cigarette.

CHANNEY

Fuck.

Bag-people watch him from cardboard hutches.

EXT. NOODLE BAR. NIGHT

A street-stall draped with yellowing curtains of
thick transparent plastic. Bright fluorescent
light.

INT. NOODLE BAR

Chaney hunched alone at counter, slurping noodles
from a bowl.

Drunk.

Trouble using chopsticks.

Miniature color TV:

Samurai flick, volume up loud: constant GORE, arms
whacked off over Chaney's shaved pork...

DANNY parts the plastic curtain, overdressed, flash
Japanese designer look; he's Japanese-American
behind mirrorshades.

Ex-L.A., industrial espionage hustler, knows
Chaney.

DANNY

Chaney. My man.

Chaney looks up from his noodles as Danny takes a
seat beside him.

CHANNEY

Thought you went back to L.A.,
Danny.

DANNY

There and back again.

CHANNEY

Still there?

DANNY
What?

CHANEY
L.A. -- Is it still there?

DANNY
Yeah. Shit, man, what have you
been drinking?

Chaney pulls the almost empty bottle from its bag.

CHANEY
What do they make this stuff out
of?

DANNY
Sweet potato, man. Fucking yams,
man. Fuck you up.

Danny plucks the bottle away and rattles something
at the COUNTERMAN in Japanese. Countermand produces
a mug, a jar of instant coffee, spoon. Danny starts
spooning the coffee into the mug. Five spoons. Tops
it up with boiling water and stirs it.

CHANEY
Like it strong?

Danny shoves it in front of him.

DANNY
Drink up.

CHANEY
Too close to bedtime.

DANNY
Where you gonna sleep, man, in a
rolled-up newspaper? Drink your
coffee. Gotta proposition.

CHANEY
Yeah? Your last one put me on the
street.

DANNY
Hey, man, don't be negative... You
wanna make twenty thousand yen?

CLOSE on tv screen: ultra-splatter sword massacre.
Chaney looks, winces.

CHANNEY

Let me eat my noodles, Danny. I
don't work for you anymore.

DANNY

Thirty. Thirty thou. Drink the
coffee.

Chaney looks at Danny.
Picks up coffee with both hands. Sips.

CHANNEY

Thirty?

DANNY

Thirty.

CHANNEY

What for?

DANNY

See a guy. Pick something up for
me.

CHANNEY

What guy, Danny?

DANNY

Guy over in Sugimami-ku. Nobody
you know.

CHANNEY

What's the pickup?

DANNY

You know. A gadget. Small. Fit in
your pocket. What's it matter?

CHANNEY

My ass. Maybe. Like last time.

DANNY

Your ass is intact, man. You're
sitting on it. That's your
problem, Chaney, your ass; it's
got nowhere to go.

CHANNEY
Do it yourself.

DANNY
Jesus... Man, you don't know when
somebody tries to do you a
favor...

CHANNEY
Industrial espionage...

DANNY
'Technical research', man.

CHANNEY
Fifty thousand.

DANNY
Jesus. You fucking amaze me.

CHANNEY
Fifty thou.

DANNY
Deal. Drink the coffee...

EXT. TOKYO STREETS. NIGHT

Danny's black Datsun rolling through a maze of
narrow streets.

INT. DANNY'S CAR

Danny driving, Chaney beside him.

DANNY
Thought you had some kind of
tech-writing gig, Chaney. Maitland
told me, that Newsweek stringer...

CHANNEY
Didn't work out.

DANNY
How's your visa situation these
days? Still calling yourself a
journalist?

CHANNEY
Technical writer.

DANNY

My advice, get out before they deport you.

CHANEY

Thanks.

DANNY

Maybe Thailand...

CHANEY

Sure.

DANNY

Or go home.

CHANEY

Home. Sure.

DANNY

Or Macau. Whorehouses, gambling...

CHANEY

Sure. Great.

DANNY

Hey, I'm just trying to help.

CHANEY

Thanks. Who do you work for these days?

DANNY

Strictly freelance.

CHANEY

Gotta business card? 'Industrial espionage, strictly freelance'?

DANNY

Hey, this town, it might not be such a bad idea...

Swings the car around a final corner, stops.
Street ahead is narrow, shabby
commercial-residential. Nothing moves there.

DANNY

Guy's name... Well, you call him
'Toshi', that'll do. Take this...

Hands Chaney a Japanese camera and flashes a Polaroid print.

CU Polaroid in Danny's hand: anxious-looking young Japanese male, face slick with sweat, background might be a restaurant or nightclub.

CHANNEY

Toshi looks worried.

DANNY

They always do.

Chaney holds up the camera.

CHANNEY

Guy's camera-shy?

Danny takes the camera, snaps it open.

CU: it's a hollow shell, fitted with gray plastic foam; the foam's been custom-cut to accept some very specific object, but the space is empty.

DANNY

Gizmo'll fit in here. Get it, get out, cab it to Shinjuku, buy a ticket to Kanda. I'll meet you there.

Chaney takes the hollow camera and snaps it shut.

CHANNEY

What kind of gizmo, ol' buddy?

DANNY

Generic gizmo, okay? Just some tech. What's it matter?

CHANNEY

Matters. What is it?

DANNY

Door'll be open. Over the bike shop. It's time, man...

CHANNEY

Tell me, Danny.

DANNY

Some semiconductor shit, I dunno.

CHANNEY
Whose semiconductor shit?

Danny hesitates.

DANNY
Maas. The Germans.

Chaney tosses the fake camera into Danny's lap and starts to open the door.

CHANNEY
Thanks but no thanks. I can walk home...

Danny pushes a dash-button and power-locks clunk.

CHANNEY
Open the door, man...

DANNY
Walk home? What home, Chaney?

CHANNEY
Toshi's ripped Maas for something.
Maas fucking Biolabs. Jesus.

DANNY
And that's the name of the game.

CHANNEY
Name of that game's getting your
ass killed by some Kraut security
team. Those people do not mess
around.

DANNY
Look, you think I'd send you in if
I didn't think it was cool?

CHANNEY
Give me a fucking break...

DANNY
The guy's never seen me, is all; I
need you for a cut-out. It's cool.

CHANNEY
It's all that cool, asshole, do it
yourself,

Beat.

DANNY
Okay, fuck it, forget it, I'll
loan you thirty thou...

Danny's digging for his wallet but Chaney reaches over and takes the camera.

CHANEY
Sixty, Danny. Unlock the door.
I'll see you in Kanda...

Danny blinks, then grins.
Unlocks door.
Chaney gets out, pocketing the camera, closes the car-door.
Danny powers down window leans across, extending cash.

DANNY
Good man. Counting on you. Here's half up front.

CHANEY
Thanks a million.

Chaney pockets the money.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

Chaney's POV as he strolls cautiously toward a shop with exotic bicycles in its cluttered display window. Nearby is a row of VENDING MACHINES and strapped bundles of the MORNING PAPER. We see that the place next door is called SOAPLAND, MASSAGE AND BATH; no windows but the neon sign is on.

INT. CYCLE SHOP

POV of unknown party (MAAS SECURITY): Chaney approaching, viewed through shop-window and wheelspokes.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

Chaney's POV: He's a few feet from the vending machines when an EARTHQUAKE hits. Nothing major by Tokyo standards but the machines shudder, rock, their lights blinking.

CU on headline across copy of Tokyo English-language papers:

"MORE TREMORS PREDICTED"

CU on the trembling machines, their contents rattling behind plastic: quarts of whiskey, cans of beer.

CHANEY, reaction shot: Spooked. 'Is this really happening?'

INT. TOSHI'S ROOM

Tin shade with a single bare bulb vibrates as the mini-quake recedes. A cat meows.

EXT. ENTRANCE. STAIR TO TOSHI'S ROOM

Chaney checks street, tries door. It opens. He slips in quick.

INT. STAIR

Narrow, ratty. Chaney climbing.

INT. HALLWAY. ENTRANCE TO TOSHI'S ROOM

Chaney raps quietly on door.

CHANEY
Toshi?

No reply. Tries door, opens it, enters.

INT. TOSHI'S ROOM

Funky rabbit-hutch with walls of unpainted plasterboard, packing-crate furniture, popstar posters of Kate Bush and James Dean.

Somewhere in the frame, a BASEBALL BAT.

Someone's been here, trashed the place...

Another TREMOR rolls in on a long harmonic, CU of an ashtray skittering across tabletop. The bare bulb bounces beneath its rattling shade; dust sifts down from a crack in the low ceiling.

CHANNEY
Toshi?

Chaney's torn between the instinct to get out quick and his need for Danny's money.
The tremor recedes.
CAT yowls, jumping out from behind a torn paper screen. Dances delicately across the floor, leaving dainty little prints: blood.

CHANNEY
O shit...

The screen. Chaney moves, hesitates, yanks screen aside.
TOSHI's trussed there, kneeling, recently and very dead, done up in yards of clothesline a la the local S&M macrame fetish, a red rubber ball-gag in his mouth.
Four syringes protrude from the center of his chest, their needles driven into his sternum.

CU on Chaney's eyes, as he
Moves, fast -- the door...
But the street door is opening, at the foot of the stairs.
Low urgent voices, speaking German.
Chaney bolts back across room to window, rips it open. A steel security-grate, secured with a heavy padlock.

An EXOTIC HEAVY steps into the room. Thin Middle Eastern male in a shantung suit. Registers no surprise at seeing Chaney there. Draws a Gerber combat dagger from beneath his suitcoat, where he wears it hilt-down in a shoulder-rig; about as much affect as a carpenter picking up a screwdriver.

CHANNEY
Unh... Hey. You lookin' for Toshi?

The man smiles, begins to pass the knife smoothly from one hand to the other.

Chaney snags the BASEBALL BAT and whips a wild one, one-handed, at the heavy's head. Heavy ducks it, snake-quick, and moves in. Cocking bat for a second swing, Chaney accidentally bashes out the lightbulb. Room dark except for reflected neon from window. The heavy lunges in under Chaney's swing, but

catches his foot in a tangle of phone-cord. As he goes down, Chaney kicks him hard in the head.

Still gripping the bat, Chaney charges for the door -- in time to club a 2ND HEAVY there and see that the stairwell in full of men. Chaney rams 2ND HEAVY in chest with bat, toppling him down the stairs, on top of the others.

He's cornered.

Gets a fresh grip on the bat.

And spins, windmilling into the plasterboard,

SLASHING THROUGH IT,

bashing an opening into ANOTHER ROOM

as rose-tinted steamy light pours out.

VO: Woman's shrill scream, Japanese.

INT. SOAPLAND MASSAGE BATHS

Panicked "hostesses" cower as Chaney's bat chops out another hunk of wall. Salarymen in towels and dark glasses sit up quick on massage tables as Chaney scrambles through the ragged hole, bat in hand, splashing through the shallow pool of a trad-style bath, pursued by fresh HEAVIES.

INT. SOAPLAND. A PRIVATE CUBICLE

Barechested SALARYMAN sits majestically on edge of massage table. SANDII, in black rubber under an open kimono, kneels demurely before him, her features composed, traditional...

But something slams against the wall outside...

SALARYMAN (in Japanese)
What? What is that?

Sandii's eyes widen as Chaney explodes through the cubicle's door, shattering it to matchwood; he's come through backward, chest-kicked by the deadliest-looking heavy yet, a KARATE MAN. Chaney hits the massage table, toppling it, taking the Salaryman with him...

The Karate Man steps over the wreckage of the door with calm deliberation -- this is the part he really enjoys -- to crouch over Chaney as he summons inner resources for the kill. His hand contorts into a claw... The Salaryman is

frantically trying to present the Karate Man with a business card.

CLOSE as a hand, Sandil's, slips car-keys from a suit Jacket (Salaryman's) on a valet stand.

Karate Man stokes himself with three breaths, tensed for the killing blow -- CU Chaney as he opens his eyes in time to see it coming -- and Sandil kicks Karate Man square in the balls.

Karate Man down, Chaney up, and the Salaryman is still extending his business card...

INT. SOAPLAND. HALLWAY

Chaney, who's lost his bat, stumbles out of cubicle into chaos. The Maas heavies have followed him through from Toshi's, but the massage girls, wet and wriggling, are screaming blue murder, Soapland has fielded a BOUNCER (man-mountain Sumo variety), and some CUSTOMERS, martial arts fanciers, who are getting into the spirit of things and not doing too badly for themselves.

Chaney slugs someone at random and claws his way through the tangle, toward double doors at end of corridor. Sandil watches the furor from the entrance to the cubicle, her face a study in childlike anarchic glee.

INT. SOAPLAND. WORKOUT ROOM

Chaney flings open double doors. Girls scream.

Chaney's POV: Monstrous weight-lifting SUMO MAN rises like Godzilla from chrome Nautilus machine as his two girls cower away from Chaney. This guy, oiled and topknotted, is bigger than the bouncer.

Chaney, reaction shot. He turns and runs. Or tries to. Massive hand closes on his shoulder.

INT. SOAPLAND. OPPOSITE END OF CORRIDOR

MAAS SECURITY #1 steps into sight, elegantly-suited young German male who resembles David Bowie in his fascist ubermensch phase; he exudes a frigid cool that keeps the struggling crowd from touching him. He wears a pair of headphone-like noise-suppressors. He raises a large, very modern

automatic pistol and calmly fires a single shot into the ceiling.

The chronically gun-shy Japanese hit the deck in unison, even the Sumo-monster, leaving Chaney standing there, alone and disheveled.

MS #1 raises the pistol, assuming the classic target-shooting posture --

As Sandii's arm shoots out of a doorway, yanking Chaney off balance, spoiling MS #1's shot; the bullet blows a grapefruit-sized hole in one of the doors to the workout room.

INT. SOAPLAND. STAIRS TO GARAGE

Chaney scrambles frantically down narrow stairs behind Sandii, who has the Salaryman's car keys in her hand.

INT. SOAPLAND GARAGE

Four expensive cars.

Chaney snatches the keys, unlocks a BMW, jumps in, Sandii beside him. Ignition.

INT. SOAPLAND. STAIRS TO GARAGE

MS #1's elegant shoes, unhurried, descending.

INT. SOAPLAND GARAGE

Chaney revs engine as MS #1 fires from base of stairs. Bullets star the BMW's windows. Chaney pops the clutch in reverse, smashing into a Jaguar. The Jag's alarm goes off. Chaney shifts, pops it again, and the BMW crashes out through garage doors into alley, burning rubber.

Reaction shot, MS #1: Supercooled bloodlust. He takes aim on the bleating Jaguar, fires. The alarm cuts off in mid-bleat.

EXT. DAWN. TOMEI EXPRESSWAY

Chaney and Sandii in the stolen BMW. She's got the radio on, loud. Chaney, driving, looks like he's on automatic pilot.

CHANEY
Exit. Which fucking exit!?

RADIO
RADIO YOKOHAMA FM! BIG SOUND! BIG
BIG RADIO! NUMBER ONE IN JAPAN!
NUMERO UNO, BIG GUY!

CHANEY
Turn that shit off!

SANDII
Hang a left.

CHANEY
What!?

SANDII
Hang a left!

CHANEY
Huh?

SANDII
HANG A LEFT!!!

Throughout their exchange we've been increasingly aware of sirens or klaxons steadily gaining on the BMW. Now Chaney gets a rearview glance at approaching cherrytops -- and HANGS THAT LEFT, tires screaming, off the expressway...

As a mini-convoy of Tokyo Police vehicles blasts past in pursuit of the crazy gaijin who just trashed Soapland: tiny cops on enormous full-dress Honda cycles, a super-compact patrol car, and a brutal-looking thing like a Range Rover with full riot-armor.

CHANEY
Shit...

EXT. DAWN, CONCRETE LANDSCAPE NEAR EXIT RAMP

Could be New Jersey or Orange County, but it's Tokyo.

Sandii, looking bored, climbs out of the thrashed BMW. A tall-light cover falls off as she cinches up the sash on her kimono.

Chaney's making an automatic, halfhearted attempt at rubbing his fingerprints off the BMW's wheel with his wadded jacket.

Sandii watches him.

Takes a stick of gum from her purse.

Pops it.

Chews.

Bored.

Starts to walk away, highheels ticking on concrete.

Chaney looks up, sees her ass receding, wriggling in dawn heat-haze.

Muted thunder of morning traffic on the expressway.

CHANEY

Hey!

Beat.

She looks back at him.

CHANEY

Hey, what the fuck? Where are we?
Where you going?

Sandii stops, turns, looks back at him.

SANDII

You have money?

CHANEY

Money?

SANDII

Money.

CHANEY

Yeah...

SANDII

Come with me.

CHANEY

Where?

SANDII

Come.

He climbs stiffly out of the car and limps after her, his rag of a coat balled in his fist.

CHANNEY

Wait a second, wait, where are you--?

SANDII

There.

He follows her gaze.

NEW ROSE HOTEL waits there, neon dead in the morning light.

INT. NEW ROSE. REGISTRATION

Chaney hands Sandii the wad of money Danny gave him earlier. She counts it quick, automatically, like a bank teller, stuffs all but two bills into a money-slot, returns the two bills to Chaney.

In BG, aged janitor sweeps the floor, wearing spotless white gloves.

A key drops into Sandii's hand.

INT. CORRIDOR

Chaney follows Sandii.

Through open doors we glimpse hyper-efficient cleaning staff at work, more white gloves, the dawn shift briskly scrubbing away the evidence of love.

Sandii inserts the key into the door of Room 7, opens it.

INT. ROOM 7

Sandii backlit by glare from corridor.

She walks in like the place is home.

She knows exactly where the lightswitch is.

She walks straight into the bathroom and starts digging through her purse.

Chaney glances around, blinking, then closes the door behind him. He locks it, impressed by the quality and variety of hardware available for the job.

INT. BATHROOM

Sandii brushes her teeth.

INT. ROOM 7

Chaney's baffled by the place. Takes in the black bed, the waiting eyes of the video cameras. There's a black lacquer cabinet beside the bed. He opens it. CU on brightly-colored array of dildos, cockrings, vibrators, benwah balls; like a kid's collection of Transformers.

There's a little blank-faced geisha-doll there, apparently out of place among the sex-toys. CU as Chaney's tries to pick it up; the wig and paper gown come away in one piece, revealing yet another plastic cock.

Behind him, Sandii laughs.

He nervously tries to replace the wig and gown, fumbles it, starts knocking things over.

CHANEY

This one of those hot sheet joints or what?

SANDII

You don't like it?

Chaney's looks at her.

Looks down at himself: wrecked filthy clothes, torn knuckles, cuts, bloodstains.

Looks at her again and suddenly he's about to cry.

SANDII

Never mind.

Beat.

SANDII

You need a shower...

She comes toward him, opens another section of the bedside cabinet, revealing a bar with rows of miniature liquor bottles. Pulls out a vodka for herself.

SANDII

You?

CHANEY

Gotta beer?

She pulls out a tiny (135ml) can of Suntory Draft, pops the tab, hands it to him.

He takes it between thumb and forefinger, looks at it, slowly grins, drains it in a single gulp.

INT. BATHROOM. NARROW SHOWER CUBICLE

Steam. Needle-spray from high-tech showerhead over Chaney and Sandii as she soaps him.

CU Chaney's face. His eyes are closed.

DISSOLVE TO FREEZE-FRAME VIDEO IMAGE

Sandii -- again, the core document in Chaney's fetish-footage. Condensed erotic mystery. Slow zoom into obsessional montage, lingering investigation of fragments: breasts, a thigh, her eyes...

VO: Sandii groans softly--

INT. ROOM 7

Transition to live film occurs at precisely the instant of the Image. Chaney and Sandii are on the bed; the Image is on the monitor. Sandii groans, shudders, lies still. The Image remains frozen on the screen; flashbulb orgasm.

Reaction shot as Chaney notices the monitor as if for the first time. Beat.

His eyes like the eyes of an animal trapped by oncoming headlights.

He groans, rolls sideways, collapses.

DISSOLVE TO INT. ROOM 7. ANOTHER ANGLE

The camera is high above the bed; Chaney and Sandii at the bottom of a well.

The monitor is dark now, Chaney curled asleep like a dog. Sandii, naked, on her back, legs spread, smokes a cigarette. She's telling Chaney a story; it doesn't matter to her that he's asleep; really she's telling it to herself...

SANDII

My father... He was a big executive. Big company. Zaibatsu. Very rich. We lived sometimes in...Singapore. Sometimes in Tokyo. Our mansion had...twelve rooms! My mother was Dutch, you

see, very beautiful. She was a model, yes, her picture on Vogue. She took me to...Amsterdam, and I remember...pigeons, pigeons in a big park, it was Europe, old buildings...

INT. ROOM 7, ANOTHER ANGLE

CU Sandii's face through a drift of smoke.

SANDII

But my father...he made a bad business decision. Very bad. He was disgraced. His face was crushed. Suicide... Then my mother was always drinking. Then gone. And that is how I came here...

She stubs out her cigarette in an ashtray and sits up, as though she's just remembered something. Starts to dress, sitting on the edge of the bed.

Chaney groans, knuckles his eyes; he could use about two days more sleep, preferably in a hospital.

CHANEY

Wha--?

SANDII

Time.

CHANEY

Huh?

SANDII

Time's up. We must go.

CHANEY

No. No, sleep...

SANDII

You have more money?

CHANEY

No.

SANDII

I have to go...

She has a change of clothes, such as they are, in her purse: black top, black latex mini, black tights. Applies makeup with total concentration.

CHANEY

Wait-- Somebody owes me. Danny.
Owes me.

Sandil isn't impressed.

CHANEY

No, listen, he does. Owes me a lot...

He's lying now.

CHANEY

He's over in Akihabara. I can find him. Get me over there, I'll split it with you...

SANDII

You don't know how to find Akihabara?

CHANEY

No, no... I need help. The cops'll be looking. You know your way around...

SANDII

I know my way around. I don't need cops...

CHANEY

Help me.

Beat.
Sandil shrugs.

SANDII

Get dressed.

DISSOLVE TO: EXT. STREET IN AKIHABARA. DAY

This is Tokyo's vast retail electronics market, bustling and garish. The stores are spangled like Vegas showgirls. Some buildings house mazes of dozens of tiny stalls selling transistors and integrated circuits. Other stalls sell junk: displays of dead technology.

Chaney and Sandii make their way through the crowd. Sandii looks bored; Chaney looks like homemade shit and scared on top of it. He's sweating and sunlight's too bright.

CU Chaney's hand as he boosts a pair of cheap black plastic shades from a vendor's cart.

He slips them on. Looks dodgier than ever.

Chaney's POV on a passing policeman, CU on white-gloved hand beside a holstered revolver. The cop wears a walkie-talkie on his belt; has a phone plugged into one ear and a little lapel-mike; he mutters as he walks, surveying the crowd.

Reaction shot: Chaney winces behind the shades and tries to do a clumsy fade, stepping behind a huge glossy Coke machine (blazoned with the motto 'FEEL COKE!').

SANDII

I'm thirsty. Buy me a Coke.
Where's your friend? I'm bored...

Chaney watches the cop recede in the crowd. He digs through his pockets, collecting change. Has to feed a huge handful of low-denomination coins to the machine in order to pay for Sandii's Coke. When it tumbles down the chute, the machine thanks him.

COKE MACHINE

Domo! Feel Coke!

He glares at the machine, bends to get the can.

CHANEY

Jesus...

He's straightening up with the can in hand when Danny walks rapidly around a nearby corner, sees Chaney, turns and runs. Or tries to; all of this is taking place in elbow-to-elbow claustrophobic crowd-space.

Chaney, still holding the unopened can of Coke, struggles through crowd after Danny. Slow-motion nightmare but Danny's equally impeded, trying to worm his way up a DOWN staircase from one of the stores, past shoppers burdened with purchases.

INT. STAIRWAY

Someone drops a 20" Trinitron; its tube implodes. Screams. Chaney jumps over the wreckage and bounds up the stairs after Danny; shoppers cower. Chaney's lost his shades.

INT. DISPLAY FLOOR

Chaney reaches top of stairs, finds himself in a room jammed with microwaves ovens, refrigerators, electric rice-cookers. Shoppers turn and stare. No Danny. Chaney hunts him through the maze of fridges; shoppers back politely, nervously away. Danny breaks from behind a fridge and runs.

INT. (VARIOUS) CHASE SEQUENCE

These larger Akihabara stores are amazing places; rabbit-warrens packed with merchandise, they seem to have been shoehorned into existing spaces (offices? warehouses?) with no regard for crowd-flow. Aisles between displayed merchandise are incredibly narrow, ceilings often comically low. The merchandise is new and flashy, the rooms seedy, fluorescent-lit, concrete and fake wood panelling.

Chaney pursues Danny through a video department, a record section, a CD section. But Danny's a good runner and Chaney's wasted, on his last legs, sweating and starting to wobble.

Danny ducks through what seems to be a fire-door--

INT. ANOTHER STAIRWELL

This obviously isn't open to the public.

Chaney's POV as he yanks the door open: Danny's scrambling up steep steel stairs and he's got a good lead. Too good a lead.

Chaney switches the Coke from his left hand to his right and lobs it hard up the stairwell -- straight into the back of Danny's head.

CU dented can leaving a blood-smear as it ricochets off wall and starts to bounce down the steel stairs

--

CHANEY
Feel Coke...

INT. STAIRWELL. ANOTHER ANGLE

Danny sways, sinks to his knees, loses his grip on the handrail, start to topple backward--

But Chaney's already swarmed up the stairs, furious. Grabs Danny by the lapels and slams him up against the wall.

CHANEY
You set me up!

DANNY
No way! I--

CHANEY
Shut the fuck up! You wanna fall down some stairs, asshole?

DANNY
No! Listen--

CHANEY
Gimme my money! Money! Now!

DANNY
Sure, sure, look, I--

FOX (VO)
I've got your money, mate, no fear.

INT. STAIRWELL. ANOTHER ANGLE

Chaney's POV, looking down the stairs -- to where FOX stands, just inside the fire-door, Australian by the sound of him. A type: wild colonial boy too long on the circuit; a hustler, nasal, ascerbic, slightly seedy. Snapbrim straw hat and a polyester suit with big crescents of sweat under each arm.

FOX
Let the poor bugger go. No, Christ, not literally, break his fucking neck, you do that...

Fox's interruption has taken the edge off Chaney's rage; exhaustion's taken over. He props Danny on the stairs, looks at Fox.

CHANNEY
Who the hell're you?

FOX
Fox. As in the quick brown, right?
Fox. As in has your readies here,
mate, your drinking vouchers.

Fox takes a battered wallet from the suit's breast pocket and fans out a lot of yen.

FOX
What's he owe you, then?

Chaney hesitates.

CHANNEY
Sixty. Sixty thousand yen.

FOX
Done! And lunch, old son. I'd say
he owes you lunch...

DISSOLVE TO: INT. YAKITORI JOINT

Trad-style working-class hangout. Second-floor walk-up, low tables, no chairs, tatami-style except the floor's bare masonite. Table covered with plates of yakitori, magnum-sized beer-bottles, tiny beer-glasses. Chaney and Sandil sit opposite Fox and Danny. Danny gingerly rubs a plastic bag of bar-ice against the back of his head, wincing; he has a black eye and a swollen lip. Sandil picks bits of meat from a bowl of noodles with her chopsticks; nobody's paying her any attention; she's bored.

FOX
So, as I was saying, old son, you
need to get off the street for a
bit. Jap cops'll put it together,
if you give 'em too much of a
chance...

Chaney chews his yakitori steadily, methodically, eyes shifting from Fox to Danny.

DANNY

Hey, man, believe it, we didn't know. Toshi had himself this bad habit... Lost his sense of perspective, y' know?

CHANEY

My ass.

DANNY

Yeah. But you're still sitting on it.

CHANEY

Maas. Tried to kill me, you follow?

FOX

We follow, mate, no fear. Nasty business... But now we're going to be taking care of you.

Beat.

CHANEY

Why?

DANNY

We have a prop--

CHANEY

Bullshit!

FOX

None of it. But you're in no position to argue, pardon my saying so. Jap cops looking for the big roundeye trashed the massage parlour... And then there's Maas...

CHANEY

Who are you?

FOX

Man in a way of business. Like friend Danny here.

Fox grins.

FOX

But smarter, no fear. Know a nice ryokan past Kamakura beach. Quiet place. Drive you there this afternoon. Take your friend here, if you want.

Fox looks at Sandil; she stares him back.

FOX

Later, we can talk.

DANNY

Take it, Chaney. It's the only deal in town.

DISSOLVE TO: EXT. DAY. COASTAL HIGHWAY.
KAMAKURA

Japanese van, Danny driving, Fox beside him, Chaney and Sandil in rear. Chaney has fresh clothes.

Sea, the beach. They drive on.

EXT. DAY. THE RYOKAN

Van swings down drive of modern version of traditional seaside inn. Strangely serene after the neon hustle of Tokyo.

INT. RYOKAN RECEPTION

Danny, looking alien in his flash clothes, speaks Japanese with bowing women in traditional dress. Chaney and Sandil look on.

INT. RYOKAN. TATAMI ROOM

Empty except for a long low table, cushions, a large television, a telephone. Built at the surfline; the wall facing the sea is glass.

Sound of the wind.

Danny stands by the window, staring out. Chaney and Sandil stand in the doorway.

CHANEY

Where's the bed?

DANNY

They bring it in later. Make it up. This is the old stuff, the trad stuff...

CHANEY

Yeah?

DANNY

Gets on my nerves...

SANDII

This is for old people.

DISSOLVE TO: INT. TATAMI ROOM. ANOTHER ANGLE.
NIGHT

Big moon through wide window, reflected on the sea. Sandii's curled, asleep, on a futon. Chaney crouches nearby, smoking a cigarette, watching her sleeping face.

Sound of waves and wind.

DISSOLVE TO: EXT. SEACOAST. DAY

Chaney and Fox walk along rocky stretch of beach. Danny and Sandii watch them from the van..

FOX

You were in industrial security yourself, weren't you, Chaney? California?

CHANEY

Not the way they play it here.

FOX

Same game, friend; it's just the stakes are higher here.

CHANEY

I don't know what Danny's told you, man, but he's full of shit. What's your game?

FOX

Talent.

CHANEY

Scalphunter?

FOX
You could put it that way.

CHANEY
Who for?

FOX
The highest bidder, old son.

Chaney doesn't respond.

FOX
You're supposed to say: 'And who's that then?'

CHANEY
Am I?

FOX
You're a difficult bastard, aren't you? The bidder is Hosaka Corporation, Chaney. The talent's name is Yomiyuri--

INT. RYOKAN. TATAMI ROOM. DAY

FOX
--Hiroshi Yomiyuri...

Fox, Chaney and Danny, at the table. Fox is spreading out his media scrapbook on Yomiyuri, magazine tearsheets cased in plastic; ever the good salesman, he prides himself on a professional presentation. The television is on the table now, connected to a VCR.

CLOSE on the photos of Yomiyuri: young, handsome, conveys a striking combination of hip modernity and asceticism. Quiet but very stylish clothing. The clippings seem to be from People, Vanity Fair, fashion magazines of one kind or another. Yomiyuri looks very much at ease there; perhaps bored.

CHANEY
Rock star?

DANNY
Scientist. The new breed.

FOX
Our Hiroshi, he's the cutting
edge...

CHANEY
Of what?

FOX
Gene-splicing. Recombinant DNA.

Fox slots a cassette and forwards the VCR; jerky
handheld footage of Yomiuri emerging from a
restaurant; zoom; freeze-frame.

CHANEY
Hosaka wants him?

FOX
In the worst possible way.

CHANEY
So let them hire him. Make him an
offer.

DANNY
He's under contract. Very
exclusive.

Chaney leans across the table, shuts off the VCR.

CHANEY
I don't want to know...

Fox turns it on again, fastforwards to Yomiyuri
windowshopping on Ginza; camera swinging abruptly
to a nearby car; frame freezes; slow computer-zoom
into Justified Image of MAAS SECURITY #1.

CHANEY
Jesus Christ...

DANNY
That one of the guys you saw?

CHANEY
Maas! Hiroshi's working for Maas
Biolabs!

FOX
Too right.

DANNY

But we can shift him. We think
he's ready for a career move...

ECU, the VCR: Maas Biolabs PR footage of Yomiyuri
accepting an award from beefy Maas CEO; they're on
stage in a large hotel's banquet hall. Cut to
assembled Maas executives rising to applaud
Yomiyuri; half are Japanese, half European, but the
sense of corporate devotion and loyalty is very
Japanese; scary; the applause continues as they
begin to chant Yomiyuri's name... Screen hisses
into static; Danny shuts it off.

CHANEY

You're crazy.

FOX

No. It can be done. When he hears
Hosaka's offer...

CHANEY

But Maas has him! He's under
contract.

FOX

We'll help him move, Chaney.

CHANEY

They'll kill you. If he's as hot
as that, they'd probably kill him,
before they'd let him go to
Hosaka...

DANNY

I was telling Fox about the kinds
of problems you had to deal with
at Huntington Space Research,
Chaney.

CHANEY

That was security. Not
kidnapping...

FOX

Too right, but you know their side
of the game, don't you?

CHANEY

We didn't kill people at
Huntington.

DANNY

Because they couldn't afford to...

EXT. RYOKAN GARDEN. DAY

Chaney's POV: he watches Sandil; she's sullenly
throwing rocks at big carp that circle sluggishly
in a small pool in the rock garden. Drastic
contrast between her rocker/hooker look and the Zen
calm of the garden.

FOX (VO)

We just want you to think about
it, Chaney...

DISSOLVE TO: EXT. TOKYO. NIGHT

Panorama of the city. A sea of light.
Move in on featureless black glass tower that
houses the Japanese arm of MAAS BIOLABS GmbH.

INT. OFFICE OF MS #1

Sparse, hard-edged. Subdued steel-and-leather. MS
#1 seated at his desk in shirtsleeves. Single light
source above desk.

INTERCOM (VO)

Tape from the garage camera has
been obtained, Herr Koch.

MS #1

Good. And the police...?

INTERCOM (VO)

Are unaware that the tape exists.

MS #1

Bring it in.

Young male secretary in suit and tie enters, hands
MS #1 a video cassette.

MS #1

Thank you.

SECRETARY

Sir.

Secretary exits. MS #1 rises, crosses to video console, inserts tape. Huge wall-projection screen fills with monochrome image: the garage under Soapland, the BMW, the Jaguar... The cameras pans slowly, robotically, back and forth, back and forth....

Blurs as MS #1 fastforwards; suddenly Sandll and Chaney are there, scurrying in FF. MS #1 freezes image, rewinds, forwards, freezes it again: Chaney's face in three-quarter profile.

MS #1

Hello, my friend...

He returns to his desk, settles into his chair with obvious satisfaction. Half turns in chair, hands behind his head, to study the image on the screen.

MS #1

And I wonder, my friend, exactly who and what you are...

DISSOLVE TO: SHRIMP STREET. NIGHT

Glaring neon alley of stripjoints and massage parlours. These places are a lot more basic than Soapland: signs in English offer MASSAGE!, PLEASURE!!, SUPER PLEASURE!!! Touts in mirrored sunglasses at the entrances; flashes of big-screen video porn behind them.

Chaney, Sandll, Fox walk rapidly, Fox leading.

FOX

...the Welshman. Just chat.

CHANEY

You just won't listen, will you?

FOX

I want you to listen, boyo. To the Welshman. Just have a listen's all....

One of the touts in sunglasses catches sight of Sandll and follows her, screaming shrill abuse.

TOUT (in Japanese)
Cunt! Ripoff! Lying Bitch!

Fox restrains Chaney, hustles him along. Sandil glares triumphantly back at the tout.

FOX
Not your safest part of Tokyo...

CHANEY (To Sandil)
What the hell was that?

SANDIL
Nothing. I hate this creep-ass place...

EXT. GOLDEN STREET. NIGHT

Cobbled alley lined with incredibly tiny bars. No neon; fairy-like glow of old-fashioned signs. The doors of the little bars are closed; like a corridor lined on either side with closets.

Fox leads Chaney and Sandil to a particular door, slides it partially open, peers in.

FOX
Good. Here we are...

He ducks through. Chaney follows -- he has to bend his knees, duck his head; takes Sandil's hand and draws her in.

INT. BAR

The place has about as much floor-area as a couple of pool tables. Walls shingled with smoke-filmed layers of postcards. LOLA, a middle-aged Japanese transvestite, is frying sardines behind the bar and topping up the glass of a sodden salaryman. The only other customer sits at a table in the rear. A splatter film flickers on a small television behind the bar, providing most of the light in the room.

FOX
G'day, Lola.

Lola looks up from her cooking and smiles demurely, revealing spectacularly bad teeth. Fox continues toward rear of bar.

FOX
G'day...

THE WELSHMAN gazes blearily up at Fox. He's a red-eyed disheveled figure with uncombed hair. On the table, an open bottle of Irish whiskey, a glass, a pack of unfiltered Players and an ashtray heaped with butts. When he speaks, a cigarette screwed into the corner of his mouth, it's immediately evident that he's very drunk.

WELSHMAN
Ah, Mr. Fox. As in the quick brown, wasn't it? And friends? You're very welcome. Sit. Do.

Fox and Chaney sit. Sandil's drifted back to the bar. Chaney turns to see her engrossed in the bloody samurai film; turns back as Fox addresses the Welshman.

FOX
This is Chaney. The American I mentioned...

WELSHMAN
Yank, yes. Recall. I do. Pleasure, sir. Certainly.

The Welshman pours himself a treble whiskey and drinks half of it down as if it were water. Licks his lips and smiles. Chaney looks at Fox, as if to say 'This guy? You kidding?' Fox grins.

FOX
And have you been having any luck, Taffy, with that matter we've spoken of?

When the Welshman speaks, there's no trace of drunkenness whatever; frightening effect, as though something else had surfaced behind his eyes: something cold, lucid, surgically precise.

WELSHMAN
Don't call me 'Taffy', thank you. He's in Vienna tonight, his usual hotel, Singerstrasse. They've mounted a team of eleven, this trip. Security's tighter than an eel's arse.

FOX

You're saying we'd best not try for him while he's travelling?

WELSHMAN

I'm saying it's bloody tight, Fox. Might well be no better here, but I doubt it could be much worse. I will tell you one thing, though: you haven't a hope in hell without his co-operation.

FOX

When's he due back.

WELSHMAN

Source in the hotel says tomorrow, but the bastard's got his own jet.

FOX

But you're on for it, if we decide to have a go here, in Tokyo?

WELSHMAN

I'm on for nothing until you've obtained a very detailed picture of their security arrangements here. Watching the watchers, Fox, that's not my line.

CHANEY

What is your line?

WELSHMAN

Abductions.

FOX

Think of it as 'defection'...

The Welshman shrugs, lights a fresh cigarette from the stub of the last.

FOX

Chaney's our boy for what you need, then. Knows his way 'round corporate security, don't you, old son?

Chaney glances back at Sandil, sees her munching fried sardines, lost in the samurai slasher film.

He turns back to Fox and the Welshman, seems as though he's about to say no again...

CHANNEY

You haven't told me what it's worth to you.

FOX

A very great deal of money, when it's done. And this...

He takes an American passport from his pocket and hands it to Chaney, who opens it.

CU passport photo, Chaney's POV: Photo of Chaney.

CHANNEY

Robert M. Baker?

FOX

With his visa quite in order, old son.

The Welshman raises his glass of whiskey; sobriety vanishes as though someone's thrown a switch.

WELSHMAN

I'll drink to that...

DISSOLVE TO: INT. HOTEL ROOM IN ARK HILLS. DAY

Dark -- heavy curtains shut out the light.

Chaney pushes a button on the bedside console; the curtains track open electrically. Could be a room in a Hyatt, but it's smaller and slicker, with a tea-making machine beside the television.

Chaney gets out of bed, scratches himself, peers out the window.

Chaney's POV: Tokyo from the the 33rd floor.

SANDII

Coffee?

Chaney's pulling his pants on. Goes to the tea-making machine, fumbles through a collection of tea-cups, bags of green tea.

CHANEY
There's tea...

SANDII
I hate tea. Look in the fridge...

Chaney opens mini-fridge, finds cans of chilled Blue Mountain coffee and POCARI SWEAT. Opens a coffee for Sandii and a Sweat for himself, CU on Sweat label.

Sandii sits up in bed, accepts the can of coffee.

SANDII
You work for them now?

CHANEY
Danny owed me.

SANDII
This much? Money for a room like this?

CHANEY
Unh. No. They need some help, is all. They pay.

SANDII
Hustlers.

CHANEY
Businessmen...

Sandii laughs.

CHANEY
What they're doing, it's not illegal. Not exactly.

SANDII
Who cares? Take me shopping.

DISSOLVE TO: TOKYO. STREET. DAY

Busy shopping-street, crowded sidewalks. Sandii with bags from clothing stores. Chaney wears a new windbreaker, jeans; enters a travel agency.

INT. TRAVEL AGENCY

CHANEY
I want a plane ticket.

AGENT
Yes, sir?

CHANEY
Hongkong. Coach. One way.

Reaction shot: Sandii.

EXT. TOKYO STREET. DAY

Chaney emerges from agency, Sandii behind him.

SANDII
You're leaving...

CHANEY
I've spent all the money. If I
stick around here for more, I'll
get my ass killed.

She looks at him.

SANDII
Are we going back to the hotel?

CHANEY
No. I'm getting the bus to the
airport...

She shrugs.

SANDII
Goodbye, then. Thank you for...
these things.

She looks down at her bags, then turns and walks
away.

Reaction shot: Chaney.

Chaney's POV: Sandii moving away through the crowd.

She's almost out of sight, walking curbside, when a
car-door pops open and the TOUT FROM SHRIMP STREET
jumps out, followed by another man. They grab her
and force her into the car.

Chaney reaches the curb as the car pulls away into traffic. One of Sandli's bags lies at his feet. He picks it up, slams his fist into it in frustration.

EXT. ROPPONGI, NIGHT

Chaney uses a payphone beside MacDonald's. The phone looks like a pregnant avocado; CU Chaney inserting a promotional phonecard printed with Japanese comicbook hero. We can only hear his side of the conversation.

CHANNEY

Fox? Chaney...

They took Sandli...

That pimp from Shrimp Street...

Yeah, I do, man. Matters to me.

Yeah? Fuck you. You listening to me, Fox? You want a deal? Deal is, you get her back, I'm your boy...

Yeah? Okay. Shinjuku? Twenty minutes.

He hangs up.

INT. TOKYO SUBWAY

Chaney strap-hanging in sardine-packed subway.

EXT. SHINJUKU, NIGHT

Narrow alley stacked with crates of empty beer and sake bottles. Chaney descends concrete stairs to basement yakitori joint. Smokey, dark.

INT. BASEMENT YAKITORI

Fox gestures from where he sits crosslegged at a low table. Chaney joins him.

FOX

These are some friends, Chaney. I think they'll be able to sort your problem out for you...

Chaney checks out the four Japanese seated with Fox: skinny streetwise kids with flat-top haircuts, white '50s sportscoats. Definitely a uniform.

CHANNEY

If you say so.

FLAT-TOP LEADER

You come Shrimp Street. Show us where you saw this man.

EXT. SHRIMP STREET. NIGHT

Chaney and Danny hang back, watch from corner as the Flat-tops question one of the massage-parlour touts. Interesting body-language: they cluster a little too tightly. Flash of cash changing hands.

DANNY

These guys can be useful...

CHANNEY

What's their game?

DANNY

Protection racket.

Flat-top leader crosses street, bops up to Chaney.

FLAT-TOP LEADER

We know where she is. Not far away. Fox-san says we get her for you.

CHANNEY

I'm going with you.

The kid looks questioningly at Danny.

DANNY

You could get messed up, man...

CHANNEY

Fuck it. Let's go.

DANNY

Count me out.

EXT. BACK STREET. NIGHT

A white-gloved policeman sits in his little wooden sentry-box, a heavy riot-shield propped against its side.

A three-wheeled mini-van passes, crammed with Chaney and the Flat-tops. Wheels smoothly around a corner, out of sight of the cop.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET. NIGHT

Small funky shops, closed for the night. The only place with a light on looks like the entrance to some kind of office. The local gangster hangout. A YAKUZA TYPE (specific haircut, black shirt and white tie) sits at a steel desk. Beside him are several small video security monitors.

The mini-van brakes.

INT. VAN

Flat-top Leader pulls a mean-looking pair of steel nunchucks from beneath his jacket.

FLAT-TOP LEADER
Go! (in Japanese)

EXT. STREET. NIGHT. ANOTHER ANGLE

The Flat-tops swarm out of the van and into the hotel, Chaney on their heels. The Flat-tops are armed with an assortment of weird martial-arts gizmos; one clutches something that resembles a saw-toothed chrome yo-yo wrapped with fine chain.

INT. HANGOUT

Yakuza Type's POV as Flat-top Leader vaults his desk, 'chucks swinging--

CU Yakuza Type's hand (with missing fingerjoint) darting for an alarm button -- as Flat-top Leader's white-loafered foot kicks out. 'Chucks slam into Yakuza Type's head.

Another Flat-top blanking out the monitors with spraypaint as Leader pockets a stack of money from desk-drawer. The one with the chrome yo-yo rushes for a closed door at the back of the room -- as the

door pops open, revealing another GANGSTER, who tries to draw something from beneath his coat -- but the Flat-top hurls his yo-yo, catching the guy square in the forehead, hard. Flat-top rewinds yo-yo with a flick of his wrist. Gangster falls, his face a mask of blood.

INT. A ROOM UPSTAIRS

Dark, seedy, furnished in a weird mix of kitsch Fifties Modern and tatami trad. Sandil's wrists and ankles are bound with Dayglo clothesline to the steel frame of a Fifties "butterfly" chair; no ordinary knots here -- more of that macrame action. The chair's canvas has been slit to admit the ropes. She's completely and expertly immobilised, gagged, and not wearing much. The Tout and his BUDDY aren't wearing much either; hugely baggy Japanese boxer shorts, sunglasses, and ELABORATE TATTOOS.

They stand at a table, intent on what the Tout is doing: CU the end of a wire coat-hanger, twisted to form a miniature branding-iron that looks as though it might spell something in Japanese. Buddy has this red-hot in the flame of a propane torch. They're both smiling.

Chaney kicks the door open.

Reaction shot, Tout and Buddy: Surprised but game.

Buddy reaches for a BALLISTIC KNIFE on the table, raises and thumbs it in one smooth motion. TWAAANG of coiled spring as the six-inch blade departs its handle, burying itself in the door-frame beside Chaney's head -- as a Flat-top steps past Chaney with a dramatic, sweeping movement of his arm that says "Outa my way, these motherfuckers are mine --

Frozen moment: the Flat-top there, skinny little dude in Buddy Holly drag, what can he possibly do to these two very tough unfrightened cookies?

CU as he pulls something from beneath his baggy white sportscoat: flash of battery-pack slung around his waist, electric-cord patched in with silver tape -- as he raises a stripped-down sixteen-inch Black & Decker miniature ELECTRIC CHAINSAW in both hands, pulls the trigger, pumps

out some kind of battle-cry, and charges like a samurai.

Tout and Buddy scramble as the Flat-top whips the whining chainsaw through formal kendo-arcs, grinning ecstatically. The table goes over, taking the torch and branding-iron with it.

CU torch rolling across floor, coming to rest flame-down on tatami.

The Flat-top has cornered the unarmed Tout, menacing him with the saw.

ANOTHER ANGLE as the Buddy reaches behind cushions for a pair of nunchucks -- and Chaney's big hand catches them as they emerge. Chaney whips the 'chucks around Buddy's throat, trapping Buddy's wrist in the process. Twists. Steel chain. Like you can hear blood-vessels pop in slow motion... Chaney drops unconscious Buddy.

Panicked Tout tries to lunge past the chainsaw, but the Flat-top fakes him out, pulls the saw out of the way and delivers a powerful snap-kick. The Tout lands on his ass -- on the hot end of the coathanger -- screams.

Chaney's by the chair now; pulls a Stanley industrial knife from his pocket, snaps out half an inch of blade and goes to work on the macrame. Bitch of a job, the stuff's tough and there's lots of it.

And now the place is seriously on fire, nifty tenderbox action as paper screens WHUMP into flame.

Chaney hacks through the last of the clothesline, drops knife, hauls Sandil up --

The Flat-top is giggling, going berserk with the saw, dragging it through the soft pine carpentry, attacking the upholstery of a hideous Fifties couch, shreds of foam rubber spraying everywhere.

Flat-top Leader sticks his head through doorway.

FLAT-TOP LEADER
Out! Out now! (in Japanese)

The Flat-top shuts the saw off instantly: discipline. He lopes out grinning. Chaney follows, Sandii in his arms. Chaney looks back.

Chaney's POV: inferno.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

View from roof of building opposite: flames lick from third floor of Hangout. Sound of Japanese fire sirens.

INT. HANGOUT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Flat-tops scurry for the front door, Chaney and Sandii behind them. Sandii's on her feet now, still wearing the gag; her eyes are wide with fear; she tugs at the gag as she runs.

Out past the desk, the blacked-out monitors.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

From roof opposite as Flat-tops, Chaney and Sandii pile into mini-van.

INT. MINI-VAN

Tight fit!

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

The mini-van scoots off down the street -- as strange-looking Tokyo firetruck rounds the corner, all sirens and lights, blocking the way.

INT. MINI-VAN

Driver's POV: Firetruck. He swings the wheel, hard -- the three-wheeled van teeters into a sharp left, plunges into an alley too narrow for an ordinary vehicle.

EXT. ALLEY. NIGHT

Crane shot: Van's headlights illuminate garbage-cans, stacks of bottle-crates -- too narrow. Driver guns it. Crates topple --

INT. MINI-VAN

Sandil gets the gag off -- and SCREAMS.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET. NIGHT

Mini-van bounces out of alley, dragging assorted bits of garbage, and wheels into traffic stream.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

Again, the rooftop view of the Hangout, as firemen enter the blazing building -- and this time we pull back to show that this has been -- MS #1's POV.

Angle: MS #1 peers down like a bird of prey, wrapped in a long overcoat.

ANOTHER ANGLE: Long on MS #1 brooding against Tokyo skyline. Hold.

DISSOLVE TO: INT. AKIHABARA MARKET. DAY

Big room, dozens of tables crammed with wholesale and second-hand electronics. LONG on Chaney and Danny. Danny's arms are loaded down with boxes, gadgets.

CLOSE. Chaney selects two of something, turns, shoves them brusquely on top of Danny's burden.

DANNY

How much more of this shit--?

CHANEY

You should've brought a truck.

DANNY

You shoulda told me--

CHANEY

These guys take American Express?

DANNY

I guess so--

Chaney chooses three of something else and adds them to Danny's pile.

CHANNEY
So give the man your card.

INT. LOFT. DAY

Long empty room, unfurnished aside from a paint-stained worktable. Sun slants in through skylight. Sound of key in lock. Chaney opens heavy door and steps in, followed by Danny. They both carry huge cheap nylon duffelbags, two each, obviously heavy. Chaney goes to the table, puts one down on floor wrestles the other up onto the table. Danny's relocking the door. Chaney looks around the room.

CHANNEY
You rent this?

DANNY
Fox. Through a blind, though.
Can't be traced.

Chaney unzips the bag on the table; it's stuffed with boxes, cables, gadgets: his Akihabara purchases. He starts emptying it, laying things out in a row down the long table.

DANNY
Hey, Chaney...

Danny's hesitant; it's out of character. Chaney catches the difference, looks up.

DANNY
You made the tradeoff with Fox?
Get her back, you'd do the job?

Chaney doesn't answer, continues with what he's doing.

DANNY
For her? That's fucking crazy,
man.

CHANNEY
You rather I didn't?

DANNY
No, man, the job, the Job's
beautiful. We pull Hiroshi for
Hosaka Corporation, we're home

free... But that kid, Chaney. Dime a dozen.

CHANNEY

Owed her. She got my ass out of the sling you had it in.

Danny picks up his bags and lugs them to the table, puts them down.

DANNY

'Owed her.' Nobody plays that way, Chaney.

CHANNEY

Not in L.A., Danny?

DANNY

Not any fucking where.

Chaney looks at him. Beat. Picks up the second bag.

CHANNEY

Need a PC. IBM clone's okay. Get a hard disk. Monitor's gotta be color, hi-rez.

DANNY

That guy you were watching at Huntington, the one who died--

CHANNEY

Died.

DANNY

Shot himself.

CHANNEY

Shot himself.

DANNY

Why?

Beat.

CHANNEY

Don't know.

DANNY

Yeah you do. Maitland told me, that Newsweek guy. Said the guy

was doing SDI research. Star Wars. Space lasers. Said the stress got to him...

CHANEY

Nah. It wasn't that.

DANNY

So what was it?

CHANEY

It was...bullshit. All bullshit. He'd been faking test data so the company could hang on to the Pentagon contract.

DANNY

So he shot himself?

CHANEY

Yeah.

DANNY

And you left, came over here?

CHANEY

Guess so.

DANNY

Why?

CHANEY

Maybe I was disillusioned.

CLOSE as Chaney removes a magnetic TRACKING-BUG from its bubble-pack. CU the bug, a small gray plastic button.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET. HIROSHI'S HOUSE. DAY

Japanese contemporary, large by Tokyo standards. The front door is a featureless slab of high-grade steel. New Jaguar in the garage, visible through hinged steel security grate (like a Jeweler's folding window-bars).

INT. HIROSHI'S. LIVING ROOM

Sterile, glossy, chrome and black lacquer. Enormous rack of entertainment gear, dominated by

wide-screen television. Stylized Japanese porno tape on screen, sound off.

ANOTHER ANGLE: view into bedroom, Hiroshi in bed with German blonde.

INT. BEDROOM

Hiroshi on his back. He's bored, passive. The girl's on top, giving it all she's got, but it's obvious she isn't getting him off, obvious it's getting to her.
Hiroshi laughs.
Furious, the blonde scrambles off.
Hiroshi's bored smile.

EXT. HIROSHI'S HOUSE. DAY

Immaculate white-gloved streetsweeper pushing a two-wheeled cart with steel cans. Pauses, removes broom and long-handled dustpan from cart, energetically sweeps up. His assistant, a younger man, glances up and down the street; we see that this is one of the FLAT-TOPS. He's chewing gum. He pushes the cart closer to Hiroshi's house.

Pauses by garage grate.

Removes a telescoping car-antenna from the breast-pocket of his coverall, pulls it to full extension.

Removes gum from his mouth, wads it on end of antenna.

Takes the gray button of the TRACKING BUG from his pocket, sets it carefully into gum.

Kneels quickly as streetsweeper clatters to cart to provide cover. Rattle of can-lid as streetsweeper dumps his dustpan.

FLAT-TOP'S POV as he inserts the antenna between the steel rods of the security grate, carefully not to actually contact the metal. Feeds it through with quick fingers. CU the bug quivering inches from the Jaguar's grill, CLICK, the magnet takes hold. Flat-top quickly withdraws antenna; the bug sticks; antenna comes away trailing a whisp of gum. Snaps antenna shut and stands. Pushes cart away, smiling. The streetsweeper follows.

DISSOLVE TO: INT. HIROSHI'S GARAGE. EVENING

Hiroshi and the blonde enter through door from the house. Hiroshi carefully relocks door, using a magnetic card-key. The blonde's expression says she's going to be looking for a new sugardaddy. Hiroshi's expression says he's bored. They get into the car. He takes a remote control unit from the dash and points it at the grate. The grate unlocks, rattles up, out of sight.

EXT. HIROSHI'S. EVENING

The Jag pulls out.

INT. LOFT. EVENING

Cheers from Fox and Danny. They stand behind Chaney, who's seated at a computer.

FOX

Brill, that is. We've got the bastard tabbed.

CHANEY

'Til they find the bug. They will -- if they're any good.

CU the monitor, where the blue cursor that represents Hiroshi's car negotiates a maze of Tokyo streets. Monitor image fills our frame -- FADE into helicopter-shot of Hiroshi's car.

EXT. TOKYO TRAFFIC. EVENING

Hiroshi's car stops for red light. The German girl jumps, slamming the door, stalks away. Hiroshi watches her go. Doesn't care. Light changes, Hiroshi pulls away.

INT. LOFT

Chaney with eyes on screen.

CHANEY

We can see him, but we can't see them...

EXT. ROPPONGI. NIGHT

Hiroshi cruises the nightclub zone. Montage of club neon. Flocks of Australian model-girls loom above a sea of black-suited salarymen, edgy as gazelles.

Another red light.

ANOTHER ANGLE: ZOOM on nondescript Nissan sedan. Japanese driver, one of the German Maas men beside him, two other minders in rear.

ANOTHER ANGLE: Another Nissan. More Maas. One of them is speaking into a cellular phone.

If Hiroshi's aware of them, he doesn't show it. Takes them for granted; goes with the territory.

He spots a parking-space down a side street, swings right. The parking-space is marked out with yellow rubber cones; street-repair equipment waits nearby. He pulls into the space, knocking over the cones. Gets out, walks into a nightclub without looking back.

The Nissans follow. The first drives past Hiroshi's car. The second pauses to drop off two Maas men, one German, the other Japanese. The German follows Hiroshi into the club.

INT. LOFT

Danny pulls a pocket cellular phone from his jacket as Chaney speaks.

CHANNEY

Roppongi. He's nightclubbing...

Danny's punching a number into his phone.

INT. PACHINKO PARLOR

Incredible racket, millions of chrome ballbearings cascading through flashing upright machines. Brilliant fluorescent light. Pachinko addicts rapt before their machines; all are male, most in bizarre Tokyo country-&-western outfits: Tony Lama boots and highcrowned straw bullrider hats with pheasant-feather sunbursts.

Sound of ringing phone barely audible over the roar; one of the Flat-tops picks up the receiver of a swollen pink pay-phone. Listens, says something in Japanese, hangs up.

ANOTHER ANGLE: First Flat-top taps another's shoulder; second rises immediately from his pachinko machine --

EXT. PACHINKO PARLOR

The two Flat-tops slam out, hail a cab. Cab slows, its passenger-light changing from red to green. Automatic rear door pops open. Flat-tops bounce in.

DISSOLVE TO: ROPPONGI SIDE-STREET. HIROSHI'S CAR. NIGHT

Three ROAD REPAIRMEN (hardhats, tabi-toed workboots, saggy trousers) stare glumly at the Jaguar.

A POLICEMAN approache.

Policeman's POV: one of the traffic cones squashed under Hiroshi's tire.

He takes a notebook from his belt and begins to write a citation.

The Japanese MAAS WATCHER steps from the shadows.

WATCHER (In Japanese)
Excuse me, officer, but...

Steps in close, flashing some sort of identification. The cop examines it.

POLICEMAN (In Japanese)
You fellows clear off! This vehicle is on government business!

He waves the workmen away. The Maas man looks on, smiling.

IN BG, we pick out the two Flat-tops emerging from their cab. They spot the Jag.

The door of the nightclub opens. Hiroshi comes out with an ENGLISH GIRL in tow, shadowed by the German Maas man.

The workmen sit impassively on the curve, watch as Hiroshi opens opens car-door for his new find.

HIROSHI

...called Club Dusk. I think you might like it. Young crowd. Not quite so stuffy...

ENGLISH GIRL

Let's try it, then...

As Hiroshi pulls out, he mangles another traffic cone.

The German, standing with his partner now, mutters into his pocket cellular phone. Their Nissan appears around a corner, slows to pick them up. They hop in.

INT. NISSAN

Driver's POV: approaching crosswalk. Ragged SWEET-POTATO MAN pushes his decrepit old cart, a wood-burning oven on recycled bicycle wheels, out into the crosswalk. Stops. Starts to fiddle with something on the rear of the cart.

Driver honks impatiently.

The vendor looks up, shrugs, smiles sweetly, toothlessly. Gestures at cart.

Driver honks again.

Beside the Nissan, one of the Flat-tops slips something -- a tracker bug -- behind a fender.

Now the vendor is slowly pushing his cart out of the way, nodding absently to the antsy Maas men.

The Nissan roars off after Hiroshi.

Beside the cart, the other Flat-top slips money to the vendor.

Scream of friction as the workmen slice into the pavement with a water-cooled saw. CU the whirling blade.

DISSOLVE TO: LOFT. DAWN

CU cover of a manga Sandii's reading, curled in a folding chair. She looks up.

Sandii's POV: LONG down the work table, Chaney at the far end, beyond a tangle of jury-rigged electronics.

Chaney marks something on a transparent sheet spread over a map of Tokyo. Tosses down the pen. He looks beat.

CHANEY

Club dusk. They said he took her to a place called Club Dusk.

SANDII

Very chic...last month.

CHANEY

You know it?

She shrugs, prentends to read the manga.

SANDII

You never take me to clubs...

CHANEY

Clubs? Jesus...

He runs his hands across the map of Tokyo, as if he hopes to pick up some weird braille signal telling him how to get to Hiroshi. Sandii tosses the manga aside, uncurls from the chair, fluid as silk.

SANDII

But you got me out of that place...

CHANEY

Who were they?

SANDII

Nobody. All gone...

CHANEY

Got any more nobodies hanging around?

SANDII
No, Chaney-san. Only you.

He laughs, reaches for her.

EXT. MAAS TOWER. DAWN

LONG, zoom in--

INT. MS #1'S OFFICE

MS #1 and one of his assistants, seated facing across desk. In the center of the desk are two empty plastic ziploc bags; on each bag rests one of CHANEY'S TRACKING BUGS.

MS #1 uses a pair of surgical forceps to pick up one of the bugs. Rotates it in the light as though he were examining a precious stone. When he tries to put the bug down, sticky gunk adheres to the forceps, pulls out in strings.

MS #1
What is this?

ASSISTANT
Chewing-gum, Herr Koch.

MS #1
Chewing-gum. Put them back on the vehicles.

ASSISTANT
Sir?

MS #1
Exactly as you found them.

DISSOLVE TO: EXT. NEW ROSE HOTEL. FREEZE-FRAME
HELICOPTER SHOT. INFRARED FILM

POV of HOSAKA COPTER hunting Chaney. Out of freeze as we swing past.

EXT. A NARROW ALLEY

ANGLE UP as Hosaka copter zooms past, low. HOSAKA CORPORATE LOGO visible on belly of copter. (This logo is important. Hosaka is a very large

corporation on the order of Mitsubishi. Hosaka executives, like all Japanese corporate execs, wear small LOGO LAPEL-PINS. We should already have seen the logo frequently as part of BG, for instance as a huge neon ad, in television commercials, on products. Something as simple and distinctive as the Mitsubishi trefoil. All HOSAKA GRAPHICS should be corporate-slick, as though designed by Dentsu -- convincing.)

INT. NEW ROSE HOTEL. ROOM 7

Sound of copter fading.

We are back in the film's original time-frame. Chaney, crosslegged on the round bed, unwinds dirty plaster-caked bandage from vaguely gun-shaped object.

Chaney, aside from bare feet, is dressed as we first saw him.

Object is revealed as WWII Nambu 9mm Japanese service automatic, a big archaic-looking Luger-like hunk of hardware, plus seven loose rounds of ammo in a ziploc.

Chaney looks up at the big monitor. It shows his hands, the gun. He pops the magazine and begins to load the shells, one by one --very slow fetishistic ECU climaxing with insertion of magazine.

He jacks a shell, cocking the gun. The Nambu in one hand, he raises a VCR remote with the other, thumbs it--

CHANEY

Bang.

The monitor image switches to a recorded interview, Hiroshi and AMERICAN ANCHORWOMAN, talking heads. MONITOR IMAGE fills screen.

HIROSHI

--exciting possibilities, yes.

He doesn't sound excited. His English is fluent.

ANCHORWOMAN

You have a gift for understatement, Dr. Yomiyuri!

He shrugs, smiles. He's very telegenic. Charming, really; it's definitely working on the Anchorwoman.

ANCHORWOMAN

If what you say is true--

HIROSHI

It isn't a question of truth,
Barbara, but of possibility.

ANCHORWOMAN

If it's possible, then, to
construct computers from organic
molecules, as you propose to do--

HIROSHI

As I am in fact doing...

His easy smile cancels any impression of arrogance.

ANCHORWOMAN

Then an extremely advanced
super-computer might need to be no
larger than--

HIROSHI

A single contemporary
microprocessor, Barbara. A single
chip...

He holds up thumb and forefinger, indicating
something very tiny. Smiles boyishly.

IMAGE FREEZES. White-noise static.

PULL BACK TO: INT. LOFT. NIGHT

Fox and Danny lounge on folding chairs in front of
a television; they've been watching Yomiyuri's
recorded interview. Dark in the room except for the
sickly light of the television, Chaney's
monitor-screen (in BG) and the coal of Chaney's
cigarette. The room is a mess, crusted with
take-out containers (lots of Big Macs and Kentucky
Fried), empty bottles, empty cigarette packs,
makeshift ashtrays heaped high with butts.

DANNY

Think he screwed her?

FOX

No fear. Snake up a drainpipe, eh?
What he's good at, our Hiroshi --

that and applied bloody molecular biology...

Chaney speaks from out of frame. Grim, exhausted.

CHANNEY (VO)
This isn't working.

They turn, look at him. He's surrounded by lengths of printout, maps, aerial blow-ups of the city.

CHANNEY
Been a week. There's still no pattern, no way to predict his movements on a daily basis, let alone hourly. One day he's home. Can't touch him. One day he's in the lab. Can't touch him. Nights, he's all over the map and their security is all over him...

Chaney flicks his cigarette butt at the monitor-screen.

FOX
You'll find a way. You're the expert.

Fox, getting up, pulling on his coat.

Sandil, in the shadows. She's looking at Hiroshi on television. Reaction shot: Mysterious... She's not bored...

CLOSE, Hiroshi's face fills the frame. Beat.

DISSOLVE TO: EXT. PARKING LOT. STREET.
NIGHT

Fox, driving Danny's black Datsun, turns into PARKING LOT, a typical Tokyo set-up that will feature prominently in a later scene -- this sequence must establish the geography and mechanics of the FERRIS-WHEEL CAR-LIFT. The second and third floors of the building are used for parking; the ground floor consists of shops and restaurants. Fox's hotel is above. Ramps would waste too much space; Fox pulls into the lot's narrow entrance, onto a steel-grate platform. The platform is one of

(?) six, slung in a ferris-wheel arrangement, a rotating elevator.

INT. DATSUN

CLOSE on Fox.

EXT. PARKING LOT. STREET

Looking straight in, camera level with the Datsun's tall-lights as the lift rotates like the cylinder of a revolver, cars instead of bullets. As the Datsun swings up and out of sight, another car swings down, this one FACING US, and drives straight toward camera--

INT. PARKING LOT. FIRST LEVEL

ANGLE on the Datsun as Fox drives off the platform and parks.

In BG the wheel rotates again, bringing another car down to street-level. Empty platforms sway slightly as they swing past.

INT. PARKING LOT. ELEVATOR

Fox pushes button, enters elevator, doors close.

INT. ELEVATOR

Bizarre electronic Japanese elevator-music. Fox's POV as door slides open. Crowd of shoppers.

EXT. SHOPPING FLOOR

We're in the building above the parking lot, the sort of building that would consist entirely of office-space in America, but the effect here is of an office-building retrofitted as a kind of scaled-down mall. The corridor Fox follows is lined with tiny boutiques, bars, restaurants (all with neon signs) and is very crowded. (We should constantly play on cultural expectations of space.)

Fox enter a hotel lobby.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY

Glittering row of vending machines offering beer, whiskey, sex aids. Decent accomodation but nothing

fancy. Fox nods to clerk as he passes desk, enters narrow corridor.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR

Fox passes closely-spaced, identical doors, pulling out his wallet. Removes magnetic card-key, slots it, opens door, steps into dark--

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Dark. Fox's POV as light clicks on, revealing four impassive HOSAKA EXECUTIVES sitting still as statues. The room is tiny, white, windowless, spotlessly clean -- like a deluxe jail cell. The Hosaka men, identically dressed in salaryman black, are seated on the fold-down bed (two of them), a small chair, and a low cabinet. Barely room for Fox to stand. They all have Hosaka logo pins in their lapels. All very neat and reserved and detached and professional.

Reaction shot, Fox: Maintaining his cool, but we sense his shock; he's menaced.

EXEC #1

Good evening, Mr. Fox.

FOX

Unh... Hello again!

EXEC #1

We are concerned about your progress, Mr. Fox. You have not attempted to contact us.

FOX

No need for concern. None. We're on our way now, no fear.

EXEC #1

'Fear', Mr. Fox?

FOX

No, no, figure of speech! We've got your boy in the bag, really, we--

EXEC #2

You are in communication with Dr. Yomiyuri?

FOX

Ah...no. Not yet. Soon!

EXEC #1

How soon, Mr. Fox?

FOX

Hard to say, really.

EXEC #2

Please try to say, Mr. Fox.

FOX

Well...it'll be a few weeks, at least...

EXEC #1

Mr. Fox, that is too long.

FOX

Listen up, then, friend. You're the one who assured me that Yomiyuri would be amenable to coming over to your side, for the right money, right?

EXEC #2

That is true, Mr. Fox.

FOX

But it takes time to make a move, right? There's a way to touch him. There's a way to touch anybody, but it takes time to find it. We try to stumble in there cold, we'll trip all their wires and we'll never see him again. You told me you wanted it played soft and quiet and clean as we can manage, and that's exactly what I'm doing.

EXEC #1

That is true, Mr. Fox. The time factor, however, has become crucial. We now believe that Dr. Yomiyuri's research will soon result in key patents for Maas Biolabs. If Maas holds the patents, Dr. Yomiyuri himself is of considerably less value to us.

FOX
Less value? Listen, we have a
deal--

EXEC #2
We are not negotiating, Mr. Fox.

EXEC #1
Move quickly, Mr. Fox. We are
relying on you. Do you understand?

EXEC #3
We will deal with you in good
faith, Mr. Fox. Provided, of
course, you deal with us in good
faith.

They rise in perfect unison and follow Exec #1 out
the door; Chaney watches them go.

FOX
Fucking hell...

INT. LOFT. NIGHT

Lit by Japanese heavy metal rock video on the
television. Chaney and Sandii recline on a black
inflata-futon, surrounded by a sea of garbage.
Chaney's smoking, drinking from a quart of Black
Label, eyes on the television but seeing something
else.

SANDII
I want to go to L.A.

CHANEY
Yeah?

SANDII
You can take me.

CHANEY
Sure.

SANDII
What's it like?

CHANEY
When I was leaving, in the cab to
LAX, it was hot... Cab got
vapor-lock at this intersection, I

CHANEY

When I was leaving, in the cab to LAX, it was hot... Cab got vapor-lock at this intersection, I had to help the guy push it... Pushed it over to this sort of little park, there was a tree and a park bench and the grass hadn't been cut for a long time, it was long and yellow and mashed down, and there were people sleeping there, in the grass, poor people, they didn't have any money, so I guess they slept there. You wouldn't notice, driving by in your car, wouldn't see them, but I saw them there, and the thing I noticed, they all had these Walkman earphones on. You know--

(He touches his ear)

--those orange foam plugs... I had to get to the airport... I had to get another cab...

Sandii's barely listening, eyes on the video; not what she wanted to hear.

SANDII

Los Angeles, Chaney! Movie stars! Swimming pools!

Chaney grunts, takes another sip from his bottle of whiskey.

SANDII

My mother was American? Did I tell you that? She was an actress! She could have been a big star... She met my father in Kyoto. That is why I must go to Los Angeles.

Chaney squints sidewise at her; her face is open, now, innocent as always when she recites one of her fantasies.

Cellular phone begins to bleep, somewhere under the garbage. Chaney scrabbles for it, throwing aside discarded clothing and foam burger-packs.

CHANEY
Yeah?

FOX (VO, filter)
G'day, old son!

CHANEY
It's four AM.

FOX (VO, filter)
Too bloody right. Know the noodle wagon across the intersection from my hotel? Meet me there at half past.

Fox hangs up. Chaney looks at the phone.

SANDII
What is it?

CHANEY
I have to go out for a while, see Fox.

SANDII
I'll come--

CHANEY
No.

He tugs his jacket on; she shrugs, pouts.

CHANEY
I'll be back...

She shrugs again.

Exit Chaney. Sandii gets up, paces restlessly to the worktable. Picks up a video cassette and turns it over, bored enough to be curious about the content. Shoves it into the VCR, pushes a button; heavy metal video is replaced by the recorded interview with Hiroshi.

ANCHORWOMAN
If what you say is true--

HIROSHI
It isn't a question of truth, Barbara, but of possibility.

ANCHORWOMAN

If it's possible, then, to
construct computers from organic
molecules, as you propose to do--

HIROSHI

As I am in fact doing...

ANCHORWOMAN

Then an extremely advanced
super-computer might need to be no
larger than--

HIROSHI

A single contemporary
microprocessor, Barbara. A single
chip...

The freeze-frame again. Sandii stares at Hiroshi's
image.

SANDII

An actress. She was an actress...

EXT. NOODLE WAGON. STREET. NIGHT

Opposite from the parking lot entrance, building
that houses Fox's hotel. The wagon is a small
house-trailer set up on the sidewalk for all-night
service. Chaney climbs wearily from a taxi, spots
Fox at the counter, the only customer, and joins
him.

CHANNEY

Better be good...

FOX

No bloody good at all. Hosaka
wants our Hiroshi now. Want him
bloody yesterday.

CHANNEY

Wish 'em luck then.

FOX

They think he's about to put the
result of his research together.
When he does that, Maas will own
the patents. If Maas gets the
patents, Hosaka doesn't need

Hiroshi. Not, at least, to the same current lucrative extent.

CHANEY

So?

FOX

No money. None for me, none for you. None. Nothing.

CHANEY

We could still try to get him over for them. Might be easier, later, when Hosaka have their patents; maybe they'll lighten up a little, then...

FOX

They wouldn't bloody need us, then. You think they enjoy their little association with us, Chaney? Hosaka is the world's fifth largest corporation! We're dirt, to them. They're using us so they won't soil their hands if things get messy.

CHANEY

Fuck them, then.

EXT. NOODLE WAGON. NIGHT

VERY LONG, LOW ANGLE, Fox and Chaney at counter.

FOX (VO, filter)

Jesus. You really are...hopeless.

CHANEY (VO, filter)

Probably.

EXT. SIDEWALK. NIGHT

LONG SHOT from NOODLE WAGON, back across street to PARKING LOT BUILDING. ZOOM on DERELICT, a bearded, rag-clad Japanese sitting in his tiny tidy hutch of cardboard, close enough to see the pistol-grip PARABOLIC MICROPHONE he's aiming at Fox and Chaney, the foam beads of his EARPHONES.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

ANGLE, LONG down street to parked Nissan.
Then CLOSE, MAAS #2 at wheel, wearing EARPONES.

FOX (VO, filter)
Tomorrow. Tomorrow night we're
taking you for a closer look at
Hiroshi. If you actually see the
bastard, maybe you'll get an
idea...

EXT. NOODLE WAGON. NIGHT

CLOSE, Fox and Chaney.

CHANNEY
Your noodles are getting cold.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE LOFT. NIGHT

Chaney on his way to loft. Passes PARKED CAR. Main
purpose of shot to establish that this is the
street outside. Enters building, climbs stairs, out
of sight.

INT. LOFT

Door's been left unlocked. Chaney enters, locks
door behind him.

CHANNEY
You gotta keep this locked.
Sand!!? You...

Looks around.
She's gone.
Place is still a dump. He goes to the futon, lies
down with his clothes on, closes his eyes.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE LOFT

Two MAAS WATCHERS are now visible in the PARKED
CAR, alert and patient.

DISSOLVE TO: VAN. TOKYO TRAFFIC. LATE EVENING

Fox's van, familiar from opening scene. Inside:
Chaney, Danny, two Flat-tops. Danny at wheel. The
Flat-tops wear metallic rockabilly coats and bolo
ties; not identical but still a uniform; Danny's

trendy as ever; Chaney in a new dark suit and white shirt, shirt buttoned at the neck, hair slicked back, looking uncomfortable -- Danny's dressed him up to get him into the clubs Hiroshi goes to.

Van's edging along in traffic crush. Phone bleeps. Danny picks it up, listens, hangs up.

DANNY
He's just touched down. Place in
Shibuyaku--

He does something radical and non-Japanese to get the van out of the jam (U-turn into oncoming traffic?) and they're away. Japanese drivers goggle.

EXT. STREET. NEAR NIGHTCLUB. NIGHT

The van drives past Hiroshi's Jag, where a familiar Japanese MAAS WATCHER is showing a POLICEMAN a business card.
Around a corner.

EXT. STREET. NIGHTCLUB. NIGHT

The street here is just a broad sidewalk, closed to most vehicular traffic. Danny and Chaney follow the Flat-tops toward the club, a strange-looking building where we can see a line-up and a DOORMAN. The place looks as though it's either under-construction or post-earthquake. Huge cracks in raw concrete walls reveal structural steel. Line-up is international fashion crowd & wannabes, more Australian models. Muted thump of music from inside. A EUROPEAN is haggling with the doorman in French. The doorman isn't having any. One of the Flat-tops slides up to the doorman, makes a quick little sign with his hand, slips him a folded bill. Without breaking eye-contact with the European, the Doorman unhooks his rope, holds it aside while the Flat-tops, Danny, and Chaney scoot through, then refastens it. Burst of loud angry French from behind them as they enter the club.

INT. NIGHTCLUB. GROUND FLOOR

Crowded dance floor in BG. The Flat-tops slip into the dancing crowd, vanish.

DANNY
I think the bar's upstairs. Let's
get a drink.

Chaney follows him up curved stairs. Crowded,
party-shrill voices, beautiful women.
Chaney doesn't like it.

Danny at the bar, buying drinks, looks back at
Chaney. His eyes widen. Chaney half-turns, sees
Hiroshi Yomiyuri at the top of the stairs. Danny's
quickly turned back to the bar. Chaney does a fade.
Watches as Hiroshi expertly cuts a GIRL from the
bar-crowd and starts chatting her up. Danny arrives
with drinks.

CHANEY
That's it.

DANNY
What?

CHANEY
That's it.

DANNY
What's it?

CHANEY
Women.

As they watch, Girl smiles past Hiroshi at her
returning DATE. Hiroshi smiles warmly, toasts them
with his drink, looks after them coldly when they
turn and recede into the crowd. Danny grins at
Hiroshi's failed attempt.

DANNY
Sorry, buddy. Nobody scores a
hundred percent.

CHANEY
That's the way, though. damn
it. don't you see? It must be
driving them crazy...

DANNY
Who?

CHANEY
His security.

They watch as Hiroshi scans the bar for likely pick-up material, sees nothing to his liking. He turns and heads back down the stairs. Chaney starts after him, but Danny slows him with a hand on his arm.

DANNY

Easy. Security. They're never far.

Hiroshi's out of sight on the stairs. Danny moves toward stairs, Chaney close behind.

ANGLE from bottom of stairs; we see Danny's AMAZEMENT as he reaches them and looks down.

DANNY

Look who's had the same idea--

At the bottom of the stairs, SANDII -- WITH HIROSHI. She definitely isn't bored. Neither, it seems, is Hiroshi.

Reaction shot: Chaney.

He starts down the stairs--

The Flat-tops glide out of nowhere, into his path -- as Danny grabs him from behind.

DANNY

Don't blow it, man, don't blow it, don't know how she did it but no way you wanna blow it--

Danny and the Flat-tops quickly hustle an angry and confused Chaney down the stairs and out the door, as Sandii and Hiroshi move in the opposite direction, toward the darkness at the rear of the club.

EXT. STREET NEAR PARKED VAN. NIGHT

Danny scuttles anxiously along, keeping close to Chaney, whose body language, as he stalks rapidly down the street, tells us he's about to BLOW. Flat-tops dog their heels.

DANNY

You gotta cool out, Chaney. Gotta chill, man. We didn't know she'd try that, but it worked! We got an inside shot. We got a chance now!

Chaney swings around, slamming Danny in the sternum with the heel of his hand.

CHANNEY

You didn't know? You didn't
fucking know? You put her up to
it! You and Fox.

On "Fox", Chaney whirls again and rushes the van, where Fox, eyes widening as he sees Chaney, is in the driver's seat, talking to his pocket cellular phone. Fox's mouth locks in a SHIT-EATING GRIN as Chaney impacts the van like a pain-driven locomotive, pulls the door open before Fox can lock it, drags him out of the car, throws the nifty little phone to the pavement, stomps it flat in one go, plucks up a jagged dagger-point five-inch segment of shattered plastic, hoists Fox against the side of the van...

And here we are: Fox with the grin still on, but his eyes say he sees DEATH, Chaney with the shard of plastic -- and Chaney has its point pressed up into Fox's Jugular, HARD--

The two Flat-tops hover anxiously in BG, shifting weight from foot to foot.

CHANNEY

You put her up to it!

FOX

No. Didn't occur to me, else I
would have done, no fear.
Wouldn't've thought she had the
brains for it, Chaney. But it was
her idea.

Beat, as Chaney absorbs this. Takes the shard of plastic from Fox's throat, lets it fall. Lowers Fox abruptly, releasing his grip.

DANNY

And now we've got a chance.

Chaney looks as though he's about to cry; the fury's gone out of him.
He climbs into the van.

DISSOLVE TO: EXT. GOLDEN STREET. DAY

Lola's bar is shuttered and silent. Chaney waits as Danny raps on the door. Rattle of padlock and chain. Lola slides door open a crack; she's wearing her Kabuki make-up but not her wig. Glances past them, checking the street, then admits them to cramped shadowy interior of bar.

Leads them into a back room where the Welshman is waiting. A storage room: crates of booze, walls of dingy white plaster. With him are two Flat-tops (not the two from the previous scene).

WELSHMAN

Congratulations. I take it you got to him.

DANNY

More or less.

WELSHMAN

If you can guarantee to have him walking east on a very particular stretch of Ginza sidewalk, next Wednesday, 6:15 PM, rain or shine -- I'd say you've gotten your message across.

DANNY

Say we can. What can you do for us?

WELSHMAN

Magic. I'll work you magic. I'll whisk your doctor through a curtain, a curtain that isn't there, and when his minders run to look for him, he'll be down the rabbit hole.

He takes a drink from a battered metal flask, puts it down on the table.

WELSHMAN

All done with mirrors, mind you -- though your finest mirrors are in the mind, don't you know? We study the very flow of life, in my trade. The histories of the mysteries of all the cities and

how people go lost. And people do go lost, you know, every day, in any city, they go lost... We study how a crowd splits to cross the road at a given intersection, a given hour --that sort of thing... Never mind how we work ^{our} hat-trick, though. Have him where I want him, when I want him, and consider it done.

DANNY

We can let you know on Tuesday night. Tomorrow night...

Chaney picks up the Welshman's flask, unscrews the cap, helps himself to a slug of whiskey.

WELSHMAN

Early to be drinking, isn't it?

INT. LOFT. DAY

Chaney's angrily cleaning the place out. He's already stuffed two enormous TRANSPARENT plastic bags with garbage. He tears his charts of Hiroshi's movements down, crumples his maps of Tokyo, shoving it all into a third bag.

INT. STAIRWELL. DAY

Chaney coming down with his huge load of garbage.

EXT. STREET. DAY

Pile of Tokyo garbage. Not so much a pile as an arrangement: origami neatness. LITTLE OLD LADY hobbles up to it with her own tidily-wrapped paper bundle of household trash, deposits it beside the rest. She looks up, sees Chaney standing there with his three bags of crumpled galjin grunge. He lets the bags drop. One splits, spilling into the gutter.

She stares after him as he walks back to entrance, loft building.

INT. STAIRWELL. DAY

Chaney climbing stairs.

SANDII
Chaney!

He looks back, sees her there at the foot of the stairs. She looks wonderful; Fox and Danny have obviously invested some capital in her wardrobe and a good hairdresser. She climbs toward him. He turns and continues up the stairs.

INT. LOFT

She follows him in.

SANDII
What's wrong? You aren't glad to see me?

He doesn't answer, starts tugging plugs from his computer, bundling up the cables, disassembling his set-up.

SANDII
Fox said you might be angry.

CHANEY
Did he?

SANDII
But it's stupid.

CHANEY
Is it?

SANDII
I want to be with you.

CHANEY
Fox said it was your idea.

SANDII
It's a very old idea, I think...

CHANEY
Was it your idea?

SANDII
Yes!

He starts tossing things into a carton.

SANDII
What are you doing?

CHANEY
Packing.

SANDII
Why?

CHANEY
I've still got a plane ticket.

SANDII
Don't be crazy! I'm doing this for you! They'll get Hiroshi and you'll get your money!

CHANEY
And Hiroshi gets you.

SANDII
You are crazy! You think I'd stay with him?

CHANEY
Maybe. You're with him now.

SANDII
I'm with you! Chaney, it's what I do, what I did in Soapland! It's not who I am!

CHANEY
So who are you?

SANDII
I...want to be with you. And have money. If you go away, I want to go with you.

She pulls him to the futon, pulls him down. Long shuddering embrace; she begins to undress.

DISSOLVE TO: FOX'S HOTEL ROOM

Spotless and claustrophobic. Fox waits alone, hunched in the single chair. The phone rings. He answers on the first ring.

HOSAKA EXECUTIVE (VO)
Good afternoon, Mr. Brown.

FOX
I don't know. Not yet. I'm waiting
to hear. I'll call you.

HOSAKA EXECUTIVE (VO)
You have the number, Mr. Brown.

Hangs up before Fox can say more. Fox hangs up.
Drums his fingers on his knees. The phone rings.
Fox forces himself to wait for the fourth ring,
answers.

FOX
Yes?

SANDII (VO)
Yes. He says yes.

Fox closes his eyes, takes a deep breath, lets out
a long sigh of relief. Opens his eyes, grins.

FOX
He understands the terms?

SANDII (VO)
He says they are "adequate".

FOX
Greedy bugger. And the time frame?
He knows we have to move now?

SANDII (VO)
Yes. He says that is good. He says
that the decision is made and he
has no desire to wait.

FOX
Wednesday?

SANDII (VO)
Wednesday is fine.

FOX
And he trusts you?

SANDII
He doesn't trust anyone.

FOX

Be in touch, then.

He hangs up. Punches a number into the phone. His tension's gone; he's up, satisfied with himself.

FOX

Mr. "Brown", for Mr. "Suzuki"...

He grins.

DISSOLVE TO: GINZA SIDEWALK, DAY

Close on one of the Flat-tops as he bends to spray a dot of fluorescent orange paint on the curb. The street bustles with shoppers and lunch-hour office workers. Another Flat-top carefully positions a SURVEYOR'S MEASURING-WHEEL (like an aluminum cane ending in a wheel and counter) beside the bright blotch of paint. He moves along the curb in a straight line, the wheel turning, the counter clicking. Pedestrians pay no attention, step politely around him. The first Flat-top follows, consulting something on a slip of paper. The wheel stops; they both check the counter, the paper, move the wheel back a few inches, then mark the spot with the spraycan.

INT. LOLA'S BAR, BACK ROOM

The Welshman sits alone at a table, entering a series of telephone numbers on a MULTI-LINE AUTO-DIAL PHONE. A new phone, fresh out of the box -- box and packing on the table behind it. Spread out on the table: a DOZEN IDENTICAL POCKET PAGERS. We hear the pulses as the Welshman dials. Each time he completes a number, he presses a button and the phone responds with a synthetic chip-voice.

PHONE (VO)

Number entered.

DISSOLVE TO: INT. TOKYO SUBWAY

Nervous montage of crowded platforms, trains -- the start of the evening "Commuter's Hell". Special transit employees, "ass-pushers", cram a last few passengers into a train as the doors close. CLOSE on digital clock overhead, bilingual display: WEDNESDAY 5:45PM.

Train shoots into a station, disgorges passengers. The Flat-tops emerge, jogging in step toward the escalators. They wear a wide variety of outfits, but all have identical black Wayfarer sunglasses, signature haircuts; the Welshman's PAGERS are clipped to their belts. They jog up the escalator; they're jacked up, in a "pre-game" mood, and very definitely a team, a unit.

EXT. GINZA SUBWAY EXIT, EVENING

The Flat-tops exit, splitting off by ones and twos. Like watching a slick play in football. They vanish into the crowd.

PAN UP to an OFFICE BUILDING overlooking the scene.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING, AN OFFICE

Japanese-style office. No Western-style desks: employees work facing one another across big communal tables heaped with files, papers, thermos jugs. Now they pack briefcases, put on coats, say good evening to their BOSS (all of this in Japanese) and hurry out -- past the Welshman, who sits in a little reception area looking shabby as ever. Employees glance curiously at him as they pass but are too polite to comment. As the last one leaves, the Welshman stands, picks up a battered Haliburton Zero camera case and walks into the office. The Boss, anonymous salaryman, is putting on his standard-issue Burberry.

WELSHMAN

Time to go, old man. Takashi explained that, didn't he?

BOSS

The matter of payment--

The Welshman takes a fat envelope from his jacket, shows the Boss that it's stuffed with Yen, hands it to him.

WELSHMAN

Now bugger off.

The Boss pockets the money, bows, and walks out, locking the door behind him. The Welshman goes to the windows, raises the blinds. View overlooking the street, the crowds. He

sweeps a pile of papers from a convenient surface, opens his case. The AUTO-DIAL PHONE is there, a compact but powerful-looking pair of binoculars, several ELECTRONIC STOPWATCHES, and his battered flask -- everything nested in carefully-cut recesses in gray foam. He takes the phone out and plugs it into the office system. Takes the binoculars out and scans the street. SHOT THROUGH BINOCULARS: We are OPPOSITE A DEPARTMENT STORE. Two Flat-tops wait beside a news vendor, SWISH PAN to another Flat-top pretending to examine a window display. The Welshman begins to arrange the STOPWATCHES in a row beside the phone.

EXT. GINZA, NEARBY

Chaney, grim, climbs out of a taxi, followed by a worried-looking Fox.

FOX

He wouldn't bloody like this. He told us to stay out of his hair...

CHANEY

Nobody asked you to come along.

FOX

You think I'd let you run around here by yourself when we're shifting Hiroshi? Think again, old son.

CHANEY

Come on, then.

Fox follows Chaney across intersection and into the street-level entrance of a second-floor coffee shop.

INT. COFFEE SHOP

Up the stairs and into typically posh Ginza coffee shop -- basically a place for women to rest while shopping. A WAITRESS tries to seat them near the stairs, but Chaney ignores her, takes a table by the window instead. View out the window: WE ARE DIAGONALLY OPPOSITE THE DEPARTMENT STORE. Fox checks his watch.

FOX
Two minutes.

CHANEY (to Waitress)
Bring us two coffees.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE, MENSWEAR

Sandii and Hiroshi beside a rack of brightly-colored bomber jackets. Hiroshi looks worried. Sandii already has several purchases in carrier bags. She looks bright, happy, no sign of tension.

SANDII
This one.

She takes a red and green jacket from the rack. The back is elaborately embroidered with some deranged slogan in Japanese English ("Panky Boy Run-Run Discipline", etc.). Hiroshi, whose style is high-fashion Tokyo monochrome, wouldn't be caught dead in anything like this.

HIROSHI
You're joking...

SANDII
No! This one! It's beautiful. Buy it!

In BG, two MAAS WATCHERS pretend to browse.

INT. SUBWAY

The clock. 5:58 PM.

EXT. GINZA, VARIOUS LOCATIONS

A rapid series of shots: the waiting Flat-tops in their various positions. Three of them are now at the wheels of vehicles: two in vans, one (dressed as a workman) in a small contractor's pick-up, its bed loaded with tools and TWO INDUSTRIAL PRESSURE TANKS. (A fourth Flat-top, also in workman's gear, slouches beside the tanks, smoking a cigarette.)

INT. OFFICE

The Welshman peers through his binoculars.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE, ESCALATOR

Sandii and Hiroshi, descending. Hiroshi wears the loud new PANKY BOY jacket. His nervousness is evident; twitches are starting to break through his usual surface gloss. He's sweating.

Behind them, the Maas men, watchful as ever.

CLOSE on Hiroshi.

HIROSHI

This is insane! I don't know
you... My life, my work...

SANDII

No. You agreed. You saw the
figures. This is what you want.

HIROSHI

Hosaka will kill me, if I try to
run...

SANDII

No. We'll be safe. I'll take care
of you.

HIROSHI

You? Take care of me?

He half turns, on the escalator, his face a mask of panic. Makes eye-contact with one of the Maas men. Maas man registers this with a raised eyebrow, but Hiroshi gets a grip on himself, turns back, lowers his shoulders. To Sandii, from the side of his mouth:

HIROSHI

When?

SANDII

Keep moving. Stay with me.

She takes his hand as they step off the escalator. Behind them, the Maas men begin to run down the escalator, pushing startled shoppers out of their way.

Sandii leads Hiroshi quickly out, past uniformed "greeters", young women who bow robotically to anyone entering the store. Into the packed sea of

Ginza, the Maas men shoving after them, clearly alarmed. A Flat-top in junior salaryman outfit and a white surgical mask (a common sight) pretends to trip, stumbles, falls in their way. They kick him viciously aside, but he's cost them precious seconds.

INT. COFFEE SHOP

Chaney's on his feet, peering through a small pair of binoculars. The other customers stare at him.

FOX
Fucking Christ. Sit down--

EXT. BINOCULAR SHOT

Sandi leading Hiroshi Yomiyuri through the crowd. She never looks back.

INT. OFFICE

The Welshman holds his binoculars with one hand, punches buttons on the auto-dial phone with the other, in time to the peeping of his row of stopwatches. The Welshman is at the top of his form, PERFORMING, doing what he's paid for. Conducting his kidnap-symphony.

EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS

Sandii's high heels tick past the first FLAT-TOP PAINT-MARK on curb. Flat-top in back of construction truck hears his pager buzz; stubs out cigarette, bangs on cab, picks up WRENCH as truck slams into gear. Flat-top at the wheel of a COMMERCIAL VAN eases into inching traffic when his pager buzzes. Sandii's heels. Hiroshi's face: his fear fights with his greed. The Maas men sense they are LOSING Hiroshi; they go into Secret Service overdrive as one of them slips a MAC-10 silenced machine pistol from beneath his jacket, slides a magazine home. His partner stiff-arms Japanese pedestrians out of the line of fire. The pedestrians are TOO POLITE to make a fuss. Back of Hiroshi's Panky Boy jacket. The crowd surges, obscuring the target: Hiroshi.

The van edges along, parallel with Sandii and Hiroshi. Its fender passes the second PAINT-MARK. SOMETHING HAPPENS: a blur, too fast to follow. Was

that a panel of some kind that seemed to rotate from the side of the van? No sign of it now, and Hiroshi and Sandii are still in view, threading through the crowd, their backs to us. The Panky Boy jacket.

The Maas men plunge after them. The van stops at the corner, signals a left turn. Maas POV: Sandii and Hiroshi turn right, into a less crowded street, almost running. The Maas men run after them, gaining. Sandii tries to kick her heels off, stumbles, falls. A Maas man pounces on her, grabs her hair, twists her face up -- IT ISN'T SANDII. Another girl, eyes wide with terror. The other Maas man, the one with the gun, has "Hiroshi" pinned against the wall. ANOTHER RINGER. Maas man, furious, clubs the ringer in the face with the gun, as his partner shouts, pointing back to the intersection, where the light's just changed; the van is turning left, and the TRUCK with the PRESSURE BOTTLES is turning behind it. The Flat-top dons an industrial respirator mask and spins the valve on a bottle. Ugly yellow goop begins to spray out, filling the bed of the truck. As the Maas men pound through the crowds, dodging traffic, scrambling over the hoods of cars. The man with the MAC-10 opens fire. Bulletholes stitch the rear of the van, which is swinging into an alleyway. The truck is in the way, pulling into the alleyway -- as the Flat-top in the truck-bed opens the second tank, the one containing the CATALYST. He bails out, over the side, as the two substances REACT; he and the driver scramble into a doorway, through an open, waiting door they slam behind them. A mountain of shit-green URETHANE FOAM boils from the back of the truck, EXPANDING, crusting over. Plastic lava. The alleyway is totally blocked, the truck embedded in the hardening foam. The Maas men gag on the fumes, back off.

INT. COFFEE SHOP

Chaney lowers his binoculars, grins in spite of himself.

CHANNEY

Damn. That was slick.

FOX

We're rich men, old son.

INT. OFFICE

The Welshman takes his flask from his open case, drains it in a go, and starts packing up his gear.

EXT. STREET

Police cordon off the alleyway. MAAS #1 watches impassively through the tinted windows of his Mercedes limo.

DISSOLVE TO: TOKYO NIGHTLIFE MONTAGE

Fox and Danny on the town, with Chaney in tow. Celebrating. Whirl of neon --

INT. HOSTESS BAR

Chaney, Fox and Danny at a table with three HOSTESSES, attractive Japanese girls in camp '50s evening gowns. The Hostesses chatter away merrily in Japanese, topping up the men's glasses of champagne. Fox and Danny are loud and happy, drunk. Chaney's drinking too, but he's morose, sullen. Wears the new suit we saw him in in the opening sequence. He ignores his Hostess. A loaded SALARYMAN sways up from a nearby table and stumbles to the bar's tiny stage, climbs up. Speaks into the microphone, his voice choked with drunken sincerity.

SALARYMAN

I will sing song to honor foreign guests, foreign businessman. Very beautiful America song, my favorite.

Sound system cranks out opening bars of a synthetic instrumental version of "Route 66" and the Salaryman launches into a cracked rendition of the lyrics.

SALARYMAN

Get your KICKS...on LOOT
SIXTY-SIX!

Fox and Danny howl with glee, applaud loudly. The Hostesses applaud. Salaryman keeps right on singing: it's unbearable.

CHANEY
I'm getting out of here...

FOX
What's eating you, you silly
bastard?

The Salaryman topples off the stage, taking the
mike-stand with him. Furious applause from another
table. The Hostesses giggle. Chaney glares at Fox.
Fox takes an envelope from his jacket and tears it
open, shakes out a Platinum AmEx card and flicks it
across the table at Chaney.

FOX
Keyed to your Swiss account, old
son. Name on your new passport.
You're a lucky man now, Mr. Baker.
Time you learned to enjoy it.

Chaney picks up the card. The Hostesses giggle
politely.

CHANEY
Where is she, Fox?

DANNY
Keeping Hiroshi company during his
difficult transition.

FOX
She's fine. Safe. Couldn't be
safer. Hosaka's seeing to that.

CHANEY
You put her up to it.

FOX
It was her idea, old son.

CHANEY
Yeah?

FOX
She'll be in touch. When she can.

CHANEY
Sure...

He stands, leaves the club. His Hostess stares after him, disappointed. The other two Hostesses giggle.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE CLUB

Moody, rain-streaked neon. Recalls the initial night-walk sequence early in the film. We see he's back where he started: alone. He flags a cab.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE LOFT

Chaney climbs out of cab.

INT. LOFT

Chaney enters. All his gear is packed away in cartons. No one lives here anymore. He drifts aimlessly, touching things. Finds SANDII'S PURSE on the worktable, glances inside: girl-junk. Tosses the purse, his toilet kit, socks, in a small black duffle.

INT. CAB

CHANNEY
New Envoy Hotel.

The driver looks at him questioningly. Chaney produces a dog-eared book of matches from the hotel in Ark Hills. The driver nods. They pull away into traffic.

EXT. HOTEL, ARK HILLS

A sort of mega-Hyatt near Roppongi; late at night, the enormous Suntory Plaza is deserted, cold and glittering.

Chaney pays for his taxi, walks into the sterile posh of the atrium. Goes to the desk. Staff are attentive but carefully noncommittal.

CLERK
Yes, sir?

CHANNEY
Got a room?

CLERK
Do you have a reservation, sir?

Chaney produces his new credit card.

CLERK
Certainly, sir. A single?

CHANNEY
Big one. A suite. Biggest you got.

CLERK
Certainly, sir...

INT. HOTEL, SUITE

Darkness. Sound of key in lock. Wedge of light widens as Chaney opens door, step in. Lights wink on as Chaney wanders through the suite, looking for the mini-bar. Finds it, opens a miniature of vodka, tosses it back.

ANGLE on Chaney, on the bed, shoes off, otherwise fully dressed, staring dully at Japanese television. Empty miniature bottle on bedside table. (Some of our tv footage here is from the coffin sequence, to suggest that, in spite of the expensive room, Chaney is in a sense back where he started. Alone.

DISSOLVE TO: INT. SUITE

ANGLE AS BEFORE, but there are three vodka empties now. Chaney still stares at the tv.

VERY SLOW ZOOM past Chaney to the broad window, and OUT: TOKYO DAWN. VO is the Japanese soundtrack of the film Chaney's watching.

ZOOM IN on darkened MAAS BUILDING, window of MAAS #1'S OFFICE. The light is on. Screams from the Japanese soundtrack VO.

INT. MAAS #1'S OFFICE

Maas #1 is alone, his desk illuminated by a single halogen lamp; he's engrossed in a little technical task... Spread out before him: a videotape cassette, a CASSETTE CASE PRINTED WITH THE MAAS LOGO, some small tools, a rectangle of grayish PLASTIC EXPLOSIVE, bits of wiring, and a stainless steel LAB CONTAINER marked with the international BIO-HAZARD symbol. CLOSE: The cassette has been opened, exposing the reels. He cuts a chunk of the

explosive, molds it into position inside the cassette. Opens the lab container with EXTREME CARE. The container's walls are at least an inch thick; elaborate hermetic seals. Extracts a test-tube containing a tiny amount of FLUID. Positions this in the cassette and secures it with tape...

EXT. PARKING LOT, STREET (FOX'S HOTEL), DAWN

The black Datsun swerves around a corner, driven by a very plastered Danny, and runs up on the curb. Danny hoots, laughs, gets it back under control, turns into the lot's entrance. Fox, beside him in the front seat, looks relatively sober.

INT. DATSUN

FOX

Easy then, friend. No point in copping it just when the ship's come in, is there?

Danny drives onto the ferris-lift. The start to rise.

DANNY

You think he's okay?

FOX

Who?

DANNY

Fucking Chaney. Got a screw loose over her, y'know?

FOX

Screw loose to begin with, if you ask me.

DANNY

Too bad we had to cut him in, Fox. He never actually did anything for it...

FOX

No. He found her. Don't fall prey to greed, old son. You're set up tidily now. What's the bloody difference between having

seventy-five million and having a hundred million? It's academic...

DANNY

Hey, the difference, man, is twenty-five million, that's what.

They drive off the lift and park. Get out of the car.

FOX

Forget it. His is in a numbered Swiss account, just like yours. Direct wire transfer from our friends at Hosaka...

DANNY

Yeah. Fuck it. Jesus, am I wasted... Wonder what's on the agenda for Hiroshi-boy today?

FOX

Busy, I'd imagine. Has to meet and greet his new employers. They'll want to rub him up against their top research people as well...

DANNY

Hope he enjoys it. Fuck him. I'm for L.A. tomorrow.

FOX

First or business?

DANNY

First. All the way. From now on.

DISSOLVE TO: EXT. HOSAKA HEAD OFFICES, TOKYO, DAY.

LONG: A mega-structure displaying the familiar HOSAKA LOGO. Scale of the building(s) re-enforces the idea that Hosaka is a much more powerful company than Maas Biolabs.

INT. HOSAKA OFFICES

Sandii and Hiroshi in a room fitted out in Japanese high corporate chic. Hiroshi, alone on a couch, has a sheaf of papers spread out in front of him on a huge coffee table, beside a VIDEO CASSETTE CASE

WITH THE MAAS LOGO. Also on the table: a large new black leather purse, obviously Sandii's. He's checking the notes for his inaugural lecture as Hosaka's resident genius. Sandii stands at the window, smoking.

SANDII
I'm bored...

Hiroshi looks up distractedly from his work. Irritated. He's bored too -- with her.

HIROSHI
I'm speaking in fifteen minutes...

SANDII
I'll go shopping.

HIROSHI
You've been shopping. This morning...

SANDII
I'll go to Harajuku. This is boring...

He glares at her coldly.

HIROSHI
Yes, it is. I'll speak with the security men.

He stands, leaves the room. Sandii crosses smoothly to her purse, reaches in, draws out a CASSETTE CASE WITH THE MAAS LOGO --

INT. ROOM NEARBY

Hiroshi and HOSAKA SECURITY MAN.

HIROSHI
See that she leaves the building. I won't be needing her again.

Security Man bows obediently.

INT. FIRST ROOM

Sandii by the window again as Hiroshi and Security Man enter. The black purse is over her shoulder. Nothing on the table seems to have been disturbed.

HIROSHI
Mr. Ishihara will go with you.

SANDII
I'll buy a new dress. We can go dancing tonight...

HIROSHI
Yes, yes... I'm very busy now...
Goodbye.

She smiles at him. The Security Man ushers her out of the room. Hiroshi instantly resumes his work.

INT. CORRIDOR/ELEVATOR/FOYER

Sandii and the Security Man walk along a spotless corridor. Sandii, a la Japanese women, keeps a demure step behind. The bulky purse swings at her side. Security Man uses a card-key to summon an express elevator. They enter, descend in silence. The doors slide open, revealing the building's white marble foyer. Between Sandii and the street, an INTERNAL SECURITY CHECKPOINT manned by alert-looking young SECURITY GUARDS. Sandii sees them, hesitates, follows Security Man toward them.

SECURITY GUARD
(Japanese:) Your purse, please, miss.

SECURITY MAN
(Japanese:) That won't be necessary.

He flashes his card. The Guards bow, let them through the checkpoint.

SECURITY MAN
Please find your own way.

SANDII
You aren't coming with me?

SECURITY MAN
No. Very sorry.

SANDII
When will I see Hiroshi tonight?
When should I come back?

SECURITY MAN
Very sorry.

SANDII
But I don't have his number! How
will I--

SECURITY MAN
Very sorry. Goodbye.

He walks back, through the checkpoint. She looks after him, then turns and leaves the building, her arm pinning the purse securely against her side.

INT. HOSAKA BOARDROOM

An imposing expression of mega-corporate wealth. A giant rear-projection video screen has been set up beside a raised dias beside the head of the long conference table. Austerely beautiful arrangements of flowers interrupt the gleaming plane of the table. PAN along the faces of Hosaka's top EXECUTIVES and elite research SCIENTISTS: all are male, at least half are European. Strong faces, expressions bland and guarded. The CHAIRMAN, seated at the head of the table, is immaculate and wizened, calm Zen eyes behind round gold-rimmed spectacles. He rises as Hiroshi enters, carrying his notes and the Maas video cassette.

CHAIRMAN
Gentlemen, Dr. Hiroshi Yomiyuri.

All rise, applaud as if on cue. Hiroshi takes the dias.

HIROSHI
Good afternoon. I'm very pleased
to be here.

He smiles. The answering smiles from the men at the table are sly and knowing; he's a defector.

HIROSHI
As some of you may know, my own
area of research has to do with
the application of molecular
bio-physics to cybernetics. I'm
about to show a tape which will

outline the work I've been doing for...my previous employers.

He smiles again. Takes the cassette from the Maas case and inserts it in a VCR on a stand near the dias. Picks up REMOTE CONTROL. The Chairman swivels in his chair in order to see the screen.

CHAIRMAN

You know, of course, Dr. Yomiyuri, that we welcome you with great happiness. This is a most significant day for Hosaka Corporation.

HIROSHI

Thank you.

Hiroshi points the remote at the VCR and thumbs the PLAY button. The screen fills with the FACE OF MAAS #1, THE SECURITY BOSS. Gasps of incomprehension from the men along the table. Reaction shot: Hiroshi.

HIROSHI

NO!!!

And Maas #1 SMILES -- as the VCR explodes, hurling Hiroshi from the dias. It isn't a very powerful explosion: enough to demolish the VCR and bowl Hiroshi over, but not enough, in itself, to kill.

The Chairman looks down at the polished surface of the table, misted now with a FILM OF SPRAY. CLOSE as he runs his finger through it--

As Hiroshi rises from beside the dias, his face bloodied by flying fragments, contorted now by the first spasms of a CHEMICALLY-INDUCED PSYCHOTIC FURY. Hiroshi SCREAMS with deranged blood-lust as he hurls himself on the frail Chairman. The Scientist to the Chairman's right tries to pull Hiroshi off the old man. CLOSE on the Chairman's mottled hand closing around a LETTER OPENER. The Chairman, with surprising strength, stabs Hiroshi repeatedly, brutally, in the stomach, as the Scientist drags Hiroshi back... The Chairman SMILES HIDEOUSLY and STABS THE SCIENTIST IN THE THROAT.

SECURITY MEN with drawn guns burst into the boardroom. Everyone at the table has now been affected by the Maas chemical.

DISSOLVE TO: CHANEY'S HOTEL ROOM, EVENING

ANGLE AS BEFORE. Curtains are drawn. Hiss of television on a dead channel. The bedside collection of empty 1-oz. liquor bottles has grown. Heaped ashtray. THE PHONE IS RINGING, RINGING. Chaney finally manages to pick it up.

CHANEY

Huh?

PHONE(VO)

This is the desk, Mr. Chaney. There seems to be a problem with your American Express card...

CHANEY

What?

PHONE(VO)

With your credit, Mr. Chaney. We must discuss this with you immediately, please.

CHANEY

I, uh...

PHONE(VO)

Assistant Manager Mr. Taito will be pleased to discuss the matter with you. Will you come to the front desk, please, Mr. Chaney?

CHANEY

I... Shit.

He hangs up, knocking over half a dozen empties in the process. Presses the button that opens the drapes. Evening sky. Groans. PHONE RINGS.

CHANEY

Jesus!

Snatches it up.

CHANEY

Yeah?

FOX(VO)
They turned her.

CHANEY
What?

FOX(VO)
Sandii. Maas turned her.

CHANEY
What the fuck are you talking about? You know that credit card you gave me is no fucking good?

FOX(VO)
Hiroshi's dead. They're all dead.

CHANEY
Sandii...

FOX(VO)
Gone. We've got to get out. Come to my hotel. Now.

Fox hangs up.

EXT. PARKING LOT, STREET (FOX'S HOTEL),
EVENING

Chaney gets out of cab, enters building.

INT. SHOPPING FLOOR

Chaney hustles along through crowd; carries his black duffle. Sees Fox, who's lugging a battered suitcase. Sees the FEAR in Fox.

FOX
Elevator. Danny's getting the car.
Hurry.

INT. ELEVATOR

CHANEY
What happened.

FOX
Maas boobytrapped Hiroshi. Used some sort of neural agent, nerve gas... The girl. She must've been the link. Maas got to her.

CHANEY

My credit card--

FOX

Is bloody worthless, mate. Nothing
in our Swiss accounts. All gone.
Evaporated. Fairy gold.

CHANEY

Hosaka? How could--

FOX

Because they're bloody BIG!

Elevator door opens. Parking lot.

INT. PARKING LOT

Fox stares frantically around. No Danny.

FOX

Christ! Where's the stupid bastard
got to?

Sound of the car-lift starting up. CHANEY'S/FOX'S
POV as DANNY'S DANGLING CORPSE rises into view. His
ankles have been lashed to the underside of a
lift-platform. His mouth gapes in a silent scream.
The FOUR HOSAKA EXECUTIVES (as p. 65) step from
behind a row of cars. They have been ordered to
kill Danny, Fox, and Chaney personally, in order to
at least partly atone for the terrible harm they
have brought upon Hosaka Corporation. They are
between Chaney and Fox and the elevator. Frozen
moment. Chaney reacts.

CHANEY

Fox!

Chaney runs for the car-lift, pulling Fox along.
Danny's corpse has risen out of sight. Chaney leaps
down as a car is descending, duffle in hand, lands
on the roof, denting it. The JAPANESE COUPLE in the
car stare wildly. Fox hesitates, on the brink.

CHANEY

Jump!

Gunshot. A bullet strikes the lift-mechanism,
ricochets. Fox jumps, clutching his suitcase.

Chaney grabs him as he's sliding off the slick roof of the car. The couple inside clutch one another, hysterical, screaming. A second bullet stars the windshield as the car reaches street-level. Fox and Chaney roll off, hit the ground running. They run out into the street. PASSENGER getting out of a cab. Chaney hurls the man aside and they jump in. DRIVER starts yelling. Fox is pulling wads of paper money from his suitcase, thrusting them at the driver. One of the Executives comes running out of the lot, aiming a pistol with both hands.

FOX
Go! Drive! Go!

DRIVER
(Burst of indignant Japanese)

Gunshot. Bullet whines off hood of cab. Chaney leans over back of front seat and THROWS CAB INTO GEAR, jamming the Driver's foot down. Cab takes off fast.

EXT. PHONEBOOTH. NIGHT

Fringes of Roppongi. Elevated expressway in BG. A slender PEDESTRIAN BRIDGE soars out over the street, under the expressway. Roar of traffic. Chaney's in the booth, on the phone to Lola's bar, trying to get through to the Welshman. Fox waits nearby, a study in bad nerves. He knows what to expect. Knows he's as good as dead.

CHANEY
Look, if he's there, I have to speak to him.

LOLA(VO)
Welshman not here.

CHANEY
Then where is he?

LOLA(VO)
Welshman gone. Not here.

She hangs up.

CHANEY
Either he's not there or he won't talk to-- Fox?

Glances quickly around. Fox is gone. His suitcase is still there.

CHANNEY

Fox!

Three Hosaka Executives are hustling the weakly struggling Fox out along the pedestrian bridge. Chaney charges after them. The bridge is roughly the length of a city block. Above the roaring traffic, they force Fox back against the railing, grab his ankles, up and over -- Fox SCREAMS as he falls, directly into the path of a large truck. Answering scream of air-brakes, crash as a car rear-ends the truck. Frantic honking of horns.

Chaney plows into the Executives, crazy with fury. One of them draws a gun; Chaney swats it aside, over the railing; Chaney grabs the man, picks him up, and heaves him over; he falls into an open trailer of scrap metal and is impaled on a jagged length of steel. Behind Chaney, one of the Executives whips a telescoping spring-steel cosh from beneath his coat and slams it against Chaney's skull. Chaney staggers, sinks to his knees. The two men move in, kicking him. It's evident they're going to KICK HIM TO DEATH and ENJOY IT. Chaney rolls, manages to get to his feet. What he has going for him here is sheer body-mass; he's much bigger. One of the Executives walks into a roundhouse punch that puts him straight out. Chaney grabs the other and pulls him down, slamming the man's head repeatedly against the floor of the bridge. Incredible racket from the street below: screams, horns, the sound of approaching sirens. Chaney gets to his feet and staggers back across the bridge, toward the phonebooth, his cheeks slick with tears. Picks up his bag. Sees Fox's suitcase. Kneels beside it and extracts a fat bundle of cash, stuffs it into his bag. Limpes away as quickly as he can, into the dark, sirens closing in.

DISSOLVE TO: TOKYO MONTAGE, NIGHT

Nightmarish drift through jungles of neon. Chaney's in shock, totally disoriented, on automatic pilot. Sequence reveals a darker, subterranean aspect of the city: furtive lives of the mad and the homeless. As though Chaney is now attuned to this other world... The towers of light are rooted in the ancient dark of Edo...

Finds himself seated on a bench in a tiny temple-park, beside a giggling old DERELICT who drinks from a paper bag. They both stare up at the illuminated temple-tower of the Hanazono shrine. The old man giggles, sputters, wipes his mouth, offers Chaney the bottle. Chaney gently pushes the bottle away.

CHANEY

Her mother used to be an actress.
Know what I mean?

The old man giggles, nods.
Crackle of Japanese from the walkie-talkies of two helmeted POLICEMEN, approaching.
Chaney gets to his feet and limps away.
Rounds a corner...

EXT. SHRIMP STREET, NIGHT

Into the vibrating electric noon of the porno zone, which is looking far WORSE and WEIRDER than before. Chaney, under neon-fluorescent overload, looks like death warmed over. He spots two Flat-tops lounging in front of a video/massage joint and hobbles up to them. His arrival has obviously made them very uncomfortable.

CHANEY

Listen, I'm in trouble, been this screw-up, I--

FLAT-TOP #1

We don't know you, man.

CHANEY

Fuck that, buddy, you--

FLAT-TOP #2

Nobody knows you.

But it isn't true: Flat-top #1 touches #2's arm; with a glance, he indicates the TOUT and BUDDY homing in on Chaney, the pair we last saw in the burning building. They're dressed to kill and still bandaged from their previous encounter with Chaney and the Flat-tops. The Flat-tops do a smooth fast fade as the two close on Chaney, who bolts and runs...

Down Shrimp Street, around a corner, into shadowy alley-maze opening on

EXT. GOLDEN STREET, NIGHT

Chaney stumbles, falls, pulls himself up, makes it to the door of LOLA'S BAR.

INT. LOLA'S BAR

Chaney staggers in. The tiny bar is jammed with drinkers. Glimpse of extremely arcane Japanese sexual traffic. An enormous, very masculine hand with beautifully lacquered nails closes on his shoulder.

LOLA

Back room, Chaney-san. Scaring my customers...

She hustles him through the tiny bar, into

INT. BACK ROOM

CHANEY

I've gotta find the Welshman...

LOLA

Welshman's gone. Disappeared up his own asshole, Chaney-san. Now you disappear too.

Lola picks up a heavy cleaver from a jumble of tools and cooking gear atop a packing crate. Chaney tenses. She swings the cleaver, hard, into the rough plaster wall; the blade sinks through with ease; she twists the blade, tearing away a section of plaster that's been spread over cardboard. She takes the PISTOL from its hiding-place. It's wrapped in dirty gauze.

LOLA

Take this. And these.

She hands him the gun and a set of car keys.

LOLA

Fox's van. It's in the alley. I want it to disappear too.

CHANNEY
Fox is dead...

LOLA
Sayonara, honey.

She opens the back door. The white micro-van gleams between mounds of garbage.

EXT. NIGHT, TOMEI EXPRESSWAY

Chaney, driving. As in film's opening scene. He accelerates. The speed-bleeper begins to sound. "RADIO YOKOHAMA FM, NUMBER ONE RADIO STATION IN JAPAN!"

DISSOLVE TO: FREEZE-FRAME VIDEO IMAGE OF SANDII FROM THE FETISH-TAPE

White noise hiss as we pull back, revealing the monitor in Room #7, Chaney on the bed. The glow of the monitor is the only light-source. He's removed his shirt, suit-jacket. shoes and socks. The big Nambu pistol rests on his lap. His eyes, bright and feverish, are fixed on the monitor.

Someone knocks at the door. Chaney springs off the bed like an adrenalin-driven puppet and whips the door open, bringing the pistol up with trembling hands, the muzzle aligned with SANDII'S EYE. She wears new, expensive clothes and carries a small suitcase. Chaney yanks her inside, slams the door, slaps her in the face. She falls back on the round bed.

CHANNEY
Dead. They're all dead.

SANDII
Who?

CHANNEY
Fox. Danny. Hiroshi...

SANDII
Hiroshi?

CHANNEY
Dead. You killed them.

SANDII

No...

He advances on the bed.

CHANEY

You sold us out to Maas.

SANDII

Only for the money, Chaney-san.
For us. Then I came to find you...

CHANEY

They're dead!

SANDII

You're not. I'm not.

CHANEY

It doesn't work that way...

SANDII

It does. It always has.

He moves to the window, stares out between the closed drapes.

CHANEY

Maybe for you. But I always
wanted...something. More.

SANDII

We can go away now. To the
airport. We'll go to L.A.

CHANEY

It isn't there. It's gone. Danny
just pretended to go back...
Danny. They hung him up and gutted
him like a fish...

SANDII

What do you mean, it's gone?

He moves the curtain aside with the barrel of the
pistol.

CHANNEY

There's only more of this. The fringes of airports. Hotels. Go anywhere, it's just the same. It's where we live...

SANDII

Chaney...

He turns, discovers her standing close behind him, naked. She reaches up to trace the cuts and bruises on his face with a fingertip.

SANDII

It doesn't matter where we live. But we have to go away from here.

He puts his arms around her, still holding the gun, and walks her to the bed.

SANDII

Away. We have to go away...

He pins her to the bed and they begin to make love feverishly, the gun beside her head on the pillow.

SANDII

Anywhere.... A city... Paris, London, New York, Chaney...

The Hosaka COPTER drums past above New Rose. Chaney hears it, glances up.

EXT. NEW ROSE HOTEL, NIGHT

COPTER SHOT as Hosaka's mean-looking chopper swings past.

INT. HELICOPTER

The PILOT wears a sophisticated NIGHT-VISION helmet. Beside him, a SECURITY MAN cradles a very high-tech Finnish assault rifle.

INT. ROOM #7

Catching Chaney in mid-orgasm, his eyes fixed on the MONITOR IMAGE. Conveys the split in his perception between ideal erotic image and the actual physical girl... The monitor image dwindles to a single point of light, which fades as Chaney

relaxes into Sandii's arms, leaving the room in total darkness.

SANDII
We'll go to London... I'm
half-British... My mother was an
actress...

Sound of movement. Jingle of a belt-buckle. Zipper going up. Edge of panic in her voice:

SANDII
Chaney?

Sandii's POV as bathroom light goes on, showing her Chaney at the mirror, slicking his hair back with water. Pistol's tucked into the wasteband of his trousers. His duffle's open on the sink-counter. He takes out his passport, the HONG-KONG PLANE TICKET, and Fox's bundle of cash.

SANDII
What are you doing?

He tucks passport and ticket into his jacket, steps forward and tosses the wad of money onto the bed.

SANDII
No.

CHANAY
It's not there anymore.

He walks out the door.
Sandii doesn't move at all.

INT. NEW ROSE, CORRIDOR

Chaney moves as briskly as possible, considering previous injuries.

INT. NEW ROSE, RECEPTION

Chaney emerges from elevator. Young Japanese COUPLE blink at him nervously as he brushes past; they've just taken their key from the chute.

EXT. NEW ROSE, DAWN

Chaney emerges, wary but purposeful. He's made his choice. Sets out across concrete parking lot.

The Hosaka copter comes charging in over the roof of a one-story factory building, FAST, LOW, THUNDEROUS. Chaney runs, battered by propwash, as tracers pock the dusty concrete at his feet. The Pilot executes a stop-on-a-dime turn-and-hover as the Security Man ejects his spent magazine and snaps another in place.

Chaney ducks between two buildings. Runs through narrow space roofed with corrugated plastic and littered with industrial scrap.

The copter buzzes the roof, firing, blowing holes in the plastic above Chaney's head.

Chaney breaks from cover, running for his life, the copter behind him. The gunman is hampered by his inability to fire straight ahead; this is a corporate copter; he has to fire out an open side window. The Pilot tries to position the copter for a clear shot...

As Chaney hauls himself up a temporary chainlink fence that closes an under-construction expressway entrance-ramp. Bullets sing off the chainlink as Chaney tumbles down into a pile of loose gravel, rolls down the incline, staggers to his feet and RUNS BLINDLY OUT ACROSS FOUR LANES OF ON-COMING TRAFFIC. Vehicles swerve wildly to avoid him; horns scream past. He makes it to the concrete center-line divider and jumps up on it, grinning madly at the hovering copter. Passing motorists gape at the huge disheveled gaijin.

In the copter, the Security Man gives the Pilot a worried look. This is going to be an awfully public execution. The Pilot shrugs, nudges the controls. The Security Man is reloading his gun.

CHANNEY

Come on, motherfucker! Come'n' get me!

The Pilot brings the copter out over the expressway. Slow, methodical. He hovers, swings the

copter so that the open window gives the Security Man a clear shot. The copter begins to descend.

CLOSE on Chaney's eyes.

The copter's no more than twenty feet above the expressway now. The Security man raises the rifle to his shoulder, taking careful aim...

As Chaney pulls the Nambu from beneath his jacket and fires.

CLOSE on bullethole in canopy.
Chaney fires again, again.

INT. COPTER

The Pilot's helmet-visor is shattered by a bullet. The Security Man screams.

EXT. EXPRESSWAY

CHANEY'S POV as the copter swings out of control, rolls...

EXT. NEW ROSE, ENTRANCE

Sandii steps out with her suitcase in one hand, Chaney's duffle in the other. She's walking toward a waiting cab when she hears the explosion, sees the FIREBALL rising above the expressway. She doesn't even pause. Straight into the cab. It pulls away, the driver gaping back at the rising tower of flame.

Sound of dozens of sirens converging on the scene.

HOLD on the NEW ROSE HOTEL sign, thick black smoke rising behind it from the expressway.

Sirens.

Crackle of static.

"RADIO YOKOHAMA FM! NUMBER ONE IN JAPAN!"

Japanese pop music.

DISSOLVE TO: INT. NARITA AIRPORT DAY

Slow-motion zoom through crowded concourses. The crowds seem to be moving under water, slow, slow... Audio is a vast hollow incoherent mumble...

POV veers in on a hunched figure behind a raised Japanese newspaper.

LOUDSPEAKER

KAL announces final boarding for
our Flight 325 to Hong-kong...

Chaney lowers the paper he's been pretending to read. Gets up. Using the newspaper to hide the action, he pulls out the Nambu -- its grip wrapped in toilet paper -- and drops it into a trash canister. He takes his ticket and passport from his jacket and walks toward the gate.

DISSOLVE TO: TOKYO MONTAGE, NIGHT

Sandii in the back of a cab.
The lights of Shibuya.
Neon...

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