

THE FAST AND THE FURIOUS: TOKYO

By

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Based on The Universal Motion Pictures, "The Fast and the Furious" and "2 Fast 2 Furious" as well as the materials upon which such motion pictures were based.

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FADE UP ON:

A PARKING LOT

where we PAN ACROSS a line of expensive cars, each beautiful and spotless. BMW. Mercedes. BMW. Jaguar. BMW --

SFX: AN ENGINE THUNDERS.

-- and as we cross an EMPTY PARKING SPOT, a mean-looking '66 CHEVELLE pulls in. All steel and primer and attitude. The driver kills the engine and steps out. He's 17. Tough. A modern-day Steve McQueen.

SHAUN BOSWELL stands in the parking lot, glaring at something in the distance. DOLLY AROUND to REVEAL he's staring at his HIGH SCHOOL.

We can tell he fits in here less than his car.

CREDITS SEQUENCE - SCENES OF AN AVERAGE AMERICAN HIGH SCHOOL

Hip-hop BLASTS. Skateboarders OLLIE off stairs. Cliques of white kids and bussed-in minorities STAND AROUND talking.

In the GRAFFITI-COVERED ENTRYWAY, skimpily-dressed girls are SEARCHED for weapons. In a REMEDIAL MATH CLASS, two students openly FIGHT in the back of the class. The teacher does nothing to stop them. In the CAFETERIA, students buy their lunch from BURGER KING and TACO BELL kiosks.

Finally, the credits end and we find ourselves in the --

GYM LOCKER ROOM

-- where a locker door closes and we catch up with SHAUN BOSWELL, fresh from the showers. As Shaun dresses, he can't help but CLOCK an ugly situation developing a few lockers down: a group of four RICH WHITE FOOTBALL JOCKS turning on a SCRAWNY HISPANIC TEEN.

The alpha-male of the group, an asshole named CLAY, glares at the teen.

CLAY

What are you looking at?

The Hispanic kid says nothing. Tries to ignore them.

FOOTBALL GOON #1

He was checking out your watch.
Probably thinking about swiping it.

CLAY
That right?

Clay walks over. Shoves the teen against the lockers. Holds out his wrist with a sparkling ROLEX on it.

CLAY
You gonna steal my shit? Bring the rest of your family across the border?

The Footballers laugh. Behind them, Shaun RISES. And just as we think he's gonna righteously kick their ass --

Shaun simply turns and leaves.

INT. WOODSHOP - END OF DAY

The bell rings. No respect for the teacher, the students instantly jump up and head out the door, Shaun among them.

TRACK WITH SHAUN as he exits the class and walks through the corridors. Everyone in school seems to be gathering in CLIQUES to joke and laugh. Shaun belongs to none of them. He passes them all by, reaching --

EXT. WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL - BACK PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

-- where the smokers and bad boys hang. Shaun cuts through their ranks, arriving at his car: a ratty-looking '66 CHEVELLE.

The RICH JOCKS are parked next to him. Their cars, CORVETTES and BEEMERS -- all bought by daddy -- look incredibly sleek next to Shaun's rough-looking moonshine car.

As Shaun squeezes past to get to the driver's door, he glances up and catches Clay's cheerleader GIRLFRIEND in her boyfriend's 'Vette, skirt hiked, one long smooth leg balanced on the steering wheel as she PAINTS her toenails.

When she sees Shaun, she gives him a smouldering look and languidly opens her other leg to reveal her PANTIES beneath.

Shaun just gets in his car. But Clay has noticed the exchange between them. Glares at his girlfriend.

CLAY
What the hell was that?

Shaun starts up his car, the grumble of the engine drowning out their argument. In one fluid move, he taps the gas and speed-slips out of his space --

CLAY
(pounds on Shaun's trunk)
HEY, WHOA, WHOA!! You almost hit
my car, asshole!

SHAUN
Did I hit it?

CLAY
No --

SHAUN
Then we're done here.

Shaun starts to pull away -- but a couple of the Jocks step
in front.

CLAY
We're done when I say we're done.
Maybe you don't care 'cause you
drive that broke-ass piece of shit--

SHAUN
This broke-ass piece of shit'll run
your little pony into the ground.

Clay's crew REACTS.

FOOTBALL GOON #2
Ohhh shit!

SHAUN
I'll put up my slip. My car's
worth ten large.
(pointedly)
You put up that watch.

CLAY
(laughs)
Dumbass. This is a Z6. Five
hundred horses.

SHAUN
Yeah, but it ain't the horses.
It's the rider.
(turns to Clay's girl)
As I'm sure you know.

She smiles. Clay steams.

CLAY
All right, trailer trash. You're
on.

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Clay's '06 Corvette and Shaun's '66 Chevelle line up on an impromptu starting line.

CLAY

First one to the bridge, yeah?

SHAUN

Whatever.

As Clay REVS his engine, BOOM DOWN below Shaun's passenger window to where:

FOOTBALL GOON #1

slides beneath Shaun's Chevelle for a peek. He's expecting to see a grungy old engine --

FOOTBALL GOON #1

Ho-ly shit...

-- but what he sees blows him away. The Chevelle's engine is a masterwork of tuning. Shining CHROME everywhere. Vortex SUPERCHARGER. BLOW-THRU CARB. Nice.

Quickly, he slips a knife from his pocket and SEVERS the wires to the Chevelle's electric WATER PUMP.

EXT. STARTING LINE - MOMENTS LATER

The Corvette and the Chevelle judder at the line, ready to tear it up. Goon #1 stands, makes eye contact with Clay. Nods. Mission accomplished. Clay GRINS.

Thirty feet ahead, one of the Footballers' girls stands in the middle of the road and counts it down.

SEXY GIRL

Three...two...one... GO!

The 'Vette and the 'Velle. PEEL OFF the line, sending up CLOUDS OF TIRE SMOKE and BLOWING the Sexy Girl's microskirt up as they streak past.

As the two cars disappear down the road, Clay's Buddies burn after them in a half-dozen other cars to follow the race.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - AERIAL SHOT

We TRACK Shaun and the other cars as they rocket down residential streets toward the sea. The Chevelle and the Corvette are neck and neck until --

CLAY

shifts into high gear --

CLAY

Hasta, punk.

-- and PUNCHES THE GAS.

INT. CHEVELLE

The Corvette makes the jump to hyperspace, burning off into the distance.

Shaun doesn't sweat it, working the V-gate shifter into fourth with its signature WHINE. Cruising.

INT. CORVETTE - CONTINUOUS

Clay's Girlfriend is loving it.

CLAY'S GIRLFRIEND

You're beating him!

Clay drops back to taunt Shaun.

INT/EXT. CORVETTE AND CHEVELLE

The 'Vette slots up right next to the Chevelle. Clay throws his engine into neutral. ROARS it at him. Clay's girl thinks her man is the stud of the universe.

The two cars SLALOM through the tiny streets and blast out of the suburbs to see a river and the BRIDGE that crosses it less than a mile ahead -- the FINISH LINE.

CLAY'S GIRLFRIEND

Burn him, Clay!

Clay looks over and flips Shaun the bird...then hits the gas. The Corvette takes off like a jet. There's no way the Chevelle can catch it.

CLAY'S GIRLFRIEND

Yes! Yes!

And right as they think victory is theirs --

SHAUN

casually FLIPS UP his center console to REVEAL a shining NOS TANK mounted there. He opens the valve and waits...letting Clay's lead get bigger and bigger...

SHAUN

Okay, that's enough.

And when the moment is perfect, Shaun HITS THE NOS!

The Chevelle HOWLS as it makes boost, taking off like a bat out of hell. On the dash, the speedometer JUMPS. The tachometer RISES. But so does the TEMPERATURE GUAGE, because --

INT. CHEVELLE ENGINE

-- the severed water pump can't keep the engine cool under the strain and starts to OVERHEAT. Begins to SMOKE. BURN.

BACK TO SHOT

WHAMMM! The radiator cap POPS, denting the hood from underneath. Smoke BILLOWS out the grille. Shaun doesn't give a damn. Just keeps his foot heavy on the gas.

INT. CORVETTE

Clay's Girlfriend sees the Chevelle coming on, smoking and burning like a demon rocket. Her boisterous laughter dies.

CLAY'S GIRLFRIEND

Um... Clay..?

He glances in his rearview and sees the satanic Chevelle.

CLAY

No way.

Clay crushes the accelerator into the floor, but it's no use. The Chevelle THUNDERS PAST.

INT/EXT. CORVETTE AND CHEVELLE - RUNNING ALONGSIDE THE RIVER

Now the tables have turned. The finish line is coming up and Shaun is in the lead. Clay tries to keep up, but now the difference between a great racer and a great car becomes painfully clear.

SHAUN takes the final series of turns at breakneck speed, calm as a Buddha.

CLAY white-knuckles the wheel, breathing hard, trying to follow Shaun, but growing more and more afraid of the speed, the turns until --

CLAY
Yaaaaaaaauuggghh --

-- his car LOSES TRACTION on a curve and goes FLYING off the road. Clay's Girl SCREAMS as the 'Vette BOUNCES into a dirt field. The car SPINS. The AIR BAGS explode out. Everything is chaos until -- WHAM! -- the Corvette SMASHES to a stop against a tree.

Clay and his Girlfriend are battered and DAZED, but thanks to the airbags deflated in their laps, not seriously hurt.

HOLD ON WIDE SHOT of the wreck, Clay's arm dangling out the window, its gold Rolex sparkling in the sun. In the b.g., we watch as Shaun's smoking Chevelle keeps going. Crosses the finish line. Then REVERSES back to the wreck.

As Clay's buddies begin to screech up, Shaun exits his crackling, burning car. Glances beneath the engine to see the SEVERED WATER PUMP. Angry, he walks into f.g. Pulls the Rolex off Clay's arm.

Shaun looks at the watch -- then HURLS it into the river.

Football Goon #1 comes running up all crazed.

FOOTBALL GOON #1
WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?!

Shaun DROPS him with an ELBOW to the chin.

SHAUN
Don't ever touch my car.

The others stare impotently as Shaun climbs back in his smoking Chevelle, ROARS the engine, and drives off.

Leaving a swath of destruction in his wake...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SHAUN'S HOUSE - GARAGE - TWILIGHT

The Chevelle's jacked up. Shaun's working beneath it, fixing the water pump when a POLICE CRUISER pulls into the driveway.

Shaun glances over. Sighs. He knew it was coming.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

Clay sits at a desk, telling a COP his "version" of what happened. His Girlfriend sits beside him. So does Goon #1, who looks like he just went ten rounds with Tyson. Busted nose. Split lip. Red eyes from crying.

CLAY

-- and we were just driving when this lunatic came out of nowhere and smashed us off the road.

COP

He hit you?

CLAY

Hell yes, he did. Took my watch. Could've killed us both --

As he continues his lie, we PULL BACK through a pane of glass into a HOLDING CELL where Shaun is handcuffed to a chair. He can't hear anything through the thick glass, but can see enough to know which way the wind blows.

When Clay finishes his performance, the cops shake his hand and guide him out.

A moment later, the door opens and a worried looking WOMAN enters, fretting Kleenex.

Shaun waves nonchalantly with his handcuffed hands.

SHAUN

Hey, mom.

INT. HOLDING ROOM - LATER

Shaun and his MOM look up as a CASE OFFICER enters the holding room, overflowing with paperwork.

CASE OFFICER

Okay, so this is how it shakes down. They're claiming Vehicular Assault with Intent to do Bodily Harm. They say you pushed them off the road --

SHAUN
That's a lie.

CASE OFFICER
Maybe so, but it's your word
against his...and his father
happens to be a lawyer for the
city.

Shaun realizes how fucked he is.

CASE OFFICER
At minimum, you're looking at one
count Street Racing and one charge
Misdemeanor Assault.
(beat)
Oh, yeah, and twenty-three code
violations on that Chevelle, but
you don't have to deal with those
since the city claimed the car --

Shaun bolts up in his seat.

SHAUN
For how long?

CASE OFFICER
Like I said, you don't have to deal
with it. It went straight to the
crusher.

SHAUN
What?!

CASE OFFICER
Records showed it had already been
impounded twice for racing. Third
strike makes it a nuisance vehicle,
and nuisance vehicles get--

He makes a squashing motion with his hand.

SHAUN
You crushed my car?!

But Shaun's mother is more concerned with the charges against
her boy. Overwhelmed, she turns to the Officer.

SHAUN'S MOM
What's going to happen to my son?

CASE OFFICER
If this was his first bust for
racing then he'd be getting off
with a fine and community service.
Juvie, maybe.
(MORE)

CASE OFFICER (cont'd)
 But this is his third pop. And
 that's only in this state. The
 computer shows a record of street
 racing in Dallas. More in Ohio.
 (turns to Shaun)
 Aren't you getting tired of making
 your mom move all over the goddamn
 country for you?

Shaun glares at the Officer.

SHAUN
 I can't believe you crushed my car.

Shaun's mom sighs, emotionally drained.

CASE OFFICER
 Look, I don't know what to tell
 you. This county's cracking down
 on street racers. Too many kids
 getting killed. People getting
 hurt.
 (serious beat)
 They're going to make an example of
 your son.

SHAUN'S MOM
 (afraid to ask)
 How?

CASE OFFICER
 Jail. They'll most-likely try him
 as an adult.

Shaun's Mom frets the kleenex, considering the
 alternatives...and has an idea.

SHAUN'S MOM
 What if there's another way?

CASE OFFICER
 What do you mean?

SHAUN'S MOM
 A way to get him off the roads.
 For good.

The Officer looks intrigued.

CASE OFFICER
 I'm listening.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHAUN'S MOTHER'S HOME - NEXT DAY - ESTABLISHING

The small-but-proud home of a someone who busts their ass in a blue-collar job and saves every penny.

INT. SHAUN'S BEDROOM

Shaun enters to find his Mom packing a duffel bag.

SHAUN

So where we moving now?

SHAUN'S MOM

We are not moving anywhere. I can't. Not again. I like this town. I've got friends. A decent job --

SHAUN

You kicking me out?

SHAUN'S MOM

Damn it, Shaun, I can't keep picking up and starting my life over because of you!

Shaun says nothing as his mother's anger suddenly turns to tears. She cries openly, overwhelmed her life has come to this.

SHAUN'S MOM

I love you, but I can't.

Shaun grabs his bag --

SHAUN

I'm outta here.

-- but stops when his mom won't let go of the bag.

SHAUN'S MOM

It's not that simple.

(sighs)

Nothing's that simple. Until you're eighteen, I'm responsible for you. I need to know where you are, what you're doing...

And now it all clicks.

SHAUN

Hell no. I ain't going there.

SHAUN'S MOM
Would you rather go to jail?!
(beat)
Don't you get it? You could've
killed someone, Shaun! You
could've killed yourself!

SHAUN
I'm not listening to this.

Shaun storms off toward the front door. His mom follows.

SHAUN'S MOM
It's too late. I've done
everything I can for you, but it's
out of my hands now. You don't
have a choice --

SHAUN
Bullshit! You can't make me go
there!

Shaun throws open the door to leave -- and is met by two
MILITARY POLICEMEN standing there.

MP #1
Shaun Boswell?

Shaun looks at his mom. Betrayed.

SHAUN'S MOM
I'm doing this because I care about
you. Some day you'll understand
that.

And as the MP's step toward Shaun, CUT TO --

INT. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

-- where Shaun is escorted to a Departure Gate. The MP's
stop at the ramp, and Shaun boards the airplane alone.

EXT. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

With a roar of engines, Shaun's 747 speeds down the runway
and lifts off into the sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - OVER THE PACIFIC - HOURS LATER

Shaun wakes up and glances out the window -- revealing the
island nation of JAPAN below.

It's not a welcome sight for him.

EXT. NARITA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

The great steely bird eases down from the vibrant blue sky.

INT. NARITA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - BAGGAGE CLAIM

Hopelessly lost in a sea of impeccably-suited Japanese businessmen FIND Shaun, a foot taller than everyone around him. Sticking out like a sore thumb.

Shaun's first moments in Japan are an assault on the senses. All around, people bark unintelligible things at him. Garish signs flash in every color imaginable.

Caught up in the migrations of the crowd, Shaun is swept along with them. Surrounded by a million people, yet utterly alone. A stranger in a strange land.

INT. CAB - DRIVING THROUGH TOKYO - ESTABLISHING

Think Blade Runner...then multiply by ten.

Shaun stares out the window at the most technologically-advanced city in the world gliding past. Neon skyscrapers. Bizarre fashionistas. Nightmarishly huge outdoor video screens advertising everything, everywhere.

The cab finally arrives at:

EXT. CAMP ZAMA - JAPAN - ESTABLISHING

A safe-haven from the alien world of Japan. The base was built for Americans, by Americans, with American products.

In fact, the only clue that the Camp isn't located in the U.S.A. is the majestic "Old Man" on the horizon, Mount Fuji.

Shaun relaxes. It's like he never left home...

The cab drives across the base and drops Shaun off next to a squad doing P.T. under a severe-looking SERGEANT MAJOR. When the Sergeant sees Shaun, he dismisses his men and walks over. Nods.

SGM. BOSWELL

Shaun.

The two just stand there, looking at each other.

SGM. BOSWELL
So, how was your flight?

SHAUN
(reserved)
Sir, Private Boswell reporting for
duty, Sergeant Major, sir.

SGM. BOSWELL
Sergeant Major? Whatever happened
to "Uncle Mike"?

Shaun says nothing. Sergeant Major MIKE BOSWELL (40's)
reappraises his nephew.

SGM. BOSWELL
I see... Well, I'm sure you're
tired. I'm done here anyway, why
don't we go get you settled in.
I'll get us a ride.

Shaun turns toward the military housing a few blocks off.

SHAUN
I can walk.

SGM. BOSWELL
Not nineteen miles you can't.

Now the horror starts to sink in.

SHAUN
You don't live on base?

SGM. BOSWELL
Hell, no. Why would I do that?
(hefts Shaun's bag)
Come on.

And like a man being led to the gallows, Shaun follows after
his Uncle.

EXT. TOKYO BLUE-COLLAR NEIGHBORHOOD - TWILIGHT

A military JEEP makes its way through the sketchy side of
town and parks before an anorexic-looking APARTMENT BUILDING.
Tall and skinny and cramped as hell.

Shaun and his Uncle get out.

SGM. BOSWELL
It isn't much, but it's the best I
can get on military pay...

INT. RUNDOWN APARTMENT BUILDING - EIGHTH FLOOR

Shaun's Uncle leads him down a claustrophobic hallway to his apartment. Unlocks his door and opens it on:

THE MOST SHOCKINGLY SMALL APARTMENT WE'VE EVER SEEN.

Apparently designed for dwarves. Not a single stick of furniture rises above knee-level. The Sarge walks in first, removing his shoes in the foyer as the Japanese do.

Shaun clocks it, then tromps in anyway. His Uncle chooses to let it go.

SGM. BOSWELL

Your room is in the back.

Shaun dumps his duffel and wanders the apartment. The grand tour takes all of ten seconds.

The kitchen is so small, the refrigerator looks like a toy. The one central "bathroom" belongs in a Winnebago. As he enters, the smart toilet senses him.

TOILET (VO)

Konichiwa!

Shaun moves on to his "bedroom", which is the size of an American closet. And no bed, just a thin FUTON.

Feeling claustrophobic, Shaun opens the drapes -- and is shocked to see ANOTHER WINDOW less than a foot away with an OLD JAPANESE LADY staring back at him. The buildings are so close, Shaun could literally reach out and shake her hand.

The toothless woman smiles. Shaun lets the drapes fall back.

As Shaun stares in dismay at his tiny new habitat, his Uncle claps him on the back.

SGM. BOSWELL

Welcome home.

EXT. RUNDOWN APARTMENT BUILDING - TIME LAPSE

The sun slips behind the mountains, casting the blue-collar neighborhood in the peach-and-plum colors of sunset.

INT. SGM. BOSWELL'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - TWILIGHT

Shaun lounges boneless in a chair, feet resting on the dining table, watching the only TV in the place: a 6" flatscreen inset into the 'fridge to economize on space.

Shaun flips through the channels, every station the same. SCREAMING SALESMEN and GLARING NEON SUBTITLES throbbing at the viewer. And right as he's watching a famous American actor whore himself out for quick overseas dollars --

There's a KNOCK at the door. Shaun's Uncle answers it, to find a neighbor with a huge bento box of food.

SGM. BOSWELL

Hey, Shaun. Come meet your new neighbor. Mrs. Tanaka prepared you some delicious looking food.

Shaun doesn't even look in their direction. Keeps flipping channels. MRS. TANAKA looks hurt. Shaun's Uncle forces a smile. Accepts the gift on Shaun's behalf.

SGM. BOSWELL

Thank you so much. Arigato gozaimasu.

Mike closes the door and walks over to Shaun.

SGM. BOSWELL

You know, the Japanese have this saying: *deru kuga wa utareru*. "The nail that sticks out gets hammered".

Lightning quick, Mike KICKS his nephew's chair out from under him, SPILLING Shaun to the floor. In the blink of an eye, the Sarge is kneeling on his chest, fist balled in Shaun's shirt collar.

SGM. BOSWELL

Wise people the Japanese.
(beat)

Now you're going to get your ass up, go across the hall, knock on that lady's door and tell her, thank you, that was the best goddamned thing you've ever tasted. Is that understood?

When Shaun doesn't answer, his Uncle gets right in his face. Eye to eye. Daring him to defy him.

SGM. BOSWELL
Listen, boy. I've spent twenty
years in the Army disciplining men
badder than you.
(dead serious)
Try me.

The two glare at each other. Shaun is the first to blink and look away. Dominance established, the Uncle rises and exits the room.

SGM. BOSWELL
Get going.

Shaun watches him go, then turns and stares at the ceiling after he's gone.

SHAUN
Shit...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GUEST ROOM - BEFORE DAWN

Shaun is sleeping like a log -- when the door pops open and his Uncle walks in.

SGM. BOSWELL
0530. Rise and shine, Rambo.

When there's no response, Mike flops the GARMENT BAG he's carrying onto Shaun's futon.

SHAUN
Hey, yo --?!

SGM. BOSWELL
Train to school leaves in an hour --

SHAUN
I don't get a car?

The Sergeant cuts him a look.

SGM. BOSWELL
I stuck the train pass in the
pocket of your uniform there.

SHAUN
Uniform?

Shaun unzips the garment bag, REVEALING his gakuran, or SCHOOL UNIFORM -- a black, Mandarin-style jacket with a high Mao collar.

SHAUN

You've got to be kidding me...

The thing would look more at home in a production of HMS PINAFORE than on a teen in high school.

SGM. BOSWELL

It's a mile to the train station.
I'd get hustling if I were you.

As his Uncle exits, Shaun rises and heads to the bathroom for a shower -- only there is no shower. He calls out.

SHAUN

Where's the shower in this place?

SGM. BOSWELL (O.S.)

The building isn't plumbed for it.
Communal bath's two blocks down the road. Have a good day.

The front door closes. Shaun sighs.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Shaun walks down the road in a pair of jeans -- barefoot, no shirt -- freezing his ass off. None too quickly, he finds the sento, or bath house.

INT. COMMUNAL BATH HOUSE - FOYER

Shaun's shivering when he enters...and is immediately confronted with a set of two DOORS. One leads to the women's changing area, the other to the men's.

Both are marked with indecipherable Kanji characters.

Shaun hesitates, then makes a choice. But as he opens the door, a WOMAN comes out. Embarrassed, Shaun chooses the other and enters --

THE MEN'S BATHS

In the center of the tile room is a giant, steaming bath where men of all ages relax. Shaun dumps his stuff in a cubby and is about to get into the bath when the other bathers begin COMPLAINING and YELLING.

They POINT, and Shaun turns to see a set of showerheads.

JAPANESE BATHER

Must rinsu first.

Shaun nods. Goes to use the shower -- only to find they are all COLD WATER. The bathers smile and chuckle as the American endures the frigid wash.

Finishing up, Shaun hustles toward the warmth of the steaming bath. Hops in --

SHAUN
HOLY SHIIIT!

-- and hops back out! The water is SCALDING HOT. Now the bathers bust up LAUGHING. Shaun grabs his stuff and storms out, humiliated.

When he's gone, a LITTLE KID sitting in the tub turns to the elders and mimics Shaun.

LITTLE KID
Holy shiiiiit!

And the bathers crack up anew.

EXT. COMMUTER TRAIN - ZAMA STATION - ESTABLISHING

An unending stampede of rush hour commuters charges into the station. Bounced around like a pinball among them, find Shaun in his school uniform.

INT. ZAMA STATION - TRAIN PLATFORM - RUSH HOUR

Swept along in a raging river of travellers, Shaun finds himself in a subway queue, staring at the confusing overhead maps, having no idea where he's headed.

SHAUN
(holding up train pass)
Anyone know if this is the train to
the Hattori school? Hattori
school?

But everyone's too busy talking on cellphones or clacking away on two-way pagers to pay any attention to the foreigner.

Just then, the train arrives and, the moment the doors open, the crowd ploughs inside, dragging Shaun with them. He manages to grip onto the edge of the door and hold on against the human surge until a station worker, also known as a "people pusher", steps up --

SHAUN
Hattori school train?

STATION WORKER
Hai.

-- and PRIES Shaun's fingers off the door and literally shoves him into the overpacked train.

INT. RUSH HOUR COMMUTER TRAIN - MOVING

An American's version of hell. People packed body to body.

Shaun is in the middle of the smothering menagerie, unable to move, to breathe. None of the other immobilized passengers seems to mind the claustrophobia, especially the clique of bad boy *chapatsu* or "tea hairs" -- high school rebels with BROWN-DYED HAIR -- who whisper and laugh at Shaun's obvious discomfort.

Too crammed to do anything about it, Shaun closes his eyes and ignores them, waiting for the ride to be over.

Soon, the train slips into a station. The doors open and more people are jammed in. Shaun opens his eyes -- and sees the tea-haired High Schoolers through the train window, exiting the platform.

SHAUN

Oh shit, this is my stop! Hey --!

Shaun tries to shove his way off, but there are too many people. The doors slide closed. The train takes off with Shaun still on it.

SHAUN

Shit!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HATTORI SCHOOL - MORNING - ESTABLISHING

Students arrive in a tidal wave of foot traffic and bicycles. As the school bell CHIMES, the sea of black-blazored boys and girls in white cotton middy blouses and knife-pleated skirts move off toward class.

As the last of them disappears inside the building, Shaun ENTERS FRAME, racing across campus to:

INT. HATTORI SCHOOL - ENTRY CORRIDOR

The high-pressure cooker that bakes the nation's youth into the rigid mold of Japanese society.

A school ADMINISTRATOR is using a tape measure to check the length of girls' skirts when Shaun throws open the door. Late and overwhelmed, he starts rushing through --

ADMINISTRATOR

No, no, no, no, no!

-- when the Administrator runs up like he just lit the place on fire. He grabs Shaun's arm and barks at him in Japanese.

ADMINISTRATOR

Uwabaki.

SHAUN

What?!

ADMINISTRATOR

Uwabaki! Uwabaki!

Shaun has no clue what this guy is screaming about, until --

MALE VOICE (OS)

He wants you to put your inside shoes on.

To his surprise, Shaun turns to find a Hispanic high school student (REEVISE) standing in front of him.

SHAUN

Yeah? What are inside shoes?

Reevise pulls a pair of effeminate SCHOOL SLIPPERS from the cubbies lining the wall.

REEVISE

Japanese custom. Shows your respect for the school by trying to keep it clean.

Now Shaun notices everyone else wearing the colorful slippers.

SHAUN

(sarcastic)

Great...

REEVISE

Oh, man, no way!

(staring at Shaun's shoes)

Dude, Nike Dunks. You can't get those over here. You know, they're totally cult. You could make some serious cash if you wanted to sell 'em. Forty, forty-five thousand Yen, probably.

(off Shaun's non-reaction)

That's like four hundred bucks!

SHAUN

Hmm.

REEVISE

(offers his hand)

I'm Reevisе, by the way. Actually, it's "Levis", 'cause I got a little black market business going over here trading American blue jeans, but since there's no "L" in the Japanese language...

(shrugs)

Reevisе.

Reevisе's hand is still out there. Shaun reluctantly takes it.

SHAUN

Cool. Thanks for lookin' out.

Turns to leave, but --

REEVISE

So, you're Sarge Boz's nephew, right? We heard you were coming. Boz is a great guy. He's been like a second father to a lot of us brats on the base, so if you need anything --

SHAUN

(interrupting)

No offense, man. I know you're just being friendly and all, but I'm not gonna be here long enough to even remember your name.

REEVISE

(taken aback)

Oh...uh..okay...

SHAUN

Nothin' personal.

REEVISE

No, yo, I feel ya. It's cool.

And Shaun moves on.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY

Shaun makes his way down the hallway in his new shoes. The LATE BELL RINGS as he works through the maze of corridors, lost. Then, by some miracle, he finds his classroom. Opens the door and steps --

INSIDE

-- where the entire class STARES at him. Like the commuter train, the room is crushed full and devoid of personal space. Seventy pairs of eyes focused on him: sixty-eight Asian and two American.

Suddenly, the TEACHER enters behind him and a LANKY STUDENT in the front row bolts up out of his chair.

LANKY STUDENT

Kiritsu!

Like a well-trained army, all the students RISE CRISPLY.

LANKY STUDENT

Rei!

Shaun turns and waits to talk to the teacher, who stands statue-still, staring straight at him.

LANKY STUDENT (O.S.)

Rei!

(beat)

Rei!

Nearby, a Japanese STUDENT whispers to Shaun, trying to help.

STUDENT

That means "bow".

Shaun turns to see the entire class bowing to the teacher...except him. He quickly does his best to mimic them.

CLASS

Ohayogozaimasu!

Now the teacher returns the bow.

TEACHER

Hai. Ohayogozaimasu.

As the kids sit, the Teacher turns to Shaun.

TEACHER

First lesson Japan. Bow very
important. Straight very
important. Yours:

The Teacher apes him with a sagging, limp bow. The other students laugh.

TEACHER

Must practice.

SHAUN
Okay.

TEACHER
(stares questioningly)
Eh..?

SHAUN
Yes.

TEACHER
Eh..?

SHAUN
Hai.

TEACHER
(smiles)
Ah. He can learn. Good.

The teacher points to an empty seat in the back and Shaun takes it, glad to be out of the spotlight.

INT. CLASSROOM - LATER

As the Teacher drones on in Japanese, Shaun is having a hard time paying attention, constantly jostled by other student's elbows intruding onto his desk as they write.

Thankfully, the lunch bell RINGS. Shaun rises -- then stops as he realizes everyone else is still sitting. The teacher stares at him until Shaun sits back down.

Then, after a moment:

TEACHER
(dismissing them)
Kyouwa kokomade.

Now everyone stands. Exits in an orderly fashion, making their way through the halls to the --

CAFETERIA

Shaun walks in with the flood of other students; a living wave of black cotton-poly blend.

At the food counter he checks the offerings: rice, fish (dried and raw), eggs, vegetables, pickles, broth. When he reaches the SERVER at head of the line --

SHAUN
 Don't you have a sandwich?
 (she doesn't get it)
 A sandwich?

The Server still doesn't understand.

SHAUN
 Forget it. I'll just take the
 soup.

He points. She ladles.

Shaun takes his food and walks down the crowded aisles looking for a seat. The tables are filled. To his right, all the AMERICANS sit at one table -- Hispanics, Caucasians, Blacks -- a multicultural island of isolation. There's a space open and Reevis is enthusiastically waving him over.

Shaun sees him -- and turns and continues walking. At the back of the room, he finds an EMPTY TABLE and sits.

As he eats, Shaun glances up and sees a stunning Asian girl, TANI (17, lithe, tough), sitting at the next table over.

Before he knows it, Tani looks up and CATCHES him staring at her. She turns to her friend YUKIE.

Shaun goes back to his soup, but keeps glancing up, hoping Tani will look back. He's so busy watching her, he doesn't notice the soup he spoons into his mouth has a little something extra in it.

CRUNCH. Shaun pulls it out and REACTS. It's a BABY OCTOPUS.

SHAUN
 Okay, now that is foul.

BACK AT THE AMERICAN TABLE

Reevis turns to O-RAY (17, African-American), the de facto leader of the kids from the States, a worried edge to his voice.

REEVISE
 Shouldn't we tell him?

O-RAY
 Didn't he diss you this morning?

REEVISE
 Well, sort of --

O-RAY
 He'll figure it out. Let 'em bump.

Just then, a group of popular, arrogant teens enters the cafeteria -- the TEA-HAIRED TEENS from the commuter train. Clearly the cool bad boys of the school.

One of the other Army brats, a beautiful tomboy named JACINDA, sees them coming.

JACINDA
(grins)
Here we go!

An audible MURMUR precedes the bad boys through the cafeteria. The student body watches the young lions stalking through their herd, right up to:

SHAUN

who's completely oblivious, staring at the disgusting BABY OCTOPUS he's just discovered in his soup. He plops the thing back in the soup and pushes the bowl away -- when suddenly it's pushed back in front of him.

Shaun turns to see the *chapatsu* surrounding him. Their alpha-male, NAOKI, stands with arrogance of someone who's done this particular hazing ritual a hundred times before.

NAOKI
Not hungry?

Naoki puts his foot on the bench and gives it a shove. Shaun jerks with it.

SHAUN
There a problem?

TEA HAIR #1 (SUBTITLED)
The American thinks he's too good for our food.

NAOKI
That right, *gaijin*? You too good to eat Japanese food?

Naoki shoves again, spilling Shaun's soup.

NAOKI
Tell you what. Why don't I give you something you'll like better...

One of Naoki's boys moves to the counter and scoops up a huge caustic ball of WASABI. Brings it back to Naoki --

NAOKI
There.

-- who plops it down in front of Shaun.

NAOKI

Eat.

Shaun tires of the game. Rises. Tries to move past, but Naoki and his goons step in his way. The two stare at each other.

NAOKI

Eat.

Every eye in the cafeteria is fixed on Shaun, waiting to see what he's going to do.

Naoki and his boys ready themselves for a fight. Ready themselves for Shaun to run. But the last thing they're ready for is what Shaun does next. Shaun hauls back...

And pops the blistering ball of wasabi into his mouth!

The Tea-Hairs, the Americans, EVERYONE watches, hanging on Shaun's every move, waiting for him to gag and choke. But Shaun calmly chews. Chews. Chews. And swallows.

Nothing.

Shaun grins --

SHAUN

Raised on habañeros, brother.
Radish ain't gonna cut it.

-- and claps the flustered Naoki on the shoulder as he moves past. All around the cafeteria, people murmur as Shaun walks by, impressed by his cool.

Even Tani clocks his retreating form, then looks away.

DISSOLVE TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS - SHAUN'S LIFE

-- The bell rings and the students are released for the day.

-- Shaun squashed upright in the commuter train. There's no escaping the CRUSH OF HUMANITY or the NOISE. Even in a pitch black tunnel, COMMERCIALS are projected on the tunnel walls.

-- Back at his Uncle's apartment, Shaun goes through the cupboards looking for something, anything to eat. Can't decipher a single item. Opens a box of crackers. Out spills thousands of tiny dried fish, heads and all.

-- Shaun laying on his futon at night, unable to sleep. The ever-present noise of the city keeping him awake.

-- Shaun suffering through a cold shower at the bath house.

-- Not understanding a single word spoken in class.

-- In the cafeteria. Looking down at his gross lunch. Eating alone.

-- Again laying on his futon, unable to drown out the noise, wondering just how the hell his life has come to this...

EXT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAYS LATER

Shaun finishes tossing books in his locker. As he slams it closed, and is surprised to find TANI -- the beautiful girl from the cafeteria -- standing there; her locker next to his.

For a moment, the two meet eyes. Then Tani walks away.

SHAUN

Hey.

Shaun weaves through the crowd after her. When he catches her, he busts out the only Japanese he knows.

SHAUN

Konbanwa arrigato, odango atama.

Tani stutters in her step. Stops. Turns on Shaun and surprises him by answering in English.

TANI

You just said "Hello goodbye dumpling head".

SHAUN

They were the only Japanese words I could think of.

TANI

It makes you sound like an idiot.

SHAUN

It made you stop.

TANI

(smiles)

Only to tell you you were an idiot.

She keeps on walking. Shaun stares after her, intrigued. Catches up to her again.

SHAUN
I noticed you checking me out back there.

TANI
Are all *gaijins* as delusional as you?

SHAUN
Gaijin? What's that?

TANI
Foreigner. Outsider. Animal.
(pointedly)
You.

Tani walks faster. Shaun likes the challenge. Matches stride.

SHAUN
My name's Shaun.

Silence.

SHAUN
Aren't you going to tell me your name?

TANI
(playfully)
No.

SHAUN
I thought Japanese women were supposed to be submissive.

Tani shrugs.

TANI
That's the thing about Japan, *gaijin*. Nothing is as it seems.

And without another word, Tani turns and disappears into a classroom where Shaun can't follow.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HATTORI SCHOOL - END OF DAY

School's over and Shaun comes wandering out. He's had a shitty day, and it's made worse by the EXODUS OF STUDENTS ON BICYCLES leaving school he has to wade through.

Shaun walks spiritlessly, head down, lost in the crowd and hating his life until --

SFX: A faint NOISE in the distance.

We can barely make it out, but Shaun hears it. STOPS COLD. Listens as the noise gets louder. Closer. An ENGINE.

Shaun looks up. Searches for the source of the noise. Starts moving toward it. Against the deluge of bicycles.

The noise grows into a SCREAM OF HIGHLY-TUNED RACE ENGINES. Shaun books across campus, pushing people out of the way. Makes it just in time to see:

A CREW OF FOUR ULTRA-TRICKED 350Z'S

go screeching out of the parking lot. The Z's all chameleon painted, their color SHIFTING as they roar by. One Z goes from BLUE to SILVER. The next from GREEN to SILVER. The third from BLACK TO SILVER, and the leader's car shifts from RED.

Shaun watches the crew of cars BLAST OFF down the road with enough power to shake him where he stands.

SHAUN

Damn...

The expression on Shaun's face is not unlike a drowning man who's just been thrown a lifeline.

As the Z's disappear in a cloud of tire smoke, Shaun's eyes catch on something at the far end of the lot -- Reevis getting into a car.

INT. REEVESE'S CAR (NISSAN S15 SILVIA) - CONTINUOUS

Reevis is backing up when Shaun runs up and starts pounding on the window.

SHAUN

Yo! Yo, hold up!

Reevis opens the door.

REEVESE

I thought you didn't want friends.

SHAUN

I was an asshole. I'm sorry. Look, what are you doing tonight?

REEVESE

I don't know. Nothing.

SHAUN
You are now.

REEVISE
Oh yeah? What?

SHAUN
Hunting.

And off Reeve's look --

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. RUNDOWN APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The streets are dark. Everyone is tucked away in bed for the night...

INT. SHAUN'S BEDROOM

Well, almost everyone.

Shaun lays in his bed, fully-dressed. As the clock on the nightstand flips to 12:30 a.m., Shaun rises, opens his bedroom window and slips out down the fire escape just as Reeve's Silvia pulls up to the curb.

INT. REEVE'S SILVIA - CONTINUOUS

Shaun comes up to the window.

SHAUN
Move over. I'm driving.

Reeve does, but as Shaun plops into the driver's seat, something feels wrong. He searches around, then realizes:

SHAUN
Hmm... The stick's on the left.

REEVISE
Of course it's on the left. All Japanese cars are--
(realizes)
Wait a second, you've never driven left-hand shift before? You're gonna thrash my gears, man. Here, switch places, I'll dri--

But before he can finish, Shaun slams the car into gear and shuts Reeve up with a gnarly three-g PEEL OUT.

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

Reevise's Silvia purrs through the tangle of Tokyo's city streets.

INT. SILVIA - CONTINUOUS

Shaun isn't looking at the sights, though. His eyes are glued to the road. He starts to take a right on a small boulevard --

REEVISE

Whoa, whoa. Not that way. See all those motorcycles lining the street?

Shaun does.

REEVISE

Yak territory.

SHAUN

Yak?

REEVISE

Yakuza. The Matsui clan runs this section of town. That social club at the end of the road is their headquarters.

SHAUN

How do you know all this?

REEVISE

Everybody knows. The Yakuza make sure it's known so people stay the hell away. People who go in there don't come out.

Shaun cruises in the other direction, eyeing the passing cars like a hawk.

REEVISE

So what are we hunting for anyways?

Just then a Twin Turbo GTO goes growling past in opposing traffic. It's TUNED to the gills.

SHAUN

That.

Instantly, Shaun flips a tight turn across traffic and burns after it.

EXT. TOKYO EXPRESSWAY

The GTO speeds down the highway As it passes, WIDEN TO REVEAL Reeve's SILVIA trailing it from a distance.

INT. SILVIA

Shaun keeps the Twin Turbo in sight. Up ahead, he sees a POLICE CAR lying in wait at the side of the road.

SHAUN

They're gonna get popped.

But just as the GTO nears the cop, instead of slowing down, it fires up its nitrous and goes blazing past. Shaun waits for the lights and siren --

But nothing happens.

SHAUN

Wait, he just-- He let 'em go?

REEVISE

Police cars here are only factory-tuned. If you can go faster than 180k they can't catch you. So they don't even try.

Shaun grins -- then STOMPS the gas.

REEVISE

No, no, wait --!

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

The Silvia blasts past. The COP wants to go after it, but when his radar shows speeds climbing in excess of 180 kph, he just watches impotently.

COP (SUBTITLED)

Goddamn racers...

BACK TO SHOT

Shaun smiles as they leave the cop in the dust.

SHAUN

I'm beginning to like this country.

EXT. TOKYO'S KABUKI-CHO DISTRICT

The GTO exits the expressway into the epicenter of Japan's largest red light district. Hostess bars, pachinko parlors and *rabu hoterus* -- phonetic for "love hotels" -- advertise in neon everywhere.

The Silvia tracks its prey through the urban jungle, arriving at an enormous financial tower. SIXTY TUNER CARS wait impatiently at the side of the road while a gearhead HACKS the code to the rolldown gate barring the building's underground parking garage.

INT. SILVIA - CONTINUOUS

Reevise is nervous. Shaun is frosty.

REEVISE

My car's gonna give us away. It's straight factory.

SHAUN

You could have anything under the hood. Chill.

Just then, the gearhead hacks the code and the gate begins to ROLL OPEN. Sixty cars ROAR in victory and start shooting through the gap.

As Shaun puts the car in gear, Reevise puts his foot down.

REEVISE

Okay, yo! Uh-uh. Up until this point, this was fun. But if we go in there, they're gonna kill us.

Shaun stares at him for a moment --

SHAUN

Don't be such a pussy.

-- then PUNCHES the gas. The Silvia ROARS inside the parking structure and down a series of ramps six, seven, eight levels into the earth, arriving at:

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE RACE SITE - ESTABLISHING

A hyper-real spectacle of color and chrome and skin...

On the bottom level of the structure, amid a forest of concrete pillars, dozens of drivers have gathered for an illegal race/rave. The scene is reminiscent of the L.A. street race culture, but cranked into overdrive.

There's loud HIP-HOP playing, but in Japanese. The cars are similar, except they're strictly JDM and loaded with more tech and insane body graphics. One racer even has a state-of-the-art KARAOKE MACHINE blasting his lame impromptu rap.

It's a parade of MACHINES, HOT WOMEN and MONEY; an irresistible blend of sex, danger, excitement and fun that is undeniably Japanese.

THE SILVIA

pulls into the shadows on the far end of the lot, kills the lights and parks. Shaun stares at the world around him like a junkie jonesing for a fix.

SHAUN

Now this is what I'm talking about.
(breathes in deeply)
It's good to be home.

Reevis scrunches lower in his seat, praying to God they don't get caught.

SHAUN

Better'n sex, ain't it?

REEVISE

Well, I wouldn't... I mean, I
don't really know...

Shaun turns and looks at Reevis, incredulous.

SHAUN

You got a ride like this and you
haven't been laid?

Reevis shrugs. Shaun shakes his head. Turns his attention on a vicious little "Invisible Supra" -- a roadster with ACRYLIC BODYWORK so you can see the spark plugs POPPING and the gold-plated motor doing its thing. It's incredible.

SHAUN

I've been to some pretty phat meets
in the States, but nothing like
this.

In front of them, like an old Transformer toy, an ORANGE SCION MINIVAN SPLITS DOWN THE MIDDLE and SLIDES apart -- REVEALING a state of the art deejay station. Four turntables. Laser light show. Fog machine. The works.

It starts BLARING wild tech-hop tunes and nearby a group of girls start to dance.

SHAUN
 God bless Japan.
 (beat)
 There's got to be a dozen crews
 here.

REEVISE
 The ones with the fake tans there
 are called the *oka safa*, or "surfer
 boys". The Mazda punks with the
 ballcaps are the *Yankis*. Wanna-be
 Americans.
 (points to another crew)
 You might recognize those guys.

Shaun looks and sees some familiar faces -- the tea-haired
 gang from the cafeteria.

REEVISE
 Their crew is called the *chapatsu*.
 or "Tea-Haired" gang. That's what
 they call brown hair over here.
 They're supposed to be pretty good.
 Crazy, though.

SHAUN
 All that hair dye's gone to their
 brain.
 (beat)
 You know an awful lot about the
 world for a guy who doesn't race.

REEVISE
 I read a shitload of *Initial D* --

Just then, a roar of engines signals the arrival of a crew of
 ULTRA-TRICKED 350 Z's. Four of them run down the ramp: red,
 blue, green and black. All shifting to silver as they pass.

Shaun recognizes them from the school parking lot.

The sea of racers treat the crew like royalty, parting as
 they cruise into their ranks and park.

One by one, the drivers of the Z's exit their cars. The
 leader of the crew steps out first, a vicious-looking hulk
 (mid-20's), muscular as hell and completely TATTED out.
 Because the most prominent tats are the letters "D" and "K"
 inked on each side of his neck, we'll call him D.K.

His second in command, HIRO, steps out of the blue Z. BOKKAI
 exits the green.

And the racer who steps out of the black literally makes
 Shaun's jaw drop.

TANI

stands there, lithe and sleek in her racing leathers.

SHAUN

She's a racer?

REEVISE

(follows his eyeline)

Tani? Yeah. She runs with D.K.'s crew.

SHAUN

The steroid freak with the red Z?

REEVISE

(nods)

He's like royalty over here.

Just then, D.K. moves to Tani and the two kiss. Hang all over each other.

Reevise notices Shaun watching her with interest.

REEVISE

Don't mess with that, dude.

SHAUN

I'm not messin' with anything.

REEVISE

For real. Those boys are into some serious shit. Word is the Yakuza wants him for a wheelman.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

D.K. and his crew are making the rounds when he NOTICES a black CELSIOR SEDAN pulled into the far end of the garage. A single man stands before it. Expensive black suit. Expensive black sunglasses. He can only be YAKUZA, and he's looking directly at --

D.K.

-- who immediately stops what he's doing. Gets his crew's attention.

D.K. (SUBTITLED)

He's here already. Straighten up.

Tani slips close to D.K. so only he can hear:

TANI (SUBTITLED)
You didn't tell me you invited the
Yakuza.

D.K.
I didn't.
(beat)
Don't worry. I'm sure he just
wants to talk --

TANI
You mean he just wants you to sell
out.

D.K.
Tani...

D.K. wants to talk more, to explain to her, but the Yakuza
AGENT is waiting across the lot.

D.K.
We'll talk about this later.
(to Hiro and Bokkai)
Come on.

D.K. walks away with his boys. As he reaches the Yakuza, his
swagger lessens. His larger-than-life persona turns
deferential. Ingratiating.

And Tani turns back to her car, disappointed.

INT. SILVIA - CONTINUOUS

Shaun sees Tani walking off on her own. OPENS the car door.

REEVISE
Hey, where are you going?!

SHAUN
Relax, I'll be right back.

REEVISE
You're gonna get us caught --

SHAUN
Only if you keep screaming like a
little girl.

Shaun pulls the hood of his sweatshirt up over his head,
obscuring his face

SHAUN
Two minutes.

And Shaun closes the door and walks off.

TANI

is bent under the hood of her car adjusting the fuel pressure regulator, when --

MALE VOICE (BEHIND HER)
You keep increasing your fuel pressure, you're gonna foul that plug.

Tani looks up and is shocked to see --

SHAUN

standing there.

TANI
What are you doing here?

SHAUN
I didn't figure you for the racing type.

TANI
You need to leave. Now.

SHAUN
Says who?

TANI
This isn't your scene, *gaijin*.

SHAUN
I'm not so sure about that. Looks pretty good to me.

FURTHER IN THE STRUCTURE

the Yakuza Agent speaks with D.K.

YAKUZA AGENT (SUBTITLED)
Mr. Matsui would like to arrange a meeting with you. He wishes to discuss an employment opportunity.

D.K. nods and bows submissively -- clearly the inferior in this situation.

D.K. (SUBTITLED)
Of course. I am deeply honored.

YAKUZA AGENT
Very good. Then come to the Social
Club tomorrow at --

The Agent stops short, noticing something across the lot.

YAKUZA AGENT
Do you typically associate with
foreigners?

D.K.
No.

YAKUZA AGENT
Then why is your girlfriend?

D.K. turns and follows his eye-line to see Shaun talking with
Tani. His jaw goes taut.

The Agent turns a critical eye on D.K.

YAKUZA AGENT
What are you going to do about
that?

INT. REEVISE'S SILVIA - CONTINUOUS

Reevise sees D.K.'s crew slowly turn to look at Shaun.

REEVISE
Oh shit...

Sees D.K. start stomping over to make a point.

REEVISE
Ohshitohshitohshit...

Reevise twists the ignition so hard he almost breaks it off
in his hand. Stomps the gas, racing toward --

SHAUN AND TANI

who are still arguing when Reevise SCREECHES up.

REEVISE
Shaun, get in!

SHAUN
What are you --?

REEVISE
Shut up and get i--

But suddenly Reevis is YANKED out of his car through the passenger side by --

D.K.

-- who shoves him at Hiro and Bokkai, who punch him and throw him to the ground.

SHAUN
(moving to intervene)
Hey!

But D.K. steps in his way. Everyone in the garage is transfixed on the scene. Including the Yakuza Agent.

D.K.
I don't know how you got in here
but it's going to hurt much, much
more getting out.

Hiro and Bokkai close in on Shaun, threatening.

D.K.
This place is for racers only.

SHAUN
I race.

D.K.
(seethes)
Not your quarter-mile American
bullshit. This is Tokyo, *gaijin*.
We make the cars. This is our
scene. We don't just sit in 'em
trying to look good. We drive.

Shaun looks D.K. dead in the eye.

SHAUN
Let's see it.

The crowd REACTS. Reevis starts kissing his ass goodbye.

REEVISE
*Ay, ay, ay, pinche retardado. Que
bolillo estúpido...*

After a dangerous moment, D.K. glances over to the Yakuza Agent, who watches with interest.

D.K. stabs a finger between Shaun's eyes and shouts in Japanese. The crowd of racers erupts in laughter.

Shaun looks to Reevis for translation.

REEVISE

He just challenged you to run the course against him. We need to get out of here.

But Shaun ain't about to look bad. Not in front of other racers, and not in front of the girl. He turns to D.K.

SHAUN

Done.

The crowd cheers. D.K. laughs in Shaun's face, then turns and walks with his crew to their cars. Shaun starts walking away, too. Reevis follows, unbelieving.

REEVISE

Done?! What do you mean "done"?!
You don't even have a car!

SHAUN

Sure I do. You're gonna lend me yours.

REEVISE

What?!

ACROSS THE WAY

D.K. reaches his chameleon Z. Cranks it up. His crew roars, bloodthirsty.

HIRO (SUBTITLED)

Smoke this punk, D.K.

D.K. glares across the way at --

SHAUN

who pops the Silvia's hood. Starts TWEAKING the engine to make it run faster -- CRANKING the timing, RIPPING out hoses. All while he argues with Reevis.

SHAUN

Look, this is my ticket in. I beat him, they have to accept me.

Reevis relents, and just as he hands over the keys --

TANI (OS)

That's true, but you're not gonna beat him.

SHAUN

Watch me.

Tani turns to Reevis.

TANI
He's not gonna beat him. And he's
gonna get hurt.

REEVISE
I know.

TANI
Go home, *gaijin*.

SHAUN
Couldn't even if I wanted to.

Frustrated, Tani shakes her head --

TANI
It's your funeral.

-- and walks off.

SHAUN
Relax. I grew up racing punks like
her boyfriend all over the States.
I've never lost a street race.

REEVISE
That's great...except this isn't a
street race.

SHAUN
What--?

REEVISE
It's a drift race.

Just then, the sound of SQUEALING TIRES makes them turn to
look at:

TWO CARS

laying down rubber as they take off through the underground
garage's forest of CONCRETE SUPPORT PILLARS. The cars SLALOM
around the first pillar, then whip sideways, losing all
traction and surfing the unfolding physics to SLIDE around
the next, missing it by inches.

Once around that one, the cars kick in the other direction,
tires BOILING smoke, weaving around the next. And the next.
Linking one beautiful drift after another. Smooth as silk.

BACK TO SHOT

Shaun and Reevis watch the dizzying, poetic ballet of cars on the edge of control.

When they're done, Shaun stares in silence. Then:

SHAUN

No problem.

(re: D.K.)

He any good?

REEVISE

You know what "D.K." stands for?

SHAUN

Donkey Kong?

Reevis turns and points. Shaun follows his gaze to --

D.K. AND HIS CREW

getting amped up to race. D.K. pulls his shirt off...REVEALING the words "DRIFT KING" tattooed down his chest.

BACK TO SHOT

SHAUN

(shrugs)

Close enough. So, what's the best way to drift this thing?

REEVISE

All I know is what I read in books. There's a few ways to drift. Brake drifting's the easiest -- just rip the e-brake, then powerover to slip the rear tires' traction on the road.

SHAUN

The e-brake'll kill my speed.

REEVISE

Dude, forget speed. You won't beat D.K. Just worry about not smashing into anything.

SHAUN

I don't race to lose.

Behind them, D.K. guns his engine. Shaun slams the hood.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING STRUCTURE - STARTING LINE

The Drift King's Z rumbles at the starting line. Shaun's Silvia idles up.

Thirty feet ahead, a sexy PIT HONEY in an unzipped fire suit prepares to start the race. She raises her hands.

PIT HONEY

Get ready!

THE DRIFT KING is ready.

SHAUN'S eyes are steely.

Their engines are roaring with mad power --

PIT HONEY

(throws her hands down)

STAAA---TO!!

-- and the cars burn off the line!

BEGIN: SLALOM DRIFT RACE SEQUENCE

The Drift King's 500hp Z thunders out to an early lead. With his timing thrown off by the right-hand drive/left-hand shift Silvia, Shaun can only play catch-up.

Before they know it, they reach the first pillar.

THE DRIFT KING enters the first hairpin with no fear, easily feinting his Z into a beautiful SIDEWAYS SLIDE that carries him -- tires smoking -- all the way around the curve, inches from the cheering spectators lining the course. The Yakuza Agent is impressed.

SHAUN's first real attempt at drifting isn't anywhere near as graceful. He hits the brakes to initiate the slide (a little too hard) and stomps the gas (a little too much).

The result is a jerking, epileptic glide he loses control of. Spectators have to jump out of the way as the Silvia drifts off-course and SMACKS its tail against a concrete pillar.

AT THE STARTING LINE

Reevise REACTS like he was sucker-punched.

As the crowd BOOS, Shaun muscles the car back onto the course. Hits the gas, trying to catch up to --

THE DRIFT KING who pulls a showy, precision drift through a wicked S-turn.

SPECTATORS cheer wildly as the Z skirrs by at 60 mph, flecking them with bits of black tire rubber.

SHAUN enters the next slalom. Gentler on the brakes. Smoother on the throttle. But still too fast. He glides too far, SCRAPING the Silvia's passenger side against one column, then the driver's side on another when he over-corrects.

THE SPECTATORS groan with each paint-scraping impact. Even TANI winces.

THE DRIFT KING sees Shaun flailing around in his rearview mirror and laughs. Steps on the brakes to wait for --

SHAUN

who sees the Z's window roll down and D.K. arrogantly motion for him to hurry up.

Now Shaun's pissed.

SHAUN

Oh you're gonna regret that.

Shaun SLAPS the Silvia into gear. CRUSHES the gas.

AT THE STARTING LINE

Tani and Reevis gape as Shaun skims around the next column. Then DRIFTS PROFESSIONALLY around the next.

REEVISE

Oh shit! He's getting it!

This doesn't go unnoticed by --

D.K.

-- who can't afford to allow a *gaijin* to do even mildly well in his all-Japanese world of drifting. He can't just beat Shaun. He needs to humiliate him.

So as they go sliding around the next curve, D.K. DROPS BACK and CLIPS Shaun's rear quarterpanel.

Instantly, the Silvia loses control and goes into a WILD SPIN.

SHAUN

tries to regain control as the world spins outside his windshield, but -- WHAM!! -- the car clips a pillar and STALLS OUT dead.

Shaun tries to start the car back up, but the ignition won't catch. Slowly, the HUMILIATING LAUGHTER and JEERS from the crowd start seeping in the windows. Shaun does his best to ignore it, focusing all his psychic energy into getting the car to start.

SHAUN

Come on...
 (doesn't catch)
 Come on...
 (doesn't catch)
 COME ON!

It doesn't catch.

Shaun slumps in his seat.

SHAUN

Shit.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - CONTINUOUS

D.K. exits his Z to the cheers of the crowd. He pushes past them and stomps toward to the Silvia.

INT. REEVISE'S SILVIA

Shaun is sitting there, eyes closed in misery -- when the car around him JOLTS. He opens his eyes to see D.K. standing on the hood.

D.K.

Get out.

Slowly, Shaun does.

D.K.

You're no racer. You're a joke.
 Give me my money and get the hell
 out of here.

SHAUN

Yo, back up. No one said nothin'
 about money.

D.K.
Fool. What do you think we race
for?

SHAUN
Honor?

D.K.
You're a *gaijin*. You have no
honor.

SHAUN
And I sure as hell don't have any
money.

D.K. is intensely aware of the Yakuza Agent watching him.

D.K.
That's too bad.

D.K. cuts a look to his guys, who move in on Shaun.

SHAUN
Back off. I'm warning you --

They don't, and as they close in, Shaun **THROWS A BIG AMERICAN HAYMAKER** and catches Bokkai with it, **DROPPING HIM** like a slaughterhouse cow. But instantly, Hiro and D.K. pile on Shaun. Soften him up with a couple of punches, then **TORQUE** his right arm in a painful joint lock.

Recovering, Bokkai struggles over and helps subdue Shaun. Once they have him under control, D.K. pops the latch on the Silvia's hood as Hiro and Bokkai wrestle Shaun's right hand **ONTO THE ENGINE BLOCK**.

D.K. grips the Silvia's hood. Casts a final look to the Yakuza Agent, who nods and --

D.K.
You're through racing in Tokyo.

REEVISE
No, no don't do this!!

SHAUN
Wait --!

TANI
(horrificed)
D.K.!

-- WHAM!! D.K. slams the hood down, **SHATTERING THE BONES** in Shaun's hand. Shaun groans in anguish.

Now that he's made his point, D.K. leans in close and whispers in Shaun's ear. Soft as a snake.

D.K.
 Five million Yen. That's fifty
 grand American. Next time I see
 you, you'd better have the money.

D.K. holds Shaun's gaze for an uncomfortable moment, then
 walks off glancing at the Yakuza Agent, who nod his approval
 -- well done.

In the shocked silence of the parking structure, the Yakuza
 climbs back into his sedan and takes off.

D.K.'s crew walks off toward their Z's. When they're out of
 earshot of the others --

TANI

falls in behind them, speaking quietly.

TANI (SUBTITLED)
 What have you become, Takashi?

D.K. (SUBTITLED)
 Don't be naive. You know I had no
 choice with them here.

D.K. glances toward the Yakuza sedan exiting the building.

D.K.
 The American disrespected me.

TANI
 (walking off)
 No. You did that all on your own.

Angry, D.K. reaches his car. Gets in and burns out of there,
 followed by the rest of his crew. Tani turns back for one
 last horrified look at Shaun. Looks like she's going to say
 something --

But then gets in her Z and drives off, leaving Shaun shaking,
 cradling his broken hand.

All around, the other racers take off in a whirlwind of cars,
 until all that's left are Shaun and Reevis and their broken
 Silvia...and the silence of the deserted parking structure.

FADE TO:

INT. SGM. BOSWELL'S APARTMENT - 3 AM

The Sarge opens the door and sees Shaun standing there. He's
 about to reprimand him -- until he NOTICES his nephew
 cradling his MANGLED HAND. The demoralized look in his eye.

It wasn't just Shaun's hand that got broken tonight.

SGM. BOSWELL
(shakes his head)
Jesus...

Mike's eyes soften and he helps Shaun in.

EXT. TOKYO - SUNRISE

Dawn breaks beautifully over the Japanese capital.

INT. SGM. BOSWELL'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAWN

Shaun has a PLASTER CAST on his arm. He tries to eat a bowl of leftovers for breakfast, but because of the cast, he has to use chopsticks in his off-hand.

He fumbles. Spills food. He doesn't whine or complain. Just ends up throwing the whole goddamn thing away.

INT. COMMUTER TRAIN - MORNING - MOVING

Shaun is trapped standing, uncomfortable as hell, as the train rocks back and forth. WINCES in pain as the crush of commuters jostle up against his busted hand.

Also onboard is the TEA-HAIRED RACING CREW now in school uniforms. They glance at Shaun. WHISPER and LAUGH. It's obvious they're talking about him and his cast.

Shaun just grits his teeth and stares out the train window, hating his life.

INT. HATTORI SCHOOL - HALLWAY - MORNING

As Shaun enters, he sees that the gossip mill is running at full tilt. All the students stare at him, murmur to each other as he passes. When he opens his locker, he sees why.

A pile of familiar YELLOW BOOKS tumble out. There's no translation necessary: *DRIVING FOR DUMMIES*.

All around him, students LAUGH. Taunt him with CRASHING SOUNDS that rise anonymously from the crowd. Shaun sees Tani and Yukie among them, whispering to each other, laughing.

Shaun turns on Tani --

SHAUN
You got something to say to me?

-- but Yukie steps forward.

YUKIE
She doesn't talk to losers.

Shaun edges around to meet Tani's eyes.

SHAUN
That right?

Tani hesitates -- then her eyes go stone cold.

TANI
Don't you have a car to go wreck?

Shaun's face falls -- major diss. The girls laugh and walk off. Shaun can't believe it. He watches her, stunned, utterly disgraced. Suddenly, the walls feel like they're closing in. Shaun has to get out of there. He turns and storms outside, and we:

TRACK WITH SHAUN

as he strides across campus, needing to put some distance between himself and the school. Students are watching him. He doesn't care. WALKS FASTER. He rips off his school tie. He's suffocating. Before he knows it he's JOGGING. Hurls his backpack. Throws off his jacket. Kicks it up to a RUN. Faster and faster. Until he's SPRINTING. Desperate. Gasping for breath. Across the street. Into the marina. Until he has nowhere else to go and stands at the end of a DOCK jutting out into the Pacific ocean.

And as Shaun stands there, heart pounding, laboring for breath, MATCH CUT TO --

TANI - IN CLASS

watching out the classroom window. She sees Shaun's forlorn figure in the marina below, broken, staring out across the wide ocean...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MARINA DOCK - LATER

Shaun's gaze is fixed on the horizon when he hears footsteps behind him.

TANI (OS)
You can't see it, you know.

Shaun turns to see Tani standing behind him.

TANI
It's six thousand miles away.
America.

She's right. Even though it's impossible, that's exactly what he was looking for.

SHAUN
I thought you didn't talk to losers.

TANI
Look, while you may have made a fool out of yourself last night, what you did took a lot of courage. I respect that. But I can't say that in public. I'm D.K.'s girl. And for better or for worse, I have to support him.

SHAUN
Then why are you here?

TANI
You need to pay D.K. his money.

SHAUN
(flat)
Sure, no problem. You want it in small bills or what?

TANI
This isn't a joke. You disrespected him in front of the wrong people last night. You don't pay D.K., he loses face and has to kill you to earn it back.

An uncomfortable silence settles over the dock.

TANI
Get the money, *gaijin*. Borrow it. Steal it if you have to.
(beat)
Or just get the hell out. Leave Tokyo and never come back.

Without another word, Tani turns and walks off. Shaun watches her go, then turns back to the ocean, considering what she's said...

CUT TO:

INT. SGM. BOSWELL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Shaun's uncle makes it home for the night, but when he enters, he's surprised to see Shaun PACKING his things.

SGM. BOSWELL
Where do you think you're going?

SHAUN
Home.

SGM. BOSWELL
Shaun, why don't you just --

SHAUN
I said I'm going home.

Shaun's uncle is taken aback. Something's really eating at the kid.

SGM. BOSWELL
Okay. Okay... I won't stop you.
But before you go, I want to show
you something.

Shaun looks up from his duffel.

INT. SGM. BOSWELL'S APARTMENT - GARAGE

Darkness. Then the door opens and Mike flips on the lights. Leads Shaun in. In the center of the room, there is a CAR obscured by a COVER.

SGM. BOSWELL
Found this with a friend of mine
years ago.

Shaun's uncle reaches out and removes the cover, REVEALING the thing he's talking about: a SEMI-RESTORED 1967 Ford Fastback MUSTANG. Dented. Paint scraped off. Engine black and tarry.

SGM. BOSWELL
At the time, it was a shell of a
car sitting on blocks in some old
guy's driveway. I thought it was a
piece of junk, but my friend saw
the potential in it. A 427 V8 with
a two-barrel carb. He had all
these ideas.

Mike sighs, remembering.

SGM. BOSWELL

Shit, anyway, he convinced me. I bought the car for every cent I had. We spent the next year working on it. Any free time we had. And then one day, my friend didn't show up. Turns out he got mixed-up with the wrong people, got in some trouble and just up and ran off. Left me. Left the car. Left his wife.

(turns pointedly to Shaun)
Left you.

Shaun realizes now he's talking about his dad...and doesn't want to hear it.

SHAUN

Why are you telling me this?

SGM. BOSWELL

'Cause your problems don't go away when you run. You just leave them for other people to deal with.

Shaun's uncle exits the garage, leaving his nephew to stare at the car and ponder his future.

FADE TO:

INT. SGM. BOSWELL'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Mike's ALARM CLOCK goes off. He rises and makes his way to:

SHAUN'S BEDROOM

Knocks on the door. No answer.

SGM. BOSWELL

Shaun?

Mike opens the door to find Shaun's room EMPTY. The futon hasn't been slept in. Shaun is gone.

SGM. BOSWELL

Damn it!

But just then, a BANGING NOISE reverberates through the open window from outside.

SFX: KA-WHUUNK. (beat) KA-WHUUNK.

Shaun's uncle turns and follows the noise down to --

THE GARAGE

-- where Shaun is busily at work on the Mustang. Clearly he's been up all night working. The dents have already been pounded out, and he's filling some imperfections in the metal with fiberglass paste.

SGM. BOSWELL
(impressed)
Son of a bitch...

SHAUN
Morning to you, too.

SGM. BOSWELL
No, no. I just thought that you --

SHAUN
Left?

SGM. BOSWELL
No --
(picks up a sander)
That you might need a hand.

Shaun's uncle claps him on the shoulder and the two go to work on the Mustang side by side.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TOKYO NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING

As Shaun walks on his way to the train station, Reevis cruises by in his banged-up Silvia. Slows.

REEVISE
Hey, how's that hand?

SHAUN
Like a block of cement attached to my wrist.

REEVISE
Want a ride?

Shaun looks at the scraped-up vehicle. At Reevis's bruised face.

SHAUN
I don't get it. You got your ass beat because of me. Why are you still talking to me?

REEVISE

Dude, before I was nobody. Now I'm the kid who got his ass kicked by the best racer in Tokyo.

SHAUN

I'm gonna fix your car --

REEVISE

Don't you dare! It's famous now. I got girls lining up to ride in it.

Shaun stares at him.

SHAUN

This is one messed up country.

Reevise smiles. Opens the door.

REEVISE

Get in.

INT. HATTORI SCHOOL - LOCKERS

Shaun, Reevise and O-Ray talk as they retrieve their books.

O-RAY

So you're gonna stay?

SHAUN

Yeah.

REEVISE

D.K. isn't gonna forget about that fifty grand, you know. Can't your folks help you out?

SHAUN

My mom doesn't have that kind of cash.

O-RAY

So what are you gonna do?

SHAUN

I don't know.

Shaun opens his locker -- and finds a piece of PAPER slipped inside. Opens it. There's an illustration of a tuner car surrounded by Kanji characters.

SHAUN

What's this?

O-Ray checks it out.

O-RAY
Beats me. My Kanji sucks.

Reevise takes it.

REEVISE
It's a flyer for a money race next month in old Tokyo. The top four finishers make ten grand.

SHAUN
(suddenly interested)
What about the winner?

REEVISE
Seventy-five g's

Reevise sees the look in Shaun's eyes.

REEVISE
You're gonna need a shitload of practice.

SHAUN
You guys didn't give me this?

O-RAY
No.

SHAUN
Then who did?

And as Shaun wonders, RACK FOCUS down the hall to where TANI secretly watches the seed she planted begin to germinate.

And off the sound of SQUEALING TIRES --

HARD CUT TO:

ECU - THE FACES OF THREE OLD FISHERMEN

Gaping toothlessly at something. O.S. we HEAR the sound of a car BURNING OUT, skidding across pavement.

Now PAN AROUND to see that they're staring at an empty parking lot -- then REEVISE'S Silvia comes SPINNING INTO FRAME, drifting backwards and out of control.

The Fishermen shake their heads. Mutter to one another.

FISHERMAN #1 (SUBTITLED)
Too much clutch.

Fisherman #2 grunts in agreement.

EXT. TSUKIJI FISH MARKET - WIDER

The world's largest outdoor fish market, handling over four million pounds of the stuff each day. But now that it's the afternoon, there's a million seagulls and that's about it.

Shaun tries another run with the Silvia. Tries to crank the wheel on the turn, but his arm cast GETS IN THE WAY, forcing the car to UNDERSTEER and STALL OUT.

Shaun sits there for a beat -- then throws open the car door.

REEVISE

Where are you going?

Shaun raises his arm -- and SMASHES his cast against the concrete. BUSTS it up and TEARS it off his arm. Then he gets back in the car.

SHAUN

Now... Let's try this again.

Shaun guns the engine, speeds forward, and just as he's about to set the drift -- the rear tire, worn thin with practice, BURSTS and goes FLAT.

Frustrated, Shaun stops the car and gets out.

REEVISE

What happened there?

SHAUN

I have no freakin' idea.

FISHERMAN #1

mutters to the others.

FISHERMAN #1 (SUBTITLED)

Oversteer.

#2 nods and spits a wad of tobacco.

FISHERMAN #2 (SUBTITLED)

Definitely.

Just then, Fisherman #2 catches movement out of the corner of his eye. A RED CHAMELEON Z burning toward the fish market with two others in tow.

BACK TO SHOT

Shaun pulls the old tire off the Silvia and tosses it in a pile of three other ruined ones.

REEVISE

Man, these tires go fast.

SHAUN

I'm not worried about the tires.
I'm worried about the learning
curve. I got three weeks until the
race and I have no idea how early
I'm supposed to start the turns --

And as they start to put a new tire on --

FISHERMAN #2

Ey, gaijin!

Shaun and Reevis turn in unison to see the elderly man pointing toward the road. They both look -- and see D.K., Hiro and Bokkai burning down the street toward them.

REEVISE

Oh shit!

Shaun works the tire faster.

SHAUN

Give me the lugnuts. Hurry.

Reevis is so nervous he spills them all over the ground.

REEVISE

Oh shit!

Shaun scrambles for the pieces. Only gets one threaded on as D.K. screams into the parking lot. There's not enough time.

Shaun bolts to his feet.

SHAUN

It's me they want! Get that
goddamn tire on and get out of
here!

REEVISE

No, Shaun --!

But Shaun's already booking across the lot.

POV - D.K.

He sees Shaun running for the chain link fence surrounding the lot. Steps on the gas.

SHAUN

runs for everything he's worth, the red Z barrelling down on his right side. It's gonna be close. And a millisecond before being run down in cold blood, Shaun leaps for the fence. Throws himself up, just as --

D.K.'s car SKIMS beneath him, so close the antenna WHIPS Shaun's leg.

Shaun throws himself over. Runs. Behind him, D.K.'s crew screech into smoking 180's and roar for the exit.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

There's no time to breathe. The cars are on Shaun in a heartbeat. If he stays out here, he's gonna die. Ahead, he sees a set of stairs leading down to the Tokyo SUBWAY. Runs for it.

Bokkai sees where he's headed. Jets forward and manages to cut him off, but Shaun SLIDES across the hood of his Z and down into the subway tunnels.

BOKKAI
(pounding his hood)
Zakennayo!

D.K. and the others scream up and abandon their cars to pursue Shaun on foot into:

THE SUBWAY SYSTEM

Shaun hops the turnstiles and shoves his way through the crowded Tokyo tunnels, D.K. gaining behind him.

Ahead, a subway TRAIN sits at the tracks. As commuters finish filing in, the CHIME sounds and the doors begin to close.

Shaun pours on the steam. D.K. has nearly caught him. It's a footrace to the end --

And as the chimes sound their final warning, Shaun manages to slip through just as the doors slide CLOSED!

D.K. and Bokkai reach the train a half-second later. But it's too late. They pound on the door, infuriated.

Shaun's breathing hard. Steps back. D.K. locks eyes with him, promising severe amounts of pain.

SHAUN
Maybe next time.

As the train starts to pull away, Shaun grins and waves, until --

Suddenly, the train STOPS. Shaun's grin falls. He looks around and sees why. HIRO is in the train with him! And the bastard has pulled the EMERGENCY STOP lever.

Now D.K. is the one smiling.

SHAUN
Sonofa...

As the doors open, D.K. charges in. Shaun bolts away through the train, racing from car to car, shoving through the sea of passengers.

TRACK WITH D.K. as he searches the crowds in the car.

HIRO (SUBTITLED)
There!

Ahead, they see Shaun exit the train. Smelling blood, they chase after him onto the busy platform packed with commuters.

D.K., Hiro and Bokkai spread out to start hunting through the crowd. As they do, the doors of the train close behind them, and the train starts to pull out.

CLOSE ON D.K.'S FACE as he scans the crowd ahead of him, while behind him, the train's windows FLASH past. We see COMMUTERS standing in each one. And as the final window goes past, we see SHAUN. He's back on the train.

D.K. is still searching the platform as the train disappears into the tunnel, carrying Shaun away.

Safe.

CUT TO:

EXT. SGM. BOSWELL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - GARAGE

Shaun, and his Uncle are working together to open up the Mustang's engine and check it out after all these years. Reevis and O-Ray help out.

UNCLE

Okay, wait. Turn it your way.
Okay now twist it back --

KRAAAAANGG! Metal SHATTERS and a FLOOD OF WATER comes rushing from the engine.

SGM. BOSWELL

Gaaah --!

The Sarge slides out from under the car, drenched from the waist up.

SHAUN

You okay?

SGM. BOSWELL

I didn't know the motor was filled with water.

Shaun slides under to check it out.

REEVISE

Is it bad?

SHAUN

Cylinder walls are rusted.

SGM. BOSWELL

All the way through?

SHAUN

Yeah.

(slides out)

It's shot. Gonna need a new engine.

SGM. BOSWELL

Damn it.

O-RAY

What're you guys gonna do? There ain't gonna be another 427 in Japan.

Reevise has an idea.

REEVISE

Not a 427. But I know where you could find a big block straight-six.

Everyone turns to him.

REEVISE

My mom runs the motorpool on the Base. She said a wrecked Skyline came in the other day.

The Sarge and Shaun look at each other.

SGM. BOSWELL

A Japanese motor?

SHAUN

It would fit.

Behind them, a group of four ARMY BRATS walks up, including JACINDA.

JACINDA

Hey, boys.

SHAUN/REEVISE/O-RAY

Hey.

JACINDA

We're heading out to grab a bite in Shibuya. Thought you might wanna come with.

The guys consult each other with a glance.

SGM. BOSWELL

(to Shaun)

Why don't you go.

SHAUN

You sure you don't need me to hang?

SGM. BOSWELL

Nah, I'm good here. Have fun.

Shaun nods and walks off with the group.

SHAUN

Any particular place in mind?

JACINDA

Only the finest eating establishment in all of Tokyo.

CUT TO:

A T-BONE STEAK

Mouth-wateringly delicious. Then PULL BACK TO REVEAL it's sitting in a VENDING MACHINE. We are:

EXT. CONVENIENCE SQUARE - ESTABLISHING

A tiny green park at the center of the concrete metropolis. Thirty square feet of grass circled by rows and rows of VENDING MACHINES. They sell everything: eggs, rice, coffee, coke, fried foods, salads, noodle bowls, ice cream.

Jacinda presses some buttons on the machine and the T-Bone steak gets NUKED, then slides out the little door. She hands it to Shaun.

JACINDA

See, they've got everything here. You just swipe your cellphone across the machine and pick out what you want.

SHAUN

The charges go on your phone bill?

JACINDA

(smiles)

My dad's phone bill.

Convenience Square is a happening spot. In between shopping and clubbing, teens come here in droves to fuel up.

SHAUN

Crazy. They don't have anything like this in the States.

REEVISE

This is nothing. Japan's got all sorts of weird shit. Check it out, did you know that a watermelon can cost like a hundred bucks over here? And they grow 'em square in these clear boxes so they can stack 'em. Ain't that right, O-Ray?

O-RAY

What? A brother's got to have an opinion on watermelon? That's some racist shit there.

JACINDA

He didn't mean it like that.

O-RAY

Yes he did, Milagro Beanfield eating muthafucka.

REEVISE

Oh, you did not just go there!

O-RAY

You just bummed out they ain't got
no enchilada sushi rolls over here,
and you taking it out on me.

(elbows Shaun)

Ain't that right, white boy?

SHAUN

(grins)

Don't drag me into this bullshit.

And just as everyone's laughing and having a great time --

VOICE (O.S.)

Gaijin!

-- the crew of TEA-HAIRED RACERS push their way through the
crowd up to Shaun. Everyone falls silent, expecting trouble.

SHAUN

If you guys are looking for a
fight, this ain't the place.

Naoki, the leader, eyeballs Shaun. Grim.

NAOKI

Well, you have a problem.

(beat)

We saw you drifting the other day --

Shaun waits, the tension rising. And just as it reaches its
peak, Naoki's entire manner changes...to become friendly.

NAOKI

You enter the turns way too early.

Everyone breathes again. Including Shaun.

SHAUN

Yeah?

NAOKI

Of course. That's why you
understeer so much and lose the
drift.

Shaun tosses him a Coke.

SHAUN

(excited)

Dude, have a drink and sit your ass
down.

Naoki sits down next to Shaun, offering advice, one racer to
another.

NAOKI

If you want to learn to drift the right way, you have to watch.

(beat)

There's a Dragon Run up through Otake Pass tomorrow night. Park along the side of the road and watch how they attack the turns.

SHAUN

How come you're telling me this?

NAOKI

Drifting is all about pushing the envelope of what's possible. You taking on the King in that parking lot...

(with respect)

You have a drifter's heart.

And as Shaun clinks Coke cans with Naoki, MATCH CUT across the city to:

TEN BOTTLES OF CRISTAL CHAMPAGNE

CLINKING together in toast, BUBBLING over. We are:

INT. AGEHA NIGHTCLUB - ESTABLISHING

The cutting-edge nightclub in all of Japan. Music BOOMS.

D.K. and his crew are celebrating with the Yakuza. Champagne flows. Demure HOSTESSES serve their every need. The Agent from the underground parking structure is there, but more notably, so is the head of the Yakuza clan, MATSUI, who raises a glass of champagne.

MATSUI (SUBTITLED)

A final toast: to a profitable partnership with our newest members.

Everyone raises their drink to toast D.K.'s crew.

D.K./CREW/YAKUZA

Kampai!

They all drink deeply. Debauchery ensues. Some of the more tanked Yakuza pour their champagne onto the bodies of the sexily-tattooed DANCERS working the room.

Everyone's laughing and having a great time, except for --

TANI

-- who is tired of it all. Seeing D.K. act the fool for the girls and the Yakuza, she sighs and walks off to the edge of the balcony, where she loses herself in staring out over the club.

D.K. sees her standing alone. Walks over.

D.K. (SUBTITLED)

You should at least pretend to be enjoying yourself.

TANI

You should at least pretend to care that I'm not.

D.K.

You know I care.

He gently strokes her hair.

TANI

Things are changing, Takashi.

D.K.

For the better.

TANI

Do you really believe that?

D.K.

With all my heart.

(beat)

I know things seem different, but I've made a choice, Tani, and I can't go back now.

TANI

What if I can't go forward...?

Just then, two champagne-slicked DANCERS interrupt and try to pull D.K. back to the party. He laughs and politely declines --

But when he turns back to find Tani, she's already GONE.

EXT. SHIBUYA CITY STREETS - MINUTES LATER

Tani is walking the streets alone, heading to the Shibuya station to catch the train home, when she passes Convenience Square and NOTICES Shaun and his friends -- the Army Brats and the Tea-Hair Drifters -- laughing and having a great time. Having fun like she and her crew used to when they were just a bunch of friends who loved racing.

Longing for those days, she watches them. Watches Shaun.

REVERSE ANGLE

To Shaun, who gets the feeling that someone is watching him. He turns and looks across the park --

But no one is there.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOUNTAINS ABOVE TOKYO - NIGHT

We're high in the treetops, the Tokyo skyline far below us. Now CRANE DOWN TO REVEAL --

A SCENIC TURNOUT

-- that overlooks the Otake Pass. Shaun and Reevis stand at the guardrail, looking down at the highway that weaves back and forth like a black snake up the forested hills.

At the bottom of the highway, we see a LINE OF CARS gathering. The Dragon Run.

SFX: A ROAR OF ENGINES SHATTERS THE NIGHT, reverberating through the forest like a primeval beast awakening.

And then it starts. The cars gun their engines and assault the hill in a SINGLE-FILE LINE, thirty pairs of HEADLIGHTS eating up the dark.

Shaun watches as the lead car enters the first turn and drifts his car sideways, tires SCREAMING. Followed by the next car. And the next. Right on each others' tails.

The sound of over one hundred and twenty tires SCREECHING, trying to grip the road, is EAR-PIERCING. UNEARTHLY.

Reevis watches in awe as the "Dragon" serpentine up the hill, a ROARING, SHRIEKING SPECTACLE. Shaun, on the other hand, studies each individual racer's technique: when they enter the turn, when they cut the wheel, when they brake.

As the Dragon draws near, and as it passes them, Shaun turns and runs for the car. Reevis yells at the top of his lungs to be heard over the surreal cacophony of noise.

REEVISE
What are you doing?!

SHAUN
Come on!

REEVISE
But --

SHAUN
COME ON!!

INT. REEVISE'S SILVIA - CONTINUOUS

They hop in. Shaun guns the engine and waits. One car after another after another drifts past. And finally, when the last car in the line goes by, Shaun makes his move, SLAMS on the accelerator and goes on a wild ride to try and enter the tail of the Dragon.

INT./EXT. SILVIA

REEVISE
This is crazy!

Shaun ignores him, trying his best to match the moves of the driver ahead of him. But Shaun's too amped up. On the first turn, he overthrottles and ends up SPINNING OUT.

The Dragon continues its rampage without him, reaching the top of the mountain and continuing down the other side.

REEVISE
Well, we tried. We're just not ready for --

Shaun PEELS OUT, slamming Reevis back into his seat and shutting him up. Races over the crest of the hill at breakneck speed to catch the Dragon.

His reflexes get frosty cold, pushing the car to its very limits. Reevis grips the dashboard, terrified, as Shaun whips through downhill turns, slides around bends. Catches the Dragon and slots back into the tail, perfectly mirroring the drivers ahead of him.

POV - SHAUN

as he cranks the wheel on a hairpin and TWISTS the car into a sideways slide around the curve -- the car travelling forward, but the headlights aimed dead into the trees off the side of the road.

REEVISE

stares at Shawn in awe. He's found his groove.

REEVISE

You're drifting.

Shaun slips through another curve. And another. Linking one successfully after the next. Soon, Reevis is enjoying himself.

SHAUN

They're talking to each other.

REEVISE

What do you mean?

SHAUN

Check the lead car. He'll signal what's coming up.

He's right. As the Dragon's "head" approaches the next turn -- a tight left-hander -- he flashes his LEFT TURN INDICATOR.

SHAUN

Left drift.

The message is passed by every car down the body of the Dragon, each one flashing their left turn indicator, all the way to Shaun and Reevis.

Now another message is sent down the ranks: a triple tap of the BRAKE LIGHTS.

SHAUN

Opposing traffic.

Sure enough, cars travelling the opposite way speed by.

SHAUN

They got it all worked out.

Just then, Shaun catches something in his rearview mirror. A car hauling ass to catch up.

SHAUN

Someone's in a hurry.

The car reaches Reeve's Silvia -- then slots into the opposing lane to GO AROUND.

As the car thunders by, we see that it's TANI in her black chameleon Z.

SHAUN
Well ain't that interesting.

EXT. OTAKE PASS - NIGHT

The Dragon weaves through its last turns and reaches the bottom of the mountain, where it spills into the small town of Kagoshima. One by one the cars pull off into a:

GAS STATION

Laughing, smiling, the racers crank up some tunes and talk about the run.

Shaun and Reeve pull in and park. They're greeted by the TEA HAIR CREW.

NAOKI
I thought you were going to just watch, *gaijin*.

SHAUN
I couldn't help myself.

Naoki laughs and claps him on the shoulder.

NAOKI
I knew you'd run with us. I knew it.
(hands him a beer)
Drifter at heart.

Shaun smiles and listens as the racers around him excitedly dissect each turn of the run, until he catches sight of --

TANI

through the crowd. She's not talking to anyone, but off to the side, sorting out some trouble with her engine.

Soon, the car dies and she can't get it started again. She hurls her screwdriver to the asphalt.

TANI
Fuzakennayo!!

Shaun appears behind her. Picks it up.

SHAUN

Interesting way of fixing your car.
But I think what might work better
is getting bigger injectors and a
better fuel pump.

TANI

Back off, gaijin, unless you want
your other arm broken.

Shaun hands the screwdriver back. Tani's upset...but Shaun
can tell it's about something more than just car trouble.
Wanting to help, he moves to the engine --

SHAUN

Look, I can help.

-- but she SLAMS the hood down.

TANI

I know you can. By leaving me
alone.

She looks like she's on the verge of tears.

SHAUN

Okay... Sure.

Shaun walks back to Reevis, who's been watching.

REEVISE

Just let her be, man.

SHAUN

(still staring at her)
Yeah.

REEVISE

Besides, I know Naoki wanted to
introduce you to a couple of other
crews. He said Team Saito really
wanted to --

But suddenly Reevis is cut-off by a SHOUT from the crowd.
Everyone starts scrambling.

REEVISE

Bashers!

SHAUN

What the hell are --?!

REEVISE

Get to the car! Run!

EXT. GAS STATION - WIDER

The place erupts in a panic, racers running for their cars. And now we see why: a MOTORCYCLE GANG -- the *bosozoku* or "bashers" -- speeds in from all directions, assaulting the station parking lot.

There are two riders to each bike, and as they near the cars, the rider in back hops off, SMASHING in windows with a lead pipe, BASHING in doors.

One of the Bashers knocks out a racer trying to get into his car. Climbs in it instead and uses the car to RAM into other cars.

All hell has broken loose.

INT. REEVICE'S SILVIA - CONTINUOUS

Shaun and Reevice hop inside. Fire up the engine.

REEVICE

They're Bashers, man. They're like Hell's Angels. Some Yakuza clans don't like the street racing in their territory, so they hire these crazy motherfuckers to bust 'em up.

Around them, the Bashers commandeer more cars. Smash them into each other.

REEVICE

Get us out of here!

Shaun wants to, but he sees Tani out there trying to get her car started to no avail.

Shaun opens the door and gets out.

REEVICE

What are you doing?! We have to go!!

A Basher comes running up to the Silvia, but Shaun throws a big PUNCH and knocks the sonofabitch out cold.

SHAUN

Go without me.

REEVICE

They're gonna kill you!

SHAUN

GO!

And Shaun runs off, leaving Reevis no choice but to gun the engine and get the hell out of there.

TRACK WITH SHAUN

As he dodges across the No Man's Land of speeding cycles and colliding cars to Tani, who's behind the wheel of her Z, scared, trying her failing ignition again and again.

She JUMPS when Shaun pounds on the window.

SHAUN
FORGET IT! FORGET IT! YOUR
INJECTOR'S PLUGGED! YOU HAVE TO
KILL IT! OPEN YOUR THROTTLE!
(she does)
NOW PULL IT OUT OF GEAR!

She does that, too, and as the chaos whizzes around them, Shaun STRAINS behind the car, PUSHING. It takes every ounce of muscle he's got, but he gets it MOVING.

IN THE DISTANCE, a Basher-driven car turns and focuses on them. Accelerates. On a collision course.

Shaun digs deep and shoulders the car forward, faster. The Basher car speeds closer. And just as it's about to t-bone Tani's Z --

SHAUN
POP IT!

Tani POPS THE CLUTCH and her car roars to life! Shaun dives to the side as she hits the gas and burns out of there -- a millisecond before the Basher car SCREAMS BY, hitting nothing but empty air!

Shaun gets to his feet and runs after Tani's Z --

SHAUN
Hey! HEY!!

-- but she just keeps driving, leaving him alone in the dust. Now the Bashers turn on him.

SHAUN
Aw shit...

Shaun takes off on foot, hauling ass down the road, but right as they're about to run him down --

TANI'S Z

-- flips a wicked 180 and lays down rubber to get to Shaun. The Z screams up, drifting around him so the passenger door ends up right next to him.

TANI

GET IN!!

She doesn't have to ask twice. Shaun hops in and Tani lights the jets, ripping away through the town. The Bashers follow.

EXT. KAGOSHIMA CITY STREETS

Tani's Z zig-zags through the little roads, but the Bashers appear at every turn, swinging at her car, trying to trap her in.

SHAUN

You can't outrun 'em!

Tani knows he's right. Scans the city as she drives -- and sees something up ahead. A SHOPPING CENTER. Gets an idea.

TANI

Open my purse.

SHAUN

What?!

TANI

My purse!

Shaun does. She sees what she's looking for. A CREDIT CARD.

Tani hits the gas, putting as much distance between herself and the nearest Basher and then at the next corner, whips off an EXTREMELY TIGHT DRIFT right into the Shopping Center's --

AUTOMATED PARKING GARAGE

As Tani screeches in, she SWIPES her credit card and STABS the button, gunning her car forward onto a MECHANICAL PALLET that MOVES -- LIFTING her car and CONVEYING it deep into the automated garage.

By the time the --

BASHERS

-- round the corner, Tani's car is nowhere to be seen. They CURSE and roar off through the city.

INT. AUTOMATED PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Shaun watches, amazed, as they are robotically slotted and sorted -- up, down and sideways -- through the parking machine. Other pallets holding cars are moved this way and that to make room, like a giant automotive Rubik's cube.

Finally, their pallet comes to a stop and the entire parking garage goes still.

SHAUN

What is this place?

TANI

An automated parking garage. When you have two-thirds the population of the U.S. in a country the size of California, you've got to get creative with space.

The two fall silent, as the cavernous garage swallows their conversation. Then:

TANI

Thank you. For what you did back there. Most people would've left.

SHAUN

Maybe that's why I don't like most people.

There's a moment between them.

TANI

Why are you doing all this?

SHAUN

Doing what?

TANI

Drifting. Racing. You'll never fit in here. Why don't you just let it go?

Shaun pauses, then turns to her.

SHAUN

My whole life people looked down on me, told me I didn't fit in.

(MORE)

SHAUN (cont'd)

And you know what, I believed them.
So I spent all my time alone,
working on my car.

(beat)

Then one day, I'm sitting at a
light in my piece of shit \$1500
Camaro and a kid in a BMW pulls up.
Revs the engine.

(grins)

Beat him by three car lengths. And
for that one moment I was just as
good as that kid. Hell, I was
better. And it changed everything.

Tani nods, truly understanding.

Shaun realizes he's opened up too much. But what he's said
has struck a chord with Tani. She stares at him. Her eyes
softer.

Shaun just wants to change the subject.

SHAUN

So why wasn't your crew at the
Dragon Run?

TANI

They would've been in the old days.
It's more complicated now.

(sighs)

D.K. feels Dragon Runs are beneath
us. Now it's about *who* you can
race. And when you can race. And
how much money you have to race
for.

Shaun looks at her. Realizes how much it bothers her.

TANI

Ever since Takashi became the
"Drift King", it's changed. Forget
the cars, it's all about reputation
now.

(beat)

But we used to just *drift*...

Tani's longing makes her all the more beautiful.

SHAUN

You wish you could drift more?

TANI

Yes.

SHAUN

You can.
(off her look)
Train me.

Tani almost laughs at the preposterousness of it.

TANI

Yeah, right --

SHAUN

Seriously. You're good.

TANI

And I'm also D.K.'s girl.

SHAUN

Don't give me that. You're the one
who slipped the flyer in my locker.

Tani is surprised at being busted.

SHAUN

Racing's the only way I'm gonna be
able to get the money to pay your
boyfriend back, and you know it.
(she's still not sure)
You'd be helping him by helping me.

TANI

Let me think about it.

SHAUN

That's all I'm asking.

Shaun looks back out the window. The moment he turns away, a private smile plays across Tani's face for the first time.

Now PULL BACK through the vast network of cars, hundreds upon hundreds of them, leaving Shaun and Tani alone in the one truly private place in all Tokyo -- within the heart of a giant machine.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HATTORI SCHOOL - NEXT DAY

The school bell RINGS and the campus becomes a stirred beehive of students moving to their next class.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAYS

Shaun is walking through the halls with Reevis --

REEVISE
Dude, so what happened?

SHAUN
Nothing. We just got her car
started and got out of there.

-- when someone BUMPS into him. Books and papers go spilling
to the floor.

SHAUN
Whoa, sorry.

Shaun glances and sees that it's:

TANI
Stupid gaijin! Look what you did!

As they both bend down to pick up the books, Shaun realizes
it wasn't an accident. Tani whispers what she bumped into
him for.

TANI
I'll train you. But not for your
sake. For D.K.

SHAUN
When?

TANI
Tomorrow after school. Meet me in
the alley out back.

As Tani rises, she goes back into the act.

TANI
You clumsy ox!

SHAUN
Hey, chill! I said I was sorry!

And as Tani storms off in a flurry of curses --

CUT TO:

INT. HATTORI SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

School gets out. Tani tries to make it to her car, quick and
unseen, but Yukie spots her as she crosses the parking lot.

YUKIE (SUBTITLED)
There you are! Let's go down to
Shibuya. Global's new album comes
out today --

TANI (SUBTITLED)
I can't today, Yukie.

YUKIE
But why not?

TANI
(hopping into her car)
I've got to run.

YUKIE
Where are you going?

TANI
I'm sorry, Yukie. See you.

Tani starts the engine before Yukie can ask any more questions. Speeds out of the parking lot.

Yukie watches her round the corner out of sight, just the slightest bit suspicious...

EXT. THE ALLEY BEHIND THE SCHOOL

Shaun's leaning against the wall when Tani's Z prowls in. Making sure no one's looking, Shaun hops in.

TANI
Buckle up.

Tani punches the gas and SMOKES out of there.

EXT. AERIAL SHOT - SUNDOWN - ABOVE TOKYO

As the neon wonderland glides below, we slowly CLOSE IN ON a particularly large LIGHT. As we get closer and closer, it resolves into the city's biggest concert venue and home to the Yomiuri Giants -- the Tokyo Dome.

As we watch, Tani's Z drives into the desolate parking lot and pulls to a stop. Tani and Shaun hop out.

TANI
Tokyo Dome's always dead in the off-season. Great for drifting.
(tosses him the keys)
Okay. Show me what you've got.

INT. TANI'S Z

Shaun's in the driver's seat. Tani rides shotgun. Shaun revs engine and takes off.

TANI
See that light pole up there?
That's our first turn. Pull a J
turn around it

Shaun nods. Gains some speed and initiates his first drift --
a UNIMPRESSIVE ARC where the front end PLOUGHS and goes off-
course.

TANI
Washout. Don't brake and steer at
the same time. You'll end up in an
understeer. Try again.

She critiques as he does.

TANI
Brake. Let off. Now turn. Missed
it.
(on the next turn)
Turn. Now clutch-kick.
(on the next)
Now you're oversteering.

Shaun finishes his run.

TANI
Good.

SHAUN
Yeah?

TANI
No. Actually you sucked.

SHAUN
Thanks.

TANI
You're shifting like a quarter-mile
racer, not a drifter. You need to
feel the car, not just the engine.
Let's go again.

Shaun starts off -- and Tani puts her hand over his on the
shift knob. He thinks she's just making a move, until he
reaches the first turn and goes to downshift -- and she
CHECKS him.

TANI
Too early. Wait till the apex.

They get to the critical point of the turn -- right when it
seems too late -- and then she shifts.

TANI

Now. Heel-toe down to second.

And the car enters a silky drift.

TANI

Throttle. Throttle. Don't lose it.

The way they interact is almost like great sex. He gives more throttle and the car drifts, smooth as butter.

TANI

There. That's a Shift Lock drift; when you let the revs drop on a downshift and then kick the clutch to make the rear tires slip traction.

Shaun looks at her like she just said the most romantic thing in the world.

TANI

What?

SHAUN

Nothing. Let's do some more.

Tani flips on her STEREO. And as the music BLARES --

BEGIN MONTAGE

- AT THE TOKYO DOME: With Tani's expert guidance, Shaun slaloms the Z around light poles, practicing more and more drifts.
- APARTMENT GARAGE: Shaun, Reevis and Shaun's Uncle pull up in a military truck, towing a wrecked SKYLINE behind them. A lone BOY from the apartment sits to watch.
- EXT. SCHOOL: Shaun's leaving for the day -- when he sees D.K.'s crew waiting for him out in front of the school. Shaun turns and sneaks out the back way.
- BACK AT THE TOKYO DOME: Tani tests Shaun's growing drift skills by placing a CUP OF COFFEE between his legs while he drives. Shaun hits the first turn -- and JUMPS as the hot coffee spills all over his lap. As Shaun grumbles, Tani refills the cup and motions for him to try again.
- GARAGE: Now Shaun, Reevis, the Sarge and O-Ray transplant the motor from the Skyline into the Mustang. Now a handful of the building's neighbors stand around watching.

- COMMUNAL BATH HOUSE: Shaun starts fitting in. Sits comfortably in the scalding bath with the Bathers, and the Little Kid who mimicked him, laughing and talking.

- TOKYO DOME: Shaun pulls off some wicked drifts. The coffee in his lap only spills a little. Tani fills the cup up higher.

- GARAGE: Now everyone's gotten into the act. Shaun, his Uncle, Reevis, O-Ray, Jacinda and the Tea-Hair crew all put the finishing touches on the hybrid Mustang together. The whole apartment building has gathered. It's a giant block party with food and drink. Shaun sprays ether into the carb and Shaun's Uncle starts her up. The 'Stang BACKFIRES, blowing FLAMES out of the carburetor. Shaun adjusts the timing and the Sarge tries again. BRRROOOOMM! The Mustang purrs like a demon kitten and everyone celebrates.

It's a triumphant moment for Shaun. Everyone gathers around, clapping and cheering. END MONTAGE.

FADE TO:

EXT. APARTMENT GARAGE - SUNDOWN

Shaun's Uncle is POLISHING the hybrid Mustang to a mirror perfect gloss.

Shaun steps out of the building and sees him working away in the dim light.

SHAUN

That's the third time you've polished that.

SGM. BOSWELL

(grins)

I know.

Now they're both smiling.

SHAUN

You haven't even found it yet, have you?

SGM. BOSWELL

Found what?

SHAUN

I threw a little gift in there. Something extra for putting me up all this time.

(beat)

It's in the console.

Shaun's Uncle climbs in the car. Opens the console to reveal a SHINING BOTTLE OF NOS mounted there.

SHAUN
Pretty, ain't it?

SGM. BOSWELL
Yeah. But where'd you get the money for it? These things aren't cheap.

Shaun looks down at his shoes -- no longer Nike Dunks, but a ratty pair of generic tennis shoes.

SHAUN
You'd be amazed what a pair of Nike Dunks goes for out here. Crazy Japanese...

Shaun's Uncle is touched. Pulls his nephew into a fatherly hug and ruffles his hair.

It's the first real family moment Shaun's ever had.

SGM. BOSWELL
Thank you.

SHAUN
You're welcome.

And as they stand there, appreciating the car --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TOKYO DOME - DESERTED PARKING LOT

Shaun works Tani's Z masterfully through various shift-locks, powerovers, e-brake and Kansei drifts. The coffee cup in his lap is filled to the brim...and doesn't spill a drop. After his final maneuver, Shaun stops the car, holds up the perfect cup to Tani and takes a big hearty swig.

Tani laughs. She's proud of him.

TANI
You're ready.

SHAUN
You think so?

TANI
I know it.

The two meet eyes...and can't pull away. And on the verge of it turning into a kiss, Tani sits back.

TANI
I want to show you something.

EXT. JAPANESE COASTAL MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

Tani's car leaves the city behind and winds up through the gorgeous seaside cliffs.

INT. TANI'S Z

As they reach the top --

TANI
Pull over. Up here.

EXT. SEASIDE CLIFF - TURNOUT

Shaun pulls in and kills the car. Even in the dark of night, the place is indescribably beautiful. At the edge of the cliff is an ancient TEMPLE ringed by sakura trees and crowned by a thousand glittering stars.

Tani gets out, staring out at the obsidian sky and Tokyo Bay a thousand feet below. The faint seabreeze causes a SNOW OF PETALS to flutter down around her.

Shaun joins her. As he's about to say something --

TANI
(shushing him)
Come.

She leads him:

INT. TEMPLE

A humble Buddhist mountain shrine abandoned hundreds of years ago. Tani leads Shaun through the simple structure, past the long-dry purification well and prayer benches to a window overlooking the cliff.

Out the window, like some unreal magic show, the MOON rises above the neon lights of Tokyo, dwarfing them with its brilliance. Bathing all of Japan in its clean, white light.

TANI (SUBTITLED)
(quietly)
*Reft of my wings to soar to
heaven's blue plane...*

SHAUN
What?

TANI

It's a line from Japanese folk tale
about the Moon Goddess stuck on
earth, who can't ever go home.

Shaun takes her in as she stares out at the scene.

SHAUN

I don't understand you.

TANI

What do you mean?

SHAUN

You're a cool girl. Why are you
with a guy like D.K.?

Tani turns back to the moon. Sighs.

TANI

Why does anyone get with anyone? I
was sixteen when we met. Flattered
to have the attention of this big
racer. He was sweet to me, back
when he was just Takashi. Before
we came here. Before he was D.K.

SHAUN

What happened here?

TANI

Everything.

Tani motions out the window. Shaun steps forward and looks
out the window and now sees not only the beautiful bay, but --

POV - SHAUN

-- the most dangerous, DEADLY DRIFT COURSE in all Japan,
twisting down the narrow, CRUMBLING DIRT ROAD that winds from
the temple to the rocky beach below.

To run it would be like racing on the edge of a razor blade
with only flimsy wooden guard rails to keep you from a
thousand foot drop...

The road is clearly CLOSED.

TANI (OS)

It's the original road down to the
beach. The Shogun had it built
over two hundred years ago for the
military, just wide enough for a
horse and cart.

BACK TO SHOT

TANI

It's a suicide run. Only one person has ever drifted it to the bottom and survived.

Shaun knows who it is.

SHAUN

D.K.

TANI

That's how he earned his name. And the fame. And the interest of the Yakuza.

SHAUN

And all the problems that come with it.

Now Tani turns and looks Shaun in the eye.

TANI

If I were to ever leave D.K., I'd be forced to leave everything. Him. My friends. Drifting.

Shaun considers all that she's said. Nods.

SHAUN

I understand.

TANI

I know you do, *gaijin*. Because as a girl, I'm stranded outside this world with you.

Tani looks up into his eyes, vulnerable. Their faces only an inch apart in the moonlight. And slowly they kiss.

SFX: THE THUNDER OF ENGINES

SLAM CUT TO:

FOUR DEMONICALLY-TUNED NISSAN SKYLINES

screaming sideways through the spiderweb of old Tokyo's narrow, winding streets. The cars chase each other through a dangerously-constricted, 360-degree CINDERBLOCK-LINED LOOP around an ancient BELL TOWER, then race down the final straightaway to the finish line, where a racer clocks their times with a RADAR GUN linked to a LAPTOP.

We are:

EXT. OLD TOKYO DRIFT CHALLENGE - NIGHT

Tokyo's premier drift race, where drifters come to settle scores and take home serious cash. The streets are packed. FIND Shaun, Reevis, O-Ray and the Tea-Hairs walking through.

O-RAY

Jesus Christ, this thing is huge!

SHAUN

This isn't sanctioned?

NAOKI

(shakes his head)

Straight-up underground.

SHAUN

What about the cops?

NAOKI

They look the other way.

(smiles)

They get a cut of the purse.

Just then, they reach --

THE RACE ORGANIZER

There's a line for entry. Racers paying their fee, being distributed their heat numbers. The winning time to beat is displayed on a FLAT SCREEN MONITOR.

Shaun is the only white face in line. He waits his turn. Plops down his cash when he reaches the front. The Organizer looks him over...then calls over another official to confer. Shaun stands there as they both stare at him, whispering. He's unsure if they're gonna let him race, until --

RACE ORGANIZER

(holds out a paper)

Kyu.

SHAUN

(quietly, to Reevis)

What'd he say?

NAOKI

Last heat. Number nine.

REEVISE

(elbowing Shaun)

Take the paper. And bow.

Shaun does.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Hot women and high-octane. Testosterone overload as heats six, seven and eight finish in thunder and smoke.

EXT. OLD TOKYO RACE - STAGING AREA

Shaun is making final checks of the Silvia when the call goes over the P.A. for his race.

NAOKI

Heat nine. That's you.

REEVISE

This is it. This is what you've been working for.

SHAUN

What's the time to beat?

REEVISE

52:13.

Shaun sets his watch to count it down.

The P.A. squawks again. The moment has come. Shaun and Reevis look at one another. Shake hands. O-Ray and he bump shoulders.

O-RAY

'Luck, dog.

Suddenly, the crowd goes wild, cheering. Shaun and Reevis turn to find the source of the commotion.

SHAUN'S POV

Across the way, Shaun's opponents pull up to the starting line: An eye-popping MAZDA NB (Miata MX-5). A battle-worn TOYOTA "HACHIROKU" AE86 (Corolla). And a familiar 350 Z, whose wicked chameleon paint shifts from BLUE to SILVER.

D.K.'s second in command, HIRO.

And talking to him beside the car is D.K.

BACK TO SHOT

Shaun and Reevis share an incredulous look.

REEVISE
Oh shit... Dude, pull out.

SHAUN
No.

REEVISE
Shaun --

SHAUN
If I win, I get the money. I can
pay him off.

REEVISE
And what if you don't..?

As Shaun considers that, a VOICE whispers in ear.

TANI (OS)
Forget your clutch, it'll slow you
down too much.

Shaun turns to see Tani beside him.

SHAUN
Been looking for you.

TANI
I only have a few seconds before my
crew realizes I'm gone. Stick to
the inside as much as you can, but
on turn number four swing wide.
There's a section of loose bricks
near the gutter that'll let you
keep up your speed until the last
second, then kick you into the
sweet spot. When you hit the 360,
power through the entire curve.
Hiro had a bad wreck there a few
years back, so he'll be careful
going in. If there's any place to
make a move, that's it.

SHAUN
Thanks.

In the anonymity of the crowd, Tani leans intimately into
Shaun, her lips almost brushing his neck. Whispers.

TANI
This is your time, *gaijin*. You
don't have to be stuck outside
their world anymore.
(meets his eyes)
Kick their fucking door in.

Shaun holds her gaze for a moment, then watches as Tani turns and disappears into the crowd, realizing this race is about more than just his pride.

As he stares at her departing figure, RACK FOCUS through the crowd to

YUKIE

who stands grim as a hangman, having witnessed the whole exchange.

EXT. OLD TOKYO - STARTING LINE

Hiro is winding out his engine, running through his mental racing checklist -- when his competitor pulls alongside. SHAUN. Hiro does a double-take. Surprised.

THE CROWD

rumbles excitedly as they see the battered Silvia pull up to the starting line. Many recognize it from the underground parking garage incident.

D.K. AND BOKKAI certainly do. D.K. stares angrily at the Silvia.

D.K. (SUBTITLED)
Unbelievable...
(drags Bokkai)
Come on. We'll get him at the
finish line.

EXT. OLD TOKYO - STARTING LINE

Shaun and Hiro let their engines do the talking, revving them again and again. The noise is incredible -- two cars talking smack -- until the Race Organizer gives the signal.

RACE ORGANIZER
STAAA-TO!!

EXT. OLD TOKYO - STARTING LINE

And the cars SCREAM off the line and into the nightmare spaghetti snarl of old Tokyo's neighborhood streets!

Hiro's Z muscles into the front, followed by the Miata. But Shaun and the Eighty-Six aren't far behind.

Hiro enters the first turn and slips beautifully into a perfect drift, his bumper matching the curve of the outside wall within inches of it. The Miata does the same. The crowd CHEERS wildly for them.

Shaun follows into the loop. His drift isn't as pretty, but it's damn good. He makes it through.

As the cars come out of the turn, they rip through the first CLOCKING CHECKPOINT, where an Official waits with a RADAR GUN. As the cars break the beam, the times are relayed by laptop --

THE FLATSCREEN IN THE SPECTATORS' AREA

The crowd REACTS to the numbers that APPEAR. Hiro and the Miata are under the time-to-beat. Shaun and the Corolla are over.

Reevis and O-Ray look at each other, hope fading.

EXT. OLD TOKYO STREETS

Hiro exits slides around a building and immediately ducks into a series of small, crisscrossing alleys. Before he enters them --

HIRO

glances into his rearview and sees the Miata and Shaun's Silvia not far behind.

HIRO (SUBTITLED)

Later.

He smiles and guns the engine into the alley switchbacks. Hiro works the car like a pro, racking the wheel back and forth in time with the penduluming drift.

The Miata follows suit. It's an amazing display of racing skill, but as they hit --

TURN #4

The Miata hugs the inside of the alley, while Shaun swings WIDE and outside--

ECU - THE SILVIA'S TIRES

-- and finds the LOOSE BRICKS Tani mentioned. The tires grip and kick free, swinging --

THE SILVIA

-- into a blisteringly-fast drift. Having found the sweet spot of the curve, the Silvia slides around the Miata, moving into second place.

As the cars exit the alley maze, they cross another RADAR LINE, which flashes the times to:

THE FLATSCREEN IN THE SPECTATORS' AREA

Now Hiro and Shaun are under time. The Miata and the Corolla are well over.

INT. HIRO'S Z

When Hiro glances back in the rearview, the last thing in the world he expects to see is Shaun right behind him. Hiro POUNDS his wheel.

HIRO (SUBTITLED JAPANESE)

Kuso!!

Pushes his car faster.

SHAUN

Matches him every step of the way. Drift for drift. The two cars travelling so close they look like automotive Siamese twins.

Shaun's putting every ounce of his skill on display and --

ALL THROUGH THE STREETS

an amazing thing begins to happen. The crowd begins to root for the underdog, cheering for the Silvia over the Z.

Reevise and O-Ray can't believe it. Bolstered, they start cheering the loudest of all for --

SHAUN

Who does everything he can to stick to Hiro, who alternately does everything he can to shake him. The two cars remain locked in battle, Hiro staying in command until they reach:

THE FINAL CURVE

The 360-degree CINDERBLOCK-LINED LOOP around the BELL TOWER.

And exactly like Tani told Shaun he would, Hiro backs off on the gas and enters the curve slow and early, taking the safest line into the dangerously-narrow roundabout.

TANI

Sees the moment of weakness.

TANI

Now. Now.

And so does:

SHAUN

Instead of backing off the throttle like Hiro, Shaun does the opposite and STOMPS the gas. Riding the ragged edge of control. Slipping closer and closer to the cinderblock retaining walls as he maintains acceleration through the curve.

ECU - THE SILVIA'S BUMPER

As it glides too close to the wall and GRAZES it. Starts SHREDDING DOWN TO NOTHING like cheese in a grater.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The Silvia drifts in a tighter arc PAST Hiro and into the lead! As the cars exit the curve --

THE FLATSCREEN IN THE SPECTATORS' AREA

-- displays he's the only one under the time to beat. Reeve and O-Ray are going apeshit. Tani, who stands further away with her crew, is secretly thrilled.

BACK TO SHOT

Shaun slams the throttle full open in the final straightaway. He checks his watch and SHOUTS, realizing he's under time and nothing can stop him.

But unable to admit defeat --

HIRO

Makes a crazy move trying to pass and LOSES CONTROL.

INT. SILVIA

And just as Shaun is nearing the finish line, he glances into his rearview -- and sees Hiro's Z SPIN OUT OF CONTROL AND SMASH INTO THE RETAINING WALL, FLIPPING OVER AND BURSTING INTO FLAME.

Shaun doesn't know what to do. The finish line is just ahead and he's under the lead time. Should he continue on to win the race and get the money to pay D.K., or should he stop to aid Hiro?

It's a horrible moment of indecision...

And it doesn't last long. Shaun SLAMS ON THE BRAKES and throws the Silvia into REVERSE. As he roars backwards, the Miata and the Corolla speed past on their way to the finish line, not stopping for Hiro at all.

Shaun skids up to the wreck. Hops out. Low flames are sprouting all over the upside-down car. Braving them, Shaun crawls through the busted windshield --

INTO THE BURNING CAR

Hiro hangs upside down, trapped by his seatbelt. Flames are everywhere, starting to burn his clothes. In his panic, Hiro can't get the buckle to unlock.

SHAUN

Stop it! Let it go!

Shaun has to pull Hiro's hands away to get to it. Manages to unlock it, and catch Hiro as he tumbles down. Drags him out of the car a heartbeat before --

FAWHOOOMPH!! The gas tank IGNITES, ENGULFING the entire car in flame!

EXT. OLD TOKYO FINAL STRAIGHTAWAY

Shaun and Hiro stumble away from the roiling fireball that was Hiro's Z.

SHAUN

Are you okay?

But rather than answer, Hiro PULLS HIMSELF AWAY from Shaun. Embarrassed. Humiliated the *gaijin* saved him.

From down the road, spectators race forward.

D.K. and Bokkai arrive first in their Z's. D.K. comes storming toward Shaun -- when the SPECTATORS reach them and ENGULF him. CHEERING, HONKING horns, rubbing Shaun for luck.

Thwarted by the crowd, D.K. puts Hiro into his Z and screams out of there.

CROWD

Gaijin-sama! Gaijin-sama!

Reevise and O-Ray run up, elated.

O-RAY

Holy shit!

SHAUN

What are they saying?

O-RAY

"Honorable foreigner"!

It's a great moment...but Reevise doesn't share in the celebration.

REEVISE

Dude, you didn't get the money.
What're you gonna do?

Shaun just stands there. And as the crowd continues to cheer his name, he honestly doesn't know.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RACERS ROW - NIGHT

The parking lot is a buzz of activity when two chameleon Z pull in. D.K., Bokkai, Hiro and Yukie get out.

INT. TUNER SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Word of Hiro's defeat has already gotten around. As he enters, other tuners whisper and point. Try to conceal their laughter. It's strikingly similiar to what Shaun went through at the beginning of the film

Hiro's shame is enormous. Yukie tries to calm him.

YUKIE (SUBTITLED)

Ignore them.

Hiro tries -- but as the scrutiny becomes too much, he explodes.

HIRO (SUBTITLED)

WHAT?! ~~WHAT?~~ YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT ME?!

Hiro shoves a nearby tuner into a PYRAMID OF RIMS that TUMBLE and CRASH to the ground, then storms out, leaving a shocked store in his wake.

As Yukie stands there, alone, humiliated, she makes a decision and pulls D.K. aside.

YUKIE

We need to talk. It's about Tani...

FADE TO:

INT. SUSHI RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Shaun, Reevis and O-Ray sit at a celebratory dinner, laughing and really enjoying themselves for the first time. A true group of friends.

O-RAY

I only wish I could've seen the look on Hiro's face when you pulled him out of his car. I'll bet it was priceless.

Just then, a HOSTESS delivers a bottle of sake and cups.

SHAUN

What's this?

The Hostess points to another group of RACERS at the end of the sushi bar --

HOSTESS

From them.

Shaun turns to see them holding up cups of sake in toast.
Honoring him.

RACERS

Gaijin-sama!

Reevise and O-Ray do the same --

REEVISE

Gaijin-sama!

O-RAY

Gaijin-sama!

-- then turn expectantly to Shaun.

SHAUN

(aside to Reevis)

What do I say?

REEVISE

Kanpai.

SHAUN

Kanpai!

Everyone cheers and they all drink.

O-RAY

So what do you think of Japan now, Boswell?

SHAUN

Well, let's see. I smashed up a car, had my arm broken, been publicly humiliated and treated like a second-class citizen...

(beat)

It's like I never left America.

Through the window, Shaun sees TANI'S CAR pull into the parking lot. Reevis sees it, too. Tosses his car keys to Shaun.

REEVISE

Have fun.

EXT. SUSHI RESTAURANT - PARKING LOT

Tani is standing beside her car when Shaun comes out. She looks more beautiful now than ever.

TANI

So what are you going to do now that you're the big hero?

SHAUN

I don't know. Find a girl.

TANI
Oh yeah? What kind of girl?

SHAUN
A girl who knows a little something
about cars.

TANI
Really? I might know someone like
that. What does she look like?

SHAUN
Cute. Brown eyes. Bit of a
dumpling head.

Tani smiles as Shaun wraps his arms around her. They kiss.
But after a moment, she lowers her head against Shaun's
chest.

TANI
What are you going to do when
school's finished?

SHAUN
You know, when I first got here, I
couldn't wait to get out.
(beat)
Now I'm not so sure.

Tani looks up, her eyes filled with a mixture of hope and
love.

TANI
I am.
(poignant)
Stay.

Shaun leans in to kiss her again, but she slips playfully out
of his grasp. Gets in her car.

TANI
Wanna go for a ride?

SERIES OF SHOTS - SHAUN AND TANI'S MOONLIT DRIFT RIDE

- Tani gets in her Z and Shaun borrows Reeve's Silvia.
Together, they take off through the city.

- Tani leads the dance, racing through the neon world with
exhilarating speed, flirting with every drift. Shaun pursues
her, matching her every move.

- The cars drift in unison around every corner, almost
touching, intimate. Like lovers in a dance. Like foreplay.

INT. TANI'S Z

She pulls to the edge of an embankment that overlooks the city. Shaun pulls up beside her and gets out. Gets into her car, where the two come together like forces of nature. Inevitable. Unstoppable.

Their kisses are hungry, and only make them hungrier. His hands roam her body. Hers work the buttons of his clothes. And just as the two are on the verge of making love --

SFX: VRRRRROOOM!

Shaun and Tani have enough time to look up and see a pair of headlights screaming toward them, before

CRRRRRAASH!

The car SMASHES into them on the passenger side, CAVING IN Tani's Z like a crushed tin can and FLIPPING it over the side of the embankment.

Tani SCREAMS as the car tilts over the edge. The windshield EXPLODES. Metal SHRIEKS. The roof BUCKLES IN. The world outside Tani's windows REVOLVES as her car BARREL ROLLS fifty feet down the hill until -- CRUNCH! -- it finally comes to a stop at the bottom of the embankment.

And suddenly everything is sickeningly silent.

EXT. THE BOTTOM OF THE RAVINE

As the Z smoulders, a DARK FIGURE peers down the embankment from the road above, backlit by headlights.

And like the Grim Reaper coming to claim a soul, the Figure starts down the hill.

INT. TANI'S Z

Shaun regains consciousness in the crumpled wreck. Inside, it's a horror show. Tani is unconscious. Sprawled at broken angles. They're both covered in cuts from the shattered windshield. Blood -- his and hers -- is everywhere.

SHAUN

Tani! Tani, are you okay! Tani!

Then -- SMASH!! -- a meaty FIST explodes through window and grips Shaun by his broken hand, crushing his fractured fingers together.

Shaun screams through clenched teeth as the bastard pulls him out of the car by his broken hand. It's:

D.K.
You stupid American. You think you
can come over here and take what's
mine?!

D.K. grips Shaun's throat in his hands. Crushes. Shaun tries to fight, but is too weakened from the crash.

D.K.
Look at me. Look in my eyes.

Shaun's vision swims red, then black. And just as he's literally about to die --

VOICES ATOP THE HILL (JAPANESE)
Is everyone all right down there?!

D.K. turns to see two other automobiles at the top of the road. Concerned passersby start to scale down the embankment.

Reluctantly, D.K. hurls Shaun to the ground. Climbs back up to the road and thunders off in his car.

THE PASSERSBY

reach the ruined car and gape at Shaun and Tani, bleeding, laying there like corpses -- then dials his cellphone.

PASSERBY (JAPANESE)
Yes, I'm reporting an accident. We
need an ambulance right away...

DISSOLVE TO:

SHAUN'S HAND

Trembling as it flexes open and closed. WIDEN TO REVEAL:

INT. INTERNATIONAL HOSPITAL - PATIENT'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Shaun sits in a hospital chair, bruised and battered, gritting his teeth as he opens and closes his damaged hand. Next to him, Tani lays in a hospital bed, sleeping. She's cut. Hurt. Been through the wringer.

Shaun watches over her protectively. Every time he makes a fist, we know he's thinking about punching it through D.K.'s skull.

TANI (OS)
..you look awful...

Shaun turns to see Tani's awake, watching him. His demeanor instantly changes.

SHAUN
How do you feel?
(rises)
Do you want me to get the nurse?

TANI
No. Just...sit with me.

She reaches out with a trembling hand. Shaun takes it in his own. Sits back down. Strokes her hair.

SHAUN
I'm so sorry I did this to you.

TANI
No. I chose to be with you. I
knew what I was doing.
(beat)
And I wouldn't change it.

But Shaun can't shake the feeling of guilt.

SHAUN
I'm gonna fix this. D.K. Your
car --

But she looks him in the eye.

TANI
It doesn't matter. That part of my
life is done.

Shaun holds her gaze. Then leans in and kisses her on the forehead.

SHAUN
Get some sleep.

EXT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - SECONDS LATER

The moment Shaun exits Tani's room, his demeanor slips back to the place of barely controlled rage it was before Tani woke up.

But as he turns to leave and settle old scores --

FEMALE VOICE (OS)
Shaun!

Shaun turns to see his MOM hurrying down the hospital corridor toward him. His Uncle is with her.

SHAUN'S MOM
Are you all right?

SHAUN
What are you doing here?

SHAUN'S MOM
When I heard, I caught the first flight to Tokyo.
(hugs him)
I'm so sorry, I never should've sent you here. We're going home.

SHAUN
No.

SGM. BOSWELL
It's for the best, Shaun.

SHAUN
I can't go home yet.

SGM. BOSWELL
The guy who did this to you. The police said he was connected to the Yakuza. Do you know how serious this is? You have to leave town.

SHAUN
I know that, but I can't leave now.
(beat)
I can live with the fact that I messed up my life, I can accept that. But I've hurt people here. People that I care about. Tani's paying for my mistakes, just like I've always had everyone pay for my mistakes.

Shaun turns to his mom. He means this.

SHAUN
I don't know if I can ever make up for the trouble I've caused you...but I know I can fix this. I have to fix this.
(pointedly to Uncle)
I'm not gonna run.

Shaun's Uncle considers, looking at his nephew for the first time not as a boy to be taught, but as a man to be respected.

But --

SHAUN'S MOM

I'm sorry, Shaun, but this is not up for debate. I'm going to sign the discharge papers and we are leaving. Today.

Shaun's mom turns and walks off to the nurses' station. Shaun's Uncle puts his hand on Shaun's shoulder.

SGM. BOSWELL

She's right. Sometimes we have to do things we don't want to.

The Sarge hands him his PLANE TICKET, squeezing his shoulder sympathetically before walking off to the Nurse's station.

Shaun can't believe this is happening. Can't believe the mess he's going to have to leave behind. And just as his world is falling apart --

Shaun NOTICES that the plane ticket envelope is HEAVIER than it should be. Shaun opens it up and --

A KEY

-- drops into his hand. The Mustang's key.

Shaun can't believe it. Looks up at his Uncle down the hall. The Sarge smiles. Nods to him. Go.

Shaun closes his fist around the key, and as he jams out of there --

SHAUN'S MOM

Finishes with the discharge papers and turns back...to find her son gone.

SHAUN'S MOM

What --? Where --?

The Sarge can only offer a weak smile and shrug as she stares at him accusingly.

SGM. BOSWELL

He's his father's son.

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. SGM. BOSWELL'S GARAGE

As the door yawns open, REVEALING the black, bad-ass piece of machinery inside. Sunlight hits the hybrid Mustang's ebony skin for the very first time.

Shaun climbs in behind the wheel and starts the engine.

SFX: BR-R-R-R-OOOomm!

American on the outside. Japanese on the inside. Ten on the Richter scale.

INT./EXT. HYBRID MUSTANG

As it knifes through the city. Schools of compact cars part before him, afraid of the big vehicle.

Shaun guides the Mopar monster faster and faster through the city, his anger escalating with the rising thunder of the engine, until he reaches the edge of the one neighborhood he shouldn't go into and SLAMS ON THE BRAKES.

POV - SHAUN

As he sits at the intersection of YAKUZA ALLEY.

The long boulevard is lined with the an unbelievable gauntlet of dark Yakuza SEDANS and Basher MOTORCYCLES. It would be suicide to drive down this block.

BACK TO SHOT

Shaun grits his teeth...and puts the Mustang in gear.

EXT. YAKUZA ALLEY

Yakuza and Basher heads turn as the American car rolls down their block. As if dazed, underworld figures come out of their buildings to watch, unable to believe anyone would dare set foot in their turf.

INT. HYBRID MUSTANG

Shaun glances in the rearview and sees the Bashers CLOSING OFF THE ROAD behind him. Shaun does nothing. Keeps heading forward, keeping his speed low and respectful. He knew this was most-likely a one way ticket anyway.

With the entire boulevard of criminals watching him, Shaun pulls up before the Yakuza SOCIAL CLUB Reeve said was their headquarters. Gets out.

INT. YAKUZA SOCIAL CLUB - CONTINUOUS

The Yakuza Boss, MATSUI (60's, severe yet dignified) is discussing business with his men when there is a commotion at the bar. People pointing out the window. D.K. turns to look -- and is infuriated by what he sees.

Shaun exiting his Mustang and walking up to the club.

D.K. is so consumed with rage, he moves, not waiting for permission, and stomps to intercept --

SHAUN

-- who comes through the door. He sees D.K. coming with murder in his eye, but keeps walking calmly.

D.K.

GAIJIN!

D.K. closes the distance and throws a punch to take Shaun's head off. It CONNECTS and Shaun drops to the ground --

Then gets back up.

But not to fight.

He walks AROUND the seething D.K...and right up to the man who clearly runs the show, Matsui. For the first time in his life, Shaun BOWS formally.

SHAUN

I'm sorry for barging in, but there was no other way.

D.K. starts to run at Shaun -- but a BODYGUARD holds him back, awaiting orders from his boss.

Matsui stares silently down at Shaun, waiting.

SHAUN

I lost a race to D.K.

The Boss speaks, and one of his LIASONS interprets.

LIASON

Mr. Matsui says if your issue is with D.K., then why would you be so presumptuous as to speak to him?

SHAUN

Because D.K. works for you. You're his boss, so my deal starts and ends with you.

Matsui leans and whispers to his Liason. There is tenuous beat. Shaun waits to find out if his murder has just been ordered or not.

LIASON

Mr. Matsui wishes to know what you want.

SHAUN

A chance to reclaim my honor.

(beat)

One race. I win, D.K. leaves Tani alone, and my debt to you is settled.

D.K. bristles at the notion.

LIASON

And what does Mr. Matsui get if you lose?

SHAUN

My life.

D.K. can take no more.

D.K. (SUBTITLED)

Don't listen to this foreigner!

Matsui's rage is instant.

MATSUI (SUBTITLED)

You dare tell me what to do?!

D.K.

No, Oyabun --

Utterly shamed, D.K. lowers his head.

With order restored, the Yakuza Boss returns his attention to his Liason.

LIASON

Mr. Matsui is curious to know when his man struck you, why you did not fight back. Were you afraid?

SHAUN

Only of being rude. I came to talk, not ruin your place.

When he hears the translation, Matsui turns and barks at D.K.

MATSUI (SUBTITLED)
He is more Japanese than you!

The Yakuza Boss then looks directly at Shaun and speaks, to our surprise, in English.

MATSUI
I accept your proposal.
(beat)
On the condition that my man --
(looks to D.K.)
-- however foolish he may be,
chooses the race.

He already has. D.K. glares laser beams through Shaun as he utters the words.

D.K.
Suicide Run.

EXT. YAKUZA SOCIAL CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

D.K. storms out to his car. Throws the door open so hard he almost shatters it. Gets into his Z and peels out of the parking lot in an UNHOLY SCREAM of rubber and smoke.

Shaun gets into his Mustang and follows.

EXT. CITY STREETS

A group of TUNERS hanging out at a gas station see D.K.'s Z go ripping by, followed by Shaun's Mustang, and a caravan of Basher motorcycles and Yakuza sedans.

TUNER (SUBTITLED)
You see that shit?!

Running to their cars, the Tuners start CALLING all their friends on their cellphones and two-way pagers.

It's about to go down.

INT. HATTORI SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - SAME TIME

Lunchtime. O-Ray's cellphone buzzes. So does Naoki's and his teammates'. They all answer their phones. Hear the news. One by one they look at each other -- then move en masse for the parking lot.

SLAM TO:

EXT. JAPANESE COASTAL MOUNTAINS

Shaun speeds up the sheer cliffs following D.K., who leads him to the abandoned TEMPLE he first kissed Tani at. A hundred other cars pull in behind them as they edge up to --

THE SEASIDE CLIFF RACING SITE

The infamous Suicide run that only D.K. has ever survived. Up close, the old cliff road looks barely wide enough for one car, let alone two.

Someone's gonna go over the drop...

ANOTHER ANGLE

The temple turn-off has become a sea of cars. The entire racing community has shown up.

D.K.

sits in his car. As he revs the engine, the Yakuza's distinctive BLACK SEDAN pulls up beside him.

MATSUI (SUBTITLED)

Above all, bring us honor.

D.K. (SUBTITLED)

(glares at Shaun)

He won't leave here alive.

The Yakuza Leader says nothing. Rolls up his tinted window.

AT THE CLIFF EDGE

Shaun seems to have lost his mind, pulling shit off his car and tossing it to the side. He RIPS OUT the passenger seat. Removes the Mustang's hood. The bumpers.

In the crowd, racers laugh and make derogatory comments --

RACERS (SUBTITLED)

Look at him! He's lost his mind!

-- but as we WIDEN, we REVEAL the leader of the Tea-Hairs smiling.

NAOKI (SUBTITLED)

No, he's finally getting it.
Lighter cars drift faster.

SHAUN

crawls into the back of the hybrid Mustang, puts his feet on the rear window and kicks. Thump. THUMP -- KRRRAANGG! The heavy windshield POPS OUT.

Next to him, Reevis's SILVIA pulls up. Reevis and O-Ray step out as Shaun dumps the windshield in the pile of parts.

O-RAY

What are you doing, man?

REEVISE

Don't do this, Shaun.

SHAUN

It's already done.

REEVISE

Don't be stupid. D.K.'s gunning for you. He gonna kill you --

SHAUN

(gets in his car)

Do me a favor, will ya? Go shake his confidence, not mine.

O-Ray shakes his head at the pile of parts on the ground.

O-RAY

I don't know which your uncle's gonna shit over more: you ruining his car or getting yo' stupid self killed.

Behind them, someone else steps from the Silvia.

TANI

stands there in a jacket borrowed from O-Ray, the hospital gown and bare feet. She walks up to Shaun's window.

SHAUN

(softly)

You shouldn't be here --

TANI

Neither should you.

A look, powerful and pure, passes between them.

Shaun grips the gear shift with his busted hand. Tries working it through an ascending series -- but his hand SLIPS OFF. Tries again, but his fingers can't grip. He slips.

SHAUN
My hand's swelling. I can't hold
it.

Despite his calm exterior, Tani notices Shaun's hands are shaking. For the first time, he's scared.

Tani thinks. Then --

TANI
Give me your belt.

Leans in the window and pulls the BELT from Shaun's waist. Uses it to TIE Shaun's hand to the gear shift.

Shaun tries it. It works. Not trusting his own voice, he nods to her. Tani smiles though tears fill her eyes.

Just then, D.K. wrings out his throttle. Calling Shaun.

SHAUN
I have to go.

Tani touches his hand.

TANI
Everyone who has ever died on this
course lost control because they
were going too fast. Don't ever go
over a hundred kilometers. The
tires can't hold and you'll fly
right off.

D.K.'s engine BELLOWS again. Tani takes Shaun's face in her hands and kisses him passionately. She's not hiding her feelings anymore.

D.K.'s look could kill. He screams forward to the starting point. Tani and Shaun share one final look, then Shaun lets the Mustang growl up to:

THE STARTING LINE

where a TUNER KITTEN slinks across the road, squeezing GASOLINE onto the road from a squirt bottle. When she's finished, she moves into the middle of the road and lights a match.

Shaun turns to the chameleon Z rumbling next to him.

D.K.
(sneers)
You surprise me, boy. I thought
you'd be on your way back to
America by now.

SHAUN
 Well that's the thing about Japan,
 ain't it?
 (quoting Tani)
 Nothing is as it seems.

The call from the Tuner Kitten turns their attention back to the race at hand.

TUNER KITTEN
 Ready?

D.K. revs his engine. It ROARS like a pride of lions.

TUNER KITTEN
 (to Shaun)
 Ready, gaijin?

Shaun GUNS the hybrid's engine in response. It's half King Kong, half Godzilla. All monster. BR-R-ROOOOOOOOM!

And the girl DROPS the match -- FAWHOOMP! -- creating an instant STARTING LINE that the cars SHRED THROUGH!

THE DRIFT KING'S Z

leaps off the line in a show of brute acceleration the skeletal Mustang can't hope to match. It SHRIEKS down the road, outpacing --

SHAUN

-- like it's child's play.

Despite Shaun's best efforts, D.K. has a wide lead by the time they reach the first series of treacherous mountain switchbacks.

THE DRIFT KING slips into the first turn, expertly oversteering into a picture-esque drift.

Shaun follows closely behind, with a sloppy slide that almost sends the Mustang over the edge.

AT THE TOP OF THE HILL

the crowd REACTS. Reevis gasps. Tani can't look.

SHAUN

regains control. Pushes the muscle car on the straightaway, GAINING GROUND on the King's Z which starts its smoking slide into the next whipturn.

Smelling blood, Shaun jerks the E-brake and racks the wheel, setting a great drift angle. Like synchronized skaters, the two cars drift sideways around the curve, only feet apart from each other. But Shaun's angle is better, and soon the hybrid 'Stang catches the Z!

Surprised --

THE DRIFT KING

pushes the pace. Slam-shifts into a higher gear and punches the gas. Five hundred horsepower of screaming Nissan fury GRIP the road and BOOST the Z forward, sending a SHOWER OF GRAVEL back at the Fastback.

POV -SHAUN

as the GRAVEL STORM STRIKES the car. SPARKING off metal. CRACKING the windshield.

With everything riding on winning, Shaun works closer to the edge on the next series of turns, taking the most dangerous lines, holding on the throttle a second longer than D.K.

INT./EXT. RACE

Soon, they're dead even, the cars drifting around corners in tandem. So close to each other, either driver could reach out their window and punch the other.

But then the unthinkable happens. Shaun slowly begins to pull AHEAD.

AT THE TOP OF THE HILL

no one can believe it.

REEVISE
He's beating him!

Least of all --

D.K.

The Drift King watches incredulously as the hybrid Mustang starts slipping ahead. A horrible realization dawns across D.K.'s face: he might actually lose.

Desperate, D.K. edges back toward the Mustang's rear quarterpanel. By the time --

SHAUN

senses what's about to happen, it's too late. Like he did in the underground parking lot, D.K. HITS THE BRAKES and CUTS THE WHEEL, piking the Ford's rear quarterpanel and sending Shaun SPINNING out of control toward the CLIFF EDGE.

Shaun fights the wheel. Brakes locked. Tires smoking. The world spinning outside, He slides closer to the cliff brink, helpless, about to die.

When suddenly his racers instincts take over. At the last possible second, Shaun turns INTO the curve, RECOVERING the slide just as -- SMASH! -- the front of the Mustang BLASTS through the thin wooden barrier. And just as his two front wheels SAIL out over the four-hundred foot drop --

Shaun jacks the car into REVERSE and hammers the gas!

THE MUSTANG slides along, smashing barriers, rear wheels smoking, riding the ragged edge of the cliff until

THE REAR TIRES finally bite!

Like a bungee jumper, the Mustang is yanked back onto the road.

Shaun is shaken from the brush with death and sits there, momentarily paralyzed, unable to do anything as D.K.'s Z pulls further and further away.

And just when we think the race is over for him --

Fear is replaced by ANGER. Shaun comes back. As his eyes harden with a steely resolve. He'll never catch the Z trying to imitate D.K.'s drift style. But that's okay. He has other plans.

Shaun SLAPS the Mustang into gear. CRUSHES the gas.

INT. 350 Z

The Drift King uses fancy footwork to drift the curves. Kicks the clutch. Toes the brake to throw the Z's weight, then heels the throttle to powerover.

INT. MUSTANG

Fuck that shit. Shaun MASHES the gas, blasting down the snaking road. Drifting faster and faster. Gravity pulling the car toward the edge.

AT THE TOP OF THE HILL

Tani and Revise gape.

TANI

Oh my god...

REEVISE

He's going too fast.

SHAUN

is on a run to catch the King. His SPEEDOMETER climbs. 80km... 90km... So fast, he can't help but to drift the curves. Entering the turns, the rear wheels lose traction and Shaun has to spin the wheel, countersteering, barely keeping the screaming, smoking, sideways car on the road.

THE DRIFT KING

sees Shaun rocketing down the hill. Getting closer.

DRIFT KING (SUBTITLED)

Idiot. You can't go that fast.

But something in his face looks worried.

INT. MUSTANG

The speedometer still climbs.

100km... 110km...

The turns get harder to hold onto. The muscle car drifts closer and closer to the edge, the crowd going wild.

120km... 125km...

Slaloming into a increasingly tight turn, the Mustang begins skipping along the asphalt toward the drop-off. Too fast to stay on four tires, the passenger side comes up off the ground!

Rising up on two tires, the Mustang is about to roll --

But Shaun's ready for it. He flips the CONSOLE, revealing the shining NOS TANK he installed for his Uncle. And just as the car is about to roll off the cliff, Shaun PUNCHES the boost and --

FAWHOOOM! The NOS ignites and SLAMS the tires down. The rear wheels KICK OUT, powering into a BETTER DRIFT. Blending of American quarter-mile and Japanese drift, Shaun drifts the turn faster than anyone has ever seen.

UP ABOVE

everyone REACTS, certain Shaun was dead meat.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RUN - CONTINUOUS

Ahead, the Z is nearing the finish line at the base of the cliff. Shaun is tearing down like a bat out of hell, throttle wide open, way too fast to hold on to the turns, but able to do so by COUNTERING each sideways slide with a boost from the NOS.

It's the wildest drifting we have ever seen, and the Mustang closes the gap to one hundred yards...fifty yards...

...and catches up to D.K.!!

AT THE TOP OF THE HILL

Reevise and Tani are amazed as everyone starts ROOTING for the gaijin. The Yakuza clock the turn of the tide.

EXT. DEADMAN'S CURVE

The Mustang streaks toward the final curve like a speeding missile at 150km! Unwilling to admit defeat, D.K. puts the PEDAL TO THE METAL and tries to keep pace.

D.K.'S CREW

watch in horror as the cars approach the turn.

BOKKAI (SUBTITLED)
What's he doing?!

HIRO (SUBTITLED)
He won't be able to hold it.

INT./EXT. SHAUN'S MUSTANG AND D.K.'S Z - INTERCUT

The cars scream through the final drift side by side, the Mustang on the inside, the Z on the out. As their cars fight for each inch of traction, the two men look across at each other. Lock eyes. It all comes down to this. They both hold the gaze, each refusing to be the first to look away until --

The Z can't hold the road and LOSES THE DRIFT!

The Drift King SCREAMS IN PRIMAL RAGE as his car loses all control and goes DEATH SLIDING toward the drop. And just as he's about to sail off the cliff --

D.K. barely BAILS OUT of his car as the Z smashes through the barrier and goes SOARING out into space.

AT THE TOP OF THE HILL

There are GASPS and CHEERS as they see the Drift King's car take a swan dive.

INT. HYBRID MUSTANG

A heartbeat later, Newtonian physics assert themselves and Shaun's car rips loose from its drift. And just as it's about to follow the Z out over the precipice, Shaun hits the NOS and -- FAWHOOOM! -- corrects the drift and speeds toward the finish line.

AT THE TOP OF THE HILL

Concerned, the Drift King's crew hop in their cars to go pick their leader up.

REEVISE/O-RAY
Holy shit! He did it!

But Tani's already moving for the Silvia.

TANI
Come on.

BELOW

Shaun crosses the finish line. Spectators CHEER and surround the car. Shaun scans past the crowd and finds the Yakuza Boss. Matsui meets Shaun's gaze and gives a nod of acknowledgement and the slightest of smiles. The message is clear: our debts are settled.

Soon, the Silvia pulls up and Tani and the gang get out. Tani rushes up to Shaun, hugging him like crazy.

Behind them, the Drift King's phalanx of chameleon Z's roar up. Before his crewmate's car has even stopped, the King -- bloodied with road rash -- jumps out, a huge CHAIN WRENCH in hand.

The King advances through the crowd, his face a mask of rage. Everyone gets the hell out of his way. Shaun puts himself in front of Tani just as the berserker reaches them and hauls back the wrench, striking with all his might. Shaun raises his injured arm to block --

But the wrench HALTS mid-swing. To our surprise, it's:

HIRO'S

hands that are holding it back.

D.K. (SUBTITLED)
What are you doing?!

HIRO
This is not the way. You made a promise.
(as D.K. struggles against him)
We are Japanese. We keep our word.

D.K.
You take the gaijin's side over mine?!

HIRO
This --
(pointedly)
-- American has displayed much honor today. Your actions disgrace you. They disgrace us all.

D.K. looks around then...and sees the entire community of racers in agreement, standing against him.

Defiant, D.K. walks off to the group of Yakuza -- only to have Matsui and his men turn their backs on him.

As the Yakuza climb into their sedans and drive off, forsaking him, D.K. knows that his association with them is over. He's completely on his own.

As D.K. stands there, devastated, Hiro tosses him his car keys.

HIRO
Take my car, Takashi. Leave.

D.K. stands there for a moment, dumbfounded.

HIRO
Now.

Overwhelmed by humiliation, D.K. tucks his tail and does just that. No longer an alpha. No longer a drifter.

When he is gone, Hiro helps Shaun to his feet.

SHAUN
(means this)
Thank you.

Hiro nods, a half bow. A sign of respect.

HIRO
See you on the streets, *gaijin*.

He claps Shaun on the shoulder. Shaun grins.

And as Hiro's crew walks off, Reevis, Tani and the community of racers flood in, embracing Shaun as one of their own...

FADE TO:

AERIAL SHOT - THE MOUNTAINS ABOVE TOKYO - NIGHT

Skimming just above the treetops of the forested hills. Then there's a break in the trees: the Otake Pass highway.

BANK to follow the highway. Up ahead, we see a single-file line of red lights -- brake lights -- weaving through the trees. A DRAGON RUN underway.

Buzzing only feet off the ground, we catch up to the Dragon's tail. The car at the very end, barely keeping pace with the others, is a familiar Nissan SILVIA. As we skim past, we can see Reevis driving, O-Ray in the passenger seat. They're both having a blast.

Now we move along the Dragon's body. There are more cars, ones we don't recognize. But further up there are more we do. The TEA-HAIRED CREW'S Evo 8's. Two CHAMELEON Z's with D.K.'s former crewmates, Hiro and Bokkai, behind the wheels.

Finally, we reach the front, where Tani expertly drifts her restored Z behind the lead car -- the head of the Dragon -- Shaun's Mustang.

Shaun controls the hybrid completely. Drifting confidently. Leading the others boldly up the mountain.

The Dragon swerves and disappears beneath us, and as its DEAFENING MOTORIZED ROAR recedes into the distance, we PULL BACK for one final shot of the Tokyo skyline, glittering like a jewel in the Japanese night...

FADE OUT.