

THE NINJA

screenplay

by

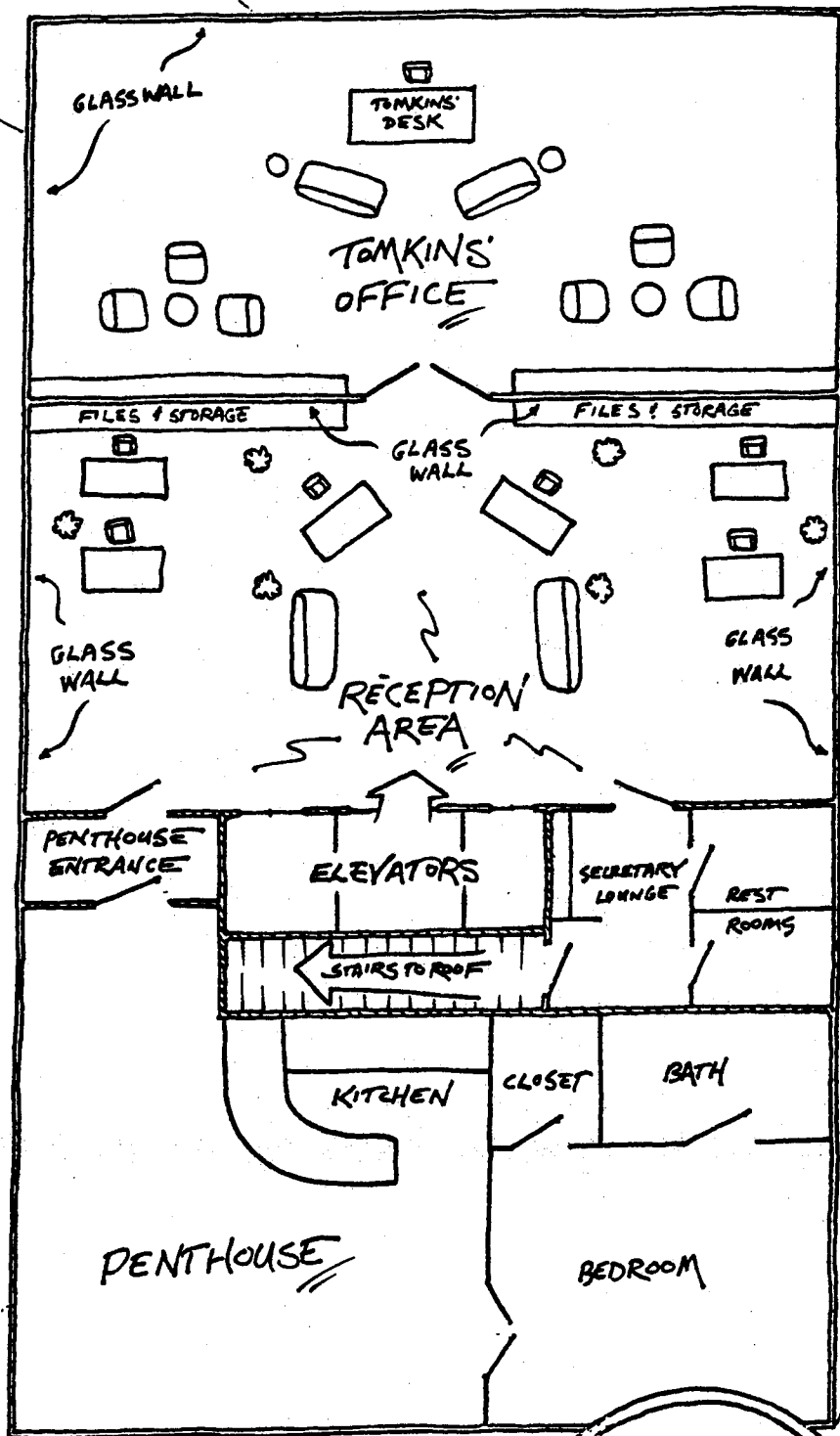
Tommy Lee Wallace

and

John Carpenter

FROM THE NOVEL BY ERIC VON LUSTBADER
FROM SCREENPLAYS BY W.D. RICHTER, TOM COLE, IRVIN KERSHNER

2ND DRAFT
1/24/83



THE
TOMKINS
BUILDING
TOP
FLOOR

REN "The Ninja" 1982

1 BLACK SCREEN

SUPERIMPOSE MAIN TITLES OVER BLACK. As the FINAL TITLE APPEARS:

THE NINJA

we DISSOLVE to a black and white shot of a gigantic rising mushroom cloud. It is the dark, rolling thunderhead of the Atomic Bomb over Nagasaki. STATIC. A radio voice, phasing distantly:

RADIO VOICE

(V.O. filtered)

Speaking this morning from Supreme Command Headquarters in Tokyo, General Douglas MacArthur said he was "anxiously expecting the Emperor and the government of Japan to present to him and the world this month, at the very latest, the draft of a new and enlightened democratic constitution for Japan."

DISSOLVE TO:

2 EXT. COUNTRY LANE - JAPAN - NIGHT (1946)

Two headlights. Appear out of the darkness. Backlighting the rain that pours down. As the headlights move toward us, we continue to hear the distant radio voice:

RADIO VOICE

(continuing, V.O. filtered)

"It will be a constitution that shall, for all time, sever the shackles of feudalism and steer Japan away from its tragic authoritarian roots."

As the vehicle passes we see a large white star against an olive green background. A U.S. military jeep.

3 FULL SHOT - KANTO DISTRICT - POURING RAIN - NIGHT

The plains northeast of Tokyo. The jeep speeds along a badly rutted country lane, past a few rural cottages, huts and carts. There are occasional signs of the Occupying Forces. A few U.S. Military vehicles. MPs huddled in raincoats watch JAPANESE LABORERS load debris onto a dump truck. Other LABORERS toss combustibles onto bonfires that smoke in the rain on vacant lots. Odd bits and pieces: a poster of Hirohito on a partial wall, a Rising Sun painted on the side of an old, dilapidated house. SUPERIMPOSE:

TOKYO 1946

RADIO VOICE

(continuing, V.O. filtered)

General MacArthur went on to say that he felt more strongly than ever as Supreme Commander of the Occupying Allied Powers
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED

RADIO VOICE
(continuing)

that Japan, for its own good, must be completely disarmed and demilitarized. The General renewed his vow to vigorously suppress any Japanese institution in the public or private sector that he deemed "expressive of the spirit of militarism."

4 HUT

The jeep slows and grinds to a stop off to the side of the road. Nearby is a small thatched hut with two other military trucks parked around it. SOME U.S. SOLDIERS supervise a column of JAPANESE REFUGEES who trudge bleakly through the rain. The homeless carry belongings, lanterns, umbrellas; children, women, old men all march solemnly along.

TWO OFFICERS get out of the jeep. Their faces are in darkness as they watch the parade of refugees for a moment. WE MOVE on their backs (faces hidden) as they walk to the thatched hut. Two MPs at the entrance. As the officers approach the MPs salute them.

MP

We caught a Genyosha, sir. Dark Ocean
Society.

The MP hands the first officer an armband. Black. Bright red slashes embroidered in the silk.

MP

(continuing)

We found him a couple miles east of here. He was trying to escape into the Kanto district.

5 INT. HUT - NIGHT

ELDER YOSHIHARA, 50, dressed in robes, stands in a dark corner of the hut. Strong, defiant, he stands absolutely still. His belongings are in a pile on the floor. TWO MPs with flashlights watch him. The two officers enter. Their faces are shadowed by the dim light of a single Coleman lantern behind them. For a moment flashlight beams dance eerily about. The MPs salute and file out of the hut. The second officer trains his flashlight beam right on Yoshihara's face. As the first officer speaks, the second translates simultaneously in Japanese.

FIRST OFFICER (TOMKINS)

You're a member of Dark Ocean. You're part of a military clan that trains assassins. Basic Initial Post-Surrender Directive dated 29 August 1945: "militarism and ultra nationalism, including paramilitary training, shall be eliminated." The charges against you are "crimes against the people of Japan."

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED

There is a pause as the second officer finishes translating. The first officer pulls his gun from its holster. A .45.

FIRST OFFICER (TOMKINS)

(continuing)

Tell him he lost the war.

SECOND OFFICER

(in Japanese, subtitled)

You lost the war.

FIRST OFFICER (TOMKINS)

Tell him nicely.

SECOND OFFICER

(in Japanese, subtitled)

We're sorry, but you lost the war.

Elder Yoshihara is emotionless.

FIRST OFFICER (TOMKINS)

Tell him we have to make sure he doesn't start another one. Tell him...

(beat)

Never mind.

A long, breathless moment.

And then the .45 EXPLODES inside the small hut!

Yoshihara buckles, drops dead to the ground -- revealing for the first time a BOY standing behind him!

YOUNG YOSHIHARA. Ten years old. Terrified. Staring down at the lifeless body of his father. Then his eyes flick upward. To the two officers.

FIRST OFFICER (TOMKINS)

Christ, how did he get in here?

The second officer just shakes his head slowly.

6 CLOSE ON .45

It starts to turn, the barrel moving ever so slowly.

7 CLOSE ON FIRST OFFICER

A flash of lightning. Reveals his face for the first time. He is RAPHAEL TOMKINS. The lightning flattens out his features, but we can see his eyes are dead cold.

8 OVER GUN BARREL ON YOUNG YOSHIHARA

The boy is absolutely still. Like a statue. The .45 now aimed right at him.

9 TOMKINS

The second officer quickly intervenes.

SECOND OFFICER

Lieutenant...

A long beat. Then Tomkins' expression changes. Life comes back to his eyes. They brighten as another flash of lightning illuminates his face.

TOMKINS

Your lucky day, boy.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. HUT

The jeep ROARS off into the rainy night. The line of refugees moves slowly on.

11 INT. HUT

Young Yoshihara drops to his knees over his father's body. He begins to shake his father. Again and again. As if trying to wake him up. CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE on the boy as he finally gives up and slowly covers his own face with his hands.

12 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

CLOSE UP. His hands on his face as before. This time rubbing his eyes. The hands drop. It is YOUNG YOSHIHARA thirty-nine years later. He is a youthful 49. A Saville Row suit. He just seems a little tired. Impatient.

CAMERA PULLS BACK. An elevator. Yoshihara checks his watch. The doors slide open and he hurries out.

13 INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR - DAY

A plush hallway. Corporate seals on the walls. Yoshihara clips along, CAMERA FOLLOWING HIM. He passes a large window. Outside is a view of a vast, modern, automated steel plant. Almost science-fictional in its size. In the distance is Tokyo.
SUPERIMPOSE:

TOKYO 1984

14 INT. BOARD ROOM - DAY

Yoshihara enters through a large door. Into a huge, plush board room. FIVE JAPANESE STEEL EXECUTIVES in business suits, ranging in age from their early thirties to their early seventies, sit at a big table studying a written proposal. Across the table are a pair of AMERICANS, A MAN and A WOMAN. Yoshihara bows to his fellow executives.

(CONTINUED)

YOSHIHARA

(in Japanese, subtitled)

I apologize for my lateness.

MR. KASHIBA, Chairman of the Board, one of the eldest, smiles.

KASHIBA

(in Japanese, subtitled)

Too much fun last night.

The Japanese executives all LAUGH.

The American woman turns to look at Yoshihara, curious about all the Japanese being spoken that she doesn't understand. She is JUSTINE LANGE, in her early thirties, a woman on the rise. She wears a plain, dark suit, probably to downplay her good looks, which it does not.

Yoshihara slips to his place at the table. The meeting continues.

JUSTINE

We have common interest here, Mr. Kashiba. While our government wants to help the American steel industry and discourage imports, you want to penetrate the American market. So we've come to Tokyo to buy the cheapest steel on the market, U.S. or foreign. We're giving you a chance to be competitive. That's all we're saying.

KASHIBA

What you are really asking is that we sell you steel below our production cost.

Justine sits back in her chair. The other American has his back to CAMERA. Finally he turns around. It is RAPHAEL TOMKINS. In his sixties. The same face. The same cold eyes.

TOMKINS

Nobody is trying to insult you, Mr. Kashiba. I am trying to do business with you, and if there's anything I've learned over the years it's that taking some short-term losses often guarantees truly substantial rewards in the long run.

15 ON YOSHIHARA

He recognizes Tomkins. The shock is registered on his face. As the dialogue continues, CAMERA SLOWLY BEGINS TO DOLLY AROUND HIM.

TOMKINS

(continuing)

U.S. Steel can't possibly sell as low as you boys can. Couple good reasons why.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED

TOMKINS

(continuing)

One, you got the more efficient plant,
and two, you don't have to put up with
all those crazy anti-pollution laws they do.

16 ON TOMKINS/EFFECT

CAMERA DOLLIES AROUND TOMKINS. As we move around him, the back-
ground of the boardroom suddenly changes, and we are once again
in the small hut with a single lantern illuminating the thatched
walls. Tomkins remains present day in the foreground.

TOMKINS

(continuing)

But those days are changing fast in the
States. If you're going to move, move
now. Undersell. It's good for you, and
it's good for America. Maybe it'll wake
us up.

17 ON YOSHIHARA/EFFECT

CAMERA DOLLIES AROUND Yoshihara seated at the boardroom table.
But the background is the hut from 1946. As we SLIDE AROUND
Yoshihara we now see ELDER YOSHIHARA, dressed in robes, standing
defiantly mute behind him.

KASHIBA

(V.O.)

I see no reason to operate without
profit. The terms are unsuitable.

TOMKINS

(V.O.)

Mr. Kashiba, I am bidding on a sixty
million dollar office-complex. Twin
towers. Manhattan. I want the contract
and I need a guarantee of cheap steel to
get it.

18 FULL SHOT - BACK TO REALITY

as Justine starts putting the proposal papers back into her
briefcase.

JUSTINE

You're putting us into a terrible
situation. We'll have to go at this
in a different way. Mr. Tomkins has
a lot of friends in the Senate, in
the Commerce Department now. They'd
love any excuse to impose stiff duties
on you, cut your imports, and support
our home-grown steel industry.

(CONTINUED)

TOMKINS

So you'll come out way ahead working with me.

Tomkins stands up. The Japanese remain seated.

TOMKINS

You all discuss it.

KASHIBA

There is nothing to discuss.

TOMKINS

We're flying back to New York this afternoon. Give me a call Monday.

Tomkins leaves. Justine follows. Silence. MOVE IN on Yoshihara, now off in his own world, as Kashiba dispenses orders to his men.

KASHIBA

(in Japanese, subtitled)

Find out which of our other companies does business with Raphael Tomkins. Deny him any further credit. Cancel any outstanding orders. Stop shipments. Get me Mr. Parkhurst in the Department of Commerce, Washington, D.C.

19 INT. COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

Yoshihara sits at a computer console studying company files on a series of TV screens in the dark, electronic room. The room is empty except for a TECHNICIAN cleaning up in the background.

20 CLOSE ON TV SCREEN

Images flash by. Tomkins Industries letterheads and logos, various documents, newspaper clippings: images of Raphael Tomkins. At political functions. At building sites.

Then, a newspaper clipping: WIFE OF CONSTRUCTION MAGNATE DEAD IN PLANE CRASH.

More photos: Tomkins at various functions, now with Justine Lange. We've already met her. A knockout. Wearing high-fashion clothes.

The cover of a women's magazine. Justine's photo. The heading: WOMEN AT THE TOP - JUSTINE LANGE OF TOMKINS INDUSTRIES ON BEING A FEMALE EXECUTIVE. And a snapshot: Raphael Tomkins and Justine Lange, arms around each other, standing in the surf on a sunny, tropical beach.

And then a newspaper clipping: INDUSTRIALIST'S SON WINS EASTMAN AWARD. The accompanying photo: NICHOLAS TOMKINS is shown emerging from a doorway carrying a violin case. He is 33. Nice-looking. Quite a smile on his face. Dressed in a corduroy jacket. Slightly funky-looking. An artist and a composer. Waving to the camera.

21 ON YOSHIHARA

Stares at the screen. Punches buttons on the console in front of him.

22 CLOSE ON TV SCREEN

The clipping of Nicholas Tomkins is magnified. The view TRACKS IN to the newsprint below the photograph. We can read:

"Nicholas Tomkins, son of industrial giant Raphael Tomkins, after winning Eastman Foundation Award for Original Composition..."

Then the view SWINGS UPWARD, back to the photograph. Nicholas Tomkins' face ENLARGES, begins to break apart into the photo-engraver's dots.

23 EXT. HOUSE IN MOUNTAINS - JAPAN - DAY

A solitary house in the overwhelming quietude of the mountain world. Everything seems mystically magnified -- the sounds, the trees, the wind. The house is in the traditional Japanese style: paper and wood, sliding panels, tatami mats, a little shinto shrine and a Buddhist altar.

Yoshihara sits with MASANOBU, a former dojo master, an ancient-looking Japanese man dressed in a kimono, just outside the house. Two old friends, they drink tea from small cups. THEIR ENTIRE CONVERSATION is in Japanese, with subtitles.

YOSHIHARA

(in Japanese, subtitled)

I saw him. He is old now. And he has a son.

(beat)

I have waited nearly forty years for the man who killed my father to come again into my life. Now he has been brought to me.

MASANOBU

(in Japanese, subtitled)

By whom?

YOSHIHARA

(long beat)

Fate.

MASANOBU

Let him live out the rest of his life. What purpose will this serve?

YOSHIHARA

He is filled with contempt and deceit. He is not an honorable man. I must act against him.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED

YOSHIHARA
(continuing, beat)

I am calling upon our friendship,
Masanobu.

The older man nods slowly.

MASANOBU

Do you have the money for such an
undertaking?

YOSHIHARA

Yes.

MASANOBU

And you wish to take responsibility for
what you ask?

YOSHIHARA

Yes.

24 INT. WAREHOUSE - TOKYO - NIGHT

Yoshihara and Masanobu ascend an old stairway. Yoshihara carries a large briefcase. The warehouse is utterly silent. Bare bulbs illuminate the rough, wooden planks of the vast landing as the two men cross and enter a long, plain hallway.

25 A DOOR

Closed and padlocked. The enamel surface is faded and scarred. An old sign, hand-painted years ago in black ink, sits squarely in the center: a circle within which are nine black diamonds, each in turn surrounding an ideograph: Kumoso.

Masanobu seems uneasy. He ignores the padlock on the door. Instead he moves a nondescript pressure plate near the base. This is the actual locking mechanism. The door swings open. Masanobu nods to Yoshihara.

MASANOBU
(in Japanese, subtitled)

I will take you no further.

Yoshihara enters by himself.

26 INT. LARGE ROOM - NINE HANDS CUTTING - NIGHT

A room that is almost totally dark. Its walls and boundaries unseen. A ninja-ryu. Kuji-kiri. The Chinese word for "nine hands cutting." Yoshihara removes his jacket. SOMEONE takes his jacket away. Hands in the darkness, disembodied.

An OLD JAPANESE MASTER, the ninjutsu equivalent of Masanobu, dressed in black clothing appears, stepping into view. Candlelit, Yoshihara bows to him. The Old Master returns the bow.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED

YOSHIHARA
(in Japanese, subtitled)

I am Yoshihara.

Yoshihara hands him the briefcase. Without another word they begin walking through the room. Past candlelit shrines flickering in the dark. Past a few DISEMBODIED PEOPLE moving about.

27 ANOTHER PART OF THE ROOM

Yoshihara and the Old Master emerge from black into another candlelit area. They stare for several moments at someone O.S.

28 SAIGO

A large mat on the floor. Placed on it is a katana, the ritual sword. Ancient. Huge. With its scabbard. CAMERA TILTS UP from the katana. RISES. Across the body of a MAN. In this light it's difficult to tell for certain, but the man seems naked, his body lean and hard.

Finally RISING up to his face. Sculpted, chiselled features. Dark hair. And incredible, piercing eyes.

It is SAIGO.

The Ninja.

29 FULL SHOT

A beat as Yoshihara looks over Saigo.

YOSHIHARA
(in Japanese, subtitled)
Unleash the darkness on him. On his
seed. On them all.

OLD MASTER
(in Japanese, subtitled)
He understands, but does not hear you.
At this moment he is not in this room.

30 SAIGO

His face blank. Trance-like. WE MOVE IN CLOSE. To his eyes. Somewhere else.

CUT TO:

31 OMIT

32 EXT. RUNWAY - JFK - DAY

The Pan Am jet drops out of the sky and SLAMS onto the runway.
SUPERIMPOSE:

NEW YORK

33 INT. KENNEDY AIRPORT - DAY

The usual log jam. PASSENGERS from two international flights arriving at the same time; all over each other.

PUBLIC ADDRESS

Baggage from Pan Am flight 800 from Tokyo and Osaka is now available for collection on carousel number 3. We apologize for any inconvenience this delay has caused.

The message repeats several times as we see Saigo emerge from the crowd, dressed in a suit and tie, a coat over his arm. He collects a sleek bamboo suitcase bearing a First Class tag and moves with his suitcase and passport toward Customs where a FEMALE INSPECTOR greets him.

CUSTOMS INSPECTOR

(in Japanese, subtitled)

Welcome to the United States. Have you been here before?

SAIGO

(in perfect English)

Many times.

CUSTOMS INSPECTOR

Oh. Sorry. Are you here this time for business or pleasure?

SAIGO

Business.

34 MOMENTS LATER

Through Customs now, Saigo purchases a stamp from a vending machine. He removes an envelope from his coat pocket, applies the stamp.

35 CLOSE ON LETTER - MAILBOX

The envelope is already sealed and addressed to Raphael Tomkins. Saigo drops it in a mail slot.

36 INT. OLD BROWNSTONE APARTMENT - DAY

An old ratty apartment. Dark walls. A bed. A window looking out on the RUMBLING, HONKING, GRINDING street. Saigo places his suitcase on the bed and steps to the window. He stares out for several beats. Taking in the skyline.

37 INT. KITCHEN

Saigo opens an ancient refrigerator. It CLANKS and HUMS, the pale interior bulb lighting his face for a moment before it blinks off. Saigo notes a hot plate on the counter. Above the stove is a calendar, the months ripped out, a faded picture of a nude girl remaining. Saigo steps into the bathroom, turns on the light, turns it off and heads back into the front room.

38 EXT. STREET - TOMKINS BUILDING - DAY

New York. Vast, cluttered, dirty. Teeming with PEOPLE and cars and NOISE. It is a crisp, spring day. Saigo walks through the crowd. Looking casual and at ease. He stops in front of a huge, modern, steel and glass building. On the wall is a huge corporate logo: Tomkins Industries. Saigo glances upward.

39 SAIGO'S POV - TOMKINS BUILDING

Rising sixty stories. Monolithic. The glass reflecting the sunlight.

DISSOLVE TO:

40

41

42

OMIT

43 EXT. TOMKINS BUILDING - SUBBASEMENT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The Tomkins Building glistens from the sodium-vapor streetlights. A limousine enters the parking garage entrance.

44 INT. SUBBASEMENT PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

The limousine moves past a few parked cars and pulls into a spot near the elevators. Raphael Tomkins gets out of the back seat before FRANK, his chauffeur/bodyguard, can assist him. They approach a NIGHT WATCHMAN seated at a security desk.

NIGHT WATCHMAN

Evening, Mr. Tomkins.

TOMKINS

Good evening, Leon.

45 INT. TOMKINS BUILDING - TOP FLOOR - NIGHT

Tomkins and Frank get off the elevator. The top floor is the heartbeat of Tomkins Industries. It is open and glassy, low-lit; the city sparkles back at us on three sides through huge window-walls.

Across the room, beyond a low reception area done up with elegant furniture and lush plants, past waist-high file cabinets, through a smoked glass partition-wall, SEE the inner sanctum. Justine is there, at the only desk, on the telephone. Tomkins sees her.

TOMKINS

Get yourself some coffee, Frank. We won't be long.

FRANK

Yes sir.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED

Frank moves off. Tomkins goes into his office. WE FOLLOW. The room is wonderfully spacious, empty except for a few low sofas and tables, and Tomkins' own desk at the center. A spot from above lights this, and Justine is in its glow, surrounded by the dazzling lights of the city. She sees Tomkins, smiles and waves. Keeps on talking.

JUSTINE

(into telephone)

...so legally we're O.K.?---good.
No, our position was that we had
friends in Congress, the Senate...
yes. And if they didn't want to do
business...right...we were very
careful the way we put it...mm hm.

She covers the receiver as Tomkins comes over and kisses her. She points questioningly at the receiver. Tomkins shakes his head.

JUSTINE

(continuing; into phone)

No, he isn't. I thought he'd be back
by now. Why don't I have him call you
tomorrow? All right, David. Good.
Thanks. 'Bye.

She hangs up. And they kiss again. This time somewhat more passionately.

JUSTINE

(continuing after
the kiss)

David says we're O.K.

TOMKINS

(kissing her)

Didn't I say that yesterday?

JUSTINE

You were right...

TOMKINS

Thanks for checking.

JUSTINE

Part of my job...

(kisses him back)

Thank you for letting me go over there
with you -- actually negotiating with
them. I couldn't believe I was really
saying some of the things I said...

TOMKINS

You're good, Justine.

JUSTINE

I have a good teacher.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED

TOMKINS
(another kiss)

We're late.

JUSTINE

I'll hurry.

She dashes out. Tomkins picks up the phone, savoring her as she goes across the reception area and through a door. Tomkins punches out a series of numbers.

TOMKINS
(into phone)
Overseas operator...

46 INT. TOMKINS' PENTHOUSE APARTMENT

The fourth side of the top floor is Tomkins' cozy apartment, which Justine streaks through now, getting out of her clothes as she goes into the bedroom.

The penthouse is very much a man's place. If Justine has moved in, the signs of her presence are still just on the surface. SEE her through the bedroom door, darting back and forth, getting ready.

47 INT. SUBBASEMENT PARKING LOT

The night watchman opens his lunch pail. Takes a sandwich out of a baggie. Starts to eat. He has no idea that the door on Tomkins' limousine is being silently jimmied by a man dressed head to foot in black clothing. Saigo. He moves like a shadow.

48 OMIT

49 INT. TOMKINS' LIMOUSINE

Saigo flicks on a pencil flash. He works swiftly with a razor blade to score the carpet in the passenger compartment.

Two cuts. T-shaped. Saigo peels back the small flaps and inserts a microphone no more than a half-inch in diameter. He affixes it with epoxy resin.

He turns his attention to the telephone, opens the box, places a second microphone inside.

50 TOP FLOOR - TOMKINS' OFFICE

Justine comes through the penthouse door and crosses the reception area. She's dressed for an evening out. The effect is stunning.

Frank stops his game and cools out when she goes by. He may be in love with her, he may hate her; probably a little of both.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED

She comes into the office, moves to Tomkins and turns her back to him. Her dress is unzipped. Tomkins is glued to the telephone. As he listens he reaches out and strokes her back. Softly, with the tips of his fingernails. Justine arches her back.

TOMKINS
(continuing; into
phone)

All right then. Call me tomorrow.

He hangs up, zips up Justine's dress and hurries them both toward the door and the elevators beyond.

JUSTINE
Why don't we walk? It's only a couple
of blocks...

51 INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

The elevator doors open. Frank holds the door for Tomkins and Justine.

FRANK
Mr. Tomkins, you want--

TOMKINS
Go get the car. Tag along behind us.
We'll be out front.

The elevator doors close. The big building is empty. Our two start across the marble floor toward the entrance. Past a magazine counter. Past some phone booths. Justine stops, her eyes almost glittering. She looks around.

TOMKINS
(continuing)
What is it?

JUSTINE
I don't know. Nothing.

Tomkins guides Justine toward the door.

CAMERA PULLS BACK SLIGHTLY. Saigo stands alarmingly close to the couple in a dark, unlighted niche. He watches through a slit in his face-garb as they go outside.

52 INT. STAIRWELL

Dimly lit. Gray concrete. Saigo is hard to see as he passes, heading upward, taking the stairs at a fluid gait. He carries a duffel bag in his hand. It looks heavy. CAMERA TILTS UP to follow him. The stairway spirals up forever.

53 INT. AN OFFICE SOMEWHERE IN THE BUILDING - NIGHT

The logo on the glass door identifies this place as some arm of Tomkins Industries (drafting and design, say). Counters. Drawing boards. Bulletin boards. Flat files, paper safes. Saigo pulls out blueprints and artist's renderings of the Tomkins Building. Details of the floors, the rooms. Studies them with a pencil-beam flashlight.

54 INT. TOP FLOOR - SECRETARIES' KITCHEN

A door. It rattles, clicks open. Saigo. At the top of the stairs. Puts away his lock-pick. Sets down his duffel bag. Examines a thin beam of light spanning the doorway. An alarm. Saigo slips under it.

55 INT. TOP FLOOR

Familiar territory, but seen from the opposite end now. Saigo slips through the lounge door and into the reception area. Hugs the wall, moves like a ghost.

56 OMIT

57 INT. TOMKINS' OFFICE - A SERIES OF SHOTS

The top of the desk. Saigo examines Tomkins' sophisticated phone system. He flips the instrument over. Carefully unscrews its bottom.

A sofa. Saigo overturns it. Lightning flashes distantly outside. Followed by faraway thunder. With his razor Saigo carefully slits the underside of the sofa, exposing the upholstery webbing. Another tiny microphone goes here.

Suddenly, the muffled KLING of the elevator bell. Saigo tenses.

58 RECEPTION AREA

The elevator doors open. A SECURITY GUARD stands there. He crosses the reception area. Looking into the dark corners with his flashlight. Routine. Looks into Tomkins' office.

59 HIS POV

Clean. Empty. There's not much to hide behind, but somehow, Saigo isn't there any more. The sofa is upright again.

60 ANGLE FROM TOMKINS' OFFICE

The guard looks around a second longer, then goes back to the elevator. As the doors close, Saigo drops into frame from above. Silent, cat-like.

He moves to the desk. WE FOLLOW AND PULL IN CLOSE, to a stack of mail. Saigo's hand snakes in, delicately pulls one letter from the stack. We've seen it before: The envelope Saigo mailed.

He places this very neatly by itself, in the center of the desk.

CUT TO:

61 OMIT
62

63 INT. REHEARSAL HALL - DAY

A vast, old cavernous theater. Dark except for the stage. An ORCHESTRA is rehearsing. Mozart's Symphony #41 in C Major echoes grandly.

64 TRACKING SHOT - ORCHESTRA

MOVE across the orchestra, past the conductor, the first violins, to the second violin section. First chair, second violins: NICHOLAS TOMKINS. Intent on Mozart. Bowing away.

65 CLOSER - NICHOLAS

A TAPPING SOUND. Nicholas looks up from the music. He has a strong, intelligent face. Bright, kind eyes.

66 NICHOLAS' POV

Through the heads of the first violin section, the CONDUCTOR taps on his stand. The music stops.

CONDUCTOR

Back to forty-four, please, everyone.

The POV swings around for a moment as the musicians regroup to start again. STOP on a pair of pretty legs behind a music stand.

The POV moves slightly to reveal an ATTRACTIVE GIRL behind the stand. In her twenties. Getting ready to play.

67 NICHOLAS

Interested for a moment. Now his gaze moves elsewhere.

68 NICHOLAS' POV - BASS VIOLINS - BERNARDI

Past more heads. The bass violin section. BARRY BERNARDI, a somewhat good-looking man in his middle thirties, holding up a huge bass violin, catches Nicholas' eye. He grins and points down to the section below him.

POV MOVES DOWN, to the clarinet section. Another very PRETTY DARK-HAIRED GIRL finding her place on the sheet music.

POV MOVES LOWER. From his vantage point we see her legs, which are spread apart slightly, revealing her upper thighs and the pale white of her underwear.

69 NICHOLAS

Continues to stare.

70 NICHOLAS' POV - DARK-HAIRED GIRL

who now turns and looks right at Nicholas!

71 NICHOLAS

He quickly turns away. Glances up at the conductor...

72 CONDUCTOR

...who is looking right back at him!

CONDUCTOR

Forty-four, please. Everyone.

73 NICHOLAS

Sheepishly he nods. Immediately focuses on the music in front of him. As the orchestra begins to play.

74 FULL SHOT - ORCHESTRA

From the back of the theater. Mozart booms and echoes. PULL BACK SLIGHTLY. Reveal a figure seated in an aisle seat. In darkness. Watching.

75 REVERSE ANGLE

It is Saigo.

76 BACKSTAGE - REHEARSAL HALL

Rehearsal is over. Nicholas and the other players put away instruments and don coats and hats in the narrow hallway backstage. Bernardi comes over, lugging his bass violin.

NICHOLAS

Who's the new clarinet?

BERNARDI

I thought you two were already friends.

NICHOLAS

Didn't catch her name.

BERNARDI

Her name is Alex. Just graduated Juilliard.

Bernardi gestures as Alex passes them, smiles, on her way out.

NICHOLAS

I wonder if she'd be open to an intense physical relationship with a slightly older man?

BERNARDI

Maybe in a couple years. She just got married, too.

77 A WIPE

as Nicholas helps Bernardi slide the bass violin up onto the edge of its case and down into its resting place.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED

BERNARDI

Well, what happened this morning?

NICHOLAS

(offhandedly)

What do you mean?

BERNARDI

Didn't you see Howard Carpenter? Did you show him your symphony?

NICHOLAS

Yeah.

BERNARDI

Well? What did he say?

NICHOLAS

(finally grinning)

He loved it. He thinks maybe he can work out a performance.

BERNARDI

Jesus, don't get excited or anything! That's fantastic!

78 TRACKING WITH NICHOLAS AND BERNARDI

as they walk through a sea of music stands. Back to the second violin section. Nicholas has forgotten his folder.

BERNARDI

(continuing)

Hey, this is it! Out of the crapper and into the history books! Philadelphia Conservatory, command performance, the genius discovered! I mean, we're talking Stravinsky, we're talking Mahler... We'll celebrate tonight!

NICHOLAS

Can't. I gotta start on the orchestration tonight.

BERNARDI

Hold it.

NICHOLAS

What?

BERNARDI

What do you mean "what"?

NICHOLAS

Oh. Tonight's Friday night, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED

BERNARDI

They're coming over at eight. Take the seven o'clock train. I'll pick you up at the station.

Bernardi slides his arm around Nicholas' shoulder and they start back to the cubicles in the hallway. MOVE WITH THEM.

BERNARDI

(continuing)

And you're not gonna believe who I've got lined up for you. A little Spanish flower. 'Besame Mucho,' you know what I mean?

Nicholas looks at his wrist watch suddenly.

NICHOLAS

I'm late for work!

BERNARDI

Don't miss that train.

NICHOLAS

Yeah, yeah...

Bernardi disappears among the sea of coats and cases. Nicholas picks up speed, hurries now through the crush toward his cubicle. WE MOVE WITH HIM.

79 NICHOLAS' POV - MOVING SHOT

past many MUSICIANS talking, coming and going in the crowded hallway. Lots of heads and shoulders. Suddenly a DARK FIGURE passes swiftly in front of us.

Totally unlike the others. So fleeting it is almost a shadow. Here one instant, gone the next. None of the musicians notice.

80 NICHOLAS

notices. But ignores it. Stops at his cubicle. Collects his coat and turns back through the crowd.

81 NEW ANGLE - MOVING (SAIGO'S POV)

As Nicholas moves through the crowd, the POV FOLLOWS HIM. From a distance at first, then closer and closer!

Right up to him! Against him! Against the side of his face. Nicholas turns, suddenly aware of a presence.

82 NICHOLAS' POV

A shadow slips behind a group of musicians talking and laughing.

83 NICHOLAS

Shrugs it off. Makes his way to the exit.

84 OMIT

85 INT. SMALL RADIO STATION - DAY

A tiny, cluttered, littered room. Stacks of unopened boxes. Paper on desks, chairs. Cups of coffee. Collected ephemera on the walls: posters from movies and roller derby matches, large road signs, beer signs, a hanging rug with a pair of dice crudely done in phosphorescent paint.

Nicholas literally crawls his way through the rubble to a desk with a microphone and earphones. He sits and slips on the earphones. Looks up to see SALLY, a technician, on the other side of the glass window.

SALLY
(over intercom)

You're late.

NICHOLAS
(flips a switch;
into microphone)

We're on tape, Sally. They'll never know.

SALLY
(over intercom)

You're late; means I gotta wait for you.

NICHOLAS
I'm sorry. I'll make it up to you. I'll talk fast.

SALLY
(eyeing him icily;
flips on the tape)
BGKY 2641. Take one, "Renaissance."

Sally tweaks her dials. Behind her, the tape rolls. Distantly, through Nicholas' earphones, a Vivaldi concerto begins: Theme music for Nicholas' program. He makes himself comfortable, empties his pockets of keys, billfold, cigarettes -- and something else. BOOM IN CLOSE to the desk.

A small white card with a Japanese symbol inked in black across it.

Nicholas looks at it quizzically. Then he finds the hidden scrap paper notes he's been searching for. Smoothly he keys the microphone.

NICHOLAS
(into microphone)
This is "Renaissance," and I'm Nicholas Tomkins, your host for the next hour. Tonight we're going to explore the work
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED

NICHOLAS
(continuing)

of Antonio Vivaldi, the master of the concerto, a form that emerged during the Baroque era...

CUT TO:

86 INT. NICHOLAS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

A loft in Soho. Rather stark, sparsely but tastefully furnished. A beat-up baby grand piano sits in front of the frosted windows. City neon glowing outside. Nicholas comes out of the bathroom tucking in a shirt, buckling his belt, drying his hair. He glances at HAWTHORNE, a sleek-looking tomcat who sits motionless on a chair. Hawthorne meows at Nicholas.

NICHOLAS

Don't give me any shit. You've got food in your bowl.

Nicholas stops. Looks over at the kitchen table. The small white card is lying there.

87 INT. COMMUTER TRAIN - NIGHT

Nicholas sits in the rattling, crowded car as it hurries toward Long Island. All around him, the Long Island REGULARS. Suits and ties, overcoats, briefcases and newspapers. A gray, silent mass of isolated humanity.

Nicholas pulls the card out and looks at it again. The symbol, and the effect it has on him, is decidedly sinister.

88 NEW ANGLE

Down the car, SEE just a sliver of a face framed between two newspapers. Saigo. Dark suit. Just another commuter. His one visible eye flickers up for an instant, then back down. The CONDUCTOR comes through behind him.

CONDUCTOR

Babylon township, next! Babylon!

CUT TO:

89

90

OMIT

91

92 EXT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

A bungalow near the water. Waves break softly on the beach.

93 CLOSEUP - RECORD PLAYER

A pair of hands (Bernardi's) lowers the tone arm onto a record. Vintage soul music. "I Thank You" by Sam and Dave.

94 INT. BERNARDI'S BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Bernardi bops away from the stereo, jiving and dancing around in gleeful anticipation. The beach house is cozy; a little on the macho side, decorating-wise. Leather and wood and brass in abundance.

Bernardi heads into the kitchen, a tiny affair behind an open counter where Nicholas sits, drinking a Scotch.

BERNARDI

(singing with the record)

"You didn't have to love me
Like you did
But you did
And you did
And I thank you..."

NICHOLAS

Do you have any idea how much I really hate blind dates, I mean really hate 'em?

BERNARDI

Wait a minute, I thought you met Susan on a blind date.

NICHOLAS

That's what I mean.

BERNARDI

Please relax...

Bernardi's hand stabs out and finds a handily-placed marijuana cigarette.

BERNARDI

(continuing, lights up)

...and believe me when I tell you this girl is perfect for you. She definitely does not want to marry you. She just wants a little meaningful penetration. Both of these girls love to party. They're from the old school. Chicks a go-go.

RINNG! The doorbell. Bernardi smiles and claps Nicholas on the back.

BERNARDI

(continuing)

Relax.

95 THE FRONT DOOR

opens.

Regardless of Bernardi's buildup, JUDY and PAT are about as normal as you can get. Judy is blonde, chesty, wears glasses. Pat is a Chicana, petite and dark. Both are attractive, well-mannered, conservatively dressed and quiet.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED

JUDY
 (to Bernardi)
 Long time, stranger.

96 REVERSE ANGLE

Nicholas can't help but be surprised. Judy hugs Bernardi.

BERNARDI
 Judy, Pat, I'd like you to meet
 Nicholas.

NICHOLAS
 Hi.

JUDY
 Hello.

PAT
 Hi.

Pat holds out her hand and Nicholas shakes it.

97 A FEW MINUTES LATER

The four of them are seated on the couch. An awkward silence.
 It doesn't look too good.

JUDY
 (looks around the
 room with some
 distaste)
 It's all different, Barry. What did
 you do?

BERNARDI
 (an opening)
 Let me show you. Nicholas, you know
 where the drinks are, why don't you
 uh...

With some vague motions of drink-mixing, Bernardi ushers Judy off
 on a tour. Nicholas and Pat remain seated. A beat.

NICHOLAS
 Would you like a drink?

PAT
 Maybe some white wine.

98 ANGLE ON COUNTER

Nicholas pours two glasses of wine.

PAT
 Barry said you were a composer.

(CONTINUED)

NICHOLAS

Unpublished. I haven't had anything performed since I left college.

PAT

What kind of music do you write?

NICHOLAS

Oh...kind of unstructured...

PAT

You mean atonal?

NICHOLAS

(impressed)

No, it's melodic. Actually, it's a little experimental.

PAT

Do you try and sell it somewhere?

NICHOLAS

I try to give it away. I do a weekly program on WFLS to pay the rent.

PAT

I listen to WFLS.

NICHOLAS

(brightens)

The "Renaissance" hour?

PAT

No. There's a jazz program I like.

NICHOLAS

Buddy Fierberg.

PAT

That's it.

NICHOLAS

We usually tape our shows the same day.

A long beat. They drink. It isn't really clicking.

NICHOLAS

(continuing)

So...what do you do?

PAT

I work for a publishing company. And can I say something?

NICHOLAS

Sure.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED

PAT
I'm nervous. I hate blind dates. No offense.

Nicholas smiles. He likes her.

The bedroom door swings open. Bernardi and Judy walk out. Wiping their noses and wearing big foolish grins.

BERNARDI
(grinning; zipping)
Let the good times roll...

99 THE FRONT ROOM - LATER

Things are going much better. The Byrd's Greatest Hits is on Bernardi's stereo. Bernardi and Judy puff away on a joint. High as kites. MOVE to Nicholas and Pat, seated on the floor, talking quietly. Enjoying themselves. Nicholas puts his arm around Pat.

100 EXT. BEACH HOUSE

Through the windows we see the four sitting down to eat dinner. Laughing, talking, getting along like gangbusters. CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES. Passing a FIGURE dressed in black, sitting cross-legged on the ground, watching from a knoll.

101 INT. BATHROOM

The door opens and Nicholas comes in. His tie is loose now. His coat is off. The music from the other room is decidedly more romantic. Nicholas urinates. The door opens and Bernardi squeezes in. ALL SOTTO VOCE:

BERNARDI
So what do you think?

NICHOLAS
I like her.

BERNARDI
You just stick with me, man.

Nicholas zips up and moves back from the bowl. Bernardi sidles over and takes his place.

BERNARDI
(continuing)
Judy is all over me. I mean, it's unbelievable. So just watch me. Watch my moves. Do what I do.
(weaves drunkenly, then looks down-- he's missed)

Oh, man...

102 EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

It is later. Our four huddled together near a fire in the sand. Nicholas and Pat under a blanket, Bernardi and Judy under another one. Nicholas and Pat are kissing. Gently. Then stop to look at each other, talk quietly for a moment. Judy notices. Bernardi doesn't. He strums a guitar and drunkenly sings. Judy wishes he'd stop.

BERNARDI

(to the tune of
"Goodnight Ladies")

Bang bang, Lulu; bang bang, Lulu
bang bang, Lulu; Lulu's come to town.

(verse)

Lulu had a boyfriend
He drove a garbage truck
He took her in the alley
And taught her how to...
Bang, bang, Lulu; bang bang, Lulu (ETC.)

Nicholas and Pat. Oblivious to Bernardi's song.

NICHOLAS

I guess all blind dates aren't so bad.

PAT

Not so bad.

They kiss.

NICHOLAS

I'll definitely have to try this again.

PAT

I think so.

NICHOLAS

(gestures toward Bernardi;
whispers)

Maybe we could lose Segovia.

PAT

That would be nice.

NICHOLAS

Maybe like a weekend or something.

PAT

I have a suggestion. How about the
rest of this weekend?

Nicholas answers by kissing her.

Judy looks over at them, in each other's arms. Oblivious and inebriated, Bernardi plunges ahead.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED

BERNARDI

Lulu had a boyfriend
 His name was Diamond Nick
 She always saw his diamonds
 She never saw his -- UALP!!

Bernardi drops his guitar. Clutches his neck, a quizzical look on his face. And then he pitches forward into the sand.

JUDY

Very funny, Barry.

Silence. Nicholas and Pat look up from under their blanket.

Bernardi doesn't move. Judy moves to him, turns him over. He is quite dead. His eyes stare up at nobody.

JUDY

Barry...

PAT

Oh God...!

JUDY

(almost a scream)

Barry!

Pat jumps to her feet.

There is a sharp noise, almost a SLAP!

Pat stiffens as she rises and abruptly pitches forward into Nicholas' arms.

103 CLOSEUP - NICHOLAS

In Pat's neck, inches from Nicholas' eyes, the tiny feathers of a blow-dart!

104 WIDER

Judy SCREAMS. Again and again. Hysterical sobs. Nicholas grabs Judy and throws her to the ground, flattening himself as well.

105 NICHOLAS' POV

A rapid blur of images as Nicholas' POV swings through the darkness. The crackling fire. Discarded guitar. Bernardi's body. Waves on the beach. Blackness.

106 FINAL TABLEAU

Nicholas desperately clawing the ground, covering Judy, his eyes wildly flicking this way and that, waiting for the next killing dart.

DISSOLVE TO:

107 SAME ANGLE - MORNING

The fire is burned out. The bodies lie under sheets. TWO COPS begin to pull them into the body bags. Judy stands to one side, talking with the CORONER and a POLICEMAN.

Nicholas stands staring at the bodies in the gray dawn light. He is devastated. The SHERIFF is next to him. A few from the NEWS MEDIA stand at a distance behind the police lines.

Nicholas watches Judy being helped to a car at beach's edge. Then he follows the body bags now being carried up the beach toward the waiting cars.

DISSOLVE TO:

108 OMIT

109 EXT. NEW YORK - MORNING

The city. The sun climbs higher into the sky.

110 EXT. SOHO NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING

A squad car pulls up in front of a brownstone. Next to a long, black limousine. Nicholas gets out of the squad car as a tall, fairhaired MAN gets out of the limo. ROSS. He comes toward Nicholas.

ROSS

Your father wants to see you, Nicholas.

NICHOLAS

Hello, Ross...

ROSS

Come on.

Nicholas walks blankly to the limo. Ross opens the door for him. The limo pulls away down the gray morning street.

DISSOLVE TO:

111 INT. TOMKINS' OFFICE - MORNING

Tomkins is seated behind his desk. Justine sits nearby. With them are several MEN in suits. Nicholas and Ross enter. Nicholas stops just past the door. Looks at his father.

Tomkins rises.

TOMKINS

Thank you for coming over. Are you all right?

Nicholas nods. Just barely there.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED

TOMKINS

(continuing)

Gentlemen, my son Nicholas. This is Lieutenant Epperson and Lieutenant Niles. New York Police.

EPPERSON and NILES, in drab suits, are journeyman detectives. They rise, along with TWO OTHER MEN, bureaucratic types.

TOMKINS

(continuing)

And this is Elliot Saunders and Jeffrey Gray...

JEFFREY

Black.

TOMKINS

...sorry, Jeffrey Black. They're with the U.S. Department of Commerce.

(motions to Justine)

My assistant, Justine Lange.

Justine moves to Nicholas.

JUSTINE

Nicholas, can I get you anything?

NICHOLAS

No...

Justine seems genuinely affected by Nicholas' ragged expression. Nicholas slumps into a chair, still dazed. Everyone else sits down. Justine moves over to Raphael.

TOMKINS

I think we're all aware of what happened to my son last night. I called on your Captain Gavan, an old friend of mine, because I think we should work together to nip this in the bud. I hate two things in this world: Violence and deceit. More often than not, when you find one, you find the other.

(pause)

Gentlemen, a Japanese steel company is trying to get at me through my son.

He nods to Justine. She hands the detectives a small white card with a familiar symbol on it.

JUSTINE

It came in yesterday's mail. It's a death card. Old Japanese. We had it authenticated at Columbia University.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED

NICHOLAS

I got one too.

Nicholas produces his card, hands it over. Just a pause from Tomkins. No reaction. The detectives compare the two cards.

NILES

They're identical.

EPPERSON

(to Tomkins)

What makes you think it's a steel company?

TOMKINS

(the lie)

Because I just turned down an offer they made to me.

(beat)

The world's twenty-two largest steel mills--how many of them do you think are located in Japan?

Epperson and Niles have no idea. They're just cops. What is this shit?

TOMKINS

(continuing)

Fourteen. You know how many of the remaining eight we have here in the United States?

NILES

No, no idea.

TOMKINS

None. Very few people understand the severity of the problem. Look out that window. Do you see all those new buildings? They weren't there five years ago. Japanese steel. A hell of a lot of it. I'm worried about that.

JUSTINE

(to the detectives;
a nod to the G-men)

The Department of Commerce is worried about it too. The Japanese are forcing us to consume their products. Now it seems that economic tactics aren't enough. They're trying to frighten Tomkins Industries into buying their steel.

TOMKINS

They're damn close to succeeding.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED

Nicholas takes in this carefully orchestrated interplay between Tomkins and Justine.

EPPERSON

You're entitled to protection, Mister Tomkins...

TOMKINS

I can buy my own protection, Lieutenant. That's not what I want.

NILES

O.K. What do you want?

TOMKINS

If a rattlesnake lives in your back yard, either you live with it or you hunt it down and kill it.

(beat)

I want your snake hunter.

NILES

Sir?

Tomkins shuffles a pile of memos on his desk. Looks at one.

TOMKINS

(referring to the memo)

I want Lewis Spanzo.

112 INT. SAIGO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Shades drawn. Hardly any light. A wireless receiver is on a coffee table. Broadcasting. Saigo listens while he tinkers with the screws on a travel hair dryer. ALL V.O. FILTERED:

NILES

(V.O. filtered)

I'm not sure Lieutenant Spanzo's available...

TOMKINS

(V.O. filtered)

He trains your anti-terrorist unit, doesn't he?

NILES

(V.O. filtered)

Yes sir, but this isn't really what I would call--

TOMKINS

I want him on this within twenty-four hours. Gentlemen, thank you for coming...

Saigo opens the hair dryer and removes several wicked-looking steel shooting stars. Throwing weapons. Jagged. Razor sharp.

113 TOMKINS' OFFICE

The meeting is over. One by one the group files out. Finally only Tomkins, Justine, Ross and Frank are left. And Nicholas. Father and son stand facing each other over a gap much wider than Tomkins' desk.

TOMKINS

I'm going to send Ross with you. He'll stay close until the police get organized. I'm sorry you've become involved in all this, Nicholas.

NICHOLAS

I'd just like to go home now.

If there is more to say between father and son, both men forego it for the moment. Long painful silence. Ross and Nicholas leave. Tomkins stares after his son. Sadly. Justine sees his expression.

114 INT. RECEPTION AREA AND ELEVATORS

Nicholas and Ross walk over to the bank of elevators. As the car arrives, Justine comes out of Tomkins' office toward them.

JUSTINE

Nicholas.

Nicholas turns. Ross gets on the elevator and holds the doors. Justine comes over. Her tone and manner are delicate and sincere.

JUSTINE

(continuing)

I'm sorry about your friends.

(beat)

Your father's really tired. He's had this whole thing on his mind and...
I just...

NICHOLAS

Thank you.

He gets into the elevator. Leans against the wall. Looks up as the doors begin to slide shut. For an instant, his eyes lock with Justine's. The doors close. Justine lingers for an instant, staring at the elevator door. Then she heads back across the reception area.

CUT TO:

115 INT. NICHOLAS' APARTMENT - DUSK

Moody light. Darkness begins to fall outside, but no lights are on in here. Nicholas moves INTO FRAME, EXTREMELY CLOSE.

He downs the remainder of a bottle of wine, goes to the sofa and throws himself down on it. On the table in front of him are several snapshots: He and Bernardi cavorting, drunk, arms around girls, smiling, arms around each other.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED

Nicholas looks up. Hawthorne the cat is curled up on top of the piano. Nicholas looks at him.

NICHOLAS

Nothing we can do. He's gone. You understand?

(beat)

I wish I did.

It almost seems like the cat does. He returns Nicholas' intense stare. Finally Nicholas gets up and goes to the piano. He tinkers with a wisp of melody, then a chord. Slowly, a sad little lament flows out of the fragments. Nicholas switches on the piano light. He plays the music, tries another melody line, plays some more.

116 EXT. NICHOLAS' APARTMENT - DUSK

Ross stands beside the limo. Upstairs, behind the frosted windows, SEE the glow of the piano lamp, HEAR the soft, sad music. An NYPD squad car pulls up behind Ross. He turns and the TWO OFFICERS inside wave to him familiarly. Ross climbs into the limo and drives off.

117 HUGE CLOSEUP - SAIGO'S EAR

Now Nicholas' music, TINNY AND MUFFLED, emanates from a hearing-aid style earphone. Two fingers reach up and pluck it out of the ear. The music grows LOUDER.

118 WIDER - INT. SAIGO'S APARTMENT - DUSK

Saigo lies in bed, smoking a small, ornamental pipe, listening to Nicholas' forlorn melody.

DISSOLVE TO:

119 OMIT

120 EXT. STREET - DAY

Saigo approaches a brownstone somewhere between Broadway and West End Avenue. He carries a small black duffel bag.

121 INT. BROWNSTONE - DAY

Saigo enters through glass and wood street doors. A modern security break confronts him: a steel barrier and a locked wire-glass door. A discreet brass plate that identifies: TOHOKU NO DOJO. A martial arts studio. Saigo touches a buzzer near a small oval grill.

FEMALE VOICE

Yes?

SAIGO

I wish an appointment.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED

FEMALE VOICE

Please come up. Second floor.

The door BUZZES and Saigo pushes it open.

122 INT. DOJO - DAY

Stark white walls. A clean wooden floor. LEWIS SPANZO is in a white karate outfit with a black belt. His glasses are held in place with an elasticized strap. He is a tall, tough black man. Powerful.

Opposite him, TERRY TANAKA, dressed identically, is a rather pleasant-looking Japanese martial arts instructor.

Behind them stands a class of ROOKIE COPS, maybe a dozen in all, closely observing this demonstration, all in uniform.

Spanzo and Tanaka approach each other across the empty wooden floor. Both men are barefoot. They bow and begin.

A sparring session, demonstrating balance, speed, accuracy, coordination, power. Spanzo is pretty good, but Tanaka is definitely better, driving a roundhouse kick into Spanzo's tightened stomach muscles. Spanzo retaliates with side kicks, with back-fist strikes -- but Tanaka blocks them all, whirls a full 360 degrees, a dazzling spinning back kick, hitting Spanzo hard just above the eye, breaking the tortoise-shell frame of Spanzo's glasses, driving a jagged edge into his eyebrow. Blood.

Dead, hushed silence from the rookies.

TANAKA

Your eye...

SPANZO

It's all right.

For a moment Spanzo is still ready to fight. But slowly he relaxes. Bows. Tanaka returns the bow. The rookies give a round of applause. Somebody tosses Spanzo a towel. He mops his face and dabs at his wound.

SPANZO

(to the rookies)

All right. By summer, every one of you are going to be up here doing what I was doing. Better than I was doing.

(laughter)

Same time next week. Dress out. We'll get started.

Class breaks up.

123 INT. TANAKA'S OFFICE

Spanzo is dressed now. A bandaid over his eye. He fiddles with his broken glasses, trying to tape them back together with some adhesive tape. Tanaka enters. One wall of the room is covered with plaques and trophies and pictures of Tanaka, evidence of his world-class status.

TANAKA

You must let me pay you to have them repaired, Lewis.

SPANZO

No problem. Eileen gave me some adhesive tape.

(reaches into his coat pocket)

I'd like you to look at something for me.

Spanzo hands Tanaka the needle-like finned projectile that killed Bernardi and Pat, and for a moment we MOVE IN CLOSE on the wicked-looking blow dart.

TANAKA

(surprised)

Where the hell did you get this?

SPANZO

Ever seen one like it?

TANAKA

Yes. In Tokyo. The Maikaido Museum. It's an antique, Lewis.

SPANZO

What happens? If you fire it with enough force it penetrates the skin...?

TANAKA

It's thrown.

SPANZO

This?

TANAKA

It's a hand weapon. Where did you get it?

SPANZO

On this big uptown deal I just got assigned to. Somebody used a couple of these on some local folks.

TANAKA

(studies the dart)

This is very old. I have never seen one in this country.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED

TANAKA

(continuing; hands the
dart back to Spanzo)Whoever used it must have gotten it
in Japan.

SPANZO

(wraps the dart in
a handkerchief)

You couldn't buy one of these here?

TANAKA

It's priceless. Collectors in Tokyo
would pay a fortune for it.Spanzo stuffs the handkerchief-covered object into his coat
pocket. For a moment he is lost in thought.

TANAKA

(continuing)

What is it, Lewis?

SPANZO

Nothing. We on next Tuesday?

TANAKA

Yes. You work too much.

Spanzo smiles, moves to the door, opens it and walks out of the
office, offering us A BRIEF GLIMPSE OF SAIGO waiting just outside.

124 OUTSIDE THE OFFICE

Spanzo passes Saigo without paying much attention. Saigo watches
Spanzo leave, carefully scrutinizing him.

125 INT. TANAKA'S OFFICE

Tanaka's fiance and assistant, EILEEN OKURA, enters.

EILEEN

There's a man who wishes to practice.

TANAKA

So? We can handle it. Sign him up.

EILEEN

I think you'd better take care of
this one yourself.

TANAKA

Why? What's the matter?

EILEEN

He's asking to see the master of the
dojo. And the way he walks, he's no
student.

126 INT. DOJO - DAY

Saigo's face, his eyes like black stones, deadly. Tanaka's
VOICE OFF SCREEN, in Japanese.

TANAKA
(V.O. in Japanese,
subtitled)

How may I help you?

SAIGO
(in Japanese, subtitled)
Practice with me for an hour. I require
no instruction.

TANAKA
(V.O. in Japanese, subtitled)
Which disciplines?

SAIGO
(in Japanese, subtitled)
Aikido. Karate. Kenjutsu.

127 ANGLE CHANGES

to include Tanaka and Eileen near her desk. A momentary silence
as the two men assess each other.

TANAKA
(in Japanese, subtitled)
The charge is forty dollars an hour.
You can change in there.

Saigo bows, excuses himself, enters the locker room. Tanaka
watches the empty doorway. Silence. In English:

EILEEN
Terry? I'm going to leave now, do
some shopping. I won't be back.

He looks at her. He only heard half of what she said.

EILEEN
(continuing)
I'll see you home about eleven, okay?

TANAKA
Okay, sure.

128 DOJO FLOOR - LATER

A blur of sudden action! Well into Saigo's hour, bokken
WHISTLING through the air, moving so swiftly it seems the two
combatants are wielding enormous fans. Tanaka moves to one knee,
sweeping his weapon horizontally, but Saigo uses a vertical block!
He steps back, forcing Tanaka to regain his feet.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED

Lightning thrusts from Saigo. Awesome. Tanaka blocks them all, but it's hard work, defensive work, and it's got him off balance. He attacks without grace or concentration.

Saigo's bokken is there to stop Tanaka every time, cleaving like a shadow, moving in concert -- until, almost contemptuously, Saigo flicks at Tanaka's bokken with his own weapon, sends his opponent's staff CLATTERING across the floor. Saigo's bokken is at Tanaka's throat, holding back an inch from Tanaka's windpipe, defeating him.

Then Saigo steps back, bows.

129 FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

Now dressed in street clothes, Saigo walks to the door and exits the dojo. Tanaka stands watching him. CAMERA MOVES IN. Something on Tanaka's face. His expression. Fear.

130 INT. TANAKA APARTMENT - EVENING

Darkness. The front door opens and Eileen Okura comes in with some fresh flowers wrapped in paper. She flicks on a light, moves to the kitchen, flicks on another light, puts the flowers in water. She heads for the bedroom, removing her coat.

131 BEDROOM

The bedroom is dark. Eileen moves to a closet, opens it, triggering a light. She hangs her coat, steps into the bathroom to brush out her hair, turning a bright light on over the sink.

We have remained in the bedroom. A soft glow from the living room helps illuminate the bed. But now that light flicks out.

Eileen swallows two aspirin, steps back out into the darkened bedroom. She doesn't notice the fallen light level. She walks into the living room.

132 LIVING ROOM

Illumination from the kitchen allows her to reach the front door. To flick the wall switch again.

And, as she does so, for one awful instant, Eileen knows/remembers that only a minute ago this light was on, that she turned it on!

Eileen whirls. Someone blocks her view of the kitchen. A silhouette.

EILEEN

What do you want?

Something WHISTLES out, wrapping around her wrist like a snake!

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED

A thin, nylon cord. On the end is a jagged barb, like a fishing hook, that has dug into her skin!

Eileen is jerked off her feet! She lands on the floor and is dragged across toward a body swathed in matte black fabric. A tight hood and a mask leave only his eyes exposed.

His black gloved hand grasps her thick hair, winds it quickly into a long twisted cord! He pulls her up off the floor to her feet!

Eileen fights like a tigress, clawing at him with her nails, punching and slashing as her head is jerked backward, upward, her teeth SNAPPING together!

Swift movement. The man doing many things at once. Slapping off the living room light again, his back arching over Eileen as though he were making love to her, dropping a looped chain over her head, around her throat, jerking it taut!

133 EXT. BROWNSTONE APARTMENT - NIGHT

A taxi arrives. Terry Tanaka pays the CABBIE, climbs the high stone stairs of his building.

134 INT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

Tanaka approaches his apartment down a long hallway. He turns a key in the lock. There is MUSIC playing inside.

135 INT. TANAKA APARTMENT

Several lights are on, producing a maze of shadows. Henry Mancini plays on the radio. Tanaka closes the door behind him. Stands still. Feels something different in the apartment.

He moves quickly toward the half-open bedroom doorway, gets maybe three quarters of the way there when he's struck viciously four times in the first second of the attack!

Tanaka blocks one of the blows successfully, but the other three get through! Smashing into his right kidney. All the breath goes out of him, and he rolls awkwardly across the floor...

A blow slices the air near his ear, but Tanaka tumbles away from it! The edge of a table EXPLODES against the side of his face, shards of wood CHATTERING through the air. Tanaka draws up his legs, kicks out, and literally catapults upright...running as soon as his feet touch the carpet!

136 BEDROOM

He's into the bedroom, slamming the door behind him. The light in the living room goes out. Tanaka flicks on the bedroom light.

137 TANAKA'S POV

Eileen. Her broken figure on the floor. Naked. One leg still up on the bedspread.

138 ON TANAKA

The sight drives all rational thought from Tanaka's mind. Enrages him! Exactly its intent.

The bedroom door swings open. An ebony figure in the doorway, a bokken in one hand. In the other, a slightly curved scabbard. The Ninja throws Tanaka the katana. Tanaka catches it.

SAIGO

(in Japanese, subtitled)

I require further practice.

Tanaka realizes who it is.

The WHISPER of a naked blade as Tanaka unsheaths it. With a SCREAM Tanaka leaps on the intervening bed, across Eileen, striking forcefully with the sword! Deftly, with almost no effort, the Ninja avoids Tanaka's strike, whirls back into the living room.

139 LIVING ROOM

Tanaka moves into the black arena. Sees a glint of moonlight off the polished hardwood shaft! He slashes with the sword...into thin air!

The bokken comes from behind him, a violent percussive shock against Tanaka's spinal cord!

He COUGHS, his throat on fire. The Ninja is a blur, driving in again. Instinctively Tanaka raises his sword though unsure of the exact point of attack, his vision cloudy.

A second blow bounces Tanaka off the wall, and the sword pinwheels from his grasp. Tanaka looks down to see a fractured rib protruding through his chest! And then two more blows! Precise. Measured. And silence.

The Ninja stands dominant in the black void, seeming scarcely to breathe. All we can hear is that music: Henry Mancini.

140 SOFA

A duffel bag, pulled out from behind the sofa by the Ninja's black hand. A zipper drawing open, the bokken and the katana being carefully placed inside.

141 EXT. TANAKA BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

The front door opens. Saigo appears in black pants, black turtleneck sweater, black duffel bag slung over his shoulder. He moves down the sidewalk with an easy, unhurried step.

DISSOLVE TO:

142 INT. TANAKA APARTMENT - DAY

Lewis Spanzo. Coming down the corridor, up to the apartment door on which there's now affixed a bold notice: THESE PREMISES CLOSED BY ORDER OF THE CORONER, CITY OF NEW YORK.

Lieutenant Niles meets him. Spanzo looks absolutely devastated. Shaken, sad.

Spanzo just nods to Niles. They enter.

143 INT. TANAKA APARTMENT - DAY

The door opens. Spanzo precedes Niles. The place looks like a tidal wave washed through. More horrifying in the daylight.

NILES

No fingerprints. I mean except theirs.

Spanzo slowly walks through the rubble, reacting to the carnage. He squats momentarily to examine a cracked table leg.

NILES

(continuing)

It looks to me like the guy used a baseball bat on them.

SPANZO

Terry was a sensei, a master of kenjutsu, karate, aikido. No man alive should've been able to get close enough to kill him.

NILES

How about two guys?

SPANZO

One man. This is a spiritual killing.

NILES

A what?

SPANZO

(indicates a piece of demolished furniture)

See those curved indentations? Made by a bokken. It's a wooden staff.

The man's probably Japanese. He killed Eileen first. To enrage Terry. That's the only way this could have happened: anger. There's no room for anger.

Spanzo takes off his glasses and examines the adhesive tape around the break.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED

NILES

Maybe this same guy used those darts
on Nicholas Tomkins' friends.

SPANZO

That's what I figure.

144 INT. TANAKA'S OFFICE - TOHOKU NO DOJO - DAY

Spanzo comes inside. There are boxes stacked on the desk now.
All the citations and medals are off the walls. AN OLDER
JAPANESE MAN AND WOMAN work to pack personal effects and business
records.

SPANZO

Mr. Tanaka? My name is Lewis Spanzo.
Your son was a friend of mine.

145 INT. DOJO FLOOR - DAY

Spanzo and Elder Tanaka enter. The room is silent, eerie.
Spanzo walks around, looking, several yards from Terry's father.

ELDER TANAKA

Terry spoke proudly of you.

SPANZO

(beat)

I think I may have brought this on
him. I think someone killed Terry
to get to me.

ELDER TANAKA

Death can never be transmitted from
one person to another. It comes from
within oneself. All the technical
discipline my son taught was meant to
make his students finally understand
that.

SPANZO

Was Terry afraid of someone?

ELDER TANAKA

(studies Spanzo)

You are afraid.

SPANZO

I think so.

(beat)

Can I help you in any way?

ELDER TANAKA

No. Help yourself.

146 INT. DOJO FLOOR - NIGHT

Dark. Light from outside the windows. Silent.

At one end of the huge room Spanzo sits on the floor. Knees pulled up to his chin. Motionless. Staring. Listening to the muffled city sounds that seem so far away now. His eyes burn in the darkness.

CUT TO:

147 INT. NICHOLAS' APARTMENT - DAY

Nicholas, still in his clothes, curled up asleep on the couch. The door bell is BUZZING nonstop. Nicholas awakens with a start. Hops up, momentarily disoriented, weaves to the door. He is still a bit drunk. He looks through the small peephole.

NICHOLAS

Who is it...?

SPANZO

(V.O.)

Lewis Spanzo. N.Y.P.D.

Nicholas opens the door. Spanzo flashes his detective's shield, walks in, looks around. Nicholas musters his wits and goes groggily across the floor to the kitchenette. To the sink. He draws a glass of water and downs it.

SPANZO

(continuing)

Could I get a cup of coffee?

NICHOLAS

I don't have any.

SPANZO

Is there a restaurant or deli around here? I need some coffee.

NICHOLAS

Want some tea?

SPANZO

(not really)

All right.

Nicholas starts some water in the tiny kitchenette. Spanzo goes to the window, pushes it open a crack and looks around outside. Nicholas begins searching through his cupboards. Finds a bottle of Vodka. Opens it and pours some into a glass.

Spanzo notices. Watches him take a drink.

(CONTINUED)

SPANZO

You do that radio show, don't you?

NICHOLAS

Yes.

SPANZO

And you play in some kind of orchestra?
Violin, right?

(Nicholas nods)

You married?

NICHOLAS

I was.

SPANZO

How long?

NICHOLAS

Four years.

SPANZO

So was I. Four years.

(beat)

Where's your ex-wife now?

NICHOLAS

Oregon.

SPANZO

Mine's in Glendale, California. She sends me Christmas cards signed "your friend, Bonita."

NICHOLAS

(looks at him)

Who the hell are you? What do you want?

(rising to a shout)

Why are we standing here talking about our fucking ex-wives?

There is a long pause.

SPANZO

Somebody picks up a rock, I squash whatever crawls out from underneath. That's who I am. And this time whatever crawled out just killed the shit outa one of my best friends and his fiance. I'm hurtin' real bad right now, and I'm tryin' to keep it light around here. So don't raise your voice with me, boy.

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED

Dead silence. The tea kettle begins to WHISTLE. Nicholas moves slowly for it, pours hot water through a strainer and into a cup. Spanzo moves about the apartment. Looking. Nicholas places Spanzo's cup of tea on the table.

NICHOLAS

My cat left. Ran away last night.
I guess he got tired of me feeling
sorry for myself.

Finally Spanzo moves for the tea. Takes the cup and sips it loudly because it's very hot.

NICHOLAS

(continuing)

Why didn't this guy kill me on the
beach? Did he miss...?

SPANZO

There was poison on the tips of those darts.
Distilled from the pistils of a Chrysanthemum.
Some Japanese shit that induces a massive
heart attack. This boy don't miss.

NICHOLAS

Jesus...

SPANZO

It ain't Jesus' fault.
(another sip of
the tea)
Not bad. What kind is this?

NICHOLAS

Chrysanthemum.

148 SAME ANGLE - NIGHT

Where the tea mugs stood, now SEE a gleaming Mr. Coffee machine with "Lewis Spanzo" marked broadly across the side. Power is brought to it by a jerry-rigged series of extension cords.

PULL BACK. Niles is drawing himself a cup of coffee. In the background, HEAR piano music. Niles crosses the room. PAN WITH HIM as he files past the piano, revealing Nicholas playing a rather beautiful, sad piece. He has incorporated the little melody we heard before. Niles sits on the sofa and thumbs through a magazine.

Nicholas stops playing, leaves the piano. He moves to the kitchen. He looks and acts a lot more clearly than earlier, but still he makes himself another drink. He glances at Hawthorne's bowls of catfood and water. Then moves over to an open window. Looks out for several beats. As if searching for the cat.

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED

NICHOLAS
(softly)

I'll stop drinking if you come back.

The phone RINGS. Nicholas picks up the receiver.

NICHOLAS

Hello.

149 INT. JUSTINE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

An expensive, spacious apartment. Tastefully, yet sparsely furnished. Justine is lying on her bed. She wears a white terry-cloth bathrobe and nothing else.

JUSTINE

Nicholas? This is Justine Lange.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION.

NICHOLAS

Hello.

JUSTINE

I'm sorry if I'm calling too late.

NICHOLAS

It's O.K. I can't tell any difference, day or night...

JUSTINE

Your father wants to know if there's anything you need.

NICHOLAS

Couple weeks in Tahiti.

JUSTINE

I can arrange that, if it's all right with the police...

NICHOLAS

No, tell him I'm fine.

JUSTINE

Are you sure?

NICHOLAS

Yes, I was kidding. I'm fine.

JUSTINE

All right. Just checking.

A pause. Both might want to say more, but they don't.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED

NICHOLAS
 (finally)
 Listen. Thanks. Thanks a lot.

JUSTINE
 If there's anything we can do, just
 let me know.

NICHOLAS
 O.K.

JUSTINE
 'Bye.

She slowly hangs up the receiver. She lies back on the bed and
 stares up at the ceiling thoughtfully.

CUT TO:

150 EXT. BROADWAY - COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - NIGHT

Evening. An occasional street lamp illuminates a few STUDENTS
 and OTHERS hurrying here and there. The campus buildings are in
 the background. Spanzo's city-issue Plymouth pulls into a space
 across the street.

151 SPANZO

gets out of his car and crosses the street, past Tomkins'
limousine. Frank, the chauffeur, is standing by the driver's
 door in a cream-colored polyester suit. He trims his nails.
 Spanzo hurries inside a large building.

152 OMIT
153

154 INT. CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Brightly-lit. Wholesome. Well-populated with STUDENTS. Spanzo
 and Tomkins sit at a nearby table with Ross and a new face,
 DONALD, a beefy bodyguard.

TOMKINS
 So, Mister Spanzo...

SPANZO
 Well, why this guy is after you, whose
 payroll he's on, I don't care. How he's
 after you is all I need to figure out right
 now.

TOMKINS
 Fair enough. Have you?

(CONTINUED)

SPANZO

I think so. He wants to drive you nuts, killing those two friends of your son, sending those cards. To make you suffer. It's psychological warfare. He's trying to hit people around you.

TOMKINS

"He"? Just one man?

SPANZO

A friend of mine was killed a few days ago. Martial arts expert. One man did the job. I think it's the same guy.

TOMKINS

To make you suffer?

SPANZO

To unhinge me. It makes sense if he knew I was coming on this case...

TOMKINS

But why you?

SPANZO

Hey, the sun revolves around each and every one of us, doesn't it?

TOMKINS

You shouldn't be a cop, Mister Spanzo.

SPANZO

I should do talk shows, I know.

A short Japanese man of perhaps sixty approaches the table. PROFESSOR ISO carries books and a tray of food. Upon seeing him Tomkins immediately brightens.

TOMKINS

Professor Iso.

Tomkins jumps to his feet and moves to the old man's side.

PROF. ISO

Raphael, I am glad to see you.

TOMKINS

Sir, meet Lewis Spanzo of the New York Police.

PROF. ISO

Mister Spanzo.

SPANZO

Pleased to meet you.

(CONTINUED)

TOMKINS

Professor Iso has given me advice in the past. He is an expert on Japanese culture. He's examined the cards.

PROF. ISO

The man who sent you those cards is using a knowledge of Japanese mythology. The cards are written in old Japanese. Pre-1700. They are supposedly sent by a Ninja. Forgive me, I must eat. My class convenes in thirty minutes.

The professor begins to eat his dinner. Ross returns with Spanzo's cup of coffee.

TOMKINS

What's a "Ninja"?
(mispronounces
it "nin-ja")

SPANZO

"Ninja" ("neen-ja"). Demon wind.

PROF. ISO

Very good, Mister Spanzo. Your knowledge surprises me.

SPANZO

You just heard everything I know.

PROF. ISO

The Ninja plied their trade eighteen centuries ago. They flourished right up through the 1700s. They were really just the equivalent of hired guns, assassins, but legends grew up around them. And it's difficult to separate fact from legend. The Ninja were greatly feared; said to know how to become invisible, how to walk on water, how to fly. They were magicians of their time. Skilled chemists, proficient at disguises, bombs, hypnotic drugs, numerous other feats of deception. They were masters of torture. In feudal times, the target was often saved until every one of his guards and protectors had been eliminated.

SPANZO

Psychological warfare...

TOMKINS

An ancient Japanese warrior is running around New York trying to kill my son and me?

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED

PROF. ISO

This is precisely what his calling card says. Obviously, someone is using the myth of the Ninja as a symbol.

TOMKINS

Then a Ninja doesn't really exist?

PROF. ISO

Oh, no, it's simply a fairy tale. Folk lore, Raphael. In Japan, the Ninja represents death himself.

155 INT. TOMKINS LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Frank lights a cigarette. Settles down to read the Daily News by the overhead light. He tunes the radio to a ball game. Everything is great. Until he hears something. Ping. A pebble against the windshield. Frank looks out.

Nothing. Back to his newspaper. Another ping! Frank silences the radio, turns off the overhead light. Sits there all alone in the dark.

Another ping! Frank clicks on his headlights.

156 POV THRU WINDSHIELD

The beams fall across the street ahead. A COUPLE STUDENTS walking in the distance. SUDDENLY A BLACK-CLAD FIGURE STEPS INTO THE BEAM OF THE HEADLIGHTS!

157 CLOSE ON FOOT PEDAL

Frank hits his brights.

158 POV THRU WINDSHIELD

The figure seems to vanish into thin air in just that instant when the headlights kick up their intensity.

159 EXT. STREET

Frank gets out. A mistake. Draws his pistol, hurries down the sidewalk to a small alley. Steps into the alley.

KAWHAM! A blow from nowhere! Frank is suddenly on the ground, his gun sailing into darkness, CLATTERING down the alley.

He jumps to his feet, scared now, spinning around, trying to spot an enemy he can't see.

FRANK

You sonofabitch...

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED

And abruptly a FLASH of hard light arcs through the glow of a distant streetlight.

WHOOOFF! The air above Frank splits apart! He lifts a hand to defend himself as Saigo's blade pierces him, starting at his right shoulder...!

160 INT. CAFETERIA

Professor Iso is ready for dessert. Tomkins waits patiently. Leaving would be rude. Professor Iso holds out a saucer laden with cookies.

PROF. ISO
Would anyone like a cookie?
(Spanzo takes one)
Raphael? A cookie?

TOMKINS
(somewhere else)
What? Oh. Yes. Thank you.

Tomkins bites into his cookie. The others follow suit, a lineup of cookie eaters.

Suddenly the door bursts open. The background of college chatter stops.

Frank staggers in. He is pale blue.

His light-colored suit now features a neat razor-cut running from his shoulder through his torso. As we watch, it begins to stain crimson.

Someone SCREAMS. Frank takes a step forward and...

161 REVERSE ANGLE

His body, a dark shape filling the frame, separates along the cut, SPLITS IN TWO, revealing our group, cookies halfway to their mouths, staring in horrified wonder as both halves of Frank hit the floor!!

We HOLD on their frozen faces for a beat.

CUT TO:

162 INT. NICHOLAS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Darkness. Then a bright light over Nicholas asleep. Nicholas wakes up abruptly. Spanzo. Looking grim.

SPANZO
Get dressed.

Nicholas starts to question, but the look on Spanzo's face says enough. He hurries out of bed.

163 EXT. 59TH STREET BRIDGE - LOWER MANHATTAN SKYLINE - NIGHT

The bridge is almost deserted. Spanzo's car streaks past. Lower Manhattan twinkles in the background.

164 INT. SPANZO'S CAR - NIGHT

Nicholas is in an overcoat. Spanzo drives like a man possessed.

SPANZO

Got your passport?

NICHOLAS

Yes. What happened?

SPANZO

You're going to London with your father, little white meat. I'm getting you people the fuck out of here!

165 EXT. PRIVATE TERMINAL - NIGHT

Spanzo's car passes through a chain-link gate manned by TWO POLICEMEN. His car moves toward a distant private terminal. Near the terminal sits a Hawker-Sidley executive jet being groomed by THREE MECHANICS.

166 EXT. TERMINAL - NIGHT

Spanzo's car pulls in next to a GROUP OF MEN standing in some shadows next to the terminal. Spanzo and Nicholas get out. Lts. Niles and Epperson separate themselves from the group and come over.

SPANZO

(quietly)

Hi, boys. Where are they?

NILES

Just came in the north gate. There.

They look out into the darkness.

167 POV - NORTH GATE

At some electric gates, under a bright light, a caravan arrives. The long, sleek Tomkins limousine is sandwiched between two unmarked police cars, fore and aft. They pass through the gates like a flagship and convoy, a feeling of glistening pomp to the occasion.

168 BACK TO SCENE

SPANZO

Everyone in position?

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED

EPPERSON

Yep.

(refers to Nicholas)

We need to check his passport inside.

SPANZO

Take good care of him. Bring him out when I say.

NILES

Check.

SPANZO

(to Nicholas)

Stay cool.

Spanzo sets off across the tarmac toward the jet at a brisk walk. Niles nods to Nicholas and the two of them start walking toward the terminal entrance. CAMERA MOVES WITH THEM as Nicholas looks around.

169 NICHOLAS' POV - MOVING

The huge Jet. A UNIFORMED PILOT appears from beneath the fuselage, checking out the landing gear.

170 ON NICHOLAS - MOVING

He takes note of the pilot. Then turns and looks behind Niles.

171 NICHOLAS' POV - MOVING

More COPS. Swarms of them in places of hiding. Behind a row of baggage carts, behind a truck, in the doorway of a hangar.

172 INT. TERMINAL - NIGHT

Nicholas and Niles enter the terminal building. Modern decor. MUZAK playing. A UNIFORMED HOSTESS approaches Nicholas. She is under the careful eye of a PLAINCLOTHES COP who edges even closer now.

HOSTESS

Do you have your passport, Mister Tomkins?

Nicholas shows his passport and the Hostess records the number in her log book.

HOSTESS

(continuing)

Thank you. Would you like a cocktail before you fly tonight?

NILES

No.

(CONTINUED)

172 CONTINUED

HOSTESS
(musically)

Have a nice flight.

Niles and Nicholas move over to the large windows that look out onto the runway. Niles moves over to talk to the plainclothes cop. Nicholas stares out.

173 NICHOLAS' POV - LIMOUSINE

The limousine pulls up right in front of the terminal building. The unmarked police cars hold back a few yards. Ross gets out of the driver's side and opens the rear door. He is very nervous. Then Tomkins gets out, followed by Donald. Then Justine, then another BODYGUARD. The entourage enters the terminal building.

174 NICHOLAS

Watches them. One by one they show their passports to the hostess. Nicholas' gaze moves back outside.

175 NICHOLAS' POV - EXECUTIVE JET

Spanzo stands by the Hawker-Sidley. The MECHANICS finish up and move off. The uniformed pilot is still checking around underneath the fuselage.

176 NICHOLAS

Staring out. Justine edges toward him, leaving Tomkins and the others with the hostess. Her bodyguard hovers nearby. She stops at a travel brochure rack and glances through the various exotic vacations available.

JUSTINE

It's too bad we're going to London.

(holds up a brochure)

Have you ever been to the West Indies?

NICHOLAS

No.

JUSTINE

It's nice.

(looks at Nicholas
for a beat)

You don't look anything like your father.
Except for the eyes. Same eyes.

(a beat)

Do I sound as much like an idiot as I
think I do?

NICHOLAS

You sound nervous.

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED

JUSTINE

I am nervous.

(beat)

Will you be around in London?

NICHOLAS

I don't think so.

JUSTINE

Why not?

NICHOLAS

My father and I do better with some distance between us. I've got friends over there. Maybe I'll stay with them.

Tomkins appears in the background. Watches Nicholas and Justine for a moment.

TOMKINS

(calling)

Justine.

JUSTINE

We'll be at the Connaught. Please call us. We'll have a drink.

Justine hurries back to Tomkins and they exit the terminal. Nicholas watches them. PULL BACK TO REVEAL Niles with a walkie-talkie.

NILES

(into walkie-talkie)

Tomkins and his party just left the terminal.

177 EXT. TARMAC - EXECUTIVE JET

Spanzo holds a walkie-talkie.

SPANZO

(into walkie-talkie)

I got 'em. Keep Nicholas inside for another five minutes. Then send him out.

178 INT. TERMINAL

Nicholas watches.

179 NICHOLAS' POV

Tomkins, Justine and the others walk across the tarmac toward the Executive Jet. Spanzo stands by the aircraft. And that uniformed pilot finally climbs aboard.

180 NICHOLAS

TWO OTHER UNIFORMED PILOTS, one older, one quite young, come out of the log room behind Nicholas. They carry their flight bags and head toward the front door.

NEW PILOT

First time I took him over to London, I told my wife two weeks. Turned out to be two months! Ended up in Lagos. Lagos!

OLDER PILOT

Does what he wants, but he'll take care of you...

Nicholas' expression suddenly changes. He catches up to the two pilots at the door.

NICHOLAS

Excuse me.

OLDER PILOT

Hello.

NICHOLAS

How many of you guys does it take to fly that thing to London?

OLDER PILOT

(indicates himself and the new pilot)

Just the two of us.

181 EXT. TERMINAL ENTRANCE

The doors BLAST open! Nicholas pushes past the two pilots and hurtles out across the tarmac, running at full speed, CAMERA TRACKING WITH HIM!

182 THE EXECUTIVE JET

The troupe reaches the short boarding ramp. Tomkins motions his bodyguard up the ramp. Donald follows, then Tomkins, up to the door of the plane. Justine is right behind him.

Spanzo is still on the tarmac. His walkie-talkie CRACKLES.

NILES

(V.O. filtered)

Lewis! Nicholas is out of the building!

Spanzo looks out toward the terminal.

183 SPANZO'S POV

And sees a figure running straight toward him!

184 SPANZO

Confused, he draws his gun.

185 ANOTHER ANGLE

The three mechanics suddenly sprout Ouzi machine guns! Ross draws a pistol.

186 BEHIND A LUGGAGE CARRIER

a line of rifles!

187 ANGLE ON NEARBY HANGAR

From the depths of the hangar step SHARPSHOOTERS!

188 SPANZO

NILES

(V.O. filtered)

It's Nicholas, Nicholas!

SPANZO

(shouts)

Hold your fire!

189 NICHOLAS - MOVING SHOT

He races along. Finds his voice.

NICHOLAS

He's inside! You don't need three pilots to fly it!

190 THE EXECUTIVE JET

Tomkins backs away from the door of the plane. Nicholas races up. Everyone converges, guns drawn.

Spanzo sprints toward the loading ramp, just as Tomkins begins to bull his way down it, trampling bodyguards, pushing Justine aside! Pure, ugly survival.

Suddenly the cockpit of the Executive Jet EXPLODES IN A FLASH OF BLUE-WHITE LIGHT!

191 QUICK CUTS

Spanzo is hurled back into Nicholas by the concussion!

Tomkins is thrown to the bottom of the steps!

Justine right behind him.

ANOTHER EXPLOSION!

Justine takes a hard fall on the tarmac!

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED

Tomkins, in a blind panic, scrambles madly toward the limo, heedless of Justine, of the others.

Nicholas crawls to Justine. Stunned, she tries to crawl to her feet. Nicholas covers her with himself.

Smoke and confusion everywhere. Suddenly dozens of COPS materialize. Guns everywhere.

192 COCKPIT

Saigo soars out of the twisted, smoking nose of the Executive Jet. Soars, that's the only word for it! Defying gravity. Flying through the air!

193 TARMAC

Saigo hits the ground running. Dressed like a pilot. Hard to see. The cops fire! Bullets rip across the tarmac right behind the streaking Saigo.

194 A COP

is waiting for him! Saigo throws. A razor disc flies into the cop's throat before he can fire. He topples as Saigo races past him.

195 NOW THREE COPS

with guns. Saigo runs directly toward them. His hand is a blur!

FFFT. FFFT. FFFFT. Three projectiles. Three dead cops!

Through the smoke Saigo leaps over the cops, not even fully collapsed yet. Saigo disappears in the darkness.

196 SPANZO

hauls himself to his feet. Runs after Saigo. Epperson follows. CAMERA HURTLES ALONG WITH THEM.

197 SPANZO'S POV - RUNWAY

Smoke. Glaring security floodlights come on. And for an instant, a dark figure up ahead, moving in wreaths of light and smoke, broken into oblique shards as it disappears between other private aircraft.

198 BACK TO SPANZO

running. CAMERA LITERALLY CAREENING ALONG. Epperson catches up. As do a handful of other COPS. Now more and more. An army running.

199 NICHOLAS AND JUSTINE

Nicholas helps her up. Smoke drifts by. Their bodies press close for an instant. Justine holds on to him. We see something on Nicholas' face. And Justine's.

A flurry of activity around the limousine as Ross hops in. The big car roars over to Justine. The door flies open.

Inside is a battered and frightened Tomkins.

TOMKINS

Get in!

JUSTINE

Now you're worried about me!

TOMKINS

Please!

There is just a moment for Justine, a tiny moment when she hesitates, looking at Nicholas. Then she climbs in.

TOMKINS

(continuing; to
Nicholas)

Come on son, for God's sake!

NICHOLAS

It's all right...I'm all right...

Something keeps him from going. He stands dazed by the explosion, the smoke, Justine.

Tomkins SLAMS the door and the limo roars off, leaving Nicholas to watch it disappear.

200 EXT. RUNWAY BY THE SHORELINE - NIGHT

Spanzo and some men, intently searching the night. Guns. Flashlights through the intense smoke.

Grass. Tall weeds. Spanzo finds a pilot's jacket. The cops come over.

201 NEARBY - FOGGY - THICK WITH SMOKE

Epperson hunting down by the water. The soft lap of sea water against the shore.

And something else. A step. Epperson swirls, legs spread. His .38 aimed from a combat stance.

Aimed at what? Silence.

Behind him! He drops to one knee, FIRES FAST, accurately, reflexively!

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED

But the figure keeps coming, leaping at him, left hand extended, wielding a short stick, blunt-ended!

Epperson braces for an overhand blow, leaves himself totally unprepared for the horizontal thrust, for the SEVEN-INCH STILETTO BLADE WHICH SHOOT FROM THE END OF THE STICK!

It punctures Epperson front to back, his heart, his lung... dead before he hits the ground, still wobbling the last few moments on his feet as Saigo rushes past.

Lights point toward Saigo. VOICES. Running figures in the smoke.

Saigo dashes along the shoreline. Moving toward a shadow away from the security lights. Onto a natural jetty.

But there is Spanzo waiting for him!

Spanzo FIRES! Misses. Steps forward, fires twice more! Almost point-blank. Saigo is hit twice! Freezes like a statue.

Spanzo takes a step toward him...

And Saigo lurches backward with a grunt and falls neatly into the water.

Lights pointed at the water only a second later...but the moonlit surface is already silent, vast.

Spanzo stares out in wonder. Niles and other cops join him.

NILES

You got him, Lewis!

Niles turns to see Epperson's body.

NILES

(continuing)

Oh Christ...!

Niles moves off to the body of his friend. Spanzo stands looking out at the water.

202 LATER - ANOTHER SEARCHLIGHT

blinks on, its arc swinging past CAMERA. Cops swarm along the shoreline. Spanzo still stands by water's edge. More lights swish back and forth. Niles slowly walks up, carrying a couple styrofoam cups. He gives one to Spanzo. They both gulp coffee. Niles' expression is sad. A foghorn has started up somewhere in the distance.

Suddenly Spanzo notices Nicholas, dazed and battle-scarred, wandering toward him.

(CONTINUED)

202 CONTINUED

SPANZO

What the hell's he doing out here?

He hurries to Nicholas. Gives him a little support.

SPANZO

(continuing)

Niles. Get a car over here.

NICHOLAS

No. I'm staying.

203 CLOSER

Spanzo says nothing to this. After an instant, hands Nicholas his coffee. Nicholas drinks it gratefully. The men stare out at the black water.

204 EXT. NEARBY MARSHLAND - NIGHT

HEAR the foghorn here, too. Looking in toward the shore at water level. A TRIO OF COPS shine their lights toward us, raking the water several times. Then they move on down the shore. PAN WITH THEM to a large drainage pipe emptying a trickle of liquid into the Sound.

After a moment, one of the marsh reeds moves. Like a creature from the deep, Saigo surfaces, discards his breathing tube and slips into the pipe like a water rat.

205 INT. TOMKINS BUILDING - OFFICE - NIGHT

Later. Ross is asleep in a chair. Tomkins stands motionless by the window. Beyond him, behind the glass partition, SEE the collection of cops and bodyguards lounging in chairs and at desks.

Justine pours herself a drink. Downs it slowly, deliberately, then pours another. Then she lights up a cigarette, for the first time. Her hands are shaking. Tomkins watches her, then comes over.

TOMKINS

(softly)

What are you doing?

JUSTINE

A reunion with an old friend.

(takes a drag)

TOMKINS

Put it out.

Justine doesn't look at him. She continues to smoke. Tomkins waits for her to put out the cigarette, but she doesn't.

(CONTINUED)

205 CONTINUED

TOMKINS
(continuing)

Justine.

JUSTINE
Don't tell me what to do.

She gets up and walks out of the office, carrying her drink with her. Tomkins watches her leave. Unable to say anything to make her stay.

CUT TO:

206-
210 OMIT

211 EXT. LONG ISLAND SOUND - DAWN

Spanzo and several COPS stand along the shoreline. Heavy overcoats. Jackets. Mufflers. Boots. Cups of coffee steaming in the bitterly cold day. Looking out into the Sound.

212 THEIR POV - DIVERS

Motorboats. DIVERS in scuba gear sit there. It's too cold to go down in the water.

213 SPANZO

Staring. And past him, bundled in a jacket, sprawled against the bumper of a police car, Nicholas, asleep. Spanzo turns, looks.

SPANZO
(to a cop)
Take him home.

CUT TO:

214A INT. SAIGO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Saigo enters through the window. Dressed up in a heavy coat. He moves quickly to the door. Locks it and bolts it. He is dripping wet. MOVE DOWN to see blood coming down his ankles onto his shoes.

214B NEW ANGLE ON SAIGO

Sweating profusely. Pulling a blanket around him. Grasping a strange-looking pair of tweezers. Moving them toward one of the black bullet holes in his chest.

214C VERY CLOSE

Saigo's face. Trembling. As he pulls a bullet out.

214D A BOWL

Saigo drops a bloodied bullet in with the other he has already pulled out.

214E BATHROOM

Saigo gingerly wraps a long gauze bandage around his chest.

215 INT. SAIGO'S APARTMENT

The bed. Saigo pulls down the covers. Looks half dead. Moves slowly, painfully. There are tall candles on either side of the bed.

216 WRISTWATCH

CLOSE NOW. Saigo unscrews the top of his wristwatch. Underneath the face, instead of clockwork, are several small brownish leaves. His trembling fingers remove one leaf.

217 SAIGO

Chews up the leaf. Swallows it. HOLD a beat.

218 WIDE SHOT

Saigo sits motionless on the bed. It's strangely bright outside. SOUNDS of the city filter in, subtly distorted.

MOVE IN CLOSE on Saigo. His eyes. They are strange now. The color seems different. Almost no pupils. Almost all white.

Saigo crawls into bed. Pulls the covers over him. Shivering.

MOVE IN CLOSE AGAIN. Those strange eyes staring out.

219 SAIGO'S POV - WINDOW

The window across the room. It's nighttime now.

220 SAIGO

See his eyes. Solid white now. No pupils.

221 SAIGO'S POV - WINDOW & SKYLINE (HALLUCINATION - TIME LAPSE)

Darkness. Lights twinkling.

Then the sun suddenly rises and slides up into the sky. THUNDERING as it moves. Clouds boil and roll by incredibly fast.

222 SAIGO

Closing his eyes now. Going to sleep. As the light of the streaking sun moves across the room, the bed, the floor.

223 THE SUN (HALLUCINATION - TIME LAPSE)

The sun shoots through the sky in a matter of seconds. ROARING like a rocket.

224 WIDE - APARTMENT

The window. The intensity of light from outside grows. Blazing. Like an atomic blast. A RUMBLING.

225 CANDLES (TIME LAPSE)

The blinding light. The candles start melting down like time-lapse flowers.

226 SAIGO'S KATANA

glows!

227 THE WALL

Above the Buddhist shrine. A glowing, burning hole appears, searing off the paint, CRACKLING, flaming through!

228 SAIGO

Asleep. The light from the window flashes across him. ROARING. Flashing. ROARING. Flashing.

229 WIDE

Normal now. Rain on the windows. Quiet. Saigo asleep.

CUT TO:

230-
232 OMIT

233 INT. NICHOLAS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

It is raining here too. Nicholas is at the piano. The sound of his music, now more fully developed, fills the apartment. Spanzo enters. Plops down in a chair. In an overcoat. Tired. He glances at TWO COPS who put on their coats.

FIRST COP

Why don't you go home, Lewis?

SPANZO

Go on... I'll babysit awhile.

The two cops leave. Nicholas stops playing and glances over at Spanzo, who brings up a large bottle of Wild Turkey from under his coat.

SPANZO

(continuing)

Wanna take a little break there, boy?

(CONTINUED)

233 CONTINUED

Nicholas gets up from the piano. Grabs two cups from the kitchen.

Suddenly Hawthorne the cat leaps in through the slightly-opened kitchen window. The cat is dripping wet, looking ratty but bright-eyed.

NICHOLAS

You son of a bitch, you came back!

Nicholas grabs the cat. Holds it close to him for a beat. Spanzo watches.

234 NICHOLAS AND SPANZO - AN HOUR LATER

Still raining. Nicholas and Spanzo seated at the table. Both drinking. Both drunk. Nicholas strokes Hawthorne, who has now been thoroughly towelled off.

SPANZO

Ka-ra-te. Kung fu. Egg foo yung.
I actually tried some of that myself.
Fourteen hundred bucks I wasted, every
Tuesday night, on the fucking Martial
Arts. For what? Hey, who was this
Marshal, anyway? Marshal who? With
his fuckin' arts?

Nicholas finishes off his drink. Spanzo pours him another one.

SPANZO

(continuing)

Say one thing for the old Marshal,
though. He had eyes in the back of his
head. Whole slew o' extra eyes. Hidin'
out in them oriental ringlets. Oh man,
I wanted that extra vision. Called sakki.
You get it from drinkin' that crazy rice-
wine. I drank it all the time, tryin'
to grow them extra eyes.

The phone RINGS. Nicholas picks it up. Listens. Hands it to Spanzo.

SPANZO

(into telephone)

Yeah.

(surprised)

Yeah? Okay.

He hangs up. Turns to Nicholas.

SPANZO

(continuing)

It's over. They're pulling us out.

Nicholas just looks at him.

235- OMIT
239

240 INT. TOMKINS BUILDING ELEVATOR - DAY

Nicholas and Spanzo ride up in the company of SEVERAL BUSINESSMEN.

241 INT. TOMKINS BUILDING TOP FLOOR - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Nicholas and Spanzo step off the elevator into the reception area. PHONES ARE RINGING. SECRETARIES and ASSISTANTS are buzzing about. The curtains to Tomkins' office are pulled shut.

Our two take no more than a few steps toward the office when the glass door bursts open and Justine comes out, in a hurry. She is upset. Looks as if she's been crying. Clutches her briefcase tightly.

NICHOLAS
(as she passes)

Hello.

She doesn't hear him. She crosses the reception area and hurries through the penthouse door. Nicholas and Spanzo trade glances and move on to the HEAD RECEPTIONIST.

NICHOLAS
(to the receptionist)

We're here to see my father.

242 INT. TOMKINS OFFICE - DAY

Tomkins is at his desk, in a sweater vest and loosened tie. Whatever happened between him and Justine doesn't show. Spanzo and Nicholas sit opposite the desk. Just the three of them.

TOMKINS

One minute you're dragging the Sound, the next minute this Captain Gavan calls me and tells me it's all over. I want to know what's going on.

SPANZO

It's been three weeks since he was shot. We could drag the Sound for the rest of the year and still not come up with his body. Captain Gavan feels it's a waste of time. As far as the police department's concerned, the man is dead.

TOMKINS

What if there were two assassins? How do we know there isn't another Ninja running around waiting for his chance?

SPANZO

It looked like one man. No reason to assume...

(CONTINUED)

242 CONTINUED

TOMKINS

Assume?

(writes the word
'ASSUME' on a piece of
paper; holds it up,
points to the letters)

When you 'ASSUME,' you make an 'ASS'
out of 'U' and 'ME,' Lieutenant.

SPANZO

Yes sir. We always keep this kind of
case open for any new developments, but
as of today we have to withdraw our
protection from you and your son.

TOMKINS

I don't want to hear this.

SPANZO

You are hearing it.

243 OMIT

244 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE TOMKINS BUILDING - DAY

Nicholas and Spanzo. Walking away from the Tomkins Building.
Taking in the day and the PEOPLE on the street.

SPANZO

Well, have to cut the cord now. You're
a free man. Won't have poor ol' Spanzo
to wipe you anymore.

On the street SEE a taxi pulled in to the curb. Its trunk is
open. Justine walks toward it, carrying her briefcase and an
overnight bag. Behind her, an OFFICE BOY struggles along with
two large suitcases and an armload of clothes on hangers.

Spanzo and Nicholas see her. Stop.

As they watch, the trunk is loaded. Justine gets into the back
seat and the cab pulls off into traffic.

SPANZO

Trouble in Paradise. Awful hard to
hang on to a woman these days, even
when you're rich.

They move on a moment.

245 ANOTHER ANGLE

Spanzo stops beside a call box. Using its meager cover, he pulls
a .38 revolver out of his coat pocket. Presses it into Nicholas'
hand. With a box of shells.

(CONTINUED)

245 CONTINUED

SPANZO
(continuing)

Put it under your coat now. It's
real easy. Six bullets in the
chamber. Just like the movies.

Nicholas looks at the gun and the shells. Then at Spanzo. A
long pause between them.

SPANZO
Never know who you might run into
on the street

(a beat)

Take care.

Spanzo walks away down the street. Nicholas finally tucks the
gun under his coat.

DISSOLVE TO:

246 INT. SAIGO'S APARTMENT - DAY

THE WINDOW. Open just a little. The wind rustles a piece of
paper on the sill. Finally blows it off, revealing much dust
underneath.

247 THE SINK

A bowl. Mold. Ants crawl around.

248 SAIGO

IN CLOSE. Saigo asleep. A stubble of beard.

He opens his eyes. They look normal now.

Saigo rises a little from the bed, squints at the small amount
of light coming in the window. He's like Rip Van Winkle. Starts
to move, very, very slowly.

DISSOLVE TO:

249 FULL SHOT

Slowly Saigo crawls out of bed. He is weak. He has been asleep
for many weeks. Healing. Still bandaged. Dark black blood
stains soaked through.

Saigo is very wobbly on his feet. He falls, catches himself on
the edge of the nightstand.

250 REFRIGERATOR

Saigo gulps down a pitcher of water, spilling it down his neck
and chest as he drinks.

251 OMIT

252 HOT PLATE

A pan of soup is being heated. Saigo's hands grab the pot. FOLLOW the pot to Saigo's mouth. He drinks the steaming cup.

253 INT. SHOWER

Saigo stands under a torrent of hot water. Steam rises off his skin. We can see the scars on his chest. Healed-over bullet wounds.

254 FULL SHOT - APARTMENT

Later. Saigo finishes eating a full meal that he has cooked. Dressed in a robe now. He turns and faces the Buddhist shrine that flickers with candles. Saigo bows.

DISSOLVE TO:

255 EXT. LONG ISLAND SOUND - DUSK

Spanzo stands looking out into the Sound. His eyes searching the surface of the water. Finally he turns away and slowly walks back along the shoreline through the trees.

DISSOLVE TO:

256 OMIT
257

258 EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE STREET - DAY

A renovated area off Columbus Avenue. Nicholas walks past trendy eateries and shops. He stops at a fashionable apartment building.

259 CLOSER

The apartment mailboxes. Nameplates and doorbells. SEE one plate in particular "J. LANGE."

260 NICHOLAS

considers ringing the doorbell. But doesn't. Instead he moves away from the apartment building. Crosses the street. Enters a delicatessen a few doors down.

261 INT. DELICATESSEN

A low-key establishment. Magazine racks in the front window. Perfect. Nicholas opens a magazine and begins his vigil, glancing out across the street.

262 NICHOLAS' POV

Justine's apartment steps.

DISSOLVE TO:

263 SAME ANGLE - NIGHT

Justine's apartment steps, now bathed in street light.

264 EXT. DELI - LOOKING IN AT NICHOLAS

Still watching. Finally he gives up. Takes a handful of magazines to the counter, puts down a couple bills and walks out. FOLLOW him down the street, the way he came.

CUT TO:

265 EXT. JUSTINE'S APARTMENT - DAY

The next day. A taxi pulls up to the curb and lets Justine out. She looks fresh, rested. Her hair is different; freer. She is eating a large pretzel with one hand, lugging purse and packages with the other.

She takes two steps toward her door and stops.

266 REVERSE ANGLE

Nicholas is sitting on the steps. He stands up as she comes over.

JUSTINE

Hello.

NICHOLAS

Looks good.

Justine holds out what's left of her pretzel.

JUSTINE

Want some?

NICHOLAS

I meant your hair.

JUSTINE

Oh. Thank you.

NICHOLAS

But now that you mention it...

267 EXT. AROUND THE CORNER - PRETZEL VENDOR

Nicholas and Justine munch pretzels from a brightly colored street stand. They begin to stroll. WE GO WITH THEM.

JUSTINE

I love pretzels. I live on them most of the time. Now that I'm unemployed, it's cheaper.

NICHOLAS

So what's next?

(CONTINUED)

267 CONTINUED

JUSTINE

A drink?

NICHOLAS

(grins)

I meant in your life, but now that
you mention it...

268 INT. NEIGHBORHOOD BAR - DAY

A quiet, dark little bar. Nicholas and Justine sit off to
themselves in a booth, over two glasses of wine and a bowl
full of pretzels.

JUSTINE

I have a confession to make. I
went to your orchestra rehearsal
the other day.

NICHOLAS

(intrigued)

How did you even find it? Our theater's
been a well-kept secret for the last
thirty years.

JUSTINE

Your father has a performance schedule.
Rehearsal times right on the back, with
a little map on how to get there.

NICHOLAS

(surprised)

My father?

JUSTINE

Regardless of what you think... he
cares about you.

Nicholas doesn't comment. Drinks his wine thoughtfully.

JUSTINE

(continuing)

Why weren't you at the rehearsal?

NICHOLAS

(continuing)

Playing hockey. You see, there's this
symphony I'm supposed to be writing.

(he drains his
glass)

Why did you go?

JUSTINE

I like music. And since we never made
it to London, I wanted to buy you that
drink. I'll get the next round.

(CONTINUED)

268 CONTINUED

NICHOLAS

Are we having another one?

JUSTINE

Yes.

They both smile. They are relaxed together. Both attracted.

269 EXT. JUSTINE'S STREET - NIGHT

They stroll along. Lots of night activity in this neighborhood. Plenty of places to eat and drink. FASHIONABLE PEOPLE on the sidewalks coming and going.

JUSTINE

Will you play me something you've written sometime?

NICHOLAS

Sure.

JUSTINE

I've never met a composer before. Well, a real composer. Someone who writes real music.

NICHOLAS

Real music?

JUSTINE

You know, serious music. I went with a bass player once, but that doesn't count.

NICHOLAS

(a beat)

Why did you leave him?

JUSTINE

The bass player?

NICHOLAS

My father.

JUSTINE

Don't.

NICHOLAS

Why?

JUSTINE

I don't want to talk about it.

NICHOLAS

O.K.

(CONTINUED)

269 CONTINUED

They reach Justine's steps.

JUSTINE

That was a lovely dinner.

Justine fumbles for her keys.

NICHOLAS

May I come up?

JUSTINE

Nicholas...no.

She seems a little frightened of what is happening to them. Suddenly, impulsively, she leans over and kisses him on the lips. Hard.

JUSTINE

Soon.

She hurries inside. Nicholas stares at the door for a moment, then heads down the street. PULL BACK SLIGHTLY. Saigo has been watching from the shadows.

DISSOLVE TO:

270-
274 OMIT

275 INT. NICHOLAS' APARTMENT - THE WEE HOURS

Nicholas, wearing the same clothes as before. At the piano, tinkering once again with his symphony. A knock at the door.

He glances at his watch. Behind him, a neon clock on the wall tells us: 4:30. Frowning, a little alarmed, he fetches Spanzo's gun and goes to the door.

NICHOLAS

Who is it?

JUSTINE

(off-screen)

It's me.

Nicholas opens the door. Justine has on the same clothes, too. But now there is an unmistakable look on her face.

JUSTINE

Soon enough?

They come together, kissing. Nicholas pushes the door shut.

276 INT. NICHOLAS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

The cat sits on a chair watching Nicholas and Justine naked in the soft light from the outer room. He is guiding her, kissing her body. Pushing her down with him onto the bed. She snakes her legs around him. He flips her over, tries to enter her, but she holds him off. Holding back as long as possible. She lets their bodies tease each other. Then lets him enter her, with a gasp...

277 INT. SAIGO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

...which is heard over the wireless receiver. Saigo, bareback, performing a series of aikido exercises to loosen the muscles. Slow, methodical. As much for the mind as for the body. His expression betrays no emotion as he listens to Nicholas and Justine's lovemaking.

CUT TO:

278 INT. NICHOLAS' BEDROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Afterglow. Nicholas and Justine lie in each other's arms. She is still in the clutches of her mixed feelings.

JUSTINE

This is crazy.

NICHOLAS

Yeah.

JUSTINE

(nuzzling him)

Just last week I was with your father.

NICHOLAS

(beat)

He's a powerful man.

JUSTINE

He could always turn things around his way. Make other people do what he wanted. I loved that. I wanted to be like that.

NICHOLAS

Do you still want to?

JUSTINE

No. Or I wouldn't be here. Of course, I'm not sure why I am here.

NICHOLAS

It's simple. You like real music.

Nicholas kisses her. One kiss turns into another.

DISSOLVE TO:

279 INT. NICHOLAS' BEDROOM - MORNING

CLOSE ON the alarm clock. Buzzing. 10:00. Nicholas' hand stabs out and shuts it off. He sits up. Justine stirs.

NICHOLAS

It's all right. I have to go to the station. Make a program. Go back to sleep.

Justine murmurs something sleepily. Holds his hand. He slips out from under the covers.

CUT TO:

280 INT. NICHOLAS' BEDROOM - DAY

AGAIN, CLOSE ON THE CLOCK. 12:00 noon.

281 WIDE ANGLE - THE BEDROOM

Shades down. Quiet. Justine, in bed alone, asleep.

282 CLOSEUP - JUSTINE (JUSTINE'S DREAM)

Justine, on her back. Asleep. Suddenly the flat side of the Ninja's short sword blade moves right in front of her face! And she opens her eyes.

283 JUSTINE IN BED (REALITY)

Still asleep. Peaceful.

284 FULL SHOT (JUSTINE'S DREAM)

Justine is standing, center of the bedroom, motionless, naked. The Ninja circles her with a short, deadly blade raised high. His free hand performs patterns in the air, mesmerizing her.

285 CLOSE ON JUSTINE (JUSTINE'S DREAM)

Justine's face. Her eyes. Fearless, devoid of emotion. The Ninja moves behind her, bringing the blade over her head. Around in front of her. Justine's hands come forward, accept the ancient weapon. She holds the sword. The Ninja's hands are atop hers, his groin pressed against her buttocks, strangely sexual, aroused.

The Ninja whispers in her ear. She raises the sword, stops. Again he whispers. She raises the sword higher. Her expression changes, as if she sees something.

Down comes the sword fast, cutting the air. Justine is trying to kill something that only she can see.

286 JUSTINE IN BED

She wakes up. Startled. Disoriented. Eyes flicking around the room. Turns on a light. Nothing. A dream.

(CONTINUED)

286 CONTINUED

She sits up. Slides out of bed. Pulls her robe close around her. Still spooked by the dream.

Suddenly a figure swings down from above! The Ninja! Hanging from the ceiling!

287 JUSTINE

She wakes up again. Startled. Scared. Eyes racing around the room. Heart pounding. Turns on a light. Nothing. A dream.

DISSOLVE TO:

288 INT. NICHOLAS' APARTMENT - DAY

Nicholas lets himself in, goes directly to the bedroom. Comes out.

NICHOLAS

Justine?

Then he sees her. Hurries over. WE DOLLY-PAN to reveal Justine, huddled on the sofa in a blanket. Holding Spanzo's pistol. Almost shivering. Nicholas goes to her. She clutches him tightly.

JUSTINE

Nicholas. It was a dream...a horrible dream...the Ninja...

NICHOLAS

It's all right now. It's over. He's dead, Justine. He's dead...

PULL BACK.

289 INT. SAIGO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Saigo is seated at the tiny kitchen table. Spread before him is an array of tiny vials. One, a dark syrup. Another, a yellow powder. Four or five more.

290 SAIGO'S HANDS

pour the heated mixture into a dark tube about the size of a lipstick case. He caps it.

DISSOLVE TO:

291 EXT. CHINATOWN STREETS - NIGHT

Saigo passes. Enters a dimly lit stairway marked: KOWLOONG TRADING COMPANY. He goes up the stairs.

292 INT. AH MA'S - NIGHT

Saigo is admitted into an elegant entranceway by a CHINESE DOORMAN. Beautiful tapestries line the softly lit walls.

(CONTINUED)

292 CONTINUED

AH MA enters from behind a curtain. She is a middle aged Chinese woman, the madam of this brothel.

AH MA
(extending her hand)
Good evening. You honor this house
with your...

SAIGO
Is everything ready?

AH MA
(not pleased at this
impoliteness)
As we discussed.

293 INT. THE GOLD ROOM

Saigo steps inside. The door closes softly behind him. A large room. Gold walls. A huge bed. Beyond that, an open door to a large bathroom.

Across the room stand TWO PROSTITUTES. The older one, JERI, is Caucasian, dark-haired, in her middle twenties. The younger one, ROBIN, is black, no more than fifteen, thin and willowy, almost like a boy, dressed as if for school. Jeri wears a kimono.

SAIGO
What is your name?

ROBIN
Robin.

SAIGO
Do you have it?

Robin nods, takes a step forward.

SAIGO
(continuing)
Stop. Give it to her.

Robin turns and hands something to Jeri. Saigo motions to her. Jeri walks to him. Opens her hand.

294 CLOSE - JERI'S HAND

In the palm of her hand, two brown tablets and a hunk of something dark and gummy (opium).

295 BACK TO SCENE

SAIGO
(continuing)
Grind them up.

He turns to Robin, motions toward the bathroom. The black girl crosses and begins to draw a bath.

296 INT. BATHROOM - CLOSEUP SAIGO

Jeri's hands, holding a pipe, enter frame. Saigo takes the pipe. She lights it for him. Saigo takes three quick lungfuls. Jeri slips out of her kimono. She is naked underneath.

SAIGO
(to Robin)

Come here.

The black girl, still fully clothed, comes over from her stance at the door. Saigo holds out the pipe. Slips it delicately between her lips.

SAIGO
(continuing)
Now inhale. No, deeply. That's right.

Robin takes a lungful. Her eyes glaze a bit. Saigo turns to Jeri.

SAIGO
(continuing)
Undress her.
(as Jeri starts)
No. On your knees.

297 INT. BEDROOM

ANGLE FROM BEHIND SAIGO. First we see Saigo's bare back. BOOM UP to reveal Jeri in front of him. They are kneeling at the head of the bed, facing each other. Now Jeri slowly moves her head down, out of frame, revealing Robin, standing naked at the foot of the bed.

Saigo looks at her.

SAIGO
Now.

298 CLOSE ON ROBIN

The black girl as she climbs onto the bed toward us, toward Saigo.

CUT TO:

299 INT. HALLWAY

Now fully dressed, Robin comes out of the Gold Room and walks down the hall.

300 THE GOLD ROOM

Darker now. Lights out. Saigo is fully clothed, Jeri still naked on the bed.

(CONTINUED)

300 CONTINUED

Saigo turns away from her. Bows his head. Takes the dark tube of chemicals out of his coat. Puts it into his mouth. Turns back.

Bends as if to kiss her. Jeri turns her mouth toward his, lifts her head.

301 CLOSER ANGLE

The dark tube appears between Saigo's lips, protruding, pointing toward Jeri's face like the barrel of a gun! She stares at it uncomprehendingly.

Saigo blows hard.

With a WWWHHHHHTTTTT, the contents of the vial spray all over Jeri's face, covering it with a gooey mist. Her eyes close, blink, glaze over.

Suddenly her head falls back on the pillow. She blinks slowly, very slowly. Once. Twice.

302 CLOSEUP - HER EYES

Her eyes flutter open. Mostly whites, like Saigo's were. Zonked out of her mind.

303 JERI'S POV - SAIGO

INCREDIBLE CLOSEUP. Saigo's eyes. We hear his voice, sounding far away, but somehow enhanced, doubled, echoing, speaking first in Japanese, then:

SAIGO

I am your Japanese friend, Japanese friend, Japanese friend...

304 ANOTHER POV

Saigo's mouth moving. Speaking English, Japanese, English, Japanese, the words running together, reverberating...

305 CLOSER

The screen, filled with his lips. Layer upon layer of words. A jumble.

306 CLOSEST

Saigo's teeth, his tongue moving.

CUT TO:

307 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Jeri enters. Walks down a small hallway. She seems calm, at ease, her stride assured. She is attractively dressed. She stops at the front desk. A SERGEANT sits behind it.

JERI

I need to see Lieutenant Lewis Spanzo.

308 OMIT

309 INT. DETECTIVES' OFFICE - DAY

A FEW DETECTIVES work at their desks. Spanzo among them. He takes a cup of coffee from a paper sack and carefully pries open the plastic lid. Niles enters from a doorway and walks over to Spanzo.

NILES

Somebody to see you.

Spanzo looks up. Jeri is standing there in the doorway. Spanzo glances at Niles, who shrugs. Then Spanzo gets up, walks over toward Jeri, sipping his coffee.

SPANZO

Lewis Spanzo.

JERI

I'm Jeri Shore.

Spanzo looks her over.

SPANZO

Yes?

Jeri actually now seems a little confused about the whole thing.

SPANZO

(continuing)

You wanted to see me?

JERI

Yes.

Spanzo doesn't understand. Is she waiting for something?

SPANZO

Would you like to sit down?

Spanzo gestures toward his desk. They walk back over. Sit. Spanzo, across the desk from her, glances briefly at Niles, who has become very interested in this striking-looking woman.

SPANZO

(continuing)

What can I do for you?

(CONTINUED)

309 CONTINUED

JERI
 (honestly confused)
 I don't know...

Before Spanzo can say anything else, the PHONE RINGS. He picks it up.

SPANZO
 Hello.
 (listens, puzzled)
 Yes, she is.
 (offers the receiver to Jeri; what the hell is this?)
 It's for you.

JERI
 (takes the phone)
 Hello?

310 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Inside a phone booth. Saigo.

SAIGO
 (in Japanese, subtitled)
 This is your Japanese friend. The black man is going to the dogs.

311 INT. DETECTIVES' OFFICE

But Jeri has already put the phone down. Her eyes have changed. Somehow, they are not hers anymore. She stares out at Spanzo with a mystified, horrified look on her face.

312 JERI'S POV - SPANZO (HALLUCINATION)

isn't Spanzo anymore. In her eyes, across the desk from her is an enormous, coiled, SNARLING BLACK DOG!! Its eyes blaze evilly.

313 THE REAL SPANZO

stares at Jeri, totally dumbfounded.

314 JERI

Her face contorting, eyes now heavy-lidded, dialated.

315 JERI'S POV - SPANZO/DOG (HALLUCINATION)

The raging, tooth-gnashing dog in Jeri's mind.

316 REALITY

Jeri bares her own teeth. Suddenly lashes at Spanzo with all her might! Her fingernails lashing!

(CONTINUED)

316 CONTINUED

Spanzo topples to the floor. Jeri on top of him. She's like an animal herself. Clawing, scratching, HISSING like a snake! Niles leaps to his feet. Pulls her off, but not before she has drawn blood at Spanzo's neck.

PULL BACK TO A WIDE SHOT. The other detectives jump from their desks. The possessed Jeri is finally subdued, clumsily, the men SHOUTING.

Spanzo collects himself and gets to his feet. He plops down in a chair, holding his neck, stunned.

But Jeri is screaming at him now, in Japanese. Babbling insanely.

CUT TO:

317 INT. INTENSIVE CARE WARD - DAY

Jeri is strapped down. She is jibbering still, just above a whisper. Her head rocks back and forth, in the grips of some schizophrenic demon. Professor Iso is there. He takes notes as he listens to Jeri's urgent Japanese ravings. OTHERS, NURSES, INTERNS, gathered in the background. Spanzo and Niles wait at a distance.

NILES

(looks at his
watch)

She's been going at it for hours.
Some kind of drug in her system.
It was all over her face. They
think she absorbed it through her
pores, for God's sake.

Finally Professor Iso moves back from the girl, walks over to Spanzo.

PROF. ISO

She's calling your name, Mister
Spanzo, but the rest is in some
old dialect. I can't understand
it all. It will take me some time
to figure out the translation.

SPANZO

How long?

PROF. ISO

Possibly a few days.

SPANZO

I need it tonight.

318 INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Jeri's eyes flicker open. Back to normal now. She stirs slowly. Looks around. PULL BACK. Spanzo is sitting there. Niles too. It's late.

SPANZO
Welcome back. How do you feel?

JERI
...I don't know...Who are you...?

Spanzo and Niles exchange glances.

SPANZO
I'm Lewis Spanzo.

This seems of no real significance to Jeri.

SPANZO
(continuing)
You've been on some kind of drug.
Who gave it to you?

JERI
(trying to focus)
...You...a cop?

SPANZO
Who gave you the drug?

JERI
Santa Claus...

SPANZO
Look, I'm not after you. But let's
don't fuck around.

JERI
...Beat it...

319 EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Spanzo and Niles come out of the hospital. The parking lot is not a busy area. The two men are tired, and completely baffled.

NILES
What is going on...?

SPANZO
I'm going to get that translation.
I'll call you later.

NILES
Lewis...You think this is our boy?

(CONTINUED)

319 CONTINUED

SPANZO
 (staring, distracted)
 You'd better call Tomkins. I'll get
 hold of Nicholas.

NILES
 Right.

Niles moves off across the lot to his car. Spanzo fishes in his pockets, comes up with his keys. Moves to his car. A NOISE BEHIND HIM.

Spanzo turns to see A DOG digging around in some garbage near the hospital. Niles' unmarked car pulls out of the parking lot. Spanzo goes back to his keys, to the door lock.

But he can't get the key into the lock.

He looks closer: a small stick's been broken off in the lock.

Spanzo glances around. Circles to the passenger side. Same deal, the lock jammed here too. Now Spanzo draws his gun. Looks around the parking lot.

320 SPANZO'S POV - PARKING LOT

PANNING. Nothing suspicious. In the distance, a NURSE and TWO ORDERLIES walk toward the hospital.

321 SPANZO

He doesn't like this at all. WHANK! A THROWING STAR COMES OUT OF NOWHERE, IMBEDDING ITSELF IN THE CAR'S DOORPOST...into metal!

Spanzo whirls.

322 SPANZO'S POV - VAN

A shadow blurs behind the van!

323 SPANZO - MOVING

Spanzo starts running toward the shadow. WE LEAD HIM, MOVING.

324 SPANZO'S POV - MOVING

The shadow darts from the van.

Black-clad figure. Saigo, running with incredible speed!

325 PARKING LOT

Spanzo FIRES. Misses. Like a streak, Saigo covers a hundred yards and slips into an alleyway.

326 MOUTH OF ALLEYWAY

Brick walls. Trash cans. Spanzo closes in, comes to the mouth of the alley. Stops. Looks in with care.

327 SPANZO'S POV - ALLEY

Saigo, on the run, at the other end of the alley. PEDESTRIANS form a backdrop.

328 SPANZO

Takes a stance. Aims. Hesitates. Curses. Gives chase down the alley.

329 SIXTH AVENUE

There's life again. PEDESTRIANS, moving traffic, bright lights. Spanzo emerges from the alley.

He lowers his gun. Hiding it at his side to avoid a panic. Where the hell is Saigo?

Spanzo looks left and right down the sidewalk, people coming at him from both sides. He's confused, disoriented, somehow more vulnerable here than he was in the alley. PEOPLE brush past him...

...and Spanzo grabs his forearm! Blood! He's been cut!

But by whom? That OLD WOMAN walking away? That TEENAGE KID in the club jacket? We're looking at poor Spanzo, and we can see something behind him approaching...

...SAIGO! Coming right down the sidewalk big as death, among INNOCENT PEOPLE but moving toward Spanzo who senses the danger!

And turns just in time to see the Ninja, the eyes, only yards away, people between them! Spanzo makes his decision. Lifts his pistol!

Everyone scatters! SCREAMS, CRIES of alarm! Everyone hits the deck! Everyone.

Saigo's not there. Spanzo points his gun this way and that, looking. Saigo has vanished.

Spanzo comes forward.

SPANZO

I'm a cop. It's O.K. I'm a cop.

Terrible silence. A man backs away. Then a woman. The teenager. The crowd cowers back. Spanzo touches his wounded arm. Breathing hard. Winded.

330 EXT. NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT

An unmarked police car races down the street.

331 INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

Niles drives. Like a madman. Spanzo and Professor Iso sit in the back. Spanzo is shaken. A bandage wrapped around his arm. He loads his gun.

PROF. ISO
I'm sorry this isn't complete...
(pulls out a piece
of paper)

SPANZO
What does it say?

PROF. ISO
Apparently it's some kind of invitation.
To you.

(reads)
"Tonight...The Lord in his castle," or
"The Lord in his Tower"... Something
about..."a challenge"...

SPANZO
A challenge...

PROF. ISO
Yes. And then something about the
darkness. I'm sorry, this is really
the best I could do without more study.

SPANZO
(he gets it)
The Lord in his tower...

NILES
Does that mean what I think it means?

SPANZO
Does Pinocchio have a wooden asshole?

332 INT. NICHOLAS' APARTMENT - CLOSEUP - SPANZO - NIGHT

The front door WIPES open, revealing Spanzo. PULL BACK as he comes in past Nicholas, followed by Niles and TWO MORE COPS. Nicholas is dressed in a bathrobe.

SPANZO
He's back.

NICHOLAS
Lewis...

SPANZO
Get dressed.

Justine emerges tentatively from Nicholas' bedroom, clad in a blanket. Spanzo looks at her.

(CONTINUED)

332 CONTINUED

SPANZO
(continuing)
Well, well, well...

CUT TO:

333-
337 OMIT

338 INT. TOMKINS OFFICE - NIGHT

Tomkins is asleep on a couch. Papers spread before him. A dark hand touches his shoulder.

SPANZO
Mister Tomkins?

Tomkins is awake and bolt upright in a second.

SPANZO
(continuing)
Spanzo; it's only me, sir.

TOMKINS
(fuzzy)
What is it?

SPANZO
We've got a little problem.
Could we step outside?

Tomkins is up, trying to shake off his drowsiness. Other COPS pour into the office, begin searching, picking, probing. Tomkins is alarmed, but Spanzo maneuvers him out the door.

339 INT. TOMKINS ENTERPRISES - RECEPTION AREA

The pale fluorescent lights from the ceiling illuminate the faces of shadowy figures -- COPS lurking, filling the reception area.

SPANZO
This problem I mentioned, it's that
the Ninja is coming over here tonight.

Tomkins stares at Spanzo.

TOMKINS
You said he was dead.

SPANZO
I'm afraid he isn't any more.

Tomkins is now getting very, very scared. Spanzo's casual tone only makes it worse.

(CONTINUED)

339 CONTINUED

TOMKINS

He's coming here...?

SPANZO

Yes, I think so. He sent me an invitation. Your penthouse, your office...the warlord's castle. See, you're the warlord and I'm the Samurai tonight.

TOMKINS

You're insane.

SPANZO

Well, not really. We're up against some real old oriental techniques here. They've been using it to kill people for four centuries. So they're pretty good at it.

NILES

Lewis!

Tomkins follows Spanzo back into the office.

340 INT. TOMKINS' OFFICE

Niles squats next to Tomkins' desk. He runs his hand under the lip, gives a little pull, lifts a bit of plastic and metal out from under the desk. The bug is as thin as a wafer, less than an inch in diameter. Niles gives it to Spanzo and begins unscrewing the telephone mouthpiece.

SPANZO

(of the bug)

American made. The bastard's not even patriotic.

Tomkins stares.

TOMKINS

How long has it been there?

SPANZO

Probably for months. He knows everything about you. He's infiltrated your castle, you see. You're the Lord of this place...

TOMKINS

I'm getting out of here. Where's Ross?

SPANZO

Well sir, that's your choice. But if you're not here, then you'll be out there.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SPANZO
(continuing; gestures
out the window toward
the night)

And that's not good. 'Cause he's out
there, and he'll kill you.

TOMKINS
Can you protect me or not?

SPANZO
Oh, in here I can. See, if he wants
to get you, he has to go through sixty
stories filled with police officers.

Niles pulls a bug out of the mouthpiece of the telephone receiver.

NILES
One in here.

SPANZO
I want this whole floor covered. Go
into the walls.

Niles sprints out. The other cops continue their de-bugging.
Spanzo turns to Tomkins.

SPANZO
(continuing)
I'm afraid I have some more bad news
for you...

Tomkins turns in time to see Nicholas and Justine coming out
of the elevator, followed by an EIGHT MAN SWAT TEAM, fully
outfitted, ready for battle.

They come into the office. Nicholas has his arm wrapped
protectively around Justine. They stand there awkwardly.
Tomkins stares hard at them, fiercely controlling his
mounting feelings.

SPANZO
One of my white associates will chat
with you all about this whole thing, but
I gotta go now. This fellow's probably a
couple blocks away, and I really oughta
be there at the door to say hello.

Spanzo gestures to his men. A whirl of action. Walkie-talkies
going, men moving into positions, others searching high and low,
tearing up the walls.

341 INT. TOP FLOOR - MONTAGE - THE SEARCH

A series of shots. Cops moving around the penthouse floor. A variety of weapons of all shapes and sizes are pulled out of the building's nooks and crannies.

Razor-sharp CLAWS. A HOLLOW BAMBOO SHAFT CONTAINING A WEIGHTED, SPIKED CHAIN. A SMALL HAND SICKLE. A BLOW PIPE AND A POUCH OF SMALL NEEDLES.

The floor is systematically picked apart. Light fixtures, ceiling panels, electrical outlets.

342 THE LOBBY

COPS with DOGS on leashes, ferreting MORE STEEL WEAPONS from the lobby's crevices.

Spanzo boosts himself to the top of an air-conditioning duct, fools around with a screwdriver. Niles holds the ladder for him.

NILES

What is it?

From the air duct, Spanzo pulls a strange, double-curved piece of plastic. And then another.

He screws the two pieces together end to end. It is a BOW of high-tension design with an aluminum hand grip and sight. Next comes a QUIVER OF SHORT ARROWS.

343 SAME WEAPON

is laid out on a blanket by a POLICEMAN. Next to it, all the other confiscated weaponry. All in all, an awesome assortment.

Spanzo and Niles look on. They are standing in the center of the main lobby, surrounded by activity as COMBAT COPS come and go.

NILES

Lookit this shit...in this day and age...

SPANZO

He'll be real upset when he can't find his stuff.

NILES

You think he'll get this far?

Spanzo surveys the broad lobby. Lots of cops. Lots of guns. Barricades. Like the front line of a military operation.

SPANZO

I need some coffee...

344 OMIT

345 INT. PENTHOUSE

Gloomy. Tense. A few cops. Ross eats a deli sandwich at the other end of the room. MOVE IN ON Nicholas and Justine. Sitting together. Silent.

346 INT. TOMKINS' OFFICE

Tomkins sits in the big office, his chair turned toward the window. Just TWO COPS finish searching the room. Tomkins swivels his chair around as they start out the door to the reception area.

TOMKINS

Would you close the door?

One of the cops closes it.

There is a small box on Tomkins' desk. One of the bugs the cops found. Wrapped in cotton. Tomkins takes out the bug. Balances it on his fingertip, contemplates it.

347 OMIT

348 INT. PENTHOUSE

Justine stares at the door.

JUSTINE

I need to talk to him.

NICHOLAS

Go on.

349 INT. TOMKINS' OFFICE

Tomkins has placed the bug on his desk top. He leans down to it, eyes glancing around. He is alone now.

TOMKINS

(into bug)

One million dollars in gold. Because I'm sure you aren't interested in American dollars.

(beat)

One million dollars if my safety is guaranteed.

Suddenly Justine appears through the glass, walking across the reception area. Tomkins quickly sweeps the bug off the desk as she comes in.

She edges up close. Tomkins just stares at her.

JUSTINE

I want you to know...I didn't leave you for him.

(CONTINUED)

349 CONTINUED

TOMKINS
(cold as ice)

It doesn't really matter, does it?
You left.

The words are like a slap. Silent tears begin to roll down Justine's face.

JUSTINE
Raphael...I'm sorry...

Justine stands for a moment before she moves away.

350 EXT. TOP OF TOMKINS BUILDING - NIGHT

The top of the Tomkins Building is a windswept flat square high in the Manhattan stratosphere. One end is wide open. A mat with a crossed circle defines a helicopter landing pad. The other end features the usual outcropping of shapes: Door cowlings, air conditioners, antennae.

Spanzo is here, as are FIVE OR SIX COPS and DETECTIVES. They watch as a POLICE HELICOPTER passes over and hovers a moment, fighting the gusting wind.

Spanzo talks to the helicopter via walkie-talkie. The THUMPING rotors are so loud we don't hear the dialogue. The helicopter sets down on the pad.

Spanzo rushes over. Talks with the PILOT. Then hurries away, his head ducked down. The helicopter takes off again, beating the air, cruising down into the city.

351 EXT. NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT

Street level. A MAN is walking. WE SEE the man's back. Could be Saigo. His height, build, age. For a moment we think it is.

Until the real McCoy steps into FOREGROUND. The other man turns. He's Chinese. Saigo is acutely aware of him. More than aware: he's stalking the man. Follows him a ways down the street, to a tenement.

352 INT. TENEMENT - NIGHT

A dark flight of stairs. Ideal. The Chinese man enters, begins to ascend. The door opens behind him. The man turns.

A cord lashes out like a whip! It's weighted end double-loops the man's neck! The man is yanked down the stairs toward...

THE OTHER END OF THE CORD, A HIDEOUS DOUBLE-POINTED KNIFE (Kyokeysu-Shogi)! HELD IN SAIGO'S HAND!

Saigo lunges forward, fully extended, as the Chinese man, barely aware, flies helplessly through the air into the blade.

CUT TO:

353 INT. SUBBASEMENT GARAGE - NIGHT

MANY POLICE OFFICERS. Some of them in regular blue, others in SWAT gear. An army, all standing in irregular rows in the parking garage. They pass around Saigo's confiscated weaponry.

Spanzo walks among them, the General counseling his troops.

SPANZO

This is the kind of shit you're gonna be up against. He's got things like this stashed all over the building. And he'll have more in his pockets, on belts, in the folds of his clothing, in his shoes.

SEE the faces of the cops. A lot of YOUNG MEN. They could be going off to fight the Viet Cong. No one is taking this lightly.

SPANZO

(continuing)

He knows more ways to kill you than any son of a bitch you ever turned a corner on. He's probably got something can kill a man shoved up his ass. Now he's after some folks up on the top floor. But we are not going to let this boy get in the door.

Silence. A lot of these cops are suitably unnerved.

YOUNG COP

What's he supposed to look like?

SPANZO

Anything and everything.

CUT TO:

354 EXT. TOMKINS BUILDING

WIDE SHOT. City sounds. Quiet. Cops.

355 INT. LOBBY

SEVERAL SHOTS. THE HIDDEN ARMY OF POLICEMEN. SWAT SNIPERS.

FACES. Everyone waiting for God-knows-what. Spanzo waiting. Drinking more coffee from a styrofoam cup. Silence. Finally Spanzo moves off toward the elevators.

356 INT. PENTHOUSE FLOOR

Tomkins stands out in his reception area, at its hallway door. He can see down to the elevator. COPS everywhere. Guns. Waiting.

The elevator doors open. Spanzo emerges. Walks up to Tomkins.

(CONTINUED)

356 CONTINUED

TOMKINS

So what do we do?

SPANZO

We relax. There's a helipad on the roof. Police chopper can be here in three minutes. It's your way out, if he gets through.

TOMKINS

Jesus Christ, you mean there's even a chance of that?

SPANZO

I'm all out of shuck and jive, Mister Tomkins.

357 INT. PENTHOUSE

Tomkins, Spanzo enter. Nicholas and Justine. SWAT team. Ross. Tomkins moves away from the others. He stands stonily at the window.

Nicholas watches his father. Different emotions flooding over him.

358 EXT. STREET - BLACK-AND-WHITE - NIGHT

The outer perimeter of the police action. Down the street is the Tomkins Building, the police barricades. But here, a lonelier outpost. A single black-and-white squad car sits near a dark alley. Inside are TWO PATROLMEN, CHICK and NORM, rough-and-tumble veteran NYPD cops.

359 INT. BLACK-AND-WHITE - NIGHT

Bundled up, windows down, smoking cigarettes.

CHICK

What time is it?

NORM

(checks his watch)

Twelve thirty.

CHICK

I'm hungry.

NORM

I got some twinkies in the back.

CHICK

I couldn't eat that stuff any more than I could eat fiberglass.

NORM

So don't.

(CONTINUED)

359 CONTINUED

CHICK
 (after a moment)
 How old are they?

NORM
 Couple days...

And then Norm leans awkwardly, strangely against the door, his head down. The door clicks open.

CHICK
 Hey, that's okay, I'll get 'em.

But Norm isn't alive any more. He falls through the opening door to the pavement, revealing Saigo.

Chick has only enough time to reach for his gun as Saigo throws a dart. Easy shot at close range. The dart lodges in Chick's windpipe. He freezes and keels over.

CUT TO:

360 EXT. FRONT OF TOMKINS BUILDING - NIGHT

AN ORDINARY PEDESTRIAN. A BUSINESSMAN with a briefcase. Seen in shadow. Standing across the street from the Tomkins Building. Starts to walk along at a good clip. Saigo.

There is a station wagon parked at the curb. The man reaches into his pocket, produces a balled-up paper sack, tosses the sack under the wagon without breaking his stride.

He strolls off down a side street.

HOLD on the station wagon.

SUDDENLY a blinding explosion! The station wagon is engulfed in fire!

361 INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Everyone jumps. Gets to their feet. Spanzo snaps his walkie-talkie to his mouth.

SPANZO
 (into walkie-talkie)
 Niles.

The radio crackles. All eyes rivet on it.

SPANZO
 (continuing)
Niles. What was it?

(CONTINUED)

361 CONTINUED

NILES

(V.O. filtered)

I'm checking it out...

(static)

A car, I think. Across the street.

It blew up.

362 EXT. TOMKINS BUILDING - NIGHT

The station wagon is ablaze. Already, HEAR distant sirens. SEVERAL COPS race out of the building, weapons drawn, to investigate, to cordon off the area. From the far end of the street, a firetruck wheels into view. Coming toward the fire.

And in foreground, an NYPD black-and-white slides in from a side street.

363 NEW ANGLE

Confusion. The firetruck comes through the barricades. MEN hop off and begin to fight the blaze. Everyone's attention is on the burning station wagon.

On the far side of the cordoned area, the black-and-white slips past barricade cops. It seems as if it belongs. The car turns into the parking garage. No one pays any attention.

364 INT. SUBBASEMENT GARAGE - NIGHT

From our point of view, there seem to be two police officers inside the black-and-white. As it approaches the kiosk, TWO SWAT COPS come over, one on each side of the car.

365 INT. BLACK-AND-WHITE

From this angle, WE SEE the driver as the SWAT cop leans in. It's Saigo behind the wheel. In a police uniform. Beside him in the passenger seat, Chick, strapped in, very dead.

SWAT COP

How you doin'...?

Saigo blows something in the SWAT cop's face, whirls, and does the same out the passenger window to the other cop.

366 OUTSIDE THE BLACK-AND-WHITE

The two SWAT cops freeze. The black-and-white moves on into the parking garage. HOLD on the SWAT cops. They stare at each other like zombies. One turns his head slowly toward the black-and-white disappearing around a corner. He makes as if to draw his gun, but his hand comes up empty.

Totally disoriented, he points his hand at the car, as if it has a gun in it. The other SWAT cop reaches for his radio, but it's impossible. Almost in slow-motion, they crumple to the garage floor.

(CONTINUED)

366 CONTINUED

TILT UP. TWO OTHER SWAT COPS stand on either side of the garage entrance, just 20 yards away, but their attention is trained outside, toward the burning station wagon. They have noticed nothing.

367 OMIT

368 FURTHER IN THE GARAGE

Beside a freight elevator. TWO SNIPERS. RIOT GEAR. They hear a car coming. Get ready. The car comes into view, moving their way, glimpses of it through the concrete columns. They see it and relax. A black-and-white. One of theirs.

But as it draws closer, something odd. The car, still at a crawl, heads straight for the wall.

The two snipers. Something is wrong.

Suddenly Saigo is there in the back seat. Bow drawn. Two arrows simultaneously. Two dead snipers.

The black-and-white hits the wall with a CRUNCH. Saigo leaps out of the back seat. Listening. All quiet. Pulling off his cop uniform, he leans in the back door. A duffel bag on the back seat. And a few weapons. Saigo drags the duffel bag out. It seems about to burst. A dead weight inside. He unzips it, shoves his bow back inside, and has to shove the Chinese man's arm back in.

369 INT. PENTHOUSE

Tension. Everybody waiting for Spanzo to get the word.

SPANZO

(into walkie-talkie)

Niles. What's the score?

NILES

(V.O. filtered)

I don't know.

SPANZO

(into walkie-talkie)

Hold everyone at their positions.

370 INT. SUBBASEMENT - FREIGHT ELEVATOR

Saigo loads a freight elevator with his duffel bag, filled with the dead Chinese man. With tremendous strength he loosens the ceiling panel and pushes the bag up inside.

Steps off the elevator. Moves back over to the black-and-white, and gathers his other weapons. Then hears a noise. The soft clack of footsteps. Saigo spins, ducks away out of sight, just as the freight elevator doors close, a deep clank and the elevator goes skyward. In his hiding place Saigo frowns: the elevator is gone!

371 NEARBY

A UNIFORMED PATROLMAN approaches. He has left his post to check out the strange noises, the little elevator ascending. But he doesn't see...

up near the ceiling of the garage, among struts and supports that have been coated with a rough-textured rust-retardant, a SWAT TEAM SNIPER. The sniper holds a high-powered rifle. He hardly breathes, watches the patrolman approach below. But he doesn't see...

Saigo! Also elevated above the garage floor. Only a few feet away. Perched like a bird of prey. Saigo produces a two-piece bow from the lining of his jacket.

The sniper. THUNK! It's almost a soft sound, gentle, the unruffled feathers on Saigo's arrow protruding suddenly, darkly from the sniper's neck, the armor-piercing point driven deep into the concrete wall, pinning the sniper in place like a butterfly. But his rifle slides out of his hands! Drops!

Down below, the patrolman hears the rifle clatter to the floor! Turns, gun ready, sees the sniper's rifle on the cement a few yards away. He looks upward. The struts and supports block his view of anything. He freezes. His nerve gone. He unclips a walkie-talkie from his belt, hesitates, then looks up again, right above him now, in time to see it coming...

...Saigo's animated shadow dropping fast from the pipes in the ceiling! Arm lifted high in the air, scribing an arc with an AWFUL HISSING SOUND!

A HAND ENCASED IN A THIN STEEL NETWORK RUNNING FROM WRIST TO FINGERTIPS...CLAWS, CURVED AND RAZOR SHARP...ARTICULATED STEEL TENDONS ACROSS THE BACK OF HIS HAND, ACROSS EACH FINGER...

The patrolman swings his submachine gun upward...too late. The claws rip viciously through his throat, his chest, piercing cloth, bullet-proof vest, skin, flesh, internal organs.

372 INT. BASEMENT STAIRWELL

A PLAINCLOTHESMAN loafs in the stairwell. Fifteen cigarette butts on the floor. Another one joins the pile. He lights up again. It's deep shadows and no fun. Tense.

WHANGO! A NYLON CORD flips over his neck! It pulls tight, paralyzing his vocal cords!

Saigo springs up behind him! Hurls the plainclothes cop against the wall. His head BONKS hard. The cop slumps, unconscious.

Silence.

SUDDENLY footsteps, from above. Saigo looks up.

372A COPS

pouring down the stairwell from above!

373 INT. PENTHOUSE

NILES
(V.O. filtered)
He's in the building.

SPANZO
(into walkie-talkie)
Where?

NILES
(V.O. filtered)
Basement stairwell.

SPANZO
(into walkie-talkie)
Get him.

TOMKINS
Spanzo!

Spanzo turns to Tomkins.

TOMKINS
(continuing)
The helicopter, Lieutenant. Please.

SPANZO
(changes bands on
the walkie-talkie)
Police 10, do you copy?

PILOT
(V.O. filtered)
Police 10...

SPANZO
(into walkie-talkie)
Tomkins Building. Flip flop. Do you
copy?

PILOT
(V.O. filtered)
On my way.

374 INT. STAIRWELL

Saigo. Hand on the doorknob. Footsteps and VOICES above, quite close now. Saigo waits. The footsteps come closer. Saigo turns the knob. Opens the door.

375 INT. LOBBY

Just off the main lobby, Saigo steps through. Faces a SNIPER NOT TEN FEET AWAY!

Before the sniper can move, Saigo raises his hands, begins to walk, BLOWS A PELLET INTO THE SNIPER'S FOREHEAD!

(CONTINUED)

375 CONTINUED

The sniper FREEZES, his eyes glazing over, remains still as a statue.

376 MOVING SHOT

with Niles and the army of COPS surging across the lobby at a run. They round a corner, come upon the dead sniper, the stairwell door opening and a HALF DOZEN SWAT SNIPERS pouring in from the upper floors. But no Saigo anywhere!

NILES

He's in the lobby...!

KABLAMM! The SCREEN IS OBLITERATED WITH AN EXPLOSION!

377 WIDER SHOT

Chips of marble, wood, glass fly through the air behind the billowing, flashing BLAST! A COUPLE POLICEMEN are hurled high by the concussion!

The cops scatter, run for cover, hit the deck. Niles is thrown to the marble floor. Pandemonium! White and green flames, a flashing, magical pyre! Billowing smoke!

378 NILES

Pulls himself to his feet. Smoke everywhere. He moves slowly along; COUGHING, staggering cops around him. Confused, Niles' eyes darting around the huge lobby.

379 CLOSER - NILES (EFFECT)

Niles in close foreground, trying to see through the confusion, when a dark, sleek figure suddenly leaps upward behind him, out of the smoke, almost levitating, flying straight up like an arcing arrow in slow motion!

380 UP ANGLE - MEZZANINE

Saigo glides upward through the air, arms out like a diver, until his legs back-knife into a diver's tuck so that he spins over the railing on to the mezzanine floor.

381 NILES

Sees him! All hell breaks loose! Niles and the other cops begin running, toward the mezzanine stairs, up the stairs...

382 MEZZANINE

...on to the mezzanine. More smoke. No Saigo. Niles races to the bank of elevators. Pushes the button. Pulls out his walkie-talkie.

(CONTINUED)

382 CONTINUED

NILES
 (into walkie-talkie)
 Lewis, we lost him! He took the
 whole lobby apart!

The elevator doors open. Niles ducks in.

383 INT. ELEVATOR

The doors close. The elevator starts up.

SPANZO
 (V.O. filtered)
 Where is he?

NILES
 (into walkie-talkie)
 On his way up! He got to the
 elevators!

Suddenly a figure swings down from above, right behind Niles!
 Saigo, hanging suspended from the ceiling of the elevator
 like a bat, slicing through the air with his short sword,
 slashing into Niles...

384 INT. PENTHOUSE

SPANZO
 Niles. Niles, goddamnit...

Spanzo dashes out of the penthouse...

385 INT. HALLWAY & ELEVATORS

...down the hallway to the bank of elevators. Looks at the
 indicator. Sees one coming up. Guesses.

SPANZO
 (into walkie-talkie)
 Fortieth floor! Stop the car!

386 INT. FORTIETH FLOOR

THREE COPS. Rigged out. Riot gear. Heavy protection. One
 hand snakes out and hits the elevator button.

387 INT. HALLWAY & ELEVATORS

Spanzo runs back to the penthouse, but the entourage of Nicholas,
 Justine, Tomkins and the SWAT team are already heading for the
 stairs. He hurries them through.

388 INT. FORTIETH FLOOR

The elevator arrives. A pause.

(CONTINUED)

388 CONTINUED

The three cops spread out. Guns drawn. Wait for the worst.

The doors open. Niles falls forward into the landing. Shock. Panic. The three men don't move. They stare into the elevator. Empty. The doors slide shut.

One cop puts down his rifle and crouches to Niles.

And the doors slide open again. The Ninja is there! He leaps!

389 OVERHEAD ANGLE LOOKING DOWN

The Ninja flies over the crouching cop, turning and landing directly behind him.

390 FRONT ANGLE - FROM ELEVATOR DOORS

Saigo's hands, a knife in each one, plunge deep into either side of the cop's body. Before the two outside cops can react, Saigo flings each knife outward, in perfect symmetry, into their throats! They crumple...

391 EXT. TOP OF TOMKINS BUILDING - NIGHT

Spanzo, Nicholas and the others come out onto the windswept rooftop. No sign of the helicopter.

TOMKINS

(near panic)

Where the hell is it?

SPANZO

On its way...

(into walkie-talkie)

Fortieth floor. Talk to me.

(no answer; another call)

Red team. Get up to forty. See what's going on...

392 INT. LOBBY

The Red Team, a half dozen SWAT men, pile into the only available elevator. The doors close.

393 EXT. TOP OF TOMKINS BUILDING - NIGHT

Our group searches the skies frantically.

NICHOLAS

There it is!

In the distance, HEAR the helicopter coming.

394 POV - HELICOPTER

Its strobe lights flashing, we SEE the dim outline of the helicopter against the city lights.

395 INT. FORTIETH FLOOR - HALLWAY

The freight elevator arrives. Doors open. Saigo starts inside when the soft bell signals the arrival of the Red Team.

He streaks across the landing to the elevator. An iron claw appears in his hand. He hacks it into the call-button panel. Sparks fly.

396 INT. RED TEAM ELEVATOR

The elevator lurches to a halt, throwing the men around. The lights flicker out.

397 FORTIETH FLOOR

Saigo races like a madman into the freight elevator, opens the ceiling plate and retrieves his duffel bag. He smashes the freight elevator's control panel. No more elevators!

He drags the duffel bag along the landing hallway, to a large window at the end. HEAR THE SOUNDS of the Red Team struggling with the elevator door. Voices. Beating on the door. Prying.

Saigo aims carefully. Kicks out the glass.

398 EXT. TOP OF TOMKINS BUILDING

The helicopter is closing now. Making its slow approach to the pad. Everyone acting like wild horses. The SWAT team at the ready, spread out.

Now the helicopter is hovering high, fighting a stiff wind. Coming down slowly.

399 INT. FORTIETH FLOOR

The Red Team elevator doors grind open by hand, revealing the SWAT team, stalled four feet from floor level.

They scramble out of the crippled car. Take in the scene. Hurry to the window. Look out. Look up.

400 POV - UP ANGLE

Saigo, like a human fly, moves hand-over-hand up the building's steel support members, using the narrow joints to catch the two-inch steel spikes on his shoes and his hands. The duffel bag is over his shoulder.

401 OMIT

402 EXT. TOP OF TOMKINS BUILDING

The helicopter is a foot from the ground. Everyone poised. When suddenly, from the far side of the helicopter, Saigo vaults himself over the edge and lands on the roof, instantly moving forward, running...behind some air conditioning ducts, unseen!

403 CLOSE ON SAIGO

He hurls something. Rope and heavy weights on the end.

404 CLOSE - TAIL ROTOR - HELICOPTER

Directly into the tail rotor! Wrapping around it! Seizing the blades! The tail rotor stops!

405 WIDE SHOT

The whole helicopter goes haywire. The speed of the main rotor blades now pushing the body around, spinning it like crazy, a wild, rotating top!

Out of control, it moves right toward the horrified group of people.

Everyone hits the deck. And the spinning helicopter goes over their heads...

406 REVERSE ANGLE

and into the wires! It EXPLODES! Tips over, and SLAMS down on the very edge of the roof, hung up there, half on, half off, burning, flaming!

407 ON THE GROUP

Before anyone can react, they are hit with a barrage of darts! Two SWAT men fall. Then a third and a fourth!

408 SPANZO

whirls this way and that, firing, trying to lay down some cover. Now everyone is running back to the stairs.

Sudden, awful silence. Light and sound from the fire.

409 SPANZO'S POV - ROOFTOP

The rooftop. Wind whipping. No sign of Saigo.

410 SPANZO

goes nuts!

SPANZO

(screaming)

You goddamn son of a bitch, get your ass out here where I can see you, you Jap coward bastard!

Nicholas races back. Grabs Spanzo. Pulls him to the stairwell door. The last of the SWAT men follow.

411 INT. STAIRWELL (PANAGLIDE)

Everyone runs down the stairs, through another set of doors...

412 INT. RECEPTION AREA (PANAGLIDE)

...into the reception area, over to the elevators. Spanzo punches the buttons frantically. The four remaining SWAT men fan out.

SPANZO

(into walkie-talkie)

Where the hell are you guys?

413 INT. FORTIETH FLOOR

A SERGEANT speaks into his walkie-talkie.

SERGEANT

He jammed the elevators. We're working on it.

Behind him, COPS work at the crippled control panel.

414- OMIT
415

416 SPANZO

puts away his walkie-talkie. He's scared. For the first time. Really scared. He looks around.

417 SPANZO'S POV

Empty office. Windows. The city outside. Quiet. Forboding. Penthouse door. Nicholas and Justine and Tomkins, all looking at him, SWAT team with guns drawn.

418 SPANZO

begins to orchestrate the frightened group into as well-protected a unit as possible. Pulls cushions off the lounge chairs by the elevators, gives them to people to shield themselves with, sends a SWAT cop over to the penthouse door to jam it with a chair...

SPANZO

All right, we're going to wait a couple minutes. Then, if the elevator's still out, we're going to walk down.

TOMKINS

That's sixty stories!

Behind them, the sound of the elevator clanking to life. The walkie-talkie crackles.

SERGEANT

(over walkie-talkie)

We're on our way.

419 INT. FORTIETH FLOOR

AN ARMY OF COPS pile onto the elevator. Its doors slide shut.

420 INT. HALLWAY & ELEVATORS

Spanzo, Nicholas, everyone, looking at the elevator indicator.
40, 41, 42...

SPANZO

C'mon, baby...

421 EXT. ANGLE LOOKING THRU WINDOW

Outside, looking in through the glass. SEE our desperate group gathered in a tight cluster at the elevators.

Wind whips fiercely against the glass.

Suddenly, a black cord snakes down into the frame!

422 INT. HALLWAY & ELEVATORS

Everyone waiting. Elevator sounds. Grinding.

DING. The elevator arrives. Everyone moves to it expectantly.

SUDDENLY BEHIND THEM THE ENTIRE GLASS WALL EXPLODES INWARD AS THE NINJA FLIES INTO THE ROOM ON THE END OF A ROPE!

LIKE A KAMAKAZI, HE IS AIRBORNE, FLYING THROUGH THE AIR, HIS KATANA SLASHING OUT, killing two SWAT cops instantly!

Saigo lands; immediately hurls a handful of pellets across the room as he leaps off again...

THE PELLETS EXPLODE, LIGHTING UP THE ROOM!

RAPID CUTS:

Saigo leaps through the smoke!

Toward Tomkins!

Spanzo leaps dramatically!

Meeting Saigo from the side with his feet, throwing the assassin off balance.

A flick of Saigo's sword, backhand.

Spanzo flies against a wall, his arm slashed.

Elevator doors opening; COPS pouring out into the fire and smoke.

Nicholas, Justine, staggering around.

Smoke. Confusion. Suddenly GUNFIRE!

Nicholas throws Justine to the floor.

SWAT cops FIRING at shadows!

(CONTINUED)

422 CONTINUED

A COP from the elevator is riddled with bullets!

ANOTHER EXPLOSION! People thrown about in the hot bursts of green-white-yellow light! Smoke everywhere.

Tomkins. Saigo lands five feet from him, materializing out of the smoke!

Spanzo FIRES!

Bullets chew up the wall, but Saigo has already launched himself again.

Nicholas leaps...

Knocks Tomkins out of the way.

Saigo's katana slices, misses by inches, whistling!

Saigo hits the wall an inch away, leaps defensively as bullets chew up the wall where his sword has cut a huge slit.

Cops shooting from the elevator! From the floor!

Shadows in the smoke!

Spanzo firing!

AN EXPLOSION TEARS A HOLE IN THE WALL!

And the soft pattering of wrecked furniture like sleet on a frost-filled day. Sudden silence...Deafening...And gradually, the whistling of the wind from a gaping hole in the large picture window next to the elevators.

Everyone gets to their feet slowly. Justine. Spanzo, holding his bleeding arm gingerly.

Against the wall, Nicholas pulls himself from atop his father. Helps him up.

Spanzo, the other cops, begin to move about carefully, expecting the Ninja to jump out from behind everything.

But Spanzo knows. He works his way to the broken window, peers out and looks down.

SPANZO
(into walkie-talkie)

Talk to me.

COP
(V.O. filtered)
He's all over the sidewalk down here.

The group gathers at the window.

(CONTINUED)

422 CONTINUED

TOMKINS

He jumped?!

423 THEIR POV

A dizzying perspective down on the distant street. POLICE CARS and AMBULANCES converge.

424 EXT. THE STREET - LATER - NIGHT

A SMALL CROWD of the late-night curious has gathered at the police lines.

SEVERAL AMBULANCES attend LOTS OF INJURED POLICE. Spanzo comes out of the building flanked by Nicholas and Justine. Dazed. Exhausted. A MEDICAL EXAMINER shrouds the shattered corpse of Saigo in a body bag.

SPANZO

Just a second, please... I need a look.

He and Nicholas bend down, unzip the bag, survey its contents with obvious distaste.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Not much left. I don't think there's a bone over an inch long. He hit head-first.

Silence. Then Spanzo winces, grabs his arm.

SPANZO

Piece o' dark meat, I've been cut so many times tonight. Time for ol' Spanzo to take a vacation.

CUT TO:

425 THE BODY BAG

Saigo's body. In that bag. Being loaded into the van.

426 NICHOLAS, JUSTINE AND SPANZO

Staring at the coroner's van. A MEDIC bandages Spanzo's arm. Behind them Tomkins' limousine pulls up. Ross gets out of the driver's seat and comes up to Nicholas.

ROSS

Your father wants to talk with you, Nicholas.

JUSTINE

(to Nicholas)

You go on.

(CONTINUED)

426 CONTINUED

NICHOLAS

No.

She moves up and kisses him.

JUSTINE

Give me your keys.

Finally Nicholas takes them out and hands them to her.

JUSTINE

(continuing)

I won't go to sleep until you get home.

They kiss. Then Nicholas walks over to the limousine. The back door stands open. SEE Tomkins sitting inside. Nicholas makes no attempt to get in as Ross climbs into the driver's seat.

TOMKINS

Please...

An invitation to get into the car.

NICHOLAS

No thanks.

TOMKINS

Don't be a pain in the ass. At least talk to me. Ten minutes, Nicholas.

427 THE LIMO

pulls away down the street, past the police barricades. Spanzo and Justine watch it disappear. Justine moves away, toward a waiting black-and-white. An OFFICER holds the door for her.

Spanzo stands for a moment. Then looks down. At the spot where the limousine sat only a few seconds earlier.

There is blood on the street. Trailing off in the direction the limo took!

Spanzo races over toward another black-and-white.

SPANZO

Come on!

He jumps in. Another COP scrambles in the passenger door. The black-and-white tears off after the limo!

428-
429

OMIT

430 INT. TOMKINS LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

A whisper-smooth ride. Nicholas sits silently in the shadowy light of the back seat with Tomkins. An atmosphere of unresolved tension. Each locked into his own world.

TOMKINS
(finally)

Do you love her?

NICHOLAS

I don't know.

TOMKINS

I do.

Nicholas reacts. Feels sorry for his father, this moment of total vulnerability.

NICHOLAS

I'm sorry.

TOMKINS
(after a beat)

Don't be.

The SOUND OF A DISTANT SIREN. The limo slows. Stops for a red light.

431- OMIT
432

433 EXT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Red light. The big car PURRS. Waiting. WE MOVE IN, DOWN LOW. From under the car, a dark form moves! Not a part of the car! Hanging on underneath!

434 OMIT

435 POV - THRU FRONT WINDSHIELD

The light turns green. And then a thud, and crash! A HALF-VISIBLE FIGURE ROLLS ONTO THE HOOD! SPRINGS UPRIGHT!

And CRASH! THE WINDSHIELD IN FRONT OF ROSS SHATTERS!

436 THE BLADE

of the katana PIERCING ROSS' JACKET, THEN HIS SPINE...

437 ROSS

His face. Mouth open. The moment of sudden death...

438 BACKSEAT

The BLADE SLASHES THROUGH THE BACK OF THE SEAT! Just missing Nicholas' leg! And then the sword is ripped back out, disappearing through the seat, Ross, the window...

439 ANOTHER ANGLE - BACKSEAT

With shocking speed the black figure swings to the side window, smashes it with the hilt of the sword, thrusts the sword through -- and into the back seat where Tomkins would have been. But Nicholas, reacting in a split-second, has yanked him away, opening the door, tumbling out the other side.

440 EXT. LIMOUSINE - STREET

Tomkins bolts. Takes three steps. And the Ninja is there! Katana held high! Arcing downwards! SLICING ACROSS TOMKINS' NECK, PARTING THE AIR WITH A WHOOSHH!

Tomkins. Stands motionless for a moment. A look of intense surprise on his face. A thin line of crimson starting at a line around his throat.

441 FROM BEHIND TOMKINS - SAIGO

And then Tomkins' head tips forward, falling from his body, and then the body falls.

442 NICHOLAS

by the limo. Frozen. Unable to move. Beyond everything except an intense stare...

443 SAIGO

looks up from his deed. And begins to twirl, a whirling dervish in slow motion, an ancient, ceremonial dance!

444 NICHOLAS

unfreezes. Bolts. Away. Running like a madman! MOVE WITH HIM. Down the middle of the street. An Olympic sprinter.

445 SAIGO

still dancing over the decapitated body of Raphael Tomkins. Now stops. Turns. Starts after Nicholas! At a dead run.

And then Spanzo's black-and-white screeches to a stop behind the limo! Spanzo jumps out. Sees Tomkins' body. Sees the two running figures in the distance down the street. Starts after them!

446 NICHOLAS - MOVING (PANAGLIDE)

A single shot. Racing through the streets with Nicholas. Down a block. Cars pass. Nicholas hurtles forward. Gripped with fear. A nightmare. Now on to another street. No cars. Sodium vapor lights. Careening along.

447 SAIGO - MOVING (PANAGLIDE)

Now CAMERA HURTLES ALONG with the Ninja. Full bore. An insane black shape tearing along.

448- OMIT
449

450 NICHOLAS - (PANAGLIDE)

Onto a main street. In front of cars. Close call. Cars swerve. Horns HONK.

On the sidewalk again. Heads turn. People think he's crazy. Laugh and point.

Right into the first brightly-lit, open storefront...

451 INT. SOUVENIR SHOP - NIGHT

WE FOLLOW HIM up to a counter. A telephone. An irate CLERK.

CLERK

Hey! What'cho think you're doin'?

Nicholas has no voice left. His breath comes in huge gulps. He keeps dialing.

The clerk moves over to stop him.

CLERK

(continuing)

Put it down, Chuck!

And then Nicholas looks up...

452 NICHOLAS' POV

...to see Saigo walk right in the front door, just as big as you please, and draw his katana right out of the folds of his pants!!

453 NICHOLAS

drops the phone. The clerk turns, stares at this black-horror-death-avenger!

CLERK

(continuing; what I see is not really there)

Naaaaa...

Nicholas streaks through the back of the store. CAMERA FOLLOWS. Out the rear door.

454 EXT. STREET - SPANZO (PANAGLIDE)

Spanzo, his gun out, races along the street.

455 OMIT

456 EXT. ALLEY - FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

Nicholas charges down an alley. Stops. No exit. Cul de sac. He picks a fire escape. Climbs like a squirrel. Goes up and up...to the top.

457 EXT. TOP OF BUILDING - NIGHT

Over the ladder rung. On to a rooftop. Across it. To the edge. Stops. Looks down.

458 NICHOLAS' POV

Looking down. A side street. Directly below, a huge marquee juts out at about three stories. We are about seven stories high at the top.

459 NICHOLAS

It's way too long a drop. He turns.

460 REVERSE ANGLE

And the Ninja is coming up over the edge of the ladder, his arm back, hurling something!

A long nylon cord HISSES OUT!

461 NICHOLAS

And the hooked barb digs into Nicholas' arm, the cord wrapping around it!

And then Nicholas pushes backward against the tension of the cord. Jumps off the rooftop.

462 LOOKING DOWN

As Nicholas falls through the air, the cord trailing behind him like a fishing line.

463 MARQUEE

KAWHAM! Nicholas hits the marquee. He grimaces, tries to stand, can't. His leg is broken. He looks up.

464 NICHOLAS' POV - UP ANGLE

Saigo holds the other end of the cord. Now he drops it. Holds out his arms for balance. The katana in one of them. Prepares to jump.

465 NICHOLAS

tries to stand. No luck. He reaches out frantically.

His hand finds a stanchion rod, broomhandle-size, one end anchored at his feet, the other end a few feet up on the brick wall. Old and rusty, but strong enough to support him as he hoists himself painfully up to one knee. Looks up.

466 SAIGO

Poised at the edge. Suddenly...KABLAM! A gunshot! Another! Saigo moves slightly, the bullets tearing through him...

to reveal Spanzo behind him at the fire escape! Spanzo FIRES AGAIN! FOUR MORE SHOTS! He empties his gun!

But Saigo is still standing there. Saigo leaps off the edge of the roof! Poised in a killing thrust as he falls down toward Nicholas!

467 SAIGO'S POV

A FLASH! Dropping like a rock, right toward Nicholas!

468 NICHOLAS

No hope. He lurches to his feet and the stanchion pole breaks from his weight, right at the center, at a turnbuckle.

Nicholas swings the stanchion pole...

and spears Saigo in mid-air, right through the chest!

469 ANOTHER ANGLE

Skewered by the stanchion rod, Saigo slides down it almost gracefully, his sword still in its killing position, held in front of him by frozen hands, moving toward Nicholas like a lover moving for an embrace.

470 CLOSER

The sword stops in inch from Nicholas' face. Saigo stares wide-eyed at Nicholas. Terrifying, even in death, like a wax sculpture.

471 CLOSEST

Nicholas and Saigo. Their two faces. Close together. Sounds from below. HEAR SIRENS in the distance.

Nicholas leans back. Lightheaded. Faints. His head softly hitting the roof...

DISSOLVE TO:

472 INT. NICHOLAS' BEDROOM - DAY

Nicholas lies in bed, his body bruised, his leg in a cast, his wounds bandaged. The room is filled with bars of bright golden sunlight and deep shadows which fall obliquely across the bare wooden floor. MOVE IN CLOSE. Nicholas rolls over, and we DISSOLVE, SHARE HIS POINT OF VIEW, SHARE THE DARKNESS, ENTER HIS JUMBLED, EXHAUSTED SEMI-CONSCIOUS VISION:

473 THE NINJA

Dancing over his father's body. Almost a rollicking figure, twirling around and around.

474 NICHOLAS

Opens his eyes. PULL BACK. See Justine across the room, a vision in golden sunlight. Opening a suitcase. Hanging a robe in the closet.

She sees that Nicholas is awake. Comes to him.

JUSTINE

Were you dreaming? Are you all right?

She touches his head, wipes his brow.

NICHOLAS

Don't leave.

JUSTINE

Try to make me.

And she's slipping out of her clothes, naked in the broken light. Nicholas closes his eyes as she slips into bed with him, moves her pillow closer to his, the warmth of her body close against him, the line of her spine, the soft curve of her buttocks, her knees close against him...

475 SAIGO

In a vision. Twirling. The katana held high.

476 NICHOLAS

opens his eyes again. Hawthorne is curled up on the edge of the bed. Staring at him.

JUSTINE

(V.O.)

Someone to see you...

Nicholas looks up. Spanzo stands at the foot of the bed, his arm in a sling. Justine is in a robe.

SPANZO

Well, boy...

NICHOLAS

Lewis...

SPANZO

Don't talk. I'm under orders not to tire you out.

He comes to the nightstand, sets down a fifth of Wild Turkey.

(CONTINUED)

476 CONTINUED

SPANZO

(continuing)

For when you feel better.

(a beat)

You made it through, white meat.

I'm proud of you.

Nicholas is too tired, or too moved, to answer back.

SPANZO

(continuing)

When you're up to it, let's go
lift a few beers.

Nicholas nods. His eyes slowly close. He drifts away.

SPANZO

You take care.

(to Justine)

I better hit the trail.

They walk out of the room. The sleeping figure. BOOM UP HIGH.
Tail credits could roll, but they don't. The phone rings, in
the front room. Far away. Nicholas doesn't stir.

477 FRONT ROOM

As Spanzo lets himself out the front door, Justine runs to the
ringing phone. Picks it up.

JUSTINE

Hello? This is she.

478 INT. HOTEL - DAY

A DESK CLERK in an expensive New York City hotel.

DESK CLERK

I have a message from one of our guests.
He left instructions to phone you this
morning. It says, "from your Japanese
friend. The rabid dog is in your bed."
That's it. I mean there isn't anything
else.

(pause)

If you have a rabid dog, ma'am, I suggest
you call the Pound...ma'am...

479 INT. NICHOLAS' APARTMENT

Justine hangs up. She stands in the large room like a statue.
Transfigured. Her eyes changing, emptying. And now her eyes
are not her own, the color all wrong; in the sunlight even her
face is different, somehow no longer feminine. She turns,
moves silently, as if in a mist.

480 FOLLOWING

Justine as she crosses the apartment, into the bedroom. Her feet, slowly, one before the other at precise angles. It's chilling. The movements...so like the Ninja...almost could be. The cat sees her. Jumps off the bed and scampers into the front room.

481 INT. CLOSET

The door opens. Justine moves a chair. Steps up. Reaches up on the wall over the door. WE FOLLOW, to see one of Saigo's short swords, eerily lit by the golden bedroom glow, hanging on two throwing darts jammed into the wall, impossible to find unless you knew it was there!

482 NICHOLAS

Just his face. Asleep.

483 JUSTINE

Her eyes are blank.

484 JUSTINE'S POV

The hideous face of a rabid dog, snarling, snapping up from the bedding!!

485 JUSTINE

The killing energy building up inside her. With one fluid movement, she unsheaths the blade. The unmistakable sound! THE SCREAMING, METALLIC RASP!

486 NICHOLAS

His eyes flicker open.

487 JUSTINE

draws back the blade. Brings it down, a sudden blur, cleaving the air, downward like a bolt of black thunder!

488 BOTH

Suddenly Nicholas has her arms in his hands, catching Justine's forearms above his head! He pushes sideways. They go sprawling off the bed. She tumbles on the floor, he on top, knocking away the sword. She turns, her knee coming up. He receives a hail of punches to his back, Justine striking out wildly now, like a cat...

NICHOLAS

Justine!

(CONTINUED)

JUSTINE
Kill the dog! Kill him!

NICHOLAS
Justine! Justine! Justine!

JUSTINE
(suddenly in Japanese)
The rabid dog! Kill him!

NICHOLAS
I killed him.

JUSTINE
(back to English)
No.

NICHOLAS
I killed him!

JUSTINE
No. You're...

NICHOLAS
I'm Nicholas. Nicholas.

Then SOMETHING SCREAMS. It comes from Justine's wide-open mouth, it uses her vocal cords, but the sound is nothing she could ever have made. She stops fighting, her body racked with a frightful muscular tension that Nicholas battles to contain. She looks up at him.

JUSTINE
Nicholas...

She slumps unconscious across Nicholas. Nicholas sits there on the floor with her. He runs his fingers lightly through her hair. Touches her face. She seems like a child now in his arms, sleeping so deeply, so serenely. Without a care in the world.

FADE OUT.

THE END