

Yakuza

by

Oliver Butcher & Stephen Cornwell

Based on the 1974 motion picture "The Yakuza," based on an original story by Leonard Schrader and a screenplay by Paul Schrader and Robert Towne.

Current Revisions by
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BLACK SCREEN

A Japanese voice speaks rapidly, with a calm, official tone.

Moments later it's joined by a Korean voice, an octave lower.

Next come Russian and Chinese, jumbling together, until, like a whisper in a crowded room, we hear English...

AMERICAN VOICE

...welcomes each delegation to the Six
Nation Talks, and hopes that an ongoing
dialogue will lead to...

The voices wash together like a schizophrenic episode.

JACK (V.O.)

Move to another channel. We're picking
up the frequencies from the conference.

AMERICAN VOICE

...greater trust.

FADE IN:

CLOSE ON JACK KILMER

As there comes a cloudburst of applause, he leaves the
CONFERENCE ROOM up a dim aisle, phony press pass on his
jacket, transmitter buried in his ear.

INT. TOKYO INTERNATIONAL CENTER - SUMMER, 1994

Just outside opening statements at the Six Nation Talks on
North Korean disarmament, Jack paces, holding his earpiece.

Sharp and energetic, Jack has an athletic, instinctive
quality to his movements; and like a star athlete, things
have come easily to him: top of his class at Langley, a young
field agent in a country he loves.

Amid shattering applause, the doors open to the conference
hall, and the delegations file out, into the light beneath
the tall ceiling of sloped glass.

Jack appears to be checking the time, but we see that

HIS WATCH

is a Minox "ultraminiature" camera, snapping pictures.

FREEZE ON: The North Korean Vice-Foreign Minister, walking
amid an entourage of secret service. Mid-40s, bow-legged, he
suffers from the aftermath of childhood polio - and he slows
the group as he unfolds a collapsible aluminum CANE.

THIS IMAGE SLOWLY SHRINKS DOWN, until it's the tiny panel of
a photo negative, the size of a fingernail.

PULL BACK TO:

A 5-YEN BRASS COIN

In a dim, utility closet, Jack bites the edge of the coin,
then PULLS IT IN HALF, revealing a sub-miniature compartment.
He slips in the negative, and reassembles the coin over it.

EXT. TOKYO - SUNSET

Jack walks beneath an elevated train, where shops are built
into the support structure. It's a coral reef of capitalism,
souvenirs, electronics, and clothes hanging around him, as
the awakening neon competes with the last glare of the sun.

He stops, glancing at a rack of SUNGLASSES. In the mirrored-
surface of a lens, Jack sees: a NORTH KOREAN SECRET SERVICE
AGENT, trailing him from far down the busy street.

TANNER (V.O.)
(sound pre-lap)
Kilmer thinks they've made him.

Jack continues ahead, up to a NOODLE STAND, where he pays a
cashier and deftly SLIDES THE COIN ACROSS THE COUNTER.

It vanishes under the big hand of GEORGE TANNER (40s), a
shambling bear of a man with a friendly, Midwestern face.

MATCH CUT TO:

A PAIR OF PLIERS

-- pry open the 5-yen coin.

TANNER (V.O.)
He's taking extra precautions.

A tech lifts dripping microfilm from a daylight developing
tank, and feeds it into an EXPANDER.

Pictures begin flickering past of the North Korean entourage:
their convoy of town cars, brandishing the blue-and-red NORTH
KOREAN FLAG; their hotel; restaurants, excursions that reveal
tight security formations around the vice-foreign minister.

INT. CIA SAFEHOUSE - SHIBUYA DISTRICT - TOKYO - NIGHT

As we pull back, we see: TANNER beside a CIA TECH, and OLIVER
WHEAT (40s), a bookish CIA mandarin in unflattering glasses
and the drab sweater of a tenured academic. They work in a
temporary outpost, two TECHS still assembling communications
consoles amid a jumble of cords and monitors.

WHEAT
(pointing at a picture)
His survey work is still top notch.
That's him: Seomoon Yu.

They scan more photos: shopping ventures, tours of the city.

WHEAT
He's on a short leash.

TANNER
Are they always this paranoid about
their diplomats?

WHEAT
They guard them like Cuban relief
pitchers.

A picture shows the North Korean SS moving in an oppressively
tight formation around Seomoon Yu, through the narrow streets
of Harajuku.

WHEAT
If he's got something, it's going to
change the course of these talks.

INT. SHINJUKU SHOPPING MALL - DAY

VIP hosts scurry to meet North Korean envoys, bowing, as
guards stay close. Jack drifts through the thick crowds.

WHEAT (V.O.)
We're going to have to find a way to
get to him...

INT. CHANGING AREA - "ACHILLES MEN'S STORE" - MOMENTS LATER

With two suits off the rack, A SECRET SERVICE AGENT escorts
Seomoon Yu into the changing room.

WHEAT (V.O.)
...alone.

EXT. ROOFTOP - GINZA DISTRICT - MORNING

Jack moves into position along a bonsai roof garden on a posh apartment building. He raises a TELEPHOTO LENS.

WHEAT (V.O.)

Wherever we make the exchange...

THROUGH THE TELEPHOTO LENS -- he sees SEOMOON YU dressing in his room, a SECRET SERVICE AGENT waiting on the separate double bed.

INT. BAR - GOLDEN GAI DISTRICT - EVENING

As the North Koreans linger in the piano bar, soggy with booze, Jack strides past, dressed like a tourist, his VIDEO CAMERA sweeping across the men.

WHEAT (V.O.)

We'll need more men. And we'll have to prep the area.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CIA SAFEHOUSE - EVENING

The VIDEO IMAGE stays frozen on a monitor.

WHEAT

How deep do Kilmer's local contacts go?

KENDO STICKS (SHINAI)

clack together, hard, immobilizing one another.

INT. GYMNASIUM - MORNING

On a wide-open mat, twenty men pair off and duel in straight lines, their bamboo shinai clattering together. It's an elaborate sword-fighting choreography, half-sport, half-ceremony.

TANNER (V.O.)

Deep.

In the center of the group, Jack is battling against TANAKA KEN (30s), his Yakuza contact and teacher, currently *wakagashira* (second-in-command) in the Sumiyoshi clan.

While Jack is the largest man in the room, with broad shoulders and a tailback's power - Tanaka Ken is so agile and quick-handed, he parries every attack without wasted motion.

TANAKA KEN (V.O.)
(sound pre-lap)
Your technique is excellent, but your head is cluttered.

As they halt, Jack is out of breath; Tanaka Ken isn't. Jack bows deeply to his teacher, while Tanaka Ken smiles, proud of his student's effort. (Note: *Japanese dialogue appears in italics.*)

TANAKA KEN (V.O.)
Don't expect to win or lose. Expect nothing.

INT. EMPTY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Surrounded by Yakuza kobun and milling restaurant staff, Jack and Tanaka Ken sit at a low table beyond open shoji screens. Between the two men, cups of sake are ritually poured for a traditional bonding ceremony.

TANAKA KEN
The concept is called Mushin. It's the same with life - with business. If you focus on one element of the fight, you'll miss something even more dangerous.

The restaurant is still unfinished, a few weeks from opening - floors of bare plywood and walls of exposed drywall.

TANAKA KEN
With business... with love...

He glances across the room at EIKO (20s), Jack's luminous young girlfriend, dressed in business clothes, the soon-to-be proprietor.

TANAKA KEN
It means trying to see past your expectations... and delusions.

Jack smiles and toasts. The men drink their sake, then face each other eye to eye. The attendants wrap the cups in paper, ceremonial keepsakes.

TANAKA KEN
(to Eiko)
*So what are we calling this restaurant?
Now that it's opening?*

EIKO
*I'll name it after Jack. "Kilmer
 House."*

The word is a bit clumsy on her tongue.

TANAKA KEN
I put up the money, he gets the glory.

Eiko seems to worry that the mobster is offended; but, after a pause, he laughs. Jack waits, then gestures to the others.

JACK
Tanaka-san, could I talk to you alone?

Tanaka Ken dismisses the room. Eiko leaves as well, casting a last concerned look back toward Jack.

JACK
 I need to ask for a favor. You know I
 don't just start up restaurants.

TANAKA KEN
 Neither do I.

EXT. YAKUZA COMPOUND - AOKIGAHARA - NIGHT

An hour and a half from Tokyo, buried in "The Sea of Trees," the ancient Yakuza compound is a Meiji-era fortress.

Town Cars pulls up to the Pagoda. Jack and Tanaka Ken step out, and enter past a greeting line of kobun.

JACK (V.O.)
 He's our mole inside their foreign
 ministry. And he's got something. We
 get a peek at it now, we can leverage
 the disarmament talks.

INT. TANAKA KEN'S CHAMBER - YAKUZA COMPOUND - NIGHT

It overlooks dense, deciduous forest scattered across undulating hills. The two men sit near the open balcony, as Tanaka Ken's kobun (disciple), HASEGAWA, waits.

JACK
 We need to isolate him from the secret
 service agents assigned to him in
 Tokyo.

Tanaka Ken is thinking hard, nodding.

JACK

I'm authorized to pay you up to -

Tanaka Ken puts up his hand, stopping Jack.

JACK

I apologize if I offended you.

TANAKA KEN

You studied our history. You know
about the Machi-Yakko, our ancestors.

JACK

They were gamblers - and they came
together, and defended the villages
against the masterless samurai.

TANAKA KEN

Now you're asking us to help defend
Japan.

(he nods)

We won't just be hired guns.

He gestures to Hasegawa.

TANAKA KEN

Hasegawa, give me your hand.

Tanaka Ken takes his hand, showing Jack the pinky finger,
amputated to the first joint.

TANAKA KEN

*Yubitsume - when a Yakuza atones for a
mistake - it isn't about pain.*

He releases Hasegawa's hand, and the Kobun looks mildly
scolded.

TANAKA KEN

*It's to weaken a man's grip on the hilt
of his sword - so that he needs to rely
on the group. He makes a sacrifice
that requires him to trust his clan.
His family.*

Jack listens intently to him.

TANAKA KEN

*If I put my men in danger, you put your
life with theirs. A brother-in-arms.
Value them above yourself. As we do
for each other.*

(a beat)

(MORE)

TANAKA KEN (cont'd)
If we work together on this, Jack -
then you follow our code. There isn't
any halfway.

Jack bows his head, agreeing.

CUT TO:

INT. EIKO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

As a tea-kettle boils, Eiko is in the midst of laughing hysterically at one of George Tanner's stories. Flushed with drink, he sits at a table by the window, while Jack eyes this CIA handler with a bit of territorial wariness.

TANNER
 See, because the Japanese have so much etiquette, and I never developed that part of my brain. Etiquette when I was coming up was just... don't spit, don't pick your nose.

He does both, and Eiko laughs, covering her mouth. She's still giddy as she rises for the tea kettle. When she's gone, Jack just glares at Tanner, accusingly.

TANNER
 What? I say something wrong?

JACK
George has got to be going, Eiko!

EIKO
 (coming from the kitchen)
 Already?

Getting the hint, Tanner gets up slowly, groaning.

TANNER
 Yeah, I better be heading off to my...
 tragic, bachelor existence.

Eiko laughs again: she loves his clowning. He politely kisses her goodbye, then heads into:

INT. HALLWAY - EIKO'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Jack walks with Tanner to the elevators.

JACK
 Just so you know, this is more contact than I'm used to having with my handler.

TANNER
Cold War's over. Protocol's a little
looser.

JACK
Let's not get too loose.

TANNER
Come on, Jack. We're salarymen to her.
You work with restaurants, I work for a
bank.

The elevator arrives and the doors pull open. Tanner steps
inside, and faces Jack.

TANNER
She doesn't know a thing.

JACK
That's your problem, George. You
always think you're the smartest guy in
the room.

TANNER
I am.

The doors close over him, sealing him inside the elevator.
Jack knocks on the outer doors.

JACK
Now you are.

INT. EIKO'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM

Jack and Eiko lounge together in her bathtub, Eiko's head
rested back on Jack's chest, both of them languorous, staring
upward from the unruffled water.

EIKO
Jack?

He answers just with a slight hum.

EIKO
*Are you working on something else with
Tanaka Ken tomorrow?*

He waits a long time before responding.

JACK
Yes.

EIKO
Business?

JACK

Right.

Her face becomes extremely worried, though he can't see it; they're pushed together close, but their expressions are entirely private.

JACK

I'll be back by eight. We'll have a quiet night.

The worry on her face becomes dread. Now their bodies - once free and easy, seem tense together in the tight space.

INT. TOWN CAR - GOLDEN GAI - DUSK

Jack and Tanaka Ken sit in the back of the parked car, watching Seomoon Yu enter the bar with an entourage, four guards pressed around him.

In the front, Hasegawa is buttoning the cuffs of his shirt over a tattoo that reaches to the veins of his wrist.

TANAKA KEN

Both of you: close your eyes.

Both Hasegawa and Jack do - and Tanaka's instructions have the undertone of a prayer.

TANAKA KEN

Empty your minds. Don't plan, don't expect anything. Relax; see everything as it is, and - react.

INT. BAR - GOLDEN GAI - NIGHT

Seomoon Yu sits in a booth among the other North Koreans, drinking heavily in this crowded bar of salarymen. The passing hours show in empty bottles and their listing demeanor, and a few of the Secret Service begin singing "Doraji," a North Korean folk song.

INT. NARROW SPACE - CONTINUOUS

With the clamor of the bar in the distance, Jack is pressed into a claustrophobic crease INSIDE OF THE WALL. Beside him spans a network of wires and computer equipment.

JACK

(sleeve mike, earpiece)
Position One. Clear.

Jack slides on READING GLASSES.

*

INT. BAR - GOLDEN GAI - NIGHT

Slumped over a whisky, Tanner watches the North Koreans in the far corner.

SWISH PAN TO:

THE BARTENDER

HASEGAWA. He turns a BOTTLE slightly in a clutter along a mirror. We move in closer to see a CAMERA INSIDE IT...

INT. CIA SAFEHOUSE - SHIBUYA - CONTINUOUS

*

Over the shoulder of a Tech, WHEAT watches the image of the NORTH KOREANS, their singing reverberating in the radios. Three other monitors show different angles of the bar: the corridor, restroom, kitchen, and

*

*

*

*

JACK'S SPYCAM

Mounted on the inside corner of his READING GLASSES. A flash of movement rushes across the screen.

JACK/RADIO (V.O.)

Shit!

A RAT - scampers up the insulated pipe past Jack.

*

Wheat and the others can't make out the dizzy camerawork from Jack's POV.

WHEAT

Position One? Position *One*?

JACK/RADIO (V.O.)

I'm fine. Just... good thing I'm not the health inspector.

*

*

*

PAN TO the adjacent MONITOR, picking up images from the bottle-cam. SEOMOON YU rises unsteadily, unfolding his collapsible cane.

*

*

*

TECH

Seller's on the move.

Seomoon Yu shambles ahead, escorted by one AGENT, leaving the screen.

TECH

One escort.

PAN TO adjacent MONITOR, an OVERHEAD SECURITY CAM in the corridor, showing the two men pass and turn into:

*
*

INT. RESTROOM - BAR - CONTINUOUS

Seomoon Yu enters with a SECRET SERVICE AGENT beside him, still mumbling the song.

MOVE INTO THE MIRROR: revealing ANOTHER CAMERA.

INT. CIA SAFEHOUSE - SHIBUYA

Wheat and the Techs watch the feed from the restroom.

WHEAT

Jesus, they don't even let these guys
hold their own dicks in the bathroom.

INT. RESTROOM - BAR - CONTINUOUS

Yu nods to the agent, then steps into a bathroom stall, closing it behind him.

THE HALLWAY CAM MONITOR

HASEGAWA moves toward the restroom for support.

*

INT. BATHROOM STALL - CONTINUOUS

Seomoon Yu hits a button and COLLAPSES his folding cane. In his clothes, he sits down, and waits a beat.

INT. NARROW SPACE - CONTINUOUS

A PANEL IN THE TILE slides open, casting a streak of light into Jack's face, like a priest in a confessional. Jack receives the CANE through the slot.

JACK'S SPY CAM

Wheat and the techs watch in silence. Moving like a contortionist, Jack whips the cane out straight in the cramped space. With a PIPE-WRENCH, he unscrews the bottom, pulling out a small USB CARD.

JACK/RADIO (V.O.)
 (whispering)
 Thirty seconds.

INT. NARROW SPACE - CONTINUOUS

He slips the USB card into an awaiting computer, watching as
 the 1994 software processes with agonizing slowness. *

Finally, information begins to appear, bit-mapped: *

blueprints, designs of centrifuges, a complete progress *

report on North Korean nuclear technology. *

JACK *

Beautiful. *

It's the apex of his young career, and he pauses just a *

moment. *

INT. CIA SAFEHOUSE - SHIBUYA DISTRICT - TOKYO

While Jack's camera shows the information on his computer
 screen; the mirror-cam in the restroom shows Hasegawa washing
 his hands, lingering beside the bulky Secret Service Agent.

JACK/RADIO (V.O.)
 (whispering)
 It's a buy.

TANNER/RADIO (V.O.)
 Two more escorts on the move.

SWISH PAN TO the bottle-cam MONITOR, where two other NORTH
 KOREAN AGENTS rise and begin tromping ahead.

IN THE CORRIDOR MONITOR, one of the agents REACHES INTO HIS
 POCKET and draws a small calibre handgun.

WHEAT

Unit one - bail out. Now! Save the *

material! *

JACK/RADIO

I can't -

WHEAT

Bail out! They're onto us!

JACK -- extracts the USB card, and drops it into his bag.

SEOMOON YU -- is covered with sweat, waiting beside a removed
 tile in the wall.

HASEGAWA -- turns and sees TWO MORE AGENTS enter the bathroom, guns drawn. As he scrambles for his own weapon, a guard fires through a silencer, hitting Hasegawa in the gut.

JACK -- startles, then hurries to pack up the equipment.

SEOMOON YU'S EYES -- open wide. Just as a DOZEN SHOTS FLY THROUGH THE STALL. His body moves like a convulsing marionette as the shots pierce him from separate angles.

JACK -- curls up, as bullets splash through the tile and grout, filling the narrow space with dust and gunpowder. Each shot casts a separate streak of light across him.

THE SECRET SERVICE AGENTS -- throw open the shredded stall door, and notice a removed tile. They begin FIRING WILDLY INTO THE WALL, bursting a pipe, which sprays water across the tile floor.

JACK'S CAMERA - swirls in a storm of bullets and flying plaster.

WHEAT

How the fuck did they *know*?

TANNER -- rises calmly from the bar, and walks out.

JACK -- shimmies upward, climbing with his knees and elbows, safe above the line of fire. He crawls out across gypsum ceiling panels, encumbered by his bag and gun.

THE SECRET SERVICE AGENTS - hear the rumbling above and rush out, past Hasegawa, still alive, his blood mixing with the water on the tile, blooming outward.

EXT. BAR - GOLDEN GAI - CONTINUOUS

Tokyo Police are responding in force, pulling up along the curb. Tanaka Ken watches with a hard face from the back of his town car. Finally he rises up and heads for the bar.

INT. HALLWAY - BAR - CONTINUOUS

JACK -- crawls across ceiling panels as bullets splash upward in clouds of dust around him. He grabs his .38 and drops through in an avalanche of corkboard and debris, firing.

Falling straight onto the floor, he fires in a circle, kneecapping SS guards.

HASEGAWA -- has managed to crawl out, on a snail-track of blood, into the hallway.

The remaining SS GUARDS seal off one end, firing. *

With a frenzy of Wheat's screaming in his earpiece, Jack gets to Hasegawa, and grabs him beneath the shoulders. As he's DRAGGING HIM AWAY, Hasegawa fires a half-dozen shots. *

INT. KITCHEN - BAR - CONTINUOUS *

Jack tries to pull Hasegawa out through a grated door in back - but SOMEONE HAS JUST LOCKED IT with MULTIPLE PADLOCKS. Furious, Jack shoots the locks, sparks flying. Police are pulling up in the alley beyond the grate, lights flashing. *

WHEAT/RADIO
Get out with the material! *

He looks back at Hasegawa, coughing up blood, his eyes helpless, as more shots shriek through the air. Then Jack glances at -- *

A NARROW WINDOW *

-- above the industrial-sized sink. As police arrive outside, lights flashing red through the room, shots still raining down the corridor, Hasegawa gapes at him with the furious eyes of a trapped animal. *

Jack takes a deep breath, horrified with his choice. He drops the last clip out of his gun, and slides it across the floor to Hasegawa. Then he SMASHES HIS WAY THROUGH THE WINDOW. *

JACK'S CAMERA -- navigates the narrow alleys, away from sirens, finally merging into the crowds. *

INT. BAR - GOLDEN GAI

As police storm the bar in RIOT GEAR, Hasegawa runs out of bullets. He raises up on all-fours, defiant, before he's pelted by another few shots, and drops. *

Tanaka Ken enters, just as police force the remaining guards onto the floor. He follows a trail of bloody water down the hallway to: *

INT. KITCHEN - BAR - CONTINUOUS *

It's a disaster of glass, plaster, and bodies. On the floor is Hasegawa, spitting blood, and Ken kneels to him. *

HASEGAWA
Kilmer. *

Tanaka looks up at the shattered window, seeing the path of Jack's retreat. He holds his kobun's hand, smeared with blood.

TANAKA KEN

Shhhh. Calm, calm. You're not going to die. You're staying right here with me, you ugly thug.

Hasegawa stares back with a childlike expression of love and faith, he nods.

TANAKA KEN

Good. Smile - keep smiling. God doesn't want you. You're an animal; you belong here. Show me. Smile, gurentai. Smile.

With all his remaining strength, Hasegawa smiles for his master, his teeth smeared with blood.

Then his eyes turn hollow.

Tanaka looks as if an electric current is surging through his nerves, from his shaking fingertips to his bulging jaw. He breathes deep, composing himself, then reaches down and gently closes Hasegawa's eyelids.

INT. EIKO'S APARTMENT - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

Eiko opens the door onto Jack, blood drenching his shirt. She staggers back with her hand over her mouth as he comes inside, rushing to the bathroom to change his clothes and scrub off the blood.

Jack is possessed with toweleling himself off, throwing wads of blood soaked paper into the toilet.

JACK

(crazed)

I'm not going to mess up the good towels...

Eiko is stunned, her eyes huge, she goes to the phone and begins dialing. Jack hears the faint tones, and pokes his head out.

JACK

Don't call anyone!

He comes out of the bathroom, and rapidly begins buttoning a new dress shirt.

JACK

Eiko.

Calming down, he faces her, holding her wrists.

JACK

*You didn't know what this was, but you
knew it was something. I should have
told you. I couldn't.*

She looks at the blood still sticky in his hair.

JACK

*There isn't time for anything now: I
have to leave tonight - I have to get
out of Japan. But I want you to come
with me, Eiko. I can't go without you.*

The cordless phone in Eiko's hand is ringing through, and suddenly it picks up, TANNER'S VOICE murmuring in the receiver: "Hello? Hello?"

Jack glances between Eiko and the phone, uncertainty in both their eyes.

CUT TO:

A TOWN CAR

Screeches up against the curb. With a single bag, Eiko and Jack leap inside.

INT. TANNER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jack and Eiko scoot across the backseat, as Tanner bursts out into traffic.

TANNER

*Wheat tied you off. This is all damage
control now. He's washing our
fingerprints off everything - making
this looking like a Yakuza hit.*

(changing lanes)

*And Tanaka Ken: he put a price on your
head.*

Jack looks away, pure shame on his face.

TANNER

*I'm here 'cause we've been through too
much together...*

Tanner throws an envelope back to him, stuffed with material.

TANNER
 Passports and a flight out of Narita in
 an hour.

JACK
 George, you didn't have to. I'm
 trained to -

TANNER
 Just get out up ahead, hop into a cab.
 I can't go any farther.

The car pulls to a crowded intersection, horns blaring. Jack
 throws open the door, and slides out with the bag, looking
 back at Eiko.

She remains in the backseat, hands in her lap, tears in her
 eyes. Jack waits on the curb, deflating.

EIKO
 I...
 (composing her English)
 I can't. I can't go. I don't even
 know who you are. This is my home. My
 whole life.

The tears well up and she turns away.

Jack steps back to the car, leans in, and kisses her. She's
 crying against his lips - until he breaks away, locked on her
 eyes. He backs off, shutting the door, keeping his eyes on
 her as she drifts away into nighttime traffic.

INT. 747 - NIGHT

Jack crams into his seat by the window, as a young man
 carries on a chipper discussion on his mobile phone (a
 cumbersome '94 Motorola.)

Sallow, drained to the marrow in his bones, Jack opens his
 passport. All sound fades. He glances down, as we PULL IN
 CLOSE ON:

THE PASSPORT

The picture staring back is a young man filled with
 certainty. Suddenly, *the page around the picture begins to*
age. Stains spread across the surface like moisture in a
 paper towel; the edges ruffle and fray.

Moving tighter, we FLOAT ACROSS the passport pages, seeing
 HUNDREDS OF STAMPS, first crisp and new, ink smudging, *fading*
before our eyes.

Playing out across this document, we see *years of border-crossings*: Ranong, Thailand; Prum, Cambodia; Bukit Kayu Hitam.

Suddenly, cluttering the passport, we see foreign currency: Ringgit, Thai Baht, Phillipine pesos. We see the shadow of a .38 revolver across a mess of falsified documents and entry visas...

The dirty pages ruffle, the spine of the passport is coming undone. We float back across JACK'S PICTURE, one last time, a youthful shot now cracked with time....

PULL BACK TO:

JACK KILMER

A subtitle reads, "Fourteen years later," and this is a different man: a five day-growth, a hardened jawline - his eyes have lost their youthful light. He now seems like a man who can see in the dark, chin raised as if defying a firing squad, he doesn't respond to questions in the room.

POLICEMAN

[Speaking in rapid Thai.]

INT. POLICE PRECINCT HOUSE - PATTAYA CITY, THAILAND - 2008

The station is a cluttered tropical outpost in a well-tread smuggling port, shanties of corrugated tin and titanium roofs outside, dazzling bright in the heat after a midday rain.

POLICEMAN

You speak English? You' passport expire.

No response from Jack. He glances up at a lazy ceiling fan.

POLICEMAN

You' passport expire. Four year ago.

JACK

I lost track of time.

INT. HOLDING TANK - PATTAYA CITY - EVENING

This is rock-bottom: a squalid tank of drunks and pickpockets, lying torpid in the heat. Jack is left respectfully alone in his corner of the cell -

- which probably has to do with his bloody, swollen knuckles and the thrashed faces of three men across the dimness.

Jack closes his eyes and *clears his mind*. We see him carrying out the meditative lessons from Tanaka Ken, years ago.

When he hears HARD-SOLED SHOES approaching on the stone floor - he opens his eyes. He hears laughter, then a few words of English.

His eyes focus, curious. An embassy official? An arms dealer? Getting out of here just means greasing the right palms. As we stay TIGHT on Jack, a SHADOW moves over him, and his mouth drops open, before turning to a sardonic smile.

REVERSE ANGLE - fourteen years-older, but still with the same air of a rumpled academic: it's OLIVER WHEAT, glasses steamed in the humidity.

WHEAT

I told them I was family.

Jack almost laughs.

WHEAT (V.O.)

You came up on our radar again almost a year ago, when you moved a load to Sintong's troops.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAFE - PATTAYA CITY - AFTERNOON

In a clamoring border town, muddy streets packed with samlor bicycles and "tuk-tuk" motorcycle taxis, Jack and Wheat sit at a cafe beneath a tin awning still dripping from a brief, intense rain.

WHEAT

We knew you were moving small arms. Those Kalishnikovs you broke down with -

JACK

They had company fingerprints all over 'em.

WHEAT

Well, this the age of sub-contracting, Kilmer. And there's a shitload of old CIA guys in this game. Cut a field-agent loose and he'll always show up somewhere, doing a job nobody wants.

JACK

Plenty of those around.

WHEAT

(sipping his drink)
Only thing I can't figure is how a guy
like you never got rich.

JACK

There's a lot of people I won't work
with.

WHEAT

Cheers to that, but... you know, Jack -
guns are guns. You never really know
which direction they're going to be
pointed.

(he toasts, drinks)

You must have had a hell of a time
working some of these towns and staying
clear of the Yakuza.

Jack looks away, squinting out at the bicycles splashing
through dirty puddles.

WHEAT

You know Tanaka Ken took over the
Sumiyoshi family. He's been boss for -
four or five years.

Just a faint nod of his chin shows that Jack knows all this.

WHEAT

I got something for you.

He digs into his satchel, and slides an envelope between
bottles on the table. Jack eyes it suspiciously for a
moment, then opens it.

There's a puzzled look from Jack. He sees PICTURES OF
EIKO... with GEORGE TANNER - less like surv pictures and more
like scrapbook photos: honeymoon, wedding, a family portrait
with a small, blue-eyed, mixed-race child.

JACK

Why are you showing me this?

WHEAT

You never got a wedding invitation, I
take it?

Jack gazes back at him, hard.

WHEAT

Look, it happens. Stressful times -
people bond fast. They got married
about around a year or so after the
incident.

Jack's eyes seem to shrink as he stares off at the cluttered street.

WHEAT

That's not why I'm here, though. Shit, I don't write for the society pages. I've got business, and you're a private contractor now. So let's talk alone.

EXT. PATTAYA BEACH - THAILAND - DUSK

Along one of the dirtiest beaches in Thailand, frothy waves pelt the shore just beneath the kiosks and surge walls. Jack and Wheat walk along a drainage canal, the sun just a half-hour above the crooked roofs of the city.

WHEAT

There's no set playbook anymore, Jack. Since 9-11, we've had twice the work and half the men. *Everything* is privatized now. We're hiring mercenaries in Iraq for thirty-grand a month, from Pinochet's old militia - anybody who can hold an M-16. We're outsourcing a World War, and things get *blurry*.

Jack stops, staring at kids playing soccer with a tied-up rag.

WHEAT

We were working with some ex-FSB, Russians - diverting about ten-mil worth of old Soviet arms to Buenaventura's men in the Phillipines. Anti-Islamic militia. This was black book, no fingerprint.
(eyeing Jack)
The *seller* wants to stay anonymous, so I brokered the deal - in Tokyo, Neutral ground, we *thought*.
(waiting)
We activated one agent on the ground.

JACK

George Tanner.

WHEAT

It was a one-off. All he had to do was keep the seller clean.

JACK

And he fucked up.

WHEAT

Bad. Here's the deal: he and Eiko had a daughter.

Jack smirks slightly, uncomfortable.

WHEAT

About 36 hours ago, the Sumiyoshi family grabbed her out of a club in Harajuku.

Jack reacts to this as if it's a strange smell.

JACK

The Yakuza doesn't kidnap -

WHEAT

They've got a new generation just like we do. Whatever you knew about the Yakuza honor code, it's gone.

(a beat)

They have the kid, Ani Tanner; and we're negotiating.

JACK

They want in on the deal, *cut 'em in*.

WHEAT

Langley's not going to grease the port. This deal's going through whether the kid eats it or not.

(a beat)

Eiko knows what we do: she has since that day. And *she* asked me to find you.

Jack looks up, surprised. Fourteen years, and still there's some tug of gravity.

WHEAT

Basic hostage extraction. You're the best for it -

Jack is lost in memories, staring at the soccer match now in the last angled light, in a golden cloud of disrupted sand.

WHEAT

- you're the *last one* ever to be in the Yakuza compound.

JACK

Tanaka Ken's wanted me dead for a long time, Oliver.

WHEAT

Look, I'm offering you fifty up-front,
and another seventy-five on delivery of
the girl. For forty-eight hours of
work, Jack - and maybe you can even
have a drink and laugh about the good
old days.

Jack stares at the grim tableau of the beach, the seagulls
foraging, the kids in the sand, the tide churned full of
debris.

JACK

I'm Tanaka's worst enemy. Isn't that a
liability?

WHEAT

Jack. You've been working right under
his nose, and he's never been close to
grabbing you. You're not a
liability...

INT. NARITA AIRPORT - SIX HOURS LATER

Amid a crowd of international arrivals in a pristine
terminal, Jack crosses the glaring windows, carrying a single
black bag. He's now clean-shaven, his hair trimmed, his
clothes pressed.

WHEAT (V.O.)

(sound postlap)

- you're a ghost.

With his first hundred strides into Japan, he notices how
SECURITY CAMERAS have proliferated into every corner, feeding
immigration with space-aged biometric info.

Across the lines, Jack sees an AEROFLOT FLIGHT ATTENDANT,
pretty, statuesque. She smiles back, before rolling her bag
ahead.

INT. NARITA AIRPORT - LOCKER AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Out of Jack's bag, he opens a Ziploc containing several
PREPAID CELL PHONES. With one, he turns and faces a wide
warren of LUGGAGE LOCKERS, each with a DIGITALIZED PANEL.

He's been in the third-world a long time, and he pauses,
trying to figure out these newer lockers.

Suddenly, the AEROFLOT FLIGHT ATTENDANT strides up behind
him, smiling, holding out her own MOBILE PHONE.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

(Russian accent)

You have to send the combination as a text message. Point it right at your locker.

She does this with her own phone, showing him, pulling out only a small duffel from her own slot.

JACK

Guess I'm stumbling into the future.

She winks at him, and begins wheeling away her suitcase.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

In Tokyo - the future was yesterday.

Jack waits, watching her go. Then he opens his locker and peeks into an unmarked envelope: INSTRUCTIONS.

I/E. AIRPORT BUS/SHUTO EXPRESSWAY - DAY

Packed with travelers, Jack squeezes in, pressed up against the window. As they pull out, he looks through rain streaks on the glass and sees THE FLIGHT ATTENDANT, sitting into a taxi. From his expression, he *knows* he's being tailed.

EXT. HOTEL NEW KOYO - AKIHABARA - DAY

Billed as "the cheapest hotel in Tokyo" - it's basically a youth hostel, with backpacks along the check-in counter.

INT. HOTEL NEW KOYO - HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

Jack's room door won't open all the way, blocked by the edge of the bed.

INT. JACK'S HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A closet-sized room with a bed and mounted TV.

He heads into the bathroom alcove, where he chuckles at the newest line of HIGH-TECH TOILET: a complex CONTROL PANEL ON ITS SIDE. Jack pushes a button, smirking, and watches as a sprout of water shoots up from its "bidet setting."

Then he checks the sink's shut-off valve on the floor.

It's off. He grabs the PIPE LOOP beneath the sink, and finds the loop ring already loosened. He removes it, and pulls out a ZIPLOC BAG containing PASSPORTS and HIS PAYMENT, in Yen.

In the main room, he opens the PHONE BOOK. Inside, in a dug-out groove, is a ZYTEL KNIFE. With it, he cuts open the padded TOURIST INFO folder, finding INFORMATION inside: *

A handwritten ADDRESS for DR. GEORGE TANNER, along with pages of background information. Newspaper clippings of TANAKA KEN: headlines in Japanese, a paparazzi shot of him stepping out of a limousine, flanked by bodyguards, staring darkly at the camera's lens. *

Jack studies his eyes, looking mournfully at this slicker, more powerful version of his old friend. *

CUT TO:

Jack finishes noodles from a vending machine. He lifts the DOORMAT, shakes out the last of a packet of DRIED RAMEN NOODLES, and scatters them beneath. Gently, he replaces the doormat, then leaves.

EXT. CHOFU DISTRICT - TOKYO - DUSK *

Small townhouses sit across from the water garden. Jack heads down the walkway. He wasn't nervous in a Thai jail, but he looks as if he's walking the plank now. He takes a deep breath, and rings the bell. *

GEORGE TANNER opens the door. He hasn't aged so much as fermented, a big florid face and glossy, sentimental eyes. *

TANNER *

Jack. Jesus, look at you. *

INT. TANNER'S HOUSE - CHOFU - MOMENTS LATER *

The living room is an odd compromise between east and west - an American-style couch on a Tatami mat. While Tanner goes through his liquor cabinet, Jack paces and studies the PICTURES around the room. *

If anything united these two disparate cultures, it was Ani Tanner, the lovely blue-eyed daughter, standing between them before a dozen landmarks: from the Hokkaido Shrine to the Great Wall. *

Jack's looking at the girl, photographed at about nine years-old - when Eiko steps into the room. She bows, politely, but also to avoid his eyes. *

EIKO *

Jack. I didn't know if you would come. *

Jack glances over at Tanner, clanking ice cubes into a glass. *

JACK
(in Japanese)
Your daughter is beautiful.

EIKO
This is a nightmare. We're sleeping so little, we can't think clearly. We don't know how she is, how she's been treated. Nothing. Please forgive how the place looks, but I -

JACK
Your English... It's perfect now.

EIKO
(looking down)
Thank you. And your Japanese is...

JACK
Rusty.

Tanner finishes pouring drinks, while Eiko and Jack stand a few feet apart, eyes held on each other.

TANNER
Sit down, sit down everybody. Holy Christ, we got about a thousand years of history in this room.

CUT TO:

INT. TANNER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - A HALF-HOUR LATER

Having retreated into the kitchen, Eiko does the remainder of the day's dishes. Her face, at first meditative, contorts for a brief surge of anxiety.

TANNER (O.S.)
You have no idea how fast kids grow up in this city, Jack. She's thirteen, and it's like she's been shot out of some hormonal cannon.

INT. TANNER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Beside his untouched scotch, Jack is now looking at more recent pictures.

TANNER
It's like trying to raise a kid in a pinball machine.

She seems to have cycled through a dozen fashion trends in a matter of weeks - first, with the fuchsia hair of a manga girl...

TANNER

The Agency hasn't had a guy as far in as you in all these years. You were the last Company-man who ever did business with Tanaka Ken.

...next Ani has the sagging pant and sunglasses of a hip-hop ("J-hop") B-girl.

JACK

She's at the compound?

TANNER

Right. We got cell phone intercepts, satellite confirmation.

Jack finally looks back at Tanner, studying him a moment.

JACK

Why would Tanaka do this? It goes against everything he believed.

(a beat)

Taking a kid to get his cut.

TANNER

They don't want in, they want *us* out. No more CIA deals on Japanese soil.

JACK

Then call it off.

Jack rises up, and paces the room.

TANNER

You can't, Jack - it's underway.

(a swig of his drink)

This goes high up on the ladder, and I'm just a bagman.

(a beat)

The yakuza has been breaking down over the years into the same kind of gang-bangers you get in the states. Ever since he took over, he's tried to wrap them in all that old mystical bullshit. Like he's protecting Edo.

JACK

If he still believes in honor -

TANNER
 There's no honor in guns or drugs or
 prostitution.

JACK
 What I'm trying to say, George: There's
 nothing messier than a hostage
 extraction.

TANNER
 Jack -

JACK
 Tanaka Ken would be obligated to meet
 with me, by *his* code. That's a lot
 less risky than -

TANNER
 Jack, you wouldn't have been brought
 here if everything wasn't already
tried.

Jack is growing furious at Tanner, and his air of arrogant
 incompetence.

JACK
 I don't need to do this, George.

But as he paces further away, he glances into the kitchen and
 sees EIKO.

A counterpoint to Tanner, Eiko stands frozen, wringing the
 dishtowel in her fists. Here's the devastated mother,
 looking at Jack with imploring eyes.

TANNER (O.S.)
 Look, Jack - you got mixed feelings
 about this whole situation. I get it.
 But this is *me*, buddy. This is still
 me. I got you out of Tokyo that day.
Giri-Ninjo - you're the one who
 believed in that code of honor.
 Remember?

JACK
 (staring at Eiko)
 Yeah, it's coming back to me.

A heavy sound-prelap of FRICTION rises up, subway wheels
 grinding to a halt against the track.

CUT TO:

INT. TOKYO SUBWAY - NIGHT - AN HOUR LATER

As Jack rushes up the stairs toward the platform, he brushes past a DRUNKEN YOUTH, weaving, singing.

Jack continues onward, and steps into the train. Then the DRUNK begins walking steadily, stepping on also as the doors close. We see him take out a mobile phone, and TEXT A MESSAGE in Kanji.

TEXT MESSAGE
(subtitle)
The Tanners had a visitor.

He wears a sweatsuit and chains, a loose facsimile of hip-hop clothes. We'll know him as TONO.

INT. HOTEL NEW KOYO - HALLWAY - LATE NIGHT

Jack carefully opens the door to his room. He leans down and LIFTS THE DOOR MAT, checking the DRIED NOODLES. They've been crushed.

From a sheath strapped around his ankle, he pulls out the ZYTEL KNIFE.

INT. JACK'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

In the dark, Jack slides slowly past the bathroom. He waits, listening. Nothing.

He flips on the light and sees:

HIS BED TURNED DOWN. A mint and hospitality card on the comforter. He exhales.

He flicks the Zytel, deftly as a knife-thrower, sticking it into the headboard behind the bed. Then he heads for the bathroom, opening the door onto -

A WOODEN STAFF

- thrust at his face.

Instinctively, Jack parries and grabs an arm, executing a swift Aikido "gokyo" maneuver that twists back the elbow.

His attacker winces, elbow DISLOCATED. He's SAITO - another Yakuza Shatei. Jack watches his agony just long enough to be jumped by a SECOND MAN - Tono, from the subway station.

He SWINGS A KNIFE, grazing Jack's arm.

What ensues is an all-out war in tight quarters. As Tono moves on him, Jack uses the MOUNTED TV to scale the wall, landing a HARD KICK across the Yakuza's face.

Tono thrusts at Jack again, just as Jack retreats and THROWS the BED'S COMFORTER like a net over the top of him. Blinded, Tono staggers backwards, as Jack lands Judo punches. *

With pain on his face, Saito *clicks his forearm back into place*. As Jack rains punches on Tono, Saito rushes up and collars Jack AROUND THE NECK with the ELECTRICAL CORD from the mounted TV.

Choking, Jack loses strength - until he uses the tiny size of the room to his advantage. He leans back, using SAITO as a ballast, while he RUNS HIS LEGS UP THE WALL...

...as the TV pulls loose, slackening the cord, Jack's body...

...angles upward, until he FLIPS OVER THE BACK of SAITO and heaves him to the ground. A SHARP ELBOW to the face knocks Saito cold.

Tono comes loose, brandishing his knife; but Jack takes the WOODEN KENDO STICK and HEAVES IT INTO HIS FACE.

Both men are down, writhing and delirious. Jack pulls out his cell phone and steps into:

INT. NEW KOYO HOTEL - CORRIDOR

- where a THIRD MAN grabs Jack into a hammer lock, pressing a RAG into his face. It's drenched with chloroform, and after fighting for a moment, Jack slowly goes limp.

EXT. SAITAMA SUPER ARENA - NORTH OF TOKYO - CONTINUOUS

An architectural marvel of curved glass and jutting steel, the floor and grandstands are built on tracks, so that the arena can change shape quickly for any venue, expanding or contracting like a trash compactor.

INT. SAITAMA SUPER ARENA - NORTH OF TOKYO - CONTINUOUS

A huge banner reads, "Otoko Matsuri" - "Festival for Men!" - as bloodthirsty fans surround a caged ring for the quarterfinals of The Tokyo Pride Fighting Championships.

Giant HD screens show brutal highlights to introduce each fighter, punctuated with fireworks and war drums.

Beneath this clamor, TANAKA KEN sits, in a shiny suit. The years have been exceptionally good - and he conveys wealth and authority, only faint lines of worry around his shrewd eyes. He notices his buzzing cell phone, but only glances at the screen. He rises, nodding to the businessmen around him.

TANAKA KEN

Excuse me.

Light pours onto the cage. Out comes the Russian YURI MARKESEV, a human tree-trunk with almost cartoonish trapezoids.

Pitted against him is a thick-set Japanese fighter with a scorched blonde Mohawk: HITASHI, the Yakuza's heavyweight. Both fighters receive their final instructions and return to their corners, warming up, cracking necks.

As Tanaka Ken walks down the steps - the fighters release and fly at each other.

INT. SAITAMA SUPER ARENA - CONTINUOUS

Tanaka Ken walks past the TRACKS for the movable bleachers.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - SAITAMA SUPER ARENA - MOMENTS LATER

Jack sits in a fold-out chair at a bare table. Smelling salts jolt him.

Across from him, TANAKA KEN sits down. Tono stands to his left, battered and bloody; to his right is another shatei (Ishii). Beyond them is a rack of bamboo shinai (kendo sticks).

The man with the chloroform-soaked rag was SUSUMU, broad-shouldered and plump, Tanaka Ken's new Kobun. He holds a katana sword to the back of Jack's neck, his arms tense.

TANAKA KEN

*I knew you were alive all these years.
But I never expected you to come spit
in my face.*

Jack looks away from his intense glare, at the fight doctors setting SAITO'S ELBOW into a cast.

TANAKA KEN

The audacity of coming to Tokyo...

JACK

I'm here for one job.

TANAKA KEN

Do you need money that badly?

Jack watches his face grow angrier.

TANAKA KEN

*We didn't just lose my kobun that day.
Your agency left us to take the fall.
The other families turned on us, the
Inagawa and Yamaguchi clans, the Tokyo
police. You left a mess for us to
clean up. It took a decade.*

Tanaka places his open palms onto the table between them, showing that his pinky fingers have been amputated to the first joint.

TANAKA KEN

*I could only atone for my own mistakes.
To the old boss. I asked forgiveness
for trusting you. For putting my faith
in a liar.*

JACK

*Don't think I don't relive it every
day. Kill me if you have to. I don't
care.*

Tanaka Ken studies him for a moment, surprised.

TANAKA KEN

*If I kill you, they send another man
just like you. You're
indistinguishable from the rest now -
one bullet in a clip.*

JACK

(closing his eyes)

*So what would the old Kumicho have
said? You kidnapped a little girl to
stop a weapons deal.*

TANAKA KEN

*Tanner's daughter was involved. She was
carrying the merchandise.*

Jack looks up, startled.

Tanaka barks a rapid order to Susumu, who winds up with the sword, preparing the swing. Ishii PUSHES JACK'S HEAD DOWN ONTO THE TABLE.

TANAKA KEN

*You don't know why you're here - and
you don't care.*

(MORE)

TANAKA KEN (cont'd)
*Because you're here for money. You're
 just a mercenary now. A samurai
 without a master.*

*
 *
 *

He nods to Susumu, who lowers the sword with an astonishing sweep of force, SPLITTING THE WOODEN TABLE IN TWO.

*
 *

Jack's eyes are pressed shut, but he opens them, stunned: he's still alive.

*
 *

INT. SAITAMA SUPER-ARENA - LATE NIGHT

We watch the retractable grandstands SLIDE SHUT, wheels moving on their tracks. Every part of the floor is moving, like tectonic plates.

INT. PHYSICAL PLANT - MAINTENANCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack is handcuffed to a STEEL PIPE running along the wall, while the ceiling rumbles with the re-adjustments on the arena floor.

Guarding Jack is Ishii, a thug from a *bosozoku* (motorcycle gang) with a "punch perm." Boredom has made him cruel, and he pitches THROWING STARS at Jack, trying to come as close as he can without hitting him.

Each star whizzes past and skitters off the stone wall.

ISHII
Almost got your nose. Hold still.

He throws another that SKEWERS JACK in the LEG, planting its spike. Jack groans, fighting against his handcuffs.

ISHII
Sorry, bad shot.

Ishii's phone lights up suddenly, with a J-hop ring tone, and he paces away to answer.

A rill of blood darkens the seam of Jack's pants.

ISHII (O.S.)
No, I have to babysit some haku-jin.

JACK
 (gesturing to the star)
Get this out of me or I will.

ISHII
Hold on.

Ishii approaches, nonchalantly, and leans down to Jack. Just as he PLUCKS OUT the THROWING STAR, Jack -

- SURGES UP AND KICKS HIM IN THE FACE -

- sending the cell phone flying. With only his legs free, Jack seizes them around Ishii's neck, twisting, cutting off air, until Ishii goes unconscious.

The phone is still murmuring across the floor.

Jack kicks off his shoes, then - with only his toes - searches in Ishii's right pocket: tissues, wrappers, a Harley Davidson wallet.

He searches his left pocket, and finds - THE HANDCUFF KEYS.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - SAITAMA STATION - LATE NIGHT

Jack steps in and looks for a bewildered moment at the HUNDREDS of BUTTONS on the phone. It's like a flashing slot machine, and he shakes his head, exasperated.

Instead, he takes out his CELL PHONE, and dials. Faintly, we hear Tanner answer out of a dead sleep. *

JACK
Don't wake up Eiko. You and I need to talk. *

INT. LITTLE BEAUTY'S SATANIC DINING - LATE NIGHT *

At a faddish "izakaya" (a bar with small meals served), waitresses are dressed as anime and manga characters, flirting with the salarymen in booths. *

The atmosphere is in stark contrast to Tanner, who slumps over the table, facing Jack with sunken, sleepless eyes. *

TANNER
I don't know anything more than I'm telling you. I was activated so that the buyer and seller would never meet. I tried to keep everything from Eiko, because - when we got married, I promised I was out. She was traumatized that day, Jack. *

JACK
But you agreed to do this? *

TANNER

I've had... debts. Gambling debts.
Eiko already deals with the Sumiyoshi
family for the restaurant, and -

JACK

You better tell me how your kid got
wrapped up in this, George - or I'm
walking tonight.

TANNER

I was supposed to pick up a package in
a locker. I don't *know* what it was. I
was going to deliver straight to the
buyer, but the exchange kept getting
delayed.

(thinking)

Then I was ordered to hide it. The
whole deal was postponed for another
week.

Tanner glances away, at a green-haired "Lum" waitress, in a
tiger-striped bra, spoon-feeding a businessman.

TANNER

But I was being followed, Jack.
Everywhere. I can't tell you how
paranoid I got.

Jack glares at him, disgusted.

TANNER

I've been out of the game for so long.
I panicked. I didn't see how I could
lose this tail. So I hid a *decoy*.

JACK

And you gave the real package to your
daughter.

TANNER

All she had to do was walk across town
and put it where I told her. That's
it.

(grimacing)

But she never got there.

Just as a wave of shame overcomes Tanner, the waitress
approaches the table. She's overflowing with giddy, cartoon
sexuality. Tanner waves her off.

JACK

So Tanaka Ken has this package?

TANNER

It's not where I told her to put it.
Please don't tell Eiko. She's already
been through so much.

JACK

Did Eiko ask for me to come? Or did
you?

TANNER

I told her you could do it.

Crying now, Tanner goes to his bag, and digs out a Ziploc
containing Ani's hair.

TANNER

This was in the mailbox. I don't care
anymore, Jack - about the money, about
anything. I just want her out.
(composing himself)
They've given us until midnight
tomorrow - or they're sending her back
in pieces.

EXT. TANNER'S HOUSE - CHOFU - LATE NIGHT

Jack and Tanner pull up in a Taxi, and Jack watches as Tanner
heads back to his house. The light is on in the kitchen
window, and Eiko comes into view, staring out at the night.

As the cab lingers, Jack dials his cloned cell phone. Eiko
picks up, still framed in the window. As she stares out
blindly at the night, she can't see Jack; but he can see her.

JACK

*I just needed to talk to him. I'm
sorry to worry you.*

EIKO

Did something happen?

JACK

We're going to do this tomorrow night.
(a deep breath)
I'm not doing it for Tanner, I'm not
doing it for the money. I'm doing it
for you.

EIKO

I know that.

JACK

When I get her out, I want you to meet
me for a few minutes.

(MORE)

JACK (cont'd)
 I got so many things I wanted to ask
 you over the years. You don't know
 this, but you kept me alive some
 nights. Just by being out there, just
 by existing.

EIKO
 Jack, I'm not -

JACK
 I'll be at the Azumabashi Bridge at
 11:30...

The cab begins to pull away, but Jack halts the driver with
 his hand. He can still see Eiko's face in the window, torn,
 her eyes abstracted.

JACK
 One time, Eiko - I just want to be
 remember that person I was.

EIKO
 I never forgot.

He nods to the cabbie, and pulls away.

INT. METALWORKS WAREHOUSE - OHTA DISTRICT - DAY

As Jack steps over dirty puddles, entering from the alley
 outside, A TOWNCAR pulls into the warehouse. In the
 distance, blowtorches spark around the frames of steel
 furniture.

Four car doors open simultaneously. Out steps Wheat, CIA
 STATION CHIEF, DAVIS MONK (49), and TANNER.

Wheat comes forward with his hand outstretched to Jack.

WHEAT
 Got your team pieced together.

Just coming around the car is YURI MARKESEV, his face covered
 with scuffs and bruises from his recent Pride Fighting loss.

WHEAT
 This is Yuri - we're borrowing him from
 FSB.
 (to Monk)
 This is Station Chief Davis Monk,
 and...

He looks across the warehouse, and sees JAY BRIGGS
 approaching, a mousy twenty-something field agent.

WHEAT

And this here is Jay Briggs - ex-Special forces, now working as a contractor.

Jack takes Wheat aside, out of earshot from the others.

JACK

(whispering)

Tanner is lying.

Wheat nods, solemnly.

JACK

He hid the package to drive up his own fee as the connection man. Right?

Solemnly, Wheat nods.

JACK

Can't wait to get *this* family back together. What is this material? You told me it was guns - old Soviet stock.

WHEAT

Instruction, documents - everything to move the ship out of port. We could move ahead without it, I think - but the kid won't fare very well.

JACK

(sighing)

I just want to get this kid - and go. Let me do it alone.

WHEAT

These is bare bones, Jack. A driver and a tech. You can't do it by yourself. Too much has changed since your day.

Jack stares at the men across the warehouse, skeptical.

WHEAT

This is an all-star team. I'm spending a fortune on them. And they'll answer to you, Jack.

INT. EXECUTIVE APARTMENT - SHIBUYA DISTRICT - DAY

A rental for executives, it's a soulless cell of taupe and white. Stocking the refrigerator is a familiar person: MARINA, the AEROFLOT FLIGHT ATTENDANT. She talks in quick Russian to OLEG, the driver, sitting on the couch.

She holds up a BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE, showing everyone.

MARINA

For tonight. When we celebrate.

Across the room, Jack sits at a table with Briggs. They look at a stack of SATELLITE PHOTOS, detailing the compound.

Jack sorts through the tools in a backpack, finding a PETROGEN CUTTING TORCH.

BRIGGS

What's it for?

*
*

JACK

The gate around the compound is Meiji-era iron. I'll burn in hell for cutting through it, but...

*
*
*

He continues searching through the tools: GAS MASKS, NIGHT VISION GOGGLES, TASER GUNS, and -

JACK

Tear gas canisters?

Jack sighs. He pulls out a sawed-off shotgun.

JACK

We don't need this either.

BRIGGS

Not even with baton rounds?

JACK

We're not going to leave a footprint.

On the table lies an A.G.O. (computerized remote door control), NYLON RESTRAINTS, a leather SAP weighted with lead.

JACK

I'm a little behind on the new gadgets.

*
*

BRIGGS

I can intercept wireless with this.
(studying pictures)
You know, I don't even see any
perimeter security.

*
*
*
*
*

JACK

They're pretty crafty about staying hidden. They'd be *here, here*, and at the tops of these steps.
(pointing)
This is a staff entrance in back.
(MORE)

*
*
*
*
*
*

JACK (cont'd)
 If we come straight through the forest
 along here...

BRIGGS
 Wheat says you were the last agent in
 this place.

JACK
 In '94.

Briggs stops cold.

JACK
 It's five hundred years old, I don't
 think they added on a breakfast nook.

EXT. AOKIGAHARA AREA - NIGHT

A Dodge van snakes uphill through a thick forest of massive trees. Fog drapes the canopy, over slick stone paths and ancient archways. As they wind further, the forest thickens, the fiery leaves of cherry trees among massive stands of cedar.

INT. DODGE VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Oleg at the wheel, whistling, as they pass the a Buddhist temple, nestled in the forest.

EXT. AOKIGAHARA FOREST - NIGHT

Jack and Briggs sweep through the undergrowth in NIGHT VISION GOGGLES, their breath visible in the cold air.

They stop suddenly at an IRON GATE, rising high in the middle of dense trees. From his pack, Jack removes the CUTTING TORCH and lights it up.

Quickly, he cuts a section of the bars, pulling them loose. They slip through into the undergrowth.

They drop to their stomachs and crawl, until their GREENISH VIEWS light up with at the sight of a GLOWING FORTRESS.

Jack taps him, pointing out TWO GUARDS milling by a bridge in the clearing. The moonlight is just peeking through cracks in the dissipating fog.

They move stealthily northward along the rim of the forest.

EXT. YAKUZA COMPOUND - BEHIND THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

Jack stops Briggs, then points out a VIDEO SECURITY CAMERA, nestled in the trees.

Briggs digs into his pack, and pulls out an A.G.O. REMOTE DEVICE. On its LCD DISPLAY, we see a torrent of numbers.

JACK
(whispering)
What are you doing?

BRIGGS
The cameras are wireless - I'm
disrupting the signal.

At first, Jack sighs at the delay: he'd rather sidestep them. *

A PANEL OF SECURITY MONITORS

Thirty-two different angles on the compound. One by one, they each become the ONE ANGLE on the barren patch of forest.

BRIGGS (V.O.)
This one signal's going to flood out
the rest.

The Yakuza sitting by the monitors doesn't notice.

EXT. YAKUZA COMPOUND - CLOSER - NIGHT

Jack nods, admitting he was too dismissive. *

JACK
(whispering)
All right. Good work. *

Jack and Briggs hurry along a stone wall, pausing at the steep ascent of damp, stone steps. In the distance, there comes a CRUNCHING SOUND OF TIRES.

HEADLIGHTS pass over the bridge as the massive IRON GATES swing open. Two Land Cruisers wind uphill.

Jack is about to move out, when he hears MOVEMENT above. On the steps, a GUARD is patrolling.

The Guard passes in front of Jack and Briggs, unaware of them. His cigarette flares in the NIGHT VISION GOGGLES.

Jack eases toward him, until...

THE TASER POPS AND SIZZLES against his back.

The guard jolts and falls forward, Jack surging up and catching him before he tumbles downhill. Almost affectionately, Jack props him against the wall.

They bind him with the restraints, gag him with duct tape, and move onward.

AT THE TOP OF THE STEPS

Staying low, Jack and Briggs peer over. Jack pulls off his goggles, puts them into his pack; then he peers through BINOCULARS, seeing --

LAND CRUISERS pull up beside vintage American cars - Cadillacs and old Lincolns. A line of Yakuza kobun greet their oyabun with bows. Then they file into the Pagoda-style mansion.

JACK lowers the binoculars, and turns to the low-slung building hidden in the trees. Two guards linger, their burning cigarettes like fireflies. Distantly, a CELL PHONE rings. One guard breaks off, answering.

Jack nods to Briggs.

EXT. YAKUZA COMPOUND - UPPER COURTYARD - NIGHT

Jack runs in a low crouch, flanking the guard on the phone. He steps up behind him, realizing that the GUARD is GIGANTIC - possibly 300 lbs. He's boredly playing with an antique sword, as he chuckles on the phone.

With the POP AND SIZZLE of Briggs' taser, the cell phone FLIES out of his hand, a Japanese voice still murmuring.

The GIGANTIC GUARD whips his sword through the air, as

JACK'S TASER ZAPS HIM AGAIN.

But, like a drunken giant, he still staggers ahead, his legs and arms looking robotic against the current.

Jack drops the taser, grabs the guard by the ANKLES, and sweeps him to the ground, FACE-FIRST, knocking him cold. His sword's so sharp that it --

PLUNGES INTO THE GROUND like a stake.

Jack and Briggs wait, listening for a sign they've been detected. Nothing, just music from the building.

EXT. YAKUZA COMPOUND - BACK ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Jack slips through, and Briggs follows.

INT. YAKUZA COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

It's a narrow corridor of panel walls, carved wood ceilings, and Tatami mats. The MUSIC is loud up ahead, past two paper-panel doorways, where silhouettes can be seen.

In the closest room, there's a BUZZING sound, like an angry hornet, punctuated with occasional bursts of laughter.

Briggs edges forward and peeks into this first of many rooms.

ROOM #1

A young Yakuza foot soldier lies face down on a table beneath a TATTOO ARTIST and his BUZZING NEEDLE. Blood beads across his back, as scales are colored in on a BUSHIDO DRAGON.

INT. YAKUZA COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Briggs gestures to move ahead, and then Jack glances through a parted door in the next room.

ROOM #2

In near silence, dozens of YAKUZA ELDERS play a ceremonial card game. Their shirts are removed, draped around their waists, as they display their full tattoos to each other: Turbulent seascapes, mountains, and battles.

There are RACKS OF KATANA SWORDS on the walls; and clouds of cigar smoke in the air.

INT. YAKUZA COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Jack points ahead, and he and Briggs now slink around a corner, toward the increasing music.

Here, the bass-track is so loud that it ripples the paper panels. The old world Yakuza seems to have given way to a new generation of Hip-Hop gangster bravado. The shatei listen to rap, and laugh among billows of smoke.

As Jack and Briggs hang back, they see doors sliding open and shut; tea-hairs slap-fighting in the hall; shouting over the TVs and music.

Jack and Briggs stay hidden at the corner, then burst across, stopping before a half-opened door.

SAITO (O.S.)
Ishii! Ishii! Is that you?

There's a long, tense pause, before Jack answers.

JACK
Li desu Yo.

*

SAITO (O.S.)
Go get some more beer, Kono Imo.

Jack begins backing away, past the other panel doorway, when the real ISHII steps out, shocked. Jack ZAPS HIM.

Ishii falls backwards, and Jack grabs his loose, hip-hop sweatsuit, trying to keep him from thudding to the ground.

It's a strenuous choreography, Jack holding him upright by his *bling*, gold chains breaking off his neck, one by one, until Jack reaches around his head and lays him, soft as a leaf, onto the mat.

*
*
*
*

Briggs has just watched the entire process, dumbfounded, staring ahead at something. Stepping out of a smoke-filled room, laughing, *unharm*ed, is -

ANI TANNER (13)

*

looking like someone's little sister at a stag party, with a mess of black and Fuchsia "Manga" hair, a mini-skirt and knee-high socks, *holding a beer*. She's a striking "hafu" (half-breed); and all she's inherited from Tanner are his Scandinavian blue eyes.

*
*
*
*
*

She freezes at the sight of these two men decked out like commandos. As she backpedals, frightened, Briggs...

ZAPS HER WITH THE TASER.

Ani drops, unconscious, her beer spilling - as Jack sighs in disbelief.

BRIGGS
 (whispering)
 Kid's too young to drink.

Briggs leans down and begins FRISKING HER, searching around the pockets.

JACK
 (hissing back)
 Jesus Christ, let's go, you idiot.
 PICK HER UP.

Suddenly there's a rush of crazed, Kung-fu fighting sounds. Both Jack and Briggs look up, shocked. But it's the opening sample to WU TANG's old-school "Shame on a Nigga'."

Just then, Saito steps out from the room, his dislocated elbow in a sling. His barking at Ishii turns immediately to astonishment, as the stereo blares, "*Shame on a nigga' who try to run game on a nigga', who what why with the trigga'.*"

Saito rushes back into the room, and -

BOOM! A DEAFENING SHOT punctures the paper wall beside them, opening a view onto the Shatei.

Briggs scrambles for his TEAR GAS CANNON, and FIRES A SHELL straight through the paper wall, opening a new view onto the crowded room, as Yakuza scramble for cover around the yellowing mist.

Jack hoists Ani onto his shoulders and takes off running down the corridor.

Suddenly, STEEL THROWING STARS begin PUNCTURING THE PAPER PANELS, whipping through like spinning saw wheels. Jack dodges straight through them, until he's pinned down at the intersection of long corridors.

BRIGGS -- rushes away, pulling on a GAS MASK.

JACK -- turns down a new hallway, moving rapidly with Ani on his back, until

WOOD SPLINTERS

as a KATANA SWORD slices down through a panel, inches from his face.

A Yakuza bursts out with his sword-raised, shirt off, displaying a second, angry face on his chest.

Jack drops Ani: she thuds against the wall and mat. As the swordsman approaches, Jack does an Aikido *tachi-dori*, TWISTING THE SWORD FROM HIS GRASP, WHIPPING the hilt across his jaw.

The swordsman drops to one knee, as Jack sees, behind him

ANOTHER GANGSTER, DRAWING HIS GLOCK 9mm

Jack throws the sword across the room with a knife-thrower's precision. It whips through the air and

CHOPS THE GANGSTER'S HAND OFF - just as the gun goes off.

Jack returns to Ani, carrying her like a potato sack, ducking into the empty room. He retrieves the sword, and CUTS HIS WAY THROUGH THE WALL.

INT. TATTOO ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The tattoo subject has left. Jack scans the dimness, then moves ahead, lurching under Ani's dead weight. Suddenly there's the BUZZ OF A HORNET -

As the TATTOO ARTIST SHOVES THE NEEDLE INTO JACK'S FACE.

It's a quick bite of ink and blood just beneath Jack's eye; a broken needle, the hum of the machine.

But when Jack sees the old man, bespectacled, retreating into the corner, he simply bows and leaves him.

EXT. YAKUZA COMPOUND - UPPER COURTYARD - TOP OF THE STEPS

Small arms fire crackles from the far pagoda, while Shatei stream out with swords and knives. Briggs holds them off with another shell of tear gas.

JACK -- trundles Ani across the courtyard.

EXT. MAIN PAGODA - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Above the chaos like a general on the hill is TANAKA KEN. He watches his old student flee down the hill, with a look of sadness. Then he whispers to the GUARDS BEHIND HIM.

TANAKA KEN

Cut them off on the main road. They're going through the forest.

EXT. YAKUZA COMPOUND - STONE STEPS - CONTINUOUS

Jack's knees are nearly giving out under Ani's weight, but he continues limping ahead.

Above them, Yakuza fill up Land Rovers, Lincoln Navigators, Toyota "Centuries," and Cadillacs, gusting downhill, headlights igniting the mist around the trees.

EXT. X FOREST - MOMENTS LATER

Briggs drops to his knees and pulls out the A.G.O. REMOTE DEVICE. On its LCD DISPLAY, we see FLICKERING DIGITS.

JACK
Let's go. Let's go.

BRIGGS
I'm disabling their gate's code.

JACK
It doesn't *matter!*

CLOSE SHOT

Fingers press a REMOTE CONTROL on the Range Rover's visor.

THE IRON GATES

remain shut.

INT. LAND ROVER - WINDSHIELD

As headlights burn up on the gate, the driver slams the brakes, the wheels skid, and...

EXT. YAKUZA COMPOUND - FRONT GATE

...the Land Rover smashes into the gate, buckling the hood, leaving a mess of twisted steel and deployed airbags.

EXT. AOKIGAHARA AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Briggs and Jack throw Ani into the van, and climb in after her - as Oleg peels out across the damp road.

INT. DODGE VAN - CONTINUOUS

Jack drops onto the seat, exhausted, straining for air. Briggs scans the back window.

JACK
What the fuck was that?

BRIGGS
We got her, right? It was backup and we needed it. Nobody got hurt.

Briggs moves forward and begins peeling back ANI'S SKIRT.

JACK
Don't! Don't touch her.

Briggs sits back, his smirk visible in the moonlight.

*

JACK
Fucking *freelancers*.

*

*

EXT. GINZA DISTRICT - NIGHT

A convoy of dark SUVs and Toyota Century sedans pull into the forecourt of a slab-stone office building.

Sixteen doors open simultaneously, and young kobun escort TANAKA KEN through the entrance, into:

INT. YAKUZA TOKYO HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

One of the great ironies of the Yakuza is their plain-view, corporate operations within Tokyo. A crime boss with office suites in the poshest section of town, Tanaka Ken strides through the corridor as an attendant takes his coat.

INT. BOARD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Buzzing like a war room - Tanaka Ken enters and silences the room. FOUR GENERATIONS of Yakuza have gathered, from the emeritus wise men to the punkish Chapatsus with crazy-glued hair.

They all bow to Tanaka Ken, until he speaks.

TANAKA KEN
Let's get Kilmer and the girl back.

They look up, clamoring again, piling weapons on the glossy mahogany of the table.

TANAKA KEN
Alive.

The young Chapatsus sulk.

INT. TANAKA KEN'S CORNER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

With a staggering view on the flashing signs of Tokyo, Tanaka Ken strides in toward SUSUMU, who bows to him.

SUSUMU
*Oyabun, I take responsibility for their
entrance into the compound.*

*

*

*

TANAKA KEN

No, Susumu. I don't blame you.

Susumu rises up, eyeing him.

TANAKA KEN

(in English)

But you got to check your homies.

Susumu does everything he can not to break out laughing at his master's sudden clowning. Ken ridicules the young Shatei's hip-hop mannerisms, swaying, flashing his fingers into American-style gang signs.

Then he stops and appears serious again.

TANAKA KEN

We're losing control of our kobun.

Tanaka Ken moves past and drops into his chair.

TANAKA KEN

Promise me they didn't mistreat the girl.

SUSUMU

They didn't.

TANAKA KEN

Did we lose anyone tonight?

SUSUMU

Sakamoto was shot. We've got three more with injuries.

TANAKA KEN

I made a mistake taking this girl.

SUSUMU

Sir?

TANAKA KEN

We never hurt civilians. You either obey traditions, or you don't. You can't just change your beliefs like they're fashions.

Susumu nods, concerned about his Oyabun.

TANAKA KEN

And I've had enough of these sweatsuits and chains. Tell the shatei: they're not DJs - we're going to dress to be respected.

Susumu nods, startled - a bit perplexed.

TANAKA KEN

*We lose the last of our code, and we'll
lose the ground we stand on. We'll be
tossed in the wind.*

(in English)

Jack Kilmer is proof of that.

SUSUMU

*Oyabun? How did he know the compound
so well?*

TANAKA KEN

He was my best student once.

Susumu is surprised, a touch jealous, as if suddenly finding out he had an estranged older brother.

In the window, Tanaka Ken's reflection is faintly visible over the night sky outside.

TANAKA KEN

He was a friend, too.

Tanaka Ken turns back, the city pulsing behind him. Susumu nods, smiling faintly.

TANAKA KEN

*We'll need to meet with the other
families. Talk to the hostesses and
the dealers - everyone we tax in
Kabukicho and Asakusa. They'll be our
eyes and ears. Kilmer and the girl
won't take a breath without us hearing
it.*

CUT TO:

ANI'S FACE

Out cold, snoring loud. A woman's hands lightly slap her cheeks. We're in:

INT. EXECUTIVE APARTMENT - SHIBUYA DISTRICT - CONTINUOUS

Ani lies on the couch. After trying to wake her, Marina then begins opening the bottle of champagne.

MARINA

Did they poison her?

JACK
With Sapporo, maybe.
(pause)
Don't open that now.

A bit miffed that she's already begun twisting the cork, Marina leaves it. Instead she reaches into her coach bag and takes out a syringe.

MARINA
Let's wake her up.

JACK
No, no, no. This genius zapped her.
Let her sleep.

BRIGGS
She's in one piece.

MARINA
Tanner will want to move her.

Marina pulls up Ani's sleeve, and slides in the needle. Then she taps Ani's face, waking her.

MARINA
Come on, baby girl. Talk to me.

Ani's eyelids flicker. She rolls her head back and forth, groaning.

ANI
Kuu-sooo. I feel like shit.

*
*

MARINA
Shhhh, Sweetie - we're here to help you. Do you need to be sick? Do you need to go to the bathroom?

She hoists Ani up and helps her across the room to the bathroom.

Jack checks the time: 9:52. He glances at Briggs, listless.

JACK
Call Wheat.

INT. BATHROOM - EXECUTIVE APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Marina positions Ani over the toilet, then SLAMS her face against the porcelain.

MARINA
 (in Russian)
 Suka! Mat!
 (furious)
 You stupid *fuckin*g bitch. Where is it?
 Where did you put it? Huh? You speak
 English, *bitch*?

Dazed, Ani's face is pounded against the seat, until she suddenly lets out a howl.

Marina adjusts her clothes, and returns to:

INT. EXECUTIVE APARTMENT - SHIBUYA DISTRICT - CONTINUOUS

Briggs is grunting into the PHONE across the room. The PLASMA TV now plays a loud game show: squealing schoolgirls stick their heads into a Plexiglas box with a Gila monster.

MARINA
 (coming from the bathroom)
 She's feeling better.

The door slams behind her, the lock latches.

Jack rises, noticing something wrong - as Marina turns back and raps on the door.

BRIGGS
 (into the phone)
 No. I'm sure.
 (a beat)
 Yeah, he's right here.

He holds out the phone, and Jack grabs it.

JACK
 (into the phone)
 Let's the get the Father-of-the-Year
 over here for his trophy.

INTERCUT with WHEAT, riding through Tokyo in a TOWN CAR.

WHEAT
 You did it, you son of a bitch!
 Unbelievable. Look, you don't have
 much time: your payment's in a locker
 at Narita. We got you on a 12:30
 flight out.
 (a beat)
 Tanner should be waiting outside to
 take over. Tell me if you see him.

Jack moves to the window, and gazes to the STREET BELOW.

There are a few parked cars, but no sign of life, until he sees MARKESEV: striding rapidly ahead in his sweatsuit, flicking his cigarette away into a streak of sparks.

MOVEMENT REFLECTED IN THE WINDOW

causes Jack to duck. It's Briggs. HE PUMPS THE SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN and FIRES -

BLOWING OUT THE WINDOW, spraying chips of glass into Jack's arm, along with stray pellets of buckshot.

Briggs drops to one knee, FIRING THROUGH THE COUCH to MUFFLE THE SHOTS. There's a detonation cloud of dust and down. He knocks the champagne bottle off the table, and it begins gathering carbonated pressure on the floor.

Marina tries to break down THE BATHROOM DOOR.

Another SHOT shatters the TV; as JACK GRABS A LAMP STAND and JAMS IT INTO Briggs' FACE. A quick kick to the wrist, and the shotgun spins out of Briggs' grasp, UNDER THE COUCH.

BY THE BATHROOM

Marina kicks in the flimsy door, which gives under the heel of her boot. Her WHOLE LEG goes through the wood.

IN THE LIVING AREA

Jack and Briggs go at it - a brutal fight between two trained operatives. Feet, elbows, fists, knees. Briggs goes after the blood on Jack's shoulder, and Jack reels in pain.

IN THE BATHROOM

Ani sees Marina's LONG LEG, scratched, sticking in through the door.

She pulls the steel TOWEL RACK out of the wall, and takes a hard SWING AT THE KNEE.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

Marina howls in pain, and tries to pull her leg back out.

IN THE LIVING AREA

While Briggs scrambles for the shotgun, Jack grabs his pack and vaults over the bar that separates the living area from a narrow KITCHENETTE.

Briggs retrieves the gun, and moves ahead with it, while Jack vanishes in the florescent alcove.

KITCHENETTE

Jack searches the pack.

BY THE BATHROOM

WATER begins pouring out from beneath the door. Marina extricates her leg, then BURSTS THROUGH THE WEAKENED DOOR.

She sees: a MISSING PANEL in the corkboard roof - a hole through which Ani has escaped.

KITCHENETTE

As Briggs stalks forward with the gun, Jack finds the MOBILE CANNON with the tear gas canisters.

Just then, Marina rushes into the junction between rooms.

MARINA

She's gone!

Briggs pauses, dumbfounded - as Marina rushes into the hall. Jack rises up with the MOBILE CANNON, but - *drops the tear gas canister.*

Instead, Jack grabs the BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE and POPS THE CORK, straight into BRIGGS' NOSE.

He heaves the bottle into his face, knocking him senseless onto the carpet.

JACK

Cheers.

EXT. EXECUTIVE APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

As Marina rushes down the hall, coach bag jangling at her side, we hear the FAINT TING of an ELEVATOR.

The elevator doors close, just as MARINA REACHES THEM. Cursing in Russian, she begins dialing her phone.

INT. EXECUTIVE APARTMENT - BATHROOM

Jack steps inside, walking through a puddle. The sink is stoppered and overflowing, as is the bathtub. Water seeps into the carpet at the border of the room.

Jack looks up at the missing panel of corkboard - it's too high for Ani to reach.

Then he sees, behind the door, there's enough room to HIDE when it's open. WET FOOTPRINTS on the carpet head in the other direction. He follows them to:

INT. EXECUTIVE APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The closet door is open. Footprints lead across the carpet to an open window, where every pot is overturned in a window garden.

Jack peeks out and sees, along the length of the eleventh floor, *every window garden has been trampled.*

Jack GRABS THE PACK, in such pain he can barely sling it over his shoulder.

INT. ANOTHER EXECUTIVE APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

In Marina's coat and cap, Ani climbs through an open window, past a Dutch man watching television, startling.

She grabs a handful of PRETZELS from the bowl in front of him, spinning it, and continues running, out his door. As it slams, the pretzel bowl slowly stops spinning.

INT. STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Ani sits on the railings, riding them down side-saddle from landing to landing.

INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Jack leaps inside and presses the button for the basement.

EXT. SIDE STREET - SHIBUYA DISTRICT - NIGHT

Ani bursts out from the loading bay of the apartment complex. Breathing heavily, she moves around the building, glancing at the front entrance.

Marina, Briggs, and Markesev are talking heatedly, gesturing and pointing.

Nonchalantly, Ani crosses the street.

At the last moment, MARINA's attention is grabbed by the figure in her clothes. She shouts to Markesev and Briggs, pointing.

JACK -- works his way out onto the side alley. He sees THREE FIGURES wending their ways across the busy street. Cars skid and honk. A tiny K-car smashes into Markesev, knocking him off-stride. For a moment he looks unhurt, until he begins limping toward the curb.

EXT. CENTER GAI PEDESTRIAN STREET - NIGHT

Pedestrians spill out from nightclubs and game parlors. Ani cuts through, moving close to the walls.

Past a clattering PACHINKO PARLOR, she cuts left down a tight alley. We can hear the competing music from a half-dozen clubs. She stands in the darkness around steam from vents.

Two SHADOWS move in behind her: Briggs and MARINA.

INT. SHIBUYA STATION - NIGHT

A multi-layered maze of crowded staircases, escalators and walkways. Giant plasma TV-screen broadcast glossy advertisements; speakers blare techno.

Ani squeezes up a packed escalator, apologizing for each jostled back and elbow. She looks down and sees Briggs, slamming people out of his way.

EXT. SHIBUYA STATION - CONTINUOUS

Jack struggles up an OUTSIDE STAIRWAY, his arm paralyzed from his injury.

INT. SHIBUYA STATION - SUSPENDED WALKWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jack looks down onto the main concourse, seeing Ani, inching ahead on a crammed MOVING WALKWAY.

Sprinting toward her is Briggs, moving against the grain on the EMPTY WALKWAY going the other direction.

Suddenly, Ani leaps up and begin RUNNING ALONG THE HANDRAIL of the walkway, as agile as a cat on a fence top.

JACK -- tries to keep pace with them on the level above. Up ahead, he sees a STAIRWELL leading down.

MARINA -- runs with her jangling coach bag.

BRIGGS -- reaches into his coat, clutching the SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN. As the alarmed pedestrians see the GUN, everyone drops to the ground.

Ani -- leaps off the handrail, and begins scampering over the prone bodies, crying out her apologies.

As Ani reaches the end, she crosses to the adjacent walkway, staring down Briggs and Marina as they approach. She HITS THE EMERGENCY STOP BUTTON. Their walkway freezes, throwing them both off balance and onto their faces.

Ani CLAMBERS down steps. Briggs rises again, furious.

INT. YAMANOTE LINE PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

A sleek train is just pulling up, as hordes of commuters press inside.

Ani runs the length of the stopped train, watching the numbers COUNT DOWN TO DOOR CLOSURE: 3...2...1...

AND SHE SLIPS INSIDE.

Just as the doors close, Jack surges across the platform and fights through them, triggering an alarm beep.

INT. YAMANOTE TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Friday night commuters pack the train. Ani is pressed in beside the glass windows on the door, watching MARINA run along the platform beside her.

The train speeds up, finally leaving Marina behind.

MARINA -- trails off, slapping her legs. She blows a strand of sweaty hair off her face, then sees - IN THE BACK WINDOW OF THE TRAIN -

JACK -- inching through a mass of shorter people, wincing each time his arm is brushed.

Ani -- rides in another car, tilting her face against the glass, steaming it as she catches her breath. This brief rest is suddenly broken by - SCREAMS.

THE POP AND SIZZLE OF THE TASER GUN -

Briggs has used a quick jolt from the gun to force the entire panicked crowd out of his way. An aisle clears, and he moves straight ahead toward Ani.

As if the current can pass through all the commuters at once, the pandemonium spreads, with screaming, tangling arms, and scampering hordes across the car.

Suddenly, the LIGHTS ARE CUT, and in the strobing of lights through a tunnel, the sizzling BLUE CURRENT of the taser becomes visible as Briggs pushes forward toward Ani.

Ani drops, crawling through the crowd. Suddenly, the train draws to a halt. The doors hiss, and -

EXT. EBISU STATION - PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

- Ani rolls out onto the floor, skirting away from a stampede.

I/E. NEXT CAR - EBISU STATION - CONTINUOUS

Jack sees Ani through the window. He pushes through the door, against the tide of passengers. The digital countdown displays: "10...9...8..."

EXT. EBISU STATION - PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Briggs locates Ani in the chaos, and charges after her.

Ani is desperate and cornered. Without thinking, she LEAPS OFF THE PLATFORM...

ONTO THE TRACKS

In FRONT OF THE TRAIN. The digital countdown tails off: "3...2...1..." And the doors close. The train is just starting to move.

BRIGGS is astonished, he watches the train takes off, speeding away.

Then he studies the EMPTY TRACKS. There's no sign of Ani, until he sees, twenty yards away... movement.

EXT. SUBWAY TRACKS - CONTINUOUS

Exhausted, terrified, Ani treads over the matrix of criss-crossing tracks. A STREAK OF LIGHT shines on her from the distance, brightening.

It's a HIGH-SPEED BULLET TRAIN, coming at her.

She freezes like a deer in the headlights. Which track is it on? She can't possibly tell from the growing light in her face. She panics, shuts her eyes, and at the last moment takes TWO STEPS TO THE LEFT.

Like a TORNADO TOUCHING DOWN - the train gusts past her, rustling her clothes, lifting her hair, shrieking: it's like she's trapped in the barrel of a firing gun.

She staggers in its slipstream, as Marina's cap tumbles along in its red taillight.

Shell-shocked, Ani reels, just as ANOTHER COMPRESSION OF AIR KNOCKS HER BACK. ANOTHER TRAIN FIRES PAST. This time she sees hundreds of faces gawking in the window, passing in subliminal flashes.

She twists in its wake, falling, picking herself up from the tracks to see:

Briggs, crossing the electrical conduit between them, stepping toward her.

She looks up at him, helpless now. Too exhausted to run. He pulls the SHOTGUN from his coat.

In the faint light, a dirty tear runs down Ani's cheek. As another train approaches, Briggs TAKES AIM.

BRIGGS

You speak English? Where is it?

A SHADOW GRABS HIM FROM BEHIND.

The next train is already upon them, and the dark figure TWISTS Briggs away, RIGHT INTO THE PATH.

INT. FRONT CAR - BULLET TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Onto the tapered front window, there's a millisecond FLASH of a FACE, before it smashes into blood and residue, fleeing like dirty raindrops across the shatterproof glass.

INT. SUBWAY TRACKS - CONTINUOUS

It was Jack. He staggers ahead on the tracks. All that's left of Briggs is the pump gun, crushed - and the TASER, still crackling by itself in the dark. He looks back to see:

Ani, heading off across the tracks.

Jack forces himself onward, blood now sticking his shirt to him. Ahead, Ani gives up with listless strides.

Jack keeps going, as a TRAIN FIRES AT THEM. He grabs her just in time, pulling her sideways into a ROLLING DIVE, as this time -

A HORN BLARES - another train passes - a deafening blast over the chattering rails, until it's gone.

Jack and Ani lie exhausted, panting, in each others' arms. For the first time, Jack looks at her closely as the lights of a train strobe past.

JACK

Ani? Ani? I'm here to help you - I knew your mother. I know your father... Ani... *don't be afraid.*

The LIGHT OF AN APPROACHING TRAIN becomes...

JACK (V.O.)

Trust me.

A SPOTLIGHT

REVERSE ANGLE: A drunken salaryman sings The Doors' "Hello, I love you," in tortured English.

INT. BAR - GOLDEN GAI DISTRICT - NIGHT

Drunken Salarymen sing Karaoke around the bar.

TANNER nurses a drink, dourly waiting for news. Finally, his CELL PHONE buzzes, and he picks it up quickly.

TANNER

(on the phone)

No, *honey*, I'll call you as soon as I hear.

We hear the two-tone beep of call waiting.

EIKO (V.O.)

I'm going out for about an hour.

TANNER

Okay, okay, *honey*. Okay.

He switches over from call waiting.

TANNER

All right. Talk.

EXT. GOLDEN GAI DISTRICT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Tanner rushes along the street. He sees the DODGE VAN, the side door sliding open. Behind the wheel is Oleg. WHEAT faces him from inside.

WHEAT

Get in, George.

Sitting a row back, lit with the passing neon outside, is DAVIS MONK. Tanner looks between the men, sighs, then steps inside.

INT. TANNER'S HOUSE - CHOFU DISTRICT

Tanner heads straight to his liquor cabinet, beneath a clock that reads, 10:46 P.M.

TANNER

Eiko said she'd be right back. You
want a drink?

Tanner pours his own glass and sits onto the chair. Wheat
sits down across from him.

Oleg and Monk perch on stools beside the kitchen counter.

Tanner grabs the clicker and turns on the TV, flipping
through channels.

WHEAT

George, the buyer is going to be on the
ground in twelve hours. We need the
material.

TANNER

Kilmer got her out, right?

WHEAT

But she had nothing on her, George. No
bag, no phone, nothing.

TANNER

Well, if Tanaka had the material, he
wouldn't have needed her. We'll get it
back.

WHEAT

You were sitting on this delivery.

TANNER

Come on. How long have we done
business, Oliver?

Nodding, Wheat concedes.

WHEAT

If you're honestly telling me you don't
know where this material is - I'll
believe you.

Tanner laughs, shaking his head. *

TANNER *

Honestly - I *don't* know. Ani might,
but I don't. Oliver, this is family
now. We're going to work this out. *

Wheat nods for a long time, then smiles at his old friend. *

WHEAT *

You're right. *

Wheat smiles, and - in one swift motion - he pulls out a .38
and FIRES A SHOT through Tanner's mouth. His face remains
intact, but the back of his skull blows out against the
armchair. *

Calmly, Oleg takes the gun and cleans off fingerprints with a
WET WIPE.

WHEAT

Monk? What do we got on Jack Kilmer we
can give to Tokyo police?

MONK

I'm sure we can drum up something.

We hear a SOUND PRE-LAP of the Tanner's outgoing message: *

ANI (V.O.) *

*The Tanner's aren't here right now, so
leave a message for whoever you're
calling...* *

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT *

Jack makes a cell phone call from inside a lit phone booth. *

ANI (V.O.) *

*And hopefully one of us will call you
back.* *

Jack hangs up, frustrated. He redials again - and again it's
the answering machine.

The time on his cell phone reads, "11:10." *

He glances at Ani, pacing outside the phone booth, her
demeanor now the opposite of her chipper phone message.
She's hugging herself with sleeves that droop past her hands,
like a straight jacket. *

He knocks on the glass to get her attention, but her startle reflex is extreme, and she jumps. He tries to apologize with his hands, then gestures and mouths: "One minute."

INT. MARUNOUCHI LINE TRAIN - TOKYO SUBWAY - NIGHT

In a half-empty car, Jack and Ani sit together, rocking with the faint motion of the train. Jack checks his watch: 11:18.

Jack's bleeding badly from his shoulder; and the other passengers eye him with alarm. Ani studies him with her implacable blue eyes.

JACK

Did they hurt you?

She shakes her head, still gaping at him.

JACK

Why are you looking at me like that?

Another passenger holds up a CELL PHONE, and takes a picture of Jack.

ANI

You're like that person in a nightmare.

JACK

Great, thanks.

ANI

I mean, that person you find, and you know them - but you don't know how.

JACK

That's because you're in shock. It makes everything seem like a dream.

She laughs slightly, a snort in her nose. He looks at her, questioning.

ANI

Your Japanese is very funny.

JACK

(in pain)

Well, kid, so's your English.

EXT. AZUMABASHI BRIDGE - NIGHT - 11:41 PM

Jack waits by the bridge, checking his watch, pacing. Ani leans against the railing, still watching him closely.

A last water bus floats past, lit against the black water.

ANI

*Are we meeting my father here? Why
aren't we going to the police?*

Jack leans back against the railing beside her. A few bicycles clank past. In the distance, the church bell sound of Tokyo police cars ring past among the echoing of pedestrians.

JACK

Let's go. We should keep moving.

As they start to move away, suddenly JACK SEES HER, standing at the FOOT OF THE BRIDGE, beside the steps to the Sumida River Line: EIKO.

She's in a dress with a pea coat, looking beautiful as she rushes forward.

She sprints to Ani with small strides, and they jump into each others' arms. In a gust of love and relief, the mother and daughter hold each other at the crown of the bridge, lights of riverboats drifting past.

Then Eiko turns to Jack, her face glowing, streaked with tears - joyous and grateful. Suddenly, her smile DROPS, as she sees the blood all over Jack's clothes.

EIKO

Jack? Is that your blood?

He looks down at his shirt, then back at her.

JACK

Most of it.

INT. MANJO LOVE HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Amid vending machines and porn movies, the place decked out to look like a saloon, with "Cawntury and Westarn" written beside a wraparound mirror and a portrait of grazing horses. On the tacky comforter, Eiko has laid out iodine, swabs, tweezers, gauze, and a fifth of whisky.

EIKO

(holding up the whisky)
For the pain?

Jack takes a swig.

JACK

At least we got to have a drink
together.

Eiko takes her own swig of whisky.

Ani unwraps a packet of pocky sticks from a grocery bag, then
sits on a cabinet, watching.

ANI

You two know each other?

Eiko nods, then dips the Q-tip in iodine, then runs it around
the ENTRY WOUND. Jack hisses with pain; Ani winces.

Then Eiko grabs the tweezers and leans forward, reading
glasses perched on her nose. She shoves the tweezers into
the pulp of blood and skin, as Jack's entire face boils red.

She begins *digging into his shoulder* with the tweezers.

ANI

*Mom, that's the most disgusting thing
I've ever seen.*

EIKO

Shhh, let me concentrate.

ANI

*Why wouldn't you just take him to the
hospital? I don't understand this.*

EIKO

*I can't take him to the hospital,
honey. It's too much to explain. So
just be quiet for one second.*

She pulls out a tiny sliver of BUCKSHOT and drops it into a
PLASTIC HOTEL CUP. Blowing the hair from her face, Eiko
turns to Ani and smiles.

ANI

Is that it?

EIKO

No.

ANI

*Nothing makes any sense tonight.
People were trying to kill me, and now
you're digging for shrapnel in some
freak gaijin's bloody arm.*

EIKO
 (calm but frustrated)
Ani, I'm so happy you're safe...
 (losing)
*But now shut up. For one second of
 your life, shut up and let me do this -
 or I'm going to make you wish you were
 still a hostage.*

JACK
 Glad I could be a part of this.

Ani sulks for a moment, staring at her mother...

ANI
Well, how long do we have to be here!?

Eiko shrugs and shows her the plastic CUP, one tiny .33
 calibre pellet.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE HOTEL CUP IS FILLED WITH TINY PELLETS

Jack lies on the bed, drenched with sweat, so pale that his
 lips are bluish. Like a child Ani sits at the base of the
 bed, watching CARTOONS on television.

As Eiko digs for another chip, Jack stares up at her with
 glassy eyes.

JACK
 Once I was... supposed to pick up a
 shipment at this lake, way out in the
 middle of nowhere. I waited on the
 banks, no one there but me.

He winces as Eiko digs deeper, a streak of his blood on her
 reading glasses.

JACK
 It was just black water, the moon
 reflected in it. And then this C-5
 flies over like a shadow, and drops
 something. And I'm sitting there in
 the jungle, crickets and frogs,
 watching a dozen crates sink down on
 parachutes, falling right past the full
 moon.

She digs out the last piece, a sliver of glass from the
 shattered window, and she drops it into the cup.

JACK

I kept thinking, everything in those crates is going to maim or kill somebody. But right now it's beautiful. The ugliest stuff can be so damn beautiful, Eiko. And I thought of you, and I wished you could have seen it with me.

Ani has been listening, as she dozes off below the TV.

EIKO

That's the last piece. Try to rest.

Exhausted from concentration, Eiko moves to the bathroom and washes her hands. She stands beside a see-through raised bathtub shaped like a clam shell. There's a quandary in her eyes, and as she faces herself in the mirror, she seems to garner strength for something.

As she dries her hands, her MOBILE PHONE rings in her bag. She goes to it, her eyes showing concern at a number she doesn't recognize.

EIKO

Hello? This is she.

(a beat)

I can't come right this second, but...

As she listens to an official-sounding voice on the other end, her face goes pale, her mouth drops open.

EIKO

I understand. You won't tell me over the phone.

(a beat)

I'll be right there. I'll come right now.

She hangs up and returns to the main room.

Ani has fallen asleep at the base of the bed. Jack lies on his back, spent. On the wall, the TIME REMAINING on their stay ticks down: 1 hour, 3 minutes, 13 seconds, and counting.

She touches Ani's hair, affectionately.

Then she stands over the bed, noticing a tattooed streak under Jack's eye (from the compound) - like a permanent tear. Then she KISSES JACK, lightly on the lips.

Despite all his pain, he gives her a small smile.

EIKO
 Watch her with you life, Jack. I have
 to go back - something's happened. I
 don't trust her with anyone but you
 tonight.

JACK
 What makes me so lucky?

She looks away at Ani, then back at him.

EIKO
 Jack, I was terrified that day. We
 were so young. I was still a child.

JACK
 I should have told you everything.

EIKO
 I should have told you, too.

Jack just stares at her, perplexed.

EIKO
 Jack...
 (glancing at Ani)
 She's your daughter.

She leans down and kisses him beside his stunned mouth. Then
 she points at the timer, clicking down on the wall.

EIKO
 I'll be back before that timer runs
 out. Please, Jack - keep her safe.

And with that, she's out the door.

Jack sits up against the headboard, alone in the room with
 the sleeping girl, her head down and fuchsia-streaked black
 hair fallen over her face.

This is a man who's driven a load of rocket-propelled
 grenades over a tropical border on a bumpy road - and yet
 here he is: terrified.

Gradually, his fear becomes fascination, and he crawls out of
 bed, and creeps forward, staring at the girl.

He looks at her hands, covered with sparkling multi-colored
 rings; her wrists, bedazzled with charm bracelets. In her
 open-toed shoes, each nail is painted a different hue. She
 sleeps, the faint whisper of a dream on her lips.

My God, he's thinking, is this really my daughter? Part of her face is visible amid her scattered hair - and yes, she has some semblance of his broad face, his forehead, his wide mouth.

Nearly shaking, he moves forward, right up beside her.
Suddenly -

SHE OPENS HER EYES -

And Jack jumps out of his skin. He stumbles back across the room, the wits scared out of him. For a few deep breaths, he just stares back at his daughter's big eyes, blue as a newborn's.

ANI
What's your problem?

EXT. TANNER'S HOUSE - CHOFU DISTRICT - LATE NIGHT

Police tape flutters in the wind, as Tokyo homicide detectives cordon off the townhouse. All around are NHK NEWS VANS with rising transponders, reporters edging forward, prepping themselves amid cameras and firing lights.

Eiko's reaction is anger, and she's pushing forward, trying to break free from homicide detectives, holding her back from the crime scene of her ransacked house.

Then, the main attraction, a gurney is hauled out amid sparking flash bulbs:

GEORGE TANNER, in a BODY BAG, faint beadlets of drizzle gathering on the plastic.

IN THE WATER PARK, FARTHER BACK

SUSUMU waits in the shadows, watching Eiko, his face lit by the glowing console of his cell phone as he dials.

SUSUMU
(quietly, into his phone)
It's a circus now, Oyabun.

INT. TANAKA KEN'S CORNER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

TANAKA KEN
(on the phone)
I see it on the news already.

Reporters are frenzied, caterwauling in front of the house.
 As Ken flips through channels, he sees - on another broadcast
 - JACK'S PICTURE, from a CELL PHONE CAMERA, snapped earlier
 on the train.

As it fades from the screen, DAVIS MONK speaks to cameras.

MONK

The U.S. Embassy is going to assist
 Tokyo authorities in any way possible.

His words are washed over by a breathless Japanese
 translator.

TANAKA KEN

(on the phone)

They're pinning it on Kilmer.

SUSUMU

There's no way he had time.

TANAKA KEN

*No. But we're never been worth much as
 alibis, Susumu.*

INT. MANJO LOVE HOTEL ROOM - 1:00 AM

Just beneath the counter (under a minute to go), Ani is
 sitting on the bed with her shoes off, piles of plastic bags
 around her from snacks out of the vending machine. She's
 laughing along with some clamorous hysteria on the TV, while
 Jack sits beside her, mortified.

ANI

Is that always how you rescue people?

She pantomimes zapping someone with the taser, then simulates
 convulsions on the bed beside him.

JACK

I'm sorry about that.

She sits up suddenly. There's a hyper-active quality to her
 movements, her attention darting around like a startled
 animal.

She touches the gauze on his shoulder.

ANI

Does that hurt?

JACK

(wincing)

When you poke it, it does.

She rises off the bed, checks the counter, then disappears briefly into the bathroom. When she returns, she throws Jack a complimentary kimono.

ANI

Here. We have to get you some clothes.
Do you have a mobile phone? I lost mine.

He gestures to his bag, and she takes out the CLONED CELL PHONE.

She notices the timer ticking down, and she counts with it...

ANI

Five... four... three... two... one...
Happy New Year!
(throwing him the kimono)
Here, here - put this on. We have to get you new clothes.

As it hits zero, the DIGITAL COUNTER triggers a chintzy recording of "Happy Trails."

JACK

No, no, no: we're going to stay put, right here. That's what your mother says, and that's what we're doing. I don't know you, and you don't know me, kid, so let's just take this slow and easy...

Ani just stares at him, completely unsure what to make of him. Then she salutes him with the cell phone, and heads for the door.

JACK

Jesus, where are you going?

He rises up with a groan.

CUT TO:

VENDING MACHINES

Ani pushes buttons on the cloned cell phone, dropping cellophane-wrapped shirts and pants into the slots.

EXT. KABUCHIKO - NIGHT

They're in the red-light district of Tokyo, amid lurid Romanji signs and eclectic crowds of gaijin and salarymen.

Like an escaped bedlamite, Jack stands clutching his short kimono, watching Ani shop for him in the vending machines.

JACK
This is stupid - let's go.

ANI
(imitating him, gruff)
"Yes! Clean clothes are stupid.
Everything I wear should be covered
with BLOOD!"

She aims the mobile at another machine, dropping out a clunky pair of shoes.

JACK
How do you do that?

ANI
*Where have you been? The charge goes
onto your mobile.*

She pries open a cellophane package, and holds a Totoro sweatshirt up to him: a cartoon picture of just eyes, teeth, and whiskers of a cat.

ANI
(completely earnest)
Awww, it's so cute on you!

He just looks down at the sweatshirt, and back at Ani, his eyes cornered.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL NEW KOYO - JACK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Wearing a dishwashing glove, Oleg moves through the cramped room, and drops the MURDER WEAPON (.38) into Jack's bag on the floor.

He glances out the window at WHEAT, pacing beside the bicycles, then he rushes out.

EXT. HOTEL NEW KOYO - MOMENTS LATER

Wheat, on his phone, strides back to a van with Oleg.

WHEAT
(on the phone)
I just got all the activity from his
phone in the past hour.

In the back of the van is a complete battery of surveillance equipment. *

EXT. ASAKUSA STREETS - CONTINUOUS *

Markesev is pushing his way through the crowd, a slight limp, nodding to the BLUETOOTH EARPIECE, as Wheat continues. *

WHEAT (V.O.) *

His phone activity has quadrupled. He made eight purchases at a vending machine in Kabuchiko - and now he's on the line *right now*. Give us a few seconds and we'll find out who he's talking to. *

CUT TO: *

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT *

Now decked out in a youthful sweatshirt and baggy pants, Jack sits beside Ani, who is twittering away on his cell phone in fast Japanese. *

ANI *

Because Mom, I'm not going to sit there and watch some zombie bleed all over the pillows. *

JACK *

That's enough. Let's get off this phone now. *

ANI *

(overwrought) *

You're the one who left me there in a love hotel with some weird Special Forces nanny. *

JACK *

Just give me the phone, kid. *

Ani hands him the phone, rolling her eyes back in a huff. *

ANI *

I can't even take it anymore. Fine. You talk to her. *

EXT. TANNER'S HOUSE - CHOFU - NIGHT *

Eiko paces beside police cars, homicide detectives milling. *

EIKO
 Jack? Don't let her see it on your
 face. George is dead.

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

Jack closes his eyes for a brief stab of grief and disgust,
 then glances at Ani, who's mumbling to herself beside him,
 wavering her arms to a hip-hop beat.

EIKO (V.O.)
 Is she okay?

JACK
 She's all right. She's a little high-
 strung - I think she's pretty shaken
 up.

EIKO (V.O.)
 No. She's always like that.

EXT. TANNER'S HOUSE - CHOFU - CONTINUOUS

Eiko paces further away from the squad cars and ambulance,
 out of earshot of the cops.

EIKO
 Jack, tell me: what the fuck was George
 doing?

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

JACK
 Your English really did get better.
 (a beat)
 I don't know. I know less than you.

EIKO (V.O.)
 I'm going to be answering questions
 here for the next couple hours - just
 keep her in your sight, Jack. Whatever
 you do, don't lose her. I'll meet you
 in front of the restaurant in two
 hours. Ani knows where it is.

JACK
 What's it called now?

EIKO (V.O.)
 It's still called, "Kilmer House."

EXT. SHINJUKU - 1:50 AM

Packs of young girls, dressed alike, parade past: The Tokyo "Fashion Tribes" - the Manga girls, with their blue lipstick and pastel hair; the Gothic-Lolitas, with their mini-kilts and knee-high socks.

JACK
(keeping up with her)
We need to find someplace to hide out a little longer.

But Ani keeps pressing ahead, through the raucous, late-night crowd.

EXT. CLUB HARLEM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Hundreds of kids mill around in Fubu and Hilfinger. Pants sag; ball-caps perch sideways; hair hangs in ghetto-weaves. This is the epicenter of J-HOP (Japanese Hip Hop). From inside comes the hard, dissonant, gangsta-rap sound of NITRO MICROPHONE UNDERGROUND.

The DOORMAN already knows Ani, and lifts the cordon for her as she arrives; just as Jack catches up to her at the entrance, clutching her arm.

JACK
Kid - what the hell are you doing?
Let's go: we got the whole city looking for us.

ANI
I need to get my stuff. It's here. *I know it is.*

JACK
(realizing)
The package?

She nods, her eyes suddenly devilish. He lets go of her arm, and faces her sternly.

JACK
All right, good. But listen to me real close -

Mid-sentence, she walks away into the club.

INT. CLUB HARLEM - MOMENTS LATER

Hundreds of teenagers follow the call-and-response of a
thuggish Japanese MC on stage.

Ani pushes ahead through the waving arms, stopping when she
runs into her friend, MAKO - in platform shoes, wearing
sunglasses in the dark. The girl howls and hugs Ani, using
her as a ballast.

Jack is the only one in the crowd wearing a WHITE SWEATSHIRT,
and he GLOWS conspicuously beneath the black light. He sees
Ani gesturing to him, covering her mouth as she giggles.

Jack is frustrated as she greets more new people, seeming to
grow livelier in a snowballing group of friends. He picks up
stray *subtitles* of her conversations.

ANI

I was kidnapped for three days.

Everyone laughs, their giggling buried in the music.

ANI

*I swear to God! I was a hostage! It
was so cool!*

Jack stares at her across the shoving crowd, concerned. As
he loses track of her conversation, he sees more and more
young women laughing. Ani is the kind of wild, solicitous
girl who can say anything and people assume it's a joke.

He sees Ani bum a cigarette from a man. She takes a few
greedy drags. Jack is horrified.

INT. CLUB HARLEM - BACK ROOM

Mako guides them to a booth in a quiet room, where they
disrupt FOUR YOUNG MEN stooped around a mirror.

Ani moves up close to Jack, and whispers into his ear with a
hot blast of air.

ANI

*That's the guy who helped kidnap me.
He put something in my drink.*

One of them, looking up in pure shock, is HIRO, a heavily-
pierced gurentai with scorched blond hair. He's wearing a
camouflage jacket and sits beside a "man bag."

ANI

*Hiro! Where's my purse, you child
molestor?*

Hiro looks like he's just seen a girl he's murdered, returned from the grave. Surprise quickly gives way to aggression. He stands up, spilling powder, causing a panic.

HIRO

Who's this Haku-jin?

ANI

*He's my new, Sugar Daddy. He's
American. He's from Seattle and he...
(thinking)
...owns a record label, and he's going
to sign me, and take me on tour.*

His anger is only interrupted by his sniffing nose and confusion.

HIRO

*(to the others)
Call Saito. Tell him I've got her
again.*

JACK

Ani? This guy drugged you?

She nods.

One of the COKEHEADS flaps open his CELL PHONE and hits the speed-dial. As HIRO rises, coming forward, suddenly, Ani lunges ahead, *hugging him*.

She breaks into tears, everything she's restrained the past few hours.

ANI

*Hiro. Why did you do that to me? I
thought you cared about me.*

Coldly, he stares at Jack, his eyes narrowed with embarrassment at this pleading outburst.

But, turning her face from Hiro's chest, Ani gestures for Jack to TAKE THE BAG.

JACK grabs the "man bag." Ani breaks from Hiro, seizing Jack's hand and trying to haul him away. Jack stays immobile, staring at Hiro with contempt like he's never known. Something animal and protective is coming over him.

JACK

If you ever come near her again -

ANI
Let's go!

*
*

HIRO
Then what? Haku-jin?

*
*

As Hiro approaches, smirking, Jack tees off and lands a perfect punch into his nose, shattering blood across his face.

*
*
*

He's stunned by his own lack of restraint, and let's Ani tug him away.

*
*

INT. CLUB HARLEM - DANCE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The dance floor is packed. As Jack and Ani pass through, the young thugs come after them, violently clearing a path through the crowd. Ani leads Jack out a side door.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

They bound across, into -

INT. STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

- a sex-club like a Hieronymus Bosch painting: pole dancers, Cyberpunk strippers, naked girls wrestling in chocolate. Along a dark back wall are private, curtained stalls. Ani leads Jack into one, just as the thugs pass through.

INT. PRIVATE STALL - CONTINUOUS

Giddy, Ani begins sorting through Hiro's bag, finding her own purse.

*
*

JACK
You are thirteen years old! What the hell are you doing out with - ?

*
*
*

ANI
You broke his nose. *That was so awesome.*

*
*
*

JACK
Drinking, and hanging around with -

*
*

She finds her cell phone, lighting up purple in the dark. Then she pulls out Hiro's .32, brandishing it.

*
*

JACK
Losers.

*
*

The curtain whisks back on them, revealing - *

A HOSPITALITY GIRL

Fretting, evicting them with a flurry of nasal Japanese.

EXT. KABUCHIKO DISTRICT - 3:00 AM

Jack and Ani head out, into the thinning crowds deep into the night. All around Jack notices Shatei - Yakuza henchmen, Tanaka Ken's eyes and ears on the ground.

Ani sees this also, and pulls Jack close, hooking her arm around his waist.

JACK

Ani? Where is the package you were
supposed to hide? *

ANI

Act drunk. *

He begins staggering, and she supports his weight. The dozen
watching eyes seem to turn away, seeing only a sloppy
American and his escort. *

ANI

*You're a drunk gaijin and I'm your
whore.* *

JACK

(under his breath)
Kid, if we live through tonight - your
mother and I got a lot to talk about. *

EXT. KILMER'S RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER *

Eiko unlocks the chain, and steps inside the empty
restaurant. *

INT. KILMER'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS *

As she turns on the lights, we see that the place has evolved
into a Western-style pub, a home away from home for British,
Australian, and U.S. expatriats. She takes some chairs, down
from a table, looking sapped and numb from the past hours. *

Suddenly a FIST knocks on the glass window, beside the
flashing neon sign. She sees it's a man in a SWEATSUIT, with
his HOOD drawn - but it doesn't appear to be Jack. *

EIKO

No, no, we're closed.

He goes to the door and raps his knuckles again. Politely, Eiko unlocks the door and opens it to the limit of a security chain.

MARKESEV smiles at her with his crooked mouth.

EIKO

I'm sorry, but you'll have to -

And he PUNCHES HER, dead in the face.

Eiko reels backward, and Markesev pushes through the door, ripping through the chain, Marina striding in behind him.

Markesev comes right for Eiko; but, as she recovers, she begins throwing chairs off the tables in front of him. He picks one up and hurls it at her, thudding off her back and bringing her down beside the bar.

Just as he's close again, she rises up like a banshee and begins hurling bottles at him. He picks up another chair, shielding himself from shattering glass. Then he RAMS the legs into her.

Bleeding from her nose, Eiko drops and crawls into:

INT. KILMER'S RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Markesev and Marina come after her. On the floor, Eiko pulls out her mobile phone, and Markesev kicks it out of her hand. He then stomps her in the rib cage, stunning her for a moment.

He kneels on top of her, trying to hold her still, as Marina barks in Russian. But Eiko is furious and slippery, and writhes out of his grasp again.

At last, breaking free of his grasp, she reaches the DISHWASHER. She hits the bottom, it flies open, and, out of the rack, SHE WHIPS A KNIFE -

- which buries itself into Markesev's leg. He howls in pain, then pulls it out, blood-slathered - and keeps after her.

Marina now tries to circle up on Eiko, as she begins FLINGING OUT DISHES - soaring like frisbees, glancing off Marina's shoulder, shattering around the walls.

Markesev manages to grab hold of her finally, hurling her up onto the counter - where she kicks and thrashes like a lunatic, screaming as they fight through her legs.

Eventually both Marina and Markesev can immobilize one leg apiece. He pulls DUCT TAPE out of his sweatsuit pocket. Rapidly, he UNROLLS TAPE AROUND her legs in a criss-cross pattern, ankles to thighs, until only her arms are free.

But she grasps the POT RACK and STRIKES HIM HARD with a FRYING PAN.

Enraged, Markesev comes back to her fighting arms, and PUNCHES right through them, nearly knocking her cold. Both he and Marina are surprisingly battered from this small woman - and they sigh and exchange glances.

Then he begins cocooning her with DUCT TAPE, wrapping all the way up her arms and OVER HER FACE, as she strains for air.

MARINA

Don't kill the bitch yet.

Markesev PICKS UP THE BLOODY KNIFE and CUTS OPEN THE SPACE OVER HER MOUTH. A single, long breath seeps out.

EXT. SUBWAY STOP - NIGHT

Jack and Ani rush up the stairs...

EXT. KILMER'S RESTAURANT - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

As Jack and Ani approach the window, they witness the destruction: broken furniture, shattered glass, blood on the floor.

Ani puts her hands over her mouth and *screams*. Jack grabs her and begins ushering her quickly away.

It's as if all of the girl's swagger and attitude evaporate at once. She isn't only crying, but gasping, barely able to breathe.

ANI

Oh my God. Oh my God - my mom.

Jack rushes her ahead, forcing her to keep up alongside him.

JACK

Keep moving.

EXT. UENO PARK - NIGHT

In an enclosure of trees, the lights of the city strung around them in the distance, Jack and Ani drop onto the grass, out of breath.

She's crying and he puts his arm around her. She melts into him, hysterical. *

JACK
Shhhh, breath. You're having a panic attack. *

ANI
I did this. *

JACK
You just got to slow down - one thing at a time. Ani, listen to me: close your eyes. *

She does. *

JACK
You've got to empty your head. Don't expect anything here - one way or another. When you open your eyes, you're going to see the trees, the sky, nothing else. We're not going to expect anything, we're going to react to what's here. Now open your eyes, slowly. *

She does, staring at him. *

JACK
I know your mom: and she's going to be okay. *

In the faint light from the distant city, Ani pulls back the tear-dampened hair from her face. *

ANI
And my dad? *

There's a tense pause, as Jack isn't sure how much she knows. *

ANI
Is my dad okay? *

He doesn't know how to answer. As if swallowing something sharp, he nods his head. *

JACK
He'll be fine. *

Her mouth curls downward, and another gust of anguish goes through her, with the force of a passing train. *

JACK

Just cry, Ani. Cry until you can't
anymore.

She lies back on the grass, fetal, her head against his side.
She bobs with the faint motion of her release, as he watches
her. Gradually, tentatively, he begins combing through her
hair.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. UENO PARK - DAWN

The Temple sits in the distance, and homeless encampments
stretch beneath them.

Jack has stayed awake all night, hovering over her like a
nervous new parent.

Now he watches the incongruous setting: Japanese homeless
carefully washing their clothes in the river, neatly packing
up cardboard houses. They're not supposed to exist at all;
and there's a penitent humility about them.

Jack looks back at Ani, on the grass, her face finally
peaceful.

Suddenly, his CLONED CELL PHONE begins ringing in his pack.
It awakens Ani, and he answers it - surprised by its sound.

WHEAT (V.O.)

You know I hate this, right? You just
deliver the girl.

Jack rises and walks away from Ani, toward a patch of bare
cherry trees.

JACK

Tanner was paid to keep the seller in
the dark. So what are you selling,
Oliver?

WHEAT

Come on. Don't start acting like an
oversight committee now. We're both
mercenaries.

Ani awakens and begins meditating on the grass, like Jack
taught her last night. His eyes soften for a moment as he
watches.

JACK

Tanner thought he could blackmail you -
'cause Langley's never heard of this.

WHEAT

Look, you want to wait around and get picked up - be my guest. You're a murder suspect. The .38 that shot Tanner, police found it in your room at the Hotel New Koyo. We've had fifty contingency plans.

(a beat)

So here's fifty one: we've got Eiko - bring in the kid and we'll trade.

JACK

What the hell do you want with this kid? She doesn't know anything?

WHEAT

You've got until tonight, Jack. If you got any feeling left in your bones, you'll do this. Because I won't just kill Eiko - I'll break her spirit first.

(a beat)

While you've been out peddling, I've spent the last three years working prisons in Kabul and Macedonia. The shit I've seen would turn your lips white. I can watch someone get skinned alive and my heart doesn't even speed up.

JACK

Maybe it's not beating.

WHEAT

You've got until tonight, Jack.

JACK

Who the fuck are you in business with?

INT. NARITA AIRPORT - RECEPTION AREA - MORNING

Down the escalators and through the glass doors comes a retinue of Korean translators and bodyguards, surrounding a small man in an overcoat, almost hidden completely by his taller entourage.

WHEAT

They brought the whole village.

MONK

North Koreans. Hicks.

WHEAT

So much for staying anonymous.

At the center of an orbit of attendants, walks GANG LU PAK, *
 the North Korean minister, a tiny, chinless man. He bows to *
 Wheat, before shaking his hand also. *

WHEAT *

Mr. Gang. There's been a setback. *

Gold-toothed, he grins at a pallid translator and speaks in a *
 torrent of Korean. *

She rapidly translates, while an expression of alarm forms on *
 the minister's face. *

INT. TOWN CAR - NARITA AIRPORT/SHUTO EXPRESSWAY - MORNING *

All of them are crammed into the car, with three more taxis *
 trailing behind. Gang Lu complains heatedly in Korean, and *
 the translator struggles to keep up. *

TRANSLATOR *

...you come to him with excuses, but *
 you've put years of work at risk. *
 There are fifteen million dollars on *
 the line, waiting to be transferred... *

WHEAT *

You've delayed this weeks already. I'm *
 talking about twenty-four hours. Relax *
 at the hotel, have a drink. Enjoy *
 Tokyo. *

(sighing) *

Tell him I'll get him a girl, for God's *
 sakes. *

Embarrassed, the translator conveys this to Gang Lu-Pak, *
 whose ferocious expression gradually softens. *

INT. KABUCHIKO DISTRICT - MORNING

Calmly, Tanaka Ken strides through the morning crowds, past
 sweet sweepers cleaning up from the night before.

At the entrance to a HOSPITALITY CLUB, the HOSTESS bows to
 Tanaka Ken so deferentially, it seems she might kiss his
 ring. He stops her, and holds up a picture: ANI TANNER. She
 shakes her head.

But, from across the street, we see her talking heatedly.

INT. STRIP CLUB - MORNING

Nothing seems more languorous than a stripper at 10 AM, except perhaps the POLICE COMMISSIONER watching her with three of his uniformed officers, Tanaka Ken beside him.

The COMMISSIONER shoos his men away.

Tanaka Ken fraternally pats the Commissioner on the shoulder.

TANAKA KEN

I'll tell you what I find on the streets. I trust you'll share information with me.

POLICE COMMISSIONER

Of course, Tanaka-san.

INT. PACHINKO PARLOR - MORNING

Tanaka Ken strides straight through, past the hundreds of jangling machines, into:

INT. BACK ROOM - PACHINKO PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

It's a smoky room filled with gamblers, weapons dealers, and low-rent dealers tweaked on speed. A sudden visit from this underworld don is a shock to them, and they bow in deference.

TANAKA KEN

Relax. Your rent is paid.

He paces to a table, where a SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL lies. He spins it on the table, watching it slow like a settling dial.

TANAKA KEN

There's not a gun in Tokyo that doesn't go through us - and we've got shots all over the streets last night. I want to know who's buying. I want to know every bullet sold in the past three days.

INT. TOYOTA CENTURY SEDAN - MOMENTS LATER

Tanaka Ken sits down into the backseat beside Susumu, as the driver takes off.

TANAKA KEN

I'm not happy with them. They've been selling guns to gaijin for the past two weeks.

SUSUMU

One of our hostesses says there are North Koreans in town. This morning. Already calling. Shinjuku Hilton.

Tanaka Ken is surprised by this, then nods, staring back ahead at the road.

SUSUMU

They wanted a white woman. A blonde. A real blonde.

Tanaka Ken smiles, amused.

TANAKA KEN

How many real blondes do we know?

CUT TO:

ASTRID

A towheaded Danish prostitute, now sitting with GANG LU-PAK and his entourage.

INT. CONVEYOR BELT RESTAURANT - DAY

Astrid is joined by MIZUKI, her Japanese counterpart. The two hospitality girls sit with the North Koreans, as entree selections glide past on a conveyor belt.

ASTRID leans in to Mr. Gang, coquettishly - as MIZUKI points her cell phone camera.

FREEZE ON: A SNAPSHOT OF GANG LU-PAK, as it uploads onto TANAKA KEN'S PHONE.

INT. HIBIYA LIBRARY - TOKYO - CONTINUOUS

He pores over microfiche and computer databases. Day after day of Asian newspapers scroll past like a time-lapse montage, until he settles on:

A PICTURE OF GANG-LU PAK, beside the North Korean Chairman, the date - **November, 1996** - and the caption reads:

"Gang Lu-Pak appointed DPRNK's Deputy Defense Minister."

A solemn expression comes over Ken's face.

EXT. SHIBUYA RIVER - DAY

Barges and garbage scows move slowly down the wide river. Moving in, we find JACK AND ANI, walking with their bags along the network of canals that transect the city.

They stay hidden, crossing under bridges and walkways. Finally, Ani sits down and begins massaging a cramp in her calf.

ANI

My legs are killing me.

Jack lingers below a bridge, before backtracking to her, sitting down on the embankment, his backpack at his feet.

JACK

I can keep you hidden down here. But we've got to get to that package.

ANI

How do I know you don't just leave when we get it?

She falls back against the embankment, demoralized, resting her eyes. Jack waits a long while, before responding.

JACK

Listen, Ani - I don't know what your mom ever told you about me...

(uneasy)

I'm not going to tell you I'm the best guy around. I've done some real bottom-feeding in my life, the kind of shit that make you not want to think about yourself too much.

Her eyes stay closed.

JACK

But I could do it, because a man gets a little sick when he's too alone. Without a family. I want you to know: your mother was the last person I ever loved. And one look at her, made me wish I could have all this time back. And I see that same light and fire in your face, too.

(thinking)

I've never been a liar.

(MORE)

JACK (cont'd)
 I've finished every job I was ever
 asked to do, one way or another - and
 when somebody needed protection, across
 a border, I put my own life on the
 line.

*
 *
 *
 *
 *

He looks at her, her eyes are closed, her face squinting with
 emotion.

*
 *

JACK
 You don't have any reason to trust me -
 but I'm asking you to. I'm asking you
 to believe in me.

*
 *
 *
 *

He waits, but she doesn't respond.

*

JACK
 Ani?

*
 *

She turns to him, surprised suddenly by the serious look on
 his face. She takes TINY, WIRELESS BLUETOOTH EARPHONES out
 of her ears, music buzzing in them faintly, and she CLICKS
 off an MP3 player in her jacket.

*
 *
 *
 *

ANI
Were you saying something?

*
 *

He stares at her, frustrated, holding it in.

*

JACK
 Just... thinking out loud.

*
 *

INT. ASAKUSA CAPSULE HOTEL - AFTERNOON

The hotel consists of giant walls of SLEEPING CAPSULES for
 Salarymen who've missed the last train. Like a massive
 honeycomb, hundreds of clear windows open onto the human
 lockers of single, cramped sleeping spaces.

Below, on a canyon floor of beige carpet, a VACUUM drones as
 housekeeping cleans up for the coming rush that night.

INT. ASKUSA CAPSULE HOTEL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Jack and Ani move in through sliding glass doors, Ani with
 her transparent purse, Jack with his pack. As they step up
 to a SMILING CLERK at the desk, the vacuum continues droning
 in the background.

CLERK
 Thank you. Hello. Two rooms?

ANI
We just need to use the lockers.

The woman nods, smile plastered to her face, until she looks down at:

A COMPUTER SCREEN -- shows Jack's PICTURE, from the cell phone camera.

She looks back up, forcibly smiling again. She nods to them, and they move on toward the drone of the vacuum.

The clerk waits a few moments, then PICKS UP THE PHONE.

INT. CAPSULE HOTEL - LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

There's a massive WALL OF LOCKERS, almost as impressive as the sleeping compartments in the main corridor. The vacuum is just turning the corner, moving toward them.

JACK
You stashed in a capsule hotel?

ANI
I had a slumber party here last week.

She takes out her CELL PHONE and TAKES HER OWN PICTURE WITH IT.

JACK
What are you doing?

ANI
*My phone has face recognition software.
I have to take my own picture to unlock it.*

She reaches out her phone, hits SEND, and A SINGLE LOCKER DOOR POPS OPEN, triggered by a computerized lock receiving the text message.

JACK
Jesus. You kids have more toys than the CIA.

EXT. ASAKUSA CAPSULE HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Striding across the busy street from the train station, Markesev doesn't even look at the speeding cars. He's on his cell phone, and we hear the murmur of Wheat's voice.

WHEAT (V.O.)
They're right inside. We just overheard a dispatch from Tokyo police.

Cars skid to a stop around him, as he crosses the sidewalk and splits the sliding glass doors.

INT. ASAKUSA CAPSULE HOTEL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Markesev heads straight for the lockers, past the clerk.

INT. CAPSULE HOTEL - LOCKER ROOM

Ani climbs an attached ladder to the high locker, then steps back down, clutching a HELLO KITTY BAG. Inside is a tightly wrapped PARCEL.

JACK
There you go: the plans for Armageddon
inside a Hello Kitty bag.

*
*
*

Just as they turn for the door, A SHOT FIRES THROUGH THE DOOR, striking the parcel and shredding it open -

SPILLING HUNDREDS OF TINY STRIPS OF MICROFICHE across the floor.

Ani and Jack stare ahead in disbelief, as MARKESEV raises his gun and approaches, FIRING A SHOT WITH EACH FOOTSTEP.

Jack fumbles for the .32, SPRAYING SHOTS back just in time force Markesev off his course. He dives behind a plastic shrubbery, and continues shooting.

JACK
They're on top of us!

EXT. ASAKUSA CAPSULE HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

As if all of Tokyo has mobilized, suddenly fifteen SQUAD CARS pull up around the hotel. In full COMMANDO GEAR, police begin rushing to cut off every exit.

Through the frenzy, Marina strides RIGHT INTO THE HOTEL.

INT. ASAKUSA CAPSULE HOTEL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Marina takes cover beside the desk, glancing at the cowering clerk.

MARINA
(in Russian)
Do you have them?

Markesev just loads a new clip, pulls back the slide on his Glock 9, and fires another few rounds.

INT. CAPSULE HOTEL - LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Staying low to the ground, Ani is trying to pick up EACH SPILLED STRIP, her hands shaking terribly. She hold one to the light, slightly cross-eyed as she tries to decipher it.

Jack glances past, to where a fleeing housekeeper has left:

THE VACUUM CLEANER

JACK

Ani! *The vacuum. Use the vacuum.*

He turns and lays down a wave of suppression fire, and Ani scrambles ahead and grabs the VACUUM CLEANER.

She turns it on, and RUNS IT OVER THE STRIPS OF MICROFICHE, with a rough, clogging sound.

As the last of them are swept up, Jack's .32 CLICKS EMPTY. He turns and rushes ahead, GRABBING THE ENTIRE VACUUM, and fleeing with it into:

INT. CAPSULE HOTEL - MAIN CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Jack and Ani rush ahead, past the warren of empty capsules. Her purse clanks; his pack jangles. The vacuum sheds a cloud of dust in his arms.

Finally, Jack nods to an OPEN CAPSULE DOOR.

MARKESEV AND MARINA -- come forward, guns raised, turning the corner past the lockers, into:

INT. CAPSULE HOTEL - MAIN CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

They face the wall of capsules, their shoulders sagging, disheartened.

Marina begins opening portal doors, peering inside; but Markesev doesn't have the patience. He starts at the far end, and begins FIRING GUNSHOTS into each capsule.

There aren't many that are occupied at this midday hour - but a dozen doors SWING OPEN, with terrified, hungover Salarymen fleeing.

INT. INDIVIDUAL SLEEPING CAPSULE - CONTINUOUS

Jack and Ani coil together, sharing the claustrophobic space with the vacuum cleaner. One by one, GUNSHOTS come closer.

Jack begins prying at the vacuum cleaner.

JACK
(whispering)
Everything here is like a goddamn
robot; I can't even *open* this -

ANI
Shhhh!!!

MARKESEV -- walks to each empty capsule, firing TWICE into the FIBERGLASS.

JACK -- finally opens the vacuum, removing the DUST BAG INSIDE, releasing a cloud of soot into the tiny space.

ANI
(whispering)
He's getting *closer*.

Jack thinks for a moment, then realizes something.

JACK
Hand me my pack.

She unzips it - revealing a mess of leftover equipment from the Nikko rescue.

MARKESEV -- drops an empty clip and loads another. The more empty capsules he demolishes, the more angry he seems.

ON JACK -- The shots outside are deafening now, but Jack has just pulled out the Petrogen CUTTING TORCH.

JACK
Your lighter. I need a light.

Ani just stares at him, guilty. *

JACK
I saw you smoke, Ani. We'll talk about
it later. *

She rolls her eyes, fishes in her purse and hands him a ZIPPO LIGHTER. *

He fires up the TORCH and CUTS A THIN LINE along the Fiberglass ceiling. *

MARKESEV -- is right on top of them, he steps to their capsule, FIRING. Just as shots PUNCTURE THEIR CAPSULE...

Ani and Jack have shimmied up a hole in the ceiling into:

INT. ANOTHER SLEEPING CAPSULE - A LEVEL ABOVE - CONTINUOUS

Immediately, Jack puts the torch to the ceiling and starts a new hole.

MARKESEV -- throws open the destroyed door and sees the VACUUM CLEANER. Puzzled, he looks STRAIGHT UP.

Out of an OPENING DOOR, he sees movement. He fires up in the air, shredding fiber glass and puncturing the door.

JACK -- pulls the hose loose on the Petrogen tank, spraying fuel. He calmly takes the lighter, and HITS THE FLINT, just as he lets go.

THE PETROGEN TANK -- falls, the flame catching, following the spraying fuel like a fuse. Like a perfectly timed grenade, it drops to MARKESEV'S FEET, and -

IGNITES, blowing shrapnel across his legs.

EXT. THIRD LEVEL - CAPSULE HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Ani and Jack rush along the elevated catwalk beside the higher capsules. Marina shouts at them from below, but Markesev is unconscious.

All along the windows, they can see the Tokyo Police gathered outside.

They hit a stairwell, clamber straight down through double-doors into:

INT. SHOWER-AND-SAUNA ROOM - CAPSULE HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Ani and Jack slide like skaters across wet tile, before cutting left into the SAUNA.

INT. ASKUSA CAPSULE HOTEL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Police SWAT TEAMS storm the hotel in full-body gear, past the crying clerk, moving toward:

INT. CAPSULE HOTEL - MAIN CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Markesev's inert feet are pulled into a CAPSULE, just as the Tokyo police swarm into the area.

INT. INDIVIDUAL SLEEPING CAPSULE - CONTINUOUS

The door closes quietly, and - in a cramped capsule - Marina holds Markesev's bleeding head in her lap, while dozens of uniformed legs rush past.

INT. SHOWER-AND-SAUNA ROOM - CAPSULE HOTEL

The police take the room, following wet footprints to the sauna. With BEAN-BAG GUNS DRAWN, full Plexiglas RIOT GEAR, they surround the sauna, and throw open the door.

The steam clears, a cloud escaping into the cooler air. The GRATE ON THE FLOOR has been pried up. Jack and Ani are gone.

EXT. SUMIDA RIVER - STORM DRAIN - TEN MINUTES LATER

Of a corrugated drainage pipe, from the cities elaborate network of rain gutters, Jack and Ani leap out INTO THE RIVER, swimming across the foul, oil-slicked water, keeping low and out of sight amid the passing barges and riverboats.

CUT TO:

A COLANDER

*

Filled with Ramen noodles. They're unceremoniously dumped out, and the contents of the VACUUM BAG are poured inside.

*

*

Jack shakes the colander, as if sifting gold.

*

INT. KITCHEN - KILMER'S RESTAURANT - MID-AFTERNOON

*

Ani watches as Jack sifts out hundreds of strips of microfiche, all intact. Behind him is the broken storeroom window where they busted in.

*

*

*

Jack takes a flashlight off the shelf. He holds a strip of MICROFICHE over it, casting a blurred image onto the far wall. Even with this makeshift projector, it's clear that it's the CROSS-SECTION OF A MISSILE.

*

*

*

*

Jack and Ani glance at each other, eyes wide.

*

INT. KILMER'S RESTAURANT - BAR AREA - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

The place is locked up, covered with police tape, the blinds drawn. But Ani sits at the bar. She pours herself a beer from the tap. When Jack sees it, he takes it from her and pours it out. *

JACK
You're in such a damn hurry to get
polluted. *

She watches him rinse the glass, smiling.

JACK
What are you looking so amused about? *

ANI
I heard you, you know. By the river.
My earphones - they were off. *

Jack just chuckles, shaking his head. *

JACK
Got to make me work for everything,
don't you? *

As he heads back into the kitchen to clean himself up, Ani turns on a television over the bar: BREAKING NEWS on the incident at the CAPSULE HOTEL. *

Fascinated, Ani moves to the set and TURNS UP THE VOLUME. She watches intently, hearing the rapid twitter of Japanese, seeing pictures of the hotel. *

Then HER PICTURE comes onto the screen. She squeals with delight and claps her hands, jumping up and down. *

ANI
Jack! Jack! Come look at this. I'm
famous! *

JACK (O.S.)
Turn it down! *

ANGLE ON ANI -- The television glows over her jubilant expression, though we can't see the screen. *

Suddenly, there's a crash on her face - from childlike giddiness to dead-eyed remorse. *

She looks back at Jack, now suspicious.

JACK (O.S.)
 Ani - nobody can know we're here. It's
 a crime scene.

*
 *
 *

She gapes at at the screen.

REVERSE TO REVEAL: FOOTAGE OF GEORGE TANNER --

-- pulled out of his Chofu Townhouse in a body bag. The newscast describes a citywide hunt for Jack Kilmer.

As JACK'S PICTURE comes onto the screen, Ani is backing away, toward the front door.

She turns, and begins running, BREAKING THROUGH POLICE TAPE.

INT. KITCHEN - KILMER'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Jack finishes washing up, and pulls on a uniform shirt from one of the servers' lockers. Drying his hair with a dish towel, he crosses into:

INT. KILMER'S RESTAURANT - BAR AREA

He turns to the TV, though it's now a flashing a commercial for Fuchsia-colored soft drink.

JACK
 Ani?

He turns it down, then heads to his PACK beside the bar. There, rattling among the tools, his wet cell phone is buzzing.

He picks up the screen and sees - A TEXT MESSAGE

ANI'S TEXT
 You asked me 2 trust u. & U lied.
 (;_.)

(Note: Japanese emoticons are faces, upright and not sideways like their American counterparts.)

PULL BACK TO:

INT. SUBWAY - AN HOUR LATER

Point to point across the city of Tokyo, we watch their TEXT MESSAGE CORRESPONDENCE play out over a few hours of the waning afternoon.

JACK'S TEXT

I wanted to tell u. Couldn't.

Jack's cell phone makes a chiming sound, and he holds it up. Ani has responded:

ANI'S TEXT

Who r u? (._.?)

Typing slowly with his thumbs, he responds:

JACK'S TEXT

I worked for ur father once. In another life.

CROSS FADE TO:

INT. UENO PARK - A HALF-HOUR LATER

As church-bell sirens pass, Jack sits among the pigeons. His phone chimes again.

ANI'S TEXT

I have no home anymore. No place is safe. (O_O)

JACK'S TEXT

U r safe w me.

He waits and waits. The SCREEN STAYS BLANK. Finally, with a CHIMING SOUND, she responds:

ANI'S TEXT

Im going the only place i can. I NEED help w/ mom. Protection. No choice. Sorry. (;_;

EXT. YAKUZA TOKYO HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Ani strides right into the main lobby of the building, as FIVE GUARDS draw knives and surround her. She's terrified. She bows deferentially, and speaks with her eyes lowered.

ANI

I have no place else to go. I have the package. Please? Can you help me?

INT. LOVE HOTEL ROOM - DUSK

His phone sits on the gaudy comforter of this Louis XIV-theme love hotel room. Jack peers down at her response, nodding. He knows what she means.

He leaves his pack, but takes the ZYTEL KNIFE, slipping it into his ankle strap.

He types onto his phone...

JACK'S TEXT

Don't be sorry. I'm coming for u.

He thinks for a moment, then adds his first emoticon.

JACK'S TEXT

:)

INT. TOKYO YAKUZA HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Ani sits on a chair, surrounded by Yakuza Shatei, Tanaka Ken eyeing her with anticipation. She looks up, nervous.

ANI

He knows where I am. He says he's coming here.

TANAKA KEN

Good.

EXT. YAKUZA TOKYO HEADQUARTERS - SUNSET

Jack strides ahead, resolute. He's unarmed but for a single knife in an ankle strap. As he crosses the threshold -

INT. YAKUZA TOKYO HEADQUARTERS - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

- he's immediately surrounded by security.

JACK

Jack Kilmer. I want to see Tanaka Ken.

INT. YAKUZA HEADQUARTERS - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Escorted on all sides by Yakuza henchman, Jack walks forward down the hall.

Out of side doors, more Shatei pour into the hall.

Swords come out of holsters; slides are pulled back on pistols. Still Jack strides ahead, his face calm.

He turns through the meeting room, where more Yakuza pick up weapons, rifles, chains, serrated blades, and move like a swirling current alongside him.

He follows this uneasy stream to a far door, where SUSUMU stands with his arms crossed.

SUSUMU and JACK face each other, the huge Yakuza searching him. Susumu seems to read something in Jack's eyes. He backs up, opening the door onto:

INT. TANAKA KEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Tanaka Ken rises from his desk, keeping his eyes on Jack as he walks inside, the room quickly filling up with armed men.

Ani waits in a chair by the window.

Jack acknowledges her with a nod, seeing real affection and worry in her eyes. He's come for her. Then turns to Ken, BOWING DEEPLY.

JACK

Thank you for protecting my daughter.

The room is breathless. Ani's mouth drops open. Then she closes her eyes, and nods to some internal voice.

JACK

I came to Tokyo for her mother - and I found her. I'm obliged to you for treating her well, for trying to take her out of danger when you did.

As Jack rises up from his bow, he stares hard at Tanaka Ken.

JACK

Oyabun, you were my teacher - and my friend.

(a beat)

That day, I chose the wrong master, and I betrayed you. I broke your code of honor, and I let a soldier die.

He looks at Ani, watching in shock.

JACK

I hesitated. I lost track of myself - and I didn't recover until now. Fourteen years.

Tanaka stares back impassive.

From his ankle strap, Jack PULLS OUT THE ZYTEL KNIFE.

In a blink, guns, knives and swords are drawn on him - hammers pulled back, metal singing out of sheaths. But Tanaka Ken raises his hands and tells his men to back off.

His eyes wild like a captured animal, Jack CUTS OFF A STRIP
OF HIS OWN SHIRT.

He swaddles his fist with it, slams his hand down onto the
desk, and -

SEVERES HIS PINKY FINGER.

Bowing, he holds up in the cloth, offering it to Tanaka Ken,
asking forgiveness.

The room is breathless. Ani's hands cover her mouth. Tanaka
Ken has scarcely blinked.

Suddenly, out of pure stillness, Tanaka Ken bows deeply,
taking the cloth.

He steps to Jack, takes him by the shoulders and raises him
up, facing him.

JACK
Will you forgive me, Oyabun?

TANAKA KEN
Yes. My friend. Yes.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - HEADQUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

Projected onto the screen are the microfiche blueprints for a
long-range ICBM missile.

JACK
This isn't Russian - it's ours. These
are the complete blueprints for the US
Minuteman III - an ICBM with a range
out about fifteen thousand miles.

(a deep breath)
Some of our own agents were selling it
on the black market: I don't know the
buyers.

TANAKA KEN
We do.

THE RAINBOW BRIDGE

Its brightly-lit trusses soar past in a car window.
Billboards and city lights streak by.

TANAKA KEN (V.O.)
Gang Lu-Pak. Deputy Defense Minister
of North Korea - he's been in town with
a wild group since noon today.

INT. LINCOLN NAVIGATOR - NIGHT

With Ishii at the wheel, Jack, Tanaka Ken, Ani and Susumu ride in the dim car.

JACK

I think Tanner figured out who the buyer was - tried to squirm out.

(a beat)

I'm sorry, Ani.

She nods to him, then turns back to the window, melancholy.

Tanaka Ken removes pictures from his attache case, and shows them to Jack: a few dozen shots of GANG LU with various hospitality girls.

TANAKA KEN

Do you know much about him?

Jack nods, looking sternly out the window.

JACK

They've been dealing mid-range missiles since the 90s. But this is a big upgrade, for their own arsenal.

TANAKA KEN

We'll make the exchange for Eiko first - then we can keep these plans inside Tokyo.

JACK

I didn't think Wheat could go this low.

TANAKA KEN

One compromise leads to another. When you're a capitalist with no honor... you'd sell your last bullet to your worst enemy - for the right price.

SUSUMU

So what's the plan.

TANAKA KEN

We throw ourselves in front of it.

INT. LOVE HOTEL - LATER

In a love hotel with an undersea theme, Mr. Gang is tied to the headboard with thick ropes. Mizuki presses a KNIFE to his throat, and he smiles, begging for mercy in a silly, overplayed way.

MIZUKI

*Damn it. This pervert doesn't even
know this is for real.*

Astrid leans forward and JABS A NEEDLE into his bare hip. He winces, giggling, and finally faints in his bondage.

INT. SHIPPING WAREHOUSE - PORT OF TOKYO - HONSHU - NIGHT

Drugged, Gang Lu-Pak is tied to an office chair. He can barely keep his eyes open, and when he mutters something, it's in slurred Korean.

Across the wide-open floor of empty shipping containers, Jack's making a call to Wheat on his cell phone.

TANAKA KEN

Jack? Wherever he wants to make the exchange, we can mobilize in an hour.

JACK

What is he saying? Does anybody speak Korean?

CUT TO:

A FIST

Slams down against the top of a desk, scattering papers and knocking over a lamp. We're in:

INT. U.S. EMBASSY - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Wheat massages his hand. Monk sits before a cluttered desk, drafting a memo, facing Wheat as he paces the room, coming unglued.

MONK

I'll read it back. "Investigations suggest former CIA employee George Tanner may have colluded with ex-company operative Jack Kilmer..."

WHEAT

No, no - it's not going work.

MONK

Just *listen*, Oliver. "...to use illicit CIA auspices to front a private deal, selling advanced US missile technology..."

WHEAT

Shit.

MONK

"...to hostile buyers." You can brief them in the morning, I'll provide authenticity.

Wheat considers it, chewing his lips. Then his CELL PHONE RINGS. He checks it: an unidentified number.

WHEAT

Yeah?

JACK (V.O.)

(on the phone)

I'm ready to do business.

Wheat stops pacing, eyes lighting up.

WHEAT

I've been looking everywhere for you.

JACK (V.O.)

Do you want to meet or not?

WHEAT

Saitama Super Arena.

(a beat)

VIP reception room 3. 9:30. Alone.

Wheat shuts off his phone, and eyes Monk.

WHEAT

He's coming in.

INT. SHIPPING WAREHOUSE - PORT OF TOKYO - CONTINUOUS

Jack hangs up, nods across the wide space at Tanaka Ken.

JACK

How well do you know the Saitama Super Arena?

For the first time, Tanaka smiles hugely.

TANAKA KEN

It's *ours*.

EXT. SHIPYARD - PORT OF TOKYO - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Ani looks out over the water, the lights of tankers and cargo ships like cities unto themselves.

The wind is gusting through her streaked hair. She feels his presence as Jack approaches, and she turns to him.

ANI

Does it hurt? Your finger?

Jack nods.

JACK

The funny thing is - I still feel it.
Like it's there.

(a beat)

Like a burning at the tip.

ANI

Is it true what you said back there?

He moves to the railing beside her, staring out at the sea.
He puts his arm over her back.

JACK

I hope so.

She looks at his profile, lit by the broth-colored harbor lights, her face conflicted.

ANI

I don't even know myself. I don't know
what to think. I'm so angry at my
mother for not telling me - but I'm...
so worried about her, too.

JACK

So you're worried and angry at the same
time? Sounds to me like you two might
finally understand each other.

INT. SAITAMA SUPER ARENA - 9:25 P.M.

Stuffed to full capacity for the Pride Fighting Championships, the crowd is in a frenzy of anticipation. Drums bang; screens flash take-down maneuvers; fireworks detonate beneath the steel rafters.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Hitashi warms up with his trainers, Tanaka Ken sits across the room, staring ahead, calmly. The stomping of thirty-thousand feet can be heard above them.

INT. PHYSICAL PLANT - CONTINUOUS

*

TONO waits beside a security console, and the electrical control panel for the arena.

*
*EXT. SAITAMA SUPER ARENA - PARKING LOT

The rhythmic clapping and stomping can even be heard outside, where SAITO (in his sling) takes a few last puffs of their cigarettes beside the CADILLAC.

*

THE OPENING CEREMONIES --

-- finish with a wild flourish of pyrotechnics, and the arena goes dark, spotlights swimming around the aisles.

LOADING DOCK

With the washing sound of the crowd in the distance, TWO RAMPS are placed side by side at the loading bay.

Up the ramps rolls a LINCOLN NAVIGATOR, Ishii and three other young Shatei inside. Once up on the dock, the huge vehicle drives down the TUNNELS beneath the arena, barely able to fit through, vanishing like a gopher into its hole.

CONCESSIONS AREA

Jack carries a briefcase with his bandaged hand.

*

IN THE RING - 9:26

The fighters are introduced: Hitashi with his chimera's spike of hair; OSKAR VOLNICHEK, with his sloping forehead. The fighters wave to the crowd.

*

ESCALATOR

Jack rises up, carrying the briefcase, toward the glassed-in VIP booths along the top rim of the arena.

On the DOWN ESCALATOR comes Ani, decked out in punk clothes, disguised. Jack smiles, then reaches out, handing her a CELL PHONE.

AS SHE CONTINUES DOWN, she slips in a BLUETOOTH EARPIECE.

*

JACK (V.O.)
Can you hear me?

ANI
Hai.

JACK (V.O.)
Get the earpiece to Ken so he can
listen in for the cues.

INT. VIP BOOTH - 9:29 P.M.

Jack knocks. He waits, then he's admitted inside, where he's
FRISKED by ANOTHER AGENT.

WHEAT
Is it just you?

JACK
Of course.

WHEAT
You've got every cop in Japan and the
entire Yakuza after you - so don't try
to be a hero, Kilmer.

JACK
Let's see Eiko.

He gives him binoculars, and Jack trains them on the crowd.

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS

he sees Eiko, looking sedated, sitting in the crowd between
Marina and Monk.

IN THE RING

Hitashi gets an immediate hold on the Belorussian's neck, but
his legs are swept from under him. The crowd groans, as
Oskar drops to one knee and rains bare-fisted punches.

IN THE VIP BOOTH

Jack returns the binoculars to Wheat, looking at him with
pure disappointment.

JACK
There was a reason you couldn't be
exposed to the buyer.

*
*
*

Wheat stares ahead, implacable.

*

JACK
In '94, we were set up. Somebody
locked us in. Somebody tipped off the
North Koreans so they could assassinate
a mole.

*
*
*
*
*

WHEAT
I don't have time.

JACK
Somebody wanted disarmament talks to
stall - somebody wanted an escalation.
Somebody who could get rich off it.

WHEAT
What the fuck are you talking about?

JACK
How long have you been brokering deals
for them on the black market?

WHEAT
Let's go -

JACK
You've been an anonymous source for
them for maybe... twenty years.

INT. SAITAMA SUPER ARENA - LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tanaka Ken paces out of the shadows, hearing this
conversation in his earpiece.

JACK (V.O.)
You made it look like a Yakuza hit in a
dive bar. And you were on their
payroll.

He grabs a kendo stick off the rack in the locker room.

IN THE VIP BOOTH

Wheat pulls his PISTOL on Jack, and takes the briefcase,
thudding it onto the desk. He nods to Jack, who opens it,
revealing the strips of microfiche.

WHEAT
Just because you sell smaller arms
doesn't make you less evil, Jack. The
Yakuza aren't better because they have
ceremonies with *swords*. All that's
just nostalgia...

Wheat bows to Jack facetiously, his hands held in mock
prayer. Jack glares back with contempt.

The other agent begins meticulously counting the strips.

WHEAT
...for weapons that lost.

*
*

IN THE RING

Hitashi works his way out of a stranglehold, and lands a brutal shot to Oskar's neck.

IN THE VIP BOOTH

The SECOND CIA-AGENT finishes counting. His eyes suggestive, he holds up three fingers to Wheat.

WHEAT
You're three short.

Jack raises his eyebrows, surprised.

JACK
You going to blow the deal over three?

WHEAT
We never really had a deal to begin with.

A SHOT PUNCTURES THE GLASS, inches from Jack's face. He drops to the floor, as Wheat grabs the case and flees with the other agent.

EXT. VIP BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Over the outside handle of the door, Wheat slides a MAGNETIC RING, which locks the door from the outside.

Wheat then HANDCUFFS THE BRIEFCASE to his own wrist.

INT. VIP BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Jack tries the handle, realizing that he's locked inside.

JACK
(talking to his mike)
Ken? They got me bottled up in here.
He's heading out with the diamonds.
Eiko is about row 16 -

Suddenly, MORE SHOTS PIERCE THE GLASS.

Fired from somewhere across the arena, they splash through without sound, buried in the din of the crowd and war drums.

ANOTHER SHOT, spraying glass, and Jack drops to the ground. He can't see where they're coming from. He finds the binoculars, scanning everywhere.

IN THE RING

The fighters are in a tangled mess of twisted limbs.

JACK (V.O.)
We got a sniper up top. Ken?

IN THE BINOCULARS

Jack searches with dizzying sweeps, landing finally on:

OLEG -- in a vacant booth across the arena.

JACK (V.O.)
Straight across from me.

MARINA -- yanks Eiko to her feet, dragging her up the aisle.

JACK (V.O.)
And Eiko's on the move.

CELL PHONE SCREEN

As in the opening sequence, it fills up with Kanji. SUSUMU receives his message, and nods to his troops. He replies with another text. *

TONO -- in the physical plant, receives a text and activates controls to alter the arena's floor. *

EIKO -- flanked by Marina and Monk, moves forward, a gun to her side. They pass BENEATH a GRANDSTAND OF SEATS, ducking under support struts, then turning into a tunnel. *

THE TUNNEL

Marina, Monk, and Eiko shamble ahead like a single, six-legged animal.

THE ARENA

Fans startle, as the BLEACHERS of the arena begin to MOVE ON TRACKS below, collapsing inward toward the walls. Thousands rise from their seats and begin rushing down the condensing stairs.

THROUGH BINOCULARS

Jack sees the arena re-adjusting its shape, like continents swimming on tectonic plates. The crowds surge in different directions below.

He scans upward, and sees Oleg reloading in the booth.

JACK -- kicks through the remaining glass around him, and climbs up onto a SUPPORT BEAM, moving across its bowed length like a tightrope, passing before a giant HD SCREEN, which now shows footage of escaping fans.

He sprints now, a hundred feet above the shadowy crowd.

Coming up fast on Oleg, Jack leaps into the box through the removed glass barrier, LEADING WITH HIS ELBOW, and catching Oleg in the chin.

EXT. SAITAMA SUPER ARENA - NORTH OF TOKYO - PARKING LOT

From far across the lot, standing beside the vintage CADILLAC, Ani and SAITO watch WHEAT leave the arena, the briefcase handcuffed to his wrist.

With his associate, he gets into a TOWN CAR, and pulls out. Saito nods to Ani.

IN THE RING

The fighters have yet to react to the disturbances in the outer regions of the crowd. They continue brawling as ANOTHER FIGHT, Jack and Oleg, plays out, far above in a dim glass box.

IN THE TUNNEL

Marina and Monk pull Eiko to a juncture of tunnels, then drop at the sound of a GUNSHOT. They unleash DEAFENING ROUNDS in both directions.

Marina pulls back the hammer on her .38, pushing it hard into Eiko's temple.

MARINA

Where are the *shots* coming from? Stop
shooting or she's dead!

*
*

ANOTHER ANGLE

Susumu and Tanaka Ken take cover around the bend, armed with a .44 revolver and a shinai.

*

Susumu peeks out around the corner again, just as Marina's GUNSHOT rips through his arm, throwing his .44 across the ground.

*
*
*

MONK

(calling)

All we want is safe passage out - then
we let her go.

Tanaka eyes Susumu, nodding to him. As blood fills up his
sleeve, Susumu texts TONO.

TEXT SCREEN

In Kanji, the orders come up: "Seal off Southwest Passage."
Tono activates the controls.

IN THE TUNNEL

Tanaka and Susumu wait, hearing a few retreating gunshots.

MARINA, MONK, AND EIKO

Back away down the tunnel, suddenly coming to a CAGE as it
lowers to seal off the exit. MONK begins RUNNING AHEAD,
tugging Eiko by the arm, shoving her just under the closing
grate and rolling underneath beside her.

But as Marina fires a few shots down the tunnel like
afterthoughts, she's late and gets trapped behind the mesh.

The sound of ECHOING FOOTSTEPS approach, and she panics,
firing like crazy, until her clip runs out.

From around the bend, a LONG SHADOW stretches out along the
wall, shrinking as Tanaka Ken appears, facing her with his
Kendo stick at his side.

TANAKA KEN

I don't want to fight a woman.

She bows to him, grateful - then springs up in a ferocious
display of trained hand-to-hand combat. Tanaka Ken merely
fends her off, until she draws a short "tanto" blade from
inside her boot.

With it, she slices the bamboo kendo stick in half. Tanaka
Ken looks surprised for a moment, then amused by his shorter
weapon.

As they fight, she continues to slice the shinai down, until
finally Tanaka strikes her DEAD-ON with the remaining hilt of
his stick, knocking her unconscious against the cage.

IN A VIP BOOTH

Jack is faring badly against the surprisingly well-trained
FSB agent, Oleg - who keeps going after Jack's useless,
bandaged hand.

He rips up a PLASTIC SEAT and smashes Jack's face with it; then, after pinning him to the ground, he begins pummeling his face with elbow-shots.

As Jack goes limp, he glances out of the box and sees Eiko, dragged by Monk against the stream of fleeing spectators. *

Rolling just out of the way of Oleg, Jack crawls to the edge of the shattered glass, and LEAPS, down into the surging crowd. *

His fall is broken by frantic arms, and he tumbles through onto the sticky concrete floor. *

JACK
(into his mike)
He's leaving from VIP Booth 15.

Jack looks across the arena, and sees BLEACHERS COLLAPSING SLOWLY INWARD TOWARD THE WALLS, widening the space.

Out of the mess, MONK runs with EIKO at his side. They move BENEATH A SLOWLY COMPRESSING GRANDSTAND, taking cover on their route to another tunnel entrance.

Jack heads them off.

INT. SUPER AREA - BENEATH THE GRANDSTAND - MOMENTS LATER

As metal grinds, the bleacher moves on the tracks, the massive grandstand slowly moving in like an accordion. Eiko climbs ahead with Wheat, over hinged bars bending like elbows, through stripes of light through the cracks.

Jack climbs down from the opposite side, navigating across moving metal parts, ambushing them.

Monk fires like crazy, his gun lighting up the dimness. But as the last shot fires, Jack manages to PUSH MONK'S HAND right against the HINGE of a CLOSING SUPPORT BEAM.

Monk is stuck, as if in a cinching trap. He curses as the folding beam CRUSHES EVERY BONE IN HIS HAND.

Jack grabs Eiko.

JACK
Run.

They begin leaping and hurdling, climbing through an obstacle course of compressing space, while bones crackle in Monk's hand.

As Eiko and Jack are pushed closer and closer to the wall, fighting through -

They slip out of the closing grandstand at the last second.

MONK -- looks up horrified at a collapsing wall of steel.

THE STANDS slam shut, flush with the walls, *blood oozing out through the thin spaces between rows.*

TANAKA KEN (V.O.)

Do you have Eiko? Jack? Do you have Eiko?

JACK AND EIKO -- glance at each other at the mouth of the tunnel. Then she falls into his arms.

JACK

(into his mike)

I've got her.

IN THE TUNNEL -- Oleg looks as if he's made it free, escaping out an empty tunnel, walking beneath the stampede of footsteps on the area above.

But HEADLIGHTS flare up ahead of him. A LINCOLN NAVIGATOR kicks into gear and begins accelerating toward him, like a bullet down the barrel.

Oleg grins, too exhausted to run, no room on either side.

The headlights shine up to him, as he drops to one knee -

AND GRINDS UP BENEATH THE TIRES.

INT. AMBULANCE - TEN MINUTES LATER

As Susumu is raised up on a gurney, oxygen mask over his face, he gives a PEACE SIGN to Tanaka Ken, then parodies the finger signs of an American crip.

Tanaka Ken smiles at his joke, relieved by his hopeful spirits.

Eiko and Jack lean into each other.

EXT. SHINJUKU HILTON - NIGHT

The TOWN CAR pulls up and Wheat leaps out, heading through the lobby doors, the briefcase HANDCUFFED TO HIS WRIST.

INT. SHINJUKU HILTON - MOMENTS LATER

Leaning against the front desk, incredulous, Wheat barks at the clerk.

WHEAT

Check again.

FRONT DESK CLERK

No, sir. He checked out a couple of hours ago.

WHEAT

From all six rooms?

FRONT DESK CLERK

From all six rooms.

CELL PHONE SCREEN

A kanji text message, with subtitle, reads:

TEXT MESSAGE

He's coming back out!!!!!!

Ani -- types the text message from just inside the sliding glass doors. Wheat strides past, not recognizing her in her full PUNK REGALIA.

TEXT MESSAGE

He's handcuffed to the package.

EXT. SHINJUKU HILTON - CONTINUOUS

Wheat steps outside, scanning in both directions for his town car.

Slow and predatory, a CADILLAC moves into one mouth of the driveway, its stereo rattling the windows with a loud, J-hop bass track. *

Startled, Wheat begins moving ahead toward the exit driveway, out onto the street.

The street is eerily empty. Hearing horns and sirens, Wheat turns and sees that THE INTERSECTION IS BLOCKED BY A TRUCK, from the fish market, idling.

The OPPOSITE INTERSECTION is blocked by a SECOND TRUCK, gunning its engine and shining its headlights ahead on him.

Wheat realizes that this small section of the street has been sealed off, and he stumbles backwards - just as -

A SHADOW -- strides toward him from the headlights.

It's TANAKA KEN. Dressed in his slim gangster's suit,
holding a thin KATANA BLADE. *

Tanaka Ken moves forward, with ceremonial gravity, standing
in the crossfire of two headlights.

TANAKA KEN

*You dishonored my family - fourteen
years ago.* *

WHEAT

My Japanese was never so great, buddy. *

WHEAT gives him an Indiana Jones smirk, and pulls out his
pistol, raising it. The briefcase dangles from his wrist,
handcuffed.

WHEAT

But here's a history lesson. The sword
lost to the gun.

Just as he pulls back the hammer, A THROWING STAR lodges into
his hand. The gun skitters across the pavement.

ISHII -- steps out from the shadows, pitching stars.

Wheat looks back at Tanaka Ken, vulnerable, horrified, as
Tanaka Ken RAISES THE SWORD, and -

CUT TO:

THE METAL BRIEFCASE

Clunks onto a table.

INT. SHIPPING WAREHOUSE - PORT OF TOKYO - LATE NIGHT

Tanaka Ken, Eiko, Jack, Ani, and the Shatei surround the
case, waiting to see the diamonds. As we pull back, we see:

WHEAT'S ARM

swinging like a pendulum from the handcuffs still attached to
the handle.

Jack opens the case.

FROM BELOW

Jack, Ani, Eiko, and Tanaka Ken peer down, their faces
solemn.

The dim light behind them is no longer the rafters of the warehouse, but the ancient beams of a Buddhist temple.

REVERSE TO REVEAL:

GEORGE TANNER

in an open casket, six ritual silver coins set on his chest.

INT. BUDDHIST TEMPLE - DAY

Amid the rhythmic chime of gongs, priests chant the funeral rites. Eiko holds an incense stick, moving it symbolically to the "three points." *

She pauses, and passes the incense to Jack, his face covered with surgical tape and gauze. *

EXT. BUDDHIST TEMPLE - DAY

In a slant of drizzle, Jack holds up a white umbrella for Eiko and Ani, the party of four descending to an awaiting SUV, where a bandaged and battered Susumu waits in the shotgun seat. *

Eiko hugs Ani close to her, comforting the girl, who suddenly seems childlike in the arms of her mother. *

Tanaka Ken takes Jack aside. *

TANAKA KEN *

Jack. Empty your head. Expect
nothing. Even James Bond would have
trouble with a teenage daughter in
Tokyo. *

Jack looks back at Eiko, helping Ani into the SUV... then back at Tanaka Ken. He reaches out and grabs his hand, a young American's handshake. *

JACK *

I never had a friend like you, Ken. *

The SUVs and vintage American cars pull away in procession from the Nikko Temple, moving into the bright overcast light.

FLARE OUT:

EXT. LANGLEY, VA - DAY

Outside CIA headquarters.

INT. CIA SITUATION ROOM - LANGLEY - DAY

With the lights dimmed, CIA MANDARINS listen to a briefing, a slide show playing out on a white screen.

We see only the silhouettes, as they study the faces on the screen: GEORGE TANNER, OLIVER WHEAT...

LEVEL 6 OPERATIVE

We've issued immediate denial of any identification materials for Oliver Wheat. At this time he remains a John Doe.

DAVIS MONK...

LEVEL 6 OPERATIVE

Davis Monk's remains have been sealed, and the investigation halted.

GANG LU-PAK

LEVEL 6 OPERATIVE

The North Korean Minister is being held in Japanese custody. Our agent and station chief were running this clearinghouse. We need to seal it off entirely.

CHAIRMAN

This ex-agent: Jack Kilmer...

JACK KILMER'S PICTURE COMES ONTO THE SCREEN.

CHAIRMAN

...he's still out there?

LEVEL 6 OPERATIVE

Yes, sir.

As the last slide passes, we see TEN SILHOUETTES in a white screen.

CHAIRMAN

I don't imagine we can find him now.

The SHADOWS rise up on the screen, growing in size as they pass toward the lens of the slide projector.

LEVEL 6 OPERATIVE

Oh, these guys we cut loose - they tend to show up from time to time. Freelancing...

*
*
*
*

One SPECTER GROWS, larger and larger, taking over the screen. *

LEVEL 6 OPERATIVE *

On jobs nobody else wants. *

FADE OUT. *