

SUBURBAN SAMURAI

Written by

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INT. SMALL HOUSE - DAY

A small 5-yr old Japanese boy (YOUNG HIROKO) sits on the floor, playing with a toy car. An elderly woman sits on a chair in the room watching him.

TITLE: **Kyoto, Japan**
1946

The boy suddenly looks up, in the direction of the front door to the house as it begins to open. A young Japanese woman (mid-20s) (HIROKO'S MOTHER) steps into the doorway.

(NOTE: Japanese is subtitled when necessary.)

YOUNG HIROKO
(subtitled)
Mother!

Hiroko's mother steps aside and reveals the presence of another person, a Japanese man (mid-20s) (MINATO) standing in the doorway behind her.

YOUNG HIROKO (CONT'D)
(subtitled)
Father!

The boy quickly gets up and runs to the man to embrace him, but stops short when he notices the man is on crutches and only has one leg. The man drops one crutch and with tears in his eyes, beckons the boy to give him a hug. They embrace.

MINATO
(subtitled)
Hiroko! Hiroko!

The mother looks at the boy and while nudging him on the shoulder, and says....

HIROKO'S MOTHER
(in English)
You need to fasten your seatbelt.

The boy gives a puzzled look. She nudges Hiroko on the shoulder once again and begins to repeat herself....

HIROKO'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
(in English)
You need to....

(FILM NOW IN COLOR)

INT. ALL NIPPON AIRWAYS(ANA)AIRPLANE - DAY - PRESENT DAY

The eyes of an 80-year old Japanese man (HIROKO) flash open as he is startled awake by a female flight attendant who is nudging him on the shoulder.

FEMALE ANA FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Sir, you need to fasten your
seatbelt. We are beginning our
descent into San Francisco and the
Captain has directed everyone to
fasten their seatbelts.

The old man nods his head in response.

HIROKO
Hai.

He then adjusts his seat, fastens his seatbelt, and watches out the window as the plane makes its approach into SFO.

INT. SFO TERMINAL - DAY

Camera follows Hiroko as he walks down the terminal hallway following the signs to the Customs and Immigration station and stands in line to present his passport.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
(motioning Hiroko forward)
Next in line.

Hiroko steps forward and presents his passport.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER (CONT'D)
(inspecting the passport
and examining Hiroko)
What is the purpose of your visit?

HIROKO
(stumbling for words)
I'm here for funeral of my wife's
husband.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER
Your wife's husband? That would be
you, wouldn't it?

HIROKO

I mean, uh...uh...uh daughter's
husband. He was a police officer in
San Jose. Shot dead last week.

The Immigration Officer studies Hiroko for a couple seconds
more, then turns his head and stamps Hiroko's passport. He
then looks at Hiroko as he returns his passport.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER

(in a stoic, unemotional
manner)

My condolences. Enjoy your stay.

EXT. SFO TERMINAL - LATE AFTERNOON

Hiroko stands in a line near the curb awaiting a taxi. One
pulls up and the driver puts the suitcase into the trunk
while Hiroko gets into the back seat.

TAXI DRIVER

Where to?

Hiroko hands the cab driver a piece of paper containing the
address of his destination.

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)

(Examining the paper)

San Jose. You know that's quite a
drive from here.

HIROKO

Hai. It's OK.

EXT. SUNNYVALE SARATOGA ROAD - LATER

As the taxi is stopped and waiting at a stop light, two sleek
cars pull up beside the taxi - a bright yellow Toyota Supra
on the left and a lime green Nissan Skyline GT on the right.
The Supra has its windows down and the Asian passenger looks
directly at Hiroko shows off a dull black Uzi pistol.

TAXI DRIVER

Don't pay them no mind. They won't
bother you if you just leave them
alone and don't bother them.

With the light still red, and a very slight break in the
cross traffic, the Supra and Skyline GT streak away through
the intersection, leaving a curtain of smoke in their wake as
they race side-by-side down the boulevard.

They also leave behind a chorus of car horns and screeching tires as the cross traffic had to slam on their brakes.

When the light turns green, the taxi crosses the intersection, much more cautiously through the residual smoke screen.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - LATER

The taxi pulls up to the curb in front of a small house in a quiet residential area. The taxi driver opens the trunk and retrieves the suitcase while Hiroko exits the vehicle. Hiroko hands the driver a number of bills.

HIROKO
Arigato... Thank you.

TAXI DRIVER
OK. Thanks.

As the taxi pulls away from the curb, Hiroko stands at the base of the driveway and extends the handle of his suitcase. The front door of the house opens and another older Japanese gentleman (SATOSHI TANAKA) comes out to greet Hiroko.

SATOSHI
Hiroko, my brother, it's so good to see you.

HIROKO
Hai. And me, you.

SATOSHI
(taking the suitcase
handle from Hiroko)
Here, let me help you with this.
How was your flight? You must be exhausted.

Satoshi struggles to get the suitcase up the front steps to his house.

INT. SATOSHI'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Satoshi beckons Hiroko to take a seat once inside the house.

SATOSHI
Please sit.

Satoshi also sits, then abruptly stands.

SATOSHI (CONT'D)
Would you like some coffee.

HIROKO
(in Japanese, subtitled)
No, thank you.

SATOSHI
Hiroko, you're in America now. In
America, we speak in American.
Speaking in Japanese here will get
you no where. No one will
understand you.

HIROKO
Hai. Understand.

Hiroko's eyes scan the room, as if looking for something.

HIROKO (CONT'D)
Where is Akira?

SATOSHI
(after a pause)
Hiroko, she died about five years
ago - cancer.

HIROKO
Oh... so sorry. I did not know.
Sorry.

SATOSHI
Thank you. And I was so sad to hear
of Kioshi. Seven or eight years
ago, wasn't it?

HIROKO
Hai.

SATOSHI
(after a pause)
It's been a long time since we last
saw each other.

HIROKO
Hai... a long time.

SATOSHI
Let's see, we moved to California
from Okazaki well over 20 years
ago.

HIROKO
Hai... a long time.

SATOSHI

Although I enjoyed engineering at Mitsubishi, I just couldn't pass up the offer DuPont gave me here in Sunnyvale. You know, Kevlar is an interesting material that can be used for many different purposes. My job was to explore quality uses of Kevlar. And I loved doing that and could talk for hours about that. But, you've had a long trip, you're probably tired, and the funeral is tomorrow morning at ten. Let me show you to your room.

Both men arise. Satoshi grabs the handle of the large suitcase and begins towing it down the hallway, showing Hiroko the way.

EXT. LARGE CHURCH - DAY

The sound of bagpipes is heard playing in the background.

Hiroko is standing on the steps at the front of a large church. The steps are lined with uniformed police officers.

Hiroko is standing next to an attractive late-thirties Japanese woman (KEIKO RUCKER) dressed in black.

On the other side of the Keiko stands a slight, long-haired, good-looking fifteen-year-old boy (MARK) wearing a black suit.

All eyes watch as eight uniformed police officers carry a flag-draped coffin down the steps towards an awaiting black hearse.

The Police Chief then escorts Keiko, Mark, and Hiroko to a black sedan parked immediately behind the hearse and holds the door open as they enter the vehicle. He then closes the door, gives a quiet nod to the funeral director, and the procession of vehicles begins pulling away from the curb.

EXT. CEMETERY - LATER

Hiroko, Keiko, Mark, and Keiko's in-laws are seated beside the casket at the gravesite. Other friends and family are standing around and behind them, including the Police Chief and about a dozen officers. A police chaplain is reading.

CHAPLAIN

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me
in the paths of righteousness for
his name's sake. Yea, though I walk
through the valley of the shadow of
death, I will fear no evil: for
thou art with me; thy rod and thy
staff they comfort me....

The chaplain is interrupted by the noise generated by half dozen outfitted Japanese cars, including the yellow Toyota Supra and the lime green Nissan Skyline GT, sitting just outside the cemetery fence. The vehicles are revving their engines and playing loud rap music, with a number of Japanese young men outside and leaning against their vehicles, drinking, laughing and making obscene gestures.

The Police Chief turns to an officer standing nearby.

POLICE CHIEF

(in an angry low voice)

Get those sons of bitches away from
here.

The other officer nods and hustles away, stopping to grab a couple other attending officers to assist him.

As the Asian lads see the police running towards them, they quickly hop in their vehicles and speed away, squealing their tires and honking their horns.

POLICE CHIEF (CONT'D)

(in a low voice to Keiko)

I'm terribly sorry about that.

Keiko merely nods her head in acknowledgment.

EXT. CEMETERY, BY THE VEHICLES - LATER

Hiroko asks the Police Chief about the gang.

HIROKO

Was that Yakuza?

POLICE CHIEF

No. That's just some Yakuza wanna-be's attempting to flex their muscle and prove their worth to the Yakuza - just a bunch of local punks.

INT. KEIKO'S HOUSE - LATER

The house is a buzz of activity. People are dressed in funeral attire and are milling about talking and eating.

The CAMERA PANS to the kitchen where Hiroko and Satoshi are standing near a doorway in the kitchen, watching and listening while holding a beverage in a cup. They both quickly turn their heads as they suddenly hear the sound of rap music coming from one of the bedrooms.

They see Mark as he exits the bedroom and enters the kitchen, passing between Hiroko and Satoshi.

MARK

Excuse me.

Mark grabs a sandwich from a serving tray on the table, goes to the refrigerator and retrieves a can of soda, then again passes between Hiroko and Satoshi as he returns to his bedroom and closes the door.

INT. KEIKO'S HOUSE - EVENING

Hiroko and Satoshi are sitting in the living room as the last of the visitors leave, Keiko closing the door behind them. She then quietly walks into the kitchen.

Hiroko stands and follows her into the kitchen. As Keiko is standing at the kitchen sink, staring blankly through the window, Hiroko moves to her and takes her hand.

HIROKO

(in a quiet voice)

Keiko, I'm so sorry.

Keiko turns towards Hiroko and abruptly yanks her hand away from him.

KEIKO

(angrily)

Sorry?! Who are you? I don't even know who you are. You were never around when I was growing up - always working.

Tears begin rolling down Keiko's face.

KEIKO (CONT'D)

You weren't there when I wanted...
no... needed you to be. Did you
come watch me in my school
activities? No!

(MORE)

KEIKO (CONT'D)

Did you see me for *seijinshiki*? No!
Did you even know the names of any
of my friends? No! You weren't even
there for my graduation. You were
never there. You abandoned both
mother & me. To be honest, I don't
know how she put up with it. I
wrote letters, which mother
probably shared with you, but I
never received any from you. As a
matter of fact, I never heard from
you at all after I came to America.
It was only for mother that I wrote
my letters - not you. That's why
after she died, the letters stopped
until Jack died, then I wrote you
just as a courtesy. Don't you dare
tell me you're sorry because you
didn't know Jack, you don't know
Mark, and certainly don't know me
and we definitely don't know you.
So please... just leave.

Keiko turns away from Hiroko, sobbing.

Hiroko silently nods his head, then he and Satoshi both
quietly leave.

INT. SATOSHI'S HOUSE - LATER

Hiroko and Satoshi enter Satoshi's house through the front
door. Satoshi closes and locks the front door.

SATOSHI

Hiroko, what Keiko said....

Hiroko walks towards his bedroom and opens the door.

HIROKO

(sad and depressed)
Good night, Satoshi.

Without even waiting for a response from Satoshi, Hiroko
enters his room and closes his door.

Moments later, Hiroko sits on his bed in his PJs, as he takes
off his glasses and sets them on the night stand, we see
tears forming in his eyes. He turns off the light, lays down
on the bed, resting his head on his pillow, and closes his
eyes.

FADE IN:

BEGIN MONTAGE (BLACK AND WHITE) (THROUGH HIROKO'S EYES)

(NOTE: dialog is in Japanese with English subtitles)

-- Hiroko enters his house and sees a child's dance outfit (tutu) folded neatly on a table. Hiroko's wife (KIOSHI) is standing in the kitchen of their small house, washing some dishes. She turns and looks at Hiroko with a very sad face and shakes her head from side to side.

KIOSHI

You missed her - she was so beautiful. She's asleep now.

HIROKO

I know. I'm sorry. I had to resolve a pressing matter at work before I could leave today. Tell her I'll see her next time.

-- Kioshi is ironing some clothes in the kitchen, as Hiroko enters the house. A girl's one-piece swimsuit is draped over a wire stretched over the kitchen sink. She stops and looks at him with a scowl on her face.

KIOSHI

She won three medals in three of her swim races. You have yet to see her swim.

HIROKO

I know. I'm sorry. An emergency came up at the factory and I had to stay to resolve it before I could leave. Tell her I promise to attend her next one.

-- Hiroko enters the house and sees a graduation cap and gown hanging on a hanger. Kioshi, sitting in her bed is awakened when Hiroko enters the bedroom.

HIROKO (CONT'D)

Where's Keiko?

KIOSHI

She's out with her friends. (then angry) You missed her graduation!

HIROKO

I know. I'm sorry. We had a deadline today for the new car, and I had to stay around until it was completed. You did take some photos though, yes?

-- Hiroko enters the house and sees a beautiful kimono hanging on a hanger. Kioshi is in bed, reading a book. She sees Hiroko and with tears forming....

KIOSHI

You missed Keiko's *Seijin no Hi*.
Keiko was the most beautiful.

HIROKO

I know. I'm sorry. We're battling a multi-million dollar recall issue that has to be resolved immediately. We are all having to work overtime to get this corrected as soon as possible.

KIOSHI

What is the value of this recall to Mitsubishi?

HIROKO

I don't know... probably millions.

KIOSHI

And what is the value of your daughter?

Nothing more is said by either one.

-- Hiroko enters the house and sees a couple large boxes in the living room. As he passes Keiko's room, he sees it very much emptied of all personal items. Kioshi is in the kitchen cleaning. Hiroko enters the kitchen

HIROKO

Where's Keiko?

KIOSHI

(back turned to Hiroko)
She's gone.

HIROKO

Gone? Gone where?

Kioshi turns around with tear streaks on her face.

KIOSHI

(angrily)
Gone to America. She's gone to attend University in America. Didn't you know that? No, I guess you didn't!

END OF MONTAGE

(COLOR)

Hiroko wakes up with a start, and sits up in bed. When he turns on the light on the adjacent nightstand, it illuminates the tears running down his cheeks.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. SATOSHI'S KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING

Satoshi is sitting at the kitchen table when Hiroko enters.

SATOSHI

Good morning, Hiroko. My, but you don't look all that good. Didn't sleep well last night?

Satoshi gets up and pours Hiroko a cup of coffee from the coffee maker.

HIROKO

No.

SATOSHI

Because of what Keiko said yesterday?

HIROKO

Hai.

SATOSHI

Hiroko, don't let that upset you so. I'm sure she loves you. Yesterday was just a bad day for her. Why don't you go visit her today.

HIROKO

Hai. She won't be working today?

SATOSHI

I doubt it. Here in America they have what's called bereavement leave - where one can take a few days to grieve before returning to work.

Hiroko takes a sip from his coffee cup.

HIROKO
Do you think she will be home
today?

SATOSHI
Most likely. I'll take you there
later this morning after we have
breakfast.

Hiroko nods his approval to the plan.

HIROKO
Hai.

EXT. KEIKO'S HOUSE - LATER

Satoshi and Hiroko are standing on the sidewalk in front of
Keiko's house.

SATOSHI
Tell you what... I'll wait in the
car. When I see you enter the
house, I'll leave for home.

Hiroko nods his approval.

HIROKO
Hai.

Hiroko presses the doorbell button, and the doorbell chimes
are heard from within the house.

Mark opens the door and peers out at Hiroko.

MARK
(shouting over his
shoulder)
Mom, it's grandpa.

As Keiko approaches the front door, Mark departs and heads
for his bedroom. Immediately after he closes his door, loud,
but muffled rap music can be heard coming from behind his
closed door.

KEIKO
(somewhat short)
What do you want?

HIROKO
Can we talk?

KEIKO
I don't know. Will it be fruitful?

A puzzled look comes to Hiroko's face?

KEIKO (CONT'D)
Will it do any good? Will it
matter?

HIROKO
I don't know. But I hope it will.

KEIKO
Come on in.

As Keiko closes the front door, Shatoshi is seen driving
away.

INT. KEIKO'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Keiko motions Hiroko to the sofa in the living room and she
sits on another chair a few feet away.

KEIKO
(after a few awkward
moments of silence)
Well, what do you want to talk
about?

HIROKO
(searching for the right
words)
I am sorry. You are correct, and I
am sorry. Sorry that I was not
around when you were younger. Sorry
that I missed your activities. I
missed watching you grow up, and I
regret that.

KEIKO
(eyes starting to tear)
I thought you didn't love me and
didn't want me.

HIROKO
Oh, no! Nothing could be farther
from true. I loved you and your
hahaoya so much.
(pause)
I thought the *ganbaru* way was the
only way. Although I was
successful with work, I was not
successful with family.

KEIKO

But I'm sure you also know that *ganbaru* leads to *karoshi* - also known as "Death by Work."

HIROKO

(sadly)

Hai. I know. If I could take it all back and do it all over again, I would do it very differently. I am so sorry.

(pause))

Your *hahaoya* kept telling me my priorities were all wrong, and that my working all the time was driving you away. I thought I was helping you and your *hahaoya* by working so hard. I see now that she was right and I was wrong.

(after another pause)

How can I *tadashi* - um - make right what I have done? What can I do?

KEIKO

(after a long pause)

I don't know. Maybe you can help Mark. He's really struggling with the murder of his father. He has withdrawn from me and seems to be blaming himself for his father's death. He won't talk with me... maybe you can get him to talk with you.

HIROKO

Hai. I will try.

KEIKO

I also think something is going on at his school because he appears to have lost interest in going to it.

HIROKO

Hai. I see.

(pause))

And, you? How are you doing?

KEIKO

Me?... I'll be OK. I have a great support group of friends.

HIROKO

Hai. I see. That's good.

KEIKO

But, dad, Thank you for coming. I know you mean well, and I greatly appreciate that.

(pause)

I'm sorry I snapped at you yesterday.

HIROKO

Apology not necessary. You were right... what you said.

KEIKO

If you can just get through to Mark, that will help me out tremendously.

(pause))

Why don't you bring your things and move in with us? We have room and I think that would make it easier for you to be with Mark.

HIROKO

Hai. Sounds good. Thank you.

INT. KEIKO'S KITCHEN - A FEW DAYS LATER - DAY

Hiroko is sitting at the kitchen table nursing a cup of coffee. Keiko comes into the kitchen and is pouring herself a cup of coffee, as she hollers over her shoulder.

KEIKO

Mark. It's time to go. I can't be late today.

Mark walks through the kitchen and grabs an apple from the bowl on the counter.

KEIKO (CONT'D)

I've got a late afternoon trial today so I won't be able to pick you up after school. You'll have to walk home today.

Mark merely exits the house without saying a word.

Keiko looks at Hiroko with a look of frustration.

HIROKO

(nodding his head)

Don't worry. I'll get Mark.

Keiko gives a faint smile and nod and exits the house.

INT. JAPANESE RESTAURANT - LATER

Hiroko sits with Satoshi after completing their lunch (empty plates are still on the table).

SATOSHI

I think what you need to do to get through to Mark would be to find some common interest, and then expand from there. What is the boy interested in... what does he like to do?

HIROKO

I do not know. I know he likes loud popular music.

SATOSHI

Yeah, but so do all other teenagers these days.

HIROKO

Hai.

SATOSHI

You just might have to just ask him.

HIROKO

Hai. Oh, I told Keiko that I would meet Mark after school and take him home.

SATOSHI

That's great! That will give you an opportunity to talk with him and ask him about his hobbies.

HIROKO

Hai.

SATOSHI

However, he might not want to ride with two old goats.

HIROKO

Hai.

SATOSHI

But at least we'll give it a shot.

HIROKO

Hai. Give it a shot.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - LATER

Hiroko and Satoshi are sitting in Satoshi's car, watching as students exit the building. Hiroko sees Mark exit and points him out to Satoshi. They watch as he turns and begins walking down the sidewalk away from the school building.

A group of six or seven Asian teens suddenly appear and surround Mark. They start pushing and shoving Mark. One of the teens (TEEN) grabs the strap of Mark's backpack and attempts to rip it off Mark's shoulders.

TEEN

Hey, half-breed! How ya' doin'
today? Got anything interesting
inside this?

Although Mark initially attempts to retain possession of his backpack, he realizes that his efforts are futile and allows the teen to tear away the property. The teen tosses the backpack to another boy in the group, who immediately opens it and begins pulling books, papers, and other items out of it.

TEEN (CONT'D)

Too bad you're ol' man ain't around
to protect you now.

Mark takes a swing and hits the slightly taller teen squarely on the jaw. However, the punch merely agitated him and he and the others immediately begin pummeling Mark. Mark falls to the sidewalk pavement, curling up in a self-protection ball as the other youths continue to kick him.

Hiroko and Satoshi, exit the vehicle and race to the scene, grabbing the first youths they come to and tossing them away from Mark. The others, somewhat shocked, stopped kicking Mark and took a couple swings at Hiroko and Satoshi, knocking them to the ground.

TEEN (CONT'D)

(to Hiroko)

You shouldn't have interfered. You
report this to anyone and you'll
both regret it.

The group of teens turn and walk away.

Hiroko and Satoshi both stand up and help Mark get to his feet.

HIROKO
(handing a handkerchief to
Mark)
You OK?

Mark nods as he wipes some blood from his lip.

HIROKO (CONT'D)
(to Satoshi)
You OK?

SATOSHI
Oh, sure, this was nothing. They
hit like girls.

Hiroko and Satoshi help pick up Mark's papers, books, &
backpack. Hiroko examines one paper (flier announcing a
BattleBots Gladiator Fight).

HIROKO
(to Mark)
What is this?

MARK
(as he takes the paper
from Hiroko)
It's nothing that would concern
you.

HIROKO
Hai. We take you home.

Hiroko and Satoshi lead Mark to the car.

INT. KEIKO'S HOUSE - EVENING

We see the front door (in the living room). In the background
we hear chopping in the kitchen. The door opens and Keiko
enters the house. We follow Keiko as she sets her handbag
down on a chair and enters the kitchen.

Hiroko is standing, facing away from Keiko and us, chopping
vegetables and inserting them into a pan of stir-fry on the
stove. The kitchen table is set for three persons.

KEIKO
Mmmm. Something smells delicious.
Where's Mark?

HIROKO
In his room. Dinner is about ready.

Keiko walks to the door to Mark's room and knocks three times.

KEIKO

Mark, dinner's about ready. Come on out and wash up.

Keiko returns to the kitchen and washes her hands at the kitchen sink, while Mark exits his bedroom and turns into the adjacent bathroom.

Keiko and Mark sit down at the table at the same time, just as Hiroko is placing a steaming dish of stirfry onto the table.

Keiko's eyes are fixed on the steaming dish, then she lifts her eyes to look at Mark. Her eyes widen and a shocked expression appears on her face as she discovers Mark's bruised face and scabbed lip.

KEIKO (CONT'D)

Mark, What....

She turns to Hiroko as she is attempting to finish her question and sees his bruised face, as well.

KEIKO (CONT'D)

(bewildered)

What happened to you two?

HIROKO

(somewhat nonchalantly)

We tripped on the sidewalk coming from the school and fell.

KEIKO

That's a load of crap!

(looking at Mark)

What happened?

MARK

No, mom. That's what happened. We both tripped on the sidewalk and fell, hitting our faces on the ground.

Hiroko passes a secret wink in Mark's direction.

KEIKO

(glancing back and forth

between Hiroko and Mark)

I know that that's a lie.

(MORE)

KEIKO (CONT'D)

Tomorrow, I'm going to contact the school and get to the bottom of this.

HIROKO

(interrupting)

No need. Nothing happened. It's all OK.

MARK

Yeah, mom. It's all OK. Anyway, let's eat. I'm starving!

They begin filling their plates.

INT. KEIKO'S GARAGE - LATER

Hiroko is in the large 2-car garage examining all of the tools on the wall and in a rolling tool chest. The door leading into the house opens and Mark appears. After scanning the situation, Mark carefully closes the door and steps into the garage, approaching Hiroko.

MARK

Thanks.

HIROKO

Thanks for what?

MARK

You know... for helping me out at the school and then not telling my mom about it.

HIROKO

Hai. It's all OK.

MARK

What are you doing?

HIROKO

Getting inventory of all the tools.

MARK

Why?

HIROKO

Oh, tools are man's friends. A man can do almost anything with tools.

MARK

Like what?

HIROKO
Like fix things, and make things.
You use tools?

MARK
Yeah, some. But not these. At
school, me and some friends are
building a small robot machine.

HIROKO
Hai. At school?

MARK
Yeah. In our technology club.

HIROKO
Hai. I see.

MARK
Well, it's a battle-bot... a robot
that battles other battle-bots.

HIROKO
Battle-bot - like what I saw on
your paper?

MARK
Yeah. That's a contest we're
entering. The winner gets a
thousand bucks.

HIROKO
And you are going to win?

MARK
I doubt it. We're new at this, but
we've got a good design.

HIROKO
Hai. Good design. I see. Your
mother and I can come watch?

MARK
Sure. But mom won't come. She's
always too busy with her work.

HIROKO
Hai. I see. Give me paper and maybe
I can talk her into going.

MARK
You can try, but she's always too
busy to come to any of my stuff.
(brief pause)
(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

Dad would try to attend, but mom never does.

HIROKO

Hai. I see. I am sorry.

Mark turns to return into the house.

MARK

Well, thanks again for helping me today. I'm gonna shut down for the night.

HIROKO

Don't forget about the paper.

MARK

No problem. I'll put it on the kitchen table.

HIROKO

Hai. Good night, Mark

MARK

Yeah, good night.

A slight smile comes to Hiroko's face.

INT. KEIKO'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Hiroko is sitting at the kitchen table nursing a cup of coffee. Keiko enters, wearing her business suit, and pours a cup of coffee. She sees the BattleBots flier on the table.

KEIKO

What's this?

HIROKO

Oh. Something Mark is participating in on Saturday. Maybe you and I could go to watch?

KEIKO

I'd love to, but I can't. I have a full day of required training for all Assistant DA's scheduled for Saturday.

HIROKO

Hai. I see.

KEIKO
But, you go and then tell me all
about it.

HIROKO
(somewhat downcast)
Hai.

KEIKO
Mark, we need to get going right
now! I can't be late today.

Mark exits his bedroom, walks through the kitchen, grabbing a
Pop Tart on his way through and out the door.

KEIKO (CONT'D)
OK. Bye, Dad. I'll be home late
tonight. Don't wait up for me for
dinner.

HIROKO
Hai.

INT. BATTLEBOT ARENA - DAY

A small indoor arena, with a protective plexiglass enclosure
surrounding it, in which the robots do their battle.

Hiroko is calmly seated in the stands amongst many loudly
cheering fans/spectators.

Sixteen battlebots are arranged along the perimeter of the
24' x 24' arena - four along each side - and are being
introduced one-by-one, with each bot moving as it is
introduced.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
Are you ready for some mayhem? Let
me hear ya!

Audience cheers.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Are you ready for some total
destruction?

Audience cheers louder.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Three... Two... One... Gooooo!

Sixteen robot vehicles begin racing around, banging into each other, tossing and flipping each other, and generally destroying each other. It's a demolition derby on a much smaller and quicker scale.

Mark's team's vehicle, "Dead Reckoning", is a low-profiled, wedge-shaped vehicle with two forklift type prongs in the front. These prongs are used to rapidly spring upward and flip other vehicles. Dead Reckoning also has two sharp pointed spears, that thrust out of the sides - one on the left side and one on the right side. These spears jab out quickly and penetrate the opponent's armor, occasionally hitting a circuit board or battery, causing the opponent to short out and die.

Mark is the designated operator for today's battle, handling the hand-held controller unit. His teammates surround him, excitedly yelling conflicting instructions.

During the brief battle, Dead Reckoning flips and jabs other bots and is rammed and flipped over by other bots, but it uses its fork-lift prongs to quickly right itself.

After only about 2 minutes, only three vehicles remain operational - Dead Reckoning and two others.

Suddenly, a much larger opponent tosses Dead Reckoning into a small space pinning it on it's rear end between the fence rail and another dead vehicle - an unlucky landing. The forklift prongs flail and the spears are jabbed, but have no effect in extracting itself. The fight is over for Dead Reckoning. And only moments later, a victor is announced.

We see Mark and his teammates' gloomy faces.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Let's hear it for our champion, The
Exterminator!

As Mark's team recovers their vehicle, it is obvious that they are dejected at their loss, but their faculty COACH attempts to encourage them.

COACH
(slapping each team member
on the back)
Hey, you guys did great! Look, this
was your first battlebot and your
first battle - and you came in
third! That's terrific!

Hiroko approaches Mark.

HIROKO
 (nodding towards the
 battlebot)
 You boys designed that?

Mark nods his head.

HIROKO (CONT'D)
 And you boys built that?

Mark again nods his head.

HIROKO (CONT'D)
 That's a good design and good
 construction. I think you could
 have won had you not got stuck.

MARK
 You think so?

HIROKO
 (placing his hand on
 Mark's shoulder)
 Hai. I think so.

MARK
 Thanks.

Hiroko merely gives a slight nod. They turn and exit the arena.

INT. KEIKO'S GARAGE - DAY

We see a old 2010 Mitsubishi Montero parked inside the closed garage, hood open. We hear some rattling and banging of tools and occasional incomprehensible muttering in the background.

SATOSHI
 OUCH!

The door leading to the house opens and Mark steps through it.

MARK
 (surprised)
 What the...?

Hearing the noise of the tools, Mark calls out.

MARK (CONT'D)
 Grandpa, you in here?

We see Hiroko, wearing a coverall jumpsuit, stand up on the far side of the Montero.

Then we hear a mechanic's creeper roll and Satoshi, also wearing coveralls, stands up beside Hiroko.

HIROKO
Hai. I am here.

MARK
Oh, Hi Mr. Tanaka.

SATOSHI
Please call me Satoshi.

MARK
(nodding)
What are you guys doing?

HIROKO
I bought this Montero - good price -
thought we could fix it up.

MARK
You and Mr. Tanaka - I mean
Satoshi?

HIROKO
Hai. Satoshi and me and YOU.

MARK
But I don't know anything about
working on cars.

HIROKO
You built a robot, hai?

MARK
Yeah, but this is a car.

HIROKO
Think of it just as a big
battlebot.

SATOSHI
Hiroko will teach you. He knows
everything about the Mitsubishi
Montero. You know that he designed
it, helped build it, and then also
test drove it?

MARK
No, I didn't know....

SATOSHI
Yes, the Montero was his baby...
from start to finish.

Hiroko tosses Mark a set of coveralls.

HIROKO
(grinning)
Here, you put these on. We start
school today.

BEGIN MONTAGE

-- Hiroko and Mark working under the hood. Hiroko handing Mark a socket wrench. Mark looking somewhat perplexed. Hiroko nodding his encouragement. Mark takes the wrench and uses it down inside the engine compartment.

-- Hiroko and Mark, both on their backs on mechanic's creepers underneath the car, Mark is working a socket wrench while Hiroko looks on.

-- Hiroko and Mark standing at the front of the Montero. Hiroko is holding a serpentine belt and illustrating how it wraps around all the pulleys.

-- Hiroko and Mark are seated beside a front wheel well, tire removed. Hiroko is showing how the disk brakes assembly is installed.

-- Hiroko and Mark are at the front of the Montero. Hiroko is showing Mark how to use a feeler gauge to test the gap on a sparkplug.

-- Front passenger door is open and the interior door panel is removed. Hiroko is showing Mark how to replace a window roller in the door.

-- Hiroko is showing Mark how to apply a Bondo patch to a damaged fender.

-- Everything in the garage is covered by tarps. Hiroko is showing Mark how to use a compressor sprayer to paint the vehicle, using long arm sweeps when spraying.

END OF MONTAGE

EXT. KEIKO'S GARAGE - LATE AFTERNOON

Keiko pulls her car into the driveway. Mark rushes over to her car.

MARK
Mom, you may want to park out on
the street for a little while.

KEIKO

Why?

MARK

You'll see.

Keiko exits her car after she parked on the street in front of the house. As she is walking up the driveway towards the house, Satoshi and Mark are standing beside the closed garage door - both grinning slightly. Mark is holding a remote garage door opener and presses the button. As the door slowly begins to raise, we hear the Montero start, projecting a nice throaty hum. Hiroko is releasing a button on a remote starter FOB.

After the door completes its journey up, Hiroko enters the vehicle and the Montero begins backing out of the garage, onto the driveway. The late afternoon sunlight glistens off of the polished skin of the Montero. Once the vehicle stops outside the garage, Hiroko kills the engine and exits through the driver's side door.

KEIKO

(pleasantly surprised)

Wow! You guys did this? It's all done? It looks amazing! Like new!

Keiko sets down her briefcase and purse and begins to walk around the vehicle. She stops in front of Mark, smiles, and gives him a big hug.

KEIKO (CONT'D)

(hugging Mark)

It looks wonderful! You did a terrific job.

Keiko then gives Satoshi a hug, although he looks somewhat shocked and surprised by the gesture.

Keiko then gives Hiroko a hug.

KEIKO (CONT'D)

(whispering in Hiroko's ear)

Thank you!

She continues her visual inspection as she slowly circles the car.

MARK

We thought you'd like having your garage back for your car.

KEIKO
 (smiling broadly)
 Yes, I would. Thank you very much.
 (momentary pause) So, what's next?

SATOSHI
 We drive it. Let's go.

They all pile into the Montero - Hiroko driving and Mark riding shotgun.

INT. MONTERO - MOMENTS LATER

The car is moving along the street.

SATOSHI
 (to Keiko)
 Well, what do you think?

KEIKO
 It is a smooth ride.

MARK
 Grandpa updated the suspension.

SATOSHI
 Hey, and you helped, too.

KEIKO
 And it's so quiet inside.

MARK
 We put in special sound-dampening insulation to reduce engine and road noise.

KEIKO
 Well, it sure is working. It looks like a new car and rides like a new car.

HIROKO
 Mark, this will be yours when you get your license.

MARK
 (excited)
 Really?! I get my permit next week.

KEIKO
 But that permit only allows you to learn how to drive.

(MORE)

KEIKO (CONT'D)

And you'll have to be patient as my work schedule doesn't provide me with much time so I can teach you.

SATOSHI

No problem! Hiroko can teach him. Hiroko was the best test driver at Mitsubishi.

KEIKO

Yeah, but he's a lot older now....

SATOSHI

Sure, but it's like riding a bicycle - once you know how to do it, you will always know how to do it. I'm sure he's still one of the best.

KEIKO

OK. We'll see.

BEGIN MONTAGE

EXT. VACANT PARKING LOT - DAY

-- Hiroko and Mark are in the Montero in a vacant parking lot. Hiroko shows Mark proper hand positions on the steering wheel.

-- Mark is driving slowly around the lot, maneuvering around orange traffic cones.

-- Hiroko is showing Mark hand-over-hand steering technique.

-- Mark is attempting to turn the Montero into an angled parking spot, but hits one of the orange cones.

-- Hiroko is using hand gestures to show Mark how to turn into a parking spot.

-- Mark successfully turns the Montero into an angled parking spot without hitting any cones.

-- Mark attempts to back out of that angled parking spot but hits another orange cone.

-- Hiroko is showing Mark how to place his arm on the top of the seat to turn his body in order to back up the vehicle.

-- Hiroko shows Mark how to use all mirrors when backing up.

-- Mark attempts to parallel park, but hits the orange cone.

-- Hiroko is using hand gestures to show Mark how and when to turn the wheels in order to parallel park.

-- Mark successfully parallel parks without hitting any orange cones.

-- Hiroko and Mark at the vacant parking lot. The pavement is wet from a recent rain. Mark is driving.

-- Hiroko in drivers seat showing and explaining to Mark how to do a reverse 180.

-- The Montero does a reverse 180. Mark, in the driver's seat and with a huge grin on his face, gives a high-5 to a smiling Hiroko.

END OF MONTAGE

EXT. SUNNYVALE SARATOGA ROAD - DAY

Hiroko is driving the Montero down the center lane of the six-lane boulevard. Mark is in the shot-gun seat.

Suddenly four cars of the Japanese gang appear, the yellow Toyota Supra, the lime green Nissan Skyline GT, a blue Honda Civic, and a red Nissan GT-R. The four cars surround the Montero - Supra in front, GT-R to the left, Skyline GT to the right, and Civic behind - with the gang members laughing, yelling, and making crude gestures at Hiroko and Mark.

DRIVER 1

Hey, Grandpa, where'd you get your car... from a Sears catalogue?

PASSENGER 1

Hey, *Rojin*, you're slowing traffic down. Speed it up!

DRIVER 2

Rojin, you're not in Japan anymore. Pick up the pace!

PASSENGER 2

What's the matter, old man? Afraid you'll get in an accident?

MARK

(nervous)

Grandpa, how are you going to get over to turn into Autozone?

HIROKO

(calmly)

I will use my turn signal when I
change lanes... just like you are
supposed to do.

Hiroko turns on his turn signal and slowly begins drifting into the right hand lane, nearly colliding with the sporty GT to his right.

The gang cars all begin honking, yelling at the Montero, then the car on the right brakes to avoid a collision and reluctantly allows the Montero to occupy the right lane.

The gang cars continue to honk and yell at Hiroko as he turns the Montero into the parking lot of an Autozone auto parts store. However, the gang cars continue on straight and disappear.

INT. AUTOZONE - LATER

Hiroko is standing at the service counter, talking with the store clerk. Mark is examining an item at the end of one of the aisles.

STORE CLERK

You said that was for a 2010
Mitsubishi Montero? Let me look and
see if we have that.

The store clerk leaves the service desk and walks towards the back of the storage area.

Mark glances through the store front window and sees the four gang cars race into the parking lot and screech to a halt. The members all exit their cars and enter the store.

Hiroko turns and watches them as they enter the store.

The gang leader (AIKO YAMATA) walks up and stands close behind Hiroko. The other gang members surround Hiroko. One member knocks some items off of the check-out counter.

AIKO

(speaking softly into
Hiroko's ear)

Nice car, *Rojin*. You need to learn
how to drive better. You almost
damaged one of my boy's cars. And
you'd better lock it up good each
night, so it won't get stolen.

Aiko turns and starts to leave, but then turns back and closes in on Hiroko.

AIKO (CONT'D)
 You'd better be careful, *Rojin*.
 You're not in Japan anymore and you
 don't have anyone here to protect
 you.

Aiko spins around and exits the store. All his henchmen follow. They get into their vehicles and with tires squealing, speed out of the parking lot.

Mark walks to the counter and helps Hiroko pick up the items that were shoved onto the floor while the store clerk returns from the rear of the store.

STORE CLERK
 Sorry, we don't have that in stock.

HIROKO
 Hai. No problem.

Hiroko and Mark exit the store. They exit the store and enter their vehicle. Hiroko tosses Mark the keys.

HIROKO (CONT'D)
 Here, you drive.

Mark takes the driver's seat, while Hiroko enters the passenger seat.

INT. MONTERO - MOMENTS LATER

Mark is driving the Montero down a broad four-lane avenue.

MARK
 What happened in there?

HIROKO
 Oh, it was nothing. Just a few guys
 admiring the Montero.

MARK
 Yeah, but it didn't look like that.
 (pause)
 Those were the gang cars that
 surrounded us a few minutes ago.
 Weren't you scared?

HIROKO
 Of what? Them?
 (chuckling)
 (MORE)

HIROKO (CONT'D)

No, they're just a bunch of bored
young men, looking for some
excitement. They won't bother us.

Hiroko looks into the rearview mirror on the passenger door
and observes the four gang vehicles turning from a side
street onto the four-lane avenue behind him, then quickly
accelerate until they are right behind the Montero. Mark sees
them in his mirror.

MARK

(nervously)
Grandpa, they're back.

HIROKO

Hai. Don't worry. Just stay calm
and focus on driving.

The yellow Supra whips around the Montero and positions
itself in front of the Montero. The Skyline GT pulls up
beside Mark's door. A Civic rides the Montero's bumper, with
the GT-R bringing up the rear.

Without any warning, the Supra brake lights go on and the car
screeches to a stop. Mark immediately hits the brakes of the
Montero and his vehicle stops inches from the Supra's rear
bumper. The Civic isn't as quick and, even with tires
screeching, it runs into the rear of the Montero, crunching
the front end and crumpling the hood.

HIROKO (CONT'D)

You OK?

MARK

(nodding his head)
Yeah.

HIROKO

You did good - stopping quickly.

Mark just nods his head.

HIROKO (CONT'D)

In America, what do you do when in
an accident?

MARK

Call 9-1-1.

HIROKO

Then call 9-1-1.

Mark pulls his cellphone out of his pants pocket. His hands and fingers are shaking somewhat as he dials 9-1-1 and puts it on speaker phone.

9-1-1 OPERATOR (V.O.)
This is 9-1-1, what is your
emergency?

MARK
(nervous)
Um... I've just been involved in a
car accident.

Aiko is seen exiting the the driver's side of the Supra, briefly stopping and examining the inches between the Montero and the Supra's rear bumper.

9-1-1 OPERATOR (V.O.)
Is anybody involved in the accident
injured?

MARK (O.S.)
I don't think so.

Aiko then walks past Mark, glancing in the window as he passes by. He stops momentarily to inspect the damage to the Civic. With the exception of a couple of scratches, the Montero is basically undamaged.

Hiroko adjusts the rearview mirror so he can observe what is going on behind the Montero.

9-1-1 OPERATOR (V.O.)
What is your location?

MARK (O.S.)
I... uh... We're on Wolfe Road...
just past Iverness Way.

Through the rearview mirror, Hiroko watches as Aiko moves to the driver's door of the Civic, bends down and yells something to the Civic's driver, then slaps the Civic's driver. Aiko then turns and begins walking back towards his Supra.

9-1-1 OPERATOR (V.O.)
In what city?

MARK (O.S.)
Uh... Oh, sorry. San Jose.

Aiko stops at Mark's open window, leans down to look inside the Montero. Mark nervously looks at Aiko, but Hiroko sits with a stoic look on his face.

AIKO
 (looking at Hiroko)
 What's up, *Rojin*?

HIROKO
 We just call police to report the
 vehicle accident.

9-1-1 OPERATOR (V.O.)
 A unit will be at your location in
 a couple minutes.

Aiko grabs the cellphone from Mark, presses the "End Call"
 button, and tosses the phone into Mark's lap.

AIKO
 No problem, *Rojin*. There was no
 accident here. Got that?! Next
 time, you won't be so lucky.
 (to Mark)
 You'd better learn to drive more
 carefully.
 (to Hiroko)
 You'd better be more careful,
Rojin!

Aiko returns to and enters his car and all four cars drive
 away.

HIROKO
 You OK?

Mark nods his head in the affirmative.

HIROKO (CONT'D)
 You did good. Let's go home.

Hiroko and Mark also drive away.

INT. JAPANESE RESTAURANT - DAY

Hiroko and Satoshi are seated with another old Japanese
 friend, DAIKI and are talking after finishing their lunch.

DAIKI
 So, they just left, and didn't do
 anything to you for their damaged
 vehicle.

SATOSHI
 Yes, but it wasn't Hiroko's or
 Mark's fault that the car ran into
 their ass.

DAIKI
Well, I can only say, consider
yourself fortunate. I've heard
that they're a nasty gang and don't
mess around with people.

Hiroko merely looks on, absorbing what is being said.

DAIKI (CONT'D)
About the only thing that can keep
you safe on the streets today is a
tank. The police force can't do
anything - their hands are tied by
the mayor.

SATOSHI
You got that right.

Hiroko's eyes brighten up.

HIROKO
What did you just say?

DAIKI
What? The police don't do anything.

HIROKO
No. The other part - about a tank.

DAIKI
Oh, yeah. The only thing that can
keep you safe on the streets today
is a tank.

HIROKO
A tank.

DAIKI
Yeah.

HIROKO
Hai. So let's build one.

SATOSHI
You're kidding, aren't you?

HIROKO
No. Why not build one?

DAIKI
Wait... build a tank?

HIROKO

Maybe not a tank, but maybe a tank car.

SATOSHI

A tank car - that could be interesting. Got anything in mind?

DAIKI

Hey, you're the expert with the Montero. Why not modify a Montero?

SATOSHI

That just might work

HIROKO

Hai.

SATOSHI

And Daiki, you used to work at Mitsubishi, so you know about cars. And your work with HP... maybe you can give this tank car some high-tech features.

DAIKI

I can try.

SATOSHI

I think we have a plan. But where can we build this tank? We'll need something bigger than any of our garages.

DAIKI

I have a friend who does commercial real estate. Maybe he can help.

SATOSHI

OK. So we're going to go with a Montero?

DAIKI

I think so.

HIROKO

Hai.

SATOSHI

(to Hiroko)

But do you want to use your Montero?

HIROKO
No. We will need another one.

SATOSHI
OK. Daiki, you work on finding us a location. I'll work on finding a decent Montero. And Hiroko, you work on designing this tank car.

DAIKI
Sounds like a plan.

HIROKO
Hai.

INT. KEIKO'S GARAGE - EVENING

Hiroko sits at a large drafting table placed in a space carved out by Hiroko. A bright light shines directly over the table. Hiroko is working on a design for the Montero.

Mark opens the door leading from the house and steps into the garage.

MARK
Mom says it's time for dinner.

HIROKO
Hai. Almost done.

He walks over to Hiroko.

MARK
What'cha doing?

HIROKO
Drawing plans for a Montero.

MARK
Our Montero?

HIROKO
No. Another Montero. Satoshi, Daiki, and I want to build a car that will be safe to drive here. Without worrying about any gangs.

MARK
Similar to what we did on our Montero?

HIROKO
No. Much more.

MARK

Can I help?

HIROKO

(looking into Mark's eyes
and noticing Mark's
interest)

Hai. Much appreciated.

MARK

When do we start? The school year
will be over in a couple more
weeks.

HIROKO

Soon, but not quite ready. We need
to find a place to work - these
garages are too small - and need to
find a Montero, and need to finish
the design. And you can only help
after school and on weekends. But
for now, we eat.

They both exit the garage and enter the house.

EXT. SMALL OLD WAREHOUSE - DAY

Hiroko, Satoshi, and Daiki are standing outside an old
industrial warehouse.

SATOSHI

Well, it's not much to look at.

HIROKO

Hai. But that may be good.

DAIKI

And the price is right.

Daiki uses a key and opens a padlock securing the large bay
doors. The three men struggle but manage to pull the door
open enough to enter the facility.

INT. SMALL OLD WAREHOUSE (HEREAFTER "WORKSHOP") - CONTINUOUS

Light streams in from windows (some broken) high up on the
side walls.

DAIKI

Well, what do you think?

SATOSHI
It needs some work.

HIROKO
It will work.

SATOSHI
By the way, I found a Montero.

DAIKI
That's great!

HIROKO
Hai. Great news!

SATOSHI
Is Mark going to help us?

HIROKO
Hai. He wants to help.

DAIKI
Do you think that's a good idea?

SATOSHI
Sure! Mark's young and strong and
we could use additional muscle.

HIROKO
Hai. And we will teach him as we
go.

DAIKI
Well, that's OK with me then.

BEGIN MONTAGE

(Time-lapse video)

- Old Montero is brought into the workshop building.
- A large work table is brought in.
- Work benches are constructed. A machine shop grows out of nothing.
- Large rolling tool boxes are brought in.
- An acetylene torch system and arc welder are brought in
- The vehicle is stripped to its frame (sort of like ants stripping a carcass until only the bones remain). The parts are laid out on the floor all throughout the open building.

- Boxes of replacement parts arrive and are stacked near the vehicle frame.

(End of time-lapse video)

- Hiroko showing Mark how to cut a frame section using acetylene torch.

- Satoshi molding Kevlar into the doors.

- Daiki working on dismantling a laptop computer.

- Hiroko showing Mark how to arc weld the frame.

- Satoshi grinding plexiglass to shape them into the windows.

- Daiki soldering a computer motherboard.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. WORKSHOP - AFTERNOON

Daiki is at a work bench examining small cameras. Mark approaches.

MARK

What's those for?

DAIKI

To give us 360 degree eyeball coverage. Never know when you'll need it.

SATOSHI (O.C.)

Hey, it's lunch time and I brought us some good food today.

Satoshi is standing at the work table with boxes of food placed in front of him. He is dishing onto a paper plate some food from each of the boxes.

SATOSHI (CONT'D)

We've got gyudon, sushi, yakitori, kushikatsu, and tonkatsu, with some curry rice.

(to Mark)

Mark, I don't know if you're knowledgeable of true Japanese dining, but these here are some of the best. Here, try this.

Satoshi hands Mark the plate full of food. Hiroko and Daiki also gather at the table and begin putting food on their paper plates.

DAIKI
(to Hiroko)
He's a growing young man and needs
to eat properly to give him wisdom
and strength.

HIROKO
(chuckling)
Hai. Indeed.

Hiroko, Satoshi, Daiki, and Mark are sitting around the work table, eating their carry-out lunch.

SATOSHI
So, Mark, your girlfriends are
going to love riding with you in
your new Montero... No? I mean
that's really a classy looking
vehicle. You've got lots of
girlfriends, right?

Mark looks somewhat puzzled and doesn't respond to Satoshi.

DAIKI
Mark, never mind Satoshi. He's just
a trouble-maker just looking for
someone to pester.

SATOSHI
Me? Trouble-maker? Hey, it was me
who bailed you out so many times
back in the day with Mitsubishi.

DAIKI
Yeah, but my problems didn't
involve girls like yours did.

SATOSHI
Well, maybe. But we sure had lots
of fun, though, didn't we?

Satoshi kiddingly elbows Hiroko.

HIROKO
Hai. Lots of fun

Chuckling from everyone around the table.

SATOSHI

Hey, sport, did your grandfather
ever tell you about how he got
started at Mitsubishi?

Mark shakes his head, then looks at Hiroko.

HIROKO

Maybe not now.

SATOSHI

Sure, but ask him about it
sometime.

Mark looks at Hiroko and nods his head in the affirmative.

INT. WORKSHOP - LATER

Hiroko and Mark are laying on their backs on mechanics
creepers underneath the blocked-up Montero, turning ratchet
wrenches under the engine.

HIROKO

Do not let Satoshi bother you about
girls. He was quite the *tangorin*...
um... playboy when he was a young
man.

MARK

No problem.

HIROKO

You'll have plenty of time for
girlfriends when you get a little
older.

MARK

Yeah, but the problem is I don't
have any girlfriends, and I don't
even know how to get a girlfriend -
they don't like nerds like me?

HIROKO

Do not worry about that now. With
your brains and your good looks,
you will have no problem getting
girls to like you. Just be
yourself... Oh, and always treat
them with respect - like a true
lady deserves.

MARK

OK.

(after a brief pause while
they are working)
Hey, grandpa. So how did you get
started at Mitsubishi?

HIROKO

Oh, it is a long story.

MARK

But now's as good a time as any to
tell me.

HIROKO

(pauses to reflect)
My father was a mechanic during
World War II. He worked on Japanese
tanks and trucks.

FADE TO:

(FILM IN BLACK AND WHITE)

INT. LARGE WAREHOUSE TYPE MECHANICS SHOP - DAY

A Japanese soldier in his mid-twenties is working with
another man, attempting to repair a Type 3 Chi-Nu medium
tank. There is some welding going on in the background. Both
individuals are in grease covered coveralls with oil and
grease on their faces and hands.

SUPERIMPOSED TITLE:

**4TH TANK DIVISION
FUKUOKA, ISLAND OF KYUSHU, JAPAN
JULY 1945**

A middle-aged man dressed in a nice suit (FUNIHIKO TANAKA)
walks up to the two workers. He is holding his fedora in one
hand while wiping his brow with the other, using a white
handkerchief.

(NOTE: dialog is in Japanese with English subtitles)

FUNIHIKO

Gentlemen, may I ask what are you
doing?

The two soldiers stop what they are doing and one of them (MINATO ONO) hops down off of the vehicle and walks towards Mr. Tanaka, while wiping his greasy hands on an already oily rag.

MINATO

(with a cocky grin)

First, we're not gentlemen, we are soldiers. And second, this tank has some serious design flaws and we are trying to correct those deficiencies.

FUNIIHIKO

Design flaws? Such as?

MINATO

(now more serious)

This vehicle is too heavy for the 3-gear transmission. So we've come up with a 5-gear transmission that not only works better, but gives the tank a faster top speed and is more fuel efficient.

FUNIIHIKO

Really?

MINATO

Yes, and we also added torsion bars to the axles along with the coil springs to provide better stability when maneuvering.

FUNIIHIKO

And you did this all on your own?

MINATO

Basically, yes... except I had some help from these other guys.

Mr. Tanaka walks towards the tank, examining its external features. After a few moments, turns back to Minato.

FUNIIHIKO

My name is Funihiiko Tanaka. After the war, contact me about working for me.

Mr. Tanaka hands Minato a business card.

(the card is in Japanese, but the content is subtitled in English.)

Mitsubishi Heavy Industries
Maruko, Japan

Minato bows respectfully to Mr. Tanaka and places the business card in his breast pocket.

Mr. Tanaka turns and walks to a car that is waiting for him, opens the passenger door and gets in. As the car drives away, air-raid sirens begin screaming and bombs begin exploding around the soldiers. One bomb lands close to Minato and angrily throws him into the air. Minato lands hard on the ground.

One of the other soldiers runs over to the unconscious Minato to assist him, and discovers Minato's leg is nearly severed at the knee, bending at an unnatural angle. He takes off his belt and ties it as a tourniquet around Minato's leg.

FADE TO BLACK

(FILM IS BACK TO COLOR)

INT. WORKSHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Hiroko and Mark are still laying on their backs on mechanics creepers underneath the blocked-up Montero.

HIROKO

My father's leg had to be amputated
at the knee.

MARK

But did he go to work at Mitsubishi
after the war?

HIROKO

Hai. My father was disabled
physically, but not mentally.

MARK

It was only his leg.

HIROKO

Hai. His mind was still sharp. He
was a design engineer. But he
thought that because he was
disabled, he had to work twice as
hard as anyone else.

(brief pause)

He took *ganbaru* very seriously....

MARK

Ganbaru?

HIROKO

Ganbaru.... That's where the work... the job... the career is the number one priority. If one works really hard, every aspect of his life will be improved.

(slight pause)

So my father worked real hard, 12-14 hours every day - six or seven days each week - devoting his life to his work.

(another pause)

But *ganbaru* is not good for the family. Your mother called it *karoshi* - "Death by Work." And she is right. About the only time I would see my father was when I would go to the factory and he would teach me about cars - how to work on them and how to design them.

MARK

But that's good, isn't it?

HIROKO

Hai... some. I learned a lot and also went to work at Mitsubishi - first, building cars, then designing cars. I followed in my father's path. And unfortunately, I, too, thought the *ganbaru* way was the only way. Although I was successful with work, I was not successful with family. Your mother thought I had abandoned her, and that's why she came to the United States.

MARK

But she's doing the same thing - working so much that I never see her. She doesn't even know me anymore.

HIROKO

Hai. Sadly, I understand.

(pause)

Let me work on that later, but for now, let us work on this car.

They resume their work underneath the Montero.

INT. KEIKO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hiroko is sitting in the living room when Keiko enters through the front door.

As Keiko sets down her briefcase, she sees Hiroko sitting in the room.

KEIKO
Oh, you're still up?

HIROKO
Hai. Did you eat?

KEIKO
Yes... I had some delivered to the office.

HIROKO
Hai. Good. Please sit.

KEIKO
Why? What's going on?

HIROKO
Nothing bad. I just want to talk with you.

KEIKO
OK, as long as it's not too long. I've got a long day ahead for me tomorrow, starting bright and early.

HIROKO
I will not be too long.

Keiko sits on the sofa near the chair in which Hiroko is sitting.

KEIKO
So, what's on your mind?

HIROKO
I would like to tell you a story.

KEIKO
OK. But make it short.

HIROKO

There once was a painter - an artist. This painter was striving to be the most successful artist in all the land. He painted flowers, he painted trees, he painted bowls of fruit, he painted the most beautiful landscapes, and when he painted portraits, they looked so real. His paintings were the best anyone had seen and as a result, he became very wealthy.

One day, as he was painting another beautiful landscape painting, a beggar dressed in filthy rags, wearing a hooded cloak, and caked in dirt and grime, entered the painter's field of view, and the beggar approached the painter.

The painter, with the beggar now standing directly in front of him, ordered the beggar to move out of his vision. But the beggar just stood there.

The painter angrily pulled a gold coin from his pocket and tossed it to the beggar, saying, "There, now leave". The beggar made no effort to catch the coin and the coin rolled down the hillside and into the river below.

The artist shouted at the beggar, "That was a lot of money! You could have bought a lot with all that money!" Yet, the beggar remained unmoved and silent. The artist again shouted, "Go away! I'm a very busy man." Yet, the beggar remained.

The artist shouted, "Go away! Don't you know who I am?"

The beggar replied, "Yes, I know who you are. Do you know who I am?"

The artist responded angrily, "No, I don't know who you are, and I don't care. Now I'm very busy. Just leave!"

(MORE)

HIROKO (CONT'D)

The beggar removed the hood from his head, revealing his face. "I am your son."

The artist, looking at the beggar's face, replied, "That's not possible. My son is not a beggar. I've given him a good portion of my wealth."

The beggar stated, "It's not your money that I desire."

Becoming frustrated, the artist roared, "What is it you want?"

The beggar replied, "Time." The artist, now furious, shouted, "Time? You want time when you can have all this wealth?"

The beggar responded, "Yes, time is more valuable than money. Time is really all I seek."

The artist replied, "Well, I'm just too busy." With that, the artist packed up all his materials and returned home and the beggar went his own way. They never saw each other again.

Many years later, laying in his bed in his expensive mansion, the artist died - all alone. And no one cared.

KEIKO

And just what is that to mean?

HIROKO

I am concerned that you are becoming that artist.

KEIKO

What?

HIROKO

I am concerned that you have become me.

KEIKO

What? I've become you? What does that mean?

HIROKO

Hai. When you were younger, I was working all the time and was not around to support you like I needed to do. You know how that ended up. Now, I fear that you are doing the same thing - working so much and not around for Mark when he needs you most.

(pause)

You lost a husband, but Mark feels like he has lost both his father AND his mother. He's angry and confused, and right now, he needs his mother.

Tears begin welling up in Keiko's eyes.

KEIKO

(trying to fight back
tears)

I... I didn't know.

Hiroko moves from his chair to sit beside Keiko on the sofa. He wraps his arms around her to comfort her and hands her a neatly folded white handkerchief.

HIROKO

I know you want what is best for Mark, and it is not money - it is you - his mother - he desires. Remember how you felt back in Japan. Don't be like me. Don't allow your work to drive a wedge between Mark and you.

KEIKO

(dabbing tears from her
eyes)

I'm so sorry. I didn't realize.
I'll try do better.

HIROKO

Hai. I know you will.

KEIKO

Thank you, *Otōsan*.

Hiroko hugs Keiko tight and kisses her on her forehead.

INT. WORKSHOP - DAY

The Montero is beginning to once again look like a car. The doors and quarter-panels are back on, and new seats are placed beside the car, ready for installation.

Hiroko, Satoshi, Daiki, and Mark are gathered around the table where the design plans are spread out and being discussed.

Keiko walks in carrying two boxes of pizza.

KEIKO
 (Setting the pizzas on
 another table)
 Lunch time, guys. Come eat while
 they're still warm.

The four men leave the design table and move towards the lunch table.

Mark grabs a slice of pizza.

MARK
 (somewhat excitedly)
 Hey, mom. Let me show you what's
 going on here.

Keiko follows Mark as he takes her on a walking tour.

BEGIN MONTAGE

-- Mark showing Keiko the molded Kevlar panels in doors, hood, roof, quarter panels.

-- Mark showing Keiko the custom-made bullet-proof windows all around.

-- Mark looking under the hood with Keiko at a new, more powerful engine.

-- Mark showing Keiko a heavy-duty brush guard on the front of the vehicle which folds down and converts into hydraulically controlled forklift-type prongs.

-- Mark showing Keiko the two in-dash touch screen monitors - one for monitoring cameras which provide a 360 degree viewing, and one for controlling various "special features" being installed in the Montero.

-- Mark showing Keiko a metal base/skid plate, completely covering the undercarriage of the vehicle

-- Mark showing Keiko a LED light panel in the rear window.

END OF MONTAGE

Mark and Keiko are standing near the rear of the Montero. Keiko points to a long narrow box located just behind the rear bumper.

KEIKO

What's this?

MARK

This? Grandpa used two of the ideas from our battlebot. One is the forklift part we saw on the front of the car. This is the other one. This box contains a sharp long pole that shoots laterally out, powered by compressed air from an onboard air compressor. This should help take care of any problem cars who want to drive alongside us.

KEIKO

Wow! Very impressive!

Keiko smiles and gives Mark a big sideways hug. As they begin to walk towards the lunch table where Hiroko, Satoshi, and Daiki are still seated, Keiko asks the older men,

KEIKO (CONT'D)

Is all this really necessary - I mean bullet-proof glass?

SATOSHI

Oh, yes, and even more. This vehicle will be indestructible. With the kevlar molding inside all the doors, fenders, and hood, another vehicle can run into this car and it would only incur cosmetic scratches.

Mark and Keiko sit at the table and Mark takes another slice of pizza.

DAIKI

Oh, and there's one more surprise. I've contacted a friend of mine who works in the EMP hardening section of HP, and he's going to get us an old EMP generator that we used to test HP's hardening measures.

(MORE)

DAIKI (CONT'D)

We can install it in the back section of the car.

SATOSHI

Are you sure it will fit?

DAIKI

Positive! It's really not very big at all.

MARK

EMP?

DAIKI

Oh, yeah. EMP - electromagnetic pulse. An electromagnetic pulse can fry electronics unless they are hardened against EMP.

KEIKO

So, what will you be doing with an EMP generator?

DAIKI

We can generate an electromagnetic pulse that will shut down any vehicle within its range - including any gang hot rods.

MARK

But won't that stop all the other vehicles, too?

DAIKI

No... at least not our car. The EMP generator is only powerful enough to affect electronic equipment within about 50 feet of the generator. So, we can select when to use it to shut down only the gang's cars.

MARK

But what about our car?

DAIKI

Our car will have two levels of protection. First, I've been replacing all electronic components with specially designed EMP hardened components. Second, we will be encasing all electronics in aluminum Faraday bags. This dual level of protection will protect this car.

KEIKO

If... what is it?... EMP can fry electronics, what about us - humans?

DAIKI

No problem, unless you have a pace-maker. EMP doesn't have any effect on living organisms. We'll be absolutely fine. We won't even know that the pulse was generated except that electronics will not work.

KEIKO

It looks like you gentlemen, and you, too, Mark, have constructed a wonderfully safe vehicle. I just hope it's never needed.

HIROKO

Hai. But it will be available, if it is needed.

Mark looks at Keiko and Keiko merely nods her head and smiles warmly at him.

INT. KEIKO'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Hiroko, Mark, and Keiko are sitting at the kitchen table eating their dinner when they are suddenly startled by a sound of the front window to the house (in the living room) being shattered followed by gunshots emanating from the street.

HIROKO

(shouting calmly)
Everybody down!

All three quickly duck down low to the floor and look at each other with puzzled faces.

The gunfire ceases and the sound of tires squealing is heard.

HIROKO (CONT'D)

Stay down.

Hiroko gets up and walks cautiously into the living room.

INT. KEIKO'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hiroko finds pieces of shattered glass all over the floor. A slight breeze is causing the light window sheers to move due to the now gaping hole in the window. A neighbor's dog is barking wildly.

KEIKO (O.S.)
What is it? What do you see?

HIROKO
The front window is shattered.

Hiroko sees an empty wine bottle on the floor among the shards of broken glass. He reaches down and picks it up.

Keiko has moved into the doorway between the kitchen and the living room and sees Hiroko pick up the bottle to examine it.

KEIKO
What is that? Don't touch it!
You'll mess up any finger prints.

Hiroko gently sets the bottle down on the nearby coffee table.

Keiko dials 9-1-1.

Mark scoots past his mother, entering the room, and begins scoping out the damage.

9-1-1 OPERATOR (O.S.)
9-1-1, what is your emergency?

KEIKO (O.S.)
Yes, I want to report a trespass
and vandalism to my property.
Someone threw a bottle through a
window of my house, shattering the
glass, and then fired shots into
....

Keiko's voice fades out as she steps back into the kitchen to speak to the 9-1-1 operator.

MARK
(pointing to the bottle)
What's that inside the bottle?

Mark and Hiroko both close in on the bottle and see a piece of paper rolled up and inside the bottle.

While Keiko is speaking with the 9-1-1 operator in the kitchen (audible, but incomprehensible), Hiroko goes to the front door, opens it and looks outside while Mark hustles out into the garage and returns a moment later with a 3-ft long flexible 4-prong pearl grabber.

As Hiroko turns back into the house, Mark is using the grabber to pull out the piece of paper.

Once withdrawn, Mark and Hiroko unroll it on the coffee table.

CLOSE ON the paper which contains Japanese writing.

MARK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What's it say?

HIROKO
It says, "Back off on your war on gangs! Last warning!"

Keiko re-enters the living room.

KEIKO
(somewhat angrily)
What are you doing? You could be tampering with evidence.

MARK
(holding out the note)
This was inside the bottle. It's telling us to back off on the gangs.

KEIKO
(somewhat angry)
You've just likely ruined any finger prints that might have been on that paper. Set it down, NOW!

Mark sets the paper on the coffee table.

KEIKO (CONT'D)
The police will be here shortly and we cannot mess up this crime scene any more. Both of you, into the kitchen.... And be careful of the broken glass on the floor.

INT. KEIKO'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mark and Hiroko resume their places at the kitchen table.
Mark takes another bite of food.

MARK

What do you think that is all about?

HIROKO

Not really sure. We'll have to wait until the police investigate.

(pause)

However, after they leave, we must repair that broken window.

(pause)

There is some plastic in the garage and some duct tape. We can patch it temporarily with that.

Mark nods his head in agreement.

EXT. KEIKO'S HOUSE - LATER

Keiko and DETECTIVE KELLY are standing outside, on the front sidewalk, while observing Hiroko and Mark finish patching up the window using plastic and duct tape.

KEIKO

I apologize. Some of the evidence may be contaminated by my father and my son.

DETECTIVE KELLY

We'll do what we can with what we have.

(pause)

Any idea what note is about?

KEIKO

We've been on a push to cut down on gang activity by leaning hard on gang members and prosecuting them for even the slightest offense.

DETECTIVE KELLY

And you think that's caused this?

KEIKO

I'm pretty sure of it.

DETECTIVE KELLY

Then, you shouldn't have a difficult time nailing someone for this.

KEIKO

Unfortunately, no. We don't know who did it... what gang... or even what member of a specific gang. Without having solid evidence as to who specifically did this, we have nothing with which to prosecute anyone. Hopefully, there will be some finger prints or some other type of concrete evidence from the materials you gathered here tonight. If not, we're just swinging blindly, and that doesn't work in court.

DETECTIVE KELLY

So, are you going to back off?

KEIKO

I'm afraid we can't. The mayor has given us our marching orders. He pledged during his campaign to eliminate the gangs from our communities.

Hiroko and Mark finish their task and join Keiko and Detective Kelly.

HIROKO

What about the gang who did this?

DETECTIVE KELLY

We don't really know who did this.

HIROKO

Hai. What about police protection? As you see, Keiko now needs police protection.

DETECTIVE KELLY

Unfortunately, we cannot spare any officers to provide any protection.

DETECTIVE KELLY (CONT'D)

(to Keiko)

Sorry, Keiko. As you are aware, the mayor has also taken steps to defund the police, as he also promised in his campaign. Our staffing is now bare bones.

Keiko nods a nervous nod.

DETECTIVE KELLY (CONT'D)
Well, Ms. Rucker, I'll keep you informed as to what we may or may not find, and I want you to contact me if anything else like this happens in the future. And stay away from South Japantown. That's a hotspot for gang activity right now.

KEIKO
(silently nodding)
Thank you.

The detective turns, walks to his vehicle and departs the area.

INT. WORKSHOP - DAY

Hiroko, Satoshi, Daiki, and Mark are all standing around the modified Montero. Although the vehicle is fabricated, the body is a dull grey from a coat of primer paint.

SATOSHI
Well, we've done it. Isn't she a beauty?

DAIKI
A very dangerous beauty.

SATOSHI
What's left to do, other than painting her? Take her out for a little test drive? (humorously elbowing Hiroko)

HIROKO
No. Not yet. We need to make sure the car is still a secret - not seen - until the time is right.

SATOSHI
Well, what color should we paint her?

DAIKI
A bright red, so that everyone will fear what's just stung them.

SATOSHI

Yeah, although red maybe the sign of fear, I think it should be blue, because blue symbolizes intelligence, loyalty, and trust.

HIROKO

What do you think, Mark?

MARK

Huh? Me?

Hiroko nods his head.

MARK (CONT'D)

I think we should paint it black - flat or matte black.

SATOSHI

Yeah, black is good. Black symbolizes power and sophistication.

DAIKI

Black is easier to paint.

HIROKO

Why black, Mark?

MARK

Because black, especially with a flat or matte finish, would be easier to hide at night. And isn't that when most bad people are out doing what they do? Isn't that when we would have to be the most afraid?

SATOSHI

Yeah. During the day, they're model citizens, but after the sun goes down, their sinister side comes out. Good call, Mark. Black would be great.

DAIKI

I agree. Matte black would be best.

Hiroko gives Mark a playful rub on his head.

HIROKO

Matte black it is.

INT. WORKSHOP - DAY

Hiroko and Mark are standing beside the Montero and are attired in white Tyvek disposable hooded jumpsuits with full face respirators resting on their foreheads.

HIROKO
Remember what to do?

Mark nods his head.

HIROKO (CONT'D)
OK.

They both pull their full-face respirators down to cover their faces and Mark begins spraying the black paint onto the vehicle using a good side-to-side arm motion.

INT. WORKSHOP - LATER

Hiroko and Mark are standing beside their freshly painted Montero, admiring their work. Mark has substantial paint splatter on his white jump suit and his respirator. They both have their respirators again resting on their foreheads.

MARK
Well, what do you think?

HIROKO
I think it is an excellent job.
Good work! (winks at Mark)

Mark flashes a large grin.

INT. WORKSHOP - THE NEXT DAY

Hiroko, Mark, Satoshi, and Daiki are in the workshop, sweeping and cleaning up the area.

The door opens and Keiko enters.

SATOSHI
Hey... Keiko. Good to see you.

KEIKO
I just thought I'd stop by to see
how you guys are doing on your
project.

SATOSHI

Good timing. We're done. What do you think of her... um... the vehicle?

KEIKO

(examining the Montero)

I think it looks amazing! And you guys did all of this yourselves?

SATOSHI

(winking)

Well, I had a little help from these other guys.

(pointing to Hiroko, Daiki, and Mark)

KEIKO

Well, I'm proud of you guys. And I'm especially proud of you, Dad, and you, Mark.

Hiroko nods his head ever so slightly, and Mark displays a nice grin.

KEIKO (CONT'D)

Well, I've got to get back to work. But I wanted to take a moment to stop in and check up on you.

HIROKO

Thank you. I will walk you to your car.

EXT. WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

As Hiroko opens the door to exit the building, he sees a red Nissan GT-R pull to a stop about a block away from the workshop. He doesn't say anything or look directly at it, but merely exits with Keiko and opens her car door for her.

HIROKO

Thank you for stopping by. You have made Mark very proud.

KEIKO

No. I meant what I said, Dad. The change in Mark has been wonderful since you've arrived. Thank you.

Keiko gives Hiroko a big hug.

KEIKO (CONT'D)
I'll see you guys after work.

Keiko enters her car and drives away. Hiroko watches as she leaves the area.

The red Nissan drives away, as well, but in another direction.

INT. WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

Satoshi, Daiki, and Mark are standing around the modified Montero admiring their creation.

Upon hearing the door close after Hiroko returns, all three heads turn in his direction.

SATOSHI
Keiko is right. This does look great! Who would have thought matte black would look so sexy.

DAIKI
Yes, it looks amazing!

MARK
Thanks.

HIROKO
Gentlemen, we have a slight problem.

SATOSHI
Huh? What?

HIROKO
They know we are here.

DAIKI
They? Who?

HIROKO
The gang. I just saw one of the gang's cars. It must have followed Keiko when she came here today.

DAIKI
Oh. That's not good.

SATOSHI
I say we take this beauty out for a test drive right now and show them who's boss.

HIROKO

No. That would not be wise. We need to wait and let them make the first move.

SATOSHI

Ah, come on. We can do it now.

DAIKI

No. Hiroko is right. They need to make the first move. They may know we are here, but it's probably likely that they don't know what we've done in here.

HIROKO

Hai. That would be a big advantage for us.

DAIKI

But since they know we are here, it's only a matter of time before they discover this vehicle.

HIROKO

Hai. We need to move this vehicle to another location.

DAIKI

We can use my house. I've got a large 2-car garage that we can park it in. Plus, it's a gated community - very quiet and safe.

SATOSHI

Sounds great. I'll drive it right now to your house, and enroute, maybe visit our new friend outside.

Hiroko and Daiki give scowling looks at Satoshi.

SATOSHI (CONT'D)

(retreating with his words)

OK. OK. What do you suggest?

HIROKO

We will wait and move the vehicle tonight.

SATOSHI

But won't they be watching us?

DAIKI

Good point.

MARK

Maybe we can set up a diversion somehow.

DAIKI

A diversion. I like that, but how? Doing what?

MARK

If they're watching us so closely now, maybe we can lead them away for a couple hours this evening - when they are most apt to be out and active. Maybe we can look for them and do something to have them follow us while you relocate the car.

HIROKO

That might work. They know Mark's Montero, and would likely follow it if we are going somewhere.

(pause)

I heard the detective tell Keiko that South Japantown is a hotspot for gang activity right now. Maybe that's where we might find our boys.

SATOSHI

Japantown - that would make sense.

HIROKO

I will drive around this evening as it begins to get dark.

MARK

Wait! You? Just you? What about me?

HIROKO

No. It is too dangerous for you.

MARK

And not too dangerous for you? Anyways, it's my car and I won't let you take it without me.

HIROKO

No. Absolutely not! It is too dangerous.

DAIKI

The boy does have a good point. If it's his car, they would be expecting him to be driving it along with you. Plus, if Mark is with you, they might be less apt to do something stupidly outrageous tonight.

SATOSHI

Yeah. With Mark, it might actually be safer for you.

(to Mark)

Hey Mark, you got your license yet?

MARK

Not yet... only my permit.

SATOSHI

And don't you have to get in some night driving on your permit?

MARK

Yeah.

SATOSHI

There you go. It's a perfect excuse. If they should stop you to question you about what you're doing, Mark is merely logging in some night time driving.

HIROKO

I don't know.

DAIKI

I agree. It's the best scenario.

SATOSHI

When you have those boys tailing you, just give us a call on the cellphone and we'll move this vehicle.

DAIKI

Don't worry, Hiroko. It'll work.

Hiroko shrugs a reluctant agreement.

EXT. SAN JOSE STREETS - NIGHT

Mark is driving the Montero with Hiroko as passenger. They drive slowly through Japantown.

Hiroko has Mark practice parking the Montero in diagonal parking spaces and 90 degree parking spaces.

While driving around, they sight the green Nissan Skyline GT, blue Honda Civic, and Red Nissan GT-R parallel parked along the street in front of a Japanese bar. A couple other souped-up Japanese imports are also parked in the area. A number of young Japanese men are standing around those cars smoking and talking.

Hiroko points to an open parking space immediately in front of the Red Nissan GT-R.

HIROKO

Mark, parallel park in that spot
over there. But don't make it look
too easy.

Mark nods his head.

Mark pulls up to that parking spot and begins his parking maneuver. He doesn't get it right the first, nor the second time.

The young Japanese men begin to laugh at Mark and his parking attempts.

As he is conducting his third attempt, a yellow Toyota Supra pulls up behind him and begins flashing its lights and honking its horn.

Hiroko pulls out his phone and dials a number.

SATOSHI (O.S.)

Hello Hiroko. Are we on?

HIROKO

Hai.

SATOSHI (O.S.)

OK.

Hiroko puts his phone away.

Mark stops and looks out of his open driver's side window at the Supra. The Supra's headlights illuminate Mark's face. The Supra honks some more.

By now, the occupants of the other three cars are standing by their vehicles observing more intently.

HIROKO
OK, Mark. Let's move out...
slowly... and see if they follow
us.

As Mark begins to slowly pull out of that parking space, the driver's door of the Supra opens and Aiko partially emerges and hollers to the Japanese guys.

AIKO
Let's roll!

As the Montero slowly drives away, Mark and Hiroko watch in their rear view mirrors and see six or seven vehicles turn on their headlights and begin to follow the Supra.

HIROKO
(pointing)
Turn right there.

Mark turns the vehicle down that street. The other vehicles turn and follow him, with the Supra leading the way.

The Supra begins flashing its lights and honking its horn.

HIROKO (CONT'D)
Pull over here.

Mark pulls the Montero to the side of the road and stops.

The Supra pulls up next to Mark's door and stops. Aiko exits the driver's side of the Supra and walks around to Mark's window.

AIKO
What are you doing here?

HIROKO
The boy needed practice driving at
night to get his license.

AIKO
And so you picked this neighborhood
to practice?

HIROKO
Hai. Why? Is this neighborhood not
good for driving practice?

AIKO
No. It's dangerous. All types of
vandalism can occur.

Aiko walks to the rear of the Montero. Hiroko adjusts the rear view mirror to observe.

Akio pulls a pistol out of his waistband and using that pistol, he smashes the tail light of the Montero. He then calmly walks back to Mark's open window. He places his left hand on the driver's side mirror, and leaning down to look into the Montero, snaps the mirror off of the door.

AIKO (CONT'D)
(with a sly smile)

I see my warning is too late, though.
I see someone has already vandalized
your vehicle. I can only protect you
for so long in this neighborhood.
Therefore, I would suggest that you
find some other... safer location to
practice driving in.

HIROKO
(nodding his head)

Hai. Thank you for your warning.

AIKO
I will wait to see that you safely
depart this area. You never know
who might be lurking around to harm
you.

HIROKO
Hai. Thank you for your concern.

As Akio steps back from the Montero, Hiroko motions Mark to pull out and drive away.

HIROKO (CONT'D)
(to Mark)
We go now.

With a broken turn signal and dangling mirror, the Montero slowly pulls away from the curb and drives away.

Aiko and the other vehicles merely sit there, everyone laughing and watching the Montero drive away into the darkness.

EXT. WORKSHOP - NEXT DAY - DAY

Hiroko and Mark drive up to the workshop and park the battered Montero beside Satoshi's car. They exit the Montero and enter the workshop.

INT. WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

Satoshi and Daiki are standing in the workshop area where the tables are overturned and debris is scattered throughout the area.

SATOSHI

Good morning. The door was broken open and this is what we found when we got here a few minutes ago. As you can see, our tools are all gone.

DAIKI

Yes, but the plan worked. Our battle tank was not here. Can you imagine what would happen if they had gotten their hand on that Montero?

HIROKO

Hai. Is the vehicle safe?

DAIKI

Yes. Safely locked in my garage.

HIROKO

Good.

SATOSHI

So, Mark, how was your driving lesson last night?

MARK

(shrugging his shoulders)
OK, I guess.

HIROKO

OK? The boy did great! Nerves of steel.

Satoshi rubs the top of Mark's head.

SATOSHI

Young man, you're a hero.

Mark grins broadly.

SATOSHI (CONT'D)

So, what's next.

HIROKO

I guess we clean this mess up.

INT. AIKO'S CONDO - NIGHT

The CAMERA PANS a large living room with about a half-dozen Japanese young men and women lounging around on the sofa, chairs, and even the floor, just "chilling". Loud rap music is being played on the stereo system. Bluish smoke fills the room and we see a few people passing a marijuana joint amongst themselves.

Suddenly the front door explodes open, having been struck by a police battering ram, and about a dozen S.W.A.T. officers, all attired in tactical gear, burst into the room with assault rifles aimed at the room's occupants.

A couple of the females begin screaming.

OFFICER 1

(shouting)

Police! Put your hands where we can see them!

OFFICER 2

(shouting)

Don't anyone move! We will shoot!

OFFICER 3

(shouting)

Shut up! Don't move! Get your hands up!

(to the screaming women)

Shut up!

The women stop screaming, but we hear one beginning to cry.

As three S.W.A.T. officers remain in the living room, three groups of two officers break off and quickly search the remainder of the house.

Two officers return from the kitchen.

OFFICER 4

Clear!

Moments later, two officers return from the hallway leading to the bedrooms.

OFFICER 5

Clear!

OFFICER 6 slowly examines each person sitting in the room.

OFFICER 6

(to one of the males)

Where is Aiko Yamata?

The young Japanese man merely stares back and says nothing.

OFFICER 6 (CONT'D)
(more forcefully)
Where is Aiko Yamata?

The man continues to just stare and remains silent.

A voice comes from across the room from one of the other Japanese men (RIKU YAMATA).

RIKU (O.S.)
He's not here.

The officer turns and walks toward Riku.

OFFICER 6
What was that?

Riku is sitting with his hands in the air and the officer is now standing immediately in front of him.

RIKU
Are you deaf or something? I said
he's not here.

OFFICER 6
Where is he?

RIKU
Do I look like a friggin' GPS?

The officer looks somewhat shocked after hearing the response. He takes his rifle and gives Riku a quick buttstroke to his abdomen. Riku doubles over, gasping for breath.

OFFICER 6
(forcefully)
Get your hands in the air.

Riku slowly raises his hands, still gasping for breath.

OFFICER 6 (CONT'D)
Now, I'll ask one more time. Where
is he?

RIKU
(coughing)
I don't know, man.

OFFICER 6
And who, exactly are you?

RIKU
My name is Admiral Yamamoto.

This response elicits some snickers from some of the other Japanese men in the room.

OFFICER 6
Don't play smart with me, asshole.
Who are you?

RIKU
I'm Hirohito, emperor of Japan.

The officer again sharply buttstrokes Riku in the midsection, once again doubling him over and causing him to gasp for breath.

OFFICER 6
One last time.... Who are you?

RIKU
I'm Aiko's brother.

OFFICER 6
(to to nearby officers)
Get this asshole out of here.

The two officers grab hold of Riku and violently yank him to his feet. They forcefully bring his arms behind his back and zip tie his wrists together, then escort Riku out of the house.

OFFICER 2
(to Officer 6)
What about the rest of them?

OFFICER 6
Just get them out of here.

The other officers begin yelling at the other occupants to get their stuff and leave.

The Japanese young men and women gather up their shoes and purses and quickly exit through the front door.

INT. JAPANESE RESTAURANT - EVENING

Hiroko, Keiko, Mark, Satoshi, and Daiki are sitting around a large round table following their meal.

The wait staff break into "Happy Birthday" as they bring over a slice of cake topped with a scoop of ice cream and with a lone birthday candle burning brightly on it.

KEIKO
Happy birthday, Mark.

SATOSHI
Yeah, sixteen now, isn't it.
You're not a boy any more.

Mark, with a big grin on his face, happily blows out the lone candle.

SATOSHI (CONT'D)
(handing Mark a gift bag)
Hey, I wanted to give you something
for this special birthday.

Mark opens the bag, pulls out the tissue paper, and finds a gift card to Home Depot.

SATOSHI (CONT'D)
Since you've demonstrated a decent
proficiency with using tools, I
thought you could start building
your own tool collection.

MARK
(examining the gift card)
Wow! This is for a thousand
dollars.

SATOSHI
And there will be more if you
continue to demonstrate wise use of
your new skills.

MARK
Thank you, Satoshi.

SATOSHI
(laughing)
Think nothing of it.

DAIKI
(handing Mark a much
larger and heavier gift
bag)
I thought you could use this,
especially as you continue with
your academic endeavors.

Mark opens the bag and pulls out a HP laptop.

MARK
Wow! A new computer! Thank you,
Daiki.

DAIKI
You're very welcome.

KEIKO
(to Mark)
I thought you and I would go down
to the DMV tomorrow to see about
getting your license.

MARK
(eyes gleaming)
Really?! Thanks, Mom.

Mark gives Keiko a big hug.

SATOSHI
Hey, no reverse 180s tomorrow,
though. OK? I doubt that they would
look too favorably on that type of
maneuver during a road test.

Everyone chuckles.

HIROKO
(handing Mark another
small gift bag)
For you.

Mark digs his hand in the bag and finds a set of car keys.

MARK
(beaming)
For real?! The Montero?

Hiroko merely nods his head.

MARK (CONT'D)
(giving Hiroko a hug)
Thanks, Grandpa.

Keiko, looking at Hiroko, is smiling and her lips silently
whisper "Thank you".

MARK (CONT'D)
Wow! This is definitely the best
birthday ever! Thank you everyone.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - LATER

Hiroko, Keiko, and Mark are in the repaired Montero as it is
driving down a suburban street - Hiroko driving. A police car
with lights flashing, rapidly passes the Montero and turns
right a couple of blocks ahead.

MARK
Hey, isn't that our street?

KEIKO
Yes, I think so. I wonder what's
going on?

As they turn the corner, they discover a police car blocking the street and a number of fire trucks a few houses down. A house is fully engulfed in flames.

MARK
Hey... that's our house.

KEIKO
(anxiously)
Oh no! Oh no! Oh no!

Hiroko stops the vehicle beside the police car and all three occupants exit the car.

As they begin to run towards the house, the police officer stops them.

POLICE OFFICER
Hey! You can't go there.

KEIKO
That' my house! That's my house!

And she pushes herself past the officer. He doesn't stop her. Mark and Hiroko follow.

The three stand on the sidewalk in shock as they watch the firemen attempt to put out the blazing fire.

Detective Kelly walks up and stands beside Keiko.

DETECTIVE KELLY
When I heard the address of this emergency, I knew it was your house. So I came as quickly as I could. Any idea what happened?

KEIKO
None at all. We were out celebrating Mark's birthday and just now returned to this.

DETECTIVE KELLY
I'm so sorry.

Just then Keiko's phone rings. She glances at the number on the screen which merely states "Private Caller". She answers the phonecall.

KEIKO
(in a somewhat shaking
voice)
Hello?

AIKO (V.O.)
I warned you to back off...

Keiko immediately places the call on speaker and holds the phone so that the detective can listen to the phone conversation.

AIKO (V.O.)
But you evidently didn't listen.
Now listen up and listen good. The
police paid a visit to my house
last night and arrested my brother.
Well, I'm assuming that firemen are
visiting your house right about
now. But they won't be taking away
someone from your family - that
will be me. It's only fair.
(pause)
When someone says, "Back off,"
you're supposed to comply. So, now,
I'll be coming for you.

The phone call is abruptly ended.

KEIKO
(to the detective)
Did you hear that?

DETECTIVE KELLY
Do you know who that was?

KEIKO
I'm not positive, but I have a
pretty good idea.

DETECTIVE KELLY
Well, I'm going to need your phone
until we figure out who made that
call.

Keiko nods her head and hands the detective her phone.

DETECTIVE KELLY (CONT'D)
Do you have a place to stay?

KEIKO

We'll be OK. We'll get a hotel tonight and work with my insurance agent tomorrow.

As they are standing there watching the situation develop, Hiroko is seen in the background talking on his phone. Moments later, he walks up to Keiko.

HIROKO

Daiki says we can stay with him tonight and for as long as we need to.

KEIKO

That's awfully kind of him, but I'll find us a place...

HIROKO

He will be extremely hurt if we do not accept his offer.

KEIKO

(after a brief hesitation)
Well, OK. But only for a couple days.

HIROKO

Hai. That will be good.

Hiroko wraps his arm around Keiko.

HIROKO (CONT'D)

Everything will be OK.

KEIKO

(tears welling up in her eyes)
I truly hope so.

Hiroko gives Keiko a big hug.

INT. DAIKI'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Daiki opens his front door to find Hiroko, Keiko, and Mark standing on his front doorstep.

DAIKI

Come in. Come in.

(to Hiroko)

The guard shack didn't give you any problems, did they?

HIROKO
No. All was OK.

DAIKI
Good. I let them know you would be coming.

HIROKO
Hai. Thank you.

They all enter and Daiki begins showing them around the house - living room, kitchen, guest bathroom, guest bedrooms.

DAIKI
(to Keiko and Mark)
I'm so sorry for your loss. But at least you are safe now.

KEIKO
Thank you, Daiki. And thank you for allowing us to stay here. I promise that it will be for only a couple days - until we can get settled in somewhere.

DAIKI
It's no problem at all. Please stay as long as you desire. As you can see (waving his arms), this is a big house and I am the only one living here.

KEIKO
I appreciate that. Thank you.

HIROKO
But for now, let's all get some sleep. Tomorrow will be a busy day. We must get new clothes, speak with the insurance company, and get Mark's license.

KEIKO
Oh, I don't know now if we'll be able to get Mark's license.

MARK
(sort of mumbling)
I understand.

HIROKO
(with a compassionate look at Keiko)
(MORE)

HIROKO (CONT'D)

No, I think Mark's license should be a top priority.

KEIKO

(nodding her head)

Yes, you're right. But I don't know how I will....

HIROKO

I am sure you will find a way.

KEIKO

I'll see what I can do.

HIROKO

Hai. So now, let us go to bed.

MARK

(as he turns to go to his bedroom)

Good night everyone.

KEIKO

(sort of solemnly)

Good night, Mark. And happy birthday.

(pause)

Good night, Daiki. And thanks again for letting us stay here.

DAIKI

No problem. Good night. I'll have breakfast ready in the morning.

Keiko turns and enters her bedroom. Hiroko remains behind with Daiki.

DAIKI (CONT'D)

(in a low voice to Hiroko)

Do you have any idea what happened?

HIROKO

Hai. I suspect it was our gang friends. They likely followed one of us home, so they knew where we lived.

DAIKI

It's a shame.

HIROKO

But it's good that everyone is OK. Everything gone in the fire can be replaced.

DAIKI

Yes.

HIROKO

It's also good that the new Montero is here. We might need it if things get any worse.

DAIKI

Yes. Truly.

HIROKO

Well, good night, my friend.

DAIKI

Yes. Good night.

INT. DAIKI'S HOUSE - MORNING

Daiki and Hiroko are sitting at the kitchen table sipping their cups of coffee. Keiko enters.

KEIKO

What time is it? Um... I don't have my phone anymore.

DAIKI

(glancing at the clock on
the microwave oven)
It's almost quarter to eight.

KEIKO

Oh my. I've overslept. I need to get Mark up and we need to get going.

(shouting over her
shoulder)

Mark, get up. It's getting late and we've got to get going.

HIROKO

(handing Keiko his
cellphone)

Here, take mine. Maybe you can call your insurance while Mark is taking his driver's test... how do you say it... knock out two birds with one stone.

KEIKO

Oh, yeah... Mark's driver's test. That's a great idea. Thanks, Dad.

HIROKO

Take the Montero. Daiki can take me
where I might need to go.

Keiko looks at Daiki.

DAIKI

Yep. We'll be chumming around
together today.

KEIKO

OK. I guess that will work.
(again, shouts over her
shoulder)
Mark! Come on! We've got to get
going if you're going to take your
driver's test today.

KEIKO (CONT'D)

(winking at Hiroko and
Daiki)

That will get him up and moving.

We hear a thud then some rustling sounds coming from Mark's
room.

MARK (O.S.)

OK. I'm up.

Hiroko and Daiki chuckle.

DAIKI

I've got some breakfast for you
over on the stove. Help yourself.

Keiko goes to the stove, lifts the lids off of the two
skillets and sees scrambled eggs, hashbrown potatoes, and
bacon.

KEIKO

Daiki, you've outdone yourself.

DAIKI

Oh, and there's hot coffee over
there (points) and orange juice and
milk in the fridge. Plates and cups
are in the cabinet right there.
(points)

KEIKO

Thank you.
(over her shoulder)
Mark!

Mark enters the kitchen.

MARK
I'm here. I'm here. Let's eat
already, and get going.

Hiroko, Daiki, and Keiko all look at each other and chuckle.

INT. DAIKI'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Hiroko and Daiki are sitting in the living room when the front door opens and Keiko and Mark enter with arms and hands full of shopping bags.

As they place the bags down on the floor, both Hiroko and Daiki are looking on intently.

DAIKI
Well?

Mark's face is sullen and glum.

DAIKI (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
Oops.

Suddenly, Mark's face transforms into a huge grin. And he holds out his new license for the two men to see.

MARK
I passed!

DAIKI
That's great!

HIROKO
You had us scared for a moment.

Mark turns to his mother.

MARK
Great plan, Mom. It worked.

Keiko laughs silently.

KEIKO
He did wonderfully - no deductions.

HIROKO
Hai. I though so. Everything else
go OK?

KEIKO

Yes, we started our claim with the insurance company and we got some replacement clothes.

DAIKI

And Hiroko got a new wardrobe, too.

HIROKO

(to Keiko)

Have you heard from the detective?

KEIKO

I called him this afternoon, but he told me they haven't found anything yet. But they're working on it.

HIROKO

Hai.

DAIKI

Well, who's hungry? I'll whip up some teriyaki chicken stirfry and some rice.

MARK

Sounds great!

KEIKO

I'll help.

DAIKI

OK. I'll show you how to do it the true Japanese way.

(chuckles)

I may have moved from Japan a long time ago, but I've never forgotten how to make this dish.

INT. DAIKI'S HOUSE - LATER

Everyone is seated around the kitchen table eating, using chopsticks, laughing, and having a good time.

EXT. DAIKI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hiroko is seated on the front porch swing sipping a cup of coffee. The night air is still - only the sound of the creaking swing and some crickets are heard.

In the distance, the sound of a number of Japanese street hot rods are heard.

Hiroko stands up peers over the handrail in the direction of the subdivision entrance. The car sounds appear to stop at the neighborhood's security shack down the hill. Suddenly, shots are heard and the cars begin to move again.

Hiroko, jolted by what he just heard, runs back into the house.

INT. DAIKI'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Hiroko flings open all the bedroom doors and turns on the bedroom lights, all while shouting.

HIROKO

Get up! Everyone get up! They're coming and will be here in a couple minutes. We've got to go - NOW!

Keiko glances at the alarm clock on the nightstand beside her bed.

KEIKO

It's only 4:30 in the morning.

HIROKO

I know. Get up! We've got to go - NOW!

(shouting)

Everybody to the black Montero in the garage. Hurry!

Daiki runs out into the hallway while putting on his bathrobe. Keiko, wearing pants pajamas, quickly exits her room and pounds on Mark's door to get him moving faster. Mark quickly throws on a pair of jeans and a shirt and grabs his phone.

HIROKO (CONT'D)

Daiki, make sure all the lights to the house are turned off when you come to the garage. We want them to think that we're still asleep

DAIKI

Got it!

As everyone leaves their rooms and head towards the garage, Daiki turns out the lights.

INT. DAIKI'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The black Montero is parked beside Daiki's car, both visible by the dim lightbulb in the overhead garage door opener.

Mark, Keiko, and Daiki are filing into the garage. Hiroko had already opened the garage door and is standing by the driver's door. The high-pitched sound of the souped-up Japanese car engines are getting louder.

HIROKO

Mark, you sit up front with me.
Keiko and Daiki, you sit in the
back.

As they all buckle into their assigned seats, Hiroko starts the engine, which roars to life with a deep-throated growl, and quietly pulls out of the garage, narrowly missing Mark's Montero which was parked behind Daiki's car in the garage. The garage door closes behind them. The black battle-ready Montero stops beside Mark's Montero, headlights off, and waits for just a moment.

Suddenly, the red Nissan GT-R screeches to a stop at the end of the driveway. It just sits there for a second.

Hiroko turns on the bright LED headlights, steps on the accelerator, and the Montero quickly speeds down the driveway, slamming into the side of the GT-R and pushing it into and wrapping it around the light post on the opposite side of the street.

As Hiroko reverses the Montero and backs away from the wrecked GT-R, everyone turns and sees four or five other sets of headlights coming down their street.

INT. BLACK MONTERO - CONTINUOUS

Hiroko quickly turns the Montero in the direction of the oncoming cars and hits the gas pedal.

KEIKO (O.S.)

(panicking)
What are you doing? You're going
towards them.

HIROKO

Who wants to play chicken?

The gang cars quickly move out of the way as the Montero speeds past them. The gang members shoot at the Montero with their weapons as the Montero passes.

Hiroko watches in the rear view mirror as the gang cars turn around and hustle to catch the Montero.

HIROKO (CONT'D)
They got through the security gate.
I think they shot the security
guard. I heard gun shots.

DAIKI
Oh my heavens! Poor Sam.

KEIKO
Mark, give me your phone.

MARK
Huh?

KEIKO
Give me your phone! We've no time
to debate this.

Mark digs his phone out of his pants pocket and hands it to Keiko.

Keiko dials 9-1-1.

9-1-1 OPERATOR (V.O.)
9-1-1. What is your emergency?

KEIKO
(very excited)
Yes, operator, our car is being
chased by a gang in their cars and
they're shooting at us.

The Montero approaches the entrance to the subdivision with the gang cars closing on its tail.

DAIKI (O.S.)
Um... There's a gate ahead.

HIROKO
So there is.

EXT. SUBDIVISION GUARD SHACK - CONTINUOUS

The Montero abruptly slams into the tall steel gate, ripping it from its hinges and flinging it off to the side of the entrance road. Hiroko turns right and races down the 4-lane boulevard.

EXT. SAN JOSE STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The Montero's speedometer reads 80 MPH, but the gang cars are in hot pursuit and gaining.

A blue Mitsubishi Lancer pulls up on the left side of the Montero and begins firing a handgun at the Montero.

INT. BLACK MONTERO - CONTINUOUS

Keiko screams. The bulletproof glass develops some potholes, but holds up fine.

KEIKO
(somewhat hysterical into
the phone)
They're shooting at us!

EXT. SAN JOSE STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Hiroko jerks the steering wheel, swerving the Montero into the side of the Lancer, causing the Lancer to hit its brakes and slow down to get out of the way.

KEIKO (V.O.)
Where am I? Just a moment. Um...
where exactly are we?

DAIKI (V.O.)
Heading South on Peerless Way.

The cars are racing down the street.

KEIKO (O.S.)
We're heading South on Peerless
Way.

DAIKI (O.S.)
I wonder how they found us.

KEIKO (O.S.)
(becoming irritated)
Yes, in San Jose.

INT. BLACK MONTERO - CONTINUOUS

MARK
(quite calm)
I wonder if they might have
followed Mom and me when we
returned from shopping this
afternoon. They do know my Montero.

HIROKO
Hai. Possibly.

The cars are speeding down the boulevard - the Montero
leading, with four or five gang cars close behind.

HIROKO (CONT'D)
(to Mark)
Get ready to kill the lights.

MARK
Huh?

HIROKO
Get ready to kill the lights.

Mark quickly touches an icon on the onboard computer screen.

MARK
Ready.

HIROKO
Go!

The Montero's taillights go black.

HIROKO (CONT'D)
Now, deploy the road spikes.

MARK
Um... road spice... OK.

Mark touches another icon.

EXT. BLACK MONTERO - CONTINUOUS

A roll of road spikes jettisons, falling from the rear
bumper, and immediately unrolls while landing on the street
pavement. The Lancer and a Mazda RX-7 are too close to avoid
hitting the spikes, although they try. The spikes blow out
their tires. Both cars lose control and collide with each
other, each flipping and rolling over.

The gang members in the trailing cars take evasive actions to avoid colliding with the two tumbling cars. Hiroko quickly steers the Montero onto a side street.

INT. AIKO'S SUPRA - CONTINUOUS

Aiko yanks the steering wheel sharply to the left while simultaneously stomping on the brakes. His Supra spins and barely misses the Lancer as it rolls and then slides upside down along the street.

Aiko regains control of his car.

AIKO
(angrily to his passenger)
Where are they? Where'd they go?

PASSENGER 2
I don't know.

EXT. MULTI-LEVEL PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Hiroko turns the Montero into a multi-level parking garage and drives up to the top deck.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Hiroko backs the vehicle into a vacant parking stall in an unlit portion of the parking deck.

DAIKI (V.O.)
It's only a matter of time before
they find us.

HIROKO (V.O.)
Hai. I know.

The sound of the gang cars can be heard searching in the parking garage.

One of the gang cars drives by slowly and stops in front of the Montero when they espy it.

Hiroko steps on the accelerator, t-boning the vehicle and driving it towards the outer half-wall. The force sandwiches the gang's car between the Montero and the wall. Hiroko backs the Montero a few feet then touches an icon on the computer screen. The brush guard on the front of the vehicle opens and becomes forklift prongs. Hiroko moves the Montero forward until the prongs are under the gang car.

Hiroko touches another icon and the forklift prongs begin close back into the brush guard configuration, however, lifting the gang car along with it. Hiroko drives forward again, and the gang car falls over the half-wall, landing upside down on the street below.

Hiroko immediately does a reverse 180 and turns the Montero around so that it is sitting at the far end of the facility, facing the exit ramp.

INT. BLACK MONTERO - CONTINUOUS

As the Montero sits there, two gang cars reach that deck and stop, seeing the Montero staring them down.

HIROKO
(to Mark)
Mark, change places with me. You drive.

MARK
Huh? What?

HIROKO
Hurry! No time for debate.

Mark and Hiroko hurriedly exchange places and get strapped in.

The two gang cars park their vehicles nose-to-nose to block any escape by the Montero. The members exit the vehicles and stand there with their weapons pointed at the Montero.

HIROKO (CONT'D)
Are we ready to exit?

MARK
Ready.

HIROKO
Just ram through them at high speed and then take the exit ramp. Do not hesitate. Do not slow down. Full speed. The Montero can take it, no problem.

Mark nods his head.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Mark steps on the accelerator and the Montero speeds towards the two parked vehicles.

The gang members begin shooting, but the bullets don't impede the Montero's journey. The Montero slams into the two vehicles, spinning them around like toy tops, and sending the exposed gang members flying into the air.

The Montero races down the spiraled exit ramp. Sparks fly as the side of the Montero rubs against the concrete ramp wall. Meeting another gang car enroute down the ramp, the much heavier Montero merely pushes it backwards down the ramp until it crashes into a concrete support pillar at the bottom of the ramp and explodes.

The Montero exits the facility and races down the street.

EXT. SAN JOSE STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

The Montero is speeding down the street, with gang cars once again in pursuit.

INT. BLACK MONTERO - CONTINUOUS

HIROKO
(pointing)
Here, turn into this alley.

Mark abruptly brakes and turns the Montero into a dark alley, the gang car remains tight on the Montero's bumper.

HIROKO (CONT'D)
Here go the LED lights.

Hiroko touches an icon on the computer screen. The icon glows a bright yellow.

HIROKO (CONT'D)
At the end of the alley, turn left,
take the turn as fast as possible.

MARK
OK.

The Montero approaches the end of the alley.

HIROKO
Alright. Here we go.... Lights on!

Hiroko touches the icon on the computer screen, which immediately turns bright red.

EXT. BLACK MONTERO - CONTINUOUS

Intensely bright LED lights flash on along the base and along the top of the rear window. The gang car continues to tailgate the Montero.

INT. BLACK MONTERO - CONTINUOUS

We see the end of the alley just a few feet ahead of the Montero.

HIROKO (V.O.)
And lights off!

Hiroko touches the computer icon again, which turns yellow.

The Montero makes an abrupt left turn at the end of the alley, skidding around the tight corner and bumping a trashcan on the far side of the alley. Keiko lets out a scream.

INT. TRAILING VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

The light blinds the driver of the gang car. He is holding up a hand in an attempt to shield his eyes. When the lights are turned off, he sees nothing but blackness. Shock grips his face when he realizes that he is at the end of the alley. He yanks the steering wheel hard left.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The car fails to make the turn in time, skidding through the intersection and impaling itself on a fire hydrant, which immediately begins a geyser of water.

INT. BLACK MONTERO - CONTINUOUS

Hiroko watches the collision in his mirror, then looks forward again.

HIROKO
Take the next right.

Mark nods and turns the steering wheel.

EXT. SAN JOSE STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The Montero exits the alley and is once again speeding down the street. The gang cars, momentarily slowed, are once again gaining on the Montero.

INT. BLACK MONTERO - CONTINUOUS

Daiki leans forward and points forward.

DAIKI

The freeway entrance is just ahead.

HIROKO

Hai. Mark, take the turn onto the freeway.

Mark makes an abrupt turn and takes the ramp onto the freeway.

EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Montero is racing down the nearly empty freeway, pursued by three gang cars.

As dawn begins to appear, the blue Honda Civic approaches the Montero on the left and lime green Nissan Skyline GT on the right, while the yellow Toyota Supra follows behind. The occupants of the Skyline GT on the right begin shooting at the Montero.

HIROKO

Mark, take them into the wall!

MARK

Huh?

HIROKO

(demonstrating turning the steering wheel to the right)

Take them into the wall.

Mark yanks the steering wheel abruptly to the right.

EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Montero collides with the Skyline GT, compressing the GT between the much heavier Montero and the concrete freeway wall. Brilliant sparks fly from the Nissan as it is squeezed to death.

Mark releases the Montero's death grip on the GT and resumes its race down the freeway. The GT merely coasts to a stop against the barrier wall.

INT. BLACK MONTERO - CONTINUOUS

The Honda Civic on the left also begins shooting at the Montero, but again, with no adverse effect.

HIROKO
Prepare to joust!

Hiroko touches an icon on the computer screen, which turns yellow.

HIROKO (CONT'D)
Mark, that car is too far forward.
Turn into their car. That should
make them slow down a little. Then
when they start catching up again,
we will stick it to them.

MARK
Ready!

HIROKO
OK. GO!

Mark yanks the steering wheel abruptly to the left.

EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Montero collides with the Civic, but the Honda is able to avoid serious impact and slows somewhat.

It picks up speed again and begins to once again come alongside the Montero.

INT. BLACK MONTERO - CONTINUOUS

We see the front of the Civic as it begins to pull up beside the Montero.

HIROKO
Ready... BANZAI!

Hiroko touches the computer screen and the icon turns red.

EXT. BLACK MONTERO - CONTINUOUS

A steel pole is thrust out of the box above the rear bumper and impales the Civic just behind the engine and in front of the passenger door. The impaled car cannot extract itself, and braking does no good. The heavier Montero is merely dragging the Civic along with it.

INT. BLACK MONTERO - CONTINUOUS

Hiroko examines the impaled Civic and sees that it is not able to free itself.

HIROKO

Now, Mark, take the next exit but
keep very close to the barriers on
the left at that exit.

Mark nervously nods his head.

Mark turns the Montero onto an exit ramp, staying far left in the turn lane.

EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The impaled Civic is driven into a group of water barrels, the force of which explodes water in all directions and breaks off the jousting spear and releases the Civic from the Montero.

INT. BLACK MONTERO - CONTINUOUS

Hiroko turns his head and sees the explosion of water and the wrecked Civic "dead in the water". Mark has retained control of the Montero as it slows on the exit ramp.

HIROKO

Great driving!

As the Montero turns right off of the exit ramp onto another 4-lane street, Hiroko looks in his rearview mirror and sees that only one gang car remains in pursuit - the yellow Toyota Supra - Aiko's car.

HIROKO (CONT'D)

OK, Mark, slow down and drive the
speed limit.

The Supra closes in behind the Montero. After the high speed chase, it now feels like they are merely crawling along.

After a few moments, Aiko pulls his Supra up beside the Montero - on the passenger side.

Aiko fires a couple shots towards Hiroko and into the bullet-proof window. Seeing the futility of his action, Aiko shouts through his open window.

AIKO
I'm going to kill you - all of you -
just like I killed your old man -
the cop.

Keiko lets out an audible gasp.

AIKO (CONT'D)
You can't ride around in your
car... or whatever it is... all
day. I'll be waiting for you.

Aiko slows his Supra and resumes a position just a few feet off the rear bumper of the Montero.

Mark turns and looks at Hiroko with a puzzled expression.

Hiroko attempts to reassure Mark.

HIROKO
(to Mark)
Everything will be OK.
(to Daiki)
Did the cameras pick up what he
just said?

DAIKI
Should have, unless they were
somehow damaged, which is unlikely.

HIROKO
Hai. Good.

Hiroko looks in the rear view mirror and sees the Supra riding the Montero's tail. He then notices that some railroad tracks are running parallel with the street they are on, and sees the headlight of a freight train coming towards them.

HIROKO (CONT'D)
(to Mark)
Get ready to turn right at that
next stop light. Cross the train
tracks, and stop just after
crossing the tracks.
(to Daiki)
Which one is for the EMP?

DAIKI
The one in the bottom right corner.

HIROKO
Hai.

DAIKI
It's a two step operation... you
press that icon to select the EMP.
It turns yellow. Then you press it
a second time to activate it - just
like the other icons.

HIROKO
Hai.

Hiroko touches the icon. It turns bright yellow.

HIROKO (CONT'D)
(to Mark)
OK. Turn at the stoplight. Don't
stop until right after you cross
the tracks.

MARK
(looking puzzled)
OK.

Mark turns the Montero onto the side street, one which
crosses the railroad tracks.

With the Supra only a foot or so from the rear of the
Montero, and as soon as the Montero cleared the railroad
tracks, Hiroko shouts.

HIROKO
Now STOP!

Mark slams the brakes on the Montero.

EXT. NEAR TRAIN AND RAILROAD CROSSING - CONTINUOUS

The Montero skids to a stop and the Supra does also in its
attempt to avoid colliding with the Montero. However, the
Supra is now straddling the railroad tracks.

INT. BLACK MONTERO - CONTINUOUS

Hiroko touches the icon on the computer screen a second time -
it turns red. The screen illumination dims for a mere second,
then nothing else is noticed.

Hiroko turns and looks at Daiki, who merely shrugs his shoulders.

DAIKI
It should have worked.

HIROKO
(to Mark)
Go ahead and pull forward.

EXT. NEAR TRAIN AND RAILROAD CROSSING - CONTINUOUS

The Montero slowly moves forward, the Supra doesn't follow.

INT. AIKO'S SUPRA - CONTINUOUS

The Supra has died and Aiko is attempting to restart it, to no avail.

Suddenly, a train horn is heard in the near distance. The railroad crossing gates, lights, and alarms are doing nothing - dead from the EMP.

Aiko looks to his right and sees nothing, then looks to his left to see a freight train rapidly approaching, blaring its horn.

Aiko attempts to open his door, but the electronic door locks will not unlock. He puts his shoulder into the door, but is unable to open it. With both hands on the steering wheel, he scowls at Hiroko, then uses both hands to flip the bird, while simultaneously mouthing, "Fuck you!".

EXT. NEAR TRAIN AND RAILROAD CROSSING - CONTINUOUS

The train T-bones the Supra, shattering it into a thousand pieces and dragging it along as sparks shoot out from the train's wheels as it attempts to brake.

As the train cars pass by, we hear the beeping of phone buttons being pressed and then a phone ringing on the other end of the line.

9-1-1 OPERATOR (V.O.)
9-1-1, what is your emergency?

KEIKO (V.O.)
(voice is somewhat shaky)
There's been a bad accident. A train just hit a car....

EXT. NEAR TRAIN AND RAILROAD CROSSING - LATER

The lights of numerous police cars, fire trucks, and ambulances are all flashing at the crash site. Emergency personnel are all over the place.

The black Montero is parked there, now silent and with Hiroko, Daiki, Keiko, and Mark outside the vehicle and all wrapped in blankets and being interviewed by policemen, as EMT workers are waved away by the four. Detective Kelly is interviewing Keiko.

DETECTIVE KELLY

(to Keiko)

Well, the bullet holes in the vehicle, coupled with the wrecked cars found, and the myriad of 9-1-1 calls received throughout the morning seem to corroborate your story. But we'll need to have you stay in the area until we conclude our investigation.... But you already know that.

Keiko nods her head.

DETECTIVE KELLY (CONT'D)

Oh, by the way, it looks like the phone that called you was a pre-paid throw-away phone, purchased from a shop in South Japantown. It sort of fits in. Just wanted to let you know.

KEIKO

Thanks.

DETECTIVE KELLY

(looking at the black Montero)

Those guys actually made that car?

Keiko nods her head.

DETECTIVE KELLY (CONT'D)

Wow! That's quite some interesting creativity there... Ingenious!

INT. JAPANESE RESTAURANT - NEXT DAY - EVENING

Hiroko, Satoshi, Daiki, Keiko, and Mark are sitting around a table after eating a meal. Keiko holds up a newspaper.

KEIKO

Have you read this yet? Front page story. You guys are heroes.

Satoshi takes the paper from Keiko and quickly scans it.

On the cover of the paper there is a photo of the modified Montero, with the accompanying headline:

**"Suburban Samurai and Sidekicks
Sock it to Local Gang"**

SATOSHI

(to Hiroko)

It says here that you've accomplished what the police have been unable to do for years.

HIROKO

It was not just me. It was all of us.

DAIKI

No, it was your idea and you led the way.

Satoshi puts down the newspaper and raises his glass.

SATOSHI

(standing up)

To the Suburban Samurai.

Everyone but Hiroko raises their glass in toast. Hiroko sits silent, but with a smile on his face.

ALL BUT HIROKO

The Suburban Samurai.

They clink glasses together and drink, along with Hiroko. Although Keiko tries hard, she cannot contain it and she bursts out with laughter, which then infects everyone else.

After the laughter has begun to subside, Keiko stands, holding her glass.

KEIKO

In all seriousness, I cannot thank you gentlemen... and that includes you, too, Mark... for all that you've done... for protecting me and Mark... and probably our entire community. Even though you might not think so, what you did was truly heroic. Thank you.

She holds out her glass in a toast.

KEIKO (CONT'D)
 (nodding towards Satoshi
 and Daiki)
 To my friends...
 (nodding towards Hiroko
 and Mark)
 And my family.

ALL
 (raising their glasses)
 To friends and family.

They clink their glasses together.

INT. DAIKI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is dark and Daiki, Hiroko, Keiko, and Mark are all asleep.

Suddenly, the front door explodes open from a heavy battering ram. A dozen or so men run in, clad in black and equipped with tactical gear (helmets, body armor, etc.), and with weapons drawn and flashlights wildly scouring the entire room. The letters ICE are printed on the back of their body armor. Most of the combatants run down the hallway and simultaneously and violently throw open each of the bedroom doors, flick on the bedroom lights, and enter the rooms.

In Keiko's room, three of the armed men (ICE TEAM 1) enter, surround Keiko's bed, with weapons aimed at Keiko.

ICE TEAM 1
 (shouting)
 United States Immigration and
 Customs Enforcement! Put your hands
 in the air!

Keiko, being so abruptly and rudely awakened, sits up in her bed.

KEIKO
 What the hell?

ICE TEAM 1
 (shouting)
 Do not move! Put your hands in the
 air!

Keiko, seeing the weapons aimed at her, reluctantly complies.

In Mark's room, they do the same as three armed men (ICE TEAM 2) surround Mark's bed with weapons aimed at him.

ICE TEAM 2
(shouting)
United States Immigration and
Customs Enforcement! Put your hands
in the air!

Mark, also being abruptly awakened and blinded by the sudden lights, sits up and rubs his eyes, then looking wide eyed in terror as the same orders are shouted at him.

ICE TEAM 2 (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Put your hands in the air where we
can see them!

Mark complies.

In Daiki's room, the procedure is repeated, and the three men (ICE TEAM 3) surround his bed with weapons aimed at him.

ICE TEAM 3
(shouting)
United States Immigration and
Customs Enforcement! Put your hands
in the air!

Daiki is jolted awake and sits up in his bed, nearly falling out of his bed and onto the floor. He squints at the three men due to the sudden bright illumination in the room.

ICE TEAM 3 (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Do not move! Put your hands in the
air where we can see them!

Daiki complies.

ICE TEAM 3 (CONT'D)
(forcibly)
Mister Hiroko Ono?

DAIKI
(shaking his head)
No. I am Daiki.

ICE TEAM 3
(forcibly)
Do not move!

In Hiroko's room, the procedure is the same, with three men (ICE TEAM 4) surrounding his bed with weapons aimed at him.

ICE TEAM 4
 (shouting)
 United States Immigration and
 Customs Enforcement! Put your hands
 in the air!

Hiroko is startled awake and sits up in his bed, squinting at the three men due to the sudden bright illumination in the room.

ICE TEAM 3
 (shouting)
 Do not move! Put your hands in the
 air where we can see them!

Hiroko silently complies.

ICE TEAM 3 (CONT'D)
 (forcibly)
 Mister Hiroko Ono?

HIROKO
 Hai... Yes.

ICE TEAM 3
 (forcibly)
 We are taking you into custody for
 deportation.

Keiko, sitting on her bed in her bedroom hears the directive given to Hiroko and immediately attempts to get out of bed. One of the ICE TEAM 1 members grabs Keiko's arm and forces her back down onto her bed.

KEIKO
 (angrily)
 I am an attorney and I know my
 rights. You cannot come in here
 like this without a warrant. Show
 me the warrant.
 (now shouting)
 SHOW ME THE WARRANT!

One of the ICE TEAM 1 members nods to the man closest to the door. That man leaves the room.

KEIKO (CONT'D)
 (angrily)
 We are Americans. You cannot treat
 us this way. SHOW ME THE WARRANT!

The ICE TEAM 1 member returns with another individual (ICE SUPERVISOR). The supervisor pulls a piece of paper from his pocket and holds it out in front of Keiko.

As Keiko reaches for the document, the supervisor withdraws the document, refolds it, and puts it back into his pocket.

KEIKO (CONT'D)
I know my rights and I demand to
read that warrant.

SUPERVISOR
I know the law, too. And all I'm
required to do is show you the
warrant. Nothing says I have to let
you read it... at least not now.

KEIKO
(still angry)
That's a bunch of bull shit! And
you know it!

ICE TEAM 3 escorts Hiroko, still clad in his pajamas, down the hallway, hands handcuffed behind his back. As they pass by Keiko's bedroom door, Hiroko pauses for a moment.

HIROKO
(to Keiko)
Do not fight them. It will be OK.

The house soon empties of all the ICE personnel.

Keiko runs into Mark's bedroom, sits on the side of his bed, and hugs him close. She begins to weep.

MARK
What will happen to grandpa?

KEIKO
I don't really know. Worst case, he
gets sent back to Japan.

MARK
But I don't want him to go.

KEIKO
I know... me neither. We have to
see what we can do to stop this.

INT. ICE FACILITY, SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

A buzzer sounds as a door is electronically unlocked to allow Keiko to enter a large room furnished with tables and chairs - all empty. She flinches as the door loudly bangs closed behind her. She nervously paces around the room.

The buzzer sounds again and a door on the opposite side of the room opens. Hiroko, clad in a blue jump suit, enters the room and walks towards Keiko. The door he came through also closes with a loud bang.

When Hiroko reaches Keiko, they embrace.

Hiroko motions for Keiko to sit at one of the tables. She takes a seat, and he sits down on the chair on the opposite side of the table. She grasps his hands.

KEIKO
(somewhat nervously)
How are you?

HIROKO
Me? I am fine.

KEIKO
Are they treating you OK?

HIROKO
Hai. OK.

KEIKO
I spoke with a friend of mine who practices in Immigration Law, and asked if he would help us. He said he would look into this situation and get back to me on what we should do.

HIROKO
I appreciate that.

KEIKO
I'm going to do everything I can to get you out of here and back home with us.

HIROKO
I know.

KEIKO
Until then, please keep a low profile, and keep your eyes open for potential problems. There's a lot of trouble-makers locked up in here with you and I don't want you to get hurt.

HIROKO
I understand.

KEIKO

I feel so bad that this happened
and that we've caused you all these
problems.

HIROKO

It is no problem.

KEIKO

(tears beginning to well
up in her eyes)
Dad, I'm so sorry that I have
treated you the way I have...
running away from you to America,
and despising you for so long. I
was wrong. You're a great dad. Can
you ever forgive me?

HIROKO

There is nothing to forgive. I am
the one who needs to be forgiven
for believing *ganbaru* was the way
to live. It was me who pushed you
away. And I am terribly sorry.

KEIKO

All is forgiven. I just wish we
wouldn't have put you in harm's way
these past few weeks. I wish it
would have been different.

HIROKO

I would do it all over again for
you and Mark.

KEIKO

I know you would, Dad. And that's
why I love you.

HIROKO

And I, you.

KEIKO

Please keep your spirits up. We'll
get you out of here as soon as we
can.

HIROKO

Hai. I know you will. Thank you.

INT. JAPANESE RESTAURANT - EVENING

Keiko, Mark, Satoshi, and Daiki are all seated around a table, eating their meal.

SATOSHI

So, what's the latest on Hiroko? I haven't seen him in quite some time now. Is he surviving OK?

KEIKO

I try to visit him about every three or four days. He seems to be in good spirits.

SATOSHI

That's good to hear, but...

(chuckling)

I'll bet he's getting fat on all that lousy food they serve there.

DAIKI

I wouldn't wager that he's getting fat - probably losing weight.

SATOSHI

What?! It isn't Japanese food... food that not only tastes good, but is good for you. They serve all that junk food there.

DAIKI

How would you know? Have you been there?

SATOSHI

No, but it's government run, so I'm pretty confident.

(to Keiko)

Any idea as to how long he'll be there?

KEIKO

According to my friend, who is an immigration attorney, it could be months.

DAIKI

Wow! I wonder why so long.

KEIKO

I was told that there is such a backlog of cases that it just takes such a long time.

MARK

Mom, do you think that he'll really get deported?

KEIKO

I don't know, but my friend believes it's highly probable.

MARK

Why? He didn't do anything wrong.

KEIKO

I know that and you know that, but trying to convince the government is a whole different matter.

MARK

It's not fair.

KEIKO

No, it's not. But right now, that's what we have to live with. I believe that if the I.N.S. wasn't so overloaded with all the people coming across the Mexican border, it would be a completely different story.

SATOSHI

Well, I miss the old goat. And I hope he's doing OK there.

DAIKI

He's got a great mind. I'm sure he'll make use of it to keep himself safe and sane.

KEIKO

I'll be sure to keep you both updated on his status.

DAIKI

Thank you. I would appreciate that.

SATOSHI

Yeah. Me too. Thanks.

INT. DAIKI'S HOUSE - EVENING - A FEW DAYS LATER

Daiki, Keiko, and Mark are seated around the kitchen table finishing their dinner.

The doorbell rings.

DAIKI
 (looking somewhat
 perplexed)
 I wonder who that could be.

Daiki gets up and goes to the front door of his house and opens it. Standing on the front porch is Hiroko, dressed in a nice looking suit.

Daiki just stands there, speechless.

KEIKO
 (from the kitchen)
 Who is it, Daiki?

HIROKO
 May I come in?

DAIKI
 Of course, my good friend. Please
 come in.
 (calling out to Keiko and
 Mark)
 It's Hiroko.

KEIKO
 What?

Both Keiko and Mark jump up and hurry into the living room to find Hiroko standing there.

Keiko races over and gives Hiroko a huge hug, as does Mark.

Keiko abruptly breaks her hug and takes a step back.

KEIKO (CONT'D)
 (with a questioning look)
 What... what are you doing here?
 How are you here?

Mark releases his hug, takes a step back, and listens intently.

DAIKI
 You didn't break out of detention,
 did you?

HIROKO
 (chuckling)
 Oh, no. I was released just this
 afternoon.

KEIKO
 How?... Why?

HIROKO
(shrugging his shoulders)
I don't really know. All I know is
that I was called out, given a
garment bag containing this new
suit and shoes, and handed this
envelope.

Hiroko holds out a 9x11 brown envelope.

Keiko takes the envelope, opens it, and retrieves a letter
and a check.

CLOSE ON LETTER

The letterhead on the letter said:

WAYNE ENTERPRISES
Gotham City

Keiko reads the letter aloud for everyone to hear.

KEIKO
Dear Mr. Ono,

After reading about you in the
paper and seeing the photo of your
vehicle, I was intrigued and I
investigated your situation. I
liked what I discovered and I
believe you would be a valued
addition to my team. Please call my
trusted associate, Mr. Lucius Fox,
at your earliest convenience to
discuss your future role within our
organization.

To expedite your joining our team,
I made a few phone calls and
convinced some key players to see
things my way. You have been placed
on the fast-track for U.S.
citizenship - likely within the
next month. Congratulations!

Very Truly Yours,

Bruce Wayne

PS. I purchased your Montero from
the impound lot and have enclosed a
check to you for that purchase.

PSS. I hope you like the suit.

Keiko examines the check.

KEIKO (CONT'D)
(awestruck)
Oh my!... This check is for five
hundred thousand dollars.

HIROKO
(grinning broadly)
That should help pay to rebuild
your house and for Mark's college
education.

Keiko, with face beaming and tears beginning to form, gives
Hiroko another big hug.

KEIKO
Dad, I don't know how I can ever
thank you.

MARK
Are you going to take that job,
Grandpa?

HIROKO
I will call Mr. Fox and we will see
what happens. But I will not go
until after I am a U.S. citizen.

MARK
This is way cool! Do you even know
who Bruce Wayne is?

HIROKO
No idea.

MARK
He's only the richest man in the
whole world.

HIROKO
Hai. Maybe richest with money, but
not richest in family and friends.
That would be me.

Hiroko nods to Mark, Keiko, and Daiki.

HIROKO (CONT'D)
Anyway, is there anything to eat?
I am starving for some GOOD food.

Everyone laughs as they lead Hiroko into the Kitchen.