

SUBURBAN SAMURAI

Written by

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ONSCREEN TEXT:

*Kyoto, Japan*  
*1946*

(IN BLACK AND WHITE).

(Dialog in opening scene in Japanese, but subtitled)

INT. MITSUBISHI FACTORY - DAY

A small 6-year old Japanese boy (CHILD HIROKO ONO) walks alongside his mother (KAZUKO ONO) (mid-20s) near the automobile assembly line.

Hiroko wears a blue ribbon attached to his white shirt.

A worker smiles and waves to him as they walk by.

WORKER 1  
Hello, Hiroko.

A second worker nearby also turns and smiles and waves to Hiroko.

WORKER 2  
Hi, Hiroko.

Hiroko and his mother approach the foreman's office.

INT. FOREMAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A group of six men, all dressed in dark suits, are examining BLUEPRINTS on a large table. One turns his head and sees Hiroko.

WORKER 3  
Hey, Hiroko.

This alerts the others to Hiroko's presence and they all turn to look at him. Smiles cross their faces - all except one man (MINATO ONO) (mid-30s, balancing himself on crutches and one leg).

Minoto hobbles over to Kazuko to speak with her privately while Hiroko is greeted by the other men.

MINATO  
What is he doing here?

KAZUKO

He came to show you his scholarship award from his school.

MINOTO

Fine... Great... But you must leave now. We are very busy.

KAZUKO

Can't he stay and watch you work for a little while?

MINOTO

No. I don't have time to watch him. Like I said, we are very busy.

Kazuko nods towards the other men in the room.

KAZUKO

They all seem to have enough time to allow Hiroko to watch them and they're teaching him so much about cars.

MINOTO

I know... and I'm sorry... but I must work twice as hard as them to keep my job and I'm just too busy. You and the boy must go... Now!

Kazuko nods her head in understanding then walks over to Hiroko and taps him on the shoulder.

KAZUKO

(in English)

You need to fasten your seatbelt.

The boy gives a puzzled look. She taps Hiroko on the shoulder once again and repeats herself.

KAZUKO (CONT'D)

(in English)

You need to fasten your seatbelt.

FADE TO:

(IN COLOR)

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

The wise, yet overworked eyes of an 80-year old Japanese man (HIROKO ONO) flash open as he is nudged on his shoulder by a FEMALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT (30).

FEMALE 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 humbly nods his head in response.

HIROKO  
 Hai.

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

INT. SFO TERMINAL - DAY

Hiroko, medium build, shuffles down the terminal hallway,  
 following the herd towards the Customs and Immigration  
 station. He stands in the queue to present his passport.

The IMMIGRATION OFFICER motions Hiroko forward.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER  
 NEXT.

Hiroko steps forward and presents his passport. The officer's  
 eyes dart between the booklet and Hiroko.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER (CONT'D)  
 What is the purpose of your visit?

HIROKO  
 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 police officer in  
 San Jose. Shot dead last week.

The Immigration Officer studies Hiroko for a couple seconds  
 more, types something into his computer. After a moment, he  
 stamps Hiroko's passport and returns his passport.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER  
 (stoic, unemotional)  
 My condolences. Enjoy your stay.

EXT. SFO TERMINAL - AFTERNOON

Hiroko stands in the queue a taxi. It's his turn. The TAXI DRIVER (50), thin and tired, puts Hiroko's suitcase in the trunk while Hiroko enters the back seat. The driver enters the vehicle and slams his door closed.

TAXI DRIVER

Where to?

Hiroko hands the cab driver a piece of paper.

The driver quickly examines the document.

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)

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

HIROKO

Hai. It's okay.

EXT. SAN JOSE - LATER

With its windows down, the taxi drives down Sunnyvale Saratoga Road.

The taxi waits 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 RAP MUSIC rattles both vehicles.

The driver of the Supra, AIKO YAMATA (30), a tall Japanese man with a near constant sneer and an attitude as big as a wild bull, glares at Hiroko then flashes a BLACK UZI.

TAXI DRIVER

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

With the light still red, the Supra and Skyline GT suddenly SQUEAL through the intersection, leaving in their wake a curtain of SMOKE from their tires and a chorus of SCREECHING TIRES and CAR HORNS from the cross traffic.

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

EXT. SATOSHI'S HOUSE - EVENING

The cab pulls up in front of a small house in a quiet residential neighborhood.

The 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  
Okay. Thanks.

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 KOBAYASHI) (80), Santa Claus without a beard or red suit, comes out to greet Hiroko.

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

HIROKO  
Hai. And me, you.

Satoshi takes the suitcase handle from Hiroko.

SATOSHI  
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.

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.

(MORE)

SATOSHI (CONT'D)  
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  
(beat)  
She died a couple 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  
(beat)  
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 twenty years  
ago.

HIROKO  
Hai... a long time. And you worked at  
DuPont... on Kevlar project?

SATOSHI  
Yes, and although I enjoyed working  
at Mitsubishi, I just couldn't pass  
up the offer DuPont gave me here.  
You know, Kevlar is an interesting  
material that can be used for many  
different purposes... and I could  
talk for hours about that...

(MORE)

SATOSHI (CONT'D)  
 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 stand. Satoshi grabs the handle of the large suitcase and tows it down the hallway, leading Hiroko.

EXT. LARGE CHURCH - DAY

BAGPIPES play in the background as do the BELLS from the church tower.

Hiroko stands on the steps of a large church. The steps are lined with uniformed police officers.

A Japanese woman (KEIKO RUCKER) (40), tall, thin, very easy on the eyes, and dressed in a black business suit stands next to Hiroko.

On the other side of the Keiko stands a slight, long-haired, good-looking fifteen-year-old boy (MARK RUCKER) (African American - Japanese hybrid), engulfed in a black suit.

All eyes watch as EIGHT UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS carry a FLAG-DRAPED COFFIN down the steps towards the black hearse.

The POLICE CHIEF escorts Keiko, Mark, and Hiroko to a black limo parked immediately behind the hearse. The FUNERAL DIRECTOR holds the door open as they enter the vehicle. He then closes the door.

The police chief gives a quiet nod to the funeral director, who then circles the vehicle and gets in the driver's seat. The procession of vehicles pulls away from the curb.

EXT. CEMETERY - LATER

Hiroko, Keiko, Mark, and Keiko's African American IN-LAWS sit near the casket at the gravesite. Other FRIENDS and FAMILY stand 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 noise generated by half dozen customized Japanese cars, including the yellow Supra and the lime green Skyline GT, sitting just outside the cemetery fence.

The vehicles REV THEIR ENGINES, HONK their horns, and play LOUD POUNDING RAP MUSIC, with a number of JAPANESE YOUNG MEN (mid-20s) leaning against their vehicles, smoking, LAUGHING and making obscene gestures.

The Police Chief turns to an OFFICER standing nearby.

POLICE CHIEF  
Get those sons of bitches away from  
here!

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

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 nods her head in acknowledgment.

EXT. CEMETERY, BY THE VEHICLES - LATER

After the graveside service, as they stand near the parked vehicles, Hiroko asks the Police Chief:

HIROKO  
Was that Yakuza?

POLICE CHIEF  
No. That's just some Yakuza wanna-be's... Just a bunch of local punks.

Hiroko nods his head.

HIROKO  
I see. Thank you.

The Police Chief nods his head in return.

INT. KEIKO'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

The house is a buzz of activity. PEOPLE, dressed in funeral attire mill about, talking and eating.

INT. KEIKO'S KITCHEN - SAME

Hiroko and Satoshi stand silently near a doorway in the kitchen, each holding a beverage in a cup. They both quickly turn their heads as they suddenly hear the sound of RAP MUSIC escapes one of the bedrooms as the door opens.

Mark, now barefoot and dressed in baggy pajama bottoms and a tee shirt, exits the bedroom and enters the kitchen, passing between Hiroko and Satoshi.

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

INT. KEIKO'S LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Hiroko and Satoshi sit in the living room as the last of the visitors leave. Keiko closes the door behind them. She then quietly walks into the kitchen. Hiroko stands and follows.

INT. KEIKO'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

As Keiko stands 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 see me for *seijinshiki*? No! Or my graduation? No! You were never there. You abandoned both *hahaoya* & me.

To be honest, I don't know how she put up with it.

(MORE)

KEIKO (CONT'D)

I wrote letters, but only *hahaoya* wrote me back - 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 - EVENING

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

SATOSHI

Hiroko, what Keiko said....

Hiroko walks towards his bedroom.

HIROKO

(sad and depressed)  
Good night, Satoshi.

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

INT. HIROKO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

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 TO:

MONTAGE. (BLACK AND WHITE)

(NOTE: dialog is in Japanese with English subtitles)

INT. HIROKO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

HIROKU (45), dressed in a business suit, enters his small house. A child's DANCE OUTFIT (tutu) on a table. Hiroko's wife (KIOSHI ONO) (35) is washing some dishes. She turns and looks at Hiroko with a sad face and shakes her head.

KIOSHI

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

HIROKO

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.

INT. HIROKO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kioshi (40) irons clothes as Hiroko (50) enters the house. A girl's one-piece SWIMSUIT is draped over a cord stretched over the kitchen sink. She stops ironing and looks at him with a scowl on her face.

KIOSHI

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

HIROKO

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.

INT. HIROKO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hiroko (60) enters the house. A beautiful KIMONO hangs on a hanger. Kioshi (50) sitting, 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 major 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?

INT. HIROKO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hiroko (61) enters the house and sees LARGE BOXES in the living room. He passes Keiko's room, empty of all her personal items. Kioshi (51) is in the kitchen area cleaning dishes with her back to Hiroko when he enters the room.

HIROKO  
 Where's Keiko?

KIOSHI  
 She's gone.

HIROKO  
 Gone? Gone where?

Kioshi turns around with tear streaks on her face.

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

END MONTAGE.

FADE TO:

(COLOR)

INT. HIROKO'S BEDROOM, PRESENT DAY - NIGHT

Hiroko awakens with a start and sits up in bed. The CLOCK on the night stand reads 2:46.

He turns on the lamp, illuminating the TEARS running down his cheeks.

INT. SATOSHI'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Satoshi sits at the kitchen table. 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.

HIROKO  
 No.

SATOSHI  
 Because of what Keiko said yesterday?

HIROKO  
 Ummm....

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

HIROKO  
 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. Thank you.

EXT. KEIKO'S HOUSE - DAY

Satoshi and Hiroko stand 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.

Hiroko nods his approval.

HIROKO

Hai.

Hiroko walks up to the front door and presses the doorbell button - DOORBELL CHIMES are heard from within the house.

Mark opens the door and peers out at Hiroko, then shouts over his shoulder.

MARK

MOM, IT'S GRANDPA.

As Keiko approaches the front door, Mark turns and heads for his bedroom. He closes his door. Loud MUFFLED RAP MUSIC is heard coming from within his room.

KEIKO

(frustrated)

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

(frustrated)

Come on in.

INT. KEIKO'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

After Keiko closes the front door, Shatoshi is seen through the front window driving away.

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

KEIKO

(beat)

Well, what do you want to talk about?

Hiroko hesitates.

HIROKO

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 truly regret that.

Keiko's eyes get teary.

KEIKO

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.

(beat)

I thought *ganbaru* 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* - what we here call "Death by Work."

HIROKO

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. Your *hahaoya* kept telling me my priorities were all wrong, and 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.

(beat)

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

KEIKO

(beat)

I don't know.

(MORE)

KEIKO (CONT'D)

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

I see. And, you? How are you doing?

KEIKO

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

HIROKO

Hai. I see. That is good.

KEIKO

But, dad...

(beat)

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

(beat)

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.

(beat)

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 - MORNING

Hiroko sits at the kitchen table nursing a cup of coffee. Keiko, dressed in a business suit, comes into the kitchen and pours 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, casually attired, 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.

Mark exits the house without saying a word.

Keiko looks at Hiroko with a look of frustration.

Hiroko nods his head.

HIROKO

Do not worry. I will get Mark.

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

INT. JAPANESE RESTAURANT - DAY

Hiroko sits at a table with Satoshi. Empty plates 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 music.

SATOSHI

Yeah, but so do all other teenagers these days.

HIROKO

Hai.

SATOSHI  
You just might have to just ask him.

HIROKO  
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 nods his head.

SATOSHI (CONT'D)  
(chuckling)  
However, he might not want to ride  
with two old goats.

HIROKO  
True.

SATOSHI  
But at least we'll give it a shot.

HIROKO  
Hai. Give it a shot.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

Hiroko and Satoshi sit in Satoshi's car, watching as students  
exit the building.

Mark exits and Hiroko points to him.

They watch as he turns and begins walking down the sidewalk  
away from the school building.

A group of six Asian TEEN BOYS appear and surround Mark. They  
start pushing and shoving Mark. One of the teens (TEEN), the  
apparent leader of the group, grabs the strap of Mark's  
backpack, attempting to rip it off Mark's shoulders.

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

Mark initially attempts to retain possession of his backpack,  
but ultimately releases it.

The teen tosses the backpack to another in the group, who immediately opens it and dumps books, papers, and other items onto the ground.

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 does no real damage and he and the others immediately begin pummeling Mark.

Mark falls to the sidewalk pavement, curling up in the fetal position as the 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, stop kicking Mark and swing at Hiroko and Satoshi, missing at first, but ultimately 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 laughing.

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

Hiroko hands Mark a handkerchief.

HIROKO

You okay?

Mark nods as he wipes some blood from his lip.

HIROKO (CONT'D)

(to Satoshi)

You okay?

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 - a FLIER announcing a *BATTLEBOTS GLADIATOR FIGHT*.

HIROKO  
 (to Mark)  
 What is this?

Mark grabs the paper from Hiroko.

MARK  
 It's nothing that would concern you.

HIROKO  
 Hai. Okay, we take you home.

Hiroko and Satoshi lead Mark to the car.

INT. KEIKO'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

CHOPPING is heard in the kitchen. The door opens and Keiko enters the house. She sets her handbag down on a chair and enters the kitchen.

INT. KEIKO'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Hiroko stands, facing away from Keiko, chopping vegetables and inserting them into a pan of SIZZLING 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 soon 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.

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 places a steaming dish of stir-fry 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)  
What happened to you two?

HIROKO  
(nonchalantly)  
We trip on sidewalk coming from school and fall.

KEIKO  
That's a load of crap!

She looks at Mark.

KEIKO (CONT'D)  
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 glances back and forth between Hiroko and Mark.

KEIKO  
I know that that's a lie. Tomorrow, I'm going to contact the school and get to the bottom of this.

HIROKO  
No need. Nothing happened. It's all okay.

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

Keiko glares at Hiroko as they begin filling their plates.

INT. KEIKO'S GARAGE - EVENING

Hiroko is in the large two-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 okay.

MARK

What are you doing?

HIROKO

Getting inventory of all 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

At school?

MARK

Yeah. In our technology club.

HIROKO

I see.

MARK

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

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

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.  
(beat)  
Dad would try to attend, but mom never does.

HIROKO

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 smile comes to Hiroko's face.

INT. KEIKO'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Hiroko sits at the kitchen table nursing a cup of coffee.  
Keiko enters, in a different 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 doing  
Saturday. Maybe you and I could go  
watch?

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

HIROKO  
I see.

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

HIROKO  
(somewhat disappointed)  
Hai.

Keiko shouts over her shoulder.

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 out the door.

KEIKO (CONT'D)  
 Okay. 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 sits quietly in the stands among many rowdy CHEERING FANS/SPECTATORS.

Sixteen battlebots are arranged along the perimeter of the 24' x 24' arena - four along each side - and are being INTRODUCED by an ANNOUNCER one-by-one. Each bot moves 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, CLANGING into each other, tossing and flipping each other, and generally destroying each other. It's a scaled-down demolition derby.

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, 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 spears and fork-lift prongs to quickly right itself.

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

A much larger opponent suddenly 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 jab, but it cannot extract itself. The fight is over for Dead Reckoning.

We see Mark and his teammates' gloomy faces.

Moments later, a victor is announced.

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

Half the crowd cheers.

INT. BATTLEBOT ARENA - MOMENTS LATER

Mark's team recovers their vehicle. Their faces show they are dejected at their loss, but their faculty COACH attempts to encourage them. He slaps each team member on the back.

COACH  
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 and nods toward their battlebot.

HIROKO  
You boys design that?

Mark nods his head.

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

Mark again nods his head.

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

MARK  
You think so?

Hiroko places his hand on Mark's shoulder.

HIROKO  
Hai. I think so.

MARK  
Thanks.

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

INT. KEIKO'S GARAGE - DAY

An old 2006 Mitsubishi Montero is 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  
What the...?

Hearing the noise of the tools, Mark calls out.

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

Hiroko, wearing a coverall jumpsuit, stands 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. Kobayoshi.

SATOSHI  
Please call me Satoshi.

Mark nods.

MARK

What are you guys doing?

HIROKO

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

MARK

You and Mr. Kobayashi? - I mean  
Satoshi?

HIROKO

Hai. Satoshi and me and you.

MARK

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

HIROKO

You build robot, no?

MARK

Yeah, but this is a car.

HIROKO

Think of it just as 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

Yeah, the Montero was his baby...  
from start to finish.

Hiroko tosses Mark a new set of coveralls.

HIROKO

(grinning)

Here, you put these on. We start  
school today.

MONTAGE.

- Hiroko and Mark work under the hood. Hiroko hands Mark a  
COMBINATION WRENCH. Mark looks somewhat perplexed.

Hiroko nods 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 works a SOCKET WRENCH while Hiroko looks on.

- Hiroko and Mark stand at the front of the Montero. Hiroko holds a SERPENTINE BELT and illustrates how it wraps around all the pulleys.

- Hiroko and Mark sit beside a front wheel well, tire removed. Hiroko points to different components of the DISK BRAKE ASSEMBLY.

- Hiroko and Mark stand at the front of the Montero. Hiroko shows Mark how to use a FEELER GAUGE to test the gap on a sparkplug.

- Hiroko shows Mark how to apply a BONDO PATCH to a damaged fender.

- Everything in the garage is covered by tarps, except the Montero. Hiroko shows Mark how to use a COMPRESSOR SPRAYER to paint the vehicle, using long arm sweeps when spraying.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. KEIKO'S HOUSE - 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 parking on the street in front of the house. As she walks up the driveway, Hiroko, Satoshi, and Mark stand beside the closed garage door - all three grinning.

Mark holds a remote garage door opener and presses the button.

As the door slowly begins to raise, Hiroko presses a button on a remote starter FOB.

The MONTERO STARTS, projecting a nice THROATY HUM.

After the door completes its journey, Hiroko enters the vehicle and backs it out of the garage. 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 the vehicle.

KEIKO

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)

It looks wonderful! You did a terrific job.

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

Keiko then also gives Hiroko a hug, whispering in his ear.

KEIKO (CONT'D)

Thank you!

She continues her inspection as she slowly circles the car.

MARK

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

KEIKO

(smiles)

Yes, I would. Thank you very much. So, what's next?

SATOSHI

We drive it. Let's go.

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

INT./EXT. MONTERO - RESIDENTIAL STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The car moves 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 and rides like a new car.

HIROKO  
(to Mark)  
This will be yours when you get license.

MARK  
Really?! I get my permit next week.

KEIKO  
But that permit only allows you to learn how to drive. 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  
Well... We'll see.

MONTAGE.

EXT. VACANT PARKING LOT - DAY

- Hiroko and Mark sit in the Montero in a vacant shopping mall parking lot. Hiroko shows Mark proper hand positions on the steering wheel.
- Mark drives slowly around the lot, maneuvering around orange traffic cones.
- Hiroko shows Mark hand-over-hand steering technique.
- Mark attempts to parallel park, but hits the orange cone.
- Hiroko uses hand gestures to show Mark how and when to turn the wheels in order to parallel park.
- Hiroko shows 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 successfully parallel parks without hitting any orange cones.
- At the vacant parking lot. The pavement is wet from a recent rain. The Montero executes a perfect reverse 180.
- Hiroko, in the drivers seat, explains how to do a reverse 180.
- The Montero does another reverse 180. Mark, this time in the driver's seat and with a huge grin on his face. He gives a high-five to a smiling Hiroko.

END MONTAGE.

INT./EXT. SAN JOSE - DAY

Hiroko drives the Montero down the center lane of the six-lane Sunnyvale Saratoga Road. Mark rides shotgun.

Suddenly four cars of the Japanese gang appear - the YELLOW SUPRA, the lime green SKYLINE GT, a BLUE HONDA CIVIC, and a RED 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.

GT-R DRIVER

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

GT-R PASSENGER

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

SKYLINE GT DRIVER

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

SKYLINE GT PASSENGER

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 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. The GT brakes hard to avoid a collision and reluctantly allows the larger Montero to occupy the right lane.

The gang cars continue to HONK and YELL at Hiroko as he turns the Montero into the Autozone parking lot. However, the gang cars continue on straight and disappear.

INT. AUTOZONE - MOMENTS LATER

Hiroko stands at the service counter, talking with the STORE CLERK while Mark examines items at the end of one of the aisles.

STORE CLERK

You said that was for a 2006 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.

Aiko Yamata, walks up and stands close behind Hiroko. The other gang members surround Hiroko. One member pushes some items off of the check-out counter.

Aiko leans down and speaks softly into Hiroko's ear.

AIKO

Nice car, *Rojin*. You need to learn how to drive better. You almost damaged my boy's car.

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 no one here will 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 hurries to the counter and helps Hiroko pick up the items that were knocked onto the floor.

The store clerk returns from the rear of the store.

STORE CLERK

Sorry, we don't have that in stock.

HIROKO

Hai. No problem.

EXT. AUTOZONE - MOMENTS LATER

Hiroko and Mark exit the store and are about to enter their vehicle. Hiroko tosses Mark the keys.

HIROKO

You drive.

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

INT./EXT. MONTERO - SAN JOSE - MOMENTS LATER

Mark drives the Montero down a broad four-lane avenue.

MARK

What happened in there?

HIROKO

Oh, nothing. Just a few guys  
admiring the Montero.

MARK

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

HIROKO

Of what? Them?

He chuckles.

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 MIRROR ON THE PASSENGER DOOR and observes the four gang vehicles turning from a side street onto the avenue behind him, then quickly accelerate until they are right behind the Montero.

Mark sees them in his mirror.

MARK

(nervous)

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. The 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 bumper.

The Civic isn't as quick and, even with tires SCREECHING, it BANGS into the rear of the Montero, crunching the front end and creasing the hood. Hiroko and Mark both receive a little jolt.

HIROKO (CONT'D)  
You okay?

Mark nods his head.

MARK  
Yeah.

HIROKO  
You did good - stopping quick.

Mark just nods his head.

HIROKO (CONT'D)  
In America, what do you do when in 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 as he dials 9-1-1 and puts it on speaker phone.

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

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

Aiko exits the driver's side of the Supra and briefly stops to examine the inches between the Montero and the Supra's rear bumper.

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

MARK (O.C.)  
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 undamaged.

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

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

MARK (O.C.)  
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 walks back towards his Supra.

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

MARK (O.C.)  
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 looks at Aiko with a stoic look on his face.

AIKO  
What's up, *Rojin*?

HIROKO  
We call police to report accident.

9-1-1 OPERATOR (V.O. PHONE)  
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 re-enters his car and all four cars speed away.

HIROKO  
You okay?

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 sit with another old Japanese friend, DAIKI WATANABI (80) and talk after finishing their lunch.

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

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 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. Other part - about 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  
What? You're kidding, aren't you?

HIROKO  
No. Why not build one?

DAIKI  
Wait... build a tank?

HIROKO  
Maybe not tank, but tank car.

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

DAIKI  
(to Hiroko)  
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?

(MORE)

SATOSHI (CONT'D)  
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  
Okay. 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  
Okay. Daiki, you work on finding us  
a location. I'll work on finding a  
decent Montero... which could be a  
little problem since the Montero  
wasn't sold in the US after 2006.  
And Hiroko, you work on designing  
this tank car.

HIROKO  
Old Montero will be fine.

DAIKI  
Sounds like a plan.

They each take their water glasses and CLINK them together as  
in a toast.

INT. KEIKO'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Hiroko sits, working at a large drafting table in the garage,  
placed in a space carved out by Hiroko. A bright light shines  
directly over the table.

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

MARK  
Mom says it's time for dinner.

HIROKO  
Hai. Thank you.

He walks over to Hiroko.

MARK  
What'cha doing?

HIROKO  
Drawing plans for Montero.

MARK  
Our Montero?

HIROKO  
No. Another Montero. Satoshi,  
Daiki, and I want to build 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 sees Mark's interest.

HIROKO  
Hai. Much appreciated.

MARK  
When do we start?

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 is done.

MARK  
The school year will be over in a  
couple more weeks.

HIROKO  
Okay... but for now, we eat.

They exit the garage and enter the house.

EXT. SMALL OLD WAREHOUSE - DAY

Hiroko, Satoshi, and Daiki stand 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 SQUEAKING 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

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 okay with me then.

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 from 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 (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 are stacked near the vehicle frame.

(End of time-lapse video)

- Hiroko shows Mark how to arc weld the frame.
- Satoshi molds Kevlar into the doors.
- Daiki dismantles a laptop computer.
- Satoshi and Mark grind thick plexiglass panels to shape them into the windows.
- Daiki solders a computer motherboard.

END MONTAGE.

INT. WORKSHOP - DAY

Daiki examines SMALL CAMERAS at a work bench. Mark approaches.

MARK

What's those for?

DAIKI

To give us three hundred sixty 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 stands at the work table with boxes of food placed in front of him. He dishes 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 put food on their paper plates.

SATOSHI (CONT'D)

(to Hiroko)

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

Hiroko chuckles and winks at Mark.

HIROKO

Hai. Indeed.

Hiroko, Satoshi, Daiki, and Mark sit 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.

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

(to Mark)

Sure, but ask him about it sometime.

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

INT. WORKSHOP - LATER

Hiroko and Mark lie 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 young man.

MARK

No problem.

HIROKO

You'll have plenty of time for girlfriends when you get 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

Okay.

(beat)

Hey, grandpa. So how did you get started at Mitsubishi?

HIROKO

Oh, it is long story.

MARK

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

Hiroko pauses a moment to think about it.

HIROKO

My father was a mechanic during World War II. He worked on Japanese tanks and trucks.

FADE TO:

(IN BLACK AND WHITE)

INT. LARGE WAREHOUSE MECHANICS SHOP - DAY - FLASHBACK

ONSCREEN TEXT:

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

A Japanese soldier(MINATO ONO)(early-30s), bright and cheery, works with ANOTHER MAN (30), attempting to repair a Type 3 Chi-Nu medium tank. Some WELDING in the background. Both individuals are in grease covered coveralls with oil and grease on their faces and hands.

A middle-aged man dressed in an expensive suit (FUNIHIKO TANAKA) approaches the two workers, 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. Minato hops down off of the vehicle and walks towards Funihiko while wiping his greasy hands on an already oily rag.

MINATO

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.

FUNIHIKO

Design flaws? Such as?

MINATO

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

FUNIHIKO

Really?

MINATO

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

FUNIHIKO

And you did this all on your own?

MINATO

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

The other workers, now listening, chuckle.

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

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

Funihiko hands Minato a BUSINESS CARD.

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

*FUNIHICO TANAKA  
 General Manager  
 Mitsubishi Heavy Industries  
 Maruko, Japan*

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

Funihiko turns and walks to a car waiting for him, opens the  
 passenger door and gets in.

As the car drives away, AIR-RAID SIRENS begin screaming and  
 BOMBS EXPLODE 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, bleeding and bent at an unnatural angle. He  
 takes off his belt and ties it as a tourniquet around  
 Minato's leg.

END OF FLASHBACK.

FADE TO:

(IN COLOR)

INT. WORKSHOP - DAY - PRESENT DAY

Hiroko and Mark are still 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  
design engineer. But he thought that  
because he was disabled, he had to  
work twice as hard as anyone else.

(beat)

He took *ganbaru* very seriously....

MARK

*Ganbaru?*

HIROKO

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

(beat)

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

(beat)

But *ganbaru* is not good for 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  
factory.

I watch and learn. Although father  
was too busy, others taught 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 learn much and also  
went to work at Mitsubishi - first,  
building cars, then designing cars.  
I follow 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.

(MORE)

HIROKO (CONT'D)  
 Your mother thought I abandoned her,  
 and that's why she came to 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.  
 (beat)  
 Let me work on that later, but for  
 now, let us work on car.

They resume their work underneath the Montero.

INT. KEIKO'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

As Keiko sets down her briefcase, she sees Hiroko.

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  
 Okay, 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 story.

KEIKO  
Okay. But make it short.

FADE TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE IN JAPAN - DAY

A Japanese man (60) sits, painting a beautiful LANDSCAPE PICTURE on an easel.

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

Another man in beggar's clothes approaches and stands in front of the artist.

HIROKO (V.O.)  
One day, as he paint another  
beautiful landscape, a beggar  
dressed in filthy rags, wearing a  
hooded cloak, and caked in dirt and  
grime, entered painter's field of  
view, and the beggar approached  
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 artist fishes out a COIN and tosses it to the beggar.

HIROKO (V.O.)

The painter angrily pull gold coin from his pocket and toss it to beggar, saying, "There, now leave".

The beggar makes no attempt to catch the coin.

HIROKO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The beggar make no effort to catch coin and the coin rolled down the hillside and into the river below.

The artist shouts at the beggar.

HIROKO (V.O.)

The artist shout at beggar, "That was a lot of money! You could have bought much with all that money!" Yet, the beggar remained unmoved and silent.

The artist again shout, "Go away! I am very busy man." Yet, the beggar remained. The artist shouted, "Go away! Don't you know who I am?"

The beggar calmly responds to the artist.

HIROKO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

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 leave. I am very busy."

The beggar removes his hood.

HIROKO (V.O.)

The beggar remove 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 good portion of my wealth." The beggar stated, "It's not your money that I desire."

Becoming frustrated, the artist roar, "What is it you want?" The beggar replied, "Time." The artist, now furious, shout, "Time? You want time when you can have all this wealth?"

(MORE)

HIROKO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

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

The artist replied, "Well, I am just too busy."

The artist picks up his materials and leaves.

HIROKO (V.O.)

With that, the artist pack up all his materials and return home and the beggar went his own way. They never saw each other again.

FADE TO:

INT. KEIKO'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hiroko finishes his story.

HIROKO (CONT'D)

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

Keiko sits on the sofa, listening, and looks perplexed, if not somewhat frustrated.

KEIKO

And just what is that to mean?

Hiroko looks at Keiko with a sadness in his eyes.

HIROKO

I am concerned that you are becoming 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.

(beat)

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

Tears begin welling up in Keiko's eyes.

KEIKO

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 wedge between Mark and you.

Keiko dabs tears from her eyes.

KEIKO

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. She sets them on another table

KEIKO  
Lunch time, guys. Come eat while  
they're still warm.

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

Hiroko, Satoshi, and Daiki each grab a slice of pizza.

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

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

MONTAGE.

- Mark points to and explains the reinforced door panels.
- Mark has Keiko rap on one of the bullet-proof windows.
- Mark looks under the hood with Keiko at a new, more powerful engine.
- Mark shows Keiko a heavy-duty brush guard on the front of the vehicle, using his hands to demonstrate how it folds down and converts into forklift-type prongs.
- Mark shows Keiko the two in-dash touch screen monitors.
- Mark shows Keiko an LED light panel in the rear window.

END MONTAGE.

Mark and Keiko stand at 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.

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

This box contains a sharp long pole that shoots out, powered by compressed air. This should help take care of any problem cars who want to drive alongside us.

Keiko smiles and gives Mark a big sideways hug.

KEIKO

Wow! Very impressive!

They return the lunch table where Hiroko, Satoshi, and Daiki are still seated. Keiko asks....

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 a 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. 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 specifically protected 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

Maybe, if they're too close. But it only has about a fifty foot range. 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 be protected by aluminum Faraday boxes and EMP hardened components.

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 affect living organisms. We'll be absolutely fine. No one will 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 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 sit at the kitchen table eating their dinner when they are suddenly startled by the CRASH sound of the living room window being SHATTERED followed by GUNSHOTS emanating from the street.

HIROKO  
EVERYBODY DOWN!

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

The gunfire ceases followed by ENGINES REVVING and TIRES SQUEALING.

HIROKO (CONT'D)  
Stay down.

Hiroko gets up and walks cautiously into the living room.

INT. KEIKO'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SHATTERED GLASS covers the floor. A distant DOG BARKS wildly.

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

HIROKO  
Front window is broke.

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

Keiko moves to the doorway between the kitchen and the living room and sees Hiroko examining the bottle.

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

Hiroko gently sets the bottle down on the coffee table.

Keiko dials 9-1-1.

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

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

KEIKO (O.C.)

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 as she steps back into the kitchen to speak to the 9-1-1 operator.

Mark points to the bottle.

MARK

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 speaks in the kitchen with the 9-1-1 operator (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 24-inch flexible 4-prong pearl grabber.

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

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

The PAPER contains Japanese writing.

MARK (O.C.) (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

(angrily)

What are you doing? You could be tampering with evidence.

Mark holds out the note.

MARK

This was inside the bottle. It's telling us to back off on the gangs.

KEIKO

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 - MOMENTS LATER

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

I do not know. We will have to wait  
until police investigate.

(beat)

However, after they leave, we must  
repair that broken window. There is  
plastic in the garage and duct  
tape. We patch it temporarily with  
that.

Mark nods his head in agreement.

EXT. KEIKO'S HOUSE - LATER

Keiko and DETECTIVE KELLY stand on the front sidewalk while  
observing Hiroko and Mark patching 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.  
Any idea what that note is about?

KEIKO

As you know, we've been directed by the Mayor to cut down 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, we 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 to prosecute anyone with. 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 gave 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, due to our budget,  
we cannot spare any officers to  
provide any protection.

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

Keiko nods a nervous nod.

Detective Kelly hands Keiko a business card.

DETECTIVE KELLY (CONT'D)  
Well, Mrs. 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 nods.

KEIKO  
Thank you.

The detective turns and walks toward his vehicle.

INT. AUTOZONE - DAY

Hiroko is standing at the counter. The store clerk is  
finalizing the sale of some auto parts and hands Hiroko the  
receipt.

STORE CLERK  
Here's your receipt, Mr. Ono. Thanks  
once again for your business.

Hiroko takes the receipt from the clerk, grabs his bag, and  
exits the store.

INT./EXT. MONTERO - CONTINUOUS

Hiroko enters the vehicle, fastens his seatbelt, starts the  
vehicle. The windows are about half way down due to the heat  
of the day.

Suddenly, a Japanese young man (SORA) (mid-20s) approaches the driver's door from behind the Montero and sticks his arm inside the vehicle through the space at the top of the window. In his hand is a pistol, pointing at Hiroko's head.

SORA

Hey there, *Rojin*. Remember me? I'm the driver of that Civic that was damaged when you slammed your brakes the other day. And then Aiko beat ME for the damage YOU caused.

Hiroko turns his head towards the passenger window, and sees the damaged blue Civic unoccupied and parked at the end of the parking lot - the only other vehicle in the parking lot.

SORA (CONT'D)

HEY, OLD MAN, I'M TALKING TO YOU!

Hiroko turns to face Sora and moves his right hand to the top of the steering wheel. Simultaneously, he stealthily moves his left hand to the window control buttons on the armrest on the door.

HIROKO

Oh. So sorry. What is your name?

SORA

What'd you say?

HIROKO

What is your name?

SORA

What's that have to do with anything?

HIROKO

Just curious. Please humor old man.

SORA

Sora. My name is....

Just then Hiroko presses the window control button raising the window while simultaneously moving his right hand to push the gun away from his head.

SORA (CONT'D)

What the hell?

Hiroko then bites into Sora's hand, causing him to drop the pistol and scream in pain.

SORA (CONT'D)  
You're gonna pay for that old man!

HIROKO  
Okay. But you run first.

SORA  
What?

HIROKO  
Let's see how you run.

Hiroko shifts the car into reverse and slowly backs out of the parking space, forcing Sora to walk alongside the car as it moves.

SORA  
Hey, man, let me loose.

With a sly smile on his face, Hiroko winks at Sora, shifts gears, and begins driving out of the parking lot and onto the street - slowly at first, then picking up the speed.

EXT. SAN JOSE - MOMENTS LATER

Sora sweats profusely as he is forced to run alongside the Montero as it drives slowly down the boulevard.

A police car, passing by in the opposite direction, turns on its EMERGENCY LIGHTS and SIREN, does a U-turn, and moves behind the Montero. Accordingly, Hiroko pulls the Montero into a nearby vacant parking lot and stops the vehicle.

EXT. VACANT PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The POLICE OFFICER exits his vehicle and walks towards the driver's door of the Montero, hand on his holster. Sora is bent over, huffing and puffing.

POLICE OFFICER  
What the hell is going on here?

HIROKO  
Young man got arm stuck in my window  
and I was driving him to Hospital.

POLICE OFFICER  
(to Hiroko)  
Sir, lower your window.

Hiroko lowers the window and Sora retrieves his arm, holding it very gingerly.

SORA  
I think he broke it!

POLICE OFFICER  
How did this happen?

Hiroko very carefully holds the pistol out of the window, using only his thumb and index finger.

HIROKO  
You might want this. It belong to young man.

The officer yanks out his own gun.

POLICE OFFICER  
WHAT THE HELL!?  
DON'T ANYBODY MOVE!  
(to Hiroko)  
Let me see both of your hands.

Hiroko sticks both hands outside his window.

The officer carefully takes the pistol from Hiroko and places it on the ground, then kicks it towards the police cruiser.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)  
(to Sora)  
Is that your weapon?

Sora shakes his head.

The officer studies Sora's face.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Don't I know you?

Again, Sora shakes his head.

SORA  
No, I don't think so.

POLICE OFFICER  
(beat)  
Sure I do. You're in that street gang. Oh, what the name?... Makes no difference. Turn around and put both hands on the vehicle and spread your legs.

The officer does a quick search of Sora, cuffs him, and escorts him back to the patrol car.

INT. JAPANESE RESTAURANT - DAY

Hiroko, Satoshi, and Daiki sit at a table, sipping tea.

SATOSHI  
So the officer arrested that thug?

Hiroko nods his head.

HIROKO  
Hai.

SATOSHI  
And he didn't do anything to you?

Hiroko again nods his head.

HIROKO  
Hai. But he did take statement and  
address and phone number.

SATOSHI  
Wow! I'd say you were pretty lucky.

HIROKO  
Hai. Maybe lucky today, but maybe  
not tomorrow.

DAIKI  
What do you mean?

HIROKO  
This arrest may have stirred the  
hornets' nest.

Satoshi and Daiki look at each other and nod their heads.

HIROKO (CONT'D)  
I believe we need to get the new  
vehicle prepared as soon as possible.  
I am afraid that we don't have much  
time before gang comes knocking.

INT. WORKSHOP - DAY

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

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

DAIKI  
A very dangerous beauty.

SATOSHI  
What's left to do, other than  
painting her?

He humorously elbows Hiroko.

SATOSHI (CONT'D)  
Take her out for a test drive?

HIROKO  
No. Not yet. We need to make sure  
car is still secret - not seen -  
until 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 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 either model citizens or they hide, 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 stand beside the Montero, attired in white Tyvek disposable hooded jumpsuits with full face respirators resting on their foreheads. An AIR COMPRESSOR RUNS in the background

HIROKO

Remember what to do?

Mark nods his head.

HIROKO (CONT'D)

Okay.

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 - AFTERNOON

Later, Hiroko and Mark stand 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 excellent job. Good work!

Hiroko winks at Mark.

Mark flashes a large grin.

INT. WORKSHOP - DAY

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

Keiko enters through the narrow slit between the two large bay doors.

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 glances at the Montero.

KEIKO

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

Satoshi, grinning, gives Keiko a wink.

SATOSHI

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

He points 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 walk you to your car.

EXT. WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

As they exit the building, the YELLOW SUPRA pulls to a stop a distant block away from the workshop. Aiko opens his driver's door and stands there watching.

Hiroko doesn't say anything or look directly at it, but walks with Keiko to her car and opens the door for her.

HIROKO

Thank you for stopping by. You 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 yellow Supra drives away, as well, but in another direction.

INT. WORKSHOP - SAMR

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

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 (O.C.)  
Gentlemen, we have slight problem.

All three heads turn in his direction as Hiroko returns.

SATOSHI  
Huh? What?

HIROKO  
They know we are here.

DAIKI  
They? Who?

HIROKO  
Gang. I just saw one of their 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 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 likely they  
don't know what we've done in here.

HIROKO  
Hai. That would be 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 two-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, who retreats with his words.

SATOSHI (CONT'D)

Okay. Okay. What do you suggest?

HIROKO

We 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 tonight - 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.

(beat)

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

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. 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.

EXT. JAPANTOWN, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

Mark drives his Montero with Hiroko as passenger. They drive slowly through Japantown. Mark practices parking the Montero in diagonal parking spaces and ninety-degree parking spaces.

While driving around, they see the green Nissan Skyline GT, blue Honda Civic, and Red Nissan GT-R parallel parked along the street in front of a Japanese bar, along with a white Mazda RX-7, blue Mitsubishi Lancer, and Black Nissan 180-X.

A number of young JAPANESE MEN (mid-20s) stand around those cars smoking and talking.

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

HIROKO

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

Mark nods his head.

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

The young Japanese men LAUGH at Mark and his parking attempts.

As he begins his third attempt, the yellow Supra pulls up behind him, FLASHING its lights and HONKING its horn.

Hiroko pulls out his phone and dials a number.

SATOSHI (V.O. PHONE)

Hello Hiroko. Are we on?

HIROKO

Hai.

SATOSHI (V.O. PHONE)

Okay.

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

Okay, Mark. Let's go... slowly...  
and see if they follow.

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 as six vehicles turn on their headlights and begin to follow the Supra.

EXT. SAN JOSE - NIGHT

Mark drives the Montero down a nearly empty street.

HIROKO

(points)  
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 FLASHES its lights and HONKS its horn.

HIROKO (CONT'D)

Pull over here.

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

The Supra pulls up beside the Montero and stops. The other six vehicles behind the Supra.

Aiko exits the Supra and walks to Mark's window.

AIKO

What are you doing here?

HIROKO

Boy needed practice driving at  
night to get 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  
problems 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 forearm 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 vanded  
your car. 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 nods his head.

HIROKO  
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 remain there, everyone LAUGHS and watches the Montero drive away into the darkness.

EXT. WORKSHOP - DAY

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

INT. WORKSHOP - DAY

Satoshi and Daiki stand 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 gone.

DAIKI

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

HIROKO

Hai. Is vehicle safe?

DAIKI

Yes. Safely locked in my garage.

HIROKO

Good.

SATOSHI

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

MARK

(shrugs his shoulders)  
Okay, I guess.

HIROKO

Okay? 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 up this mess.

INT. AIKO'S CONDO - NIGHT

About a half-dozen Japanese YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN (all in their 20s) lounge around on the sofa, chairs, and even the floor, in a large living room - just "chilling". Loud RAP MUSIC thumps on the stereo system. BLUIISH SMOKE fills the room and a few people pass a JOINT among themselves.

The front door EXPLODES OPEN, having been struck by a police battering ram, and a dozen S.W.A.T. OFFICERS, all attired in tactical gear, flood into the room with assault rifles aimed at the room's occupants.

Two females begin SCREAMING.

OFFICER 1  
POLICE! PUT YOUR HANDS WHERE WE CAN  
SEE THEM!

OFFICER 2  
DON'T ANYONE MOVE! WE WILL SHOOT!

OFFICER 3  
SHUT UP! DON'T MOVE! GET YOUR  
HANDS UP!  
(to the screaming women)  
SHUT UP!

The women stop screaming. One BEGINS TO CRY.

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

Two officers return from the kitchen.

OFFICER 4  
CLEAR!

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

OFFICER 5

CLEAR!

OFFICER 6 slowly examines each person sitting in the room. He stops in front of one of the males.

OFFICER 1

Where is Aiko Yamata?

The young JAPANESE MAN (mid-20s) merely stares back and says nothing.

OFFICER 1 (CONT'D)

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 (25).

RIKU (O.C.)

He's not here.

The officer turns and walks toward Riku.

OFFICER 1

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 1

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 1

GET YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR!

Riku slowly raises his hands, still gasping for breath.

OFFICER 1 (CONT'D)

Now, I'll ask one more time. Where is he?

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

OFFICER 1  
 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 1  
 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 1  
 One last time.... Who are you?

RIKU  
 I'm his brother.

OFFICER 1  
 (to to nearby officers)  
 Get this asshole out of here.

The two officers grab 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 1)  
 What about the rest of them?

OFFICER 1  
 Just get them out of here.

The other officers YELL 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 - NIGHT

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

The WAIT STAFF break into a sad off-key rendition of "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, blows out the lone candle.

Satoshi hands Mark a gift bag.

SATOSHI (CONT'D)  
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 examines the gift card.

MARK  
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 laughs.

SATOSHI  
Think nothing of it.

Daiki hands Mark a much larger and heavier gift bag.

DAIKI

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's eyes sparkle.

MARK

Really?! Thanks, Mom!

Mark gives Keiko a big hug.

SATOSHI

Hey, no reverse one-eighties  
tomorrow, though. Okay? I doubt  
that they would look too favorably  
on that type of maneuver during a  
road test.

Everyone chuckles.

Hiroko hands Mark another small gift bag.

HIROKO

For you.

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

MARK

(beaming)

For real?! The Montero?

Hiroko grins and nods his head.

Mark gives Hiroko a hug.

MARK (CONT'D)

Thanks, Grandpa!

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

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

INT./EXT. MONTERO - SAN JOSE - LATER

Hiroko, Keiko, and Mark ride in the repaired Montero as it travels 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  
Yeah. I wonder what's going on?

They turn the corner and 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.

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!

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.

Keiko's PHONE RINGS. The number on the screen states "UNKNOWN CALLER". She answers the call with a shaking voice.

KEIKO

Hello?

AIKO (V.O. PHONE)

I warned you to back off...

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

AIKO (V.O. PHONE) (CONT'D)

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.

(beat)

When someone says, "Back off," you're supposed to comply. So, now, I'll be coming for you.

The phone call abruptly ends.

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

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

HIROKO

Daiki says we 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

(beat)

Well, okay. But only for a couple  
days.

HIROKO

Hai. That will be good.

Hiroko wraps his arm around Keiko.

HIROKO (CONT'D)

Everything will be okay.

KEIKO

(tears well up in her eyes)

I truly hope so.

Hiroko gives Keiko a big hug.

INT. DAIKI'S HOUSE - LATER

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 okay.

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

HIROKO  
 Hai. Thank you.

They all enter and Daiki shows 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 busy day. We must get  
 new clothes, speak with 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 lowers his head and looks at the floor.

MARK  
 I understand.

Hiroko gives Keiko a compassionate, yet, firm look.

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

After a very brief moment, she nods her head.

KEIKO  
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 heads towards his bedroom.

MARK  
Good night everyone.

KEIKO  
Good night, Mark. And happy  
birthday.  
(beat)  
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)  
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  
okay. Everything else can be  
replaced.

DAIKI  
Yes.

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

DAIKI  
Yeah, truly.

HIROKO  
Well, good night, my friend.

DAIKI  
Yes. Good night.

INT. DAIKI'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Daiki and Hiroko sit 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 glances at the clock on the microwave oven.

DAIKI  
It's almost quarter to eight.

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

She shouts over her shoulder.

KEIKO (CONT'D)  
MARK, GET UP. IT'S GETTING LATE AND  
WE'VE GOT TO GET GOING.

Hiroko hands Keiko his cellphone.

HIROKO

Here, take mine. Maybe you can call your insurance while Mark takes driver's test... how you say it... hit two birds with one rock.

KEIKO

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

HIROKO

Take Mark's Montero. He's comfortable driving that and Daiki can take me where I might need to go.

Keiko looks at Daiki.

DAIKI

Yep. We'll be chumming around together today.

KEIKO

Okay. I guess that will work.

Again, she shouts.

KEIKO (CONT'D)

MARK! COME ON! WE'VE GOT TO GET GOING IF YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE YOUR DRIVER'S TEST TODAY.

Keiko winks at Hiroko and Daiki

KEIKO (CONT'D)

That should get him up and moving.

We hear a THUD then RUSTLING SOUNDS coming from Mark's room.

MARK (O.C.)

Okay. 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 - AFTERNOON

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

They place the bags down on the floor. Both Hiroko and Daiki look on intently.

DAIKI

Well?

Mark's face is sullen and glum.

DAIKI (CONT'D)

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 Keiko.

MARK

Great plan, Mom. It worked.

Keiko laughs slightly.

KEIKO

He did wonderfully - no deductions.

HIROKO

Hai. I though so. Everything else go okay?

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 detective Kelly?

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 stir fry and some rice.

MARK

Sounds great!

KEIKO

I'll help.

DAIKI

Okay. 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.

Dakai leads Keiko towards the kitchen.

EXT. DAIKI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hiroko sits 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 ENGINE SOUND of a number of Japanese street hot rods break the silence.

Hiroko stands up and peers over the handrail in the direction of the subdivision entrance. The car sounds stop momentarily. SHOTS are heard and the cars begin to move again.

Hiroko 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 COUPLE  
MINUTES. WE MUST GO - NOW!

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

KEIKO  
It's only 4:30 in the morning.

HIROKO  
I KNOW. GET UP! WE MUST GO - NOW!  
EVERYBODY TO THE BLACK MONTERO IN  
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 exits his room in a pair of jeans and T-shirt and grabs his phone.

HIROKO (CONT'D)  
Daiki, make sure all lights to the  
house are off when you come to the  
garage. We want them to think we  
are still asleep

DAIKI  
Got it!

Everyone leaves their rooms and head towards the garage. Daiki turns out the lights.

INT. DAIKI'S GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Inside the garage, dim lightbulb in the overhead garage door opener illuminates two vehicles. The black Montero, parked beside Daiki's car, faces towards the garage door.

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

As they all buckle into their assigned seats, Hiroko starts the engine, which ROARS to life with a deep-throated growl.

EXT. DAIKI'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Montero slowly pulls out of the garage, narrowly missing Mark's Montero which is parked behind Daiki's car. The garage door closes behind them. The black battle-ready Montero stops beside Mark's Montero, headlights off, and waits.

INT./EXT. MONTERO - CONTINUOUS

Hiroko presses a button on one of the two computer screens set in the dash. A GPS map comes on, showing their position.

EXT. DAIKI'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

A white Mazda RX-7 stops at the end of the driveway under a street light. It just sits there for a moment in front of the darkened house.

HIROKO (O.C.)

Everyone hold on!

The bright LED headlights flash on as the Montero accelerates down the driveway, T-boning the RX-7 and wrapping it around the light post on the opposite side of the street.

Hiroko reverses the Montero and backs away from the wrecked vehicle. More headlights are coming down their street.

INT./EXT. MONTERO - CONTINUOUS

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

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

HIROKO  
 Who wants to play chicken?

The gang cars dodge out of the way as the Montero speeds past them. The gang members SHOOT at the Montero as the it 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 security gate. I  
 think they shot 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 over.

Keiko, hands shaking, dials 9-1-1.

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

KEIKO  
 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.C.)  
 Um... There's a gate ahead.

HIROKO  
 So there is.

EXT. SUBDIVISION GUARD SHACK - CONTINUOUS

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

EXT. SAN JOSE STREET - 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 FIRES A HANDGUN at the Montero.

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

Keiko screams hysterically into the phone.

KEIKO  
THEY'RE SHOOTING AT US!

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 (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
Where am I? Just a moment. Um...  
where exactly are we?

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

The cars are racing down the street.

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

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

KEIKO (O.C.)  
(irritated)  
Yes, in San Jose.

MARK  
(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 speed down the boulevard - the Montero leads, with six gang cars close behind.

INT./EXT. MONTERO ON SAN JOSE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Hiroko glances at the GPS map.

HIROKO  
 (to Mark)  
 Get ready to turn off lights.

MARK  
 Huh?

HIROKO  
 Get ready to turn off lights.

Mark quickly touches an icon on the onboard computer screen which immediately turns yellow.

MARK  
 Ready.

HIROKO  
 Go!

Mark touches the icon again. It turns red.

The Montero's taillights go black.

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

MARK  
 Um... road spikes... Okay.

Mark touches another icon.

EXT. SAN JOSE STREET - CONTINUOUS

A roll of road spikes jettisons, falling from the rear bumper. It unrolls on the street pavement.

The Lancer and a black Nissan 180-X, too close to avoid hitting the spikes, although they try.

The spikes blow out their tires.

Both cars lose control and collide, flipping and rolling.

The trailing cars take evasive actions to avoid the two tumbling cars.

Hiroko quickly steers the Montero onto a side street.

INT./EXT. AIKO'S SUPRA - CONTINUOUS

Aiko yanks the Supra's steering wheel while simultaneously stomping on the brakes.

EXT. SAN JOSE STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Supra spins and barely misses the Lancer as it rolls and then slides upside down along the street.

Aiko regains control of his car.

INT./EXT. AIKO'S SUPRA - CONTINUOUS

AIKO  
(to his passenger)  
WHERE ARE THEY? WHERE'D THEY GO?

PASSENGER  
I don't know!

EXT. SAN JOSE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Hiroko turns the Montero into a multi-level parking garage.

EXT. TOP-LEVEL PARKING GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

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

The sound of the GANG CARS can be heard searching in the parking garage.

An orange Toyota Corolla 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 and into 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.

GUNSHOTS fired from the damaged Corolla, but they just ricochet off of the Montero's windshield.

Hiroko moves the Montero forward until the prongs are under the gang car. He touches another icon and the forklift prongs begin close back into the brush guard configuration, however, lifting the Corolla along with it.

Hiroko drives forward again. The Corolla rolls over the half-wall and...

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

CRASHES on the street below, right in front of Aiko's car.

AIKO  
(to passenger)  
GET OUT AND CHECK ON THEM.

The passenger exits the vehicle while Aiko speeds away.

EXT. TOP-LEVEL PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Hiroko 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.

The red Nissan GT-R and a white Honda Civic reach that deck and stop, seeing the Montero staring them down.

INT./EXT. MONTERO - CONTINUOUS

The two cars quickly maneuver their vehicles nose-to-nose to block any escape by the Montero.

HIROKO  
Mark, change places. You drive.

MARK  
Huh? What?

HIROKO  
Hurry! No time for debate.

Mark and Hiroko hurriedly exchange places and get strapped in.

The gang members exit their vehicles and stand there with their WEAPONS POINTED at the Montero.

HIROKO (CONT'D)

Are we ready to exit?

MARK

Yeah, I guess.

HIROKO

Just drive through them and take the exit ramp. Do not hesitate. Do not slow down. Full speed. The Montero can take it, no problem.

Mark nods his head.

Mark steps on the accelerator and the Montero speeds towards the two parked vehicles. The gang members begin SHOOTING, but the bullets do nothing to impede the Montero's journey.

EXT. TOP-LEVEL PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The Montero SLAMS into the two vehicles - a glancing blow on the GT-R, but a direct hit on the Civic - spinning them around like toy tops, and sending the exposed gang members flying into the air.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The Montero races down the spiraled exit ramp. Sparks fly as the side of the Montero rubs against the concrete ramp wall.

A black Honda Accord is on the ramp. The much heavier Montero slams into it and pushes it backwards down the ramp until it CRASHES into a concrete support pillar at the bottom of the ramp and disintegrates into a thousand pieces.

The Montero exits the facility and races down the street.

EXT. SAN JOSE STREETS - CONTINUOUS

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

INT./EXT. MONTERO - CONTINUOUS

Hiroko examines the GPS map, then points.

HIROKO  
Here, turn into this alley.

Mark abruptly brakes and turns the Montero into a dark alley, a Red Mazda RX-7 remains tight on the Montero's bumper.

HIROKO (CONT'D)  
Here go LED lights.

Hiroko touches an icon on the computer screen. The icon glows a bright yellow. His eyes return to the GPS map.

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

MARK  
Okay.

The vehicles race down the alley.

HIROKO  
Alright. Lights on!

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

INT./EXT. MAZDA RX-7 - CONTINUOUS

Intense bright LED lights flash on all around the rear window. The RX-7 continues to tailgate the Montero.

The driver of the RX-7 holds up a hand in an attempt to shield his eyes.

INT./EXT. MONTERO - CONTINUOUS

They reach the end of the alley.

HIROKO (O.C.)  
And lights off!

Hiroko touches the computer icon again, which turns yellow.

HIROKO (CONT'D)  
EVERYONE HOLD ON!

The Montero makes an abrupt left turn, SKIDDING around the tight corner and STRIKING a trashcan on the far side of the alley. Keiko lets out a small SHRIEK.

INT./EXT. MAZDA RX-7 - CONTINUOUS

Nothing but blackness in front of the RX-7. The driver's eyes widen in shock when he realizes that he is at the end of the alley. He yanks the steering wheel hard.

The car fails to make the turn in time, skidding through the intersection and impaling itself on a utility pole.

INT./EXT. MONTERO - CONTINUOUS

Hiroko watches the collision in his mirror, then looks at the GPS map again.

HIROKO  
Take 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, and some battered, are once again gaining on the Montero.

INT./EXT. MONTERO - CONTINUOUS

Daiki leans forward and points forward.

DAIKI  
The freeway entrance is just ahead.

HIROKO  
Hai. Mark, take turn onto freeway.

Mark turns and takes the ramp onto the freeway.

EXT. SAN JOSE STREETS - CONTINUOUS

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

As dawn begins to appear, the blue Civic approaches the Montero on the left and damaged green Skyline GT on the right, while the yellow Supra follows behind. The occupants of the Skyline GT on the right SHOOT at the Montero.

INT./EXT. MONTERO - CONTINUOUS

HIROKO  
Mark, take them into wall!

MARK  
Huh?

Hiroko demonstrates turning the steering wheel to the right.

HIROKO  
Take them into wall.

Mark yanks the steering wheel abruptly to the right.

EXT. SAN JOSE STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The Montero collides with the Skyline GT, compressing the GT between the much heavier Montero and the concrete freeway wall. 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 coasts to a stop against the barrier wall.

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

INT./EXT. MONTERO - CONTINUOUS

HIROKO  
Prepare to joust!

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

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

MARK  
Ready!

HIROKO  
Okay. GO!

Mark yanks the steering wheel abruptly to the left.

EXT. SAN JOSE STREETS - 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.

The front of the Civic begins to pull up beside the Montero.

INT./EXT. MONTERO - CONTINUOUS

HIROKO  
Ready... BANZAI!

Hiroko touches the computer screen and the icon turns red.

EXT. SAN JOSE STREETS - CONTINUOUS

A steel pole thrusts 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. With the Civic's tire's squealing, the heavier Montero merely drags the Civic along with it.

INT./EXT. MONTERO - CONTINUOUS

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

Mark nervously nods his head.

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

EXT. SAN JOSE STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The impaled Civic forcefully impacts a group of water barrels, EXPLODING water in all directions. The jousting spear breaks away, releasing the now "dead in the water" Civic from the Montero.

INT./EXT. MONTERO - CONTINUOUS

Mark retains control of the Montero as it slows on the exit ramp.

HIROKO  
Great driving!

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

HIROKO (CONT'D)  
Okay, Mark, slow down and drive  
speed limit.

EXT. SAN JOSE STREETS - CONTINUOUS

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 that thing  
all day. I'll be waiting for you.

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

INT./EXT. MONTERO - CONTINUOUS

Mark turns and looks at Hiroko with concern on his face.

Hiroko attempts to reassure Mark.

HIROKO  
Everything will be okay.  
(to Daiki)  
Did 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 still behind the Montero. He then notices some railroad tracks running parallel with the street they are on, and sees the headlight of a distant freight train coming towards them.

HIROKO (CONT'D)

(to Mark)

Get ready to turn right at next stop light. Cross train tracks, and stop just after crossing tracks.

(to Daiki)

Which one for 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)

Okay. Turn at stoplight. Don't stop until right after you cross the tracks.

MARK

(looks puzzled)

Okay.

Mark turns the Montero onto the side street, crossing 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. SAN JOSE RAILROAD CROSSING - CONTINUOUS

The Montero squeals 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./EXT. 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 shrugs his shoulders.

                  DAIKI  
It should have worked.

                  HIROKO  
          (to Mark)  
Go ahead and pull forward.

EXT. SAN JOSE RAILROAD CROSSING - CONTINUOUS

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

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

A TRAIN HORN sounds in the near distance. The railroad crossing gates, lights, and alarms are doing nothing - dead from the EMP.

Aiko looks to his left and sees 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 the Montero, then uses both hands to flip the bird, simultaneously shouting...

                  AIKO  
FUCK YOU!

The train T-bones the Supra, EXPLODING 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 the slight RINGING on the other end of the line.

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

KEIKO (O.C.)  
Um... There's been a bad accident.  
A train just hit a car....

EXT. SAN JOSE RAILROAD CROSSING - MORNING

FLASHING LIGHTS of numerous police cars, fire trucks, and ambulances at the crash site. EMERGENCY PERSONNEL are all over the place.

The black Montero is parked there, bullet-ridden, scraped, and now silent. Hiroko, Daiki, Keiko, and Mark stand outside the vehicle, all wrapped in blankets and being interviewed separately by policemen. EMT workers are waved away.

Detective Kelly interviews Keiko.

DETECTIVE KELLY  
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. Oh, there should be a recording in the Montero of Aiko confessing to killing my husband.

DETECTIVE KELLY  
Really? Okay... Well, we'll be looking into that as well.

Detective Kelly takes a long look at the black Montero.

DETECTIVE KELLY (CONT'D)  
Those guys actually made that car?

Keiko nods her head.

DETECTIVE KELLY (CONT'D)  
Wow!... Ingenious!

INT. JAPANESE RESTAURANT - EVENING

Hiroko, Satoshi, Daiki, Keiko, and Mark sit 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 is a PHOTO of the modified Montero, with the accompanying HEADLINE:

*"SUBURBAN SAMURAI SOCKS  
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  
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 water glass.

SATOSHI  
To the Suburban Samurai.

Everyone but Hiroko raises their water 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. Hiroko takes a sip, too. Although Keiko tries hard, she cannot contain it and bursts out with laughter, which then infects everyone else.

The laughter begins 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.

She nods towards Satoshi and Daiki.

KEIKO (CONT'D)

To my friends...

She then nods towards Hiroko and Mark.

KEIKO (CONT'D)

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.

The front door EXPLODES open from a heavy battering ram. A DOZEN MEN clad in black and equipped with tactical gear (helmets, body armor, etc.) run in. Weapons drawn. Flashlights wildly scouring the entire room. ICE emblazoned on the back of their body armor.

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.

INT. KEIKO'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Three armed men (ICE TEAM 1) enter and surround Keiko's bed. Weapons aimed at Keiko.

ICE TEAM 1  
UNITED STATES IMMIGRATION AND  
CUSTOMS ENFORCEMENT! PUT YOUR HANDS  
IN THE AIR!

Keiko, abruptly and rudely awakened, sits up in her bed.

KEIKO  
What the hell?

ICE TEAM 1  
DO NOT MOVE! PUT YOUR HANDS IN THE  
AIR!

Keiko, seeing the weapons aimed at her, reluctantly complies.

INT. MARK'S BEDROOM - SAME

Three armed men (ICE TEAM 2) surround Mark's bed with weapons aimed at him.

ICE TEAM 2  
UNITED STATES IMMIGRATION AND  
CUSTOMS ENFORCEMENT! PUT YOUR HANDS  
IN THE AIR!

Mark, shocked awake and blinded by the sudden lights, sits up and rubs his eyes, then looks wide-eyed in terror as the same orders are shouted at him.

ICE TEAM 2 (CONT'D)  
PUT YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR WHERE WE  
CAN SEE THEM!

Mark complies.

INT. DAIKI'S BEDROOM - SAME

The procedure is repeated, and the three men (ICE TEAM 3) surround Daiki's bed with weapons aimed at him.

ICE TEAM 3  
UNITED STATES IMMIGRATION AND  
CUSTOMS ENFORCEMENT! PUT YOUR HANDS  
IN THE AIR!

Daiki, jolted awake, sits up in his bed, nearly falling out and onto the floor. He squints at the three men due to the sudden bright illumination in the room.

ICE TEAM 3 (CONT'D)  
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 shakes his head.

DAIKI  
No. Daiki Watanabe.

ICE TEAM 3  
DO NOT MOVE!

INT. HIROKO'S BEDROOM II - SAME

In Hiroko's room, the procedure is the same. Three men (ICE TEAM 4) surround his bed with weapons aimed at him.

ICE TEAM 4  
UNITED STATES IMMIGRATION AND  
CUSTOMS ENFORCEMENT! PUT YOUR HANDS  
IN THE AIR!

Hiroko, startled awake, sits up in his bed, squinting at the three men due to the sudden bright illumination in the room.

ICE TEAM 3  
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  
YOU ARE BEING TAKEN INTO CUSTODY  
FOR DEPORTATION.

INT. KEIKO'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Keiko, sitting on her bed 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 pushes 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. 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)  
 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, unfolds it, 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 at this time is show you the warrant. Nothing says I have to let you read it... at least not now.

KEIKO  
 THAT'S A BUNCH OF BULLSHIT! 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 okay.

The house soon empties of all the ICE personnel, taking Hiroko with them.

INT. MARK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

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  
How are you?

HIROKO  
Me? I am fine.

KEIKO  
Are they treating you okay?

HIROKO  
Hai. Okay.

KEIKO  
I spoke with a friend of mine who practices Immigration Law, and asked if he would help us.

(MORE)

KEIKO (CONT'D)

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.

Tears begin to form in Keiko's eyes.

KEIKO

Dad, I'm so sorry that I treated you the way I did... 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 sit around a table, finished with their meal.

SATOSHI

So, what's the latest on Hiroko? I haven't seen him in quite some time now. Is he surviving okay?

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...

(chuckles)

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's such a  
backlog of cases that it just takes  
such a long time.

MARK

Why was grandpa arrested?

KEIKO

I'm not completely sure... I don't  
know all the details, Mark.

MARK

Do you think that he'll really get  
deported?

KEIKO

Again, I don't know, but my friend  
believes it's highly probable.

MARK

Why? He didn't do anything wrong  
and he was here legally, wasn't he?

KEIKO

I know that and you know that, but  
trying to convince the government  
is a whole different matter...  
apparently the government doesn't  
look too kindly on vigilantism.

MARK

It wasn't vigilantism, it was self defense. It's not fair.

KEIKO

You're right... It's not fair. But right now, that's what we have to live with. I believe that if the I.N.S. wasn't so overloaded with everyone 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 okay 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 KITCHEN - EVENING

Daiki, Satoshi, Keiko, and Mark sit around the kitchen table finishing their dinner.

The DOORBELL RINGS.

DAIKI

(somewhat perplexed)  
I wonder who that could be.

INT. DAIKI'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Daiki goes to the front door of his house and opens it.

Hiroko stands on the front porch, dressed in an expensive suit.

Daiki just stands there, speechless.

KEIKO (O.C.)  
Who is it, Daiki?

HIROKO  
(grins)  
May I come in?

DAIKI  
Of course, my good friend. Please  
come in.

Daiki calls over his shoulder to the others.

DAIKI (CONT'D)  
It's Hiroko.

KEIKO (O.C.)  
What?

Keiko, Mark, and Satoshi 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)  
What... what are you doing here?  
How are you here?

Mark releases his hug, takes a step back, and listens.

SATOSHI  
You didn't bust out, did you?

Hiroko chuckles.

HIROKO  
Oh, no. I was released this afternoon.

KEIKO  
How?... Why?

Hiroko shrugs.

HIROKO  
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.

The letterhead on the letter:

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 a 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)

Oh my!... This check is for eight hundred thousand dollars.

HIROKO

That should help rebuild your house and 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 U.S. citizen.

MARK

This is way cool! Do you even know who Bruce Wayne is?

HIROKO

No... 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, Satoshi, and Daiki.

HIROKO (CONT'D)

Anyway, is there anything to eat? I am hungry for some good food.

Everyone laughs as they lead Hiroko into the Kitchen.

FADE OUT.

THE END