

CHANTING MILLIONS

Written by

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FADE IN:

MALE VOICE (O.S)

I swear by Apollo Healer, by  
Asclepius, by Hygieia, by Panacea,  
and by all the gods and goddesses,  
making them my witnesses, that I  
will carry out, according to my  
ability and judgment, this oath and  
this indenture.

INT. CELL - DAY

Six by six foot, bare, dark, floor damp. Shafts of light slice through ventilation openings on one wall. No sound.

JIM IKEDA (40s), handsome, mixed Japanese American male, unkempt, struggles to stay awake, he's been awake for a while. He hugs his knees, eyelids flicker, heavy, they close.

CLANG!

A panel slides open at the bottom of a handle less door.

Jim jolts awake, eyes spring open.

A tray skids across the floor, soup sloshes, rice scatters.

Jim lunges at it, scoffs the rice with one hand, gulps the soup with the other, gone in a flash, on hands and knees, he licks the broth from the floor.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S)

If thy brother, son, daughter,  
wife, or thy friend, entice thee...

Another panel opens. Dark brown eyes beam through at Jim.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S) (CONT'D)

Thou shalt not spare him, but  
surely kill him...

Jim scrambles to the door...

CLANG! Panel slams closed, Jim BANGS on it.

He slams his fists on the door, again, and again.

Silence.

BLACK.

INT. HOSPITAL BATHROOM - DAY

Jim splashes water on his face, studies his reflection in the mirror, bloodshot eyes. Doesn't like the way he looks.

A CHYRON reads: TWO WEEKS EARLIER

Bathroom door flies open. ER NURSE ANDERSON (40s), stands there, short, a veteran, with her you're in good hands.

ER NURSE ANDERSON

Thank god!

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Hospital staff run in a FEMALE PATIENT on a gurney, they lift her from the gurney onto a bed. Nurse Anderson preps.

Jim bursts through the doors, smacks on surgical gloves.

ER NURSE ANDERSON

Trauma victim, car accident, the other driver was D.O.A.

JIM

Who's the emergency physician?

ER NURSE ANDERSON

O'Neil.

JIM

Where is he?

ER NURSE ANDERSON

I don't know. Lucky we found you.

JIM

Page him. Now.

ANOTHER NURSE

B.P's dropping.

JIM

She got a name?

LIZ KIRKMAN (40s) Caucasian, long hair, blood stained, is out of it, trouble finding words, not making sense.

They work on her. TOM KIRKMAN (40s), paces near the wall.

JIM (CONT'D)

Liz, can you hear me? My name is James, you're in the hospital.

LIZ

Why are there so many people here?

JIM

You got hit by a car, Liz.

LIZ

There's a meeting in the big conference room today, I can be on the speaker phone.

TOM

Liz, what are you talking about?

LIZ

It's so bright in here...

And with that she goes into a seizure.

The ER TEAM moves to put in an IV and stabilize her head. She foams at the mouth.

TOM

Liz. What's happening?

JIM

Can you step outside, Mr. Kirkman?

An ER Nurse pulls Tom out of the area.

Jim searches her pupils for something. They put an oxygen mask over her face.

JIM (V.O.)

Every house where I come I will enter only for the good of my patients.

NURSE ANDERSON

We're losing her.

Liz looks up at Jim, Jim leans in. Liz whispers in Jim's ear.

INT. HEARING ROOM - DAY

Cold, sterile room. BUREAUCRATS shuffle paper, all eyes on Jim. One bureaucrat leans in to the microphone.

BUREAUCRAT

Do you want to challenge these allegations?

Jim leans forward into the microphone, a big breath, he considers a challenge, a sigh, he remains passive.

JIM

No.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Rain. Jim shuffles down a path, lined either side with gravestones, soaked, no umbrella.

He passes several headstones grips a bunch of flowers, arrives at a gravestone. He takes a deep breath, sighs.

The headstone reads: Yoko Ikeda, beloved mother, wife.

JIM (V.O.)

They say grief is not linear.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Jim headphones on, light from the small screen reflects on his half awake face, surrounded by passengers, fast asleep.

JIM (V.O.)

If you escape to a different time,  
a different place...

INT. TOKYO - NARITA AIRPORT - DAY

Jim, groggy, slouches on a travelator, searches for a phone signal. One bar, two bars, hunts for that signal.

JIM (V.O.)

...Could you reinvent yourself as a  
different person?

He watches PEOPLE pass him on the opposite travelator.

He looks up, sees her.

Liz Kirkman, motionless, stares right at him. But she's dead?

She passes by him. He looks once, turns away, looks back.

She's disappeared.

EXT. TOKYO - NARITA AIRPORT - DAY

Jim throws on his sunglasses, scans his surroundings.

JIM (V.O.)

Maybe here, I can see something I  
don't yet see, learn something I  
don't yet know.

BEGIN MONTAGE

A) INT. MACDONALDS - NIGHT

Jim stuffs a burger in his mouth. He looks out.

Buildings covered in signs, bleed light into crowds. Tommy Lee Jones looks distinguished in a whiskey Suntory ad...

More signs, a huge TV with perky Japanese pop stars singing.

B) INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Elevator opens. Jim follows JAPANESE BUSINESSMEN out into a lobby that frames a view of Tokyo. Exhausted.

The CONCIERGE and several eager HOTEL MANAGERS greet Jim.

CONCIERGE

Welcome, Mr. Ikeda. Pleasant  
flight?

Jim nods. Takes his keycard.

C) INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Jim sits on the end of a bed in a too small hotel kimono, stares out the window motionless.

D) EXT. KAMIMEGURO SHRINE - DAY

Jim purifies his hands, heads to a tombstone, pours water on it, washes it. The name on the tombstone reads: IKEDA.

He returns to the shrine, throws some change into the offering, slaps his hands together, closes his eyes, a half hearted prayer, leaves.

END MONTAGE

EXT. CUPID BAR - NIGHT

Jim flies out the door, slams on the pavement, turns to see an UNPLEASANT MAN throw out his luggage, slam the door shut.

A SCREAM.

PATRONS run to a crowd, Jim rises, approaches the crowd.

The crowd parts, Jim sees Liz Kirkman, again. She stands across from him in the crowd, motionless, stares back.

JIM (V.O.)  
Hallucinations involve sensory  
experiences that aren't real.

A BYSTANDER bumps Jim, he glances at them, looks back across the crowd, Liz Kirkman gone.

JIM (V.O.)  
Delusions, on the other hand, are  
false beliefs that someone holds  
strongly, even when presented with  
evidence to the contrary.

He looks down. A man on the ground, bleeds from the stomach.

Another MAN fumbles at the wound, his head darts around looks for others to help.

JIM (V.O.)  
I should've just jumped on my  
flight. But when I saw what a  
shitty job the guy was doing to  
help, I couldn't stop myself.

Jim kneels, ushers aside the man, examines the wound, applies pressure, elevates the bleeding above the heart.

He gets the patron to apply pressure, scans the crowd for the attacker, checks peoples hands for blood.

JIM (V.O.)  
He had no wounds on his hands, he  
didn't try to defend himself; maybe  
he was surprised, maybe it was a  
friend.

The victim stabilizes, an older WOMAN, large breasted runs to Jim, pulls him into her chest hugs him.

A MALE FIGURE shadows Jim across the road, observes.

JIM (V.O.)

Then, something happened. I remembered. Rapid assessment, emergency procedures, these were the ultimate high.

Woman pulls Jim's head back into her chest, tightens her hug.

JIM (V.O.)

I hadn't sleep this well in months.

INT. TOKYO - TRAIN - DAY

Train doors close. Sunrise streams through train windows, high rise buildings, the megalopolis of Tokyo disappears as the train enters a tunnel.

Jim sit lying on the seat, sound asleep.

JIM (V.O.)

I became addicted again.

A BLOODIED HAND.

Jim wakes, rises, wired, blood covers his hands and sleeves.

PASSENGERS watch him, some make calls, others avoid unwanted attention. The train slows, arrives at its first stop.

Jim moves to the doors, sees three STRANGELY DRESSED MEN, big as transit vans. They see him, both groups, still.

Doors open. Jim sprints through the train, the men run in.

Jim rips open the adjoining carriage door, bursts into the next carriage, men hot on his heels, train doors close, Jim dives out of the train onto the platform.

Doors close the men still inside.

Jim heaves a sigh of relief. The train motionless. Doors open. Men step onto the platform, leer at Jim.

He scrambles up the stairs to the exit, men chase. Jim hurdles the ticket gates, dashes out the exit, down the

STREET

He sprints across the crowded Hachiko square crossing into an alleyway, the men follow close.

Through an underpass, tries to lose them in a maze of alleys and garbage filled, wet backstreets, glances over his shoulder to see where his pursuers are.

Jim turns off a street, runs down an alley. Dead end.

He jumps, clasps the top of the wall, runs his feet up the wall, feet slip, he lands on garbage.

Lying there, he looks up, Liz Kirkman. She lingers over him.

FOOTSTEPS. Jim turns, sees his pursuers.

He turns back, Liz's gone.

JIM

O.K. You got me.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Minato ward, one of Tokyo's wealthiest suburbs.

Jim follows SATOSHI NAKAMURA (30s), bald, sports a fedora and a floral short, loyal until the end, into a large kitchen.

Past a long island, wooden floors, white ceiling, open plan design stands HIROMI MORITA (60s), her personality makes up for her lack of physical intimidation.

She lifts a small pot of scrambled eggs off the range.

JIM (V.O.)

You won't find this place on google maps.

**All conversations between Jim and the Hiromi take place in the National language.**

HIROMI

We heard you had some trouble.

SATOSHI

You get into trouble last night?

INT. CUPID BAR - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Shitty, small and dark, a lot of red lamps around the place.

Half full with PATRONS. A place for suspicious people, hostesses, both old and young sit, enjoy quiet conversation.

JAPANESE WOMEN SMOKE, BUSINESSMEN try one on, talk about software sales. A WAITER sets down a coaster, pours a beer very slowly, all very foreign.

TV in the b.g. Jim nurses a whiskey glass.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

This beautiful, charismatic YouTuber has accumulated millions of followers...

Jim glances at the TV, on it HARUKA TAMURA (30s), timeless beauty, emotionally scared, self awareness exudes a strength.

An OLDER FEMALE saunters over, all smiles.

JIM (V.O.)

A woman with a heavily painted face slid up and asked me for a drink. Feeling generous, I brought her a highball then another and a second round for myself.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

...by producing videos on topics ranging from trauma to spirituality.

Jim stares over at the TV, transfixed.

An argument breaks out near the entrance of the bar, Jim swings around to see two PATRONS move it outside.

Jim smirks, stands, waves to the bartender for the bill.

JIM (V.O.)

When I got up to leave I was presented with a bill for 60,000 yen, enough to pay for 100 drinks. Before I could protest, a very unpleasant looking man with scars on his face appeared from nowhere.

He grabs Jim's shirt, checks his pockets, pulls out his wallet, empties it of money, throws it back at him.

JIM (V.O.)

I gave them what I had on me and left.

EXT. CUPID BAR - NIGHT

Jim flies out the door, lands on the pavement.

Looks back to see the unpleasant man throw his luggage at him, slam the door shut. A SCREAM.

INT. HOUSE - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT

Hiromi sprinkles fresh, chopped spring onions over the scrambled eggs.

Slides the plate over to Jim.

HIROMI

You have to be more careful.

Jim looks to Satoshi for translation.

SATOSHI

She says you shouldn't be so stupid.

CUPID BAR MANAGER (40s), falls inside, door shuts behind him.

The manager drops onto his knees and crawls over to Jim.

He fumbles inside his coat, produces a brown envelope, hands it to Jim, his bloodied palms face upwards in a deep bow, head touches the floor.

MANAGER

I am so very sorry.

Jim takes it. The manager crawls back across the floor, backs out of the room, pulls the door shut on his knees.

JIM

Who was that?

SATOSHI

The manager of Cupid. We own it.

JIM

You own it?

SATOSHI

We do now.

Jim looks at Hiromi, she smiles and nods, he smiles back.

Jim glances over at a table, on it an open folder, photos of a long-haired, striking WOMAN spill out.

Haruka Tamura, the woman from the T.V In the Cupid bar. He looks to Hiromi.

SATOSHI (CONT'D)  
The man you helped, he was one of ours.

JIM (V.O.)  
...to consider his family as my own brothers, and to teach them this art, if they want to learn it, without fee or indenture;

JIM  
You're man. He a drinker?

SATOSHI  
Understatement.

JIM  
His blood wouldn't clot.

SATOSHI  
What is it called when doctors make you feel better just by talking?

JIM  
Bed side manner.

SATOSHI  
Yours is shit.

JIM  
Alcoholics don't produce enough potassium in the liver. Tell your friend to stay away from knives. He may end up bleeding to death.

JIM (V.O.)  
Satoshi dressed like he was on holiday, but he was a wolf in sheep's clothing.

INT. HOUSING ESTATE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Foundations being prepared. Satoshi moves through the site, surveys plans, talks to CONSTRUCTION WORKERS.

Satoshi inspects floor plans, a YOUNG RIVAL grabs a gimlet, rushes him.

Satoshi picks up a craft knife. Sticks him in the side.

ONCE. TWICE. Violent, precise.

JIM (V.O.)

The bone sticker they called it, a kind of stiletto. It went clean through a rib and into his heart.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Police escort Satoshi into the patrol car. Police keep their distance, Satoshi doesn't resist, he's not cuffed.

JIM (V.O.)

He was barely twenty at the time but so well known, when the cops came, they didn't use handcuffs when he was led to the car.

INT. HOUSE - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT

The lower levels, a living area with a chaise lounge.

Hiromi lies, Jim hovers, performs a general physical examination, heart rate, blood pressure, height and weight.

JIM (V.O.)

...I will use those dietary regimens which will benefit my patients according to my greatest ability and judgment, and I will do no harm or injustice to them.

Hiromi gets up.

JIM

We should take you to a general hospital; I think you'd better get treated there.

HIROMI

I'm eighty three, I've done pretty much as I pleased all my life, I don't expect a cure at this stage.

SATOSHI

She said she's happy, she's not looking for a cure.

Jim looks down her throat and in her ears with a torch.

JIM

You could go out of country.

HIROMI

Discretion is a valuable asset. I  
hoped you could give me a shot  
sometimes when it hurts.

SATOSHI

She's asking for some painkillers.

JIM

I can't write prescriptions here.

SATOSHI

Don't worry. We've got a friend in  
the Ministry of Health.

HIROMI

It's the diabetes, my legs hurt  
like hell at times.

SATOSHI

She just wants help with the pain  
now and again.

JIM (V.O.)

I decided to do what I could to  
help. I had my own reasons for  
agreeing to this arrangement.

Jim stares at the photographs of Haruka, enticed.

HIROMI

You've had a long couple of days.  
Go with Satoshi, he will get you  
cleaned up.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Satoshi speeds along the causeway, Jim rides shotgun.

JIM

That woman on Hiromi's wall. She a  
thing?

SATOSHI

You could say that.

Satoshi throws him a burner. Jim fumbles.

SATOSHI (CONT'D)

Keep this on you.

Satoshi smiles.

JIM (V.O.)

Perhaps you wonder how I justified all this? It was a substitute reality, here I decided what was right or wrong, who was crazy or not. This was my vacation.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Door opens. Jim and Satoshi slide in. Swanky room, delicious view, not Jim's pay grade.

From the balcony, RINA ISHIKAWA (30s) enters, timeless beauty, even in a van Halen T-shirt and jeans, big, dark eyes like a character from Japanese animation.

JIM (V.O.)

And, she ruined everything.

SATOSHI

I'll be back later.

RINA

Shall we do it then?

JIM

Yeah I haven't been briefed on what it is we are supposed to do.

Rina leans in, whispers in Jim's ear, smiles a brave smile.

JIM (V.O) (CONT'D)

Similarly I will not give to a woman a pessary to cause abortion. But I will keep pure and holy both my life and my art.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jim paces in a hallway, curses, kicks the wall, he crouches, hands on head he leans against a wall.

JIM (V.O.)

Let me tell you a little bit about Rina Ishikawa.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

SHINTARO ISHIKAWA (50s), like an Asian Jabba the hut, arrogance to match, gorges himself at the table.

JIM (V.O.)

Rina was the daughter of a  
politician who had got herself  
pregnant to one of Satoshi's goons.

While in the

RESTROOM

Rina is getting fucked in the toilet.

JIM (V.O.)

The politician was associated with  
Morita-san, as a favor to him she  
had Satoshi make me perform the  
abortion. I had now broken every  
rule in the Hippocratic Oath. Every  
rule I swore to uphold. And I hated  
myself for it.

INT. HOTEL - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jim, in a small kimono, stares at Home Shopping Network on  
the TV, arm stretched out hand grips the remote.

JIM (V.O.)

This is how I met Rina Ishikawa,  
and I couldn't sleep again.

Jim's eyes flutter, heavy, eyelids close.

JIM (V.O.)

I hadn't slept in four days...

A KNOCK.

Eyes open. Jim peels himself off the sofa, opens the door.

Satoshi, throws a cigarette into his mouth, lights it.

JIM

You can't smoke here.

SATOSHI

You wanna meet her?

EXT. TRIBE COMPOUND - NIGHT

Large gated compound complete with small and large cabins,  
kitchen, printing and film studios, large grounds.

Satoshi presses the intercom button.

Gate opens, there stands HARUKA TAMURA (30s), beautiful.

SATOSHI

Now you have.

HARUKA

Pleasure to meet you James,  
Satoshi's told me a lot about you.  
We're about to start, join us.

INT. TRIBE COMPOUND - LARGE CABIN - NIGHT

A hide away in the forest. Wooden, rustic, a stage, lit.

Haruka cross legged in a large lounge chair on the stage.

JIM (V.O.)

...Into whatsoever houses I enter,  
I will enter to help the sick, and  
I will abstain from all intentional  
wrong-doing and harm, especially  
from abusing the bodies of man or  
woman, bond or free.

A mass of bodies on the floor in darkness look up at Haruka.

Near her, her entourage, NATSUKI (40s) a round-faced, jovial  
man, clean white shirt, blue jeans. The brains of the outfit.

KEIZO (30s) built like a truck, Haruka's body guard, martial  
artist, and KAO (30s) a Haruka lookalike, Haruka's right arm.

Jim stands, watches from off stage.

HARUKA

I urge those who feel suicidal to  
seek help, in my experience, this  
help does not come.

The ghost of Liz Kirkman lurks behind Haruka.

Jim flinches, Haruka notices, pauses.

HARUKA (CONT'D)

Suicide is a safety net, our re-set  
button that's always there.

Jim's focus shifts back to Haruka, tries to ignore the ghost.

HARUKA (CONT'D)

Viewing it this way enables us to set the idea aside, and concentrate on what we can do to make ourselves feel better in the present. Let's all lie down on the floor.

The group lay down. The lights dim.

HARUKA (CONT'D)

Let's imagine our death in as much grisly detail as we possibly can.

EXT. TRIBE COMPOUND - LARGE CABIN - NIGHT

Jim walks to the exit, moves outside to the veranda.

Outside a TRIBE MEMBER paces.

TRIBE MEMBER

A re-set button? That's disturbing.

JIM

All a little over my head.

TRIBE MEMBER

Suggesting you can kill yourself and that things will start over again and be better, it's not true. She's got these ideas that in her mind are helpful.

JIM

Isn't that what she's trying to do?

TRIBE MEMBER

But for others are dangerous.

JIM

What makes you come?

TRIBE MEMBER

I'm a journalist.

JIM

They know that?

TRIBE MEMBER

What do you think? What do you think you're doing when you tell somebody to visualize how they're going to kill themselves?

JIM

You're telling them to practice in  
their mind.

TRIBE MEMBER

This type of imagery rehearsal is  
an effective way of improving your  
actual ability to do something.  
Olympic-level athletes use it. To  
tell somebody to think through how  
they're going to kill themselves,  
that's not safe.

Journalist pulls out his business card, offers it to Jim.

TRIBE MEMBER (CONT'D)

Goro Koyama, if you want to chat.

Keizo appears.

KEIZO

You two. Libation time.

JIM (V.O.)

I should have been haggling with my  
Hospital. I should have been trying  
to get my old job back...

He follows Goro back inside.

JIM (V.O.)

I should have been unhappy about my  
fucked up little life back home.

Jim's face shows no reaction. He continues to walk.

JIM (V.O.)

But I wasn't.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Jim enters the kitchen, removes his surgical gloves, sees  
Satoshi prepping food.

JIM (V.O.)

... I was finding something out: I  
was finding out, more and more,  
that I was not alone.

JIM

What's on the menu?

SATOSHI

How was it?

JIM

It's almost like a rehearsal.

SATOSHI

She's changing the world.

JIM

That guy Keizo, what does he do? In the real world I mean.

SATOSHI

I heard he's police, or was, I'm not sure. Come on, I've got something for you.

INT. LAW OFFICES - DAY

The office of TSUTSUMI SAKAMOTO (50s), a well known anti-cult lawyer bubbles in celebration.

SAKAMOTO

I want to thank everyone who worked on this, our class-action suit against the Unification Church on behalf of relatives of Unification Church members was a great success.

A young PARALEGAL (20s) steps forward, places a stack of thick binders on the table.

PARALEGAL

In the suit the plaintiffs sued for assets transferred to the group, and for harm inflicted by worsened family relationships.

SAKAMOTO

A public relations campaign in which our clients demanded public attention to their cause was instrumental to our plan, and the Unification Church suffered a serious financial blow.

INT. TRIBE COMPOUND - SPRITUAL CENTER - DAY

Jim steps in, he watches everyone take off their shoes before entering. Haruka appears in hundreds of photos. They plaster every wall, hang from the ceilings.

Her presence the most eerie part of going inside, aside from the people who live here. They are obsessed with her.

They move to the

SECOND FLOOR

A flight of stairs leads to a room full of sewing machines used by members to make their own clothes.

The tribe also churns out thousands of books at its printing plant and produces videotapes at its sophisticated studio.

SATOSHI

That material is getting shipped to branches in Moscow, Bonn and New York.

Jim watches one member, KAI (30s) place a prosthetic over the snub of his little finger.

Jim turns, there's Rina. Kai kisses Rina, she approaches.

RINA

Fancy seeing you here.

JIM

To what do we owe the honor?

RINA

I had an appointment with Haruka. I hoped to see you too.

SATOSHI

Joining us? You don't want to stay out here with the women, do you?

Actually he does, but...

JIM

No thanks. I'm heading back.

SATOSHI

Probably best. It'll be all business and politics, that sort of thing. Wouldn't interest you. Good of you to come.

Satoshi and the other men exit.

Rina leans over to take Jim's hand.

RINA  
Want to go to a real party?

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

Crowded, alive with music, laughter, raucous carrying on. A DJ on the stage, cranking out lively music.

People are dancing, drinking beer and wine, smoking, laughing, even brawling.

Rina hands Jim a pint of beer and she hoists it.

RINA  
Would you like to dance?

Rina and Jim face to face. The music starts.

JIM  
Oh, I don't know the steps.

RINA  
Just move with me. Don't think.

A little awkward at first, Jim starts to get into it. Rina grins at Jim as he gets the rhythm of the steps.

RINA (CONT'D)  
Wait... stop!

She bends down, pulls off her high heeled shoes, flings them.

She grabs Jim and they plunge back into the fray, dancing faster as the music speeds up.

Rina shines with sweat. A space opens around them, and people watch them, clap and cheer as the music gets faster.

Music stops. Jim steps away from Rina with a flourish, allowing her to take a bow.

Exhilarated and tipsy, she does a graceful ballet plié, a perfect turn out.

Everyone laughs and applauds.

They move to a table, flushed and sweaty. Rina grabs Jim's cigarette and takes a big drag. She's feeling cocky.

Rina chugs a pint, showing off.

RINA (CONT'D)  
You think a politicians daughter  
can't drink?

Everybody else dances again.

EXT. TRIBE COMPOUND - NIGHT

Stars blaze overhead, so bright and clear.

Rina and Jim sneak back in, giddy from the party. They reach the end, Rina's cabin in the distance.

Rina sits on the grass, lays back, stares at the cosmos.

RINA

Isn't it magnificent? So grand and endless. They're such small people, ... my crowd. They think they're giants on the earth, but they're not a grain of sand. They live inside this little tiny champagne bubble... someday the bubble's going to burst.

He sits in the green next to her.

RINA (CONT'D)

Look! A shooting star.

JIM

That was a long one. My mother used to say that whenever you saw one, it was a soul going to heaven.

RINA

I like that. Aren't we supposed to wish on it?

Rina looks at Jim, finds that they are very close together.

JIM

What would you wish for?

It would be so easy to move a couple of inches, to kiss him.

Rina pulls back.

RINA

Something I can't have. Goodnight.  
Thank you.

She gets up hurries across the golf course to her hotel.

INT. TRIBE COMPOUND - LARGE CABIN - NIGHT - LATER

Haruka stands in front of a FEMALE AUDIENCE MEMBER, the grilling begins.

HARUKA

What brought you here?

AUDIENCE MEMBER

Dissatisfaction.

HARUKA

What are you dissatisfied with?

AUDIENCE MEMBER

Where do I start?

HARUKA

Wherever you want.

Jim watches from the shadows.

AUDIENCE MEMBER

I feel like I'm surrounded by so much negativity.

HARUKA

And?

AUDIENCE MEMBER

A lot has changed recently.

HARUKA

Like?

AUDIENCE MEMBER

I...I just

She breaks down. Haruka approaches wraps her arms around her, cups her cheeks in her hands.

HARUKA

Feels good to be held.

Haruka guides her to a seat, hands her a tissue.

HARUKA (CONT'D)

At the heart of all change, lies a dissatisfaction with how things are. But, change can be an exercise in discovering your authentic self.

AUDIENCE MEMBER

Thank you.

Tears run down the audience members face, Haruka dabs them with a tissue.

HARUKA

The best stories are about homecoming.

Muffled laughter from the audience.

Haruka rises, moves to the front of the stage, cups the audience member's cheek in her hand.

HARUKA (CONT'D)

Killing oneself would create a devastating ripple for loved ones, and it does matter if you are here or not here. You don't want to die. What you want is an end to your pain. We all do. There is nowhere to go but back to life so why leave?

The group applause grows into a fervor, people rush up to hug Haruka and hold her hand.

HARUKA (CONT'D)

Before we finish tonight we have one more.

The tribe members part, Jim stands there. Haruka ushers him to the front.

He obliges, sits, Haruka sits across from him. Jim's there, but he's not present.

HARUKA (CONT'D)

We want to find the trauma you're running from so we have to go back.

JIM

How far?

HARUKA

That's for you to decide. It will work if you are open, do you want to be open?

A big sigh from Jim.

JIM

I grew up in a house where drugs and alcohol were a big part of my father's life.

BEGIN MONTAGE

A) INT. HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Jim opens the fridge, he stares at the six pack of beers.

JIM (V.O.)  
Until we ran out on him.

Jim sneaks money from his fathers wallet. His father calls, Jim runs out.

JIM (V.O.)  
I swore to myself I'd never be like him but sure enough when I got older I started to drink. It made everything go away and I never thought I had a problem.

B) EXT. PARK - DAY

Jim drinks with OTHERS in a park.

JIM (V.O.)  
At the end of 8th grade, I drank every weekend. I didn't want anyone knowing my father was an alcoholic so I kept to myself.

C) EXT. STREET - DAY

Jim in school uniform returns to school with other students.

JIM (V.O.)  
When I was a sophomore I lost my brother to an overdose. I couldn't take the pain so I'd drink until I blacked out.

He slows, as they walk ahead, ducks into a side street, grabs a hidden bottle of alcohol, necks it.

JIM (V.O.)  
When I was a sophomore I lost my In my last year of high school my dad passed away.

E) INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

Jim sleeps in an anatomy lecture.

JIM (V.O.)

I hid from a lot of people. When I started college I thought just about the social life. During my freshman year I wouldn't go to class. I'd drink almost every day and I ended up in hospital for an alcohol overdose.

The sound of FLAT LINING on a heart monitor.

F) INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Jim (20s) eyes flicker open, stares up at bright lights.

JIM (V.O.)

Even after that incident, I still didn't believe I had a problem with alcohol, and the problem didn't stop there.

FLAT LINING continues.

G) INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Jim backs away from the table, eyes remain on Liz Kirkman's lifeless body.

PARAMEDIC

Doc, you gonna call it?

JIM

Time of death 12.08 am.

ER NURSE ANDERSON

What did she say?

JIM

She said she's late picking up her daughter at school.

Jim and Nurse Anderson head to the doors, exit into the

HALLWAY

Jim and Nurse Anderson come down the hall, past the reception area, Tom sees them, stands.

We don't hear the conversation just grim body language.

The force of the news collapses Tom, he squats in the hallway and holds his head.

JIM

If you want I can order an autopsy, I can't guarantee it'll be conclusive. There are also grief counselors who are helpful. I found that is where most people get some resolution.

TOM

Resolution? You'll be hearing from my lawyers.

JIM (V.O.)

I don't remember the first time I stole narcotics I was supposed to administer to patients.

END MONTAGE

INT. TRIBE COMPOUND - LARGE CABIN - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT

Jim fights tears. Haruka studies him, her glare piercing.

JIM

I don't remember exactly when I installed the intravenous port in my ankle so I could inject the drugs more efficiently. And I don't remember how many patients I may have put at risk before getting into treatment. But I know, I killed her.

JIM (CONT'D)

It becomes an addiction.

HARUKA

Really?

INT. TRIBE COMPOUND - CABIN - NIGHT

Wooden, rustic, smaller version of the larger cabin. Jim sits, crossed legged, attempts to meditate.

A KNOCK. Jim moves to the door, opens it.

Haruka.

She leans in, kisses Jim, Jim surprised, backs away, doesn't know what to do. Brief recognition between them.

She grabs him, kisses him, Haruka pushes Jim onto the bed, climbs on Jim.

Their clothes come off.

Atop him... she straddles his chest... her breasts in his face. He cups her breasts. She leans down, kisses him...

She leans close over his face, her tongue in his mouth, kisses him, moves her hands, holds his arms above his head.

She moves higher atop him... she reaches to the side of the bed... a white silk scarf in her hand... her hips above his face now, moving... slightly, oh-so slightly... his face strains towards her.

Scarf in her hand... she ties his hands with it... gently... to the bed... his eyes are closed... tighter... lowering hips into his face... lower... over his chest... his navel.

He is inside her... his head arches back... his throat white.

She arches her back... her hips grind... breasts are high...

Her back arches back... back... her head tilts back...

INT. TRIBE COMPOUND - CABIN - DAY

Jim's eyes snap open.

ON THE TV.

ANNOUNCER

Journalist Goro Koyama was killed in a drive-by attack in Tokorozawa City, Saitama prefecture about 4 am this morning. In a statement, Kenji Sato, executive director of the Presidential Task Force on Media Security, did not name the two gunmen.

Jim shoots bolt upright, face freezes.

He turns sees Haruka outside on the balcony on the phone.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

One gunman died in a motorcycle crash while fleeing the scene, the statement said.

(MORE)

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

The other is still at large. Sato has called on him to surrender.

JIM (V.O.)

Just a moment, what the hell is happening, I mean, Christ, I came here to clean a shrine, take some photos and leave didn't I? How the fuck am I going to get out of this?

JIM

Where's Keizo?

HARUKA

Tokorozawa.

EXT. TRIBE COMPOUND - CABIN - DAY

Jim glances across the compound, Rina stands in the distance, stares into the woods, like a figure in a romantic novel, sad and isolated.

Satoshi looks at Jim gazing at Rina, he grins.

Rina turns, looks right at Jim. He's caught, he doesn't look away. She does, then looks back. Their eyes meet.

SATOSHI

Don't get mixed up with decent girls, You'll be cut dead for it.

JIM

I'm old enough to be her father.

Jim sees Keizo come up behind her and take her arm.

She jerks her arm away. They argue in pantomime. She storms away, he goes after her.

Jim stares after her.

SATOSHI

Forget it. You'd sooner have gods fly out you ass as get close to the likes of her. You know anything about meth?

JIM (V.O)

Neither will I administer a poison to anybody when asked to do so, nor will I suggest such a course.

JIM (CONT'D)  
You looking to lose some weight?  
Control that attention disorder of  
yours?

SATOSHI  
Can you cook it?

JIM  
What the fuck for?

Haruka enters with SORA ISHIKAWA (40s), mutton dressed as lamb, brow beaten.

HARUKA  
Jim this is Sora, she's  
instrumental in our kitchen here.

SORA  
Its nice to finally meet you Haruka  
has told me so much about you.

JIM  
Pleasure.

HARUKA  
Can I borrow Satoshi for a moment.

Haruka and Satoshi move to the veranda. Haruka looks away.

Sora silent, repeatedly mouths the words, HELP ME to Jim.

Jim squints a WHAT? Look back at Sora.

Haruka and Satoshi return.

HARUKA (CONT'D)  
Thank you. This'll help immensely.

JIM  
I'm not quite convinced how?

HARUKA  
Aside from the extra sensory  
experiences that assist our  
therapeutic practices, we're a very  
visible organization with a lot of  
supporters and conversely a lot of  
enemies. We would like extra  
funding so we can protect  
ourselves.

JIM  
Protection?

HARUKA

We have a friend in another organization who can provide us with weapons...

JIM

Another organization? A Group?

HARUKA

We use those to guard our followers inside the compound.

JIM

Thought gun laws here were very strict?

Haruka smiles.

HARUKA

Our men have licenses, rifles and shotguns, no pistols, no machine guns, this isn't the movies. Let me show you something.

INT. TRIBE COMPOUND - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Haruka leads Jim through to back of the kitchen into a

BACK ROOM

Walls are lined with surveillance monitors.

HARUKA

Curious?

Haruka smiles in the doorway.

He sees himself on one screen.

On another: Tribe members in dorms. Someone sobbing. Another screen shows Rina, asleep. A man watches.

HARUKA (CONT'D)

Some of them are fragile. We need to know who needs protection.

She steps in, turns to Jim.

HARUKA (CONT'D)

And who we need protection from.  
When you're ready, you can start.

INT. TRIBE COMPOUND - ADJACENT CABIN - DAY

This place is packed tight with lab equipment and supplies.

Jim and Satoshi wear a lab aprons, rubber gloves and safety glasses. Jim's respirator is propped on his forehead.

JIM

Nearly every chemical here, is  
flammable, or extremely hazardous.  
So be careful.

BEGIN MONTAGE

A) Powdered sinus tablets get soaked in a solvent, separated out as a paste and a liquid, reduced down over heat.

JIM

N-Methyl-1-phenylpropan-2-amine.

B) Iodine is transformed into hydriodic acid.

C) Red phosphorus is combined with hydriodic acid and mixed with pseudoephedrine.

JIM (CONT'D)

Potent, highly addictive central nervous system stimulant that has an intense euphoric effect.

D) The whole mess gets cooked into freebase meth oil.

E) Salt, muriatic acid, and bits of aluminum foil are mixed in a gas can. It's connected to a length of garden hose.

F) Hydrogen chloride gas bubbles through the hose and down into a big bucket full of freebase.

JIM (CONT'D)

It can increase wakefulness and activity, and decrease appetite.

White methamphetamine hydrochloride crystals float to the top and get skimmed off.

Throughout this, Jim works with the gravity and attention to detail, like a scientist on the Manhattan Project.

JIM (CONT'D)

A schedule II controlled substance, meaning it has some medical uses.

H) EXT. TRIBE COMPOUND - ADJACENT CABIN - DAY

Toxic-looking YELLOW SMOKE wafts through a vent in the roof. It curls up into the trees, filters through shafts of sun.

END MONTAGE.

INT. TRIBE COMPOUND - ADJACENT CABIN - NIGHT

Dark outside. The cook finished. Jim sits in his apron, tired. He rubs the red line around his face left by his respirator, trying to make it go away.

They've made a pound of fat, snowy white crystals. Satoshi dips into it with a razor blade, lifts out a sample.

He taps it onto a sheet of paper, swirls it around.

His eyes wide. Subdued. Awed, as if he's seen the Holy Grail.

SATOSHI

This is... this is glass grade.  
You got... crystals in here a  
quarter-inch long. Longer. This is  
pure glass.

He's run out of superlatives. He's actually tearing up.

Jim is surprised by his emotion.

SATOSHI (CONT'D)

I got to try some of this.

HARUKA (O.S)

No.

JIM

So, how do we proceed?

HARUKA

You cook more tomorrow. Meantime,  
I know just the guy to talk to.

A SCREAM

They run out of the cabin across the compound to a

STORAGE UNIT

They find Kao on a stair well, she looks to the basement.

KAO  
I found her like that.

From the top of the stairs, they see on the basement floor Sora Ishikawa motionless, her head drowns in a pool of blood.

Kao moves to Sora's body.

JIM  
Don't touch her!

He dashes downstairs, inspects Sora, she's not breathing.

EXT. TRIBE COMPOUND - COMPOUND - NIGHT

A crowd gathers around Sora's body atop a large bonfire.

Haruka and Keizo approach Jim.

HARUKA  
A process of breaking surfaces, an all-consuming inferno that is both spectacle in itself and serves to engulf and merge cadavers and material culture.

JIM  
You're not going to contact the family? Autopsy the body?

KEIZO  
She gave up her family when she moved here.

HARUKA  
It's almost an act of violent killing in itself; the fire is an agent: a hungry spirit. The body transforms into ash and smoke, allowing ascent of the body into the sky. The heated spurting blood verifies and exemplifies perhaps a second death.

Jim walks away.

Hearing something he turns, sees Rina run across the compound into the woods, she doesn't see Jim.

Her breath hitches in a sob. She reaches a cliff edge, clings against a tree, pants, stares out at the black water below.

She leans out, looking down hypnotized, into the vortex below her. Her hair lifted by the wind.

JIM (O.S.)  
Don't do it.

Rina whips her head around.

RINA  
Stay back! Don't come any closer!

Jim sees the tear tracks on her cheeks.

JIM  
Take my hand.

RINA  
Stay where you are. I mean it.

JIM  
You would have done it already. Now  
come on, take my hand.

Rina's confused. She can't see him through the tears, she  
wipes them with one hand, almost loses her balance.

RINA  
Go away.

JIM  
I can't. I'm involved now. If you  
let go I have to jump in after you.

RINA  
Don't be absurd. The fall alone  
would kill you.

He takes off his sweatshirt. He slips off his left shoe.

JIM  
It would hurt. I'm not saying it  
wouldn't. To be honest I'm a lot  
more concerned about the water  
being so cold.

She looks down. The reality of what she is doing sinks in.

RINA  
How cold?

JIM  
Freezing.

He slips off his right shoe.

JIM (CONT'D)

But like I said, I don't see a choice. I guess I'm kind of hoping you'll come back over here and get me off the hook here.

RINA

You're crazy.

JIM

With all due respect, I'm not the one hanging off the edge of a cliff.

He slides one step closer, like moving up on a spooked horse.

JIM (CONT'D)

Come on. Give me your hand.

Rina stares at this madman for a long time.

She unfastens a hand, reaches to him. He reaches to take it.

She plunges, letting out a piercing SHRIEK. Jim, grips her hand, is jerked toward the edge.

RINA

HELP! HELP!!

JIM

I've got you. I won't let go.

Jim holds her hand with all his strength, braces himself on a tree with his other hand.

Rina tries to get a foothold.

Jim tries to lift her.

She can't get any footing, she slips back. Rina SCREAMS.

Jim clutches Rina by whatever he can, gets her over the edge.

They fall onto the ground in a tangled heap, spinning in a way that Jim winds up on top of her.

Natsuki sprints to the edge.

NATSUKI

What's all this?!

Natsuki runs up, pulls Jim off of Rina, revealing her disheveled and sobbing on the ground. Her clothes are torn.

Natsuki looks at Jim, the foreigner with his sweatshirt off, the politicians daughter in distress, draws conclusions.

INT. TRIBE COMPOUND - CABIN - NIGHT

Jim wakes in the night, drenched in sweat. He steps outside into the compound.

A TRIBE MEMBER (mid-20s) is pacing, panicked, whispering into a burner phone.

TRIBE MEMBER

They won't listen. No one's seen  
Ayaka since last night. She's gone.  
Just gone.

Jim approaches.

JIM

Who's Ayaka?

The member turns pale, startled.

TRIBE MEMBER

I... shouldn't be talking.

He runs off. Jim is left in the darkness.

JIM (V.O.)

Sora, Ayaka. No goodbyes. Just  
gone.

INT. TRIBE COMPOUND - MEDICINE ROOM - NIGHT

Dim, quiet. Bottles of unlabeled pills. Jim stares into a cabinet full of stolen meds, breath shallow.

RINA (O.S.)

You're not going to save anyone  
here.

Jim turns. Rina stands at the doorway, hesitant.

JIM

Saved you didn't I?

RINA

Satoshi told me you were a real  
doctor once.

JIM

That's not who I am anymore.

RINA

Bullshit. It's exactly who you are,  
when you're not running.

JIM

You don't know what I've done.

RINA

I don't care. But if you keep  
helping them... then you're  
choosing it.

She steps closer.

RINA (CONT'D)

Yes, you saved me. You can still  
save others. But not here. Not like  
this.

Rina turns, walks out.

Jim stares at the cabinet again. Slowly, he closes it.

A KNOCK. Haruka enters.

HARUKA

Let's go for a ride.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Haruka, Keizo and Jim cross the parking lot, towards the convenience store. Keizo hands Haruka his BACKPACK.

Haruka takes the BACKPACK, unzips it, searches the contents.

JIM

What are we doing?

Haruka smiles, takes out a HANDGUN, hands it to Keizo.

Jim turns white, staring at the gun.

HARUKA

Human Sacrifice.

The BACK DOOR opens, Keizo brings the store's CLERK out at gunpoint, forces him to his knees.

Keizo tosses the gun to Haruka, she points it at the Clerk.

CLERK

Please... don't...

HARUKA  
What's your name?

CLERK  
Raiki, Raiki Itou.

Haruka snatches his wallet. Pulls out his driver's license.

HARUKA  
1320 Kawasaki. Basement apartment.

Raiki whimpers.

JIM  
Haruka...

HARUKA  
Raiki, you're going to die.

Haruka rummages through the wallet.

HARUKA (CONT'D)  
This a picture of your Mother and  
Father?

RAIKI  
Yesssss...

HARUKA  
They'll have to call a doctor to  
dig up your dental records, because  
there'll be nothing left of your  
face.

RAIKI  
Please, God, no...

Raiki weeps, shoulders heave.

JIM  
Haruka...

Haruka rams the gun barrel against Raiki's temple, COCKS the  
gun. Raiki GASPS.

RAIKI  
No, please, no, no!

Haruka moves the gun right between Raiki's eyes.

RAIKI (CONT'D)  
NOOOOO!

Haruka UNCOCKS the gun, lowers it.

HARUKA  
Get out of here.

Raiki staggers to his feet, heads down an alleyway. Jim and Haruka watch Raiki flee, Haruka turns, studies Jim.

JIM  
I feel sick.

HARUKA  
Imagine how he feels.

Haruka brings the gun to her own head, pulls the trigger.  
CLICK. Empty.

JIM  
You said no pistols.

Haruka walks away.

HARUKA  
Tomorrow will be the most beautiful  
day of Raiki Itou's life.

Jim watches Haruka go.

Jim turns, looks in the direction Raiki ran. He turns back, follows Haruka.

INT. TRIBE COMPOUND - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jim rinses his face. Looks up, studies himself in the mirror.

He picks up a disposable razor. The blade is, missing.

Something glints behind the medicine cabinet. Jim pries it open, finds a SYRINGE with a murky liquid, prepped.

He hears SOMETHING, spins. No one. He pockets the syringe, rushes out.

JIM (V.O.)  
She said it wasn't the movies.  
But this, this was worse.

EXT. TRIBE COMPOUND - DAY

Jim and Rina walk side by side. They pass people reading and talking in chairs, glance at the mismatched couple.

JIM (V.O.)  
She had a plan. No fear. No  
distractions.

They're both awkward, for different reasons.

RINA  
It took me all morning to get up  
the nerve to face you.

JIM  
Well, here we are.

RINA  
I want to thank you for what you  
did. Not just for pulling me back.

JIM  
You're welcome. Guess I owe you a  
thank you too.

RINA  
I know what you must be thinking!  
Poor little rich girl. What does  
she know about misery?

JIM  
That's not what I was thinking. I  
was thinking... what could have  
happened to hurt this girl so much  
she thought she had no way out.

RINA  
My father, it's his whole world.  
And I'm trapped in it, like an  
insect in amber. I talked to  
Haruka. I just had to get away...  
just run and run and run... and  
then I was at the cliff and there  
was no more ground. I was so  
furious. I wanted to show them.  
Make them sorry!

JIM  
Uh huh. They'd be sorry. But you'd  
be dead.

RINA  
I am such a fool.

JIM  
That, is he one of them?

RINA

Oh, Kai! He is them.

JIM

He your boyfriend?

RINA

Worse I'm afraid.

She shows him her engagement ring. A sizable diamond.

JIM

Look at that thing! You would have gone straight to the bottom.

They laugh together.

A passing tribe member scowls at Jim's mixed ethnicity, but Rina just glares him away.

JIM (CONT'D)

So you feel like you're stuck on a train you can't get off 'cause you're marrying this guy?

RINA

Exactly!

JIM

So don't marry him.

RINA

If only it were that simple.

JIM

It is.

Satoshi approaches.

SATOSHI

You ready?

PRODUCER (O.S.)

Five..four..

INT. TRIBE COMPOUND - STUDIO - DAY

Tokyo Broadcasting System CAMERMAN, SOUND OPERATOR sit behind the camera as they ready to tape an interview with Haruka.

PRODUCER (40s), nicotine stains on his fingers, counts three..two..one

MALE INTERVIEWER (40s) good looking, thanks to the make-up department, oozes a false confidence, sits cross legged across from Haruka.

INTERVIEWER

How would you respond to those who accuse you of encouraging suicide?

Haruka laughs at that idea.

HARUKA

That's funny, really funny to me.

Then she takes a more serious tone.

HARUKA (CONT'D)

To call me a proponent of suicide is ridiculous and those who do clearly haven't watched my videos.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Satoshi and Jim approach a car, funky old black Toyota with tinted windows in the rear, a recycled Japanese taxi.

SATOSHI

A man without guts doesn't get anywhere. Men are like timber for a house, there's wood for pillars supporting everything, and there's wood for paneling the john. Without guts, you'll stay a rookie. On the other hand, if you've got guts you're going to be treated with respect not just by other yakuza, but by the police as well.

INT. TRIBE COMPOUND - STUDIO - DAY

Tokyo Broadcasting System CAMERMAN, SOUND OPERATOR sit behind the camera, watch the interview with Haruka.

INTERVIEWER

Two young people who were members of your group took their lives.

HARUKA

I am not aware of them.

She grows visibly angry.

HARUKA (CONT'D)

To suggest I am responsible for  
suicide in people who came to me  
suicidal, that's pretty insane.

INT. CAR - DAY

Satoshi at the wheel, Jim shotgun, reaches for the radio,  
Satoshi smacks his hand.

SATOSHI

Suppose you get into a fight,  
whatever happens, you've got to  
squash him.

They wait at a stop light, Satoshi pumps a cigarette in his  
mouth, lights up.

SATOSHI (CONT'D)

If you get hurt without hurting him  
back, it doesn't matter what  
happens to you, we're the ones  
who'll suffer.

The lights turn green, they SCREECH off, someone runs in  
front of the car.

SATOSHI (CONT'D)

Idiot! If you lose you're either  
dead or in a hospital. And if you  
win, you go to jail, that's the  
kind of life it is.

JIM

Nice life.

SATOSHI

If you get so scrappy the ordinary  
people get scared of you, you're  
going to scare away customers too.

JIM

The customer's always right. Right?

Satoshi looks at Jim.

SATOSHI

The customer is God.

They stop at an intersection.

SATOSHI (CONT'D)

Like they say, the good hawk hides  
its claws, be on your guard, but  
take the ordinary people around you  
into account.

JIM

You ever killed anybody?

SATOSHI

How about you?

Jim glances into the rearview mirror, Liz Kirkman in the rear seat stares back at him.

JIM

I hurt somebody's feelings once.

INT. TRIBE COMPOUND - STUDIO - DAY

TBS CAMERMAN, SOUND OPERATOR shoot each other a smirk as they watch the interview tension grow.

INTERVIEWER

What about your online groups?

HARUKA

You start an online group hoping  
it's a place for individuals to  
come to.

INTERVIEWER

And you've got people from all over  
the world coming.

HARUKA

I'm trying to get moderators who  
are on different time zones but  
let's say one of us doesn't see a  
suicidal post.

INTERVIEWER

Do the volunteers get any training?

HARUKA

No.

INTERVIEWER

Perhaps social media is not the  
right forum for such discussions.

HARUKA

That's a question I ask myself a lot, I think about my 15-year-old self. I'm thinking about what I would've wanted when it was three o'clock in the morning and everyone in my house was asleep. If there'd been a YouTube video telling me how to feel differently I would've wanted that.

INT. CAR - DAY

Satoshi stops the car, leans forward, pops the trunk.

SATOSHI

Right, get out.

JIM

Why are we stopping?

SATOSHI

Sorry my friend. You got to get in the trunk.

JIM

Fuck no. I'm not getting in there.

SATOSHI

What? You afraid?

JIM

Of course I'm afraid, what you think I'm reluctant because I'm happy?

Jim spots something odd under Satoshi's shirt.

JIM (CONT'D)

What's that?

SATOSHI

Nothing.

JIM

What are you wearing?

Jim lifts his shirt, a wire.

JIM (CONT'D)

The fuck?! You recording me?!

SATOSHI

They got me on some of my past. I made a deal.

JIM

Why?

SATOSHI

Because she's dangerous man. This is not fun anymore, anyone she thinks is a threat. Anyone who looks at her sideways is gone. And it scares me.

JIM

You got me into this, how the fuck am I going to get out?!

SATOSHI

I'm trying to get us out of this. Get in the fuckin' trunk, don't say anything, open your mouth only for breathing.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

The car stops underneath a bridge, THREE MEN and Keizo wait.

Satoshi gets out.

SATOSHI

What you doing here?

Keizo and the men see all of Jim's stuff in the car.

Satoshi reaches into the trunk, grabs the drugs.

Satoshi turns to see the men and Keizo, guns drawn.

They gesture to him to drop the bag and turn back around.

KEIZO

The most outworn cliché about crime is that it does not pay. The rewards can be very high, as long as you are prepared to accept the associated risks of being caught.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Satoshi snaps back, bullets hit him in the shoulder and chest spinning him like a top, he falls, still, blood leaks from his motionless body.

They approach Satoshi's body, rip his shirt open, the recording device attached to his chest, Keizo rips it off, crushes it under their feet.

INT. CAR TRUNK - DAY

Trunk opens.

They dump Satoshi's body inside, clean their hands on him.

KEIZO

Dump the car, I'll take care of this.

Trunk closes.

INT. CAR TRUNK - NIGHT

Jim comes to. Piss Soaked pants.

JIM (V.O.)

How embarrassing.

Jim's breathing accelerates, heartbeat echoes in the trunk.

He exhausts himself. Muffled MUSIC plays. Jim halts his hysteria, listens. MUSIC gets louder.

He wipes his eyes, looks around, spots it. His way out. He sends the little boy back to where he came from. Jim's back.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Keizo checks his watch, wears surgical gloves.

A NOZZLE pokes through a crack in the back seat.

WHOOSH! The car fills with WHITE FIRE RETARDANT, driver, blind, coughs, gasps for air.

Keizo wipes his eyes, looks in the rearview mirror.

In the rear view Jim rises, covered in white powder, like a ghost. Keizo's eyes widen.

Jim swings for Keizo, a headlock.

The car swerves. Keizo wrenches his gun, through the dust covered windshield.

A TRUCK AHEAD. Too late to stop.

Keizo SWINGS the wheel, SLAMS ON THE BRAKES. Not in time.

The car clips the truck's right bumper. Tires screech, the car tips, FLIPS up, goes airborne.

METAL-CRUNCHING FLIPS send the car over and over.

Keizo's driven forward by the force of the impact, a driver's side air bag, explodes, cushioning him.

Jim, not so fortunate, smashes against the car interior.

The car CRASHES to a halt on the side of the highway.

JIM (V.O.)

This must've been what all those patients felt like before I saved their lives.

Steam billows from the hood...

Music picks back up.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Jim's face. Skin pale, eyes shallow pools, his dry mouth opens and shuts, he staggers forward.

He shuffles down the center of the road, unbalanced, one foot forward, jerks the other to catch up.

Stares blankly into space. He clutches one arm to his side, the other hangs limply with a closed fist.

AN APPROACHING CAR

Swerves to pass him. The driver HONKS, calls a passing get out of the way. Speeds off down the road.

Jim does not alter his course. One foot forward, jerks the other. Sways a little, rights himself.

Another oncoming car lays on the HORN, accelerates around him and continues on.

Jim staggers ahead, face drained of color.

AS A THIRD CAR

Brakes and slows behind him, red lights flash from the roof.

A POLICE OFFICER jumps out.

INT. TRIBE COMPOUND - STUDIO - DAY

Producers, camera man and sound crew pack up their gear.

INTERVIEWER

Thank you very much for your time  
Ms. Tamura, highly enlightening.

HARUKA

My pleasure. When will it air?

PRODUCER

We have to complete the Sakamoto  
interview, once we have the two  
pieces and a rough cut we can look  
to get it aired, within the week?

Haruka recognizes that name.

HARUKA

Sakamoto?

PRODUCER

The lawyer who took down the  
Unification Church.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Jim lays in a bed watched by an OFFICER at the door.

JUN WATANABE (30s), enters. Surprisingly young, Jim's age,  
and good-looking, dressed in a crumpled linen Armani suit.

Watanabe sits, crosses his legs with a self-assurance that  
makes Jim nervous. He looks up at Jim, notices the silence.

WATANABE

Looking pretty banged up there.  
Heard you were in a car accident.

JIM

I've been better.

Watanabe nods.

WATANABE

Oh, I'm sorry. Jun Watanabe.

JIM

James Ikeda. Nice to meet you.

WATANABE

Sorry we're in this situation. You know someone by the name Satoshi Nakamura?

JIM

I did.

WATANABE

I've been hired to investigate Haruka Tamura.

JIM

I see...Yes.

WATANABE

But it's not official. I just have some basic questions. About Ms. Tamura. About yourself. Water?

JIM

I'm okay.

Watanabe takes out a small black notepad and a gold Cross pen, Watanabe looks to the OFFICER posted in the room.

WATANABE

Can you bring Mr...

JIM

Ikeda.

WATANABE

Mr. Ikeda a bottle of water-

JIM

Oh no, I'm okay.

WATANABE

It's no problem.

Officer leaves, Jim watches as Watanabe writes something down in his notebook, then crosses something out.

Officer returns, places a bottle of water on the table, glares at Jim.

Watanabe smiles, nods at the officer as he turns to his post.

JIM

The topic of discussion?

WATANABE

Ms. Tamura.

JIM

I don't know much.

WATANABE

Think she wants things kept quiet.

Watanabe stares at the untouched bottle of water

JIM

No, really. I'm okay.

WATANABE

Just some preliminary questions for  
my files, okay?

JIM

Shoot.

WATANABE

How old are you?

JIM

Forty two. I'll be forty-three in  
October.

WATANABE

Where did you go to school?

JIM

Harvard. The Harvard Medical  
School.

A pause as Watanabe studies his notebook. Jim closes his  
eyes, as if in pain.

WATANABE

Pardon me, but are you okay?

JIM

Why do you ask?

WATANABE

You seem...nervous.

WATANABE (CONT'D)

What can you tell me about Ms.  
Tamura?

JIM

I'm...at a loss. She is part of  
that whole...Tribe thing, you know.

WATANABE

Tribe thing?

JIM  
Yeah...Tribe thing.

WATANABE  
What do you mean...Tribe thing?

JIM  
Well, psychedelics... the spiritual  
counseling, that Tribe thing.

A silence. The sound of the air conditioner deafening.

WATANABE  
So...there's nothing you can tell  
me about Ms. Tamura? What kind of  
woman is she? Besides...The  
information you've just given.

JIM  
Am I being cross-examined here?

WATANABE  
Do you feel that way?

He makes another note.

WATANABE (CONT'D)  
Is she involved at all, do you  
think, in occultism or Satan  
worship?

JIM  
What?

WATANABE  
I know it sounds like a lame  
question, but in Osaka, but last  
month, I don't know if you've heard  
about this, but a young stockbroker  
was arrested and charged with  
murdering a young girl and  
performing voodoo rituals with  
various body parts.

JIM  
I'm really not sure...

WATANABE  
Yeah, I know, and was into that  
whole Tribe thing. Goro Koyama, the  
journalist who was killed recently,  
I got to say. Eerie. Really eerie.

Silence.

INT. HEARING ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

A white room, Jim sits in the center behind a table, on top of it, a microphone reverberates, records every word, surrounded by HOSPITAL BEURAUCRATS behind tables.

HOSPITAL BEURAUCRAT

This panel has convened to investigate gross medical misconduct. Based on previous testimony, my primary concern here is the breakdown in the system. You barged into the E.R and worked on a patient you were not assigned to. Off the record, you've created one hell of a mess. On the record, it is the recommendation of this hearing that you be suspended immediately. Unless of course you wish to challenge these recommendations? Do you wish to challenge these recommendations?

JIM

No.

HOSPITAL BEURAUCRAT

Do you have anything to add?

JIM

No.

HOSPITAL BEURAUCRAT

I think we are done here; a final report will be filed.

JIM

I'd like to revise my statement.

HOSPITAL BEURAUCRAT

We are done here.

JIM

I came into the E.R because the attending physician was A.W.O.L. By the time I got there it was clear that the patients hepatic artery was severed, which in my opinion,

HOSPITAL BEURAUCRAT

Strike that from the record.

JIM

...lead to her death.

INT. SAKAMOTO LAW OFFICES - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT

Sakamoto works hard surrounded by paralegals.

SAKAMOTO

If we can organize a similar anti-Tribe public relations campaign, we may be able to demonstrate that Tribe members, did not join voluntarily.

PARALEGAL #1

But were lured by deception and being held against their will by threats and manipulations.

SAKAMOTO

Exactly.

PARALEGAL #2

What about religious items?

SAKAMOTO

Go on.

PARALEGAL #2

If they were being sold at prices far greater than their market value, wouldn't that prove..

SAKAMOTO

The community is attempting to drain money out of members.

PARALEGAL #2

That's a legitimate swindling under the guise of spiritual sales.

SAKAMOTO

Get on to it. If we get a judgment in our clients' favor, we could bankrupt the Tribe.

PARALEGAL #2

That'll either weaken or completely destroy them.

SAKAMOTO

We're missing something important.

PARALEGAL #1

What?

SAKAMOTO  
Clients.

JIM (V.O.)  
Under and behind and inside  
everything people had been taking  
for granted, something horrible had  
been growing.

A KNOCK at the door. Jim limps in.

SAKAMOTO  
How can we help you today?

JIM (V.O.)  
That old saying, how you always  
hurt the one you love, well, it  
works both ways.

JIM  
You know the Tribe? Haruka Tamura?

SAKAMOTO  
I've heard the name.

JIM  
I've got myself in over my head.

SAKAMOTO  
With what?

INT. METROPOLITAN POLICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Detective Watanabe enters, sits at his desk.

TECHNICIAN  
We salvaged what we could.

WATANBE  
Give me what you got.

He listens to a cleaned-up audio recording of Satoshi's wire,  
just fragments.

-- "She's killing people..." -- "Drugs for guns..."

He rewinds. Plays it again.

Watanabe's phone BUZZES. A MESSAGE APPEARS:

YOU'RE IN OVER YOUR HEAD. DROP IT.

Watanabe stares at it, shaken.

It buzzes again.

UNKNOWN NUMBER: You're next.

INT. SAKAMOTO HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

TBS CAMERMAN, SOUND OPERATOR sit behind the camera, ready to tape an interview with Sakamoto in his spacious living room.

Interviewer sits cross legged across from Sakamoto.

INTERVIEWER

Hello, welcome to our second segment where we interview attorney Sakamoto Tsutsumi, who represents disgruntled former Tribe believers who contend they've been the victims of extortion. Thank you for joining us, could you lay some context down.

SAKAMOTO

Nice to be here. Having gained corporate status as a religious corporation only in August, The Tribe is extremely nervous about negative publicity...

INTERVIEWER

Why is that?

SAKAMOTO

Well, this official recognition, confers tax-free status on income from donations and religious rituals, you can imagine how this would hurt them financially if it was to be rescinded.

INTERVIEWER

Have you been in direct contact with the community?

SAKAMOTO

I have been in contact with their attorneys, negotiating for meetings between Tribe members and their estranged relatives.

INTERVIEWER

There have been rumors that the Tribe had unlawfully "stolen" their adolescent children.

SAKAMOTO

We have not substantiated those claims but we're looking into that.

INTERVIEWER

What are your views on this Tribe?

SAKAMOTO

Honestly, highly critical, it's an extortion ring masquerading as religion, and it deserves to be punished.

INTERVIEWER

Could you give us an example?

SAKAMOTO

I believe the Tribe's "Blood Initiation" is a complete grift.

INTERVIEWER

What is this?

SAKAMOTO

In this ritual, believers paid one million yen to drink a concoction of Tamura's blood, as an aid in acquiring supernatural powers.

INTERVIEWER

Seems like no mean feat here, so what are the next steps?

INT. TRIBE COMPOUND - CABIN - DAY

Network PRODUCERS, Tribe members, Haruka, Kao and Natsuki gather around a screen, watching the Sakamoto interview.

SAKAMOTO (O.S.)

In order to pursue the class action suit, we have established the Coalition of Help for those affected by the Tribe.

NATSUKI

This will not work.

PRODUCER

What won't work?

HARUKA

Cancel it.

NATSUKI  
Cancel the entire broadcast.

The daily producer steps in.

DAILY PRODUCER  
Would you mind if I conferred with  
my colleague?

They step away.

DAILY PRODUCER (CONT'D)  
Are you aware we are intentionally  
breaking our protection of sources.

PRODUCER  
I'm more concerned about getting  
out of here in one piece.

They turn to Natsuki.

PRODUCER (CONT'D)  
We can comply, but not in time to  
delete the announcement from the  
newspapers' television schedules.

NATSUKI  
Does he know we've seen this?

EXT. KAMIMEGURO SHRINE - DAY

The air thick with incense. Jim stands before a weathered  
gravestone, hands in pockets. IKEDA etched into the stone.

Behind him, the TAP-TAP-TAP of a wooden cane against the  
stone path.

Hiromi steps into view, watches him with, rests her cane  
beside the grave.

HIROMI  
Every New Year, we'd come and pray  
for luck. Never worked for him,  
though.

Jim huffs, says nothing.

HIROMI (CONT'D)  
I've heard what's happening.

JIM  
Which part?

HIROMI  
Take your pick.

Jim looks back at the grave, jaw tightens.

JIM  
Didn't come here for a lesson.

HIROMI  
I'm too old to waste my breath on  
men who don't listen.

She pulls out an envelope, holds it out to him.

Jim hesitates, takes it. Inside, an old photograph. A young Jim, no older than six, sits on his father's shoulders, his mother beside them, smiles. His father, happy. Whole.

HIROMI (CONT'D)  
There was a time he tried.

Jim stiffens, his breath catches, he exhales.

HIROMI (CONT'D)  
Tell me something. If you had a  
son, what would you say to him?

He looks back at the gravestone, places the photo beside the chrysanthemum.

HIROMI (CONT'D)  
When trouble comes, it's your  
family that supports you.

Jim turns to her.

HIROMI (CONT'D)  
Now go finish what you started.

INT. TRIBE COMPOUND - CABIN - NIGHT

Haruka's residence, dim lights, candles, Jim and Haruka share a bottle of red wine, romantic for Haruka, uneasy for Jim.

Haruka rises, she walks over to her dresser, takes off all her clothes, slips on a silk dressing gown.

JIM  
Life is precious, a gift. It  
doesn't come with a reset button.

HARUKA  
When are you going to give up.

JIM  
Give up what?

HARUKA  
The lies you're pedaling?

JIM  
I'm not lying...

HARUKA  
I want you to do something for me.

JIM  
What?

HARUKA  
Consider it a test, of loyalty, to  
the tribe, to me. First of all,  
follow me.

EXT. TRIBE COMPOUND - NIGHT

Tribe members gather, buzzing with whispers.

HARUKA  
Before the ceremony tonight we must  
purge ourselves of some issues.

A man, KOJI, bloody, gagged, is dragged out. Stands on a  
platform, below him a shallow grave.

HARUKA (CONT'D)  
Koji tried to steal from the  
family. To sell our secrets.

Jim frozen among the crowd.

KEIZO  
How do we deal with betrayal?

The crowd murmurs. Haruka locks eyes with Jim.

HARUKA  
We let the spirit decide.

Koji is pushed off the platform, falls into the shallow  
grave. The crowd throws earth on him, until he's buried.

Jim steps back. Keizo watches him.

INT. TRIBE COMPOUND - LARGE CABIN - NIGHT

Jim with few in attendance, only the most loyal. Kao, Keizo, bruised from his car crash. Some more loyal FOLLOWERS.

HUMMING and MUSIC has started very quietly outside.

Haruka cuts herself, blood drains down her arm, she cuts the other, blood drains down the other.

Followers, approach, kneel, she serves her arm, they reach, wrap their mouths around her arm, consume her blood.

HARUKA  
Death and rebirth.

Natsuki appears, he carries a large bucket.

NATSUKI  
With you, we purge our most unholy  
affects, we banish you now to the  
deepest recesses where you may  
reflect on your wickedness.

Haruka and Kao kneel, remove their silk dressing gowns.

Natsuki pours the bucket, full of blood over both.

Jim watches, a wave of intense emotion animates his face.

INT. TRIBE COMPOUND - CABIN - NIGHT

RUNNING WATER. A showerhead springs to life. Haruka, Kao, are naked in the shower, covered head to toe in blood.

They scrub their bodies, focused. Kao washes her hands.

Thin, red water circles down the drain.

INT. YOKOHAMA SHINKANSEN STATION - DAY

Natsuki, Keizo and Kao hover in the station, scan for the arrival of Sakamoto.

Keizo drops a pouch with hypodermic needles and a supply of potassium chloride.

He scrapes the needle up, turns places it back in the pouch.

Natsuki stares at Keizo.

KAO

Something tells me he's going to be  
a no show.

Natsuki turns, studies Kao's expression.

NATSUKI

The boss will not be happy.

INT. TRIBE COMPOUND - CABIN - DAY

Keizo, Natsuki, Kao and Jim in front of a seated Haruka.

KEIZO

Contrary to our expectations, he  
didn't show.

NATSUKI

It was a holiday, so we're guessing  
he stayed with his family at home.

HARUKA

Stay the course until the job is  
done. Get the tombola ready.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Keizo in the back with Jim and Natsuki.

JIM (V.O)

And whatsoever I shall see or hear  
in the course of my profession, as  
well as outside my profession in my  
intercourse with men, if it be what  
should not be published abroad, I  
will never divulge, holding such  
things to be holy secrets.

A MALE TRIBE MEMBER and Kao sit up front.

KEIZO

It's basic psychology. You scare  
them, they submit. You control  
them. Weakness, draws aggression.  
That's how people get hurt.

They're all pulling on pants and Jackets. Tying ties.  
Slipping on white gloves. Natsuki hands out hammers.

Jim's jaw locked. Eyes down.

KEIZO (CONT'D)  
Fear causes hesitation. You project  
strength to avoid conflict.

JIM  
I'm not doing this.

KEIZO  
Yes you are. You may even like it.

JIM  
This is your wake-up call, man.  
I... am... a... Doctor!!

KEIZO  
See, we exist on a higher plane. We  
make our own rules. Why be a  
servant of St Damian... when you  
can be his master?

TRIBE MEMBER  
Fuckin' A!

He pulls the mask over his head.

Natsuki pulls his on. Another tribe member does the same.

And another. Keizo looks in the bag, no more masks.

KEIZO  
Sorry. Guess you don't get to be  
anonymous.

EXT. SAKAMOTO HOUSE - NIGHT

The group enters Sakamoto's house through an unlocked door.  
They slide through the downstairs

KITCHEN

Moving past the dining table through the

LIVING ROOM

They move up the stairs to the second floor. They enter the

## BEDROOM

Keizo stands over Sakamoto. Sakamoto opens his eyes, in his horror he sees Keizo, rises from his bed.

CRACK!

Keizo strikes him on the head with a hammer, once, twice, three times. Sakamoto stops moving.

His wife, SATOKO SAKAMOTO (30s) stirs, turns to see Sakamoto's smashed skull next to her, she SCREAMS

CRACK! Keizo treats her to the same fate as her husband.

Natsuki injects them both with potassium chloride, Keizo wraps Sakamoto's head in a plastic bag.

It fills with air. Inside, droplets of moisture form.

A sharp inhale, the clear plastic inverts, sucked hard onto Sakamoto's skin, his features distort into an inhuman mask.

The inverting and ballooning, the only sign of life, stops.

Keizo, rips the bag off Sakamoto's face, moves to his wife.

Kao moves to their infant son TASUHIKO SAKAMOTO (1) she injects him with the potassium chloride, covers his face with a cloth, whisper sings.

## KAO

Go to sleep, go to sleep. You are a  
good boy, go to sleep. Where did  
your nanny go, she crossed over a  
mountain and went to her village.  
What souvenir did you get from her  
village, a small drum and a flute.

## INT. BARN - RURAL FARM - NIGHT

An area of the barn turned into a plastic covered butchers area. The group bring in the family's bodies.

Members drag Sakamoto's body in first, hang it up.

The BUZZ from the bone cutter.

They place the remains in drums, load them into three vehicles.

The vehicles head off in three different directions.

They burn bed sheets, smash and scatter the family's teeth.

INT. SAKAMOTO HOUSE - CRIME SCENE - DAY

CSIs photograph, fingerprint. Keizo enters, flashes his I.D. He scans the room, sees evidence on the floor, everyone busy. Reaches down, scoops it up, pockets it, scans the room again.

INT. TRIBE COMPOUND - COMMUNITY HALL - DAY

Keizo enters, carrying a three-legged stool, puts it in the center, Natsuki behind him sets a tombola down on it.

A murmur of conversation among the tribespeople. They leave space between themselves and the stool.

Mr. Natsuki stirs up the papers inside it with his hand.

Natsuki rests one hand on the box, very proper and important.

NATSUKI

Everyone here?

KEIZO

Not yet.

NATSUKI

I'm going anyway.

INT. TRIBE COMPOUND - OFFICE - DAY

Door opens, Jim sneaks in, draws curtains. Lowers the lights.

Tons of shit packed away in here. Shelves bulge. Boxes. Tapes. Binders. Hard drives.

He moves to the computer, pores over TRIBE DOCUMENT FILES. Dozens of files. Old and new.

Spread sheets, financial data. Incomprehensibly ideogramic.

Marked up, by seals and clearance passcodes, all top-secret.

INT. TRIBE COMPOUND - COMMUNITY HALL - DAY

Natsuki turns to the assembled tribespeople, MRS. HIRAKAWA hurries into the hall, sweater thrown over her shoulders, she slides into place in the back of the crowd.

MRS HIRAKAWA  
Completely forgot what day it was.

Mrs. Hirakawa cranes her neck to see through the crowd and finds her husband and children standing near the front.

She makes her way through the crowd, people let her through.

NATSUKI  
Thought we were going to have to get on without you, Junko.

MRS HIRAKAWA  
Wouldn't have me leave the dishes in the sink, now, would you?

Soft laughter runs through the crowd.

NATSUKI  
Well, guess we better get started, get this over with, so we can go back to work.

He makes a note on the list he holds.

Natsuki clears his throat, a hush falls on the crowd.

NATSUKI (CONT'D)  
I'll read the names, take a paper out of the box. Keep the paper folded in your hand without looking at it until everyone has had a turn. Clear?

Natsuki raises one hand high.

NATSUKI (CONT'D)  
Tanaka.

A MAN disengages himself from the crowd and comes forward.

They grin at one another, Mr. Tanaka reaches into the black box, takes out a folded paper.

He holds it by one corner, turns, rushes back to his place.

He stands apart from his family, not looking at his hand.

INT. TRIBE COMPOUND - OFFICE - DAY

Jim searches, names HARUKA TAMURA 1997-2017. Scrolls. Stops. Freezing. Because...

## ON THE MONITOR

A JAPANESE NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE. There it is. Written large in loud, tabloid Japanese:

## WIFE AND MOTHER MURDERED

A photograph of the Japanese Police carrying a body bag out of a property.

There's a caption identifying the dead as Miho Tamura.

Another photograph of Haruka, something strange about her.

There's even a long article accompanying all this, it's in Japanese and we don't need to read it anyway, because

Jim reads it.

We're reading in his face. He is rocked. That he has found another bottom to the abyss.

INT. TRIBE COMPOUND - COMMUNITY HALL - DAY

Natsuki calls out more tribespeople to approach the tombola.

NATSUKI  
Kudo. Itokawa.... Suzuki.

MRS FURUHASHI  
Seems like there's no time at all  
between lotteries any more.

NATSUKI  
Watanabe.... Furuhashi

FURUHASHI  
There goes my old man.

She holds her breath while her husband goes forward.

MR NATSUKI  
Kusaka.

Mrs. Kusaka goes steadily to the box.

MRS MAEDA  
We're next.

She watches Keizo come around from the side of the box, greets Natsuki and selects a slip of paper from the box.

All through the crowd men hold small folded papers in their hands, turning them over and over.

Mrs. Kusaka and her two sons stand together, Mrs. Kusaka holds the slip of paper.

NATSUKI  
Hino.... Hirakawa.

JUNKO  
Get up there.

People near her laugh.

NATSUKI  
Izawa.

Taichi watches his father go forward.

NATSUKI (CONT'D)  
Oyama.... Takahashi.

Natsuki calls his own name, steps forward, selects a slip.

NATSUKI (CONT'D)  
Suganuma.

CROWD MEMBER  
Don't be nervous, Sota.

The tall boy comes awkwardly through the crowd.

NATSUKI  
Take your time, son.

A long pause, Natsuki holds his slip of paper in the air.

NATSUKI (CONT'D)  
All right.

No one moves, then all the slips of paper are opened.

All the women begin to speak at once.

WOMAN  
Who is it?, Who's got it?, Is it  
the Kusakas?, the Suganumas?  
It's Hirakawa. It's Ichiro, Ichiro  
Hirakawa's got it.

MRS KUSAKA  
Go tell your father.

INT. TRIBE COMPOUND - OFFICE - DAY

Jim leans back, scrambles for a flash drive, plugs it in, drags as much as he can in.

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INT. TRIBE COMPOUND - COMMUNITY HALL - DAY

People look around to see the Hirakawas.

Ichiro Hirakawa stands quiet, staring down at the paper in his hand. Rina shouts to Natsuki.

RINA

You didn't give him time enough to take any paper he wanted. I saw you. It wasn't fair!

MRS FURUHASHI

Be a good sport.

MRS MAEDA

All of us took the same chance.

ICHIRO

Shut up, Rina.

NATSUKI

Well, everyone, that was done pretty fast.

RINA

It wasn't fair. We should start over. I tell you it wasn't fair. You didn't give him time enough to choose. Everybody saw that.

The crowd is quiet.

The sound of the whisper reaches the edges of the crowd.

MR NATSUKI

All right, open the papers.

Keizo opens the slip of paper, there is a general sigh through the crowd as he holds it up.

Everyone can see it's blank.

Children open theirs, they turn around to the crowd and hold their slips of paper above their heads. All blank.

NATSUKI  
Junko.

INT. TRIBE COMPOUND - OFFICE - DAY

Jim grows anxious, stares at the screen, at the door.

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JIM  
Come on, come on.

INT. TRIBE COMPOUND - COMMUNITY HALL - DAY

A pause. Mr. Natsuki looks at Ichiro, Ichiro unfolds his paper, shows it. Blank.

NATSUKI  
Show us her paper. Ichiro.

Ichiro goes to his wife, forces the paper out of her hand.

It has a black spot on it.

Ichiro Hirakawa holds it up, a STIR in the crowd.

NATSUKI (CONT'D)  
All right. Let's finish quickly.

Scraps of paper from the box blow along the ground.

Mrs. Furuhashi moves to a pile of stones, selects one, picks it up with both hands. She turns to Mrs. Kusaka.

MRS FURUHASHI  
Come on, Hurry up.

Mr. Kusaka, small stones in both hands, gasps for breath.

MR KUSAKA  
I can't run. You'll have to go ahead and I'll catch up with you.

Junko stands in the center of a cleared space, holds her hands out as the tribespeople move in on her.

RINA  
It isn't fair. It isn't right.

A stone slams into the side of Junko's head, she SCREAMS.

Then they are upon her.

INT. TRIBE OFFICE - DAY

Jim, eyes locked on the screen.

DOWNLOAD COMPLETE 99% -- 100%

He grabs the flash drive, pockets it,

Out of nowhere Keizo busts in, dives at Jim, his hand jams up into Jim's RIBCAGE!

More than his hand, Jim's EYES barely have a moment to register shock before they bulge.

Keizo clenches Jim's body, pulls him close, as he turns the electroshock weapon on and... BZZZZZZZZZZ!

INT. TRIBE COMPOUND - HOLDING CELL - DAY

Jim sits crossed legged on the bare floor. Unshaven, unkempt.

Through the door a panel opens, miso soup and a small bowl of white rice is slid into the room.

JIM (V.O)

Now if I carry out this oath, and break it not, may I gain for ever reputation among all men for my life and for my art; but if I break it and forswear myself, may the opposite befall me.

Jim crawls, scoffs the rice with one hand, gulps the soup.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S)

If thy brother, the son of thy mother, or thy son, or thy daughter, or the wife of thy bosom, or thy friend, which is as thine own soul, entice thee secretly, saying,

JIM

NO!

FEMALE VOICE (O.S)

Let us go and serve other gods, which thou hast not known, thou, nor thy fathers;

(MORE)

FEMALE VOICE (O.S) (CONT'D)

Namely, of the gods of the people  
which are round about you, nigh  
unto thee, or far off from thee,  
from the one end of the earth even  
unto the other end of the earth;

JIM

What the fuck did she do?!

FEMALE VOICE (O.S)

Thou shalt not consent unto him,  
nor hearken unto him; neither shall  
thine eye pity him, neither shalt  
thou spare, neither shalt thou  
conceal him: But thou shalt surely  
kill him; thine hand shall be first  
upon him to put him to death, and  
afterwards the hand of all the  
people.

JIM

You're criminalizing acts that  
shouldn't be criminalized in the  
first place!

FEMALE VOICE (O.S)

And thou shalt stone him with  
stones, that he die; because he  
hath sought to thrust thee away  
from the LORD thy God, which  
brought thee out from the house of  
bondage.

The door unlocks, opens. Kao slides in.

KAO

James? Will you tell Ishikawa-san  
I'm sorry? Tell her I hope her neck  
is okay.

JIM

What did you say?

KAO

Good for you. I was gonna let it  
go. You were looking so happy just  
now. I was thinking. But to tell  
you the truth, I'm glad you figured  
it, 'cause I have been dying to  
tell you. I just didn't know who  
you'd want to hear it from, you  
know. I mean, her or me.

Haruka enters.

KAO (CONT'D)

Well, I'll let you in on a little secret. It doesn't matter who you hear it from. It's the same story. I just had to kill her, James. That cunt got what she deserved. But cutting up that son of a bitch Sakamoto, that was just a fucking work of art.

JIM

You're good. You are really good. Why the charade?

HARUKA

Deception, the whole purpose of employing a decoy. Haruka Tamura is an ideal.

KAO

I did get caught, though, didn't I?

JIM

So who is... who is she?

KAO

She is one of my most loyal. Come on, I thought you had it figured there at the end. The way you lied for me like that, that was fucking brilliant, James.

JIM

What have I done?

KAO

Come on. Don't be like that. We did it. We fucking did it. We're a great team, you and I. You think I could've done this without you? You're just feeling a little anger here because you started to care about her. I can understand that, but, you know, love hurts, James. What can I say? I didn't mean to hurt your feelings! What else was I supposed to do? You will thank me down the road, this is going to toughen you right up!

Two LARGE MALE TRIBE MEMBERS enter the holding cell, grab Jim, drag him out.

INT. TRIBE COMPOUND - COMMUNITY HALL - NIGHT

Natsuki strides into the hall, with the tombola, Keizo follows, with the three-legged stool.

The pile of stones sits ready in the corner.

Two large tribe members drag Jim in, throw him on the floor.

Haruka and Kao enter.

The tribe keep their distance, leaving a space between themselves Haruka, Kao, Jim and the stool.

JIM

What's this?

NATSUKI

The opposite spectrum of cleansing.

Natsuki slaps a piece of paper onto Jim's chest.

NATSUKI (CONT'D)

The release of blood is a primary component as the sacrifice, or material component for a spell, practiced by various groups of people, including those with religious or political affiliations for many centuries, and are still being practiced in the 21st century. All right, open the papers. Keizo, open his.

Keizo snatches Jim's paper, opens it.

NATSUKI (CONT'D)

Show us his paper.

A black spot on it.

CRACK!

A small stone hits Natsuki on the side of the head.

Jim bolts, Keizo sees him, gives chase.

INT. FOYER - TRIBE COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

A door flies open, Jim tumbles in, runs up a corridor.

Keizo, sneaks in, a statue of Haruka looks serenely down.

Keizo finds blood, crouches to examine it, then

KEIZO  
Somebody get someone here!

Keizo rises again hands out walkie talkies to TRIBE MEMBERS, in his eyes, detachment yields to cold intensity.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Rina rides an elevator with TRIBE MEMBERS. Stops at the next stop. People get on and off.

Rina relaxes a bit. Doors begin to close.

And just like that, Jim swoops in beside Rina!

JIM  
Let's go, now!

Jim takes her arm and they just get off as the doors close. They disappear down into the community hall.

INT. VARIOUS CORRIDORS - COMMUNITY HALL - DAY

ALARM sounds. Tribe members flood through corridors, in tribe uniforms, like a swarm of antibodies.

JIM and RINA:

Deeper in, at another door, Jim fumbles at door handles. A tense second. A door opens.

KEIZO:

Pushes through the opening gap of another door, takes the lead, tribe members surge up in his wake.

JIM and RINA:

Meet an intersection, veer at random, running blind, running deeper into the

STORAGE FACILITY

KEIZO:

Catching up, hits the intersection, pauses to split his team in each direction, uniforms disperse.

JIM and RINA:

Reach another door. Footsteps audible. Jim jams a key into the lock. Waits. The seconds pass.

The door doesn't open. Jim looks for another exit in panic, he stops.

JIM  
We have to go back.

RINA  
What for?!

KEIZO:

Turns a corner, sees his quarry at the far end of the corridor, he gathers pace. The elevator is closing but he doesn't break stride.

EXT. TRIBE COMPOUND - NIGHT

Jim and Rina dash across the compound to meth cabin.

INT. TRIBE COMPOUND - CABIN - NIGHT

The place packed tight with lab equipment and supplies. Jim stands over the table of pristine white crystals.

Jim trembles but he's focused.

He unscrews a fuel canister, sloshes liquid over the lab table. Over the recipe notebook. Over the final batch.

He lights a match.

The flame eats toward him. Jim flicks the match.

WHOOSH!

The entire table erupts into fire.

Jim shields himself and Rina as the flames roar.

INT. TRIBE COMPOUND - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Keizo poised, watches down the corridors. Nothing. The corridors empty. An EXPLOSION rocks the compound.

KEIZO (INTO HEADSET)  
The cabins. Lock them down. Access  
only on my command.

## INT. TRIBE COMPOUND - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A dead acoustic. A corridor paved with sound proofing panels. It ends at a pressure door, where Jim and Rina now arrive.

No going back. He slots the key into the lock, door opens.

Amber light. The sound of slow bubbling. Jim pauses to adjust to the gloom. Jim and Rina advance, to the nearest window.

Behind the glass, a foundation tank. Bubbling with fluid, laced with various tubes pulsing matter back and forth.

The tubes connect to a massive industrial methamphetamine operation. Jim gasps.

A GUN noses through the door. Followed by Keizo moving in silence, honed.

How much time has passed is unclear. He signals the tribe members to split off.

No further access, just a continuing wrap of tanks.

He pauses, confused for a second. One of the team comes up

TEAM MEMBER  
Nothing, sir. No sign.

KEIZO  
He can't have got past us.

Keizo strains to concentrate. Seconds of pent silence.

He hears HUMMING. His gaze drifts up to a ventilator grid.

## INT./EXT. TRIBE COMPOUND - FUNNEL - NIGHT

The funnel mouth frames the world outside. A vista of sky, maelstroms of trees. The sound of BLASTING AIR.

A HAND Reaches over the funnel lip, Jim pulls himself up with a mighty effort. He swings astride the lip.

Hoists Rina up, they leap down study which way to head.

## INT. TRIBE COMPOUND - EXTRACTOR SHAFT - NIGHT

THE THRUM OF EXTRACTOR FANS. Keizo paces on a catwalk.

Tribe members above and below, flashlights roving, sliced by the blades of the extractor fans.

From somewhere, comes a shout

TRIBE MEMBER (V.O.)  
Sir! We got them! Just picked them  
up at the surface!

EXT. FRONT OF THE TRIBE COMPOUND - NIGHT

Spotlights engage, their blaze floods across the fore view,  
catching one figure;

Jim and Rina, running, now, veering away from the light.

Now disappearing from sight, dropping into a trench.

INT. TRIBE COMPOUND - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

THE RISING HUM OF THE LODE-POLES. The corridor crammed with  
tribe security team members.

Keizo at the front, stares ahead, very focused, bitterly so.  
The look of a man outwitted.

EXT. FRONT OF THE COMPOUND - NIGHT

A LONE UNIFORM. Keizo reaches the forecourt, stops to scan  
the spot lit view, the veils of the trees.

His face tightens with urgency. He barks.

KEIZO  
The trench! Flood it! Light it up!

EXT. THE TRENCH - NIGHT

Jim and Rina, washed by light.

His arm rips across an old piece of metal tearing his shirt.  
The cut deep. He rips the piece of torn clothing off.

THE WASH OF LIGHT from the trench as Keizo races up the edge,  
eyes trawl the trench for his quarry.

He, slows to a halt, doubles over, catches his breath.

More uniforms now appear from the trees, finally catch up.  
The first reaching him, Keizo pulls upright, bellows

KEIZO  
Get me a vehicle!

TRIBE MEMBER

Sir?

KEIZO

They got out! He got past the gate!

Keizo spins on his heel back towards The Tribe H.Q. The team member lingers, confused. Then he fixes on the trench.

Floating past in the wash is a piece of clothing.

EXT. THE FOREST - NIGHT

The perimeter wall silhouetted in the middle-distance. Jim and Rina scramble through scrub, driven by momentum.

Jim turns, looks down the hill.

Civilization.

INT. CABIN - DAY

All is still. The room in shadow, a canopied bed where a figure, lies sleeping. The still is disrupted by a KNOCK.

The figure stirs, fumbling at the nightstand.

Door opens, the light reveals Kao, ruffled by sleep. She peers over to find the face of Haruka, gaunt with concern.

HARUKA

There's been a breach.

INT. MARKET - DAY

Crazy Keizo sprinting through, where did he go?

JIM marches, Rina close behind, except now he's shopping!

Grabbing A BUNDLE OF TUBE SOCKS!

KEIZO sprints out toward the stalls.

JIM THERE! A ROLL OF DUCT TAPE and A BOTTLE OF VODKA and

KEIZO fights his way through THE CROWD.

JIM leaves the market, takes a swig of VODKA, continues, knows there are TRIBE TEAM MEMBERS on his ass. Jim moves to

MARKET PARKING LOT

A TAXI STAND. TAXI DRIVER by a BLACK TAXI, looks up to see JIM comes toward him and TRIBE TEAM MEMBERS. JIM nears, TAXI DRIVER shakes his head.

Jim pivots casually, moves Rina behind him with his arm.

HE SPITS! VODKA into one of the Tribe member's face! Blinded as JIM takes him and his PARTNER out.

TAXI DRIVER raises his hands in surrender, steps aside JIM takes his car, Rina jumps in the passenger seat.

INT./EXT. TAXI - DAY

JIM IN THE BLACK TAXI starting THE ENGINE peels away!

KEIZO sprints into the parking lot, just in time to see...

INT. TAXI - DAY

JIM concentrating away the pain trying to drive, Rina holds on for dear life.

EXT. MARKET PARKING LOT - DAY

TWO LADIES ducked behind a BIG BLACK G-WAGON freaked out as KEIZO grabs their keys...

THE TAXI speeds into a neighborhood of narrow streets and THE G-WAGON in full pursuit now...

JIM DRIVES up this curving little hill...

KEIZO DRIVING and he's on the hill now.

JIM bad hand on the wheel holding on trying to find something in passenger seat, Rina hands him, TUBE SOCKS?

THE TWO POLICE CARS split up! One on Jim's ass the other cutting hard into A SIDE STREET, flanking him...

JIM topping the hill two choices right or left?

RIGHT! No! Wrong because down the hill there's A POLICE CAR just about to angle in from THE SIDE-STREET...

JIM, no choice, FLOORS IT!

THE TAXI it's a whale SLAM! Knifes the POLICE CAR ...

THE POLICE CAR spins, CRASHES AGAINST A BUILDING ON THE CORNER!

KEIZO right behind that guy swerves onto the sidewalk SPARKS FROM THE WALL AS HE SCRAPES!

Hangs in skids into a turn down the hill...

JUST MISSING THE FIRST POLICE CAR bombing right past him!

JIM in pain as he packs his shoulder wound with the socks Ahead the street banks downhill to left...

THERE! A BOULEVARD wide ride lots of traffic...

THE TAXI rockets into the flow...

BEHIND HIM POLICE CAR #1, THE G-WAGON right on his ass

JIM wrists flicks the wheel, THE TAXI screams through slower traffic...

KEIZO totally on it pedal down passenger window open wind blowing closing the gap...

THE BLACK G-WAGON blowing past POLICE CAR #1...

JIM steering barely, Rina tears a few strips of DUCT TAPE to help finish his triage.

THE G-WAGON right beside him!

JIM reacts what the fuck?! No time to clock Keizo because

KEIZO shit! Swings wide A TRUCK! Swerves again...

THE TAXI wavers again rallies....

UP AHEAD THE BOULEVARD opens into THE RIVER BELTWAY big wide fast and FOUR NEW POLICE CARS screaming down from above...

JIM skids onto THE BELTWAY looks for room Finds it open road KEIZO back in the hunt...

THE RIVER BELTWAY CAB SCREAMING PAST then ONE TWO THREE FOUR POLICE CARS now the BLACK G-WAGON...

JIM Hands on the wheel. He's forgotten about his shoulder.

THE BELTWAY up ahead ANOTHER CHOICE right takes you up to the city left is a TRANSIT TUNNEL.

JIM checks his rearview, sees the rest of the carnage.

THE TWO LEAD POLICE CARS right on his ass.

JIM fake out veers left! Last second into THE TUNNEL...

THE TWO LEAD POLICE CARS wrong and worse, trying to change CRASH!!!! SPINNING and it's not just them.

A THIRD POLICE CAR caught in the clutter Not to mention the COMMUTERS CRASH!!! The Police are out of the race.

KEIZO threads the needle through the carnage and into

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

FOUR LANES THE TAXI squibs past SLOWER CARS.

KEIZO on him move for move follow the leader.

JIM checks the rearview lost them all but the G-WAGON.

KEIZO gaining nearly pulls level.

JIM nowhere to go, carves a path turns two lanes into three as sparks his way through a lane split .

THE G-WAGON roars after him.

JIM checks the mirror, closer.

KEIZO Gaining.

JIM BRAKES.

TUNNEL As the two vehicles scrape along each other.

The G-WAGON crushes the TAXI against the wall sparks shower the windshield finally.

THE TAXI, shoots ahead.

KEIZO, in a controlled fury THE G-WAGON, jerks hard and right into the rear of the TAXI.

JIM tries to keep control a MAINTENANCE TRUCK up ahead KEIZO bangs away as his quarry straightens...

MAINTENANCE TRUCK looms...

JIM, a hard left.

TUNNEL, the TAXI wrapping around the front of the G-WAGON

WHAM!, pushes it to the right, the taxi SPINS around the G-WAGON...

DETAILS front bumpers locking on rear fenders as TUNNEL The G-WAGON hurtles forward the TAXI ass end first locked together

G-WAGON TIRE, shreds. KEIZO, fights the wheel.

ANOTHER TRUCK looms large.

JIM, looks between the seats out the rear window, a LANE DIVIDING PILLAR ahead.

TAXI, as JIM sits up, jerks the wheel to the right, TUNNEL, the cars unlock, spin away from each other JIM staring back at him "I know something you don't know."

KEIZO, frowns.

THE TRUCK, swerves to reveal the PILLAR to Keizo's POV.

KEIZO, eyes go wide...

CRUNCH! Steel vs. Concrete, concrete victorious, a bone compressing, truly horrendous impact!

JIM whips the wheel TAXI spins to a stop out of harm's way door opens.

JIM heads over. Rina, waits in the passenger seat, breathless.

Ahead. Spam in a can. JIM crouches down, looks in.

KEIZO, bloody, beat-to-crap, barely alive trapped entombed alive by the metal crushed around him.

JIM, watches. Not here to help.

KEIZO, looks over, the two men consider each other.

JIM looks at him long and hard.

Keizo dies.

EXT. TEMPLE GROUNDS - NIGHT

Shrine stands against the night sky. Candles flicker inside. Kao stands in prayer, outside.

Jim approaches behind her, bruised, exhausted. He tosses a flash drive onto the ground.

JIM

That's everything. Financial records, missing persons, a list of people who vanished after they came to you. The police have copies. This is over.

Kao turns, they share a glare.

KAO

I'll disappear before they come. You know that. But she, Rina, she's still lost. Stay, I'll protect her. Leave, and she's dead.

Jim studies her, steps forward instead of back.

JIM

You don't protect people.

He pulls a gun, Keizo's.

KAO

Are you going to kill me? Would that make you a doctor again?

Jim hesitates, he lowers the gun.

Kao's serene expression cracks, she lunges for the gun. Jim twists, SLAMS her against the shrine.

Kao laughs, even as she's pinned.

KAO (CONT'D)

You think they'll believe you?

RINA (O.S.)

They'll believe both of us.

From the shadows, Rina steps forward, raises her hand, in it, a recording device.

Kao's smirk fades. Jim tightens his grip on her wrist.

JIM

You said the best stories are about homecoming. Mine starts now.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

Kao exits a car followed by Natsuki carrying luggage.

A hundred reporters swarm them recording their entrance to the airport broadcasting them live.

REPORTER #1

What's the status of the tribe?

REPORTER #2

Are you still exempt of taxation?

REPORTER #3

Who is the real Haruka Tamura?  
Where is she?

A MAN rushes Kao. Thrusts ONCE, TWICE, THREE FOUR times.

Kao coughs blood, breath heavy. Blood gushes from her body.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Kao Tanaka known as the Tribe leader Haruka Tamura was mortally wounded today when an ethnic Korean man named Hiroyuki Joe, a member of the Yamaguchi-gumi the largest organized crime group in Japan, stabbed Tanaka repeatedly, in the presence of police officers and reporters. He did not attempt to flee and was arrested on the spot. Tanaka died in an ambulance on route to the hospital.

EXT. TRIBE COMPOUND - DAY

An armada of police cars arrive, SIRENS blare, large buses carry hundreds of OFFICERS.

They jump out, create a wall of police officers at the Tribe compound gates.

Watanabe gets out of his police car.

ANNOUNCER (V.O)

Charges that Hiromi Morita, leader of the Hane-gumi, ordered Jo to kill Tanaka were dismissed by the Tokyo High Court. Joe claimed Morita had ordered him to kill any Tribe leaders he could. It's believed this was done out of fear of Yakuza connections to the cult being made public.

The large gate to the compound opens. Officers flood in.

EXT. KAMIMEGURO SHRINE - DAY

The sun shines, birds chirp. The breeze blows through trees.

Jim, bandaged, thinner, cleaner, walks up the shrine steps alone. He offers a prayer, a sincere one this time.

Behind him, a CHILD'S LAUGHTER, a school group passes by, playing.

Jim watches them.

A small smile flickers.

He turns to go. For once, he doesn't look back.

Hiromi approaches, two large men behind her. A silent acknowledgement.

HIROMI

Did you know the gods of this shrine are Susanoo-no-Mikoto, the god of protection from evil and plague. Are you familiar with the area?

JIM

No, sorry I'm not. What happened?

HIROMI

They hold a morning glory fair here nowadays, sell flowers in little pots. I didn't work in that district, but once, over by the river, there used to be old mansions with big gardens and plum trees, people would bring their pet nightingales to have singing competitions with each other. The whole place was destroyed in air raids, the river covered in later, now there's nothing but shops. I even have a hard job finding my way around. A shame it's all gone.

JIM

I didn't realize you spoke English.

HIROMI

You want to learn about Japan, deeply, study the language.

(MORE)

HIROMI (CONT'D)

I thought speaking only a little English might encourage you to learn some Japanese and enrich your experience here.

JIM

I never wanted to come here in the first place. I made a promise.

HIROMI

Eggs and promises, easily broken.

JIM

Yeah well, my father's buried...

HIROMI

...Over there.

JIM

How do you know that?

Hiromi breathes in the fresh air, pauses.

HIROMI

Before I was a Morita, I was an Ikeda. Had an eye on you since you landed. Komatta toki ni sasaete kureru no ga kazoku de aru. When trouble comes it's your family that supports you.

Surprise washes over Jim's face.

JIM

I didn't know my father had a sister.

HIROMI

There's a lot of things you didn't know about him. But believe me when I tell you, he loved you very much.

JIM

So how did they know to kill Kao.

HIROMI

She was anti-American, and anti-Semitic. Not good for business.

JIM

And the murderers?

HIROMI

We didn't agree with the cleaning karma either. The seeds of our future are nourished by the experiences of our past. And your experience must now come to an end.

One of the minders lays a heavy hand on Jim's shoulder.

HIROMI (CONT'D)

I hope you've learnt something you can take into your next life.

A pinch, Jim's struck with a hypodermic needle.

BLACK.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Low cabin lights. White noise hums. Jim alone by the window, a bandage on his temple, a faint scar beneath his eye.

The city lights of Tokyo vanish beneath the clouds as the plane climbs.

He stares out the window. Lost in thought.

He looks down. Sees a mother and daughter across the aisle. Laughing. Whispering secrets.

Jim turns back to the window.

Liz Kirkman sits beside him.

Still in her hospital gown. No blood. Calm. Serene.

Jim doesn't startle.

JIM

You again.

LIZ

Last chance to say goodbye.

Jim looks down, guilt welling up.

JIM

I failed you.

LIZ

But that's not the end of the story.

JIM

I stole from patients. I used. I lied to the hospital board. I let a mother die.

LIZ

And you saved a girl who thought there was nothing left to live for. You tried again.

Jim swallows, emotion rises.

JIM

I'm not asking for forgiveness.

LIZ

Then stop waiting for it.

JIM

I should have known. Should've caught it earlier. The bleeding. All of it.

LIZ

It wasn't just about what you missed. You were lost long before I came in.

JIM

Then what now?

LIZ

Stop running. Forgive yourself. Let me go.

Liz Kirkman gazes at Jim. Tears fill his eyes. Jim still.

LIZ KIRKMAN

Don't cry.

Jim doesn't move, his tears fall a little faster.

JIM

I just needed to help.

LIZ KIRKMAN

... Did you?

JIM

Think so.

A long silence. The seatbelt light dings. The plane hits a patch of turbulence.

Jim grips the armrest. Closes his eyes. Breathes.  
He opens his eyes. The seat beside him is empty.  
The clouds part. A faint sliver of dawn glows on the horizon.  
Jim stares out at the rising sun. Calm.  
He wakes up, alive. A drink cart clinks by. The FLIGHT ATTENDANT stops beside him.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
Sir, would you like a drink,  
something alcoholic perhaps, to  
help you relax.

Jim looks at the Cabin Attendant, the drink, at us.

FADE OUT: