

VOLK

Written by

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TEASER

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

A CACKLE echoes like a taunt.

Heavy footfalls, a MAN'S running weight somewhere inside.

A FEMALE FIGURE'S eyes open, a wave of burden washes over her face, fear, breath heavy, quick.

She's RIN AOKI (40s), mixed ethnicity, Japanese, European, urban woman, attractive, stylish, confident.

But not tonight.

RIN

Stop! Please stop! I have money!

On the floor, hands bound, Rin pulls on rope restraints.

RIN (CONT'D)

Kimi!!! Erika!!

The rope constricts, digs, lacerating her wrists.

Her veins rise, face bloats red, overheats with effort.

A SCREAM fills her head, her daughter's, over and over until it dries up hoarse.

RIN (CONT'D)

Kimi! Erika! Please whoever you are! Please, take anything! Don't hurt them! I'm begging you!

Rin wrenches on her restraints, the rope sinks deeper into gaping wrist wounds.

Muted laughter follows...MALE.

Foot scuffs. Something is being dragged.

The rope digs deep, peels skin away, scrapes tendons.

Blood pulses from the wounds, flooding up over the rope.

A HOWL expands up her throat, exploding in a desperate rasp.

RIN (CONT'D)

Help us! Help me!

Prolonged, agonized SCREAMS from above, then they're gone, snatched out of the air like a cord was cut.

SILENCE

A door leading out of the apartment opens.

A FEMALE FIGURE slung over a MALE FIGURE'S shoulders exit out the apartment door.

A SHADOW falls across the wall.

Rin's breathing shallow. Winded.

RIN (CONT'D)  
Kimi? Erika? Please don't take  
them. Don't take my daughters!

That LAUGH. That CACKLE. Then.

VOICE (O.S.)  
You look like a girl when you're  
scared. Such beauty in you when you  
let yourself be frail. This is not  
the work for you. Look at yourself,  
what it's done to you in just five  
kills. You will not survive. You  
are not a wolf. This is the land of  
wolves now.

The voice leaves, replaced by another Large MALE FIGURE, he grips a large object.

Something metal clatters down on the floor.

A GAS CAN, upended, spills its contents to the floor.

A FLOOSH. FLAMES appear, race down the steps, engulf the can.

Pitch black smoke encircles her like a shroud. Suffocating.

Another fire ignites...rises from within....

Rope binds break. CRAWL NOW. Vision smeared. Breathing soot.

Rin blacking out, shutting down, reaches for the knob, turns.

SHIMMERS, BLOOD, BURNING.

BLACK.

HEARTBEAT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Speeding down a Tokyo motorway, wipers battle heavy rain.

A CHYRON reads: FOUR DAYS AGO.

A FEMALE'S hands tear cellophane from a pack of cigarettes.

Car window lowers, she lights up. Lips suck in. In the rearview mirror her eyes close.

Closed eyes SLAM OPEN. The female figure, Rin.

Scenery whips past. Hands, tight around the steering wheel.

She grows pale. Pulls the car over, jumps out into the

STREET

Rin runs down an ALLEY behind a row of noodle shops, past some trash bins, leans her hand against the wall, vomits.

Hovers for a moment, saliva drips from her mouth. Braces herself. Heaves again. Hears a BUZZING behind her. Turns.

A DEAD CAT next to a trash bin. FLIES buzz around its head. Teeth bared. Eyes wide. Rin's silhouette reflected in them.

Like it's watching her.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Rin turns the car off. Sits in the apartment parking lot, relaxes her grip on the steering wheel.

Rin fixes her gaze on her right arm. She reaches and touches it with her fingertips.

There's a two inch knife cut through her shirt, blood soaks through. Rin's barely noticed till now.

Rin unbuckles her seat belt, flips open the glove compartment, removes a sanitary napkin and rubbing alcohol.

She pours some on the napkin, places it over her wound.

In the rear view mirror, Rin's mouth clenches against searing pain, her teeth grit hard as she attends to her wound.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Candle burns. Teen makeup, straighteners, cover the counter.

KIMI and ERIKA chant at their reflections in the mirror.

Kimi (17), pretty, thin, a hipster in training.

Erika (8), cute, wide eyed, pigtails. The girls CHANT.

BANG! Bathroom door swings open. The girls SCREAM.

Rin stands in the doorway.

RIN

What are you doing?

KIMI

Playing the mirror beyond the clouds.

ERIKA

If you look in the mirror, you can see a monstrous version of yourself.

Rin brushes a strand of Erika's hair aside, kisses her head.

ERIKA (CONT'D)

Ghosts aren't real, right?

RIN

Not real. But sisters who scare each other, very real.

Kimi clocks Rin's arm.

KIMI

What happened to your arm?

RIN

Nothing, little accident at work.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Erika takes a happy bite of some French fries and chicken nuggets. She looks up at Rin, contemplative.

ERIKA

If ghosts aren't real, what happens to people when they die?

Erika and Kimi look at their mother, expectant.

ERIKA (CONT'D)  
Where do they go?

RIN  
They stay in our hearts.

ERIKA  
What about people at the hospital?

RIN  
What do you mean?

ERIKA  
Sometimes you can't save their  
lives and they die?

RIN  
Sometimes, yeah.

ERIKA  
Do you keep them all in your heart?

RIN  
Yeah. I do.

KIMI  
Can Naomi come over tomorrow? We  
have to practice for the recital.

RIN  
Sure, just don't pirouette into the  
TV again.

Erika, still thinking, staring at her mother.

ERIKA  
You must have a big heart.

A KNOCK on the door.

Rin opens the door to SHINZO AOKI (40s), handsome, assured,  
by all accounts "a catch".

SHINZO  
There's my girl!

Erika jumps into her dad's arms. Kimi enters.

KIMI  
Hi, Papa.

Kimi hugs her father in a self-conscious, teenager way.

SHINZO  
You guys packed?

Kimi and Erika dash up the stairs Rin and Shinzo move to the

KITCHEN

RIN  
Hungry? Someone's got into Kimi's  
head about the evils of fast food.

SHINZO  
It's Naomi, that girl's full of  
misguided causes.

Rin switches gears, clicking into business mode.

RIN  
You're sure you're ok to take the  
girls tonight?

SHINZO  
We agreed fifty-fifty. It's been  
more like eighty-twenty lately.

Rin clears the table, throws the uneaten food in the garbage.

SHINZO (CONT'D)  
All I hear is how much they miss  
you. They need more than late night  
take-out.

Rin leans against the counter.

RIN  
I'm doing the best I can.

SHINZO  
Me too. What happened to your arm?

RIN  
Nothing, patient at work...

Rin moves close to Shinzo, too close for divorced.

SHINZO  
I've asked the court to reconsider  
our arrangement. They said it's  
best for them to stay in their  
usual place of residence.

RIN  
Which is here.

SHINZO

They're never with you Rin. The court thinks they'd be better off with me.

KIMI (O.S.)

Are we going?

Erika and Kimi stand at the front door.

SHINZO

Take your shift, I've got the girls. Let's talk later.

He heads toward the door. They leave.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

From the balcony, Rin watches them drive away out of sight.

She pumps a cigarette into her mouth, lights up, inhales.

A TELEVISION in the b.g.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Lack of enforcement is spurring reported attempts at vigilante justice or, at least, arousing interest in it.

INT. SHOWER - NIGHT

Steam rises. Rin lathers up all over, scrubs her face hard, kneads shampoo deep into her scalp.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

The law-and-order side of Japan doesn't appear to believe they should serve the people they are supposed to protect...

Rin catches her reflection in the mirror. Galvanized. Her soft jawline, gone, replaced by hollows of hard right angles.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

They serve greater powers.

She fixes her gaze into the glass. A thousand yard stare she'll never shake. The color of her eyes changes, shifts.

She watches her reflection grin back.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rin reaches into the back of her cupboard, taps a false wall pulls out a piece of the wall, lays it down.

Inside two boxes. One with money, the other, a ten-pack of pentobarbital vials.

She opens the box with the vials. Inside, nine full vials.

One missing.

Rin lifts one toward the light. She runs her finger along the neck of the vial, notices the seal. Broken.

Looks at the rest. Broken.

Broken, broken.

Checks her watch, she's late.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Rin at a RED LIGHT, taps on the steering wheel, impatient.

She checks her rear view mirror. From behind an AMBULANCE barrels down the street toward her.

Rin lets the ambulance pass, guns her engine, follows behind it, crossing the intersection as the light turns GREEN.

EXT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Rin jumps out of her car, follows two PARAMEDICS wheeling an ambulance stretcher into the hospital.

PARAMEDIC

Nice park.

On it, a half Japanese, half African-American KID (17), hysterical, thrashes on a gurney inside a head restraint.

His face soaked with tears and stained with blood.

KID

No! Please! Am I going to die!?

NURSES cut his clothes away, stab wounds cover his abdomen.

A SCREWDRIVER, snapped off at the grip, protrudes from his partially punctured spleen.

The trauma unit works with frenetic speed and pinpoint skill.

The adrenaline rush working in this high-paced, high-acuity trauma room is palpable.

KID (CONT'D)

I didn't do anything. Why did he do that? I didn't do anything.

Rin bends down over him, steady, reassuring.

RIN

I need you nice and calm. Ok?

The kid, inconsolable, babbling breathless, pulls at his surgical restraints. His heart rate and respiration race.

KID

Am I going to die?!

Trauma team prepares and administers intravenous drugs, string transfusion bags on portable stands, tied into drips.

RIN

Nobody dies here. I don't let that happen but I need your vitals, that's your heart rate and your breathing, to slow so we can do our thing and get you situated.

KID

Why's it feel like I'm falling!

RIN

You're going into shock. That's why I need you to calm down for me. Ok?

Sweat cascades down his face, distracted by activity swirling above, his eyes dart everywhere.

Rin tries to hold his focus.

RIN (CONT'D)

How old are you?

KID

Seventeen.

RIN

Seventeen? You're a good-looking kid. You got a girlfriend?

Kid shakes his head.

RIN (CONT'D)  
So you've got a couple of them!

NURSES nearby, prep the anesthesia, listen in, grin.

RIN (CONT'D)  
My daughter Kimi's seventeen.  
Where do you go to school?

Kid terrified. Rin places herself in the kid's eye-line.

RIN (CONT'D)  
Where do you go to school?

Kid winces as they insert a shunt into his side.

KID  
Shinmachi in Fuchu.

RIN  
So does my daughter!

Kid blinks. Blinks again. Head cocked, 'What!?'

RIN (CONT'D)  
I'm joking, she goes to Meisei.  
She's a pain-in-the-ass rich kid.

Nurse fixes a respirator mask over the kid's face.

RIN (CONT'D)  
Breathe now. Ok? Slow and steady.  
You're gonna take a little nap,  
when you wake up, your whole family  
is gonna be here. Cool?

A sluggish nod, the kid slips away under the anesthesia.

Rin dons her scrubs, pulls on her surgical mask, stares down at the partial screwdriver impaled in the kids' side.

INT. HOSPITAL - BREAKROOM - NIGHT

Rin stares out the window, sips on a cold cup of coffee.

An ORDERLY (30s) enters, tall, lean, an attempt at facial hair. He yawns, scans vending machine selections.

ORDERLY  
They have no intention of ever  
fixing this machine, do they?

RIN  
An elaborate plot to piss us off.

ORDERLY  
It's working. Saw you with that  
kid, very sweet. That's a gift.

RIN  
What is?

ORDERLY  
Compassion.

The Orderly turns to the vending machine, feeds it money.

RIN  
The kid's had a screwdriver in him,  
losing blood by the pint, some  
basic kindness should be built-in  
at that point, no?

ORDERLY  
Not from what I've experienced.

The machine deposits a bag of trail mix. He retrieves it.

RIN  
Then you've spent too much time  
working with assholes.

ORDERLY  
Glad they aren't all like that.

He starts out of the breakroom.

RIN  
Oh no, I'm an asshole too, just  
less obvious about it.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Rin exits an elevator, approaches the nurse's station, HUM of  
monitors and machines.

She cruises the hallway, past PATIENTS. Dying but alive.

Rin sees Yuka contemplating the contents of a vending  
machine, at the end of the hallway.

Yuka eyes Rin's reflection in the vending machine. CHIEF  
SURGEON passes Rin.

CHIEF SURGEON  
Did you find the chart on the  
patient in six?

RIN  
I don't know where it is.

CHIEF SURGEON  
Well, find it.

RIN  
Well, I don't know where it is.

CHIEF SURGEON  
You think I'm deaf, find me the  
damned chart and find it now!

Chief surgeon storms off, Rin stands there.

EXT. CLERGY HOUSE - NIGHT

Rain. News vans pump live feeds, REPORTERS jockey for camera placement around the front of the now police-cordoned house.

Detective HIRO YOSHINO (50s), slaloms through the press scrum, ignoring a barrage of questions, a tough vet, hands-on, a blue collar cop who kicks your ass with a look.

Detective YUKA TANAKA (40s) follows, hair cropped, suit pressed; looks more cadet than detective, obsessed with work.

They slide...

INSIDE

At the end of a hall, an open door. A CAMERA FLASH spills out from a room every few seconds.

TV plays an old black and white war movie. Empty liquor bottles everywhere.

Hiro and Yuka move to the kitchen, a wall clock TICKS, a sink full of liquor bottles, an abandoned game of solitaire on the table, cards litter the floor.

On the floor near the kitchen table, Hiro's flashlight beam moves along a corpse, FATHER KOMURO (60s), grizzled, bald, chest bare. Dead. Foam around his mouth, eyes wide, frozen.

Hiro stands back, studies Komuro, shakes his head, perplexed.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Rain subsides. KID'S FATHER stumbles out the rear entrance into an alley.

Unzips his pants, leans on the wall. A sigh of relief.

Steam rises, urine drenches the already wet walls.

From the shadows.

FEMALE FIGURE (O.S.)  
Another satisfied customer?

Surprised by the voice, can't track the source.

KID'S FATHER  
Who the hell's that? Come on out, I  
won't hurt you.

Female figure steps out from behind a large trashcan.

A long black scarf around her head and a Hyottoko mask, its mouth puckered, skewed to one side.

Trying to process what he sees, cover. And buy time.

KID'S FATHER (CONT'D)  
Little early from trick-or-treat.

FEMALE FIGURE  
You violate children.

KID'S FATHER  
Guess you're right.

FEMALE FIGURE  
Victimize them.

He shrugs.

A dull PING! A steel baseball bat crashes into his head.

Kid's Father falls into a large puddle. Female figure strides toward him, closes in.

As they meet. Kid's Father attempts a wild punch.

Female figure blocks it, drives the bat into the Kid's Father's stomach, he falls back onto the alley wall.

FEMALE FIGURE (CONT'D)  
Your son.

KID'S FATHER  
Yeah...what about him?

FEMALE FIGURE  
You stabbed him.

KID'S FATHER  
I smacked him round first. Hey, I  
got my rocks off too, so fuck you  
in the ass, bitch.

They're face-to-face, sweaty and tense. Female figure peels  
off the Hyottoko mask. It's RIN.

The kid's father loses control. Fear. Sweat.

KID'S FATHER (CONT'D)  
Do I know you?

Rin bears down on him. Reaches into her pocket, pulls out a  
screwdriver, the screwdriver.

RIN  
Victims. Aren't we all.

Rin raises the screwdriver.

INT. PUBLIC PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Yuka paces outside a large door. Juggles files and coffee.

SECRETARY  
Ms.Tanaka?

Spills coffee on her shirt.

YUKA  
Shit. Yes.

SECRETARY  
He will see you now.

Yuka moves into the

INNER OFFICES

Public Prosecutor ASAHI SATO, (50s), sits behind a massive  
oak desk, studies a thick file. Bespectacled, well groomed  
mustache, don't let his lean, small frame fool you.

Doesn't look up as the SECRETARY shows Yuka in.

Yuka hesitates. Looks around: she's never been here.

Japanese flag, wood paneling, leather furniture, windows overlooking the city.

Sato looks up, takes Yuka in.

SATO  
Tanaka Yuka. Sit.

Yuka hands Sato a case file, he opens it, scans the pages.

YUKA  
Homicide. Caught it recently, a lot  
of your people are hung up.

SATO  
Get somebody else for this one.

YUKA  
Everybody's booked up. Look: it's  
probably going to go to trial.

SATO  
Weapon?

YUKA  
No prints.

SATO  
Confession?

YUKA  
Working on it.

Yuka sighs. Looking down at her coffee-soaked suit.

SATO  
Looks like you've got a major  
problem.

YUKA  
That is?

SATO  
Lack of credible evidence. Like I  
said, get somebody else.

EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

Rin leans against a wall, shelters from the rain out of sight. She watches a store across the street.

KIMURA'S STORE...24/7 ALWAYS OPEN!

Rin watches an OLD MAN (70s) come to the window.

He peeps through the dirty net curtains, moves out of sight.

Rin checks her watch, a few seconds until 10am. Rin watches the store window, a sign on an old chalkboard reads:

Egg and Bacon Sandwich 300yen.

The silhouette of the same old man from upstairs reaches into the window display and removes the chalkboard.

The old man replaces the sign. It now reads:

Egg and Bacons Sandwich 300yen

Rin registers the misspelling, her cue. She heads across the road to the store.

INT. KIMURA'S STORE - DAY

Empty of customers. Door opens, a crude bell rings.

A young JAPANESE KID busies himself rearranging goods on the shelf beside the counter. He averts his gaze from Rin.

Loud CLATTER. A stack of tomato cans fall to the floor. They roll down an aisle.

Yuka emerges from an aisle, follows Rin to the

STOCKROOM

Yuka grabs a small step stool, places it on the floor. She climbs up, reaches into a broken ceiling tile. Her hand fishes round, pulls out a file, hands to Rin.

Rin tucks the file under her arm, lights a cigarette, offers the pack to Yuka.

Yuka grabs a cigarette from the pack, lights up.

RIN

How do you have time to do your  
make-up?

YUKA

I don't have children.

A small army of cockroaches scoot across the chipped floor tiles between the two women.

YUKA (CONT'D)  
My boss is watching me like a hawk.

RIN  
You're being paranoid.

YUKA  
I have a bad feeling.

RIN  
I've had a bad feeling my entire life. Doesn't necessarily mean anything.

YUKA  
I need to know you're being careful.

Yuka stubs out her cigarette.

RIN  
We're doing the right thing.

YUKA  
No. You're doing the right thing.  
I'm just making photocopies.

Smiling, Rin hands Yuka an envelope of cash.

YUKA (CONT'D)  
I told you I don't want it.

RIN  
Make me feel better if you did.

Yuka takes the envelope. Rin turns, slides out.

INT. CAR - DAY

Rain batters the windows.

Rin opens the file, photocopies of arrest records. The name:  
"MICHIO OZAWA."

She gazes out the window at an apartment across the street.

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

Rin stands at the front of a house, clothing drenched. She looks up at a SECURITY CAMERA.

Door BUZZES open.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

HIDEKI (30s), overweight, mustached, a pseudo-intellectual vibe, lies on the couch, reads a book about time.

Rin enters, near the couch across from Hideki. Hideki doesn't look up from his book. Throws her a towel, she dries off.

HIDEKI  
Back early.

RIN  
Last batch was corrupted.

HIDEKI  
If it was I'd be out of business.

INT. KITCHEN - CLERGY HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Rin's latex gloved hands measure liquid from a vial.

Father Komuro comes to, bound at the kitchen table.

Rin grabs him by the collar of his shirt. Komuro, terrified.

FATHER KOMURO  
NO! NO! PLEASE!

RIN  
What's his name? Who is he?

FATHER KOMURO  
Couldn't go to the police. They'd never believe a...

RIN  
I spent six years in a Christian Sister Girl's Home, father, hurting you'd be a real treat for me.

Komuro shakes his head, tears, sweat streaming.

FATHER KOMURO  
I DON'T KNOW HIS NAME! Came for confession. Said he killed four children. Bragged about it. Said he was going to kill more.

RIN  
Name!

FATHER KOMURO  
He wouldn't tell me his name!

Rin rolls her eyes, yanks Komuro by the collar.

RIN  
Four huh? He trying to impress a  
fellow pervert scumbag?

She injects Father Komuro. His breathing slows. His body  
seizes, eyes flutter, then close.

Rin checks for a pulse. None. She grabs her gear, slides out.

Rin moves down the hallway, checks the coast is clear. NOISE  
from the kitchen. She turns. Nothing. Turns back. What the?!

Father Komuro stands in the corridor, shirtless, blocking  
Rin's passage. He grasps a 7 inch hunting knife in one hand.  
The rise and fall of naked Father Komuro's chest.

Rin clocks a hammer on the table. She drops her gear, reaches  
for, grabs the hammer, lunges towards Komuro...

The sound of an almighty collision of BODIES.

INT. HOUSE - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT

Hideki eyes Rin.

RIN  
I want a new batch, or a refund.

They hold each other's gaze.

Hideki rises, walks toward a large safe.

Hideki opens the safe. Inside, every type of drug imaginable.  
He pulls out a box of pentobarbital.

He walks back to Rin, hands her the box.

HIDEKI  
The customer is God.

Rin takes it, heads out the door.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Kimi and NAOMI pass a joint. Both girls have their hair in tight ballerina buns, hoodies over their dance leotards.

Kimi scrolls through Instagram stories.

Naomi pulls Kimi in towards her. Kimi lets her. Naomi kisses Kimi, clearly not the first time they've kissed.

Kimi smiles. Kisses Naomi back.

A few feet away, something VIBRATES.

Naomi tracks the sound to Rin's cupboard, clothes close behind her like a curtain, she puts her hand on the wall.

KIMI

Let's get out of here.

Naomi pushes on the wall, it pops out, revealing the boxes.

Naomi opens one. Inside vials of pentobarbital, cash and a phone VIBRATING. Naomi holds up a vial, reads the label, closes the box.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Rin joins MASAKI YAMADA (50), good looking, quiet, ER surgeon at the emergency entrance.

They open the backdoor of the ambulance.

Two PARAMEDICS, unload MICHIO OZAWA(40s), handsome, with a scrubbed clean face, on a gurney covered in vomit.

MASAKI

What do we have?

PARAMEDIC

Forty-three-year-old male,  
poisoning some respiratory  
distress. Eighty over forty. O2's  
at seventy-three.

They wheel Ozawa toward the entrance.

RIN

Name?

PARAMEDIC  
Ozawa Michio.

Rin stunned. Is this the guy?

MASAKI  
We know how he was poisoned?

PARAMEDIC  
At an ATM withdrawing money.  
Police are on it.

OZAWA  
I should've just given him the  
money, didn't think he'd spray me.  
I can't feel anything, is that bad?

RIN  
You're okay, we've got you.

Rin takes his hand, they bring him inside.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Rin and Masaki move around Ozawa, a nurse draws blood.

Another assists, gives Ozawa a saline IV.

RIN  
We're going to need antibiotics,  
four units.

Nurse nods, hurries out.

MASAKI  
Not sure we've time for that.

Ozawa slumps forward.

RIN  
He's going into toxic cardiac  
arrest. Michio, you with us?

Ozawa is unresponsive.

RIN (CONT'D)  
No pulse.

MASAKI  
We've lost him.

Masaki and Rin look at each other, over their face masks.

MASAKI (CONT'D)  
Dr. Aoki. Feeling brave today.

RIN  
(to Nurse)  
ECMO.

Ozawa's blood pumps into the membrane oxygenator in the heart-lung machine. Carbon dioxide is removed, rewarmed, oxygen-filled blood moves back into his body.

Sumiko squeezes IV bags into Ozawa, keeping him stable.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Rin emerges from the scrub room, down the hall Masaki stands with HIROKO (50s), mutton dressed as lamb, Ozawa's wife, does her best to control herself.

Masaki hands Hiroko off to a nurse, walks past Rin.

He pats Rin on the back, walks on.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Doorbell RINGS. No answer. Key enters a key hole, door unlocks, door knob turns, door opens. Rin enters, stands in the doorway to the living room.

O.S TV sounds BLARING.

Rin's foster mother SUMIRE (60s), in house dress and slippers, asleep in a chair. Gracefully aged, tough, intuitive, someone whose shoulder you could lean on.

The TV reflects on the glasses on the bridge of her nose.

On the wall above her, a framed photograph of her and Rin in Doctors attire. Next to that another framed photo, an infant Rin cradled in the arms of an EUROPEAN MALE.

Rin flicks off the TV, the room plunges into stillness.

She removes her glasses with care, sets them down on a table beside her HEARING AID.

SUMIRE  
Keeping your fingernails clean?

Sumire opens her eyes.

RIN  
Never without my rubber gloves.

SUMIRE  
Good girl. How's your arm?

Rin looks at Sumire.

Rin turns. Not surprised Sumire knows. She knows everything.

Rin fidgets. Rin looks back into Sumire's eyes.

RIN  
Are you mad?

Sumire stares at Rin, reaches for hand, pulls her close.

SUMIRE  
Sometimes, justice is best served  
by those who've experienced the  
pain.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Rin enters, carrying the new box of pento, supermarket groceries, throws keys, drops groceries on the bench.

She moves to her

BEDROOM

Opens the cupboard, moves to her stash. Boxes are out of place. Odd. She removes the floorboards, opens the ten-pack vial box, two vials missing.

Rin stops, thinks weren't there nine vials here before?

Cell BUZZES in her purse. Reminder, Kimi's recital. Shit. She's late. She looks at the box, too late to deal with this.

She slams the box shut, puts everything back. There was another vial, and it's missing.

INT. THEATER - NIGHT

Rin squeezes past PARENTS, focused on two dozen BOYS (12-14) wearing ties, singing. She finds her seat.

She looks across to see Shinzo and his new girlfriend MAI (30s), chic cropped hair, Louboutin heels, tasteful Botox.

With a flourish, the conductor, guides the boys to the crescendo. The CROWD stands, ERUPTS with applause.

Conductor turns, bows to the audience, more applause, rises.

Rin stares in surprise.

Michio Ozawa. He blows kisses to Hiroko, and their TWO young DAUGHTERS standing in the front row.

Rin rushes out to the Auditorium, whips out her phone.

MISAKI (O.S.)

Yeah.

RIN

Who released the poisoning patient,  
Ozawa?

MISAKI (O.S.)

He released himself.

RIN

What?

MASAKI (O.S.)

He was on ECMO for a few hours,  
observation for the appropriate  
number of hours given his  
diagnosis. What's the problem?

Rin hangs up, rushes back in to the theater.

Ballerinas, Kimi and Naomi among them, enter the stage,  
flutter into position. VIOLINS drift out from the speakers.  
Ballerinas Kimi and Naomi dance.

Rin tries to watch the performance, her mind spins.

ON STAGE, the dance intensifies. The TEMPO SPEEDS. The  
dancers twirl and point. Kimi and Naomi take center stage.  
Naomi missteps, but regains her footing.

Rin shifts in her seat, narrows her eyes. A SCREAM from on  
stage. Panic and confusion fill the theater.

The ballerinas stop. They stand stunned, unsure. The object  
of panic, Naomi lies in the middle of the stage, unconscious.

Rin, seeing Naomi, instinctively runs to the stage.

Rin takes control. She kneels, lifts Naomi's eyelids open.

Naomi's eyes roll back in her head. Kimi nearby, in shock.

Rin sees Mai and Shinzo, panicked. Rin checks for a pulse, begins performing chest compressions on Naomi's small body.

AMBULANCE SIREN SCREAMS.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Rin stands over Naomi, as Masaki prepares an IV fluid line.

A nurse takes blood for a toxicology report.

Rin shines a light in Naomi's eye.

Naomi BOLTS upright, GASPING.

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Shinzo consoles Mai. Kimi motionless, traumatized, still in her tutu, mascara tears stain her cheeks.

Naomi enters, followed by Rin.

Mai, sees Naomi, runs to her, crushes her in her arms.

Naomi mouths a thank you to Rin, as they head to the exit.

The TELEVISION in the waiting room plays.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

The powers that be seem intent on  
letting the powerful walk free.  
Their benevolence even seems to  
extend to the ordinary criminal.

EXT. HOSPITAL - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Rin pulls out her cell phone. A text from Shinzo: "We left."

Rin pushes through a group of REPORTERS, approaches Masaki who sits on a bench near the entrance, he winks at her.

Rin grabs a seat beside Masaki.

RIN

What's with the circus?

MASAKI

Remember that half kid they brought  
in. Someone batted, stabbed his  
father within an inch of his life.

Rin and Masaki observe the melee of reporters pushing their microphones and cameras into the face of CAPTAIN SUGIURA (50s), slick, three hundred dollar shoes, five hundred dollar suit, million dollar ego.

CAPT. SUGIURA  
I have the utmost faith the  
department and with Lt. Hiro  
Takeuchi leading...

REPORTER  
Captain Sugiura. Captain, we  
understand there have been similar  
crimes in West Tokyo. Are we  
talking about a killing spree?

CAPT. SUGIURA  
There's no evidence to suggest...

REPORTER  
Then it's the work of a lone  
psychopath?

CAPT. SUGIURA  
Listen, we live in Tokyo so I  
guess, the chances are good.

In the b.g. Rin and Masaki watch.

MASAKI  
I don't get it.

RIN  
Don't get what?

MASAKI  
These people only make the city  
less safe. How the hell did we get  
here? When did we start allowing  
people to take the law into their  
own hands?

Masaki rises, leaves, reveals the orderly, who also sits on the bench watching the press conference.

ORDERLY  
There's a new sheriff in town.

RIN  
Excuse me?

ORDERLY

Stuff the police can't do. That vacuum's gonna get filled by something or someone.

RIN

That's a slippery slope.

ORDERLY

Sure, but that's the way it is. Only the strong survive, the rest, just slow everyone else down.

RIN

Very fatalistic of you.

ORDERLY

Think about it. When predators hunt, they don't ask for permission. They cull the herd, keep it strong. Without them, balance crumbles.

Rin remains poker faced.

RIN

Who decides who gets culled?

The orderly shrugs his eyes, distant.

ORDERLY

It's survival, the weak resist change, cling to broken systems. Predators adapt. Rules don't scare them, they write new ones.

RIN

So, it all depends on what people want rather than the rule of law.

ORDERLY

Those rules, they are definitely changing.

Orderly rises, walks back into the hospital, Rin turns, spots on the ground, under the bench, a small origami paper model.

A wolf.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Ozawa walks his wife and daughters to a car. Helps them get in, buckles up the kids waves as the car drives off.

He turns, walks up the street. Ozawa comes closer to a car.

He fumbles for his keys, the key enters the lock, the station wagon door opens, Ozawa slides in behind the wheel.

Rin POPS UP from the back seat, quicker than a Rin in the box, with incredible quickness WHIPS a fishing line around Ozawa's neck, pulls it TIGHT.

RIN  
Do exactly as I say.

OZAWA  
What do you want..?

Ozawa's EYES go wide, his face turns white.

RIN  
I want you to be quiet.

Rin pulls the fishing line tighter, cuts into Ozawa's skin.

RIN (CONT'D)  
Drive.

Ozawa pulls out of the spot.

INT. YUKA'S DESK - POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Yuka hunt and pecks on her desktop.

CPT. SUGIURA (O.S.)  
Where the hell have you been?

Yuka looks up. Cpt. Sugiura stares at her, cold eyes framed by a hostile face.

YUKA  
Crime scene?

Sugiura stares at her, looks around the office, eyes the poster of the Tokyo Football team taped to a glass wall.

The other walls are plastered with images of blood stained walls, floors, crime scene photos, mugshots.

CPT. SUGIURA  
What about these?

Sugiura shoves two color photos of A COUPLE OF BODIES, lying dead on the floor of a large hotel room into Yuka's hands.

CPT. SUGIURA (CONT'D)  
The love hotel murders? This ex-  
yakuza come dealer and the girl?

Yuka scans them, eyes the blood spatter on the walls.

YUKA  
These two didn't die by the hands  
of a professional. This is child's  
play. Messy work.

CPT. SUGIURA  
Close the case on these killings.  
You think I'm here to invite you to  
my nephew's birthday party?

YUKA  
I didn't know you were kind.

CAPT. SUGIURA  
Just grab a crayon, and scribble  
this down: Rival dealer came in,  
two scum-bags slashed to hell,  
dealer stole the drugs. Done and I  
don't care what you say, cause  
that's what happened and that's who  
I'm looking for. We're looking for  
thief dealer. Got it?

YUKA  
Okay...sure...I guess...

CPT. SUGIURA  
I need it quick.

YUKA  
I'm on it, Captain.

Sugiura storms out.

EXT. OLD HOUSE - OUTSKIRTS OF TOKYO - NIGHT

The station wagon stops in front of a ramshackle home,  
uninhabited for years. The car STOPS. Rin releases the noose.

RIN  
Get out.

Ozawa STUMBLES out of the car, falls to the ground, whimpers.

RIN (CONT'D)  
Listen and do what I say.

Ozawa gets up and the two of them stare at each other.  
There's a weird understanding between the two.

RIN (CONT'D)  
In the house.

Rin whips the fishing line back around Ozawa's neck and they  
both walk up to the front door and enter.

INT. OLD HOUSE - OUTSKIRTS OF TOKYO - NIGHT

Rin KICKS the door closed, quickly flips on a flood lamp,  
lights up the room, leans into Ozawa's ear, whispers...

RIN  
Look.

Ozawa is too scared, tries to turn his head away.

OZAWA  
No.

RIN  
Oh yes...

OZAWA  
NO! NO!

Ozawa snaps his arm back, his elbow catches Rin's cheek.

Rin twists the noose tighter, Ozawa's SCREAMS are cut off.

RIN  
Horrible, isn't it? Isn't it?

Ozawa SLAMS his eyes shut even tighter.

OZAWA  
Please.

Rin stomps on the back of Ozawa's knee, he falls to his  
knees, Rin grabs his hair, pulls Ozawa's head back.

RIN  
Look, or I'll cut your eyelids  
right off your face!

Ozawa's eyes pop open wide.

Photographs of THREE SMALL BODIES. Three little dead BOYS  
laid out on plastic sheets.

OZAWA

Please...You can have anything.

RIN

Did these little boys beg?

Ozawa SCREAMS, Rin lets go. Ozawa falls forward, lands on his face sobbing, sniveling.

OZAWA

I couldn't help myself, I couldn't.  
Please, you have to understand.

Rin looks down at him.

RIN

Trust me, I understand.

In a flash, she PLUNGES a needle deep into Ozawa's neck.

His eyes roll up into the back of his head.

WHITE.

Ozawa's eyes flicker open, he sees windows sealed, he looks down, he's on a bed in the middle of the room Ozawa naked, his arms and legs strapped down with duct tape.

Rin rams a clear plastic bag over of Ozawa's head, squeezes.

A sharp inhale, the clear plastic inverts, sucks hard onto his skin, distorting his features into an inhuman mask.

RIN (O.S) (CONT'D)

99, 98, 97...

Her counting stops. The beat of a pulse rises to replace it.

Ozawa exhales. The bag balloons, clouding with his breath. He inhales, the plastic bag inverts. Rin's whisper resumes.

RIN (CONT'D)

95, 94...

The rise and fall around his mouth, ceases.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

The spout. Water washes over us.

Rin washes her hands, looks in the mirror. A line of blood stains her cheek. She wipes the blood away.

Dirt, blood, circle the drain, to the sewers of Tokyo.

Black hair scrubbed. Rin does not relax in this shower, not its purpose. The purpose is to decontaminate.

Rin in the mirror, brushes her hair. An abrasion on her cheek.

EXT. OLD HOUSE - NIGHT

Yards away cordoned off with yellow tape and crowded with a dozen POLICE CARS, AMBULANCES, their red lights twirling.

Yuka fights her way through the crowd, heads toward the crime scene. Then sees

Captain Sugiura talking to a few eager REPORTERS.

Yuka avoids eye contact, maneuvers around some DETECTIVES and POLICE OFFICERS, then sees

DR. TAKAHASHI (50s), the M.E. Bent over, examining wrapped body parts legs, toes, arms, laid out on a blue vinyl tarp.

Dr. Takahashi looks up. He's grim, tense.

YUKA  
What you got?

TAKAHASHI  
Bone dry. No blood.

Yuka paces, leans down next to Dr. Takahashi, focuses.

TAKAHASHI (CONT'D)  
The cuts, here very rough. Almost emotional. Then here not so much, here and here and in-between. But look at this.

Takahashi movess the severed hand, taps an exposed femur.

TAKAHASHI (CONT'D)  
Look, all bone. The killer, flayed  
the skin completely off. Why would  
he do that?

Yuka takes a breath, looks at Hiro.

YUKA  
He's experimenting. Trying to find  
the right way.

HIRO  
Is he experimenting with the head?

YUKA  
What do you mean?

HIRO  
He took it, her fucking head.

OFFICER (O.S)  
Boss, we got another across town.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rin lies rigid on top of her bed covers.

Her eyes pop open, she cannot move, she tries to scream, no  
sound comes out, an episode of night terrors.

The sound of dripping water. She struggles to let out a moan.

She is now awake, sweat beads roll down her face.

INT. OLD HOUSE - OUTSKIRTS OF TOKYO - NIGHT

Hiro and Yuka examine the remains of Ozawa.

HIRO  
He's been left here on purpose.

YUKA  
Like a warning?

HIRO  
Like justice served.

YUKA  
They're not the same M.O's.

HIRO

One's unpredictable, erratic, hunts  
for the joy. He'll be easy to  
catch. This one, calculating,  
almost kind.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Yuka sits at a darkened table, finishing up her duck. The  
only customer.

The WAITRESS (20s) walks over with the check, Chinese,  
gorgeous, all smiles.

Yuka gets up, pays in cash, gets her coat on.

YUKA

No fortune cookie?

WAITRESS

My boss told me police don't like  
fortune cookies.

Yuka ponders this, smiling at the waitress. Her phone rings.

INT. YUKA 'S CAR - NIGHT

Yuka listens to cross chatter on the police radio.

She peers out at the restaurant, the Waitress busy inside.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

Caller reported a suspicious  
vehicle, a black family van in a  
lot, outside a pachinko parlor,  
past Fuchu, any available units?

Yuka considers, watches the waitress, she picks up her radio.

YUKA

1340, I'm five minutes away,  
heading over.

Yuka throws the car in gear, pulls out.

COP 1 (O.S.)

1212, responding.

COP 2 (O.S.)

Responding.

YUKA  
No lights, no sirens. Wait for me.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The parking lot appears to be empty but for the parked family van facing the adjacent woods.

Another vehicle, parks across the way, cloaked in darkness...

A police car, with two UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS sit inside. Yuka drives up beside them, everybody gets out.

Yuka readies her sidearm, following behind the officers, they approach the family van.

ITS ENGINE ROARS to life.

IT BACKS UP, positions for the parking lot exit. The officers look to Yuka. What now?

Then, another Police CAR blocks the family van's escape, forcing it to change course, angling right for the adjacent Community Garden now, accelerating until...

THE FAMILY VAN SMASHES THROUGH TREES, burrowing into the garden, it GRINDS TO A HALT.

Yuka runs up behind the family van, officers behind her, trudge over plants, BLACK SMOKE EVERYWHERE.

Lost in the smoke, Yuka moves up alongside the family van. She peers through the glass on the side door.

A giant branch protrudes through the windshield, reaching all the way to the back of the vehicle.

Nobody's there. She tries the door, locked.

EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

Rin checks her watch, a few seconds until 10am.

The old man replaces the sign. The letters now read:

Egg and Bacons Sandwich 300yen

Rin registers the misspelled sign. She heads across the road to the store.

INT. KIMURA'S STORE - STOCKROOM - DAY

Her hand fishes round, pulls out a file, hands it to Rin.

Rin lights a cigarette. Yuka grabs a cigarette from Rin's pack. Lights up.

YUKA

You've got out there. Someone else  
is, hunting.

Smiling, Rin hands Yuka an envelope of cash.

A look of sadness in Yuka's eyes as she takes it, this is  
severance pay and she knows it.

Her days as Rin's partner, terminated.

EXT. TENNIS CLUB - DAY

Rin pulls into a parking lot, filled with BMW's, Mercedes,  
finds a spot.

Rin SEES A steady mix of beautiful, fit, MIDDLE-AGED LADIES  
in their little tennis outfits walk in and out of the club.

Rin sees MASANORI SUMIDA (30s) short, stocky, large brown  
eyes a little too close together, in a janitorial outfit.

A small broom and shovel in his tattooed hands.

Sumida sweeps up dirt, some leaves, eyes the pretty ladies.

Rin opens a Tokyo M.P.D. file, pulls out a picture Masanori  
Sumida, and one of Junko Kashimura.

One of the LADIES drops her tennis bag, bends over, Sumida  
freezes, stares at that pantalooned bottom.

Sumida, skulks away, disappears into a shed off to the side.

INT. CAR - STREETS - DAY

Rin drives down a squalid residential street, surrounded by  
low-income housing, barbecue joints.

Rin pulls into a parking spot. She picks up the SUMIDA file.

Rin scans a few pages of the file, looks across the street,  
focuses on a small house.

INT. SUMIDA'S HOUSE - DAY

Rin looks around the house. It's small and messy, sordid. There's a paper towel holder next to the unmade bed.

In the middle of the room, a desk, computer and an expensive looking digital video camera. Rin picks it up, eyes it.

She notices a stack of S&M porn magazines, picks one up, flips through it, stops on the classifieds. Some highlighted.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Yuka walks into the crowded main lobby, freezes at the sight of OZAWA'S WIFE.

Standing in front of the DESK SERGEANT, crying.

OZAWA'S WIFE

I don't understand. Please. Put out  
an alert, do something, JUST FIND  
MY HUSBAND!

DESK SERGEANT

I understand, we're trying, the  
detectives are looking into  
everything, when we know...

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A SCREAMING INFANT

With face and body black and blue; the CHILD HOWLS. Rin examines with care.

RIN

Well, we'll have to get X-rays  
right away. How did this happen?

ANNA

He fell out of his crib.

The mother ANNA, is well dressed, aristocratic. Rin double takes, her tired eyes meet Anna's, she looks for tells.

RIN

He fell out of his crib.

ANNA

He fell out of his crib.

RIN

You have a child with multiple contusions they're at least eight hours old, I think he was beaten and you brought him in only because he was screaming so much you couldn't get to sleep; I think he may have a skull fracture, I'll bet when we do X-rays we find several healed fractures.

ANNA

I can have you arrested for saying things like that, do you think I would harm my child?

RIN

Happens all the time.

ANNA

I assure you whoever you are...

RIN

Aoki, Doctor Aoki...

ANNA

Well, Doctor Aoki, I assure you your suspicions are wholly unfounded and that there has been no deliberate attempt to injure my child, he simply fell from his crib.

RIN

How'd he burn his legs?

ANNA

Burn his legs?

RIN

These marks are healed burn scars on his legs, how'd that happen?

ANNA

You can't speak to me this way, I'm an attorney!

RIN

In that case, I'm sure you know the agency I'm about to call.

Rin storms out into the

## HALLWAY

She calls out to a nurse at the admin station.

RIN

I'll be in four. Wake me at six-thirty.

NURSE

Give you almost an hour and a half.  
You're lucky.

RIN

Where's that male orderly tonight?

NURSE

We don't have any male orderlies on  
this floor.

Odd. Rin nods, goes into the room. She takes out her notebook and writes, tears out a sheet.

She removes tape from her pocket, tears off a piece.

She tapes the note paper to the door, goes into the room, closes the door. The note reads:

DR. AOKI WAKE AT 6:30

## INSIDE THE ROOM

Rin lies down, snaps off the bedside light, shifts the slightest amount and is out cold.

A rectangle of white opens, a silhouetted figure is there.

NURSE

Dr. Aoki, it's six-thirty.

## INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Rin appears in the doorway, Kimi stands near the table with the false wall, the boxes, pento and money.

Kimi looks at her mother, haunted. Confused.

Rin moves close to Kimi. Kimi looks away, tearful.

Rin puts her finger beneath Kimi's chin, raises it gently.

Kimi nods. Rin hugs Kimi, leads her out of the kitchen.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rin looks grim and angry, sits at her desk, faces her computer the large Sumida File just inches from her fingers.

Rin pounds away on the keyboard, as the images on the computer screen reflect off her face, her shoulders tighten, her eyes turn cold and black.

ON HER COMPUTER SCREEN a grainy video of the attractive, the struggling, desperate Junko Kashimura.

Junko lies tied down to a stained mattress on a filthy basement floor, humping away on top of her is a short, stocky, masked man.

With the same tattooed hands we saw on Sumida.

It's nauseating.

Sumida climaxes, reaches under the mattress, pulls out a knife, he raises it high in the air.

FURIOUS RIN Stares at the computer, hatred all over her face.

EXT. APARTMENT - BALCONY - NIGHT

Rin lights a cigarette, looks out at the city, takes a drag.

SUMIRE (O.S)  
Policing them does nothing. They  
must be killed. Wherever they are  
found. They will make every place  
they touch death. Now. Now you  
understand how far we have fallen.

Exhales. Rin stubs out her cigarette. Cell phone RINGS.

RIN  
Yeah?

The color from Rin's face disappears.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. CAR - IN FRONT OF SUMIRE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rin parks up opposite, sits forward, scans the view through the windscreen...

EXT. BACK ALLEY - SUMIRE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rin looks up to the low roof at the rear of the house, she hauls herself onto the low roof at the rear of the house, climbs up to the floor. Rin moves into her

BEDROOM

She sneaks through to

SUMIRE'S BEDROOM

Stares at Sumire on the bed.

A PILLOW OVER HER FACE.

There is a tear in it, powder burns scorch the pillow case.

She stares down at her from the bedside.

The CREAK of floorboards. A set of footfalls. The sound of a drawer pulled open, the crash of cutlery hitting a floor....

Rin moves to the top of the

STAIRWELL

She sees a shadow move in the dining area downstairs, her eye's close in concentration.

Her head tilts from to one side to the other as she maps the movements below her.

MUSIC from the kitchen radio drifts up.

A set of footsteps move to the front door. Rin moves back to

SUMIRE'S BEDROOM

Rin lifts the scorched pillow from her Mother's face. She reaches down.

Rin sets Sumire's glasses on the bedside table alongside her hearing aide. The left lens shattered, drips with blood.

Rin notices Sumire's rings, some of her jewelry, missing.

INT. GARAGE - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

What's left of the family van. Sitting in the back seat is FORENSICS GUY, smarter than most, likes his job.

He's thinking, head leaned back, eyes closed. Yuka pokes her head inside, SLAPS the seat.

YUKA

What we got?

FORENSICS GUY

It's clean. I mean it's filthy as shit, but we didn't find anything.

YUKA

So no prints, no hair fibers?

Forensics guy hands Yuka a creased set of brown scrubs.

FORENSICS GUY

Just these.

YUKA

Brown?

FORENSICS GUY

Totally depends on the hospital's policy, tendency now is for everyone to wear scrubs in different colors, coded by function, blue for nurses, brown for orderlies and CNAs, green for doctors, etc.

YUKA

Anything else?

FORENSICS GUY

If he just used this to transport people I might buy that, but if there was a struggle in here I would've found something. I'd start searching the garden near the parking lot.

YUKA

Half the cops in the prefecture are  
doing that right now.

INT. SUMIRE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Rin's hands lift her mothers feet.

She removes her tiny floral slippers, places them on the floor at the foot of her bed.

Rin lifts her mother up by the shoulders. Her frail back comes into view.

Long silver hair falls loose from its chignon.

Rin blinks, almost cracks for a second.

She lays Sumire back down on the bed.

Rin combs her hair smooth with a brush from her dresser.

She sets the hairbrush down on the bedside table. Wisps of silver hair waft from it.

Rin picks up a lipstick. She holds it to her nostrils, inhaling. Closes her eyes.

EXT. WOODLAND - NIGHT

Rin winds through woodland down a steep dirt path, cradling the plastic bundle of Sumire's body, her footfalls falter on the uneven ground.

The arching branches open to reveal the edge of a vast lake.

Rin wades chest deep into the river pushing the shrouded form of Sumire's corpse ahead of her. Flat rocks weigh her down, she barely touches the surface of the water.

She immerses the plastic bundle and with her fingertips tears open a small hole to the side of her head.

Snow white hair pours out into the black water.

The black plastic crimps and flexes as air leaches from it. The small body sinks below the surface in Rin's arms.

The water reaches her eyes.

She takes another step forward, disappears under the surface.

## UNDERWATER

In a limitless black void Rin and Sumire are in embrace.

The black shroud, cocooned tight around her seems tiny, the size of child as she clings to her.

Her silver hair loosens and wafts in the water, whirls around her head and shoulders, beckoning strands of light.

Sumire's shroud descends into the depths.

Rin drifts away from her.

Rin's eyes snap open in an underwater churn of bubbles...

She closes her mouth, her chest clenches.

A black void, the figures of her victims, around her.

## EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Rin sentry at a gas pump, stares at the digital display.  
Rin's clothes are dripping wet.

The rhythm of her sodden shoes the only sound.

## INT. APRTMENT - NIGHT

Rin enters with Erika singing, large birthday cake glowing with candles in her hands. Kimi's eyes widen.

RIN  
Happy Birthday to you!

Kimi blows out the candles. Erika claps.

Rin hands Kimi a small present.

KIMI  
Thank you Mama.

Kimi tears open the wrapping, opens the box. Sumire's ring.

RIN  
It was your grandmother's, take  
care of it will you?

KIMI  
I will, it's beautiful, thank you.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rin reads, eyes heavy, moonlight plays across the couch.  
She lays the book across her lap, drifts off...

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT - DREAM SEQUENCE

Flophouse. Dingy. Dark. Fluorescent ballasts buzz overhead.  
The electrical THRUM of lights, the only sound in the room.

Rin sits on a bed. Soaking wet. Shoeless. Sleeves rolled.

The walls leak like sieves. Sheet rock crumbles in clumps.  
Brown-ringed water damage stretches ceiling to floor.

Rin looks across, finds herself staring back.

On the opposing bed. Her mirror image, only naked with a  
disturbing shock of white hair and cobalt blue eyes.

Her DOPPELGANGER is still. Motionless. Unblinking.

Rin stares.

Her doppelganger leans in, Rin mimics her, leans in.

They meet, their faces inches apart, this twin profile,  
staring back at one another.

The doppelganger's lips peel back like an alien pod splitting  
open, exhaling putrid black teeth.

She rams the crown of her skull into Rin's face.

Her nose explodes, blood bursts from her shattered septum.

Her doppelganger, frozen gaze, pasted perma-smile, begins  
smashing her in the face.

Bashing her with her fists. Each blow like a felled redwood.

Rin stumbles up. Gags. Blood hydrants from her head. She  
holds up her hands as another blow lands, then another.

She lunges, reaches, breaks the plane between sleep and  
consciousness with a shuddering, gasping surge.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT - END DREAM SQUENCE

A huge intake of breath. On her couch, Rin sits up, the throb of pain still on her from the dream...

She glances down, droplets of blood hit the book in her lap.

She reaches up, touches her head. Feeling wetness.

She HEARS someone snicker in the room, she startles, looks up, is struck by something hard and metal.

She feels teeth crack and loose as she collapses, a piece of shattered molar in her mouth, she gags, spits it out.

RIN

Wait, what? Wait!

Someone kicks her hard, a steel-toed boot tip bows her ribs, air explodes from her lungs.

Another snicker, a CACKLE right behind it.

Blood smears across her field of vision, flooding her sinuses, her mind fights for reason.

An punch strafes her right eyelid, splits it like ripe fruit.

She coughs up a mouthful of blood.

A boot crashes down, destroying two fingers on her left hand.

That CACKLE. Another boot stomp, her wristwatch snaps free.

Rin struggles to her knees.

RIN (CONT'D)

Please stop, stop...

A fist hammers her right eardrum, it ruptures, she hears blood fill the canal and overflow.

RIN (CONT'D)

Stop...Stop...Stop...Please..

The base of her skull is struck, the blow cancels her consciousness, her vision flutter-flickers, burns out black.

VOID, black. Then, sound. Muffled, seeping in.

Awake. Alive.

She struggles to crack her eyes open, badly swollen slits gummed with blood. Everything numb, buzzing.

Heavy-braided boating rope she recognizes from her car is cinched around her wrists, wrapped around a ceiling stanchion, secured tight.

A SCREAM. Kimi. Upstairs.

Rin's head snaps straight up.

Kimi SCREAMS again, pleading, her voice choked with fear.

RIN (CONT'D)  
No-no-no-no-no--! HEY!!

Footfalls skitter away. Furniture shudders as it shifts.

RIN (CONT'D)  
Kimi!!

She's running. Rin's vision pulses and blurs--

RIN (CONT'D)  
Call the police! Call the police!

That CACKLE echoes down like a taunt, heavier footfalls follow, with a man's running weight.

RIN (CONT'D)  
Stop! Please stop! I have money!

Rin pulls on the rope restraints.

RIN (CONT'D)  
Kimi!!! Erika!!

The rope constricts and digs, lacerating her wrists.

Her veins rise, face bloats red, overheats with effort.

A SCREAM fills her head, over and over until it dries up.

RIN (CONT'D)  
Erika! Please whoever you are!  
Please, take anything! Don't hurt  
them! I'm begging you!

Rin wrenches on her restraints, the rope sinks deeper into gaping wrist wounds.

Something heavy topples, lands, from the ceiling above.

Weeping, pleading, female.

Muted laughter follows...MALE.

Foot scuffs. Something is being dragged.

Rope digs deep, peels skin away like a rind, scrapes tendons.

Blood pulses from the wounds, flooding up over the rope.

Both wrists dislocate with a hollow pop. A HOWL expands up her throat, exploding in a desperate rasp.

RIN (CONT'D)  
Help us! Help me!

Prolonged, agonized SCREAMS from above, then they're gone, snatched out of the air like a cord was cut.

SILENCE

The door leading downstairs opens.

A SHADOW falls across the wall.

Someone is up there. Breathing shallow. Winded.

RIN (CONT'D)  
Kimi?

That LAUGH. That CACKLE. Then.

VOICE  
You look like a girl when you're scared. Such beauty in you when you let yourself be frail. This is not the work for you. Look at yourself. What it's done to you in just five kills. You will not survive. You are not a wolf. This is the land of wolves now.

Something metal CLATTERS down on the floor and lands. A GAS CAN, upended, spilling its contents to the floor.

A FLOOSH from above.

FLAMES appear, racing down the steps engulfing the can.

The wall follows, tendrils of fire lick up the face, devouring the plaster and wood, smoke pours from it.

Flame unfurls fast across the ceiling from the chemicals, feeding. Pitch black smoke encircles Rin like a shroud.

Another fire ignites...rising from within...

Rin's rope binds break.

CRAWL NOW. Vision smeared. Breathing soot.

Rin blacking out, shutting down, reaches for the knob, turns.

SHIMMERS, BLOOD, BURNING, FACES, BLUDGEONED, FISTS.

LIFELESS.

Male figure pulls out a gun, before he can raise it, Rin COLLIDES into the man like a freight train, shoving the man's gun hand up by the wrist, KNOCKS him off his feet...

The man's SLAMMED backwards against the room.

His gun falls, bounces into the room.

The shaken man crawls to his gun he reaches for it.

Rin delivers a GUT KICK. Rin Pops her wrist back in, throws off the rope bindings.

Rin grabs the gun. The man rises. Rin KICKS him in the ribs.

The man falls onto his back, sucking air.

Rin EJECTS the BULLET from the gun's chamber.

RIN

...you brought this on yourself.

She pops the CARTRIDGE, throws the gun to the corner, rapidly pushes the BULLETS out of the cartridge...

...one by one to the floor.

She tosses the empty cartridge over by the gun, advances.

The man's prone, on his knees, is still trying to rise.

Rin takes a big step and...as she KICKS, the man drops his shoulder, twists his upper body; deflects the kick while

SWEEPING Rin's other leg out with his arm...

Rin THUDS hard; flat on her back.

The man scrambles atop Rin, PUNCHES her. Rin BASHES her fist across the side of the man's head, KNOCKS him off.

Both get unsteadily to their feet, already breathing hard from adrenaline excess.

They size each other up while taking a moment to regain their footing and senses.

Rin, wiping at her bloody nose, a dim recognition is dawning.  
The man clears his head, inhales through bloodied teeth.  
She and the man circle.

The man swings, Rin ducks, circles, brings her arms over from behind in a double-handed stranglehold.

The man fights to prevent the crushing of his windpipe, jumping up, backpedaling...

He CRUSHES Rin between himself and the wall. The man bends...  
FLIPS Rin over and off...

It's Rin's turn to SLAM into the floor.

The man grabs the stunned Rin, lifts her.

Looks like it just might be the man's day after all, as he THROWS Rin a fair distance...

Rin CRASHES into the to the floor, nearly-insensate.

The man's stands astride Rin, pushes Rin with his foot, turns her over onto her back.

The man drops to his knees, places his hands around Rin's neck starts to squeeze.

This startles Rin fully awake. The veins in her neck bulge beneath the man's whitening fingers,

Rin attempts to break the grip. Can't.

Rin tries to push man off... to grasp the man's own thick neck... to gouge the man's protectively-upturned face.

The man releases one hand, PUNCHES Rin, reestablishes his grip on Rin's throat. Seems likely this will be over soon.

Except, while his left hand continues its futile retaliation, Rin's right hand, goes to the floor to begin frantically reaching around in an effort to find something, anything, to fight back with.

There's nothing within grasp though, except for... a VASE, which Rin's fingers grab

Bursting capillaries redden Rin's wide eyes.

Rin's verging on unconsciousness, the drooling man grins.

Rin's hand shoots up...SMASHES the vase in the man's ear.

The man recoils as if thrown back by an explosion, HOWLING, holding his ear. He scrabbles away.

Rin gasps for air, clutching her throat.

The man gets up, falls. Gets up. Claws at his bloody, punctured ear, he looks to where Rin lies.

Impatient and furious, Rin grabs the man by his hair and slams his face into the sink. But she doesn't stop there.

Rin SMASHES it, POUNDS, pounds hard, his head cracks the sink more at each blow. The sink SPLITS into pieces, the man falls on the ground, face covered in blood.

He's dead.

Rin breathes hard.

She finds the gun, collects the empty cartridge.

Rin picks up one of the bullets, tries, with shaky hands, to fit it back into the cartridge.

The unsteady man returns, blood runs down from his ear. He brandishes a chair.

Rin looks up to see this just as...

She manages to insert the lone bullet into the cartridge.

Rin, her aim thrown by imbalance, nonetheless FIRES. BANG!

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

INT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

JIRO's thick fingers shuffle grimy currency.

Some scratchy 1920s TUNE plays throughout b.g., like a broadcast from another time and place. Looking up at a sudden metallic SOUND, O.S.

JIRO  
Piss off, we're closed.

As the outside security gate rattles, Jiro draws his Magnum and approaches the front door.

Sudden surprise as he sees the silhouette of the gate SCREECH back against the frosted glass of the front door.

And he hustles to close up the distance between himself and the door, gun up.

Before he can touch the door, the crowbar comes rocketing through the glass, pegging Jiro in the forehead, knocking him flat on his ass. He loses the pistol.

Rin smashes through the door, glass disintegrates around her. Her eyes swollen slits gummed with blood, bruised and bloody, hematomas bloom on her arms yellow-black.

JIRO (CONT'D)  
You're trespassing, you're breaking  
and entering!

During Jiro's rant, Rin brushes glass cubes from her shoulders, nonplussed. She flings Jiro across the room.

Jiro crashes into the counter, Rin advances on him:

RIN  
I'm looking for something in an  
engagement ring. Gold.

Rin comes up behind him, Jiro reaches through the open cage door, pulls a big combat knife from beneath the counter.

JIRO  
You're lookin' for a coroner,  
bitch!

And he tries to nail Rin with the knife. Rin slams the cage against Jiro's head, collects the knife.

RIN  
 I repeat: a gold engagement ring.  
 It was pawned here, recently by  
 another gentleman drives a black  
 Dodge Challenger?

Rin twists Jiro's sail-like shirt, Jiro turns bright red.

JIRO  
 I ain't got no fuckin' ring.

RIN  
 Wrong answer.

Rin nails Jiro's hand to the counter top. Jiro howls!

JIRO  
 All I got is in a box! Behind the  
 counter!

Rin jumps through the cage door. Jiro's eyes bug as he sees  
 his own pierced hand, immobilized.

Scans the shelves. Rows of Kerosene tins. Knives and assorted  
 knuckle-duster curios. The ring box.

Dozens of gold rings. Rin's fingers sift through them.

She brings each ring to her face.

RIN  
 No, no, no, no...

She tosses each rejected ring over her shoulder. Until:

She finds what she's looking for, closes her fist tightly  
 around the ring.

Knocks the knife free of Jiro's hand. It goes spinning across  
 the countertop.

RIN (CONT'D)  
 You have one chance to live.

JIRO  
 No fucking way. He'll kill me.

RIN  
 Who would waste time killing you  
 besides me?

Jiro sweats, pants, contemplates the hole in his hand.

JIRO  
I don't know his name!

Rin goes berserk, SMASHING and PUNCTURING cans of flammables and powder, Jiro flinches, nursing his holed hand. Blows just miss Jiro's head. Soon he's cowering.

Looking down at Jiro in revulsion.

RIN  
You feed off the living.

SMASH! Another tin ceases to exist next to Jiro.

RIN (CONT'D)  
Wolves and women share a lot in common, inquiring, endurance and strength, deeply intuitive, intensely concerned with their young their mate, their pack. Yet both have been hounded, harassed falsely accused of being of less value than their detractors.

Rin is slides past him, no further word, ignores him entirely. As she exits.

JIRO  
You walk out of here, he'll erase you! You can't dick with me, bitch!

RIN  
One chance to live. Take it.

JIRO  
What are you gonna do?

RIN  
I only hunt to eat.

THE END