

THE NEW RIGHT

Written by

James Sutherland

tokyopictureshow@gmail.com

TEASER

EXT. TOKYO - DIRTY BACK ALLEY - DAY - FLASHFORWARD

Rain.

Door BURSTS open, MALE FIGURE flies out.

Behind him, SHION (30s), Japanese male, lean, athletic, hates to lose.

Blood runs down his face, into his eyes. He sports a police duty revolver, but he's not police.

Male figure leaps at Shion, smashing powerful blows into his head. Once, twice. Shion ducks the third, weaves and smashes his fists into the male figure's side.

Shion pushes the male figure back, a Truck roars between them, separating them. Male figure runs, Shion chases.

Male figure tackles Shion, they wrestle through wet garbage, splash through deep puddles, the revolver flies through the air.

Shion moves at the male figure - strikes powerful blows - Male figure catches his fist.

Male figure SMASHES Shion back, kicks him, Shion drops.

Shion lashes out at Male figure, Male figure counters, they separate.

Shion hurls himself at Male figure, throwing him into the water, where he smashes his fists into Male figure's face again and again, water cascading over them.

Male figure is not moving. Just taking the blows. Shion pauses.

Male figure's arms SHOOT OUT, SMASHING Shion aside.

Male figure SMASHES him into the ground, POUNDING, pounding, pounding the hard face with his bare fists until it CRACKS. Male figure rises.

Male figure dives on the revolver. Stands, points the revolver at Shion, cocks the hammer.

CUT TO BLACK

BANG!

EXT. STREET - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT

Two MEN run. MATSUZAWA (40s) and HONDA (30s), both large Japanese men, ex-judo champions.

Police chase them through urban streets out of the city.

They can't fire back because of the people.

Matsuzawa carries Honda and the money, runs, skips and dodges past all manner of pedestrians, fruit vendors and parking meters. People dodge, scream and fall down.

It's chaos.

A half block behind, chasing them Police officer SHIORI AYASE (30s) beauty censored by her police uniform, pushing through the same people.

SHIORI  
Get down! Get down!

EXT. SAFEWAY PARKING LOT - DAY

Matsuzawa, supporting Honda, throws a lady, who was getting out, back into her old Toyota.

He dumps Honda and the money in the back seat and turns on Shiori.

Matsuzawa FIRES over the roof of other cars and through people at Shiori closing in 50 yards away.

EXT. SAFEWAY - DAY

Bystanders panic. SHOOTING. Windows EXPLODE. A lady holds her ears and shrieks.

A man's bag of groceries explode, milk and eggs everywhere. He goes down.

Shiori doesn't have a clear shot, drops, drags people down with her.

Matsuzawa behind the wheel - burns rubber pulling out of the lot over curbstones and through a fence into the alley.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Suddenly Matsuzawa drives very normally and jerks the lady upright next to him like a wife. He drives away.

Shiori runs to the alley - pulling her radio:

INT. CARAVAN - DAY

Matsuzawa checks the window, Honda prepares the firebomb.

Matsuzawa looks out, sees Shiori pull up in her patrol car, he swings the door of the caravan open,

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Fires shots towards her car, she SCREECHES back, she waits for back up.

Police special teams close behind approach the caravan.

Matsuzawa slams the door shut, turns, shoots Honda in the back of the head, blood and teeth splatter the inside of the caravan.

Matsuzawa turns on the short timer, turns the gun on himself.

Police special teams breach the caravan.

BOOM! A massive explosion. Fireball shoots into the air.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

KAZUNARI (40s) Japanese, bald, coke bottle glasses, but looks like he could handle himself in a fight, gets off the phone.

He reaches for a can of lighter fluid from the table.

Right wing literature litters the room, The Fascist Manifesto by F T Marinetti, The Camp of the Saints by Jean Raspail, The Sound of Waves by Yukio Mishima.

He squirts lighter fluid all over the apartment, curtains, furniture blueprints and right wing literature.

The room drenched with flammable liquid, he pulls a matchbox from his pocket, lights one, tosses it onto fascist literature on the table.

He pauses, watches as flames devour the apartment, makes sure no evidence is left behind. He slides out.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. EMPTY ROOM WITH SINGLE CHAIR - DAY

DOOR OPENS and CLOSES, followed by APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS.

Shion, dressed in prison fatigues, ENTERS FRAME and sits.

VOICE (O.S.)

Good morning.

SHION

Good morning.

VOICE (O.S.)

Please state your name for the record.

SHION

Kondo Shion.

VOICE (O.S.)

Thank you. The purpose of this meeting is to determine whether, if released, you are likely to break the law again. While this was your first conviction, you have been implicated, though never charged, in over a dozen other hate crimes. What can you tell us about this?

SHION

As you say, ma'am, I was never charged.

INT. PAROLE BOARD HEARING ROOM - DAY

Three PAROLE BOARD MEMBERS opposite Shion, behind a table.

BOARD MEMBER #2

Mr. Kondo, what we're trying to find out is: was there a reason you chose to commit this crime, or was there a reason why you simply got caught this time?

SHION

My girlfriend left me. I was upset. I got into a self-destructive pattern.

BOARD MEMBER #3  
If released, is it likely you would  
fall back into a similar pattern?

SHION  
We made up.

Glances dart between the Board Members.

BOARD MEMBER #1  
Mr. Kondo, what do you think you  
would do if released?

Shion considers.

SHION  
I don't know. How much do you guys  
make a year?

INT. MINIMUM-SECURITY PRISON - CHECK-OUT STATION - DAY

GUARD #1 doles out his possessions and a form certifying  
their return to Shion.

GUARD #2  
Kondo, Shion.

Shion steps forward.

GUARD #2 (CONT'D)  
Sign.

Guard 2 adds a piece of mail to the pile

GUARD #2 (CONT'D)  
This came today for you. Rest'll be  
forwarded to your parole officer.

Guard 1 reads its return address over Shion's shoulder

GUARD #1  
Those your lawyers?

SHION  
My girlfriend's.

He opens the letter, and as his eyes gaze over the papers  
within, he smirks just a little.

GUARD #1  
What's it say?

SHION  
I don't have to get a taxi.

INT. CHANGING CUBICLE - DAY

Shion pulls on civilian clothes not a bare thread among them.  
He tugs his cuffs and smiles: The old skin feels good.

EXT. MINIMUM-SECURITY PRISON - FRONT GATE - DAY

A sign reads: "FUCHU STATE MINIMUM-SECURITY CORRECTIONAL FACILITY." Someone has graffitied below it: "If you were in prison, you'd be home now."

The great metal door opens, and Shion stands within its frame, ready for release.

He hovers there for a moment, on the precipice of freedom. The WIND WHISTLES a little on the other side of the gate, but the view ahead is pleasant:

Shiori sits on the bonnet of a car. She rises, they approach each other, that long awaited kiss, keyword, long.

Shion notices a cut on Shiori's face.

SHION  
You ok?

SHIORI  
Just a bit of glass, come on.

Shion takes his first steps into free Japan...

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Shion stands in the kitchen, washes the dishes.

TAISUKE (19) tall, handsome, Shion's brother, full of energy some of that misplaced, stands across from him, a determined look on his face.

TAISUKE  
I don't understand how you can support that drivel.

He reaches across, grabs a dish from the rack, dries it.

SHION  
Nationalism was never a solution.

TAISUKE

And a socialist utopia would only  
lead us to indecision and chaos.

Taisuke grabs another dish from the rack, dries it.

SHION

Not everyone starts life on an  
equal playing field.

TAISUKE

The ultra-right may have its flaws,  
but it's a necessary response to  
the rise of radical left-wing  
ideologies that undermine our  
traditional values.

SHION

They're not preserving traditions.  
They're linked to hate crimes,  
exclusionary policies, and  
revisionist history.

TAISUKE

Don't let a few extremists define  
an entire movement.

SHION

It's not a few. Remember the  
politician who publicly denied  
wartime atrocities or the policies  
targeting minority groups?

TAISUKE

Well, that's...that's not the whole  
picture.

The tension in the room escalates, the two lock eyes, each  
steadfast in their beliefs.

TAISUKE (CONT'D)

Thought you were more patriotic.

Shion stops, puts down the dishes and sponge, turns.

SHION

I'm only trying to protect you. I  
know I've seen this path before.  
And where it ends.

TAISUKE

Not everyone gets to start over  
with a girlfriend and parole.

(MORE)



TAISUKE (CONT'D)

Some of us are still stuck in the mess you left behind.

SHION

You think I left you behind?  
Everything I did, every punch,  
every minute inside, I did for you.

TAISUKE

I didn't need a martyr. I needed a brother who stuck around.

SHION

You don't get to rewrite the past just because someone new gave you a uniform.

TAISUKE

At least they gave me something.

The argument hangs in the air, unresolved.

The divide between them leaves the room thick with tension.

Shiori enters.

SHIORI

You two behaving yourselves?

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Alarm BUZZES.

Shion shuffles out from the bedroom, moves down the

HALL

Into the

LIVING ROOM

Immaculate, is he this clean? TV is on.

ANNOUNCER (O.S)

They have been described by the national police agency as a potential threat to public order due to their extreme nationalist and xenophobic ideology.

Shion turns it off, moves to the

## KITCHEN

Tables, benches clean, dishes washed, hiding in cupboards.

He opens the fridge, everything in perfect order, sports drinks next to plastic containers of cut fruit, dairy and poultry sit together.

Empty washing basket sits next to the sofa. Towels, clothes folded, socks tucked into bunches, color coded organized into male and female piles rest on the edge of the sofa.

A note on the table next to a cooked breakfast, reads.

SEE YOU TONIGHT.

Shion flashes a smile.

SHIORI  
I'm gonna be late

SHION  
You're no fun, get over here.

She dodges his playful grab, heads out.

SHIORI  
Lunch's in the fridge.  
Reservation's at seven, don't be late. Yeah. I do.

SHION  
What?

SHIORI  
Want to marry you.

This moment, honest. No jokes. No masks.

SHION  
I know.

SHIORI  
Go easy on him.

SHION  
I know.

SHIORI  
You know he..

SHION  
I know.

She's gone. Shion spots the reservation memo on the fridge.

As he takes them down, a PHOTO, pinned underneath, flutters to the linoleum: Shion and his brother, Taisuke, smiling into the camera.

Brothers, them against the world.

INT. BOXING GYM - DAY

Not grand or glamorous; walls, painted in faded shades of white and beige, bear the marks of years of wear and tear.

Vintage posters with legendary boxers and faded motivational slogans hang alongside frayed skipping ropes and worn-out gloves.

The THUD of punches hit weathered and stained heavy bags. The sound of skipping ropes SLAPPING against the floor mixes with the steady HUM of a speed bag being struck in a corner.

A weathered COACH, adorned in a sweat-stained tracksuit, barks instructions in Japanese, his voice cuts through the ambient noise.

The gym is populated by an array of boxers, each at a different stage in their training.

Some shadowbox in front of the mirrors, practicing precise combinations, others spar in the ring, their gloves thudding against each other in controlled chaos.

A lone radio in the corner plays a mix of energetic tunes, adding a touch of vibrancy to the gritty environment.

Taisuke watches Shion as he studies another boxer.

TAISUKE

Ever see the way you look at him?

SHION

How?

TAISUKE

Like he's part of you.

SHION

No, just looks that way, maybe.  
You're my only brother.

TAISUKE

Face it, I couldn't live up to whatever makes you "you", maybe he can, I don't want to go through that. Growing up was tough enough without being in your "shadow".

SHION

My shadow's gone, I'm old.

TAISUKE

It's never gone, I tried to get your attention all the time, I even tried fighting, but stopped trying, and you know what you said?

SHION

... I forget sometimes.

TAISUKE

You said "Don't worry about it. You can't be better than you are".

SHION

Just words.

TAISUKE

Yeah. Not living up to what you are, that's a tough pill to swallow.

SHION

Just be "you", how hard is that?

TAISUKE

Tell that to other people. It's not easy living with this name.

SHION

Could be harder living without it.

TAISUKE

You just live in a different world.

SHION

... Yeah.

TAISUKE

It's harder to make it now.

SHION

Well, it was never easy, Y'know, I think maybe, when things have gotten a little too hard for you, you looked around for a soft spot to lay down.

TAISUKE

You're calling me a quitter now  
It's all right, Shion would never quit, would he?

SHION

One hundred percent, everything I could do, I did for you. I thought I did pretty good.

TAISUKE

You did, but you expected so much.

SHION

Maybe a "thanks" now and then. I never thought I was your competition, just your brother.

TAISUKE

Brothers. It's the way it is.

SHION

Don't have to be.

TAISUKE

It's the way it is, you don't get that.

SHION

I don't wanna get it.

Shion studies his battered fist.

SHION (CONT'D)

It's sad, each of us thinks we're right and the other is wrong and the truth is flying around somewhere. If I could be somebody else and make things good between us, I'd jump in.

SHION steps a few PACES forward.

SHION (CONT'D)

I gave you the best I could ever give until I had nothing left.

SHION pauses, points to the ring.

SHION (CONT'D)  
They need me over there.

He starts to move off.

SHION (CONT'D)  
...Visit your mothers grave before  
you go.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Shion stands on the street handing out anti-fascist literature, he's not the most charming street vendor.

DETECTIVE IKEDA (50s), big, mustached, kindness hidden behind his badge, parades down the street.

He's followed by SARGENT ISHII (30s) beauty censored by a suit, greenhorn but don't let that fool you.

They approach Shion.

IKEDA (O.S.)  
Mr. Kondo.

Shion turns.

SHION  
Do I know you?

ISHII  
No you don't but we know you.

Ikeda and Ishii flash their badges.

IKEDA  
I'm detective Ikeda, this is  
sergeant Ishii, we're with the  
TMPD, we were wondering if we could  
ask you a few questions?

SHION  
If you're quick.

IKEDA  
How's life, outside?

SHION  
Liberating.

ISHII

What do you know about the JNF?

SHION

Not much.

ISHII

Not much?

IKEDA

A bit early to be getting cute  
isn't it?

ISHII

We can do this here if you like, or  
we can take a ride?

SHION

The new right-wing movement, they  
reject the pro-American rhetoric of  
the traditional right. They see the  
Japanese government as an American  
puppet state and demand complete  
independence.

ISHII

Articulate. We believe they are  
linked to organized crime.

IKEDA

We have reason to believe they were  
involved in a recent bank robbery  
and arson.

IKEDA (CONT'D)

We understand you have, history.

SHION

I've got somewhere I have to be.

ISHII

Where?

IKEDA

You've got two choices here, they  
will place you on one of two sides  
of this situation.

ISHII

If you want to contribute, you know  
where to find us.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Shiori sits alone, looking very feminine in her dress.

Shion rushes in.

SHION

Sorry.

Shiori gives him, Why are you late? Look.

SHION (CONT'D)

Work ran late, I know I should have called.

SHIORI

I started without you.

A WAITER approaches. Shion looks at the waiter.

SHION

What she's having please.

WAITER

Sir.

SHION

You look beautiful, really.

Shiori melts.

SHIORI

Caught up with Taisuke?

SHION

Yeah.

Shiori slides Shion a gift.

SHION (CONT'D)

Thank you, you shouldn't have.

SHIORI

Go on, open it.

Shion opens it. Shion gives Shiori nothing.

SHIORI (CONT'D)

Looked pretty energetic last night.



SHION

What?

SHIORI

The discussion you were having.

SHION

He's clever, just a little mixed up right now.

SHIORI

He thinks the world of you.

SHION

Could've fooled me. He's arguing GHQ didn't give us a true democracy; they set up all their safeguards to ensure that decisions wouldn't be made by us.

SHIORI

Those safeguards are to make sure the country isn't run according to trends. Do we have to talk about politics?

SHION

Radical views.

SHIORI

Sure. Radical views.

SHION

Like the world being round. Or that woman should vote.

SHIORI

Which were accepted in time.

SHION

Long after they could've been.

SHIORI

I give up.

SHION

Look, why is there such resistance whenever there is a third party movement? Because with a two party system you can confine who has control.

(MORE)

SHION (CONT'D)

If you're a politician, you agree on one thing: the average Japanese does not have the capacity to make an informed decision about what's good for the country.

SHIORI

So any bill before the diet should be up for popular vote?

SHION

That's not what I'm saying. Got a visit today.

SHIORI

From who?

SHION

The satsu.

SHIORI

Please.

SHION

Think their names were Ikeda, and..

SHIORI

Ishii. Good police.

SHION

If you say so. Asked me to help.

SHIORI

What are you going to do?

SHION

What do you think?

SHIORI

Doesn't matter what I think.

SHION

It does, you know it does.

SHIORI

Why are you so reluctant to help?

SHION

It's because of them I'm in the position I'm in.

SHIORI

What? Sitting across from me?  
You're in the position you're in  
because of you. Help them, maybe it  
will bring you some peace.

SHION

I would rather slam my dick in a  
door and eat shit.

SHIORI

Oh that's charming.

Shiori gets up. Knocks the table, spills wine on herself.

SHION

Let me help.

SHIORI

I'll do it myself.

SHION

Where are you going?

SHIORI

Anywhere but here.

Shiori leaves.

The waiter enters with Shion's surprise for Shiori, an  
engagement ring.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

OFFICERS move in and out of the large busy station.

Two officers share a joke.

Kazunari stands inside the precinct house doors. He holds out  
his arms as if to say "presto, here I am."

Silence comes to the room, all eyes go to Kazunari.

One officer is riveted, finds this impossible to comprehend.

One UNIFORMED COP takes out his gun, points it at Kazunari.

UNIFORMED COP

It's him!

Several other cops drop what they're doing and draw weapons.

An officer, still off-balance, walks back through the gate, takes his gun out and points it at Kazunari.

OFFICER

Get down on the floor.

Ikeda comes back down the stairs.

IKEDA

Be careful!

Cops move slowly in on Kazunari from all sides.

SHIORI

You heard him! Get on the floor!

Kazunari gets on his knees, hands up.

Ikeda moves close, but not too.

ONE COP comes from behind, nudges Kazunari with his foot.

ONE COP

Spread your legs and get your hands  
out in front of you.

IKEDA

Get down! Face down!

Kazunari gets on his stomach, obeys. Ikeda comes up to Kazunari, steps on his neck, gun against Kazunari's head.

IKEDA (CONT) (CONT'D)

Don't move a fucking inch.

Cops frisk and handcuff Kazunari. Ishii comes beside Ikeda.

ISHII

I don't believe it.

KAZUNARI

Hello, Lieutenant Ikeda.

SHORI

What the hell is this?

The cop handcuffing Kazunari holds up Kazunari's hands.

Kazunari winces. All of his fingers covered in soot and ash.

Kazunari looks up, his face pressed against the floor, glasses askew, Ikeda's gun at his temple.

KAZUNARI

I want to speak with my lawyer.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE HALLS - DAY

NOBORU TAKESHITA (50s), Japanese John F Kennedy strides through the halls, smiles, nods to PASSERBYERS. On his game.

Following him TADASHI NISHIKI (30s), policy wonk. Takeshita's brilliant campaign manager, loyal sidekick type.

NISHIKI

Iijima's closed our lead.

TAKESHITA

Good morning to you, too.

They enter

TAKESHITA'S OFFICE

Filled with light, ceiling-length windows, minimalist design. At a long conference table, Takeshita's war council gathers.

Takeshita moves to the windows, stares out Gaisen trucks.

Large blue buses, covered with white kanji, flying imperial flags, blasting rhetoric out of large speakers outside his Mayoral campaign offices.

TAKESHITA

Those fucken trucks.

They SCREAM praise at the office. In the b.g. SAYAKA (30s), lingers, razor sharp smarts meets sophisticated sexiness.

TAKESHITA (CONT'D)

This an effort to stop the erosion of a domestic industry that struggles to match Western firepower.

NISHIKI

Nice soundbite. What's in the legislation?

TAKESHITA

Subsidies for expanding production improving efficiency, covering cybersecurity and business succession costs.

NISHIKI  
And now you're going to gut it?

TAKESHITA  
Not quite.

NISHIKI  
METI controls Japan's arms exports.

TAKESHITA  
Your point?

NISHIKI  
You need METI's permission. You got  
a politician in your back pocket?

TAKESHITA  
Working on that as we speak.

EXT. JNF RALLY - NIGHT

A warehouse. Packed. Red banners with gold chrysanthemum hang from the rafters. The crowd is almost entirely men young, disaffected, uniformed, energized.

On stage, Kazunari's not shouting, he's speaking to them. A fire in his eyes, his tone measured. Calculated. Dangerous.

KAZUNARI  
They want you to feel ashamed.  
Of your flag. Your name. Your  
blood. They tell you tradition is  
tyranny, sacrifice is weakness.  
That to love this country is to  
hate others. But what do they offer  
in return? Imported culture.  
Synthetic values. A nation of boys  
taught to apologize for existing.

Scattered applause builds. The crowd's energy surges.

KAZUNARI (CONT'D)  
They forgot what we are. We are the  
descendants of fire. Of steel. We  
built this country from ruin. And  
we will build it again.

The crowd roars now. A chant begins:

CROWD  
For the sake of Japan!

The chant shakes the walls. Flags wave. Fists rise.

At the edge of the crowd, Taisuke stands half-shadowed. His face tight. Sweating. He's not shouting. He's not moving.

He's listening.

Kazunari locks eyes with him across the crowd.

Not by accident.

KAZUNARI

Some of you here... You were born with fire in your blood. But the world told you to smother it. They told you it was rage. Dangerous. But it's not. It's loyalty. It's courage. It's a calling.

Kazunari's eyes still on Taisuke.

KAZUNARI (CONT'D)

If you're tired of being ignored... If you've been searching for your place. Then brothers, you've already found it.

A moment. Kazunari turns back to the crowd, raises a fist.

KAZUNARI (CONT'D)

We're not alone. We're not ashamed. We're the future!

The room erupts again. Deafening.

In the shadows, Taisuke wipes his eyes. Angry he's emotional.

He joins the chant. Fist low, unsure but rising.

INT. BACK HALLWAY - LATER

Taisuke walks, alone, a voice behind him:

KAZUNARI (O.S.)

Didn't think I'd see you here.

Taisuke turns. Kazunari, calm, smiling.

TAISUKE

I didn't think I'd come.

KAZUNARI

The ones who hesitate the longest...usually turn out to be the truest believers.

Kazunari offers a hand.

Taisuke stares at it. Then, he takes it.

INT. BOXING GYM - DAY

BOOM!

Taisuke's head bounces off the canvas. He looks up, everything's a blur, stumbles back, vision returns, he sees three fingers in his face.

Four fingers.

He rolls over onto his hands and knees, glances out the ring at Shion, concern on his face.

Seven fingers.

He stands, smashes his gloves together. The referee gestures for him to walk forward.

Taisuke takes three steps. Referee restarts the fight.

Taisuke jabs, steps out, his opponent rushes in with a huge rear straight, Taisuke steps back with his lead foot, turns his lead into a right cross.

SMASH!

He's rocked his opponent, he's back.

He chases him into the corner, lands vicious body blows, body, body, head, his fury palpable, he's fighting emotionally. Shion sees this.

Taisuke's not letting him get away. Back to the body, he pushes his opponent back to the corner, two straights in a row, lead body hook, straight.

His opponent struggles to answer, swings wildly, Taisuke rolls under, counters with a vicious uppercut, hook, spins his opponent like a top, he bounces off the ring, collapses, mouthpiece falls on the canvas.

The referee rushes in, calls the fight. Bell RINGS.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Taisuke slinks out of the shower, studies his reflection, examines his bruises in the mirror.



SHION (O.S.)  
You fight emotionally, always have.

Taisuke turns, Shion leans against the locker room door.

SHION (CONT'D)  
Just saying control, to think  
tactically while under pressure,  
you lose that if you can't stay  
disciplined in there.

TAISUKE  
Like you?

SHION  
Anger is like fire.

Shion notices new tattoos on Taisuke.

SHION (CONT'D)  
He changed his name. Why? To help  
hide his background. Why? Because  
there was something in it.

TAISUKE  
That is not your business.

SHION  
When he was sixteen, he tried to  
blow up a building. A company  
that'd cheated his father. He  
served a short sentence because he  
was a minor.

TAISUKE  
Blow up a building, what are you  
talking about?

SHION  
Why would you go to these lengths  
to lose that part of your past. If  
it was not an isolated event. If  
you thought you might try it again.

TAISUKE  
Where did you find this?

SHION  
Newspaper stories.

TAISUKE  
But you're saying this was over  
twenty years ago.

SHION  
I'm saying he has gone to great lengths to hide it.

TAISUKE  
Are you listening to yourself?

SHION  
Are you listening to me?

TAISUKE  
This is not normal.

SHION  
He's not normal!

TAISUKE  
Didn't you say anger was like fire.

SHION  
It can be useful if you use it right. If you don't learn to control it, it's almost definitely going to control you.

INT. MULTI-STOREY PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Fluorescent lights hum overhead. Shiori, sits in an unmarked sedan, eyes fixed on a silver van across the structure.

SHIORI  
Plate 78-34. Registered to a holding company in Suginami. One of Kazunari's fronts.

No response. She doesn't need one.

She grabs a DSLR camera with a telephoto lens from the passenger seat. Raises it. Click. Click. Captures:

- A young man in business casual carrying a metal case.
- The man knocks on the back of the van.
- Kazunari opens the door, takes the case. No words.
- They both glance around, as if checking for eyes.

She lowers the camera. The van's rear doors open wider. Inside, rows of sealed metal containers.

SHIORI (CONT'D)  
You shouldn't be here, Ayase.

She lifts the camera again. Click. Click.

Shiori ducks. Someone's coming. Slow footfalls. Measured.

She pulls her pistol, stops.

A man in a coat, JNF member passes, barely glances at her.

She watches him disappear into the elevator, exhales.

SHIORI (CONT'D)  
(into recorder)  
Kazunari met with a courier. Metal container, possible contraband or weapon stockpile. Subject highly cautious. Transferring images to secure folder. Will update if they move the van.

She switches off the recorder. Looks through the windshield.

The van is gone.

SHIORI (CONT'D)  
Shit.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Shiori opens her duffel, what? Searches through it. Her service pistol is missing.

She moves through the house, checks each room.

Searches through the sofa cushions. Shit.

Grabs her duffel, hat. Leaves.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. CITY HALL - NIGHT

Cameras flash, a gaggle of REPORTERS face Takeshita.

MALE REPORTER 1.

What about businesses that continue to struggle?

TAKESHITA

We will take ownership of their manufacturing facilities and contract their operation out to other companies.

MALE REPORTER 2.

What's the projected profit margin?

TAKESHITA

The Defense Ministry aims to ensure defense companies have a profit margin of about 8% on its contracts.

FEMALE REPORTER

Your competitors argue these orders often end up with an actual operating profit margin of around 2% to 3%, sometimes losing money. Is that not true?

TAKESHITA

We will address that in the upcoming debate. That's all for now.

Takeshita leaves the lectern. AIDES follow, the move into

BACKSTAGE HALLWAY

Noboru stops, turns to his aides.

TAKESHITA

No more interviews today, and I don't want that bitch at anymore of my press conferences.

RING RING.

Takeshita's cell phone. Irritated, he answers.

TAKESHITA (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Yes.

GORO (O.S.)  
Noboru. It's Goro.

TAKESHITA  
(into phone)  
I can't talk right now...

GORO (O.S.)  
The Times called. That reporter  
again. He's asking questions.

TAKESHITA  
(into phone)  
About what?

GORO (O.S.)  
I'd rather we talk in person. I can  
stop by your office say five-ish?

TAKESHITA  
I've got a donor thing but, yeah,  
fine. I'll see you then.

He hangs up, worried. Tadashi and Sayaka, talking, oblivious.  
Sayaka's cell RINGS. Nods to Takeshita.

SAYAKA  
Mayor Iijima. He wants to see you.

TAKESHITA  
What about?

SAYAKA  
Didn't say. Pre-debate psych out?

TAKESHITA  
Let him try. I'll be ready in  
fifteen.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Takeshita enters, at his desk, Mayor KOKI IIJIMA (50s), old  
school politician, deep pockets, slick tongue.

On a desk, Iijima's briefcase. Cicero's Pro Quinctio near it.

IIJIMA

If Cicero had bided his time, he would've gone far. Instead the Romans executed him. Put his hands and head on display in the Forum.

TAKESHITA

Is there something you need, Mayor? I'm rather busy. These are tough times for mom and pop.

IIJIMA

Your record doesn't speak for mom or pop. Mine does.

TAKESHITA

You and your G-men squad? You want me to wait four years and I'll have your endorsement.

Iijima shakes his head in disbelief. Guy's got balls.

TAKESHITA (CONT'D)

Election's thirteen days away... What would be my reason for dropping out?

IIJIMA

Your corrupt. City's run out of money, because the CPO in the Ministry of Defense is wasting two trillion a year. Time to put aside personal ambition for the greater good. You're the people's candidate. Prove it.

TAKESHITA

I don't think so.

IIJIMA

No need to wallow in the gutter. Even if it's where you came from.

TAKESHITA

'The people's good is the highest law.'

The Mayor blinks, clearly not knowing the reference. Takeshita smiles, tosses the book onto the desk.

TAKESHITA (CONT'D)

Cicero. Might want to actually read him sometime.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Shion's answering machine as it picks up and the Messages received indicator switches from one to zero.

SHIORI

(over phone)

Shion it's me, I tried you at work  
but they said you'd left  
already...listen, I ran into  
Kazunari in the garage except he  
didn't see me...

EXT. OUTLET STORE PHONE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

SHIORI

He went from his car to other,  
acting. I dunno...so, look, I  
followed him; he drove to a  
delivery warehouse in West Tokyo  
and unloaded a bunch of like metal  
boxes except I think he met  
someone...I...I want to talk to  
you...I don't know if... I'm coming  
home.

She hangs up, turns and finds

KAZUNARI

Blocking her way with a smile.

KAZUNARI

Officer Ayase, I thought it was  
you! What are you doing here?

SHIORI

Here, I...shopping...what are you  
doing?

KAZUNAI

Shopping!

Kazunari grins. Shiori smiles back, calming.

They hold smiles for a long moment. Too long.

Kazunari's smile goes dead cold.

INT. BOXING GYM - DAY

Shion and Taisuke's sparring session intensifies.

Fight turns into an all out brawl.

Shion takes the counter flush and COUNTERPUNCHES,  
overwhelming Taisuke with 15 UNANSWERED PUNCHES!

Taisuke struggles forward but is BOMBARDED and terribly CUT!

Shion catches Taisuke with a PERFECTLY STRAIGHT right and  
Taisuke is dropped. Shion goes to a neutral corner

Taisuke sits up on the canvas, blood runs from his nose,

TAISUKE

I'd be happy to never see you  
again.

SHION

Likewise.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Shion arrives home, prepares the engagement ring surprise.

He receives a message from Shiori saying she'll be late and  
not to wait up.

He packs away the engagement ring surprise.

INT. LUXURY KARAOKE LOUNGE - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Plush red couches. Crystal ashtrays. A tray of untouched  
yakitori on a lacquered table. Overhead, a muted screen plays  
a golden oldie Kanashii Iro ya ne, a sentimental 80s hit.

Takeshita sits in a corner, jacket off, sleeves rolled, sips  
Yamazaki. A thrum of bass filters in from other rooms.

The door slides open. Kazunari enters in a charcoal suit. No  
insignia. Just presence.

Takeshita doesn't rise.

TAKESHITA

You're late.

KAZUNARI

I'm careful. You of all people  
should appreciate that.

Kazunari sits across from him. Silence.



TAKESHITA

Iijima's planning to go public.

Kazunari nods, slow. Not surprised.

TAKESHITA (CONT'D)

That briefcase he carries like a relic? He's got audit trails. Procurement memos. Even some chatter about Marunouchi logistics. If he connects me to your men, we're both finished.

Kazunari pours himself a glass.

KAZUNARI

If he connects you to me, you'll be painted as unpatriotic. If he connects you to them, you'll be hailed as a reformer. A man who took risks to save a sinking empire.

Takeshita stares at him. The threat is veiled, but sharp.

TAKESHITA

No blood. That was the deal.

KAZUNARI

And we said no Western buyers. You gutted the METI bill anyway.

Kazunari leans in.

KAZUNARI (CONT'D)

You want the old Japan back? You don't get to keep your hands clean.

Takeshita downs his drink.

TAKESHITA

Just don't touch my family.

KAZUNARI

I have no interest in your family. Just your legacy.

Kazunari rises, straightens his cuffs.

KAZUNARI (CONT'D)

You're not a politician anymore, Takeshita-san. You're a node. A bridge. If it burns, we all go up.

Kazunari exits, leaving the sliding door half open.

On Takeshita, alone, sweat beads despite the air conditioning. He wipes his hands on a cocktail napkin.

From outside, someone sings a nationalist anthem off-key.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A modest lecture hall, thirty students scattered. Electric fans are on.

MASAHIRO TANAKA (30s), in glasses, sleeves rolled up, is at the chalkboard.

An image projected on a screen of Tokyo police responding to the attack.

MASA

On 20 March 1995, in Tokyo, Japan, members of the cult movement Aum Shinrikyo, in five coordinated attacks, released sarin on three lines of the Tokyo Metro during rush hour, severely injuring fifty people, thirteen others on that day didn't come home from work.

Masa stops his eyes on a student in the back row.

MASA (CONT'D)

Nozomu, can you tell us what happened as a result?

Nozomu sleeps.

MASA (CONT'D)

Well I guess no insightful contributions coming from him today. The sarin attack was the most serious attack upon Japan since World War II. Shortly after the attack, Aum lost its status as a religious organization, and many of its assets were seized. The Diet rejected a request from government officials to outlaw the group. The National Public Safety Commission received increased funding to monitor the group.

(MORE)

MASA (CONT'D)

In 1999, the Diet gave the commission board powers to monitor and curtail the activities of groups that have been involved in indiscriminate mass murder and whose leaders are holding strong sway over their members, a bill custom-tailored to Aum Shinrikyo.

Bell RINGS.

MASA (CONT'D)

Remember, reports are due on my desk next week.

Ikeda enters as the students file out of the classroom. There are scattered SMITTEN GLANCES tossed Masa's direction, who is oblivious because he is actively avoiding eye contact with everyone, even as he warns his exiting students.

MASA (CONT'D)

Don't be late.

The last of the students exits and Masa notices he's alone in his lecture hall with the weathered, austere man.

Masa quickly puts on a pair of glasses as Ikeda approaches.

The TOP RIM OF Masa's GLASSES are strategically positioned to BLOCK Ikeda's EYES and prevent direct eye-contact.

IKEDA

I'm Lieutenant Ikeda from the Tokyo metropolitan Police department.

MASA

We've met.

IKEDA

Yes, we had a disagreement about the museum when we opened it.

MASA

I disagreed with what you named it.

IKEDA

The Evil Minds Research Museum?

MASA

It's a little hammy.

Ikeda likes Masa's directness, returns the favor.

IKEDA

You've hitched your horse to a teaching post. I understand it's not easy for you to be sociable.

MASA

I'm just talking at them. I'm not listening to them. It's not social.

IKEDA

Where do you fall on the spectrum?

Masa picks up the rhythm and syntax of Ikeda's voice.

MASA

My horse is hitched to a post closer to Asperger's and Autistics than narcissists and sociopaths.

IKEDA

But you can empathize with narcissists and sociopaths.

MASA

I can empathize with anybody. Less to do with personality disorders than an active imagination.

Ikeda smiles, leans in, then hands Masa some photographs:

IKEDA

Can I borrow your imagination?

EXT. CARAVAN SITE - DAY

Evidence gathering teams search through the ash and carnage.

The area taped off. Emergency lights swirl from everywhere. OFFICERS stand watch.

Evidence gathering teams find Shiori's pistol in the remains of the burnt out caravan.

Ishii on the phone.

ISHII

I don't care that these idiots blew themselves up, it's the why that's eating at me.

CSI

Sergeant?

Ishii approaches, gloves up. The CSI hands Ishii the weapon.

ISHII

Police issue. Any idea whose it is?

CSI

Not until we get it back to the lab.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Come on, Dai: I called you as a courtesy, and you start looking to take advantage?

INT. PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

An ancient fluorescent-lit cubby crammed with documents, case files, notes, reference books. HIROTO (30s) on the phone:

HIROTO

I'm not knocking it down to a Class C. My backlog of open cases does not mitigate the fact that your client tried to kill his brother-in-law with oh, right, a "golfing accident"? Your client owns one golf club and no golf balls, and the "accident" took place in the stairway of an illegal after, hours gambling club. Yeah, okay, I'll see you in court.

His cell phone rings. As he gets it:

HIROTO (CONT'D)

(switches phones)

Taketa Hiroto. Oh hey, hi, yes.

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

District Attorney JIRO HORIUCHI, (50s), sits behind a massive oak desk, studies a thick file. Doesn't look up as a SECRETARY shows Hiroto in.

Hiroto hesitates. Looks around: he's never been here.

Flags, wood paneling, leather furniture, windows overlooking the city. Finally Jiro looks up, takes Hiroto in.

JIRO

Hiroto Taketa.

HIROTO

Yes sir.

JIRO

Sit. Eighty-four-percent conviction rate. That's remarkable.

HIROTO

Thank you.

JIRO

With a case load thirty percent higher than any other first-year prosecutor. Of course, you also swapped more cases than the rest of them put together.

Hiroto considers his options. He always does.

HIROTO

I offered my losing cases in exchange for two or three of anyone else's possible convictions. I prefer not to lose.

Jiro knew this; the question was would Hiroto admit it.

JIRO

Maybe you belong here.

HIROTO

I didn't work this hard to stay where I belong.

JIRO

You're a street-fighter. You should be in court. We can move you up to better cases.

HIROTO

I appreciate the offer.

Closes the file, stands

Hiroto's amused. He stands, too. As they shake hands: Jiro hands Hiroto a file.

JIRO

Bring this kid in would you??

Hiroto opens the file, a picture of Taisuke.

HIROTO

I can't do it.

JIRO

You do still actually work here, right? I mean, you're still going to be cashing your paycheck for another two weeks and everything?

HIROTO

Get somebody else for this one.

JIRO

Everybody's booked up. Look: it's not going to trial.

INT. JNF MEETING HALL - NIGHT

CHEERS from a Crowd of supporters. All dressed in a similar fashion. Taisuke watches from the shadows.

Kazunari in his element.

KAZUNARI

People always ask me how I feel about the demise of this great nation. How do I feel?! Well, I think it's typical. Look at our country. It's a melting pot of criminals. Chinese... Korean... Americans... whatever. Ever since GHQ landed and told us how to live, we've been fucked. Every problem in this country now is race related. It's either the Koreans, the Chinese, the Chinese... liberals don't have the sack to do anything about it. Minorities don't give a fuck about Japan! Look at the fucken mess tourists make, they shit on everything leave a mess and fuck off. They're here to exploit, not embrace. We are a doormat to the Pacific. Thirty five in education, twenty two out of 166 countries for our military. We're dumb and we can't fight. And that makes me angry. We're not great, but we have the potential to be.

The CROWD cheers, Taisuke appears from the shadows, applauds.

INT. PATROL CAR - DAY

WE DRIFT past rubber-banded notebooks. A stapler. A dash mounted cup of mismatched pens and pencils.

All the little telling details that show a cop car is a working office ... Shiori jokes with her partner.

HIRO (O.S.)

In my experience? Never met a woman who knew how to put her clothes away. It's genetic. They're born thinking clothes only go on the floor, or on a chair.

SHIORI (O.S.)

You're a pig.

A GREASY TRAY-BOX OF FRIES on the dash.

RUSTLING fast-food wrappers, slurps of soda ...

A HAND reaches in, grabs fries, dips ketchup ...

FOLLOW THE FRIES TO: Shiori, in the passenger seat outside a fast-food restaurant.

HIRO

The same chick, mind you, will bitch about global warming.

Hiro grabs the box of fries off the dash, passes them ...

Shiori at the wheel, half-heartedly picking at her burger.

Shiori has experience when it comes to listening to Hiro.

HIRO (CONT'D)

Well, maybe they figured out the clothes go in draws we might not have so much global warming.

SHIORI

You say that?

HIRO

The polite version. Still. Earns me a look of loathing you wouldn't believe. Out comes this Exorcist voice, out of nowhere: "You're just like my father!" To them it's a traumatic flashback that dredges up all their father issues.



SHIORI  
What do you say to that?

HIRO  
I know what I want to say. I want  
to say, you mean to say you been  
hearing this all your life and  
you're still too stupid to learn  
how to puts your clothes away?

Pause. Hiro looks over.

HIRO (CONT'D)  
I don't actually say that, though.

SHIORI  
That would be bad.

HIRO  
I do the polite version there too.

SHIORI  
Very wise.

Things yet unspoken. Shiori's mood is down, subdued, her  
manner distracted.

HIRO  
How's it with Shion?

SHIORI  
Good.

HIRO  
Not what I meant.

Beat. Shiori uncomfortable. Finally admits:

HIRO (CONT'D)  
You express your thoughts? Share  
your feelings? That stuff?

Shiori hesitates, searching for the words.

SHIORI  
Thing is. Lately. Whenever I try,  
everything I say makes him  
impatient. Like he didn't wanna  
hear it. It's like he's pissed all  
the time, and I don't know why.

HIRO  
Couples go through shit like that.  
Just a phase.

Pause. Shiori stares ahead, hiding her depth of pain.

A car pulls up alongside them, a MALE FIGURE rests a shotgun in the window.

BOOM! BOOM!

This is real.

This is what twelve gauge buckshot does.

Blood and teeth splatter the inside windshield, not much left of a fully formed body.

Male figure jumps into a waiting car, SCREECHES off.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Shiori's face.

Skin pale, eyes shallow pools, her dry mouth opens and shuts.

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

Stares blankly into space.

She clutches one arm to her side, the other hangs.

AN APPROACHING CAR Swerves to pass her. The driver HONKS, calls a get out of the way. Speeds off down the block.

Shiori doesn't alter her course. One foot forward, jerks the other. Sways a little, rights herself, face drained of color.

ANOTHER CAR Brakes and swerves around her, driving on, slamming on its brakes twenty yards past. The driver jumps out. It's Shion.

SHION

Shiori, oh god, what happened?

Shion breaks into a run, leaving the car's engine humming. Shion reaches her, spins her, revealing

Her back is a bloody mass of shredded shirt and skin, fused together, the back of her right arm is torn, oozing red.

Like a grenade went off in an unworn backpack.

SHION (CONT'D)

What the...what happened? What happened. Can you hear me?

Shiori's eyes find his, slack.

SHION (CONT'D)  
Help! We need some help here!

Shiori relaxes her arms, dropping her hidden bloody hand from her side, missing a thumb and forefinger.

Shiori's other fist opens. A severed thumb and forefinger hit the pavement.

SHION (CONT'D)  
Somebody!!

Shiori's eyes brim with water. She shakes. Tears come.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Shion storms through the entry, carrying the now unconscious Shiori. Scattering other visitors.

SHION  
You! Hey! She needs surgery NOW!

A NURSE rushes to them, checks the damage, summons ORDERLIES.

ORDERLIES  
She's in shock! Stretcher!

Shion backs off, pulled away by the nurse.

NURSE  
Sir, What happened to her?

SHION  
I don't know, I found her in the street, I was driving home, she was walking in the middle of the road.

NURSE  
Do you have any idea who she is?  
Have you seen her before?

SHION  
I, yeah she lives with me, she's my girlfriend.

NURSE  
What's her name? Sir, please. Her name. What's her name?

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. SHRINE - NIGHT

Rain falls.

Shiori's family, associates, and friends gather to manage their grief. Buddhist monks CHANT sutras.

Shion arrives, at the entrance signs labeled Gokazokusama and Goyujinsama for family and friends respectively.

Near the entrance Shion waits to be admitted. Losing his patience he enters. Moves to the family section.

A small group of uniformed officers turn, deny him access.

OFFICER

Where do you think you're going?

Shion pays no attention. Another officer steps in front. Some pushing breaks out. Ikeda steps in, breaks it up.

IKEDA

All of you, button it up and show some respect.

Ikeda moves over to Shion, leans in.

IKEDA (CONT'D)

For what it's worth, I'm sorry, how about you wait for these heathens to leave, come back when things have cooled off a little.

EXT. SHRINE - DAY

Rain continues. Shion in a black suit, drenched, watches the large police gathering, all dressed in ceremonial uniform.

A somber sea of black.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Shion exits the bedroom, shuffles down the hall, past a smashed flower pot, soil covers the floor, into the

LIVING ROOM

What the fuck happened here?

A CHYRON READS: MONTHS LATER

Table hidden under pizza boxes and beer cans, sink overflows with dirty dishes, he kicks an empty whiskey bottle, it smashes against the fridge. He opens the fridge.

Empty.

He reaches past the moldy camembert to the last beer can.

He cuts his foot on the whiskey bottle glass. He hops over to the sofa, grabs a t-shirt from a mountain of dirty clothes.

Hops over to the table, wipes the pizza boxes off, hoists his foot up onto the table, blood drips everywhere.

He wraps his foot with the shirt. Looks for somewhere to sit, nowhere, everything's covered in garbage or dirty clothes.

He shuffles down the hall to his bedroom with the beer can.

INT. JNF BACKROOM - NIGHT

A concrete meeting room behind the rally hall. Sparse: metal shelves, a dusty chrysanthemum flag hangs on a wall.

Taisuke stands, still in uniform. Hands clenched behind his back, tries to look calm.

Kazunari enters with two OTHER JNF OFFICERS. They stop, glance at Taisuke, then leave, just Kazunari and Taisuke now.

Kazunari pours tea from a steel thermos into two paper cups.

KAZUNARI

You know what the problem with this  
country is?

Taisuke doesn't answer.

KAZUNARI (CONT'D)

We mistake quiet for peace. And  
we've all been taught to look away.

He hands Taisuke a paper cup.

TAISUKE

I'm not looking away.

Kazunari nods, studies him.

KAZUNARI  
You're part of something now.  
Bigger than rallies, or speeches.  
Something's coming.

Taisuke stiffens slightly.

TAISUKE  
What do you mean?

Kazunari leans in.

KAZUNARI  
A reset. Of power. Of truth. You  
think I'm talking about posters and  
slogans?

He shakes his head, chuckling dryly.

KAZUNARI (CONT'D)  
No.

A silence.

Taisuke swallows.

TAISUKE  
What happens next?

Kazunari picks up a binder from a desk drawer. Opens it.  
Inside: diagrams, photos, maps of Tokyo port infrastructure.  
Container routes. Fuel depots. Supply chains. A small red  
circle over a site labeled MARUNOUCHI CENTRAL SWITCHBOARD.

Kazunari slides it toward him, then shuts it again.

KAZUNARI  
You're not cleared for all of it.  
Yet. Stay loyal, stay sharp...  
And you'll see exactly what I see.

He places a hand briefly on Taisuke's shoulder.

KAZUNARI (CONT'D)  
History's being written. And it  
doesn't belong to the timid.

Kazunari exits.

Taisuke alone, eyes locked on the door. The sound of Gaisen  
speaker trucks HUM through the walls like a mechanical chant.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Shion pulls up behind Kazunari's vehicle.

He overtakes him, cars side by side on the motorway, Shion looks into Kazunari's car. Kazunari returns the glance.

Both cars pull onto the shoulder.

EXT. MOTORWAY - NIGHT

Out of his car walks Shion in jeans and a sweatshirt.

He approaches Kazunari's car.

Kazunari watches Shion approach, didn't expect this.

SHION  
Let's talk.

Shion crosses back to his car.

INT. CAFE - NIGHT

Crowded. At a table. Surrounded by a flow of normalcy:

KAZUNARI  
Was Fuchu tough?

SHION  
You looking to go back?

KAZUNARI  
I...I am never going back.

The adversarial intensity is eye-to-eye.

SHION  
Then leave my brother alone.

KAZUNARI  
I'll do what the fuck I want.

SHION  
My girlfriend's dead. My younger brother's got problems because his father's dead and his brother is a world class asshole. And every moment I got, I'm keeping him away from guys like you.

KAZUNARI

Yeah? Then maybe you and me, we should both go do something else.

SHION

Protecting Taisuke. I don't know how to do anything else.

KAZUNARI

...neither do I.

SHION

And I don't much want to.

KAZUNARI

Neither do I.

Both of these guys look at each other and recognize the mutuality of their condition.

Kazunari's wry smile.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICES - NIGHT

Iijima stuffs papers into a briefcase. Phone rests between his ear and shoulder.

IIJIMA

I have them on me now. I'll be making an address tomorrow, I'll deposit the papers then. See you tomorrow.

Iijima's right hand ITOU (30s) enters.

ITOU

Car's waiting to take you home. You really want to do this?

IIJIMA

Not doing anything would be being complicit.

ITOU

I understand. I called Horiuchi in the prosecutors office.

IIJIMA

Thank you.

ITOU

The office has received more death threats today.



IIJIMA  
They are concealing something  
terrible, what am I supposed to do?

EXT. IIJIMA RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Iijima exits his car, clutches a briefcase, watches it drive away. Setagaya streets quiet. He turns toward his house.

THUD!

Iijima is knocked by a passer by.

THUD. THUD! He winces in pain.

He looks down at his side, he's leaking blood.

He looks up, a MALE FIGURE slams a knife into the side of Iijima's neck. The bleeding is rapid, Iijima stumbles, falls, drops his briefcase.

The male figure, drops the knife, covered in blood he runs off down the street.

Iijima lies on the street, life slowly leaving him.

INT. CAR - DAY

Shion jumps in, shakes the rain off his jacket, his hair.

A BANG on the passenger window.

Shion reaches over, unlocks the door. Ishii jumps in.

ISHII  
Thanks. It's raining cats and dogs  
out there.

SHION  
What can I do for you Sergeant?

ISHII  
I wanted to offer you my  
condolences, in person. Shiori was  
good police. We went through  
training together. I nearly quit  
once, she was the one who  
encouraged me to stick with it.  
It's in part due to her that I am  
where I am now.

Ishii reaches into her jacket, pulls out an object wrapped in cloth, hands it to Shion.

Shion unwraps it. Shiori's pistol.

ISHII (CONT'D)  
There's a rumor going around.

SHION  
About what?

ISHII  
That there may be a cop on the  
inside who is an active JNF member.

SHION  
Looks like you've got your work cut  
out for you then.

ISHII  
They're saying this guy could be  
Shiori and Hiro's killer.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Shion rides an elevator with another male.

Doors open, they go their separate ways.

Shion jumps out of the darkness, ambushes him. The fight  
leads them to a

DIRTY ALLEY

Door BURSTS open, MALE FIGURE flies out.

Behind him, Shion. Blood runs down his face, into his eyes.  
He sports Shiori's police duty revolver.

Male figure leaps at Shion, smashing powerful blows into his  
head. Shion ducks, weaves and smashes his fists into the male  
figure's side.

Shion pushes the male figure back, a Truck roars between  
them, separating them. Shion chases after.

Male figure tackles Shion, they wrestle through the wet  
garbage, splash through deep puddles, the revolver flies  
through the air.

Shion moves at the male figure - strikes powerful blows -  
Male figure catches his fist.

Male figure SMASHES Shion back, kicks him, Shion drops.

Shion lashes out at, Male figure counters, they separate.

Shion hurls himself at Male figure, throwing him into the water, where he smashes his fists into Male figure's face again and again, water cascading over them.

Male figure's not moving. Just taking blows. Shion pauses.

Male figure's arms SHOOT OUT, SMASHING Shion aside.

Male figure SMASHES him into the ground, POUNDING, pounding, pounding the hard face with his bare fists until it CRACKS.

Male figure rises.

Male figure dives on the revolver. Stands, points the revolver at Shion, cocks the hammer.

The male wrestles Shiori's pistol from Shion, Shion gets it back, executes the guy.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Shion strolls across the bridge, tries to hide that limp.

Tosses the pistol.

EXT. ROAD NIGHT - FLASHBACK

SHIOCHIRO KONDO (50s), Japanese, lean, strolls home, a little drunk from the sake. Hums a little ditty.

Behind him car lights illuminate the street, a speeding car. Shiochiro turns, the lights are on him.

BAM!

Shiochiro hits the bonnet, smashing the front windscreen, flies over the top of the car, bounces off the street.

One soldier gets out, runs to Shiochiro.

SOLDIER 1

He's breathing, shit what do we do?

SOLDIER 2

If anyone finds out we're spending the rest of our lives in prison.

SOLDIER 3

Get in!

Soldier three shoves the car in reverse, tires SCREECH the car reverse back over Shoichiro to make sure he wouldn't reveal their secret.

The soldiers speed off.

Shion's appears from a corner, he saw the whole thing, stands there with his bicycle, frozen

INT. SEEDY BAR - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT

Ikeda and Ishii at the bar drink and laugh. Ishii turns.

IKEDA

Glad you changed your mind.

SHION

I'm not doing this for you.

INT. JNF OFFICES - NIGHT

Kazunari welcomes Taisuke as a new member in a JNF ritual.

They share a beer.

KAZUNARI

My father owned some land by a river outside of Tokyo. Just an acre or two, it belonged to my father's father and his grandfather. My father always meant to build a home there, a cabin, maybe, when he retired. Tokyo at that time was lobbying for a power plant project that'd bring Tokyo a lot of money and tax breaks. And the prefectures surveying people decided the perfect spot for it was on the river, my father's land.

TAISUKE

They bought your father out?

KAZUNARI

Tried to. They made him various offers, pretty soon started making threats.

TAISUKE

The government.

KAZUNARI

One politician cut a deal with another, tack a line of legislation to a bill, nothing anyone think mattered. One day my father had a riverbank in his family, the next, prefectural property all along.

TAISUKE

And he got nothing.

KAZUNARI

He had the right to that land. So when they had no other choice, to get what they wanted, all they had to do was take his right to it away. Should have thought of that from the start. My father was a citizen of their prefecture and their country, so they claimed the right to decide what he needed. And they never built that power plant.

TAISUKE

They never built it?

KAZUNARI

I've known far too many people, who were under the thumb of the government. Don't worry. By Obon, Japan will wake up.

Kazunari grins. A JNF MEMBER knocks, enters.

JNF MEMBER

Boss someone to see you.

KAZUNARI

Cheers.

Ikeda strides in, what the fuck is he doing here?

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

INT. CITY HALL - INNER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Takeshita enters to find GORO, efficient, plain, waiting.

GORO

That reporter's asking about when I  
worked here. About the trips you  
took.

TAKESHITA

They are public record, so what.

GORO

Not all of them.

It hangs there. Takeshita, cautious.

TAKESHITA

You were the only one who knew  
about those.

GORO

Some of your staff did, too. And  
I'm not the one blabbing.

Sayaka enters.

SAYAKA

Your guests are waiting, Mr.  
Takeshita.

GORO

I should go. You look lovely,  
Sayaka.

SAYAKA

Thank you.

TAKESHITA

I'll, talk to you later. Thanks.

Goro nods, discreetly exits.

SAYAKA

Is everything okay?

TAKESHITA

Get me Kazunari.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Shion sits on the floor beside Shiori's half-open closet, surrounded by boxes she never unpacked.

He's unshaven, wearing the same shirt for days.

He opens a small storage box marked. Old Work Stuff. Manila folders, a flash drive, a spiral-bound notebook.

He picks it up. Flips through it.

SHION

What were you doing...?

The pages are filled with shorthand notes, sketches of license plates, names, Kazunari underlined three times. JNF initials beside dates. Multiple locations. Then:

Container delivery. Parking garage. 78-34.

Courier ID'd. Possible weapons transfer.

Van disappeared, may be using false plates.

Not ready to take it upstairs. Too political.

Shion pauses. Sees a photo paperclipped to the page.

He unclips it, grainy image of Kazunari's van, side profile of Kazunari receiving a case.

Next to it: a USB drive taped to the notebook.

Shion plugs it into his laptop. A folder auto-opens:

SURVEILLANCE\_AYASE > VIDEO > GARAGE\_1.mov

He clicks it. The grainy, handheld footage begins:

Shion's face tightens as he watches the van doors swing open. He sees the same containers.

The clip ends. Shion stares at the screen for a long moment.

He closes the laptop.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Shion at the dining table. In front of him: a framed photo of Shiori in uniform, smiling. Her pistol lies beside it.

Shion, eyes hollow, holds the engagement ring, leans forward.

SHION

I told you I'd stay out of it. I told you I was done with all that. I meant it. You were better than them. No flags. No speeches. Just fire. Every motherfucker that wore that badge with pride. You deserved better. And I'll make sure they know it.

Shion reaches forward, touches the glass of her photo.

SHIORI (V.O.)

Yeah. I do.

SHION (V.O.)

What?

SHIORI (V.O.)

Want to marry you.

He walks to the closet. Pulls down a sealed gym bag from the top shelf. Inside:

Blue overalls, intricate stitching, a Japanese flag on the left arm gold chrysanthemum with the JNF logo sewed in gold.

Beautiful if it wasn't a symbol of deep hatred. Under his uniform an SS dagger, old membership pin, hidden beneath and a burner phone.

INT. SHOWER - NIGHT

Steam curls in the mirror. Shion stares into his reflection.

He runs the clippers over his scalp. Hair falls in wet clumps. The scars on his neck resurface.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

He puts the JNF uniform on. Pressed. No creases.

Shion stares back his reflection. Transformed back into the animal he had left behind.

The sound of GAISEN SPEAKER TRUCKS and POLITICAL CHANTS grow.

BLACK

END OF PILOT