

TAKAO

Written by

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Writing Sample

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EXT. REMOTE ROAD - DAY

Eerie quiet except for the rusty GRIND of Yuka pushing down on the pedals of her police patrol bicycle.

Behind her the suburbs, she cycles past tall trees. Something flickers on a tree, she stops, dismounts.

She approaches the tree. A small piece of ribbon. She looks past the tree, deep into the forest.

Discovers another.

Another. Follows them.

A GUNSHOT.

Birds flee their perches. Yuka unsnaps her holster, reaches in for her gun, heart pounds.

Fumbles for her cellphone. No bars.

Ahead she spots a wooden tripod with a chain hoist. A large hook hangs on the end of it. Beyond that a cabin.

She circumnavigates it, checks her surroundings.

Behind the cabin a fire pit. She removes the grate, inside a burnt shoe. She turns, sees burnt shoes hanging from trees.

Through window blinds she spots a table and three chairs. Past that, a naked female figure in a tub, motionless.

Her eyes widen, color leaves her face.

She back tracks, finds a bar on her cell phone, two, dials.

EXT. REMOTE ROAD - DAY

Rain. Yuka lingers, no shelter. Wada approaches. Yuka holds out a flashlight. He takes it, passes, focused on the task.

Yuka follows. They head down an overgrown path.

YUKA

Everything's like I found it.

WADA

You confirm the death?

YUKA

I didn't touch her, but she's been half submerged in a bathtub since I've been here.

They reach a rusty door, Yuka pulls it open.

WADA

And the breadcrumbs?

YUKA

A guide?

WADA

Or an invitation.

INT. CABIN - DAY

They enter. The room dark, blinds half closed, dusty.

WADA

Any physical evidence outside?
Footwear, tire tracks?

YUKA

No sir.

Wada scans the room, gestures to the kitchen.

WADA

What about in there?

YUKA

No blood. Gravitational. Arterial, none. Cigarette burns on her body, though. A note nearby.

WADA

Good. We'll have forensics bag it. I'll need to talk to you again, after I've looked around.

YUKA

Yes, sir.

Wada watches her go. The rusty door slams shut behind Yuka.

Wada turns on his flashlight, starts. Yuka creeps back in, lingers, light spills back into the room.

At the end of the cabin, an open door. The light of a CAMERA FLASH spills out from that room every few seconds.

Wada moves on, takes out rubber gloves, slips them on, passes many neat, string-bound stacks of manga comics, porn mags on a table, yellowed, once white pillows piled on top of a couch against a wall, facing a small television.

Wada uses his flashlight, moves through the

KITCHEN

The flashlight beam follows cockroaches across the floor from the stove to a kitchen table at the center of the room.

He moves through the kitchen to the

BATHROOM

Wada turns to see DOCTOR ICHIRO TAKAHASHI (50s), medical examiner, in the doorway.

Takahashi looks up, flicks a light switch up and down.

No light.

TAKAHASHI

Wonderful.

Takahashi slides past, drops his black bag on the floor beside the girl, sorts through it.

TAKAHASHI (CONT'D)

Nothing worse than when it's a kid.

Surgical tools clink together. He covers his face with a medical mask, turns to see Yuka behind him.

TAKAHASHI (CONT'D)

Hey, you're the Noguchi woman. You botched that robbery in the city a while back.

He indicates his tweezers and what's between them to Wada.

TAKAHASHI (CONT'D)

Velvet in the wounds. You're not real police?

YUKA

Was.

TAKAHASHI

Special Investigations?

YUKA

Strict review procedures.

TAKAHASHI

For instability. You unstable?

Too unstable to carry a gun?

Yuka gestures to her holster with gun tucked inside.

Wada sweeps the room with his flashlight.

In the tub, the girl, half submerged on her side, dead in the water. White pants. No hands. No head.

Wada approaches the dead girl, leans in to study.

Wada moves his flashlight beam down the corpse, stops at the girl's feet. Wada kneels.

Rope tied around the swollen, purple ankles.

Wada stands, steps back, shines his flashlight on body, studies the girl's handless arms, small circular burns.

Wada remains focused on the burns.

TAKAHASHI (CONT'D)

Ceremonial don't you think?

Wada stands, stares at the body, shakes his head, perplexed.

TAKAHASHI (CONT'D)

Forensics is outside. Don't know if we'll all fit though.

WADA

There's room. Light's the problem.

Wada notices Yuka, hovering. Then the space limitations.

WADA (CONT'D)

Two's company here. Noguchi, go help the officers question the nearest residencies.

Wada looks at the corpse. Yuka does not move.

WADA (CONT'D)

Send forensics in on your way out.

Wada shoots a look at Yuka. They hold a stare. Yuka leaves.

Takahashi places both hands on the dead girl's body, lifts, turns the swollen visage from the water.