

黒 鶴

BLACK CRANE
[Kurodzuru]

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21人

[21-Ri]
THE 21S

FADE IN

INTERIOR: 35 KING'S ROW PLACE, LITTLE TOKYO, LOS ANGELES

Thirty-five King's Row Place is an upper middle class condo building. Apartment Number 21 is located at the end of the hall on the second floor. Inside, LINDA MORI, an attractive Japanese-American single mother, rushes around trying to get ready for work, while coaxing her seventeen-year-old daughter, MARNEY, to leave for school. LINDA knocks on MARNEY'S bedroom door..

LINDA

MARNEY I have to leave; I'll be late
for work.

On the other side of the door MARNEY looks in the mirror satisfied with how the tight pink jeans and black t-shirt take advantage of her newly developed teenage curves. She slips on her pink satin club jacket with 21人 [The Twenty-ones] embroidered in black on the back.

MARNEY

So go! I'll get a lift with NORA.

LINDA

Just be careful on that contraption
she drives. It's dangerous.

MARNEY

Just go already, I'll be fine.

MARNEY hears the door close as her mother heads off to work. She heads to the kitchen grabbing the toast her mother left for her. As she devours the almost burnt bread, she looks out the window seeing her fellow club member, NORA, waiting on her pink Vespa Motor Scooter wearing a club jacket just like MARNEY'S.

MARNEY rushes back into her bedroom. She rifles through her bottom dresser drawer. Under the various colored t-shirts is a can of pink spray paint. She grabs the can and a black backpack from the top of her dresser almost knocking over several bottles of cologne.

She leaves the apartment making sure the door is locked behind her. As she does, she looks around to make sure no one is watching. She looks down at the can of pink spray paint and smiles. She thinks to her herself..

MARNEY

What the fuck... why not?

Not realizing she actually said it out loud. She looks around once more checking for anyone in the hall, but everyone on the floor has already left for work.

Starting with her own apartment, she obliterates the number painted on the door with her can of paint. She then adds as large as possible her club "mon" 21人. She proceeds down the hall doing the same thing to each of the other eight doors on the floor.

She shoves the spray can into her backpack, slings it over her shoulder, and races down the stairwell and out the door to her waiting girlfriend. NORA is applying pink lipstick while looking in the Vespa's rear-view mirror.

MARNEY hops onto the back of the scooter. NORA starts the engine and turns back to her friend.

NORA

Did you do it?

MARNEY

Fucking A I did it!

Both girls laugh as they take off for school.

FADE OUT

悪魔の息

[AKUMA NO IKI]
DEVIL'S BREATH

FADE IN

EXTERIOR: RONDONIA RAINFOREST, BRAZIL

RICHARD LANCASTER, an American mercenary with ties to the joint CIA-FBI MK-Meta Drug Program and three medical researchers from the World Health Organization hack their way through the deepest parts of the Brazilian tropical rainforest. The researchers are looking for undiscovered plant specimens that might help cure a variety of diseases. Ostensibly LANCASTER is there to protect the researchers from attacks, but his real agenda is finding a drug that would help in combating the increasing threat to the US from international crime organizations.

LANCASTER pushes through a thick tangled web of branches finding his way into a small clearing dominated by a carefully constructed *tapiri* hunting shelter made of various dried tree branches. The clearing is ringed by wild *borrachero* trees with their deceptively benign white and yellow flowers suspended from slender branches.

LANCASTER points to ALAIN DELON, one of the French medical researchers.

LANCASTER

You and CHARLES checkout the plants
while GUSTAVO and I check the *tapiri*.

While GUSTAVO checks the hunting shelter for signs of recent activity, LANCASTER discovers a hole in the middle of the hut floor under some carefully placed large plant leaves.

GUSTAVO

Find something?

Hidden in the hole protected by a layer of carefully placed large green leaves, LANCASTER spots twenty brown seeds about the size of acorns, and a wooden bowl containing powder that appears to be made from several of the seeds.

LANCASTER
Nothing important...

From outside the shelter, LANCASTER hears what sounds like grunting and a thud, followed by a stifled cry.

LANCASTER
GUSTAVO... check that out and see if
ALAIN and CHARLES are okay.

GUSTAVO stops his search. He bends carefully to leave the shelter making sure he doesn't get stuck with one of the ragged dried tree branches that form the doorway. He emerges into the clearing blinded for a second by the oppressive tropical sun.

SWOOSH... THUD!

GUSTAVO feels a sharp pain in the side of his neck, like he's been bitten by something tropical and ugly. His hand instinctively reaches for the spot but it never reaches the pain. He stops unable to move, paralysed by fear or by whatever bit him. He spots an almost naked AKUNTSU tribesman holding a blow dart in one hand and a long vicious looking spear in the other.

A white foam forms at the edges of his mouth. He falls forward onto his knees, then face first onto the ground, dead. The AKUNTSU tribesman approaches GUSTAVO'S prone body checking him out, salvaging anything he thinks could be useful.

LANCASTER hearing the commotion outside peers through the shelter opening giving his eyes time to adjust to the sunlight. He emerges from the *tapiri* with a brown leather bag containing twenty brown seeds in one hand, and a Wilson Combat Custom Beretta in the other.

He quickly scans the clearing with practised military precision. He spots the two dead French medical researchers, and the AKUNTSU rifling through the Brazilian's pockets. For a split second LANCASTER and the tribesman's eyes meet. The AKUNTSU reaches for his spear on the ground beside him, but he's too late. A bullet from LANCASTER'S Beretta rips through the AKUNTSU'S skull.

FADE OUT

落書き画家

[RAKUGAKI GAKA]
THE GRAFFITI ARTIST

FADE IN

EXTERIOR: LELAND PAINT COMPANY, WAREHOUSE DISTRICT, LOS ANGELES

The Leland Paint Company is a seemingly abandoned rundown building in the seediest part of the LA warehouse district.

Leland Paint is a three-story yellow brick building covered in Japanese style graffiti. The building has an exposed black metal fire escape and three arched entrances: one with a black wrought iron metal gate on the left, a double-door entrance with peeling green paint in the middle, and a bricked-up third archway on the right to balance the architectural symmetry.

The half faded letters 'LE AINT CO' spread themselves across the front of the building between the upper two floors. By all outward appearances it seems like a good place to stay clear of, making it the perfect site for a clandestine CIA-FBI black ops program like MK-META.

If you looked real hard, you might see hidden cameras with their ever-scanning lenses behind the blackened bulletproof windows. And if you arrive on the scene before the sun comes up, you might witness a series of shiny new model SUVs entering the building through the black wrought-iron gate.

At eight o'clock every morning, without knowing or caring what was going on inside, twenty-five-year-old graffiti artist, MICHI ENDO, arrives on her father's black, custom-modified, Febur-Suzuki motorcycle, decorated with a white entangled-crane insignia. Her passion is to continue to cover the Leland Paint Company walls with giant anti war paintings in the classic Japanese style.

Inside the Leland, hidden behind the blackened bulletproof windows, MK-Meta agents watch MICHIS every move. As long as she keeps to her eight AM to twelve-noon schedule and never tries to enter the building, she is left alone. There is no point disturbing her vandalism as it would only bring undo attention to what is going on inside; besides, the agents enjoyed watching MICHIS work, especially on a hot summer morning when she stripped down to a tank top and shorts.

FADE OUT

ザ日程

[ZA NITTEI]
THE AGENDA

FADE IN

INTERIOR: LELAND PAINT COMPANY, WAREHOUSE DISTRICT, LOS ANGELES

Black Ops Agent RICHARD LANCASTER, a thirty-five-year-old, white-coated neurobiologist, DR. PHILIP KLEIN, a distinguished sixty-something ex-military type, U. S. NAVY ADMIRAL GUNTHER NOTLEY (RETIRED), and a well-dressed fifty-year-old woman, SENATOR CLAUDETTE J. KARNS, Vice Chairman of the United States Senate Select Committee on Intelligence, stand in a lab staring at a computer screen showing the results of tests run on the substance LANCASTER brought back from Brazil.

KARNS

Before we begin let me remind you gentlemen that I am not here. I'm in Seattle visiting my sickly mother. Do you understand? I'm not fucking here!

All three men nod their understanding.

KARNS

I want to hear you say it.

The men all look at one another.

KARNS

Say it, god-damn-it!

LANCASTER

You're not here.

KLEIN

Yes Ma'am you're not here.

NOTELY

Anybody asks... SENATOR KARNS is in Seattle visiting her mother.

KARNS

Alright... now that we all understand who's here and who isn't; what the hell is so important that you had to drag me away from Washington in the middle of the night?

LANCASTER and KLEIN both look at NOTLEY.

NOTELY

MK-Meta... we found the answer.

KARNS

You got to be kidding?

NOTELY

LANCASTER brought it back from Brazil...

KARNS

I thought that was a complete fuckup? A dead Akuntsu and three dead civilians... It wasn't easy burying that mess. I thought that stuff he brought back was just *burundanga*? Old news...

NOTELY

Not quite. We all thought the stuff came from ordinary *borrachero* trees like you find in the rest of the country, but this stuff is different.

It looks like your standard *burundanga* scopolamine-type shit but it's fucking permanent and you can sniff it, eat it, inject it... it doesn't matter.

KARNS

Permanent? As in zombie permanent?

KLEIN

You get his stuff into somebody's system and they'll do whatever you want, it doesn't wear off, and you get complete memory loss in hours.

LANCASTER

It's the perfect *Manchurian Candidate* drug... complete compliance and no recollection of what they've done. They can't confess or give states evidence if they're caught. They can't talk about what they can't remember. It's fucking perfect.

KARNS thinks for a moment as the three men watch and wait.

KARNS

So whom do we test this stuff on?

NOTELEY

You leave that to us, besides you're not here.

KARNS turns to leave. She gets half way to the door and turns around.

KARNS

Just don't fuck this up, or we'll all end up in jail or worse. Just remember... I was never here.

FADE OUT

ザ刺青作家

[ZA IREZUMI SAKKA]
THE TATTOO ARTIST

FADE IN

INTERIOR: TAKUMI ENDO'S 893 TEBORI TATTOO PARLOUR, LOS ANGELES

A fifty-year-old Japanese tattoo artist, TAKUMI ENDO, wearing a simple black *Montsuki* kimono decorated with three small white *mon* crests featuring two entangled cranes, sits on a cushion at the head of a low black lacquered table. The table sits in an alcove of a traditional-style *washitsu* room. His daughter MICHI, kneeling to the side, dressed in a white kimono with the same three *mon* crests as her father but in black, serves him tea.

The floors of the room are covered in a series of thick woven straw *tatami* mats. The walls, including *fusuma* sliding doors, are made of thick opaque paper in dark-stained wooden frames providing privacy for clients, or a brief respite reserved for quiet contemplation, or perhaps some tea. The white *fusuma* doors are decorated in the same entangled crane motif that appears on the father and daughter's kimonos.

In the middle of the room laying on the *tatami* mats are a number of large overstuffed cushions for clients to recline on while they are being poked and jabbed by the traditional *tebori* tattoo tools used by MASTER ENDO.

A frazzled young Japanese woman wearing a similar kimono to the one MICHI wears enters the *fusuma* sliding doors. She bows deeply towards TAKUMI attempting to apologize for the interruption, but before she can speak RICHARD LANCASTER pushes his way into the room. He knows enough to have removed his shoes before entering.

LANCASTER proceeds to where TAKUMI is drinking his tea and sits himself down across from the tattoo artist. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a glass bottle of brown powder and places it on the table. The young servant is still standing not sure what to do. TAKUMI nods in her direction and she leaves closing the *fusuma* behind her. LANCASTER turns to MICHI...

LANCASTER

How about some of that tea,
sweetheart...

It's more of an order than a request. TAKUMI nods towards his daughter. MICHI gets up from the table to prepare LANCASTER'S tea.

TAKUMI

You are with the police?

LANCASTER reaches into his pocket and pulls out several ID cards. He shuffles through the cards until he finds the one he wants and slides it across the table in TAKUMI'S direction.

TAKUMI picks up the card and reads out loud.

TAKUMI

U. S. Department of Justice
Federal Bureau of Investigation
Special Agent R. Lancaster,
International Crime Division
Washington, D.C.

MICHI arrives back at the table, bends gracefully placing the tea in front of LANCASTER. She straightens, looks at her father waiting for instructions. He motions her to leave, but LANCASTER sticks out his arm stopping her as she turns to go.

LANCASTER

My artist friend can stay; this
concerns her as well.

LANCASTER looks up at MICHI his arm still blocking her retreat; he smiles without the slightest hint of pleasantness and commands her to sit.

LANCASTER

Sit your pretty little ass down!

MICHI gracefully positions herself with her knees under her on the side of the table between the two men.

TAKUMI

I don't understand what you want with
us. I am a tattoo merchant... that's
all... I have nothing to do with...

LANCASTER

Shut up and listen! We know exactly who you are and what you do. We know you're associated with the ITO-GUMI and we know OYABUN ITO'S son, TAKESHI, is in charge of the LA operation, and that he's a hothead with a heart-on for the rival JUNKO-KAI. And we know TAKESHI'S little brother KATSU comes in here to get inked, so this is what you are going to do...

MICHI

And if we don't?

TAKUMI

MICHI... *shizukani!* [Quiet!] My daughter is American and does not always know her place.

LANCASTER

Yeah, well that's the least of your problems. The next time KATSU comes in here, you're to give him these instructions.

LANCASTER takes a piece of folded paper out of his pocket and slides it across the table to TAKUMI. TAKUMI unfolds the paper and reads what it says to himself.

TAKUMI (V.O.)

Go to 35 King's Row Place, that's where BENNY ANDO, the JUNKO-KAI accountant's girlfriend lives. Watch for him to arrive. He'll be carrying his computer; he never lets it out of his sight. Wait for him to get it on with his girl. It won't take long; he's a horny little bastard. Take the elevator to the second floor and find Apartment No. 21. Get in, get the computer by whatever means possible, and get out. Bring the computer back here.

TAKUMI looks up at LANCASTER.

TAKUMI

And why would KATSU do anything that
I tell him to do?

LANCASTER takes the glass bottle of brown powder that he placed
on the table and slides it across to MICHI.

LANCASTER

Because MICHI here is going to make
KATSU a nice cup of tea, except
unlike the tea she made for me, she's
going to put a pinch of that powder
in it. All he needs to do is take one
sip, and he'll do whatever you tell
him. Just make sure you give him the
instructions exactly as written on
the paper.

TAKUMI

And if he doesn't want tea?

LANCASTER

Listen asshole, you want your
daughter to get picked up by Homeland
Security for defacing a Federal
Building with terrorist slogans.

MICHI

It's an abandoned building, and it's
anti war artwork!

LANCASTER

You say tomato... I say... I don't give a
shit. Homeland can do whatever the
fuck it pleases. And if we tell them
to lock you up and throw away the
key... that's exactly what those pricks
will do. Not everybody in government
is a nice guy like me.

MICHI

So what if he doesn't want the tea?

LANCASTER

That's your problem. If he won't drink the tea, put it in some cocaine, he doesn't want cocaine, blow it in his face. It doesn't matter how you fucking do it, just get it in his system, and it will work. Just don't use too much or he might go nuts, or have a coronary or something; and knowing TAKESHI'S temper, that wouldn't be good for you two.

When you get the computer call the number on the back of the card and leave a message.

MICHI

Why would he leave something that important with us?

LANCASTER gets up to leave. He looks down at MICHI and her father.

LANCASTER

Because once he does what he's told he'll forget that it ever happened. Easy as cake.

MICHI

You mean pie...

LANCASTER

Whatever...

LANCASTER slides open the *fusuma* doors and leaves.

FADE OUT

その殺人者

[SONO SATSUJIN-SHA]
THE KILLER

FADE IN

INTERIOR: TAKUMI ENDO'S 893 TEBORI TATTOO PARLOUR, LOS ANGELES

KATSU ITO is lying on his stomach, his head resting on one of the large stuffed cushions provided. TAKUMI in his black entangled crane-crested kimono kneels beside KATSU deftly jabbing him with a long bamboo tool with rows of sharp needles on the end. After each series of jabs, TAKUMI wipes away the excess ink, revealing the emergence of a large golden tiger leaping out from KATSU'S shoulder blades.

MICHI in her white crane-crested kimono prepares tea in the corner. She takes the glass bottle of brown powder provided by LANCASTER out from under the counter, checking over her shoulder to see if KATSU is watching. His head is turned in the other direction.

She opens the bottle, places it over the tea, and taps the edge. More than she expected drops into the tea.

MICHI (ALMOST INAUDIBLY)
Shit!

She places the tea on a red lacquer tray and carries it to the middle of the room where KATSU is lying. She looks at her father who nods ever so slightly. She bows, gracefully bending to her knees, and bowing again offers KATSU the tea. KATSU lifts his head from the cushion.

KATSU
No tea... scotch, and some powder.

TAKUMI nods, acknowledging KATSU'S command. MICHI goes back to the counter and pours the scotch into a glass.

She reaches under the counter for a plastic bag filled with cocaine reserved for special clients. She dumps out a quantity of cocaine adding just a small amount of LANCASTER'S brown powder hoping it doesn't alter the color too much. She takes a credit card from the drawer and mixes the two powders together forming it into three even rows. Worried she didn't add enough to the cocaine she drops a couple of pinches into the scotch. She takes a tightly wrapped twenty-dollar bill held together by a tiny elastic band and places it on the red tray along with the tea, scotch, and cocaine.

She delivers the tray to KATSU.

KATSU raises his hand stopping TAKUMI'S jabbing. He picks up the twenty and quickly snorts the three lines of cocaine stopping only briefly between lines to let the powder do its work. After finishing the cocaine he downs the scotch in one quick gulp. He rests his head back on the pillow.

TAKUMI bends over the gangster's head putting his mouth close to his ear; TAKUMI whisper's LANCASTER'S instructions.

At the counter MICHI holds her breath hoping that the powder she put in the cocaine and scotch works, otherwise her and her father will never leave this room alive.

KATSU rolls over, looking at TAKUMI.

KATSU

That's all for now. I have something
I have to do. I'll come back when
it's done.

KATSU grabs his shirt that is neatly folded on the *tatami* mat beside him. He stands and pulls the shirt over his head. MICHI has moved to the center of the room to retrieve the red lacquer tray.

KATSU

WAIT!

MICHI stops in her tracks. She feels like her knees are shaking uncontrollably under her thin white kimono, but she remains outwardly calm. KATSU walks up to MICHI and puts the back of his hand on MICHI'S cheek.

TAKUMI and MICHI are frozen in fear. KATSU seems a little unsteady on his feet. He removes his hand from MICHI'S face grabbing her shoulder to steady himself.

KATSU

That must have been some strong shit
you gave me.

He looks down at the tray and picks up the tea, downing it in two gulps. He puts the teacup back on the tray and pockets the rolled up twenty-dollar bill.

KATSU

I'll be back.

FADE OUT

問題

[MONDAI]
A PROBLEM

FADE IN

EXTERIOR: 35 KING'S ROW PLACE, LITTLE TOKYO, LOS ANGELES

RICHARD LANCASTER sits in a black Chevy SUV sipping coffee out of a cardboard cup while keeping an eye on the entrance to 35 King's Row Place. ADMIRAL NOTLEY sits in the backseat texting on his cell phone.

LANCASTER watches as KATSU ITO'S silver Audi RS 7 pulls into a parking spot on the opposite side of the street.

LANCASTER

He's here.

NOTLEY stops texting. Both men watch and wait.

A teenager in a pink satin club jacket on a pink Vespa Motor Scooter pulls up in front of the building and waits. A few minutes later another teenager dressed in the same style club jacket exits the building. The two girls exchange a few words. The second teenager gets on the back of the scooter and the two girls take off.

Five minutes later a black Cadillac XTS Sedan pulls up and parks illegally in front of the building. BENNY ANDO, the JUNKO-KAI accountant, gets out of the Caddie, pulls a comb out of his pocket and combs his hair. He reaches for the door to the apartment building to enter...

LANCASTER

FUCK! Where's the computer?

NOTLEY leans forward putting one hand on the back of LANCASTER'S seat. They hadn't anticipated ANDO wouldn't bring his computer.

ANDO stops before entering the building realizing he's forgot something. He goes back to the Caddie and pulls out the black leather soft-sided brief case used to store his laptop.

LANCASTER breathes a sigh of relief. KATSU and LANCASTER continue to wait while NOTLEY goes back to texting.

LANCASTER looks at his watch, fifteen minutes have passed and KATSU hasn't moved.

LANCASTER

What the hell's the matter with this guy? Why hasn't he moved?

NOTLEY speaks without bothering to look up from his cell phone.

NOTLEY

Be patient. He's waiting for them to get into bed.

The door to KATSU'S silver Audi RS 7 opens. KATSU climbs out wearing a thin pair of black leather gloves. He goes straight to his trunk. He opens it and removes the lid to the spare tire compartment. He picks up a cloth wrapped item and unwraps it, revealing an Ingram Mac-10 sub-machine gun with suppressor. He throws the cloth wrapping into the trunk and closes the lid.

LANCASTER

Jesus Christ! This prick means business.

NOTLEY looks up from his texting.

NOTLEY

Intimidation tactics: scare the shit out of them and they'll comply without trouble; the guy's a fucking accountant for Christ sake.

KATSU walks to the front door openly carrying the Mac-10. He spots an elderly couple walking towards him from the opposite direction. The couple and KATSU reach the front door of the building at the same time. The couple stops dead in their tracks on seeing the young Japanese thug and his weapon.

LANCASTER and NOTLEY can't believe what they're seeing.

NOTLEY

God Damn It! We can't catch a break.

KATSU bows slightly and opens the door for the bewildered and horrified old couple. The old man and his wife walk to the elevator and press a button. They turn to see where the young Japanese man is standing. He's just a few feet away. They smile. He smiles back. The elevator door opens, and the couple enters. The old woman reaches to press the button for their floor...

Rat-a-tat-tat... Rat-a-tat-tat...

KATSU gets on the elevator careful not to get blood on his Ferragamo Python Loafers. He presses No.2 on the elevator panel with his leather-covered index finger. The elevator door closes.

LANCASTER

What the fuck just happened.

FADE OUT

混乱

[KONRAN]
CHAOS

FADE IN

INTERIOR: ELEVATOR, 35 KING'S ROW PLACE

KATSU stands in the elevator beside the bullet riddled bodies of the bloodstained elderly couple. The floor level indicator beeps and flashes "2nd Floor". The elevator door opens; KATSU presses the hold button to keep the elevator in place while he completes his instructions. He steps out.

He scans the hallway expecting to find regular apartment numbers on each door, but instead what he sees is large pink spray-painted 21人 on each door.

He knocks on the first door. No answer. He takes a step back, and with one quick Ferragamo Python kick, the door opens. The apartment is dark. Nobody home. He moves on to the next apartment.

He knocks on the door. A middle-aged man in a bathrobe holding a Bud Light answers the door. Wrong again.

Rat-a-tat-tat...

He moves on to the next apartment. He knocks on the door. No answer, but he can hear the television blaring. He knocks two more times; still no answer.

He steps back and opens the door with a quick Ferragamo kick. He enters the apartment. An overweight forty-something woman is dancersizing to a 50" flat screen video of twenty-year-old hotties in tight yoga pants and tank tops, while her husband watches drooling from the couch.

Rat-a-tat-tat... Rat-a-tat-tat...

Nope, that wasn't the right apartment either. KATSU hears the apartment door from across the hall open.

OLD WOMAN

There's no solicitation allowed in
this building young man.

KATSU wheels and fires.

Rat-a-tat-tat..

The old woman lays sprawled on the floor of her apartment,
blood-oozing out onto the carpet from the holes in her flowered
housecoat. Her husband sipping a cup of tea from a flowered bone
china cup appears. He looks down at his dead wife..

OLD MAN

The bitch never knew when to mind her
own business.

Rat-a-tat-tat..

Four down, four to go.

EXTERIOR: 35 KING'S ROW PLACE, LITTLE TOKYO, LOS ANGELES

LANCASTER and NOTLEY anxiously wait for KATSU to get the hell out of there with the computer before somebody notices something is wrong and calls the cops.

LANCASTER

What the hell is he doing in there?

NOTLEY

Fuck this shit. Let's get the hell out of here. This thing has already gone sideways and who knows what that nutcase is doing in there.

LANCASTER

What do we tell KARNS?

NOTLEY

This had nothing to do with us. Just some crazy Yakuza gang bullshit. I'll tell her we're still looking for the right test opportunity.

LANCASTER starts the engine of the SUV and takes off down the street.

INTERIOR: 35 KING'S ROW PLACE, 2nd Floor

Seven down, one more to go. KATSU stands facing the last apartment at the end of the hall staring at the pink spray-painted 21人 on the door. Behind him the four doors on either side of the hall are open, most having been kicked-in.

He hears a groan or a moan he's not sure which, from the last apartment on the right. He returns to the doorway where the sound is coming from. He looks down at a dark haired man crawling back towards where his phone landed when he was popped with the Mac-10.

Rat-a-tat-tat...

It's quiet now, almost too quiet. There's only one more apartment on the floor. It has to be the one with the computer. His foot hurts from kicking-in all the doors; and he's pissed, because he's scuffed his Ferragamo Pythons.

He knocks, no answer. He knocks again. No answer. He figures what the hell; he tries the door. It opens. Standing in the bedroom doorway in his boxers is BENNY ANDO, the JUNKO-KAI accountant, holding a Smith and Wesson double-action compact-pistol in one hand and his computer in the other. ANDO'S arm is raised ready to fire; he squeezes the trigger, but somehow he misses KATSU completely.

KATSU thinks to himself, 'what do you expect, he's a fucking accountant.' ANDO squeezes the trigger again but the gun jams. ANDO drops the gun and holds up the computer in front of him while backing into the bedroom.

KATSU fires...

Rat-a-tat-tat...Rat-a-tat-tat...Rat-a-tat-tat...

The .45 ACP ammo rips through the computer imbedding in ANDO'S chest knocking him backward through the bedroom door. He ends up landing at the foot of the bed where a naked LINDA MORI sits half covered by a white satin bed sheet. The computer, now full of holes, has landed on the bed. KATSU looks at the computer.

KATSU

He didn't say in what condition.

He picks up the computer from the bed never taking his eyes off of LINDA who with one hand pulls the bed sheet up to cover herself.

LINDA

You got what you wanted. Now get out.

KATSU

Sorry sweetheart, you're a witness.

He takes aim at LINDA MORI'S chest, but before he can pull the trigger, LINDA unloads the Glock 27 Semi-Automatic pistol she has hidden under the satin bed sheet.

KATSU seems stunned. He drops the Mac-10 and the computer on the floor. He grabs his midsection where the Glock's .40-caliber ammo did their work. He looks down at his now bloodstained Ferragamo Pythons.

KATSU

SHIT! You ruined my shoes.

He falls backward dead.

FADE OUT

ウェイトレス

[UEITORESU]
THE WAITRESS

FADE-IN

INTERIOR: SEEDY BAR, DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES

LANCASTER and NOTLEY sit across from one another at a table in the back of a dimly lit downtown bar nursing a couple of beers.

LANCASTER

That asshole is late. Doesn't he understand what's a stake here?

NOTELY stays calm.

NOTELY

Don't worry about it.

LANCASTER

He knows too much and we can't trust him to keep his mouth shut. He blabs to KARNs and they'll be fishing pieces of us out of the Rowena Reservoir.

He's a loose end!

KLEIN rushes in through the front door. He stops to adjust his eyes to the dimly lit bar. He finally spots NOTELY who's facing the door. KLEIN waves.

NOTELY

Do you believe it, the jackass just waved at me?

KLEIN gets to the table and pushes in beside LANCASTER. He's sweating profusely from rushing.

LANCASTER

Jesus... how much room do you need. And you're sweating like a pig.

KLEIN ignores him.

KLEIN

Sorry I'm late...
Christ I got lost... but this place
isn't the easiest to find, the
traffic is ridiculous.

So why the hell are we meeting here?
Who hangs out in joints like this?

A college-aged young woman in a too-short red mini-skirt, see-through white blouse, *sans* bra, and a nametag that reads: "Hi... I'm Stella" approaches the table.

WAITRESS

What can I get you gentlemen?

LANCASTER

Just bring us three beers, whatever
you got on tap.

KLEIN

You got Heineken?

WAITRESS

Yeah, we got it.

KLEIN

Make mine a Heineken.

The WAITRESS turns to go...

KLEIN

Ah... Miss... do you have Stella Artois?
I think I'd rather have a Stella...

LANCASTER visibly starts to loose his temper. The WAITRESS turns back to the table.

WAITRESS

Yeah, who wouldn't want a Stella?

KLEIN

Never mind, make it a Heineken.

WAITRESS

Are you sure?

KLEIN nods.

KLEIN

Yeah, I'm sure.

WAITRESS

Heineken it is, but you don't know
what you're missing.

The WAITRESS winks at LANCASTER, turns and heads to the bar to fill the order.

KLEIN

I gotta take a piss, I'll be right
back.

LANCASTER

Jesus Christ!

KLEIN

I've been driving around for an hour
I'll be right back.

KLEIN gets up and rushes to the bathroom. A few seconds later the WAITRESS returns with the beer. She places the beers on the table bending over just enough to maximize LANCASTER'S view. Her face is only a few inches away from his.

WAITRESS

Are you sure I can't get you a
Stella?

LANCASTER

Maybe later honey. Maybe later.

The WAITRESS leaves to serve other customers. NOTELY pushes a small packet of brown powder across the table to LANCASTER. LANCASTER dumps the powder into KLEIN'S glass. It quickly dissolves and disappears into the beer.

KLEIN returns from the bathroom.

NOTELY

Feel better?

KLEIN

Yeah, I'm good now. So what's this all about? I don't see why we couldn't just meet at the lab as usual.

KLEIN takes a big gulp of beer.

NOTELY

Don't you read the newspapers?

KLEIN

Who reads newspapers anymore? You can get everything online.

KLEIN takes another sip of beer.

LANCASTER

Well, did your online news source have anything about a massacre in little Tokyo last night?

KLEIN

That was us?

NOTELY nods.

KLEIN

Holy shit! What are we going to do? KARNS will skin us alive.

NOTELY

Relax. Drink your beer. Everything is being handled. You leave KARNS to me.

KLEIN takes another big swig of beer.

LANCASTER

We have to get rid of the witnesses, TAKESI, his daughter, and the mistress.

KLEIN

What do you mean get rid of?

LANCASTER

What do you think we mean?

KLEIN

Listen guys, I don't want any part of this. I'm just a lab jockey.

NOTELEY

Take it easy. We'll handle everything. You just stay calm.

LANCASTER turns to KLEIN.

LANCASTER

We shouldn't leave together. The Admiral and I will leave; you stay and finish your drink. When you finish, walk down to the corner and wait for the crossing light to turn red. Wait for a large truck, and when it gets close to you, step out in front of it. Understand?

KLEIN

Yeah, I understand... I'm a scientist for Christ sake.

LANCASTER and NOTELEY get up to leave. NOTELEY pays the WAITRESS for the drinks, plus a generous tip. As they exit the bar NOTELEY turns to LANCASTER.

NOTELEY

You'll have to get rid of the WAITRESS too.

KLEIN finishes his drink and leaves. He walks down to the corner and waits for the crossing light to turn red. He watches as the never-ending stream of traffic goes by. He sees a large cement truck barrelling down the street towards the green light urging the driver to go. When the truck gets about six feet from the corner, KLEIN steps out in front of it.

FADE OUT

ウェイトレス

第二部

[UEITORESU DAINIBU]
THE WAITRESS
PART II

FADE IN

INTERIOR: STELLA'S FIFTH FLOOR APARTMENT

STELLA is naked in bed propped up against the headboard smoking a cigarette. LANCASTER, in his boxer shorts, comes into the bedroom carrying two drinks. He hands one to the attractive waitress.

STELLA

A little fortification for Round Two?

LANCASTER

Something like that.

LANCASTER holds his drink up as if toasting something important.

LANCASTER

Bottoms up!

They both down their drinks in one gulp.

LANCASTER

Listen gorgeous, there something I
want you to do for me.

EXTERIOR: FIVE MINUTES LATER, THE FRONT OF STELLA'S APARTMENT

LANCASTER exits the Front door of the apartment. People have already started to gather around the Ford Escape with the naked body of the beautiful waitress draped over the hood.

Some people are crying; others are taking video on their phones while at least one normal person has the wit to call the police.

FADE OUT

消去

[SHOKYO]
THE CLEAN UP

FADE IN

EXTERIOR: TAKUMI ENDO'S 893 TEBORI PARLOR

MICHI arrives back at her father's *Tebori* Parlor after her morning visit to The Leland Paint Company warehouse. She parks her father's black custom Suzuki in the alley behind the shop.

INTERIOR: TEBORI PARLOR

She enters the building through the door in the back that leads to the living quarters. As she enters, she calls her father.

MICHI

Papa, I'm back.
Can I get you some tea?

No answer.

MICHI

Papa, are you here?

Again no answer; MICHI opens the *fusuma* sliding doors to enter the shop area reserved for tattooing. Her father and the young Japanese woman that acted as receptionist and assistant are sprawled across the floor.

MICHI rushes to her father, puts her hand on his neck searching desperately for a pulse. He's cold. Lifeless. Dead. An almost empty bottle of pills is in his hand. Several pills have spilled out onto the floor.

MICHI goes to the young woman laying a few feet away. She reaches for her neck to feel for a pulse but stops when she feels the sticky reddish-brown fluid seeping down the young woman's shoulders from the small calibre bullet hole in her head. A Taurus .22 revolver lies on the floor a few feet away.

MICHI stands up looking at the reddish-brown blood residue on her fingers. She absentmindedly wipes her hand across her chest.

The scene is a staged murder-suicide.

Absurd. It's ridiculous to think her father would kill the young woman or ever commit suicide. This must be the work of that government agent and his psychotropic powder.

MICHI goes into the bathroom and washes the blood off her hands. The agent must be cleaning up; eliminating all the witnesses resulting from the KATSU disaster, what the papers called *The Massacre In Little Tokyo*. News reports said the only survivors were LINDA MORI and her daughter, MARNEY, who wasn't home at the time of the assault.

She looks at herself in the mirror; tears are running down her porcelain cheeks; the front of her white shirt is stained with blood. She manages to pull herself together by sheer will.

She opens the mirrored medicine cabinet door for no apparent reason. She spots the brown bottle of psychotropic powder; her father must have put it there after the KATSU debacle. She grabs the powder ready to dump it in the toilet but stops. She puts it in her jean's pocket instead.

She must do something. The mistress will be next, and maybe her daughter. She has to stop LANCASTER.

She goes into her father's room. She realizes this would be the last time she would ever be there. She spots an old photograph of her father in a frame on the low table beside his platform bed. She picks it up.

He's standing beside his black custom Febur-Suzuki motorcycle, decorated with a white entangled-crane insignia. He's wearing his *kaminari zoku*, thunder tribe, *Tokko* uniform: black baggy pants, tall black leather boots, no shirt, a black hip-length *Happi* jacket tied with a black sash at the waist, a black headband with the familiar crane *mon*, and wrap-around aviator sunglasses.

She remembers seeing the jacket with the crane design in her father's closet and recalls the stories of the *Kurodzuru Bosozoku* gang he led during his youth.

She opens the sliding door to the closet. Hanging beside her father's old *bosozoku* uniform are two matching *Tanto* knives both with entangled-crane motifs on the handle; one is twelve inches in length, the other six.

EXTERIOR: BACK ALLEY, TAKUMI ENDO'S 893 TEBORI PARLOR

MICHI exits the back of the *Tebori* Parlor wearing her father's old *bosozoku* uniform. Her hair is spiked, under a black headband, bearing the familiar entangled-crane insignia.

Jammed into her black *Happi* sash is the six-inch *Tanto*; the longer version is slung across her naked back under the *Happi* jacket.

She mounts her father's Febur-Suzuki catching a glimpse of herself in the motorcycle's rear-view mirror. She is transformed.

She starts the motorcycle and takes off down the alley.

MICHI ENDO is gone. She is BOSOZOKU now.

FADE OUT

変換

[HENKAN]
TRANSFORMATION

FADE IN

EXTERIOR: 35 KING'S ROW PLACE, LITTLE TOKYO, LOS ANGELES

BOSOZOKU sits legs crossed at the ankles on the side of a pink Vespa motor scooter facing the front of 35 King's Row Place, Little Tokyo. Her black Suzuki is parked behind the scooter.

NORA comes out of the condo carrying two shopping bags full of clothes, one for, MARNEY, her friend and fellow 21人 member, and the other for MARNEY'S mother.

NORA wearing her pink 21人 club jacket sees MICHI'S new persona sitting on her scooter waiting patiently: an intimidating young woman dressed all in black with a short-bladed sword tucked neatly in her sash.

BOSOZOKU

Need some help?

The teenager approaches BOSOZOKU.

NORA

You want to get the fuck off my scooter

BOSOZOKU doesn't move

BOSOZOKU

You need my help.

NORA

The hell I do, now get lost.

BOSOZOKU doesn't move.

BOSOZOKU

Listen to me carefully. Your friend and her mother are in trouble. They may already be dead. And if they're not, and you show up with your little care package, you'll be collateral damage.

NORA

Collateral damage?

BOSOZOKU

Collateral damage... as in dead.

NORA

What's it to you?

BOSOZOKU gets off the scooter and gets on her motorcycle.

BOSOZOKU

Listen kid I know you mean well, but I know the people responsible for this mess. They killed my father and my friend. I'm not going to let them kill anyone else.

Now, are you going to help me save your friends, or would you rather be collateral damage?

BOSOZOKU starts her bike.

NORA

I guess some backup wouldn't hurt. Follow me.

NORA lashes the two shopping bags to the back seat of the scooter, gets on, and takes off with BOSOZOKU right behind her.

FADE OUT

生残者

[SEIZANSHA]
SURVIVOR

FADE IN

EXTERIOR: THE PATIO LODGE, BURBANK, CA

The Patio Lodge is an economy-priced motel specializing in senior citizens looking for inexpensive accommodations. The place is neat and well looked after with few amenities, and little ambience, unless you count the six half-naked octogenarians slathered in sunscreen lounging at the pool.

The pool occupies the inner courtyard surrounded by two stories of cramped two bedroom suites. The upper suites open to a continuous patio that overlooks the pool. Since *The Massacre In Little Tokyo*, suite Twenty-One A has been occupied by LINDA and MARNEY MORI.

NORA and BOSOZOKU park in a secluded part of the parking lot on the street side of the motel. They work their way around to the pool courtyard with the lounging senior citizens, four of which have given up getting sun-damage and are now under a patio umbrella playing cribbage.

BOSOZOKU

Where's their suite?

NORA points to a second floor door near the stairs running down to the pool area.

NORA

That one: Suite Twenty-One A.

BOSOZOKU

You knock on the door while I stand off to the side. If everything is okay, we'll enter; if not, hit the floor and I'll follow.

The two women climb the stairs and position themselves in front and beside Suite Twenty-One A's door. NORA knocks three times.

The door opens the few inches allowed by the security chain. LINDA MORI spots NORA. She closes the door enough to remove the chain allowing NORA to enter followed by BOSOZOKU.

LINDA spots BOSOZOKU behind NORA. She raises her Glock 27 Semi-Automatic pistol placing it on the entangled-crane *mon* in the center of BOSOZOKU'S headband. BOSOZOKU doesn't move.

LINDA

Who the fuck is she?

NORA

A friend. She's here to help. She knows who's after you, and why.

LINDA lowers her gun and chains the door. MARNEY comes out of the bedroom wearing her pink club jacket. She hugs her friend.

There's a knock on the door. BOSOZOKU motions the two teenagers to go into the bedroom. She then positions herself behind the door so that when it's opened, she won't be seen. She reaches behind her back removing the *Tanto* blade from underneath her *Happi* jacket. She nods to LINDA who opens the chained door.

Whoever's on the other side of the door kicks it with enough force to break the chain driving the door into LINDA, knocking her flat on her ass. As her body hits the floor, her Glock is dislodged from her hand, winding up just out of arm's reach.

Standing in the doorway is RICHARD LANCASTER holding his Wilson Combat Custom Beretta aimed directly at LINDA'S head.

He steps into the room. Before he's able to squeeze the trigger, he feels the cold hard steel of BOSOZOKU'S *Tanto* blade breaking the skin on the back of his neck.

BOSOZOKU

Don't fucking move! Don't even breathe unless you want your spinal cord severed. And nothing... absolutely nothing would give me more pleasure than to watch you die a slow agonizing death sitting in your own shit, unable to move, unable to wipe your own ass.

LINDA scrambles to her feet and retrieves the Glock. She takes aim at LANCASTER. The two teenagers in their pink club jackets come out of the bedroom. LINDA looks at BOSOZOKU.

LINDA

What now?

BOSOZOKU takes the *Tanto* blade and cuts the nylon drapery cord from the window looking out over the pool. She cuts the cord in half. She grabs the chair from the desk in the corner and places it in the middle of the room facing the door. She looks at LANCASTER and points to the chair, LANCASTER just smiles.

BOSOZOKU

Sit!

LANCASTER does as he's told still smiling. BOSOZOKU ties LANCASTER'S hands behind the back of the chair. She takes the second piece of cord and ties his feet together, so he's unable to jump up and charge them.

LANCASTER

Nice of you ladies to all get together like this. Now I can get rid of everyone all at once.

LINDA, standing behind the chair jams her Glock into the back of LANCASTER'S head.

NORA and MARNEY move behind BOSOZOKU.

LANCASTER takes in the sight of the two teenagers in their pink club jackets and the black-clad ninja with the entangled-crane motif on her headband. LANCASTER laughs.

LANCASTER

What are you three supposed to be, The Black Crane and her pink flamingo pals?

BOSOZOKU

Laugh now asshole because you won't be laughing long.

LINDA

What are we going to do with him?

BOSOZOKU looks through the open bedroom door and points to a small table at the foot of the bed.

BOSOZOKU

Bring that table over here.

She takes the bottle of brown powder out of her pocket.

LANCASTER'S expression turns dark.

LINDA

What's that?

BOSOZOKU

Revenge.

BOSOZOKU unscrews the cap and taps a portion of the powder into the cap. LANCASTER realizing the gravity of the situation starts to struggle. BOSOZOKU bends down only inches from LANCASTER'S face.

LANCASTER moves his head from side to side trying to avoid the inevitable. BOSOZOKU grabs LANCASTER by the hair stopping him from moving. She blows the powder directly into his face.

BOSOZOKU

You're going to do exactly what I tell you to do. I'm going to untie you and you're going to stay seated and calm, otherwise LINDA is going to blow your brains onto the floor.

LINDA and the two teenagers look alarmed. BOSOZOKU takes the small *Tanto* from her sash and cuts the cord around his ankles. She then hands the knife to LINDA and nods.

LINDA reluctantly cuts the cord that holds LANCASTER'S arms behind the chair. LANCASTER rubs his wrists to get the circulation flowing but doesn't make a move to attack or even get off the chair.

BOSOZOKU

Now you're going to tell me all the people responsible for this cluster fuck of a mess.

LANCASTER starts talking casually as if he was having a friendly conversation over drinks with an old pal. He tells the three women how he found the drug in Brazil, how KLEIN discovered the effect it had on people, and how NOTELY and KARNS put the plain in place that ultimately caused *The Massacre in Little Tokyo*, and the deaths of KLEIN, STELLA, TAKUMI, and the young Japanese receptionist. When he finished, he seemed exhausted but somehow relieved of a heavy burden.

BOSOZUKU takes a second bottle out of her pocket and dumps the cocaine contents out on the table. She takes the business card LANCASTER gave her father and chops and forms five long lines.

BOSOZOKU looks at LINDA.

BOSOZOKU

Get your stuff and leave. Now!

The three women hurry into the bedroom and throw whatever clothes they have into a couple of small suitcases. They go to the door and wait. BOSOZOKU looks at the women.

BOSOZOKU

I'll meet you in the parking lot; now
get out of here.

The women leave. BOSZOKU turns her attention to LANCASTER. She takes the table and positions it in front of LANCASTER.

BOSOZOKU

Hand me all your IDs.

LANCASTER does as he's told.

BOSOZOKU

I want you to snort the cocaine.
Don't stop until you've done all five
lines.

BOSOZOKU gets up and goes to the door. She turns; LANCASTER is on his second line. She opens the door and leaves.

The next morning a motel maid finds LANCASTER'S body slumped over the small table, dead from an overdose.

FADE OUT

復讐

第二部

[FUKUSHU]
REVENGE PART II

FADE IN

EXTERIOR: HOME OF ADMIRAL AND MRS. GUNTHER NOTLEY, PASSADENA, CA

The black SUV that used to be driven by RICHARD LANCASTER pulls up in front of the well cared for upper middle class home of ADMIRAL and MRS. GUNTHER NOTLEY. BOSOZOKU steps out of the car wearing a masculine-inspired black pants suit, an auburn wig, and white cotton shirt open at the neck. She carries a small black purse containing LANCASTER'S Beretta.

Under her jacket was LINDA MORI'S trusted Glock, neatly stowed away in a shoulder holster. All in all she was quite enjoying her Dana Scully moment. She walks to the front door and knocks with one hand holding up LANCASTER'S Photo ID with the newly added image of BOSOZOKU'S FBI alter ego replacing the LANCASTER photo.

A well-preserved sixty-something, silver-haired, perfectly coiffed woman opens the front door taking special notice of the FBI ID. The sight of a government agent wasn't particularly unsettling for the wife of an Admiral and CIA-FBI consultant

BOSOZOKU

Good afternoon MRS. NOTLEY. I'm
SPECIAL AGENT RENA LANCASTER, and I
wonder if I can have a few minutes of
your time?

MRS. NOTLEY

Yes, of course. Has anything happened
to my husband?

MRS. NOTLEY opens the door wider. BOSOZOKU hands MRS. NOTLEY LANCASTER'S well used card and steps into the house, walking right past MRS. NOTLEY into the living room.

INTERIOR: HOME OF ADMIRAL AND MRS. GUNTHER NOTLEY

BOSOZOKU enters the living room through a scalloped archway. It's a masculine environment with a place for everything and everything in its place. Photographs of NOTLEY in his uniform shaking hands with prominent Senators and Congressmen as well as with three different Presidents dominate the room. Images of what presumably are the NOTLEY'S offspring and their children are relegated to a corner of the room on a small antique desk.

BOSOZOKU continues her self-guided tour of the room careful to look but not touch. Not bothering to even look at MRS. NOTLEY BOSOZOKU answers while inspecting a photograph of the ADMIRAL and SENATOR KARNS.

BOSOZOKU

No nothing like that. Your husband is just fine.

BOSOZOKU turns. MRS. NOTLEY is still standing framed in the living room archway.

BOSOZOKU

This is just a standard background check, nothing to be concerned about.

MRS. NOTLEY

Yes but my husband already has the highest clearance and...

BOSOZOKU

MRS. NOTLEY... this is the Post 911 Era. There is no such thing as the highest clearance. Security is an ever-evolving environment. If you're not comfortable with me being here, that's fine, I'll leave.

BOSOZOKU continues to speak as she heads for the front door.

BOSOZOKU

The President will be disappointed that the Admiral won't be able to head the task force, but that's definitely your prerogative.

BOSOZOKU turns. She's only a foot or so from MRS. NOTLEY.

BOSOZOKU

I understand the Admiral was looking at this assignment as the icing on the cake of a brilliant career.

MRS. NOTLEY

You misunderstand... Please have a seat... please.

BOSOZOKU

Why don't you make us a nice cup of tea and we'll talk?

MRS. NOTLEY heads to the kitchen to make tea.

INTERIOR: THE NOTLEY LIVING ROOM, SEVERAL HOURS LATER

MRS. NOTLEY sits quietly on her husband's dark brown tufted leather chesterfield. In front of her on the walnut coffee table is LANCASTER'S Beretta.

She hears the familiar sound of her husband's car pulling up onto the driveway; the car door slams; then the sound of her husband opening the front door. Everything is magnified as if she has suddenly acquired x-ray hearing. She picks up the Beretta and faces the archway just like AGENT RENA LANCASTER instructed.

NOTLEY sees his wife standing silently holding the gun. He turns and faces her, framed by the scalloped archway.

NOTLEY

What's with the gun? Is everything all right?

MRS. NOTLEY doesn't move. She just smiles.

MRS. NOTLEY

Yes dear everything is just fine. I have a message for you from a MICHI ENDO...

NOTLEY'S smile vanishes. MRS. NOTLEY raises the Beretta and squeezes the trigger, hitting her husband in the chest, center-mass, just like he taught her many years earlier.

The force of the blow knocks NOTELY'S body backwards into the ornate hallstand knocking keys, an umbrella, and a silver handled cane onto the floor. He reaches forward, staggers, and falls face down in front of his wife.

MRS. NOTLEY rolls her husband over on his back. He tries to speak but nothing comes out. MRS. NOTLEY fires the *coup de gras* into her husband's forehead.

She then quietly goes about her business making dinner for herself and her husband. When dinner is ready, she goes looking for him. She finds him in the archway to her living room, dead. She screams!

MRS. NOTELY

EEEEEE-YAHH!

FADE OUT

復讐

第三部

[FUKUSHU DAISANBU]
REVENGE PART III

FADE IN

INTERIOR: SENATOR CLAUDETTE J. KARNS OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D.C.

BOSOSOKU wearing her auburn wig and Scully pants suit sits in a straight back wooden chair with a blue upholstered leather back and seat. She waits to be interviewed by SENATOR KARNS' CHIEF OF STAFF for a Staff Assistant position.

A disappointed woman leaves the CHIEF OF STAFF'S office. The receptionist annoyed that she has to interrupt her personal call to work, waves to BOSOSOKU to go into her boss's office.

BOSOSOKU enters the office. A hard looking forty something woman who looks like she could crack walnuts with her forehead leaves BOSOSOKU standing while she talks on the phone, pacing the room, while scanning BOSOSOKU'S resume.

CHIEF (ON THE PHONE)

Look Congressman, the Senator wants this done and done quickly. If you can't do it, we'll find someone else who can. Do you understand? Good. Say hi to the wife, *Ciao*.

The CHIEF looks up from the resume at BOSOSOKU.

CHIEF

What kind of name is KUROD ZURU?

BOSOSOKU

Japanese, Ma'am.

CHIEF

Ma'am. Jesus... Don't call me that. You call me CHIEF or MS. BLOCK.

BOSOZOKU

Yes CHIEF.

CHIEF

Well, at least you're polite.

BOSOZOKU

It's a Japanese thing CHIEF.

CHIEF

You smart KUROD?

BOSOZOKU

I like to thing so CHIEF.

CHIEF

Well unfortunately you don't have to be smart to be a Staff Assistant. Shit... You don't have to be smart to be a Senator either. But KUROD, do you know who around here has to be smart?

BOSOZOKU

Yes CHIEF, the CHIEF OF STAFF has to be smart.

The CHIEF looks at BOSOZOKU hard.

CHIEF

You are a smart one, aren't you KUROD? Ambitious too I'll bet. Maybe even an agenda behind those pretty brown eyes.

BOSOZOKU

Whatever you say CHIEF.

The CHIEF smiles.

CHIEF

Your duties are: making coffee:
picking up dry cleaning; running
errands; and whatever else the
SENATOR or I tell you to do. You're
going to hate it. When can you start?

BOSOZOKU

Now.

CHIEF

Good. The SENATOR needs her afternoon
caffeine fix. The coffee room is
through that door. And from now on
you're KAREN, this is America, not
Tokyo.

BOSOZOKU

Yes CHIEF, KAREN it is.

The CHIEF points to the coffee room door.

CHIEF

The SENATOR'S coffee... Chop-Chop!

BOSOZOKU

That's Cantonese CHIEF, not Japanese.

The CHIEF just looks at BOSOZOKU. She starts to walk away but
stops and turns back.

CHIEF

By the way, you don't have any
Kamikaze pilots in the closet by any
chance?

BOSOZOKU

No CHIEF just *Kaminari Zoku*.

CHIEF

What?

BOSOZOKU

Thunder Tribes.

CHIEF

What's that?

BOSOZOKU

BOSOZOKU.

The CHIEF gives BOSOZOKU a puzzled look not quite sure what to make of the new office girl with the foreign name. She's intrigued but has already spent too much time with this new hire. She speaks as she walks away.

CHIEF

That coffee won't make itself.

BOSOZOKU walks into the coffee room and starts preparing fresh coffee. She reaches into her jacket pocket and removes the bottle of brown powder. She pours the coffee adding the brown powder.

She pours some cream into a small silver container that matches the sugar bowl. She puts everything on a tray and heads for the office with gold lettering that reads, SENATOR CALUDETTE J. KARNs. She knocks two times. From behind the door she hears the SENATOR'S voice.

KARNs (V.O.)

Come in!

BOSOZOKU opens the door and enters. She thinks...

BOSOZOKU (V.O.)

*Who says revenge is a dish best
served cold, when a hot cup of coffee
will do just fine.*

大詰

[ODZUME]
THE END