

戦い 格闘ゲーム

Tatakai:
the Fighting Game

“Tatakai: the Fighting Game”
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BLACK.

In the blackness, we hear
birds chirping all around us.

Animals squawk and yell from all directions.

FATHER'S VOICE

Iku, sono! Iku!

EXT. OUTDOOR WOODS - SUNRISE

We are LOOKING UP AT THE TREES,
and the early-morning sky that lies beyond them.

At the ground-level, a 10-year-old boy is walking,
carrying a large wooden staff weapon.

Captions identify the area as:

“Miyako, Japan”

(390 miles from Tokyo)

JAPANESE FATHER

Iku, sono! (Go, son!)

The boy walks forward, meeting his
sparring partner, the same age as himself.

The boy stops and bows his head.

His father watches, both arms folded,
with the cold stare of a man who is very
difficult to satisfy.

The sparring begins. Both young boys
jab their wooden staffs outward, clashing
and striking them together.

BOY 1

Haaa! Ho!

BOY 2

Hua! Yah!

The father continues to watch, still
looking angry, analyzing the details

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of their performance.

The sparring continues. The boy is weak. Slow. His enemy is fast. Full of energy. His stamina lasts long enough to carry him through the fight.

BOY 1
Yyy-AHHH!

He strikes his foe repeatedly, but does not correctly take him on.

Clang! Clang! Clang! His enemy strikes his weapon, until the boy drops his staff entirely.

JAPANESE FATHER
Jūbun'na! (Enough!)

Both young boys look at the older man.

The dragon-like gaze of a man whose facial hair is starting to turn gray looks back at them, mad.

The sparring partner walks away.

The father motions for the boy to come over.

As the boy approaches him, his father slaps him.

The boy looks at his Dad again, a tear rolling down one face.

FATHER
Mada anata wa, musuko ga watashi o shitsubō.
(Still, you disappoint me, son.)
Mada anata wa, jiko bōei no hōhō o manabu koto ga dekinai.
(Still you fail to learn the ways of self-defense.)

The boy lowers his head sadly.

BOY

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Hai, Chichi. (Yes, Father.)

He looks up again.

BOY

*Watashi wa watashi ga yūri ni naru-
darou jikai o o yakusoku shimasu.*

(I promise I will do better next time.)

JAPANESE FATHER

*Hō ga yoi to omoimasu! Jikai wa, watashi
wa anata ga kare no buki no hito o busō
kaijo mitai to omotte, sonogo chōkuhōrudo de
kare o kyatchi shimasu.*

(You'd better! Next time, I want to see
you disarm the man of his weapon, then
catch him in a chokehold.)

The boy bows his head again.

BOY

Watashi wa yakusoku shi, jikai ga yoideshou.

(Next time, I promise, will be better.)

His father, still cold, turns away.

The boy looks out into the Japanese woods.

NARRATOR

When I was a boy, I was beaten if I did not
do good enough at martial arts. This taught
me to better shape myself over time. This was
what helped me grow from being weak and
fragile to becoming the martial arts master I am
now. My childhood in Japan was what inspired
me to craft my martial arts competition . . .

Tatakai.

FADE TO: BLACK.

Then, we FADE TO the TITLE SHOT:

TATAKAI:
THE FIGHTING GAME

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After about five seconds, we begin to hear the sound of thousands of people clapping, cheering, and whistling.

FADE TO:

INT. OUTDOOR FOOTBALL FIELD - EVENING

Four men form a tight, close huddle, three wearing black-and-white vertically striped shirts, one wearing all white.

Finally, at the end of their talk, all four men walk off in four separate directions.

Across the football field, many men are walking around, but nobody is in the middle of a play yet. Half the men are wearing dark blue shirts and white pants - the attire of the Virginia Cavaliers team - while the other half wears the white shirts and green pants of the Oregon Ducks team.

Although everyone is walking around freely for a moment, everybody quickly gets into position.

ANNOUNCER 1

I tell you, there is no greater sport than football. Or “kickball”, as they say in the U.K.

ANNOUNCER 2

Yeah, football is generally a great game, and today, we’re gonna see whether MY Virginia Cavaliers will win, or if the Oregon Ducks will walk home the winners instead.

CLOSE ON one football player in particular, Ruth Stevens.

As the game begins, all the men run into action at once. Ruth runs into play.

CUT TO a farther away aerial angle of the football stadium as the game goes on.

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ANNOUNCER 1

And we have kickoff! The last game of the season begins!

CUT TO the audience, standing up, roaring, applauding.
We FLOAT THROUGH the many rows of seated people.

Out in the football field, through the silhouettes of chanting fans,
the football field can be seen. Both teams of men continue to
run quickly to win the game.

RUTH'S NARRATION

This is what you see on TV: the glory. The action.
The kickoff. The game.

CLOSE ON the two announcers, hours later.

ANNOUNCER 1

And it looks like the game is over, won,
officially, by the Oregon Ducks.

ANNOUNCER 2

It was a wild, unpredictable ride the whole way through.
But it looks like this game is over in favor of the Ducks.

CLOSE ON Ruth, walking away, in shame:
part of the losing team.

RUTH'S NARRATION

There's a couple things they don't show you on TV.
How fucking hard everything actually is. How much of
a beating you actually take - fighting for what you
believe in, fighting for your own personal passion.
They don't show you on TV what it's like to lose the game.

CUT TO the camera's view of some close-up shots
of the Virginia Cavaliers.

RUTH'S NARRATION

It used to be my best possible dream to see myself
on TV, winning a football game. Now I see the truth.
It's actually my worst possible nightmare to see
myself on TV as the loser. They get close-ups of
the losers. That's the worst thing they could ever
possibly do to us. The coach yelled at us a long time,

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but it was supposed to be worth it. Now . . .
now it's nothing.

LATER - the coach is yelling at his group.

COACH

This ain't what we're here for!
We ain't here to lose! We ain't
here to lose games! This is
UNACCEPTABLE! COMPLETELY
UNACCEPTABLE!

Ruth walks away in shame.

INT. VIRGINIA STREETS - NIGHT

Ruth drives around, alone.

INT. RUTH'S CAR - FRONT SEAT

RUTH'S NARRATION

They don't show you on TV what the rest of the day
is like. Going home the loser. Going to bed the loser.

He drives on, horribly depressed.

INT. BAR - LATER

Ruth sets a glass mug on the counter.

RUTH

Toast!

The bartender raises his mug to Ruth.

Ruth starts to drink his beer.

Two people slowly approach,
one guy and one girl.

BAR GIRL 1

Excuse me?

RUTH

Y-yeah?

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BAR GIRL 1

Are you that . . . football guy?

BAR GUY 1

Yeah. Are you that Cavalier?

Ruth gets angry.

RUTH

What do you WANT??

BAR GUY 1

What?

RUTH

What do you WANT, huh?
All right. SO I FUCKING LOST
THE GAME!

BAR GIRL 1

What??

BAR GUY 1

Wh . . . I . . .

RUTH

ISN'T THAT WHAT YOU'RE HERE TO SAY?!

BAR GUY 1

N . . . no! I . . . I was just . . . ASKING if
you were the football player . . . that's all.
Jeez. Don't be so . . . on-edge. At least
you got to go out there in uniform and be on TV.

A moment of silence, after which
the guy and girl leave.

RUTH

Hmm.

EXT. BAR - LATER

A bit drunk, Ruth staggers outside the bar.

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There, he meets a Japanese man wearing a black
and white suit and red tie.

FUSHI
Excuse me.

RUTH
Wha . . . ?

FUSHI
Excuse me. Are you . . . Ruth Stevens?

RUTH
. . . Yeah, what's up?
How did you know my name?

FUSHI
You *are* a famous football player.

RUTH
. . . Oh, yeah.

FUSHI
Earlier tonight, you played well in your game.

RUTH
Did you FOLLOW me here?

FUSHI
Ruth . . . don't worry that you lost.
Because you can win a much bigger
game. Tatakai.

RUTH
Ta-ta-kah-wha? Hawaii?

FUSHI
Tatakai. Martial arts, self-defense, competition.

RUTH
Whoa. Whoa. You got the wrong guy.
I play football, pal. Not karate.
. . . Well, good night.

Ruth walks away.

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He starts to whistle as he leaves Fushi.

Soon, Fushi has caught up with him.

FUSHI

Ruth . . . wait.

RUTH

JEEZ you move fast! What ARE you?

FUSHI

I really think you would think differently
if you learned more about Tatakai.

RUTH

You got a brochure? A pamphlet?
A web-site, what? . . . Maybe a mobile app?

FUSHI

Tatakai is a competition coming directly from Japan.
It was fought in the outdoor wilderness and hillsides.
Here, in the United States, Tatakai will be held in the
Tatakai Stadium.

RUTH

I . . . don't understand. I . . . just lost the game.

FUSHI

Many people lose the game, when the
TEAM has lost. But you are not a TEAM.
You are an individual.

RUTH

. . . I still lost.

FUSHI

You may have lost this game. But I am
not looking for a team. I am looking for skilled
individuals. Please consider invitation to Tatakai.

RUTH

Yeah. All right. I'll consider it.

Fushi smiles, and bows his head.

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FUSHI
Thank you.

Ruth, not smiling, bows his head back.

RUTH
When is this, again?

FUSHI
14 days.

RUTH
Well, okay, that gives me plenty of time to prepare.

FUSHI
Oh, one more thing. If you are drunk . . .
don't drive home. Call a cab.

RUTH
I don't know. Cabs are expensive. They cost too much.

FUSHI
It's life and death on the line.

Fushi walks away, and is gone by the time
Ruth looks back toward him. He looks toward
his car again.

He looks down at the keys in his hand.

RUTH'S THOUGHTS
Fuck. He's right. Possession of keys alone
is all it takes for a D.U.I. charge.

SOON - a yellow taxi cab comes to pick him up.

RUTH
Hello. I'm the guy.

Ruth climbs inside the cab.

INT. TAXI CAB - BACKSEAT - SOON

Ruth, with great struggle, gets his seat buckled.

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RUTH'S THOUGHTS

I made sure not to drive drunk. Yeah, whatever.
I would not have crashed. I know it.

As they drive, we hear a loud screeching sound.
Cars are swerving back and forth.

OTHER DRIVERS

Moron!
Fuck's wrong with you!

RUTH'S THOUGHTS

Jesus Christ. I would have been caught in that.

He struggles to see the near-accident that they
just drove through.

RUTH'S THOUGHTS

Was that Japanese guy psychic or something?
Taking the cab home . . . I would have died if I
had driven home like that.

EXT. RUTH'S HOUSE - SOON

RUTH

All right, thank you!

The cab driver takes off.

INT. RUTH'S HOUSE - SOON

RUTH'S THOUGHTS

Some football player. God. I'm such a loser.
Why don't I just hang myself. I mean, every
football career is meant to last less than five
years anyway. Here I am, trying to enjoy my
time while I've got it . . . but . . . I sense it's
already all over. I just . . . I just don't know.

INT. RUTH'S HOME - LATER

He eats spaghetti and meatballs with tomato
sauce, twirling the pasta around on a fork.

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He looks at his paper invitation again,
which now gets a little tomato sauce on it.

Eyeing it again, he thinks its words over.

Tatakai

NARRATION

How stupid was I? Of course I should go.
When it comes to these maybe, maybe-not
questions - should I go, should I not go -
most of the time, I should go. I had my
first football game at some point. I'll have
my first . . . foray into this . . . Tatakai thing.

He sits and ponders it all some more.

NARRATION

Why would the guy pick me? I lost the football game.
I sucked! But he believed in me, as an individual, even
if the team has lost. Like there's something beyond the
loser whose team lost. God . . .

His eyes dart over the paper.

NARRATION

14 more days, huh? I should do this.
I'm actually glad now I didn't drive
home when I thought I could've.
I'd be in jail right now.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

We PULL BACK from a white light bulb, and
PAN RIGHT to drift through a small crowd of
police officers, seated, facing the wall, receiving
their orders from O'Neill.

O'NEILL

ALL RIGHT, listen up, you lazy sons of bitches!
The end of the month is approaching.
. . . This is not just any other "end of the month"
approaching. This, especially, is important.
The biggest month of the year so far.

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DETECTIVE 1

Let's not state that large.

O'NEILL

We need to. The three biggest problems of all that we face are soon going to be at the same place at the same time.

DETECTIVE 1

What do you mean?

O'Neill shows his staff a slideshow presentation outlining various drugs at once.

O'NEILL

Number one, narcotics. We need to stop marijuana, which, we are told, is as deadly as seven cigarettes *in a single joint*. If we are to stop people from dying on the street, this is where. But this has been a "thing" for a while already . . . graver concerns include edibles with high-THC content, benzodiazepines, opiates, flocka - most of which are just resales from legal marketplaces. See, the worst thing people can do is Snooze.

OFFICER 1

Oh, yeah. I know what you mean.

OFFICER 2

Snooze is the worst one out of *all* of them??

O'NEILL

Correct, the deadliest of all the ones mentioned.

OFFICER 1

What? I'm sorry, what do you mean?

O'NEILL

Snooze. As bad as the drug scene looked ten years ago, Snooze makes the worst things out there back then look pretty mild.

OFFICER 1

I've . . . never heard of it.

O'NEILL

It's very new.

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The slideshow presentation changes to a slide of a narcotics agent holding Snooze.

O'NEILL

It's called Snooze: made primarily with all natural South American leaves, baking soda, and a couple other varying ingredients. It's called Snooze because taking too much at once knocks you right out. People tend to die on this stuff. Very cheap and easy to make, it produces a short-lived high, and is immediately addictive, to people who are inclined to become addicted. Worst-case, long-term effects: body decay, comparable to the effects of crystal methamphetamines, only about twice as fast. Given that this is a very new drug, we hope to be able to stop and contain the spread quickly.

OFFICER 1

Except . . .

O'NEILL

Except Angel Caro is just too fucking slippery.

OFFICER 2

Don't even mention his name.

OFFICER 1

I hate him *so much*.

O'NEILL

Number two: costumed vigilantes. They "fight crime" - which is OUR job - and idolize dangerous, illegal behavior. There's plenty of these freaks running rampant . . . but right here, locally, in Virginia, lives the Jaguar.

The slideshow presentation shows a vigilante dressed in a black-and-blue costume and mask.

O'NEILL

The Jaguar is getting involved in our war against Snooze. We are now afraid that he is going to attempt to kill gang members. We want these gang members alive, and in our custody. We want to stop Snooze - but we want it done by the books. By us. As for the Jaguar, he too should be in our custody.

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OFFICER 2

Uhhh, it's HER, sir . . . Jaguar's a her.

O'NEILL

Whatever. Number three, costumed criminal Kodiak, apparently, has been taking advantage of our preoccupation on Snooze, and decided to steal a statue from a museum two days ago, and still he has not been caught. Apparently, low-security nights at museums are exactly what people wait for.

OFFICER 3

So, Kodiak is worse than Jaguar.

OFFICER 2

Oh, Kodiak is her ex-husband.

OFFICER 3

Really!

OFFICER 2

Really.

OFFICER 3

They were married . . .

OFFICER 2

. . . *while* he was a career criminal.

OFFICER 3

Okay.

OFFICER 2

They sometimes still meet up for hanky-panky.

OFFICER 3

I mean . . . their sex life is their own business . . .

OFFICER 2

He's a career criminal, and they sometimes meet up.

OFFICER 3

. . . Right. Okay. It's worth our concern.

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O'NEILL

Now. How do we plan on capturing Jaguar and Kodiak? By figuring out their real names.

Their real identities. This would allow us to obtain arrest warrants, and knock on their doors to make our arrests. Which is exactly the job of a detective: to unmask Jaguar and Kodiak without unmasking them - figure out their identities.

DETECTIVE

They're both slippery. All these motherfuckers are slippery.

O'NEILL

If you've found one, you've found both.
Marriage . . . hanky-panky . . . the identity
of one leads to the identity of both.

DETECTIVE

(remembering that it's true) That's right.

O'NEILL

Boy! That's an awful lot of shit on our plate!
Narcotics, vigilantes, and costumed criminals.
You lazy bastards have been lounging around too
long anyway! Need to put you zombies to work!

OFFICER 3

Who you calling a zombie??

O'NEILL

Now, this you should know. Connecting all
these threads together . . . is the Tatakai tournament.

The slideshow presentation gets to the name of
the competition.

戦い 格闘ゲーム

Tatakai: Kakutō Gēmu

Tatakai: the Fighting Game

OFFICER 2

Tatta-what??

O'NEILL

Tatakai.

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OFFICER 2

Ohhh-kay?

O'NEILL

That's Japanese for "fight".

DETECTIVE

What is this? An anime?

O'NEILL

Tatakai is a Japanese martial arts competition, apparently coming from Japan to the United States for the first time ever. So they SAY. But is it really about Japanese martial arts? Or is this just another typical cover story to cover up their drug operations?

Many people in the room begin to murmur amongst each other at once.

DETECTIVE

That's a bit speculative . . .

OFFICER 1

Based on what, sir?

O'NEILL

Based on what the FBI tells us - that's what. They say that Columbian druglord Angel Caro - the son of a bitch that first cooked up Snooze in the first place - is going to be at the Tatakai tournament. Furthermore, the FBI tells us that, according to MORE than one recorded phone call, both Jaguar and Kodiak are going to be at the Tatakai tournament as well. That's three of our targets going at once to the same place, at the same time - and so this simple martial arts contest has our attention.

DETECTIVE VINCENT GADDS

Where is this Tatta . . . thing?

OFFICER 1

Yeah, we gonna have to fly to Tokyo for this?

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O'NEILL

Tatakai, although *coming from* Japan, is being held right here in Alexandria, Virginia, otherwise we'd be contacting departments from other states. It's all gonna take place inside the Tatakai Stadium.

The slideshow presentation shows the men the enormous black building that is the Stadium.

O'NEILL

This building was built in 1985. But it's come under new ownership within the past 10 years. It's been redesigned - terraformed, if you will - to become a stadium for the tournament.

OFFICER 1

How does he make a profit?

O'NEILL

And that's the question. Clearly Snooze must be getting sold at the tournament. Angel Caro is going to be there. Jaguar will be there. And Kodiak will be there. Otherwise, nobody of interest to us.

OFFICER 1

Who's being sent inside? S.W.A.T.?

O'NEILL

Are you fucking stupid? Why would we send S.W.A.T.?
Were you dropped on the head as a baby?

OFFICER 1

You don't have to talk like that, you know!

O'NEILL

Jason: shut up. Anyway: to answer the question, the agency that's going after the Tatakai tournament will be the Drug Enforcement Agency, the D.E.A. After they raid the place, and arrest people for distributing Snooze, we will also have taken down both Jaguar and Kodiak with one stone.

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DETECTIVE VINCENT GADDS

Sir . . . if I may . . . is there enough proof
yet to warrant a D.E.A. raid?

O'NEILL

Maybe not. That's why *you're* going there -
to investigate the building, and find out what
goes on inside. Once evidence is gathered -
solid evidence - we go to D.E.A.

DETECTIVE VINCENT GADDS

Understood. What is it exactly - undercover
sting, purchase of Snooze?

O'NEILL

Yes. Your job is you're the "customer"
trying to buy drugs. See if he'll sell to you.
If so, boom. It's not that hard.

DETECTIVE VINCENT GADDS

This is just the same old stuff that's gone on
for decades. It'll be a cinch.

DETECTIVE 2

"I'll have it done before lunch."

O'NEILL

So get to work.

INT. CITY STREETS - LATER

Detective Gadds is driving around the city.

INT. DETECTIVE VINCENT GADDS' CAR - FRONT SEAT

From the viewpoint of his steering wheel,
we watch as he drives anxiously.

NARRATION

I've been a police detective for 15 years.
Not just some private investigator -
a police detective, going after crime. Now I'm going
after a martial arts competition; that's a new one.
I don't much understand the connection between a
karate competition and drugs . . . why the interest

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in martial arts for a drug dealer. But the cost of real estate, especially on a building that size, would certainly put pressure on Fushi Chokei to make some money off the building. If he is to stay afloat, perhaps he *has* resorted to selling drugs to make his money. Let's just see.

INT. ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA - NEAR THE TATAKAI STADIUM

We FOLLOW GADDS' CAR as it drives on.

Then we FLY AHEAD down the road, to finally settle upon a giant black building.

The Tatakai Stadium, in Alexandria, Virginia. Right now, early in the morning, the time has not yet arrived for the fighting and action.

Looking at the building, starting at the ground level, we slowly RAISE UPWARD to finally see the roof, whose borders and corners are decorated to look like a 12th-century Japanese castle.

Standing over 30 stories tall, this enormous black building is quite a sight.

We LOOK DOWN at the ground level, as Gadds approaches the building on foot, looking up at the sky.

We slowly COME CLOSER to the ground, and finally settle upon a grounded angle. Gadds attempts to open the door, only to find that it's locked.

He doesn't move, for a second. Then he whispers curse words. He thrashes and pulls on the door for a moment. Then, finally, he knocks on the glass angrily.

INT. TATAKAI STADIUM - FRONT LOBBY

(Somehow a new scene in which a sting operation is attempted but he doesn't appear interested in buying drugs.)

UNDERCOVER GADDS

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Hey, man. I just got some weed, but I'm uhhh . . .
I'm looking for something else. You feel me?

FUSHI

Get the Hell away from this building.

Fushi closes the door.

Vincent remains silent, surprised.

VINCENT GADDS

That didn't go so great.

He walks away.

VINCENT GADDS'S THOUGHTS

Damn it. Either he suspected I was an undercover,
and just won't sell drugs to me . . . or yeah, that has
to be it. What else *is* there?
What else could it *be*? It just wouldn't make much sense.

INT. POLICE STATION

O'NEILL

So he wouldn't sell drugs to you.

VINCENT GADDS

Correct, I couldn't seem to buy drugs from him.

O'NEILL

Then, I suppose that approach isn't working.
Then we'll just have to gather enough evidence
about Snooze in that building to knock on the
front door with a search warrant.

VINCENT GADDS

Proof of Snooze in that building.

O'NEILL

Proof that *someone's* buying from him. We'll figure it out.

INT. TATAKAI STADIUM

From inside the building, we look outward at the
distorted sight of Vincent banging on the glass.

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VINCENT GADDS

Police, open up.

From the back, we see Fushi Choeki approach the door to open it.

EXT. TATAKAI STADIUM - FRONT DOOR

FUSHI CHOKEI

Can I help you, officer?

GADDS

I'm here to speak about Angel Caro.

FUSHI CHOKEI

Question. Do you have a search warrant?

GADDS

Yes I do.

FUSHI CHOKEI

Very well. I have nothing to hide; please, step inside this building, and make yourself feel at home.

GADDS

Might I ask what Tatakai is?

FUSHI CHOKEI

The reason you are here.

GADDS

What?

Gadds follows Fushi inside.

INT. TATAKAI STADIUM - SOON

Detective Gadds and Fushi Choeki walk slowly through the inside of the building, which is decorated much like a Japanese restaurant. Calming Japanese music plays from overhead.

FUSHI

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My name is Fushi Chokey - and I have owned
this building for ten years.

GADDS

Fushi Chokey? I take it you're from Japan?

FUSHI

Correct - from Miyaki, Japan.

GADDS

Hmm. Anywhere near Tokyo?

FUSHI

A good 400 miles from there.
My father always hated the big city.
Always saw it as . . . I don't know.
A distraction from the real world.

GADDS

Hmm. And what do you see it as?

FUSHI

Virginia is nice and peaceful.

GADDS

Yeah, it sure is. However, now Snooze
is spreading its way around. And not just
in obvious places, like south Florida.
Here . . . West Virginia . . . Baltimore, Maryland . . .
evil is infecting the good towns.

FUSHI

It is a shame what people choose to do with
what gifts they have. Drug dealers . . . I can
never understand them.

GADDS

Mmmmmmm-hmmmmmmmmmm.
So, wait. You own this building?

FUSHI

Correct. For 10 years, now, I have owned this building.

GADDS

Okay. Now. The real estate. I'm guessing

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it costs a lot of money.

FUSHI
Correct.

GADDS
How do you . . . you know. Raise money?

FUSHI
Restaurant.

GADDS
Restaurant?

Fushi points with one finger.

On the far wall, a red arrow points to the left.

Turning his head to look, Vincent sees that
the arrow points to a door in the hallway.
The door has a red X on it.

Fushi opens the door for Vincent, who steps
through. He enters the restaurant area, and
Fushi walks beside him.

FUSHI
Here you will find the restaurant.

GADDS
Oh my God. So. This is how you
make your money.

FUSHI
Correct. You have to make money somehow.
Otherwise I lose money by owning this building.
But I don't know how to run a restaurant.
I leave that to the experts. I hire them as
tenants in this building.

GADDS
Any major issues come up?

FUSHI
Well . . . there have been some, but that is

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the fault of the food warehouses, actually.
You would be shocked if you only had any
idea what food warehouses are allowed to get
away with. Their tenants, not so much.
My tenants.

GADDS

So, there have been some issues, financially.

FUSHI

Of course.

Gadds can't speak for a second, unsure
between the idea that Fushi is a drug dealer
and the idea that he is not.

GADDS

Hmm. Wow. Okay. So, I guess it's
not all some big drug-house, as I was
thinking it would be. I'll need to search
for other possibilities.

FUSHI

Like what?

GADDS

A few things. Ummm . . . do you care to explain Tatakai?

FUSHI

Tatakai. Martial arts competition.

GADDS

Yeah - I was wondering what all the *other*
floors in this building were being used for . . .

FUSHI

Martial arts. The point of martial arts is self-defense.
In case one ever comes under attack from an attacker,
one must know how to defend oneself.

GADDS

So, people come here, and everyone's defending themselves.
From each other.

FUSHI

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(sigh) I need a minute to explain it better.
You see . . . you see . . . the point of martial arts
Is for people to defend themselves. Everyone should
Know self-defense. But so few people do. So very few.

GADDS

Well, I was taught police training. I'm specially
Trained in taking someone down; including the
Pressure points.

FUSHI

Did you know that in Japan we had them long ago?

GADDS

. . . Pressure points?

FUSHI

Oh, they're the same ones. Same as the Chinese
called meridians; same as the Hindus called the nadi;
pressure points. Okay, you get the idea of martial arts.

GADDS

I . . . didn't so much think of it like that, but I suppose.

FUSHI

You see, I have been a martial arts instructor for 20 years now.

GADDS

Is that so? 20 years?

They now leave the restaurant area, and resume
the walk through the hallway.

FUSHI

But I just can't seem to get people in this country
so interested. In Japan, self-defense is a well-known
concept. Here people see it as people selling some-
thing they hold little interest in themselves.

Now Vincent begins to walk in the direction
of the red arrow on the far wall.

FUSHI

10 years in Japan. 10 years in America.
Now I intend on hosting the Tatakai

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tournament here.

GADDS

And when, exactly, are you intending on doing this?

FUSHI

Tatakai will happen in 10 days. Senshi! No!!

An enormous green komodo dragon appears from the corner ahead. It begins to walk toward Vincent.

VINCENT GADDS

What . . . on Earth is that?

FUSHI

Her name is Senshi. *Senshi! Teishi! (Stop!)*

GADDS

Is that a . . . dragon?

FUSHI

Komodo dragon.

GADDS

What does Senshi mean?

FUSHI

It means “warrior”.

GADDS

You have komodo dragons running around this close to the restaurant area?

FUSHI

She thinks you are trying to attack me.
Senshi, *Teishi! Teishi! (Stop! Stop!)*

Senshi backs off.

VINCENT GADDS

There are still some other questions to be asked. Namely about your intent to distribute the narcotic Snooze - as well as your cooperation with the Jaguar, *and* with Kodiak, to be involved in this Tatakai

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tournament. However, now . . . now I think I've got a lot of good info for a starting point of understanding.

INT. CITY STREETS - SOON

Gadds drives on.

NARRATION

God, does this case get more and more complicated the more I try to untangle it. First it was martial arts. First it was that being used as a cover story to hide other crimes. But this guy CAN'T be out to peddle Snooze if he's been a martial arts instructor for 10 years here, and 10 years there. Snooze is so new. And he does have a restaurant around, to raise money. So, I don't know now . . . and I really found no way to PROVE Jaguar's involvement, or Kodiak's, yet. It's still all just speculation - I knew it would be. (*groan*) . . . well . . . I'm gonna track down all these obstacles . . . God, that komodo dragon was so weird!

INT. CITY STREETS - LATER - EVENING

The Sun is lower in the sky now.
Detective Gadds is still driving around.

NARRATION

The whole point is to stop the spread of Snooze. Somehow or another, the drugs are going to be transported to here. The spread of it has to stop.

His car pulls up to a parking space,
outside a bar.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Thwok! Gadds' wooden pool cue strikes the white ball, sending it across the pool table.

Pool balls collide, rolling around everywhere.

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GADDS

I'm fucking tired of this Angel Caro!
He's *always* slipping away!!

DETECTIVE 2

Don't worry about it. You know it's only
a matter of time -

GADDS

No, bullshit! He knows the entire fucking body of law.
He's always got the most expensive private attorney lined
up . . . this is bullshit! It's like he's trying to just get
away with this Snooze shit forever!

DETECTIVE 2

Stop it. You know he can't get away forever.

GADDS

No, it's fucking bullshit, every day that we *don't*
catch him is *God* knows how many people
collapsed dead over this "Snooze" shit, so he
can make his fortune! I mean . . . I mean a kid
can be arrested for possession of Snooze, or for selling
it . . . that's one thing . . . but the actual
guy . . . the Angel guy . . . he's just always slippery
and I don't fucking understand it!!

DETECTIVE 2

Who were his parents?

GADDS

They weren't criminals at all. They were good,
normal people! *He* was out of control since age
18 and just wouldn't listen to anyone or anything!
Now his own parents are telling us "Sorry, there
wasn't a lot we could do to stop him . . . he just
does what he wants" . . .

DETECTIVE 2

They sent him to juvie.
They had him arrested once as an adult.

GADDS

And beyond that even they just couldn't

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contain the little Hell-beast. I just . . .
I'm so fucking pissed about it all!

Armando rubs the end of his wooden pool cue
against the blue powder chalk.

ARMANDO

Just try not to think about it anymore for today.
Tomorrow's a fresh start.

Armando sits on the side of the pool table,
positioning the pool cue behind his back
and outward on his right side.

ARMANDO

Remember. Tournament rules, for pool:
announce the ball, announce the pocket.
4-ball in the right pocket.

Armando strikes the white ball, to quickly sink a
stripe into the right pocket.

ARMANDO

Thus I get another turn. Watch. 6 in the side pocket.

He strikes again. The white ball rolls quickly,
and indeed strikes some pool balls, but the 6-
ball is not sunken in.

ARMANDO

Dang it. Whatever. Your turn, Vince.

Vincent Gadds rubs his pool cue against chalk.

VINCE

And I'm solids, so . . .
Hmm. 9-ball in the right pocket.

He strikes the white ball again.

NARRATION

Drinking beer, throwing darts, playing pool.
Hopefully it'll lower the heat ever since this
Snooze shit got started.

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INT. BAR - BARSTOOL AREAS - SOON

He's back to drinking from a glass mug
at the counter. Looking up, he sees a
few big screen TVs play the same sight.

The boxing match. Two boxers fight in the ring.

VINCE

Hmm. Who's playing?

BARTENDER

Ronnie Mane.

VINCE

What? The new kid?

BARTENDER

Yeah - the new kid. He's been kicking a lot of ass.

VINCE

You're kidding.

BARTENDER

Going up against Harry "Mountain Lion" Saunders -

VINCE

What?? You're shitting me. Ronnie is
taking on the Mountain Lion Saunders??

BARTENDER

Bet you \$100 he wins, too.

VINCENT

Yeah, right. Okay. Let's check
this out. Let's see how it goes.

He pays his full attention to one of the TV
screens, and we slowly DRIFT CLOSER to it . . .

. . . until we are absorbed into the boxing ring itself.

INT. BOXING RING - JUST THEN

Boxer Ronnie Mane, 24 years old, is wiped out, exhausted.

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The crowd is just so loud. There's so many voices around him. His senses feel highly sensitive.

CROWD PEOPLE

Yeah, that's right! Whoop his ass!

No! Ronnie! Stop that! Get up!

Come on, Ronnie! Do this!

Get up there, Mane!

RONNIE

Ahhhh . . .

He steps forward again.

RONNIE

Come on, Mountain Lion! Bring it on!

He slams his red boxing glove into

Harry the Mountain Lion's jaw.

He slams his fist again.

Then he takes a beating in the chest and torso from his enemy. Harry is ruthless. He punches, with alternating hands, once, twice, three times, four. Ronnie can do nothing but take the beating.

RONNIE

Ahhhh!

MOUNTAIN LION

You little wuss! I knew I would win!

RONNIE

Rrrrgh AGH!

Ronnie steps forward and swings another punch, connecting with Harry's head.

RONNIE

There!

Ronnie punches him again in the torso, then the chest,

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quickly, faster than his enemy had been, side-stepping his foe swiftly to avoid him.

Harry swings a punch that hits Ronnie square in the eye.

He looks away. Dozens of people are whistling at the sight. People snap his photo.

RONNIE

No.

He steps forward and turns the fight against Harry again, beating him repeatedly.

The people are going nuts. A throbbing sound plays over the crowd.

BOXING NARRATOR 1

I cannot believe it!! I cannot believe it!!
The newcomer kid, who six years ago was still skipping high school, is taking on the Mountain Lion!! And he's . . . AND HE'S WINNING!!

NARRATOR 2

Is this staged?? Is this rigged?? Did he throw the fight? I suspect foul play here, Tom!

BOXING NARRATOR 1

Throwing the fight? Hold on, now - it's still anyone's game!

Ronnie channels everything in him into the fight. He pummels his foe again, and again, and again.

Finally, the Mountain Lion is down.

The referee approaches Harry.

REFEREE

You son of a bitch, don't die on me!
Get up! Get up! Okay. One . . .
two . . . come on, now . . . THREE!

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Ding ding ding! The match is over!

The crowd has never been louder!

The stadium is roaring with applause!

Ronnie stands, grinning enthusiastically,
both hands outstretched. Victory is his!

RONNIE

Victor! I am the Victor!

He approaches his fallen enemy.

Ronnie extends his hand, helping
his enemy back up to his feet.

Together, they both raise their hands
up in the air, as though they both
share equal glory.

EXT. BOXING STADIUM - NIGHT

Boxer Ronnie Mane walks away from
the building, to go find his car.

FUSHI

Excuse me.

Ronnie walks on, not minding him.

FUSHI

Young man! Excuse me!

Ronnie looks, and eyes Fushi.

RONNIE

Yeah? . . . What's up?

FUSHI

You are a boxer. Yes?

RONNIE

Yeah, I'm a boxer. Why, what's up?

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You want an autograph?

Fushi hands him a paper invitation.

RONNIE
What's this?

FUSHI
Tatakai. Fighting competition.
I invite only the best to Tatakai.

RONNIE
Tata-kai? Hmm . . . a tournament?
I - I don't know. I box.

FUSHI
You may box. You may enter the
tournament fighting in any style you wish.

RONNIE
Yeah? I could come in as a boxer?
. . . Yeah? Hmm. I-I'll look into it.

FUSHI
Please participate in Tatakai.
It will be held in eight more days.

RONNIE
Eight more days. Hmm. Let me talk to Mike first.

FUSHI
Thank you. Good night, Ronnie.

Ronnie feels shocked, for the first time,
at the sound of his own name.

Fushi Chokei walks away, and leaves.

Doctor Danielle Peterson is convinced to join.
Lawyer Allen Bosc is convinced to join.

FUSHI
It is called Tatakai.

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LAWYER ALLEN BOSC
Do you need legal representation?

FUSHI
It would be to go there to fight.

LAWYER ALLEN BOSC
Yeahhh, *fight!* What kind of
representation do you need here?

FUSHI
I simply need someone who will fight.

LAWYER ALLEN BOSC
(*extending a hand for a handshake*)
I am just the lawyer for the job.

FUSHI
Excellent. I will give you more information
on when and where Tatakai is going to be held.

Fushi walks away, and Allen gathers himself quickly
to hurry after him.

LAWYER ALLEN BOSC
Excellent! . . . Uhhh, you still haven't explained just
what *kind* of legal representation you need . . .

INT. TATAKAI STADIUM - FIGHTER'S CAGE

Standing up against the wall are all 10 fighters.

FUSHI'S VOICE
Contestants, prepare. Tatakai will soon begin.

We slowly PAN ACROSS from one
end of the line of humans to the next.

FUSHI'S VOICE
Tatakai will test your skill, your strength,
your coordination. It will test your ability
to fight each other, but it will also test your

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ability to work together, as a team.

JESSICA MOORE

This man cannot be serious.

Again, we hear Fushi's voice, while
PANNING ACROSS from one end
of the human line to the other.

FUSHI'S VOICE

All 10 of you are here for a reason.
You are all here because you are
uniquely qualified for Tatakai.

DETECTIVE VINCENT GADDS

Uniquely qualified? I'm a detective!
I'm not here to fight people!

DOCTOR DANIELLE PETERSON

At least you're specifically trained for taking people down.
I'm a doctor. I'm here to treat injuries - not cause them!

LAWYER ALLEN BOSC

I'm sorry, am I not here because Mr. Chokey
is seeking legal representation? Did he say
we're all here to *fight*? This can't actually be
serious. We are not cavemen!

WARDEN EDWARD KANE

Yeah. I'm the warden of a jail -
not some lab rat! I should be having
him in a cage!

FBI AGENT JESSICA MOORE

So *this* is what Tatakai really is! This doesn't
fit any single profile we know of!

FOOTBALL PLAYER RUTH STEVENS

So it's all just a big sporting event, huh?
A fighting sport, with tournament rules.

BOXER RONNIE MANE

(*getting pumped up with his boxing gloves*)
Come on! Let's start the matches, then!
Heavyweight champ right here!

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DRUGLORD ANGEL CARO

Says you! I'm gonna rise to the top, baby!

JAGUAR

We'll see about that, scumbag!

KODIAK

Says you; I'm already *at* the top.

FUSHI'S VOICE

Fighters: proceed to the next room.

A wall slowly slides up toward the ceiling.

Now all 10 players are free to walk ahead, into a pitch-black room where nothing can be seen.

All 10 people are unsure of what to do next.

FUSHI'S VOICE

Walk!

Nervously, they all step forward.

INT. TATAKAI STADIUM - SECOND ROOM

All 10 people enter the room, which is completely blackened.

Lights turn on. White spotlights, hung from the ceiling, wildly flail around the room. Colored lights are blue, pink, red, and green. They illuminate the black bars that make up the walls of these rooms.

EDWARD KANE

God, look at this! He's got us behind bars!
This Fushi Chokei's gonna be the next one
in my jail!

FUSHI'S VOICE

Edward Kane.

Edward looks around, puzzled.

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FUSHI'S VOICE

You will fight Angel Caro.

Angel hits his fists together.

ANGEL CARO

Bring it on, old man.

EDWARD KANE

Seriously?

VINCENT GADDS

Hey. Edward.

Kane looks at Vincent.

VINCENT GADDS

Remember. You got this! You're not the only one going after Snooze. Put in some extra fight. Stop this son of a bitch.

EDWARD KANE

You got it.

FUSHI'S VOICE

Everyone remain in this room.
The two fighters who are to fight,
proceed to the next room.

Another wall slowly begins to slide up
toward the ceiling.

FUSHI'S VOICE

Tatakai will now begin.

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Detective Vincent Gadds.
Doctor Danielle Peterson.
Lawyer Allen Bosc.
Warden Edward Kane.
FBI agent Jessica Moore.
Football player Ruth Stevens.
Boxer Ronnie Mane.
Druglord Angel Caro.
Crime-fighting female vigilante, Jaguar.
Costumed criminal Kodiak.

Three enormous cages stand side-by-side. Two are filled with the audience. The one in the middle has the two fighters battling each other. The people in the audience are hungry for action. Fushi sells bottled water to the people in the audience, and he plans on making money off the water, enough money to compensate for the cost of the tournament. In the audience cages, people grab the vertical bars and shake them, demanding more violence.

Detective Vincent Gadds now realizes that his investigation into Tatakai has turned into full-blown involvement. But he refuses to be a part of this. Warden Edward Kane challenges druglord Angel Caro to Tatakai. Now he shall stop the movement of Snooze himself, Kane says. Detective Gadds watches as the warden and criminal settle their differences in a Tatakai fight inside the Stadium. But Angel wins the fight, beating Edward Kane. Defeated, Kane remains on the sidelines. Angel, arrogant about his victory, remarks that his plan to peddle Snooze will never be stopped. Detective Gadds is saddened to see the victory of the bad guy.

However, his arrogance is his downfall: now that he has admitted to his own involvement with Snooze, Detective Gadds arrests him, having brought handcuffs. He reminds Fushi Chokei that a detective can make arrests. For right now, he can nail him on charges of conspiracy to peddle an addictive drug, and most likely possession. It may not yet be a recognized illegal chemical, but he can still be arrested. Chokei arrives to tell Vincent Gadds to stop. But he won't. The arrest is happening, he insists. But he cannot leave the Stadium until Tatakai is over. Gadds tries to escort Angel out of the stadium. But Fushi stops him, and says that if he wants to settle his differences with Angel, it will be in the fight - later. For now, Detective Gadds keeps Angel in handcuffs. Angel complains that he won his fight with Kane. Gadds tells him to shut up.

Doctor Danielle Peterson is set to fight FBI agent Jessica Moore. Moore was here because the Tatakai Stadium was supposed to be the place to find Angel Caro, who now seems to have defeated a warden. But now Moore is fighting a doctor instead. The two fight, and Jessica wins. The doctor remains on the sidelines.

Football player Ruth Stevens fights boxer Ronnie Mane. Ronnie wins.

Detective Vincent Gadds takes on Kodiak, the costumed criminal whose costume looks like a bear. Kodiak wins the fight.

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The lawyer, Allen Bosc, fights Jaguar, the female crime-fighting vigilante. He explains that he is only just now coming to the understanding that he is here to fight physically, and not in the courtroom. Indeed, her career as a vigilante is against the law, and she must be brought to trial, he says. As she fights him, he will not fight her back, and he loses the match, and Jaguar wins.

AUDIENCE MEMBERS

Kill hiiiiim!
Kill him, Jaguar!
Do it!

JAGUAR

Uhhh, no. I don't believe in killing.

ALLEN BOSC

Yeah, what the Hell? "Kill him"? Seriously?

In a tournament of 10 people, detective Vincent Gadds, doctor Danielle Peterson, lawyer Allen Bosc, warden Edward Kane, and football player Ruth Stevens have all been disqualified. Ruth feels sad about losing the game; then begins to consider all of what is at stake. Edward is furious that Angel will get away with it. But Vincent reminds Kane that he's not the only one going after Angel. Vincent is still tracking Angel down. Though he may officially be disqualified, his work is not yet done. Doctor Danielle Peterson and lawyer Allen Bosc, two losers of fights, meet and fall in love.

Still in the game are FBI agent Jessica Moore, boxer Ronnie Mane, costumed crime-fighter Jaguar, costumed criminal Kodiak, and druglord Angel Caro. Angel and Kodiak form an alliance.

KODIAK

Listen, Angel Caro.

ANGEL CARO

(with one finger in each ear)
I'm not listening, I'm not listening.

KODIAK

HEY. Listen. I don't like you much.
You're cocky, arrogant, you think you already know everything, you act like you'll never end up caught, you were disrespectful toward family, and worst of all, you don't seem to be capable of learning from your mistakes.
BUT! It's called *vested interest*. You and I both have *vested interest* - you understand that word?

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ANGEL CARO

Uhhh, yeah. It means we both don't wanna be arrested.
You don't wanna go down, I don't wanna go down, so we
both have *vested interest* in both of us surviving.

KODIAK

Wrong on everything except maybe the last few words.
We have vested interest in both of us surviving.
Alone, we have a little chance.
If we were together, the whole world couldn't stop us!

ANGEL

What? Bro -

KODIAK

No, wait. That's not how I meant to say it. Fuck. Hold on.
If we teamed up, as a team of two, we would both have
vested interest in both of our survival.

ANGEL

I don't need no two-person cooperation to survive.
I'm good, bro. You do you, I do me.

KODIAK

Look, Angel. What I meant was this.
Okay. If you win, awesome! You spread Snooze
everywhere, you make your fortune, you carve
out your little *piece* out there.
But if you lose and I win, then what?

ANGEL

Then, I don't know. Then I go home and go jack off.

KODIAK

Okay, kid . . . all right. Look. But if *I* win,
I want to spread Snooze.

ANGEL

(*confronting him*) No you fucking don't.

KODIAK

Hey, hey. Give me one second to explain.

ANGEL

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Better make it impressive!

KODIAK

Angel - stop. If you win, wonderful.
Go and spread Snooze. But if you lose,
and I win, then I'm the winner, and as the
winner I spread Snooze, and keep
you as my second-in-command.
Either way, they, the law, loses.

ANGEL

Wait, what? I was about to say fuck no
to your whole deal until that last part.
Either way, they, the law, loses?

KODIAK

Correct. Again: if you win, awesome.
But if you lose, I sell Snooze and you're
my right-hand man. You still carve your
piece of the pie - but mine is more. Deal?

Angel shakes his hand.

ANGEL

Deal, brother! But it won't ever be necessary.
Cause I'm gonna win!

Together, they will take on the three people who remain in the game and on their trail, Jessica, Ronnie, and Jaguar.

The next challenge is going to be the Fire Round. The five survivors of the first round have made it here, to a place where they must walk across an arrangement of flame-throwers embedded into the ground, firing flames upward. There is one more rule about the Fire Round. Although five losers of fights have been disqualified, any that choose to try the Fire Round, and who survive, can find themselves back in the game, to challenge anybody of their choosing. Detective Vincent Gadds sees a way to get himself back in the game. The other five think that this cannot be serious. But, indeed, this is the Fire Round.

Here, the floor slowly moves, like a conveyer belt, to bring people closer to the flame-thrower traps. One must study their rhythm, and know when to run over them. Kodiak has problems, being the biggest person, and not having much ability to stop, drop, and roll until he has finished getting through the round. He removes himself from his bear costume, and puts out the fires wearing his regular clothes. Everyone else has survived the Fire Round.

Now they have all made it to the Kenjutsu round. Indeed, five men step forth from an opening door, all dressed for the Japanese martial arts form of Kenjutsu, including the face-covering masks. They all drop their wooden staffs, to fight the six survivors hand-to-hand. All six survivors take on the Kenjutsu warriors, only to find five more stepping forth, followed by another five, to make a total of fifteen of them. At last, they have all taken on the Kenjutsu warriors.

Everybody is thankful for being pushed along through this crazy tournament, which shows them what they can do. FBI agent Jessica Moore is ready for the next match. Next up, the 6 survivors will make it to the second round of matches. Still in the game are detective Vincent Gadds, FBI agent Jessica Moore, boxer Ronnie, druglord Angel, costumed Jaguar, and criminal Kodiak. Now they will all fight one another in the second round.

Jessica Moore takes on Ronnie. Vincent Gadds takes on Angel. Although Angel had previously beaten warden Edward Kane, there is no way he will get past Vincent. Ronnie seems to be beating Jessica Moore, but she attacks his groin and then imitates his boxing moves with her own fists. Now her own inner animal is truly coming out. This Tatakai tournament is such an unexpected thrill. Jessica Moore beats the boxer Ronnie. Vincent Gadds is taking quite a beating from Angel, who is determined to see his crime run rampant. One day, he will spread his drug through all of Mexico, the U.S.A., and Canada, like a virus across the entire continent. All the taunting only further motivates detective Vincent to fight him harder. Vincent wins, finally taking down Angel. However, Kodiak beats Jaguar, who becomes a disqualified loser.

Only Vincent, Jessica Moore, and Kodiak remain in the fight now. They are all near the end of the tournament. They have made it to the Yamato round. Warriors dressed as 8th century Japanese Yamato generals emerge from an opening door, to do battle with all three warriors. Jaguar, beaten, emerges to attempt to fight these Yamato warriors. All four fighters, Vincent, Jessica, Jaguar, and Kodiak, get overwhelmed. Finally, they all agree to work together, for right now - even with Kodiak. Together, all four turn the tables on the fight, quickly overwhelming the Yamato warriors. A second wave of Yamato men emerge, but they all get overwhelmed by the teamwork of the four.

After stopping the Yamato warriors, and encountering the Swinging Spikes, each individual is free to take on the final challenge, Fushi Chokey himself. He unleashes his true martial arts mastery, stopping Kodiak himself. Next, he takes on Jaguar, and stops when he thinks she's down. Then he takes on Jessica Moore, and, again, stops when he thinks she is down. Finally, he takes on detective Vincent Gadds, who loses the fight, but is not killed.

Fushi Chokey is the winner of the tournament. He is the strongest and most highly skilled martial artist of them all. That may be - but the other 10 people who have come to Tatakai have learned more than they could have ever imagined they would from coming here.

Detective Vincent Gadds leaves the stadium, the final man to lose to Chokey. He waits outside as Angel Caro leaves, and then Vincent makes his arrest. Now, at last, he realizes that Tatakai

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and Fushi Chokei were critical in leading him to this critical arrest. Finally, the police department can work on stopping the spreading of Snooze. FBI agent Jessica Moore shares her experience with the rest of the department. Lawyer Allen Bosc and doctor Danielle Peterson have fallen in love. Warden Edward Kane goes back to his job, screaming more than ever at the surrounding criminals. Football player Ruth Stevens learns that perhaps there's more to the game than winning or losing. Boxer Ronnie returns to boxing, and Jaguar and Kodiak return to their game of cat and mouse across the city. The next day, a storm of policemen arrive at Fushi's building, only to find that he has left by helicopter already. As he flies away, to go back to Japan, he leaves it to his men to wrap up the legal mess in the Tatakai Stadium. So the place is cleaned up, and Yamato warriors fight the police in the streets.

Fushi Chokei leaves. Now he realizes that the cost of winning his own tournament is the arrogance he appears to have. At least now he will be safe in Japan. He hopes that he has taught the participants what they are capable of.

Fushi Chokei.

Emperor Fushimi was Emperor of Japan from 1287 to 1298.

Emperor Chokei was Emperor of Japan from 1368 to to 1383.