

K A T E

umair aleem

HELLO-KITTY WAVES AT US

Pulsing neon on massive billboard.
Seen through a window.
It's fluorescent arm wagging.
Left. Right. Left. Right.

We SHUDDER. And GASP...

KATE (V.O.)
I want to talk retirement.

The accent, proper London.

...THEN BLINK:

A LUXURY SEDAN. NIGHT

Navigates the glitz at Shibuya Crossing.
Surge of pedestrians.
Beneath mammoth video screens.
Shoppers. Tourists.
Manic detonation of color and fashion.
TOKYO.

Brash Texan drawl,

VARRICK (V.O.)
Thought we discussed that
yesterday?

A WOMAN

Silhouetted in the backseat.
Completely still.
Watches through closed window.
Thrumming gloss smearing her reflection.

KATE (V.O.)
We started.

VARRICK (V.O.)
And we'll finish soon's you close
the Tokyo deal.

Plexiglass isolating her from Driver.
Ink peeking from collar, curving up his neck.
Dialing wheel. Away from the Station.

KATE (V.O.)
You said that before Berlin.

It starts raining...

HOTEL ROOM. LATER

Floor-to-ceiling window.
 Polychromatic light irradiates from without.
 Modern. Practical. Antiseptic.
 Codified to her liking.

VARRICK (V.O.)

I said you should consider a
 vacation. Think I suggested Bora
 Bora.

Subtle movement. Someone's here...
 Calmly thawing from the murk.
 She's been here. Swathed in shadow.

Took this long to notice.

KATE (V.O.)

Sharks, pythons, paralysis ticks.
 Bora Bora's a deathtrap. I don't
 want a vacation, I want to talk
 exit strategies and insurance;
 thirty-two years, Varrick, I want
 to talk severance.

Uttered with flat prosody.

BY THE WINDOW

38 floors up. Reflecting on the city below.
 Wafers of light delineate her.
 We get our first look.

VARRICK (V.O.)

They tell me retirement's the most
 efficient murderer of elder folk.

KATE

Piercing cobalt gaze.
 Calm. Expressionless. Cold.
 Unnervingly static. Barely has a pulse.

KATE (V.O.)

That why you're still working?

Even the blinks are deliberate.

VARRICK (V.O.)

I never stop to think about it.

Coolly regarding the city. Or herself.
 Mileage in the eyes only she gleans.

VARRICK (V.O.)
But that's what you've been doin'?

Her reflection hovering over Tokyo.
A ghost haunting the metropolis.

VARRICK (V.O.)
Still there?

No evidence of respiration.

VARRICK (V.O.)
Kate...

Her head tilts fractionally.
Eyeing her wristwatch.

HOTEL BAR. LATER

Untouched drink before her.
Cell to ear, this is the convo.

VARRICK (O.S.)
Alright tell you what, I'll divert
my flight to Tokyo tomorrow and
we're gonna talk then.

KATE
We're already talking.

Japanese salarymen. Few *gaijin*.
One spying her from a stool over.

VARRICK (O.S.)
And I've already done as discussed,
HR's assured me they're drawin' up
the insurance papers and-- Look,
you're our ace closer, Kate, so
don't give 'em a reason now and
bring this home like always.

KATE
Complete severance consolidation.

Deep exhale on the other end.

VARRICK (O.S.)
Tomorrow, face-to-face.

KATE
Get it done.

She ends the call.

STEPHEN (O.S.)
They must be killing you. You
haven't even touched your drink.

THE AMERICAN sitting beside.
Kate's glare frigid.
Before returning to her cell.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
Whoa, back up, total pick up line.
(putting up hands)
Been here a week, heard English and
keyed in. Involuntary, I swear.

Scoops his drink, shifting away.

KATE
I believe you.

Faux brow wipe, 'Whew'.

KATE (CONT'D)
That scary? Couldn't risk it being
misconstrued as flirtation.

STEPHEN
Oh, no, that's not--

KATE
Ice-bitch British bureaucrat, I get
it.

Recovery attempt.

STEPHEN
No, no, just didn't want it
misconstrued as bad flirtation.

Kate gives him a relaxed once-over.
He beams. Offers a hand.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
Stephen.

She considers before taking it.

KATE
Angela.

Sliding closer.

STEPHEN
No soul-stabbing, work-related
talk, I promise.

LATER

Drink still untouched.
But she's looser.
He's on his third.
Not quite slurred.
Yet.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

I mean, who on their deathbed's
ever said, "I wish I'd worked
more"?

KATE

Everyone who didn't make partner?

He's mouthing, 'Ha ha.'
Slugging the rest.
Gesturing for another.

KATE (CONT'D)

They keep trying to placate me with
vacations.

STEPHEN

Vacations! Mm--

Dipping into the fourth.

KATE

No good?

STEPHEN

Alright, look, I wasn't always
Captain Skeptical. First vacation,
Nassau, I came back and proclaimed
it a paradigm shift.

KATE

Wow. Sounds affirming.

STEPHEN

Last year, Caracas, *unbearable*.

KATE

Sure. Most violent city in the
world. 119 homicides per 100k.

STEPHEN

Uh, right. I meant the vacations
themselves. Each one a time out, to
reflect. On who you *could've* been,
if only you'd gone that way instead
of this. If it's too late for that.

KATE

Path not taken, it's a vicious chestnut.

STEPHEN

Every year *that* person dies a little. Then it's all over. Is anyone gonna care we were here?

KATE

Consider retirement.

A pensive swig.

STEPHEN

This profession, my career... that's not such an easy call.

KATE

Till it's too late for *that* guy.

Raising his glass.

STEPHEN

To getting out. Before our bodies fail us.

KATE

You're a bit adorable, Stephen.
(off his look)
That was flirtation.

BACK IN HER ROOM

Frenzied sex in the shadows.
Filtered lights playing across them.

MUCH LATER

Bedside clock blinks 11:59 PM.
Kate stands there watching it.

Alarm vibrates at midnight.
For a second. She taps it off.

Nudging Stephen with her foot.
Asleep in a sheet tangle.
Comes alive with a yawn.

STEPHEN

What time is it?

KATE

For you to leave.

Squints at her standing by window.
Marshals a playful smile.

STEPHEN

How was it?

She nods to small cash wad.

KATE

There's extra.

On his feet now, dressing.

STEPHEN

Was it okay? I riffed on what you
specified. Tried to make it honest.

Her silence killing his smile.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

We're not that different, you know.
In what we want.

Glare neglected, she's facing the city.
He snatches the cash. Pads out.

BATHROOM

Fogged.
She showers.
Methodic. Economical.

We catch fractions of her body.
Horrific swirls of scar tissue.
Each one a story.

Kills the spray.

Hands paste nicotine patch on thorax.
It's concave.
Mastectomy scarred.

BUZZ. PRELAP the door buzzer.

HOTEL ROOM. NEXT MOMENT

BELLBOY enters, pushing trolley.
Squints, adjusting to ambiance.

Kate seated across, facing him. Backlit.
One leg draped over the other.
Calmly pulling on gloves. Watching.

He only discerns her silhouette.
Bows. Exits quickly.

She stays. Another moment...
Then moves.
Three perfect strides.
At the trolley.

Ignores food, lifts the wine.
Checks vintage. Pops. Pours.
Exactly a quarter glass.

No more. No less.

Sips. Not to her liking.
Nostril flare gives it away.
Swirls lightly.

Pulling A PELICAN CASE from bottom section.
Keys her phone. Unlocking case.
Click. Electronic bolts unlatch.

An SGW Scope Rifle housed in velvet.
In four clean sections.
Beside ear-piece.

She eyes it. Drains the glass.

MOMENTS LATER

Kate assembles the gun.
A magician. Precise. 4 seconds.
Not a move wasted.

Cleans two rounds with pristine napkin.
Chambers both. Just two.

No more.
No less.

Discards gloves.
Not a trace.

EVEN LATER

She dresses before mirror.
Meticulous as a bomb tech.
Perfectly fitting a monochromatic outfit.

Slacks. Shirt. Crisp collar, unbent.
Without wrinkle. Or blemish.
Her diligence like a soldier donning uniform.

Or, armor.

Keen eyes absorb her reflection.
 Finally, an expression...
 Barest hint of a frown.

On her shirt, a spec. A flaw.
 You and I would never notice.

She fastidiously undresses.
 The shirt must go.

AZABU-JUBAN STREETS. DAWN

Old wealth. Upscale. Yet earthy.
 Sheeting rain.
 Sidewalk already mobbed.
 Jostling crush of umbrellas.

A parka-clad figure cuts through.
 Even pace. No umbrella.
 Case in left hand.
 Case we've seen before.
 It's Kate.

KATE
 Seasonal on point.

Into ear-piece. Lips never moving.

VOICE
 (anonymous, feminine)
 Copy. Building 2-8-14.

Diverting down an alley.
 Crooked narrow slope.
 Toward row of tenements.

Tokyo Tower looms east.
 Over sparse foot traffic.
 She nears specified building.

VOICE (CONT'D)
 Northernmost service elevator.
 You're clear.

Shrugs off parka without slowing.
 It pools behind her in the rain
 She's already in the elevator.
 Doors erasing her from sight.

INSIDE BUILDING HALL

Gentrified renovations.

Kate glides in.
 Outfit jibing.
 No second looks.

KATE
 Stage mark.

VOICE
 Roof, northeast corner.

Every step exact. Calculated.
 Nothing ancillary.
 Evading surveillance cams with ease.
 Effortless caution.

ROOF

Kate emerging through shaftway door.
 Moving beneath roof awnings.
 Pulling on gloves.
 Reaching corner, crouching.
 Case open, starts assembly.

KATE
 BDG trajectory.

VOICE
 500 meters at 45. Southeast at 27.

Doesn't bother with a 'Copy'.
 Just inserts the two rounds.
 Gets into sniper kneel.
 Using case as sandbag.

THROUGH SCOPE RETICLE
 Sites focus on a RESIDENCE.
 Scant bystanders.
 CAR parked nearby.

KATE
 BDG acquired.

VOICE
 Copy. We're holding.

Sites scan surroundings.
 Through tempering rain.

Holds on ANOTHER PARKED CAR.
 Far side of the residence.
 TWO WOMEN inside eating yakitori.

KATE
 Secondaries on this?

Nothing outstanding about them.
 To us.
 She notices the stares.

VOICE
 Negative.

KATE
 Possible third--

Caught by abrupt tightness in throat.
 She coughs to clear the phlegm.
 Strains hard to swallow.

VOICE
 Seasonal, repeat.

Kate distracted now.
 Puzzled.
 Feels it before we notice.
 The sweat on her forehead.
 Breaths audibly hissing through nostrils.

Something's wrong...

KATE
 Possible third-party on scene--

ANGRY BOUT OF PAIN.
 Suddenly zapping her stomach, head.
 Eyes seizing shut.
 Blasting open with alarm.
 She grinds enamel.
 Biting back the pain.

VOICE
 Disregard. No engagement unless.

Then a COUGHING SPASM.
 BLOODY.
 Flecks her shirt.

VOICE (CONT'D)
 Seasonal, report.

Violent bolt of light.
 Flashing in her head.
 Blinding her a second.
 She's STAGGERING UP.
 DOUBLING right back over.
 Unbelievable pain.

VOICE (CONT'D)
 Seasonal, report.

Spitting a lie.

KATE
Holding at yellow.

A WHINE swelling rapidly.
Becomes RINGING in ears.
Vision distorting bad.
Pulses DARK again.

VOICE
Primary exiting. 6 second window.

Kate recovering in a whirl.
Dizzy. Dazed.
Unable to grasp what's happening.
Bracing herself.

Something going horribly wrong.

VOICE (CONT'D)
Primary visible. Black jacket.

Snapped out of it.
Attempts reset.
Back on the rifle.
Jaw clench. Refocus.
Deep breath. In and out.

SCOPE RETICLE
On two men emerging from residence.
Blue jacket. Black.

VOICE (CONT'D)
Seasonal, you are green.

But her focal point BLURS.
Tracking bad with movement.
Blue jacket now in driver's.

VOICE (CONT'D)
Seasonal...

Kate forcing herself to reorient.
Pain stabbing again.
And again. And--
Mashing teeth to powder.
Target boarding the back.
Car starting...

VOICE (CONT'D)
Seasonal.

Kate gone fetal.

Pain unbearable.
Car moving away...

VOICE (CONT'D)
Window closed. Seasonal, you are
red.

Body in full-blown revolt.
Kate not accustomed to it's insubordination.

VOICE (CONT'D)
Seasonal, acknowledge deal
nonfulfillment.

Panting hoarsely on her back...

VOICE (CONT'D)
Seasonal, confirm nonfulfillment.

As the implication registers.
She sucks air, rallying for resolve.
Refusing to cede.
Willing herself up.
Wrenching back control.

VOICE (CONT'D)
Seasonal--

KATE
New point.

VOICE
Negative, Seasonal. You're--

KATE
New point.

Beat.

VOICE
Holding.

Kate snagging the rifle.
Throwing strap over shoulder.
Breaking into steady run.

VOICE (CONT'D)
Right to southwest corner.

Towards opposite edge.
In the rain now.
Jumps five feet of air.
Smashing into lower clearing.

KATE
Taking position.

THROUGH SCOPE
Car turning off small street. Towards highway.

VOICE
Seasonal, you are not cleared for
shot.

HEART JACKHAMMERING.
Eyes dilating big.
Losing her knees.
Warping backwards.
Missing the window again.
Car rounding corner.
Vanishing.

VOICE (CONT'D)
Seasonal, you...

A VIOLENT HUM.
Overwhelming all sound.
Kate grimacing.
Unable to speak.

Lurching up anyway.
Quick 360.
Approximating target course.
Shoves into a sprint.
Doused now.
Feet thrashing water.

Hum enduring.
Shards of breathing cut through.
Rain streaking ocular.
She jumps another roof...

Barely makes it.
Slip-skidding towards corner.
Starts the sweep.

SCOPE RETICLE
Scanning. Scanning. Scan--
There.
Car amidst knot of traffic.
Getting on the highway.
Last chance...

PAIN KNIFES again.
Kate stops breathing.
Doesn't fight it.
Let's it flood in...
And FIRES.

Front tire POPS.
Wild SWERVE.
Car whips outta control.
Caroming into sidewalk.
One behind sinking into it's trunk

Kate INHALES.
Sound snapping back with a vengeance.
Accompanies pain.
Inciting facial twitch.

SCOPE
Driver exiting.
Black jacket yelling from backseat.
Traffic stalled. Commuters converging.

3 second window. Maybe.

Kate aims.
Sudden THROB of black.
Sends her flailing.
Lost in residual blindness.

Window closing.
On her last round...

Kate trying to detect with sound.
Blood pounding in ears.
Making it impossible.

Wobbling to one knee.
Holds her breath.
Pure intuition.
Kate FIRES...

RED SPLOTCH replaces target in window.

Driver freaks. Ducks. SCREAMS.
Bystanders point. Scatter.
A PAIR already converging.

One she noticed in parked car.
They're on the corpse.
Sifting pockets.

Kate's up and moving.
Rifle abandoned there.
Sun breaking over Tokyo Tower.

REAR ALLEY

Kate hunched over.
RETCHING.

Catching a palmful.
Blood and bile.

CONVULSIONS rippling through her core.
Teeth gnashed to keep from roaring.

Everything tilting.
Feet swimming for purchase.
Till her back meets a wall.
Slides down it.
Knees drawn up.
Eyes shut. Chest heaving.

Cacophony of SIRENS.
Merging fast.
Kate blinks up.
She's gotta move.

ON THE STREET

Kate negotiating sidewalk.
Tree-chameleon eyes scan surrounding.
Head does not.

COP CARS doppler past.
One decelerating.
Cops eyeballing sidewalk.

Kate perfectly obscured.
By a Businessman exiting his Mercedes.
Impeccably timed.
Cops coasting on.

Kate thumbing phone without looking.
Resembles a phone anyway.
The Mercedes unlocking as she nears.
Alarm deactivated.

Kate opening door, sliding in.
Not a missed beat.

IN THE MERCEDES

Plugging a dummy key.
Ported to phone device.
Eyes forward. Normal. Natural.
Nothing going on here.

Device coming alive.
Running a script.
Number combos scroll.
Searching for start code.

COP CAR coming back around.
Cops scanning thoroughly.
Creeping this way...

Recurring JAB of pain.
Involuntary SHUDDER.
Cops looking over...

Kate BITING cheek. Hard.
Recovering within millisecond.
Cops floating past.

BEEP.
Code found.
She presses start button.
Drives off.

MINATO STREETS

Raft of traffic.
Drifting steady.
Towards Shuto Expressway.
Mercedes in the seam.
Staying apace.

MERCEDES

Kate retaining cool...
Until it spikes.
Withering pain.
Dismantling her senses.

Stomach clenching.
In violent agony.
Sways her head.
Eyes lulling.

MERCEDES VEERING WILDLY.
Left. Right.
SCRAPES flanking cars.
Then SCREECHES ahead.
Pain mounting rapidly.
Runaway train heartbeat.
Pulse roaring.
Fast as the Mercedes engine.
Speedometer tilting north of 200 km/h.
210, 220, 230...

Carving wild through Tokyo.
Eyes searing on road ahead.
Fighting mad.
Against system failure wracking her body.
And brain.

Sudden SURGE.
 Her teeth GNASH.
 Eyes CINCH.

AND A SHARD OF MEMORY SLICES IN

Abrupt. Violent. Lightning flash of images. A YOUNGER KATE takes a beating. Indistinct faces hovering. Muffled voices. Kate gritting through. Defiant.

Then back!
 Kate JOLTING out of it.
 Flushed. Rocked. Sucking breath.
 And oh fuck--

Car's ERUPTED from lane.
 THRASHING through.
 Straight at a Mitsukoshi store...

Kate YANKING wheel.
 Last second.
 Hairpin turn.
 Tires blackening asphalt.
 Mercedes mounting curb.
 Pedestrians leaping aside.

Kate's throat constricting.
 To fight back rising bile.
 Tears blasting down cheeks.
 Absolute agony etched in her gaze.

Mercedes fishtailing onto road.
 Kate manic with intensity.
 Trying to will away the pain.
 Flat-out flooring it.
 Pedal stuck to the mat.
 Speedometer top-lining.
 EXPLODING through a red light.
 Chorus of honks in her wake.
 SHRIEKING outta control.
 Then BLACK...

As her heart quits on her.
 Head crashing into wheel.

WHAM!
 Mercedes HURTLING end-over-end.
 Landing in a crushing explosion.
 Of glass, metal, flames.

Honks. Screeches. Chaos.
 And through the dissolving smoke.
 We see KATE.

Strapped into seat.
 Hanging upside down.

Motionless.
Lifeless.

BLACK

A long beat...
Disrupted by,

ANOTHER DISTORTED MEMORY FRAGMENT

LIVING ROOM. KID KATE on the couch, bloodsoaked face. Flanked by her parents. BOTH DEAD. A stately WOMAN sits across with a gun. This is MOTHER. We'll never see her face. Posh English:

MOTHER

What would you do if I let you go?

Kate's face, a fizz of fury.

KID KATE

I'd kill you.

Mother's LIPS unfurling into a smirk,

MOTHER

You're going to like your new home.

Then we're GASPING out.
Blinking.
Painfully.
Everything a blur.
Slowly coming into focus.
Fog lifting.
Adjusting.
Discerning surroundings.

In A HOSPITAL BED.
Cordoned by PLASTIC CURTAINS.
Donning patient gown.
Mesh of IVs. Bleeping monitors.
Not a room...

A HALL

Expansive. Empty.
Excepting her bed.
Like all the others were removed.

Abrupt SHOUTING in Japanese.
Someone noticing her awake, alerting others.

NEXT MOMENT

SIX MEN IN HAZMAT SUITS.
Blink at us.
Beep. Beep. Beep...

Kate deadpans back.
 Battered and broken.
 Rigged to wires, tubes.

Sudden explosion of CHATTER.
 Rapid-fire Japanese.
 A dizzying babel.
 Getting heated.
 The men point and argue.

Then just exit.
 All of them.
 Kate looking after...

LATER

MORE PEOPLE IN HAZMAT SUITS.
 A dozen now.
 Fierce clamor.
 All squabbling over her.

Then big GASPS.
 As A MAN cuts through.
 Sans hazmat suit.

Marching straight to Kate.
 Rips aside the plastic.
 Consulting his clipboard.
 Perfect English, no-nonsense.

SPECIALIST

Canadian passport. Says your name
 is Angela Witten. Is that correct?

Gets nothing for it.
 Points at the hazmat suits.

SPECIALIST (CONT'D)

Sorry about the precautions,
 Angela, I'm a specialist here and
 need to ask you a few questions.
 (gesturing over)
 Are you still doing radioactive
 therapy for your mastectomy?

Slow shake in the negative.

SPECIALIST (CONT'D)

Have you had any recent exposure to
 radioactive materials? Maybe you
 work near such a place?

KATE

No.

SPECIALIST

Because your blood is in a rare state of mutation, overrun, with *viciously* radioactive isotopes.

Pauses for a reaction.
Proves futile.

SPECIALIST (CONT'D)

Considering the velocity of decay, and the sheer potency, it was most likely injected directly into your bloodstream.

(meaning)

You were poisoned, Angela.

KATE

Poisoned?

SPECIALIST

It's lethal, I'm afraid. There is no treatment for this, no antidote, it is already too late. I can't imagine what it must be like to hear this, Miss Witten, but I want to make sure you understand what I'm telling you?

KATE

What are you telling me?

SPECIALIST

That you have been murdered. It is now simply a matter of your heart receiving the unfortunate news.

Everyone staring at Kate.
Uneasy silence ballooning...

SPECIALIST (CONT'D)

The pain is utterly unmanageable without these morphine drips so--

He trails off...

Because Kate's on her feet.
Refusing the verdict.
Tearing off IVs. Tubes. Wires.
Walking out.
Just like that.

Past the men.
Staggering outta her way.
Reacting loudly.

Specialist stunned.
 Kate making it to entrance.
 Before it hits again.
 Amplified pain.
 Spinning her into orbit.

She persists. Tottering,

INTO THE HALLWAY

PERSONNEL here reacting big.
 Mouths are covered.
 Pointed fingers. Yells.

Kate lurches on.
 One step.
 Another.
 As far as she gets.

Doubling over.
 Wilting to the floor.
 Squirming there.
 Hacking out a lung.

Staff converging now.
 Kate getting assailed.
 By tides of pain.
 Her eyes BUNCHING,

THROUGH ANOTHER IMPRESSIONISTIC MEMORY

OPERATING ROOM. YOUNG KATE being operated on by TWO SURGEONS.
 Mammogram x-rays on wall. It's a PREVENTATIVE MASTECTOMY.

MOTHER (V.O.)
*Simplify. Resolve problems before
 they can become problems.*

SNAPPING OUT:

BACK IN THE BED

Left wrist handcuffed to it.
 Only two men here now.
 Specialist. And Plainclothes Officer.
 Specialist translating for him,

SPECIALIST

Detective Sanada here wants to know
 who we can contact? Besides your
 entry on a flight from Berlin,
 there are no records linked to your
 passport. And no emergency contacts
 or power of attorney listed on your
 work visa.

SANADA continues, holding up Kate's cell.

SPECIALIST (CONT'D)
 Your phone is locked, and the car
 you were driving was stolen.
 (pausing for last bit)
 Stolen near a crime scene, a murder-

Sanada clarifies.

SPECIALIST (CONT'D)
 An assassination.

But Kate's not listening.

KATE
 I was poisoned recently?

SPECIALIST
 Very.

KATE
 How?

SPECIALIST
 The manner, you mean? Could've been
 anything, an injection, a drink...

Sanada wants to know,

SPECIALIST (CONT'D)
 Who may have wanted to kill you?

Mumbles without looking.

KATE
 You mean in Tokyo?

Eliciting a stutter from Sanada.

SANADA
 Who are you?

KATE
 What happens now?

SPECIALIST
 It will get worse. Rapidly. The
 morphine is managing the pain now,
 but in one hour it will be
 intolerable. In two it will be
 blinding. Within six hours you will
 be unable to process thought.

KATE
 How much time do I have?

SPECIALIST

It's hard to say, really, it could--

KATE

How much?

SPECIALIST

14 hours, maybe 15. But you won't
be seeing the sunrise, Angela.

That lands on her.
If you know where to look.
Her chance to start over.
Any hope for a different life.
All gone. Just like that.
The men look on somberly.

SANADA

(subtitles italicized)

So she has to stay on the morphine?

SPECIALIST

We'll keep inflating the dosage,
but at some point the pain will
overcome it. Before it gets there
we would--

(clears throat)

We suggest euthanasia.

Kate glancing up now.
He's suggesting she lay down and die.
Before it gets worse.
Not unreasonable. Considering.

To fade away quietly.
Without a trace.
The way she's existed...

KATE

What blunts the pain, allows
mobility?

SPECIALIST

You're already on morphine--

KATE

No depressants. I want stimulants.

SANADA

Miss, you are not leaving this
room.

KATE

Name the drugs.

SPECIALIST

There's thebaine, like morphine but a stimulant, oxycodone of course, a morphine derivative, also--

KATE

Give me the cocktail.

SPECIALIST

Miss Witten, there is no way. These drugs, they may dull the pain but will greatly accelerate the decay.

(holding up her cell)

See this battery, this is your life right now, minimal usage may get you through the night, but the more you exert, faster you'll expend it.

Kate clocking the phone display.

KATE

That's how much time I have left, 52%?

SPECIALIST

More or less. Probably less.

Kate growls at Sanada,

KATE

Hand him the keys.

She's got a Ruger on his thigh. His Ruger. He blinks down at his empty holster.

SPECIALIST

Angela, please-- This is crazy!

KATE

It's on your femoral, I pull this trigger and you'll die before I do. Give him the keys.

(to Specialist)

Unlock me.

Sanada awed. Specialist obliging.

KATE (CONT'D)

Gag him, cuff him in my place.

Snapping up her phone.

KATE (CONT'D)

Where are the drugs?

HOSPITAL MEDICINE ROOM

Closets thrown open.
 Specialist snatching vials, syringes, pills.
 Kate standing aside.
 IVs still threaded into arm.
 Fluid packets in one hand.
 Gun in the other.

KATE (CONT'D)

Mix them up. Load them into shots.

She's ripping off IVs. Snatching his coat.

KATE (CONT'D)

Your wallet too.

She's shoving the shots into coat pockets.
 He's pleading, sheer professional compassion.

SPECIALIST

Angela, please, it is corroding
 your insides! The hemorrhaging will
 cause bleeding of the gums, tooth
 decay. There will be body sores,
 muscular atrophy, impairing sight
 and ability to speak. And if you're
 lucky, your heart will give out.

(earnest)

What is it that you want to do?

KATE (PRELAP)

I want to know who killed me?

THUNK!

STEAK KNIFE PINNING BELLBOY'S HAND TO WALL

A palm clamping his mouth. Stifling the scream.
 Kate this close to his face.

She's decided not to.
 Fade away quietly, i.e.

HOTEL KITCHEN

Saliva, tears. Bellboy mewls.

KATE (CONT'D)

English?

(taps his temple)

With your head, yes or no.

He nods yes.
 Her tone academic.

KATE (CONT'D)

Four vital arteries in your hand. I twist half a millimeter and you'll bleed out in 6 minutes. Understand?

Yes.

KATE (CONT'D)

I'm going to ask yes or no questions. I want yes or no answers. You don't answer, I kill you. I think you're lying, I kill you. Understand?

A trembling yes.

KATE (CONT'D)

You remember me?

Yes.

KATE (CONT'D)

Remember what you delivered?

Yes.

KATE (CONT'D)

Did you put it together?

Yes.

Her grip tightens.
He quivers with dread.

KATE (CONT'D)

Were you hired to poison me?

His eyes dilating huge.
Shaking 'No', whiplash fast.
She removes her hand.

KATE (CONT'D)

Where did you get the wine?

BELLBOY

Boss-- the boss give me the wine, special for 3807.

Kate stark-still.
Eyes digging for veracity.
Bellboy swallowing hard.

BELLBOY (CONT'D)

But he off today, the boss is home, I give you his address, he's the manager, I give you-- okay?

Free hand patting chest pocket.
 Pulling order-pad, pen.
 Scribbling. Forking it over.
 Kate snatching a napkin.
 Gagging his mouth.

KATE

Bite down.

Yanking the knife.
 Bellboy swooning with pain.
 Kate pulling napkin from mouth.
 Shoving it into his wrist.

KATE (CONT'D)

Soak it in paraffin, stitch it.

Leaving him coiling to the ground.

KATE (PRELAP) (CONT'D)

Why did you poison me?

LUXURY MEGURO APARTMENT

A family shrivels on the floor.
 Mother. Teenage boy. Gawking.
 Father on his feet. Bowing repeatedly.
 The hotel MANAGER.

MANAGER

Please, I don't understand.

Kate at the kitchen counter.
 Ruger resting there.
 Twisting open oxycodone tube.
 Pills spilling out.

KATE

Who asked you to poison me?

MANAGER

I don't know what you mean, please.

Crushing pills with bottom of glass.
 Sweeping them into the water.
 Swallowing clean.

KATE

Who picked out the wine?

MANAGER

The-- I pick out the wine.

KATE
From?

MANAGER
The wine cellar, it's--

KATE
Who else has access?

MANAGER
Just me. I have sole key to cellar.

KATE
Who told you to pick it out?

MANAGER
No one tell me, it was specified in
the room reservation.

KATE
By who?

MANAGER
I don't know, I-- those
reservations come through computer.

KATE
Who enters them on the other end?

MANAGER
They all come from...
(a beat, as it dawns)
...Our owners. The Sumiyoshi Clan.

KATE
Yakuza. I want a name.

MANAGER
Name? I don't know names, I told
you it's through computer--

KATE
The Sumiyoshis, you deal with one
of their people, give me the name.

Kate walking over.
Ruger held at her side

MANAGER
But-- I can't! You don't--

KATE
I'll start with your family. It
will hurt.

Her tone flat, inflectionless.
His eyes going big.

MANAGER

What-- no, please! I can't--

KRAK!

Wife SHRIEKS.
Shot through shoulder.
He yells, dropping beside her.
Kid wailing.

KATE

Name.

MANAGER

Stop, please!

Ruger panning to the Kid.
Smoke curling from barrel.

KATE

The kid's next.

Manager's eyes inflating huge.
Throwing himself across his kid.

MANAGER

You're crazy! Stop, please, I'll
give you name!

Kate considers him impassively.
Gun still on the kid.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Sato-san-- his name is Kujun Sato!

Kate suddenly BLANCHING.
Grinding through pain surge.
Everyone eyeing the gun.
Knuckles whitening around it.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

I deal with him sometimes, Sato,
he's a Sumiyoshi *shatei*-- a
lieutenant, I don't know anything
else! Now please, the gun...

She sights down her gun arm.
Regards the tense grip.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Look what you did to her! Look what
you did to my wife!

Kate walking out sans a look.

KATE
She'll live.

KICHIJOJI STATION

A Musashino city bus pulling away.
Shoal of passengers moving in it's wake.
A COUPLE in the midst.
STEPHEN with an AMERICAN WOMAN.
His 'john'. Hand in hand.

Turning into side street.
Towards residential block.
Laughing. Buzzed.

Someone watching from afar...

APARTMENT COMPLEX

Woman leading them inside.
Figure across the street...

APARTMENT BEDROOM

Woman grinding atop Stephen.
Moaning.

SLAM!
Door plows open.
Specter coasting in.
KATE.

Woman leaping off.
Muffling a scream.

PICTURES on dresser.
Of them both.
They're A COUPLE.
Huh. Kate's eyes doing new math.

KATE
Do you love her?

Ruger in Stephen's face.
Terror choking his response...

WOMAN
Who are you!? Who is she?!

KATE
Do you. Love. Her?

STEPHEN
Yes-- Yes I love her!

APARTMENT BALCONY

Woman DANGLES head-first off railing.
Mouth taped. Wind WHIPPING.
Stirring her into WRITHING frenzy.

Kate holding her by one foot.
Ruger in other hand
Trained on Stephen.
Heave-ho rocking from dread.
Voice cracking.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
I swear I didn't poison you! I--
you didn't even touch your drink!

KATE
Who do you work for?

STEPHEN
You hired me, through the website,
that's how it works.

KATE
Who owns it?

STEPHEN
No one, I only deal with the
clients, no one else!

Kate laxing her grip slightly.
Woman slipping several inches.
Smothered screams echoing through tape.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
No! Please-- stop!

KATE
Who set it up, who manages it?

STEPHEN
Her, she does, my wife!

Kate's eyes skidding across his face.
Stephen sobbing now. Disgorging all.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
We needed money, okay, we needed
money bad. And I was always good at
this stuff, you know, listening,
talking, providing comfort.

Kate's grip wavering.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

You were our out! The last client.
We have enough to retire from this
now, start over different.

Kate absorbing this...
Tightening grip. Straining.
Hauling up the Woman.
Stephen rushing over.
Embracing, soothing her.

BLOOD DRIPPING on him.
PUDDLING at their feet.
He's checking his wife.

Not hers.
It's GUSHING from Kate's nose, mouth.

BATHROOM

Wife idles in doorway.
Kate at the sink.
Swabbing nose.
Stephen handing her peroxide.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Rinse your mouth with this.

Kate gargling.
Spitting mouthful of diluted blood.
Something RATTLING in sink.
A tooth.

Kate trying to catch it.
Too late.
It slips down the drain.

She stares at her reflection.
Cuts. Bruises. Sallow face. Drawn eyes.
Barely recognizable.

WOMAN

Someone did this to you?

Genuine concern on Woman's face.
Stephen with a gallows chuckle.

STEPHEN

Guess it's too late for you.

Kate still fixed on reflection.
He articulates softly.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

To retire, I mean. No getting out now. Discovering *that* person.

Harkening to their existential tete-a-tete.
Kate giving it a ponder...
Her cell BUZZING.
Varrick.

KATE

But they're gonna know I was here.

WOMAN

Who... who's gonna know?

Snatching cell, stalking out.

KATE

Everyone.

GINGKO AVENUE. DUSK

Sidewalk cafe. High-end.
VARRICK sipping wine alone.
Rust and snow hair. Slim Whitman sideburns.
Dressed for business.
Always dressed for business.

Kate crossing over.
He starts to stand.
She beats him, sitting opposite.
Eyes locked on his.
He matches, pushes a wine glass over.
Gazes latched in silence.
Varrick like a concerned parent.
Face creasing, can't contain it.

VARRICK

'Irreversible', they're sayin'? No.
No goddammit. Our guy's gonna check
you out. We're gonna find a way.

KATE

You always have a drink ready for
me.

Beat. Varrick getting it.

VARRICK

Jesus, Kate...

She sips it anyway.
Without breaking stare.

Pauses at exactly a quarter.

KATE
Like yesterday in Berlin.

Then drains the rest.

KATE (CONT'D)
Staged to divert suspicion from The Firm. Poison me. Send me off. Time-release concoction hits after the job, they get the last ounce out of their agent before expiration. Nice and clean. Did I get that right?

Profound hurt on his face.
Words not coming fast enough.

VARRICK
You're being ludicrous.

KATE
I'm dying.

VARRICK
That ain't how The Firm does things, you're a valued agent, vet status, for Christ's sake.

KATE
I've expired agents before, I know how things get done. Was I part of the contract, no loose ends?

VARRICK
Our agents aren't expendable, godammit, think I'd let 'em do that to you?! Three decades together and that's what you think of me?

KATE
You said it, I'm vet status, how many vets make it to retirement?

Her face TWITCHES,

WHIPS THROUGH A FLIP-BOOK OF MEMORIES

Decades diced into seconds. Sounds and images overlapping.

** KID KATE and YOUNGER VARRICK, first meeting. MOTHER lingers-*

MOTHER (V.O.)
He's your handler now. Starting today you'll deal only with him.

** YOUNG KATE blows birthday candle in cupcake. Varrick smiles-*

MOTHER (V.O.)

*That makes him your mother, father,
best friend, and your therapist.*

** Hectic, bloody. DOCTOR working on Kate's gnarled side.
Varrick right there brimming with concern, blood smeared.*

** Young Kate blasting out of an alley, car screeching up,
Kate leaping in, Varrick at the wheel, flooring it.*

** Through the years, Kate and Varrick sharing wine. Varrick
always making the same toast. But we don't hear it as...*

Kate SNAPS OUT.
Biting her lip to lull the pain.

VARRICK

I got you approved, you were out.

Paternal agony on his face.
Emotional, sucks down the wine.
Then places something before her.
USB flash drive.

VARRICK (CONT'D)

Severance. The whole package. Tooth
and nail to get it expedited.
Unprecedented by Firm standards.

Waiter interrupts to replenish their glasses.

VARRICK (CONT'D)

Stop fuckin' around and bring the
bottle!

He bows, takes off.
Varrick taps the USB.

VARRICK (CONT'D)

Routing intel for all the funds,
deposited across your offshores.
Accessible only by you.

Waiter with the wine bottle.
Varrick snatching it, excusing him.
Topping their glasses.

VARRICK (CONT'D)

That's not the kind of money you
just throw away. No reason to part
with it if they're gonna turn
around and kill you.

Kate considers... Then,

KATE
Who hired me?

Varrick reacting big.

VARRICK
You know I can't, that's not how it works. Anonymity's what keeps this whole damn machine running.

KATE
Anonymous just murdered me.

VARRICK
We don't know that, alright? Let's think this through, consider all the possibilities.

KATE
I've already questioned all the possibilities, you were the last one. That just leaves the client.

VARRICK
I can't disclose that, Kate. Separation of duties is why our organization exists. Anything else and you know I wouldn't hesitate. Just tell me, okay, whatever else you need right now, I'm here, let's-

KATE
I want their name. You don't give me the name and I'll consider you complicit and kill you right here.

Her voice flat. Icy.
Subzero.
Varrick like a wounded father.
Knows the weight behind the words.
Stunned. Swallows to hide it.

VARRICK
Kate...

KATE
I don't have time for sympathy.

VARRICK
I tell you and I'm as good as dead.

KATE
Did it look like I was asking nicely?

Her gaze like a drill through his skull.
Varrick shook. Draining his glass.

VARRICK
I'll need some time, to make calls.

KATE
Bullshit. There's no authorization
for this, call like that is out of
the question. Don't insult me.

He doesn't bother contending.
Long shut-eye exhale.
Recalls something.

VARRICK
Wasn't gonna bother with this
anymore, but what the hell.

Reaches down, bag by his feet.
Hauls out wrapped WINE BOTTLE.

VARRICK (CONT'D)
1787 Chateau Lafite, greatest
vintage of the previous century.
Last one sold in '85, for \$160k.

Faint smile,

VARRICK (CONT'D)
Wasn't the last. Got word, made the
offer before this hit Sotheby's.

Tears off card stuck to wrapping.
Ripping it up,

VARRICK (CONT'D)
Thought it'd be different
circumstances.

Kate quietly seizing him with a stare.
Doesn't move. But touch her, she'll explode.
Face like a mask.
Vacant. Lifeless. Haunting.
Varrick wholly unsettled.

VARRICK (CONT'D)
Kate. Please. Don't do this.

She reaches into his jacket.
Peeling out a Glock 34.
Just holds it.
Eyes still linked.
Varrick sighs it all out.

VARRICK (CONT'D)

It was the Sumiyoshis. I don't know names, it was arranged through cut-outs. They needed Firm resources to locate the target. These bigger clans are run like corporations now, and target was the Vice-Minister's Aide so they didn't want the wetwork exposure either.

KATE

The Sumiyoshis also handled my accommodations.

VARRICK

That's right. How'd you--

KATE

Accommodations are outsourced to third-parties.

VARRICK

Not always, not anymore.

KATE

What about separation of duties?

VARRICK

Budget cuts. If the client offers accommodations, we'll consider the price point. Theirs was ideal.

KATE

So they could kill me.

VARRICK

Why?

KATE

I can think of four reasons.

VARRICK

Retaliation? No. Contracts are protected. Agent files aren't exposed under any circumstances.

KATE

I've personally sanctioned two silk road merchants dealing similar intel. You're getting old.

Varrick's memories restoring.
He knows it's a possibility.
The most rational one.

KATE (CONT'D)

There was another party on scene.
Two women.

VARRICK

Don't know nothin' about that, if
it was part of the act we weren't
informed. We were just the hitters.

She holds out her hand.
He sighs, palming her extra mags.

VARRICK (CONT'D)

I gotta inform the Firm now. You
know that right? You're their
responsibility, means they're gonna
put a contract on you. And I know
they've got local boots on the
ground. But for you they'll even
expedite out-of-towners. *Everyone*
will want in on this.

(pause)

Unless you kill me right now.

Kate holding him another penetrating beat.

VARRICK (CONT'D)

Sumiyoshis are animals, the worst
kind, where would you even go?

KATE

Kujun Sato.

VARRICK

The fuck is he?

KATE

A start.

VARRICK

Dammit Kate, it's your condition,
you're not thinkin' right. Tactics,
precision, c'mon, you know better.

KATE

I'm taking a more blunt approach.

VARRICK

You're being rash.

KATE

Thing about being dead, there's no
more rash decisions.

VARRICK

I don't wanna make that call, Kate.
Don't make me. Please.

Kate snatches the Lafite and walks off.
Just like that.
Varrick starts to call after.
Only manages a defeated exhale.
As the Waiter drops off the check.

MOTHER (PRELAP)

Clients take precedence, Varrick,
no matter the circumstance. They're
not be exposed. Ever!

LONE CAR IN ABANDONED PARKING LOT

Varrick in the driver's. Cell to his ear.
MOTHER on the other end.

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

It's the bedrock of the trade. Any
repercussions from the deal get
handled by us, not our assets.

VARRICK

I don't need a reminder.

MOTHER (O.S.)

She's your responsibility.

VARRICK

I said I had no choice and I meant
it.

MOTHER (O.S.)

Every scenario has a logical
contingency, appears you *do* need
reminding. I'd already noted your
relationship with her getting...
let's say, uncomfortably empathic.
And now look where we are. You've
bled intel you're not allowed to
and it's going to blow back on The
Firm.

VARRICK

Like you said, there's logical
contingencies, we can still--

MOTHER (O.S.)

Logic? Kate's a reputation, a
thought problem, we teach it now.

(MORE)

MOTHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Her ratios are impossible, they
 don't make any sense. There isn't
 another like her.

VARRICK
 We made her, we know her, she's our
 agent.

MOTHER (O.S.)
 We don't make agents, Varrick, we
 make monsters. And Kate's royalty
 among them, the king, she's bloody
 Godzilla and her death thrash is
 going to stomp Tokyo into pulp.

VARRICK
 Look, I know how bad this can get--

MOTHER (O.S.)
 Oh for fuck's sake, it's already
 worse! And it puts your retirement
 into *serious* consideration. Do you
 need a refresher on your own asset?

VARRICK
 I don't--

MOTHER (O.S.)
 Zero blown assignments. None. Who
 has that kind of record?! Garza,
 Mitte, Cape Town, remember Cape
 Town? 57 men in there and she still
 made it out, all of them dead. She
 was 17 then and already inexorable.

VARRICK
 63.

MOTHER (O.S.)
 What?

VARRICK
 63 men, and she was a week from 17.
 I don't need a goddamn refresher.
 She fulfilled it like every other
 assignment. That's what she does,
 who she is. It's constitutional.

MOTHER (O.S.)
 Now she's given herself one, no
 leash, the final assignment.
 Personal, primal. The gravity
 obviously profound to her.

VARRICK
She's dying, she's got no time.

MOTHER
Do you think that makes her less
dangerous, or the most?

SHINBASHI AVENUES

Kate barging through.
Trailed inconspicuously.
By multiple OPERATORS.

MOTHER (V.O.)
Right, so get your bloody head in
this, acknowledge the cock-up and
tell me how we survive it.

She ducks into an **ALLEY**.
TWO MEN hasten after.

VARRICK (V.O.)
She's covered, I already activated
all local Operators, they're--

MOTHER (V.O.)
Dead.

ALLEY: Dead Operators on the ground. No Kate.

VARRICK (V.O.)
What?

ALLEY: FIGURE appearing behind the Men, they spin --

MOTHER (V.O.)
I'm getting flatlines all over
town. 8th just went down.

-- Both dropping as corpses. Kate already gone.

VARRICK
We have no coverage on her?

MOTHER (O.S.)
Kate hasn't fired a shot that
didn't hit it's target in over
three decades. So stop fucking
around, wake the other monsters and
pray they get her before this all
burns down!

Silence...

MOTHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Varrick?

VARRICK
I'm on it.

MOTHER (O.S.)
Please impress me.

Click. She's gone.
Varrick's phone DINGING with a message.
File picture of Kate. Scroll of stats.
He keys it. Sound of outgoing messages.
Varrick shuts weary eyes...

A SOUNDPROOFED ROOM

Vacant, excepting a desk and chair.
And A TALL DISFIGURED RUSSIAN MAN.
Legs crossed, smoking in his skivvies.
Turned away from open laptop on desk.
Russian folk squawking from it's speakers.

AN ORNATE LEATHER TRUNK ON THE FLOOR

THUMPING from inside.
Something fidgeting in there.
Someone.

Noise suddenly stops.
He stands. Jangle of keys.
Unlocks trunk with a CLICK.
Throws it open with his foot.

A NAKED MAN inside.
Fetally contorted, purpled face.
GASPS, eyes blasting open.
Standing, face coming into light.
Identical to the Disfigured Russian.
His TWIN. Looming over. Even TALLER.
Untarnished face, feminine.

DISFIGURED RUSSIAN
(sub'd Russian)
You had enough, you goat fuck?

THE TWINS eyeing each other...
Before Disfigured gets CHOKED up by the throat.
Taller Twin ONE-HANDING it.
SLAMMING him into wall, feet off the floor.

TALL RUSSIAN
*Why did you open? I said wait 5
minutes after oxygen runs out.*

Disfigured GAGGING on cigarette.
 Blood vessels stippling forehead.
 His own oxygen cut off, when...
 His expression turns orgasmic.
 Lurid smile pooling on face.
 WHAM! Taller one SLUGS him angrily.
 Disfigured grins in grotesque nirvana.
 WHAM! WHAM! Taller one keeps going.
 HAMMERING the smile into enamel.

On the desk, laptop PINGS with notification.
 Picture unfolding on screen.
 Kate's.

WHAM! WHAM! KRAK! The pain/pleasure continues...

SHIBUYA CROSSING

THE PUNK knits through the crowds.
 25-year old Japanese girl, blowing gum bubble.
 Sonic Youth Goo t-shirt, worn jacket, Beats headphones.
 HMV tote bag on elbow, records poking out.
 Backpack hanging loose. Hip Harajuku DJ.
 Guitar riff on phone announces new message.
 Kate's picture, stats.
 Punk coolly shifts course while scrolling.

MARUYA RESTAURANT

Charming Mom & Pop's. Literally.
 Punk striding in.
 Mom lighting up, Punk bowing.

THE PUNK
The Katsuo-Tataki today, okaa-sama.

BACK ROOM

Mom snapping open ration container.
 Two massively over-built MARLIN BFRs inside.
 Extra mags. Enormous 350 grain bullets.
 Gum bubble pops, Punk grins, zips 'em into backpack.

AT THE CURB

Tote bag dumped in trashcan.
 She's REVVING a Ducati 1098S.
 1090cc engine, 169 miles/hour.
 VROOM! She's gone...

UPSCALE APARTMENT

THE ALBINO sits in the middle of the floor.
 Silenced gun in lap. Shoes next to him.

HOURS LATER

Above him, sound of a door opening.
Muffled footsteps. A man and woman talking.
Albino stands, staring intently at ceiling.
Footsteps above moving about.
He tracks the louder of the two into,

THE BEDROOM

His socked feet gliding slightly across floor.
A COUPLE in bed. Bullet holes in foreheads.
Albino lulls, exactly where the footsteps above do.
Muted voice. It's a man's.
He gauges, identifies where his target should be.
Lifts gun. Careful aim. Five suppressed SHOTS.
THUD of a body above. Done.
Albino heads back. Dismantling gun as he goes.
Tucking pieces into coat. Yanks vibrating cell.
New message. He opens it, a picture.
You know whose.

A woman begins to scream in apartment above...

NARITA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

THE KOREANS march through arrivals terminal.
SIX of them. Sullen faces. Race-car jackets.
All of them on their cells. Listening.

A PAIR OF KIA STINGERS

Red and Yellow. Await them at the curb.
Sleek bit of Korean engineering.
All six break into simultaneous grins...

UNKNOWN SPACE

A derelict OPERA HOUSE.
Stage up front. Gaudy furniture, chandeliers.
An opera in progress, not one you've seen.
A perverse variation, Grand Guignol variety.
Bad lighting sparing us the amoral acts of horror.
Weeping violins in corner accentuating SQUEALS.

An audience of one.

THE PRIESTESS stands alone. In snug green *qipao*.
She's a sight. Easy on the eyes, hard to look at.
Milky left eye. Face chiseled to porcelain sheen.
Crooked stance. Deformity in inked leg. Accented by heels.
Someone approaches. On all fours. Unseen.
Presenting cellphone. She scoops it without looking.
Brings it up. Face-to-face with Kate.
An infernal grin scythes her face...

GINZA STREETS. NIGHT

Ritzy shopping district.
 Tokyo's Fifth Avenue.
 Insane masses.
 KATE stomping through.
 Bulldozing rather.
 An unnatural presence.
 Like something that doesn't belong.

Breath catching suddenly.
 MUSCLE SPASM attacking mid-stride.
 Kate staggering, clutching chest.
 Hand coming away BLOODY.
 Shirt SOAKED through.

PHARMACY

Kate lumbering in.
 Coat buttoned over shirt.
 Careening through aisles.
 Eyes lucid with torment.
 Snatching bandages, gauze, iodine.

AT THE CASHIER

Cashier sniffing, recoiling.
 Like he smells something hideous.
 Kate slamming down smudged bills.

PHARMACY RESTROOM

Kate locking the door.
 Unbuttoning coat, shrugging out.
 Peeling off shirt, wincing in unbidden agony.
 Stench of searing flesh like a gut punch.
 Her torso a nightmare.
 Old WOUNDS OPENING UP.
 Skin bubbling, BLISTERING.

Stuffing bandages whole into mouth.
 Biting down hard as she can.
 POURING iodine on the wounds.
 Roaring through mouthful of bandages.
 Tears glazing cheeks.
 Collapsing on lidded toilet.

Rips open gauze.
 Banding it over wounds. Tight, tight, tight.
 Taping it down.
 Catches her breath. Eyes distant.
 Everything before was pain.
 This is different.
 This feels like dying.

BACK IN THE PHARMACY

Lurching out through the aisles.
 Noticing nicotine patches on shelf.
 Pausing...

GINZA STREETS

Kate SPARKING a cigarette.
 Wading through the mobs.
 Taking hefty pull, exhausts a cathartic gust.
 Catching reflection in store window.

100 miles of bad road.
 Bottle of Lafite poking outta coat pocket.
 She takes another drag.

MATSUYA DEPARTMENT STORE

Kate striding onto luxury floor.
 Scanning clothing racks.
 Zeroing on exactly what she wants.
 Plucking items without stopping.

DRESSING ROOM

Snapping on fresh clothes.
 Same fierce scrutiny and precision.
 Jeans. Shirt. Pea coat.
 Cloaking guns and ammo.
 Strategically accessible spots.
 Perfect outfit. Immaculate. Chic.
 Her war uniform.
 Final glance in mirror.
 Pain SWELLING into FLASHBACK,

OUTSIDE UPSCALE RESTAURANT

MOTHER and KID KATE stand holding hands. A HOST apologizing.

HOST

*We had to cancel all reservations
 for a private event tonight. We--*

MOTHER

*I'll be having a word with Reitman
 tomorrow. Either way, she needs to
 use the loo, show her in, will you?*

Host hesitates. But relents under Mother's stare. Smiling,

HOST

Of course. This way, little lady.

INSIDE. *Kate trails him towards the back. Place occupied by a
 DOZEN MEN in suits. More HEAVIES on the fringes.*

MOTHER (V.O.)

Your first job in the real world.
We don't have an exact head count,
but you know the target and the
layout. You'll have a Glock, 15
rounds. It's all you can conceal
inside, so make it count. Car will
pick you up at the rear exit.

As they approach the main table, Kate stops, taking a knee.
Host turns, sees her tying her shoe. Smiles. It disappears
when she comes up. Aiming a Glock 19 at the Target.

A stunned pause. As she pulls the trigger.

Click! It's empty.

Everyone deflates with laughter. This silly kid...

One snatching the Glock, exclaiming, "It's real!"

Everyone reacting, snapping into action, guns coming up.
Kate swiping a steak knife off table, LUNGING FORTH --

OUTSIDE. KRAK! KRAK! KRAK! Muted GUNFIRE echoes from inside.
SEDAN idling by rear exit. Finally, door opens. Kate emerges.
Soused in blood. Not hers.

SEDAN. Kate climbs into backseat. Mother waiting there.

MOTHER

Is he dead?

KID KATE

They're all dead.

MOTHER

The job's done. Good.

KID KATE

The gun was empty. Was it another
test?

MOTHER

The final one. This, is graduation.

KID KATE

What now?

Points at Kate's soiled clothes,

MOTHER

We get you new suits, and you start
working.

KATE GROWING UP THROUGH A TYPHOON OF KILL-TABLEAUS

Similar. Bodies slathered around. Kate standing over them, coolly reloading. Getting older with each successive one.

Kate painfully WINCES OUT.
Eyes her cell battery: **38%**
Then she's gone.

NIHONBASHI STREETS

Business district north of Ginza.
A convoy winds past the Stock Exchange.
Dark SUVs and Toyota Century sedans.
Pull up behind a slab-stone OFFICE BUILDING.
Sixteen car doors open simultaneously.
The Yakuza emerge.
Young *kobun* escort an old *oyabun* to entrance.
Fleet of *shatei* there bow in sync as he walks in.

FOUR BLACK-SUITED MEN GAWK AT US

Lit cigarettes dangle from gaping maws.
Or between fingers.
Frozen in place.
Someone painfully GURGLING offscreen.
They all blink...

A Man staggers backwards into frame.
Throat clutched, blood spitting through.
Collapses at their feet.
They look down at him, then back up.
Collectively whip out *tanto* blades.
Crouch for attack.

KATE

Flicks her cigarette.
Moves at them.
Pan up to reveal.
They're in front of that same BUILDING.

SUMIYOSHI BOARD ROOM

Business meeting.
Yakuza gone corporate.
Office suites the new compounds.

Two old *oyabun* (Bosses).
Sumiyoshi. Kozakura.
Making vile transactions over dinner.
Sex slaves for weapons.

Pair of kobun (proteges).
 One stands guard, other works device.
 Projecting pictures onto wall.
 Of young girls, boys. Their ages.

SUMIYOSHI OYABUN

*The last batch was anemic, used up,
 their hair and teeth fell out
 within a month, you can't just feed
 them boiled eggs and energy drinks.*

KOZAKURA OYABUN

*That's why we took care of their
 disposal, so you didn't have to.*

SUMIYOSHI OYABUN

*I still have to account for the
 money and weapons.*

KOZAKURA OYABUN

*I'll throw in my sokaiya's files on
 Nippon Electronics, that's about 80
 million in blackmail currency.*

Off a polite nod-smile,

KOZAKURA OYABUN (CONT'D)

*You're the first to pick from this
 new batch. Foreigners all, I have
 their passports with me --
 (tapping briefcase)
 -- so we can conclude this tonight.*

SUMIYOSHI OYABUN

*These are all 17 and older, you
 mentioned you had younger?*

Old man's lips contorting into lewd smile.

KOZAKURA OYABUN

*Yes, much younger. However for
 those, we will have to renegotiate
 the weapons bargain and--*

WHACK!

Door gavels in.
 Kate stepping forth like a judgement from god.
 Blood-specked countenance.
 Instantly changing the temperature of the room.

Guttural reactions, shouts.
 Kobun moving, weapons out.
 Kate faster. Ruger in her hand.
 KRAK! KRAK!

A shot each. Chests. Center mass.
Both spun like tops. Flailing down.

Oyabun panicked, staggering up.
Kate shrinking them right back.
Kozakura Boss, gun to his head.

KATE

You Sato?
(bug-eyed, shaking 'no')
Kujun Sato, where is he?

KOZAKURA OYABUN

Don't know, I don't know Sato-san!

KATE

Who arranged the hit on the
Minister's Aide?

Reaction flitting across his face.
But he keeps shaking his head.
Kate gleaning it.

KATE (CONT'D)

You don't answer, I shoot you dead.

KOZAKURA OYABUN

I don't know what you ask, please!

KRAK! Headshot.
Red Rorschach's the wall.
Gun panning to second Boss.

KATE

Same question. Same deal.

His eyes ballooning from sockets.

SUMIYOSHI OYABUN

You killed him! He's Kozakura
oyabun! He-- you don't know what
you done!

KATE

He's dead, worry about you. You're
Sumiyoshi?

No answer. Dazed.
Eyes fastened to the corpse.
She snaps her fingers.
Yanking him from his trance.

SUMIYOSHI OYABUN

Yes-- yes, I am Sumiyoshi.

Looking up at her now.
 Anger shifting his demeanor.
 Turning defiant. Setting jaw.
 Someone MOANING on floor.
 One of the *kobun*, still alive.

KATE
 Who ordered the hit yesterday?

SUMIYOSHI OYABUN
 I don't know.

KATE
 Does Sato know?

SUMIYOSHI OYABUN
 What?

KATE
 Kujun Sato, does he know?

SUMIYOSHI OYABUN
 No, he is not-- Sato? No.

KATE
 You know him then. Where is he?

SUMIYOSHI OYABUN
 Sato is-- he is my *kobun*, he does
 not know these matters, he--

KATE
 Where is he?

SUMIYOSHI OYABUN
 22nd floor.

KATE
 In here?

SUMIYOSHI OYABUN
 Yes, but--

She's tugging his tie.
 Jerking him upright.
 Spinning him towards entrance.
 Ruger stabbing his ear.
 Split-second before,
 A PLATOON OF YAKUZA ARRIVES.
 20 deep. Guns aimed. Frothing mad.

KATE
 Drop your weapons and your pants
 and back off, else he dies.
 (MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)
 (jabbing further)
 Translate. They don't comply,
 you're dead.

No choice, Boss quickly obliges.
 Deafening explosion of reactions.

SUMIYOSHI OYABUN
 They will not listen to order, say
 they understand I am under pressure
 and that they can kill you.

Kate frigid, mouth set in hard, grim lines.

KATE
 This is an SR45, 10-round clip, now
 down to 7. That inhale before you
 pull the trigger, I'll have already
 put down 4 of you, your rounds will
 then hit your boss while I execute
 3 more, swiping a higher capacity
 weapon and ending the rest.

They stand firm.
 MOANING on floor gets louder, pained...

A rattlesnake-instant, KRAK!
 Moaning stops.
 No one saw her arm move.
 Scalding barrel already back in ear.

KATE (CONT'D)
 You blink and you die in the dark.

Boss growls, barking order.

SUMIYOSHI OYABUN
*Do as she says! Bakayaro! That's an
 order! All of you! Right now!*

That's it. Stand-off over.
 Guns wane, clatter. Pants drop.
 Men backpedalling into hallway.
 Kate prodding the Boss out.

22ND FLOOR

Open floor plan. Burgundy-lit.
 Tarped floor. Drain-ducted.
 A WOMAN death spams in pooled blood.
 Inciting WAILS from A MAN bound to chair.
 Worked on by SATO.
 An overstuffed pit viper in a suit.

SATO
She's dead, bakayaro, stop puling!

Man bawls on, eyeing his wife's stiff.
 Another Yakuza GRUNT stands near.
 Sato sighs, tells him to,

SATO (CONT'D)
Enough, make him stop.

Grunt jams fingers into Man's mouth.
 Adds a fresh incision.
 Blood spumes by the liter.
 Man gags, muffled screams.

SATO (CONT'D)
*Innocent young bride. What a shame.
 At least you don't have kids,
 imagine seeing your little ones
 worked on like that?*

Grunt yanks his fingers.
 Man gurgles, vomiting blood.
 Urine soaking his leg.
 Sato disgusted, bored, waving it off.

SATO (CONT'D)
I'm done, finish him.

Grunt severs the Man's throat
 Stepping back to avoid arterial gush, as--

WHAM! Door splits.
 Figure crossing threshold.
 Kate, a golem bathed in burgundy.

Shoving the Boss inside.
 He slip-wobbles on puddled blood.
 Almost comical.
 As Grunt pulls his gun--

KRAK!
 Kate blasts him through frontal lobe.
 His head snaps then wilts.
 Body swaying on feet. Nerves mangled.
 Arm slapping side. Twitching abnormally.
 Spasming eyes agape. LOBOTOMIZED.

Frisson of fear, Sato BLEATS. Backpedals.
 Kate hovering over. Imposing. Almost mythic.
 A principle given human form.

KATE
 Sato?

He keeps stuttering back.
 Kate fixing him with those dead eyes.
 Cinders now. Demonic under the light.
 Reflecting his mortality.

SATO
 Yes, I am Sato. But--

KATE
 You poisoned me. Why?

SATO
 Poison? I don't-- who are you?

KRAK! His knee detonates, blown tire.
 He squeals to the ground.

KATE
 Yesterday's hit, I was put up and
 poisoned in the hotel you run.

SATO
 Please! I only collect money from
 hotels, I don't know anything else!

KATE
 Who knows, who arranged the hit?

SATO
 What?

KATE
 It was the Sumiyoshis. I want the
 person who made my accommodation?

SATO
 Different department, I don't know!

KATE
 Which floor?

He clutches his ruined knee, pleads.

KATE (CONT'D)
 This is the Sumiyoshi compound,
 where is it, which floor?

SATO
 Not here! They not here tonight!

KATE
 I want a name and address.

She's dragging him by pants leg.

Towards window. His nails scraping plastic.

SATO
Stop! Stop, please!

KATE
Name and address or you go out the window.

SATO
They out of town tonight, karaoke in Golden Gai! Please!

Sato wailing, drenched in blood and sweat.
FOOTFALLS pounding outside. Dozens.

KATE
Name. Address.

SATO
Kishikawa! It's his department! At Golden Gai Karaoke tonight!

YAKUZA FLEET REACHING THE DOOR.
Freezing. Absorbing the scene. Awed.

Entire floor a crimson nightmare.
Boss soaking on ground.
Ogling lobotomized Grunt.
Still swaying to and fro, a pendulum.
Dead eyes, lips fauceting spit.
Blood gasping from wound.

Kate at the window, Sato by the pants.
Flicking oxycodone straight from tube.
Like Mentos. Swallowing dry.

KATE
Kishikawa, Golden Gai Karaoke?

SATO
Yes, yes-- Kishikawa!

As the lobotomized Grunt flops.
A spasming tangle of limbs.
All eyes snapping to him, when--
SMASH! Sato gets tossed through window.
22 floors up, scream a fading echo...

Yakuza reacting, flummoxed.
Kate's not there, already gone.
Isn't running to hide.

She's coming at them.

KRAK KRAK KRAK KRAK KRAK KRAK!
 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 of them go down.
 Pirouetting blood.
 Before even getting a shot off.
 Kate halfway there, dropping Ruger.
 Cycling out the Glock.
 Men rushing in one-by-one.
 Getting felled just as fast.
 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 more. Rapid-fire.
 Headshots all.

Rest shooting blind, backtracking.
 Hitting their Boss' face.
 Realization eliciting horror.
 Not for long.
 KRAK KRAK KRAK KRAK KRAK!
 Brains blasted to burgundy wine.
 Their bodies sack the floor.
 Clearing doorway.
 Kate stepping through,

INTO THE HALLWAY

An apparition.
 Gun-grip shifting to C.A.R. method.
 Center Axis Reload. Max impact CQ flexibility.
 Dozen men shooting askew.
 Kate blasting the next, before the last's fallen.
 Every trigger pull, a death.
 No such thing as wounded.
 Burns a mag. Speedloads.
 Swaths on. Unrelenting.
 Unstoppable.

REAR ENTRANCE

Gunshots echo from upstairs.
 Cavalcade of parked cars.
 Battalion of *kobun* by them.
 Convened over something on the ground.
 Sato's CORPSE. What's left of it anyway.
 All start arming up.

14TH FLOOR STAIRWAY/LANDING

Dozen Yakuza pounding up stairs.
 Trio approaching landing door, when--
 WHAM! A BODY SPLATS down from above.
 All necks crane up simultaneously, as--
 KRAK KRAK KRAK KRAK KRAK!
 Slugs explode through the door.
 Peppering the trio.

Kate slamming out a beat later.

Emptying clip into one.
 Twisting another's gun-hand.
 Blasting three more with it.
 Using him as shield.
 Rampaging down stairs to the,

13TH FLOOR LANDING

Letting go of his pulped body.
 It slumps besides the rest.
 One still alive, wounded, groaning.
 Painfully aiming up at her, squeezing.
 Kate calmly cocks her head to the side.
 BANG! He misses by a mile.
 KRAK! She doesn't.

More rushing up the stairs
 Kate coolly deviating course.

9TH FLOOR MESS HALL

Mob of *kobun* mobilizing in a huff.
 Gunfire cracking outside like morse code.
Tanto blades out, they rush the door.
 Banging open before they reach it.

Kate hurtling in, gun clicking dry.
 Instantly stormed by blades.
 Blocking with arm, one STABBING through.
 Tugs it out, holding it like a chisel.

Meets them head on.
 Her arm flashing.
 Puncturing heart, kidney, liver.
 Blood flowers blossom.
 First man dying on his feet.
 Second, third, fourth going down.
 Kate getting SLASHED.
 Pain FLARING through,

IMPRESSIONISTIC FLASHBACKS
YOUNG KATE getting slashed.

JABBING another neck.

HELLO-KITTY WAVING

And another.

KID KATE KNIFING A TARGET

And another.
 Pure muscle memory.
 Punting the last one into adjoined,

BACKROOM

He smashes through.
 TEN YAKUZA here loading guns.
 See Kate barging in weaponless.

Face quivering with pain.
Eyes trembling, getting overcome,

FRENZIED FLASHBACK

PARISIAN LOUNGE. *Same scenario. Armed gangsters. YOUNG KATE jolting in. Utterly fearless. Palming one's nose into his skull, wrenching gun. Carving into the rest. Whirling dervish of death. Churning blood and smoke. Last body drops and we...*

SNAP OUT into a similar haze.
Kate wincing on one knee. Gore soaked.
Not hers. Entire room lays gutted.

VIAL in mouth, stabs it with HYPODERMIC.
Pulling plunger, loading it.
Tapping a vein, burying needle into arm.
Eyes shuddering close, absorbing the drugs.
Opening to a smoother world. Manageable.
Up now. Already moving.
Re-arming as she does.
Can't stop. No time.

6TH FLOOR STORAGE ROOM

Dingy. Weapon crates line the walls.
Tattoo needle BUZZING under BLARING hip-hop.
Kobun face down on gurney, getting inked.
Others encircling someone on the floor.

A YOUNG JAPANESE GIRL.
13-year old ANI.
Mess of black and fuchsia *Manga* hair.
Mini skirt. Knee-high socks.
Holding a beer and fuck-you staring back.
At the men hurling insults and beer.

WHAM! Goes the door.
Men getting PLUGGED before she even enters.
Rapid-reloading a Glock. Here's Kate.

Tattoo Artist fumbling for weapon.
Getting neck speared by tattoo gun.
Kate one-handing it.
Last man's got a blade to Ani's throat.

YAKUZA

Stop, I kill her! You--

Kate BLASTS him mid-sentence.
He catapults backward dead.
Spotting Ani's face with his blood.
Shortest hostage crisis in history.

Kate and Ani the only ones standing.
Eyeing each other...

Before Kate's moving again.
Pain SLUGGING her,

INCITING FLASHBACK

LIVING ROOM. *Kid Kate. Bloodied. Flanked by dead parents.
Staring defiant. Same expression as Ani's. At an impasse...*

Snapping out in a WINCE.
Knuckles grinding into temple.
Staggering on.
One step. Two.
Pain LASHING harder.
SEIZING her,

CAPTIVE TO SAME FLASHBACK

Kid Kate. Fork in the road. We know which way she went...

WRENCHING out.
Looking back at Ani.
Frozen in the same spot.
Blood-doused stone face. Angry eyes.
Hasn't crossed the Rubicon yet.
Still time for her.
Can go either way.
Both sizing each other up...

Then Kate nods begrudgingly.
Instant grin, Ani bolting over.
Taking Kate's hand. Kate freeing it.

KATE

Stay behind me.

Cracking open crate.
Lined with M67 GRENADES.
Peers at the SERVICE ELEVATOR.

THE LOBBY

All the *kobun* swarming in.
Sumiyoshi and Kozakura.
Half rushing the stairs.
Other splitting towards,

THE ELEVATOR BANKS.
Ding. Ding. Ding. Ding.
Every elevator arriving simultaneously.
Men freezing up, guns steady.

Ones by the stairs gawking up.
At A BODY plummeting from above.
SPLAT! Tattoo Artist's corpse.
Clothes stuffed full of M67's.

ELEVATOR DOORS PARTING.
Bodies in each one.

Similarly stuffed.
Split-second to react before--

WHOOM!
The entire lobby blows out.

THE REAR SERVICE ELEVATOR

Arriving a beat later.
Kate and Ani emerging.
Calmly making their exit.

TOKYO STREETS

SIRENS wailing nearby.
Kate and Ani navigating side street.
Neon-drenched city imposing over them.
Ani wiping off her face.

ANI
Kuu-sooo. I feel like shit.
(up at Kate)
What's your name? I'm Ani.

Kate doesn't even look. Ani sulking,

ANI (CONT'D)
What's your problem?

Kate hastening, turning corner.
Past large ELECTRONICS STORE.
Ani rushing to catch up.

ANI (CONT'D)
Slow down, freaky gaijin!

KATE
Go home.

Her footsteps instantly ceasing.
Kate throwing a casual look back.
Ani trembling in front of store window.
Eyeing wall of TVs, a news report.
Picture of the murdered Minister's Aide.

The man Kate killed.

ANI
My dad, they killed my dad...

Gust of anguish blowing through her like a train.
Shuddering, gasping, WHEEZING, unable to breathe.
Kate lulls, watching Ani palpitate...
Finally,

KATE
Breathe. You're having a panic
attack. You've got to breathe.

Kate lightly touching her shoulder.
Ani melting into her, hysterical.
Kate looking around, uncomfortable...

KATE (CONT'D)
Listen to me. Close your eyes. Hey.
Close your eyes.

She does. Kate regurgitating a lesson.

KATE (CONT'D)
You've got to empty your head.
Okay? Stop reacting. Don't expect
anything right now. When you open
your eyes, you're going to see the
street, the sky, lights, nothing
else. You're not going to react to
what's not here.
(generous pause)
Open them, slowly.

She does, extricating herself.

KATE (CONT'D)
You're going to be okay.

Ani wiping tear-matted hair from face.

ANI
How do you know?

KATE
You're alive.

Her mouth curls downward, fighting vertigo of grief.

ANI
I hated him, I-- he wasn't a good
dad but he was all I had.

Pulsing sobs. Kate waiting it out...

KATE
Can you get home?

Whipping up, teary gaze a blister of anger.

ANI
They kidnapped me and killed my dad
I can't go back!

KATE
Go to your mother.

ANI
I don't have one!

KATE
Friends then.

ANI
Friends got me kidnapped.

Staring Kate down, trembling eyes...
Kate blinks, turns, walks off.

KATE
Figure something out.

ANI
You're just gonna leave me here?!

KATE
I don't have time.

Ani stomping behind in a huff.

ANI
What if they come after me?

KATE
Go to the police.

Ani SNORTS, stream of angry Japanese.

ANI
They were gonna rape me, you know?
They'll do worse if they catch me.

KATE
Not my problem.

ANI
Then why'd you save me?

Kate's face, not sure she can answer that...

KATE
Stop following me.

ANI
Where are you going?

Points off without looking.

KATE
Go away.

ANI
Where?!

KATE
I don't care.

ANI
If you're not gonna take me you
might as well have left me there!

KATE
You can't come with me, you'll die.

ANI
I'll die if I don't!

But Kate's still moving.
Can't stop. No time.
Ani relents. Watching her go...

Kate suddenly pausing.
Ani perks.
Then puzzles, because--
Kate's doubling over, shrinking to fours.

ALLEY

Kate RETCHING BLOODY.
Crumpled in searing pain.
Fumbling out hypodermic.
The vial rolling away.
Kate too weak to reach it...

ANI scooping it up.
Kate trying to speak.
CHOKING out a single word.

KATE
Medicine...

Ani palming Kate the vial.
Holding her hands. Assisting.
As she loads the shot.
Sinking it into her vein.
Eyes closing with an exhale.

ANI
What's wrong with you?

KATE
Dying... This gives me a few hours.

ANI
So you can kill who did this?

Kate opening her eyes.
Taking in Ani.
Perceptive. Tough.
Kate at 13.

ANI (CONT'D)
I know it. I can tell. You're a
killer motherfucker.

Offering Kate her hand, resolve crystallizing.

ANI (CONT'D)
I'll help you. You need me.

Kate uprighting by herself.

ANI (CONT'D)
Everyone's corrupt, they killed my
dad, they'll kill me too, they'll--
(gently)
Please. Just for tonight. I'm not
safe without you.

KATE
I'm dying.

ANI
That's why you need my help.

Kate slowly looks over, finds Ani smirking.

ANI (CONT'D)
You can't walk around like this.

KATE
What?

ANI
Your clothes. Do you have a phone?

VENDING MACHINES

Ani punching buttons on Kate's cell.
Dropping cellophane-wrapped shirts into slots.

KATE
What're you doing?

ANI
The charge just goes on your cell.
Where have you been?

At a lively avenue amid Romanji signs.
Eclectic crowds of *gaijin* and salarymen.

KATE

This is stupid. Let's go.

Ani imitating her, gruff.

ANI

"Yes! Clean clothes are stupid.
Everything I wear should be covered
in BLOOD!"

Ripping open cellophane package.
Holding a *Totoro* shirt up to Kate.
Cartoon pic of just eyes, teeth, whiskers of a cat.

ANI (CONT'D)

(completely earnest)

Awww, it's so cute on you!

Kate looks down at the shirt.
Back up at Ani. Eyes cornered.

SUBWAY

Totoro shirt beneath Kate's coat.
They sit side by side, rocking faintly.
Ani fidgets. A hyper-active quality to her.
Attention darting like a startled animal.
Touching Kate's wounds. Talking non-stop.
Kate stark-still. Unblinking eyes forward.

ANI (CONT'D)

Does that hurt?

KATE

When you do that.

ANI

You're like that person in a
nightmare.

KATE

Thanks.

ANI

Person you don't remember, but you
know they are scary. How are you so
cool at killing? Will you show me?

KATE

No questions. You want to stick
with me, stop talking.

Ani pauses, looking at her.

ANI
 You're weird.
 (chuckles)
 My own killer gaijin. Cooool.

Pain flooding Kate, teeth GNASHING through,
A TRAINING MOSAIC
KID KATE among fellow *KIDS*, their faces smudged from memory.
 All standing before Mother, her face unseen as usual.

MOTHER
 You are here because you are
 monsters. You don't know this yet,
 but most of you are sociopaths.
 Some homicidal. We are here to find
 out which ones can be utilized.

GUN RANGE. Kids lined up assembling weapons. Shooting. Kate
 among them. Flinching with each kickback.

MOTHER (V.O.)
 Weapons must become an extension of
 your body. Using them, second-
 nature. Like breathing. And
 remember, anything can be a weapon.

VIEWING ROOM. Kids stood in a circle, watching some abhorrent
 act in the middle. Too repulsive, too graphic, too horrifying
 to show. Wide eyes quivering. One pukes. Another faints.

MOTHER (V.O.)
 Nothing can frazzle you, derail
 your focus, no matter how toxic.

GYM. Kids paired off, sparring. Brutal. Bloody.

MOTHER (V.O.)
 Wind pipe, temple, ears, kidney,
 knee and tendon. All weaknesses.

ENDURANCE ROOM. Kate strapped to chair. Getting WAILED on.

SHOWER: Kate SOBBING afterwards.

MOTHER (V.O.)
 You're in pain. But pain does not
 control you. You control the pain.
 And what can be controlled can be
 used.

MAZE. Kate with a gun, running through chaos. Blaring alarms,
 pulsing lights, thick smoke. Frazzled. Gets taken down.

MOTHER (V.O.)
 You must teach yourself stillness.
 Let nothing make you afraid.
 Because all things pass away. God
 never changes.

TIME PASSES. Same scenarios. Over and over. SPED UP. Finally,

GUN RANGE. Kid Kate assembling weapons, different variations, faster than everyone else. Shooting with ease. No flinching.

MOTHER (V.O.)
 Let nothing make you afraid.

VIEWING ROOM. Kate watches nonchalantly. Dead eyed gaze.

GYM. Kate's opponents getting bigger. And older. Going down all the same. One hit takedown. Kate always the one standing.

MOTHER (V.O.)
 All things pass away.

ENDURANCE ROOM. Kate getting assaulted in chair. Deadpan glaze. Body pummeled. Mind elsewhere. Controlling the pain.

SHOWER. No tears anymore. No soul either. All remnants of humanity vaporized.

MOTHER (V.O.)
 God never changes.

MAZE. Kate blowing through the mazes. More chaotic they are, the faster she clears them. Insane focus and will.

MOTHER (V.O.)
 Teach yourself stillness.

SMALL CHAMBER. Kid Kate sits across the table from a Boy, fellow recruit. A disassembled gun before both.

MOTHER (V.O.)
 20 seconds. Only one of you comes
 out of that room or you both die.

BUZZER goes off. Both start swift assembly. Boy finishes, aims at Kate. She's already pulling the trigger. **KRAK!**

OUTSIDE. Kate exits, hands gun to **INSTRUCTOR**, walks off without a look. Instructor smiles, calls after:

ANI'S VOICE
 Hey, we're here! Hey, are you okay?

Kate SNAPS OUT, Ani looking at her weird.

SHINJUKU STREETS

They emerge from Shinjuku Station.
 Instant blitz of color and fashion.
 Packs of young girls parading past.
 Dressed alike. The Tokyo 'Fashion Tribes'.
 The *Manga* girls. The *Gothic-Lolitas*.
 Blue lipstick. Pastel hair. Mini-kilts.

ANI

In here! I need to get my stuff.

Ani leading now, pressing ahead quickly.
 Through the raucous nighttime crowds.

KATE

Wait.

CLUB HARLEM

Hundreds of kids mill about in Fubu and Hilfiger.
 Pants sag, ball-caps perch sideways, atop ghetto weaves.
 Hard, dissonant gangsta-rap thumps from inside.
 The epicenter of J-Pop.
 DOORMAN already lifting cordon for Ani, knows her.
 Kate clutching her arm.

KATE (CONT'D)

The hell are you doing?

ANI

I need to get my stuff, it's here!

KATE

What stuff?

ANI

It's important, okay.

KATE

We don't have time.

ANI

Just take a minute. *Let go of me!*

KATE

One minute and I'm--

Mid-sentence, Ani walks into the club.

INSIDE

A thuggish Japanese MC on stage.
 Hundreds of teens follow his call-and-response.

Ani pushing through waving arms.
 Running into her friend, MAKO.
 Platform shoes, sunglasses in the dark.
 She shrieks, hugs Ani, using her as ballast.

Kate the only one wearing white shirt.
 Glowing conspicuously beneath the black light.
 Ani gesturing to her, covering mouth, giggling.
 Growing livelier under snowballing group of friends.

ANI

I swear I was a hostage, it was so cool!

The resulting giggles buried in music.
 Ani wild and solicitous, people assume everything's a joke.

ANI (CONT'D)

They killed my dad anyway, but this tall gaijin is gonna kill them all.

Kate sees Ani bum a cigarette from a man.
 Take a few greedy drags.
 Kate's brows arch in disapproval.

BACK ROOM

Mako guiding them to a booth.
 FOUR MEN stooped around a mirror.
 Ani whispering to Kate.

ANI (CONT'D)

That's the guy helped kidnap me, Hiro, he put something in my drink.

HIRO looking up in shock. A heavily-pierced *gurentai*.
 Scorched blonde hair. Camouflage jacket.
 Sitting beside a 'man-bag'.

ANI (CONT'D)

Hiro! Where's my purse, you child molestor?

Like he's seeing a girl he murdered, return from the grave.
 Surprise quickly relenting to aggression.
 He stands, spilling powder, causing panic.

HIRO

Who's this haku-jin?

ANI

My new sugar-mama. She's American, she's from Seattle and she...

(thinking)

(MORE)

ANI (CONT'D)
*...owns a record label, she's going
 to sign me and take me on tour.*

Sniffing nose, he barks at the others.

HIRO
Tell Takura I've got her again.

As one of them speed-dials his cell.
 Ani lunges at Hiro, HUGGING him, in tears.

ANI
*Hiro! Why did you do that to me? I
 thought you cared about me!*

Hiro embarrassed at the pleading outburst.
 Coldly staring back at Kate.
 Ani's face twisting in his chest.
 Gesturing at Kate to take the bag.
 Kate snatching it without looking.

Ani breaking off, seizing Kate's hand.
 Concealing it, hauling her away.
 But Kate's not budging.

KATE
 This guy drugged you?

Locked on Hiro with contempt she's never known.
 Something animal and protective taking over.

KATE (CONT'D)
 If you come near her again--

ANI
 Let's go!

HIRO
 Then what, haku-jin?

Hiro nears, smirking, hand in pocket...
 WHACK! His nose SHATTERS blood across his face.
 Pole-axed, blinks once, thuds like bag of cement.
 No one saw Kate's hand move.

ANI
 Let's go!

Kate surprised by her own reaction.
 Lets Ani tug her away.

DANCE FLOOR

Back into the deafening music.

Shouldering through writhing bodies.
 Faces streaked with strobes.
 Details fluctuating in/out of darkness.

FOUR MEN threading towards the duo.
 Kate, shirt aglow, becoming a blur.
 Kicks out knee. Headbutts a mouth, teeth exploding.
 As she lances an elbow, flattening a trachea.
 Bouncing the last face off the floor.
 3 seconds, if that.
 They haven't stopped moving towards,

REAR EXIT

Mountain of a BOUNCER there.
 Kate's arm jolting. Bouncer SMACKING ground.
 Squealing blood through crushed nasal cavity.

BACK ALLEY

Ani sifting through the bag.

KATE
 You're 12, the hell are you doing--

ANI
 You broke Hiro's nose, that was so
 awesome!

KATE
 --hanging out with all these--

Ani pulling out Hiro's .45, brandishing it.

KATE (CONT'D)
 ...losers.

Kate taking it off her.

KATE (CONT'D)
 That was your friend?

ANI
 No, he had my stuff.

KATE
 Stuff?

Ani fishing out her cellphone, it lights up purple.

ANI
 Stuff that got my dad killed. He
 gave it to me to hide for a few
 days. But then I got kidnapped.
 (MORE)

ANI (CONT'D)
 (weighing heavy on her)
 He didn't have it so they killed
 him. It's important, I have to do
 this for him, okay.

KATE
 It's on your phone?

ANI
 No, I need the phone to get it.
 (Kate just blinks)
 From where I hid it. *Didn't I just
 say he told me to hide it?* It's at
 the capsule hotel.

KATE
 You hid it at a capsule hotel?

ANI
 I had a slumber party there last
 weekend. I have to go get it now.

KATE
 Maybe later.

Kate surging ahead.
 Ani sees pain augmenting on her face.
 Hurries after.

SCREECH!

A FLOOD OF VEHICLES

Angrily slewing the curb.
 Outside grey office building.
 THE KOZAKURA COMPOUND.

KOZAKURA BOARDROOM

Angry Sumiyoshis storming in.
 Met with angrier Kozakura counterparts.
 Four generations of the Yakuza.
 From emeritus wise men. The *kobun*. And *shatei*.
 To punkish *chapatsus*, with crazy-glued hair.

Kozakura. Sumiyoshi. Facing off.
 Accusing each other for the massacre.
Oyabun killed on both sides.
 Seeking retribution, blades coming out.
 Seconds from full-blown WAR.

A hoarse voice cutting through.
 SUSUMU stalking in. Everyone bowing.
 Young Kozakura *oyabun*. Businessman demeanor.
 SANADA in tow. Detective from hospital.

Clicking on giant display.
 SECURITY FOOTAGE from earlier.
 Of Kate swathing through.
 Everyone Stunned. Blades waning.

Footage pausing: On KATE & ANI.
 Susumu stepping forth.
 Roaring out grand injunction to all.

SUSUMU

Send out this picture. Inform everyone. The smaller families. The police. Everyone we tax. All the hostesses and dealers. This is our city. We have eyes and ears everywhere. They can't take a breath without us hearing it. And when we find them, they won't take any more. It's a matter of honor now. We will be dishonored without retribution. We'll lose the ground we stand on, and get tossed in the wind. That cannot happen!

'Hai!'. All bowing fiercely.

GOLDEN GAI

City block cut by 6 narrow alleys, narrower passageways.
 Exploding with 300 shanty-style bars/restaurants.
 Kate and Ani pushing through the morass.
 Past staggering salarymen, drunk and satiated.
 Ground slick with cooking-fat and piss.
 Air thick with smoke from yakitori grills.

ANI

I'm hungry!

YAKITORI BAR. NEXT MINUTE

Kate dropping bills.
 Getting handed chicken-heart skewers.
 Passing half to Ani.
 Chomping into rest, grease oozing.

KATE

I've got to go see someone now.

ANI

Are you going to come back for me?

KATE

Just-- stay here.

ANI

Wait! Give me your number. In case of emergency.

KATE

I'm not your bloody mother.

Ani taken aback. Hurt. Swallowing hard.
Kate sighs, unlocks her cell, forks it over.

ANI

Kakkoiiiiii!

(thumbing in her info)

Want me to charge it? **22%**, it's gonna die soon.

Kate absorbing this... 'Leave it.'
Ani shrugs, sending herself a text.

ANI (CONT'D)

Got you! What's your--

KATE

Kate.

Ani mouthing as she plugs it in.
Returning Kate's cell. Grinning as...
It chirps with an OVERTLY CUTE ringtone.

ANI

My personal ringtone! So you know when I'm calling.

Kate pocketing it, telling Ani to,

KATE

Stay here till I get back.

Involuntary regard. Surprising both.
Ani salutes with her cellphone.
A CUSTOMER watches Kate exit, sends a text.

ALLEYWAYS

Kate's pace quickening to a gallop.
Cutting left, right, left, hectic.
Through time-warped tumble of bars.
Stripping last bite, tossing skewers.
WINCING. Ducking into,

CONVENIENCE STORE

Storming across. Scanning shelves.
Reaching for water. Last second--

Grabbing handle of BOURBON instead.
 Unscrewing cap one-handed. Swigging.
 Bills tossed on counter. Gone.

A DOG LICKS A BLOODY FACE

Sprawled CORPSE of a Yakuza *kobun*.
 TWO MORE angrily aim .45's at Kate.

ANGRY KOBUN #1
She just hit him and he--

ANGRY KOBUN #2
You killed him, you bitch!

Kate just gulps bourbon, drunk-swags.

KATE
 Kishikawa. I'm looking for--
 (hiccup-points)
 Are you Kishi-- You Kishikawa?

One pats her down. She squirm-giggles.
 No weapons. He snatches the bourbon.
 She takes it right back.

KATE (CONT'D)
 No! Mine!

Drinks. Burps. Giggles.
 They blink.

GOLDEN GAI KARAOKE

Black-suited Yakuza occupying main room.
 Spread out on mats, drinking. Drunk.
 One howls along to The Ramones's *Blitzkrieg Bop* in Japanese.

As the duo shoves Kate in.
 She drunk-staggers, clutching bottle.
 One bows to a MAN sitting aside,

ANGRY KOBUN #1
*This drunk yariman keeps asking
 about you. She just killed Ryoji!*

KATE
 You-- you're Kishikawa then?

KISHIKAWA watches her slug the bourbon.

KISHIKAWA
Who is this gaijin whore?

And Kate starts POURING it on him.
 DOUSING him. Just like that.

Everyone instantly on their feet, roaring.
 Adjoining doors SLIDING open, more Yakuza.
 Kate SPARKING lighter next to his SOAKED face.
 Icing everyone in their tracks.

KATE
 You hired me to kill the Minister's
 Aide.

KISHIKAWA
 (wiping his eyes)
 What?!

KATE
 You arrange and accommodate all
 hits for the Sumiyoshis, yes?

KISHIKAWA
 I-- What?

KATE
 Next time I won't repeat the
 question.

Lowers the flame to his eyes.
 He squirms, squeezing them shut.

KATE (CONT'D)
 Your department handles the
 contractors, yes or no?

KISHIKAWA
 Yes, yes, but--

KATE
 Then you had me poisoned. Why?

KISHIKAWA
 No-- Sumiyoshi did not contract
 this, I promise to you!

Yakuza encircling. Blades up. Tightening.
 Kate unconcerned. Yanking him by his hair.

KATE
 Then who?

KISHIKAWA
 Don't know-- I-- maybe Kozakura.

KATE
 I was put up in your hotel, I was
 poisoned in your hotel.

KISHIKAWA

Please! I promise we only take the girl-- the daughter, we kidnap her to make deal but he was killed before he arrived.

Kate pausing. A *dead-end*. Confusion...
Her SHOULDER TWITCHES. Flame jerked, flitting.
Everyone shifting, coiling. Kishikawa's eyes darting.
Kate RE-SPARKING. Thrusting it at his face.

KATE

Name and address.

KISHIKAWA

What? I'm sorry I--

KATE

Kozakura, their *oyabun*, man up top.

Her ARM TREMORING, CONVULSION coming on.
Kishikawa feeling the heat. Literally.

KISHIKAWA

Susumu! His name is Susumu! He--

MUSCLE CRAMP DISLODGING her shoulder.
Lighter hitching loose...
SWOOSH! LIGHTING UP Kishikawa.

An explosion of yells. Movement.
Kate tearing a Glock off one.
Blitzkrieg Bop hijacking our audio.
Punctuating the ensuing mayhem.

BACK AT YAKITORI BAR

Yakuza bursting in, startling everyone.
Ani bolting for the rear exit.
Snatched by more men entering there.
Getting hauled off, SCREAMING.
No one in the place moving a muscle.

OUTSIDE GOLDEN GAI KARAOKE

Passerbys reacting to carnage echoing from within.
WHAM! A Yakuza smashes through.
Clamping throat, gurgling, takes a step, collapses.
Another runs out on fire.
KRAK! Doesn't get very far.

Out stumbles Kate.
Blood drenched demon from hell.
SNAPPING her arm back into place, ROARING.

Stepping over corpses.
 Onlookers giving her a wide berth.
 As she shoves past.

YAKITORI BAR

Kate stands blinking at empty seat.
 Ani not there.
 A moment...
 Then pain thrusts.
 Kate grimacing.
 Lurching out.

ALLEYWAY

Swaying, dizzy. Slamming into wall.
 Trying to hold on. Sliding down it.
 Field of vision a milky BLUR.
 Colors dulling, bleeding into next.
 Struggling through near blindness.
 Patting herself down.
 Freeing NSAIDs tube from pocket.
 Slugging it straight.
 Shut-eye swallow.
 Heartbeat THUDDING...

CLUSTER OF BLACK SUVs

Yakuza hustling Ani towards one.
 Mouth muffled, squirming mad.
 More Yakuza emerging, one on his cell:

YAKUZA

*We've got the kid, the woman's here
 somewhere. We're locking the whole
 place down, she's not getting out.*

Ani biting hand covering her mouth.

ANI

*Chikusho! She's my new gaijin mom
 and she's going to kill you all!*

Getting SLAPPED for it.
 SIRENS ebbing closer...

ALLEYWAY

...Kate opening her eyes.
 Vision less hazy.
 Still plagued by bleached flares.
 People regarding her with horror.
 Whipping back as she springs up.
 Pitches forward.

YAKUZA/COPS FORTIFYING GOLDEN GAI

Cars SCREECHING up, bodies SWARMING.
 Flocks of Yakuza/cops, eyes EVERYWHERE.
 Exits blocked. Escape impossible.

Kate tottering past shanties.
 Blanching in severe pain.
 Calculating her window when,

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

KATE!!!

Peeks over her shoulder.
 Sees Ani getting shoved into SUV.
 Wriggling, kicking the door.
 Their eyes locking...
 Yakuza noticing her, shouting over.
 Kate glancing back towards street.
 No getting out if she goes back in...

Yakuza converging fast.
 Kate deciding, scrambling towards street.
 Abandoning Ani.
 Kid realizing she's deserted.
 Nascent trust in Kate shaken.

ALLEY

Yakuza bombing out after Kate.

SUV

Ani sandwiched in the rear.
 All swagger evaporated.
 Exposing the 13-year old she is.
 Shaking with complete despair.
 Full-on wailing as the SUV rolls out.

Yakuza barks, lifting arm for another slap--
 KRAK! Window implodes, his head snapping.
 KRAK! The other one getting pulped.
 Blood spritzing Ani. SCREAMING, as--
 KRAK! Driver's skull splits.
 SUV banging pavement.
 Passenger Yakuza opening door.
 KRAK! KRAK! KRAK! Mozambique drill.
 He spills through open door.

Ani stops screaming, gawks up.
 Kate there, smoking gun.
 Hero shot: Etched against the sky.
 All torn and bleeding of course, there's that.
 Lifts weapon off corpse and winces at Ani,

KATE

Move.

SPRINT THROUGH GOLDEN GAI

Claustrophobic maze. A riot of neon.
 Kate and Ani dashing through.
 Hunted by Yakuza army.
 Gunfire. Slashing blades.
 No time to think.
 Stop and they die.
 Breathless, jarring. Dizzy.
 A staccato blur of violence.
 Avoid motion-sickness, switch to,

OVERHEAD VIEW

Of them GRINDING through shanties into,

STRIP CLUB

A sex club like a Bosch painting.
 Cyberpunk strippers. Nude chocolate wrestling.
 Curtained STALLS lining back wall.
 They duck into one as the Yakuza enter.

PRIVATE STALL

Heaving. Caked in grime.
 Ani hyperventilating bad,

ANI

Too many-- there's-- they're gonna
 kill us, they're- *Kuso! Kuso! Kuso!*

KATE

Shhh. Close your eyes, breathe,
 think of blue.

(snaps fingers, harder)

Hey, picture the color blue.

A breather...

Doesn't last.

A HOSPITALITY GIRL whisks the curtain.
 Evicting them in flurry of nasal Japanese.
 Yakuza henchmen bolting over.
 The duo rushing out the back.

KABUKICHO DISTRICT

Into crowded entertainment district.
Shatei everywhere, scanning pedestrians.
 Ani hooking arm around Kate's waist.

ANI

Act drunk. You're a freaky drunk
gaijin and I'm your whore.

Kate glancing disapproval.
Ani spitting belligerence.

ANI (CONT'D)

What? You're not my mom.

Suddenly weighed down, wobbling.

ANI (CONT'D)

Kuu-sooo! I said act drunk, not be
drunk.

Notices Kate grimacing, eyes aflutter.
Shoulder DROOPING, arm out of socket again.

ANI (CONT'D)

Ohfuckdon'tdiedon'tdiedon't--

Abrupt SHOUTS of '*Bakayaro!*'.
Four Yakuza RUSHING them with blades.
Ani SHRIEKING. Kate SMACKING the ground.
Pair GASHING into her.
Other HAULING Ani off screaming.

Kate coasting on muscle-memory.
And one arm.
Anyone else would be dead twice over...

A MEMORY SPASM:

SPECIALIST (V.O.)

You won't see the sunrise.

...Kate's late for her reprisal.
Ignores slashes, puts down the men.
And gets herself parallel to wall.
Ani now way in the distance...
More Yakuza rushing in between.

Concern hardening into anger.
Pats herself down, LAST VIAL.
Swills it straight.
Grabs arm, CRACK!
Bangs it back in place.
Doesn't even wince.

Just takes off after Ani.
Full-pelt. A locomotive.

WHAM! Car SLAMMING Kate, upending her.
SCREECHING to a stop.

But Kate's back up, already hobbling on.
Driver gawking...

OBSERVED FROM AFAR

By BLACK-CLAD FIGURES.
Sheltered by shadows.
Pulling on balaclava masks.
Stalking towards Kate.

SENTO BATHHOUSE

Yakuza run and populated.
Lounging tattooed flesh.
A pair hustling Ani in.
Through to the BACK OFFICE.

Door flying open again.
Kate, grimy *Totoro* shirt.
One-by-one they all stand.
FLINCH as she brings up gun.
Deflating as it CLICKS dry.
Kate with an eye-sigh.
Before they rush her.

She moves, snatching hand-towel.
Twirling it into tight rat-tail.
Dipping tip in water, SNAPS it like a whip.
Firecracker POP, EXPLODES an eyeball.
Man goes down clutching face.

Another STABS. She whips it around his wrist.
Straightens his arm. Three rapid punches.
Shoulder, elbow, wrist. Shattered. Down.
As Kate's choke-holed from behind.
Flips it overhead, around his throat.
Loosens, then SNAPS, vertebrae and trachea POP.

Wraps it around her hand next.
SMASHES beer bottle, grabbing shard.
SLICING another's wrist to the bone.
Arterial blood PUMPS. Another down.

She keeps on. Energizer bunny.

BACK OFFICE

Nervous *shatei* bark into phones.
Ani sobs, fresh bruise fading on cheek.
KNOCK on door. Looks traded.
Knuckles whitening around guns.

CIGARETTE YAKUZA

Who is it?

Another knock in response.
 Everyone tensing, on edge.
 Gun up, the smoker inches over.
 Opens door: Kate's there.
 Takes gun off him. Just like that.
 He blinks at empty hand.
 Trigger finger missing, bone protrudes.

CIGARETTE YAKUZA (CONT'D)

AHHHHHH!!!

Explosion of epithets. Guns cocking.
 Too late.
 Kate flies in. Kills them all.
 Adding fresh coat of gore to room.
 Ani rushes. Hugs her. Squeezes tight.
 Lathered face. Tears of joy.

ANI

You came back! You came back for
 me! I was so scared I-- ohmygod!

Smitten. Doesn't wanna let go.
 Kate lets her.
 Plucks cig off corpse. Pulls deep.
 Before snatching a Serbu *shorty* shotgun,

KATE

Tired of saving you.

EXIT INTO BACK ALLEY

They step out and move.
 SIRENS nearing fast.
 Duo dashing between alleys, as--
 TWO COP CARS SCREECH in from street.
 Cig in mouth, Kate lets the *shorty* rip.
 Doesn't slow, doesn't even look.

WHA-CHACK-CHACK-CHACK!
 Windshields IMPLoding.
 GLASS PEBBLING the Cops.
 Shielding eyes, ducking, STOMPING GAS.
 TIRES SQUEALING backwards in panic.
 Our duo already gone. Turning,

ONTO CROWDED STREET

PFFT! PFFT! PFFT!
 Silent rounds WHIZZING in.
 PELTING wall above Kate's head.
 She drops, pulling Ani with her.
 Seconds before more drill the spot.
 Missing 'em by this much.

KATE (CONT'D)
Up. Move. Keep moving.

They zig-zag. Hectic. Divergent
Kate's eyes darting.
Scanning the ROILING CROWDS.
Unable to spot,

THE ALBINO

Fusing in and out of the stampede.
Silenced Sig SPITTING.
Each shot from a new position.
Dropping empty, cycling out another.
Unrelenting. Closing in on,

KATE

Round PUNCHING shoulder.
Blood flecking Ani.
Shotgun slipping grasp.
No time to reclaim it.

ANI
You're shot! You-- Who's shooting?

Kate yanking her down roughly.
Second before bullets rip the spot.
Recalibrating. Shoving Ani forward.

KATE
Don't look back. Two steps right,
one left. Keep moving.

ANI
What?

Kate just tugging her along.
Plowing through pedestrians.
PFFT! PFFT! PFFT!
One taking a bullet. Then another.
Blood misting the air.
Kate calculating, snapping a glimpse of,

THE ALBINO
Sig held waist-level.
Firing inconspicuously.
Eyes clasp for a second...

Kate pulling her gun.
SPASMING mid-move.
CONTRACTION obliterating her thigh.
She wobbles, COLLAPSING.
Pandemonium. Crowds stirring.

Ani joining their SQUEALS.

KATE

Don't stop! Keep moving, keep--

Ani frozen, immobilized by fear.
Bullets THWACKING all around.

KATE (CONT'D)

Turn around, move that way!

Kate wincing up, every ounce of strength.
One LEG PARALYZED, thigh SOAKED through.
Fist-sized open sore BUBBLING.
Struggles GIMP-LEGGED towards the kid.

KATE (CONT'D)

Go! I'll cover you!

Ani snapping out, turning.
Just as, PFFT! PFFT! PFFT!
Rounds carve Kate's side.
She stutters. Goes down again.
Gun skimming away.
Ani YELPING, rushing back.
A guttural bark,

KATE (CONT'D)

I said go! Keep moving!

New ingredient in her voice.
Emotion. Heated with concern.
Kid refusing, tear-glazed faced.

KATE (CONT'D)

Ani, stop! Turn around!

Crowds dissipated, Albino emerging.
Ani now taking Kate's hand.
As Albino aims, dead-on...

PHUT! PHUT! PHUT! PHUT!
Tiny *shuriken* LODGE into his limbs.
EXPLODE without sound.
The Albino QUIVERS, drops gun.

FOUR FIGURES materialize behind him.
All black. Balaclava masks.
One grabs Albino's face.
Unceremoniously opens his throat.
Another approaches Kate,

MASKED FIGURE

Show me your hands.

TOKYO STREETS. LATER

TWIN BLACK SUVs navigate the neon wonderland.

FRONT SUV

Kate in the back. Hands zip-tied.
 FLANKING FIGURES bear KRISS Vector SMGs.
 LEAD FIGURE sits across.
 Next to Ani, still dazed.
 Everyone staring at Kate...

All simultaneously unmask.
 All WOMEN. Stoic. Severe.
We've seen two of them.
 The Lead speaks in academic English,

THE MIKO

I'm not going to ask who you are.
 Because I know *what* you are. You've
 set half our city on fire tonight.

KATE

I've seen you. At a murder scene.
 Rifling a dead man's pockets.

The Lead eyes the others, considers.
As recognition flits across Ani's face.

THE MIKO

We are *The Miko*. Autonomous
 Japanese intelligence. We keep
 things manageable. And we do not
 officially exist.

KATE

Don't mind me, I'm almost done.

THE MIKO

Almost? It's going to take a very
 long time to put out these fires.

KATE

Maybe you can point me in the right
 direction then. Expedite this.

THE MIKO

What you want is not our concern.
 Our concern is the 'dead man' and
 what he had. So we can stop this
 before the whole city burns down.

KATE

Dead man. Ani's father.

THE MIKO

He had evidence linking government officials to the Yakuza. Sending the two largest clans into panic. He was in hiding so the Sumiyoshis kidnapped his daughter to exchange for it. But he got killed en route.

Ani reacts, a million gears churning.

KATE

Who contracted the hit? Susumu?

THE MIKO

Kozakura boss, yes. To eradicate the problem. Unaware that the Sumiyoshis had also taken steps.

KATE

But you were shadowing the Aide.

THE MIKO

We couldn't get to him in time. So we tried to secure the drive, and realized he didn't actually have it. He'd given it to someone no one would think of. The only person he trusted.

Turns to Ani. Her eyes damp, swallowing.

THE MIKO (CONT'D)

Isn't that right, Ani?

Ani shaking her head.

THE MIKO (CONT'D)

You're a brave girl, Ani. Where did you hide it?

ANI

What are you going to do with it?

THE MIKO

We're going to stop the bad people.

ANI

People that killed my dad?

THE MIKO

Yes.

ANI

Will they die?

THE MIKO

In prison.

ANI

Kate can just kill them now.

THE MIKO

We can't let her kill anymore, Ani-chan. *Where is the drive?*

ANI

I don't have it.

Ani turning to Kate.
Kate intuiting.
Something wrong here...

THE MIKO

What do you mean? Where is it?

Going through her bag. Then phone.
Impatience swelling,

THE MIKO (CONT'D)

I am trying to help you.

ANI

I've seen you. And your *kusobabaa* boss. In my dad's pictures. You're one of the people he was exposing. People working with the Yakuza.

THE MIKO

You have me confused with someone else, Ani-chan, look at me.

ANI

I've already seen you, you work for one of the bad guys.

Lead smiles. It never reaches her eyes.
Drops the facade and nods at Kate.

THE MIKO

And who do you think she is, a 'good guy'?

Kate knows what's coming.
Her eyes burgeoning with panic.

THE MIKO (CONT'D)

This *gaijin* killed your dad. That's how she knows we were there, she's the one who shot him.

Ani walloped, her whole world rocked again.
Glaring at Kate, not wanting to believe.

ANI

Kate...

Kate trying to communicate ...something.
Doesn't know how to.
We can't see it, but her heart's breaking.
Ani instantly knows it's the truth.
Devastated. Spiraling.
Betrayal inducing tears.

THE MIKO

Don't worry she's going to pay for
all of this. Just give it to me.

Ani toughening, shaking head.
Getting yanked by her hair.
SLAPPED. Hard.

THE MIKO (CONT'D)

*Enough! Tell me now or I'll have to
start hurting you.*

Ani turning resilient. Like Kate.
Lead pulling back for another slap.

KATE

You hit her again, I'll kill you.

Lead pauses.
SLAP! Makes Ani bleed.
Kate returns a hostile look.
Memorizing her face.
To do something medieval to it...

But VOMITS instead.
Spewing BLOOD all over the Lead.
Stunned for a moment.
Before she SOCKS Kate, CRUNCHING cartilage.

THE MIKO

I'll make the kid pay for this.

She turns back to Ani.
And something growls.
Something infernal,

KATE

Shouldn't have touched her.

THE MIKO

What the fuck are you going to do?

Spins on Kate again.
 Something off about her.
 All eyes drifting down to...
 Kate's hands: *free now*.
 Simultaneous reaction,

THE MIKO (CONT'D)

Oh shit...

Too late. Kate LAUNCHES --

DESERTED STREET

-- SUV SWERVES.
 Careens wild. Overturns.
 Skid-slammng the curb.

Smoke wafts. Dirt too.
 Then, CRACK!
 Windshield blows outward.
 Kate waddles out.
 KRISS Vector in hand.

SECOND SUV burning a fierce 180.
 Donating it's tires to the city.
 Masked Miko leaning out.
 Assault weapons aimed.

Kate unconcerned, limping towards back window.
 SUV nigh. Gunfire imminent. 3, 2, 1--
 When almost an afterthought,
 Kate lifts the KRISS.
 Razors the SUV.
 60 rounds/sec.
 Punched like colander.
 SUV fishtails, SKIDS past. Capsizes.
 Flames blossom, engulfing it.

Kate hasn't even looked.
 She's peeking into the back window,

INVERTED SUV

Ani mashed in a corner.
 Only one alive.
 Angry, eye-spearing Kate.
 Kate blinks back.
 No words for this in her software.
 Just extends her hand.

Ani ignores it.
 Starts to say something.
 Is overcome.
 Just looks away, nostrils aflame.

Kate withdrawing her hand
 To cover mouth.
 Brutal coughing fit.
 She sways, woozy, reeling.
 Clocking cell life: 9%
 Sucks a breath, turns.
 And limps off...

Ani squirms out after a moment.
 Looks after Kate, seething.
 Starts stumbling the other way...

When suddenly, a ROAR.
 REV of a Ducati.
 Here she comes,

THE PUNK

Thundering in.
 Devil-horned helmet.
 One-arming a BFR.

Kate whirls.
 Sees Ani exposed in the middle.
 Punk closing fast.
 Doesn't calculate, doesn't think.
 Just breaks into a peg-legged run.

KATE
 Ani, get down!

Ani drops, as--
 The Punk opens up.
 BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!
 BFR coughing thunder.
 50 cal rounds BLOWING asphalt chunks.

Kate sprays the KRISS.
 Punk veering into zig-zag.
 Ani going fetal, HOWLING.
 Bullets SPARKING all around.
 Punk approaching fast.
 Kate hobbling on one good leg.

Two forces of nature.
 Thrashing towards each other.
 Round GRAZING Kate's gun arm.
 She tosses it into the other.
 Resumes fire.

Hits the Ducati
 Sends it SKIDDING.
 But the Punk's rolled off.
 Pulling second BFR.

Kate hitting empty.
 Still she persists.
 Deranged kamikaze yell.
 Round shaving her side.
 Nevertheless, she persists.
 But slower now.
 In a zombie stagger.
 One step, two, another.
 Almost to Ani...

Punk striding up sans helmet.
 Face-to-face.
 She aims at Kate.
 Lulls, something cruel twitching.
 Bloody grin, pans gun to Ani.
 Contorted into a shuddering ball.
 BOOM!

Blood SPLOTCHES Ani's face.
 SHOVED outta the way.
 Kate there instead.
 Took the round through her shoulder.
 Everyone stunned in that moment...

Except Kate.
 Two lightning strides.
 She's already on the Punk.
 Supinates an arm. Inverts a knee.
 And SNAP! Breaks her neck.
 The Punk drops dead.
 Kate looms over, lungs heaving
 Her back to Ani.

Ani wipes her eyes, uprights.
 Watches Kate from behind.
 Neither moves. Or says anything.
 Just stand there.
 Among corpses. Fire. Smoke. Blood.
 SIRENS pulsing closer.

Beat. Beat. Beat...

Kate painfully lifts her arm sideways.
 Ani rushes beneath it, hefting.
 Supporting Kate.
 The pair slowly waddling off...

RED-LIGHT DISTRICT

Tokyo's 'Sleepless Town'.
 Hostess clubs. Love hotels.
 They elbow through crowds.
 Under lurid neon signs.
 Ignoring the looks.

ANI
I'm hungry, *gaijin*.

MCDONALD'S

Flopped in a booth.
Mound of fast food between them.
Ani gorges breathlessly.
Kate gnawing sluggish.
Reaches for soda cup and GRIMACES,

VARRICK'S SIGNATURE TOAST:

VARRICK (V.O.)
*Anything worth cherishing, oughta
be cherished with the best company.*

Pulls out the Lafite instead.
Miraculously intact.
Pops cork.
Dumps out soda.
Refills cup with the wine.
Ani looks up to see Kate watching.
In her eyes, something simmers.
Ani scowls.

ANI
What's your problem? *Weirdo*.

Kate averts calmly.
Swirls, inhales.
Sips the century's most expensive vintage.
Out of a styrofoam cup.

STREETS. LATER

They totter beneath the neon.
Kate lugging large ice bags.
Notices something, pauses.
Hands off bags to Ani.

ANI (CONT'D)
Kuu-sooo! What the hell!

KATE
Stay here and count to a 100, I'll
be back before you finish.

And just walks off.
Ani gawking after.
Seeing her stalk into a LOVE HOTEL.
Clutch of cars outside.
Cars we recognize.
THE KOREANS' rides.
Ani slowly inches forward...

Muted sounds emanate from within.
 THUD. THUMP. CRACK. Muffled YELLS.
 Sounds of commotion.
 Death.
 WHAM! Someone falls out the window.
 Thrown out rather. A KOREAN.
 HAMMERS into a Stinger's roof.
 IMPACT flinching Ani.
 Agitating the crowds.

Kate emerges a beat later.
 Fresh blood dotting her face.

KATE (CONT'D)
 I'm going to guess, 46? No way you
 counted past 50.

ANI
 What were you doing?

KATE
 Simplifying a problem. Before it
 became one. Come on.

Grabs ice bags, shuffles on.

MANJO LOVE HOTEL ROOM

Garish neon strains through the window.
 Ani sits on the bed blinking into,

THE BATHROOM

Kate tenderly peeling her clothes.
 Wince-talking,

KATE (CONT'D)
 Just need a few minutes. 30. I've
 set the alarm on my cell. Poke me
 if that doesn't do the trick.

As Kate's clothes come off.
 Ani GASPS, breath catching.
 Awed by the horror that is her body.

More corpse now than a living thing.

Sallow flesh. Seared. Blistered
 Swollen slits gummed with blood.
 Hematomas blooming yellow-black.
 Scorch-marks mottled blue.
 Contused punctures. Welts. Sores. Lacerations.
 Wounds, old and new. All open, bubbling. Seeping.
 A flayed map of agony. A disaster site.

Bathtub full of ice and freezing water.
She painfully submerges herself.
Inhaling as she closes her eyes.

Ani now watches from doorway
This woman. A killer. A monster.
Her savior.

ANI
You're a bad person.

KATE
I'm a bad person.

ANI
But you can change.

KATE
No time.

ANI
When did you become like this?

KATE
About your age.

ANI
Why?

KATE
Anger. Made the wrong choice. Gave
myself to some people. Let them
make me into this.

ANI
I know why you saved me. To make up
for killing my dad.

KATE
Taking a life meant nothing to me.

ANI
And now?

KATE
We make the choices, get what we
deserve.

ANI
Punishment. And the person who did
this to you, Susumu?

KATE
He'll get what's coming.

ANI

You're still going to go kill him?
The last thing you'll do?

KATE

That's how it works.

ANI

But-- You don't have to anymore,
you can still change.

KATE

Give me a break, I'm at 6%.

ANI

What about me? Saving me won't
bring back my dad.

KATE

I know.

ANI

None of it will make a difference.

KATE

I know.

ANI

I need your help, I have to go get
the drive, for my dad.

KATE

Don't be ridiculous, entire city's
hunting us.

ANI

But you'll still go kill this man!

KATE

That's my business.

ANI

Why save me then?!

KATE

You're making me regret it.

ANI

You're a bad person, you're still a
bad person.

KATE

We covered that.

ANI
I thought you cared.

KATE
30 minutes. 30...

Kate trailing off.
Ani exasperated.
Watches her lapse into sleep.
Peers at Kate's phone. Then hers.
And *decides*.

ASAKUSA CAPSULE HOTEL. LATER

Walls of SLEEPING CAPSULES.
Like a massive honeycomb.
Clear windowed single sleeping spaces.
Salarymen who've missed the last train.

LOBBY

Ani strides in with purpose.
Right upto the CLERK.

ANI
I just need to use the lockers.

Clerk nod-smiles, glancing down at,
Computer screen: Kate and Ani's pic.
Forcibly smiles up again.
Points Ani towards the lockers.
Waits, then picks up phone.

LOVE HOTEL BATHROOM

Bathed in gaudy red neon.
Suffused with thick smog.
Veil of noxious GAS.
Kate still passed out in bathtub.

She's not alone.
FIGURES in the mist.
Abnormal postures. Gas masks.

THE PRIESTESS looms over Kate.
Watching through demon-faced mask.
Slowly lifts left hand.
And SNAPS her fingers.

CAPSULE HOTEL LOCKER ROOM

Massive wall of LOCKERS.
Ani whips out her cellphone.
...And snaps a selfie.

Not a social media update.
 Cell has facial recognition.
 She points the phone, hits SEND.
 Text triggers computerized lock.
 A locker door POPS open overhead

Ani ascends attached ladder towards it.
 Comes down with a *Hello-Kitty* bag.
 Sifting as she heads to the exit.
 Doesn't get there.
 BUMPING right into someone.
 Looks up to see a grinning:

CHAPATSU

You're coming with us, warugaki.

KATE'S CELL BUZZES

Lying atop her begrimed clothes.
 Hand reaches, turns off alarm.
 But we're not in the bathroom.
 And Kate's not in the bathtub.

Dangles like a bell in STRAPPADO BONDAGE.
 Arms above her head, from behind her back.
 Feet off the ground, weighed down by SANDBAGS.
 Bent forward. Excruciating.

In THE PRIESTESS' DUNGEON.
 Appropriately named,

JIGOKU

Dark. Scarce ambient light.
 Somewhere out-of-tune VIOLINS SCREECH.
 Awakening Kate. She tries to orient.
 But nothing makes sense.

DEVILISH FACES in the gloom.
 Hunched WORKERS in wicked *Hannya* masks.
 Necks chain-leashed to walls.
 ROPE-BINDING Kate in intricate S&M patterns.
 Torturous *Kinbaku* techniques.

THE PRIESTESS conducts in silhouette.
 Ornate shears in her hand.
 Behind her, a *Katana*-wielding SAMURAI ARMOR.
 It's *Kabuto* helmet modified to horned gasmask.

THE PRIESTESS

Bondage often leads to real freedom
 if you allow it to.

She drifts towards Kate.

Illegible accent, offbeat cadence.

THE PRIESTESS (CONT'D)

I do not care for a measly
contract. I am an artiste.
(runs shears across Kate)
You shall have the honor of being
subject to a masterwork of misery.

Snaps her fingers.
Workers start CLENCHING the ropes taut.
Tighter. Tighter. Tighter...
Kate blanching, suffocated, body CONTORTING.
In bizarre, serpentine web of rope bondage.
And knots of IVs threaded into veins.
Unable to move. Or speak.
Eyes inflating with horror.

THE PRIESTESS (CONT'D)

The drugs have seized you. Poisons,
sustaining your pain, and pleasure.
Your synapses will misfire, there
will be sensory glitches, it will
heighten *everything*.

Tighter: Kate trembling with ineffable anguish.

THE PRIESTESS (CONT'D)

This is pain you do not understand.
The ropes are twisting your bones,
disfiguring you, accenting the
suffering to an ethereal degree.

Noises radiate from somewhere.
MOANS. SCREAMS. All indiscernible.

THE PRIESTESS (CONT'D)

You must maintain a steady heart-
rate, even as the pain becomes
unbearable. One wrong move, even a
sharp exhale, and you fracture a
100 bones at once.

Tighter: Kate's breath RASPY, sawing in/out.
Tighter: Tears flaring turgid eyes.

THE PRIESTESS (CONT'D)

Brink of death, one foot in the
void. No one has come this far. It
is where you must remain, my pet.
Until this misery becomes euphoric.

Scoops loaded SYRINGE off a table.
Sinks it into her own cubital vein.

Mouth curving lasciviously.
Aroused whisper,

THE PRIESTESS (CONT'D)
Fear is a potent aphrodisiac.

Kate lost in a whirlpool of pain.
Eyes burnishing with KALEIDOSCOPIC,

MEMORY FLASHES

*All the lives she's taken.
Every. Brutal. Assault.
Never ending.*

The Priestess out of her qipao.
Her body a canvas of hurt.
Of abhorrent, eccentric self-abuse.
One leg mauled, tattooed over.
Milky eye fluttering,

THE PRIESTESS (CONT'D)
This undiluted agony, it is more
glorious than I imagined.

KILLS STILL FLASHING

EACH ONE JOLTING HER WITH NEW PAIN.
BLOW BY BLOW. KILL BY KILL.
DELIVERING HER COMEUPPANCE.

KATE (V.O.)
We get what we deserve.

Another body in the gloom now.
THE SERF. Face tattooed like the Maori.
Rope-binding The Priestess herself.

THE PRIESTESS
You are being liberated from your
body. To be revived in a new form.

Kate sinking in a quicksand of memories,

SHORT-CIRCUITING

*KID KATE bloodsoaked and angry.
HELLO-KITTY waving in neon.
ANI bloodsoaked and angry.*

Priestess quaking with pleasure. Pain.

THE PRIESTESS (CONT'D)
Stay, my pet. We're almost there...

But Kate's gone catatonic.
Her light going out...

Dim...

Dimmer...

BLACK.

Flatline.

Priestess silent. Bound chest heaving.
Watching Kate through cloudy eye...

KATE IN DARKNESS...

Suddenly from within it,
A silly JINGLE. *Familiar...*
A beacon.

A MEMORY STAB

Ani holding out her phone.

*ANI (V.O.)
In case of emergency...*

Her phone bleeping with ANI'S RINGTONE.
Kate's pulse SPIKES.

Ani sobbing.

*ANI (V.O.)
My dad, they killed my dad...*

Another surge, her fingers TWITCH.

Ani screaming.

*ANI (V.O.)
Kate!!!*

WRENCHING Kate back to life.
Literally.
Her eyes SLAM open.
Bloodshot.
She's SCREAMING. HOWLING.
CONVULSING. Through the pain.
CRACK!
Her ARM DISLOCATING again.
LOOSENING within the bounds.
Body WARPING unnaturally.

The Priestess snapping fingers.
The Serf retracting a step.
As she SHEARS herself out of the restrains.

Kate's eyes welding to hers.
Vision oscillating violently.
Between reality and hallucinogenic hell.
Priestess appearing a fiery hellion.

Kate MUMBLING inaudibly.
Priestess inching in close.

THE PRIESTESS
Let me moisten these.

To Kate's parched lips.
She licks them. Lingers there.

THE PRIESTESS (CONT'D)
What was that, my pet?

Kate weakly opens her mouth.
Priestess brings up her face.
And Kate BITES OUT HER JUGULAR.
TEARS it right out.
Priestess SPASMING.
Shears in her hand SLICING rope and flesh.
Kate RIPPING her arm free.
Snatching the shears.

Priestess stunned, staggering back.
GAGGING. CHOKING. WHEEZING.
Clutching throat.
Blood HISSING through fingers.

Sending everyone into a frenzy.
Workers BUCKING against their leashes.
Serf rushing to The Priestess.

As Kate SPITS out the throat.
Three rapid CUTS to her binds.
She THUDS to the ground.

Serf failing to stifle the rupture.
Priestess' gaze still lasered on Kate.
Pleased smile breaking her lips.
She dies content.

Serf throwing LATCH on wall.
Chain-leashes SNAPPING loose.
Lights PULSING. Alarms WAILING.

Workers blitzing Kate en masse.
On her feet now.
Plucking *katana* off samurai armor.
Facing them one-handed.
A lightning flurry of SLASHES.
Too quick to register.
They die where they stood.
Collapsing in geysers of gore.

Kate slamming Serf against wall.
Hammering shears into gagging mouth.
Like a railroad spike, THUNK!
Pinning him to wall, CRACKING from impact.
SPIDERWEBBING out. *Real or optical glitch?*

Body deteriorated, Kate WOBBLER.
SPRAWLING helpless on the floor...

DING of text messages.
 Cellphone atop pile of her clothes.
 Frayed breaths, she looks over.
 And starts elbowing towards it.
 COMMOTION rumbling outside.

Kate reaching the cell.
 Life: 1%
 Text from Ani,

ANI'S TEXT

I went to get the drive and the
 Yakuza kidnapped me (;_;

Note: Japanese emoticons are upright unlike US counterparts.

ANI'S TEXT (CONT'D)

I decided I didn't want to become
 like you. Wanted to make the right
 choice (._.)

Scrolls to the last one.

ANI'S TEXT (CONT'D)

I don't know where I am but I'm
 scared (O_O) I'm sorry I was angry.
 Will you come rescue me again Kate?

Kate types back.

KATE'S TEXT

Don't be sorry. I'll be right
 there.

Pauses. Adds her first emoticon.

KATE'S TEXT (CONT'D)

:)

Sends the text and looks around.
 Gaze settling on the table.
 FOUR SYRINGES arrayed on it.
 Loaded with who-knows what.
 No other options, she squirms over.
 Palms all four. GRIPS 'em tight.
 Inhales...

And STABS them into her femoral.
 MASHING the plungers.
 Nothing happens...
 Steel door RATTLING.
 BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Suddenly her eyes UNDULATE.

Body ROCKED by the drug soup.
 Flooding her system.
 She THRASHES, then goes still...
 Cellphone finally going dark. Dead.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

A FINGERNAIL scratches feebly.
 TOES shift, seeking purchase.
 A HAND plants itself.
 TEETH bared, a rictus of pain.
 Rising up, standing.
 Reaches full height.
 SNAPS the arm in place.
 And it has a name again,

KATE

Stands reborn. Bloody. Demonic.
 Senses surging, heightened.
 Vision see-sawing, eyes ticking.
 Through a phantasmagoric inferno.
 Kicks open crate, GAS CANISTERS inside.
 Looks up at the SAMURAI ARMOR...

OUT IN THE HALLWAY

Throbbing lights and alarms.
 HORDE outside the door.
 Leather-garbed, head-to-toe.
 Bearing hatchets, bolos, hammers.

WHAM! Door ruptures and STEEL QUIVERS.
 Torquing bodies in DETONATIONS OF GORE.
 CANISTERS roll out through heap.
 GAS-BOMBING the hallway.

Before she emerges...
 Devilish gasmask atop soaked armor.
 Katana flexed in her grip.
 A roaring, nightmarish vision of hell.

KATE

I'm coming, Ani!

Senses peaking, vision fluctuating.
 Between real and surreal.
 Everything distorted, warped.
 Or not. Impossible to tell here.
 Macabre figures lunge.
 Katana sings, down they go.
 In SPURTS of viscera.
 Kate cleaves through.
 Leaving them smeared on floor.

Gunfire FLARES, streaking the soot.
 Rounds lacerate flesh, she howls.
 Wrangles gun, returns the gift.
 RIBBONING the onslaught. Manic now, feral.

KATE (CONT'D)
 Just hold on!

Sordid CHAMBERS line hallway.
 Twisted eyesores FLOODING OUT.
 Real or phantasms, menacing all the same.
 Kate hacks through unhinged.
 In a frenzy. Deranged. Delirious.

KATE (CONT'D)
 I'm coming, baby, I'm--

Argh! Brutal GASHES. Quarting blood.
 Would put down an African elephant.
 Only make her angrier.
 She churns through the vile vertigo.
 Accented through her perception.

Emerges half standing.
 Assembled eyes tracking her:
A blood-soaked beast. Primordial. Elemental.
 Facing a parade of grotesqueries.
 Impossible odds.
 She stares them down.
 Sunken eyes. Shot through with red.
 We glimpse the demon in there.
 It growls. They take a step back.

It gets biblical.

DARK DESERTED ALLEY

Concealing heavy steel door.
 Entrance to *Jigoku*.
 Dead silent. Sound-proof door.

RUSSIAN TWINS working on it.
 Fresh corpses at their feet.
 Door unbolts with a CLUNK.
 Opening into darkness.
 Faint noises echo from within.
 One brings up gun, enters.
 We stay out with the other.
 Standing lookout.
 Growing impatient...

First one finally staggers back out.
 Takes a step, face plants.
 Claw-end of hammer jutting from skull.

The other Twin SPINS and,
Click! A gun prods his forehead.
 His eyes expanding at the bearer.

YOYOGI PARK. NIGHT

After-hours empty.
 VARRICK pacing alone.
 Irritated, checking watch, cell.
 Pauses when he hears RUSTLING.
 Russian Twin stumbles from the gingko trees.

VARRICK
 It's against protocol, meeting like
 this. What is it?

Twin corkscrews to the ground. Revealing:

VARRICK (CONT'D)
 KATE. Oh Christ.

Elated, hastening towards her.

KATE
 Stay there.

Varrick stops and gawks.
 Looks like she went 20 rounds with a mountain lion.
 Or four.
 An upright corpse.

VARRICK
 Let me take you to the hospital,
 Kate, you don't have to go like
 this, don't have to die in pain!

KATE
 That's precious. I just killed a
 man you sent to kill me.

VARRICK
 Firm rules, nothing I could do.
 Forget that now, let me take you to
 the hospital, we'll avoid the guns.

KATE
 There's no avoiding the guns.

VARRICK
 What can I do? Anything, I'll--
 just tell me!

KATE
 I need intel.

Arg! Kate ROARING in anguish.
Violent CONVULSION.
Entire body caught in eruption.
VARRICK'S EMOTIONS CRESTING.

VARRICK
Whatever you want to know! Just--

KATE
Need to find someone.

Varrick at the boiling point.
Frothing over. *Enough!*

VARRICK
Who?! This has nothing to do with
the Yakuza! The Firm killed you,
Kate! It was their call, it was--

KATE
You. You administered the poison.

His silence confirming it.
Tears pearling his eyes.

VARRICK
Yesterday in Berlin. No one else
could get close enough to you.

BERLIN CAFE
Kate and Varrick toasting, sharing wine.

KATE
Why?

VARRICK
What you said, no one retires. It
was supposed to hit after the job.
The poison. Quick and clean. But...

Genuine hurt on his face.
Hers too.

KATE
So they wouldn't even have to look
me in the eyes. After what they've
made me. Well take a good look.

VARRICK
It was the hardest thing I've ever
had to do.

KATE
And the money, my severance?

VARRICK

Contingent upon you being alive.
Unless it's transferred outta those
accounts, it all reverts back to
The Firm when you expire.

KATE

I've not expired yet.

Another brutal SURGE.
Kate one-knees the ground.
Face flush with pain and tears.
Varrick fighting back his own.

VARRICK

I don't care now, Kate, just let me
get you help, let me-- there are
drugs, treatments, we can make the
pain disappear!

Kate coming undone through gritted teeth,

KATE

How the hell do you make the pain
disappear? I've got an hour left.
How do you make that pain
disappear, Varrick? Tell me. Tell
how you do that and I'll let you.
Tell me how you make it go-- how I
make the knowledge that I'm gonna
die having only ever been what they
made me, a killer, a monster, a--
how do I make that disappear? How
do I wipe that clean? I've got a
fucking hour, how do I wipe it
clean!? Tell me and I'll-- Argh!

Spasms wracking her body.
Clenching and constricting.
Struggling through the tremor.
Pain echoing over the silence...

VARRICK

I take responsibility for this, you
hear me? I accept the punishment!

KATE

I don't want revenge.

Corrals herself, gets vertical.

KATE (CONT'D)

Not anymore. One hour, just need to
do one thing.

VARRICK

What's that?

KATE

Save a life. Little girl. Man I killed, his daughter, they've taken her. I need to know where.

VARRICK

Why?

KATE

Firm knows everything happening in the city. Tell me or I hurt you.

VARRICK

Listen to me, for Christ's sake, I don't want anymore pain for you, just-- do away with me, give me my due! I want my comeuppance!

KR-KRAK! Blown kneecaps.
Varrick heaps with a shriek.
Grunts it all out,

VARRICK (CONT'D)

They've meeting tonight, the entire Kozakura clan, compound in Marunouchi, they've got her there. You can't take on all of them, Kate, not like this, you can't take on all of the Yakuza!

Kate recedes a step, darkness gathering on her.

KATE

You have weaponry in the trunk?

VARRICK

It doesn't matter now, Kate, saving a life. It won't change anything.

KATE

I know. Keys.

He fumbles them out.

VARRICK

Then why?

KATE

There's still time for her.

As she snatches 'em,

VARRICK

Wait, don't leave me here, please,
kill me, just-- do me this favor.

Kate lulls...
Pulls notepad from his pocket.

KATE

After you do something for me.

MARUNOUCHI SKYLINE

Steel and glass monoliths against the night.
Tokyo's central commercial district.

THE KOZAKURA COMPOUND

One of the cold, dark gargantuans. 32 stories.

19TH FLOOR HALLWAY

Two *shatei* march through, bursting into,

SPARE ROOM

Startling ANI, she screams, runs.
Tall one kicks her down, yanks her hair.

TALL YAKUZA

*She wasn't there, you lying little
bitch!*

Short one notices her cell on the floor.
Grabs it and scrolls the texts.
Taps the other's shoulder, displaying it.
Tall one reads, then orders.

TALL YAKUZA (CONT'D)

*Tell Susumu-san we won't have to
look for the gaijin anymore.
(grins at Ani)
You're useless now. You get thrown
in with the other underaged whores.*

DOCTOR'S OFFICE

Low-rent. After hours.
Kate sits on the desk. Gun in lap.
Nervous DOCTOR administering a shot.

DOCTOR

This will overwhelm the pain from
the poison, maybe for an hour. But
it will bring it's own discomfort.

KATE
Make it a double then.

DOCTOR
This is impossible!

KATE
I can feel myself going, Doc. I
won't last without another boost.

DOCTOR
Thebaine at this dosage is itself a
poison. You will experience
convulsions, seizures, your spinal
column will curve on itself. The
pain will literally paralyze you!

KATE
Just give it to me.

He regards her, states softly.

DOCTOR
Death by asphyxiation or exhaustion
is certain within the hour.

Kate swallows. Digests.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Please. Take the lesser dose.

KATE
It won't get me to her.

He eyes her gun.

DOCTOR
Are you not a bad person?

Kate considers...

KATE
Not tonight.

DOCTOR
Please, you will never survive the
greater dose! What am I doing?!

KATE
Helping someone try to save a
little girl's life.

And maybe my soul...
Doctor's heart breaking for this woman,

DOCTOR

I can give you NSAIDs to counteract the trismus, some pain. But not the seizures. This dose will mean your end. And it will hurt like hell.

Kate locking eyes with him.

KATE

She's worth it.

MATSUYA DRESSING ROOM

Kate stands before mirror, eyes ablaze.
Fire coursing through her insides
Neck and chin quivering visibly.
Emptying NSAIDs down her gullet.

She slides on fresh clothes.
With painstaking precision.
Jeans. Shirt. Pea coat.
Clicks open weapons case.
Conceals everything tactically.
Perfect outfit. Her armor.
Looks down at piece of paper.
Blood smudged. Numbers on it.
Scrawls something at bottom.
Folds it into coat pocket.

Then adds a flourish.
Tacking accessory to collar.
A colorful *Totoro* pin.
Final glance in the mirror.
And she's gone.

THE KOZAKURA COMPOUND

LOBBY thronged with black-suited Yakuza.
Horde outside visible through glass entrance.
Smoking, joking, laughing over the muzak...

VROOM!

A CAR SCREECHES towards entrance.
Gaining speed, PLOWING through bodies.
WHAM! EXPLODING into the lobby.
Scattering them like bowling pins.
THUDDING into the elevator bank.

Yakuza regaining bearings.
Yanking guns, aiming.
Soot obscuring backseat.
GASOLINE JERRYCANS stacked there.
One realizes it's rigged, yells,

SHATEI

Matte!

Too late. Everyone unloads.
 WHOOM! Car ERUPTS.
 Scene turns FUZZY, becomes,

A MONITOR DISPLAY

As sprinklers cut through the smog.

SECURITY LEAD

*We have a breach! Get the boss out
 of the meeting room and in here!
 Go! Now!*

A *shatei* hustles out of the vast,

SECURITY HUB, 28TH FLOOR

Wall of monitors. Live security cams.
 Half a dozen TECHS manning them.
 SECURITY LEAD hovers over, scanning.
 Squints at the lobby cam:
A vague silhouette coasting past...
 He snaps up the radio, barks.

SECURITY LEAD (CONT'D)

Security check. All teams, report!

DIFFERENT VOICES OVER RADIO

1 check. 2 check. 3 check. 4 check.

5 check. 6 Check.

(pause)

8 check. 9 check. 10 check.

SECURITY LEAD

Team 7, status?

Silence.

SECURITY LEAD (CONT'D)

Where's Team 7? Show me!

Tech click/points at a display:
Empty command post, no one there.
 Lead tilts forward, taps screen:
Sprawled corpse, only a leg visible.

SECURITY LEAD (CONT'D)

She's inside! What floor is that?

TECH

3rd floor.

Everyone's jaws sagging.
Brains scrambling to catch up with their eyes.

SECURITY LEAD (CONT'D)
*That's the 14th floor. Call up the
rest, form a barricade on the 30th,
we'll stop her there.*

TECH
How many?

SECURITY LEAD
Everyone!

Susumu barks after,

SUSUMU
Bring up the girl, too.

SPARE ROOM, 19TH FLOOR

Ani sits exhausted on floor.
Surge of footfalls outside.
Bodies mobilizing. A STAMPEDE.
A Yakuza enters to find her grinning.

TALL YAKUZA
What's so funny?

ANI
*She's here. You're all about to
die.*

TALL YAKUZA
*Yeah? I don't think so. There's a
100 of us.*

ANI
Then you're outnumbered, asshole.

He seethes, manhandles her out.

FOYER OUTSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM, 30TH FLOOR

Waves of Yakuza positioned in the concrete cavern.
Every weapon trained on the stairway/elevator.
Nervous. Quivering with anticipation. And anxiety.

EXPANSIVE CONFERENCE ROOM

Same inside.
Susumu and 10 of his best.
One holds onto Ani.
NEON PULSING through large windows.

We stay here as the FIGHT starts outside.
 Not a fight. A *slaughter*.
 Men SHRIEKING. HOWLING. SCREECHING.
 Painful, like being gutted by an animal.
 A monster. Godzilla laying waste.
 It keeps going. And going.
 Everyone inside frozen with fear.
 Except Ani: Ear-to-ear grin.

And suddenly there's silence...
 Somehow more unbearable than the violence.
 Susumu nodding to the Lead.

SUSUMU

Go check.

Lead moving, punching lock code.
 Cautiously clicking it open as,
 BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!
 Wet confetti blows through his chest.
 Doors swing open. And just like that,

KATE'S INSIDE

Spurned by hell.
 Body misshapen, caving on itself.
 Creased to inhuman degree.
 One leg useless. An arm too.
 Face pulped. One eye fucked shut.
 Gore coated, wouldn't be called a person.
 Someone's dying dream. A nightmare.
 A primal scream given form.

ANI

KATE!!!

The creature winks and says,

KATE

Hi babe, miss me?

Everyone opens up at once.
 Ani SCREAMS.
 Kate takes direct hits, falls.

SUSUMU

Stay down, bitch, just stay down!

She keeps coming.
 This smudge of a person.
 Bewitched by a lone purpose.
 Standing only by it's virtue.
 Her body dead. Of poison, drugs, bullets.
 The ghost still haunting these men.

Not running, she's falling in a straight line.

KATE

Got you, baby! Just be a second.

Guns spent, they rush her with blades.
Susumu backpedals, YANKING Ani along.
As Kate bites and claws. Literally.

Kamikaze yell, one SHANKS her rapidly.
She roars, CLAWS out his throat.
COUGHING BLOOD in another's face.
He SLAPS her, she BITES out his jugular.
SPITS it at the last face, CRATERS it.
And keeps coming.
Forget atonement, this is EXORCISM.

Susumu jabs the gun into Ani's head.

SUSUMU

Stop! Stop or I--

WHAM! Kate PUNCHES his chest.
Then collapses. For good.

Hit too weak, Susumu retains footing.
Smiles, moves the gun from Ani to Kate.

SUSUMU (CONT'D)

Before I kill you, know that I am
going to ruin this little bitch.

A hypothermic hiss,

KATE

I already killed you, 10 seconds
ago. You just didn't know it.

Smug laugh, he pulls the trigger.
Tries to anyway.
When his body starts SEIZING.
He's CHOKING, grabbing his chest.
BLOOD FOAMING his nose, mouth.
The hit *did* take. He drops.
And dies at Ani's feet.

She rushes, puts Kate's head in her lap.
Hysterical, tears erupting.

ANI

Kate! Kate, talk to me, Kate!

Kate's breaths labored.
Paralyzed. Unable to move. Or talk.

ANI (CONT'D)

Kate, no, please, don't go, please!

Last reserve of strength.
 Kate SQUEEZING Ani's hand in hers.
 White-knuckled soul shake.
 Vocal cords ruined, can't speak.
 Doesn't need to.
 Gives Ani a look.
 Fierce. Exploding with moisture.
 Mashing teeth, a GRUNT escaping.
 No, not a grunt.

A ROAR.
 This lioness.
 Eyes fused to her cub's.
 Transmitting something.
 Ani nodding back.
Understanding.

As Kate does something we didn't think she could.
 Gives her a smile.
 And wouldn't you know it.
 It's a goddamn beauty.
 Blood and all.
 Leaves Ani that gift.
 As her grip slackens.
 Ani realizing Kate passed her something.
 In her hand, piece of paper we've seen before.
 Account number, instructions.
 And at the bottom, two heartbreaking words:
 'I care'

ANI (CONT'D)

No, no, no, no, no, Kate! Don't go!

But Kate can't hear anymore.
 Her EYES FLUTTERING out.
 Coasting to the WINDOW behind Ani.
 NEON FLUCTUATING outside.
 On a BILLBOARD we've glimpsed before.
 The very FIRST IMAGE in fact.
 HELLO-KITTY WAVING...

It's what ALL OF THIS has been.
 NOT FLASHBACKS, but--
HER LIFE FLASHING BEFORE HER/OUR EYES.
 At the MOMENT OF HER DEATH.
 Right now.
 Catching back up to the FINAL IMAGE.
 A neon kitty waving.
 Left. Right. Left. Right. Lef--
 BLACK.

KATE DIES.