

戦い 格闘ゲーム

Tatakai:  
the Fighting Game

“Tatakai: the Fighting Game”  
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ISBN #: (nothing yet)

# 1

BLACK.

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

Animals squawk and yell from all directions.

FATHER'S VOICE

*Iku, sono! Iku!*

EXT. OUTDOOR WOODS - SUNRISE

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

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

Captions identify the area as:

“Miyako, Japan”

(390 miles from Tokyo)

JAPANESE FATHER

*Iku, sono!* (Go, son!)

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

The boy stops and bows his head.

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

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

BOY 1

Haaa! Ho!

BOY 2

Hua! Yah!

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

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of their performance.

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

BOY 1  
Yyy-AHHH!

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

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

JAPANESE FATHER  
*Jūbun'na!* (Enough!)

Both young boys look at the older man.

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

The sparring partner walks away.

The father motions for the boy to come over.

As the boy approaches him, his father slaps him.

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

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

The boy lowers his head sadly.

BOY

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*Hai, Chichi.* (Yes, Father.)

He looks up again.

BOY

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

(I promise I will do better next time.)

JAPANESE FATHER

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

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

The boy bows his head again.

BOY

*Watashi wa yakusoku shi, jikai ga yoideshou.*

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

His father, still cold, turns away.

The boy looks out into the Japanese woods.

NARRATOR

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

Tatakai.

FADE TO: BLACK.

Then, we FADE TO the TITLE SHOT:

TATAKAI:  
THE FIGHTING GAME

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

FADE TO:

INT. OUTDOOR FOOTBALL FIELD - EVENING

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

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

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

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

ANNOUNCER 1

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

ANNOUNCER 2

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

CLOSE ON one football player in particular, Ruth Stevens.

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

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

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## ANNOUNCER 1

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

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

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

## RUTH'S NARRATION

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

CLOSE ON the two announcers, hours later.

## ANNOUNCER 1

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

## ANNOUNCER 2

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

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

## RUTH'S NARRATION

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

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

## RUTH'S NARRATION

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

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

LATER - the coach is yelling at his group.

COACH

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

Ruth walks away in shame.

INT. VIRGINIA STREETS - NIGHT

Ruth drives around, alone.

INT. RUTH'S CAR - FRONT SEAT

RUTH'S NARRATION

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

He drives on, horribly depressed.

INT. BAR - LATER

Ruth sets a glass mug on the counter.

RUTH

Toast!

The bartender raises his mug to Ruth.

Ruth starts to drink his beer.

Two people slowly approach,  
one guy and one girl.

BAR GIRL 1

Excuse me?

RUTH

Y-yeah?



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BAR GIRL 1

Are you that . . . football guy?

BAR GUY 1

Yeah. Are you that Cavalier?

Ruth gets angry.

RUTH

What do you WANT??

BAR GUY 1

What?

RUTH

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

BAR GIRL 1

What??

BAR GUY 1

Wh . . . I . . .

RUTH

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

BAR GUY 1

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

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

RUTH

Hmm.

EXT. BAR - LATER

A bit drunk, Ruth staggers outside the bar.

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

FUSHI  
Excuse me.

RUTH  
Wha . . . ?

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

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

FUSHI  
You *are* a famous football player.

RUTH  
. . . Well, yeah.

FUSHI  
Earlier tonight, you played well in your game.

RUTH  
Did you FOLLOW me here?

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

RUTH  
Ta-ta-kah-wha? Hawaii?

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

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

Ruth walks away.

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He starts to whistle as he leaves Fushi.

Soon, Fushi has caught up with him.

FUSHI

Ruth . . . wait.

RUTH

JEEZ you move fast! What ARE you?

FUSHI

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

RUTH

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

FUSHI

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

RUTH

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

FUSHI

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

RUTH

. . . I still lost.

FUSHI

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

RUTH

Yeah. All right. I'll consider it.

Fushi smiles, and bows his head.

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FUSHI  
Thank you.

Ruth, not smiling, bows his head back.

RUTH  
When is this, again?

FUSHI  
14 days.

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

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

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

FUSHI  
It's life and death on the line.

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

He looks down at the keys in his hand.

RUTH'S THOUGHTS  
Fuck. He's right.

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

RUTH  
Hello. I'm the guy.

Ruth climbs inside the cab.

INT. TAXI CAB - BACKSEAT - SOON

Ruth, with great struggle, gets his seat buckled.

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## RUTH'S THOUGHTS

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

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

## OTHER DRIVERS

Moron!

Fuck's wrong with you!

## RUTH'S THOUGHTS

Jesus Christ. I would have been caught in that.

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

## RUTH'S THOUGHTS

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

## EXT. RUTH'S HOUSE - SOON

RUTH

All right, thank you!

The cab driver takes off.

## INT. RUTH'S HOUSE - SOON

## RUTH'S THOUGHTS

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

## INT. RUTH'S HOME - LATER

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

He looks at his paper invitation again,

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which now gets a little tomato sauce on it.

Eyeing it again, he thinks its words over.

Tatakai

## NARRATION

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

He sits and ponders it all some more.

## NARRATION

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

His eyes dart over the paper.

## NARRATION

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

## INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

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

## O'NEILL

ALL RIGHT, listen up, you lazy sons of bitches! This past year, as you know, has been no bed of roses. We've got our hands full with several problems to tackle at once. So stay alert.

He shows his staff a slideshow presentation which outlines all the department's problems.

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O'NEILL

Number one, narcotics. We need to stop marijuana, because, *un*-like tobacco, marijuana is both harmful and addictive. However, that stuff has been around forever . . . another problem worth our concerns is that new drug trades have been building up in just the last couple of months. Now you've got drug trades going around that did not necessarily exist only one year ago . . . like this "Snooze", for instance.

The slideshow presentation shows a picture of a narcotics agent holding Snooze.

O'NEILL

It's called Snooze: made primarily with all natural South American leaves, baking soda, and a couple other varying ingredients. It's called Snooze because taking too much at once knocks you right out. Cheap and easy to make, it produces a short-lived high, and immediately creates physical addiction. Long-term effects: body decay, comparable to the effects of crystal methamphetamines, only about twice as fast. Given that this is a very new drug, we hope to be able to stop and contain it quickly.

OFFICER 1

Agreed.

O'NEILL

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

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

O'NEILL

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

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OFFICER 2

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

O'NEILL

Whatever. Number three, costumed criminal Kodiak, apparently, has been taking advantage of our preoccupation on Snooze, and decided to steal a statue from a museum two days ago, and still he has not been caught.

OFFICER 3

So, Kodiak is worse than Jaguar.

OFFICER 2

Oh, Kodiak is her ex-husband.

OFFICER 3

Really!

OFFICER 2

Really.

OFFICER 3

They were married . . .

OFFICER 2

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

OFFICER 3

Okay.

OFFICER 2

They sometimes still meet up for hanky-panky.

OFFICER 3

Their sex life is their own business . . .

OFFICER 2

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

OFFICER 3

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

O'NEILL

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



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Their real identities. This would allow us to obtain arrest warrants, and knock on their doors to make our arrests. And that's what we've got the detectives for. Unmask Jaguar and Kodiak without unmasking them - figure out their identities.

DETECTIVE

They're both slippery.

O'NEILL

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

DETECTIVE

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

O'NEILL

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

OFFICER 3

Who you calling a zombie??

O'NEILL

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

The slideshow presentation gets to the name of  
the competition.

戦い 格闘ゲーム

Tatakai: Kakutō Gēmu

Tatakai: the Fighting Game

OFFICER 2

Tatta-what??

O'NEILL

Tatakai. That's Japanese for "fight".

DETECTIVE

What is this? An anime?

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O'NEILL

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

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

DETECTIVE

That's a bit speculative . . .

OFFICER 1

Based on what, sir?

O'NEILL

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

DETECTIVE VINCENT GADDS

Where is this Tatta . . . thing?

OFFICER 1

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

O'NEILL

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

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

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O'NEILL

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

OFFICER 1

How does he make a profit?

O'NEILL

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

OFFICER 1

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

O'NEILL

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

OFFICER 1

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

O'NEILL

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

DETECTIVE VINCENT GADDS

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

O'NEILL

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

DETECTIVE VINCENT GADDS

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

O'NEILL

Not quite. More like you the detective questioning him, Mr. Fushi, about Snooze.

Not quite a sting customer operation.

Not yet.

DETECTIVE VINCENT GADDS

Really.

O'NEILL

What's wrong, are you not the man for the job?

GADDS

Oh, I'm the man for the job, all right.

O'NEILL

Then get to work!

INT. CITY STREETS - LATER

Detective Gadds is driving around the city.

INT. DETECTIVE VINCENT GADDS' CAR - FRONT SEAT

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

NARRATION

Detective Vincent Gadds. 15 years, I've been a police detective. Not just some private investigator - a police detective, going after crime. Now I'm going after a martial arts competition; that's a new one.

I don't much understand the connection between a karate competition and all those other crimes . . . although, the cost of real estate, especially on a building that size, would certainly put pressure on Fushi Chokei to make some money off the building. If he is to stay afloat, perhaps he *has* resorted to selling drugs to make his money. I don't have any proof.

I can't yet make any arrests. But I'll learn just how deep this all goes.

INT. ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA - NEAR THE TATAKAI STADIUM

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We FOLLOW GADDS' CAR as it drives on.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

INT. TATAKAI STADIUM - FRONT LOBBY

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

VINCENT GADDS  
Police, open up.

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

EXT. TATAKAI STADIUM - FRONT DOOR

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FUSHI CHOKEI

Can I help you, officer?

GADDS

You sure can - by cooperating with me.

FUSHI

What is this about?

GADDS

It's about Tatakai. I need to speak  
with you a few minutes.

INT. TATAKAI STADIUM - SOON

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

FUSHI

My name is Fushi Chokei - and this is my building.

GADDS

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

FUSHI

Correct - from Miyaki, Japan.

GADDS

Hmm. And you own this building?

FUSHI

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

GADDS

Okay. Now. The real estate. I'm guessing  
it costs a lot of money.

FUSHI

Correct.

GADDS

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

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FUSHI  
Restaurant.

GADDS  
Restaurant?

Fushi points with one finger.

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

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

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

FUSHI  
Here you will find the restaurant.

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

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

GADDS  
Hmm. Wow. Okay. So, I guess it's  
not all some big drug-house, as I was  
thinking it would be. But. You care to  
explain Tatakai?

FUSHI  
Tatakai. Martial arts competition.

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

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FUSHI

Tatakai is to be fought for the honor and the greater glory of the martial arts. You see, I have been a martial arts instructor for 20 years now.

GADDS

Is that so? 20 years?

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

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

FUSHI

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

GADDS

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

FUSHI

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

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

VINCENT GADDS

What . . . on Earth is that?

FUSHI

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

GADDS

Is that a . . . dragon?

FUSHI

Komodo dragon.

GADDS

What does *Senshi* mean?

FUSHI

It means “warrior”.



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GADDS

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

FUSHI

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

Senshi backs off.

VINCENT GADDS

There are still some other questions to be  
asked. Namely about your intent to  
distribute the narcotic Snooze - as well as  
your cooperation with the Jaguar, *and* with  
Kodiak, to be involved in this Tatakai  
tournament. However, now . . . now I think  
I've got a lot of good info for a starting  
point of understanding.

INT. CITY STREETS - SOON

Gadds drives on.

NARRATION

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

INT. CITY STREETS - LATER - EVENING

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

## NARRATION

Boy, do I need to clear my head and loosen up a little. I've literally got a pounding headache now. I need to take two Aspirin and wash it down with some beer. Two or three beers can't kill me.

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

## INT. BAR - NIGHT

*Thwok!* A dart hits the wall, and bounces off.

Detective Gadds, finishing his bottle of beer,  
screams angrily.

GADDS

Ahhhh!

He walks up to all the fallen darts, to pick  
them up and try again.

He throws another dart.

GADDS

This one's Kodiak!

It pierces the board, but not quite  
at the bullseye.

GADDS

This one's Jaguar!

The second dart hits the board, also  
missing the bullseye.

GADDS

And this one's Snooze!

He throws the dart right into an  
inch away from the bullseye.

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GADDS

Ohhhh! You saw that!

NARRATION

I have learned that this stuff will help  
me to get my mind off things.

INT. BAR - BILLIARDS ROOM - SOON

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

Pool balls collide, rolling around everywhere.

VINCENT

No, no! No! The Stripe went in!

HENRY

You're the Stripes.

VINCENT

I know! It was . . . a little friendly fire.

HENRY

Hey, thanks for the *favor*.  
Since it was a Stripe, you don't  
get to go again. Now.

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

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

HENRY

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

Henry strikes the white ball, to quickly sink a  
Stripe into the right pocket.

HENRY

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

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

HENRY

Dang it. Whatever. Your turn, Vince.

Vincent Gadds rubs his pool cue against chalk.

VINCE

I'm tracking down the Solids. Let's see.  
Hmm. 9-ball in the right pocket.

He strikes the white ball again.

NARRATION

Drinking, throwing darts, playing pool.  
It's what I need to get my head clear again.

INT. BAR - BARSTOOL AREAS - SOON

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

The boxing match. Two boxers fight in the ring.

VINCE

Hmm. Who's playing?

BARTENDER

Wilson Woodrow.

VINCE

What? The new kid?

BARTENDER

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

VINCE

You're kidding.

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BARTENDER

Going up against Harry “Mountain Lion” Saunders -

VINCE

What?? You’re shitting me. Wilson is taking on the Mountain Lion Saunders??

BARTENDER

Bet you \$100 he wins, too.

VINCENT

This is chaotic. Okay. Let’s check this out. Let’s see how it goes.

He pays his full attention to one of the TV screens, amidst the sea of the sounds of the clattering of forks and knives and plates and glasses.

We slowly DRIFT CLOSER to the TV screen . . .

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

INT. BOXING RING - JUST THEN

Wilson Woodrow, 24 years old, is wiped out, exhausted.

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

CROWD PEOPLE

Yeah, that’s right! Whoop his ass!

No! Wilson! Stop that! Get up!

Come on, Wilson! Do this!

Get up there, Woodrow!

WILSON

Ahhhh . . .

He steps forward again.

WILSON

Come on, Mountain Lion! Bring it on!

He slams his red boxing glove into

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Harry the Mountain Lion's jaw.

He slams his fist again.

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

WILSON  
Ahhhh!

MOUNTAIN LION  
You little wuss! I knew I would win!

WILSON  
Rrrrgh AGH!

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

WILSON  
There!

Wilson punches him again in the torso, then the chest, quickly, faster than his enemy had been, sidestepping his foe swiftly to avoid him.

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

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

WILSON  
No.

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

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

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## BOXING NARRATOR 1

I cannot believe it!! I cannot believe it!!  
The newcomer kid, who 6 years ago was  
still skipping high school, is taking on the  
Mountain Lion!! And he's . . . AND HE'S  
WINNING!!

## NARRATOR 2

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

## BOXING NARRATOR 1

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

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

Finally, the Mountain Lion is down.

The referee approaches Harry.

## REFEREE

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

Ding ding ding! The match is over!

The crowd has never been louder!

The stadium is roaring with applause!

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

## WILSON

Victor! I am the Victor!

He approaches his fallen enemy.

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

Together, they both raise their hands

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up in the air, as though they both  
share equal glory.

EXT. BOXING STADIUM - NIGHT

Boxer Wilson Woodrow walks away from  
the building, to go find his car.

FUSHI

Excuse me.

Wilson walks on, not minding him.

FUSHI

Young man! Excuse me!

Wilson looks, and eyes Fushi.

WILSON

Yeah? . . . What's up?

FUSHI

You are a boxer. Yes?

WILSON

Yeah, I'm a boxer. Why, what's up?  
You want an autograph?

Fushi hands him a paper invitation.

WILSON

What's this?

FUSHI

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

WILSON

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

FUSHI

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



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WILSON

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

FUSHI

Please participate in Tatakai.  
It will be held in 8 more days.

WILSON

8 more days. Hmm. Let me talk to Mike first.

FUSHI

Thank you. Good night, Wilson.

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

Fushi Chokey walks away, and leaves.

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

INT. TATAKAI STADIUM - FIGHTER'S CAGE

Standing up against the wall are all 10 fighters.

FUSHI'S VOICE

Contestants, prepare. Tatakai will soon begin.

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

FUSHI'S VOICE

Tatakai will test your skill, your strength,  
your coordination. It will test your ability  
to fight each other, but it will also test your  
ability to work together, as a team.

JESSICA MOORE

This man cannot be serious.

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

## FUSHI'S VOICE

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

## DETECTIVE VINCENT GADDS

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

## DOCTOR DANIELLE PETERSON

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

## LAWYER ALLEN BOSC

Is this man serious? We are not cavemen!

## WARDEN EDWARD KANE

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

## FBI AGENT JESSICA MOORE

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

## FOOTBALL PLAYER RUTH STEVENS

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

## BOXER WILSON WOODROW

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

## DRUGLORD ANGEL CARO

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

## JAGUAR

We'll see about that, scumbag!

## KODIAK

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I'm already *at* the top.

FUSHI'S VOICE

Fighters: proceed to the next room.

A wall slowly slides up toward the ceiling.

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

All 10 people are unsure of what to do next.

FUSHI'S VOICE

Walk!

Nervously, they all step forward.

INT. TATAKAI STADIUM - SECOND ROOM

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

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

EDWARD KANE

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

FUSHI'S VOICE

Edward Kane.

Edward looks around, puzzled.

FUSHI'S VOICE

You will fight Angel Caro.

Angel hits his fists together.

ANGEL CARO

Bring it on, old man.

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EDWARD KANE  
Seriously?

VINCENT GADDS  
Hey. Edward.

Kane looks at Vincent.

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

EDWARD KANE  
You got it.

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

Another wall slowly begins to slide up  
toward the ceiling.

FUSHI'S VOICE  
Tatakai will now begin.

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

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

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

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

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

Football player Ruth Stevens fights boxer Wilson Woodrow. Wilson wins.

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

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The lawyer, Allen Bosc, fights Jaguar, the female crime-fighting vigilante. Indeed, her career as a vigilante is against the law, and she must be brought to trial, he says. As she fights him, he will not fight her back, until enough jabs and blows convince him to do so. He loses the match, and Jaguar wins.

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

Still in the game are FBI agent Jessica Moore, boxer Wilson Woodrow, costumed crime-fighter Jaguar, costumed criminal Kodiak, and druglord Angel Caro. Angel and Kodiak form an alliance, becoming best friends for right now. Together, they will take on the three people who remain in the game and on their trail, Jessica, Wilson, and Jaguar.

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

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

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

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

Jessica Moore takes on Wilson. Vincent Gadds takes on Angel. Although Angel had previously

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

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

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

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

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

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

Fushi Chokei.

Emperor Fushimi was Emperor of Japan from 1287 to 1298.

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