



Scripts.com

Rising Sun

By Philip Kaufman

1

("Tsunami" by the San Francisco Taiko Dojo)

(man) Give me land, lots of land

Under starry skies above

Don't fence me in

Let me ride through

the wide open country that I love

Don't fence me in

Let me be by myself in the evening breeze

Listen to the murmur of

the cottonwood trees

Send me off forever but I ask you please

Don't fence me in

Just turn me loose,

let me straddle my old saddle

Underneath the western skies

On my cayuse, let me wander over yonder

Till I see the mountains rise

I want to ride to the ridge

where the west commences

Gaze at the moon till I lose my senses

Can't look at hovels and I can't stand fences

Don't fence me in

Just turn me loose,

let me straddle my old saddle

Underneath the western skies

On...

Hey!

Hey.

Come back here. Hey!

Hey!

- I hate that when you do that.

- I was bored to death.

- Well, I was having fun.

- Well, good for you.

- Get in.

- No, I'm grabbing a cab.

- Get in!

- Stop it.

Leave me alone, Eddie.

Don't ever try that again...

or else.

Or else what?

(speaks Japanese)

(man speaks Japanese)

(man continues)

Mr Yoshida says, "We regret we can go no further. This is our final proposal."

"Your company will benefit greatly from this new relationship."

"Now you must decide the fate of MicroCon."

- (man) We should close at this price.

- (man #2) We could wait till Congress votes.

We can't pull back just now.

Deal's too far gone.

"We can't pull back just now.

Deal's too far gone."

"They'll suspect if we start to stall."

"Listen, I'm the last guy who wants to screw this up."

"Deal's too good, but we have to have some strategy."

They're going to stall.

Hey, guys.

- How's it going?

- Good.

- Yeah?

- Hm.

Look, if there's anything you don't understand...

Oh, no. We're fine here.

Great, great. That's good to hear.

You're gonna be part of a great team.

(whispers) Once these guys draw a line in the sand, that's pretty much it.

You want that R&D money, don't you?

The Nakamoto Group can do a lot for you.

- Yeah, all right.

- Great.

(whispers) That guy is an asshole.

"That guy is an asshole."

The deal puts vital elements of our advanced military weaponry under Japanese control.

- Senator Morton, that's a scare tactic.

- During the Gulf War, they, the Japanese, suggested that they could deny us that weaponry.

You're oversimplifying a complex issue,

aren't you, Senator?

- I don't believe I am.

- What he's trying to say is:

"Isn't this America looking for a new enemy now the Cold War is over to replace the Russians?"

- Talk about simplifying.

- You're the one doing the simplifying...

(all talk at once on TV)

Hold on. Let the senator...

Eleanor, let the senator in, please.

- (Morton) I came to Los Angeles...

- (man) Before we hear why,

I couldn't detect from that moving sermon exactly how you're going to vote.

- They warned me about you.

- (laughter)

- They should.

- Yes, they should.

- (man) How are you going to vote?

- I'm voting against the sale of MicroCon.

(man) Thank you for saying that flat out.

Let me ask you guys on this side.

You make it sound as if Japan's prosperity is bad for America. Is that what you're saying?

(man #2) The real issue is that this technology is bought and paid for by American taxpayers.

(man #3) The language you're using, it sounds like you're going to fever pitch over trade policies that essentially are not that dangerous to us.

I mean, if we're really selling

a vital industry to them

and we need that industry,

couldn't we just nationalise the industry?

(Eleanor) The American taxpayers also want the economy revived, and it seems to me...

(Morton) This discussion is degenerating into just the kind of argument we don't need.

This is already a very tense situation.

In a few days there will be a vote in Congress

and we will decide whether

the MicroCon sale goes through.

- (laughs)

- It's a complex issue, one that concerns...

I don't get you, Eddie.

So what?

Ladies, one thing, remember that the custom here is bow when you're bowed to.

Wow. They really rolled out the red carpet.

- They know how to do it, don't they?

- They sure do.

- What floor are we going to?

- 45th.

- After you, Greg.

- Thank you.

(greeting in Japanese)

(man) Bow when you're bowed to.

- (man #2) Look at this. Everybody's here.

- (man) This is amazing.

- There's Barry Hirsch, the mayor.

- I see him.

- I can't believe it. We're in the fast lane now.

- Oh, we sure are.

- Look, here's Yoshida-san and the boys.

- Get ready to bow.

Wife.

- Taiko drums.

- Huh?

Taiko drums. Long ago they were used to drive away evil spirits.

Come here.

(woman) No, here.

(drumming continues)

(woman) Yes.

More.

Yes.

Yes. More.

Oh, yes! Oh, yes!

(phone rings)

- Yo, what's up?

- Web. Tom Graham.

You're on the chart tonight,
Special Services liaison.

Yeah, yeah.

Better get over here.

The new Nakamoto building. 1 1 00 Figueroa.

- I can't believe they're pulling this shit.

- What stuff?

They are demanding to see
the fuckin' Special Services liaison.
They're saying the police can't proceed
until you get here.

(man) And what time was that phone call
from Lieutenant Graham?

- What time?

- Yes. What time was it?

9:

Four nights ago?

- Was that a yes, Lieutenant Smith?

- Yeah. It's a yeah.

Lieutenant Smith,

we appreciate your cooperation.

You waived your right
to be represented here by an attorney.

So, Lieutenant Graham called for
the Special Services liaison.

(Smith) He said he had a homicide.

Yeah, a homicide. Apparent 601 .

Caucasian female, I'd say 25.

Lying flat on her back on the boardroom table
like a piece of sushi.

Quite a sight. Better get down here.

(man on tape recorder) Hello,

I'm a police officer. Can I be of assistance?

(man speaks Japanese)

(repeats phrase in Japanese)

(man on tape recorder)

May I see your passport? (speaks Japanese)

(repeats phrase in Japanese badly)

(phone rings)

- What's up?

- Lieutenant Web Smith,
this is Watch Commander Hoffman.

Yes, sir.

You're on your way to Nakamoto Towers.

I want you to pick someone up.

- It's right on the way.

- Certainly.

- A guy named Connor.

- Connor?

Yeah, John Connor.

But I thought he was long gone.

No, he's still very much alive.

In fact they put in a request for him.

They? Who's they?

You get going, I'll phone. He lives
down by Little Tokyo. 428 Rose Street.

Yes, sir.

428 Rose Street.

(chopping)

(Smith) Connor?

(man) And you did not know

Captain Connor prior to this night?

- (Smith) I did not. I had only heard about him.

- (man #2) What had you heard?

(Smith) I heard that he had long ago
put himself on indefinite leave.

That he had lived in Japan.

Some people thought they got to him.

Some people said that...

(man #2) Said what?

(Smith) The man couldn't be trusted.

You're late.

- Yeah, sorry. The directions were...

- No. Be on time.

(woman coughs)

Shoes.

Is it normal procedure these days for the
Japanese to insist on having a liaison officer?

- No. It's usually an assignment.

- What time were you called?

Lieutenant Graham called at nine.

Hoffman called a few minutes after that.

- You were called twice?

- Yeah.

I wish I'd known that sooner.

(Connor) Have you ever negotiated
with the Japanese before?

- Negotiated?

- Mm.

- Perhaps I can suggest a strategy.

- Well, this is hardly a negotiation.

Oh? What is it, then?

What is it?

It's a homicide.
When we arrive,
you take charge of the negotiations.
Don't bother to introduce me, don't refer to
me at all. Don't even look in my direction.
Keep your jacket buttoned at all times.
If they bow, you bow back,
same depth, same duration.
Believe it or not, I have done this before.
I do know these things.
And do keep your hands at your sides.
The Japanese find
big arm movements threatening.
Keep your voice calm and even.
You'll probably find them irritating tonight.
But whatever happens,
don't lose your temper.
- I don't lose my temper.
- That's good to know.
- Now, when you start to get into trouble...
- I won't get into trouble.
When you start to get into trouble,
you will hear me say:
"Perhaps I can be of assistance."
From then on, I do the talking.
You stand behind me.
And don't appear distracted.
We may come from a fragmented,
MTV rap-video culture, but they do not.
Every aspect of your appearance
and behaviour
will reflect on you, on the department,
and on me as your sempai.
- My sempai?
- Mm.
That wouldn't happen to be
anything like "master", now, would it?
No. The sempai is the senior man
who guides the junior man, the kohai.
In Japan, the sempai-kohai
relationship is presumed to exist
when the younger man
and the older man work together.
Hopefully, they will presume that of us.

- What does it mean that I was called twice?

- It means they're ahead of us.

For all they know,

I could've been five minutes away.

They know exactly who was on call tonight,
exactly how long

it would take you to get here.

- You can be sure they know all about you.

- All about me?

- It took you long enough.

- (Connor) Tom.

- What the fuck's he doing here?

- Fred Hoffman told me to bring him.

Guy is trouble. The department put him on
leave because he's too good a friend of Japan.

He's not a team player.

Where is everybody?

They made us put our cars around back.

They keep saying nothing

must disrupt the opening.

Finding that blonde piece of sushi upstairs
drove them nuts.

Don't want their guests or the press to know.

Step aside, pal.

- You come down already.

- Yeah? Well, now I go back up.

Maybe come down,

go up ten times more. OK?

We're still the fuckin' police

in our own country.

Built this building in six months. Prefab units
from Japan slapped together here.

Not one American worker. City gave 'em
an eight-year break on property taxes.

Huh, shit! We're giving this country away.

Nobody forced us to do it.

(woman speaks Japanese)

Jesus. If an elevator's gonna talk,
it should speak in American.

- What did it say?

- We're arriving at the 45th floor.

No, no, wait a second.

The Japanese provide jobs in America, but
American companies move jobs offshore.

Ground floor, please. They must...

- Going up, Senator.

- No, no, no, no. I wish to go down.

We'll get the next one, Senator.

(Morton) No, no, no, no.

You don't understand.

Senator Morton.

Real nice to find him partying here,
considering he's on the Senate committee
which sets all Japanese import regulations.

Geronimo!

Coming through.

I have your liaison for you.

(speaks Japanese)

(Smith replies in Japanese)

Is this your home phone, Detective?

Yes. Right there at the bottom.

Look, Detective,

let's dispense with the formalities.

We'd like to cooperate,

but you can't start without a warrant.

- Bullshit. We don't need a warrant.

- We can get a warrant in 15 minutes.

- But we do have a reported homicide here.

- Homicide? More likely a drug overdose.

We can't determine that until we investigate.

Obviously.

But I'm concerned about the attempt to link
this girl's death to our reception downstairs.

- Looks like she's wearing a party dress to me.

- She's wearing a dress, I agree.

You have to appreciate the position
of the Nakamoto Corporation.

- Sir, I do appreciate...

- This is an important evening for us.

A very public evening.

We don't want it marred by allegations
about the death of a woman of no importance.

- Of no importance?

- You have some nerve.

- I can't imagine how she got in the building...

- You have some nerve!

..but your Lieutenant Graham intends

to go down and interrogate everybody,

including the mayor,
the senators, and congressmen.

Graham said that?

Oh, Christ.

What is this? Do you mind turning around?

Who is this guy?

Mr Tanaka works for Nakamoto Security.

- Get him outta here.

- We have authorised Mr Tanaka to be here.

I'm authoring his ass out. He's contaminating
the crime scene. I want his film.

- We must undertake our own private inquiry.

- Let me tell you,

I'm getting a warrant and a restraining order.

- Why don't you do that? Be my guest.

- Excuse me.

Perhaps I can be of assistance.

(speaks Japanese)

John Connor-san.

(speaks Japanese)

Ishihara-san, I'm sure none of your guests
could be involved in this incident.

They are free to go as they wish.

I am grateful for your assistance.

But before they leave, give me
the names of those gentlemen, please.

- I'm sorry.

- The names of those gentlemen.

May I ask why?

(speaks Japanese angrily)

Ritchie. Mug shots. All of them.

You cannot do this!

(speaks Japanese)

No. You are to blame here.

You will give my detectives

any assistance they need,

and I want the name of the person who

discovered the body. (shouts in Japanese)

And don't you fuck with me!

But of course, Captain.

Yeah, don't fuck with us. Mount up, boys.

Let's get it done before she starts to smell.

- Isn't it bad form to lose your temper?

- It is.

But it's the only way I could assist Ishihara.

Assist Ishihara?

Now, why would you wanna do that?

- Because he wasn't the most important man.

- He wasn't?

No, no. It was the older man.

His juyaku, his superior.

But I wanted to get the investigation going
so I played the out-of-control gaijin,
so Ishihara wouldn't lose face.

So now Ishihara owes me a favour.

- Deep, isn't it?

- Heavy.

Ho. Oh, oh!

- The executive fuck chamber.

- Mm.

Oh, man, I like this. I like this.

That's nice. That's nice.

These guys sure know how to do business.

Hold that.

Her nostrils look like the rim of
a margarita glass. Think she OD'd on coke?
I don't think so.

We'll get lab values on all fluids.

Some seminal fluid down here.

External genitals are pretty raw.

It looks like forced intercourse, but, you
know, I'm not sure she was murdered.

Not sure she was murdered?

Come on, you gotta be kidding me.

The makeup on the neck there
covers signs of prior throat injuries.

That suggests a pattern
of repeated cervical trauma.

Could be case of sexual asphyxia.

- She's a gasper.

- Which is what?

Individuals sexually aroused
by the hypoxia of near-strangulation.

They ask their partners to strangle them
or put a plastic bag over their head
while they have sex.

It's easy to make a mistake and go too far.

This looks like death from inhibition to me.

Instantaneous physiological death.
Meaning what?
The person just dies.
Happens with neck or chest injuries.
Had a kid got hit with a baseball, not hard.
Fell down dead in the schoolyard.
Yeah. Maybe she got hit with a baseball.
Odds are she was strangled.
But since having sex isn't a felony,
it wouldn't be murder.
Anyway, file it away in the back of your
mind that maybe she just popped off.
Cheryl Lynn Austin. Age 23.
This says she has a Westwood address,
but she hasn't changed her Kentucky licence.
Japanese cigarettes, Japanese credit cards.
Nice tight roll of \$1 00 bills.
Miss Austin's well taken care of.
These little guys eat shit
all day long in Tokyo.
Crammed into subways,
working for big companies.
They come over here, they're rich and free,
and they all want to fuck a Rose Bowl queen.
And then kill the Rose Bowl queen
on the Nakamoto boardroom table?
Call the police and create a scandal?
- Is that your theory?
- My theory?
My theory is that these guys
are known world-class perversion freaks.
- I got a nose for these things.
- I'm sure.
(mouths)
Hey, Spider-san.
Tell your pal they got a contest - the one who
kisses the most asses wins a free Toyota.
Graham, want some sushi?
Nah. If I get a craving for mercury,
I'll eat a thermometer.
In Japan, criminals expect to be caught.
Convictions run about 90%.
Here, it's closer to 17%.
They think we're stupid.

They think we're corrupt.

And they're not often wrong.

(woman speaks Japanese)

(alarm)

- What the hell are you doing?

- (man) Good evening. Can I help you?

Yes, you can. Where are you located?

Lobby level. Across from the elevators.

Thank you.

(Smith) Mr Phillips, how long
have you been on duty tonight?

About half an hour.

Mr Tanaka was here when I got here.

Mr Tanaka? Who's Mr Tanaka?

He's the head of security.

Mr Phillips, the 46th floor, the cameras?

I know in Japan they like to observe their
workers to help them improve their efficiency.

I saw at least four up there. Why so many?

(whispers) You didn't hear this from me.

I guarantee we didn't hear it from you.

Maybe they put in a couple of new cameras
to observe those negotiations.

What negotiations were those?

The ones that go on up there during the day
with a company called MicroCon.

MicroCon, the computer chip company?

There's a vote coming up
in Congress on that deal.

Put up the 46th floor.

- (Connor) Can the camera get in closer?

- With the gizmo.

The gizmo? Show me.

You use the gizmo to zoom in.

This is all next-generation.

There is nothing like this in this country yet.

- (Connor) You record by disk?

- Record? What do you mean, record?

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

The disks are all back there.

It's all there on next-generation laser disk.

I'd like to see tonight's disk for the 46th floor.

Um...

You'd have to talk with my supervisor.

You got a warrant?

(Connor) These disks record for 12 hours.

Why does the one on the 46th floor
only show two hours?

Excuse me?

The original disk
isn't even here, anyway, is it?

Because it's been replaced.

Uh...

I wouldn't know about that.

That's Mr Tanaka's department.

Someone at this very moment is watching us.

Under the circumstances,
you've been more than helpful, Mr Phillips.
I'd like to tell you officers something.

This is a good job.

Around here, if something doesn't work,
I got a problem, I tell somebody, they fix it.
It's not like when I was working
at GM out there in Van Nuys.

- This is different here.

- You're part of a team.

- Right.

- What, a team? What are they doing for you?

They spotting for you?

They sending you in plays, huh?

Maybe they got instant replay. Like this?

Hey, brother, come on.

These people have been good to me.

Kohai, I'm gonna call in a favour.

You stay here with Mr Phillips.

- Come on, kohai.

- Lieutenant Smith.

Don't fuck with these guys.

Hey, the honeys are out tonight.

Here's a nice one. Let's use the gizmo.

Oh, yeah, she's nice.

Not so nice.

She's my ex-wife.

Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know.

Don't be. She's a lawyer.

It must be nice to fuck a lawyer
instead of always being fucked by one.

I've seen your friend

around here quite a bit.

- Really?

- Yeah.

Real friendly with Mr Yoshida there.

- And who's Mr Yoshida?

- Mr Yoshida's the man.

Let's listen in.

(Yoshida-san speaks Japanese)

I know nothing of this.

Any recordings we have are yours to examine.

I will look into it immediately.

- What does that mean?

- Master wants me to get the car.

Senator Morton, you've been saying
if the sale of MicroCon is approved,
they will use the research and technology
to compete against our own companies.

You know that there is
a time and a place for business,
and tonight I just want to say
that our hosts threw one heck of a gala.

But you've been saying,
"Look what happened to our TV industry."

- Is there such a thing as off-duty?

- Yeah, let's wrap it up.

Hey, you. Quit loafing. Get the senator's car.

What do you think we're doing?

No. You get the senator's car.

Wrong guy. Wrong fuckin' century.

Penguin-lookin' motherfucker.

Arigato.

Let me smack this asshole.

Hey, Captain Connor. Remember me?

Bob Richmond.

Myers, Lawson and Richmond.

I understand my Nakamoto guys
got a little frazzled tonight.

Listen, if I can be of any help to you,
I'm available.

That's comforting.

Asshole.

I knew him when he was a trade negotiator for
the government dealing with the Japanese.

- Now he's working for them.

- Like I said, asshole.
- Help you?
- Cheryl Lynn Austin.
- She not in.
- Yeah, I know.

Keys.

- Room two.
- Arigato.
- The doorman's Yakuza.
- Yeah, I noticed a tattoo on his arm.

I didn't know there were Yakuza in America.

Pay attention, this isn't America.

This is that shadow world.

They have bars, clubs, and bettaku.

Bettaku. Love residence

where mistresses are kept.

- This is one, huh?
- Correct.

Here we are.

- What time did it start raining tonight?
- After nine.

(Smith) Someone was here after nine.

Correct.

eLook at this.

- She's with Eddie.
- You know him?

Eddie Sakamura.

What's this?

Girlfriend was into some different shit.

(sighs)

Look. What is with this guy? There's a lot of pictures of her with your friend Sakamutu.

- Sakamura.
- Whatever.

Somebody's taken photos from here recently.

(knocking)

Oh.

I thought I heard Eddie's voice.

Say, why is everybody in Cheryl's room tonight?

- Everybody?
- Well, you and...
- Aren't you just a little bit off limits here?
- And who are you?

Me?

I'm Julia.

I'm just a little neighbour girl
who lives down the hall.

- Are you Cheryl's back-door man?

- And what if I am?

Well,

if you are, I heard of you.

You better watch out

cos Eddie, he's the real jealous type.

They don't call him Crazy Eddie for nothing.

- Really?

- Mm-hm.

Well, I'm kinda tough.

Well, tough as you may be...

Eddie finds out, then you're gonna be crying.

Um...

Say, is Cheryl all right?

No, she isn't.

Lieutenant Web Smith. LAPD.

I knew he was gonna do something to her.

I heard him screaming at Cheryl.

Shouting things like, "I'll kill you," just right
before he took her to that party tonight.

Many thanks, miss.

Someone from my office will contact you.

I knew he was gonna do something to her.

Kohai.

You know, Web,

Eddie's father is a big industrialist
over there at Daimatsu.

He has a friend he sees.

Jeanette. Right up here on the second floor.

You know how Eddie met Cheryl?

Well...

she was working in that Toyota plant
back there in Kentucky.

Then one day

who should show up

in that small, little town...

but Eddie?

Web...

The woman was about to give up

the murderer, and you just walk away.

Maybe I've been bought off by the Japanese.
Look, sempai, apple pie - whatever it is you
want me to call you - we have a murder here.
I want to solve it,
I don't wanna hear true confessions.
You know what's true?
When something looks too good
to be true, then it's not true.
Everything she said about Eddie
might have been true.
The real question is why was she saying it?
OK. Why was she saying it?
I'm not sure.
Because she thought Eddie killed the girl.
- This Julia woman accidentally walked in...
- Nothing is happening accidentally.
She's a messenger.
You think someone sent her?
OK. Who?
The bad guys.
I suppose they sent her in
to find out what we know.
Or to tell us what they wanted us to know.
Or maybe to slow us down.
Bullshit?
Never underestimate your opponent.
Never take what he offers you.
- You want to solve this crime?
- Yes.
So do I. Now, let's move.
(piano plays show tune)
Come on, Eddie.
Darling, those days are gone from your life.
I can dance like that. I'm an old
song-and-dance man from way back.
Oh, yeah? Wanna teach me some steps?
- It's by invitation only, gentlemen.
- Mr Sakamura.
- Mr Sakamura is not here.
- That's him. The bad tap-dancer.
Mr Sakamura is not available.
Mr Sakamura's a good friend of mine.
I'm sure he's available for me.
Gentlemen, you're trespassing.

Now, unless you have a search warrant,
you'll have to leave.

- You should know I'm a black belt.

- But of course you are, dear.

- Need help, Perry?

- So is Jeff.

OK, fellas. You're leaving.

That's assault.

I don't wanna hurt you.

They say if you must resort to violence,
then you've already lost.

What do you think, Jeff?

I think I'll go get Mr Sakamura.

- Captain Connor.

- Eddie.

(speaks Japanese)

My father will be happy to hear
you're still up to your same old tricks.

- We're here to talk, Eddie.

- So talk. It's a free country.

It's about the murder at Nakamoto tonight.

Well, let's talk outside.

(speaks Japanese)

I heard about that. Some poor girl.

You know her, Eddie.

Cheryl Austin.

Oh, yeah, Cheryl. Hm, that girl.

Too bad.

I hear she was a real hentai onna.

You knew her better than that.

You're putting her up at the Imperial Arms.

Oh, that Cheryl. I know her real well.

- She was all over me, Connor-san.

- You're irresistible, Eddie.

Well, that's true.

Connor-san, she had a big problem.

She was a sick girl. She liked pain.

Put a plastic bag over her head,
always saying, "More, more. Squeeze harder."

Squeeze the neck? You like that, do you?

Me? No.

I'm a straight meat-and-potatoes man.

(man) Don't let them see you like this. Get up.

- (Connor) Did you see her tonight?

- (Eddie) Tonight? Me?

Maybe for two minutes at the party.

Just to say hello.

Mr Sakamura,

I think you'd better come with us.

Yeah, I saw her tonight.

I brought her to the party.

But I have nothing to do with it.

Look, I can prove it to you.

Just let me call you later.

I will bring you something.

- Connor, I think that's a bad idea.

- Captain, Nakamoto is keiretsu.

My father is Daimatsu keiretsu.

If his son is arrested here,

there will be repercussions.

Business is war. I know you understand.

(speaks Japanese)

- Do you have your passport?

- Yeah, sure.

Give him your card. And you call him, Eddie.

Connor-san...

(speaks Japanese)

- I sure hope you know what you're doing.

- Me, too.

- He's guilty as hell.

- Well, my dairokkan says he's not.

I hope your intuition is right.

Look, sempai, my dairokkan tells me that your dairokkan wasn't the reason you let Eddie go.

In Japan, his father saved my life.

- And Eddie reminded you of that?

- He would never remind me.

It's my responsibility to remember.

So what is all this bullshit about his father's keiretsu?

Bullshit? There's a keiretsu war going on.

A Japanese corporation never stands alone.

A keiretsu is a united front of hundreds of powerful companies, all acting in partnership to win.

- To win what?

- Whatever's there.

You ever hear, "Business is war"?

The war is never over.
Maybe you heard,
"All's fair in love and war"? No.
- So where does that leave us?
- Us?
We're in the war zone.
(Graham) So based on the lab results,
the guy who fucked her was Japanese.
Semen analysis is blood type AB.
Diego factor positive.
Negative for ethanol dehydrogenase.
Asian pattern.
Male pubic hair also Asian in origin.
Evidence points to a Japanese perpetrator.
It's a Jap perp all right.
(man speaks Japanese)
What the hell's this?
- Looks like your guy confessed.
- No. It's just sumimasen.
If they're caught doing something wrong, to
get leniency, they must perform an apology.
- You mean it's an act?
- Not exactly.
He's genuinely scared
that we'll create a scandal.
So Yoshida-san insisted that he find
the missing disk and deliver it to us.
Yeah, good luck. That disk is
probably in a Tokyo landfill by now.
- (Graham) What the hell's this?
- (Connor) Daytime. 46th floor.
Negotiations for a company
called MicroCon. Semiconductors.
- Hey, can we skip the cartoons?
- Hold on. We've just started.
(Connor) Richmond-san. Busy, busy.
(Graham) Let's go. Get to it.
Ah. Night-time. Same place.
Looks different then.
Jesus, it's her.
(Graham) Hello.
Come on in.
He looks Japanese.
Maybe he's Polish.

- He's checking to see if she's carrying a gun.

- (Smith) Someone's using the gizmo.

Gizmo. He's sure using it all right.

(Graham) There go the hands to the neck.

Just the way she likes it.

Hey, Mr Nice Guy. Turn around.

Oh, no, don't tell me

this guy's gonna walk out in the dark.

No.

Step into... There.

Back it up.

There.

That's right, I knew it all along.

I was right about this.

- Eddie.

- You know this fucker?

Eddie Sakamura. We had him tonight.

- (Graham) What do you mean, you had him?

- We had him. We let him go.

- I kept his passport.

- (Graham) His fuckin' passport? Jesus!

Get his ass, not his passport.

What are you waiting for? You want "banzai"
carved on her ass with a samurai sword?

Let's go get this Eddie Sock-It-To-Me.

I'm gonna break your arms, my friend.

I'm gonna love breaking your fucking arms.

Come on, Web.

(Perry) The old guy sucker punched me.

- If I see him again, he's dead meat.

- Oh, forget it.

Good evening, Jeff. Mr Sakamura in?

- Huh?

- (mumbles)

(gun is cocked)

Easy, big fella.

Just like old times, Web.

Do you miss it? A night out with the boys?

- Sure beats all that diplomacy shit.

- I thought no violence.

Last thing we want.

The guy's a murderer, Spider-san.

LAPD takes no chances.

Yeah, but we do take prisoners. Right?

- Listen, why did Connor let this guy walk?

- I can't say.

What is he about?

The guy's always careful not to offend their...

What is it we're not supposed to offend?

Fuck 'em, they break the law.

- If that brands me as a reactionary...

- (man) We're in position. Stand by.

Moving in.

What does that mean anyway, reactionary? Is that a dirty word? Like racist, or something?

All this talk of race. Whatever happened to good and evil, or "He did it"?

A guy did it, you catch him.

(Eddie speaks Japanese)

Plundering our natural resources.

Fuckin' guys are into everything.

(whispers in Japanese)

What time you got, Web?

2:

(Graham) Make a note. At 2:11, suspect was apprehended.

Eddie Sakamura calling. It's urgent.

I must speak about missing disk.

(alarm)

Eddie!

- (Smith) Police. Get down!

- (Graham) Nobody move!

- Stay where you are. Don't move.

- Where'd he go?

- You son of a bitch.

- Get off of me.

There he goes.

Ah, shit!

What the hell is wrong with you? Get off!

You're nuts. Get off of me.

Get that son of a bitch.

- I'm a police officer.

- You're a piece of shit!

(man on radio) 8-Adam-65, I'm in pursuit of 187 suspect, eastbound, Sunset.

(woman) All units stand by.

8-Adam-65, in pursuit, eastbound, Sunset.

(Graham) Stay back, I want him alive.

Holy shit!

Damn, damn, damn, damn.

The coroner's officials have taken possession
of the charred remains of Edward Sakamura.

The crash took place after a high-speed...

We tried to take him, but he ran, Chief.

Burnt beyond recognition.

The guy's a cinder.

You got proof Sakamura

committed the murder?

- Absolutely. Got it all recorded. Right?

- Absolutely.

- You did everything by the book?

- By the book.

- Absolutely, Chief. By the book.

- Absolutely.

But everything was not
absolutely by the book.

- Absolutely not.

- And when did you discover this?

(phone rings)

- Yeah?

- (man) Lieutenant Smith?

This is division dispatcher.

Uncleared messages.

- All right. Go ahead.

- 5:

Oh, Connor.

He said to give you a wake-up call at seven
and to meet him at the golf club

at exactly 9:

All right, all right. Anything else?

Let's see... Nope.

- What about last night?

- You got all your messages last night.

No, I didn't call in last night.

Yeah, you did.

Let's see... Yep.

2:

and messages were transmitted.

Oh. Look, I forgot.

Can you give those messages to me again?

All right, just a sec.

What were you doing last night?

Uh...

- Sort of helping my career.

- Is that good?

Yeah, it's always good. Cos you gotta look out for yourself in this life.

Grandma says you gotta look out for other people.

Yeah. Well, you gotta do that, too.

That's why everybody's so busy all the time.

So is that what business is?

Business? No, business is...

Business is...

I can't explain it to you right now.

Is that why Mommy says

you don't have a head for business?

- Lieutenant Smith? Here we go.

- Yeah.

Daddy, why does Mommy call you a loser?

- Out.

- **1 1 :**

Message reads,

"The Weasel's checking up on you."

- The Weasel?

- **Yeah. Then 2:**

Mr Eddie Sakamura...

- Eddie Sakamura?

- **Correct. 2:**

Message reads,

"Urgent. Must speak about missing disk."

- (man) Nice shot.

- (men speak Japanese)

Hey! I gotta talk to you.

We gotta have a conversation.

Oh, shit! Whoa, whoa. Whoa.

Yoshida-san, I'm embarrassed

by this crude interruption.

You must play your stroke again. No penalty.

- Ken Shubik.
- Hey, Ken. Web Smith.
- Where you been. Did you get my message?
- Yeah, about the Weasel.

Last night, I'm working late at the paper,
I see the Weasel arrive, dressed in his tux.
He goes right to the library.

I could tell the ambitious little turd
had the scent of blood.

He's still here.

I ask Lilly, the librarian,
what he's checking out.

"A cop," she says. "A cop named Web Smith."

- What?

- Yep. Web, the guy's a scumbag for hire.

He used to do jobs

for the studios and realtors.

The little turd just got

a new Mercedes 500SL.

Pretty good on a reporter's salary.

Wonder who he's working for now.

You get on the wrong side
of somebody last night?

Maybe.

Against me?

Yeah, against you and a Lieutenant

Tom Graham a couple of years ago.

There was a hearing. It was bullshit.

It might be bullshit,

but I thought you'd better know.

Smells like something heavy coming down.

What happened to the disk? Where is it?

We left it with you when we went to get Eddie.

And you got Eddie.

Oh, yes. It was all over the paper.

But there was no mention of the murdered
girl on the Nakamoto boardroom table, right?

We left the disk with you.

It is against the rules...

The rules?

- Whose rules?

- The rules.

The chief says we fucked up.

He's blaming us...

The Japanese have a saying,
"Fix the problem, not the blame."
Find out what's fucked up and fix it.
Nobody gets blamed.
We're always after who fucked up.
Their way's better.
Oh. "Their way is better",
you wake me up to tell me that?
Wake you up? That'll be the day.
Keep it, sport. Next time try a parking meter.
- Captain Connor?
- Yes.
- A gift from Mr Hanada.
- Oh. Thank you. I appreciate it.
Most welcome. Most welcome.
You must have really
took those guys this morning.
- No. I lost.
- Lost? Guys didn't look all that good.
They're not.
It's difficult to lose
without making it too obvious.
- That way they don't lose face.
- Saving face.
Sounds more to me like you were kissing ass.
Not exactly. I've done services for those men
in the past, and we've shared information.
They said that Eddie's death
will have repercussions.
Yeah, right.
I'm sorry. The guy was a fugitive.
He killed the girl.
- I doubt it.
- You doubt it?
Well, I saw it on the disk.
Did you?
It's the only space available to us.
We analyse commercials and network news
to see how the public's being tricked.
Problem is, most students want to learn
the tricks so they can use them to get ahead.
OK, everybody. Class is over.
Ice-skating rink upstairs.
The ice melts down here.

Speaking of ice, Captain, she's been at it since you gave her the disk at three this morning.

Jingo Asakuma, meet Lieutenant Web Smith.

You're late.

(Connor) What have we got?

Something there.

In the edge colours.

Look at shadow lines.

They added some shadows.

Look at the light source.

We can see her face, but we can't see his.

- Perfect job, though.

- And what else?

- The reflection.

- Of Eddie.

It's fishy.

Wait a minute. What's going on here?

(Jingo) Here we are.

- Let's look at the colour shift in the pixels.

- Yeah. Let's look at those pixels.

(Jingo) Pixels have been doctored.

See the blue edge?

- This disk's a copy.

- (Smith) A copy? Wait a minute.

You're saying that somebody

put Eddie's face there

and it's really somebody else's reflection?

That's bullshit.

Bullshit? Where have you been, Lieutenant

Smith? You don't think video can be altered?

I want you to watch something

I've been recording on that camera.

(Jingo) This is just quick and crude,

but imagine what can be accomplished

with more sophisticated equipment.

Watch this.

You're saying that somebody

put Eddie's face there

and it's really somebody else's reflection?

That's bullshit.

- They'd need a variety of photos of this man.

- They have photos of Eddie.

From the dead girl's apartment.

Off the bathroom mirror.

- Do you believe in ghosts, Lieutenant Smith?

- What do you mean, do I believe in ghosts?

In Japan, when I was growing up,
we believed in many ghosts.
I want you to watch this.
Tell me what you see.

- See it?

- See what?

Yeah. Play it again, but slowly.
The way to see it is to move slightly faster.
It's a ghost. Look at that. It's a ghost.

- A third person.

- (man) Who's been systematically erased.

- Erased?

- Just like airbrushing someone out of a still,
only much harder.
It pisses me off, though.
They expect us to be sloppy Americans.
They think we will not be thorough,
not be intelligent.
In Japan I guess
they would have done it right, huh?
Right. The ghost would have stayed hidden.
To do this, they would have
to have high-res video stills,
closeups of the conference table,
the clock, anything in the area.
They'd have to duplicate the ghost's walk.
Match the shadows.
Like someone in the room
shooting photographs?

- The security guy.

- Tanaka.

He was walking through the room
taking pictures, along that path.
Wait. Here's something.
Look, there in the glass.
Our ghost has left a reflection.
(Jingo) I'm adjusting image resolution
and sharpening.
If I apply an edge detection operation, I could
isolate the reflection and pull out its shape.
Let's adjust resolution and magnitude
of each of the colour channels.

Let's filter out all the noise
we picked up along the way.

Holy shit.

- Eddie Sakamura.

- Then he witnessed the murder.

How many hours

did they have to work on these?

- I got my call at...

- The murder took place 8:30pm.

Ishihara delivered the disk to us 1 :33am.

Five hours. I doubt it could be done.

If it could be done, where would it be done?

- It's quiet.

- Hardly anyone's in yet.

They were working late

last night on a rush project.

I'm sure Nakamoto

appreciates all the hard work.

Yes. I heard it went real well for them.

Mr Donaldson is expecting you.

(Connor) Yes. We did some work together

when this was the Donaldson Corporation.

- Jim, how are you?

- Captain Connor.

- Web Smith.

- Hello. What can I do for you?

- Well, we need your help, Jim.

- Anything.

You worked on some disks

last night for Nakamoto.

Some disks? I doubt that.

You did. And I need their names.

- Our clients are confidential.

- I know, but we do need your help.

Captain, we wouldn't have done

any work for Nakamoto here.

You know damn well Nakamoto

and Hamaguri are competing keiretsu.

(Connor) Yes, but I've been told

by reliable sources

that only you have the next generation

of technology to do this kind of work.

(Jim) Your reliable sources are wrong.

Besides, we're way beyond

the next generation here.

- And I really don't know anything.

- You still run this place, don't you?

Run it? Sure.

I'm still the chief executive here, sort of.

Actually, my role is a little different now.

- You mean you don't run it?

- Look, we sold it. They own it.

People who own things are entitled to do whatever they want with them.

That's the way it works.

But hey, you know,

there's a bright side to everything.

I'm getting out to a lot more

Dodger games lately. Having some fun.

- If you know what I'm saying?

- Yes, I do, Jim. Fine.

Best regards to Mrs Donaldson.

How's, uh... whatshername?

- (Connor) She's fine.

- (Jim) Give her my best.

I will.

- (Connor) So what do we know now?

- We know that the disk was doctored here.

(Connor) And we know that they know that we know.

We're beating the grass to startle the snakes.

What? Look, where are you from, sempai?

Scotland Yard?

No. Scotland backyard.

So how did you become

the special liaison officer for Los Angeles?

And who is whatshername?

What you should be asking is

why you and I were put together last night.

- I was on duty. Nakamoto requested you.

- No, they didn't.

Nakamoto is formally protesting

the fact that I'm on the case.

So what you're saying is there's someone else who called you in. Someone else who...

Has been manipulating things.

We're playing that most American of games.

- Which is what?

- Catch-up.
(men speak Japanese)
My golfer friends also said
that Eddie's people might retaliate.
Eddie's people might retaliate? Against who?
Whoever they feel
was responsible for his death.
What do mean when you say "retaliate"?
- I don't think I should say any more.
- You've been talking all morning.
Because I just realised
they may have bugged your car.
They? Who's they?
(Connor) Let's move.
- We're cops. Why the fuck are we running?
- We're not running. We're eluding.
Eluding.
(horn)
(laughs)
(horn)
- We're safe around here.
- You call this safe?
Sempai, rough neighbourhoods
may be America's last advantage.
Perhaps I may suggest a strategy.
Don't stare at these guys.
Keep your hands down.
These guys don't like big arm movements.
They might shoot you.
Keep your voice nice and calm.
Better still, don't say shit.
Now, if you hear me say,
"Can I be of any assistance?"
It's too late.
You can kiss your little ass goodbye.
Yo, yo. What's up?
Spider? Spider Web Smith,
scored 40 against Crenshaw.
- Yo, motherfucker, what year was that?
- '75.
- Was that before Columbus or after?
- Very funny.
- Armani?
- Yeah.

Giorgio. You be doin' just fine, brother.
Look, I'm trying to escort
this old geezer back to the loony farm.
He stole some sushi from
some Japanese cats. Now they chasin' us.
So I need you guys to get behind us.
Think you can help us out?

We got your back.

Hey, you guys lookin' for something?

Vuarnets. Very nice.

- Do your window, sir?

- Yeah, OK.

- You got your pink slip?

- Why pink slip?

Because I was led to believe
this car would be for sale.

Soon.

- Senator Morton's campaign office.

- Senator Morton.

- Who's calling?

- Captain Connor returning his call.

There he goes.

(Jingo) What's wrong with this picture?

- (Smith) The clock isn't moving.

- Exactly.

After the guy leaves, time stands still.

What they probably did here
was rock and roll.

Print the same scene over and over
to keep the pixels, the grain, alive.

They removed whatever followed this guy's
exit, so making the disks the standard length.

So no-one would suspect that
anything was missing after that. But...

Something happened that's being hidden.

If we only had the original disk, we could see
what really happened after that time.

Exactly. You catch on fast, Lieutenant Smith.

Web.

Yeah, I do.

I should go and make
a copy of the disk for you.

Miss Asakuma...

- Jingo.

- Jingo.

How do you feel about working with us?

I mean the police.

- Especially since you're...

- You mean, because I'm Japanese.

Yeah.

Here I'm Japanese.

But in Japan, I was ainoku.

My father was a kokujin.

You know that word kokujin? Negro?

Negro? Oh, yes. I know that word.

Yes, a Black man.

He was with the American Air Force.

My mother worked in a noodle shop.

Do you know the term,

"He's a bit su-burakum"?

- It's like...

- Untouchable.

I was even lower than burakumin,

because I was deformed.

To the Japanese, deformity is shameful.

It means you've done something wrong.

And then on top of all that

I really did something wrong.

And what was that?

I fell in love with a gaijin.

A Caucasian who was living there.

We were both ostracised.

Made his work over there difficult

and my life impossible.

- He had to leave Japan.

- He left you?

- Maybe we left each other.

- No.

He ran out. He couldn't take it.

Him?

No, he could take anything.

My friend is a very strange man.

You know what he says?

"Always leave the cage door open,

so the bird can return."

(Connor) Your friend sounds like an idiot.

Let's go, kohai. We're late.

And bring the disk.

Thank you.

Your pal took the disk,
but anyway, we got the right guy.

Maybe we got the wrong guy, Tom.

What are you talking about?

The case is closed.

Just relax. Go home and get some sleep.

- Slow down.

- Fuck you, slow down.

- They're squeezing me.

- Who?

- Who?

- Yeah, who's squeezing you?

Come on, wake up. These aren't the old days.

Just get me that disk and the case is closed,
just the way everybody wants it to be.

There's your disk.

Go make everybody happy.

You close the case.

What are you gonna do?

I'm opening it up.

What? Oh, what am I?

Endangering my chances for advancement?

Baby, if you only knew.

(men speak Japanese)

Five Japanese nationals picking through
the remains of last night's car wreck.

The guys from Nakamoto.

What are they looking for?

An interesting question.

Do you recognise the pickup truck?

Yeah. It was outside Eddie's last night,
parked next to the Cadillac.

By morning, we figured it was suspicious,
so we had it brought in.

There's the ownership of the Toyota.

Tanaka?

Yeah.

Head of Nakamoto security.

What was Tanaka doing at Eddie's last night?

Hey, Lieutenant Smith.

- Willy Wilhelm, LA Times. How's it going?

- Pretty busy.

I can understand that .

We're preparing a story on you.
We got some questions about
the Martino case. Remember that?
The one about bribery brought against you
by Mr Martino? Any comment?

No comment.

I've talked to Graham, said some
interesting things. Like to hear them?

- No.

- The DA's office is about to reopen...

- No!

- No comment?

Captain Connor, do you have any comment
on the charge of Japan-bashing?

Hey!

Hey? Hay is for horses.

What is Japan-bashing? What does it mean?

All animals are created equal
except the Japanese?

You stupid little shit. Fuck off.

Can I quote you on that, sir?

Japan-bashing? You?

What will they think of next?

Next?

Next they'll call you a racist.

Look, I've told you.

I have no idea where Mr Tanaka is.

I haven't seen him.

- But did he come in today?

- I don't know.

And even if I did know,
the answer is, "I don't know."

Well, someone knows.

(Phillips) You guys'll never beat 'em.

They're too good.

(Connor) I've told you this in order to avoid
unnecessary embarrassment, Yoshida-san.

I am surprised to hear this, Connor-san.

Because, personally,
I welcome your involvement.

I know that you're always...

(speaks Japanese)

- Discreet.

- Ah, yes.

You ask me about MicroCon.
We were approached in Tokyo
last year by Richmond-san.
Yeah. And I'll tell you,
MicroCon needed a shot in the arm.
So I thought that Nakamoto
would be just what the doctor ordered.
Excuse me.
Go on, sir.
Frankly, we were surprised
it would be offered.
We were cautious to enter into negotiations.
We received assurances that there would be
no objection to the sale from Washington.
We have been criticised for trying
to help a company in financial difficulty.
We feel very...
kitsu-tsuita.
- Wounded. Yes.
- Yes.
- That's bullshit, but...
- Life goes on.
I remember when computers were fun.
Hey, guys.
See you back up there.
Let's get this deal closed.
So, anyway...
- Not much team spirit.
- They'll get into it.
Especially now since they know
Senator Johnny Morton is changing his vote.
He's been convinced
his stand has been racist.
- Racist?
- (Ishihara) What else could it be?
Remember when Fujitsu tried
to buy Fairchild Semiconductor,
and the US government blocked the sale,
saying it was against national security
to sell it to a foreign company?
Then later Fairchild is sold
to a French company.
But this time there's not a peep from
Congress, or Senator Morton, or anyone.

Apparently, it was OK
to sell to a foreign company.
- Just not a Japanese company.
- I'd say that's racist policy, pure and simple.

Captain Connor,

Nakamoto is an honourable company.

We have no part in any complications
that have occurred.

But if they don't want Japan to buy it,
don't sell it.

- I will assist you in whatever way I can.

- I'm very grateful.

Tomorrow at noon for golf?

Tomorrow at noon.

I will try to make it harder
for you to let me win.

Senator, are you comfortable
with this new position?

Absolutely. Because I don't
view it as a new position.

I view it as a modification of the...

That's exactly what it is. A modification.

So far the response has been ten to one in
favour of the way I've modified my position.

Modified? Senator, it's a total reversal.

No, not at all.

It's simply a refinement of my earlier views.

Foreign trade invigorates America.

I've always been a proponent
of fair trade, free markets...

But you were against the sale because it put
our advanced weaponry in Japanese control.

Now, that's really vastly simplified.

(fax machine whirs)

Ah! More affirmations.

Oh, Senator Shanley.

It must have killed him to write this.

All the polls have been positive.

But I didn't bring you here
to discuss politics and economics.

I know how that must bore men like you.

I just wanted to get input,

cos I know that you're investigating events
that took place at the Nakamoto party.

I was wondering if you felt that there was any... linkage between those unfortunate events and the proposed sale of MicroCon. We're not aware of any linkage. Has Nakamoto done anything unfair or improper in promoting this sale? Not that we're aware of, no. Good. Your investigation is concluded, then? Yes. Good. That's it, then, gentlemen. Thank you. There's one for you. Thank you. And one for you. Thank you very much.

- (woman) John, here's some more faxes.
- More support. Always welcome.

Mind if I give you a word of advice? No. If a battle can't be won, don't fight it.

- If a battle can't be won, don't fight it?
- The Art Of War.

Sun Su, China. Fifth century BC.

- An educated guy, huh?
- Oh, yeah.

He read a fortune cookie once. Keep this number between us. (woman) Lieutenant Smith? I have Lauren Smith for you. Ah, just what I needed. Webster, I'm calling to inform you I'm taking Zelda. When? This weekend?

- Today at 5 o'clock.
- What are you talking about?

I'm talking about charges being brought against you concerning bribery. Come on, Lauren. You know everything about that charge. It was thrown out. Remember?

- We both know what really happened.
- Stop it, Lauren.

That, coupled with the fact that you've become a racist.

- A what?
- And that you associate with known racists.

The courts will understand you're providing an improper atmosphere for our daughter.

- They want you to back off.

- You're not taking Zelly.

Are you denying me my right? I'm here with my attorney. We're recording this call.

You can record this: Fuck you.

And fuck your lawyer, if you already haven't.

- You're not coming anywhere near Zelly...

- That's enough.

What the fuck are you doing?

You wanna take me on? Step out of this car.

I've had enough of you.

You wanna take me on?

Get out! Come on!

I'm tired of your shit. I'm tired of her shit.

Come on! I'll pimp-slap you up and down this fuckin' street.

Tell me about the bribery charge, kohai.

- The what?

- The bribery charge.

Look, the woman who filed the charge was a chronic psychiatric case.

The review board dismissed it. You got that?

- All right. Now I gotta go get Zelly.

- I can't help you if you won't tell me.

Tell you what? It was dismissed.

Look, you know cops are always being accused of assault, molestation, taking bribes, all kinds of shit. Jesus Christ!

I'm a good cop.

It was a domestic violence call.

The kid is in the crib screaming his head off.

I pull back the covers and there laying next to the kid is a kilo of white brick.

Graham says we can't make the arrest, that the search is invalid, that the wife can't testify against her husband and that any decent lawyer will beat this.

The woman is screaming, the kid is screaming, and I'm losing my mind here.

Suddenly the husband walks in with an envelope this thick with \$1 00 bills.

And he says to me, "Thank you, Officer,
for all your help. Thank you very much."
Graham turns to me and gives me the nod.

- And you took the money.

- What was I supposed to do, man?

I mean, my wife...

My wife was pregnant.

Health insurance didn't cover it.

We had bills up to here.

Yes, yes. I took the money.

Me and Graham split it.

Now you're the only one that knows about it.

Graham knows and now, who else?

Yeah. Graham knows.

- Wanna know why I told you?

- Why?

- Because I figure you're on the take, too.

- What are you talking about?

That fucking fat envelope
you got in your pocket.

The one the guy gave you at the golf club.

That's what I'm talking about.

- This is a golf membership.

- Oh.

So how much is a membership
worth these days?

- A hundred thousand.

- A hundred thousand.

Boy, they sure make it easy
to take a 1 00,000 bucks, don't they?

Well, golf is how they do business.

This is very important for what I do.

Well, I guess that makes everything
all white, now, doesn't it?

Make sure she hasn't taken Zelly.

Damn! If it's not one thing, it's another.

Zelly.

- Hey, babe, you here?

- (voice from other room)

Somebody's here.

I was wondering where he would show up.

Oh, my God.

- Eddie, put that phone down.

- I'm just calling my guys.

- Put the phone down.
- (speaks Japanese)
- So who was killed in the car crash?
- Tanaka.
- (Smith) The security guy.
- Yes, Tanaka.
He worked for Nakamoto Corporation,
but he had a special relationship with me.
My father's keiretsu could offer
a better future to him, you understand?
Tanaka, he liked women and drugs, too.
And for that, give me good information.
- He also tried to set you up as the murderer.
- Well, he was playing both sides.
Look, I'm still alive, he's still dead.
He double-crossed me,
but I double-crossed him better.
He's afraid to get caught with me
so he uses my car and kill himself.
I didn't like the colour anyway.
You reported the murder.
Then you called me in? Hm?
My father always said,
"If you need help, call Connor-san."
So the Japanese at the police station,
what were they looking for in the car?
What Tanaka brought Eddie,
and what Eddie was going to give to us.
That's right, Connor-san.
- The original disk.
- Connor-san, you a smart cookie for a gaijin.
But I think you're gonna
be surprised when you see this.
Uh-uh.
First, give me back my passport.
I think I'm gonna need it.
(knocking)
Careful, kohai.
- Who is it?
- (man) Me, Web. Let me in.
It's Graham.
Hide a sword within a smile.
Hey, Tom, how you doing?
What are you doing here? What's wrong?

- Wrong?
- Yeah.
- What the fuck's wrong with you?
- What are you talking about?
(Graham) The squeeze is on, baby.
Your ex is talking, the chief is shitting,
and the Weasel's snooping.
- Opening up new things.
- New things?
What new things?
Look, are you on the take?
- Fuck you, the take.
- Are you on the fuckin' take?
Who the fuck are you to ask me about that?
You started me off. You remember that?
Now, play ball. You get to keep your kid,
your job, and your buddies. We're a team.
A team? What team are we on? Huh?
We know who you've got in there.
You're harbouring a murderer in there.
How did you know Eddie was still alive?
He's not. He's dead.
He just forgot to lay down.
- (Smith) He didn't do it.
- Who did it?
We don't know who did it!
Send him out, Spider-san, with the disk too.
I'll protect the guy.
And what if I don't?
If you don't? If you don't?
You're obstructing justice.
You're harbouring, baby.
If you don't,
we're coming in after your murderer.
What are you doing to your life?
You know me, Web. I get my man.
Yeah. Even if he's the wrong man.
Who the fuck are you? The Supreme Court?
You're putting a lot of guys in the line of fire
just to protect one dead Nip.
You risk your life and your child for me.
(speaks Japanese)
We're like sitting ducks up here.
Time to be among them.

Don't let anyone in.
Put this on.
And don't try to go out.
(speaks Japanese)
Daddy.
Zelly.
Baby, not right now, OK? You and Grandma
want to stay in the room. Go.
(Ishihara speaks Japanese)
Don't do anything.
We'll take care of everything.
They want us to wait.
This Eddie guy's alive.
They want a shot at him.
I gotta figure this.
The first rule is to protect your ass.
Maybe we ought to get some backup.
What do you say?
(phone rings)
Hello.
(line goes dead)
(click)
(speaks Japanese)
Ugh!
(speaks Japanese)
(Japanese voice)
(Japanese voices outside door)
(men hitting door)
(phone rings and struggle outside door)
(Connor) Kohai, it's me.
Come on, let's go.
I've cleared the back staircase. Go.
Come, come, come, come, come.
I'll stay with Eddie.
- Daddy.
- Zelly.
(Eddie speaks Japanese)
Eddie!
- Eddie.
- (Eddie cries out)
Eddie!
Eddie?
(car engine starts)
Hey!

Web.

Kohai.

And that's all I remember.

Luckily, you were wearing the proper gear.

Yeah, luckily.

You've read this morning's paper.

You were caught

in the middle of gang warfare.

Man, I was caught

in the middle of a business negotiation.

No, Lieutenant. You can read.

You were the target

of a drive-by shooting by a street gang.

It was a grudge attack.

None of the suspects has been apprehended.

One gang member was found murdered

by ritual strangulation.

So Eddie's dead now. Officially.

(man) Officially, the case is closed.

Under the circumstances, we recommend

that you take a voluntary leave of absence.

And, Lieutenant, would you be able to tell us

the whereabouts of Captain Connor?

No.

I have no idea where he is.

They shut us down. Put a padlock

on the front door, just like that.

Know how it works? A phone call to the
university president from major endowers.

The fuckers can't stop us that easily.

They're still ahead of us.

Got here as fast as I could.

They're looking for you.

We've been piecing it together.

Earlier in the evening,

Eddie and Cheryl made love.

But at the party she met another man,

her secret lover, her back-door man.

Someone at Nakamoto must have suggested
that they use the executive bedroom
on the 46th floor.

But they never got

beyond the boardroom table.

Here comes your ghost.

Eddie. Before they erased him.

He's letting her get killed.

(Connor) He's seen her
go through this before.

(Smith) The gasper routine.

Funny old world, eh?

- (Smith) But Eddie was the jealous lover.

- Yes, but a stronger passion overtook Eddie.

His loyalty to his father's keiretsu.

They also wanted to purchase MicroCon.

Don't forget there's a keiretsu war going on.

(Smith) Who is that?

Who is it?

Senator Morton.

(Connor) Eddie probably offered her
to the senator as a form of hospitality.

- (Smith) So Senator Morton killed her?

- Wait till you see the rest of the disk.

We know that they used this situation
to blackmail Senator Morton.

They framed Eddie by doctoring the disk.

- (Smith) Why was Eddie protecting him?

- The senator was voting the way he wanted.

This is about who would control MicroCon.

Whoever controlled the senator
would control the fate of MicroCon.

This is the part of the disk
we never saw before.

- There. You see that?

- Yeah, the clock, it's moving.

No. The girl.

She's moving.

(Smith) Holy shit!

- She's alive.

- She was alive, until...

(Smith) Who the hell is this?

(Connor) Someone who's been observing
and knows the exact location
of the hidden cameras.

(Smith) He's gone.

What? That's it? That's all we got?

- We can't let 'em get away with this shit.

- Get away with this?

They won't get away with this.

I am very, very okotta.

- Pissed off.

- Yes. Pissed off.

Good. So what do we do know?

Yes. What do we do now?

- You're asking me?

- Yes.

We beat the grass to startle the snakes.

Exactly.

(Morton) Oh, my God.

(phone rings)

(speaks Japanese)

(Morton) We had an agreement.

You said nothing would happen.

- We had a deal.

- Yes, sir.

- Did you see what I just got by fax machine?

- I understand.

- Thank you very much for your call.

- You said the technology would protect me.

My God. Look at this.

(Morton) We will decide whether
the MicroCon sale goes through.

I will be basing my vote
on my country's needs.

(woman) You're somebody with aspirations
perhaps for the highest office in the land.

(Morton groans, distorted)

(gunshot)

Excuse me.

Hey, can I help you with something?

Hey, what's going on here?

You can't just barge in...

You, shut up.

Yoshida-san, forgive this interruption,
but there is something I must show you.

This is the original disk from your security
cameras that filmed this conference room,
and recorded the murder and the murderer.

We are grateful to you, Yoshida-san,
for insisting that Ishihara deliver this to us.

But instead, he replaced it
with this doctored version.

(speaks Japanese)

Please, show us the original disk.

Arigato.

- I will deal with this. Get out!

- (speaks Japanese)

(speaks Japanese)

(shouts in Japanese)

They are distancing themselves.

- Holy shit.

- Senator Morton.

At this moment, she's not dead.

And now we shall find out

who actually killed her.

(speaks Japanese)

(Yoshida-san) Why was I not told this?

What has been happening here?

(speaks Japanese)

I was protecting the situation, Yoshida-san.

(speaks Japanese)

He has been too long in America.

He has adopted many bad habits.

(speaks Japanese)

No. It was not me.

It was him.

(speaks Japanese)

Hey, there's no running...

Hey, slow down.

Wait a minute. Hold it.

Hey, there's no running here!

(man speaks Japanese)

Keep eye contact at all times.

And at all costs, don't lose your temper.

I don't lose my temper.

(Smith) How are you doin', guys?

How you doin'?

(Smith speaks Japanese brokenly)

It seems like nobody's listening.

Come on, come on.

It's me.

I could have taken 'em.

Their objective was not to win

but to delay us. And they've succeeded.

(man screams) Oh, no!

No!

(body lands)

(Smith) Eddie's friends.

(Connor) Looks like they've got their revenge.

Shit!

We gotta stop this. We gotta do something.

(Connor) Do what?

He's finished.

That cement dries fast, and there's no way they're gonna rip open that foundation.

Everyone wants this case closed.

Besides, they put us on leave of absence.

So what will MicroCon do now?

- Struggle on.

- We'll find a way.

Or a way will find you.

I hope we can continue our friendship.

- Sure. Let's do lunch sometime.

- Let's do lunch.

What's going to happen to him?

- They are retiring him.

- Ishihara will be given a window seat.

That means he will spend his life in Japan, staring out an office window.

- Too bad. He seemed like a heck of a guy.

- Personally, I got along great with him.

If you sit by the river long enough, you will see the body of your enemy floating by.

Connor-san, I wanna thank you.

- I feel like I should repay you or something.

- Repay me? For what?

- Well...

- The key.

The key? Ah, yes, the key.

The key is don't talk about it, just do it.

The kohai talks, the sempai knows.

- If I wanna be a sempai...

- No.

The key.

- What?

- The key to your car.

Oh. Yeah.

I knew that.

Today at golf, we'll be discussing how I can help Nakamoto pull out of the MicroCon deal, without losing face.

- Keiretsu interruptus.

- Exactly.

Very nice working with you, kohai.

- See you.

- See you.

- Yoshida-san.

- (speaks Japanese)

A perfect day for golf.

Well, thanks to your help,
we were able to find out who did it.

- Did you?

- Did we what?

Find out?

Find out? You mean who did it?

Come on.

Well, in Japan, the one
who confesses to being the murderer
doesn't have to be the one that actually did it.
It's an old tradition that, out of loyalty,
an innocent man will take the rap for his boss.

- It's his duty.

- That's not what happened here.

That Richmond guy, he would have done
anything to make that deal go through.

He was working with Ishihara.

A yuppie facilitator,
a hustling business samurai.

- Wave of the future.

- If you say so.

If I say so? Look, I'm a cop.

It's my business to know these things.

Besides, what about Connor?

- What about him?

- The guy's always right.

If you say so.

Did I say something
to anger you or something?

No, nothing you said.

Then what is it?

- Golf.

- Golf?

- I don't get it.

- There it is up there.

You live here. 428 Rose Street.

Well, well, well.

When I came to pick him up that first time,
behind the sliding panel,
that was you?

The gaijin that you lived with in Japan,
that was Connor.

Thanks for giving me a lift.

Wait a minute.

There's some things here I don't understand.

Yes. Goodbye, kohai.

No, no.

Look, I mean, the guy, he's playing golf now.
You and me, we're alone.

And...

I know.

They say loyalty is important.

It all comes down to who you trust.

Wait a minute.

When you said that line about:

"Always leave the cage door open
so the bird can return",

what the hell does that mean anyway?

Who knows?

When you figure it out, Web, let me know.

Damn.

Hm.

Huh.

(Connor) Kohai...

(Smith laughs)

("Don't Fence Me In" on piano)

Don't fence me in

Just turn me loose,

let me straddle my old saddle

Underneath the western skies

On my cayuse, let me wander over yonder

Till I see the mountains rise

I want to ride to the ridge

where the west commences

Gaze at the moon till I lose my senses

Can't look at hovels and I can't stand fences

Don't fence me in