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High and Low

By Hideo Oguni

What brings you here?
National Shoes is in business
to make money.
Take a look at this shoe.
Will it increase our sales?
Wait.
We're not losing money.
It's a good shoe,
but it costs too much.
Old-fashioned too.
And another thing.
It's too durable.
Shoes must wear out.
Shoes are accessories,
like hats and handbags.
Women want new styles
at moderate prices.
Right.
Our shoes are practical...
but hats don't wear long.
Shoes shouldn't either.
I don't agree with you.
Hats are decoration.
Shoes carry all your body weight.
You win.
You may be satisfied
with this kind of shoe...
but sales have been flat
for a whole year.
That's why we're here.
What do you want me to do?
Let me be frank.
We are the directors
of our firm.
I'm in charge of sales;
you, the factory;
Ishimaru, design;
Kamiya, publicity.
Kawanishi's your top aide...
and a future executive.
We're all agreed
on what our problem is.
What is it?
Our president.

The Old Man's backward.
Army boots are more his style.
But he owns enough stock
to tell all of us what to do.
By the way...
Take a look at this design.
It's a sure winner.
Good work.
And it can be made
at half the cost.
Well?
What would the Old Man say?
Who cares?
He owns a lot of stock,
but we can join together.
He has 25% .
You have only 21% .
You can't vote him out.
Gondo, you own stock too,
and we're counting on you.
How about joining us?
With your 13% ,
we'd have 34% .
We could out-vote the old mule.
And who'd be the new president?
Well, you'd be in the running.
But as the new policy
is Baba's idea...
he'll be the next president.
You, executive director.
Fair enough?
The Old Man may be old-fashioned...
but he makes real shoes.
Yours are trash.
Listen.
I came to work at National Shoes
when I was 16.
I've been in that factory
for 30 years.
I know every sound and smell there.
I remember every shoe ever made--
all good, durable shoes.
I can't put our name on junk.
This wouldn't last a month.

There's no shank in it.
A cardboard base.
No sewing.
It's just glued together.
You want money for this?
The costs!
The profits!
- Business is business!
- I know.
But this business
is my life and love.
I can't do this.
So you'll make
the Old Man's army boots?
No. The Old Man is wrong.
He's wrong. We're wrong.
Who's right?
I'll make my ideal shoes--
durable, yet stylish.
Expensive to make, maybe...
but profitable in the long run.
How romantic.
Only we won't let you.
If we vote with the boss,
we can force you out.
Go ahead. The shareholders'
meeting is next month.
The gentlemen are leaving.
See them out.
You're leaving already?
Mrs. Gondo.
Isn't my husband
seeing you out?
What happened
between you and them?
Nothing.
Didn't look that way.
Don't worry.
You wouldn't understand.
It's business.
Business. That's
what you always say.
What's his game?
You're his right-hand man.

You must know.
He's confident enough
to throw us out.
What is he up to?
Why didn't you ask him?
Don't be sarcastic.
If you help us stop him...
we'll make you a director.
Don't tempt me.
You want to be his flunky forever?
Think it over.
Stop it, Jun!
They're furious.
Are we safe?
Wait and see.
Trouble again?
Looks like it.
They want to kick me out,
but I've taken steps.
They'll have to be
big steps. How?
Wait till it's all set.
Then I'll kick them out.
He takes after you.
He likes violent games.
Jun!
Oh, it's you, Shinichi.
I'm the sheriff now.
Jun, is it your turn
to be the outlaw?
Then don't run.
Hide and ambush the sheriff.
A man's got to attack
or be attacked.
Go on, and win.
It's getting worse.
Your attitude.
Success isn't worth
losing your humanity.
What do you know about it?
I just want to make good shoes.
Yes, it is.
Osaka Hotel?
You called Osaka?

One moment.
Room 310, please.
Gondo calling.
Hello, it's me.
How did it go? All settled?
How much? Within my limit?
Good work!
Yes, settle it.
Right away.
Say I'll send
the deposit tonight.
Call me back.
I'm counting on you.
I want you to go to Osaka.
Book a flight.
Use the other phone.
I'm waiting for a call.
Is everything all right?
I'm frightened.
Hello. It's me.
So it's all set?
Just a moment.
Kawanishi's off at 10:00
with a check for 50 million.
Now a toast!
I kept it a secret,
but now I can tell you.
My share isn't 13% .
I've bought 15% more
over the last three years...
and I just arranged
for 19% more.
Even with the Old Man,
they're 46% to my 47% .
It's a gamble,
but National Shoes is mine.
How did you raise the money?
I borrowed on everything,
even this house.
Raising 50 million was rough.
One yen less,
and Osaka would have refused.
I've bet my whole fortune on this.
Wait. This is just

the deposit, isn't it?
It's only a third.
What about the other 100 million?
If I have control of the firm,
I'll get the rest.
Too big a surprise?
Have a drink.
Excuse me.
Is my boy, Shinichi, here?
He's outside with Jun. Why?
I brought him this.
I'll call Jun.
Aoki, drive Kawanishi
to the airport.
Yes, this is Gondo.
What? You--
You have kidnapped my son?
Stop joking!
I'm not joking.
Listen.
I have your son.
Do as I say,
and he'll be safe.
Get 30 million yen.
What?
No consecutive numbers.
Wait.
One thousand--
three thousand 5,000-yen notes...
and five thousand 1,000-yen notes.

Total:

Have it ready by tomorrow.
Then we'll talk again.
If you love your son,
don't call the police.
No, of course not.
Good-bye, Mr. Gondo.
Please get Jun back. Hurry!
Keep calm.
I'll get him back,
no matter what it costs.
I'll raise more money later.
I'll call the police.

No! You want Jun to be killed?
Don't worry.
It'll be all right.
Did you call me, Mom?
What's the matter?
What is this?
A practical joke?
Jun, where's Shinichi?
I hid like you said,
but he never came. Some sheriff!
Shinichi was wearing
Jun's outfit.
Even I got them mixed up.
Shinichi!
Call the police.
No! The kidnapper
might hurt him.
A chauffeur can't pay ransom.
He'll let him go.
But I won't let him
get away with this.
The police?
No, a department store delivery.
Odd at this hour.
What's keeping the police?
Don't worry.
Your son's safe.
He has to be.
It's the police.
Would you please
close all the drapes?
I'm Chief Inspector Tokura.
From down there,
if he's got a telescope...
the kidnapper can see
this entire room.
- Any more phones?
- One upstairs.
- Listed?
- Just this one.
Here's the phone.
We'll get ready
to tap his calls.
Only he may not call again.

Not if he finds out.
He may still think
he has your son.
Broadcast the mistake
on radio and TV.
Then he'll know
you've notified us.
So?
He warned you
he'd kill the boy.
He thought he had my son.
He has to return him.
You think so,
but the kidnapper may not.
Kidnapping cases are hard.
His protection is the hostage.
On our way here
the Chief told us...
" Save the child first,
then catch the kidnapper."
And this time
we must be especially careful.
They usually ask 200,000.
The highest was two million.
is an incredible ransom.
The kidnapper's extreme,
maybe mentally disturbed.
You're the boy's father?
A widower.
It's his only child too.
You'll find him?
We'll do our best.
What will you do?
Wait for his next move.
It's all we can do.
It's an ordeal for you...
but safest for the boy.
All ready.
Have the telephone company
trace all calls here.
Where's your son, Mrs. Gondo?
Inside.
Ask him what happened
before and after the kidnapping.

Wait. Nakao, you go.
Taguchi might frighten the boy.
You talk to the father.
Do you have a recent photo?
Yes. I'll get it.
It's time to drive
Mr. Kawanishi to the airport.
You're in no shape to go.
Take a cab.
Wait. It may be
the kidnapper.
Upstairs phone.
Keep him talking.
Maybe we can trace him.
Hello. Gondo speaking.
Hello. Gondo speaking.
I got the wrong boy.
Don't celebrate yet. Listen.
I don't care whose boy it is.
You're paying.
Why me?
Don't ask.
Just pay up, or he dies.
Understand?
Absurd.
Exactly. It's absurd.
The wrong boy's
a lucky break for me.
Extortion can only be threats...
against a person or his kin.
So I can't be charged
with extortion.
But you have to pay anyway.
You're a fool to pay,
but you must.
Who says I'll pay?
I absolutely will not.
You will.
You won't kill him.
You don't have the guts, Mr. Gondo.
A fiend.
Smartest crook I ever saw.
He could kidnap any child
and ask ransom for anyone.

And it's not extortion.
Not kidnapping for gain.
Simple kidnapping.
He'd get only five years at most.
This is no joke.
It's absurd.
He can't get away with it.
It's not just money
he wants from me.
He wants me to be humiliated,
to suffer.
Forcing me to throw away
my hard earned money.
He wants to laugh at me.
I won't let him.
I won't pay him.
I'll tell him so next time.
No ransom. Never!
Ow! That hurts.
Put him to bed.
I'm not sleepy.
I'll wait for Shinichi.
He understands what's happened.
He feels responsible for it.
I feel the same way.
No one's responsible.
The man is a maniac.
But Shinichi was kidnapped
in place of your son.
Then you think the ransom
should be paid?
You know the position
Mr. Gondo is in.
But he was willing
to pay for his own son.
Said he could raise
more money later.
How? From where?
He's mortgaged everything.
He can't raise more money
to save his own life.
Giving 30 million to a madman.
Stop it!
Let's go to bed.

But I--
Come on.
Time for bed.
Inspector.
Can you promise the boy's safety
if Mr. Gondo pays?
The boy may be dead by now.
Or he may be killed afterwards.
What's the sense in paying?
But if he is still alive,
we can still hope.
What will the kidnapper do
if he isn't paid?
Would he kill the boy?
From the way he talks,
he seems intelligent.
I don't think he'd risk
capital punishment.
He may be intelligent,
but he's not a rational person.
His plan is so cruel,
he must be sick.
We must believe
he'll carry it through.
If he's paid, he'll return
the boy as he said.
If not, he said
he'd kill him, didn't he?
It's a vicious case.
I'll ask the Chief
for a special investigation.
See what you can find out here.
Mr. Gondo, call us
before you answer the phone.
What about me?
Am I going to Osaka or not?
If I am,
I'd better hurry.
Why are you hesitating?
It's very clear.
Pay ransom and we're ruined.
That's all there is to it.
Go.
I'm going,

no matter who's calling.
All right, go.
No, Kawanishi, wait!
Inspector!
Keep him talking.
We need more than last time.
Upstairs phone okay?
Hello. This is Gondo.
The boy's fine.
I'll let him talk to you.
Daddy? Are you there?
Shinichi!
Whether he lives or dies...
depends on you.
Good night, Mr. Gondo.
He got away again.
Please save my son!
I couldn't ask you before
to pay all that money.
But now I've heard his voice...
and I must.
Please save him!
Once he's safe, the police
will get your money back.
Please lend it to me!
I'll do everything you want
till the day I die.
I'll make my son work too.
Stop it. Stand up.
Damn it, stand up.
Please save him!
Stand up, I said!
I want to pay, but I can't.
You don't understand.
I'm going.
Wait.
Get up. Please get up.
He won't let your son die.
I'll reason with him too.
It'll be all right.
It'll be all right.
Isn't Shinichi back yet?
Go to Osaka tomorrow.
Postpone it!

Then I'll return this.
Excuse me. I'm tired.
Please close the curtains.
Sorry.
You slept here?
No, the Bos'n and I--
Bos'n?
The Bos'n is head
of our squad.
A lot of our work
is connected with the harbor.
"Bos'n" fits him.
A real slave driver.
Dragging me out all night.
You dragged me out.
Scaling walls...
and hiding in shadows
like thieves.
The Chief has set up
a special section.
We can use
the whole police force.
The kidnapper says
he isn't extorting money...
but he's driven you into a corner
and demands ransom.
The department says
that's "kidnapping for gain."
It's a maximum
That doesn't help me.
His deadline is today.
I thought it over all night.
This is my decision.
The boy's father wants me
to lend him the money.
He says once his boy's safe,
you'll get my money back.
But even if you guarantee it,
I won't pay any ransom.
I'd get it back too late.
Without that money now,
I'll lose everything.
Please understand me.
My work is part of me.

Without it, I'd be dead.
You may say I'm callous,
but I won't pay the ransom.
It's not true.
I know he'll pay it.
I won't.
I can't.
I told you why last night.
You know what'll happen
if I pay?
I'll be bankrupt.
They'll force me
out on the street.
You'll be all right.
You can start over.
What do you know about poverty?
A big house, fancy clothes
and fine food.
That's been your life.
I could start over,
but you can't.
Yes, I can.
I don't want luxury.
It's all you've ever known.
That's why you can say,
"Pay the 30 million."
It doesn't mean anything to you.
You're spoiled.
It's not that.
Can't you see how
the boy's father feels?
Yes! I can't stand
his groveling.
Look, I'd pay if I could.
But I can't
just think about him!
There's you and Jun
and my own survival.
It's ridiculous!
Plenty of men richer than me.
And at a time like this.
It would be suicide for me to pay.
Why should I?
I know.

But it can't be helped.
Aoki has no choice
but to ask you.
I'm asking too.
So is Jun.
Enough! I'm not paying,
no matter who asks me.
I'm not paying any ransom.
Just in time. Take this check
and get to Osaka.
I've been thinking it over.
What?
About that check.
Whether I should take it or not.
You told me not to hesitate.
Well, I was wrong.
If I went to Osaka
and closed this deal...
you'd control the firm.
But you'd be hated
for sacrificing a child.
You'd be ruined.
No one would buy your shoes.
You're not paid to think!
Take this and go.
No. Think about it.
Think of Mrs. Gondo.
You got started on her dowry.
She has a say in this,
and she wants to pay.
And ruin myself?
I know how much
this money means to you...
but a life means more.
A helpless child!
A helpless child, eh?
Sounds odd coming from you.
What happened
to the cold-blooded businessman?
When were you reborn?
What happened
after you left last night?
Nothing. I just--
If I succeed,

you'll be an executive.
You know that, so you
were ready to go last night...
arguing with anyone
who stood in your way.
But not today.
Is it sabotage?
No. I just--
If I pay the ransom,
there's no deal.
You want that?
What are you up to?
Shall I tell you?
If the deal fails, I fail,
and three men celebrate.
You sold me to those three,
didn't you?
Yes.
- The Osaka deal?
- Everything.
Scum!
All right, but let me
have my say.
You weakened last night--
enough to pay the ransom.
What would happen to me then?
You'd be selling me.
I had to protect myself.
- Get out!
- I'll go.
But you'll go next.
Baba and the Old Man
are talking right now.
But I still have the money.
I'll throw you all out.
I wonder.
Maybe the kidnapper's right.
You don't have the guts.
Get out!
Mr. Gondo...
I know it's late
to be saying this...
but you have the right
to protect your own life.

It's our duty to help you.
We want to save the child...
but not by sacrificing you.
But we hope you'll do this:
When the kidnapper calls,
say you'll pay.
That's all.
Ask him when and where.
We'll take it from there.
I'm sorry. I didn't know
what I was asking.
Please don't worry
about my son.
The kidnapper was
just bluffing, that's all.
No human being
could kill an innocent child.
Anyway, Shinichi
is a smart boy.
He'll watch for
his chance to escape.
Where's Gondo?
Mr. Gondo!
Phone! Hurry!
Hello. This is Gondo.
You're not up to
any tricks, are you?
What do you mean?
Drapes closed in broad daylight.
First time.
- You can see us?
- Very well.
You're on a hilltop.
It's hot as hell down here.
An inferno. 105 degrees.
But you're air-conditioned,
aren't you?
I understand the closed windows,
but why the drapes?
What are you up to?
Nothing.
Nothing?
People who are
up to something say that.

I'll open the drapes then.
Good. I can see you now.
Your wife, the chauffeur...
Only three, including you?
Yes.
Let's talk, then.
Have you decided to pay,
Mr. Gondo?
I have no choice.
And is the money ready?
By evening, but only
if the boys all right.
- You heard him.
- I want to see him.
- If I refuse?
- I won't pay.
It sounds fishy.
I'll think it over, Mr. Gondo.
Stay there!
The kidnapper's watching.
Damn. A little longer,
and I could've traced the call.
Thank you, Mr. Gondo.
By talking like that,
you bought us more time.
Your demand was very helpful.
We can start moving.
Bank of Tokyo?
It's Gondo.
The branch manager, please.
Gondo speaking.
Send over 30 million yen
in cash.
No new bills
and no consecutive numbers.
One thousand 10,000 notes...
three thousand 5,000 notes...
and five thousand 1,000 notes.
Yes, right away.
Stop it.
I don't know what to say.
Then don't say it.
Leave me alone.
- What is it?

- Mom's crying.
Hello. This is Gondo.
You're not up to
any tricks, are you?
I hear a coin dropping.
Check all the pay phones
in this area.
The kidnapper's right.
One case holds 15 million yen.
What a sight, eh?
Hello. This is Gondo.
Got the money?
Yes, but--
All right.
You'll see the boy first.
- When?
- Tomorrow.
We'll swap the boy
and the money.
Where?
Calm down
and listen carefully.
Get two briefcases
under 7 cm. thick for the money.
Close them tight,
but don't lock them.
Take them on tomorrow's
second bullet train.
- Understood? That's all.
- But where to?
Get on and you'll see,
Mr. Gondo.
He's much too smart
to plan to trade on the train.
At a station?
That's risky too.
I wouldn't do it.
Two cases under 7 cm. thick.
I wonder why.
" Get on and you'll see."
Say, Bos'n, where can we hide
these inside the cases?
Can't take chances.
I'll call a professional.

What do we need?
We want to find him
through these briefcases.
We purposely chose
unusual ones.
They're so conspicuous,
he'll have to get rid of them.
He'll bury, sink, or burn them.
If it gets wet...
this powder gives off
a nasty smell.
If this burns,
it emits a pink smoke.
Not much hope...
but it just might
give us a lead.
Reiko!
My old tool bag--
Would you find it for me?
If we record only the 1,000s,
will we make it?
We can do ten a minute,
That's eight hours, 20 minutes.
Ten hours with coffee breaks.
A waste of time.
I never notice numbers.
We can't neglect
any possibility.
When the boy's back,
I'll flush that rat out.
I'd burn him alive.
Fifteen years isn't enough.
The capsule should go here...
and the powder there.
In the old days,
shoemakers made cases too.
My apprentice days
come in handy again.
Starting all over already.
That Gondo is all right.
Usually, I waste no love
on the rich.
I didn't like him at first.
Excuse me.

" The boy's not on the train."
This isn't a pleasure trip.
Railway Telephone Service...
paging Mr. Kingo Gondo
of National Shoes.
Please take your call
in the buffet car phone booth.
- That's him.
- What do we do?
The next stop is Atami.
Go have coffee.
Coffee.
We just passed Kozu.
Perfect.
You're about to cross
the Sakawa River.
He'll be at the foot
of the bridge.
Coffee.
The boy's at the bridge.
I'm supposed to toss
the money.
These windows don't open.
He said the washroom window
opens seven cms.
Damn it. Of course.
There's no stop before Atami.
He'll get away clean.
Damned clever. The wretch!
An emergency stop
would endanger the boy.
He's got us on every angle.
But he can't do this alone.
He's got help.
We'll be able to see them.
Where's the boy?
- Left side.
- Toss the cases here?
Yes, washroom window.
We'll look for the boy
from here.
Split up for pictures.
Still shots on the left
and 8mm front and rear.

The bridge is coming up.
Take a good look at the boy.
It could be a switch.
I don't know him.
I'm trading my life.
I won't make a mistake.
Shinichi!
You're sure?
Now go get him.
For Mr. Gondo's sake,
be bloodhounds.
Can you see the living room?
This is the best view so far.
The criminal knows
this area well.
But would he use a phone
this close?
Try the next one.
The kidnapper's right.
That house gets to you.
As if it's looking down at us.
" Kidnapper Uses Bullet Train
To Get Ransom"
" Company Executive
Throws Fortune Out Train Window"
" Police Force Mobilized
In Bizarre Kidnapping Case"
The police say money
is not the kidnapper's only motive.
There's a taunting attitude
in his phone calls...
as if he has an extreme hatred
for Mr. Gondo.
Apparently, the kidnapper seeks...
to torment Mr. Gondo.
The public is aware
of Mr. Gondo's sacrifice...
and sympathy has grown...
to national acclaim for him.
As for the kidnapper...
if he is listening,
I'd like to say this:
You've made a hero of Mr. Gondo.
We learned from Shinichi...

that a woman held him.
Hats hid the faces...
of the man and woman...
but you may recognize
their movements.
Watch carefully.
Any idea as to who they may be?
Don't hesitate to tell us.
Grocer's boy, milkman...
junk man, salesman.
Recall everyone who comes here.
It may suddenly strike you.
Take your time.
They're good films...
but not much help yet.
The figure is blurred
in the pictures, but it's helpful.
Look at this.
It's the accomplice.
See this?
It's a farmer with a cow.
This gives us information.
A man with two bags
ran into the shadow...
then a car left.
We checked and found car tracks.
He bumped into a wall.
We found bits of paint.
We had them checked
with the following results:
The car's a gray Toyopet Crown,
'59 model.
This is the car you rode in,
isn't it?
Yes.
- Can I go?
- Yes.
Shinichi, try to remember.
You saw Mt. Fuji and the sea?
What road did the car take
to the river?
- I don't remember.
- Don't say that!
What did you see

from the car window?
Lots of things.
That won't do!
You must remember.
What did you see?
Stop.
When you remember, tell us.
We know how you feel.
We feel the same way.
We're desperate
to get Mr. Gondo's money back.
We can't let him lose it.
Guests, sir.
Go easier on the boy, Mr. Aoki.
Excuse me.
He's remembered
some important things.
They covered his nose
with gauze soaked in ether.
He saw Mt. Fuji and the sea.
That's all today.
Oh, yes. We've received
a mountain of mail.
Mr. Gondo is hard pressed...
but everyone admires him.
Makes us feel better
about this case.
You're a hero.
The public is very sympathetic.
But what about National Shoes?
The struggle for power
isn't pretty.
We hear your position is shaky.
Is it true?
Frankly, we're worried.
Sympathy costs nothing...
but we've invested money.
We're your biggest creditors...
so we got together.
We're returning the interest
you sent...
to postpone paying us
the principal.
Pay us when it falls due...

or we'll attach your property.
You can't pay a kidnapper...
and not pay us.
The house can be seen...
from Nishi-ku and Naka-ku...
but in some places...
trees or buildings block the view.
These places are filled in
with hatch lines.
From inside this circle...
the living room can be seen...
with an ordinary telescope.
It can also be seen...
from seven booths here.
Each mark indicates a phone booth.
The best view...
is from these three booths.
We think the suspect used
one of these phones.
He also said it was hot
where he was.
He called
a little before 9:00 a.m.
Which booths does the sun shine on
at that hour?
Of the three...
this one is shaded.
So we can assume...
he used one of the other two.
It seems...
he always watched them
with a telescope.
So we can narrow down
where he lives...
to this vicinity.
Judging from his voice,
he seems young.
But with the boy...
he wore a mask and dark glasses.
Next, a report on the phone call
to the train.
You can only call the train...
from Tokyo, Osaka, or Nagoya.
It's relayed by microwave...

but with a long delay.
So we found where he was:
Yuraku-cho, Tokyo.
Near the railroad station.
But the shop woman had bad eyes
and worse hearing...
so we gave up.
We asked at the shops
around there.
But no one remembered a man...
phoning there at that hour.
Next.
The boy mentioned Mt Fuji
and the sea.
Any leads?
He drew a picture.
The call was only local
long distance.
A nearby spot...
where you can see Mt. Fuji
and the sea...
has to be around Kamakura.
A setting sun, maybe.
It looks that way
all along the coast.
Next, the ether.
It's hard to trace.
Druggists don't carry it.
Hospitals and doctors
get it wholesale.
But ether is used in industry too.
So we can't be sure...
the suspect is in medicine.
In industry...
it's used by shipbuilders
and auto manufacturers...
and by small iron works...
and repair shops too.
Next, the car.
The farmer said
it was a gray car.
It was probably stolen.
I asked Vehicle Theft to check.
This month,

But before this case came up,
That leaves six still around,
and only one is gray.
And it was stolen
the day before this case broke.
The license number...
is Kanagawa 3059.
But the plates
may have been changed.
Vehicle Theft
is making a thorough search.
All right.
Next, the 1,000-yen notes.
We made copies
of the numerical lists...
for tobacco shops,
cafes, and movie theaters.
They're helping out of sympathy
for Mr. Gondo...
but none of the notes
has turned up yet.
Next, reports from the public.
We've received 1,305 reports
of sightings.
Almost all
from genuinely concerned citizens.
All reported seeing men
with boys Shinichi's age.
But half the sightings
were before he was kidnapped...
or after he was found.
And he was seen simultaneously...
in many different places.
Still, we're checking.
Today we heard...
from a turnpike toll collector.

About 7:

a man with dark glasses
drove up.
A boy was sleeping
under a blanket...
on the back seat.
The car was dark.

He couldn't see his face...
but he did see a toy rifle
and a cowboy hat.
He took the seaside turnoff.
This could be our man.
We're rechecking all reports
from that area.
Next, the bullet train.
It isn't that different
from other express trains.
He knows every detail of it...
but that may not mean...
he's a railroad man.
But we checked...
the bullet train personnel...
who were absent that day...
or who had quit recently.
There were very few.
I'll have all the data soon.
Next, grudges or other motives.
I saw the executives
at National Shoes.
What a gruesome lot.
A grudge?
Do you think...
we were behind the kidnapping?
Absurd.
We went to join forces with him.
What a narrow escape.
Until Kawanishi told us,
we had no idea.
Served him right.
He tried to buy up enough stock
to gain control...
and then this happened.
Poetic justice, huh?
It's not that I doubt you...
but you've known Mr. Gondo
a long time.
I just wondered...
if anyone
held a grudge against him.
Anyone?
You couldn't count them all.

One more question.
The kidnapping occurred
just after you left his home.
Did you notice anything
near the gate?
A car, for instance...
or a suspicious-looking man?
We'd just been thrown out.
We weren't admiring the view.
They were no help.
But at the factory--
Mr. Gondo has a temper
that sure can rip into you.
But he keeps an eye
on the work, all right.
A fine boss to good workers.
No one here...
holds a grudge against him...
except maybe the front office.
I don't think anyone holds
a grudge against Mr. Gondo.
Except the big shots.
They'd decorate the kidnapper.
Your blood pressure, Taguchi.
Now for the results
of our meeting.
Inspector Tokura.
So far, this case sounds
almost impossible to break.
But we've got to find
that "almost."
Follow every lead through
to the bitterest end.
And when you're worn out
and discouraged...
think of Mr. Gondo's pain.
Take the boy...
and drive to the shore tomorrow.
Find this "Fuji and the sea" scene.
If you can jog his memory,
you may find the hideout.
Division Three.
Hello. Tokura speaking.
We'll be there right away.

Don't touch anything.
They found the car.
Abandoned on a highway.
Get the lab.
Have more men sleep over here...
the rest on call.
Mud-spattered, but there's been
no rain lately.
It's dust that settled
on drops of water.
What's this?
- What's wrong?
- Listen to this!
Hello. This is Gondo.
The boy's fine.
I'll let him talk to you.
Daddy? Are you there?
Hear that? A trolley.
So?
A trolley runs near the hideout.
Three different trolley lines...
run through Kamakura.
Maybe a specialist
can tell which streetcar it is.
I'm on my way.
An Enoshima trolley?
Absolutely. I live near there.
I've heard that sound...
a million times.
It's an old single-wire trolley.
Only the Enoshima line
uses those old lines.
There are lots of curves...
and the rails are narrow.
The wheel base is short,
so it makes that noise.
Thanks.
Is Mr. Aoki in?
I'm sorry. He's out.
At your husband's office?
No.
Where?
He took Shinichi in the car.
He wants to make him remember.

He's a nuisance.
He just felt he had
to do something.
You were let out here?
We came that way.
Good. You look out the back.
Tell me if you remember anything.
Now what?
We can't move without the boy.
Aoki will go to the Sakawa River.
Let's follow him.
Daddy!
What? Remember something?
I peed there.
We'll find Aoki's car
and get the boy.
Wait, Bos'n.
The lab says...
there's fish oil and blood...
bonito and mackerel scales
on the stolen car.
It must have gone
through a puddle of refuse...
from a fish market.
The Koshigoe market
is the only one near that trolley.
Got it.
We get bonito and mackerel
around here.
And other types of fish...
come by truck from Tokyo.
Thanks.
Where does the trolley run?
Under the cliff.
Does it look like this
from up there?
Let's see.
You should see Enoshima Island
from there...
a little more to the right,
near the station.
With that cape in front,
it must look like this.
You saw Enoshima Island?

You must have.
We didn't come this way.
Bos'n, I feel we're getting closer.
Up there.
Try not to look like a cop.
Okay, but you'll need
plastic surgery not to.
Daddy! I saw this tunnel!
You passed here?
Which way?
From there.
Here, Shinichi?
Look.
Enoshima doesn't look
like an island.
Let's go back to Koshigoe.
They'll have Aoki by now.
The boy will show us
that hideout.
We'll raid tonight.
Got your pistol?
I'm not going after a madman
with my bare hands.
Let's look around on foot.
That car!
It's Gondo's.
Don't be stupid.
Stop playing detective.
When I got the car out
this morning, he said...
"Aoki, we aren't going
to the factory anymore."
He was smiling...
but I know how he felt inside.
Those executives are cruel...
but it's really my fault.
But you can't walk around here
with the boy.
What if the kidnapper saw him?
Bos'n! He's gone!
Daddy!
Here it is!
They're asleep.
Take the boy away.

They're dead.
The inspector will explain.
Yes, but we're asking you
not to print it.
The accomplices...
a man and a woman,
were found dead.
Heroin overdose.
Suicide?
I'll explain.
Their arms were covered
with needle marks.
Both were advanced cases
of drug addiction.
It's unlikely
they'd make a mistake...
in the dosage.
And dealers don't sell heroin
that pure anyway.
They died in bed.
Near their pillows...
were two empty packets
and syringes...
and a cup for dissolving
the heroin.
There were two more
used packets nearby.
So they had four...
and had taken the first two.
It doesn't suggest suicide.
Then why did they die?
The heroin was unusually pure.
What they took
was over 90% pure.
When it's smuggled in...
it's 70% to 95% pure.
The dealers cut it...
with glucose
and hydrochloric procaine...
till it's only 30% pure.
A one-gram package...
contains only 0.3 grams
of pure heroin.
What happens to an addict...

who takes heroin that pure?
A very clever murder.
Here's important evidence.
It was found in their room.
The imprint...
of what they'd scribbled
on the page above.
It's been restored
and enlarged.
It shows the agony...
of an addiction withdrawal.
" Bring us the stuff. Fast.
" If you don't,
we'll spend the money.
" We won't do
what you say anymore."
Obviously, they tried
to blackmail him.
We can't be sure...
but it looks like he killed them.
And the money?
We found 2,500
of Mr. Gondo's 1,000-yen notes.
The kidnapper
figured that out too.
He gave them a share...
but made them wait to use it.
Who were they?
Caretakers of a villa.
We found that out
from the villa owner.
So you're close?
No, now we have to start
all over again.
Of course, Narcotics
is doing its best.
We'll get valuable data
from them...
but the accomplices' death...
is a great setback for us.
The line leading straight
to the kidnapper has been cut.
So I'm asking you:
Don't print a word of all this.

Why not?
The kidnapper doesn't know
they're dead yet.
If he did...
he wouldn't have left
all that money there.
What'll he do...
if we convince him
they're still alive?
He'll probably try
to kill them again.
So you don't report anything.
He'll go back to check.
And you'll arrest him there?
Right.
Even if we keep quiet...
the neighbors will talk.
It's a new development.
There aren't many houses.
And it's off-season.
Hardly anyone's there now.
Drug addicts are cautious.
They had no visitors.
Our keeping quiet
will convince him?
No, I want to ask you
another favor.
Print that one of the 1,000-yen notes
was spent.
Say it's our announcement.
I'm asking your cooperation
for Mr. Gondo's sake too.
Did you know he lost his post
at National Shoes?
That's bad. Don't they care
about public opinion?
They'll vote him completely
out of the firm soon.
I think we ought to give
National Shoes a whack.
Let's do it.
" Gondo Shut Out
Public Opinion Ignored"
" Women Start Boycott

Of National Shoes"
" Second Tragedy
Gondo Voted Out"
" Marked 1,000-Yen Note Found"
" 30 Million Ransom
In This Briefcase"
We've recovered 2.5 million.
Will you come for it?
Sorry it's so late.
No, it's a great help now.
We want it all back.
The kidnapper hasn't spent any.
But he'll be hard to catch
unless he does. Ironic.
Mr. Kawanishi is here.
Kawanishi? What for?
A request.
Send him in.
Nice to see you.
I must thank you.
You've made Mr. Gondo a hero.
Now what?
Don't be so cold.
We've been so close
all these years.
I objected to your being fired.
I risked my own position...
to keep you as an executive.
The Old Man's stubborn...
and the executives are schemers.
I had a hard time.
Fortunately,
public opinion is for you.
So I succeeded.
Get out!
Tell your new master for me:
You can't use me
to save your hides.
I won't be an executive
with no power.
I'm no puppet.
Can you afford to say that?
You went too far.
If you quit now,

you'll have only debts.
Back on the payroll,
your credit stands.
Get out!
I'm my own man now.
You're nothing--
not even a man.
Excuse me.
I'd like you to see something.
It's not much, but the last one
seemed to be of use.
Shinichi drew it-- the kidnapper.
Dark glasses and a mask.
Not much to identify.
What's this?
A handkerchief.
He always wore it.
Mom! Look at the pretty pink smoke!
Burn anything here

about 9:

Yes, yesterday's trash.
What do you burn?
Junk that can't be disinfected.
They even bring stuff
that won't burn.
Who does?
The janitors.
Anyone else?
The hospital nurses
and attendants, sometimes.
Anyone like that today?
Come to think of it...
a man brought a cardboard box.
How big?
Know him?
No. An intern maybe.
A young man?
Yes. Too young
to be a regular doctor.
" Burn this, pop," he said.
Doctors don't talk like that.
Now look at that, will you?
You can't burn tin.

You know what section he's in?
No, but he headed toward
Internal Medicine.
Bos'n's report says
his name is Ginjiro Takeuchi.
He took three days off
during the kidnapping.
He lives in a studio apartment
in Nishi-ku.
His room faces north
and looks up at Gondo's house.
One of the phones we marked...
is near his apartment.
The accomplices had been examined...
at his hospital.
They were lung patients
and drug addicts...
suffering from edema of the lungs...
and heroin withdrawal.
Pure heroin would cause death
from shock.
Takeuchi's name
was on their medical reports.
We can conclude
that he is the kidnapper.
But we can't arrest him.
If we arrest him now...
he'll only get 15 years.
But he gave Mr. Gondo,
who paid the ransom...
a life sentence.
We can't allow that.
The kidnapper deserves
capital punishment.
It's clear he killed
his accomplices...
but if we arrest him now...
we can't prove it.
There's only one way
to bring him to justice.
Let him reconstruct his crime.
How?
With this.
Lower the blinds.

" Give us more stuff.
We'll talk if you don't."
Not a bad imitation, huh?
Mr. Takeuchi?
He'll start moving today.
First,
he'll have to buy heroin.
When he gets it,
he'll try to kill them again.
But what he does till then...
and how he gets the drugs...
we can only find out
by watching him.
Don't get too close...
but don't take your eyes off him.
Bos'n, Nakao, Arai and I...
will head for the hideout
when he goes after the drugs.
I'll give orders from the car.
He's waiting for a dealer?
Just killing time, I'd say.
Walking up and down
for two hours already.
He may recognize us
if we stick together.
Inspector!
Yes. Tokura here.
He's in a florist's.
What? Flowers?
Have someone buy some flowers.
There's no face here fit
to buy flowers.
He bought one carnation?
Yes. One red one.
A girlfriend?
Now the suspect
is at a pay phone.
It must be his connection...
and the flower must be a sign.
Watch who approaches
the red carnation.
Watch how the money
and dope change hands.
Inspector Tokura!

Tokura speaking.
He changed his course.
He got out at Dope Alley.
Didn't he buy any?
We thought he did.
We're turning back. Watch him.
What are you looking at?
Get out!
What are you doing here?
A lot of strangers around tonight.
Be careful.
What are you, a cop?
We don't know you.
Get out. Get out, I said!
Bos'n, I don't understand
what he's up to.
He should be taking the dope
to the hideout.
And if he hasn't got it yet,
why go to the junkies?
They don't have any pure heroin.
- Inspector!
- This is Tokura.
He picked up a girl.
" Hotel"
Oh, no! He'll use her
as a guinea pig!
He wants to test
the drug he's got.
He came out.
- And the girl?
- One moment.
Two men went to check.
On to the hideout?
Wait. The girl's a clue
as to what he'll do.
He's going to Isezaki-cho.
This is Isezaki-cho.
Which side?
Left side.
- Stop!
- No standing, sir.
The girl's dead. Overdose.
He's coming.

We found him.
I'm cutting off the radio.
A real prize.
To the hideout.
No standing.
I brought the stuff.
Takeuchi, you're a dead man.
We recovered 27,480,000 yen.
He had spent only 20,000 yen
on the heroin.
It's a great help.
- Too late?
- It's all right.
Have a seat.
You can use them
till the auction.
" Attached Article"
" Kidnapper Gets Death Sentence"
Thank you for coming.
He refuses to see a priest.
But he insisted on seeing you.
Well, Mr. Gondo.
Thanks for coming.
You seem well.
What are you doing now?
Making shoes again...
for a small company,
but I'm in charge.
I'm trying to make it
as good as National Shoes.
Why do you look at me like that?
I'm going to die,
but I'm not afraid.
So you needn't feel sorry for me.
That's why I refused a priest.
I should repent, pray for mercy,
ask forgiveness.
But why?
I have no time for lies.
I want the truth.
Are you glad
because I'm going to die?
No?
Why should you and I

hate each other?
I don't know.
I'm not interested
in self-analysis.
I do know my room
was so cold in winter...
and so hot in summer
I couldn't sleep.
Your house looked like heaven,
high up there.
That's how I began
to hate you.
That gave me a purpose in life.
It's interesting to make
fortunate men unfortunate.
Were you so unfortunate then?
You want my life story?
I'm not looking for your pity.
That's not why I sent
for you, Mr. Gondo.
Why did you then?
I didn't want you to think
I died crying and afraid.
My hands don't tremble
because I'm nervous.
It's from being in solitary
so long.
Just being outside that cell
makes them tremble.
I'm not afraid of death or hell.
My life has been like hell
since I was born.
But if I had to go to heaven,
I'd really tremble.