



Scripts.com

Black Rain

By Craig Bolotin

- What's happening?
- Nick, we've got a young punk here.
- Nice bike. Fast, huh?
- Yeah.
- You want to bet?
- Ain't you got nothing better to do?
I say \$50 on Nick.
- What do you say?
- Yeah, sure.
I'll take your social security.
You're a real fucking whacko,
you know that, pal?
Nicky, it's me.
The school called again.
We're three months behind.
I told them we'd send a cheque.
I'm taking the kids
to Mom's on Saturday.
Good luck today. Bye.
Nick Conklin? Barney Adell, attorney.
Do yourself a favor,
wear a jacket and tie today.
How are you, pal?
Patrick has been
calling Sister Elizabeth names.
- I called her an ugly goose.
- That's not so bad.
Give this money to Mommy.
I'll see you in two days.
Have a good day at school.
All right, hang on tight.
I hope somebody is paying you
to wear that suit.
Come on, get on. I don't want
anybody to see you like that.
- New shoes, \$85 a pop.
- I hope you're wearing socks.
Ladies of the 80's
are going for shoes.
They say it's the second place
they're looking.
I heard that an Internal Affairs
review isn't all that bad.
- I'll let you know when it's over.

- Show up in uniform, with your medals.

I'm serious. You've got
commendations up the yin yang.

- Vincent, let's go.

- Yeah, hold on to your dick.

- Meet me at Scalari's for lunch.

- We'll see how it goes.

If you don't show up,
you're going to be in real trouble.

- You watch your tail.

- Yeah.

You'll walk. Just tell the truth.
Run your mouth, they'll screw you.

- I've got nothing to hide.

- I hope not, for my sake.

- Hi Nick, good luck.

- Thanks.

- How's your lawyer?

- I hardly know him.

If these people get their way,
you'll get to know him real well.

You'll be sending his kids
through college.

- That's an impressive record.

- A regular hero.

- Tell me about Monte Ronan.

- Good cop.

He's the kind of guy you want
around when the shit goes down.

- That's what you think.

- Yeah.

- He's dirt.

- Yeah? Have you worked the streets?

We've got 30 homicides a week.

- Tell us about Patrick Donleavy.

- My client knows of no malfeasance.

Your unit arrested three suspects.

Cash was logged in at \$65,000
and change.

We have reason to believe
there was over \$73,000.

- Our sources say...

- Just listen to the cops.

It depends on the cops. Some

heroes think the rules don't apply.

I try to do my job.

It ain't easy, but I'm clean.

You have two kids in school.

House payments.

Alimony and an apartment.

I admire your thrift.

- Well, life's a bitch.

- You're out at least 1,000 a month.

If you want to charge me, charge me.

If not, go back to your office.

We'll charge you.

We can always get to a dirty cop.

You want dirt, go to City Hall.

Don't come here busting my ass!

- Suits!

- Are you okay?

How are the girls in Japan?

What is the most important control exercised by a sergeant?

- A, cost control?

- B, manpower control.

What are we going for here, sergeant or the supreme court?

How are you doing, Joe?

Give me a Scotch.

- That bad?

- I can't take any more of this shit.

He's going to be drinking his lunch.

To the Internal Affairs Division:

Fuck 'em!

You ought to think about that. It's a fast way to get to headquarters.

- You never know.

- That's right.

- Did you see Abolafia?

- I saw him.

- I hear he's importing Subaru.

- Wise guys have got to eat, too.

Lunching with the mob. Intelligence has probably got this place wired.

Just talk into my left titty.

Look out!

What's going on?

- Don't even think about it.
- It's done, babe.
What did you say?
Sit down.
Relax.
Just relax.
Mind your business.
- Joe, call 911.
- Police!
- Hold it!
- Get out of the way!
Police! Get out of here!
Get the fuck out of here.
The guy who came through here,
where did he go?
Get out!
Out! Get out!
- Nicky, where are you?
- Here!
You hear me?
Are you okay?
Up. I've got him...
Up!
Okay, nice and easy.
Come on.
You little fuck.
You little shit!
Take him out of here.
Are you okay?
Japanese mob.
The victims are certainly yakuza.
What were the Jap mob
and the Mafia doing over lunch?
- Nobody knows nothing?
- Nobody knows dick.
- Is that the paper the box was in?
- Yeah.
The famous box.
I'm going downstairs
to give our little darling a talk.
He doesn't speak English and
he ain't talking too much Japanese.
- Who's this guy?
- Japanese Embassy.

- They want him first.
- My collar, my case.
I got two clean homicides in there.
I almost bought it.
If they want him, they can
have him... after 20 years to life.
- What's this?
- The State Department.
They talk to me, I talk to you.
Shit rolls downhill.
You and Vincent
are talking him back.
- This is bullshit!
- Don't start up again, Nick.
You already went off in their faces.
Take a breather, relax.
- Get a geisha. Do us both a favor.
- Give that to Internal Affairs.
They can water my plants.
I'll stand behind you 100%...
as long as you're right.
As long as you're right.
What is it costing the city
to send this asshole home?
It isn't worth the cost of the dirt
to bury him.
You know Ronan, right?
He's a good cop.
- Yeah, he's a good cop.
- He's a good cop.
He busts his ass 14 hours a day
and ends up in debt for life.
Now look at this asshole. The man
is wearing my house payments.
What Ronan did was wrong.
He just took something
off a dealer he locked up.
You wait till you get a family.
The man was just trying to get by.
What the fuck are you looking at?
- What happened?
- I don't know.
He bit his lip or something.
Seat belt tight, babe?

We've got the local heat.
I think you are looking for us.
Detective Conklin from New York.
Welcome to Japan.
I am Inspector Nashida.
This is my partner,
Detective Vincent.
Do you have some paperwork for us?
Would you sign here
and here, please?
Key, please.
Thank you.
Come on, Nicky.
Off duty! I'll be in and out of geishas
like a Time's Square pickpocket.
Remember ladies, if you get bored,
Hotel Meiji.
I am Inspector Yamato,
Osaka Police.
They were dressed as officers.
It was in Japanese.
All right?
They were wearing uniforms.
They had the paperwork.
Definite maybes
and definite don't knows.
It ain't a lot of fun over here.
I went by the book.
There's no way to verify the ID.
- Maybe, I don't know.
- Nine definite maybes.
- Could I score some coffee?
- Coffee? One?
The paperwork is in Japanese.
I can't do a strip search.
I've been here two hours.
How much more time?
He does that one more time,
I'll cut it off.
Unbelievable, identical strangers.
This is still an NYPD collar, right?
- Noodles? Don't hurt yourself.
- I'll salvage the situation.
What the hell

is that supposed to mean?
Tell the IAD suits to kiss my ass.
Enough of this bullshit.
Are we on?
Nicky, game time.
We're on, Captain.
I'll call you later.
- What did Oliver have to say?
- You don't want to know.
- Are you going to be nice?
- I'll be nice.
I just hope one of these Nips
speaks English.
Assistant Inspector
Matsumoto Masahiro, Osaka Police.
And I do speak fucking English.
Ask if there were
any witnesses at the airport.
The superintendent says
it's possible.
Manned space flight is possible.
Am I missing something here?
- He's tired from the flight.
- Could I get some coffee?
Tell us who this Sato guy is
and maybe we can help you.
Translate every word.
I want every word translated.
Yes, I understand.
Because of your negligence
a criminal has escaped.
- You should apologize.
- Our negligence?
They had your documents, your
uniforms and were in a secure area.
We'll take some of the heat for this
but we're not taking the rap.
- The bite, the fall.
- The blame.
- This is an insurance policy.
- He speaks English.
The police will find
your escaped prisoner.
You are foreigners. Nothing more

than interested observers.

- Go home, detective.

- This is an international incident.

Until you sign off on this dickhead,
his ass is mine.

We either work together on this
together or I'm going to the Press.

- All right, you can stay.

- Thank you.

- You have to leave your guns.

- We're police officers.

You are civilians here. It is
illegal for you to carry a gun.

We understand.

Nick, your gun.

- Happy?

- All your guns.

You assign us a cop

who can find his ass with two hands.

- What?

- He wants a tough cop.

Of course. You will have
one of our top officers.

It sounds good,
or he's working on the dinner menu.

- Sayanora, Chief.

- Where's our cop?

It is my honor.

Stay close, please.

- Can we take a look at him?

- Just a moment.

This is one of the phony cops
from the airport.

- Are you sure?

- Yes, I'm sure.

He's got no defensive wounds.

A nice, clean right-handed cut.

He's a fresh puppy.

The perpetrator could be wet.

Look at this.

Nice, maybe he's got

two fives for a ten.

The superintendent thanks you.

We should go.

Wait a minute.

Tell us what's going on.

- Is Sato doing his own guy?
- Don't interfere.
- I'm not interfering. This is what I do.
- You're just observers.

I usually get kissed
before I get fucked.

- What did he say?
- He likes a little foreplay.
- Detective!
- He's not going to break anything.

A little peroxide
will get rid of the bloodstain.

- What are you?
- Detective Conklin, NYPD.

How did you get that blood?

The girls think you're the guy
who lost Sato at the airport.

Just off the plane
and you make the evening news.
Americans who are less than perfect
are amusing.

Can I talk to you?

How did you get the blood?

The girl who found the body was
upset, so I put my arms around her.

- Are you from Boston?
- Chicago.
- Where did you learn Japanese?
- Chicago.

Did you know the victim?

He was just in here drinking.

- Did you see the killer leave?
- Yeah, sure.

And he wrote his name on the back
of my dress and said to give it to you.

- Anything else?
- What are you busting my ass for?
Because you could get me killed.

There's a war going on here.

- What are you talking about?
- Between Sato and his old boss Sugai.
- Who knows about this?

- Counting you and me?
- Did that woman tell you anything?
- Why would she? I'm just an observer.
Tell Ohashi I'll report to him
when he's ready to report to me.
- I'm a detective just like you.
- Bullshit, you're a suit.
Tell Ohashi
one good hand-job deserves another.
Charlie, get your map out.
Find the directions to the hotel.
- Don't you want a ride?
- We'll walk.
I want a complete file on Sato,
and a report on what happened here.
- Translate it by 09:00 tomorrow.
- Very well.
Thank you.
- Come on, Charlie.
- You will have a long walk.
If I get lost, we'll call a cop.
What?
I know he didn't fill us in
on the gang war, but I like the guy.
You told me it was four more blocks.
- You said we'd walk home.
- I don't know where the hotel is.
This isn't the time to ask you
what's going down with Oliver...
Some suits back home
think I cut a deal with Sato.
They're full of shit.
I'll back you up.
What's going on here?
What? What?
What is your problem?
I don't know. We should cut our losses
and let the locals handle this one.
I can't go back without him.
Sato Kojo. He started as an enforcer
and rose quickly to minor boss.
He controls some of the docks
and some construction in Hawaii.
The victim last night

was one of Sato's guys.
And six hours earlier,
Sato put a hit on this guy...
- Okada Genkuro, an artist.
- He's an engraver.
- 48 hours later he's in Scalari's.
- Who's this with Sato?
Sugai Kunio. Top Oyabun.
Like your Mafia bosses...
construction, gambling, extortion.
- What's Sugai doing with Sato?
- I don't know.
Even I know that Sato
used to work for Sugai.
Now they're knocking each other off
left and right.
These goddamn suits!
- What's with the SWATs out here?
- Exercise.
- Training perhaps.
- Come on, start cutting us in.
I can't figure out what was in
that box in Scalari's. Drugs?
No drugs. Steel, liquor, horses.
He owns part of the Club Miyako.
What's going on outside?
They have a tip
about Sato's last hideout.
- It's only a tip.
- It's only a tip?
I promise I'll keep you informed.
Could you find the file
on Sato's guy... Shinji Sekimitsu?
Please, I need authorization.
No, it's a training exercise.
- Observers.
- You got it.
Observers.
Is that the guy from the airport?
That's him, right?
Easy, Nicky.
Hi, sweetheart.
You remember me, don't you?
Where's your boss?

- I only want to talk to him.

- What are you doing?

This isn't New York.

We've got rules here.

I've seen Sato's work.

He ain't following your programme.

- You must have patience.

- Fuck patience.

He was here. I know it.

- We have to go.

- We're just observing.

Can I take a quick look?

Charlie.

- I got something.

- Mas is in deep shit now.

You don't want to eat that shit.

Give me a stick.

- Son of a bitch!

- I always said you were the best.

I owe you lunch.

Where's Mas?

Mas, we got good news for you.

What the fuck's his problem?

I will have no more to do with you.

Please, get out.

- I know you took a little heat...

- Ohashi is waiting for you.

- We'll square it.

- Let us explain what happened.

You have dishonored me

and our department. You are a thief.

I saw you take the money.

You saw me take the money...

I wanted to get things done.

I have informed Ohashi.

He informed your captain.

- We know what kind of man you are.

- You don't know one thing about me.

You and your self-righteous bullshit
will cost me my job.

If you pull it, you'd better use it.

Watch this, okay?

I only want to do this once.

Look, see how the impression

hardly leaves the ashes?
There wasn't enough pressure.
This is good, but this ain't money.
The box contained samples or plates,
and this is a counterfeiting war.
And you should talk to your partner
before you go to the suits.
We were going to cut you in.
Don't ever say you didn't have
a good time with Charlie Vincent.
You know the American girl,
is she around tonight?
Come here, baby. Join us.
Come on.
What is this?
It's still moving in my mouth.
I haven't taken the silverware,
so just take a hike.
Nicky, what are you doing?
Sit down. Join us.
Superintendent Ohashi would
like to see you in the morning.
Smoke a little peace pipe here.
We're all partners now.
Mas, please join us.
We'll have a good time.
- Come on.
- Thank you.
Conklin, I did my duty.
These are the men I work for.
You talk to your partners
before you go to the suits.
You should think less of yourself
and more of your group.
Try to work like a Japanese.
I grew up with your soldiers.
You were wise then.
Now, music and movies
are all that America is good for.
We make the machines. We build
the future. We won the peace.
Not one of you guys
has ever had an original idea.
Are you guys

going to argue all the time?

What is this, a conspiracy

to fuck up my evening?

Mas, what are you doing?

It's good-time time.

- Kampai time.

- Up and down.

Can I talk to you?

Look, I need your help.

I've got my tits in the wringer.

Just talk to me

for a couple of minutes.

Give that woman down there \$50

and go where she takes you.

Show a little mercy,

some people are trying to eat.

- You like that stuff?

- Yes.

"That's Amore".

I was a teenager when it was new.

I was a teenager when it was old.

If you're going to hang around with

NYPD, here's what you have to do.

Lose that tie, it's a fire hazard.

Here's a little gift.

Straight from the Big Apple,

from Charlie Vincent to you.

- Thanks.

- It's my honor.

I like you.

- Top drawer, yes?

- Top drawer.

Hey, meatball, what are you doing?

You can't hit a note.

- You could do better?

- Yes, I could do better.

- Put it up or shut it up.

- To you, from me.

- Thank you.

- Don't quit your day job.

That quick?

What's he talking about?

Ray Charles.

You and me.

Detective, wait.
Masahiro Matsumoto,
ladies and gentlemen.
Masahiro Matsumoto!
If you're looking for Sato,
I can't help you.
He hasn't been here in over a year.
- Who did he do regularly?
- Do you think I pay attention?
You'd recognize if one of your
customers had a different tie on.
He had a different girl every time.
I didn't know of anybody regular.
That's Sugai and the girl in sequins
is the one with blood on her hands.
- You did your homework.
- How do I get to him?
I've been living in this country
for seven years...
I still can't read the headlines.
How do I get to him?
Let the police handle it.
No one's going to help a gaijin.
A stranger. A foreigner.
Me and you... more you.
- Got to go.
- Hold on.
- Wrigley Field has lights now.
- Yeah, Mom told me.
Did she? Did she say it's not stupid
to be scared?
But sometimes
you've got to choose a side.
I did. I'm on my side.
- The drinks cost \$125.
- How much was the fish?
- \$200.
- Holy shit!
How much would it have been
if it was cooked? Did you pay?
No, Matsumoto signed it over
to the Osaka Police Department.
That's the best thing
he's done for us. You like the guy?

- Mas? He's okay.
- Who the hell's this?
I can't figure this place out.
You want to play?
You and me, come on.
Right here.
That's it. Hey!
- Fuck!
- Good move.
Good. Bring it back.
We'll go again.
Bring it back... Did you see that?
- Don't get personal.
- Fuck you!
- Charlie, it's only a coat.
- He's got my passport.
- Jesus Christ.
- Come here, you little fuck.
Charlie!
Charlie!
Come here!
Fuck!
You little shit.
Stay there, you little shit.
You little shit!
All right...
Come on, let's go.
Come on, who's first?
Get out of there, Charlie.
Get out of there.
Jesus Christ!
You fuck!
Get out of there!
You'd better come with me.
Come on.
He should have known better.
He was raised in the city.
In my job... you see things
the way they really are.
You don't have to see a person whole
one minute, and then...
He was 28 years old.
May I speak to Nick-san alone?
Sure.

I'm very sorry for your loss.
I thought you should know, I made
all the arrangements for Charlie.
Thank you.
I feel that...
if I had been with you...
Charlie-san would...
It would not have happened.
I'm very sorry.
Charlie's things.
We have a tradition.
When someone close to us dies,
we keep something personal of his.
- Can we do this another time?
- Please, Nick-san.
This is for you.
- I can take anything I want?
- Anything.
I want to go back to Sato's hideout.
Just you and me.
There's always something, Mas...
always something.
Yeah.
He had himself a real nice party.
You feel safe?
Well, I'm here!
Nick-san, there's nothing here.
We should go.
Masa...
Sequins.
Okay, here we go.
How can you be so sure?
It could be any girl's dress.
Sometimes you've got to forget
your head and grab your balls.
- Balls?
- Balls.
Come on, hot dog,
you're going to lose her.
All right, let's keep in touch.
I've got her. She's on the other
side of the market. Come around.
- It's good.
- Yeah, it's great.

- Pepper?
- Yeah, thanks.
Oh, yeah?
Big shot from New York.
Nick-san, there's something...
Maybe I shouldn't ask.
You can ask me anything you want.
These disturbing things
I hear about you in New York.
A couple of guys
I used to work with, -
- took some money
from some drug dealers.
- They stole?
- They liberated funds.
Theft is theft.
There is no grey area.
New York is one big grey area.
Did you take money?
Yeah, I took money.
I'm not proud of it.
I had a divorce.
I've got kids, bills.
- Did Charlie-san know?
- No.
He was a policeman.
If you steal... you disgrace him.
And yourself. And me.
Thanks.
Masa, rise and shine.
We got action.
She went into the store over there.
There she goes.
Just a little morning walk.
- Is that her?
- Yeah.
- She's getting a cab. Grab a taxi.
- Taxi!
Wait. That's the guy
that set up Charlie. It's a switch.
Let's go.
You each have one plate.
One for the front of the bill,
one for the back.

Sato, have you brought your plate?
It's my insurance
against becoming a dead man.
You'd better get your cops.
I sent one of the plates to America-
- to prove the quality
of my engraver's work.
A traitor took it from my men
and murdered them.
Look at him. He knows nothing
of loyalty and respect.
My men respect me, Sugai.
I want my own territory.
Your methods
are crude and disgraceful.
You liked my methods well enough
when they served you.
Return the plate,
then we can discuss your future.
I want to be an oyabun
of equal standing to the others.
I want my own territory,
far away from you.
Not one oyabun in Japan
would listen to such demands.
How old are you?
Do you want to live a little longer?
Not as long as you, old man.
Hold it!
Here I am, Nick.
Almost as near
as when you let Charlie die.
- I told you, no guns.
- We were working together.
He went right past you.
He's getting away.
- What's going on?
- We're putting you on a plane.
Should you return, you'll be arrested.
Masahiro Matsumoto?
Thank you.
Hey, Masa.
Excuse me, shoes.
Shoes.

It's not possible. You're gone.
You know me, I don't go quietly.
Thanks.

- I need your help.

- You should not have come.

You have done enough to him.

Eat something.

Pardon my son. He came to comfort
me, and show his disappointment.

- You never told me you had a son.

- It does not matter.

I have been suspended. I am
no longer an assistant inspector.

Jesus Christ...

- I'm sorry, man.

- No, I knew what I was doing.

It's not over yet.

We can get him. You and me.

- I cannot help you.

- We can fix it.

You cannot fix everything.

I am not like you.

For a moment I thought I could be.

You can. You didn't do anything wrong.

We kicked ass.

It was for nothing.

I belonged to a group.

They will not have me anymore.

You're digging a hole for yourself.

- Sometimes you've got to go for it.

- Get out.

Please.

Joyce.

I want to speak to Joyce-san.

Where is Sugai?

Can I find him in the bar?

Here's your food.

Here's some cash.

What about Sugai?

This is where you'll find Sugai.

He loves golf.

He plays here three times a week.

You're always trying to get rid
of me, yet you're always there.

Sometime we're going
to have to figure that one out.
You said you wouldn't
give me any more trouble.
Joyce...
I know you took a risk.
Good luck, Nick.
How are you doing, pal?
I want to talk to Mr. Sugai.
Ask him to give Sugai this.
You want me to go in there?
You should be over the Pacific
by now. We should be rid of you.
- Do you have any idea who I am?
- Yeah, I know who you are.
No, if you did...
...you wouldn't have given me this.
- Good stuff.
- This is a prototype.
The new bills will be like
everything we make... Perfect.
Perfect?
Who's going to get the profits? You?
Or Sato?
I know he's got the other plate.
That means you've got nothing.
He might as well
have been American.
His kind respect just one thing.
Money.
What are you into it for? Love?
I was ten when the B-29 came.
My family lived underground
for three days.
When we came up, the city was gone.
Then the heat brought rain...
Black rain.
You made the rain black, -
- and shoved your values
down our throat.
We forgot who we were.
You created Sato
and thousands like him.
I'm paying you back.

You want the plate,
get me close to him.
You have no part in this.
I promised the other oyabuns
there would be peace.
- They don't have to know.
- I'm bound by duty and honor.
If you had time, I would
explain what that means.
I am the solution to your problems.
I can take him out.
I'm just a worthless gaijin, and
everyone knows he killed my partner.
Yes, he died right in front of you.
I'm not impressed.
Get me close. I'll hit the mark,
and you'll be clean.
Why should I trust you?
Because you've got nothing to lose.
Four oyabuns will arrive shortly, -
- with their bodyguards.
Sato will also have a lieutenant.
- Sometimes you have to go for it.
- Thanks, pal.
This is not a farmer.
This is one of Sato's men.
He's got a double-cross going.
I wonder how many men are his.
I'm going in.
You cover the front.
You can do it.
Okay, Mas, you can do it.
Sato, sit here.
Learn to value your yakuza code
over your individual desires.
If I am granted
the recognition I deserve, -
- my loyalty
will set a new standard.
Where is the plate?
Where is the other plate?
In a safe place.
First you must accept responsibility
for your past deeds...

...by making amends
in the traditional manner.
If you refuse,
there will be no truce.
Now come and sit beside me.
We will toast our truce.
- Congratulations.
- Thank you.
So you made the news again.
A regular hero.
Are you going to stay here?
I don't know. A love-hate
relationship can last a long time.
- I want to thank you.
- For what?
For choosing a side.
You're welcome.
- Hot pepper?
- No, thanks.
Don't give me that sad look.
They never found the plates.
Not in the house or in the road.
Some lucky bastard
is probably set for life.
I don't understand.
If you've got the two plates,
all your problems are solved.
No one's ever going to know.
I'm getting good at this.
I don't want you coming to the gate.
I know you. You'll get all sentimental.
It's embarrassing.
- Here's something.
- Is it a bento box?
- I'll eat it on the airplane.
- No, it's for your kids.
Thanks.
I've got something here for you.
No Nick-san.
Good friends do this.
Watch your tail, cowboy.
Nick-san...