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# Drowning Fish

By Keita Tokaji

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Drowning Fish

Who are you?

You like tropical fish?

Do you think it's possible to drown a fish?

No way. Fish can't drown.

...in the west, weather conditions  
will be worsening.

Cloudy skies are...

...and now let's look at  
current conditions in Tokyo.

Taking a look at our Ginza live feed,  
we can see some heavy clouds overhead.

It's 20 degrees in Tokyo right now.

I think I'll be heading back after all.

Wait.

What? It's too late for that now!

Ogata...

Just think back to when you were a kid,  
swimming in the ocean or river.

I'm no kid, and this isn't any ocean or river.

Sometimes a man's got to fight  
even when he knows he'll lose!

This is one of those times!

"No. 1 Well-Hung"

Cover it up!

It's time!

Ogata!

Ogata, wait!

No running!

Your dick!

What about your dick?

Ogata, what do you think you're doing?

Hey, let's wash this car.

Nah, gonna rain soon.

### **Intellect Bread:**

Snow Brand Milk

I'll go around the back.

You take the main entrance.

Who's there?

Who are you?

I said, who are you?

Um, your precious home

is being targeted by termites.  
Let go!  
That really hurts!  
It... actually feels really good.  
Police!  
Well, all right.  
You...!  
Are you all right?  
Stay back!  
They're still alive. You'll get shot!  
You bastards still won't give up?!  
Stop resisting! Resist and I'll shoot!  
I'm ordering you to stop resisting!  
Surrender already!  
Do as I say!  
Stop! Look out!  
Shirasu!  
You killed them?  
It was self-defense!  
These two are just right.  
I'm not sure Inspector Shirasu is fit for this job,  
much less Officer Akiyoshi.  
Those two would make a good team.  
Based on my self-taught name fortunetelling,  
the combination of fifteen and eleven strokes  
in their names is ideal for a work partnership.  
That's just one point on the graph, anyway.  
Has my judgment ever been wrong before?  
What? Hey! Who are you?  
You're Officer Munetaka Akiyoshi, right?  
We're special inspectors from the National Police Agency.  
Special... inspectors?  
Let's go over it again, Inspector Shirasu.  
I don't know what I don't know.  
You allegedly shot and killed two criminals  
and pocketed tens of millions of their yen.  
You acted alone in that firefight,  
embezzling the cash while keeping  
your fellow officer out of the room.  
Did you actually see this happen?  
'Course you didn't.  
That's why everyone thought you were  
Ms. High-and-Mighty in the Academy.  
You're Joe Shishido, are you not?

What are you saying? You're way off track.  
Three days after the incident,  
five million yen in cash was deposited  
into an account in Joe Shishido's name  
at a bank near your home.

So?

Sayama.

Rolling.

This is security camera footage  
of Joe Shishido making the deposit.

That's you, isn't it?

Turn it off!

Stop the video! Cut the power!

This isn't me!

I've had enough. You're a disgrace!

I have a proposition for you.

Let me get right to the point.

If you do what we ask, we'll agree  
to overlook the crimes you've committed.

It's not a crime to dress up in women's clothes.

Certainly, cross-dressing itself  
isn't against the law.

The problem is how you happened  
to acquire those clothes.

We've searched your apartment.

You have quite a lot of women's  
outfits and undergarments,  
especially uniforms.

Sayama.

Rolling.

A nurse.

The Daiei in Himonya, third floor, ladies' clothing.  
Japanese restaurant Yumean.

A Hato tour bus guide.

The Kokiriko pub in Nogata.

Cashier, Marusho Grocery, Edogawabashi.

A female SDF official  
and a policewoman.

Of these, the policewoman's uniform  
bears a striking resemblance to the one  
a certain someone stole from the station last month.

That's you.

Police who commit crimes are often punished  
more harshly than ordinary citizens.

Could you handle it?  
In prison, you wouldn't be allowed to wear  
nice women's clothes or makeup.  
Now you've got me worried.  
As you know,  
we special police inspectors  
belong to a bureau  
that investigates police misconduct.  
Currently we're carrying out the  
secret investigation of a certain person,  
but we've run into some difficulties.  
Why are you telling me all this?  
Because you're the only one who can do it.  
Kippei Shiina  
Yosuke Kubozuka  
Yukie Nakama  
Ken Watanabe  
Yoshitaka Haga

**Presented By:**

Mitsuru Ito

**Planning:**

Kenji Sugano  
Hiroshi Deme

**Producers:**

(Shincho Bunko)

**Original Story:**

**Screenplay:**

**Photography:**

**Music:**

**Recording:**

**Lighting:**

**Art:**

Production Coordinator: Shinichi Asahina  
Assistant Producer: Hisashi Kimura

**Editing:**

Directed By  
Yukihiko Tsutsumi  
Hey, why so secretive?  
So you are hiding something!  
Tell me.  
A naked guy.  
You want to see it that badly?  
Who, me? Yeah, right.  
I could show you...  
...but I won't.  
What's next? --Shibuhito  
Already on it  
New Email Received

**Subject:****From:**

Drowning Fish  
Next Sunday at noon  
in front of NHK in Shibuya.  
Sing a Morning Musume song.  
It's kind of old, but do "Happy Summer Wedding".  
General affairs director Takehashi,  
PR chief Shimada,  
and accounting manager Takimoto.  
All three in dresses and doing a choreographed dance.  
They must also strip off  
items of clothing while they sing.  
In the event that you don't comply  
with these demands,  
a certain you-know-what will be mixed into  
200 of Daito's 60-minute  
DPE PhotoStation developing tanks  
throughout the city.  
Drowning Fish  
Morning Musume...  
We'll arrange for the costumes to be rented.  
Any special requests?  
I never said I'd have any part of this!  
What are you talking about?  
Yeah, you.  
You think you can weasel out of this?

You know full well you have to do it.  
This guy is serious. He proved it  
when his first demand went ignored.  
Only four locations were hit that first time,  
but business ground to a halt  
with all the customer complaints  
and then having to scrub out the developing units.  
If something like that should happen again,  
our reputation will take a nosedive.  
What's our defense plan?  
The culprit puts this stuff  
in a film canister to get it into the developer.  
In order for our shops to deliver 60-minute prints,  
the process is almost completely automated.  
Checking every single negative  
ahead of time would be impossible.  
Isn't it the job of you guys in engineering  
to make stuff like that possible?  
Like hell it is!  
You just want to make more work for us!  
You win, so stop the tape already.  
It's a DVD.  
Why are we still putting up with all this nonsense?  
Why don't we just report this to the police already?  
What do you think will happen when this hits the media?  
A crime so easy to imitate is sure to spread far and wide.  
Ever since the Glico Morinaga case,  
food companies have been faced with threat after threat.  
That case spurred them to develop a new kind of cellophane,  
to the tune of several hundred million yen.  
But...  
Even so...  
I'm scared!  
But sir, it's Morning Musume.  
Anyway, please wait a bit longer.  
I'll see what I can do on my end as well.  
What the hell is happening to Japan?  
Anyway, what's that lady's problem?  
Sure, we have to use the phone she gave us,  
but does it have to have Pipo on it?  
What are we, kids?  
Besides, he's just visiting the place--  
how is that disturbing the peace?  
Sorry, but could you turn this music off? It's embarrassing.

It's my Mustang.  
I get to pick what we listen to.  
There's a time and a place for everything.  
It's a stakeout. Why would you listen to...  
"Joe's Lullaby"!  
Joe Shishido.  
He's good. I'm a fan.  
The Birds of Passage series,  
the Tales of a Gunman series...  
Dirty Work, Bodyguard Work,  
Helper Work-- the "Work" trilogy...  
Branded to Kill...  
Don't you know he's the "quick draw" guy?  
See, after Alan Ladd and Audie Murphy,  
Joe's the third-fastest draw in the world.  
0.65 seconds.  
Wake up. There's our target.  
Shirasu.  
Old man!  
An undercover operation, you think?  
Is that really a woman?  
Some kind of Filipina. All "Paruparo!" and stuff.  
I mean, it's a club...  
but it's not a club.  
All right, let's go.  
Wait! You'll stick out like a sore thumb dressed like that.  
Why would I? I look like some businessman on the prowl.  
I'm telling you, it's not that kind of club.  
Don't undermine my authority.  
What are you looking at?  
- Bro, come on, let's have a good time... OK? OK?  
- What the hell are you doing?  
Stop! Hey!  
I said stop, you homo!  
What's with them?  
So he's made yet another demand?  
We have no choice.  
How's that investigation we ordered coming along?  
Still nothing concrete to report.  
But you must know something.  
Why else would you have called me here?  
To collect the additional expenses  
on top of my investigative fees.  
What about the portion we already paid you?



I've had to start frequenting a certain location  
in disguise to gather info.  
And, well... it's starting to get expensive.  
Two mill!  
It operates as a club at night,  
but they have no official license, as required  
by the Law Regulating Adult Entertainment Businesses.  
During the daytime,  
they open the space up as a studio for young artists.  
The owner is Tetsuaki Okabe,  
an up-and-coming graphic artist.  
He's currently living in the venue.  
He seems to have inherited the building  
from his wealthy late parents.  
Ishimaki visits the club in disguise,  
but given how peaceful it is,  
I don't think the venue has any ties to the Chinese spies  
or Mafia cases Ishimaki is assigned to cover.  
Hey, what's that over there?  
- A camera.  
- What's it doing there?  
Someone doing surveillance on us?  
Not surveillance-- supervision.  
The video feed from this room  
is sent back to Superintendent Miyota.  
Who's this Miyota?  
The head of the special inspectors division.  
He's supervising this entire mission.  
We'd like you to continue investigating  
while posing as a gay couple.  
Now hang on. I don't need to partner up with this homo.  
I'm not gay.  
In order to get information on Ishimaki,  
you should get to know  
the regular customers better.  
And to do that,  
your best opportunity would be  
the Gay Night they have every Friday.  
Gay Night?  
Dammit... and in this getup, to boot.  
Look at this!  
My nipples are hard!  
Couples Face-Off!  
It's Friday night, and this is where the men are!

**Here we go:**

Which couple will take the top spot tonight?  
Ah, an Indian couple-- very nice!  
Now there's a pair of gays we haven't seen before!  
Come on down! You're our Best Couple!  
I get annoyed by my woman  
I run from her, to the ends of the earth  
I toss aside all thoughts of her  
And go my way alone  
You're a promising fellow.  
How about a duel?  
Better not. You'll only lose.  
Men fall in love with other men

**So much like me:**

that's you  
Tetsuaki Okabe, the owner of this establishment.  
Call me Tetsu.  
Akiyoshi.  
Call me Mick. I'm a civil servant by day.  
This is, um, Mr. Shirasu.  
Everyone calls me Joe.  
And what do you do for work, Mr. Joe?  
I'm a wanderer.  
Cool...  
Ugh! Gross!  
I'm waiting for you, Toshi. --Mikio  
...and on the same road.  
Hey, who's that guy at the counter?  
- Mr. Tsutsui?  
- That guy's name is Tsutsui?  
What's he do?  
I heard he has a T-shirt shop out in Daikanyama.  
He's into lots of stuff, that wannabe geezer gangster.  
Can't seem to forget his past.  
He seems to be fitting in fast.  
That guy is probably a cop.  
I know.  
I can smell them.  
Here, this is my work.  
I compiled it. Take a look.  
Have a nice night.  
Um, excuse me...

Hey, Shibuhito.

Ew, what's this?

It's gross.

Isn't that, you know...

That fish that's supposed to show up  
before a big earthquake.

Seriously?

A big quake's coming, that's for sure.

But that might be a good thing.

For everything to get all broken and messed up for once.

Everyone dead.

All of 'em. Die.

- Shirasu.

- What?

This. It's kind of...

It feels great.

There's nothing immediately  
conspicuous about Ishimaki.

He seems to be at Okabe's club  
almost every night,

but dutifully carries out his  
Public Security Bureau work during the day.

This is probably Ishimaki's doing.

Shall we plant one of our own?

With all due haste.

Good evening, Mr. Ishimaki.

Aren't you impatient.

There's still plenty of time before we have to vanish.

I wonder if you might have forgotten  
the promise you made me.

I am paying you.

I beg your pardon, but pay-- paying m-me--

All of this is debt you've accumulated with me.

You're not paying me.

You're paying me back.

All right, you've said enough.

It's 60 mill. Don't forget, now.

Oh, right right right.

Since you're here, let me introduce you to  
my new subordinate.

Name's Ko.

I can't say this too loudly, but...

he was a soldier in North Korea.

He tried to join the Japanese army,

but they asked him to leave.

I don't know...

And that one guy-- what did he do to him?

Oh, right... left him a paraplegic.

It was awful.

Just awful.

You're doing it wrong. Like this.

Like this?

Not like that-- move your hips like so.

Like this?

That's not even close, Shimada!

Where do you get off talking to him like that?

Stop it!

That's wrong! Not like that!

This dress

isn't supposed to be sleeveless! It has sleeves!

How can I make you understand?

This is an insult to Natsumi!

Crying won't fix it, stupid!

Idiot! Moron!

Where are we supposed to put this, anyway?

I think Ishimaki's usual spot would be grand.

Don't be getting drunk on a teaspoon of booze.

Why are they so interested in Ishimaki?

There's a rumor I heard a while back.

Ishimaki was in foreign affairs-- the Russia liaison.

Seems he was in cahoots with the Russian Mafia,

using crabbing boats to smuggle weapons

out of the harbor in Abashiri.

Could that be true?

Someone in the Russian army

was selling Kalashnikovs on the black market.

Remember that nuclear sub that sank in Russia last year?

You don't mean...

Indeed I do.

Apparently that same Russian soldier was among its crew.

It was Ishimaki's doing.

He drowned that guy to destroy evidence.

- Shirasu?

- What?

Are you making this all up?

Hey.

Mr. Joe, mind if I borrow Mick for a sec?

Hey, Mick.

Aw, come on! We'll have a good time together.  
Your jawline is really amazing.  
Please stop!  
Come here.  
OK.  
Let me see what's in those eyes.  
In my eyes?  
So... what happened last night?  
Did it hurt?  
- It's Ishimaki.  
- Dodging the question, eh?  
Is he meeting someone?  
Dad?  
Asako!  
It's a competition.  
Stop that, Dad.  
Stop!  
Stop, I said! Stop that! Now!  
Stop dancing!  
Stop it, Takamitsu!  
You're dead...  
You're dead to me!  
- Wait, Asako!  
- Dead to me! Dead!  
Asako, wait!  
Hey!  
Komaki's leg hair  
Why's one of 'em hard? --Ami  
Middle one's the best --Yumi  
Send this to their families --Tetsu  
Going up on the corporate website --Gai  
What about them? Everyone was clamoring  
for a copy, so I handed out a bunch.  
Don't play dumb. You're the Daito blackmailer.  
What if I am?  
If you want me to keep it  
from the police, it'll cost you 10 million.  
You really are the worst.  
- What?  
- You are the police.  
Public Security Bureau foreign affairs agent  
Shuji Ishimaki.  
Go ahead and tell the cops whatever you want.  
This is an unexpected development.

But these photos aren't any kind of evidence.  
That aside, aren't you the one in the hotseat here?  
If you arrest me, I'll spill the beans.  
Tell them you threatened me.  
If you want me to keep this quiet,  
I'll take 20 million.  
You goddamn brat!  
I'll kill you before I let anyone know!  
Why, you--!  
So shoot.  
Where's Okabe?  
Daito did some promotion for Tetsuaki Okabe last year,  
and awarded him top prize  
in their Daito Contemporary Art Awards.  
However, the trouble that followed  
led him to turn down the honor.  
Using pieces of human bone in his winning work  
turned out to be an issue.  
When Okabe was eight years old,  
a lunatic brutally slaughtered his parents and sister.  
What he'd been using in his work  
were the remains of his murdered family.  
Given Daito's ethical objections,  
they requested that he replace these bones  
with other materials before making his piece public.  
However, Okabe refused,  
set fire to the trophy and certificate  
they had given him,  
and left the assembly hall.  
Daito is a long-standing and well-respected film company.  
Back when Ishimaki was with the port authority,  
he was suspected of being hired by Daito management  
to pay off and break up union officials.  
Hosaka is likely an associate from those days.  
Hosaka?  
Minetaro Hosaka, the head of Daito.  
Were you acquainted with Hosaka?  
The question of how to deal with Okabe  
is quite a delicate one.  
To save face, only those closest to the incident  
have been notified.  
If he were to be arrested,  
this whole Ishimaki scandal would hit the press.  
We won't dirty our hands with Okabe.

It'd be best if he just up and died, of course.  
At any rate, gentlemen,  
our mission is to secure Ishimaki,  
and deal with all of this in strict secrecy.  
Will they be going after Okabe, too?  
That depends on what he does next.  
And Superintendent Miyota gets to decide?  
That's right.  
It's always Miyota, Miyota...  
What do you think?  
Anyway,  
think of this as a war to protect police dignity.  
With war comes casualties.  
The safety and peace of our people  
stand on the shoulders of their noble sacrifice.  
We...  
...are soldiers.

**sign:**

Sales haven't been so good this month, Ishimaki.  
It'll be a little longer before I can give you the money.  
Take that off.  
Hurry up!  
I'll give you a break on this month's protection money.  
Help me with my work.  
So, hey-- what are you gonna do once this is all over?  
Dunno. What about you, Shirasu?  
Good question!  
Maybe I'll go back home.  
Where would that be?  
Rio de Janeiro.  
No comeback, huh?  
I'm heading out.  
To Okabe's place?  
You like him?  
That's not it.  
And?  
If you stop blackmailing Daito now  
and just lay low for a while,  
no one will bother you.  
And are these orders coming from Miyota?  
I'm giving you a heads-up, as a friend.  
That way I won't have to out you myself.  
I appreciate the thought.

But you...  
you've been bugged.  
Looks like they don't trust you too much.  
This is Miyota.  
May I speak to Okabe?  
Is this Okabe?  
It's just as Akiyoshi said.  
We have nothing to gain from apprehending you now.  
We'd be most appreciative if you'd stop now and lay low.  
And if I don't, you'll deal with me in strict secrecy?  
Would it be best for you if I just up and died?  
Yes...  
That may just be for the best.  
They say only the good die young.  
You know?  
Goodbye.  
Superintendent...  
What is it?  
Have you perhaps bugged me, too?  
I have no reason to do that.  
I know everything about you.  
Move and I'll turn you into a shish kabob.  
Okabe is definitely the one responsible?  
There's no mistake.  
This evidence is purely circumstantial.  
Just because he happened to show up at the scene?  
It means nothing.  
The arrangement was that you'd receive payment  
once the blackmailing had completely stopped.  
Violence...  
...will get you nowhere.  
It's me.  
Add another 10 mill to that ransom.  
Is that understood?  
Understood.  
Drowning Fish  
If it starts looking like it'll be too much trouble,  
we can take it from there.  
By the way,  
what are you planning to do about Okabe?  
There's a talented person I'd like to introduce you to.  
It was easy to record the phone call,  
but the email gave me some trouble.  
The police have started tightening up on email security.



But... this is your boss we're talking about.  
Mind your own business.  
That's a freebie.  
I hope I can count on you again.  
We have your homo friend.  
Come to the cafe on Shark Plaza in Shinjuku  
tomorrow at noon if you want to save him.  
And then what?  
See for yourself.  
Ishigaki is on the move.  
This morning, Daito received a new demand  
from a criminal group  
calling themselves "Drowning Fish"  
demanding forty million yen in cash.  
Where did this information come from?  
From our source inside Daito.  
Is this Okabe's doing?  
Okabe wouldn't be demanding money.  
This is serious extortion--  
and by an active officer of the peace!  
If the public were to find out about this,  
their trust in us would plummet!  
As the supervisor said earlier,  
we must do everything in our power to keep this quiet.  
When are they supposed to hand over the ransom?  
Tomorrow at noon in Shinjuku.  
It's likely that Daito will have hired yakuza,  
someone to play the part of the criminal.  
Please don't forget to bring your sidearms. And...  
put your affairs in order, just in case.  
These are not my words.  
If you don't want to do it, go ahead and run away.  
Those are my words.  
Couldn't we run, though?  
I mean, since Aikawa is on our side and all.  
Idiot.  
Nodding and smiling all "Yes, ma'am" like that.  
I don't know about you fairies, but men don't run.  
I'm not gay.  
A homo, then!  
Not so loud-- not in a place like this.  
What's this?  
Joe Shishido  
You carry that around with you?

'Course I do! What if it got stolen?  
What if you dropped it? There's a bank seal in there!  
A bank seal? Nuh-uh.  
This here is a guardian seal made from Kurose cowhorn.  
- A guardian seal made from Kurose cowhorn?  
- Don't you know what that is?  
When you withdraw money from a teller  
instead of the ATM,  
this is what you stamp on all the paperwork.  
There's one on the first page of your bankbook, right?  
The teller compares the two and that's how she knows  
it's really you.  
- Shirasu.  
- What?  
That's a bank seal.  
Maybe now it is!  
I call it a "guardian"!  
I wouldn't say it's unappealing...  
but just because they're young  
doesn't mean they work for free.  
Then how about this? As a reward for your success,  
your cut of the forty million yen ransom will be  
twenty percent.  
Twenty percent?  
Yes.  
Twenty percent.  
Twenty percent...  
That's eight million.  
Hey, guys--  
let's do this thing!  
The old man is on his way there.  
- Way Black! Heavy Metal!  
- Ready.  
- Dickless!  
- Ready!  
- Stinkbreath!  
- Ready!  
- Kappa!  
- Ready!  
- Terrorist!  
- Ready.  
- Rodmaster!  
- Ready this time!  
- Piggy!

- Ready.  
- Fucking!  
- Ready!  
- Keith!  
- Ready.

All right.

You all better be ready to put yourselves on the line!

Here you are, thank you very much!

Please come to the newly opened, safest,  
highest-quality massage parlor in Shinjuku!

We're not trying to trick you with a bunch of uggos!

We got a bunch of new lookers in just this morning!

I just arrived.

Hosaka isn't here yet.

Hold your position, over.

They're shooting some TV show here.

- Over?

- Ah, over.

Roger.

Ignore that and focus on your target, over.

Five seconds, four, three... applause!

We're barging on in with some men's cooking!

This week's Papa Cooking comes to you  
from Shinjuku's Shark Plaza!

Our guest today is Mr. Joe Shishido!

- Good afternoon!

- Thank you for being here!

Hello, I'm Joe Shishido.

Joe...

Tetsu?

What are you doing here?

Tsutsui called and said he wanted to talk,  
so we should meet him here at noon.

Did he call you too?

- Did he mention Shibuhito?

- He said he's coming too.

Hosaka... Hosaka's here. He's alone.

He's got an Olympics bag with him. Over.

Stay calm and follow him.

He's trapped now.

Did you bring the money?

Yes, I brought it.

Then go over to that sidewalk cafe.

The perpetrator just made contact.

I'm heading to the sidewalk cafe now.  
Ah, the old man's gonna leave.  
The geezer's about to make his move-- get ready.  
Kappa, Terrorist, Fucking, Keith?  
- For real? It's going to be night at this rate.  
- And it's our debut job too.  
This must be omu-rice.  
- Mr. Shishido, the secret to omu-rice is the egg, right?  
- That's right.  
- Shishido eggs, in fact!  
- Oh, Shishido eggs!  
You need to be picky about the hens that lay them.  
- The hens? So you keep chickens?  
This...  
is from 280 million years ago.  
A crystal born  
from the ancient super-continent of Pangaea.  
A stone that played an incredible role  
in the creation of humanity,  
filled with Master Bashar's infinite potential.  
I'll scramble the eggs.  
- It's not very sticky, is it?  
- That's 'cause it's not natto!  
Mr. Joe...  
I'm having domestic violence issues.  
I can hear it... I can hear it...  
I can hear the voice of Bashar!  
- Mr. Joe...  
- You can't be here!  
That bastard...  
We've got Okabe in sight.  
Forests of Pangaea...  
Please, listen to what I have to say!  
Mr. Joe!  
'Scuse me...  
...flowers of Pangaea,  
the life of Pangaea...  
Long live Pangaea!  
My fingers!  
That's not my Joe!  
Mr. Joe! Mr. Joe!  
These vulgar earthlings...  
Gun!  
Cleanse the universe of heresy!

You!  
Eat shit!  
What's going on? Gunshots?  
Pangaea!  
You wanna kill me?!  
Bashar!  
Let go! Let go of me!  
Boy.  
Joe the Ace!  
Upon this planet...  
- It's a machine gun!  
- Take this!  
Pangaea!  
You pitiful earthling.  
Take this!  
Whoa. Um. I don't get it... I don't get this at all.  
Amazing. Wow.  
- Get right on him!  
- Understood. Over.  
You bastards are going to die!  
- Shishamo here.  
- Huh? Shishamao?  
Uh, it's Shishamo.  
I know who it is, over!  
Guess I'll be joining in.  
You really shouldn't. This isn't a movie!  
- Let go of me.  
- Mr. Joe!  
Everyone who's ever splashed shit on my face  
is sleeping with the fishes.  
Mr. Joe... you're the coolest. The coolest!  
That's enough, Mr. Joe.  
Why, thank you.  
The money's been stolen-- gah!  
What?!  
- Young man!  
- Hurry! Hurry!  
C'mon!  
Mr. Joe, goodbye!  
So you can shoot pistols in Japan now.  
What?  
What are you doing, you bastard?!  
Ow! Hey!  
Shall we run?

The money was taken!  
By who?  
Who indeed!  
What are you doing?  
Excuse me!  
It's that... that sleeveless guy!  
He's getting away, gay boy!  
I'm not gay!  
I'm a police officer. I'm borrowing this.  
Why? Wait, why?!  
Here we go!  
- Why?  
- Care to ride with me?  
Listen up! Do not let that money get away!  
- There we go.  
- What do you want to do with these?  
Throw 'em away.  
Just like you learned during your training.  
We've collected all the bodies.  
Get out of there quickly.  
Shirasu, where are you now?  
What happened to Okabe?  
You can go.  
- Wait up!  
- What the fuck?  
The hell are you tryin' to pull?!  
You tryin' to crash or what?  
Let's do this! Put some spirit into it!  
Gimme that, will you? Come on, give it to me!  
Give it already!  
Look, it's not yours! Gimme!  
Go go go! Just leave him!  
Hey! What's going on?  
Dickless? Answer me!  
Way Black! Heavy Metal! What are you doing?  
Get him!  
Wait for me!  
I told you to wait, damn it!  
Oh, what's up?  
I've resented you all this time!  
You asshole! You asshole! You asshole!  
This is revenge!  
Aikawa? We're on the banks of the... what river is this?  
The Mississippi.

Don't.

Die.

- Run!

- Got it!

He's dead!

That much is obvious.

- What's the number from a cell?

- What number?

- 911!

- You want the area code, idiot?

Well done.

Inspector? We found Ishimaki's car, over.

Where?

Shirasu...

If we've found Ishimaki's body, then...

Guess our work here is done.

Do cigarettes taste good?

This'll be my first.

Everything's gone as planned, hasn't it.

Ishimaki was unnecessary

as far as the police were concerned,

When something unnecessary gets in the way,  
you remove it.

By any means necessary.

Seems your investigation was very thorough.

What you're doing

isn't for the good of society.

It's a game, with human beings as pawns.

What's wrong with that?

First of all, a game is only for those  
with superior intelligence.

It's not a game anymore if people are dying.

Here I thought you'd understand.

Was I just another pawn to you?

Would you please take care of those two?

And you?

It's fine, I won't run away.

Oh, and take this with you.

She's found it-- his partner!

Watch out, over!

C'mon, take your medicine!

Hey!

Come on! Get it together!

Hey! Come on! Turn the wheel!

Hey! Stop!

You two... run.

- Just run!

- What the hell?

- Wait a sec!

- What's going on?

What's this?

Superintendent Miyota and Hosaka were connected.

Calling himself an economic consultant,  
they exchanged emails and phone calls.

Which means?

Ishimaki has been unofficially in our sights  
time and time again,

but nothing ever sticks, for lack of evidence.

But this time, Miyota had everything all planned out.

Ishimaki fell into his trap.

A trap...

He sent Ishimaki to Hosaka

to investigate the blackmailing incident.

At the same time, it seems Ishimaki joined forces with  
the yakuza, and amassed a great debt with them as well.

Driven into a corner, Ishimaki...

That's pretty much the gist of it.

Is he really the kind of person  
who can threaten whoever he wants?

He manipulated Ishimaki into blackmailing Daito.

I, too,

was nearly killed.

So he knew those yakuza were there earlier  
and purposely had you carry that Olympic bag?

Thanks for all your hard work.

Give me the disk.

Wait, were you purposely trying to get her killed?

You were, weren't you?

- Is that the kind of person you are?!

- Don't!

Let's go. Hurry!

But you stabbed him with that disk!

There he is! There he is!

Enough with the bullshit!

He's a monster!

Why won't he stop?!

We have to run! Shirasu, please, let's go, come on-- hurry!

This is the worst! Where are we gonna go now?



Drop the gun.

I want in on the pie-throwing.

Okabe.

You know, there's something I wanted to ask you.

Ask me?

Do you think it's possible to drown a fish?

Seems your past trauma

has put a lot of nonsense in your head.

Whatever this Drowning Fish thing is,

it's got nothing to do with me.

You should've been killed

along with your family back then.

You shouldn't be alive!

Would you kill me?

You'd like that, wouldn't you?

That's why you're here before me like this.

Thank you.

It was you, wasn't it?

Wasn't it?!

Please stop this!

Butt out!

Now move.

Please, stop adding to your list of crimes.

You'll face criminal prosecution

for the things you've done!

Big talk coming from a homo!

Now wait a minute.

I won't let you call him that!

What's the big deal? Homos and fairies are people, too!

And he's a hundred times the person you are,

using a woman who trusted you as a shield

and shooting an unarmed man!

- Shirasu?

- What?

That was really badass!

If you're going to shoot, shoot.

Haven't you heard about my quick draw?

I'll blast your bald head wide open

before you can even think of slitting her throat!

Ah, shit!

At least keep track of how many shots you've fired,

Joe Shishido.

Get out of my way.

Now!

Okabe,  
I'll let you in on something:  
I've never killed anyone.  
At least...  
not with my own two hands.  
So...  
this is new for me.  
Akiyoshi, dive into the water!  
- You'll be safe that way.  
- Huh?  
- Miyota won't come after you.  
- What?!

Quit your whining!  
Boy.  
I know why she's laughing.  
Didn't even hurt.  
Not even a little bit.  
You wuss!  
I...  
I can't swim!  
All right! All right! All right!  
How are you alive?!

It's all thanks to my guardian seal!  
The power of Kurose cowhorn!  
Shirasu?  
Shirasu!  
Who are you calling a wuss?  
I'll give Shirasu a little more time.  
Aikawa, please get Okabe's gun.  
- Give him more time? How?  
- Please!

Thought I was gonna die!  
Shirasu, you sure can hold your breath!  
Well, my mother was a pearl diver, you see...  
By the way,  
can I ask you one thing?  
What?  
We breathe out carbon dioxide, don't we?  
- No, we don't.  
- Yes, we do! Hard to breathe with that!  
- And what's more, you used your tongue!  
- Really?  
- No, I didn't!  
- You did too!

- I did not!  
- What are you complaining about?  
I should be the one complaining, not you!  
- I... I don't use tongue.  
- I didn't, either!  
Seriously, what the hell's happening to Japan?  
Good question.  
Come to think of it, what happened to the money?  
What a waste.  
And we were just about to get our hands on it, too.  
What do you mean?  
Don't tell me...  
Hey, stop! Hands off!  
Don't pretend-- not with all this in your pocket!  
Oh, why not? Call it severance!  
Are you OK with this, Aikawa?  
What's this?  
Ah! Who put that there?  
Give it back.  
You two...  
Buy me dinner at Palette Town.  
- I'm not treating a homo!  
- I'm not a homo!  
Wait up, you...  
- Shirasu! Aikawa!  
- My money!  
- Give it back!  
- We're in the middle of the road here!  
You thief! Give it back!  
You got to kiss me, didn't you, Shirasu?  
Didn't you? That's 2 million alone!  
It's not exactly like the book, is it.  
- So Shirasu kills the guy. Then Akiyoshi stops a coup...  
- Isn't Palette Town this way?

**sign:**

...that takes a day or so...and then finally...

**sign:**

**sign:**

Shirasu, let's go. There's all sorts these days.

**sign:**

- Well, now I'm interested.
- Shirasu, Akiyoshi, come on.
- The century ended last year, you know.
- Poor thing.

So, should we go to Palette Town?

Sure, let's go and blow a ton of cash!

- Right? Right?
- Stop that!

Mr. Shiina? Mr. Kubozuka?

Good work on the movie!

- Mr. Director, sir?
- Huh? Oh, thanks.
- Let's do this again sometime!
- Sure, if our schedules allow.

Hey, you wanted to direct this, didn't you?

Well, whatever. Shall we?

Ah, hold on! Mr. Shiina!

Mr. Kubozuka! Mr. Shiina!

- Good work, everyone!
- What about the wrap party?
- Let's go.

Wait!

That was pretty interesting, wasn't it?