

HELLO KITTY, GOODBYE

An original screenplay

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. HIGH RISE TERRACE - TOKYO, JAPAN - NIGHT

The terrace takes in a two-hundred-and-seventy-degree view of the Tokyo Harbor, Rainbow Bridge and the city skyline.

JACKIE (V.O.)

It was a long ways down if there ever was a long way. Seventy-eight floors to be exact. On a clear day, you were supposed to be able to see as far as Mount Fuji.

JACKIE VALENTINE (32), cool, fit, Caucasian, leans over the railing in his boxers smoking a cigarette. He flicks the butt away and watches it spiral out of sight.

JACKIE (V.O.)

I only took the job because I figured I had nothing to lose. Kitty's husband wasn't around most of the time, so I really couldn't object to coming around to collect on the retainer. Beyond that, I didn't ask too many questions.

Jackie turns from the railing. In the doorway stands -

AKIKO "KITTY" NAKAMURA (23), tall, slender, mysterious, her naked body draped in an open yukata.

JACKIE (V.O.)

That is, until she came out with it.

KITTY

Someone is trying to kill me, Jackie.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

A silver Acura NSX roars through traffic.

JACKIE (V.O.)

The plan was simple, find out who wanted her dead, pay them off, then leave the country. Where to? We'd worry about that later.

EXT. NOODLE BAR/UNDERPASS - NIGHT

The Acura sits parked at the curb in front of the restaurant behind a black Enzo Ferrari. A train RUMBLES overhead.

INT. NOODLE BAR - NIGHT

Jackie sits at the counter, hands in his pockets, staring at the food in front of him. Next to him sits -

POLICE DETECTIVE DANIEL TANAKA (28), clean-cut, tanned, slurping a bowl of noodles. On the counter between them sits Tanaka's badge and a fat manila envelope.

TANAKA

In Hawaii, they got this expression they use for the Japanese girls: "Yellow cabs". You know why they call them that? Because they're easy to pick up and take for a ride.

Tanaka LAUGHS.

TANAKA

But, I gotta tell you, Jackie, we've got some of the most dangerous women in the world and they're living right here in Toon Town.

(beat)

Really, what do you want with Kitty Nakamura, anyways?

Jackie doesn't answer.

TANAKA

OK, here's what. Go see this guy, Mutombo. He runs a club Kitty used to sing at. At some point, things went bad and she had to split. Tell him I sent you. If he's not your guy, maybe he knows who is.

Tanaka picks up his badge and pushes the envelope towards Jackie.

TANAKA

You're welcome, Jackie.

Jackie nods.

Tanaka gets up.

TANAKA
Oh, and, Jackie--
(beat)
Work on the conversation skills.

Tanaka exits.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

The Acura sits parked at the curb in front of the club.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

The place is dead. Jackie stands near the entrance. Nearby -

EMMANUEL MUTOMBO (41), dark, impassable, stands at the bar.
At the far end of the counter -

VINCENT MUTOMBO (38), silent, peaceful, watches a Japanese
variety show on a TV above the bar.

EMMANUEL
My brother and I, we were born in
the Congo. Twelve years ago, we
came here to escape the insanity of
the war there. But, these
Japanese, they're out of their
minds.

Emmanuel pours himself a shot of liquor.

EMMANUEL
When Kitty was here, there was
always men around. Drugs, too.
One night she was late coming out.
I found her lying in the back with
a needle stuck in her arm. We
should've been done with her right
then, but she begged us not to let
her go.

Emmanuel downs the shot and pours himself another.

EMMANUEL

Not too long after that, money starts disappearing from the safe. Don't know exactly how much. Thousands, though. It took me and one of the bouncers both to stop my brother from breaking her arms off right then.

Vincent takes his eyes off the TV, gives Jackie a smile, then looks back at the TV.

EMMANUEL

She disappeared after that. Then, a few weeks later, this briefcase shows up with a bunch of cash in it. Enough to cover whatever she took, anyways.

Emmanuel takes another shot.

EMMANUEL

Soon after that, I heard she's hanging out with this Brazilian guy, Santoro. He fronts a business selling fish so he can smuggle drugs in through the port.

A sharp tremor rattles the bar.

Vincent LAUGHS at the TV.

Glasses slide off the shelf.

EXT. FISH MARKET - NIGHT

GUILHERME SANTORO (36), unkempt, gaunt, greyish complexion, supervises a group of WORKERS as they pack Styrofoam coolers into the back of a delivery truck. He turns to see -

Jackie standing a short distance away, watching him.

INT. SANTORO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jackie and Santoro enter.

SANTORO

The big one is coming. It's going to make the one they had in Kobe look like a fire drill.

Santoro sifts through a pile of papers on his desk

SANTORO

When she showed up here, she had nothing. Of course, I knew her from the club. I said she could stay, but I didn't want those Africans coming around here, so I gave her the money to pay them back. Believe it or not, after that, she actually helped me expand my business.

Santoro starts going through the desk drawers.

SANTORO

Then, one day, she comes in here in hysterics, thinks she may have killed a guy that had been coming on to her in a private club in Shinjuku. How she got involved with him I don't even want to know. Turns out the guy was connected. And, I do business with these people. I can't afford to have a liability like that around, so I told her to leave.

Santoro holds up a business card.

SANTORO

Whatever it is they want, just make it go away.

Santoro hands the business card to Jackie.

Jackie turns to leave. Santoro stops him.

SANTORO

But, hey, these guys I'm talking about, they're old. I wouldn't fuck around if I were you.

Jackie exits.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM CLUB - NIGHT

A YAKUZA BODY GUARD leads Jackie down a long hallway to an inner doorway. Four more BODY GUARDS sit around a table by the door playing cards.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Jackie and the body guard enter. At the far end of the room sit -

KAZUYOSHI SHINODA and KENICHI YAMAGUCHI (both 60s), a bottle of sake between them, carefully examining a stack of ledgers on the table in front of them.

JACKIE (V.O.)
They didn't say anything. And, I didn't stick around to wait for the conversation to pick up.

The body guard approaches Shinoda and Yamaguchi, whispers something to them and sets the manila envelope on the table.

EXT. RAINBOW BRIDGE - SUNRISE

The Acura sails across the bridge in the twilight.

JACKIE (V.O.)
We were given forty-eight hours to leave the country. I was already thinking maybe we'd go to Hawaii.

EXT. KITTY'S HIGH RISE - MORNING

The Acura pulls into the loop at the front entrance. Jackie gets out.

Tanaka's Ferrari is already there along with an ambulance and two police cruisers, lights flashing.

A SMALL CROWD, some still in their pajamas, watches as a couple of AMBULANCE ATTENDANTS unload a stretcher from the back of the ambulance.

Jackie pushes his way through to the front of the crowd.

A body lies in the grass on the front lawn... It's Kitty.

Tanaka appears, grabs Jackie and pulls him aside.

TANAKA

Look, man, her husband came home this morning, unexpectedly, found her in bed with another guy, stabbed them both about a dozen times and threw her body off the terrace. Happened about an hour ago. The guy has already confessed.

Tanaka looks at Kitty's body, then back at Jackie.

TANAKA

Forget it, Jackie. It's Tokyo.

CUT TO BLACK.