

SCENE FOUR

The FUN AND GAMES from the beatsheet. Yasuda attempts to wring some useful information out of the ghosts.

INT. SHINJUKU STATION, JR LINE PLATFORM - NIGHT

Yasuda stands at near the bench at his usual spot as people stream past him, headed for the stairwell. A few ghosts linger around the area, peering curiously at Yasuda.

The schoolgirl ghost, Sakata, and the rocker ghost are seated on the bench - the rocker twanging his guitar and whistling, the schoolgirl offering each of them a bite of her waffle while Sakata sheepishly refuses - and look up curiously when Yasuda sighs and firmly adjusts his cap.

Overhead, the intercom system trills:

INTERCOM

Rail services are now closing
for the night. We will resume
service at 5. Thank you for your
patronage, and please have a nice
night.

YASUDA (V.O.)

Here we go.

A moment of silence. The station is now empty except Yasuda and a few milling ghosts.

YASUDA

(shouting suddenly)
Alright, I can do this!

The three ghosts on the bench jump in surprise; the rocker falls off, while Sakata gets a faceful of waffle from the schoolgirl.

INT. SHINJUKU STATION COIN LOCKERS - NIGHT

The ghosts of an accountant and a thug are locked in what looks to be a fistfight against the coinlockers. Yasuda stands awkwardly before them, fidgeting with his hat.

ACCOUNTANT

What did you just say?

The thug, holding the accountant by the shirtfront, slams him against and through the lockers and dusts his hands off to turn to Yasuda.

THUG

Sorry 'bout that, I was takin' care of some trash. Repeat the -

The accountant - tie unraveling, hair mussed up, glasses askew - comes barreling out of the coin lockers to tackle the thug. As they start to fight, Yasuda speaks loudly to get their attention.

YASUDA

Have you seen, or do you know anything about the murder that happened last week?

INT. SHINJUKU STATION, CLOSED CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

A college student's spirit peers hopefully into the store's shelves. Yasuda stands outside the closed, gated entrance to the store speaking loudly.

YASUDA

Any information will help! If you've heard anything, or -

STUDENT

Do you think if I tried hard enough I could pick this stuff up?

YASUDA

Well, I don't -

The student flails through the shelf unable to touch anything.

INT. SHINJUKU STATION HALLWAY - NIGHT

Yasuda chases after the flirtatiously giggling ghost of a hostess; the ghost passes straight through Ishida, who is coming down the hallway in the opposite direction.

Yasuda spots Ishida just in time and immediately slows down to a walk, giving Ishida a deep bow as he passes. Ishida looks incredulous, but walks past and around the corner without saying anything. Once he's out of sight, Yasuda speeds back up to a jog to follow the ghost.

INT. SHINJUKU STATION STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Yasuda crouches on the ground beside the ghost of a homeless man, speaking as gently as possible.

YASUDA

You see, if there's anything information, then it might help to get an innocent man out of prison, so.

The homeless man lifts a dilapidated mug in silence. Yasuda sighs and drops a coin into and through the mug. The homeless man looks sad; Yasuda continues helplessly.

YASUDA

I'm sorry I can't help you any further, but I'd much appreciate if you could give me any information at all, so, if you've seen or heard anything at all, then -

A blood-splattered dog comes snuffling down the hallway and nuzzles the homeless man. Yasuda's words trail off, and he stares.

YASUDA

Your dog committed suicide, too?

The homeless man nods mournfully and raises his mug again.

INT. SHINJUKU STATION, CLOSED CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Back to the college student. Yasuda clings to the shuttered storefront, trying to get the college student to look at him.

YASUDA

I heard that you were around the platform when it happened, so I thought that you might have seen something.

Yasuda stares at the college student who is still trying hopelessly to grasp at a bowl of instant ramen. A pause, and the student points at the shelf.

STUDENT

I'll talk if you can get this open for me.

YASUDA

But you can't even eat!

INT. SHINJUKU STATION HALLWAY - NIGHT

Yasuda has finally caught up to the hostess ghost and sits across from her on a hallway bench, trying to sound serious. The ghost keeps giggling.

YASUDA

It's a very important task, ma'am. A man has died - not of his own will - and it might ruin the life of another person.

JUMP CUTS:

Yasuda watching as the thug and accountant continue fighting, going barreling through a vending machine which sparks and fritzes.

Yasuda speaking to the ghost of a solemn woman who only shakes her head sadly.

Yasuda watching the college student mournfully try to pick up a pair of chopsticks to eat the bowl of instant noodles.

Yasuda walking down the hallway with a notepad and pen, scratching his head as the schoolgirl ghost and Sakata tag after him.

Yasuda shouting to the ghost of a little old man, who raises a hand to his ear as if he can't hear.

Yasuda lying on a bench, hand over forehead, looking tired. Sakata timidly tries to fan him with part of his arm sling.

Yasuda speaking to the rocker ghost, who thinks for a moment then points down the hallway.

Yasuda walking stiffly past Ishida. The schoolgirl ghost flounces through Ishida moments afterwards.

INT. SHINJUKU STATION COIN LOCKERS - NIGHT

Back to the struggling thug and accountant. There is blood splattered over a fair amount of the floor. Yasuda sighs as the two of them go tousling through him, Sakata stands meekly just a short distance away from him.

YASUDA

Please, if you could stop fighting
for just a moment to -

A rolled up newspaper whaps him lightly across the back of the head. Yasuda promptly fumbles for his cap, which has been knocked askew.

SAGI (O.S.)

You really don't have anything
resembling a spine, do you.

Sagi is standing behind Yasuda, hefting the rolled up newspaper in her hand. Sakata squeaks upon seeing Sagi and promptly scampers away down the hallway; Sagi chuckles, as Yasuda sighs and straightens his cap.

YASUDA

What am I supposed to do, then?
I can't exactly pull them apart
or - whatever it is that you
expect.

SAGI

Watch the master and learn.

Jostling Yasuda, she steps past him and slams the newspaper onto the floor straight through the tousling ghosts and stomps her foot down, yelling in the harsh, grating tone of a yakuza thug:

SAGI

Stop your girly-ass fighting and
listen the hell up, both of you!

The two ghosts look up, shocked. Yasuda also stares, startled.

EXT. SHINJUKU STATION ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Yasuda leans against the stairwell railing, fanning himself with his cap.

YASUDA

Man, I never realized how
exhausting it can get running back
and forth all day.

Sagi follows him, rummaging through her pockets for a smoke.

SAGI

Oh yeah, your job is mostly just
standing around like a rock,
huh.

Yasuda doesn't respond to that, and only stares dubiously at Sagi as she lights up, twirling the engrave Zippo before replacing it in her pocket, and blows out a streamer of smoke.

YASUDA

Why are you here, anyway? I though
you weren't interested in any of
this?

SAGI

I'm not.

YASUDA

I'm not gonna go to that bar
from yesterday again, it left
my clothes smelling like smoke
for ages, and -

SAGI

(fake girly voice)
Darling, how could you be so cruel
and assume I'm only here for my
own pleasure!

Yasuda stiffens, opening his mouth to speak but doesn't know what to say. Sagi smirks as she pulls a scrap of paper out of her pocket and shoves it in Yasuda's hand.

SAGI

I had my own fun. Go talk to this guy in the police box down the road and read him exactly what it says there. He'll get you in to talk to the guy who got arrested or whatever.

YASUDA

Really?

SAGI

No, I'm a big fat liar.

(pause)

Of course really, I wouldn't waste my time giving it to you if it weren't real.

YASUDA

(a sigh of relief)

Thanks a lot, this is gonna help a lot if I can -

SAGI

Nuh-uh, don't care 'bout helping. I just did this for my own fun.

YASUDA

(frowning dubiously)

Fun?

INT. SHINJUKU POLICE BOX - NIGHT

Your average police box. Yasuda stands in front of a desk, a man sitting across from him. Yasuda reads stiffly from the scrap of paper.

YASUDA

Officer Takashiro, I know that you've been visiting the Fuwafuwa Soapland every Thursday and asking for Mika-chan to tend to your needs.

TAKASHIRO, an average-looking policeman in his mid-30s, stares, dumbstruck. Yasuda stares back uncomfortably. A wall clock ticks loudly.

Yasuda squirms, then raises the note to repeat,

YASUDA

Officer Takashiro, I know that -

Takashiro hurriedly clamps a hand over Yasuda's mouth and snatches the scrap of paper away to rip it to shreds. Yasuda massages his face, looking awkward.

TAKASHIRO

I don't!

Yasuda stares blankly before opening his mouth; before he can speak, Takashiro interrupts him.

TAKASHIRO

No, don't! Don't tell anyone!

Yasuda shuts his mouth. Takashiro tears at his hair.

TAKASHIRO

H-how the hell did you find out?

Yasuda opens his mouth, Takashiro interrupts him again.

TAKASHIRO

No, I don't - I don't want to know.

Yasuda shuts his mouth. Takashiro looks despairing for a moment before looking up at Yasuda, hands clasped, pleading,

TAKASHIRO

I'll do whatever you want, just -
Don't tell anyone. Alright?

Yasuda looks dumbstruck by this sudden turn of events and says, hesitantly,

YASUDA

Okay?

INT. SHINJUKU POLICE STATION, HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

A cramped holding cell; Kuwabara is slumped over the bunk in the corner, flipping apathetically through a dilapidated magazine. The door suddenly slides open with the clang of metal, and he looks up.

Yasuda is standing in the open doorway pulling off his cap to fidget nervously with it, Takashiro behind him.

TAKASHIRO

Alright, you have an hour. After that you gotta leave.

YASUDA

An hour, sure.

TAKASHIRO

But listen, what you know, you don't tell to a single soul or else -

YASUDA

Alright, I understood, sir.

Takashiro gives Yasuda a hard stare before turning to leave, trying to clear his throat in a dignified way. Yasuda sighs uncomfortably before entering the holding cell, smashing his cap in his hands as he faces Kuwabara.

YASUDA

Ah - you're Kuwabara, right?

Kuwabara sits up in his bunk, shoving the magazine to the floor and running a hand through tangled hair.

KUWABARA

You don't look like a pig. The hell are you?

YASUDA

I'm, uh - the conductor at Shinjuku station. I've seen you a few times before, actually.

KUWABARA

(laughing humorlessly)
So, what. Came to testify against me?

YASUDA

Actually, it's not that. I came
to see if I could help you.

Kuwabara drapes over his bunk again, chewing on a mangled
length of straw.

KUWABARA

Who gives a shit any more? The
pigs here just want someone to
throw in the slammer since they
can't find someone else to suspect.
They ain't gonna let me go any
time soon.

YASUDA

Actually, I have it from a good
source that you didn't do it.

Kuwabara looks over apathetically. Yasuda hesitates for a
moment before blurting out in a rush.

YASUDA

I heard from Sakata about you.

Kuwabara suddenly bolts upright in his bunk, grabbing
Yasuda's shirtfront.

KUWABARA

How the fuck d'you know about him?

Yasuda wheezes for air, struggling against the tight grip
at his shirtfront.

YASUDA

You're gonna think I'm insane, but -
I got to speak to him recently.