

## SCENE FIVE

Finale & Final Image. The fight with the yakuza coup has ended; Sagi has managed to free the followers loyal to her and they leave to hunt down the fleeing members of the coup. The coup leader and the one behind the murder at Shinjuku station has been knocked out.

The hat that Yasuda has constantly been fiddling with is now gone; he threw it at Ishida when he left the station to go help Sagi.

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INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE DOORWAY, SHINJUKU - NIGHT

Sagi stands leaning against the doorway, her forehead and arms bleeding but otherwise in passable condition. A good number of yakuza men stand before her at attention as she pulls out a cigarette and rummages for her lighter.

Before she can find it, one of the men steps forward to light her cigarette for her. Sagi smirks, and takes in a deep breath before speaking.

SAGI

Alright then, men. First order,  
go find the rats who ran and bring  
them back. Think you guys can do  
that for me?

The men roar in agreement. Sagi gives a gesture of her hand and they head off - one of two turning to shout cheers at Sagi, and she gives a sheepish wave of her hand in response. A pause, before she turns back into the warehouse.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE FLOOR, SHINJUKU - NIGHT

Yasuda is seated on an old beer crate, holding his handkerchief to his nose to stop the bleeding.

YASUDA

Ow...

Sagi grins as she plops down on a crate next to him.

SAGI

Can't even handle a nosebleed?

And you still call yourself  
a man? What a dainty princess.

Yasuda's voice is nasal from his clogged nose as he  
continues pressing the handkerchief to his face.

YASUDA

You know, most people don't get  
into yakuza gangfights in their  
lifetime. Cut me some slack.

SAGI

(scoffing)

You didn't even do anything except  
untie me!

YASUDA

Well, that - is still. Something.

A moment passes in silence. Yasuda peels the handkerchief  
away from his nose; it's still bleeding, so he grudgingly  
returns the handkerchief. Sagi blows smoke rings before  
speaking softly.

SAGI

Thanks anyway.

YASUDA

Huh?

SAGI

For helping.

Yasuda looks dumbstruck as Sagi gets to her feet,  
stretching. She speaks casually, but doesn't look at him.

SAGI

Guess getting other people to do  
shit for you once in a while isn't  
too unreasonable. Who would've known.

Yasuda gets dumbly to his feet, still holding the  
handkerchief; Sagi turns to look at him and snorts.

SAGI

Man, you look like an idiot holding  
that napkin to your face like that.

(a sheepish laugh)  
But guess I gotta return the favor  
sometime, huh.

Sagi holds out her hand for a shake. Yasuda, still startled, stares for a moment before laughing good-naturedly and taking it.

YASUDA  
Yeah, well - that's what most people  
do, okay. Burden each other once in  
a while.

A soft moment passes. Then Yasuda suddenly pulls his hand away.

YASUDA  
Oh, gross, you're still all covered  
in blood and sticky!

Sagi childishly scratches her cheek, leaving messy streaks of red. Yasuda pulls the handkerchief away and speaks bossily.

YASUDA  
C'mon, you gotta go to a hospital.  
I wouldn't know where the hell to  
take you - do you guys have some sort  
of protocol about not going to civilian  
hospitals? - just go get yourself  
fixed up, I'm getting a headache just  
looking at you.

Sagi bursts out laughing, smearing more blood across her face as she scratches her neck.

SAGI  
Way to ruin the moment, man.

Yasuda sighs and starts shoving her out the door, and Sagi laughs.

SAGI  
Alright, alright, I'll go, mom.  
Hold your horses. But that means  
you're the one who has to drag

that lump to the police, aite?

She points at the body of the main thug lying unconscious and crudely tied up on the floor.

INT. SHINJUKU POLICE BOX - NIGHT

Takashiro sits at a desk boredly doing paperwork. The clock on the wall ticks loudly for several seconds. All is peaceful and dull. Takashiro sneaks a peek at his computer screensaver, which shows a busty young girl in a swimsuit.

Suddenly, the door slides open and Yasuda walks in, his nose still bleeding and face smeared with blood, dragging along the unconscious, tied-up body.

YASUDA  
Officer Takashiro!

Takashiro gives a girlish scream in surprise and scrambles away in shock.

INT. SHINJUKU POLICE STATION, HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Once again, Kuwabara is lying slumped over his bunk, dejected, staring at his copy of the photograph of himself and Sakata. When the cell door suddenly clangs open, he shoves it in his pocket and sits up grumpily.

KUWABARA  
The fuck d'you want now -

He halts in mid-sentence when he sees Yasuda standing there rubbing a handkerchief around his face to get the blood. A pause, and Yasuda gives an awkward laugh.

EXT. SHINJUKU POLICE BOX ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Yasuda walks out, wiping the last of the blood off his face. Behind him, Kuwabara walks out of the police box and rubs his cheek, then calls over gruffly.

KUWABARA  
Hey.

Yasuda turns over, startled.

YASUDA

Yeah?

KUWABARA

You really weren't lying, right?  
'Bout seeing ghosts and shit.  
'Cause if I ever find out you were,  
you're not gonna keep your legs.

Yasuda turns to look over towards the entrance to the subway station, where Sakata is lingering on the steps, hands clasped nervously. Yasuda sighs, then grins at Kuwabara.

YASUDA

Yeah I wasn't.

Kuwabara follows Yasuda's stare and scrutinizes the stairwell for a moment before shoving past Yasuda and shouting.

KUWABARA

Hey, kid, if this guy's lying feel  
free to curse him for like the next  
five generations or something!  
(pause)  
And I'm still gonna visit once in a  
while, aite?

Sakata looks startled by this, but looks at Yasuda, then back to Kuwabara and gives a little nod - smiling for the first time.

Yasuda stares dumbly, rubbing his face as Kuwabara gives him a (very) hard slap to the shoulder and slinks off into an alleyway. Yasuda turns to watch Kuwabara walk off.

INT. SHINJUKU SUBWAY STATION, STAIRS - NIGHT

Sagi comes around the stairwell of the subway and holds her hand up to Sakata for a high five. Sakata flinches away at first before shyly giving her the high-five; Sagi grins and gives him a pat through the head before walking up to Yasuda and punching him in the back.

She's very raggedly bandaged around the head and arms, her jacket slung over her shoulder.

SAGI

Yo.

Yasuda rubs his back, turning to face Sagi and frowning disapprovingly.

YASUDA

I thought you said you were going to the hospital to get yourself fixed up?

SAGI

Yeah, I did.

YASUDA

There's no way you went and came back that quickly.

SAGI

(points to bandaged head)  
Yeah there is.

The bandages around her head are drooping down messily. Yasuda sighs.

YASUDA

Come on, there's a first-aid box in the office.

SAGI

(smirking)  
Prepared for anything, huh?

YASUDA

Actually, it was after some drunk nutter stabbed my coworker with an umbrella.

SAGI

Ouch.

INT. SHINJUKU SUBWAY STATION, JR LINE PLATFORM - NIGHT

Sagi and Yasuda sit on one of the benches around the platform. Yasuda squints, carefully bandaging up Sagi's roughly-stitched-up-arm.

Around them, some ghosts peer curiously over at the two of them, muttering to each other until Sagi shoos them away with a handwave.

SAGI

So.

Yasuda pricks himself with the scissors, startled by her voice.

YASUDA

Ow - huh what?

SAGI

What now?

Yasuda picks out a band-aid to stick on his thumb.

YASUDA

What d'you mean, what now?

SAGI

(scratching head bandages)  
Y'know. We solves a mystery. Hurrah,  
hurrah, do we get medals?

Yasuda slaps Sagi's hand away from her bandages, tutting.

YASUDA

You're gonna make it bleed again.  
And - I dunno, I bet we can find  
gold star stickers somewhere around  
if you really want.

SAGI

Wow, thanks mom.

Sagi reaches up to scratch her bandages again, but pauses when Yasuda glares at her. Sagi grins goodnaturedly.

SAGI

Least you grew some balls.

Yasuda looks startled and confused. As he opens his mouth to speak, the guitarist ghost whoops from around the

corner, 'Kiss her!' Sagi smirks and flips the ghost the bird.

However, just at that moment, Ishida comes around the corner. Yasuda, Sagi, and Ishida all freeze for a moment before Sagi quickly lowers her hand pretending to search for a cigarette.

Seeing that Ishida is starting to fume quietly, Yasuda shoves the first-aid box shut and picks it up to put it back. He sounds half-hearted as he mutters,

YASUDA

Don't worry, I'm leaving now,  
I won't get the station any more  
dirty or anything.

As he gets up, Ishida coughs loudly and mutters,

ISHIDA

Hold it there, Yasuda.

YASUDA

(turning back, cringing)  
Yes?

ISHIDA

(clearing his throat)  
I, ah, just received a call from  
the police, saying that you, hrm.  
(clears throat again)  
Were useful, ahem. In a recent  
case.  
(coughs loudly)  
Good job.

YASUDA

Oh. Thank you. ... sir.

ISHIDA

So, as a special exception, I will  
take back what I said about you  
earlier.

YASUDA

Huh?

ISHIDA

(coughing again)

I am saying that I will - allow  
you to return to your job here.

(clears throat)

It would have been a grave mistake  
if a person commended by the law  
were to quit the job.

(coughs)

Yasuda looks at Sagi, who shrugs, scratching her cheek.  
Turning back to Ishida, Yasuda hesitates for a moment  
before giving a small smirk.

YASUDA

Well, then, sir. I'd love to come  
back, but - on one condition.

INT. SHINJUKU SUBWAY STATION, JR LINE PLATFORM - AFTERNOON

Several days later. Yasuda's gotten his broken glasses  
replaced, and stands by the rails, looking at his watch.  
Just as he lowers his arm, a train comes screeching into  
the station.

Yasuda ushers the wave of people towards the stairwell. A  
businessman bumps into him and snaps grumpily,

BUSINESSMAN

Hey, watch where you're standing!

YASUDA

Sorry, sir, but you -

BUSINESSMAN

What kind of conductor are you if  
you can't even get out of the  
way?

Yasuda looks taken aback for a moment before speaking  
firmly.

YASUDA

It's not the responsibility of the  
conductor to dodge when passengers  
insist on running into them, sir.

BUSINESSMAN

What?

YASUDA

(smiling politely)

Although for the moment, you're blocking the way for the other passengers, so if you would please move along. Thank you.

The businessman is pushed along by the flow of people, and Yasuda gives a small sigh before straightening his hat. Past his shoulders, several of the regular ghosts float by, blending in with the crowd.

He looks down the platform, where Kuwabara is seated on a bench, reading through a comic book, with Sakata sitting quietly next to him.

And grinning sheepishly, he turns back to his position to find the schoolgirl ghost there again. Smiling up at him, she holds forth her waffle.

SCHOOLGIRL GHOST

A bite?

Looking back at where Ishida is standing stiffly by the stairwell, Yasuda gives him a smirk before pretending to take a bite of the girl's waffle; she gives a happy giggle and flounces off. Ishida looks stiff, but snorts and turns away without saying anything.

And Yasuda suddenly staggers forward when someone slaps him on the back, dislodging his hat, and he turns around to find Sagi there.

SAGI

Awww, lookit you, being all fluffy-dovey with middle school girls. I wonder if that's necrophilia or pedophilia?

Yasuda straightens his hat again, looking vaguely embarrassed.

YASUDA

I was just, y'know. Making her

happy.

SAGI

That's what they all say.

(pause)

Wanna go hit a bar after you're free?

YASUDA

After my shift?

Yasuda looks up in the direction of the newly installed security camera in the corner.

VIEW FROM THE SECURITY CAMERA

Yasuda grins, and turns back towards Sagi.

YASUDA

Sounds alright.

THE END.