

Mid Night (excerpt)

written by

Kiko

IKETANI
We're gonna be here all night.

ICHIRO
Fuck it.

ICHIRO walks to the rear of his 951 and presses the bottle's cap against his spoiler. He hits the top of the bottle down, opening the beer, but the bottle releases the pressure dramatically, bubbling out like a geyser. In a panic, ICHIRO puts his mouth on the bottle to save as much as he can, to IKETANI's amusement. His shirt is soaked with beer.

IKETANI
(laughing)
Nice job.

ICHIRO
(coughing)
Shut up.

IKETANI
I was surprised you showed up.

ICHIRO
I was surprised you were even there. What would you have done if I didn't?

IKETANI
I would've been there anyway.

ICHIRO
What do you mean?

IKETANI
I go there most nights to read or smoke.

ICHIRO
Yeah?

IKETANI
It's quiet there.

ICHIRO opens his trunk to grab a spare sweater. He takes off his soaked shirt, putting on the sweater. IKETANI notices something across the street.

IKETANI (CONT'D)
Hey. Hand me your shirt.

ICHIRO
What?

IKETANI

Your shirt. The one you fucked up.
Now!

ICHIRO reluctantly hands him his shirt from the trunk. He quickly grabs it and opens up his own trunk, taking out a gas can. He chugs the rest of his beer.

ICHIRO

What are you doing?

IKETANI

Look. Across the street.

As IKETANI continues to work, ICHIRO looks over. A bright red R32 with Mid Night decals parks next to a few other JDM cars with their drivers standing alongside. They walk up to greet the driver of the R32, who gets out to reveal ITACHI, the overconfident driver beaten by ICHIRO in the last meet.

ICHIRO

Is that-

IKETANI

Yes!

ICHIRO

That fucker!

IKETANI finishes pouring the gasoline carefully into the bottle, closing the can and haphazardly tossing it aside. He finishes up the bottle by ripping and stuffing the beer-soaked shirt into the top. ICHIRO finally looks back at IKETANI.

ICHIRO (CONT'D)

(shocked)

What the fuck are you doing?!

ICHIRO tries to reach for the molotov, but IKETANI grapples him. They wrestle lightly for a moment, until he gets ICHIRO on the ground against the rear wheel well of the 951. As he lands, the back of his head hits the car.

IKETANI

Shit, are you okay?

ICHIRO

(pushes IKETANI)

The fuck is wrong with you?!

IKETANI
Listen. Listen, listen, listen.
(grabs ICHIRO)
Why did you come here?

ICHIRO
For drinks. You invited-

IKETANI
No! No, no, no. Why did-
(points at ICHIRO's chest)
YOU come here?

ICHIRO looks at him confused.

IKETANI (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ!
(points)
Look across the street.

ICHIRO turns his head to look at the R32 across the street.

IKETANI (CONT'D)
What do you see?

ICHIRO
I-I see ITACHI, I see-

IKETANI
No you don't. You see a car that
almost killed you. You see a man
who's ass you kicked on the loop
with zero effort. What do you see
on his car?

Mid Night-	ICHIRO	IKETANI (CONT'D)
		Mid Night <i>fucking</i> stickers.
		That's right. That's right.
		Now how does that make you feel?

ICHIRO (CONT'D)
Angry.

IKETANI
Why?

ICHIRO
He's not in Mid Night. He doesn't
fucking care.

IKETANI
Yeah?

ICHIRO
I worked my fucking ass off! For
four years!

IKETANI
Yeah!

ICHIRO
And the fucker goes to a print
shop, makes stickers-

IKETANI
-And shits over everything that our
team has built.
(deep breath)
You came here because there's
nothing else going on in your life
right now.
(laugh)
But that's okay! Neither do I! But
we're here now. You and I.
(beat)
We're. Here. You can either ignore
him, fuck off, like you've done
your entire life! Or-
(pulls out lighter)
You can do something about it.
(activates lighter)
What'll it be, Akira?

ICHIRO looks at IKETANI, then the lighter, then back to him.
A determined expression grows on his face. ICHIRO takes the
lighter from him.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

[Indigo Jam Unit - Adrenaline]

ICHIRO, crouched, quickly moves across the street carrying
the jerry can, the gas audibly sloshing around inside. In the
distance, IKETANI can be seen stumbling toward the group of
drivers. ICHIRO stops at the rear wheel well of the R32,
keeping a low profile unbeknownst to a man on the opposite
side of the car. ICHIRO peeks over to see where IKETANI is.

IKETANI approaches the group of drivers gathered in front of
the line of cars. As they notice him approach, a couple start
to heckle him. IKETANI, stumbling toward them, bumps into
ITACHI.

ITACHI
(angry)
Hey, what the fuck-

IKETANI
(slurring)
Hey.. sorry about that man.
(burps)
Just.. need to-

IKETANI wraps his arm around ITACHI, pretending to try to keep his balance.

ITACHI
Hey! What-
(pushes off ITACHI)
Get the fuck off me, man!

The spectators laugh as IKETANI stumbles off and lands on the ground.

EXT. ITACHI'S R32

Meanwhile, ICHIRO is unscrewing the top of the gas can, the molotov placed next to him. The lone driver on the opposite side of the R32 walks over to join the rest of the group as the commotion builds.

EXT. PARKING LOT

IKETANI sways wildly as he gets back up.

220 MEMBER
(laughing)
Hey, how many drinks have you had tonight, man?

IKETANI
(slurring)
Not.. enough..

He tries to use ITACHI's shoulder as balance again, prompting another light push from ITACHI.

ITACHI
Hey, back the fuck off, fucking bum!

IKETANI
(laughs)
Fucking... make me.

The group collectively reacts with excitement.

220 MEMBER 2

You just gonna take that, ITACHI?

ITACHI scoffs as he walks up to IKETANI and gives him a sharp punch to the gut. The group is now completely distracted, huddled around the two as they begin to fight.

EXT. ITACHI'S R32

[0:40] ICHIRO frantically begins to pour the gasoline over the R32, the can softly gurgling as he progresses. Streaming down the rear window, the gas shimmers, reflecting light from the nearby buildings. All the while, he periodically looks over to ensure the group is still distracted.

EXT. PARKING LOT

[0:57] The two combatants exchange punches, with IKETANI seeming magically unencumbered. He appears completely determined and focused, parrying ITACHI's attacks with ease. The spectators jeer and react with every hit landed, cheering them on.

EXT. ITACHI'S R32

[1:12] ICHIRO finishes pouring the gasoline over the R32 at the front end of the car. He shakes it to ensure it's completely empty, then tosses the can over a hedge at the rear as he rushes to grab the molotov next to the tire.

EXT. PARKING LOT

[1:20] The fight is seemingly in IKETANI's favor. Although both are winded, ITACHI looks worse for wear. They break off momentarily to catch their breaths. IKETANI looks over at the R32, seeing the gasoline drip down the front bumper.

220 MEMBER

Come on, ITACHI! Let him have it!

ITACHI snarls, before yelling and pouncing at IKETANI.

EXT. ITACHI'S R32

[1:35] ICHIRO, meanwhile, struggles to get his lighter to activate. He places down the molotov to cup his other hand around the lighter.

ICHIRO
 (quietly)
Come on!

EXT. PARKING LOT

[1:45] IKETANI and ITACHI are wrestling on the ground, with IKETANI managing to get ITACHI in a chokehold.

 IKETANI
 (whispering to ITACHI)
You didn't earn those decals,
motherfucker!

[1:57] With his free hand, IKETANI punches ITACHI across the cheek, breaking the hold. He stumbles off, breaking from the group and running toward the street, the crowd booing him as he retreats. Empty beer cans are thrown at him. ITACHI, on the curb, manages to get the molotov's fuse lit as IKETANI runs past.

 IKETANI (CONT'D)
 (to ICHIRO)
Throw it!

ICHIRO throws the molotov, booking it behind IKETANI.

[2:06] The R32 is set aflame, to the horror of the spectators. They scatter, some taking off their shirts and waving them in an attempt to stop the fire, others running from the blaze. ITACHI gets his bearings, rolling over to see his car destroyed. He gasps in horror. One 220 Member spots IKETANI and ICHIRO as they run back to their cars.

 220 MEMBER
 (pointing)
After them!

Two Tokyo 220 members promptly rush toward their cars while another helps ITACHI up.

[2:22] The two Mid Night members get in their cars at the same time as the Tokyo 220 members.

 IKETANI
We need to split up! Meet back at
the lot if you can!

ICHIRO nods. They set out onto the road in opposite directions, each followed by a 220 car. ICHIRO is followed by a Z32, while IKETANI is followed by an A70 Supra.

EXT. DOWNTOWN TOKYO

ICHIRO's route takes him into the heart of downtown Tokyo. Though relatively empty, he is forced to weave through light traffic on the wide road, horns blaring as he passes. The Z32 follows about a second behind, the skyscrapers reflecting off their windows.

EXT. URBAN BACKROADS

IKETANI's route leads him through the outskirts of downtown, with practically no traffic, narrower roads, and less light. The Supra is struggling to keep up with the FC on the straights, but has much better speed through the corners. The emptiness of the roads are filled as they pass by a red light district, with crowds of pedestrians and neon lights.

EXT. PARKING LOT

[2:45] Meanwhile, ITACHI and some of the Tokyo 220 club members are still frantically trying to stop the blazing fire, to no avail. As the fire grows more and more, they run away from the R32, giving up on trying to save the car. ITACHI's grief is clear on his face, as are his scars from his fight. His grief, however, quickly fades into anger.

EXT. DOWNTOWN ALLEY

[2:50] As ICHIRO's 951 and the pursuing Z32 pass a dark alley, [2:53] Blue and red flashing lights illuminate the narrow passage! Police sirens begin to blare as an officer speeds onto the main road to follow the two. Although the police car is no match for the tuned cars, the traffic keeps each car one second apart.

INT. ICHIRO'S 951

ICHIRO looks in his rear view, unfazed by the presence of the cop. [3:08] He brakes suddenly, downshifts, and turns sharply to the left-

EXT. ALLEY

[3:10] **SCREEECH!** IKETANI's FC makes a tight turn, drifting into a cramped alleyway. The A70 is still right on his tail. The alley narrows more; IKETANI focuses as the car's width is barely large enough to fit through, crashing into small boxes on the way, tumbling over the FC to hit the A70.

The Supra driver appears sheepish, the sides of his car scraping against the walls of the alley.

EXT. MAIN ROAD

Suddenly, the FC makes a sharp turn right onto a main road, catching the Supra driver off guard. He flicks the wheel to the right, forcing him into a spin that leaves him facing the way he came. The car violently reaches a stop as the rear runs aground into the curb. Only the sounds of the rotary engine can be heard in the distance. The Supra driver looks to his left to see nothing but empty road. IKETANI has escaped.

EXT. DOWNTOWN MAIN STREET

[3:46] ICHIRO's turn leads him into a main road with considerably more lanes, allowing him to weave through traffic easily at a much higher speed. He upshifts -

Third..

Fourth...

Fifth....

The police car is now finding it hard to keep up with the two. However, the cars reach a long straight with no traffic, and a single intersection dead ahead. The Z is now struggling to keep up with the 951.

INT. ICHIRO'S 951

ICHIRO floors the pedal. He looks at the speedometer:

191..

192..

193..

EXT. DOWNTOWN MAIN STREET

The Z is closing in on ICHIRO, the two now accelerating at a relatively equal rate - the gap neither closing or widening. The light at the intersection turns yellow. Neither of them have time to stop - they're less than 60 meters away from the light! ICHIRO, determined, goes flat out. The Z, on the other hand, panics, braking suddenly with a slight turn to the right.

He massively exceeds the tire's grip, sending him into a spin as he approaches the intersection. The light turns red and -

HONK!!!

A van on the perpendicular road drives into the intersection, braking suddenly in the middle and narrowly missing ICHIRO! As it comes to a full stop in the middle, however, the Z arrives parallel to the van, smashing into the rear compartment and barely missing the driver's compartment. It sends the van into a spin, like a pool ball hitting another; the Z is fully stopped in the middle. The passenger side of the Z is crumpled slightly.

INT. ICHIRO'S 951

ICHIRO looks in his rear view, breathing heavily. His panic and adrenaline slowly fade away, replaced by pure joy. He laughs, rubbing his forehead in disbelief. He slaps his wheel in celebration.

ICHIRO
(whooping)
Yes! Ha ha! WHOOOO!

His celebration turns to relief, and he sinks into his seat, satisfied.

INT. POLICE CAR

The police car following the two slows ahead of the intersection. The van and Z32 are totaled. The police officer gets out of the car.

EXT. MAIN STREET INTERSECTION

Through the front windshield of the Z, we can see the driver breathing heavily, hands still gripping the wheel. The van driver stumbles out of his car.

Across the road, two Bosozoku bikers pull up to the intersection and view the aftermath.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

ICHIRO returns to the parking lot where the night started. IKETANI is kneeling next to his front bumper examining a dent with a singular cut on his lip. He pulls in his 951 next to the FC and exits. IKETANI sighs as ICHIRO approaches him.