

JULIANA and MASATO
(part 2 of the WHITE LIGHT TRILOGY)

ACT 1

www.whitelighttrilogypitch.com
WGA 1326599

NOTE: - ALL DIALOGUE IS SPOKEN IN BRAZILIAN PORTUGUESE WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES, UNLESS OTHERWISE INDICATED -

FADE IN:

EXT. BEACH DOCK IN BRAZIL -- AFTERNOON

The CAIPIRINHA, a comfortable tourist boat, bumps drunkenly into the dock.

SUPER: "BRAZIL - 2024"

The 3-PIECE MUSIC GROUP is packing up their instruments, as the BARTENDER unfolds the ramp for the TOURISTS to disembark.

JULIANA, 18, is on board cleaning up. She is brown skinned and leathery, her hair beginning to dread up in tangled knots. Perhaps not typically beautiful, but the charm in her eyes cannot be denied. She is dressed lightly, a LEI around her neck. She finishes off a lime and the last of a bottled BEER.

She helps gather a few empty bottles, and watches out the corner of her eye as JOAO, a coworker, tries to unsuccessfully coax tips from the last of the Tourists.

JULIANA

You're losing your touch Joao - we depend on your tips.

JOAO

I told you; rich old gringo couples either tip big, or not at all. It's 50-50, this stuff has nothing to do with me.

Juliana looks to her BOSS, who is grumpily tying the last of the knots.

JULIANA

Hey you know what? I should collect the tips next time. What do you say, Boss? I got techniques you don't even know! Joao's English sucks anyways.

Juliana is the last to exit the boat, a sweaty mess. She catches up to Boss.

JULIANA (CONT'D)

Payday today, right Boss?

Boss pulls out a FOLDED ENVELOPE from his right pocket and gives it to her.

Juliana stops and eagerly OPENS it, while Boss walks away.

JULIANA (CONT'D)

What's this?? No, no, this is light.
I get 10 for every trip... we did 4
and a half trips.

She holds the money up to Boss, who continues to walk away.

JULIANA (CONT'D)

This is not 4 and a half trips!

Juliana starts to chase after him. Boss turns around and points at her with authority.

BOSS

What's that in your hand?

Juliana burps discreetly before realizing he is gesturing at the ALMOST EMPTY BEER BOTTLE in her hand.

Juliana jumps quickly to her own defense;

JULIANA

This was *bought* for me! You know that! - You took the order! The drunken British lady - you remember!

BOSS

I remember her ordering the *first* one. But not the 5 after that.

JULIANA

It was only 3. Maybe 4.

BOSS

(sarcastically, dry)

Oh. OK then - 4 beers at 3 reais is only 12 reais deducted in total. I took too much, my apologies.

He condescendingly counts out an extra measly 3 reais.

JULIANA

They were gifts!

Boss rolls up the bills and sticks them in the mouth of Juliana's beer bottle.

BOSS

So is this. Enjoy.

He turns his back and walks away. Boss's ride has arrived. A nice SEDAN pulls up cordially in front of him.

BOSS (CONT'D)

I don't pay you to drink!!

Juliana takes the money and watches him as he gets in the car and drives away.

JULIANA
They were gifts!!!

EXT. JULIANA'S PATH -- AFTERNOON

Juliana is riding an ALMOST-BROKEN BICYCLE along her usual route home through the edges of her town. She greets several familiar faces along the way, both human and canine. It would seem she is well known and liked around here.

As she nears more urban surroundings, she passes several MMA TOURNAMENT POSTERS plastered up in various places, branded heavily with huge SURFWORLD logos. She stops and looks at one sadly, then continues riding along.

Later, she sees a graffiti-style FOX FACE painted on a wall. It stares back at her, almost magically.

EXT. JULIANA'S HOME -- EVENING

At the edge of the forest, at a bend in the road, sits JULIANA'S HOME - a humble structure that looks surprisingly well-loved and cozy, despite its obvious simplicity.

Juliana walks her bike up to the house.

INT. JULIANA'S HOME -- EVENING

MOM is inside, a natural, angelically beautiful woman. Warm, soft, and calm. She is preparing some TEA.

Juliana however instantly picks up on her mood. Mom gestures softly out to the BACK PORCH.

There she sees DAD, sitting somberly alone in his chair. He rocks his chair almost too slow to notice. He is obviously troubled about something.

JULIANA
...Still?

Juliana and Mom share a look of concern.

EXT. COUCH ON A HILL -- NIGHT

Juliana and Dad are sitting together, sipping TEA from some lovely handmade mugs, a THERMOS next to them.

A shallow VIEW of the neighborhood is visible before them; the SHANTY HOUSES, the BEACH in the distance. A large and healthy TREE stretches over them.

Dad sips from his mug.

JULIANA

There's another boat on the far side of the port... I know a guy who works on it - I could start doubling up tours for extra pay. Also, I asked Boss if I could work the tips tomorrow. I have a plan I think will get tons.

DAD

That's great Juliana. I bet you'd be good at that.

JULIANA

Go to sleep Dad. Work will pick up. You'll see. Tomorrow's a new day.

Dad smiles. He kisses Juliana on the head, and heads back toward the house.

DAD

Thank you sweetheart. Don't forget to bring the thermos when you're done.

JULIANA

I'm gonna stay here a while more, is that OK?

DAD

Of course. Don't stay too long.

Juliana takes another sip of her tea. Below, Juliana can see into a nearby ALLEYWAY, lit by a single light bulb.

There she sees a young skinny BOY carrying a heavy suitcase and a backpack. Juliana can not see his features from here, just his shape. He looks hopelessly lost.

Juliana then watches as 3 local TOUGH GUYS enter the alleyway, dressed in BJJ and MMA branded clothing.

They tauntingly SURROUND him, but Juliana cannot hear what they are saying. She can only watch the pantomime.

All of a sudden the scene steps up a notch in intensity; a few jump back, and 2 of the Tough Guys fall into a loose fighting stance.

Juliana watches the standoff, the Boy just standing there holding his backpack.

JULIANA

Hey!!

Everyone looks upwards in her direction.

JULIANA (CONT'D)
 Leave him alone!

TOUGH GUY 1
 Juliana?

JULIANA
 Who else?

The Tough Guys slowly drop their guard, and smile at the boy. They make a teasing joke and leave him be.

TOUGH GUY 1
 Get a haircut, eh Juliana?

Juliana watches them leave, LAUGHING. She looks back at the boy, who is picking up his backpack and suitcase off the ground.

The streetlight is reflecting strangely around him, light twinkling where it shouldn't...

JULIANA
 You OK?

The Boy looks up.

JULIANA (CONT'D)
 You OK? You got a place to go?

BOY
 Yes. Thank you!

He stares at her for a moment, tilting his head, transfixed. Then he BOWS to her, and shuffles away awkwardly with his suitcase into the night.

Juliana finishes her tea, puts the lid back on the thermos and starts heading back.

INT. JULIANA'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Juliana is having a DREAM of a faraway earthly land.

She flies over islands of mountain, forest, and rice fields, some humbles structures of a JAPANESE STYLE. There is MIST everywhere.

EXT. BEACH DOCK -- MORNING

Juliana bikes right up to the ramp of the *Caipirinha*, coming to a SKIDDING STOP.

JULIANA
 Good morning! I'm on time! No drinking this time, I promise! I'm gonna work real hard for ya.

BOSS

Not today you're not. We had some complaints from the guests yesterday. Supposedly you got a little carried away dancing Samba.

JULIANA

What? No, I - they LIKED it..!

She begins to demonstrate, but quickly feels silly and stops.

BOSS

Felipe's taking your shift this week.

Juliana looks to FELIPE, a young man already on board setting up.

BOSS (CONT'D)

You don't know how to deal with the gringos.

JULIANA

(in English, with a
hilarious deliberate
Italian accent)

What are youz talkin abouts? I speaka
de Purr-fectly English!

BOSS

Come back next Tuesday.

He turns his back and walks on board.

JULIANA

What, - you're serious??

Juliana turns and bumps into a GUEST - a tourist gringo in her late 50's. She makes a face of disgust at Juliana.

EXT. BEACH -- MORNING

Juliana watches glumly as the Caipirinha sails off for another tour.

After a moment, Juliana experiences a brief WAVE OF DISORIENTATION:

Another FLASH IMAGE of the animated misty land from her dream, as seen from above. There is a small structure down below, and sounds of people shouting KARATE KATAS inside.

It quickly fades.

Juliana snaps out of it and turns her head instinctively, to see a geeky Japanese teenager, 16, sitting against a wall wearing long pants in the sun. He holds a suitcase and a backpack.

He is MASATO, the same boy Juliana saw last night in the alleyway.

He is suffering from heat in his dress pants and shoes, his collared shirt unbuttoned half way, tie loosened greatly.

With nothing else to do, she heads towards him.

JULIANA

You OK?

Masato looks up. He looks completely bewildered.

JULIANA (CONT'D)

I thought you said you had a place to go.

Masato bows, and answers nervously in terrible Portuguese;

MASATO

Yes. Thank you.

Juliana smiles at his comical accent. She tries English;

JULIANA

(in English)

No speak-a da English??

Masato's eyes light up.

MASATO

(in English)

Yes.

Juliana is surprised. She looks closer at him, suspicious, continuing in English;

JULIANA

Say somethin' more.

MASATO

(in English)

Yes. I speak English.

A moment of relief, and a found bridge of communication.

NOTE: - FROM HERE ON, ALL DIALOGUE BETWEEN JULIANA AND MASATO WILL BE IN ENGLISH -

Masato calms down a bit. Juliana approaches nearer to talk.

Masato hands Juliana some official looking papers for a local MMA TOURNAMENT, with the same branding as the posters she'd seen recently.

MASATO (CONT'D)

Can you take me here?

Juliana looks at her almost-broken bicycle with little confidence.

EXT. BACK OF PICKUP TRUCK -- DAY

Juliana and Masato are riding in the back of her someone's pickup, amongst some surfboards and other bits of scrap.

They pass a monstrous new flashy SURFWORLD super-store. Juliana eyes it heavily.

EXT. SPORTS ARENA -- DAY

They have arrived at the arena - clearly there is a big event going on here.

Many TV BROADCAST TRUCKS outside, and quality promotional material all over. Juliana is impressed. She strolls in wide-eyed, while Masato lugs his suitcase awkwardly behind.

Masato digs out a GUEST PASS from his pocket, and puts it around his neck.

The SECURITY GUARDS turn to Juliana however, who does *not* have a Guest Pass, and is still dressed as though she was going for a boat ride.

Juliana sees a stack of gleaming white folded PROMOTIONAL T-SHIRTS on a nearby table, and puts one on over her day-top right in front of the Security Guards.

She does a little POSE for them, and they instantly fall victim to her charm, letting her in.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

Juliana and Masato quickly find the PRESS CONFERENCE, where all the action is centered. A horde of eager FANS, REPORTERS, TV CAMERAS and PHOTOGRAPHERS fill the room. At the front stage is a long table, where the event's PROMOTERS and FIGHTERS sit, each with a microphone and a name card in front.

Juliana is in wonder at the spectacle.

The BRAZILIAN FIGHT PROMOTER cues up a short film displayed on the oversized projection screen, narrated in English;

FILM NARRATOR

For years, the presence of Brazil has always been forever entwined with the sport of Mixed Martial Arts. From the founders of today's Brazilian Jiu Jitsu, the Gracie family - who forever would change the way we think about fighting...

(MORE)

FILM NARRATOR (CONT'D)

(clips of Helio,
Rickson, and Rorion
Gracie)

With their ingenious innovations and
the creation of a new science of
Martial Arts. The art of modern
fighting competition, the roots and
heart of it - was born here.

(some clips of Pele,
Macro Ruas, etc)

Brazil has produced champions in
every era of world class Mixed Martial
Arts since the beginning.

(clips of Royce,
Rickson, W Silva,
Nogueira, Anderson
Silva, Machida, Rua,
etc)

But in all the sport's glory, for
all the great ones from this land,

(clips of epic PRIDE
events, championship
UFC fights, personal
video footage showing
the humanity of the
great fighters, many
beauty shots of Brazil)

...Brazil has yet to hold a major
world event of this scale within its
own embrace. But now, this April,
one great tournament will change
that forever. With the assistance
of *PRIDE REVIVAL*, and '*SURFWORLD*'...
NHK MARTIAL ARTS GLOBAL PRESENTS;

More flashy montage images of glorious 'martial-spirit' type
scenes fly by, and the event's main Titles blast onto the
screen.

FILM NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The First International GP Kings
Global Tournament: *BRAZIL!!!!!!!!!!!!*

Everybody CLAPS, and the LIGHTS come back up. The film screen
is replaced with a giant TOURNAMENT DIAGRAM, showing the
brackets and names of the 8 fighters competing.

The Brazilian Fight Promoter continues the Press Conference
with impressive English;

BRAZILIAN FIGHT PROMOTER

So this will indeed be an event of
epic proportions, with 7 of the
greatest Brazilian fighters active
today - and, as a price for co-

(MORE)

BRAZILIAN FIGHT PROMOTER (CONT'D)
 promotion from our friends at *PRIDE*
REVIVAL...

He gestures over teasingly to BOSS TANAKA, a powerful looking Japanese Yakuza-esque fight promoter sitting to his left. Boss Tanaka smiles and WAVES on cue. The crowd chuckles warmly together in unison.

BRAZILIAN FIGHT PROMOTER (CONT'D)
 ...They have sent one Japanese wildcard of their own into the mix. The very famous and always flashy Yoshihiro Masato.

Some attention and camera flashes go off at YOSHIHIRO MASATO, the sole Japanese fighter sitting at the tables, dressed in outrageous colorful modern Japanese fashion.

BRAZILIAN FIGHT PROMOTER (CONT'D)
 And he is indeed a wildcard, ladies and gentlemen.

Everyone laughs warmly. CAMERA FLASHES go off everywhere.

Masato whispers something fervently in Japanese to himself.

BRAZILIAN FIGHT PROMOTER (CONT'D)
 So over the span of the next 3 weeks, in 3 separate events, we will crown the champion. If someone is unable to continue from injury, we are in the process of rounding out the contracts for some lucrative 'Alternate' spots that are still available for some deserving local talent.

A buzz hums throughout the room at mention of the opportunity.

BRAZILIAN FIGHT PROMOTER (CONT'D)
 And on the final night, the tournament winner will win the One Million Reais Grand Prize, and have the honor of being...

He looks to the Japanese Fighter humorously.

BRAZILIAN FIGHT PROMOTER (CONT'D)
 - *Hopefully* - being Brazil's sole representative in next summer's International GP Kings Global Tournament, the first of its kind in the history of the sport.

It takes a minute for Juliana to snap out of the flashy press event and realize that Security has just PHYSICALLY ESCORTED Masato out of the room.

INT. ARENA HALL-- DAY

Masato is being ushered awkwardly to the EVENT COORDINATOR.

A female JAPANESE-BRAZILIAN TRANSLATOR has been summoned to assist in Masato's urgency, and helps TRANSLATE his request from Japanese into Portuguese.

Masato shows the Event Coordinator his Guest Pass, a bunch of printed DOCUMENTS and PLANE TICKETS, pleading his case.

The Event Coordinator is obviously only half paying attention, as the Press Conference inside is coming to a close.

JAPANESE-BRAZILIAN TRANSLATOR

He says he's supposed to be here -
But nobody met him at the airport.

The Press Conference ends in a WARM AND THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE. The Japanese-Brazilian Translator must shout over the noise.

JAPANESE-BRAZILIAN TRANSLATOR (CONT'D)

He says he came for the tournament!

The Event Coordinator begins mingling with the crowd as they exit the room, not paying much attention.

Masato is deathly serious, near tears. He speaks up, this time directly to the Event Coordinator.

MASATO

(in English)

I am Masato Yoshihiro!!

The Japanese-Brazilian Translator translates into Portuguese. Fighters start to pass by them, all clearly way bigger and stronger than Masato.

Yoshihiro Masato, is coming next, waving to a mix of cheers and boos.

The Event Coordinator begins to put two and two together, and looks at Masato oddly.

EVENT COODINATOR

(to the Japanese-
Brazilian Translator)

He has the same name?

Yoshihiro Masato stops beside to the Event Coordinator and Masato as he passes for a photo-op. He is at least 50 pounds bigger than Masato.

He AUTOGRAPHS Masato's Press Pass, SMILES for the camera, TUSSELES Masato's hair as if Masato was a child, and continues along.

The Event Coordinator looks again at Masato, then to the Japanese-Brazilian Translator for clarification.

EVENT COODINATOR (CONT'D)

He thought he was invited to *fight*??

EXT. ARENA BENCHES-- AFTERNOON

Juliana is finishing a promotional blue SLUSHEE with a plastic straw-spoon.

She notices a smiling image of *Yoshihiro Masato* on the cup, and embarrassingly turns it from Masato's view.

JULIANA

You didn't *really* think you were invited to fight, did you?

Masato is thoroughly crushed.

JULIANA (CONT'D)

Oh well, they're gonna fly you back for free, right? I still say you should've at least bargained for some tickets to the show... I would have liked to have seen that.

She looks again at Masato, trying to comprehend that he actually believed and came all this way to fight in a major Tournament of this caliber.

JULIANA (CONT'D)

I never knew fighting was getting so big. We have a jiu-jitsu gym here in town, but most of those guys are losers, I never thought you could really get paid for it.

Masato says nothing, frozen as if in another dimension.

Juliana feels the awkward silence and changes her posture.

She sees a TEAR run down Masato's left cheek.

MASATO

Thank you for your help.

Juliana is touched by his sincerity.

She looks away, shy.

-But when she looks back, Masato has suddenly donned out of nowhere a bright ORANGE JAPANESE WRESTLING MASK, adjusting the laces in the back somewhat awkwardly.

The sight of the mask trips Juliana out, and another disorienting *animated VISION-MEMORY* overcomes her;

She hallucinates in the mask an animated paper cut-out FOX MASK, similar to the graffiti she saw the previous day. A rush of other strange memories and images of a Japanese style FLASH before her eyes, all too fast to understand.

But the vision disappears again in an instant, and she is once again just looking at Masato, now wearing some THRIFTY ATHLETIC SHORTS. He looks directly at Juliana through the darkened black eyes of the mask.

Then, still wearing the mask, Masato suddenly turns and RUNS BACK INTO THE ARENA.

INT. ARENA PROMOTIONAL EXPO -- MORNING

Everyone from the press conference has now moved into the Main Lobby for Phase 2 of the day's promotional festivities; - autograph signing, various Brazilian celebrities, merchandise sales, a full ring with training demonstrations, etc.

Masato STORMS into the Main Lobby right past the check-in staff and security. Juliana follows in complete bewilderment.

Masato finds the Japanese-Brazilian Translator and pulls her along to the nearest MICROPHONE.

He GRABS it, and speaks loudly, in Japanese;

MASATO

There is an impostor among us!!!

He puts the microphone in the Japanese-Brazilian Translator's hand. Everyone turns towards this skinny teenage geek in the old-school Pro-Wrestling mask.

The Japanese-Brazilian Translator starts translating into the mic. Masato points directly at Yoshihiro Masato, sitting at a nearby autograph table. Masato continues, taking the mic back.

MASATO (CONT'D)

You say that THIS MAN is *Yoshihiro Masato*? The man to threaten the hopes and dreams of Brazil's finest warriors?

The Japanese-Brazilian Translator continues translating, getting into the spirit. Still, nobody is clear what exactly is happening.

Juliana watches in amazement.

And as she watches, she is HIT once more with another *VISION-MEMORY*, *this time so powerful that it momentarily takes over her whole consciousness;*

The image of Masato inexplicably becomes an image of a YOUNG BOY wearing a paper cut-out FOX MASK among the trees at night. She looks around; LANTERNS are lit around a wooden structure of a distinct Japanese style, and the sound of men doing KARATE KATAS are heard inside.

Juliana looks back into the forest, where she tries to find the boy again. Is that him? The shadows play tricks with her eyes. She thinks she Fox Mask again. It seems to be GLOWING with a strange sparkling illuminated WHITE LIGHT...

Suddenly the Vision-Memory VANISHES, and Juliana is instantly back to 'normal'. She gives her head a shake.

Masato holds up some DOCUMENTS high for everybody to see.

MASATO (CONT'D)

I too have been given the name of
Yoshihiro Masato!

The Japanese-Brazilian Translator continues to translate, astounded. Masato begins handing the documents out to some press nearby to examine his evidence.

MASATO (CONT'D)

And I too received a personal
invitation from NHK MARTIAL ARTS
GLOBAL to be the 8th competitor in
the tournament!! I received round
trip tickets and a free continental
breakfast! Yet this was no mistake
or misunderstanding of names, I tell
you; this was divine fate and cannot
be ignored!

The crowd is beginning to get the vibe that is not a joke, and that he is being serious.

He TAKES HIS MASK OFF, showing his face to the crowd for the first time. It is quite anti-climactic. Yet he continues, POINTING again at Yoshihiro Masato, who barely understands a thing of what Masato is yapping about.

Suddenly Boss Tanaka enters the room, flanked by several large JAPANESE SECURITY. Masato spots him immediately.

Boss Tanaka carries the aura of a deeply powerful man. He does not seem amused by Masato's theatrics... yet his curiosity seems to be holding his tongue for now.

Masato points directly at Boss Tanaka. Boss Tanaka is shocked to be spoken and pointed to in such a manner. Masato speaks to him IN ENGLISH;

MASATO (CONT'D)

I demand you honor your contracts,
and allow me to compete as invited!

The Brazilian Fight Promoter feels the pressure of the moment in front of so many watching eyes and cameras, and STEPS FORWARD. He replies to Masato, in even more perfect ENGLISH;

BRAZILIAN FIGHT PROMOTER

The spaces, my young foolish friend,
are already filled.

Boss Tanaka says nothing, watching carefully as the Brazilian Fight Promoter attempts to handle the situation.

The Brazilian Fight Promoter then gestures to Yoshihiro Masato, still sitting at the autograph table.

BRAZILIAN FIGHT PROMOTER (CONT'D)

This 'impostor' you speak of... is
on a 9-Fight winning streak, and is
one of the most popular sports
personalities in all of Japan.

He pauses, the ridiculousness of Masato's suggestion clear.

BRAZILIAN FIGHT PROMOTER (CONT'D)

Which 'Masato' do YOU think should
get to fight? You?

The Crowd LAUGHS, turning their eyes back to Masato.

MASATO

Then make me an 'alternate' fighter!!
If someone is hurt or can't continue,
let me take their spot!

All eyes and lenses back on the Brazilian Fight Promoter.

BRAZILIAN FIGHT PROMOTER

We already have an Alternate as well.
We just signed him a few hours ago.

He gestures towards the ring, where a DARK BRAZILIAN FIGHTER is hitting the pads with an ELDERLY TRAINER.

BRAZILIAN FIGHT PROMOTER (CONT'D)

Can we have some security here now??

He returns to speaking Portuguese for the crowd;

BRAZILIAN FIGHT PROMOTER (CONT'D)

Ladies and Gentlemen, please return
to your scheduled activities and
enjoy the day.

MASATO

(in English)

If I can beat that man in less than
10 seconds, I am the alternate!!

The Japanese-Brazilian Translator is quick to keep up with translations.

Everyone in the crowd buzzes with the wild challenge. The PRESS begin a whirlwind of QUESTIONS, and CAMERAS begin FLASHING madly.

Juliana is absolutely loving it.

EVENT COODINATOR

SECURITY!! Take this prankster out!

But Boss Tanaka RAISES HIS HAND, belaying the order.

His hand carries a heavy weight. Everyone obeys, almost frozen. Boss Tanaka steps forward, eyeing Masato with a burning curiosity.

Juliana sees a subtle glimmer of the *White Light* again around Masato. No one else seems to notice, but Boss Tanaka squints his eyes. - *Can he see it too?*

MASATO

10 seconds. - If I win, I'm the
alternate. And if I don't... Then
I will leave this country and never
be seen again.

He looks to the crowd, now hanging on his every word. The Japanese-Brazilian Translator translates.

Boss Tanaka stares laser-like at Masato, transfixed. Masato stares right back, showing the sincerity in his eyes.

Boss Tanaka nods and GRUNTS AN APPROVAL, and Masato heads straight for the RING, dropping the mic to the floor. The crowd is baffled, and SWARMS the ring.

Masato jumps up through the ropes with some cheesy wrestling-type gesture to the delight and entertainment of the crowd.

Masato is outweighed by at least 40 lbs when seen sized up physically next to The Dark Brazilian Fighter.

MASATO (CONT'D)

10 seconds.

All the Brazilian EVENT STAFF are furiously pleading with the Brazilian Fight Promoter not to allow this lunatic deal only days before the Tournament.

But Boss Tanaka allows it continue. Masato looks directly at him.

MASATO (CONT'D)
(in Japanese)
10 seconds.

The Dark Brazilian Fighter is amazed that this skinny kid in gym shorts is actually threatening his shot as an alternate in such a big show.

Masato gets in an AWKWARD FIGHTING STANCE - completely unorthodox and almost comical. But the weight of the challenge is heavy in the room, and everyone knows it must be delivered.

The Elderly Trainer in the corner holds up his STOPWATCH.

ELDERLY TRAINER
Go!

Immediately Masato takes a deep breath...

...And just stands there.

The Dark Brazilian Fighter is confused. The crowd starts COUNTING out loud.

The Dark Brazilian fighter looks to Boss Tanaka. Boss Tanaka narrows his eyes.

CROWD
2... 3... 4...!

The Dark Brazilian Fighter FLINCHES at Masato - but Masato does not blink. Juliana rubs her eyes; *can she see a White Light around him?*

The Dark Brazilian Fighter takes a boxing stance and begins hopping around, like ready to throw some jabs.

CROWD (CONT'D)
5... 6...!!

But Masato does not move. The Dark Brazilian Fighter is confused, and getting nervous. The crowd is cheering for him to KO Masato.

CROWD (CONT'D)
7... 8...!!

Suddenly the Dark Brazilian Fighter has had enough - he feels the tension of the final seconds counting down, and throws a VICIOUS LEAD RIGHT HAND at Masato.

But the momentum of his punch simply blows Masato to the side like a leaf in the wind. The sheer force of the Dark Brazilian Fighter's punch is RE-DIRECTED in a tight orbit around Masato's center.

He goes FLYING head first into a SPIT-BUCKET.

CLANGG!!!!

The Dark Brazilian Fighter appears to be KO'd.

JULIANA + CROWD

9..!

The Elderly Trainer rushes to inspect.

ELDERLY TRAINER

HE'S OUT!!!

Somebody rings a BELL before anyone dares shout '10'. The crowd goes bananas. The Dark Brazilian Fighter regains his senses, and looks over at Masato, defeated.

Juliana LAUGHS deeply both inside and out.

Boss Tanaka likewise smiles widely. Masato is SWARMED by Press and Fans. Masato looks directly across the crowd into the eyes of Juliana.

But the crowd washes him away.