

JULIANA AND MASATO

ACT 1

Written by

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Part 2 of the White Light Trilogy

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FADE IN:

EXT. BEACH IN BRAZIL -- MORNING

A SUNRISE over the ocean. Pristine Atlantic coastline.

No one in sight, except;

JULIANA, 17, is PADDLING out calmly on her SURFBOARD. She is brown-skinned, and sturdily built. Her hair is a disaster however, beginning to dread up in tangled knots. She sits up on her board and looks around, taking in the view. A WAVE comes, but Juliana lets it PASS.

Another wave comes. Juliana also lets it PASS.

Soon another wave starts to swell, and Juliana STARTS TO PADDLE. The wave PICKS HER UP, and she HOPS to her feet. Juliana SURFS effortlessly for quite some time, playing casually on the board.

After a while, she notices that the wave is getting BIGGER, and she is beginning to RISE. She braces herself and widens her stance, as indeed the wave is now really starting to SWELL. The wave gets BIGGER, but Juliana's skills are strong.

However the wave keeps GROWING and GROWING, and soon Juliana finds herself surfing HUNDREDS OF FEET above sea level, riding an IMPOSSIBLY MONSTROUS WAVE. The wave KEEPS RISING until Juliana can almost see over the CURVATURE of the earth.

And there, far in the distance, beyond the familiar Brazilian coastal mountains and trees, she sees a DREAM WORLD of colors unfamiliar to her; ISLANDS and FORESTS, MOUNTAINS, and architecture of a JAPANESE STYLE among the MISTY LANDSCAPE.

A beautiful WHITE LIGHT sparkles and dances over all of it.

Juliana then sees that also surfing atop this impossible wave, is a FOX, with its own LITTLE ORANGE SURFBOARD. It too seems to SHINE and SPARKLE with the same WHITE LIGHT.

INT. JULIANA'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

Juliana WAKES UP, her sheets and blankets all twisted. Her room is TINY and HUMBLE, the walls a bit CRUMBLED and STAINED, with SURFING POSTERS, MAGAZINE PULLOUTS, and some PHOTOS pinned up. An old SURFBOARD is propped up in the corner.

She REACHES to move some DIRTY CLOTHES from atop a CHEAP ALARM CLOCK, revealing the numbers; 11:39. It takes Juliana a second to focus her sleepy eyes.

JULIANA

Shit!

INT. MOM'S POTTERY STUDIO/KITCHEN -- MORNING

Juliana STUMBLES as she enters, where MOM, a naturally beautiful woman, is brewing some TEA. The studio is tiny, obviously homemade, but functional.

Juliana still looks half-asleep.

MOM

Well, you're up early.

JULIANA

Dad says he needs me at the shop today before noon.

Juliana grabs a MANGO from the tiny KITCHEN AREA. The KETTLE WHISTLES. Mom pours tea into a HANDMADE CERAMIC MUG.

Juliana, still half-asleep, heads for the DOOR, but Mom hands Juliana the MUG, BLOCKING Juliana's way.

MOM

Here.

Juliana SIPS, calming down. Mom SMILES.

MOM (CONT'D)

You know your father really appreciates when you help him like this sometimes.

JULIANA

Mmmm. Thanks. Late. Gotta go. New stock coming in today! I wanna check it out.

Juliana hands back the mug, gives Mom a KISS, and EXITS.

MOM

Bye Little One. Be brave. Love you!

JULIANA

Thanks Mom! Love you too!

EXT. JULIANA'S HOME -- MORNING

Juliana grabs her ALMOST-BROKEN BICYCLE, and PEDALS AWAY, BITING into the mango again.

Mom smiles, watching her go as she FINISHES Juliana's TEA.

EXT. BRAZILIAN BEACH TOWN -- MORNING

Juliana is riding her almost-broken-bicycle through town.

SUPER: "BRAZIL - 2027"

TOWNFOLK 1

Ayyy, Juliana! How's your mother?

TOWNFOLK 2

Lord God girl, when are you gonna cut that hair?

TOWNFOLK 3

Get a job, eh Juliana?

Juliana passes them all with a smile. She stops at a RED LIGHT. The intersection is loaded with ADVERTISING for an MMA TOURNAMENT, all branded heavily with SURFWORLD logos.

Up above, Julie sees an even more impressive SURFWORLD BILLBOARD, shiny and new amidst the otherwise weathered town. She STARES at it sadly. The light turns GREEN.

EXT. BRAZILIAN BEACH TOWN -- MORNING

Juliana continues along the streets and sidewalks.

But she is a bit too reckless, and she ALMOST WIPES OUT, narrowly missing some HONKING CARS.

In the chaos, she SEES SOMETHING from the corner of her eye; Maybe 30 feet away, in an ALLEY, a FIGHT; 4 on 1.

Juliana SKIDS to a stop, and BACKS UP to peek into the alley. She sees MASATO, 18, in an awkward FIGHTING STANCE, gripping a SUITCASE. He is ASIAN, wearing SUIT PANTS, a COLLARED SHIRT, SNEAKERS, and a school BACKPACK. There are 4 TOUGH GUYS surrounding him, all clearly MUCH BIGGER than Masato.

JULIANA

Hey!

Everyone looks in her direction. The SUN is in their eyes.

TOUGH GUY 1

Juliana?

Masato looks at her, squinting.

JULIANA

Why don't you leave him alone?

The Tough Guys DROP THEIR GUARD a bit, giving Masato space. Some BYSTANDERS stop to gather and watch, curious.

JULIANA (CONT'D)

I thought you dudes were supposed to be tough! This is how you prove it? Harassing some kid? Go enter that big tournament if you're so tough!

TOUGH GUY 1

Ah, Juliana, we were just having a little fun. There's no problem here. We like this guy, right?

Masato keeps looking at Juliana from a distance, SQUINTING. The Tough Guys give some LIGHT PUNCHES to Masato's shoulder, TUSSELE HIS HAIR, and pass Juliana one by one, sarcastically;

TOUGH GUY 1 (CONT'D)

Juliana to the rescue, eh? Wonder Woman!

He MIMES a punch to her chin. She doesn't flinch.

TOUGH GUY 2

Tomorrow. You and me. I pick you up.

He WINKS. Juliana makes a face of disgust.

TOUGH GUY 3

Get a haircut, eh Juliana?

They leave, LAUGHING. Juliana looks back at Masato. The LIGHT is REFLECTING and TWINKLING STRANGELY around him... Juliana shouts from the seat of her almost-broken bicycle;

JULIANA

You OK?

Masato does not hear.

JULIANA (CONT'D)

Hey!

Masato looks up.

JULIANA (CONT'D)

You OK? You got a place to go?

MASATO

Yes. Thank you!

Juliana watches a few seconds more, the light still TWINKLING STRANGELY around him.

JULIANA

Hm. Well, OK then.

She pedals away.

JULIANA (CONT'D)

Good luck!

EXT. DAD'S SURF SHOP -- DAY

Juliana arrives at a small STOREFRONT. A WEATHERED SIGN is mounted above; 'DAD'S SURF SHOP'.

She tries to look in through the WINDOW, but the pane is too DIRTY and DUSTY.

INT. DAD'S SURF SHOP -- CONTINUOUS

A humble commercial space, maybe 1000 square feet. Large areas of shelves and display space are EMPTY.

DAD, a handsome man in his 30's, is FIXING some shelves.

JULIANA

So where's all this fancy new stuff
you've been yabbering about?
That's why I'm here, right? I
thought it was supposed to come in
already!

DAD

It was supposed to come this
morning!

Dad STARES at the empty shelves and display space.

DAD (CONT'D)

You're late, by the way.

He picks up he DRILL, and drills a few more screws in.

DAD (CONT'D)

Actually it was all supposed to come a week ago. But don't get too excited about it, because none of it's for you! No testing the merchandise this time! We have to sell it. And fast, if we're to make the month.

Dad GESTURES to a few OLD and WORN looking SURFBOARDS.

DAD (CONT'D)

Use those old boards over there if you want to surf.

Dad picks up some PAPERS, a CALCULATOR, and a PEN. He looks at the CLOCK on the wall.

DAD (CONT'D)

They don't make deliveries past noon. Tomorrow, I guess.

Juliana endures an UNCOMFORTABLE SILENCE as Dad continues doing some MATH.

JULIANA

So... if there's no delivery, then... there's nothing for me to help set up. Right?

Dad RUBS his TEMPLES.

DAD

I suppose not. Come tomorrow. You can go have fun, Juliana.

JULIANA

Yeah? Really? OK. Thanks Dad.

Juliana grabs a SURFBOARD, and awkwardly CARRIES it out the door with her almost-broken BICYCLE.

JULIANA (CONT'D)

Supposed to be good waves today!

Juliana looks outside; indeed, a beautiful sunny day. Then she looks back at Dad, among the empty shelves. He RUBS HIS TEMPLES again.

Juliana PAUSES, and bites her lip, slightly.

JULIANA (CONT'D)

Actually, you know what Dad? I'm gonna go get you some money today instead. Help out until the new stuff comes in!

She awkwardly navigates her bike and surfboard BACK INSIDE.

DAD

Oh? You have a money tree somewhere I don't know about?

JULIANA

I'm serious! Those tourist boats in the harbor? They love me there! I can get a job on those boats anytime I want. Did you know I hold the record for 'Most Tips on a Single Voyage'?

Dad does not seem convinced.

JULIANA (CONT'D)

Relax, Dad. I'll go get the afternoon shift right now! Maybe even the dinner shift, bring you a nice stack of cash tonight. You deserve it. I should help out more.

Dad waits for the hook.

JULIANA (CONT'D)

But... I might need to use your motorcycle to get there?

DAD

OK. You can use my motorcycle.

Juliana is surprised. Her eyes go wide.

DAD (CONT'D)

And, if you do actually get a job today, so easily like you say...

He holds up some KEYS.

DAD (CONT'D)

You can keep it. You'll need it to get to work each day.

Dad DROPS the keys into her hands.

JULIANA

What? Serious? Ha! Wow, thanks!

She HURRIES out the door again, but looks back one more time.

JULIANA (CONT'D)

Everything'll be fine Dad, you watch. The new stuff will come in, we'll set up this place awesome and sell everything on the first day for top price. Mom will sell all her work at the market, we'll get Claudio off our backs for another month, and we'll all go surfing together! Just like old days.

Dad SMILES, and takes a moment to appreciate her optimism.

DAD

You're a good girl Juliana. Good luck with work, see you tonight.

EXT. BRAZILIAN BEACH TOWN -- DAY

Juliana is riding Dad's almost-broken MOTORCYCLE. No helmet.

TOWNFOLK 4

Hey watch where you're going on that thing!

Juliana rides on by.

EXT. HARBOR -- DAY

A nice VIEW of the TOURIST BOATS in the docks. Juliana STOPS the motorcycle for a second, to appreciate the scene.

Across the street, standing in the hot sun, is MASATO, still in long pants and shirt. He looks hopelessly out of place.

JULIANA

Hey, it's you!

Juliana RIDES closer, finally getting a better look at him.

JULIANA (CONT'D)

Oh, you're older than I thought. Back in that alley I thought you were just a kid. What are you doing just standing around in the sun? You're gonna boil dressed like that!

Masato BOWS, answering nervously in HORRIBLE PORTUGUESE;

MASATO

Yes. Thank you.

JULIANA

Don't worry about those guys, eh?
They're just a bunch of goons. I
thought you said you had a place to
go?

MASATO

Yes. Thank you.

Masato just stands there.

JULIANA

You have no idea what I'm saying,
do you?

Masato clearly doesn't.

Juliana smiles, a bit amused.

JULIANA (CONT'D)

Interesting. Kinda cute. A bit
uptight maybe.

She gets an idea;

JULIANA (CONT'D)

No speak-a da English??

Masato's eyes light up.

MASATO

Yes.

She looks at him, suspicious.

JULIANA

Say somethin' more.

MASATO

Yes. I speak English. My name is
Masato.

JULIANA

Masato. Japanese?

MASATO

Yes.

Masato hands Juliana some DOCUMENTS, and POINTS to an ADDRESS;

MASATO (CONT'D)

I need to go here. Can you take me?

JULIANA

What, now?

She looks at the ADDRESS, frowning.

JULIANA (CONT'D)

Well Masato, this address is on the other side of town! I don't even think I have enough gas in this bike to get there. I gotta go to work, my shift starts in like -wait a second-

Juliana SEES that the documents are about the MMA TOURNAMENT that she has seen advertised around town.

JULIANA (CONT'D)

This is from that big fighting tournament everyone's buzzing about! This is where you want to go?

MASATO

Yes.

Juliana looks further through the documents; images of the FIGHTERS, with SURFWORLD logos everywhere.

MASATO (CONT'D)

Please. I'm already late.

Juliana looks back at the BOATS in the harbor again, BITING her LIP.

EXT. URBAN ROAD -- DAY

Juliana is giving Masato a RIDE on the back of Dad's almost-broken MOTORCYCLE, Masato trying awkwardly to hold onto both the bike and his suitcase at the same time.

JULIANA

Hang on!

MASATO

What?

Juliana STEERS them into TRAFFIC towards the CITY CENTRE.

EXT. SPORTS ARENA PARKING LOT -- AFTERNOON

The lot is almost full. A horde of TV BROADCAST VANS are gathered near the front. Juliana PARKS the motorcycle right by the doors, and they GET OFF the bike. Juliana LOOKS at Masato for a second.

MASATO

What is it?

JULIANA

Oh, nothing. You're taller than I thought. You must have looked smaller when I was on the bike.

Indeed, Masato stands about an inch taller than Juliana.

JULIANA (CONT'D)

Come on! Maybe we can still make it!

EXT. SPORTS ARENA ENTRANCE -- AFTERNOON

Juliana and Masato RUN through the EMPTY LOBBY. FIGHT POSTERS, BANNERS, and SURFWORLD ads everywhere. They arrive at 2 SECURITY GUARDS, stationed at the ENTRANCE to the event.

Masato digs out a GUEST PASS, and puts it around his neck. They wave him through. Juliana however does not have a Guest Pass, and is clearly underdressed.

She sees a stack of folded PROMOTIONAL T-SHIRTS on a nearby table, and PUTS ONE ON over her top right in front of the Security Guards. She does a little POSE for them, and they instantly fall to her charm, and LET HER IN.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- AFTERNOON

The LIGHTS are DIMMED, and a PROMOTIONAL VIDEO for the TOURNAMENT is playing on the large SCREEN above, in ENGLISH. The room is PACKED with FANS, PRESS, TV CAMERAS, more. On the STAGE is a LONG TABLE where the PROMOTERS and FIGHTERS sit, each with a MICROPHONE and name card.

Juliana and Masato WALK IN.

JULIANA

See? Look, it's not over yet!

FANS

Shhhh!!

FILM NARRATOR

But now... this summer, one
spectacular tournament, with the
assistance of PRIDE REVIVAL, and
'SURFWORLD', NHK MARTIAL ARTS
GLOBAL PRESENTS;

More flashy images of FIGHT FOOTAGE, as the event's main
TITLES blast onto the screen.

FILM NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The First International GP King of
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.

A BRAZILIAN FIGHT PROMOTER steps up to the PODIUM, TAPS the
MICROPHONE, and smoothly continues the Press Conference in
impressive English;

BRAZILIAN FIGHT PROMOTER

So this will indeed be an event of
epic proportions, with 7 of the
greatest Brazilian fighters today -
and, as a price for co-promotion
from our friends at PRIDE
REVIVAL...

He gestures to BOSS TANAKA, a powerful looking Japanese
Yakuza-esque man, sitting to his left.

BRAZILIAN FIGHT PROMOTER (CONT'D)

...They have sent one Japanese
wildcard of their own into the mix.
The very famous and always
entertaining, YOSHIHIRO MASATO!

Camera flashes go off at YOSHIHIRO MASATO, the sole Japanese
fighter sitting at the table, wearing some 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. Masato
WHISPERS SOMETHING to himself in Japanese.

BRAZILIAN FIGHT PROMOTER (CONT'D)

So over the next week, in 3
separate nights, we will crown the
champion. Fighters will have just
one day to recover between fights.
If a fighter is unable to continue,
we have some lucrative 'Alternate'
spots still available for some
lucky local talent.

A BUZZ hums through the room at mention of the opportunity.
Masato continues MUMBLING to himself, FRUSTRATED.

BRAZILIAN FIGHT PROMOTER (CONT'D)

And on the final night, the
tournament winner will win the One
Million Reais Grand Prize, and the
honor of being...

He looks to Yoshihiro Masato humorously.

BRAZILIAN FIGHT PROMOTER (CONT'D)

Hopefully, Brazil's representative
in next summer's International
Kings Global Tournament, the first
of its kind in the history of our
sport.

It takes a minute for Juliana to realize that Masato is BEING
PHYSICALLY ESCORTED out of the room.

INT. ARENA HALL -- AFTERNOON

An attractive female Japanese-Brazilian TRANSLATOR has been
summoned to assist in Masato's urgency, and TRANSLATES from
Japanese into Portuguese for the EVENT COORDINATOR.

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

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 Translator must SHOUT over the noise;

TRANSLATOR (CONT'D)

He says he came for the tournament!

The Event Coordinator begins greeting the crowd as they exit
the room, not paying much attention. Masato SPEAKS UP, this
time directly to the Event Coordinator;

MASATO

I am Masato Yoshihiro!!

The Translator TRANSLATES into Portuguese.

The FIGHTERS start to pass by, all clearly BIGGER and STRONGER than Masato. The Event Coordinator begins to put two and two together, and looks at Masato oddly.

EVENT COODINATOR

He has the same name?

Yoshihiro Masato is next, to a mix of CHEERS and BOOS;

FANS

Masa-to! Masa-to!

He is at least 40 pounds bigger then Masato. He STOPS, AUTOGRAPHS Masato's Press Pass, SMILES for the cameras again, TUSSELES Masato's hair, and continues along.

The Event Coordinator looks to the Translator, clarifying;

EVENT COODINATOR

He thought he was invited to fight??

EXT. ARENA BENCHES-- AFTERNOON

Juliana is finishing a SLUSHEE in a PROMOTIONAL CUP.

JULIANA

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

Masato appears 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. He catches her looking at him, and she quickly looks away, stirring her slushee.

JULIANA (CONT'D)

I never knew fighting was so big. We have a few jiu-jitsu clubs in town, but I didn't know it was so fancy like this.

She takes another slurp of her slushee.

JULIANA (CONT'D)

So listen, I should be getting back. Maybe I can still make the dinner shift. Do you still need a ride?

-But when she looks back, Masato has suddenly donned A BRIGHT ORANGE JAPANESE WRESTLING MASK.

The sight of the mask TRIGGERS a disorienting, WAKING HALLUCINATED VISION;

The mask COMES ALIVE, ANIMATED before her eyes. It transforms into a PAPER FOX MASK, GLOWING with the WHITE LIGHT like in her dream.

The vision ENDS SUDDENLY, leaving Juliana a bit DIZZY.

When she can focus again, she sees that Masato is now wearing some THRIFTY ATHLETIC SHORTS. He looks directly at Juliana through the darkened black eyes of the mask.

MASATO

Thank you for your help.

He RUNS BACK INTO THE ARENA.

INT. ARENA PROMOTIONAL EXPO -- AFTERNOON

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 in. Juliana FOLLOWS.

Masato finds the Translator and PULLS her to the nearest MICROPHONE. Masato GRABS the mic, speaking in Japanese;

MASATO

There is an impostor among us!!!

He puts the microphone to the Translator's FACE. The Translator starts TRANSLATING into Portuguese. Some of the FANS stop to pay attention.

Masato POINTS directly at Yoshihiro Masato, who is SIGNING AUTOGRAPHS nearby.

MASATO (CONT'D)

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

The Translator continues TRANSLATING. Still, nobody is clear what exactly is happening. Juliana WATCHES in amazement.

Masato holds up some DOCUMENTS high for everybody to see;

MASATO (CONT'D)

I too have been given the name of Yoshihiro Masato!

The Translator continues TRANSLATING. Masato holds up his PLANE TICKETS and DOCUMENTS;

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 of names, I tell you; this was divine fate and cannot be ignored!

The Translator translates perfectly, and the CROWD is beginning to PAY ATTENTION.

Suddenly Boss Tanaka enters the room, flanked by several large JAPANESE SECURITY. He does not look amused. Masato POINTS at Boss Tanaka, and 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 INTERJECTS, also in ENGLISH;

BRAZILIAN FIGHT PROMOTER

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

He gestures to Yoshihiro Masato, still 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.

The Translator continues TRANSLATING.

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 TAKES OFF HIS MASK. It is rather anti-climactic.

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

The Translator keeps up.

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

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

The Translator is quick to keep up with translations. The
crowd BUZZES at the challenge. The PRESS begin a whirlwind
of QUESTIONS, and CAMERAS begin FLASHING.

Juliana continues to watch, ENTHRALLED.

EVENT COORDINATOR
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, and never be seen again.

The Translator repeats in Portuguese. 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 in a cheesy pro-wrestling style to the delight of the crowd. He looks outweighed by at least 40lbs when seen next to The Dark Brazilian Fighter.

MASATO (CONT'D)

10 seconds.

Several Brazilian EVENT STAFF furiously PLEAD with the Brazilian Fight Promoter, but Boss Tanaka ALLOWS it.

MASATO (CONT'D)

10 seconds.

Masato gets in an AWKWARD FIGHTING STANCE, almost comical. The Elderly Trainer holds up a STOPWATCH.

ELDERLY TRAINER

Go!

Masato takes a deep breath... -and just stands there.

The Dark Brazilian Fighter is confused. The crowd COUNTS:

CROWD

1... 2... 3...

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)

4... 5... 6...!!

But Masato does not move. The Dark Brazilian Fighter is getting nervous. The crowd continues;

CROWD (CONT'D)

7... 8...!!

Suddenly the Dark Brazilian Fighter has had enough, 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 force of the Dark Brazilian Fighter's punch is RE-DIRECTED around Masato's center, and he goes FLYING head first into a SPIT-BUCKET.

CLANGG!!!!

The Dark Brazilian Fighter appears to be KNOCKED OUT.

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 crazy. 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 and Juliana make EYE CONTACT for just a brief moment, but the crowd CARRIES HIM AWAY.