

# STORYBOARD13

Boards: 42 | Shots: 29 | Duration: 1:24 | Aspect Ratio: 16 : 9  
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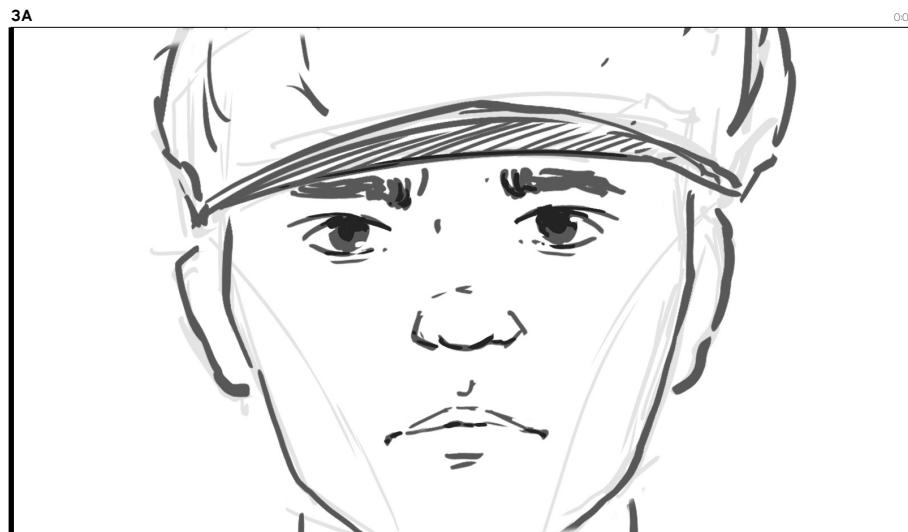
**TERRY(V.O.):** ...whereby I might save the innocent...

Without realizing, the drunk man is staggering towards Terry.



**TERRY (V.O.):** ...by destroying the guilty.

Terry stands up.



Terry has a determined look on his face.



**DRUNK MAN (roaring):** Aha! A foreigner! You need a lesson in Japanese manners!

The drunk man recognizes a chance to focus his rage.

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5A

008



Terry holds on lightly to the commuter strap overhead and gives him a slow look of disgust and dismissal.

5B

010



Terry waits for the drunk man to make the first move. Terry wants him mad, so he purses his lips and blows him an insolent kiss.

5C

012



5D

014



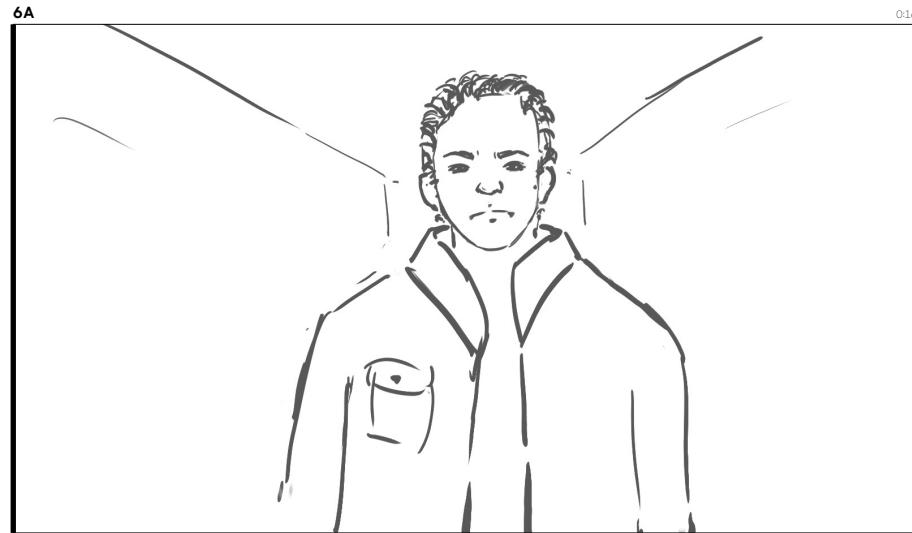
**TERRY: This is also not what aikido is about.**

Terry breaks the fourth wall.

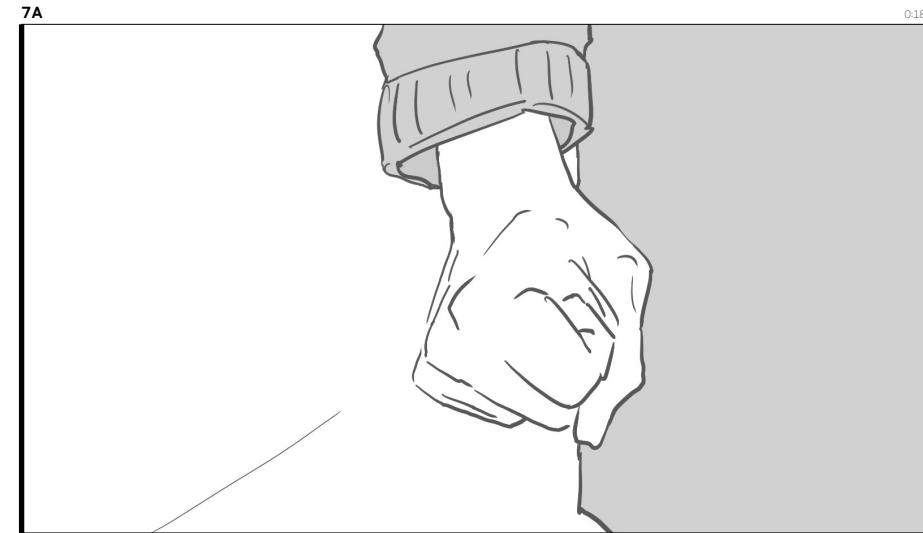
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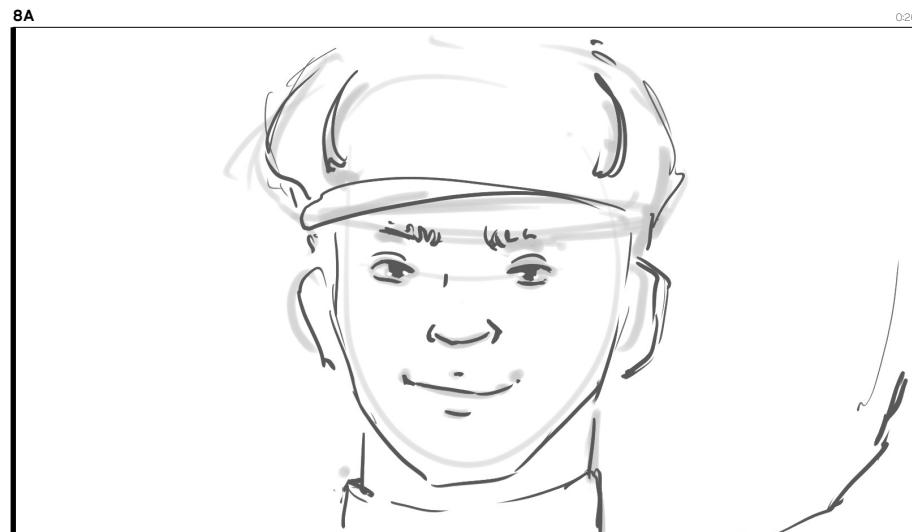
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The drunk man gets even angrier.



The drunk man clenches his fist.



Terry gives him a feisty look.

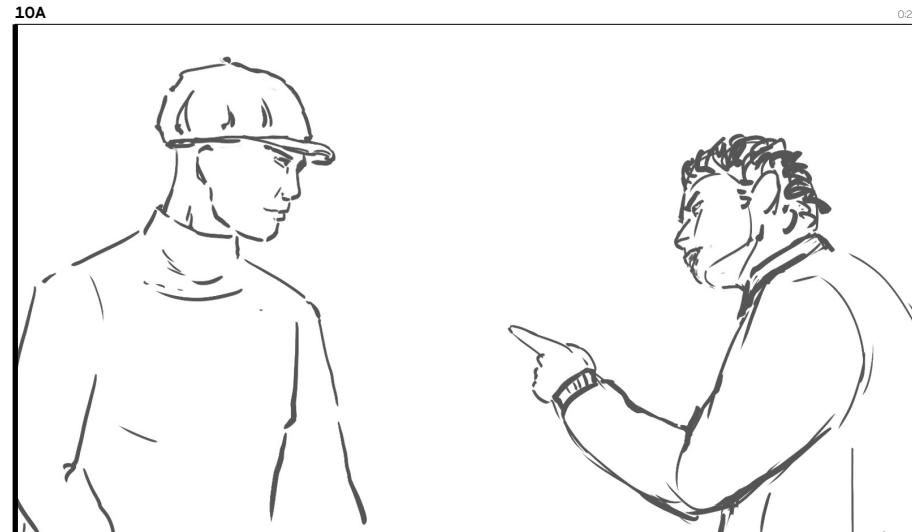


**DRUNK MAN (hollers):** Alright! You're gonna get a lesson!

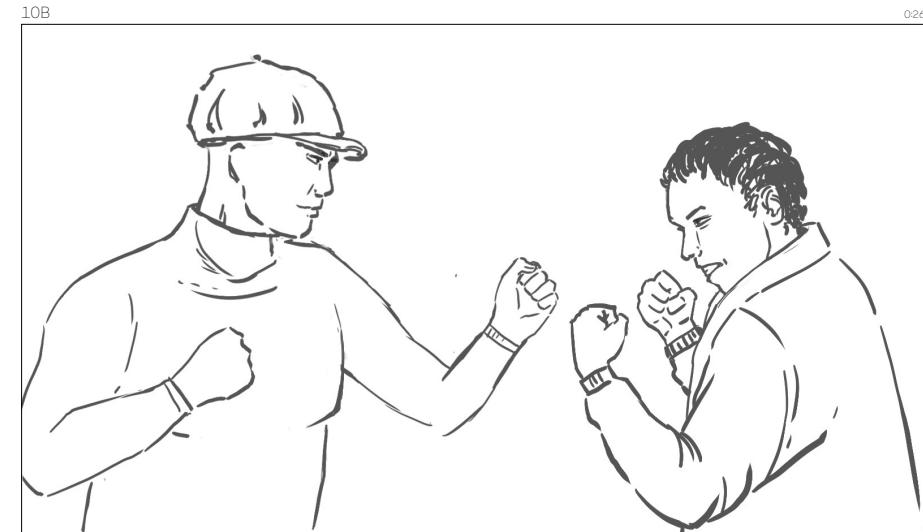
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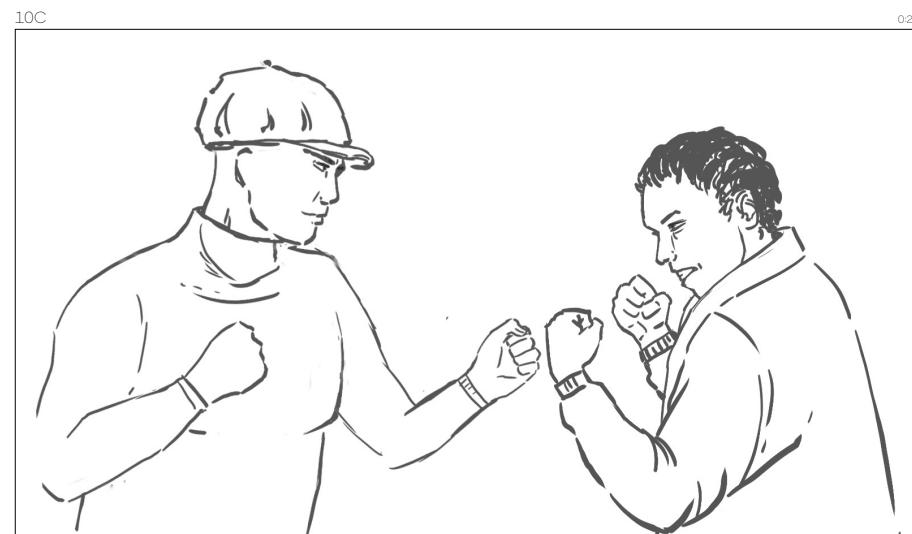
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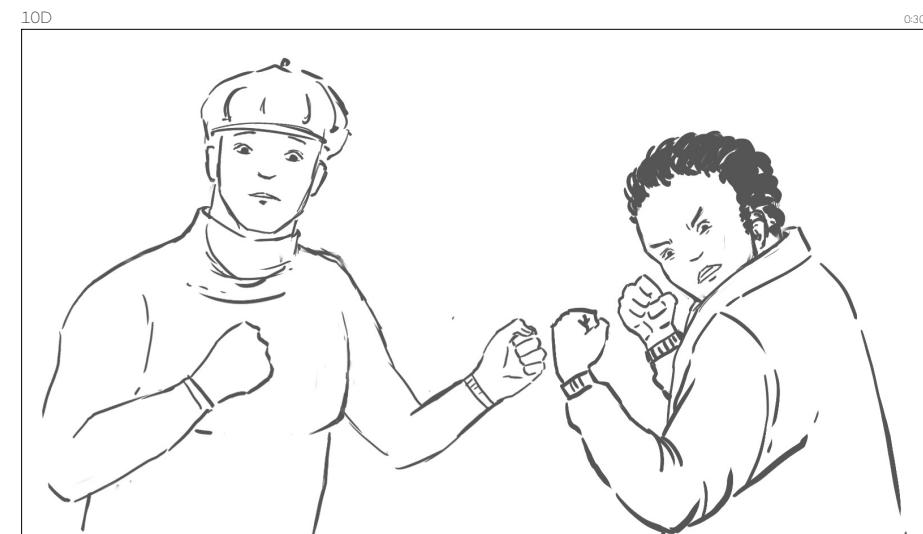
Terry gets ready to fight with the drunk man.



They get closer, ready to fight.



**OLD MAN (ear splitting)(O.S.): Hey!**



Surprised, Terry wheels to his right, the drunk spins to his left.

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11A

0:32



Both stare down at a little old man. He is well into his seventies. A tiny gentleman, sitting there, immaculate in his kimono. He takes no notice of Terry, but beams delightedly at the drunk man, as though he had a most important, most welcome secret to share.

12A

0:34



Terry and the drunk are still confused by the interruption.

13A

0:36



OLD MAN: (beckoning drunk man over): C'mere. C'mere and talk with me.

14A

0:38



DRUNK MAN (roaring): Why the hell should I talk to you!?

The drunk man follows, as if on a string. He planted his feet belligerently in front of the old man. Terry didn't move yet, he just stand there and watches the scene.

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**OLD MAN (beaming at drunk man):** What'cha been drinkin'?

The old man's eyes are sparkling with interest.



Terry following the event with a sceptical eye, unsure what to do.



**DRUNK MAN (bellowing):** I've been drinking Sake and it's none of your business!

Flecks of spit spatter the old man.

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OLD MAN: Ok, that's wonderful, absolutely wonderful! You see, I love sake too. Every night, me and my wife, we warm up a little bottle of sake and take it out into the garden, and we sit on an old wooden bench.

The old man nods understandingly



The drunk man just looks confused now.



OLD MAN: We watch the sun go down, and we look to see how our persimmon tree is doing.

...His face softens as the old man mentions the persimmon.



OLD MAN: My great-grandfather planted that tree, and we worry about whether it will recover...

...His fist loosens.

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21B

056



22A

058



OLD MAN: ...from those ice storms we had last winter.

22B

100



The old man looks up at the drunk man, eyes twinkling.

23A

102



DRUNK MAN (softly): Yeah, I love persimmons too...  
(voice trailing off)

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24A

104



Terry can't believe what is happening.

25A

106



OLD MAN (smiling, indicates to the drunk man to sit beside him): Yes, and I'm sure you have a wonderful wife.

26A

108



DRUNK MAN: No...

drunk man takes a seat next to the old man.

26B

1:10



DRUNK MAN (crying): ...my wife died. I don't got no wife, I don't got no home,...

The drunk man now sits next to the old man.

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26C

1:12



DRUNK MAN (hiding his face in his hands): ...I don't got no job. I am so ashamed of myself.

27A

1:14



TERRY (V.O.): Standing there in my well-scrubbed youthful pride, with my make-this-world-safe-for-democracy righteousness, ...

Terry feels bad for the drunk man and makes a pensive face.

28A

1:16



TERRY (V.O.): ...I suddenly felt dirtier and more ashamed than he was.

29A

1:18



The train arrives at Terry's stop. The doors open.

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OLD MAN (clucking sympathetically): My, my....

Terry turns his head for one last look.



OLD MAN: ...that is a difficult predicament, indeed. Go on, tell me about it.

The drunk man is sprawled on the seat, his head in the old man's lap. The old man is softly stroking the filthy, matted hair. There is moving, glowing energy between the drunk man and the old man. It's the same kind of energy that Terry saw at the Aikido demonstration between Morihei and Nobuyoshi.