

MACHINE GUNS AND MASCARA

Written by

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SUPERIMPOSE:

1943 - THE PHILIPPINES.

Once an American territory, now occupied by Japan. Not just for its strategic position but for the gold. Looted from across Asia, it's being stockpiled for transport to the Empire. Whoever controls the Philippines...controls the treasure, and the fate of the Pacific.

EXT. RURAL PHILIPPINE COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The sun is high, warming an expansive field. ENRIQUE, a 19-year-old Filipino teen, works the land with determination, their muscles flexing with each movement.

EXT. MENDOZA FAMILY COTTAGE - DAY

Enrique approaches a rustic cottage nestled in a vibrant garden.

INT. MENDOZA FAMILY COTTAGE - DAY

The door opens, and Enrique steps into the welcoming embrace of his mother.

INT. ENRIQUE'S ROOM - DAY

Enrique stands before a full-length mirror. Enrique removes their workwear, piece by piece. Each garment is folded.

Enrique steps into the shower, the water cascading down their body, washing away the grime and sweat.

Enrique, fresh from the shower, carefully towels off. Then, they begin applying oil to their skin, each stroke a gesture of self-care.

Enrique sits, a soft light illuminating their face. They begin by applying foundation first, then dusting on a layer of powder. Delicate brushes sweep across eyelids. Their eyelashes are curled, and mascara is applied with a steady hand; she then starts painting her lips.

Enrique stands once more before the mirror in a dress.

Enrique is now ISABELLE.

MOTHER

Oh, Isabelle, you look lovely.

Isabelle sits and lets her Mother tenderly brush Isabelle's hair.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

My dear Isabelle, you are my daughter in every way that matters.

ISABELLE

Thank you, Ma.

MOTHER

You will always be my child... Always.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Dawn breaking over a quiet countryside. Enrique is kneeling beside a freshly dug grave. His hands are covered in dirt as he gently places the last handful of earth over the grave.

Enrique's mother steps forward and kneels beside him. She then wraps her arms around Enrique, pulling him close in a tight embrace.

ENRIQUE (V.O.)

My father once said... Life's too short to be afraid. You have to love who you are, love who you want... and love fiercely.

A small group of five, and MAYA 18 year 18-year-old female teenager, huddled together amid the makeshift graveyard.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. RURAL PHILIPPINE VILLAGE - DAY

Isabelle and her mother walk through the village, the former in a dress. The villagers' reactions range from whispers to outright mockery, an unsettling chorus of intolerance.

VILLAGER 1

Look at Enrique trying to be something he's not!

VILLAGER 2 (O.S.)

What a disgrace!

VILLAGER 3 (O.S.)
Your father would be ashamed if he
saw you now!

Isabelle's Mother wraps an arm around her. Isabelle holds her head high, refusing to let the vitriol diminish her spirit.

EXT. MENDOZA FAMILY COTTAGE - NIGHT

Brrrrrrmmmm... Brrrrrrmmmm... the bombers fill the air, shaking the earth below. "Nyeeoooooww! Ka-BOOM! BA-BOOM!"—Japanese planes scream through the sky, ground exploding in fiery chaos, tearing through the silence.

INT. MENDOZA FAMILY COTTAGE - NIGHT

Isabelle and her Mother are thrown into darkness as their cottage catches fire. They scramble outside.

EXT. RURAL PHILIPPINE VILLAGE- NIGHT

GENERAL FUKUDA 65 year heavy set Japanese Commander views the town with his binoculars.

GENERAL FUKUDA
That Tojo wants us to replenish our
supply of women... As for the rest,
break them—to crush their spirits!

He points and Japanese soldiers storm through the village, setting fires and capturing villagers. They tie up all the men. They proceed to the Mendoza's cottage.

EXT. MENDOZA FAMILY COTTAGE - NIGHT

A group of soldiers spots Isabelle covering her mother, the soldier mistaking her for a woman, grab her. They rip her blouse off and realize she was a man they begin to beating her. The mother is being held back to watch as they start beating Isabelle.

MOTHER
Fight back, Isabelle!
Fight back!

ISABELLE
No More!

She grabs a bayonet. Like a wraith, she moves with swift, precise strikes, she incapacitates the soldiers within the cottage.

After ensuring the cottage is clear of threats, Isabelle dashes outside. She moves quickly to the tied-up villagers; using the bayonet, she cuts through their bindings.

VILLAGER 1
 Enrique? Is... Isabelle?
 I meant Isabela!

VILLAGER 2
 She saved us... She fought them
 off.

Isabelle's Mother walks beneath the mango tree, she falls and lies gravely wounded: she's was stabbed. Isabelle rushes to her side, dropping to her knees.

MOTHER
 Isabelle... my brave daughter.

ISABELLE
 Ma, I'm here. You're not alone.

MOTHER
 Fight on... Remember... Never be
 alone...

Rising to her feet, Isabelle looks out over the village, her heart heavy with grief striking at the sun.

SUPERIMPOSE

6 months later

EXT. TOWN - DAY RAINING

The Town smolders under a veil of rain and ash. TAKAMURA, a sharp-looking 35-year-old Japanese Colonel, supervises. Japanese soldiers load crates into trucks. Another group of soldiers herd the women into trucks, and the children are moved into the town hall. Takamura stops before LIEUTENANT TATSUYA 20 year old notably handsome Japanese officer, neatly groomed appearance.

LIEUTENANT TATSUYA
 Sir, we've secured the contents of
 the crates. All the women are set
 for transport to Camp Hosho.
 (MORE)

LIEUTENANT TATSUYA (CONT'D)
But... we can't find the Lady Man
Killer anywhere.

TAKAMURA
How thorough has our search been?
Are we looking deeply enough?

LIEUTENANT TATSUYA
Sir, the Lady Man Killer has been
terrorizing our officers in this
region. All we've uncovered is that
he goes by the name Isabelle.

TAKAMURA
He goes by the name Isabelle?
Ensure nothing is overlooked.

He looks off in the distance momentarily, lost in thought.

TAKAMURA (CONT'D)
It's not just the obvious enemies
we need to uncover. Make sure your
men understand that.

As the Lieutenant nods and moves away, Takamura's gaze lingers on a distant figure loading crates into the truck – a young male soldier who looks back with an unspoken plea. Takamura's eyes momentarily betray a hint of conflict, a mix of longing and resignation, before he masks it with his usual stern façade.

INT. TOWNHALL - DAY

The MAYOR, a 60-year-old Filipino male with graying hair and a beard, a man visibly torn apart by the events, stands before Takamura. The children, silent witnesses to the unfolding drama, huddle together.

TAKAMURA
Rumors reach my ears, Mayor.
Whispers that paint your town as a
haven brimming with beautiful women
and children.

Takamura's keen gaze casually sweeps over the children in the room. Among them, he notes the subtle incongruities of women disguised as boys. Takamura gives no outward indication of his awareness.

MAYOR
Please, Colonel, we're simple folk
here –boys too young for war, women
who've never held a gun.

TAKAMURA

See, that's where you are wrong.
In war, Mayor, the line between man
and woman becomes insignificantly.
What I've learned when fighting the
Russians... Given the present
circumstances of desperation. Put a
woman in a soldier's uniform; She
fights as fiercely as any man. And
if a man dons a woman's guise, does
it make him any less lethal?

The Mayor's eyes dart away, avoiding Takamura's piercing
gaze.

TAKAMURA (CONT'D)

Where is the infamous Lady Man
Killer Isabelle,

MAYOR

Colonel, please, I don't know
anything...

TAKAMURA

Even Monkeys fall from trees...

Takamura moves deliberately towards a youth among the
gathered crowd. His penetrating and purposeful gaze fixates
on the boy, who is a woman in disguise. He leans in.

TAKAMURA (CONT'D)

You have beautiful eyes; doesn't he
looks very handsome, Mayor? So
pretty, so innocent.

The Mayor caught off guard, watches the interaction, a knot
of anxiety tightening in his chest.

TAKAMURA (CONT'D)

My men could very well enjoy the
company of your women. If I allow
it.

The Mayor's silent bows his head in response.

TAKAMURA (CONT'D)

But, I propose an alternative. You
will tell me where to find the Lady
Man Killer. In return, I will spare
the women...

EXT. TEA HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Rotund Japanese officer of high rank, General Fukuda, and his entourage stride toward a quaint tea house. He leans in to whisper to Takamura.

GENERAL FUKUDA

Don't worry about the court-martial, Takamura. Yamashita walked free—because someone made sure he did. This talk of rebellion... mere noise. You have not shamed the uniform. Everything you did—was in service to the Emperor. Loyalty takes many forms. I see yours clearly. And as long as I still draw breath, no tribunal will touch you.

TAKAMURA

Sir, your security detail—

GENERAL FUKUDA

We've got plenty of protection. One man won't make a difference. Unless you come in and join us! Have a drink.

A handsome Japanese's officer walks by, and Takamura steals a glance, quickly looking away.

TAKAMURA

If it's all the same to you, I'll just stay outside and take in the fresh air.

GENERAL FUKUDA

You've always been my star pupil and a good friend. Go on, take the night off.

Takamura bows and steps aside, letting the General proceed. A woman, Isabelle, approaches Fukuda. His gaze shifts to Isabelle, her face obscured with her long flowing hair, draped in a vibrant gown, her attire elaborate with intricate embroidery and flowing panels over her shoulders. Escorted by officers She fans herself gently.

INT. TEA HOUSE - NIGHT

The Isabelle starts a phonograph. She dances gracefully before General Fukuda. She dances in the dark and light a play of the lamps.

Her fan fluttering with each step, she switches off half of the lamps in the room, a shadow playing over her, revealing her skin, shoulder, and thigh; she throws an article of clothing on the ground as a distraction. An officer moves in closer to her. She pulls a hidden knife from her fan and slashes through the air, striking at the officer.

She targets General Fukuda, slashes his throat. Grasping at her, he pulls at her blouse and hair, revealing a man disguised as the dancer.

EXT. TEA HOUSE - NIGHT

An old lady bringing in more sake walks into the room and sees the dead bodies and screams. Isabelle escapes, Takamura rushes inside, his face a mask of urgency. He finds General Fukuda gasping his last breaths.

GENERAL FUKUDA
...Lady man killer...

Takamura, scans the floor and sees the wig grabs it stands up and holds it.

END FLASHBACK

The Mayor, attempts to speak but can't find his voice.

TAKAMURA
What will it be, Mayor?

The Mayor stands frozen, his eyes wide and shimmering with unshed tears locked on Takamura.

TAKAMURA (CONT'D)
I'll give you a moment, Mayor.

Takamura strides toward the door.

EXT. TOWN HALL - DAY

Takamura exits the town hall: villagers, their faces etched with despair, are held back by soldiers; the disguised men, loaded onto trucks.

The Mayor bolts from the town hall.

Takamura walks over a soldier with a huge machine gun mounted on a jeep and points to the truck.

MAYOR

He's hiding up north, by the river...
in a cave! Please, you must
understand, I had no choice!

TAKAMURA

Execute them.

RATATATATATA! The villagers' screams tear through the
silence.

MAYOR

No! You Promised

The Mayor crumples to the ground; Takamura strides towards
the bullet-riddled trucks. He stops beside one of the trucks.
Takamura holds up the wig dripping with blood, its strands
fluttering slightly in the breeze, presenting it to the Mayor
with a mocking and significant gesture.

TAKAMURA

I did say I would spare the women...
did I not?

The Mayor, trembling and unable to meet Takamura's gaze, nods
weakly, his despair evident.

Takamura walks to his jeep.

LIEUTENANT TATSUYA

Colonel, High Command reminded us
we're far from our mission. We are
ordered to report back to base.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH COMMAND - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Takamura standing before GENERAL TOJO, a figure in his mid-
60s, balding and sporting a meticulously groomed toothbrush
mustache and circular glasses, dressed in a formal military
uniform.

PRINCE CHICHIBU, a composed figure in his early 40s. He sits
quietly. Dressed in a sharp army uniform, he is slender built
distinguishable by his rounded eyeglasses.

YAMASHITA, muscular man in his late 50s. His close-cropped
hair is streaked with gray, and a faint scar on his right
cheek wearing his field uniform.

Lavishly set table. Tojo standing by a suckling pig is
served, and wine glasses are filled to the brim.

TAKAMURA

Our officers are being picked off,
one by one. You think we should
abandon my lead we, when we are so
close... a rogue assassin stalks
us?

Tojo carving the pig. Then walks back to his seat.

TOJO

Takamura, we've heard enough. This
is just one man, his not a problem.
You may leave us now.

YAMASHITA

You've come far, Colonel... despite
that unfortunate chapter in your
past. It would be a shame to see it
all unravel over a man in makeup.

Takamura exits, the door closing softly behind him. The
leaders focus on strategic discussions. Takamura walks slowly
down the corridor, turning his head and straining his ears to
catch snippets of their conversation.

Yamashita, Prince Chichibu and Tojo. A spread of food lies
before suckling pig carved already in pieces, being served,
rice and bread, grapes and wine.

Yamashita biting into a rib from the suckling pig. The gravy
still dripping from his mouth. He wipes his mouth with a
napkin.

YAMASHITA (CONT'D)

What about the prisoners and rebels
we've captured? We need trucks to
transport them to the prison camps.
I cannot spare my troop transport.

Chichibu picks up a grape. Examines it, he bites into it, the
juice squirting out.

PRINCE CHICHIBU

We need those trucks for something
far more important than hauling
prisoners and the wounded.

Tojo shovels food into his mouth—a greasy piece of meat,
tearing it with his teeth, bits of it falling from his lips
as he eats.

TOJO

Correct. Make them march to the
camps.

(MORE)

TOJO (CONT'D)

Whoever survives the long trek will be put to work. Except for women make sure we get fresh batch every week for our men, separate the ones for the enlisted and the pretty ones for officers.

Chichibu, taking small bites from his fork, then takes small sips from his wine glass.

PRINCE CHICHIBU

The Philippines is not merely another colony—it is the heart of Asia. Every supply line, from the south must pass through these islands. Reinforcements, ammunition, fuel—all of it will flow through here. If we lose this ground, we fracture the entire chain. Hold it. Fortify it.

Tojo dips the crunchy skin into the gravy and chews - crackling.

TOJO

General Yamashita, stay behind and ensure THE operation runs smoothly, with no delays or interference.

Yamashita picks up a glass of wine and drinks deeply, the dark liquid spilling slightly over his chin. His lips stained red from the wine.

YAMASHITA

That will be my pleasure!

The glasses clink in a toast

END FLASHBACK

EXT. TOWN HALL - DAY

LIEUTENANT TATSUYA

Sir, high command is on the radio. They're ordering us back...

Takamura snorts derisively.

TAKAMURA

"Bakayarō!"

Takamura leaves with his convoy.

EXT. HILLS - OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE - DAY

Isabelle binoculars watching in the safe distance atop a nearby hill.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

Isabelle walks down the devastated town, her gaze heavy with sorrow. A GIRL of 10 years, crying, disguised as a boy, cradles her dead father on the ground, tears streaking through the dirt on his face.

MAYOR (O.S.)

We thought we could outsmart them,
protect everyone...

Isabelle kneels beside the child.

ISABELLE

What your father did was incredibly
brave. I'm so sorry... This was my
fault.

She stands, turning to face the Mayor who looks on.

MAYOR

You need to go now, get to your
family. They, This colonel might
come back, and we are all in
danger.

ISABELLE

I'm sorry.

The Isabelle bows, and walks away.

INT. OSS R&D HANGAR - DAY

CAPTAIN MELANIE TAYLOR 25 white female US army walks through the hangar of the. The air buzzes with innovation as engineers and technicians: silent sniper rifles, compact submachine guns, night-vision scopes.

She pauses occasionally to examine the prototypes, portable flamethrower and grenade launchers.

As she rounds a corner, Captain Melanie Taylor meets MAJOR BRIGGS, an authoritative African American officer in his mid-50s, observing a company of soldiers engaged in close-quarters combat training.

BRIGGS

This plan we came up with... it's crazy, it might just work. Ready to head back into the fray?

MELANIE

Yes, I made a promise, I'd be back...

BRIGGS

Lucky guy...

MELANIE

(Picking up the device,
intrigued)

This is interesting...

BRIGGS

That's a new radio detonator, modeled after the ones used by the British in Operation Chariot. They used it to significantly disrupt German naval operations at Saint-Nazaire. You know to blow stuff up.

Melanie and Briggs continue their inspection, moving along a line of soldiers, all of whom are Japanese Americans, engaged in a live training exercise.

At a distant field, a captured German Tiger tank has been set as a target. One of the recruits, LIEUTENANT WATANABE 24 a 24-year-old Japanese-American soldier, takes aim with a newly developed rocket launcher. The rocket hisses through the air and strikes the tank, resulting in a spectacular explosion.

LIEUTENANT WATANABE

It's all about finding the sweet spot.

The rowdy recruits regroup after the successful demonstration. Melanie and Briggs exchange looks.

MELANIE

Are these the men?

BRIGGS

Yes, pulled from the 442nd Regiment Combat Team in Europe. They're up for the challenge and will blend right in.

MELANIE

You think they'll have trouble fighting their own?

BRIGGS

I'll vouch for them. They may be Japanese by blood, but they're American through and through--no matter what uniform they wear.

MELANIE TAYLOR

That's the name of the game. All we need now is our star...

BRIGGS

I thought you were going to be the star, Melanie.

MELANIE

My specialty is tactics and strategy. It's all about leveraging the right looks...

BRIGGS

If looks could kill right?

EXT. RIVERSIDE CLEARING - DAY

On a hilltop, peering down, a troop of Japanese soldiers led by a LIEUTENANT HOA, a 20-year-old officer, sees in the distant evocative figures of 3 young Filipina women washing, 2 farmers picking fruits from trees, a priest reading the bible, and a nun sitting down and listening.

JAPANESE SOLDIER #1

I thought we'd never see some action!

JAPANESE SOLDIER #2

It's about time...

LIEUTENANT HOA

Tonight's our lucky night, boys. Looks like we'll be getting more than just a clean shirt!

Japanese soldiers bursts from the underbrush, their guns casually slung as they approach the riverbank.

LIEUTENANT HOA (CONT'D)

Take the women, kill the men!

The civilians continue their act, standing up slowly. But there is a glint of a machine gun from beneath one of the dresses. The Japanese close in.

Leading guerrilla leader orchestrating the operation.
 Captain Maria "MARIPOSA" Santos: 20 something Filipina

MARIPOSA

Now!

The women, the farmers and the priest and the Nun shedding parts of their disguises to reveal themselves as armed Filipino men, guerrillas, resistance. BRRRRRRRAP! The Japanese soldiers, caught entirely off guard scatter, into the smoke.

As the initial chaos subsides and the gunfire dwindles, several Japanese soldiers find themselves captured. Surrounded by the guerillas the women Corporal JOSE "JOSEPHINE" de la Cruz 18, Sergeant Paulo "PAULINA" Mercado 25, the Farmers is Private RICO 39, Private RIVERA 20.

MARIPOSA (CONT'D)

Tie them up and move out. We've got questions, and they've got answers.

The guerrillas grabbed their belongings and captives disappear back into the jungle, A quiet river remains.

As the as Paulina and Rico secure their captured enemies, Lieutenant Hoa lunges at the man in the priest disguise AMIR THE LAUGHING LION, (25), male Filipino. Amir removes his priest disguised, wearing only a tank top and a roman collar. His buff and distinctly masculine appearance. Amir counters the attack, pinning Lieutenant Hoa to the ground.

While surveying the area, Miguel and Josephine's rebels spot an odd crate. They pry it open, gold items.

MIGUEL

Would you look at this?

JOSEPHINE,

Do you recognize these?

THE LAUGHING LION

Looks like they taken them from the church of San Carlos.

As they secure the last of the items. They disappear into the jungle with their precious cargo.

EXT. OLD ABANDONED SCHOOL HOUSE - NIGHT

Japanese soldiers, half-dressed and kneeling under the watchful aim of their captors.

Nearby, Filipino rebels doing an inventory of a crate filled with stolen gold and religious artifacts.

JOSEPHINE
(Holding up a gold
chalice)
They're stealing from us.

RICO
There's more here! Where did this
gold come from? Where were you
taking it?

The Lieutenant Hoa remains tight-lipped, his silence broken only by the chilling laughter of Amir the Laughing Lion.

MARIPOSA
Lets find out,

PRIVATE KEN 25, removing his nun disguise, a keen-eyed American Japanese soldier, who can speak Japanese, scrutinizes the uniform, quickly discerning his true affiliation as Kempeitai.

KEN
His name Lieutenant Hoa, He's
Kempeitai.

Amir the Laughing Lion, shows interests.

KEN (CONT'D)
Amir, it's your specialty...

THE LAUGHING LION
Oh, this must be your lucky day.

The officer's eyes flicker with fear as the Laughing Lion, towers over him, his smile more like a predator's baring of teeth.

MARIPOSA
We need him to talk this time,
Amir.

THE LAUGHING LION
(Cheerfully to the officer
sharpening his bola)
We've got all night, my friend.

Rico, Miguel, Josephine, Paulina, and Ken are curious to see what Amir would do.

THE LAUGHING LION (CONT'D)
 Your Kempeitai, the scary military
 police of the Japanese imperial
 army...scary Tell me how many
 little old ladies and babies he let
 rot in your prison... I bet you
 know who I am... Ken... please
 translate... word for word...

Ken stands behind Amir the Laughing Lion, translating in the background.

Ext. BEACH - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Fades from black to the lush, vibrant jungles of Mindanao. The calm before the storm is palpable as we're slowly introduced to the war-torn world of our story.

THE LAUGHING LION(V.O.)
 You Kempeitai boys think we fear
 you, huh? My great-grandfather
 gutted Spaniard when they first set
 foot on the islands...

A silhouette of Amir the Laughing Lion, his posture relaxed and ready, as the backdrop of Mindanao's dense jungle gradually illuminates his figure.

THE LAUGHING LION (V.O.)
 I Born in the heart of the South,
 where the spirit of the Moro has
 endured centuries of invaders
 thinking they could take a piece of
 this paradise for themselves.

Images flash briefly on screen: a quick montage of historical invaders – Spaniards, Americans, and now, the Japanese – each met with resistance.

THE LAUGHING LION (V.O.)
 My blood runs with rebellion. The
 famous explorer Magellan thought he
 could waltz onto these shores.

The sun beats down on a pristine beach, the turquoise sea lapping gently at the shore. The tranquility is suddenly broken by FERDINAND MAGELLAN (41) and his crew's Spanish conquistador's arrival. Magellan, clad in bulky, comically oversized armor, moves with the unwieldy grace of a medieval tank, his figure casting a long shadow on the sand.

FERDINAND MAGELLAN

(Wiping Sweat)

If God wanted me to discover this
place, He could've at least
installed a breeze...

From the lush jungle emerges Amir's ancestor, a wiry figure armed only with a spear. He charges towards Magellan, Magellan struggles to move the water with his heavy armor, and is easily picked off by Amir's ancestor.

EXT. JUNGLE - CLEARING - DAY

In the dense jungles of Mindanao, American cavalry advanced cautiously, confident in their numbers and firepower yet unaware of the land's perils.

THE LAUGHING LION (V.O.)

Then came Americans. My ancestors
strung up Yankee scouts with their
own dog tags.

As the jungle quieted momentarily, the Moro warriors struck, their swift attack catching the Americans off-guard. After the clash, the American forces lay scattered. Amidst the aftermath, a young American soldier captured during the melee was unexpectedly let go to escape.

THE LAUGHING LION (V.O.)

We made sure we left a calling card

END FLASHBACK

EXT. The Dense Jungles - Day

Amir the Laughing Lion standing before Lieutenant Hoa.

THE LAUGHING LION

Then you came. Big words. Fancy
rifles. Banzai this, Emperor that.

He spits beside the officer's boot

EXT. TOWN STREET - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Disguised as a humble food vendor, Amir walks the bustling streets, selling his sweet silken tofu dessert among the locals. Kempeitai officer, kicking beggars who obstruct his way and smacking the heads of children too slow to move aside approaches Amir for a taste of food. Amir starts laughing; quickly impales the officer.

INT. GOLDEN LILLY - NIGHT

In a Gentlemen's Club, a Kempeitai officer lounges unclothed, leisurely smoking a pipe amidst a circle of unclothed women. The officer seems intoxicated by the drink. The officer hears a laugh; suddenly, Amir drops from the ceiling, slashing into the officer.

EXT. WORK CAMP - DAY

A Kempeitai officer, while whipping a Filipino laborer, pauses to head into the bushes briefly. As he does so, Amir emerges, stealthily approaching the officer and using the officer's whip to ensnare him and strangling the Kempeitai Officer.

EXT - CAMP - LATRINE - DAY

Kempeitai officer heads out to the latrine,. Then he hears laughing; suddenly, the door swings open, revealing Amir standing in the doorway. Holding a spear. The screen cuts to black.

THE LAUGHING LION

You're not conqueror's. You're the offering.

END FLASHBACK

EXT - JUNGLE - NIGHT

A row of slain Japanese soldiers. Amir stands he cleans his Bola.

THE LAUGHING LION

Kempeitai

MARIPOSA

Remember don't get too carried away?

THE LAUGHING LION

Remember you called for my help

Mariposa turns slightly towards Ken, her gaze fixed on the Kempeitai officer with an intensity that belies a strategic mind at work.

MARIPOSA

Ask him about the gold.

KEN

(Japanese; English Subs)
Where did you get this gold? Where
is it being kept? And where is it
being transported to? I need
details on the routes, the
schedule, and the security
arrangements. What level of
security is assigned to protect
high-value cargoes like this one?

LIEUTENANT HOA

(Japanese; English Subs)
I don't know... They keep me out of
the loop on matters like this.
I'm a lowly officer; My clearance
isn't high enough for such details.

KEN

He says he doesn't know.

THE LAUGHING LION

Do you know what we do with
thieves? Pull out his arms.

Ken quickly translates. Malia and Josephine firmly grabs the
lieutenant's arms.

THE LAUGHING LION (CONT'D)

(Intensely)
Tell him I'll cut off his hands if
he doesn't speak the truth.

Ken relays the message. The Japanese lieutenant's response is
resolute, his face stoic.

LIEUTENANT HOA

(Speaks English)
Hand are nothing without honor!

THE LAUGHING LION

We've got a patriot here.
Well, we have something for that
too...

He slowly pulls his bolo knife; the blade points deliberately
toward Hoa's groin.

THE LAUGHING LION (CONT'D)

Maybe this will loosen your tongue.

KEN

(Japanese)

If you don't talk, that man will
cut off your penis and balls.

Lieutenant Hoa's eyes bulge in terror, the threat to his
manhood igniting a primal fear.

LIEUTENANT HOA

(Frantic Japanese, English
Sub)

Manila! Manila! The gold was taken
from the villages; it's being
brought to Manila! More gold is
being collected from all over the
island, from other islands, and
even from other nations. That's all
I know, I swear-please, please
don't cut off my...

He stammers, unable to even say the words, his hands
defensively covering his groin as he falls to his knees in a
plea for mercy.

Amir's knife halts mere inches from the officer's groin.

THE LAUGHING LION

That's more like it.

The rebels around them can't help but let out a mixture of
chuckles and snickers.

KEN

He says the gold is being moved to
Manila, taken from other villages,
also said there more gold shipments
coming from all other places.

THE LAUGHING LION

Maybe I'll keep you alive for
now...

MARIPOSA

Ladies, new mission, stop the
Kempeitai stealing our stuff and
ensure that gold never reaches its
destination.

THE LAUGHING LION

And we still get to kill Kempeitai.

MARIPOSA

You are one violent son of a bitch

THE LAUGHING LION
It's my calling. So, who do we know
in Manila?

MARIPOSA
I know someone who can help us
there. She just recently took up
residence in that area.

THE LAUGHING LION
Isabelle, I thought she works
alone.

INT. OSS MOBILE COMMAND OFFICE - DAY

PRIVATE JACK DAWSON 18 white male, a slender but fit American
known for his USO performances, is escorted to the office.
He's greeted by Captain Melanie Taylor

MELANIE
Private Jack Dawson, remove your
clothes.

JACK
May I ask what this is for?

MELANIE
We don't have all day. Quickly,
now.

She thrusts a dress at him, its soft and shimmering under the
office lights.

JACK
(more confused)
I don't understand what—

MELANIE
Just do it, Lieutenant.

Without waiting for a response, she hands him a wig.

JACK
Excuse me?

Before Jack can react further, Captain Melanie steps closer
and places the wig on his head, adjusting it with a practiced
hand.

MELANIE
There.

Major Briggs silently observing, steps forward, eyeing Jack critically.

BRIGGS

Aside from the five o'clock shadow
and needing a bit of makeup, he'll
do just fine.

Jack, now in the dress and wig, looks between Captain Melanie and Major Briggs, his initial confusion giving way to a mix of curiosity and concern.

JACK

What's all this about?

GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR steps into the light, his presence immediately commanding attention.

MELANIE

He's the best we have for this
operation.

Melanie gestures to a photograph she has just placed on the desk. It's a picture of Jack on stage, embodying a female character.

She lays out a series of pictures from various Vaudeville and Music Hall performances, each showcasing Jack as a women.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

We are in need of your talents.

BRIGGS

And Japanese officer prefer white
women... racist Basterds...

General steps closer, his gaze shifting between the photographs laid out.

GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR

That was you?

Melanie nods.

GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR (CONT'D)

Proceed.

BRIGGS

We've just intercepted
intelligence that the Japanese high
command, are converging to the
Philippines, something big we don't
know what...

JACK

And how exactly am I involved in this?

BRIGGS

We need to disrupt the enemy...

MELANIE

You're being assigned to Operation One Night Stand. Part of your mission will involve infiltrating enemy lines, gathering crucial intelligence. And should the chance present itself, you'll also be tasked with eliminating key targets.

JACK DAWSON

Last time I held a gun was in training

MELANIE

Have you fired a rifle before?

JACK

Yes.

MELANIE

Good, that's the basics. The rest will come naturally.

JACK

So, what do you expect me to do? I have to... sleep with them are you guys nutty? What if they find out who I really?

MELANIE

Just focus on the task at hand, Jack. If things start heading south, neutralize the threat before your cover's blown. Kill them before sex...

JACK

What the fuck?

MELANIE

Japanese officers have a particular taste for white women. And you can pull this off.

(MORE)

MELANIE (CONT'D)

A little song and dance makes a whole lot of difference.

BRIGGS

And you won't be alone. Our intel has pinpointed a Gentlemen's Club the Golden Lilly, they frequent. That's where we'll insert you. We've already placed contacts there...

JACK

This is crazy!

MELANIE

This is the only chance we can get close enough to...

JACK DAWSON

I'm not an assassin... Couldn't this job be done by someone... more suitable who is in fact an actually woman...

BRIGGS

We already did, we did approach others. Melanie herself was the first to volunteer. You're our last best hope, it needs someone with your unique skills.

MELANIE

I understand the risks seem daunting, Jack. But we've meticulously planned this operation to maximize your survivability.

JACK

And if things don't go the way you planned?

MELANIE

We have contingency plans for extraction. Trust us, Jack. We've pulled off operations with slimmer chances.

JACK

Do I have a choice?

GENERAL DOUGLAS MCARTHUR

Your country needs you Jack...

JACK

Just look at me. You expect me to strangle someone with silk stockings.

BRIGGS

The more officers you take out, the more lives you save. Think of it that way.

CAPTAIN MELANIE TAYLOR

We need you...
We need Jaqueline...

INT. CHURCH - DAY

While priest and parishioners watch helplessly, Japanese soldiers ransack the church, seizing gold relics and silverware, including chalices and plates. They hastily pack the stolen treasures into crates.

INT. BANK - DAY

Japanese soldiers emerge from a shattered vault, hefting heavy bags of gold coins. As one soldier loses his footing, a bag slips from his grasp and hits the ground with a thud. Gold coins spill out, clattering across the floor in a cascade of shimmering metal.

EXT. JAPANESE MILITARY CAMP - DAY

Takamura watches with a cold gaze as soldiers load crates of valuable artifacts onto trucks.

TAKAMURA

We are soldiers, not pawnbrokers at a market.

Lieutenant Tatsuya looks on to Takamura with curiosity.

LIEUTENANT TATSUYA

General Yamashita, sir?

TAKAMURA

Did you know he fell into disfavor with Emperor Hirohito due to his appeal for leniency toward rebel officers involved in the attempted coup.

Takamura gestures towards soldiers lifting crates, one spilling a crate of gold candlesticks and silverware on the ground, the soldiers frantic to pick up the pieces and put them back in the crate.

TAKAMURA (CONT'D)

Now he thinks he can get back that favor by taking the wealth of Asia for the empire...

Takamura walks away.

INT. JAPANESE HEAD QUARTERS - DAY

CAPTAIN SATO 26 Japanese Kempeitai officer seated behind his desk, which is cluttered with reports and maps. A lavish meal is spread out before him.

CAPTAIN SATO

Has Lieutenant Hoa reported back yet? Did he manage to secure the women from Camp Hosho? And where is Colonel Takamura? I still can't believe he slipped away after his people attempted a coup against the army...

JAPANESE AIDE

He must know which ass to kiss..

CAPTAIN SATO

Not if I had a say in his court-martial...

TAKAMURA (V.O.)

I was acquitted... You were there... you should know.

The door swings open abruptly, and Takamura steps in

TAKAMURA

Planning to use the south road. I recommend using the jungle as cover to move the shipment discreetly.

CAPTAIN SATO

Thank you for handling that Yamashita issue. Who else is in the loop?

TAKAMURA

Just you and me, Captain

CAPTAIN SATO

Good! Now to more pressing matters
We're hosting an essential guest a
party for our friends. Colonel Ohta
has appointed me to oversee
security. Tojo will be here for a
special preview.

TAKAMURA

I am not here to play babysitter.

CAPTAIN SATO

Your mission, Colonel, is to follow
orders. My authority in this
matter is clear.

TAKAMURA

Your Authority?

CAPTAIN SATO

Exactly. You may outrank me, but
High Command saw it fit that I
should take charge of this
operation and I decided to assign
it to you.

TAKAMURA

And what else?

CAPTAIN SATO

High Command is looking forward to
sampling the local hospitality.
Lieutenant Hoa seems to be nowhere
to be found, you'll be tasked with
ensuring our guests want for
nothing during their stay.
Let the army deal with the rebels.
I need you focused on this special
operation, Takamura.

TAKAMURA

Is that everything?

CAPTAIN SATO

No, Just wait for further
instructions make sure you pick the
prettiest women on the island.

Takamura turns sharply on his heel, annoyed and leaves the
room. Lieutenant Tatsuya waiting out the door he follows
Takamura.

INT. JAPANESE SUBMARINE - DAY

The JAPANESE SUB CAPTAIN, nods and peers through the periscope.

JAPANESE SUB CAPTAIN
There she is, the refueling ship.
Prepare to surface.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

The submarine ascends towards the surface, emerging near the refueling ship, where a walkway extends to bridge them.

INT. SUBMARINE - DAY

As the hatch opens and the refueling process begins, the calm is suddenly shattered, Watanabe's men, ten Japanese American soldiers, rapidly descend onto the submarine, catching the crew off guard.

LIEUTENANT WATANABE
Secure the vessel! Move!

Confusion ensues as the original crew scrambles. The invading soldiers quickly take control. Japanese Sub Captain and crew raise their hand at gunpoint and surrender the submarine.

LIEUTENANT WATANABE (CONT'D)
Check their cargo.

The Watanabe's men move through the submarine, locating crates marked with symbols indicating high-value contents: Gold, advanced engine parts and confidential schematics.

LIEUTENANT WATANABE (CONT'D)
We hit the Jackpot!

Jack, Captain Melanie and Major Briggs step onto the submarine's deck.

MAJOR BRIGGS
Excellent they still don't have a clue we broke their code... good work uncovering this secret refueling ship. With this intel, we can catch them red-handed.

Lieutenant Watanabe hand him a clipboard holding the captured manifest.

MAJOR BRIGGS (CONT'D)
Gold, coffee, a Walter rocket engine and plans for the jet-powered plane.

MELANIE
Just as we suspected.

JACK
Most of this stuff is German.

Lieutenant Watanabe approaches, handing over a set of documents. Major Briggs quickly scans through the orders.

MAJOR BRIGGS
Perfect, this submarine was headed to the Philippines, we will use there submarine to sneak in, drop of the team and carry on with the operation.

JACK
You planned this all through didn't you?

MAJOR BRIGGS
How do you think we'd get to the Islands undetected? We suspected they were using submarines from Lorient, Hence ride.

LIEUTENANT WATANABE
They had to make room for their cargo. She's got eight tubes all loaded with Type 93 Long Lance Torpedoes. And the communication systems are still working, sir.

MAJOR BRIGGS
Everything is going smoothly so far. We have bigger plans for this sub. We just need confirmation on another.

Bang, Bang! - three concealed Kempeitai officers unleash a barrage of gunfire, plunging the interior into violent chaos and fatally wounding Major Briggs.

MELANIE
We're under attack, secure the submarine!

The Watanabe's men, fight and shoot back, Captain Melanie hitting her marks.

The last Kempeitai aboard the submarine falls. Melanie pauses briefly beside Major Briggs, who lies lifeless on the deck.

JACK

What do we do now?

MELANIE

Nothing stops us, We continue with the mission.

EXT. GOLDEN LILLY - NIGHT

The neon glow of the club sign flickers against the night, THE GOLDEN LILY casting a surreal light on the scene below. Isabelle now disguised as a man named Enrique, blends her guise as a bellboy at the Gentlemen's Club.

Takamura, accompanied by two of his officer's soldiers, arrives in a jeep, pulling up with a sense of urgency. They move towards a truck parked nearby. Takamura unloads a group of frightened women, gesturing for Enrique to take them inside.

Takamura pauses for a moment, his gaze meeting Enrique's. There's a flicker of scrutiny, but no recognition passes in Takamura's eyes as he turns away, lost in his objectives.

INT. GOLDEN LILLY - FOYER - NIGHT

Japanese officers enter the club they examine the lineup of beautiful Filipina women some standing and some sitting. Some of the women escorts the officers to their rooms, they pass the Older officers with captured white women.

Inside, Captain Sato strides with an air of entitlement, meeting MADAM BERNADETTE 50 year old Filipina, the Club's head.

CAPTAIN SATO

I want my usual, now.

Madam Bernadette signals to a helper, ensuring the Captain's demands are met.

INT. GOLDEN LILLY - MADAM BERNADETTE OFFICE - NIGHT

Madam Bernadette retreats to her office, The dimly lit room filled her pipe smoke starkly contrasts the gaudy lights outside. She settles behind her desk.

MADAM BERNADETTE

Come out. I know you're there. Stop looking at me with those judgmental eyes.

Isabelle walks out from the shadows dividers.

ISABELLE

I'm here for Maya, my cousin...

MADAM BERNADETTE

Do you think Maya would be safer with you? Listen, the work I do here is vital. You, the rebels, need the intel I provide. We need to work together and coordinate our efforts.

MAYA, a 19 year old Filipina enter the room.

MAYA

Everything's set.

MADAM BERNADETTE

I should be glad that you've taken your work far from here... randomly Killing a drunk officer, sabotaging, setting depots a flame... Try not to draw too much attention to my girls and establishment, I can only protect them so much.

ISABELLE

When I take Maya with me we will leave, she'll be better protected with me.

MADAM BERNADETTE

Or you can be helping Mariposa out there in real battlefield, you're a good fighter Isabelle.

ISABELLE

I don't want any part of it. And neither would Maya... Maya? I came to take you away from here. It's no longer safe.

MAYA

I remember playing hide and seek at your mother's house when we were kids. You always found me, no matter where I hid.

(MORE)

MAYA (CONT'D)

But this isn't a game anymore I know that... You do what you must, cousin. When they killed my parents and my brother I knew I had to fight for them but I fight with what I have. I do this to help others, not just myself. As you also do... We owe it to them...

MADAM BERNADETTE

Your in too deep Isabelle. So is your cousin. We've manage to find protection behind enemy lines. Its an advantage we don't want to waste. Maya, would be much more safer with us than you.

ISABELLE

It's too dangerous, Maya.

MAYA

Danger is everywhere... If we don't do our part, it'll only get worse, no matter where we go we're not safe.

MADAM BERNADETTE

We all have roles thrust upon us. Each contribution, like Maya's, saves lives. You above all people should know this... Join us Isabelle...

ISABELLE

Maya, we are the only ones left in our family.

Isabelle turns to Madam Bernadette

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

If she gets hurt, I'm coming for you.

MADAM BERNADETTE

Then stay...

INT. GOLDEN LILY - LUXURY SUITE - NIGHT

A large, ornate bath dominates the room where Captain Sato lounges. The effects of alcohol are evident in his relaxed posture and unfocused gaze. Maya sits beside him in the tub.

CAPTAIN SATO

Ah, Maya... it's like the war
doesn't even touch this place.

Maya remains silent.

CAPTAIN SATO (CONT'D)

You know, there's an art to
moving... treasures. Especially in
times like these.

MAYA

That sounds... quite heavy.

CAPTAIN SATO

Oh, it is... it's heavy, it's...
gold, Maya. Not just any gold but a
fortune. Billions... And it's all
being moved soon, here. Through the
jungle by the south road. Can you
imagine?

MAYA

You must be tired...

CAPTAIN SATO

Yes. There's more... bound for
home. But shh... it's a secret.

MAYA

Your secret's safe with me,
Captain.

Sato's gaze follows her as she exits, but he's too caught in
his drunken stupor to grasp the gravity of his revelations.

INT. GOLDEN LILLY - BACKROOM - NIGHT

Maya quickly moves to a secluded spot. The door reveals a
dimly lit backroom, where Madam Bernadette sits at an old,
scarred table surrounded by a mishmash of radio equipment and
papers. The room is functional and bare, starkly contrasting
the Gentlemen's Club 's opulence.

MADAM BERNADETTE

What have you find out?

MAYA

The captain was...
talkative tonight.

Maya reaches into her pocket and pulls out a small, intricately carved figurine, placing it on the table between them.

MADAM BERNADETTE

Gold?

MAYA

And more. He was pretty straightforward despite he had too much to drink.

MADAM BERNADETTE

This will interest our friends.

INT. GOLDEN LILLY - BACKROOM - NIGHT

Madam Bernadette she approaches Isabelle, inspecting her appearance with a critical eye.

MADAM BERNADETTE

This is what we have.

Isabelle meets Madam Bernadette's gaze, hands over a note.

EXT. OUTER WALLS - NIGHT

As Isabelle steps into the shadowy streets, leaving the relative safety of the Gentlemen's Club 's walls behind, she senses rather than sees the two Japanese soldiers tailing her.

JAPANESE SOLDIER #1 (O.S.)

Stop there!

JAPANESE SOLDIER #2 (O.S.)

And where do you think you're going?

ISABELLE

Home.

JAPANESE SOLDIER #1

The night is still young. How about some fun?

ISABELLE

My mother will be looking for me.

JAPANESE SOLDIER #2

It's too late for that.

Isabelle draws her bolo knife cuts the soldiers down.
Isabelle drags them to the corner where the shadows hide
their trail of blood.

EXT. MOUTH OF MANILA BAY - NIGHT

As the stolen Imperial Japanese Navy submarine navigates the dark waters of Manila Bay. CORPORAL JIRO, 19 a 19-year-old American Japanese soldier on watch, spots a formidable silhouette looming in the distance.

CORPORAL JIRO
Captain! You need to see this!

Hearing the call, Captain Melanie, lieutenant Watanabe, and Jack quickly ascend to the conning tower. They join the crew member, peering into the night. As their eyes adjust, the massive form of the battleship YAMATO entering Manila bay.

JACK
Is that what I think it is?

MELANIE
It's a battleship.

CORPORAL JIRO
It's not just a battleship...Its a
SUPER battleship; it's the YAMATO!

MELANIE
Are you certain?

CORPORAL JIRO
Yes Ma'am a massive ship like can't
miss it...

MELANIE
Briggs intel was right...

JACK
What does this mean?

MELANIE
A ship like that in this region
could completely shift the balance
of power.

JACK
How about the night club gig...

LIEUTENANT WATANABE
We got this...

MELANIE

We have our work cut out for us.
Plan B...

EXT. DARK WATERS NEAR THE SUBMARINE - NIGHT

Captain Melanie stands at the open hatch of the submarine. Beside her, Jack and two other U.S. Soldiers, PRIVATE STEPHEN, 21-year-old African American, and CORPORAL MIGUEL, 20-year-old Mexican American explosive experts, prepare a small inflatable raft.

CORPORAL MIGUEL

(As he helps load the raft,
whispering to the others)
Every thing we need we got it...

PRIVATE STEPHEN

We got enough high-power explosives
to stick it up Tojo's ass!

LIEUTENANT WATANABE

Are you sure about this?

MELANIE

It's easier to hide in plain site,

Lieutenant Watanabe nods, goes back into the submarine, Jack checks the supplies in the raft – a compact assortment of weapons, navigation tools, and waterproof bags.

JACK

(Checking a waterproof
bag, tone serious)
Everything packed, right?

PRIVATE STEPHEN

Even your makeup? Planning to
powdering some booty...

CORPORAL MIGUEL

Explosives, Machine guns and
mascara-got all the essentials.

JACK

Do we even have a plan for
something like this?

MELANIE

Like I said, we have contingencies
for everything.

JACK
 Captain, there's more you're not
 letting on, isn't there?

The raft drifts silently away from the submarine,
 disappearing into the darkness.

INT. YAMATO - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

A grand, ornate conference. Seated around the table, a
 gathering of imperial princes, warlords and their Nazi guests
 under the somber glow of overhead lights.

KRIMINALSEKRETÄR HANS(45) Gestapo representative,

HAUPTMANN GERHARD(25) army and serves as the group's muscle.

STANDARTENFÜHRER KARL(35) SS representative and the group
 leader.

Tojo, stands at the head of the table.

TOJO
 We would like to extend our hand to
 a special guest. This operation is
 too important -

Before Tojo can finish, PRINCE ASAKA (50) he has a
 distinguished toothbrush mustache and a army officer uniform,
 cuts in with a boisterous interjection.

PRINCE ASAKA
 You better make good, Tojo, or
 you'll find yourself out of a job
 before this war is over!

EXT. NANKING, CHINA - DAY (FLASHBACK)

TOJO (V.O)
 This is not like one of your
 special operations in Nanking?

The grisly tableau the city of Nanking. Prince Asaka, atop a
 makeshift dais. Below him, Japanese soldiers wreak havoc
 among the terrified civilians; raping, pillaging and
 indiscriminate shooting.

END FLASHBACK

BACK TO THE YAMATO:

TOJO (CONT'D)
I am in control...

PRINCE HIGASHIKUNI Japanese dashing rugged looking male in his early 30, wearing army uniform wearing black bomber jacket. The room, still tingling with the undercurrents of laughter from Prince Asaka's remark, shifts attention as Prince Higashikuni.

PRINCE HIGASHIKUNI
Can this bucket of bolts go any
faster! My cocks is hungry for some
island pussy!

He makes a crude gesture, mimicking straddling a woman, drawing mixed reactions of chuckles and raised eyebrows from around the table.

PRINCE HIGASHIKUNI (CONT'D)
I knew we should have taken a
plane... was this your idea round
head!

TOJO
Show some respect... Remember,
there is so much we allow you, act
appropriately.

INT. HIDDEN BUNKER LABORATORY (FLASHBACK)

In a dimly lit underground lab, Prince Higashikuni stands over a row of strapped-down prisoners, observing as scientists administer experimental drugs and deliver poison gas. His presence is both commanding and coldly curious, Watching through a glass wall the prisoners and captive Civilians convulse under the effects of his ordered experiments.

END FLASHBACK

BACK TO THE YAMATO:

TOJO (CONT'D)
It was my idea that we should bring
the Yamato, than fly on a plane...

PRINCE FUSHIMA, a dignified figure in his 60s, dressed in an impeccable Imperial Navy uniform, is sipping sake with a measured calm. He chuckles reservedly at Prince Higashikuni's impatience.

PRINCE FUSHIMA

Tojo is right, Then risk getting
shot down like Admiral Yamamoto?
This is the safest way to travel.

PRINCE HIGASHIKUNI

Look at this old fool! You've been
on a boat for too long, maybe you
prefer the company of boys, huh?

EXT. DESTROYER - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Prince Fushima oversees a naval operation from the bridge of
a destroyer.

JAPANESE OFFICER

This is a merchant vessel, sir.

PRINCE FUSHIMA

In war, there are no mere
civilians. Everyone is a combatant.

His face is impassive as he watches through binoculars while
his ships attack unarmed merchant vessels trying to escape.
Fires blaze and people leap overboard in desperate survival
attempts.

END FLASHBACK

BACK TO THE YAMATO:

PRINCE CHICHIBU

Let us not forget why we are here...

PRINCE HIGASHIKUNI

Ah the mastermind speaks!

INT. BANK - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Prince Chichibu in a heavily guarded vault, overseeing
Japanese Soldiers loading of gold bars into crates. Each bar
is stamped with the emblem of conquered nations.

END FLASHBACK

BACK TO THE YAMATO:

With a return to the conference room aboard the Yamato.

The princes are laughing and clinking glasses, their
joviality. Across from this notorious quartet sits General
Tojo, flanked by two high-ranking Nazi officers.

TOJO
 (coldly, to the princes)
 The princes may wear the Emperor's
 blood, but make no mistake--this war
 marches to my command.

He to the German guest.

TOJO (CONT'D)
 Gentlemen, valued at nearly \$6
 billion. This treasure and the
 technology you have shared with us
 will fuel our victory in the East.

PRINCE HIGASHIKUNI (O.S.)
 Let's not count our eggs before
 they hatch--

STANDARTENFÜHRER KARL
 With the supplies we've brought,
 defeating the Allies will be a mere
 formality. Plans for our jet planes
 and the rockets...

PRINCE CHICHIBU
 For the price we're paying, it had
 better be.

PRINCE HIGASHIKUNI
 Rockets? Not as good as mine, hits
 it mark every time!

He laughs and punctuates his crude joke with an exaggerated
 pelvic thrust. As the laughter continues, the German officers
 lean towards each other, their faces grave as they engage in
 a hushed, urgent conversation.

HAUPTMANN GERHARD
 (German; English Subs)
 Hear that? He's sure loud about it.

KRIMINALSEKRETÄR HANS
 (German; English Subs)
 Probably screams the same way, up
 the arse.

Gerhard and Hans share a chuckle.

Tojo nods, glancing nervously at the assembled power players.

TOJO
 My plan is to use the Yamato in
 transporting the treasures.
 (MORE)

TOJO (CONT'D)
Nothing can stop our great super battleship.

HAUPTMANN GERHARD
Wouldn't A U-boat sufficed...

Prince Fushima, quick to defend the decision with a blend of pride and tactical acumen, interjects confidently.

PRINCE FUSHIMI
Under the current conditions, you lost more submarines in calmer seas. This battleship is the way it is the ultimate power on the sea! It was my suggestion we use it to safeguard the treasure until we can bring them back to Japan.

STANDARTENFÜHRER KARL
(Nodding in agreement)
A formidable strategy, indeed.

HAUPTMANN GERHARD
(German; English Sub)
I can't believe the Fuhrer agreed to this, them? What's the real play here?

KRIMINALSEKRETÄR HANS
(German; English Subs)
Don't question the Fuhrer, It's about keeping the Americans distracted.

HAUPTMANN GERHARD
(German; English Subs)
The Heil Hitler! These fools look more distracted than the Americans.

STANDARTENFÜHRER KARL
(German; English Subs)
What do you expect from a hinterland?

STANDARTENFÜHRER KARL (CONT'D)
(German; English Sub)
Better this than being at Stalingrad.

He glances towards Tojo, raising his glass slightly

STANDARTENFÜHRER KARL (CONT'D)
Let's hope Manila's hospitality lives up to its reputation.

KRIMINALSEKRETÄR HANS
(German; English Sub)
I'll reserve judgment. This is
strictly business...

TOJO
We will be docking in Manila
shortly. I have ensured that we
will be taken care of...

PRINCE HIGASHIKUNI
Too much talk! Tojo, make sure
Yamashita knows to select the
finest... delicacies for our arrival.
And don't forget the pretty white
women prisoners—make sure he picks
the beautiful ones, eh? I call
first dibs on the top of the
litter.

TOJO
This is not a pleasure cruise...

PRINCE HIGASHIKUNI
Nonsense!!! There is always
pleasure when business is this
good!

EXT. YAMATO - NIGHT

Captain Melanie and her crew lands on the shore. Pull the
raft into the foliage.

MELANIE
Move out...

Jack and Melanie walk along the rugged coastline. Waves
crashing against the shore. They suddenly come upon a
sprawling, makeshift graveyard.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
Why did you enlist, Jack?

JACK
I wanted to do my part—sure. But
really... I just wanted to bring
light where it's darkest. I sing, I
dance—I make 'em laugh. If I can
help one soldier forget the war for
five minutes, that's worth it.

He trails off. His eyes land on a shallow grave nearby. The smile fades from his face, swallowed by silence.

Nearly a thousand bodies are scattered across the landscape, some buried wooden cross sticks mark the graves, some covered with torn cloth, others with stones.

JACK (CONT'D)

You know what, screw this... it's my life. You can just walk away. I'm not doing the mission.

MELANIE

Dawson, you're a badass. The mere fact that you're here means you're a badass, and you'll survive.

Jack crouches by a makeshift grave, his hand resting gently on the rough marker. He bows his head, his lips moving silently in a prayer.

Captain Melanie grabs a locket around her neck and opens it its a picture of Mariposa.

JACK

What about you, why are you really here?

Melanie look at Jack.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

Mariposa, Amir the Laughing Lion and their troops move through the jungle and stop at the outskirts of Manila, they scout out for Japanese checkpoints, there all dressed as women. Mariposa looks at the moon.

MARIPOSA

Lets go.

EXT. COASTLINE - NIGHT

Melanie looks up to the moon.

EXT. PHILIPPINES - ARMY TRAINING BASE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

SUPERIMPOSE "LITTLE SPAIN" - 1935

A vibrant army base in the Philippines build around a for city, its field alive with the hustle of young soldiers jogging in tight formation. Among them, a determined Mariposa, not yet in uniform, moves, her eyes absorbing every detail of the training as she carries clerical documents.

As she navigates through the bustling training grounds, she accidentally bumps into Lieutenant Melanie Taylor. The two exchange a quick, apologetic glance that turns into a competitive spark.

The two women running side by side across a sprawling obstacle course, their feet pounding the dirt path, leaping over hurdles, and crawling under nets. Their breaths are heavy but their spirits high. The Fall to the ground resting, and a Butterfly flies towards Maria face. They both look happy.

Mariposa leading Melanie into the church and sitting side by side sharing a serene moment of companionship. The stained glass casts colorful shadows on their faces.

Mariposa leans back, her voice barely a whisper.

MELANIE:

We have to hold on to what we believe in.

MARIPOSA:

No matter what right?

Melanie opens her eyes, meeting Mariposa's gaze with determination.

MELANIE:

No matter what happens, we can't let go of that.

EXT. PICNIC GROUNDS - DAY

The pair was laughing and sharing a picnic meal, with the cloth bearing the remnants of a hearty meal. Their laughter fills the space. A butterfly lands on Melanie's finger.

Mariposa touches Melanie's hand with the butterfly,

MARIPOSA

We call that Mariposa in Spanish

MELANIE

That's your name...

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

BANG, CLICK, Mariposa is seen standing at a firing lane, a rifle awkwardly held in her hands. Melanie approaches from behind.

MELANIE

(Gently guiding Maria's hands)

Relax your shoulders, Maria. Keep your feet shoulder-width apart. Aim like you're pointing at something you care about.

Mariposa nods, her concentration intense as she aligns the rifle under Melanie's careful instruction. Melanie adjusts Maria's stance, standing close enough for their arms to brush, ensuring her posture is perfect for shooting.

MARIPOSA

Like this?

MELANIE

Exactly like that. Now, take a deep breath... and when you're ready, gently squeeze the trigger.

The rifle fires with a sharp crack, the recoil pushing against her shoulder.

Mariposa and Melanie looking downrange to see where the shot hit. A smile spreads across Maria's face as they see the target hit near the center.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

See? You're a natural at this.

EXT. EVACUATION DOCK - DAY

Superimpose 1942

The chaos of the evacuation is palpable as civilians and soldiers alike rush towards the last ships leaving the harbor. Smoke billows in the distance, and the sound of distant artillery echoes ominously.

MELANIE

Mariposa, you need to get on the boat now!

Mariposa, who is helping a young child onto a truck.

MARIPOSA

I can't leave, Mel. This is my home, my fight. I need to stay and defend it.

MELANIE

Maria, please. We can fight together from afar. You don't have to do this alone!

MARIPOSA

I won't be alone... Some battles need to be fought at home, Mel. I know you understand. Go, and be safe.

Melanie hesitates, tears brimming as she grasps Mariposa's hand briefly.

MELANIE

I'll make it back!

END FLASHBACK

EXT. COASTLINE - NIGHT

MELANIE

That was the last time I saw her. When intelligence reports came in that she was leading a group of freedom fighters, I wasn't surprised; She knows exactly what she's doing. She has the grit and charisma to inspire real change. I trust her to lead, to fight, and to win.

Jack takes a second glance at the graves by shore line.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

How do you do it? I mean... dress up. Go on stage like that?

DAWSON

(small chuckle)

You mean like a clown in heels?

MELANIE

No. Not the act. You. How does it feel?

Jack stares out at the ocean, his eyes glassy.

JACK

Terrifying. Every time I paint on that face, I think--this is the night they'll see through me. Not the character. Me.

(pauses, exhales)

There's shame. Secrecy. Like I'm smuggling something sacred through a checkpoint.

Melanie silent, listening

JACK (CONT'D)

But then the curtain lifts. Lights hit. Laughter starts. And for ten, maybe fifteen minutes... I'm Jaqueline. In the world. Not sneaking through it.

Melanie watches his face.

JACK (CONT'D)

They think it's a gag. Something to get the boys grinning before they go die in a ditch. But for me? It's real. The wig, the heels, the voice--it's the only time I'm not pretending.

Wave crashes.

MELANIE

I wish I had that. Even just the lights.

JACK

You got something better. You're brave enough to wear the uniform. I'm just trying to live in the cracks.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Bustling city under occupation, its streets crawling with Japanese patrols. Mariposa, weaves her way through the crowded marketplaces and narrow alleys. Clad in nondescript local attire. She pauses occasionally, blending in with street vendors, her eyes constantly scanning for patrolling soldiers. Her path is a series of close calls and sharp turns. The city itself becomes a maze. As she approaches an old, abandoned theater, her pace slows.

INT. ABANDONED THEATER - BACKSTAGE - DAY

The dimly lit backstage of an abandoned theater is cluttered with old costumes and masks. Amidst this setting, Isabelle meticulously assembles and checks weapons.

MARIPOSA

Isabelle, we need your help.

ISABELLE

Mariposa, I work alone.

MARIPOSA

Our people need your help. The enemy has decided to steal our treasures. We need to join forces and—

ISABELLE

The last time I teamed up, the Japanese wiped out half the town.

MARIPOSA

I know the risks are high, but together, we can do more. We can hit them where it matters.

ISABELLE

I've got intel on the next movement of gold shipments. It's more than I can handle alone, but it's perfect for your people.

MARIPOSA

One man can make a difference, Isabelle.

ISABELLE

I am not a man.

MARIPOSA

I'm sorry, I misspoke. Please forgive me. One person can make a difference, Isabelle.

ISABELLE

I'm I like a weapon to you.

MARIPOSA

No, Isabelle, that's not what I—

Mariposa steps closer, her voice growing firm.

MARIPOSA (CONT'D)

You're not the only one who's lost people. We all have. It's about ensuring that what happened to us never happens again.

ISABELLE

And what happens when they come for you? When you're bleeding out in the dirt, will you still be so garrulous about hope?

MARIPOSA

If it means standing up to them, if it means fighting for a future, then yes. I'll take that risk. You can either stay here, wallowing in your self-doubt, or you can stand with me and give them hell.

Isabelle's breathing grows heavier, her fists clenched in anger and confusion.

MARIPOSA (CONT'D)

We believed in a cause, Isabelle. I believed in you. We can't let that hope die.

ISABELLE

And what if we lose? What if our fight changes nothing? What becomes of hope...

MARIPOSA

Then we fight until it does.

ISABELLE

You're a damn fool, Mariposa. But maybe... maybe a fool is what we need. But I'm sorry I'm not that kind of fool.

MARIPOSA

Thank you, Isabelle. Stay safe no one should ever be alone.

Isabelle watches Mariposa leave, then returns to her weapons once more.

EXT. DENSE JUNGLE ROAD - DAY

A caravan of three massive wooden wagons, creaking under the weight of hidden cargo, trudges along a dirt road carved through the thick jungle.

Each wagon is pulled by sturdy horses and seemingly guarded by farmers, who are in fact Japanese soldiers in clever disguise.

Mariposa, the Laughing Lion and the squad in behind the bushes a top trees.

MARIPOSA (CONT'D)
Just as intel said

THE LAUGHING LION
We have them where we want them...

The tranquil sound of nature is abruptly shattered when Lieutenant Hoa, dressed in drag, is thrown in front of the caravan.

LIEUTENANT HOA
Stop the caravan!

The moment he signals, the silence breaks into chaos. Filipino rebels, previously hidden by the foliage, emerge with weapons drawn. They surround the caravan, closing in with strategic precision.

MARIPOSA
Attack!

Just as the rebels draw closer to the wagons, tension peaks—the rear wagon door suddenly swings open. In a horrifying twist, it explodes, sending shockwaves and debris into the air. Almost simultaneously, the second wagon's false panels fall away, revealing a squad of Japanese soldiers armed with a machine gun.

JAPANESE GUNNER
Fire!

The machine gun roars, cutting down the approaching Rico, River and Paulina.

THE LAUGHING LION
(Yelling as he ducks for
cover)
It's a trap! Fall back!

The rebels scramble desperately, retreating toward the forest's cover. However, their retreat is hampered as more Japanese troops pour into the clearing.

TAKAMURA
Secure the area! Capture survivors!
I want them alive!

THE LAUGHING LION
They knew we were coming.

JOSEPHINE
They're onto us.

Mariposa stops, her gaze hard and calculating. She looks back towards the clearing, her eyes narrowing.

MARIPOSA
We need to get out of here...

Mariposa leads them to a concealed vantage point, where they crouch low.

MARIPOSA (CONT'D)
We need to move, now. They're sweeping the area.

With a silent nod Josephine, Amir and Ken begin to carefully navigate through the dense undergrowth.

MARIPOSA (CONT'D)
We'll regroup at the rendezvous point. It's covered and hard to track. We're not beaten yet.

They meld into the jungle's shadows, their figures gradually disappearing into the greenery.

INT. JAPANESE MILITARY COMMAND CENTER - DAY

JAPANESE SOLDIER
Sir, General Yamashita and General Homma are on their way.

Captain Sato stands over a large map, his hand trembling slightly as he pretends to focus on troop movements, the hum of radio chatter JAPANESE AIDE operating the radio.

JAPANESE AIDE
The convoy... it's under attack!

CAPTAIN SATO
What?

He quickly regains composure.

CAPTAIN SATO (CONT'D)
How... how is that possible?

JAPANESE AIDE

Heavy casualties, sir. Takamura's forces are engaged... he reports success in repelling the rebels, but it was a close call. They knew exactly where to strike.

CAPTAIN SATO

Did... did Takamura say anything else?

JAPANESE AIDE

No, sir. Just that the rebels seemed unusually well-prepared... as if they knew our exact location.

CAPTAIN SATO

Takamura... He planned this to embarrass me...

The aide looks at Sato, suspicion flickering in his eyes.

CAPTAIN SATO (CONT'D)

Get me General Yamashita!

The aide nods. Sato wipes sweat from his brow.

CAPTAIN SATO (CONT'D)

Damn it, Takamura... We must go to Yamashita now. We need to brief him before Takamura reports this.

The Aide nods, quickly exiting the room. Sato runs out of his office.

EXT. JAPANESE MILITARY BASE - DAY

Takamura walks briskly across the military compound. Followed by Lieutenant Hoa, still wearing a dress and disheveled. Takamura intercepts Captain Sato just as a group of high-ranking Japanese officials approaches, clapping SATO on the back in congratulations. GENERAL HOMMA mid 50's head of the Japanese forces in the Philippines, and Yamashita. Takamura leans into Captain Sato.

TAKAMURA

Only two people knew about the caravan's route--me, and you. And I certainly didn't let it slip. High Command will hear of this breach.

General Homma and Yamashita look behind to see, a dead Filipino rebel in woman clothing.

GENERAL HOMMA

Good job, Sato! Apprehending those
head-hunting rebels and taking down
the infamous Lady Man
Killer—remarkable work!

Takamura watches.

CAPTAIN SATO

Thank you General, but it was all
part of my plan. I intentionally
leaked the convoy route to set a
trap, and the bait was perfectly
placed. I had Lieutenant Hoa
infiltrate the enemy and they
played right into my hands.

LIEUTENANT HOA

I... YES

Takamura's eyes narrowed.

Yamashita approaching Takamura, a sly grin playing on his
lips

YAMASHITA

If Sato keeps this up, he might
just outrank you sooner than
expected.

Takamura's jaw tightens, his face a mask of forced
neutrality.

Yamashita tapping Takamura on the shoulder in a patronizing
gesture

YAMASHITA (CONT'D)

Cheer up, Takamura. There are far
worse fates than yours. At least
you're still in the game, eh?
Consider it a blessing.

Yamashita turning to Sato, his voice stern

YAMASHITA (CONT'D)

From now on, all plans of this
nature go through me. Using the
gold as bait was an unnecessary
risk—we can't afford any more
mistakes like that.

As Homma and Yamashita walks away with Captain Sato, Takamura
stands silently, watching them leave.

EXT. ABANDONED LIBERTY SHIP ON SHORE - NIGHT

In the haunting glow of the moonlight, the rusting hull of a liberty ship looms over a somber gathering of rebels and soldiers. The air is thick with tension and the scent of saltwater.

THE LAUGHING LION
They knew we were coming.

MARIPOSA
This is just a setback.

THE LAUGHING LION
We need to hit them back. Harder.

MARIPOSA
No. Not this time. They'll be expecting us. Besides, we don't have the manpower for another strike.

THE LAUGHING LION
We just need to kill the son of a bitch who planned this. Kill more officers... Kempeitai...

Suddenly, Captain Melanie appears from the shadows, her arrival unexpected and dramatic.

MELANIE
We have a plan.

Mariposa stands up, her surprise turning into joy as she recognizes Captain Melanie. They lock eyes and, without a word, run to each other, sharing a passionate kiss.

Jack and two other U.S. Soldiers watch, surprised by the sudden display of affection.

PRIVATE STEPHEN
(To Jack, whispering)
Did you know about them?

JACK
Does it matter?

THE LAUGHING LION
Where's the rest of your team?

MELANIE
Something big just showed up. There is a super battleship park out there in the harbor.

(MORE)

MELANIE (CONT'D)

We had to make some changes, but the plan is still on.

MARIPOSA

We've got important news. They've been pilfering gold from all over and taking valuables, moving it all into the city.

MELANIE

It all makes sense now, I think they're planning to use the Yamato to transport their shipment of gold and their top brass are all here to make sure nothing goes wrong.

CORPORAL MIGUEL

Boy are they going to be disappointed.

Jack, noticeably distracted, introduces himself to Amir his gaze lingering a moment too long. Jack is attracted to Amir.

JACK

Hi, I'm Jack.

THE LAUGHING LION

Amir.

Melanie sensing the rising impatience, steers the conversation back to urgency.

MELANIE

We need to move quickly then.

THE LAUGHING LION

That's what I've been saying... We need to act now, catch them off guard. They won't expect another counterattack on those snakes.

MELANIE

No, we need to stick to the mission. Mariposa is right we don't have the numbers to counterattack. We need to head back to the city and continue our work. We need to fight smart. Jack and the rest of us are here, and we have a plan to set a trap take out the head of the snake.

Amir boils over, and he makes a bold declaration.

THE LAUGHING LION

The longer we wait more lives are
at stake, If you're not going to do
it, then I will. Who's with me?

Some rebels stir, ready to follow Amir.

MARIPOSA

Amir...

Ignoring her, Amir storms out, followed by some of the
rebels. Jack hesitates.

JACK

Wait... We need all the help we
can...

MARIPOSA

Let him go. It took me a while to
convince him to join. I'm surprised
he stuck with us this long.

CAPTAIN MELANIE TAYLOR

Alright. Our next move? We head for
the city.

INT. GOLDEN LILLY - NIGHT

In a lavishly decorated room filled with the soft glow of
candlelight and the scent of exotic oils, Sato relaxes in a
large hot tub. Steam rises around him, adding a surreal
quality to the scene. MAYA attends him.

CAPTAIN SATO

Maya, you're so good to me. This is
why you're the best in the city.
Your establishment will do well.
That's why high-ranking officers
will be going out tomorrow morning
to visit the Golden Lily. You know
why?

Maya, ever attentive, continues her ministrations while
listening intently. Her eyes are sharp, catching every
detail, every word.

CAPTAIN SATO (CONT'D)

We're going to celebrate our
victory over the rebels there. It's
going to be a grand affair.

Maya nods, her smile masking the gears turning in her mind. As she feeds Sato another grape, her thoughts are already on her next move.

MAYA

That sounds wonderful, my captain.
I'm sure everyone will enjoy
themselves immensely.

As Sato leans back, closing his eyes and smiles.

INT. MADAM BERNADETTE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The scene opens with Maya entering the dimly lit, cluttered office of Madam Bernadette. Madam Bernadette sits behind a large desk, her face illuminated by the soft light of a desk lamp, looking every bit the seasoned overseer of secrets.

MAYA

I have information about the
convoy. High-ranking officers are
planning a visit to the Golden Lily
tomorrow morning.

Madam Bernadette's eyes narrow slightly as she listens, her hands pausing from the papers she was sorting. She pulls a notebook towards her and begins writing down the details Maya provides, her handwriting steady and precise.

MADAM BERNADETTE

This is valuable, Maya. Very
valuable. Thank you.

Madam Bernadette, steps forward, her expression serious as she holds out a sealed letter to Amir, who is sitting at a worn wooden table.

MADAM BERNADETTE (CONT'D)

Amir, I believe you'll find this of
particular interest.

Amir takes the letter.

THE LAUGHING LION

Yes, this is exactly what we need.
It's time they paid for what
they've done. We'll strike hard.
Revenge will be ours.

MADAM BERNADETTE

We'll support you

THE LAUGHING LION
Gather everyone able man. We strike
at dawn.

EXT. JAPANESE NAVAL BASE - NIGHT

Under the shroud of night, Lieutenant Watanabe and his crew,
clad in Imperial Japanese Naval uniforms.

LIEUTENANT WATANABE
Everyone keep your cool.

JIRO
So far, what else can we do? It
will take more than torpedoes we
have to sink that ship. If we can
get inside... We've got to blow it
from there for good measure...

A Japanese officer confidently strides down the ramp and
approaches Lieutenant Watanabe.

JAPANESE OFFICER
Show me your orders.

Jiro quickly hands over the papers. The officer scans them
with a frown.

JAPANESE OFFICER (CONT'D)
You were supposed to unload the
cargo as soon as you arrived. Why
the delay?

LIEUTENANT WATANABE
Are we to unload here or uhm
directly onto uh,...

JAPANESE OFFICER
Don't play dumb. Load them onto the
battleship, now!

With a curt nod, the officer climbs into his jeep and speeds
off. Lieutenant Watanabe turns to his crew.

LIEUTENANT WATANABE
There's our answer... I got an
Idea.

EXT. MANILA - DAY

In the bright sunlight of a Manila morning, Yamashita climbs
into his car, settling into the plush seat with a weary sigh.

He turns to SATO, who stands outside the car, leaning in through the open door.

YAMASHITA

You've made a very powerful enemy, Sato. I've known Takamura long enough to see that he won't let this slide. It's not uncommon officer to quarrel. Believe me I barely escape from being blamed of a starting coup, I was lucky. So was Takamura he was a troublesome officer in his youth, and I doubt the years have dulled his appetite for resolve.

CAPTAIN SATO

Don't worry, I have a plan to neutralize him.

YAMASHITA

It is you who benefits from this, Sato. My primary concern is to ensure nothing disrupts the gold.

CAPTAIN SATO

Understood. The gold will not be compromised.

With a final nod, Sato steps back as the car door closes, sealing Yamashita inside. The vehicle pulls away smoothly.

INT. GOLDEN LILLY - DAY

Mariposa and Captain Melanie stride into Madam Bernadette's dimly lit office. Josephine, Private Stephen and Corporal Miguel And Jack trail behind, their eyes scanning the lavish surroundings.

MARIPOSA

Is everything ready?

MELANIE

We're here now. Let's make sure everything's prepared for action.

Jack looks around, his curiosity piqued by the opulent décor.

JACK

This joint's got some style.
-well-known bordello.

MADAM BERNADETTE
It wasn't a bordello, darling. Not
until the Japs shoved their
bayonets in and made it one.

She gestures to the faded stage behind her.

MADAM BERNADETTE (CONT'D)
Before the war, this was Theater
Royale. Great acts. Vaudeville.
Singers, dancers, illusionists...
they lit up the dark with dreams.

JACK
(staring at the stage)
Hard to believe with the beds
upstairs and the guards outside.

MADAM BERNADETTE
(snaps)
The beds came after. We gave joy.
We gave protection.
Now? We still do... but for
different reasons.

She walks to the center of the stage, runs her fingers along
the dusty edge of the spotlight.

MADAM BERNADETTE (CONT'D)
This place was built for hope. It
just forgot the tune.

A beat. Jack lowers his gaze, humbled.

MADAM BERNADETTE (CONT'D)
Maybe not. But there's still fire
in the bones.

She steps up on the stage, hands trailing along the broken
spotlight's rim.

MADAM BERNADETTE (CONT'D)
If I could burn it all down, I
would. Every red lamp, every
floorboard soaked in someone's
shame. But not yet. It still has
one more purpose to fulfill.

Jack lifts his eyes. He nods, silent understanding between
them.

MELANIE
That's why I'm here. Let's make it
count.

JACK
Where the powder room?

Madam Bernadette points towards a door discreetly.

MADAM BERNADETTE
Right this way. You'll find
Everything you need right here.

JACK
Come on, Josephine, let's see if we
can't spruce you up. By the time
I'm done, you'll be the cat's
pajamas.

Jack leads Josephine to the dressing room

INT. GOLDEN LILLY - MADAM BERNADETTE'S OFFICE - DAY

Madam Bernadette walks into the office where Melanie and
Mariposa are waiting. She holding a piece of paper.

MADAM BERNADETTE
We've set up everything as planned.
The convoy won't know what hit
them.

MELANIE
What do you mean by that?

MARIPOSA
Where's Amir?

MADAM BERNADETTE
He's not with you? He said to
prepare for an ambush. They're
planning to hit the leadership at
dawn...

MELANIE
He could jeopardize everything.

MARIPOSA
Amir has moved ahead without us,
maybe he could succeed.

MELANIE
It's too easy... too damn easy...

EXT. GRAND HOTEL - DAY

Hotel, its façade gleaming under the tropical sun. A black sedan with curtains covering the passenger sides is parked prominently out front.

Sato and Hoa and Takamura, whose demeanor sharply contrasts with Sato's outward calm. Takamura's expression is taut with barely concealed disdain

CAPTAIN SATO

It was a last-minute change,
Takamura. I need you to take charge
of Yamashita's convoy. He's already
in the car, prepped and ready.

TAKAMURA

Why not Lieutenant Hoa?

CAPTAIN SATO

We need someone of your caliber to
protect Yamashita. Besides, I'm
sending Lt. Hoa to fetch the women
prisoners from camp Hosho, or would
you prefer that assignment instead?

With a curt nod, Takamura strides toward the front of the convoy, where the jeeps are lined up. Sato, following a step behind, hands him an envelope containing the orders.

Takamura tears the envelope his eyes scanning the contents.

TAKAMURA

Why am I not surprised..

Lieutenant Tatsuya keenly focused on the task at hand.

LIEUTENANT TATSUYA

What a waste. We should be hunting
the enemy instead where here stuck
babysitting; what are our orders,
sir? Destination, sir?

TAKAMURA

Golden Lily. Indeed.

Lieutenant Tatsuya nods, the corners of his mouth twitching into a reluctant smile as he steers the jeep toward their unconventional destination.

TAKAMURA (CONT'D)

Let's move out. Maintain a tight formation and be vigilant for any unusual activity.

As the engines roar to life, the convoy begins to snake its way through the busy streets. Takamura leading from the first jeep.

The convoy maneuvers through Manila's vibrant streets, the convoy is subtly rerouted into a less populated side street. The convoy, now isolated, slows as the street narrows. Suddenly, the crack of gunfire. Explosions erupt at both ends of the street, trapping the convoy.

Takamura reacts instantly, leaping from the vehicle and rolling to cover as bullets rain down. He sprints to the black sedan, yanking open the door only to find it mockingly empty.

TAKAMURA (CONT'D)

It's a setup...

Gunfire continues from the rooftops as Takamura returns fire. Amidst the chaos, Amir, emerges from the smoke laughing.

Amir chases Takamura into a warehouse in Chinatown filled with crates of fireworks. Inside, gunpowder, and colorful fireworks. Takamura scans for weapons or an escape route as AMIR's footsteps echo closer.

THE LAUGHING LION

Come out! Your time is up.

Takamura cornered, spots a large rocket aimed at an open skylight. He quickly lights the fuse, then runs out and wrestles Amir he calculatingly maneuvering Amir into the rocket's path.

TAKAMURA

Amir was it?

The rocket ignites Amir, realizing too late turns to run, The rocket explodes forward, hitting and propelling Amir into a stack of crates which burst apart upon impact.

TAKAMURA (CONT'D)

Who's laughing now...

Takamura limps out of the warehouse, the sounds of the festival outside grow louder. Sato arrives with reinforcements, dead he is met with the sight of Takamura, bloodied on his feet the body of Amir.

CAPTAIN SATO
Impressive you survived, Colonel.

Emerging from a vehicle Yamashita.

YAMASHITA
Well done on dispatching the
Infamous Laughing Lion, Sato. An
unexpected but welcome outcome.

As the convoy prepares for deployment, Takamura strides confidently in front of the troops. His gaze sharp and commanding, he stops upon noticing Lieutenant Tatsuya slightly bruised and disheveled from the skirmish, meets Takamura's gaze.

He reaches out, ostensibly to adjust Tatsuya's disheveled collar, but his touch lingers a fraction too long. Tatsuya nods, a faint smile of relief crossing his features, quickly masked by his professional demeanor.

Takamura turns away, his expression hardening as he faces the rest of his troops, leaving Tatsuya to straighten up and blend back into the formation.

TAKAMURA
Fall Out!

Takamura turns away, his expression hardening as he faces the rest of his troops, leaving Tatsuya to straighten up and blend back into the formation.

INT. ABANDONED THEATER - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Maya visits Isabelle who is packing his weapons in his sack.

MAYA
You're leaving? Where will you go?

ISABELLE
Just be careful, okay? I won't
always be here to watch your back.
I stand out too much, and it's only
a matter of time before they start
putting things together.

MAYA
I know you're not a coward,
Isabelle. We need you here. Stay
and fight with us?

Isabelle pauses and hears movement in the theater, she gestures to Maya with a hush then moves into the shadows.

INT. ABANDONED THEATER - STAGE - NIGHT

Captain Melanie and Mariposa the center of the stage, illuminated by a single beam of moonlight streaming through a broken roof. Isabelle is watching listening.

MELANIE

You said she's a tough one to convince?

MARIPOSA

We don't have any other choice. We need her help. Amir took most of our people with him, and now they're gone.

Melanie steps closer, her gaze intense as she reaches out to gently hold Mariposa's hand.

MELANIE

I've thought of you every day since the evacuation... I would have done anything to come back to you.

MARIPOSA

I always knew you'd come back.

Captain Melanie tightens her grip slightly, her concern palpable.

MELANIE

I don't want to lose you... This mission is too dangerous.

MARIPOSA

You know I won't let that happen. Where you go, I go. We've been hiding for so long, and only now do we get to be who we are... fighting for something we believe in.

MELANIE

I'm afraid even after this war is over, the world may have no place for us.

MARIPOSA

Then we must believe that good people are fighting to give birth to something like hope.

CAPTAIN MELANIE TAYLOR
It's only in between victory and
defeat that our world seems to
exist...

MARIPOSA
Any world we fight for is better
than this.

Captain Melanie nods, her eyes reflecting a mix of fear and
love.

MELANIE
Hope for us then. Where you go, I
go.

From the shadows, Isabelle, has been eavesdropping, steps
into the faint light. Her presence is cautious but curious,
her voice hesitant as she addresses Mariposa.

ISABELLE
Mariposa...

MARIPOSA
Isabelle, we need your help.
Please...

Isabelle cautiously nods her head.

ISABELLE
Call me a fool...

INT. TAKAMURA'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Steam coils through the wooden beams, the distant hum of
crickets and dripping water the only sounds. Takamura, bare-
chested, rests in a sunken hinoki tub, scarred but composed.
Candlelight flickers against his wet skin. His head leans
back, eyes closed.

LIEUTENANT TATSUYA (O.S.)
Why do they hate you so much,
Colonel?

Takamura's lips curl-not quite a smile.

TAKAMURA
Because hate is easy when the past
still bleeds. My father and I... we
were part of a faction-idealists,
they called us. In '36, we tried to
tear the rot from the army
leadership. Too much red tape.

(MORE)

TAKAMURA (CONT'D)
Too much cowardice behind desks. We
wanted purity. Devotion. To better
serve the Emperor.

LIEUTENANT TATSUYA(O.S.)
The February Incident...

Takamura opens his eyes slowly.

TAKAMURA
Yes. I was on assignment—elsewhere.
But my father... he marched into the
storm with steel in his heart.
They caught him. Executed him with
the rest. General Yamashita was
involved too, but they gave him
leniency.

Footsteps pad softly across the wet floor. Tatsuya lean,
youthful, appears through the steam—naked, carrying a folded
towel. He kneels beside the tub, dipping the towel in the hot
water, then begins gently washing Takamura's shoulders.

LIEUTENANT TATSUYA
You were cleared. They let you
stay.

TAKAMURA
They let me exist. But not belong.
Sato and his ilk—his father died in
that coup. And mine was the one who
pulled the trigger.

Takamura's jaw clenches.

TAKAMURA (CONT'D)
They never forgot. I had to claw
for every scrap of respect. Every
order was obeyed. I had to make
them see me—not just the traitor's
son.

LIEUTENANT TATSUYA
And me?

Takamura turns. The towel halts mid-motion. Silence hums like
a live wire. Slowly, Takamura studies Tatsuya's face, then
reaches up—fingertips brushing along his jaw.

TAKAMURA
Yes... and you.

Tatsuya leans in. Their lips meet slow, deliberate, soaked in heat and longing. The candlelight flutters, then steadies, as the steam thickens around them.

INT. GOLDEN LILLY - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack wearing wig, holds a silk blue dress in front of the mirror.

MARIPOSA

Damn, girl... you're gonna break a few hearts tonight. Might even start a treaty.

JACK

It's the curls. Something about white curls and red lips makes fascists drool.

MARIPOSA

Well, you're the perfect distraction. A siren with a heartbeat—and balls.

Jack chuckles, adjusts the waistline.

JACK

I'm not trying to be perfect. Just believable. They don't want to see what's underneath anyway. Just a pretty lie.

Mariposa enters, crosses to the vanity, watching Jack in the mirror.

JACK (CONT'D)

So... what are you planning after this? You know—if we get out?

MARIPOSA

What do you mean, like... open a flower shop in Manila?

JACK

No. I mean... Melanie.
You gonna hook up with her when the world stops burning?

Mariposa's smirk fades. She looks down, fidgeting with a chipped silver lighter.

MARIPOSA

This world we're fighting for? It might be better, sure. But not for us. Not for girls who love girls. Not for you in a dress. People cheer the uniforms. Not what's beneath them.

JACK

Maybe. But Melanie came back for you. That has to mean something.

MARIPOSA

Yeah, well... I wish she didn't. I don't want her dying because of me. Love gets you shot out here.

She turns to Jack, searching his face.

MARIPOSA (CONT'D)

And you, Jack? You think they'll let you keep the wig when the music stops?

JACK

No. But maybe I'll find somewhere they do. Some dusty corner of peace. And if not... I'll make one. May be San Francisco?

Mariposa studies Jack, sees the spark that hasn't been crushed yet. Her gaze softens.

MARIPOSA

You're too damn hopeful.

JACK

Someone has to be.

MARIPOSA

Alright, then—here's the deal. You shine out there, make those bastards forget how to shoot straight. And I'll keep your ass alive long enough so that me and Mel will catch you in San Francisco...

JACK

Quid pro quo?

MARIPOSA

Exactly. You break hearts. I break necks.

They grin. Mariposa leaves the room.

INT. GOLDEN LILLY - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

The mirror bulbs buzz. Feathers, sequins, and makeup pots were scattered like tiny landmines across the vanity. Jack, half-dressed in a corset, looking at a fine blue dress.

A creak behind Jack. Jack freezes.

Isabelle emerges from the shadows behind a hanging costume rack. Her eyes are dark, unreadable. They lock eyes in the mirror.

JACK
You're beautiful.

A long pause. Isabelle doesn't smile. Doesn't speak. Just tilts her head.

ISABELLE
Be ready to fight!

And then—she slips away, disappearing behind the curtain like smoke.

Jack stares at the empty space.

She stands, walks to the rack... and stops.

One hanger swings softly. The blue dress—silk, fitted, her favorite—is gone.

JACK
Dang... she took the blue one.

She holds the empty hanger a second too long—half annoyed, half in awe.

JACK (CONT'D)
(can't help but grin)
Girl's got taste.

INT. TAKAMURA'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Takamura gets out of out bed, the moon casting shadows across the room. Beside him, a Lieutenant Tatsuya, naked sleeps soundly. Takamura's uniform hangs neatly on a chair Takamura moves methodically, he dresses in his uniform. A knock at the door.

TAKAMURA

What is it?

LIEUTENANT HOA

Sir, Captain Sato wants you to go to the Golden Lily fetch his girl Maya and bring her to him for his personal entertainment.

Lieutenant Hoa, glances past Takamura into the room, catching a glimpse of a naked male body rising out of the bed. Takamura quickly closes the door to obscure the view, grabbing the message from Hoa and scanning it hurriedly

TAKAMURA

Did you read this? He's stripping me of my command, dumping the security detail on you? He's put you in a precarious state of affairs, I should shoot you where you stand..

LIEUTENANT HOA

Just delivering the message, sir.

TAKAMURA

Who does he think he's playing?

He crumples the paper.

LIEUTENANT HOA

And the girl, sir... Maya?

TAKAMURA

Fine, I'll fetch her. You and Sato are Incompetent fools. Your kind will loose us this war, mark my words.

INT. MADAM BERNADETTE OFFICE - NIGHT

Looking at the clock, anxiety etched on her face as Isabelle enters

MADAM BERNADETTE

Thank you Isabelle, with you helping us we stand a good chance of success. You heard about the plan?

ISABELLE

I do. What do you want me to do right now?

MADAM BERNADETTE

Amir was taken out by Sato. There's
a good chance he's onto Maya too.

ISABELLE

Then it's time. This will make a
mess of things.

EXT. GOLDEN LILY - NIGHT

Takamura and his entourage stride purposefully towards the
Golden Lily. The Gentlemen's Club.

INT. GOLDEN LILY - NIGHT

Takamura approaches the counter where Madam Bernadette
presides.

TAKAMURA

I'm here for Maya. Sato's orders.

Madam Bernadette, unfazed.

MADAM BERNADETTE

Colonel, I haven't seen Maya for
quite some time. But we always aim
to accommodate.

Takamura 's gaze sharpens.

TAKAMURA

(Firmly)

I'm not leaving without a girl.

Madam Bernadette nods, turning to signal towards the back.
Moments later, Isabelle steps forward. Her appearance is both
striking and meticulously feminine.

MADAM BERNADETTE

May I present Isabelle. She is most
capable. If you know what I mean.

Takamura studies Isabelle briefly, a flash of recognition
sparking in his eyes, quickly dismissed with a shake of his
head.

TAKAMURA

Very well, she will have to do.

As he turns to leave with Isabelle, he faces Madam
Bernadette.

TAKAMURA (CONT'D)
Be ready, Madam. I will return for
Maya.

Isabelle follows Takamura out.

INT. STOLEN JAPANESE SUBMARINE - NIGHT

Lieutenant Watanabe catches Jiro's. Jiro listening on the
radio.

RADIO (V.O.)
(over the radio)
In US news, Japanese Americans are
being placed in internment camps.

Jiro who looks particularly conflicted.

LIEUTENANT WATANABE
Jiro, I know it's hard. We've all
heard things that shake us. But
remember, we're here to do a job
that goes beyond just following
orders. We're here to make a
difference for our families and for
all who believe in us.

CORPORAL JIRO
How do we keep going, knowing
what's happening back home?

LIEUTENANT WATANABE
It's about proving our worth. It's
about showing that we are not
defined by the worst actions of
others, whether they're from Japan
or the U.S. We stand for what's
right.

Soldiers begin unloading some of the crates, revealing they
contain gold beneath are explosives.

LIEUTENANT WATANABE (CONT'D)
Greedy Son of bitches, wont know
what hit them.

INT. GOLDEN LILY - AFTERNOON

Inside the dimly lit back room of the Golden Lily, Private
Stephen and Corporal Miguel are meticulously placing
explosives.

PRIVATE STEPHEN

Remind me, why are we rigging our own place again?

CORPORAL MIGUEL

It's a contingency, Stephen. We need enough firepower, so don't skimp on it.

PRIVATE STEPHEN

Like we're setting up a Roman candle to light up some Kempeitai backsides.

CORPORAL MIGUEL

Always with the ass jokes, huh?

Madam Bernadette and Melanie enter. Madam Bernadette runs her hand along the wall, a mix of sadness and resolve in her eyes.

MADAM BERNADETTE

I put everything I had into building this place. I know every strength and weakness of these walls... and what about my girls... the women that they will bring here are part of the plan to be lambs to the slaughter.

MELANIE

We'll make sure it counts for something. Everything's going to be alright.

INT. OSS MOBILE COMMAND OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

BRIGGS

The next candidate's on his way. If I'm not mistaken, it's Jack Dawson.

MELANIE

Things are looking up. Once we've got our team together, we can tweak the plan—focus on rescuing the prisoners as well.

BRIGGS

You know Captain this is not an intelligence or a rescue operation but an assassination mission.

(MORE)

BRIGGS (CONT'D)

This could very well be a one-way,
strike at the Japanese high
command.

MELANIE

If there's some slim chance we can
make it through... Major, I only took
this assignment because of that.
There could be... And The women in
the Golden Lily--don't they account
for anything?

GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR

Collateral damage.

MELANIE

I don't believe that. We risk many
lives for what? Are we forgetting
who we are fighting for?

Briggs and General Macarthur look to each other.

GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR

Stick with the objective, it will
save more lives in the long run.

END FLASHBACK

MELANIE

First, we'll create a diversion to
distract the Kempeitai and their
guests, eliminate as much as we
can. Our main goal is to evacuate
all the women safely. Once they're
clear, they'll sent reinforcements,
we'll set charges and blow the
place, taking out every last one of
those Imperial thugs.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Takamura's jeep pulls to a stop in the eerie quiet of a
moonlit cemetery. He steps out, his military posture
incongruously formal against the backdrop of tombstones.
Captain Sato and his entourage of three soldiers.

TAKAMURA

This is an odd place for a meeting.
Very... kinky, Sato.

CAPTAIN SATO

I asked for Maya.

TAKAMURA

The madam says she hasn't seen her for some time.

CAPTAIN SATO

I specifically asked for Maya.

TAKAMURA

Why? This girl is like any other.

CAPTAIN SATO

That's none of your concern. I'll handle this myself tomorrow. Leave us...go back to your guard duty or whatever is was I assigned you too.

TAKAMURA

I know it was you, Sato.

CAPTAIN SATO

And what will you do, Takamura? Tomorrow, I'll be promoted, and you'll still be an Okama. I know you've been keeping a little secret, you're lucky you're useful to us. Now go, make sure those gold shipments are secure, hope that I'll be generous that you're not cleaning latrines by tomorrow.

Takamura pauses, his eyes narrowing, then turns sharply and walks away, leaving Sato smug but unsettled. Sato turns his attention back to Isabelle.

CAPTAIN SATO (CONT'D)

Well, let's not waste the night then.

Isabelle, under the ghostly glow of the moonlight.

CAPTAIN SATO (CONT'D)

I wanted Maya to tie up loose ends. I'll find her and deal with her betrayal tomorrow. But for tonight, you'll have to suffice.

Isabelle steps forward, her posture shifting into a seductive sway, a deceptive mask of compliance.

ISABELLE

Come now, gentlemen, let's not rush this...

As three soldiers close in, Isabelle dodges a grasping hand, her knee driving into the soldier's groin. She delivers a sharp elbow to another's jaw, knocking him out cold.

Sato lunges at her, but Isabelle sidesteps. She lands a solid punch to his faces.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)
You will never touch Maya again...

CAPTAIN SATO
Who the fuck are you?

Isabelle grabs a bola knife.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

SATO (O.S)
AAAARRRAAA!

Takamura, unfazed, hears the scream but pays no mind. He continues to walk forward, his expression cold and dismissive

TAKAMURA
Freak...

Takamura gets on his jeep with Lieutenant Tatsuya and leaves the cemetery.

INT. GOLDEN LILLY - FOYER - NIGHT

Jack and Mariposa carefully help Melanie into a flowing, elegant gown. The fabric shimmers under the low light, hugging her form perfectly. Dawson steps back, admiring their handiwork, a playful smirk on his face. Melanie see her reflection in the tall mirror.

JACK
Well, aren't you quite the catch.

He gives a nod of approval before turning to the door.

JACK (CONT'D)
I'll leave you ladies to it.

Dawson exits, the door clicking shut behind him. Mariposa takes a step closer to Melanie.

MARIPOSA
You look beautiful.

Melanie doesn't respond immediately. Her hands nervously smooth the gown, her eyes darting to the floor. She takes a deep breath. She finally looks up at Mariposa

MELANIE

I thought you preferred a girl in uniform.

MARIPOSA

This works too.

Mariposa notices the change, reaching out to touch Melanie's arm.

MARIPOSA (CONT'D)

You're worried about what might happen tonight, aren't you?

MELANIE

Yes, and if things don't go as planned, I need you to know...

MARIPOSA

We'll make it through, Mel. Together.

MELANIE

This was the only way for me to be with you... Being with you, here, now...

MARIPOSA

Stop, no more talk of what might happen.

MELANIE

Alright, no more. Just remember, I love you. More than anything. Where you go I go...

MARIPOSA

And if anything happens to you, they'll pay. Every last one of them.

Mariposa and Captain Melanie kiss.

EXT. DOCKSIDE NEAR MANILA BAY - NIGHT

Watanabe and his crew are clad in Imperial Japanese Naval uniforms.

LIEUTENANT WATANABE
Everything in place?

The Jiro gives a subtle nod and a covert thumbs up. Under the gaze of Japanese officers, they begin offloading the crates to a truck. Takamura shows up in his jeep.

Watanabe crisply salutes and hands over forged orders to Takamura. Takamura gives a terse nod to an Lieutenant Tatsuya, and the unloading process commences.

LIEUTENANT TATSUYA
Open this crate now.

LIEUTENANT WATANABE
These crates aren't meant to be
opened here...

The Lieutenant Tatsuya, wrenches open the crate himself. Inside, bars of gold catch the scant light.

TAKAMURA
Seal it back up. Let's not delay
any further.

He snaps the crate shut and briskly signals to the other officers to expedite the loading.

LIEUTENANT TATSUYA
Follow us. You'll receive further
instructions.

INT. GOLDEN LILLY - FOYER - NIGHT

Under the muted glow of opulent chandeliers, Captain Melanie, Mariposa, Jack and Maya surround Madam Bernadette all waiting in the elegantly appointed foyer of a gentlemen's club.

JACK
This joint's a real dazzler. I
can't seem to take my eyes off that
chandelier.

MADAM BERNADETTE
It's all Tojo idea. He's insisting
his officer gets the high-class
treatment.

MAYA
How will we know if our plan
worked? If Madam Bernadette's ploy
didn't stick, this place would
already be crawling with soldiers.

As if on cue, a phone rings.

MADAM BERNADETTE
(Picking up the phone, her
tone neutral)
Yes?

She listens intently. After a moment, she hangs up and turns back to the group, her demeanor slightly relaxed.

MADAM BERNADETTE (CONT'D)
They're coming tonight. — Tojo,
Yamashita, four imperial princes
and some of there Nazi pals.

MELANIE
It's show time.

INT. BATTLESHIP YAMATO — STORAGE AREA — NIGHT

The golden Buddha gleams at the center of a vast treasure hoard. Japanese crewmen meticulously stack crates around it.

YAMASHITA
General, the movement of the gold
is proceeding swiftly.

TOJO
Excellent, Yamashita.

STANDARTENFÜHRER KARL
An impressive haul indeed, the
Empire could bolster loyalty.

KRIMINALSEKRETÄR HANS
Look at that Buddha...

HAUPTMANN GERHARD
Yes it marvelous,

PRINCE CHICHIBU
Ensure every piece reaches Japan.

PRINCE HIGASHIKUNI
Beautiful... Feels like a tomb in
here. Can we get going?

PRINCE ASAKA
Truly, a haul fit for the Emperor.
But let's not weigh down the ship
too heavily. We wouldn't want it
sinking under the weight of all
this gold—a golden tomb at sea.

PRINCE FUSHIMA
Impossible! Nothing can sink this
super battleship.

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

The Yamato looms over the docks as soldiers efficiently load gold onto the ship. General Yamashita strides forward to greet Tojo. Before more can be said, Prince Higashikuni, ever brash and boisterous, bounds forward.

PRINCE HIGASHIKUNI
Enough of this gold talk! My cock
Is starving for some pussy!

He dashes towards a jeep, followed eagerly by Prince Asaka. Old Prince Fushima shakes his head, a wry smile on his face.

PRINCE FUSHIMA
Always in a rush?

Unlike his companions, Prince Chichibu pauses, his gaze lingering on the gold with a calculating look.

PRINCE CHICHIBU
I'll stay here to oversee the gold.
Make sure everything is accounted!

TOJO
Why don't you also stay, Yamashita,
and assist Prince Chichibu?

Higashikuni calls out from the jeep, his voice tinged with jest.

PRINCE HIGASHIKUNI (O.S.)
Always the killjoy, Chichibu, well
that means more pussy for me!

TOJO
Don't worry, we'll send a beautiful
white woman to keep you company
tonight.

STANDARTENFÜHRER KARL
While my colleagues conduct the
initial security sweeps, I'll
remain here to assist with
overseeing the gold.

PRINCE CHICHIBU
Then make it two, add a local
beauty for our distinguished guest.

TOJO

None for you, Yamashita, you're on duty.

Yamashita nods bitterly. Takamura walks up to Yamashita

TAKAMURA

The last of the gold shipments are being loaded now.

YAMASHITA

Where's Sato?

TAKAMURA

He decided to get laid early...

YAMASHITA

Very well. As long as the Women from Camp Hosho have been taken to the Golden Lily, we should be alright.

YAMASHITA (CONT'D)

Takamura, join them at the Gentlemen's Club and make sure you bring back what they want.

TAKAMURA

Understood, sir.

A jeep pulls away with a laugh and a cheer from Higashikuni.

EXT. GOLDEN LILLY - NIGHT

Japanese Officers entering the gentlemen club, women taking off their jackets and coats leading them into the main room.

Lieutenant Hoa in front of his squad.

LIEUTENANT HOA

(voice cracking)

Alright, everyone, listen up!

The SOLDIERS, exchange amused glances.

LIEUTENANT HOA (CONT'D)

Stay at your posts, all of you! And don't...don't stare at the women!

Lieutenant Hoa gestures wildly, knocking over a chair. He quickly picks it up, his face flushing with embarrassment.

LIEUTENANT HOA (CONT'D)
Think with your heads, not your
cocks!

One soldier, chuckles softly. Lieutenant Hoa shoots him a stern look, but it only makes him appear more flustered. He waves his arms again, nearly hitting a hanging lantern.

LIEUTENANT HOA (CONT'D)
Just...just stay focused, alright?

Kriminalsekretär Hans approaches Lieutenant Hoa, his disdain barely concealed.

KRIMINALSEKRETÄR HANS
(With a sneer)
Are you supposed to be in charge of
security? Pathetic...

Kriminalsekretär Hans shakes his head in disgust, his tone dripping with condescension.

KRIMINALSEKRETÄR HANS (CONT'D)
I'll conduct my own sweep of the
perimeter. You can't see clearly
with your slit eyes... you're not up
to the task.

Lieutenant Hoa watches Hans walk away, his expression a mix of resentment and concern.

LIEUTENANT HOA
Just perfect...

The soldiers listening, trying to hide their anger. Lieutenant Hoa turns away, exhaling deeply, clearly out of his depth and flustered.

INT. GOLDEN LILLY - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

The backstage area is a chaotic mix of costumes and makeup.

Jack stands in front of a mirror. He splashes water onto his face. Reaching for a razor, he carefully shaves, the blade gliding smoothly over his skin.

He dabs on aftershave, wincing slightly at the sting, he pulls out a jar of foundation, expertly applying it to even out his complexion. He adds a touch of blush to his cheeks, .

Next reaches for a tube of lipstick, twisting it open He applies the bold red color to his lips, pursing them together.

With steady hands, he lines his eyes with a stroke of eyeliner. A few swipes of mascara finish the look, his lashes now long and dark.

Turning to the wardrobe, carefully selects a dress—a flowing, elegant gown that he steps into with care. He adjusts the fabric, smoothing it over his body until it falls perfectly. The final touch is a pair of high heels, which he slips on.

He gives himself one last look in the mirror, adjusting a stray lock of hair that falls over his face.

Jack reflectively, as he applies eyeliner.

JACK

I never thought doing what I do would mean more than just being free to be myself. Now, it's about using every trick in the book to save lives.

MARIPOSA

It's ironic, isn't it? In all this chaos, the world asks us to step up in the most unexpected ways—to embrace who we are openly, because tomorrow isn't guaranteed.

JACK

Let's give them a show they won't forget.

INT. GOLDEN LILLY - BACKROOM - NIGHT

Madam Bernadette's hand work quickly to secure the heavy bolts on the doors putting bars to jam the handles. She enters another room filled with young women white women, black women, Filipinas and women from other ethnics.

MADAM BERNADETTE

Listen closely, ladies. The keys—take them.

She extends a trembling hand, clutching a ring of keys, and drops them into the hands of the nearest girl.

MADAM BERNADETTE (CONT'D)

When you hear the back door unlock, run. Don't look back. This place won't be safe anymore.

The girls nod.

MADAM BERNADETTE (CONT'D)
 Head straight for to the back of
 the club. Hide there until you can
 make it to the outskirts of the
 city. Trust no one.

She steps back, her expression hardening as she prepares to
 rejoin the fray outside, knowing full well the dangers that
 await.

MADAM BERNADETTE (CONT'D)
 May God watch over them now.

As Madam Bernadette leaves.

INT. GOLDEN LILLY - HALLWAY - NIGHT

In the dimly lit hallway of the club, Private Stephen and
 Corporal Miguel move stealthily, their breaths held tight.
 The sound of approaching footsteps halts them. They freeze as
 Kriminalsekretär Hans approaches, and they quickly slip into
 the nearest room— the ladies' dressing room. Madam Bernadette
 comes out of a corner.

MADAM BERNADETTE
 Can I help you, sir?

KRIMINALSEKRETÄR HANS
 What's behind that door?

MADAM BERNADETTE
 Just the ladies' dressing room.
 Nothing of concern.

Reluctantly, Hans nods for her to lead the way. Inside, Jack,
 now JACQUELINE, applies lipstick in the mirror, her figure
 elegant and poised is surprised.

KRIMINALSEKRETÄR HANS
 Excuse us pretty lady we're just
 conducting a safety check.

Jacqueline and Madam Bernadette look at each other. Hans's
 eyes meticulously scan the room, inching dangerously close to
 the wardrobe that conceals Stephen and Miguel behind a
 cascade of gowns.

Hans steps closer, his hand reaching towards the wardrobe.
 Just then, the distant sound of an orchestra starting up
 distracts him.

JACQUELINE
 Excuse me, it's my cue.

Madam Bernadette Quickly, pulling Hans by the arm

MADAM BERNADETTE
We really must go, sir. The
performance is starting.

As they exit, Hans's gaze lingers suspiciously on the wardrobe. The door shuts just in time, leaving Stephen and Miguel in the dim room.

INT. GOLDEN LILLY - SMALL THEATER ROOM - NIGHT

The atmosphere in the small theater room is thick with cigar smoke as it buzzes with Japanese officers. At the front, near the stage, sit the three princes and TOJO. The room dims as KEN in disguise, takes the stage as the master of ceremonies.

KEN
Ladies and gentlemen, esteemed
guests of honor, tonight we have a
very special performance. Please
welcome the enchanting Jaqueline, a
vision of grace and beauty!

The spotlight shifts as Jacqueline, steps into the light she starts to sing.

TOJO
Remarkable, isn't she? Such talent!

PRINCE HIGASHIKUNI
Indeed, a delightful addition to
the evening. I want her in my
chambers as soon as the show ends!

PRINCE FUSHIMA
A drink to soothe the nerves...

The bartender nods, quickly preparing a drink tailored to the Prince's usual preferences. Meanwhile, across the room, Prince Asaka's gaze is fixed on Mariposa

PRINCE ASAKA
Watch her... there's a fire in that
one.

INT. GOLDEN LILLY - NIGHT

Captain Melanie, disguised in low-cut one slit gown, leans close to Madam Bernadette.

MELANIE

I'll handle Tojo's aide. Who's on Yamashita?

MADAM BERNADETTE

Yamashita is not among the guest.

Takamura strides into the room, his presence commanding immediate attention.

TAKAMURA

I said I would return. And here I am.

His gaze lands on Captain Melanie. Ken rushes through the doors. He rounds a corner and comes upon Takamura.

KEN

Lieutenant Imura, sir! These women—they're from Camp Hosho.

TAKAMURA

And your orders? Show them to me now.

Ken produces some paper works.

TAKAMURA (CONT'D)

And who might you be?

MELANIE

Anne.

TAKAMURA

Don't get too comfortable in the role of Lieutenant.

KEN

Yes Sir...

TAKAMURA

Woman... You come with me.

Takamura scans the shadowed corners, his eyes locking onto Maya trying to stay hidden behind a divider.

TAKAMURA (CONT'D)

You there, behind the divider—step out.

Maya hesitantly emerges from hiding.

TAKAMURA (CONT'D)

Who are you?

Maya about to speak.

TAKAMURA (CONT'D)
Never mind it doesn't matter. The
Both of you, with me—now.

MADAM BERNADETTE
They are highly prized women,
chosen specifically for the
princes.

TAKAMURA
One of the princes is waiting on
the ship he demands a private
audience. That's all you need to
hear. Let's go.

Ken, Captain Melanie Taylor, not wanting to escalate the situation in a room full of enemies, nods subtly to Madam Bernadette. Maya, hesitantly steps forward, and together they follow Takamura out of the Gentlemen's Club .

INT. GOLDEN LILY - NIGHT

Mariposa, mingling and feigning interest in the officers' stories, suddenly catches sight of Melanie being led away by Takamura and his detail.

Mariposa's instinct is to intervene, but Melanie subtly raises her hand, signaling her to stay calm and not blow her cover.

MARIPOSA
No...

MADAM BERNADETTE
I tried to stop them, but I didn't
want to raise suspicions, What
should we do now?

MARIPOSA
We prepare to move. We will finish
this tonight.

MADAM BERNADETTE
I'll gather everyone. We'll be
ready.

EXT. COVERT PATH NEAR THE DOCKS - NIGHT

Isabelle, alert and watchful, pauses in the shadows as a jeep rumbles past her position. In the dim light, she spots Melanie and Maya, being escorted by Takamura.

Isabelle breaks into a sprint, following the jeep.

She convoy of trucks moving in the same direction.

Isabelle leaps inside on the back of the truck.

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

Busy Docks, Isabelle waits and makes her daring leap from the truck, landing with a roll on the rough pavement. She quickly regains her footing and darts between stacks of crates and containers.

Meanwhile, Lieutenant Watanabe and Jiro, unloading crates. Suddenly, Lieutenant Watanabe catches a glimpse of Isabelle. He taps Jiro lightly on the arm, nodding subtly towards Isabelle without making it obvious.

LIEUTENANT WATANABE

Let her be. If she's here, she's
fighting the same fight.

Jiro nods in understanding

LIEUTENANT WATANABE (CONT'D)

Whatever is going we got to move
quickly.

INT. SHIP HOLD - NIGHT

Inside the ship, Lieutenant Watanabe and Jiro carry crates with explosives. The officer directs them to place the crates in a specific section of the hold, After positioning the crates, the officer departs, leaving Lieutenant Watanabe and Jiro alone. Lieutenant Watanabe spots a group of soldiers escorting Captain Melanie up a nearby gangway.

LIEUTENANT WATANABE

Jiro isn't that...?

JIRO

It's Captain Melanie. What's she
doing here?

LIEUTENANT WATANABE
This complicates things. I'll stay.
You need to get back to the sub and
follow.

JIRO
Got it. Be careful, Lieutenant.

INT. GOLDEN LILLY - NIGHT

Lieutenant Hoa, now sitting at a corner table, nervously sips
his drink. He takes a deep gulp, trying to steady his nerves.

Across the room, Hoa's POV: MARIPOSA.

Hoa squints, feeling a strange sense of déjà vu.

LIEUTENANT HOA
I swear I've seen her before...

MEMORY HIT:

Quick flash Lieutenant Hoa with his arms raised up and
Melanie standing over him.

BACK TO PRESENT:

Lieutenant Hoa blinks, as he put things together.

Mariposa, with a flirtatious smile, leads Prince Asaka.
Lieutenant Hoa's eyes widen as he watches them ascend the
stairs.

MARIPOSA
Come on, Your Highness. Let us get
away from all this.

PRINCE ASAKA
Ah, yes, my dear. Privacy for...
our little experiment.

Prince Asaka and Mariposa reach the top of the stairs. Below,
Prince Fushima, swaying slightly from drunkenness, watches
them with bleary eyes. He lifts his glass, his speech
slurred.

PRINCE FUSHIMA
Brother, be careful with those
pretty flowers... they can hide the
sharpest thorns.

Mariposa glances back, her smile unwavering, but her eyes glint with hidden intent. Josephine, secretly adding something to the drink refilling his glass.

JOSEPHINE
Another drink, Your Highness?

Fushima nods absently, staring into his glass as the liquid swirls.

PRINCE FUSHIMA
Pretty flowers... dangerous
thorns...

INT. GOLDEN LILLY - NIGHT

The club is thick with smoke and the sound of boisterous laughter as Prince Higashikuni, visibly inebriated, staggers towards the stage. He makes a sloppy beeline for Jacqueline

PRINCE HIGASHIKUNI
Let's explore some uncharted
territories, eh?

Jacqueline, maintaining her composed persona, gently brushes off the prince's advances a Prince Higashikuni and tries to retreat to the safety of the stage. But Prince Higashikuni persistent, follows her, stumbling through the curtains to the backstage area.

PRINCE HIGASHIKUNI (CONT'D)
You're a feisty one. Let me show
you what a real man is like, baby.

He grabs her, attempting a forceful kiss. Jacqueline struggles against his grip, managing to push him away.

PRINCE HIGASHIKUNI (CONT'D)
I want to make love to...

The Prince Higashikuni, slightly inebriated and unsuspecting, is distracted by Jack who begin striptease.

JACK
Just relax and enjoy the show...

As Prince Higashikuni's gaze follows the floating scarf, Jacqueline now as JACK uses the moment to his advantage. With a swift motion, he smacks the gun from Prince Higashikuni hand. The gun clatters to the floor.

PRINCE HIGASHIKUNI
What the—

Jack kicks the gun away, then diving towards it. A fierce struggle ensues. Jack maneuvers, dodging an attempt by Higashikuni to regain control, Jack uses the silk scarf and wraps it around Prince Higashikuni neck and face trying to muffle any sounds and chokes Higashikuni, Jack wide-eyed and panting, stands over the fallen enemy.

JACK

The show must go on...

INT. GOLDEN LILLY - BASEMENT

The creaky wooden stairwell echoes under the weight of Kriminalsekretär Hans' boots as he descends into the dimly lit basement. His eyes scan the cluttered space. He stops abruptly at the sight of a pile of boxes and old clothes.

KRIMINALSEKRETÄR HANS

What's all this?

A barely visible wire peeking out from beneath the pile. He shoves the boxes aside, revealing a stash of explosives neatly wired together.

KRIMINALSEKRETÄR HANS (CONT'D)

We have a situation here—

BAM! -- Hans falls to the ground out cold.

Madam Bernadette, drops metal candelabra.

MADAM BERNADETTE

Not on my watch.

She quickly covers Hans with the discarded clothes, then hurries back upstairs.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - GOLDEN LILLY - NIGHT

Lieutenant Hoa walks towards the private room at the back of the club. The door open to reveal Prince Asaka, standing with his back to the door, completely naked, with a noose wrapped around his neck. Suddenly, he collapses forward. His fall reveals Mariposa, holding another knife.

LIEUTENANT HOA

What the—!

Lieutenant Hoa backs away -- Mariposa locks eyes on him.

She launches the knife.

MARIPOSA

Fuck!

Whooooooooooooosh -- THUD!

It sinks into the wooden door frame beside him.

Hoa splits.

INT. GOLDEN LILLY - GRAND HALL - NIGHT

The opulent grand hall of the club is filled with laughter and music, the atmosphere thick with the indulgence of the night. Prince Fushima, seated surrounded by high-ranking officers, raises his glass for a toast.

PRINCE FUSHIMA

To our continued victories and the
spoils they bring!

As the prince sips his drink, his expression suddenly changes. He starts coughing violently, his face turning red as he struggles to breathe. The prince's entourage panics as he clutches his throat, unable to speak.

PRINCE FUSHIMA (CONT'D)

Help... me...

The music stutters to a stop as the guests realize the severity of the situation.

JAPANESE OFFICER

Is there a doctor here? Hurry!

TOJO

What's going on here?

Suddenly, the band of seemingly harmless women musicians, led by Josephine, flips their instruments to reveal hidden weapons.

JOSEPHINE

Now, ladies!

Ratatatata! The room erupts into chaos Japanese officers, caught off guard and scrambling for their own weapons, are cut down in a hail of bullets.

Tojo, dives under a heavy table, using it as a makeshift cover.

TOJO

This can't be happening...

Outside, the sounds of gunshots attract the attention of more soldiers, who start rushing towards the club. But the doors have been bared.

JOSEPHINE

Clear the room!

Patrons and unarmed staff flee in terror, ducking and weaving. Tojo, still hidden, peeks out just enough to assess the situation.

INT. GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Jack and Mariposa, breathless and alert, sprint through the hallway, their steps echoing in the tense silence.

JACK

I think we've strayed from the plan...

MARIPOSA

It's called improvising. Keep moving!

Suddenly, a gunshot pierces the air. Mariposa stumbles and falls to the ground. Jack whirls around in panic, his eyes wide as he spots Kriminalsekretär Hans emerging from the shadows, gun raised.

KRIMINALSEKRETÄR HANS

Security here is laughable, what would they do without us? I thought I won't have any fun I get to kill savages and traitors... Let's put an end to this farce.

As the officer squeezes the trigger, Jack lunges forward. He crashes into Kriminalsekretär Hans, knocking the gun aside as they both tumble to the floor.

JACK

Run, Mariposa! Go!

The Kriminalsekretär Hans quickly recovers, his face contorted with rage as he gives chase. Jack sprints down the hallway.

Mariposa clutching her side, manages to pull herself up and limps toward a service door.

MARIPOSA

Not like this... not yet.

She disappears through the door just as the sounds of the pursuing Kriminalsekretär Hans echo down the corridor

BACK DOOR

Madam Bernadette hurries along, a group of frightened women in tow. She leads them toward the rear exit of the club she unlocks the door.

MADAM BERNADETTE
Quickly, girls, through here.

The door swings open to reveal the dark outline of the woods just beyond the club's perimeter. The women hesitate, their fear palpable in the dim light.

MADAM BERNADETTE (CONT'D)
Go now! Keep moving and don't stop
until you reach the trees.

INT. MILITARY COMMAND ROOM - NIGHT

Takamura stands resolute before a crackling radio, Lieutenant Tatsuya at his side, the air thick with tension.

RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)
Sir, the Golden Lily is under
attack.

Takamura turns to Tatsuya, his voice firm yet heavy with unspoken emotion.

TAKAMURA
Stay here and call for
reinforcements.

LIEUTENANT TATSUYA
I want to come with you.

TAKAMURA
No, you're needed here. Coordinate
the reinforcements and head for the
ship once they arrive.

Their eyes lock for a tense moment, Takamura steps away, leaving Tatsuya to his duty. He turns sharply, he runs for the Yamato.

EXT. DOCKSIDE - CONTINUOUS

The massive battleship begins to churn the water, its anchor lifting as it prepares to depart. Takamura sprints toward the moving ship, determination etched on his face.

INT. PRINCE CHICHIBU'S QUARTERS ON YAMATO - CONTINUOUS

Prince Chichibu, bare-chested with only pants and a samurai sword, stands over Captain Melanie, who is bound on a plush couch.

PRINCE CHICHIBU
Feel that? We're moving. All
treasures secured, including you.

He brandishes the sword threateningly towards Captain Melanie Taylor.

PRINCE CHICHIBU (CONT'D)
Now, to enjoy the spoils.

MELANIE
Untie me, and I promise, your
enjoyment will know no bounds.

She shifts, deliberately revealing more cleavage, attempting to distract the Prince.

INT. YAMATO - STANDARTENFÜHRER KARL CABIN - NIGHT

Standartenführer Karl is seen lounging with Maya.

STANDARTENFÜHRER KARL
Your beauty rivals the tales of the
island goddesses.

The mood is disrupted by a knock at the door. Opening the door, he is surprised by Isabelle's sudden entry.

STANDARTENFÜHRER KARL (CONT'D)
Another girl? Its my lucky day!

ISABELLE
Auf Wiedersehen...

Quickly overpowering Standartenführer Karl with a machete, she grabs Maya, pulling her to safety

EXT. YAMATO BRIDGE - NIGHT

Takamura bursts onto the bridge, addressing a startled Yamashita.

TAKAMURA

Alert all hands! We have saboteurs aboard!

YAMASHITA

Most of our men are on shore leave...

INT. AMMUNITION STORAGE ON YAMATO - NIGHT

Lieutenant Watanabe, hastily sets an explosive device among the ammunition. The alarm blares, causing him to freeze momentarily before he darts out, narrowly avoiding passing soldiers.

INT. BATTLESHIP YAMATO - STORAGE AREA - NIGHT

Stacks of crates, Hauptmann Gerhard, gently lifts a gold bar from an open crate. He turns it over in his hands, the gold catching the light as he admires it.

Suddenly, footsteps echo in the corridor outside. Hauptmann Gerhard's head snaps up, his attention shifting from the treasure to the doorway. He carefully places the gold back and approaches the entrance. He spots Lieutenant Watanabe, who appears to be in a hurry, his figure retreating rapidly down the hall.

HAUPTMANN GERHARD

Your not suppose to be here...

Intrigued and cautious, Hauptmann Gerhard follows.

INT. YAMATO - PRINCE CHICHIBU'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Chichibu, holding his samurai sword, moves to cut Captain Melanie bindings, a glint of anticipation in his eyes.

Captain Melanie Taylor moves closer to Prince Chichibu, her touch deliberate and seductive. As she trails her fingers across his chest and abs.

MELANIE

You know, a strong man like you
shouldn't always have to be on
guard. Sometimes it's nice to let
someone else take control...

Her fingers brush against his hand, gently coaxing the sword
from his grip. With a subtle flick, the sword clatters to the
floor, forgotten. She guides his hand to a glass of wine,
pressing it into his palm, diverting his attention further.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Relax, let's enjoy the night...?

As he takes the wine, his guard drops momentarily.

Chichibu, drops his sword and grabs a glass of wine. He
chuckles, takes a deep drink of wine. Unseen by him, Captain
Melanie deftly slides towards the ground in a pretense of
submission.

Captain Melanie grips the sword. Swish - THUD. Severed penis
hits the ground.

Prince Chichibu gagging, his body convulsing in shock, wine
glass shattering as he collapses

PRINCE CHICHIBU

What have you—Fuck! You Bitch!

Captain Melanie stands, the bloodied sword in hand. Runs out
the room.

INT. GERMAN OFFICER'S QUARTERS, YAMATO - NIGHT

Takamura and his men burst through the door to find the
German officer sprawled on the floor.

TAKAMURA

To Prince Chichibu's quarters, now!

INT. YAMATO - PRINCE CHICHIBU'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Takamura finds Yamashita in the room and enter to find the
Prince lifeless and mutilated.

YAMASHITA

Assassins... on board.

TAKAMURA

Where is the other Nazi?

INT. GOLDEN LILLY - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

The room, filled with large mirrors and the bright lights typical of a star's dressing room, suddenly becomes a battlefield. Kriminalsekretär Hans stalks toward Jack, who defensively grabs a decorative vase from a makeup table and smashes it over Hans' head. The Kriminalsekretär Hans stumbles but recovers quickly, hurling insults as they exchange blows.

KRIMINALSEKRETÄR HANS
Is this the best the United States
has to offer? A man dressed as a
woman—pathetic! Your nation is
weak, confused... you don't even
know who you are!

Jack, pirouettes, ducking an angry punch. Using the momentum to land a solid, spinning uppercut on Kriminalsekretär Hans' jaw, sending the officer crashing into a mirror.

JACK
Not too shabby for a fella in a
skirt, eh buddy?

Leaving the dazed Hans on the ground, Jack adjusts his wig and dashes out.

INT. GOLDEN LILLY - MAIN HALL - NIGHT

Tojo, bloodied and desperate, fumbles at the barred door, trying to unlatch it to let reinforcements in.

TOJO
Come on, come on...

Behind him, Mariposa, bleeding and weakened, sees an opportunity.

MARIPOSA
No way...

She slams into Tojo with surprising force, tackling him away from the door. Tojo, caught off guard, recovers and reacts with fury, grabbing Mariposa and slamming her against the wall.

TOJO
You'll pay for this, rebel!

As Tojo's hands tighten around Mariposa's throat, Lieutenant Hoa rushes in, gun drawn.

LIEUTENANT HOA
Stay still!

Unable to get a clear line of sight and under the pressure of the moment, BANG! - Lieutenant Hoa's shot goes awry as Mariposa wrenches Tojo in front of her. The bullet strikes Tojo in the back.

TOJO
Idiot...

Mariposa, her energy completely spent from the ordeal, collapses beside the fatally wounded Tojo.

Kriminalsekretär Hans enters the foyer, gun in hand, and looks over the body of the dead Tojo; the Japanese troop's break through. Lieutenant Hoa is still in shock. The soldiers don't know what to make out of it. Lieutenant Hoa pistol pointed at Tojo.

JAPANESE SOLDIER
Who shot him?

Lieutenant Hoa points at Kriminalsekretär Hans

LIEUTENANT HOA
(Cowardly)
He shot him.

The Japanese Soldiers fire on Kriminalsekretär Hans.

LIEUTENANT HOA (CONT'D)
We've been betrayed!

INT. ABANDONED THEATER - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

Soft dust dances in moonbeams slicing through a shattered roof. On the center of the old stage, Mariposa lies naked beside Melanie, both wrapped in a threadbare velvet curtain. Their bodies still glisten with sweat.

Melanie traces circles on Mariposa's bare back, her cheek resting on her shoulder.

MELANIE
All we need now... is a spotlight.

Mariposa turns her head, eyes shimmering with joy and ache.

MARIPOSA
You are my spotlight.

Melanie blinks--torn between a grin and a sob.

They kiss, slow and tender, as the dream begins to fade... and gunfire echoes faintly like thunder far away.

END FLASHBACK

INT. GOLDEN LILLY - MAIN HALL FOYER - NIGHT

Mariposa lies on the ground, blood blooming beneath her. Her lips twitch into the faintest smile. Eyes glazed, fixed on something only she can see.

MARIPOSA
(Last gasping breath)
Mel...

Mariposa eyes close, and she dies, hand spread out.

EXT. GOLDEN LILLY - NIGHT

Madam Bernadette leads a group of women to safety, with Ken, Private Stephen and Corporal Miguel closely guarding the rear. The night is tense with urgency.

As the last of the women hurry through, General Homma and a squad of Japanese soldiers block their path, guns raised.

GENERAL HOMMA
Stand down and let us through!

MADAM BERNADETTE
No, you cannot take them!

Without hesitation, the Japanese soldiers open fire, striking Madam Bernadette down in a brutal moment. Immediately, Ken, Private Stephen and Corporal Miguel return fire, creating a chaotic firefight. Ken is shot and falls dead.

Jack, trailing behind, rushes to Madam Bernadette's side. He kneels, devastated, as she struggles with her last breaths.

MADAM BERNADETTE (CONT'D)
Finish it... protect them...

PRIVATE STEPHEN
Is that everyone?

Jack shakes his head, his face set with grim determination.

CORPORAL MIGUEL
That was the last group. We're clear.

EXT. YAMATO - REAR DECK - NIGHT

Lieutenant Watanabe races to the rear of the ship, spotting the silhouette of the submarine in the distance. He is seen by Hauptmann Gerhard.

HAUPTMANN GERHARD

There no escape... saboteur... Your death wont be of any consequence...

The Hauptmann Gerhard shoots, hitting Watanabe. As he stumbles, Watanabe clutches a radio detonator.

LIEUTENANT WATANABE

Just wait...

With his last ounce of strength, Lieutenant Watanabe presses the button on the detonator.

EXT. GOLDEN LILLY - NIGHT

Corporal Miguel pulls out a detonator.

PRIVATE STEPHEN

Do it!

Corporal Miguel presses the button. Behind them, the Gentlemen's Club erupts into a towering fireball, illuminating the night sky as shouts and chaos envelop the area. Engulfing the Japanese soldiers in flames as they scatter.

EXT. YAMATO - REAR DECK - NIGHT

A series of explosions ripple through the ship Hauptmann Gerhard is flung of the floor. The Explosion runs through the ammunition storage. Fire and smoke billow as the ship begins to shudder under the impact of the blasts.

LIEUTENANT WATANABE

There's the Sweet spot...

As Lieutenant Watanabe is enveloped in the explosion, the ship continues exploding engulfing the section of the Yamato, chaos enveloping the mighty battleship.

INT. SUBMARINE - NIGHT

Inside the dimly lit control room of the submarine, Jiro watches through the periscope as chaos unfolds on the Yamato.

His face tightens with anger as he sees Lieutenant Watanabe fall.

JIRO
Prepare the torpedo tubes. We're
finishing the job.

The cramped torpedo room is buzzing with activity under the dim, red lighting. Crew members work with focused intensity, loading torpedoes into their tubes.

JIRO (CONT'D)
Targets in sight, steady as we go.

Jiro's eyes are glued to the periscope, his hands making minor adjustments.

JIRO (CONT'D)
Prepare for launch on my mark.

INT. YAMATO - BRIDGE - NIGHT

The bridge of the Yamato is in disarray, lights flickering and alarms blaring. Yamashita and Takamura struggle to regain their footing after a massive shockwave rocks the ship.

YAMASHITA
This chaos is on your head,
Takamura! If you had been at your
post—

TAKAMURA
Pompous fools! Entrusting vital
tasks to that sniveling opportunist
Sato and that incompetent Hoa! If
we'd focused on our true enemies
instead of squabbling like bungling
bureaucrats, we wouldn't be in this
mess.

Another explosion jolts the ship, throwing both men against the console.

YAMASHITA
This isn't the time for blame!

Takamura, moving towards the door. As he passes a window, he pauses, his gaze catching something outside.

DECK

Isabelle and Maya run along the deck, dodging debris and small fires.

Takamura's face hardens with determination. He turns back to face the chaos inside the bridge.

TAKAMURA

I'll handle the saboteurs you
secure the ship.

He exits the bridge, heading toward Isabelle, his steps quickening as the ship shakes from the ongoing assault.

COMMAND BRIDGE

YAMASHITA

Keep those fires contained and
secure the gold at all costs! Move
the ship back towards the harbor!

YOUNG OFFICER

Sir, it's difficult! Steering is
barely responding, and someone's
sabotaged the controls and radio!

EXT. YAMATO - DECK - CONTINUOUS - DAWN

Captain Melanie, disheveled and breathing heavily, emerges onto the deck. She's suddenly confronted by a burned out disheveled Hauptmann Gerhard gun aimed at her.

HAUPTMANN GERHARD

Were do you think your going
Flauline! So you're the one who
killed the Chichibu. Your going to
burn.

Before he can fire, Isabelle, quick and silent, appears behind him, stabbing the officer. The fight, at first the Nazi over powers Isabelle but Isabelle is quick and dodges, he doses the Nazi with oil and throws a piece of flame it engulfs the Nazi in flame.

HAUPTMANN GERHARD (CONT'D)

Heil Hitler...

Isabelle ready to stab Hauptmann Gerhard but Captain Melanie stops him.

MELANIE

Let him burn...

Hauptman Gerhard burning screaming then stops falls dead.

CAPTAIN MELANIE

We need to get off this ship now.

ISABELLE

Follow me, I've got a boat ready.

They sprint across the tilting deck, dodging obstacles and small fires. They reach a secluded part at the starboard side ship where Maya is waiting.

MAYA

Hurry! Before we're spotted!

Captain Melanie and Isabelle clamber into the boat, the ship groaning ominously behind them.

EXT. YAMATO DECK - DAWN

The deck of the Yamato roars with chaos and flames. Captain Melanie and Isabelle, cornered on the starboard side, work frantically to lower a lifeboat below. Maya is already secured in the boat.

Suddenly, Takamura and his squad of soldiers burst through the smoke, guns raised

TAKAMURA

End of the line, ladies! No more running!

Isabelle whips out a bola knife and slashes through the rope holding the lifeboat. The boat, with Maya inside, jerks violently before plummeting towards the ocean.

MAYA

Isabelle!

TAKAMURA

Isabelle...

The lifeboat hits the water with a splash, bobbing wildly but intact.

EXT. YAMATO FOREMAST - DAWN

Flames dance violently across the deck of the Yamato, casting eerie shadows that flicker in the chaos.

Amidst the turmoil, the ship begins to list dangerously to its starboard side, the metal groaning under the strain. Takamura and his soldiers escort Captain Melanie and Isabelle up to the foremast.

TAKAMURA

Move! Yamashita is waiting...

They reach the foremast, where Yamashita stands, his expression grim as he surveys the horizon.

TAKAMURA (CONT'D)

We finally found the lady man-killer, and her accomplice an Allied spy. They plan to sink the ship and the gold.

YAMASHITA

Saboteurs? After this day is done we will begin salvage operations your attempts are futile...

Yamashita turns his stern gaze on the captives, his disdain palpable.

YAMASHITA (CONT'D)

Take them out and prepare to execute them at once.

INT. SUBMARINE - DAWN

Jiro watches through the periscope as chaos unfolds on the Yamato.

CREWMAN

Tubes ready, sir!

CORPORAL JIRO

Fire on my command.

Jiro peers through the periscope once more, lining up the target.

CORPORAL JIRO (CONT'D)

Fire!

Multiple Torpedoes launch with a deep thud, the sound reverberating through the submarine.

EXT. YAMATO FOREMAST - DAWN

Suddenly, shouts erupt from the lookout.

JAPANESE LOOKOUT
Submarine spotted off the starboard
bow! Torpedo in the water!

The crew's attention splits momentarily between the prisoners and the new threat. Using this distraction, Melanie makes a bold move.

MELANIE
It's now or never! Run for it!

With a quick shove, she charges at Yamashita pushing towards the railing.

TAKAMURA
Stop!

Takamura aims for Captain Melanie, Isabelle pushes Takamura His shots go wide misses Melanie. Captain Melanie and Yamashita topple over the rail, starboard side plunging into the ocean below. Isabelle seizes the moment runs down the stairs toward the stern.

TAKAMURA (CONT'D)
This ends today!

An officer approaches Takamura, concern etched on his face.

JAPANESE OFFICER
Sir, what about Yamashita?

TAKAMURA
Fuck the greedy bastard!

Takamura runs after Isabelle.

EXT. YAMATO - STARBOARD - DAY

Yamashita, his hand gripping the heavy-duty safety netting draped along the ship's side. Each pull upwards is labored, his movements hindered by injuries and the weight of his soaked uniform.

YAMASHITA
The treasure... protect the
treasure...

His face is bloodied, and bruises mar his features. The general's boots thud onto the deck, slick with oil sea spray and firefighting foam. He moves into the ship.

INT. YAMATO SHIP - DAY

The ship groans under the stress of damage, its structure creaking ominously. Takamura rushes down a narrow corridor, determined, when a Japanese officer intercepts him, panic evident in his stride.

JAPANESE OFFICER

Sir, the damage is catastrophic—we must abandon ship immediately! The ship is going to explode!

TAKAMURA

Save yourselves! Every man for himself.

With that, Takamura continues his determined march towards the lower decks, dismissing the danger in his relentless pursuit of Isabelle.

EXT. YAMATO SHIP - BOW - DAY

Smoke billows around the ship's bow as Isabelle stands defiantly waiting. Takamura emerges from the thick, choking fog, his face smeared with soot and fury.

TAKAMURA

It's you all along, I knew something about you... I burned an entire town to find you... And here you are at the end of the world.

ISABELLE

It's just you and me now... Ready to burn with your gold?

INT. YAMATO HOLD - DAY

Smoke curls through the air, obscuring the golden Buddha surrounded by crates of scattered gold. Flames lick the edges of the scene, Yamashita stands solemnly before a golden Buddha, surrounded by crates of scattered gold. Yamashita slowly kneels.

YAMASHITA

All this... Fucking Hell...

EXT. DOCKSIDE COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Lieutenant Tatsuya, his face etched with anxiety, watches the distant fire engulfing the ship. He rushes to the radio.

LIEUTENANT TATSUYA
What's the status? I need
reinforcements at the docks now!

The radio crackles to life.

RADIO OPERATOR
We're spread out all over the
place. We have no officers
available.

LIEUTENANT TATSUYA
Where is everyone?

RADIO OPERATOR
There's no one left, sir. They're
all dead or missing.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE PATH - DAY

Amidst the chaos, Lieutenant Hoa scrambles through the smoldering wreckage of the Golden Lily, his uniform charred and face smeared with soot. He struggles to his feet, coughing violently as he surveys the scene—once a bustling hub, now reduced to ashes.

LIEUTENANT HOA
Oh shit...

EXT. MOUNTAIN PATH - DAY

Jack Dawson leads a group of freed women along a rugged mountain path. High above the mountain, Jack reaches a vantage point with a clear view of the bay. Keeping his eyes on the distant smoke plume rising from the burning Yamato, Jack turns to Private Stephen.

JACK
Is the radio working?

PRIVATE STEPHEN
(holding up the radio,
nodding)
Sure is.

CORPORAL MIGUEL
What's the plan now?

JACK
We keep moving. We're not going
back now.

EXT. YAMATO - BOW - DAY

TAKAMURA

Not my gold, I just need to kill
you; if we have to burn in this
stupid world, so be it!

ISABELLE

What I do I do is for love... You
deserve a fate far worse than
death...

Takamura, in a burst of rage, fires his gun, Isabelle is hit
in the thigh as she swiftly ducks behind the massive ship's
anchor for cover.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

You'll have to aim better than
that!

Takamura unloads his gun but the chambers is empty he
discards his gun in frustration and charges, signaling the
beginning of intense close-quarters combat. They clash
fiercely, trading blows and blocks, their skills equally
matched.

In a rapid maneuver, Isabelle in pain ducks under a swing and
counters with a strategic kick, causing Takamura to stumble
backward toward the anchor mechanism.

TAKAMURA

What you do means nothing!

ISABELLE

I am living freely as who I am!

TAKAMURA

You'll end up like everyone else
beneath the waves!

He pulls out a knife and cuts Isabelle waist she falls to he
floor she sees rope. Quickly, she seizes a coiled rope from
the deck.

Isabelle staggers, clutching her wounded waist.

She feigns an attack, cleverly looping the rope around the
anchor chains while evading Takamura's slashes. Blood drips
from her arm, sliced by his blade.

TAKAMURA (CONT'D)

Stand still, coward!

Isabelle lures Takamura, deftly dodging as she manipulates him onto the tangled rope. With a swift move, she ducks, securing the rope around his feet.

TAKAMURA (CONT'D)

What have you—!

Isabelle gives a sharp kick to the anchor lever. The chain clatters loudly as the anchor plummets, yanking the rope—and Takamura —towards the edge.

TAKAMURA (CONT'D)

You—!

Isabelle delivers a forceful shove. Takamura's fingers slip from the ship's edge, and he is dragged into the watery abyss below by the anchor.

ISABELLE

See you beneath the waves...

The ship shudders violently. Deep, ominous rumbling sounds from below grow louder.

The bridge where crew members scramble to manage the crisis. An engineer bursts onto the bridge, panic etched on his face.

JAPANESE ENGINEER

It's going to blow!

INT. YAMATO HOLD - DAY

Yamashita is trapped surrounded by piles of golden artifacts. The ship lurches violently, the sound of metal groaning under stress fills the air.

Yamashita kneeling is about to commit seppuku takes a blade to his stomach but then gold bars and priceless treasures crash around him as the ship rocks from another explosion. Fire consumes the edges of the hold, creeping closer. Yamashita's face in pain crying in agony is lit by the eerie glow of the flames.

EXT. YAMATO BOW - DAY

Isabelle, severely wounded, leans against the ship's railing, her face a mask of pain and resignation. Blood seeps from a gunshot wound in her leg, her hand pressed firmly to her waist to stem the flow from another injury. She sees the lifeboat and Maya in it.

She sinks slowly to the deck, her gaze still locked on the horizon. As her eyes close, her face settles into an expression of peace. The ship shudders ominously, the sound of metal groaning. Isabelle is already slipping away.

EXT. YAMATO - DAY

BOOM! Rips through the rear of the Yamato. Flames and debris rocket into the sky, illuminating the night with a fiery inferno.

Yamato, now engulfed in flames, and KA - BOOM!.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - DAY

A small boat drifts erratically across the tumultuous sea. In the distance, the sinking battleship burns fiercely.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - DAY

A small lifeboat bobs precariously on the turbulent sea. From the churning waters, a voice calls out, desperate and weak. It's Captain Melanie, struggling against the waves.

MELANIE

Maya!

Maya, her face streaked with soot and exhaustion, immediately springs into action. She leans over the side of the boat, reaching out to grasp Melanie's hands.

MAYA

Hold on, I've got you!

Once safely in the boat, Melanie coughs up water, then manages a weak smile.

MELANIE

Permission to come aboard?

Maya Helping Melanie into the boat and embracing her tightly. As they settle, Maya's expression turns anxious.

MAYA

Where's Isabelle?

MELANIE

I thought she was right behind us... She... she didn't make it out.

Maya face falls. The realization of Isabelle's sacrifice hits her hard.

MAYA
Isabelle...

Ocean surface a submarine breaks water. The hatch opens, and Jiro along with his crew quickly emerge. They spot Maya and immediately set into action to rescue her.

JIRO
Over here! Quickly!

The crew extends a hand, urgently pulling Maya and Captain Melanie aboard the submarine. Once on deck, she collapses, overwhelmed but safe. Jiro kneels beside her, concern etched across his face.

JIRO (CONT'D)
Are you guys alright?

MAYA
Can you find Isabelle, please, she could be out there?

JIRO
I... I don't know. It's chaos everywhere.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - SUBMARINE - DUSK

The Deck crowded with somber crew members. They scan the horizon, the burning wreckage of the Yamato smoldering in the distance.

MAYA
Isabelle!

CREW MEMBER #1
Isabelle!

CREW MEMBER #2
Isabelle!

Jiro emerges from the hatch, clutching a piece of paper. He approaches Captain Melanie, who stands at the rail.

JIRO
Captain, we're detecting multiple ships' heading our way, enemy reinforcements,

MELANIE

Any word?

Hand Melanie the paper.

JIRO

It's from Jack.

Captain Melanie takes the note. She reads, single tear escapes. She grips the note, her knuckles whitening.

MELANIE

Thank you, Jiro.

She looks back towards the sea. With a deep breath, she crumples the piece of paper.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Set a course for home.

As the submarine starts to submerge, the burning Yamato fades into the backdrop of the setting sun.

INT. OSS MILITARY OFFICE - DAY

A meeting room where Captain Melanie, Jiro, Maya and a small crew of Watanabe squad are brought before General Douglas MacArthur.

At the head of the table, GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR scans the debrief papers, then looks up.

GENERAL MACARTHUR

Your mission was a resounding success. This country owes you a great debt for your sacrifice.

JIRO

Then why's my family still behind barbed wire in the desert? We bled for a country that treats us like spies.

GENERAL MACARTHUR

Fear makes cowards of governments. But your service speaks louder than any prejudice. You've shown the world the meaning of true loyalty.

MELANIE

Bullshit.

The room falls silent.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

We fight for a world that doesn't want us. Isabelle died for it. My girl—gunned down in the dark so some general could say mission accomplished to a clean desk.

MacArthur shifts, uncomfortable.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

But we still show up. We still bleed. Because maybe if we keep carving a path through hell, someone else like us won't have to. Maybe one day a girl like me won't have to hide her heart like contraband.

MAYA

Isabelle believed that too.

Melanie's jaw tightens.

Melanie turns and walks out. The others follow.

Melanie looks out the window and spots a butterfly fluttering freely in the garden, bathed in the soft morning light.

MELANIE

Soon...

EXT. JUNGLE NEAR JAPANESE FORTIFIED CAMP - DAY

Jack in uniform but his face partially covered in makeup, leads a group of determined men and women. Josephine, donned in men's clothing, scans the surroundings with a fierce gaze.

They move stealthily towards a fortified Japanese camp. Lieutenant Hoa inspecting the camp's guards; Lieutenant Tatsuya scoffs at Hoa.

LIEUTENANT HOA

Tonight's our lucky night, boys. We'll be far from the action from the city, be happy where in Camp Hosho...

By the outer perimeters.

JACK

Keep it tight and quiet. We hit them before they see it coming.

JOSEPHINE

This is it. Let's make it count.

Lieutenant Tatsuya squints into the darkness, his concern growing.

LIEUTENANT TATSUYA

Did you see that? Something's out there...

LIEUTENANT HOA

Probably just a boar. You hungry?
Just Relax.

A bird's call slices through the night – a signal. Private Stephen exchanges a nod with Corporal Miguel, who checks his weapon. Jack surveys his team, nods decisively.

JACK

Go! Go! Go!!
There's no turning back!

A moment later, the Scene erupts with gunfire and shouting. The team storms the camp, catching Lieutenant Hoa and his guards off-guard. Lieutenant Hoa is seen shocked and scrambling to escape. As they Jack and his band of soldiers and resistance fighters charge, Lieutenant Tatsuya stands his ground.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE – NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE SAN FRANCISCO 1946

EXT. SMALL SAN FRANCISCO THEATER – NIGHT

Melanie walks into the theater. See the poster of Jaqueline

INT. SMALL SAN FRANCISCO THEATER – NIGHT – 1946

Faded chandeliers flicker above rows of half-filled seats. A quiet crowd—war widows, worn veterans, and those left behind—watches as the HOST steps to the mic, clearing his throat.

HOST

Tonight, please welcome... the
luminous Jacqueline Starr.

Soft applause. The curtain parts.

Jack now Jacqueline steps into the light, dressed in a dark satin gown that catches the stage glow like still water. She walks slowly to the mic. The room hushes.

JACQUELINE

I stand here tonight because others
can't. This song is for them—the
ones who never made it home. They
died so we may live in the light,
even when the world wants you in
the dark...

She nods to the pianist. Then, from the corner of her eye, she sees Melanie standing in the wings—hands clasped, eyes locked on her. Jacqueline doesn't break. Just breathes, once, deep. The music begins—low, Jacqueline sings.

THE END