

ISLAND OF THE SUN AND MOON

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**EXT. JAPANESE AIRFIELD - DAWN**

SUPER: THE EMPIRE OF JAPAN - MARCH 1945.

Dawn breaks over high palm trees and two large runways, each leading back to several silver hangers and radio tower.

In the small clearing next to the runways sit row upon row of Mitsubishi A6M fighter-bombers and Nakajima Ki-44 interceptors. Each painted with the unmistakable red circle of the Imperial Japanese Air Force.

Just outside one of the hangers, two dozen JAPANESE AIRMEN (18 - 35) stand at attention before the wiry CAPTAIN MIRAMOTO (40s).

Front and center among the rows of Airmen, HIROSHI NAKAMURA (25), stands with his back straight. Next to him, KANA ONAKE (25), Hirohi's best friend, does the same.

(NOTE - All dialogue between Japanese characters is delivered in Japanese with subtitles provided)

CPT. MIRAMOTO

It is here that we will deliver the crushing blow to The Americans! Without their supply lines, their armies will wither and die! It is our resolve that will see eternal victory for The Empire of Japan.

(beat)

Remember, to die in battle for the Emperor is the most glorious death of all! Fighters, if you are hit, the deck of an American ship is a far more honorable grave than any that waits for you here. Understand?

JAPANESE AIRMEN

Yes!

CPT. MIRAMOTO

For The Emperor!

JAPANESE AIRMEN

Bonsai! Bonsai! Bonsai!

CPT. MIRAMOTO

To your planes!

With one final battle cry the tightly packed group of Airmen splits and scatters toward their planes.

In the middle of the pack, Hiroshi and Kana jog side by side. They share a look before parting in opposite directions.

**INT. HIROSHI'S ZERO - MORNING**

Hiroshi climbs into the cockpit of his fighter and secures his thin fabric helmet and goggles over his head.

From his chest pocket He removes a photograph of his wife, ITSUMI (22), and wedges it in the instrument panel so that she is facing him.

He plays with the instruments until the engine pops and sputters to life, then gives the 'thumbs up' to the FLAGMAN in front of him.

**EXT. JAPANESE AIRFIELD - MORNING**

All around Hiroshi, the other fighters roar to life. One by one the squadron break rank and taxi toward the runway.

**INT. HIROSHI'S ZERO - MORNING**

An AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER crackles through Hiroshi's radio.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER  
Squadron twelve. You are cleared  
for takeoff on runway one. Squadron  
thirteen. You are cleared for  
takeoff on runway two.  
(beat)  
All pilots, radio check.

HIROSHI  
(into his mic)  
Check.

Hiroshi's eyes bounce from the runway to his gauges, to the photo on the console.

**INT. KANA'S ZERO - MORNING**

In his own fighter, Kana wraps a white bandana emblazoned with the rising sun around his forehead and breathes deep.

KANA  
Check.

One by one, the voices of two dozen young Airmen echo the check back through the radio.

**EXT. JAPANESE AIRFIELD - MORNING**

One after another, the fighters speed down the runway, rise steadily into the air and join formation.

**INT. HIROSHI'S ZERO - MORNING**

Hiroshi looks out at the clouds passing by below, then to the photograph of Itsumi. He reaches for his radio.

HIROSHI

Kana. Kana can you hear me?

A moment of silence, then.

KANA

Yes. Loud and clear.

INTERCUT between Hiroshi and Kana's Zeros.

HIROSHI

Don't do anything rash out there.

KANA

What? So you can strike the killing blow and get all the glory? Not a chance.

HIROSHI

I am only looking out for you. I know you have a tendency to get blinded by the sun.

KANA

Ahh, if only you were as good at flying as you are at telling jokes.

Hiroshi smiles as the voice of the FLIGHT COMMANDER NIGANA interjects.

FLIGHT COMMANDER NIGANA

We are approaching the target area.  
Complete radio silence. Good luck men.

Hiroshi does one last check of his dashboard. A very serious expression on his face.

**EXT. OVER THE PACIFIC OCEAN - MORNING**

The sun at their backs, the squadron continues in formation toward their target.

**EXT. THE OPEN OCEAN - MORNING**

SUPER: THE PACIFIC OCEAN - 800NM OFF JAPAN.

A fleet of merchant ships travels eastward, flanked on both sides by their escort:

A half dozen U.S. Destroyers and Cruisers. Notably absent, any U.S. Aircraft Carriers.

The fleet look like toys in the expanse of the ocean.

**EXT. U.S. DESTROYER - DECK - MORNING**

Navy PRIVATES and DECKHANDS go about their morning routine.

Two PRIVATES (Early 20s), sweat profusely over a large torque wrench.

NAVY PRIVATE ONE

What, you've never used a fuckin' wrench before?

NAVY PRIVATE TWO

Lay off, it's welded on there.

NAVY PRIVATE ONE

Welded on. You wouldn't know welding if I welded your asshole shut.

NAVY PRIVATE TWO

Alright then tough guy, you try it.

He steps aside to allow the other Private a go.

**INT. U.S. DESTROYER - BRIDGE - MORNING**

Sharply dressed OFFICERS (20s - 40s) move casually about the bridge.

A RADAR OPERATOR (20s) enters quickly and approaches The CAPTAIN (40s)

RADAR OPERATOR

Sir!

CAPTAIN

Yes what is it?

RADAR OPERATOR  
Enemy aircraft, ten miles east,  
headed this way.

The Radar operator hands The Captain a piece of paper, which  
The Captain quickly appraises.

CAPTAIN  
Very good. Thank you.

They salute and The Radar Operator turns heel and quickly  
exits the bridge.

The Captain turns to the LIEUTENANT (20s) on his right.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)  
Sound the alarm.

The Lieutenant nods and immediately pulls a lever which  
sounds an OMINOUS SIREN.

#### **EXT. U.S. DESTROYER - MORNING**

All at once, everybody drops what they're doing and springs  
into action. The deck becomes a hive of activity. Everybody  
heading for their posts.

The two Privates man a large AA FLAK Gun together. They stare  
up into the sky, but see nothing.

The first Private squints into the sun. There is no sound but  
for the warning sirens echoing across the water.

PRIVATE TWO  
Where are they? I don't see nothin.

PRIVATE ONE  
Just wait.

He lights a cigarette as his companion continues craning his  
neck to see. Then, from somewhere, a great DRONE fills the  
air.

PRIVATE TWO  
I can't see a damn thing!

Finally, out of the sun, the squadron of Japanese fighters  
and torpedo bombers descends on them from above.

**IN/EXT. BATTLE AT SEA - DAY**

INTERCUT BETWEEN: Hiroshi's Plane, Kana's Plane, and The U.S Destroyers and Merchant Ships.

The decks of the ship erupt with AA fire in a fearsome display of force as the planes scream down toward them.

Huge black plumes of flak explode in the sky, rattling the frames of the fighters as they descend.

HIROSHI  
Steady! Steady!

The first wave of Torpedo Bombers cruise low along the water, approaching one of the U.S. Destroyers.

A dozen .50 Calibre machine guns open up on them. Sending one of the bombers crashing into the waves in a fireball.

Hiroshi and Kana hold a tight formation as they approach, getting dangerously close to the guns of The Destroyer.

HIROSHI (CONT'D)  
Now!!

KANA  
For The Emperor!

They, as well as four other bombers release their torpedoes and pull up at the last second.

One is torn to pieces but the rest manage to evade the guns.

A moment later, their target is rocked by two explosions from deep below. The ship rumbles and groans, and begins to list.

A siren sounds as men scramble from their posts.

From above, Hiroshi glances down at the sinking ship.

Three more battleships remain, and the sky still booms with flak.

FLIGHT COMMANDER NIGANA  
We will regroup and make another approach.

The planes regroup and bank around, while below, two torpedoes strike direct hits on a merchant vessel, sending an immense fireball up into the air.

Men and women on fire jump into the sea.

Hiroshi's squadron now makes their approach on the second U.S. Destroyer.

They get low as they can to the water, flying head on into a hail of gunfire.

PRIVATE ONE

To the left! To the left!

Kana's plane is hit, and begins to smoke.

KANA

I'm hit!

HIROSHI

Pull up! We are enough!

But Kana does not pull up. He increases his speed as the smoke turns to flame.

HIROSHI (CONT'D)

Pull up!

Hiroshi's plane is hit in the wing, but he keeps it steady as they make their approach.

FLIGHT COMMANDER NIGANA

Release!

KANA

Bonsai!!

Hiroshi releases his last torpedo and pulls up just in time to see Kana's plane slam into the side of the destroyer and explode in a giant fireball.

Flight Commander Nigana watches Hiroshi pull up as well, white smoke streaming from holes in his wing.

HIROSHI

I am empty!

FLIGHT COMMANDER NIGANA

Return to formation, we're going home.

The remaining planes rise uncontested into the sky and regroup while below, two U.S. Destroyers and one merchant ship smoke and slowly disappear beneath the waves.

**INT. HONOLULU BAR - NIGHT**

SUPER: HONOLULU, HAWAII - TWO WEEKS LATER

The bar is full of men in uniform and young women dressed in their best.

The dance floor swings to the song playing on the record player.

At the bar Four Navy Men. CHARLIE (21), MIKE (23) RODNEY (19) and JOE (26) drink beer from the bottle.

MIKE

All I'm sayin is, I don't know how  
someone afraid of water ends up  
joining the Navy.

CHARLIE

Way I see it is, we're so far above  
the water it don't matter anyhow.

RODNEY

What about landin', that don't  
scare ya none?

CHARLIE

(hesitates)  
Not one bit.

MIKE

He's lyin'. I can see it.

CHARLIE

I ain't! I ain't!

They all laugh. Mike wraps his arm around Charlie's shoulder.

JOE

Hey, who wants another beer?

CHARLIE

I'll take one.

MIKE

Make that two.

Joe goes about flagging down the bartender.

Across the room, the door opens and three DECORATED AIRMEN  
(20s - 30s) saunter in.

Charlie watches them head to the bar, receiving handshakes  
from the men in uniform and side eyes from the women.

CHARLIE

Hey check it out.

MIKE  
Oh great, the flyboys.

A few PRIVATES not far from Charlie and his friends make room at the bar for the Decorated Airmen.

DANNY (21), clearly the leader, gives the bartender a little wave.

BARTENDER  
Hey Danny! What'll it be?!

DANNY  
Three whiskey, Sam.

BARTENDER  
Right away!

The bartender produces three shot glasses from beneath the bar and grabs the nicer whiskey from the rail behind him.

Charlie and the boys watch the whole exchange.

JOE  
I ordered our beer like five minutes ago.

RODNEY  
Yeah well you ain't got thirty confirmed kills.

JOE  
Yeah he probably doesn't either.  
Guy's probably full o' shit.

RODNEY  
You wanna tell him that to his face?

JOE  
I would.

RODNEY  
Uh-huh.

They watch as Danny reaches into his pocket to pay.

One of the Privates who made room for the Airmen, who's name tag reads PVT. HARRINGTON, puts his hand on Danny's arm.

PRIVATE HARRINGTON  
Hey.

Danny gives Private Harrington a look that says he does not like to be touched.

PRIVATE HARRINGTON (CONT'D)  
 Sorry Sir, it's just that, I'd like to pay for those. If you don't mind.

DANNY  
 Well I don't mind in the least son. What's your name?

PRIVATE HARRINGTON  
 Private Harrington, Sir. But my friends call me Willie.

DANNY  
 Well, Willie. Me and the boys appreciate it.

PRIVATE HARRINGTON  
 It ain't nothin at all! It's an honor to meet you!

Back on The Boys watching the exchange.

MIKE  
 Unbelievable.

JOE  
 Sure is.

DANNY  
 Oh and Sam.

Sam, the bartender, turns to Danny with an expectant smile.

BARTENDER  
 How many?

DANNY  
 Two for Darling--

He gestures to one of his fellow airmen.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
 Just one for young Cohen here--

A the second man behind Danny, curly hair and glasses, gives an awkward smile.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
 And four for me.

CHARLIE

Four?

JOE

Fuckin' bullshit.

Sam pulls a small stool from beneath the bar and gets up to a large chalk board hanging above the bottles. The board contains the names of dozens of AIRMEN, with tally marks next to each.

Charlie watches Sam add the appropriate number of tallies to each name. Danny the clear front runner.

Charlie's eyes wander to his own name, next to which there are zero tallies.

He pulls his eyes from the board as Danny and his friends raise their glasses.

DANNY

To The Japs!

(beat)

For bein' so easy to shoot down!

Those within earshot laugh and cheer as The Decorated Airmen down their shots. Sam finally produces the beers Joe ordered.

SAM

Sorry about that Boys.

JOE

Yeah no problem.

They all sip their beers in silence for a moment. All except Charlie, who downs his in one long chug, before slamming his glass down on the table.

CHARLIE

I gotta take a piss.

He gets up from the bar and pushes through the crowd toward the washrooms.

MIKE

What's eatin' him?

RODNEY

Think it may have anything to do with the big blank space next to his name up there?

On Charlie making his way through the crowded bar.

Just in front of him, a WAITRESS, (20s) carrying a tray of drinks is bumped by a NAVY CORPSMAN (20s), knocking her tray to the ground and spilling drinks on The Corpsman's uniform.

The Corpsman turns, eyes vacant.

CORPSMAN

Watch where you're going. Fuckin' Jap Bitch.

WAITRESS

Hey fuck you man.

CORPSMAN

What'd you just fuckin' say to me?

WAITRESS

Do I sound fucking Japanese. I'm Hawaiian, I was fucking born here.

CORPSMAN

You look like a fuckin' Jap. You here spyin'?

He takes a step towards her.

WAITRESS

You're an asshole.

Charlie watches as The Corpsman grabs The Waitress hard by the arm, pulling her toward him.

CORPSMAN

You know how many of my friends your fuckin' kind have killed?

WAITRESS

Get off of me!

CORPSMAN

You know what melting flesh looks like? You ever hear ten of your friends pounding on a hatch up to their necks in water?

The Corpsman's face contorts with rage. Charlie puts his hand on his arm.

CHARLIE

Hey man, cool it.

CORPSMAN

This ain't none o your business. Fuck off.

CHARLIE

She said she ain't no Jap. She  
ain't the enemy.

CORPSMAN

She's a fuckin' Jap! I know she is.

The Corpsman continues gripping the Waitress tight. Charlie tries to pull his arm away.

CORPSMAN (CONT'D)

I told ya to fuck off.

CHARLIE

And I told you she ain't the enemy,  
now let her--

The punch connects with Charlie so suddenly he can only blink and stumble backward into a group of people.

He touches the side of his head with his hand and examines his fingers - blood.

Charlie looks back to The Corpsman, noticing now how much bigger he is than himself.

Without a second thought he rushes The Corpsman, and a circle clears as a fist fight ensues.

Joe, Mike and Rodney push through to the front of the circle to cheer Charlie on.

They both take a solid beating before FOUR MILITARY POLICE enter, whistles blowing.

They drag the two men off one another.

MILITARY POLICE ONE

Alright alright let's go.

Charlie and The Corpsman are lead from the bar, dazed and bloodied.

#### **EXT. HONOLULU BAR - NIGHT**

Charlie and The Corpsman sit on the curb, handcuffed, watching SARGENT HILL (30s), speak with The MPs as well as Joe, Rodney and Mike.

After a moment, Sargent Hill and two of The MPs make their way toward the pair.

SARGENT HILL

Up.

Both Charlie and The Corpsman begin to move.

SARGENT HILL (CONT'D)

(gesturing to The  
Corpsman)

Not you. Your C.O. Could not be  
reached. You're spending the night  
in the drunk tank until they figure  
out what they wanna do with you.

(to Charlie)

Up.

Charlie tries to stand, but the alcohol and tied hands make  
it slightly difficult.

Finally one of The MPs helps him to his feet. Charlie does  
his best to stand at attention.

SARGENT HILL (CONT'D)

If this were any other night, you'd  
spend a week in a cell.

(beat)

However...

One of The MPs moves behind Charlie and to his surprise,  
removes the cuffs.

SARGENT HILL (CONT'D)

We cannot afford to lose any  
pilots. Especially if it's before  
they've even taken off. You will  
return to the barracks immediately,  
sleep this off, and be ready for  
tomorrow. Understand?

Charlie nods.

SARGENT HILL (CONT'D)

Good. The MPs will give you a ride.

CHARLIE

No. I mean, No thank you Sir. With  
your permission I'd like to walk.

SARGENT HILL

Can you make it Son?

CHARLIE

Yes Sir. Believe the fresh air  
would do me good.

SARGENT HILL

Very well.

(louder)

Private Dubinsky.

Mike jogs over from where he, Rodney and Joe stand next to The MPs jeep.

MIKE

Sargent!

SARGENT HILL

Escort Lieutenant Jackson here back to the barracks, and see that he gets there in no worse state than he is at present.

MIKE

Yes Sir.

SARGENT HILL

That will be all.

He turns and strides back to The MPs jeep. The MPs pick up The Corpsman and follow, carrying him between them.

Charlie and Mike make their way down the street. Mike turns Joe and Rodney back at the jeep.

MIKE

Seeya back there! Don't have too much fun.

The pair wave off Charlie and Mike as they continue down the road.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Let's get you to bed.

**EXT. HONOLULU STREET - NIGHT**

Charlie and Joe stumble down the quiet street. Joe lights a cigarette hanging from Charlie's mouth, then his own.

CHARLIE

I just, is this gonna be my legacy?

MIKE

Don't start.

CHARLIE

No, seriously. When I have a son. What am I gonna tell him? '

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
*No, your daddy didn't kill any  
 Japs, but boy could he get drunk  
 and fight.'*  
 (beat)  
 Now Captain Metzger--

MIKE  
 Awh shit. Forget about Metzger.

CHARLIE  
 His family, his kids are gonna have  
 somethin' to be proud of. When he  
 goes home, he'll be a damn hero.

Mike only takes a long draw from his smoke.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 I tell you one thing. I ain't goin'  
 home without a kill. This could be  
 the last time we get out there.

MIKE  
 Don't go doin' anything stupid.  
 Won't matter if ya go home a war  
 hero if you're dead.

CHARLIE  
 I just wanna prove I'm worth  
 somethin.' Ain't nobody in my  
 family ever been worth nothin.' And  
 now, I'm the only one left to,  
 y'know, make somethin' of myself.

MIKE  
 You think killin' Japs is the way  
 to do that?

CHARLIE  
 It's fuckin' War, Mike. It's the  
 only way to do it. And after what  
 they done... Japs ain't nothin' but  
 bullies. They deserve to die.

Again, Mike has no answer. They continue together down the road.

#### **EXT. CITY STREET - DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)**

A ticker tape parade in full swing. Crowds cheer from the streets and the windows of tall buildings as it passes by.

In a large black open top Cadillac rides Danny and the rest of the Decorated Airmen

They smile and blow the crowd kisses.

A the very back of the parade, carrying a flag that says  
'ZERO CONFIRMED KILLS' Charlie trudges alone.

Nobody cheers for him. People shake their heads as he passes.  
Muttering unheard insults.

Charlie locks eyes with two YOUNG MEN (18, 20), the elder  
dressed in his navy blues, the younger in dirty farm clothes.

They stare unblinking, casting shame and judgement toward  
Charlie, who avoids their gaze.

Some in the crowd start to hiss and throw things.

**INT. AIR FORCE BARRACKS - DAWN**

Charlie blinks and lets his eyes adjust to the darkness.  
Rodney stands over him, hand on his shoulder.

RODNEY  
Hey, wake up.

Charlie sits up and groans. All around him, men get dressed.  
The light flicks on, revealing a black eye, dried blood and a  
large welt.

**EXT. PEARL HARBOR NAVY YARD - MORNING**

Hundreds of men load single file onto a large U.S. Aircraft  
Carrier on long wooden planks extending from the dock.

Hundreds more civilians have gathered to wave them off.

**EXT. COAST OF HAWAII - MORNING**

A fleet of several Destroyers and battle cruisers flank the  
Aircraft carrier as they steam away from the island.

**EXT. OPEN OCEAN - DAY**

SUPER: 600NM OFF OKINAWA - ONE WEEK LATER

The convoy steams along in formation, cutting through the  
deep blue water.

**EXT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER - DECK - DAY**

A FLAGMAN signals a U.S. P51 Mustang Fighter-Bomber. It roars to life and speeds down the deck before rising shakily into the sky.

**INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY**

Charlie, Mike, Joe and Rodney sit amongst a dozen other NAVY PILOTS (19 - 30).

At the front of the small briefing room standing before a large map, Sargent Hill.

SARGENT HILL

We had hoped that after Midway, the path would be wide open. Instead the loss of their Navy has only galvanized the Japs, and strengthened their resolve. In recent months the Japanese Air Force has increased their attacks on our supply lines with great effectiveness. We are losing on average three ships a week to these attacks. Additionally, as I'm sure you've heard, we have seen an increase in suicide attacks on both merchant ships and our own destroyers.

NAVY MAN

Fuckin' animals.

OTHER NAVY MEN

Yeah! Godless fucks! Kill em all!

Sargent Hill gestures to settle the room.

SARGENT HILL

In response, we have been tasked with assisting in the escort of these supply convoys and seeing them safely to their destination. We will be linking up with a convoy in the next few hours. We will hang back, and should The Japs come knockin' we'll be ready for em'.

(beat)

So stay sharp, be prepared, and God be with you. Dismissed.

All the Navy men give a cheer in response. Sargent Hill exits as they stand and chat amongst themselves.

**EXT. JAPANESE AIRFIELD - DAY**

The airfield bustles with activity. Japanese Zeros taxi back and forth, men repair damaged planes in the hot sun.

**INT. JAPANESE AIRFIELD - OFFICER'S TENT - DAY**

Sitting behind a small desk, Captain Miramoto. He looks up as Hiroshi enters and stands at attention.

CPT. MIRAMOTO  
Ahh, Lieutenant Nakamura.

HIROSHI  
Sir!

CPT. MIRAMOTO  
I am sure you have been briefed on the upcoming sortie.

HIROSHI  
I have, Sir.

CPT. MIRAMOTO  
Good. I hope you find yourself more successful this time.

HIROSHI  
Sir?

CPT. MIRAMOTO  
I was going over the notes from your last mission, and noted something peculiar in Flight Commander Nigana's recollection of events.

HIROSHI  
We were honored to score multiple direct hits on two American cruisers, Sir.

CPT. MIRAMOTO  
Yes. But Nigana claims you had the ability to inflict even greater damage upon the enemy, but chose not to.

Hiroshi says nothing for a long moment.

HIROSHI  
I don't understand, Sir.

CPT. MIRAMOTO  
I think you understand perfectly  
clearly Lieutenant. Your fellow  
pilot, given the same choice, died  
for the glory of The Empire.  
(beat)  
You on the other hand.

HIROSHI  
Kana. Lieutenant Ohura's bomber was  
badly damaged--

CPT. MIRAMOTO  
I will not hear it. Should word of  
your cowardice spread, it will  
bring shame not only upon you, but  
this entire unit!

Hiroshi stands in silence.

CPT. MIRAMOTO (CONT'D)  
Here. I want to show you something.

Captain Miramoto rises from his desk and pushes past Hiroshi  
through the flap.

CPT. MIRAMOTO (CONT'D)  
Follow me.

Hiroshi turns and follows The Captain out of the tent.

**EXT. JAPANESE AIRFIELD - HANGAR - DAY**

Captain Miramoto leads Hiroshi through the crowded hangar,  
where men scurry about repairing more damaged aircraft.

Toward the back, they stop before a crew working on a  
Mitsubishi A6M Zero - A long-range fighter aircraft.

HIROSHI  
What are they doing to it?

CAPTAIN  
They are making improvements.

Hiroshi watches as two men lift the nose of the plane, while  
two others place large bombs inside the open cavity.

HIROSHI  
It is a missile?

CPT. MIRAMOTO  
Guided by the most intelligent  
system.

Hiroshi puts two and two together.

CPT. MIRAMOTO (CONT'D)  
The Americans will know the true  
resolve of Japan, and you will have  
the honor of showing them.

Hiroshi looks from the workers to Captain Miramoto,  
hesitating just a moment too long.

CPT. MIRAMOTO (CONT'D)  
Listen to me very closely. The  
contents of that report are enough  
to have you executed. Do you  
understand? I am offering you an  
honorable end. Or do you want your  
child growing up the son of a  
coward? I will see to it that your  
wife kills herself in shame.

Hiroshi stiffens, back perfectly straight.

HIROSHI  
I apologize Sir! This... This is a  
great honor Sir! Thank you!

Miramoto looks Hiroshi up and down.

CPT. MIRAMOTO  
Return to your barracks.

HIROSHI  
Sir!

Hiroshi bows and strides away from Captain Miramoto, who goes  
back to admiring the modified Zero.

#### **INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER - BARRACKS - DAY**

Charlie leans back in his cot writing a letter while Mike and  
Joe admire a porno mag together. Rodney, in his own cot, lays  
with his eyes closed.

MIKE  
Would you take a look at her.

JOE  
Why don't they have girls like that  
back home?

RODNEY

Way you act around em', I didn't think there were any girls back home.

JOE

I thought you were asleep.

RODNEY

I am asleep.

Charlie smiles and just goes on writing.

Suddenly, an ALARM sounds, long and forlorn. All the men perk up and look at one another.

Charlie stuffs his notebook in his pocket and joins the airmen rushing out of the barracks.

JOE

You think this is the real deal?

CHARLIE

It better be.

**EXT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER - DECK - DAY**

The deck is a hive of activity. Charlie and Mike jog toward their aircraft.

CHARLIE

Good luck up there.

MIKE

Stay safe.

CHARLIE

Always.

They part ways and head to their fighters.

**INT. CHARLIE'S MUSTANG - DAY**

Charlie climbs up into the cockpit, removes his notebook from his pocket and opens to a marked page.

A photo of his PARENTS (40s) falls out. He picks it up, kisses the photo and stows it in a pouch next to his seat.

Next he goes through his pre flight check, pulls back the choke, and the engine roars to life.

Charlie does the sign of the cross and breathes deep.

**EXT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER - DECK - DAY**

One by one, Mustangs and Hellcats roll forward onto the perilously short runway before quickly gaining speed and rising into the air.

**INT. CHARLIE'S MUSTANG - DAY**

Not a cloud in the sky as Charlie looks down over the open ocean.

JOE (O.S.)  
Everybody check in.

CHARLIE  
Check.

The voices of Mike, Rodney, and a dozen other men echo the check through the radio.

JOE (O.S.)  
We're approaching the convoy now.  
Stay sharp, and remember, the  
supply ships are the priority. Keep  
those torpedo bombers off em' at  
all costs.  
(beat)  
Keep an eye on your fuel, and good  
luck gentlemen.

Charlie adjusts his gloves and goggles, then breathes deep.

Just ahead, the tiny convoy of merchant ships and U.S. Battle Cruisers appear out of the blue - little specks thousands of feet below.

JOE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Eyes open, call em' out.

Charlie scans the horizon, nothing but the open ocean and the bright sun just above. He squint into the light, little black dots appear in his vision. He tries to blink them away, no use.

The black dots persist, getting bigger. Suddenly Charlie realizes.

CHARLIE  
I've got em'. Twelve o'clock high,  
coming out of the sun.

JOE (O.S.)  
Roger. Climbing.

Charlie breathes deep.

**INT. HIROSHI'S ZERO - DAY**

Hiroshi, piloting his upgraded Zero, stares forward determined.

He quickly glances to the photo of his wife and wipes the sweat from his brow.

FLIGHT COMMANDER  
We are approaching the convoy.

FRANTIC JAPANESE PILOT (O.S.)  
Sir! American fighters! Dead ahead.

FLIGHT COMMANDER  
Understood. Fighters, keep them off  
of our bombers.  
(beat)  
Bombers. You know what to do.  
(beat)  
For The Emperor!

JAPANESE AIRMEN (O.S.)  
Bonsai!

Hiro swallows, gripping his control stick with white knuckles.

**EXT. OPEN SKY - DAY**

INTERCUT: Hiroshi's Zero, Charlie's Mustang, Joe's Hellcat, Rodney's Mustang, Mike's Hellcat and The Open Sky as the dogfight commences.

The American and Japanese Squadrons meet almost directly above the convoy in a firestorm of .50 Calibre machine guns.

Hiroshi and the Japanese Torpedo Bombers break and descend toward the ships below. Charlie, Mike and Joe give chase.

Above, American and Japanese fighters dance and chase one another, guns blazing.

Occasionally a plane explodes into a fireball midair or falls toward the ocean billowing smoke.

Charlie taps at his machine guns, trying to hit Hiroshi, but none of his shots make contact.

One Bonsai plane attempts to hit the deck of a merchant destroyer, but Hiroshi watches as it is cut to pieces and explodes in the ocean just short.

A second Bonsai attack on a different destroyer is successful, sending a massive fireball high into the sky.

RODNEY

Holy shit!

CHARLIE

Did you see that?

MIKE

Crazy bastard.

JOE

Stay focused, fighters, three  
o'clock!

Hiroshi watches the smoking destroyer from the window of his Zero. He and two other bombers go round for another attempt.

Charlie stays on Hiroshi's tale, tapping away at him.

Hiroshi continues dodging the bullets as the bombers approach the largest U.S. Destroyer.

CHARLIE

They're going for The Douglas!

RODNEY

Roger that I'm with you!

One of the three bombers ahead of them begins to smoke and tumbles into the water.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

Aha! Got em!

Charlie, determined, continues to try and hit the other.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

We got company!

Two Japanese Zero Fighters descend upon Rodney and Charlie, ripping into them with their machine guns.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

I'm hit! Gotta pull up!

JOE  
 I'm with ya!  
 (beat)  
 Wait!

Flight Commander Nigana falls in right behind Joe and unleashes hundreds of rounds into his Hellcat.

In the cockpit, Joe bleeds out as his fighter twirls downward.

CHARLIE  
 No!

Charlie continues to chase the two Bonsai bombers toward the destroyer with a fighter on his tail.

Hiroshi watches the bomber next to him burst into flame just short of the destroyer.

Charlie fires at Hiroshi, this time clipping his wing. It's now or never. Hiroshi pulls up and glides just over the destroyer.

The fighter on Charlie's tail fires, hitting the fuselage and sending fuel pouring from the side of Charlie's plane.

Mike falls in behind and The Japanese fighter and shoots him down.

MIKE  
 Got you buddy, but he got you. I'll  
 cover you, head back!

But Charlie still hangs tight on Hiroshi's tail, firing away.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
 Charlie you hear me! You gotta head  
 back!

Charlie fires, again and again. Chasing Hiroshi's smoking plane further and further from the fight.

Mike continues to follow until two more Japanese fighters descend from above and shoot him down.

Charlie doesn't even notice. He just keeps on firing. Only when his engine gives a nasty POP does he snap out of it.

Charlie looks to his fuel gauge. Empty. His propeller begins to slow.

Ahead of him, Hiroshi's Zero wobbles, struggling to stay straight with a badly damaged wing.

HIROSHI

Come on.

CHARLIE

Come on, come on.

Charlie's propeller come to a full stop, filling the cockpit with eerie silence.

He fires, and misses, then fires again, and misses.

Hiroshi drifts his plane back and forth, avoiding the shots.

Finally, a burst from Charlie's machine gun makes contact, sending Hiroshi's plane spinning toward the ocean below, black smoke billowing from behind.

**INT. CHARLIE'S MUSTANG - DAY**

Charlie stares at the smoke trail in disbelief.

CHARLIE

Holy shit! Holy shit! Yes! Aha!

But the euphoria quickly wares off. Charlie attempts to restart his engine. No uses. He taps his fuel gauge.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Shit. Oh shit.

Charlie's Mustang glides along in silence. He looks around. Below, nothing but the wide open ocean greets him. The convoy is nowhere in sight.

Then, from the corner of his eye, a dot in the water below.

Not a dot, an island. Charlie positions himself for an approach. Aiming for the small beach.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Come on! Come on!

He pulls up as hard as he can, but the nose dips down at the last second just short of the island.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - BEACH - DAY**

Charlie's Mustang slams into the shallow water. Charlie's face slams into the dashboard of the cockpit. Knocking him unconscious.

Clear blue water laps against the aluminum of his plane. Slowly rising, higher and higher.

**INT/EXT. CHARLIE'S MUSTANG - NIGHT**

Charlie regains consciousness to the sound of water lapping against his plane. He blinks into the darkness.

Blood trickles from a deep cut on his forehead into his eye.

He raises his hand to wipe the blood away, making a splash. The tide has risen up to Charlie's neck and filled the cockpit.

Charlie gasps and yells. He immediately begins trying to undo the straps holding him in, but they're stuck.

Charlie thrashes about, his breathing panicked. The water still rises, small waves lapping at his lips.

He inhales a mouthful of water, then sputters and chokes.

Below the water, Charlie feels around for a knife against his seat, tilting his head back to keep the water from his nose.

Finally, he pulls the knife from its sheathe and begins frantically sawing at the straps.

Even with his head back the water fills his nostrils. With one last deep breath he dunks himself under.

After several tense moments, the blade breaks through the straps and Charlie emerges from the cockpit gasping.

He begins to swim from the plane, arms flailing. He only makes it about ten feet before he stops.

CHARLIE

No!

He turns, swims back towards the plane and reenters the cockpit. With another deep breath he descends once more.

Charlie feels around in the pitch black cockpit until he finds what he's looking for.

He emerges from the cockpit a second time with another gasp, and finally swims to shore.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - BEACH - NIGHT**

Charlie stumbles out of the waves, drenched, and collapses face down in the sand. Notebook laying by his side.

Charlie lays there a long time beneath the moon before he stirs - rising to his knees and looking around.

The short beach stretches out in both directions, giving way to a dense tropical forest. Charlie gets to his feet.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - BEACH - NIGHT**

Charlie lays next to a modest fire crackling away. The moon shines down from high above.

Open on a rock beside the flames, the notebook, as well as his clothes.

Every now and then Charlie reaches over and turns another page to dry.

Charlie closes his eyes and falls asleep.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - BEACH - MORNING**

Charlie awakes with a start, wipes his face with his hand and looks around.

He puts on his dry fatigues and checks his notebook - mostly dried but much of the ink has smudged and run.

CHARLIE

Damnit.

Charlie washes the dried blood from his face in the water and looks off into the open ocean. Nothing, far as the eye can see.

Charlie tucks his knife in his boot and heads off into the jungle.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - JUNGLE - DAY**

Charlie treks through the dense jungle, using his knife to cut a path through the tangled vines.

Through clearings he sees mountains jutting high into the sky from the far end of the island. Charlie pushes onward.

Further and further he goes, until his clothes are once again drenched, but with sweat now.

Movement up ahead makes him freeze. Staring right at him, a small green lizard - no bigger than a squirrel.

For a moment, nobody moves.

CHARLIE

Hey there, hey. I'm not gonna hurt you.

Charlie dives toward the lizard but only gets a face full of dark soil.

The lizard bolts. Charlie scrambles to his feet and takes off after it. Leaves and branches snap at Charlie's face, but he continues on.

#### **EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - CLEARING - DAY**

The lizard bursts out of the underbrush into a clearing, tiny legs flailing. Charlie charges out after it, knife at the ready.

He chases it across the clearing as it darts every which way before finally disappearing.

Behind the damaged wing of a downed Japanese Zero.

Charlie freezes as the tiny lizard bounds away to freedom.

He spins around, studying every inch of the clearing. Charlie is alone.

Slowly, cautiously, he approaches the downed plane. On the opposite side, beneath the wing, a small fire pit. Embers still burning.

HIROSHI

AHHHH!!!!

Charlie spins around just in time to see a Japanese Pilot limping very quickly toward him - short blade katana held tightly in his hands.

Charlie swipes the blade with his knife, redirecting it away from his heart and right into his bicep. Charlie screams out in pain as the steel cuts deep.

Charlie grabs Hiroshi close and head butts him. Hiroshi is stunned, but quickly cuts Charlie again on the inside of the leg, dropping him to his knees.

Charlie looks down and notices the pilot's leg badly injured. He jams his knife in the wound and Hiroshi wails in agony.

The brutal fight goes to the ground. Their weapons fall from their hands. They pound at each other with their fists beneath the hot sun.

They roll around in the dirt, scratching and biting and throwing sand in a desperate battle for survival.

Finally, Hiroshi gets ahold of a rock and bashes Charlie in the skull, knocking him out.

Hiroshi rolls off Charlie, gasping for breath, face badly beaten. He sees his katana on the ground not far away and tries to stand.

The bone in Hiroshi's leg gives way with a sickening snap and he falls to the ground, passed out from the immense pain.

Both men lay in the clearing next to one another, beside the downed Zero.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - CRASHED ZERO - EVENING**

Hiroshi blinks himself awake and immediately rolls over to throw up from the pain.

Next to him, Charlie remains completely still. Hiroshi looks around. The katana glints in the setting sun not far away.

He crawls to it, groaning with each agonizing movement. Then, slowly, he crawls back to Charlie's motionless body.

Hiroshi raises the blade above Charlie's chest, then looks down at his face and hesitates.

Hiroshi's mouth fills once again and he rolls off Charlie to puke. He lays there for a moment, staring at the unconscious American.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - CRASHED ZERO - NIGHT**

Charlie awakens next to a crackling fire. A new stream of blood dried on his face.

His vision clears to reveal small bits of meat hanging from a spit over the fire, and the Japanese Soldier working on a splint.

Charlie sits up with a start at the site.

NOTE: Unless otherwise stated. Hiroshi communicates in native Japanese. He understands very little English, and when he does speak it, it is very broken.

HIROSHI  
Hey, hey, calm.

Charlie attempts to move his hands but finds them tied, as well as his feet.

CHARLIE  
Hey! Untie me!

HIROSHI  
Be calm, be calm!

Charlie does not understand.

CHARLIE  
Let me go! Jap fuck!

Hiroshi watches in silence as Charlie struggles against his bonds. After a few moments, Charlie tires himself out.

They look at one another for a long moment before Charlie's eyes wander to the meat cooking on the fire.

They lock eyes again. Hiroshi reaches down and picks up Charlie's knife from the ground.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
What are ya gonna do with that?

Hiroshi leans forward, knife in hand. Charlie shuffles back, eyes wild.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Hey! Stay Back!

Hiroshi gently cuts a small piece of meat from the spit, skewers it with the blade, and leans in to Charlie.

Charlie's eyes dart from the meat, to Hiroshi, to the meat. Finally, he bites the piece from the blade and chews furiously.

Hiroshi watches him eat, slowly chewing his own small morsel.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

Hiroshi nods. Another long moment of silence.

HIROSHI  
(english)  
Can I untie you?

CHARLIE  
What? Of course you can untie me.

HIROSHI  
(english)  
You won't try to kill me?

Charlie thinks a moment, feels the bump on his head.

CHARLIE  
I'm done fighting for the day I  
think.

Hiroshi tilts his head.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
No. No I'm not gonna kill ya.

Hiroshi considers this. Then, slowly, he moves toward  
Charlie, knife still in hand.

Charlie holds his breath as Hiroshi kneels over him with the  
knife. One final moment of consideration.

Finally, Hiroshi cuts the ties, freeing Charlie's hands and  
feet.

Hiroshi returns to his seat by the fire as Charlie sits up  
and looks around.

HIROSHI  
Hiroshi.

CHARLIE  
What? I don't understand.

Hiroshi racks his brain.

HIROSHI  
(english)  
My name is Hiroshi.

CHARLIE  
Oh, oh. Yeah. I'm Charlie.

HIROSHI  
Charlie.

They both stare into the fire.

CHARLIE  
You know where we are?

Hiroshi doesn't answer.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Hey. Hirashi.

Hiroshi glances over.

HIROSHI  
Hiroshi.

CHARLIE  
Hiroshi, whatever.  
(gesturing)  
Do. You. Know. Where. We. Are?

HIROSHI  
(english)  
No.

CHARLIE  
What do you mean no? Don't you live  
here?

HIROSHI  
(english)  
No. I live in Japan.

CHARLIE  
No I mean... Never mind.

Hiroshi leans forward to cut another slice of meat from the spit. Grimacing with pain.

Charlie notices but says nothing.

Hiroshi hands the meat to Charlie, who pops it in his mouth.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
It ain't bad. What is it?

HIROSHI  
Lizard.

CHARLIE  
Huh.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - CRASHED ZERO - LATER**

Embers burn in the fire pit between Charlie and Hiroshi, laying with their backs to one another, asleep.

ON Hiroshi's face - eyes wide open, gripping his short blade katana.

ON Charlie's face - same story, a rock balled up in his fist.

Neither move a muscle.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - CRASHED ZERO - MORNING**

The sun rises on both Charlie and Hiroshi, eyes bloodshot, weapons still in hand.

Simultaneously, they both turn over.

CHARLIE & HIROSHI

Ahhhh!!!!

They stop screaming and stare at one another, breathing heavily.

Then, Hiroshi laughs, and after a moment, Charlie does too.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - CRASHED ZERO - MORNING**

Charlie watches Hiroshi open a box of war rations sitting beside him.

One by one he lays the contents before them - some crackers, a packet of jam, a bag of rice, some odd looking candies.

They look down at their small collection of goods.

CHARLIE

That ain't gonna last long.

Hiroshi just looks at him.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I had one too. Better stuff in it.  
All probably washed out to sea.

Hiroshi continues to stare.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I had... One like that... But mine  
was better... Had chocolate. They  
eat chocolate in Japan?

HIROSHI

(english)  
Chocolate?

CHARLIE  
Yeah, chocolate. See, now we're  
getting somewhere.  
(beat)  
How you say chocolate in japanese?

Hiroshi doesn't understand the question.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Chocolate. In your language. What  
do you say?

HIROSHI  
Oh! Chocolate!

Charlie attempts to repeat the word back with great  
difficulty. Hiroshi laughs.

CHARLIE  
Yeah well, you ain't exactly an  
english professor either.  
(beat)  
But your english is a lot better  
than my Jap, I'll give you that.

Hiroshi just smiles and nods.

HIROSHI  
(in english)  
Here not safe.

CHARLIE  
What?

Hiroshi gestures to their camp.

HIROSHI  
Not safe.

Charlie looks around.

CHARLIE  
Why? Cause you're here?

Hiroshi gets to his feet and walks around to the front of the  
plane. Charlie follows, and arrives a moment later to see  
Hiroshi standing before the nose.

HIROSHI  
Bombs.

CHARLIE  
What?

Hiroshi points to the nose then imitates a large explosion with his hands.

Charlie looks from the plane, to Hiroshi, and it clicks.

Charlie grabs Hiroshi by the throat and they topple to the ground, Charlie on top.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
You're one of them--

Hiroshi claws at Charlie's hands wrapped tightly around his throat.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Fuckin suicide--

Hiroshi's eyes bulge in his head.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Kamikaze--

Hiroshi gets his hand on a rock and slams it into Charlie's head, who topples off.

Hiroshi scurries to his feet, but does not attack. Instead he stands feet away, breathing heavily, face red.

HIROSHI  
I am not a kamikaze! I am a proud  
and loyal pilot of The Empire of  
Japan! I have twenty five confirmed  
kills! Do you think I want to die?  
No! I have to die! Do you  
understand?! I wish I had died! At  
least then I would not be stuck on  
this shit island with you!

Charlie stares stunned from where he lays. Hiroshi grasps his leg in pain and falls to the ground.

Hiroshi stares up at the sun and screams.

#### **EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - CRASHED ZERO - EVENING**

Hiroshi blinks himself awake and looks around. The sun hangs just above the trees.

He sits up and looks around. Across the clearing, far from the crashed plane, a small fire twinkles.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - CLEARING - EVENING**

Hiroshi limps toward the fire. As he gets closer, a small lean-to made from wood and scrap metal comes into view.

Charlie emerges from inside their new accommodations to see Hiroshi staring at him.

CHARLIE

Oh, hey.

Charlie looks around

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You said the plane wasn't safe. So I figured we'd move camp. I think I got everything, of yours, that is. You may wanna check though, when it's light again.

Hiroshi still looks wary.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Look, yeah. About before. Sorry I guess. It's just, how could you wanna do that?

Hiroshi says nothing.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Never mind. It doesn't matter.

(beat)

Well come on, I said I'm sorry. Sit down.

Charlie gestures toward the lean-to. Slowly, painfully, Hiroshi limps over and sits next to the fire.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Now. I was lookin' at your rations.

Charlie picks up the bag of rice.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

In boot camp they told us ya'll could live off a bag o' this size for damn near a year. So I reckon that's good. The rest though, that ain't gonna last too long. Now I don't know how many lizards this island's got, but it can't be that many.

(beat)

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
And if they're hard to catch as the  
last one I saw. Well, what I'm  
tryin' to say is...

Charlie looks up to see Hiroshi laying back in the lean-to.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Hiroshi?

He moves to him and finds Hiroshi shaking and pale. Charlie looks down at his leg to see pants stained with blood.

Charlie rips the material of the pants to see Hiroshi's femur sticking out of a bloody wound in his leg.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Oh shit. You're tough as nails I'll  
give you that.  
(beat)  
Okay. Okay. We're gonna have to fix  
this.

Charlie gets up and rushes to a stack of supplies in the lean-to until he locates a small pouch with a red cross.

Next he lays his knife next to the fire so that the blade sits over the flame.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Okay, this is gonna hurt real bad.

Charlie folds a piece of cloth.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Bite down on this.

Hiroshi does as he's told. Charlie puts his hands on Hiroshi's leg.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
One... Two...

In one movement he forces Hiroshi's bone back down into his leg with a sickening crack.

Hiroshi spits the cloth from his mouth and screams every curse under the sun at Charlie.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
We ain't done yet buddy.

Charlie retrieves a small packet from the medical pouch, tears it open and sprinkles white powder over the wound.

Hiroshi screams again, sits up and grabs Charlie by the neck. In his weakened state, Charlie pushes him right back down.

Charlie removes his knife from the fire, blade now red hot. Hiroshi sees this.

HIROSHI

No. No. You bastard. I'll kill you!  
I swear on The Emperor I will kill  
you!

CHARLIE

Whatever you say.

Charlie holds Hiroshi down with one arm, and with the other, presses the red hot steel against Hiroshi's open wound.

Hiroshi screams loud enough to wake every animal on the island. Then once again passes out.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - BEACH - MORNING**

Charlie stands on the beach next to the remnants of his first camp.

He stares out at his plane, nearly completely visible in the low tide.

Charlie takes a step forward, then hesitates. He paces back and forth at the shoreline.

CHARLIE

Come on Charlie, come on.

Charlie takes certain step forward... And turns again. He psyches himself up.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Okay. Here we go.

Charlie wades cautiously out into the tide toward his plane. He roots around in the cockpit and removes his box of rations.

Back on the beach he empties out the box. Everything soaked with water.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - JUNGLE - DAY**

Charlie cuts his way through the thick brush.

He follows the sound of running water to a stream and fills two canteens.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - CLEARING - DAY**

Charlie returns to the camp to find Hiroshi in the lean-to sharpening his katana.

CHARLIE

Hope you ain't planning to use that  
on me.

Hiroshi continues methodically sharpening his blade.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Found us some water. There's a  
stream not far from here.

Again, no answer. Charlie sits down across from Hiroshi.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Okay, this ain't workin.

Hiroshi looks up.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

We ain't gonna survive here, let  
alone get the hell outta here, if  
we can't understand each other. So  
here's what I'm thinkin'. You teach  
me, I teach you. Yeah?

HIROSHI

Teach.

CHARLIE

Yeah! There ya go! Here, uh.

Charlie gestures to the blade in Hiroshi's hand.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

That there's a knife. I mean, it's  
a big knife. But It's a knife.

HIROSHI

(in english)

Knife.

CHARLIE

Perfect.

HIROSHI

Knife.

CHARLIE  
(In Japanese)  
Knife.

Hiroshi nods.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Okay, that's a good start. Now. I  
fulfilled my part of the deal and  
got the water. Now you gotta show  
me how to cook this stuff.

He throws the bag of rice to Hiroshi, who catches it and  
looks at him.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - CLEARING - NIGHT**

Hiroshi and Charlie sit around the fire eating rice with  
their hands from small tins.

CHARLIE  
This ain't half bad.

Hiroshi smiles.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
So I was thinkin, since we got four  
flares, two a piece--

HIROSHI  
I have three flares.

CHARLIE  
Three. Okay that's good. Well since  
we got five flares. I'm thinkin' we  
hold onto them, in case anyone  
flies over. Understand.

Hiroshi nods.

HIROSHI  
We build fires on the beach. Big  
fires. Light them every night.

Charlie gives Hiroshi a blank stare.

HIROSHI (CONT'D)  
(in English)  
Big fire. Every night.

CHARLIE  
Yeah, that's good. How did ya say  
fire again?

Hiroshi doesn't understand.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Say what you said again. Real slow.

Hiroshi starts again. Charlie leans in and listens. Repeating slowly to himself.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - JUNGLE - DAY**

Charlie helps Hiroshi through a trail that has formed between the clearing and the stream.

CHARLIE  
How do you say, "The tree is green."

HIROSHI  
The tree is green.

Charlie repeats it to himself.

CHARLIE  
How do you say "It's fucking hot."

Hiroshi laughs.

HIROSHI  
It's fucking hot.

Charlie repeats him again in broken Japanese and they laugh some more.

HIROSHI (CONT'D)  
(in english)  
How do you say, my leg hurts.

CHARLIE  
My leg hurts.  
(beat)  
It's looking a lot better though.

HIROSHI  
It feels better. Thank you.

CHARLIE  
(in Japanese)  
You're welcome.

Charlie and Hiroshi wash themselves in the stream.

A DISTANT HUMMING causes them both to look to the sky. They share a frantic look.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I'll go.

Charlie bounds from the stream completely naked and runs full tilt back down the trail to the clearing.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - CLEARING - DAY**

Charlie crosses the clearing in a flash. High above, the humming grows louder.

He dives on Hiroshi's box of flares and fumbles with the gun as he loads one up.

Charlie looks to the sky, unable to see the plane buzzing somewhere overhead.

CHARLIE

Please God.

He pulls the trigger, sending the glowing orange flare into the sky above.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Come on, Come on!

The flare is only a tiny orange dot as it arcs and starts back down.

The buzzing fades until Charlie cannot hear it anymore. He lets the flare gun slip from his hand to the ground.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - CLEARING - EVENING**

The fire crackles away as Hiroshi doles out two small cups of rice.

HIROSHI

That's it.

CHARLIE

(in Japanese)

And the crackers? How many are left?

Charlie notices Hiroshi looking at him strangely.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

What?

HIROSHI  
That was very good. You didn't even  
think about it.

CHARLIE  
Huh. I guess I didn't.  
(beat)  
How's your leg?

HIROSHI  
(in English)  
Getting better. Thank you.

Hiroshi checks the box of rations then shakes his head.

CHARLIE  
Guess we're going hunting tomorrow.

Hiroshi nods, staring into the fire.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
What's up? Your leg?

HIROSHI  
(in English)  
Just tired.

CHARLIE  
Yeah, me too.

Without another word, Hiroshi lays back and turns over.

Charlie watches him for a moment, then leans back and closes his eyes.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - JUNGLE - DAY**

Charlie kicks a small tree until it snaps at the base and topples over.

Charlie saws at thin branches with his knife and throws them to the ground beside him.

Sweating profusely, Charlie drags the trees and branches from the jungle.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - BEACH - MOMENTS LATER**

Charlie emerges from the tree line, where Hiroshi sits in the shade. He stares out at the waves.

Charlie drags the pile of branches toward one of four large fire pits spread out on the beach. Three of which already stacked high with wood.

Charlie dumps the woods into the pit and stumbles back to the tree line and collapses down beside Hiroshi.

CHARLIE  
That should do it.  
(beat)  
You wanna pass me the canteen  
there?

Hiroshi just stares off into the horizon.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Hiroshi?

Finally Hiroshi acknowledges him.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Water?  
(in Japanese)  
Water?

Hiroshi hands Charlie the canteen. Charlie pours the last of the water into his mouth.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
What's the problem? And don't say  
you're tired I know it ain't that.

HIROSHI  
I cannot talk about it.

CHARLIE  
You miss home?

Hiroshi doesn't answer.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
I think about home a lot too.  
What's it like, where you're from?

HIROSHI  
Let's go back.

Hiroshi rises to his feet and limps on his own down the beach.

Charlie watches him disappear into the trees.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - BEACH - EVENING**

A crab, about the size of a dinner plate, holds up it's claws in anger. It scurries backwards and side to side.

Several feet away, Charlie crouches low, rock in hand.

CHARLIE

Just relax, just relax, I ain't  
gonna hurt ya.

The standoff continue another tense moment until Charlie pounces on the crab. One of it's claws grabs his pinky finger.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Awh, damnit!

Charlie smacks the crab twice with the rock until the shell cracks.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Sorry little fella.

Charlie picks up the crab and starts toward the fire pits. Using a zippo, he lights the four large fires one by one.

Crab in hand, Charlie heads back into the jungle as the fire grow higher and higher.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - CLEARING - EVENING**

Charlie enters camp to find Hiroshi once again sharpening his katana. Charlie eyes the scene and sits down.

CHARLIE

Look what I got us.

Charlie drops the crab next to the fire. Hiroshi eyes it hungrily.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Don't worry about it. I'll cook it.

Charlie snatches up the crab and impales it with the skewer.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - CLEARING - NIGHT**

Charlie and Hiroshi sit around the fire, empty crab shells at their feet.

Charlie writes in his notebook while Hiroshi stares at the picture of his wife.

CHARLIE  
Who is she?  
(in Japanese)  
The woman.

HIROSHI  
(in English)  
My wife.

CHARLIE  
Bet you're looking forward to  
seeing her. Whenever we finally get  
out of here.

HIROSHI  
(in English)  
No.

CHARLIE  
What? How come?

HIROSHI  
I will never see my wife again.

Charlie's Japanese is not yet good enough to understand.

CHARLIE  
We're getting off this island. You  
will see your wife again.

Hiroshi stares at the photo, then tucks it away in disgust and lays down.

Charlie looks from Hiroshi, to the katana and sharpening stone on the ground next to him.

**INT. HIROSHI'S HOUSE - EVENING (DREAM SEQUENCE)**

A knock on the door. Itsumi goes to answer.

Standing in the opening, Captain Miramoto, stone faced, and three other MILITARY PERSONNEL.

Hiroshi's Wife sobs as Captain Miramoto bows and thrusts his sword toward her.

A small child, Hiroshi's son SHOU (4), peers around the corner, watching his mother take the sword with shaking hands.

Captain Miramoto and the Military Personnel form a semi circle around Hiroshi's Wife as she kneels on the floor.

She looks up, pleading with her eyes. Miramoto shows no remorse.

The child watches as Hiroshi's Wife holds the sword before her, then plunges it into her own stomach.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - CLEARING - NIGHT**

Hiroshi wakes with a start and looks around. Charlie snores away beside him.

Hiroshi lays back down, staring up into the night sky.

On Charlie, eyes wide open, listening intently.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - JUNGLE - MORNING**

Hiroshi fills the canteens from the stream while Charlie cuts more wood not far away.

CHARLIE

So what did you do before?

HIROSHI

I was training to be a professor.

CHARLIE

No shit. So that's why my Jap is so good.

Hiroshi laughs.

HIROSHI

(in English)

What about you?

CHARLIE

I was a bag boy.

HIROSHI

(in English)

Bag. Boy?

CHARLIE

Yeah, like at a grocery store.

HIROSHI

Ahh.

CHARLIE  
I wanted to be a locomotive  
engineer.

Hiroshi scrunches up his face.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
(in Japanese)  
A train driver.

HIROSHI  
Oh, that is a very fine profession.

CHARLIE  
When I was little, my dad bought me  
one o' them engineers hats and a  
wooden whistle. I ran around the  
house all day and night blowin' on  
the thing. Swear I damn near drove  
my mama crazy.

Charlie laughs, Hiroshi laughs with him.

HIROSHI  
(in English)  
When you get home. You will be a  
train driver.

They sit in silence for a moment.

CHARLIE  
How you go from wantin' to be a  
teacher, to flying planes into  
ships?

Hiroshi stiffens.

HIROSHI  
Same way you go from working in a  
grocery store to shooting down my  
friends.

CHARLIE  
It's not the same.

HIROSHI  
It is the same.

CHARLIE  
I didn't sign up to die.

HIROSHI  
Didn't you?  
(beat)  
(MORE)

HIROSHI (CONT'D)  
But I did not join up to die  
either.

CHARLIE  
I saw what you signed up for.

HIROSHI  
Then you also saw me pull up.

CHARLIE  
You pulled up because I shot you.

HIROSHI  
I pulled up because I am a coward.  
I chose to preserve my life, even  
as my brothers sacrificed theirs.

CHARLIE  
You can't be blamed for that.

HIROSHI  
I can be. I will be.

CHARLIE  
What are you saying?

Hiroshi goes quiet once more.

HIROSHI  
We should find food, before the day  
becomes too hot.

Hiroshi rises to his feet, slings the canteens over his  
shoulder and starts toward the jungle.

CHARLIE  
Damn it.

Charlie rushes after him.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - JUNGLE - DAY**

Hiroshi and Charlie creep through the foliage, each holding a  
long stick sharpened to a point.

Charlie's eyes linger a long time on Hiroshi's exposed back.  
Hiroshi stops.

Ahead, a large bird of paradise sits in a tree, watching  
them.

Slowly, Hiroshi pulls back his spear, and hurls it at the  
bird - which takes off and flies away.

Charlie and Hiroshi look at one another.

CHARLIE  
(in Japanese)  
Nice shot.

Hiroshi storms forward and picks up his spear.

HIROSHI  
Come on. It's getting dark.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - JUNGLE - EVENING**

Charlie and Hiroshi continue through the jungle, dirt and sweat on both of their faces.

They both stop dead in their tracks. Sitting before them, the fattest lizard they've ever seen.

Charlie winds up to throw his spear but Hiroshi stops him.

HIROSHI  
Wait.

CHARLIE  
What?

Hiroshi removes his tattered jacket.

HIROSHI  
Wait until I am in position. Then throw.

CHARLIE  
Why?

HIROSHI  
When you miss. It will run, and I will pounce on it.

Charlie gives Hiroshi the side eye.

CHARLIE  
Okay. Fine.

Hiroshi creeps around the long way through the jungle. Charlie waits, spear at the ready, listening.

A shrill whistle comes from somewhere in the jungle. Charlie stands and hurls the spear at the lizard, and misses.

It takes off running, right into Hiroshi. Who pounces on it with his jacket.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
You get it?!

Hiroshi holds up his squirming jacket, smile on his face.

HIROSHI  
I told you that you would miss.

CHARLIE  
Ha ha.

They start back through the jungle.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - BEACH - NIGHT**

One by one, Charlie lights the four large bonfires on the beach.

He stares up at the moon and the stars as the beacons burn bright below.

CHARLIE  
Ain't nobody comin'.

Charlie turns from the fires and heads back into the jungle.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - CLEARING - NIGHT**

Hiroshi watches the lizard meat roast over the fire while Charlie writes in his notebook.

HIROSHI  
Who are you writing?

CHARLIE  
A girl, back home.

HIROSHI  
She is your sweetheart?

CHARLIE  
Yeah. I mean, not exactly.  
(beat)  
She works at the store. In the deli.

HIROSHI  
The deli?

CHARLIE  
(in Japanese)  
They cut meat, and make sandwiches.

HIROSHI

Does she know you are interested in her?

CHARLIE

No. I mean. Probably. I ain't told her or nothin'. When I signed up I asked her if I could send her letters, on account of not havin' anyone else to send 'em to. She said that'd be fine. I wonder if she cares they stopped comin.'

HIROSHI

She cares.

CHARLIE

I also been workin' on a letter to my mom and dad. You know, in case we don't make it.

HIROSHI

What are their names?

CHARLIE

Charles and Mary. He was a train conductor, mom taught Sunday school at the church when she wasn't chasin' us around.

HIROSHI

Your father is also named Charles?

CHARLIE

No. He's Charles. I'm Charlie.

HIROSHI

It is my understanding it is the same name.

CHARLIE

Yeah. Okay. He named me after him.

HIROSHI

You Americans are very strange.

CHARLIE

Says the suicide pilot.

Hiroshi almost laughs.

HIROSHI

Tell me about where you're from.

CHARLIE  
I'm from a small town, in Kentucky.

HIROSHI  
Kentucky.

CHARLIE  
It's funny. When I lived there. All  
I wanted to do was leave. But  
now...

HIROSHI  
I understand.

CHARLIE  
Every Friday night they'd hold a  
dance down at the town hall. I  
remember the last one before we  
shipped out, my brother Tommy, he  
stole a jar of our daddy's  
moonshine and drank it all to  
himself. When the band took up,  
Tommy reckoned he could conduct the  
band better than the man that they  
hired to do it. He ended up gettin'  
in a fist fight with the horn  
section before the sheriff arrived.

By the end of the story, Charlie can hardly contain his  
laughter. Hiroshi laughs with him.

HIROSHI  
Where is your brother now?

Charlie stares into the fire.

CHARLIE  
He was on a ship called The  
Arizona. You heard of it?

Hiroshi shakes his head.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
How bout Pearl Harbor. You heard  
that before?

Hiroshi looks into the fire.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Yeah, I figured as much.  
(beat)  
We were at sea when it happened.  
Running drills. You know they  
reckon we were the real target.  
(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You wanted a carrier, and all you got were a few lousy destroyers, and my brother.

HIROSHI

I know. Everybody in Japan knows. Though we were told it was a complete success.

CHARLIE

Yeah, well, look at ya'll now.

Charlie stands.

HIROSHI

Where are you going?

CHARLIE

For a walk.

Charlie leaves the fire and their dinner still cooking over it.

Hiroshi watches him disappear into the darkness, then stares into the flames.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - BEACH - NIGHT**

Charlie sits on the beach not far from the four large bonfires, still burning bright.

He looks out over the water for a long moment, and then starts to cry.

He sits there, quietly sobbing, until finally composing himself.

He wipes the tears from his puffy eyes and looks around to make sure he is alone.

Charlie stands and makes his way back to the jungle. He takes one step into the underbrush, and lets out a yelp of pain.

Charlie looks down to see bright green snake coiling around his ankle, it's fangs deep in his flesh.

Charlie does not panic. He calmly reaches down, removes the snake from his leg, and tosses it away down the beach.

Charlie tears a strip from his dirty jacket, wraps it tightly around his leg and starts toward camp.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - CLEARING - NIGHT**

Hiroshi cuts pieces from the lizard and divides them out among the two tin cups.

A sound in the darkness causes him to look up, but he sees nothing. He stares out into the black abyss.

HIROSHI

Charlie?

Hiroshi stands and hesitantly makes his way from the fire. He hears a groan in the darkness and finds Charlie laying face down several feet away.

Hiroshi drops to his knees and turns Charlie over. He is pale and shaking.

HIROSHI (CONT'D)

Charlie. What happened?

CHARLIE

Snake.

HIROSHI

What kind of snake?

CHARLIE

Poisonous one I expect.

Hiroshi drags Charlie back across the clearing toward the fire.

Hiroshi examines Charlie's leg, now swollen and bright red. Blood and a clear liquid ooze from Charlie's leg.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You gotta suck the venom out.

HIROSHI

No.

CHARLIE

What do ya mean, no?!

HIROSHI

It's too dangerous. I have to sterilize it.

(beat)

I'm sorry.

Hiroshi rips open a packet of sulfur, then uses Charlie's knife to cut into the snake bite.

Charlie screams as Hiroshi pours the sulfur into the open wound.

Hiroshi scrambles to his feet and runs to the lean-to.

CHARLIE  
Where the hell you goin?!

Hiroshi digs around in his personal effects and returns with a bottle of clear liquid.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
What is that?

HIROSHI  
Sake. Very strong. Drink.

He tips Charlie's head back and pours the sake into his mouth. Charlie chokes and sputters.

HIROSHI (CONT'D)  
You have to drink.

CHARLIE  
You've, had this the whole time?

HIROSHI  
I was saving it.

CHARLIE  
What in the hell for?

HIROSHI  
Drink, again. Hurry.

Charlie drinks more and more until the bottle is half empty.

CHARLIE  
You been holdin' out on me Hiro...  
Hiroshi.

HIROSHI  
The alcohol will counteract the  
poison.

CHARLIE  
How you know all this?

HIROSHI  
My father taught me. He travelled  
all over. Learned a lot of things.

CHARLIE  
(in Japanese)  
He was a good teacher. Just like  
you.

Charlie grabs Hiroshi by the jacket.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
I don't wanna die Hiroshi.

HIROSHI  
You are not going to die. Here, you  
have to eat something.

Hiroshi picks up one of the cups of lizard meat and tries to  
feed Charlie a piece.

HIROSHI (CONT'D)  
For your strength.

CHARLIE  
I don't know if my daddy could take  
it.

HIROSHI  
Stop talking like that.

Hiroshi feeds Charlie another piece.

CHARLIE  
Killed by a snake. A real war hero.

HIROSHI  
You must rest now.

Hiroshi lays Charlie's head back.

CHARLIE  
You gotta promise... to give mom  
and dad... Charlotte... her  
letters.

Charlie passes out.

**EXT. SUBURBIA - DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)**

Picturesque neighborhood. Dads wash their cars, children ride  
their bikes on the quiet streets and chase one another across  
perfectly manicured lawns. The birds chirp, the sun shines.

Out of the sun come the Kamikazes, hundreds of them.

Below, the families run for cover, but its too late. One by one the Japanese planes slam into the perfect neighborhood, fireballs rising high into the sky.

**INT. HIROSHI'S ZERO - DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)**

Hiroshi, his face a mix of pure hatred and determination, aims his plane directly at one of the perfect little houses. He accelerates and screams.

HIROSHI  
Bonsai!!!!!!

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - CLEARING - NIGHT**

Charlie wakes with a start, sweat dripping down his face. The fire has dwindled to embers.

Still shaken, he stares across at Hiro, fast asleep.

Charlie glances at his knife laying on the ground next to him. His eyes linger just a little too long.

Charlie forces himself to look away, down to his leg, wrapped tenderly in a bandage.

Charlie rolls over and throws up, then lays his head back down, and falls asleep once again.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - CLEARING - MORNING**

Hiroshi awakes to see Charlie looking at him from across the burned out fire.

HIROSHI  
Oh. You're awake.

CHARLIE  
And alive, thanks to you.

HIROSHI  
You would have done the same for me.

CHARLIE  
Yeah. Right.

HIROSHI  
How do you feel?

CHARLIE  
Got a headache somethin' fierce,  
and my leg hurts. But I'm  
breathin'.

HIROSHI  
That's good.

There is a long silence.

CHARLIE  
We can't keep on like this much  
longer.

HIROSHI  
I know.

CHARLIE  
If we're gonna survive, make it  
home, we're gonna have to do it  
ourselves--

Charlie pauses, rolls over, and throws up.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Damn Hiroshi. I don't know what was  
worse for me, the poison or that  
diesel fuel you fed me.  
(beat)  
I'm gonna get some more shuteye.  
When I wake up, we're figurin' out  
how we're gettin' off this rock.

Hiroshi nods. Charlie rolls over and closes his eyes.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - CLEARING - DAY**

Charlie remains asleep. Hiroshi stares at the photograph of his wife.

From somewhere high above, the unmistakable sound of distant plane engines.

Hiroshi looks to the sky as the buzzing grows louder, beside him, Charlie does not stir.

Hiroshi grabs the flare gun and runs from the lean-to out into the center of the clearing.

The buzzing reaches its peak as a squadron of planes pass overhead. Hiroshi raises the flare gun to the sky.

But he does not fire. He holds the gun with shaking hands, staring up at the planes passing beneath the sun.

His finger grazes the trigger, but he does not fire. The planes disappear behind the trees, and Hiroshi lets the flare gun fall to the ground.

Hiroshi walks back to the camp and sits next to the fire once again. Charlie opens his eyes.

CHARLIE

What's goin' on?

HIROSHI

Nothing. Thought I saw a lizard.

Charlie nods and closes his eyes again as Hiroshi picks up the photo of his wife, and tosses it into the embers.

He watches as it burns away into ash.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - CLEARING - NIGHT**

Hiroshi boils rice over the crackling fire pit while Charlie lays propped up with his eyes closed some feet away.

Charlie hums a tune.

CHARLIE

How's it comin' there Hiro?

Hiroshi stares down at the meager portion of moldy rice boiling in the pot.

He looks silently from the rice, to Charlie, who opens his eyes.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

That bad, huh?

Hiroshi looks back to the pot.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Come on now I was only jokin'.

(beat)

That was the last of it though,  
huh?

Hiroshi nods.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Well that figures. I thought last night was the last of it so I guess we should thank our lucky stars.

Hiroshi stirs the pot.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
What's with you? Hell I'm the one that got bit by a snake.

HIROSHI  
Well I had to take care of your sorry ass.

Charlie laughs, Hiroshi smiles.

CHARLIE  
Really though, I can tell when something's the matter. Even when people are really good at hidin' it. My mama always said it was a blessing and a curse.

There is a long moment of silence. Hiroshi doles the tiny portions of rice into the two waiting metal bowls.

HIROSHI  
Today. There was a plane.

Hiroshi hands Charlie his portion.

CHARLIE  
And...?

HIROSHI  
I... I was taking a nap. And failed to fire off a flare in time. I feel as I have let you down.

Charlie thinks for a moment.

CHARLIE  
It's not your fault. If I hadn't gone and stepped on a damn snake. I wouldn'ta been out of commission.

Hiroshi says nothing.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Well I may have been on my death bed, but I do remember sayin' when I woke up, we were gonna figure out a way off this rock.

HIROSHI  
Yes, you did say that.

The silence is broken only by the scraping of their spoons against their metal bowls.

CHARLIE  
What will you do, once the war's over?

Hiroshi looks confused.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
You know, when we get out of here, when ya get home.

HIROSHI  
I cannot go home.

CHARLIE  
What, what are ya talkin' about?

HIROSHI  
I mean I do not think I will make it home.

CHARLIE  
Ya can't think like that.

HIROSHI  
Americans, always so positive.

CHARLIE  
How do ya mean?

HIROSHI  
In training we were taught that Americans are very confident.

CHARLIE  
That's a good thing.

HIROSHI  
In some cases yes. But it also causes you to underestimate your enemy. You lose many men to arrogant actions.

CHARLIE  
Ahh.

HIROSHI  
My Sargent told me every American man believes he is John Wayne.

Charlie laughs.

CHARLIE  
You know John Wayne?

HIROSHI  
Oh yes. The Ringo Kid!  
(his best John Wayne)  
Hold it!

CHARLIE  
(his best John Wayne)  
Ain't I seen you somewhere before?

They laugh.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
I can't believe you know Ringo Kid.

HIROSHI  
My father liked his movies very  
much. We would watch them together  
when I was small. He would always  
talk about visiting America and  
riding a horse.  
(beat)  
Have you ever ridden a horse?

CHARLIE  
I haven't.

HIROSHI  
I thought all Americans rode  
horses.

CHARLIE  
And I didn't think Japs liked John  
Wayne.

HIROSHI  
We don't. Officially.

CHARLIE  
What else do you like?

Hiroshi's back straightens, he places his hand on his heart.

HIROSHI  
(in Japanese)  
The Emperor!!!

Charlie does not know whether to laugh, until Hiroshi does.

HIROSHI (CONT'D)  
I like, the snow.

CHARLIE  
It snows in Japan?

HIROSHI  
Oh yes. Where I am from. Just after  
the snow has fallen, that is my  
favorite time.  
(beat)  
I wonder what will become of it  
when all this is over.

CHARLIE  
How do you mean?

HIROSHI  
Japan has lost the war. I do not  
know precisely when I realized it,  
but at some point our motivational  
speeches became more about the  
glory of death than the glory of  
victory. I watched as the best  
pilots I knew were turned into  
nothing more than human torpedoes.  
(beat)  
When your Army takes Japan, I hope  
they do not destroy it. It is a  
very beautiful place.

CHARLIE  
Why would they do it? Kill  
themselves for a cause they know is  
lost?

HIROSHI  
Many, most, do not believe the  
cause is lost. The Government is  
very good at keeping the people in  
the dark. In the army it is even  
worse. Even superiors are not told  
of military defeats for fear of  
hurting moral.

CHARLIE  
And the rest?

HIROSHI  
The rest know what I know, but, I  
suspect it will be hard for you to  
understand.

CHARLIE

Try me.

HIROSHI

The way my people feel about The Emperor... Imagine as though your president Truman ran the country.

CHARLIE

He does...

HIROSHI

Yes. But imagine also that Jesus Christ exists--

CHARLIE

He does...

HIROSHI

Listen!! Imagine Jesus was a real person here, right now, and that he was American, and that losing the war, losing your country, meant his death and degradation.

Charlie thinks.

HIROSHI (CONT'D)

That is what made my friends fly their planes into your ships. And that is why I can never return home.

CHARLIE

Wait, that don't make a lick of sense. What does all that have to do with you not being able to go home.

HIROSHI

You would not understand. I'm tired.

Hiroshi lays down and turns over.

CHARLIE

Wait, so am I, but we gotta talk about how we're gonna get out of here.

Hiroshi says nothing.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Damnit, fine. Alright. But in the  
morning we've got work to do.

Charlie lays down as well, frustrated, and closes his eyes.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - CLEARING - LATER**

Embers burn in the fire pit as Hiroshi wakes up, He lays there for a moment, listening, before turning over.

Charlie snores loudly with his back to the fire pit. Hiroshi reaches quietly for his sword.

Charlie's eyes open, but he does not stir. He lays with his hand on his knife, waiting.

Hiroshi gets up and stands over Charlie, sword at his side, blade glimmering in the moonlight.

Charlie holds his breath, doesn't move.

Hiroshi walks off into the jungle. Charlie waits a moment, then gets up and follows.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - JUNGLE - NIGHT**

Charlie follows Hiroshi quietly through the dark jungle. The terrain becomes steeper and harder to traverse.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - MOUNTAINTOP - NIGHT**

Charlie stops short of a clearing near the top of the mountain and crouches in the brush.

He watches Hiroshi walk to the edge of the cliff and stare out over the ocean. The moon and stars look down from high above.

Hiroshi stands there for a long time, sword held in his hand, then turns. Charlie ducks low, but Hiroshi has not seen him.

Hiroshi takes several steps back from the edge of the cliff, then drops to his knees.

Hiroshi stares out over the ocean, and holds his sword out in front of his stomach.

CHARLIE  
NO!!

Charlie rushes from the bush and tackles Hiroshi, slicing his own abdomen on the blade of Hiroshi's sword.

HIROSHI  
Get off of me! Let me die!

CHARLIE  
Gimme that sword!

They struggle for a moment on the ground, Charlie wrestling for control of the sword. Finally he knocks it away.

Charlie holds Hiroshi in a bear hug.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
It's alright. It's alright. Don't worry. It's alright.

HIROSHI  
It's not alright! Get away from me!

CHARLIE  
Don't be an idiot!

Finally Hiroshi stops fighting. They lay there together, panting. Hiroshi starts to cry.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
It's okay.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - MOUNTAINTOP - LATER**

Hiroshi and Charlie sit beside one another in the grass at the edge of the cliff. For a long time, nobody speaks.

HIROSHI  
When I was very young. Maybe six or seven. It was announced that The Emperor was coming to our town. This had not happened in one hundred years. In the weeks before he came, I had never seen people work like that before. Old houses and shops were made to look brand new. Men who I had seen wearing the same dirty coat every day for years suddenly had a new one. I remember my mother bathed me for several hours until my hands were like prunes.

(MORE)

HIROSHI (CONT'D)

It seemed like nobody slept the night before he arrived, and the next morning every single man woman and child lined up in the street to greet the great caravan. My mother and father were crying, as were many others. Like they would never be so happy ever again.

(beat)

When I left my home. I swore to die protecting him, protecting our home. I cannot return, not when so many others kept their promises.

CHARLIE

Your wife--

HIROSHI

I will not force my wife to live the rest of her days with the legacy of my cowardice hanging over her. It is better for her and my child to believe I was killed in battle.

CHARLIE

You'd rather your kid grow up without a father?

HIROSHI

Yes. It is better. You do not understand.

They sit in silence a long time.

CHARLIE

I had another brother y'know.

HIROSHI

Yes. Tommy.

CHARLIE

No. Not Tommy. His name was James. Of course we called him Jimmy. Charlie, Tommy and Jimmy. Jimmy was born with a condition that meant he couldn't breathe proper. Way he described it, was like he had somethin' real heavy on his chest.

(beat)

Jimmy was the bravest person I ever knew. He was the smallest kid in school, and he couldn't breathe, so other kids gave him a hard time.

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

But Jimmy, he'd go toe to toe with any meathead who thought he was easy pickins. He was always the first to agree to whatever crazy scheme the boys cooked up, no matter how dangerous. No matter how much he got it from Mama when we got home.

(beat)

When you guys, when war was declared, Me n' Tommy n' Jimmy went down together to enlist. There were more people there than I had ever seen in one place in my entire life. Tommy reckoned the whole town was there. Me n' Tommy didn't have any trouble, had us sign the papers right then and there. Jimmy though, they told him with his condition he couldn't join.

(beat)

We knew he was disappointed, and we tried our best to make him feel better about things. But by the time Tommy n' I shipped out, I could tell he wasn't the same person he was before.

(beat)

Bout a week before we sailed, I got a letter. Jimmy killed himself. Put a shotgun in his mouth. Gone, just like that. I don't think he could face the families of all the other boys, or maybe he couldn't face himself.

HIROSHI

Two brothers in less than a year.

CHARLIE

I know how powerful shame can be. And I know you're ashamed to go home. But believe me when I say, your wife, your son, they want you back more than anything else in the world.

They stare out over the ocean in silence.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - MOUNTAINTOP - MORNING**

Charlie wakes to birds chirping in the trees above. He looks out over the ocean, then around the clearing. Hiroshi is gone.

CHARLIE  
Hiroshi! Hiroshi!

Charlie scrambles to his feet, eyes scanning the clearing.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Hiro--

Charlie's gaze lands on the edge of the cliff, and he goes pale.

Slowly, carefully, he steps toward the sharp ledge, and forces himself to look over.

Far below, white caps slam the jagged rocks and recede back out to sea, but there is no sign of a body.

HIROSHI (O.S.)  
Don't do it!

Charlie turns just in time to see Hiroshi charging toward him.

He can hardly react as Hiroshi grabs him tight with both hands and throws him to the ground far from the cliff.

CHARLIE  
Jesus! What are ya doing?

HIROSHI  
You cannot kill yourself!

CHARLIE  
What?

HIROSHI  
You were going to jump!

CHARLIE  
What? No! I thought you jumped.

HIROSHI  
You must return to America! To see your family again!

CHARLIE  
Okay now I'm confused. Wait, where'd you go?

HIROSHI  
To find food.

CHARLIE  
I thought you were... Never mind.  
You find anything?

Hiroshi shakes his head. They are silent once again before Charlie stands.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Enough of this. We gotta get off  
this rock.

HIROSHI  
You're right.

CHARLIE  
I am?

Hiroshi nods.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - CLEARING - DAY**

Hiroshi and Charlie lie in the shade of their camp. Hiroshi draws shapes in the dirt with a stick.

HIROSHI  
It will have to be light. More  
important, it will have to be  
strong.

Charlie says nothing.

HIROSHI (CONT'D)  
But how do we control it? That is  
the question.  
(no answer)  
Charlie?

CHARLIE  
I'm listening.

HIROSHI  
What are you thinking?

CHARLIE  
Nothing, I mean the raft. I'm  
listening, keep going.

HIROSHI  
If we cannot control it, we will be  
adrift.

Charlie looks away.

HIROSHI (CONT'D)  
Charlie!

CHARLIE  
Yeah yeah! I'm thinkin' damnit!  
(beat)  
Well ships use rudders don't they?

HIROSHI  
Yes ships have men to design them,  
and build them, and materials and  
tools and--

CHARLIE  
--Yeah, yeah, I get it.

Hiroshi tosses his stick away and stands.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Where are you going?

HIROSHI  
To the beach. You are no help.

Charlie can only watch as Hiroshi crosses the clearing and disappears into the trees.

He rolls over, frustrated.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - BEACH - DAY**

Hiroshi paces the beach beneath the hot sun, watching the tide intently with a long stick in his hand.

Now and then he mutters something to himself, then draws a small raft in the sand before erasing it with his feet.

He throws his stick out into the sea and screams out into the surf, tears in his eyes.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - CLEARING - NIGHT**

Charlie scribbles in his little journal as Hiroshi approaches and sits wordlessly.

They listen to the crackling fire and the insects for a while.

CHARLIE  
I'm sorry. I'm just scared is all.

Hiroshi considers this.

HIROSHI

I am scared too. Still, we have no choice.

CHARLIE

I know.

(beat)

I figure we can scrap the planes. Mine at least, yours might be a bit precarious.

HIROSHI

Precarious?

CHARLIE

Dangerous, tricky.

HIROSHI

Precarious. I like this word.

Charlie smiles.

CHARLIE

What we can't make outta metal we can use wood for. Gonna have to find a way to hold it together though.

HIROSHI

We can skin the trees. Weave them for rope.

Charlie nods.

CHARLIE

Tomorrow then.

HIROSHI

Tomorrow.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - JUNGLE - DAY**

Charlie and Hiroshi follow one of the now well worn paths through the jungle.

Hiroshi inspects the trees as they go.

CHARLIE

What exactly are we looking for?

HIROSHI

A tree.

Charlie looks around.

CHARLIE

Right, I don't think we're gonna  
find any around here.

Hiroshi smirks.

HIROSHI

Not just any tree.

Hiroshi stops short and darts off the trail into the jungle.  
Charlie follows, and comes across Hiroshi standing before a  
large tree.

HIROSHI (CONT'D)

Paulownia.

CHARLIE

What?

Hiroshi gestures toward the tree.

HIROSHI

This is the tree we will build our  
raft from. It is very strong.

CHARLIE

How you know that?

HIROSHI

I just know.

CHARLIE

Well how we gonna cut it down?

HIROSHI

Do all Americans ask so many  
questions?

Charlie can't help but smile.

CHARLIE

Well, let's get to work.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - DAY**

**SEQUENCE - BUILDING THE RAFT**

**ON THE BEACH** - Charlie and Hiroshi make their way up a rocky section of the shoreline, closely examining the ground beneath their feet.

Occasionally, they bend down and pick up one of the rocks.

**IN THE CLEARING** - Charlie and Hiroshi sit next to the fire, a pile of rocks between them. They chip away, slowly sharpening them.

Using their sharpened rocks, vines and sticks, they each fashion an axe of their own.

**IN THE JUNGLE** - Hiroshi and Charlie each take turns chopping at the base of the tree.

It is a slow process. Sweat drips down their faces.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - JUNGLE - LATER**

The sun hangs low in the sky. Charlie and Hiroshi, now down to their underwear, continue hacking away at the tree.

The cut in the tree extends nearly all the way across the trunk.

HIROSHI

Okay.

They each throw down their axes and push together with the remainder of their strength.

With one final groan, the tree snaps and topples to the jungle floor.

Charlie and Hiroshi look almost surprised.

CHARLIE

How many more we gonna need?

Hiroshi smiles.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - CLEARING - NIGHT**

Charlie and Hiroshi sit next to their small fire where a tiny lizard cooks on a spit.

Some feet away, the tree lays waiting to be chopped.

Using his standard issue knife, Charlie carves long, thin strips of bark from other sticks, creating strands and throwing them into a pile.

Hiroshi takes the strands from the pile and weaves them into thicker, stronger, strands.

Hiroshi sings a song quietly to himself.

HIROSHI

sakura sakura  
noyama mo sato mo  
mi-watasu kagiri  
kasumi ka kumo ka  
asahi ni niou  
sakura sakura  
hana zakari

CHARLIE

What you singin'?

HIROSHI

It is a song my grandmother used to  
sing to me when I was a baby.

CHARLIE

What's it mean?

HIROSHI

It is about cherry blossoms. They  
were her favourite. My wife's too.

CHARLIE

How's it go?

Hiroshi sings the song again. Charlie repeats it. They sing together quietly as they work.

#### **EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - CLEARING - DAY**

Three large trees lay in a row next to the camp.

Not far away, Charlie and Hiroshi split a fourth tree into smaller planks and stack them neatly in a pile.

They sing another song.

#### **EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - BEACH - DAY**

Hiroshi and Charlie drag a fully formed raft down the beach toward the surf. Hiroshi carries a large coil of vines under his arms.

They set down the raft. Hiroshi ties the vine tightly to the back end, and the other to a thick tree - securing it to the shore.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - BEACH - LATER**

Hiroshi and Charlie sit on either side of the raft watching the tide.

Finally, after some time, Hiroshi stands.

HIROSHI

It's time.

Charlie remains sitting.

HIROSHI (CONT'D)

Come on, while the tide is with us.

Still, Charlie does not move.

HIROSHI (CONT'D)

Charlie, what is the matter?

Charlie bites his lip.

CHARLIE

Nothin.

Charlie stands.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Let's do it.

They drag the raft into the outgoing tide.

HIROSHI

It floats!

Hiroshi gives Charlie a big smile, which Charlie forces himself to return.

Hiroshi clamors aboard, turns toward Charlie and holds out his hand.

Charlie looks from Hiroshi, to the raft, to the choppy ocean sprawling to the horizon.

HIROSHI (CONT'D)

Come on!

Charlie steps out into the surf and boards the raft. Hiroshi lifts his foot, allowing the tide to carry them out.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - OCEAN - DAY**

The further they get, the larger the waves. Up and down, higher and higher each time.

And each time, the landing becomes harder and harder.

Charlie's fingernails dig into the wooden raft. Before him, the largest wave yet approaches.

HIROSHI

Hang on!

The surf carries them up, then all at once everything goes to shit.

The tree bark chord tethering them to the island snaps loose from the raft, which crashes down hard into a bar of exposed coral.

Charlie is thrown from the badly damaged raft and finds himself tumbling down beneath the waves.

Panic stricken, he struggles to find the surface through the churning white water.

Above, Hiroshi clings to the remaining pieces of the raft.

HIROSHI (CONT'D)

Charlie! Charlie!

He spins around, searching for any sign of life in the choppy sea.

Below, Charlie tries to surface, but his pant leg catches on a piece of coral. He tugs once... twice...

Hiroshi cranes his neck to see. Every second feels like an eternity, both above and below the waves.

Finally the pant leg tears and Charlie springs to the surface.

Several yards away, Hiroshi spots Charlie thrashing in the water, drowning.

HIROSHI (CONT'D)

Charlie! Swim to me!

The salt stings Charlie's eyes, he chokes and coughs, fully panicking.

Hiroshi uses his hand to paddle the raft, but the waves carry him further each time.

Hiroshi jumps from the raft and swims to Charlie. He wraps his arms around his drowning friend.

Charlie, too panicked to understand. Continues thrashing around. Dragging the pair of them under.

HIROSHI (CONT'D)  
Charlie... Charlie... please...  
Just relax... You're okay...

Finally, Charlie's breathing slows. Exhausted, he stops thrashing.

Holding his friend under one arm, Hiroshi paddles with the other, slowly but surely toward the shore.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - BEACH - DAY**

Hiroshi drags Charlie up onto the beach and collapses beside him. They both lay in the sand, soaking wet and panting.

Charlie sobs quietly to himself. Hiroshi uses the last of his strength to shift over and hold Charlie in his arms.

They lay there together as Charlie sobs.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - CLEARING - NIGHT**

Charlie lays next to the fire, Hiroshi sets a small cup of water before him.

HIROSHI  
You have to drink.

Charlie does not react.

HIROSHI (CONT'D)  
I am sorry my design failed. Next time--

CHARLIE  
There won't be no next time. We're gonna die here.

HIROSHI  
That is not true.

CHARLIE  
It is true.

HIROSHI  
It can't be.

CHARLIE  
Yeah and why not?

HIROSHI  
Because it can't!

Silence, but for the sound of the crackling fire.

HIROSHI (CONT'D)  
You did not let me die. I will not  
let you die. You will see your  
family again.

Charlie continues staring into the fire.

CHARLIE  
And what about your family?

Hiroshi thinks a long moment.

HIROSHI  
I hope to one day see them again  
too.

They both stare into the fire now.

HIROSHI (CONT'D)  
We will try again tomorrow.

Hiroshi too lays down.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - CLEARING - DAY**

Charlie lays by the fire as Hiroshi struggles to drag a tree across the clearing.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - JUNGLE - DAY**

Hiroshi chops with all his might.

He forces the tree down to the forest floor.

He strips long pieces of bark from another tree.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - BEACH - DAY**

In low tide, Hiroshi pulls pieces of aluminum from Charlie's downed Mustang.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - CLEARING - EVENING**

Hiroshi sweats profusely as he drags the aluminum parts toward the pile of trees and stripped bark.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - CLEARING - NIGHT**

Next to the fire, Hiroshi draws more shapes in the dirt using a sharp stick.

He draws furiously, erasing designs in frustration and sketching new ones in their place.

Charlie watches, as he has done all day. He bites his lip.

CHARLIE  
How's it coming?

HIROSHI  
It would be easier with help.

Charlie looks down.

CHARLIE  
I'm sorry.

Hiroshi throws his stick down.

HIROSHI  
I am tired.

Hiroshi lays down and turns his back to Charlie, who watches him for a moment before turning over as well.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - CLEARING - MORNING**

CHOP... CHOP... CHOP...

Hiroshi opens his eyes. Charlie comes into focus, chopping the trees into long planks.

Hiroshi stands, stretches, and walks over.

CHARLIE  
You're up.

HIROSHI  
So are you.

Charlie turns to Hiroshi.

CHARLIE

Thanks. For helping me snap out of it. So what's the plan?

HIROSHI

It must be stronger. It must have shelter, and we must have a way to move it on our own.

Charlie nods, Hiroshi slaps him on the back, and the pair get to work.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - BEACH - DAY**

Charlie and Hiroshi stand before their new raft.

A thicker base of logs and far more woven chord is now topped with the salvaged pieces of Charlie's mustang to create a sturdy deck.

On top of the deck, a small cover to keep them dry, made from more scrap aluminum, wood and large palm leaves.

Two rudimentary oars carved from logs complete the design.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - CLEARING - NIGHT**

Hiroshi and Charlie sit around their little fire, picking tiny pieces of charred lizard meat from the bone.

Charlie produces a flask from beside him. Hiroshi's eyes go wide when he sees it.

HIROSHI

Is that what I think it is?

Charlie smiles.

HIROSHI (CONT'D)

You have had it the whole time?

CHARLIE

Don't be too mad at me. I wasn't sure we were makin it outta here.

HIROSHI

So?

CHARLIE

So I was savin' it for the last minute.

HIROSHI

I see.

Charlie tosses the flask to Hiroshi, who takes a deep drink and grimaces.

CHARLIE

Kentucky's finest.

Hiroshi tosses the flask back to Charlie, who drinks as well.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

So we're really leavin' tomorrow.

Hiroshi nods.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Then whaddya say we do somethin' special?

Hiroshi looks over, confused.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - CLEARING - NIGHT**

Hiroshi and Charlie stand next to one another at furthest edge of the clearing, their supplies stacked next to them.

They stare across the clearing, where a small fire burns beneath Hiro's downed zero.

HIROSHI

Are you sure this will work?

CHARLIE

Just give it time.

They keep watching the small fire burn beneath Hiroshi's plane.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - CLEARING - LATER**

Hiroshi and Charlie pass the flask back and forth to one another, singing together loudly.

Their voices carry far off through the jungle. It seems the alcohol has caused them to forget about their little plan...

BOOM!! Hiroshi's plane explodes into a massive fireball.

Even across the clearing, the shockwave knocks Charlie and Hiroshi onto their backs.

They look at one another stunned, before standing to look upon their work.

In the center of the clearing, the explosion has created a giant bonfire. Charlie and Hiroshi laugh and run toward the fire.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - CLEARING - LATER**

Charlie and Hiroshi dance around the massive bonfire, singing loudly, completely drunk.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - CLEARING - MORNING**

The fire continues to burn as Charlie and Hiroshi wake.

They grab the essentials and with one last look at their camp, turn and make their way into the jungle.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - BEACH - MORNING**

Charlie and Hiroshi sit on the beach next to their new raft, staring out into the sea.

HIROSHI

Are you ready?

Charlie doesn't move. Hiroshi doesn't push.

**EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - BEACH - LATER**

The sun sits higher in the sky now, Hiroshi looks over to Charlie once again.

Charlie stands, wordlessly. Hiroshi follows suit.

Together, they push the raft out into the receding tide.

Hiroshi gets on first, then Charlie.

Hiroshi lifts his leg, placing the raft at the mercy of the surf.

HIROSHI

We will have to row, past the waves.

Charlie nods. They each grab an oar and begin to row in unison against the waves, growing larger and larger.

Charlie grits his teeth and groans in agony as the surf splashes his face.

Together, he and Hiroshi watch the island - their home - grow further and further away.

**EXT. THE RAFT - DAY**

They paddle with all their might against the tide. Each massive whitecap threatens to destroy their tiny raft.

Harder and harder until they are far enough from the island that the tide now carries them out.

**EXT. THE RAFT - DAY**

The sun beats down on the tiny raft bobbing all alone in the great blue expanse.

Charlie and Hiroshi lie in what little shade their cover provides them.

Hiroshi sips from a coconut, then hands it to Charlie, who raises it weakly to his lips and takes a drink.

Charlie lets the coconut fall to his side and closes his eyes.

HIROSHI

Charlie?

CHARLIE

Huh?

HIROSHI

Are you okay?

CHARLIE

Mhmm.

Hiroshi leans forward and gently removes Charlie's arm from his stomach, revealing a deep red stain in his fatigues.

Charlie allows Hiroshi to pull up his shirt. There, in his side, a deep open wound, leaking pus.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Didn't wanna say nothin'.

HIROSHI

When did this happen?

CHARLIE  
That night, on the mountain.  
(sharp breath)  
That blade of yours is mighty  
sharp.

Hiroshi looks to his katana, lashed to the side of the raft,  
then back to Charlie.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
I know it's bad.

Hiroshi cannot argue.

HIROSHI  
Here, you must drink more.

He reaches for the coconut and attempts to raise it to  
Charlie's lips, but Charlie weakly pushes it away.

CHARLIE  
Don't go wastin' it now.

HIROSHI  
It is not a waste!

Charlie reaches into his pocket and retrieves his notebook.

CHARLIE  
I was thinkin'... I was thinkin'  
maybe you could try and get this to  
my mom n' dad.

HIROSHI  
You will give it to them yourself.

CHARLIE  
Come on now.

HIROSHI  
Charlie--

HIROSHI (CONT'D)  
I know Japan's a long way from  
America, but their address is in  
there, first page. Names too. Here.

Charlie opens the book slightly and the family photo slides  
out onto his chest. He picks it up and studies it.

CHARLIE  
(pointing to each person)  
That's my mom. Her name's Laurel.  
My dad, Vernon.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
The train driver.

Charlie nods. Hiroshi points at the younger faces.

HIROSHI  
Tommy... and Jimmy... and You.

CHARLIE  
Uh huh.

HIROSHI  
A beautiful family.

CHARLIE  
We sure were.

HIROSHI  
You will always be a family.

Charlie doesn't respond.

HIROSHI (CONT'D)  
Charlie?

CHARLIE  
I'm tired.

HIROSHI  
You must eat. Here. Please eat.

CHARLIE  
Later. Later I promise.

#### **EXT. THE RAFT - NIGHT**

High waves toss the raft around like a child's toy. Wind and rain whip all around them.

Beneath the cover, Hiroshi huddles tight against Charlie, who takes sharp, shallow and erratic breathes.

Hiroshi sings the song they sang together.

#### **EXT. SUBURBIA - DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)**

**IN THE KITCHEN** - A much younger Charlie races around with Jimmy and Tommy in hot pursuit. Their mother cleans dishes and laughs at their little game.

**BY THE TRAIN TRACKS** - Charlie, still a young boy, stands with his father, who picks Charlie up as a freight train steams by. Charlie covers his ears and smiles, delighted.

**IN THE FRONT YARD** - Charlie and Tommy stand next to one another, both smiling in crisp new dress uniforms. Their mother, father and Jimmy stand off to the side as the pair have their photo taken.

**EXT. THE RAFT - MORNING**

Hiroshi opens his eyes to bright sun and an eerily calm sea. He still holds Charlie tightly, but Charlie no longer breathes erratically.

Hiroshi nudges him.

HIROSHI

Charlie.

Charlie does not stir.

Hiroshi gently turns Charlie over to see his glassy eyes staring up into the sky.

Hiroshi weeps, puts his head on Charlie's chest.

HIROSHI (CONT'D)

I'm sorry friend. I'm sorry.

Hiroshi cries and cries as the raft bobs gently in the water.

**EXT. THE RAFT - LATER**

Hiroshi sits in the hot sun. Beneath the cover lies Charlie's body.

Hiroshi stares out into the ocean.

Then he looks at Charlie's body.

Finally he looks at his blade, still strapped to the side of the raft.

**EXT. THE RAFT - DAY**

Who knows how many days have passed.

Hiroshi lays in the hot sun. Charlie's body still occupies the shaded section.

Hiroshi stares at his blade.

Slowly, he gets to his knees and crawls toward it.

With all of his strength, he pulls the blade from its sheath and falls back onto the small deck.

He stares up at the blazing sun, then once again gets into a kneeling position.

He holds the sword, razor sharp blade pointed toward his stomach.

Hiroshi hesitates, tries not to look at Charlie's body.

His body tenses. He closes his eyes, screams and...

Throws the sword off the raft with all his might. He watches it spin through the air and disappear beneath the glassy ocean.

Hiroshi lays back down and starts to cry again.

**EXT. THE RAFT - LATER**

Hiroshi awakes to flies buzzing around his face. He smacks one away, but there is another, and another.

Hiroshi sits up. To his horror, the source of the flies is Charlie.

HIROSHI

No!

Hiroshi lunges to Charlie's body and attempts in vain to shoo the flies away.

For every one he kills, two more seem to appear. Hiroshi kills as many as he can and once again starts to cry.

**EXT. THE RAFT - NIGHT**

Hiroshi sleeps, Charlie's journal clasped tightly against his chest.

**EXT. THE RAFT - DAY**

Hiroshi lays huddled in what little shade the cover provides, His skin-and-bones body badly burned by the exposure.

Charlie's body lies in the sun, wrapped in whatever Hiroshi could find.

Hiroshi raises a coconut to his lips and drinks, but it is empty. He tosses the coconut into the sea and watches it bob away.

He looks to where the coconuts had been piled. There are none left.

Hiroshi closes his eyes, then opens them again, and stares at the empty sheath still tied to the raft.

He curses to himself.

#### **EXT. THE RAFT - LATER**

Hiroshi lies with his eyes closed, listening to the waves gently lapping against the raft.

The lapping is replaced by a gentle humming, which ever so slowly becomes louder and louder.

Hiroshi squints into the sunlight.

Waves lap against a steel hull, the sunlight is blacked out by a massive object.

DECKHAND (O.S.)

I'll be damned, there's someone  
down there! Hey! Hey Chuck! There's  
a man down there!

An alarm wails from high above. Hiroshi closes his eyes again.

#### **INT. AMERICAN DESTROYER - MEDICAL BAY - DAY**

Hiroshi opens his eyes to a grey steel ceiling. He blinks and turns over, noticing an IV drip running from his arm.

He tries to move his arm, but a handcuff holds him to the bed.

NAVY NURSE (O.S.)

Careful now.

HIROSHI

Where am I?

NAVY NURSE

You're aboard The Thomas.

HIROSHI  
What is the date?

NAVY NURSE  
Today is, June the sixth.

Hiroshi stares back up at the ceiling.

HIROSHI  
Where's Charlie?

NAVY NURSE  
I'll go tell them you're awake.

HIROSHI  
Where is Charlie?!

The Nurse exits, leaving Hiroshi to his thoughts.

**INT. AMERICAN DESTROYER - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY**

Hiroshi sits across from CAPTAIN HAINES (50s) a gruff, seafaring type in uniform. Two MILITARY POLICE stand guard behind him.

On the metal table between them, sits Charlie's knife, dog tags, and journal.

HIROSHI  
...and then, after about three days, he died.

CPT. HAINES  
And how long were you out there after that?

HIROSHI  
I do not know.

Captain Haines thinks about this for a moment.

CPT. HAINES  
Well, we thank you for bringing the young man's body back. The family will be grateful.

Hiroshi nods.

HIROSHI  
So what happens now?

CPT. HAINES

Well. That's the tricky part.  
Normally protocol is to hand you to  
The Aussies. But we aren't headed  
in that direction.

Hiroshi's face says his question has gone unanswered.

CPT. HAINES (CONT'D)

We make port at Pearl Harbor in  
about five days time. Closest camp  
to that is Tracy. That's in  
California. I suspect they'll ship  
ya there to wait out the war.  
Normally it's reserved for captured  
intelligence officers, I hear it's  
down right comfortable in fact.

HIROSHI

But... The journal. I promised.

CAPTAIN HAINES

We will return the journal to the  
family.

Again, Hiroshi's face betrays him.

CAPTAIN HAINES (CONT'D)

I know you made a friend a promise.  
Unfortunately I can't just let some  
captured Jap go runnin' around the  
country unsupervised.

Hiroshi looks down

CAPTAIN HAINES (CONT'D)

No matter how brave I personally  
think they are.

With that, Captain Haines stands and makes his way to the  
door.

Before he exits, he turns and gives Hiroshi a small salute.

The MPs approach the chair Hiroshi sits in.

**EXT. AMERICAN DESTROYER - CELL - DAY**

Hiroshi lies on an uncomfortable metal bed, staring at the  
night sky through the tiny porthole.

**EXT. JAPANESE PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - DAY**CAMP TRACY, CALIFORNIA. JULY 1945

Hiroshi is lead from the back of an army truck along with a dozen other Japanese prisoners.

Other prisoners watch them from behind the barbed wire fence as they are marched in line up through the gates.

**INT/EXT. JAPANESE PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - DAY****SEQUENCE - LIFE IN THE CAMP.**

**IN AN OFFICE** - Hiroshi's finger print and name are taken.

**IN AN INTERROGATION ROOM** - Hiroshi answers questions.

**IN THE YARD** - Hiroshi watches two GUARDS beat a prisoner with batons. Hiroshi intervenes and is too beaten.

**IN A MESS HALL** - Hiroshi eats his food alone.

**INT. JAPANESE PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - CELL - DAY**

Hiroshi wakes to a baton clanging against his cell door.

A newspaper is slid beneath the crack. Hiroshi rises and picks it up.

The date reads AUGUST 5TH 1945. The headline reads - ATOM BOMB DROPPED ON JAPAN

Hiroshi reads the article to himself.

**EXT. JAPANESE PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - DAY**

Hiroshi stands in a long line of prisoners being loaded once again into a convoy of green army trucks.

**EXT. CALIFORNIA DOCKYARD - EVENING**

The prisoners make their way single file up a series of gang planks and onto large U.S. Military transports.

**EXT. U.S. MILITARY TRANSPORT - DAY**

Hiroshi stands on the deck, other passengers mill about behind him as he stares over the railing out to sea.

He fixates on a distant speck, an island far away.

**EXT. TOKYO DOCKYARD - DAY**

The prisoners disembark the ships and are met by a hive of activity.

Sailors, dock workers, prisoners and the military presence move every which way, shouting over one another to be heard.

ARMY OFFICER

...Those requiring transport north,  
busses will be departing in ten  
minutes! That is ten minutes, south  
side of the dock...

Japanese woman old and young pace back and forth holding  
photos of their loved ones high.

JAPANESE MOTHER

Have you seen my son?

JAPANESE WIFE

...His name is Atsuya! Yes, Atsuya!

Hiroshi takes in the chaos all around him.

**EXT. STREETS OF TOKYO - DAY**

Hiroshi rides in the back of an open air military transport  
with over a dozen other prisoners and refugees.

Tokyo is in ruins, completely destroyed by firebomb raids.

Men and women sleep in makeshift huts on the street, beggars  
hound the convoy for food and change as it snakes slowly  
through the city.

Hiroshi watches as a YOUNG MOTHER holds her baby up to the  
convoy.

YOUNG MOTHER

Take him! Please take him!

Hiroshi cannot look away as they pass.

**EXT. STREETS OF NIIGATA - NIGHT**

Hiroshi sleeps, head on the shoulder of another sleeping man,  
when the convoy comes to a halt.

Hiroshi wakes slowly, and dismounts the convoy.

He walks through the streets, past the Maple and Hinoki Cypress trees he grew up with.

Past the quaint wooden houses lit by lamps.

# **EXT. HIROSHI'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Hiroshi stands before a wooden door. He raises his hand to knock, but drops it to his side again.

He stands there for several long moments.

He raises his hand to knock again.

Before he can, the door opens.

There in the threshold, a bag of garbage in her hand, stands his wife, ITSUMI (20s).

Itsumi stares at Hiroshi as if he were a ghost. The bag of garbage drops from her hand.

Tears in her eyes, she reaches up to touch Hiroshi's face.

ITSUMI  
H-Hiroshi?

With tears in his own eyes, Hiroshi softly touches her hand.

She jumps into his arms with a scream. They embrace, sobbing.

# **INT. HIROSHI'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Itsumi slides the door open. There, lying on a mat on the floor, his son, SHOU (6), sleeps soundly.

Hiroshi looks to his wife, who gives him a reassuring smile.

Slowly, he gets to his knees and lightly jostles his son awake.

HIROSHI  
Shou... Shou...

Finally, Shou stirs. He turns over, rubs the sleep from his eyes and looks up at Hiroshi.

SHOU  
Father?

Shou grabs Hiroshi in a tight embrace, pulling him down to the mat. Hiroshi laughs and they wrestle together, Shou squealing with joy the whole time.

Itsumi stands in the doorway, watching.

**INT. HIROSHI'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Itsumi sleeps soundly, her head on Hiroshi's chest. On his other side, Shou, also fast asleep, clings to his leg.

Hiroshi stares up at the ceiling, then closes his eyes.

**INT. TRAIN CAR - DAY**

Hiroshi, dressed in his finest, sits next to the window with Shou on his lap.

He points at a massive heard of cattle in a field.

HIROSHI  
Look at all the cows!

SHOU  
Woah! There must be one hundred!

HIROSHI  
At least! What does a cow say?

SHOU  
Moo!!

HIROSHI  
That's right! Moo! Mom, you try!

SHOU  
Yeah mom!

Itsumi blushes and laughs.

ITSUMI  
Moo!

They all laugh together, garnering strange looks from others on the train.

**EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY**

Hiroshi, Itsumi and Shou step off the train onto the busy platform carrying their bags.

SUPER: LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY - 1947

ITSUMI

It is so hot!

Hiroshi removes a small piece of paper from his pocket and studies it.

HIROSHI

We must find a taxi cab. Come on.

They make their way into the station.

**EXT. STREETS OF LEXINGTON - DAY**

Hiroshi attempts to hail an approaching cab. It passes right by.

A cab headed in another direction speeds by as well.

Hiroshi looks to Itsumi helplessly, then turns back to the street. A sign in a window catches his eye.

NO DOGS, NO BLACKS, NO JAPS.

Hiroshi frowns, but forces a smile before turning back around.

HIROSHI

We can walk!

ITSUMI

What?

Hiroshi picks up Shou and puts him over his shoulder.

HIROSHI

It is not far!

Hiroshi starts down the street and Itsumi reluctantly follows.

**EXT. STREETS OF LEXINGTON - LATER**

Hiroshi's initial enthusiasm has worn off some beneath the heat. Though they all push on.

A truck pulling a horse trailer passes them, but stops just ahead. Hiroshi eyes it warily.

HIROSHI  
(Quietly)  
Stay behind me.

As they approach, a FARM BOY (20), straw hat and button shirt, yells out the window.

FARM BOY  
Hey! Where ya'll headed?

HIROSHI  
It's okay. We're okay. Thank you.

FARM BOY  
Ya'll don't look okay. Look hot as heck if you don't mind me sayin'.  
Soo, where ya'll headed?

Hiroshi looks to Itsumi, who pleads with her eyes. He reaches into his pocket, removes the address, and hands it to the driver.

FARM BOY (CONT'D)  
Hoo-wee, and ya'll were gonna walk there? My brother was right, you Japs sure are tough. Here, if ya don't mind hoppin' in the back, it's about fifteen minutes up that way.

Hiroshi nods, throws their luggage in the back and helps his wife and daughter up inside the cab.

FARM BOY (CONT'D)  
So what brings ya'll to Lexington?

HIROSHI  
It is, a long story.

FARM BOY  
Great, I'll just drive slow then.

He smiles and puts the truck in gear.

# **EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY**

The truck pulls up in front of a well manicured little home adorned with an American flag.

Hiroshi, Itsumi and Shou exit the truck. Hiroshi grabs their bags.

FARM BOY

Real nice meetin' ya Hershy! Yer family too! Boy my brother ain't gonna believe this.

Hiroshi waves goodbye and the Farm Boy pulls away from the house.

ITSUMI

You are sure this is the place?

HIROSHI

This is the address.

Hiroshi, Itsumi and Shou approach the door. Hiroshi takes a deep breath and knocks.

It is Laurel who answers. Older than in the photo Hiroshi saw, but unmistakeable.

She looks Hiroshi over.

LAUREL

My heavens.

HIROSHI

Mrs. Miller? My name is--

LAUREL

I know who you are. Please, please come in.

(as they pass)

And this must be your wife and boy?

Laurel closes the door behind them.

**INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY**

They shuffle into the small front room.

HIROSHI

Yes, Mrs. Miller--

LAUREL

Please, Laurel!

HIROSHI

Laurel. This is my wife, Itsumi.

ITSUMI

How do you do?

HIROSHI  
And my son, Shou.

Shou hides behind Hiroshi's leg.

LAUREL  
Well, it's an absolute pleasure to  
meet you. Here, follow me.

Laurel leads the way down the hall past pictures of Charlie, Jimmy and Tommy as kids. Pictures of trains and dead turkeys reveal their personal hobbies.

**INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

The procession files into the living room where VERN sits by the window.

A small shrine set up in the name of their sons sits next to the fire place.

LAUREL  
Vern?

Vern turns to face them.

LAUREL (CONT'D)  
Vern this is Hiroshi, and his wife  
and son.

The gears turn in Vern's head a moment, then his face lights up. He rises from his chair, walks toward Hiroshi and embraces him.

Surprised, Hiroshi hugs him back and they stand there holding each other for a long moment.

Vern releases Hiroshi, makes his way to the shrine, and picks up Charlie's journal from a collection including Charlie and Tommy's dog tags, Charlie's knife, and a leather catcher's mitt.

He shuffles back to Hiroshi, and hands him the journal.

VERN  
Thank. You.

Hiroshi takes the book in his hands.

LAUREL  
Please make yourselves at home.  
I'll put some tea on.

Laurel exits. Vern takes the journal gently from Hiroshi's hands and crouches down to Shou's level.

VERN  
Your father, is very brave. A very  
good man.

Shou peers out from behind Hiroshi's legs. Vern straightens up with a groan.

HIROSHI  
I am not brave.

VERN  
No. I won't hear it. He wrote it  
all down. I know.

HIROSHI  
He...

Vern nods, studying Hiroshi's face.

VERN  
You never read it.

Hiroshi shakes his head.

VERN (CONT'D)  
You should.  
(beat)  
Please, sit.

Itsumi, Shou and Hiroshi sit on the small sofa.

Laurel returns with a tray of tea and small cookies.

**INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER**

Laurel flips through photo albums, showing Hiroshi and his family pictures of life before the war.

LAUREL  
Oh mercy! I nearly forgot about  
this one here... Vern, remember  
that year Charlie thought he was  
gonna be a silent film star?

Vern chuckles.

VERN  
Douglas Fairbanks.

Laurel glances at the clock.

LAUREL  
Where has the time gone?

HIROSHI  
Oh yes, we will be going.

LAUREL  
Nonsense! You must stay for dinner!  
We've only been through two albums!

Hiroshi looks to Itsumi, who smiles and nods.

HIROSHI  
If it is not an inconvenience. We  
will stay.

LAUREL  
I won't hear another word about  
inconvenience.

VERN  
How bout it kid? You like pork  
chops?

SHOU  
I don't know.

They laugh. Shou eyes a small model train on the table next  
to Vern. Vern notices.

VERN  
Like that do you?

Shou nods.

VERN (CONT'D)  
You come here on one of these?

Again, Shou nods.

VERN (CONT'D)  
Come here.

Shou looks to his mom and dad, who both offer silent  
encouragement. Slowly, he gets up and crosses to Vern.

Vern picks up the model locomotive and hands it to Shou, who  
admires it with great care. Vern watches Shou, unable to hide  
his joy.

Hiroshi, Itsumi and Laurel look on. Laurel wipes tears from  
her eyes.

LAUREL

It's settled then, you'll stay! A  
few more and I'll start dinner.

(back to the photo album)

Now where was I? Oh here we are!

Hiroshi and Itsumi lean in for a closer look as Laurel  
continues her story. On the other side of the room, Shou  
tells Vern about the train ride.

FADE TO BLACK.

**THE END**