

TITLE

Written by  
Author's Name

Copyright (c) 2021

Draft  
information

Contact  
information

FADE IN:

EXT. SEA CLIFFS OF MOLOKAI - SUNRISE

The enormous volcanic sea cliffs begin to slowly glow an amazing orange-red color from the early morning pink sky, making them look almost translucent, appearing hollow, unveiling briefly a secret inner abode of ancient gods.

Moving closer, reveals lush green jungles between the forbidding cliffs with waterfalls at the end of every little valley, topped on the horizon with peaks clouded in eternal mist.

Moving closer, brings into view a lone tiny figure on the top of the highest cliff. A dim, rhythmic figure can be discerned dancing slowly within inches of the edge of a five hundred foot vertical drop to a surging sea below.

Moving closer, a young girl hula dances in the first rays of the early morning sun. LEILANI, 15, stands dangerously near the edge overlooking the vast ocean stretching off to the ends of the world. She dances alluringly and seductively while singing softly.

LEILANI

(choreographed dance  
sung in Hawaiian,  
with English  
subtitles)

Rise, O sun in the east

With a procession going to Kumukahi

Dancing are the beautiful ones with  
Hi`iaka

And Kapo-Laka in the verdant grove

Moving ahead are the dancers toward  
me

And to the sacred presence of the  
divine

Let the sacred ways return to the  
chiefs

Let us all give everlasting praise

Tra-la-la-la

(MORE)

LEILANI (cont'd)  
In the name of Hi`iaka-in-the-bosom-  
of Pele

She finishes kneeling toward the sun, now fully risen and  
bathing her in exploding golden hues.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. SUFFOLK COUNTY JAIL VISITATION WINDOWS - MARCH 15,  
1944 - DAY

A uniformed prison guard, GUARD #1, 65, opens the door and a  
man, UNCLE TOM, 30, in an expensive suit walks in,  
hesitates, sees a line of empty windows with stools in front  
of each one and turns to the guard.

UNCLE TOM  
Which window...uh...where do you want  
me?

GUARD #1  
Pick one. You've got the whole room  
reserved. We must have a VIP on our  
hands. Just knock on the door when  
you want out. And good luck.

The guard leaves closing the door. It clicks being locked.  
Uncle Tom inspects the nearest stool, takes out a  
handkerchief, wipes the stool, carefully folds it up and  
puts it back in his breast pocket. He hears a noise and  
looks through the window seeing a young prisoner, HANK, 19,  
being escorted to the stool on the other side by another  
guard, GUARD #2, 55. The guard bends down and speaks into  
Hank's ear as he sits.

GUARD #2  
(sarcastically)  
You should be more careful taking  
showers. Tile floors can be slippery  
when wet.

The guard looks at Uncle Tom through the window, gives him a  
little salute with a smirk and leaves the room. Hank has  
lacerations on his face, a black eye and bruises everywhere.

UNCLE TOM  
I guess you found out the price of  
being different.

HANK

What should I expect from mindless violent hooligans dressed up like military clowns? The world has gone insane and sure enough, it includes Boston and all it's hypocritical suburbs.

UNCLE TOM

You're starting to sound like your father. But you're not going to get out of this one by playing a retard. You've pissed off the Harvard Board of Directors and even more amazing, you've pissed off the most important person on that board, your mother. You can't lead an anti-war protest in the heart of Boston during the most popular war since the revolution and expect your mother to sympathize.

HANK

(mockingly)

And all the famous Fausher's from Greenwich are upstanding pillars of the American myth. Rich people deserve power and power kills people. She of all people is smart enough to know it. "Vasser graduate marries retarded heir to old New York fortune and builds a dynasty." But instead, she glories in my father's mental illness and runs the family like a plague.

UNCLE TOM

Whoa there hot head. We all live in your mother's shadow and quite frankly I find it quite comfortable. I work maybe two, three hours a week on family legal affairs and the rest at the yacht club diddling all the old Greenwich bastard's trophy wives.

HANK

You always were the practical one. Harvard law degree in exchange for a new library wing. So why did she send you here and when do I get bailed out?

UNCLE TOM

The good news is, you'll be leaving tomorrow morning.

HANK  
And the bad news?

UNCLE TOM  
The unfortunate part is your mother  
has gotten your little performance  
squelched out of the papers but  
you're going to have to become a  
hero.

HANK  
A hero? How the hell is she going to  
do that?

INT. IMPERIAL JAPANESE SUBMARINE I-201 - SAME TIME

A round screen displaying Japanese characters with reticles  
of distance and azimuth along the bottom and one side,  
focuses, revealing a cargo ship steaming in a bright blue  
sea. COMMANDER TOMONAGA, 36, Commander in the Imperial  
Japanese Navy barks a command.

(in Japanese with  
subtitles,  
throughout this  
scene)

COMMANDER TOMONAGA  
Fire!

He steps back from the periscope and slaps up the handles.  
NUMBER TWO, 24, pushes two buttons nearby.

NUMBER TWO  
Torpedoes one and two fired, sir.

COMMANDER TOMONAGA  
Turn to course 150, snorkel depth and  
advance to full speed.

NUMBER TWO  
You don't want to confirm the kill?

COMMANDER TOMONAGA  
Consider it confirmed. I never miss  
at this distance.

The commander steps away from the periscope and Number Two  
follows. They hear two distant muffled explosions.

COMMANDER TOMONAGA (cont'd)  
Last night, I received new orders by  
radio.

Commander Tomonaga hands Number Two a slip of paper.

COMMANDER TOMONAGA (cont'd)  
We must rendezvous with a German  
submarine at these coordinates.

Number Two studies the numbers and then looks up surprised.

NUMBER TWO  
But sir, these are for the South  
Atlantic. That's thousands of miles  
away. We'll have to refuel and  
provision for such a voyage.

COMMANDER TOMONAGA  
We'll refuel en route and then  
rendezvous with a German submarine,  
pick up about five-hundred kilos of  
rocks and transport them secretly to  
a safe place.

NUMBER TWO  
Rocks Sir? Are you sure? What kind of  
rocks?

COMMANDER TOMONAGA  
It better be the kind that wins wars.  
(he pats the  
submarine wall)  
Otherwise, turning my beloved samurai  
sword into a cargo tub provides no  
honor or profit.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MAUI MARINE TRAINING CAMP - DAY

A single soldier stands in the middle of a huge empty parade ground raking dirt. SERGEANT, 38, grizzled career Marine, walks for a long time crossing the huge open area and finally stops, facing Hank several feet away. He watches angrily as Hank deliberately rakes as slow as he possibly can.

SERGEANT  
(loudly)  
Private Monroe! What the fuck do you  
think you're doing?

Hank slowly stops raking and looks up at Sergeant, straightens up a little, slaps his rake up against his left side like a rifle and salutes slowly.

HANK

(sarcastically fake  
southern accent)

Why Sergeant, whatever do you mean? I thought I was supposed to rake this here whole parade ground and now you want me to fuck someone or something?

SERGEANT

Don't get cute with me you little snot-nosed clown. You've just earned yourself the job of permanent latrine orderly.

HANK

But Sergeant, I thought...

SERGEANT

Don't 'but Sergeant' me, you little prick. Check that rake back in and hustle your rear-end over to the captain's office. He wants a piece of that tender white ass for dinner.

Hank drops the rake and begins running as fast as he can toward the barracks.

SERGEANT (cont'd)

(yelling)

I said take the rake back to....

Ignoring Sergeant, Hank doesn't stop running and makes his getaway. Sergeant shakes his head in resignation.

SERGEANT (cont'd)

Ah well. Just another fucking statistic.

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

The CAPTAIN, 28, sits at his desk staring at a stack of papers in front of him. His uniform is pressed stiff, his desk is orderly, and his haircut could land aircraft. There's a knock at the door. He looks both angry and sad.

CAPTAIN

Come in!

Hank opens the door, walks in casually and stands relaxed in front of the desk.

HANK

The Sergeant said you wanted to see me. I want to let you know I was doing a very important job when he interrupted me and --

CAPTAIN

(interrupting)

--I didn't call you in here to blow smoke up your ass. And stand at attention!

Hank straightens up, gives a sloppy salute and looks bored.

HANK

Yes sir.

Captain stands up and starts to get red in the face.

CAPTAIN

You dumb ass son of a bitch. Don't you understand where you are?

HANK

I believe it's Hawaii. Sir.

CAPTAIN

Shut up!

The Captain starts to sweat. Hank stares off in the distance.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

You see this stack of papers?

Hank takes a peek down and then back to outer space.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

You haven't been able to do anything right since joining! And that little stunt of cross-wiring the PA and playing "Boogey Woogey Bugle Boy" to the whole camp at four in the morning didn't impress me or the Colonel.

HANK

I thought the men needed a little boost.

CAPTAIN

Shut up! All the men in your squad have asked that you be transferred to another unit. But nobody else will have you!

HANK

I tried using deodorant.

SERGEANT

Shut the fuck up you smart-ass turd!  
Let me assure you right now, there's  
only two ways I'm going to let you  
out of my company.

HANK

And that would be...?

CAPTAIN

Shut up and listen up!

The CAPTAIN comes around the desk and confronts HANK.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

One way is twenty years in  
Leavenworth. The other is in a  
military issue coffin. Personally I  
prefer the former because a little  
white boy like yourself won't do very  
well in a hardened Federal prison. If  
it's the later, I'm required to pin a  
medal on your box and write a nice  
letter to your mother lying about how  
you served your country and died a  
hero.  
And there's no fucking way I'm going  
to do that!

HANK visibly gulps but still looks off in the distance  
acting unconcerned.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

Now listen up. Tomorrow we're going  
out on maneuvers with real landing  
craft and you're going to learn how  
to stay alive long enough to get your  
ass on dry land so some Jap can use  
you for target practice saving our  
more valuable men for killing his ass  
later.

HANK

Sir?

CAPTAIN

That's right, you're cannon fodder.  
It's an ugly job, but somebody has to  
do it. Dismissed!

Captain salutes Hank and walks to the door holding it open for him. Hank approaches the door looking suspiciously at the captain.

HANK

Can I appeal?

CAPTAIN

Get the fuck out of here, worm!

Captain tries to kick Hank's rear as he jumps through the door, barely avoiding his boot.

EXT. LANDING CRAFT - DAY

The sea is stormy and waves are breaking over the side of the landing craft, drenching the huddled Marines inside. Naval guns in the distance can be heard bombarding the Hawaiian target island prior to landing. Hank stands in a corner by himself while the men around him are helping each other get ready for their landing. Sergeant moves among the men checking their equipment. He gets to Hank and finds him not ready and his rifle lying in the bottom of the boat covered by sloshing seawater.

SERGEANT

At least you have your life vest on.  
Here, tie it together or you'll lose  
the only thing around here that cares  
about saving your life.

Sergeant helps Hank, who is fumbling, tie the last strap holding Hank's vest in place.

SERGEANT (cont'd)

Now, get your butt up there on the  
bulwark and tell me when we're about  
a thousand yards from shore. You can  
at least do that, I hope. Now pick up  
your rifle and get up there!

Hank appears nervous as he carefully picks up his wet rifle with two fingers shaking the water off. He slings it over his shoulder and looks up. He looks pleadingly back at Sergeant but is met with a stern stare.

SERGEANT (cont'd)

Buckle your helmet!

Hank turns and slowly climbs up the ladder to the top. Hank peeks over the edge of the boat and sees hundreds of boats just like this one, steering in huge circles miles from shore trying to form up into long lines heading towards the target beach together. Angry clouds fill the sky and waves break over the top of the boats. Hank sees several of his own team throwing up in the crowded hold. He finally climbs on up and sits on the side of the boat, resting his rifle on his lap, he attempts to buckle his helmet strap. The Sergeant looks up at Hank and yells to be heard over the noise of the boat and storm.

SERGEANT (cont'd)

What do you see? Are we headed in yet?

Hank yells back.

HANK

I think we're lost. I can barely make out the island and we're going in circles.

Sergeant mutters to himself.

SERGEANT

Fucking Navy. Couldn't find land from the middle of a lake.

He yells back at Hank.

SERGEANT (cont'd)

Do you see any break in the weather?

Just then a giant wave sweeps over the bow pouring water into the boat knocking everybody off their feet. Sergeant is knocked off his feet for a second but regains his footing and rushes forward to help his men.

The wave hits Hank knocking him overboard while dumping his rifle back into the boat. Sergeant turns around and sees Hank is missing. He spots Hank's rifle on the deck. He rushes to the ladder, climbs up and looks out at the churning sea. He sees nothing but big dark waves in all directions.