

"Mangrove Dreams"

written by

Kelly Tippett

Kellytippett421@gmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT: ESTUARY LAKE - OKINAWA JAPAN - 1959 - DAY

A small river leads into an open body of water surrounded by mangroves.

The sky is a pretty blue and occasionally, on this particular day, a perfect puffy cloud or two goes by.

SUPER:"OKINAWA 1959"

The mangroves, thick bushes and trees, grow on a shallow barrier separating that body of water from the ocean. Their roots protrude from that shallow barrier like wood knees or tangled veins.

EXT: BOAT SLIP - ESTUARY LAKE

FUMIO (34) and his son ISAMU (6) walk along the slip's pier with tackle and fishing poles outfitted with classic bobbers and hooks. Fumio additionally carries a BUCKET OF MINNOWS for bait.

The two put their equipment down on the pier beside the roomy two-man AYUBUNE (a Japanese boat ranging in size).

Fumio gets on his knees and reaches the bucket of minnows out sitting it in the boat's floor.

Shuffling along behind them is an older man with no equipment, YUTAKA (68).

He nears the ayubune boat's tie off point. It's knotted around one of the wooden support beams that holds the slip's roof up.

Yutaka begins untying the rope's end.

YUTAKA
I told you I got it.

Fumio and Isamu load themselves into the boat.

Yutaka continues untying the knot.

YUTAKA (CONT'D)
We have been catching fish by the mangroves recently. I would start there. They like to also feed in the pools right inside.

The father reaches out from the boat to grab their equipment off the pier.

Yutaka stops him by handing him the rope's end.

YUTAKA (CONT'D)

I have it.

Yutaka gathers their gear and hands it to them.

FUMIO

Arigatou gozaimasu.

(beat)

What do we say Isamu?

ISAMU

Arigatou.

YUTAKA

Dou itashimashite. It was easier
for me to get it.

FUMIO

I believe we will try the open
first. It is such a pretty day.

The older man gives a quick eshaku bow, and Fumio returns the slight bow while maintaining his balance in the boat.

YUTAKA

If you need to eat, and your boy
wants to catch fish, I suggest you
find time to work the mangroves.

Yukata walks away.

AYUBUNE BOAT

Fumio takes his boy's tackle and pole, laying the gear down on the wooden bottom.

FUMIO

Son, have a seat and do not stand
up. We do not want the boat to rock
too much.

(beat)

Put those minnows in the center
there to balance the weight in the
boat.

Isamu moves the minnows to the middle, so they are in front of him where he sits.

Fumio, front center, takes the long paddle from the boat's floor.

He slowly paddles from the wooden slip toward the center of the estuary lake.

ESTUARY LAKE

The ayubune, with father and son fishing, is silhouetted against a perfect sky.

AYUBUNE BOAT

Making a bit of RUCKUS, young Isamu pulls in his bait and sits his pole down.

Fumio turns to see what the noise was.

His son sits looking over the bucket of bait MINOOWS that is between his legs on the floor of the ayubune boat.

FUMIO (CONT'D)
Why did you stop fishing?

ISAMU
(Pouting)
I cannot catch a fish.

FUMIO
The fish may not be hungry right now.
(beat)
I too want to catch a fish.

ISAMU
They are hungry at the mangroves.
The man said so.

FUMIO
I will catch something. You will see. Rest, fishing is sometimes simply about coming and relaxing on the water.

Melancholy, Isamu looks to his father.

Fumio seeing his son still dissatisfied comes up with a possible solution.

FUMIO (CONT'D)
Fresh bait on your hook. That will help.

ISAMU
Show me how again.

Fumio brings in his fishing pole. He repositions his seating so that he faces his son.

He searches the bucket in front of Isamu and pulls a minnow out.

Fumio leans forward and uses his index finger to motion for Isamu to lean in closer.

Isamu leans in and both are face to face. Fumio baits the boy's hook with a fresh SQUIRMING MINNOW.

Isamu WINCES as he watches the MINNOW SQUIRM on the hook.

FUMIO

The squirming attracts the predator. And the hook spills the blood into little floating clouds, and its scent attracts the minnow's predator too.

(beat)

Do you know what the predator is Isamu.

ISAMU

What?

FUMIO

Our fish! We are tricking the fish by hiding the hook into its prey. When it bites down on the minnow the hook will set. We will pull it into the boat. And do you know what the predator of the fish is?

ISAMU

No.

FUMIO

We are! We must eat and what we are doing is like hunting our food.

(beat)

Like they hunt these minnows.

ISAMU

I want to hunt the hungry fish at the mangroves.

The boy points into the distance at the surrounding mangroves; he has a longing-for expression.

Fumio glances in that same direction, causing gloom to overcome his face.

The mangroves are deep and dark.

Fumio quickly looks back to his son.

FUMIO
Fish this spot a little longer.

Fumio repositions his seating, so he faces the front of the ayubune again.

FUMIO (CONT'D)
Put your hook out.

Isamu swings his pole out causing his baited hook to fling out from the boat.

His bobber settles on the water.

Both are fishing in silence again as they watch their very still bobbers.

ESTUARY LAKE

A black heron flies over their ayubune boat as they fish silhouetted against the perfect sky.

AYUBUNE

Fumio stares at his bobber floating on the water.

Behind him, his son brings in his pole, causing RUCKUS in the boat.

Fumio brings his pole in as well and turns to see Isamu pouting again.

FUMIO (CONT'D)
It's not a good day for fishing
Isamu.

ISAMU
The man said the fish are hungry
over there.

The boy points again to the mangroves encircling the edges of the lake.

FUMIO
Your obasan (grandmother) is cooking
anyway tonight.

Fumio grabs the paddle and dips it into the water to paddle.

He glances back to Isamu who sits looking into the bucket of minnows. He pulls the paddle in.

The ayubune slows.

FUMIO (CONT'D)
Empty the bucket.

ISAMU
Okay.

FUMIO
I'm sure your obasan will have plenty of chinsuko (a sweet shortbread). You can have two when we get there.

Isamu stares at the MINNOWS being DUMPED into the lake.

They flip and flop exposing their white bellies.

They swim with deliberate quickness the instant they land in the water.

INT: PSYCHOLOGIST OFFICE - DAY

A nervous Fumio, dress jacket on, sits across from the desk of DOCTOR KENJI HARUO (52). Both wear western influenced clothing. This includes a tie. They have already gone over formalities and traditional greetings.

The Doctor takes his jacket off, putting it on a hangar and placing it onto a wardrobe rack behind his desk.

DR. HARUO
You're welcome to take your jacket off too.

Fumio's eyes dart around the room and finally bounce off the water cooler to out of the window.

EXT: WINDOW

A bird flies from a power line.

INT: PSYCHOLOGIST OFFICE

Fumio's attention is pulled back from outside the window into the room as he picks at his hands.

FUMIO
What?

DR. HARUO
You're welcome to take your jacket
off.

FUMIO
Oh yes, thank you.

DR. HAROU
You can lay it on the back of the
chair there. Wait, let me have it.

He takes the jacket from Fumio and walks over to the wardrobe
and grabs a hangar. He places it next to where he hung his

DR. HARUO
There's no better way to start this
than to come out and ask you right
away.
(beat)
What brings you in to see me?

Fumio cracks a nervous grin and glances out the window and
back to Dr. Haruo.

DR. HARUO (CONT'D)
Take your time.

He puts Fumio's jacket on the hangar and places it on the
wardrobe's rod next to his.

FUMIO
I am sorry. I pictured this
different.

DR. HARUO
What do you mean?

FUMIO
I didn't picture it so casual.

DR. HARUO
Let me be honest. I'm not sure yet
if you know why you are here. By
asking right away we can see if I
need to help you figure that out or
if you already know.

FUMIO
Two days ago, I was fishing with my
boy out on a small lake.
(beat)
Separating it from the ocean is a
barrier of mangroves.

Fumio straightens his tie.

Dr Haruo notes Fumio's pause and tie straightening.

DR. HARUO
Something about the mangroves?

FUMIO
Yes.

DR. HARUO
We have a couple of hours take your time.

FUMIO
I will get to it.
(beat)
It is not them, but the feeling I get when I see them.

DR. HARUO
And how does it-

FUMIO
The man that loaned us his boat, at the fishing club he belongs to, we were his guest. My son and me. He told us where the fish were biting out by the mangroves, but I could not take the boat there.

DR. HARUO
Fumio, I want to give you comfort but I believe there is more you need to get out, because avoiding places for safety reasons or because of some fear is okay.

FUMIO
I understand that. That is not it. My boy heard the man and knew we would catch fish there. For over an hour we sat in the boat out in the lake and caught nothing. He wanted to go so bad and looked at the mangroves with a longing.
(beat)
If I had to fish for our food that day, we would have gone hungry. He and his mother. I deprived him and me of joy as well.

DR. HARUO
I see.

FUMIO

It seems not too important I know.
There are markets for fish. But I
do not want to go through life
unable to bond with my child
because of things like this.

DR. HARUO

I'll need you to open up if we are
to find the root problem.

Fumio looks out the window, drifts monetarily in thought.

When he brings his attention back, he notices Dr. Haruo making notes.

FUMIO

Not to be dramatic, but the world
does not believe it happened.

(beat)

Write that down.

Dr. Haruo drops his writing utensil onto the clipboard's pad.

DR. HARUO

The world does not believe it
happened?

(beat)

I can see it's hard to speak about,
So I'm not twisting your arm when I
ask that. I only want to know how
it was different for you. What does
it have to do with the mangroves in
that estuary?

Fumio looks down to his hands picking at one another again as if they had a mind of their own. He is digging under his nails as if they are packed with mud.

He tries to look out the window but is unable to drift away; his attention never leaves the room.

FUMIO

(Low)

Have you heard of the Battle of
Ramree?

DR. HARUO

I'm sorry speak up. I think I heard
you, but please...

Dr. Haruo gestures with his hand for him to raise his voice.

FUMIO

(Louder)

The Battle of Ramree, have you heard of it?

DR. HARUO

I have. Here and there from friends of mine. I'll be honest, I clumped it up with the rest of the war stories.

FUMIO

This battle turned different.

DR. HARUO

(Disbelief)

Ramree Island? The crocodiles?

Fumio closes his eyes out of frustration.

FUMIO

Your tone.

DR. HARUO

What about it?

FUMIO

I can tell you are like the rest.

Fumio does not make eye contact.

DR. HARUO

Explain.

FUMIO

That you do not believe me.

DR. HARUO

My apologies. It is just so bizarre. A couple of weeks ago there was a seminar I attended with a colleague of mine from the institute.

Dr. Haruo points at the wall, in the direction of where a nearby institute must be located.

DR. HARUO (CONT'D)

I listened to him discuss with visiting faculty at our table that very battle, and the war in general. He brought up an interesting point.

Fumio makes stern eye contact.

DR. HARUO (CONT'D)

A point which I've heard but he gave it a bit more detail and it then seemed to resonate more with me.

(beat)

It challenged the notion that so many crocodiles could kill that many soldiers. It is like four hundred to nine hundred soldiers they killed, correct?

FUMIO

Correct.

Fumio lets out a short laugh and shakes his head. He speaks unfiltered, as if he cares not how his words effect the Doctor.

FUMIO (CONT'D)

Seems I may not only be here for me, but also for you Doctor.

DR. HARUO

What do you mean?

FUMIO

I picture the lot of you, your colleagues sitting around a fancy table in ties, much like our own, discussing how that many crocodiles could exist in nature. How could that many be gathered when nature would have not let them. They would have not had a food source large enough for that many.

(beat)

How disease would have thinned the numbers down as well.

DR. HARUO

(Grins)

That is exactly the topics he mentioned. Nature would not have allowed that many to exist in one habitat.

FUMIO

You are caught up in your book smarts like the rest of the world.

Doctor Haruo rests back in his chair, a smug look dances across face as he chews on the end of his writing utensil.

FUMIO (CONT'D)

During a forest fire where do the deer go? Do they stay and wait for the fire to devour them? Or do they flee the smoke? Flee the heat? And if they were on an island and there was one place not being bombed, or covered in smoke would they not go there? And the deer that were already there, would they flee into the fire because more deer joined them?

Doctor Haruo leans forward intently listening.

FUMIO (CONT'D)

The crocodiles already in the mangroves where were they to go? Out to sea? Out to be run over by the tanks, up to where the bombs fell, toward the machine gun boats?

DR. HARUO

I'm beginning to understand.

FUMIO

Only beginning?

Doctor Haruo drops his gaze, his smug look has evaporated at this point.

FUMIO (CONT'D)

Like the deer flee a fire the crocodiles escaped the war joining the others in the mangroves. And did nature have time to weed out the crocodiles in a few hours with hunger and disease before we got there?

Doctor Haruo shakes his head.

FUMIO (CONT'D)

Speak up.

DR. HARUO

No, it did not.

FUMIO

We ran low on ammunition and around nine hundred of our battalion limped toward the mangroves. We were to regroup with another battalion; get food, rest, and more ammunition.

(beat)

As the day went on, we could hear the English and Indians closing in, their distant rumblings getting closer.

Dr. Haruo makes notes.

FUMIO (CONT'D)

There was only one way to go so we were not out in the open-

DR. HARUO

(Quick)

Like the crocodiles had only one place to go.

FUMIO

Correct.

DR. HARUO

Tell me about it.

Fumio rubs his face.

The Doctor makes a quick note and waits on Fumio to gather his composure.

Fumio stretches his neck left to right.

EXT: AERIAL VIEW - RAMREE ISLAND - 1945 - NIGHT

Looking down on RAMREE island the rivers that cut through shimmer the midnight blue sky. There is BURMA to the right. A CANAL, also reflecting the midnight blue sky, separates it from Ramree island.

SUPER: "BATTLE OF RAMREE ISLAND 1945"

The top right of the island lights up from a bombardment of artillery.

EXT: AIRFIELD - NIGHT

A Japanese Airfield, with a RISING SUN FLAG (The Hinomaru) is pounded with multiple explosions.

Japanese planes are BROKEN AND DESTROYED that are parked near the runway. A few EXPLODE lighting the area.

Distant soldiers run for cover.

EXT: BAY OF BENGAL - NIGHT

The British QUEEN ELIZABETH ship, with BRITISH FLAG, can be seen in the glow of each ARTILLERY BURST she fires.

EXT: NIGHT SKY

The Royal Airforce's B-24 LIBERATORS, B-25 MITCHELLS, REPUBLIC P-27 THUNDERBOLTS dip down with loud ENGINES PATTERNING and strafe beaches with MACHINE GUN FIRE. All have their BRITISH INSIGNIA.

EXT: BEACH - NIGHT

Japanese machine gun nests, with a FLAPPING RISING SUN FLAG, BURST FIRE from along the banks.

Suddenly they get snuffed out by the Royal Airforce's strafes.

EXT: SANE TOWN - NIGHT

ARTILLERY POUNDS buildings.

RUMBLING Tanks with the 71ST INDIAN INFANTRY'S DECAL move through the burning town.

EXT: RAMREE TOWN

RUMBLING TANKS and the 71ST INDIAN INFANTRY'S DECAL march through the burning town as well.

EXT: RIVER

A CROCODILE'S EYES surface from the deep.

In its VERTICLE PUPILS are flashes of light as the SOUNDS OF ARTILLERY POUND the earth.

The CROCODILE moves forward coming down river as OFF SCREEN the RUMBLING OF TANKS come closer.

The CROCODILE moves forward and behind it are explosions lighting up the night exposing a MULTITUDE OF CROCODILES following it.

The crocodiles move into the darkness away from the red glow of war. Shimmers of shades of pink and red reflect off their glistening backs and in their wake's ripples.

YUUTA
That's funny.

TOGO
Imagine forgetting you are in a war
and waking up in one.

YUUTA
That's the funniest thing I have
witnessed in months.

TOGO
Fumio this is Yuuta.

Fumio grins.

FUMIO
I guess that is funny.

TOGO
And you did it standing up.

Fumio looks back where he was and sees a long line of silhouettes. Some are holding up other soldiers too weak to stand on their own.

In the far distant night sky is a SMOKEY RED GLOW from the burning towns.

He looks ahead to where they are going. The line of Silhouettes fades into what looks like a FOG or SMOKE.

FUMIO
Is that smoke up there?

TOGO
No, it's the morning fog coming in
off the marsh.

YUUTA
That's what Togo and I were talking
about. We stopped because they're
discussing if we should go through
it.

(beat)
Togo was up ahead on point when the
officers met.

TOGO
It is nine miles through mangroves.

FUMIO
Nine Miles? Can we make that.

YUUTA
Not all of us.

TOGO
But if we don't go through them, we
would be left in the open going
around them. The sun is coming up
and none of us would make it.

YUUTA
No cover in the wide open.

FUMIO
We are going through the mangroves
then.

TOGO
That's what they were leaning
towards.

FUMIO
I don't have my pack. I have some
water.

YUUTA
Nine miles can be done in less than
three hours in normal conditions.

TOGO
They were saying it may take half a
day. Then we regroup with the
others. Get some food, rest and
come back to fight.

YUUTA
Then by night, we will be in a warm
bed with full stomachs.

FUMIO
Cakewalk for the Second Battalion
Hundred Twenty-First.

YUUTA
That's the spirit kid.

TOGO
I'll take some of that glory spirit
Fumio.
(beat)
We're going to need it.

A Nito-Gunso (Sergeant First Class) comes walking fast out of
the FOG down the center of the men.

SERGEANT FIRST CLASS

(Loud)

First and second company fork left.
Third and fourth companies fork
right.

He snappily walks past Fumio as he repeats what he said.

SERGEANT FIRST CLASS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(Loud)

First and second company fork left.
Third and fourth companies fork
right.

FUMIO

What company are you with Yuuta?

YUUTA

Second.

FUMIO

Go with us.

(beat)

Togo.

TOGO

What?

FUMIO

Do you have to go back up front?

TOGO

I did my duty.

FUMIO

You will be in trouble if you need
to go back.

TOGO

I do not need to Fumio. It is only
where I ended up. It is someone
else's turn.

Yuuta glances ahead.

YUUTA

They are moving.

The group looks ahead toward the FOG and the line of soldiers
begins disappearing into it.

Like the other soldiers Fumio, Togo and Yuuta walk forward
toward the FOG and FADE into it.

ENTRANCE TO THE MANGROVES

The scattered line of silhouetted soldiers split into two lines entering the openings along the edge of the mangroves.

Some go left as some go right, but all are slumped and weary figures.

MANGROVES

Fumio, Togo, and Yuuta wade through the foggy marsh. They maneuver slowly through the thick maze of mangroves.

They step over roots protruding up from the shallow depths.

They come to an area where a SICKLY soldier, MASAMI (19) sits in the water with his back against a mangrove root.

A tired soldier KAZU (29), tries to help him up but he is too exhausted.

Kazu, a superior private as well, stoops over, lets his helmet fall into the water. A BLOODY BANDAGE is around his head.

Yuuta picks his helmet up for him and puts it back on his head strapping it. They're metal helmets.

YUUTA (CONT'D)

You may need this later.

KAZU

(Weak)

Arigotou. I should have had it on when we got hit. A piece of shrapnel caught me.

Yuuta kneels in the water by the soldier on the ground, Masami, and offers him a sip of his canteen.

Masami barely takes a sip.

KAZU (CONT'D)

He ran out of water yesterday morning. He refused to drink any of mine.

(beat)

I ran out last night.

YUUTA

I can give you a drink.

KAZU
No, you will need it. Give Masami
more.

YUUTA
We will have full stomachs and in
bed by night.
(beat)
Plus, I got these two guys to watch
after me.

Kazu reaches for Yuuta's canteen.

YUUTA (CONT'D)
Take a big drink.

Kazu takes a big drink and slowly kneels beside his friend Masami who is resting against the stump. "Resting" is an understatement, this young soldier is knocking at death's door.

KAZU
(To Fumio)
I'll stay with him for a moment.
(Looks over Masami)
Maybe in a minute he will be
better.

YUUTA
We have to move.
(beat)
Fumio, help Kazu along and we will
help Masami. I'll get a shoulder
and Togo will get under a shoulder.

KAZU
(Still exhausted)
One minute and I'll be ready.
(To Fumio)
A drink too please.

Fumio holds his canteen to Kazu's lips.

YUUTA
NO matter how thirsty you get don't
drink the water we're standing in.

FUMIO
I saw some people filling their
canteens with the river water on
the way here.

TOGO

It will give you dysentery. The base and towns on this island dump everything in the rivers.

THROUGH THICK MANGROVES

Fumio helps Kazu along with their arms around each other's waist.

AT times it gets so thick they're bent forward below the mangroves' thick canopy that crowds space above their shoulders.

BEHIND THEM

Togo and Yuuta, bent forward, are under each shoulder of Masami who is having to be carried.

Masami's head is dropped as if unconscious.

To make his three-man group smaller Yuuta has to turn into his companions so that they all three can squeeze between the mangroves.

YUUTA

If it gets any tighter in here, we will have to drag Masami.

TOGO

We should carry him if it does.

Yuuta glances at Togo.

YUUTA

(Grins)

You know I wouldn't drag him through this Togo. I suggested we bring him along, even though he's about gone already.

TOGO

(Somber)

I was making sure.

YUUTA

I want him to have a chance like the rest of us. If we had left him Kazu surely would have stayed there until everyone had gone past him.

(beat)

Who would have helped him along or gave him water? No sense in two people dying.

A SCORPION falls onto Togo's shoulder.

It races across his chest before being swatted.

The SCORPION lands at their soggy boots; where the group struggles over the tangled roots that rise and knot above the shallow water's surface, including arching roots, cone roots, knee roots, and even an occasional set of plank roots.

AT THE MARSH'S CLEARING

Knee deep in the marsh Fumio steps out from the thick mangroves while supporting Kazu.

They stop and Fumio yells.

FUMIO
It's a clearing!

He looks across the clearing and sees a group of mangroves with a dry bank at their base.

DRY BANK

The water level is low at the base of the mangroves. The ground below the water's surface has been exposed over time and has become dry.

FUMIO (V.O.)
There's a dry bank ahead.

MARSH'S CLEARING

Coming out of the thick mangroves Yuuta, helping support Masami, has a burst of energy.

YUUTA
Get to it! Come on Togo!

Togo, supporting Masami as well, tries to keep up.

All their feet, but Masami's dragged feet, begin making SPLASHES as they hurriedly step through the knee-deep water.

Excited but weary, Fumio readjusts his support of Kazu. He secures Kazu's arm around his neck and puts one around the weak soldier's waist.

FUMIO
Come on Kazu, dry land.

KAZU
I am trying.

Back to the two carrying Masami, Togo glances behind him toward the mangroves and briefly pauses.

 TOGO
I don't believe anyone followed us.
Wait, some are turning this way.

Moving too fast, Yuuta has to pause giving Togo a chance to keep up without letting Masami drop.

 YUUTA
Togo don't stop, come on.

 TOGO
I'm sorry.
 (Looks ahead)
The others in front of us where are they?

A few paces in front of Togo, a squinting Fumio maneuvers his head to see between the mangrove branches ahead. He still helps support Kazu who is struggling to stand.

 FUMIO
I see them up ahead! I think they hear our splashing.

 TOGO
We can take turns with them but let's get there first.
 (beat)
We need to dry our feet.

 FUMIO
With what? Everything is wet!

Fumio and Kazu reach the bank. Leaning forward Fumio gradually releases Kazu easing him to the ground into a sitting position.

Back to Togo who nods at Yuuta.

 TOGO
We can dry our feet in the air.

 YUUTA
 (Nodding)
I can't wait to get these boots off.

Yuuta cocks his head as he hears more SPLASHING from OFF SCREEN.

Other soldiers trickle into the marsh clearing from the mangroves, their attention focuses on the bank.

SURFACE OF WATER

A CROCODILE raises its reptilian eyes to the surface and opens their slits.

CROCODILE POV: At the base of its view is the surface of the water. In the not so far away distance, center framed, are the lower torsos of the additional soldiers walking from the mangroves toward the dry bank where Togo and Yuuta arrive with Masami.

BACK TO SCENE:

A croc walks over tangled mangrove roots and stops at the edge of the marsh's clearing.

CROCODILE POV: limping away is a soldier with blood-stained bandages around his naked waist. He is headed toward the dry bank as well.

BACK TO SCENE:

A crocodile raises its eyes just above the surface.

CROCODILE POV: It watches Togo and Yuuta slowly sit Masami on the dry bank a few feet from where Fumio sat Kazu. Masami falls backwards. FUMIO CATCHES HIM in time, breaking his fall, before he hits the ground.

BACK TO SCENE:

AT THE DRY BANK

After breaking his fall, Fumio rests Masami's head gently on the dry bank. Masami's legs are bent at the knee and his feet are only an inch away from the water.

A fevered Masami MOANS for his mother.

MASAMI

Okaa, okaa.

MARSH'S CLEARING

There is SUDDENLY THE FIRING of a distant weapon OFF SCREEN. A Mangrove tree is CHIPPED BY A BULLET.

The CHIPS FROM THE TREE flying grabs the group's attention and their faces show the fear they now have, they are in the line of fire!

DRY BANK

Fumio lays down on the bank, reaches out as far as he can, and grabs the arms of Masami. He drags him to the base of the mangrove trunk he is hiding behind.

MARSH'S CLEARING

All scatter for shelter as best they can, SPLASHING more WATER, attempting to hide behind mangroves, even ducking where they stand trying to make themselves smaller in the marsh by laying down.

It doesn't work for in distance, OFF SCREEN comes the god-awful sound of Gaitlin guns, machine guns and rifle volleys. In an instant follows The HAIL OF BULLETS.

The bullets find many soldiers including tree trunks, roots, leaves, branches, water, and the dry and wet banks.

WHIZZING bullets send chunks of flesh flying from the bodies of the soldiers. The BLOODY HUMAN BITS fall into the marsh.

DRY BANK

Fumio tries to hide himself tightly against the tree as Masami lays longways at his feet. Masami is motionless and is not moving or flinching despite the BLIZZARD OF BULLETS sweeping through the mangroves like locusts on meth.

Fumio looks to where Yuuta and Togo were helping Kazu at the edge of the bank. Only Kazu is there and laying in the fetal position.

He has a BULLET WOUND TO THE ARM, skin is flapping from his upper arm and blood is spilling on the once dry bank.

A BULLET TAPS Kazu's helmet he has strapped to his head.

Togo is running to Fumio's position at the tree. Sounds of BULLETS WHIZZING by and the struck objects almost drown out any verbal communications.

FUMIO
(Holding onto Masami)
Help Kazu, he's hit!

Togo is too consumed with his own efforts to stay alive and keeps running, bypassing Kazu.

Togo screams his apologies as he passes him, BULLETS NIP the dry bank at his feet.

TOGO
Shimasu! Shimasu!

MARSH'S CLEARING

Yuuta as well runs from the clearing for another nearby Mangrove. He is followed by a wounded soldier who got a fresh hit in the upper leg. Blood darkens his already wet military pants.

Yuuta glances back at the wounded soldier.

YUUTA
Hurry! Run!

WOUNDED SOLDIER
I am, I am!

A set of crocodile eyes rise to the surface.

CROCODILE POV: Bullets rip through the flesh of two soldiers rising up out of the marsh to run. Their chunks of flesh fly through the air toward it. With each bullet that hits a soldier, a mist of blood sprays over the water as well.

BACK TO SCENE:

The bullets stop, and debris settles.

Bodies flounder, MOANS fill the air while in the marsh some bodies lay still; dead where they lie.

Soldiers with minor wounds, or were totally missed by the bullets, start crawling from the marsh.

They go for shelter toward surrounding mangroves and their roots protruding up from the surface.

AT THE DRY BANK

Fumio looks to his side quickly; Togo is reaching down for a lifeless Masami, helping pull him closer.

Masami's body bogs down in the bank, making him unable to be pulled closer to the tree by a struggling Togo and Fumio.

Fumio looks to Kazu at the bank's edge who is still rolling in AGONY and MOANING.

Fumio lets go of Masami and starts toward Kazu but freezes.

The rising EYES OF A CROCODILE.

FUMIO

Kazu!

Kazu only keeps rolling in agony.

FUMIO (CONT'D)

Kazo give me your hand. Reach your hand to me I will drag you up.

(beat)

Togo, help me.

(beat)

Yuuta! Come here. Hurry.

Togo pleads to Fumio.

TOGO

Fumio come back!

Yuuta, hiding with the wounded soldier, leans out from the safety his mangrove and shouts.

YUUTA

They will fire again!

The crocodile now raises its mossy head above the water and SNAPS its jaws.

Fumio, flinches at the croc's snap. Yet, he becomes determined to help and rushes to grab Kazu but JUMPS BACK when the crocodile LUNGES FORWARD toward Kazu.

It opens its wide jaws with great speed and twists its head CHOMPING onto Kazu's lower legs and dragging him into the marsh.

The croc opens its jaws again for a better bite around Kazu's waist and begins a DEATH ROLL in the water. More blood mixes and froths in the marsh's clearing.

Togo raises his rifle as he stands up next Fumio. He points it at the ROLLING crocodile.

TOGO

I cannot get a shot.

The crocodile STOPS spinning, its long knobby back is above the water.

Togo FIRES A SHOT; the bullet goes into the back of the crocodile.

Togo tries to fire another; his finger presses on the trigger but there is only a CLICK.

Fumio and Togo make a horrid glance at the EMPTY rifle that Togo CLICKS again.

Fumio immediately reaches down and grabs his rifle from against the tree. He brings it up and takes aim at the crocodile.

He's not quick enough.

The crocodile DEATH ROLLS Kazu again and swims away with his body. Kazu is not chewed all the way in half, but a few pieces of skin are still connecting causing the lower half to drag along behind it.

Yuuta urgently points out into the clearing's marsh.

YUUTA
There is another!

MARSH'S CLEARING

A crocodile lurks forward toward a soldier rising up from the marsh. He stands up and dirty water falls off his soaked body. In survival mode, he immediately LIMPS toward the group making a desperate attempt.

DRY BANK

Fumio hurriedly points his weapon at the croc. He FIRES a shot that misses. He FIRES another that hits the crocodile in the back.

The bullet does not stop it.

MARSH'S CLEARING

The crocodile CLAMPS ITS JAWS on the legs of the soldier LIMPING to the bank. It violently drags him down, SCREAMING, into the water.

The croc stops, the soldiers slaps and kicks at it. but to no avail. The crocodile gets a better bite on the soldier.

DRY BANK

Fumio tries to fire another shot at the croc but when he pulls the trigger there is only a CLICK of the empty weapon.

MARSH'S CLEARING

Fumio races out into the water raising the butt of his rifle in the air as if to use it as a club. The crocodile suddenly goes into a DEATH ROLL and Fumio has his rifle raised waiting.

The water is WILD AND SPALSHING where the crocodile spins the man.

FUMIO

I cannot see where to hit it!

Yuuta comes out with his rifle as well FIXING HIS BAYONET.

YUUTA

Fix Bayonets! Fix them!

The wounded soldier comes out of the mangrove he and Yuuta were hiding behind. As he enters the area he FIXES his BAYONET.

Fumio, having the butt of his rifle raised, turns it around and FIXES HIS BAYONET as well.

All three strategically position around the THRASHING crocodile waiting on it to be still enough to use their bayonets.

Yuuta's eyes are ANGRY.

Fumio jumps back when the enormous croc's body FLOUNDERS near him.

The croc raises its mouth to clamp a better bite on its human prey. When its mouth comes out of the water Fumio, to the right of the croc's head, THRUSTS HIS RIFLED BAYONET at the top of the croc's snout. The BAYONET bounces off doing nothing.

DRY BANK

Togo rushes forward but stops fearful of the edge and backs up. He points fast.

TOGO

Behind you!

MARSH CLEARING

Fumio looks behind him and sees a croc rushing toward him with determination. It's not stopping for no rifle or for the commotion.

FUMIO

Run!

Fumio RUNS SPALSHING toward Togo on the bank.

Yuuta RUNS SPLASHING for a nearby mangrove tree as the other soldier, wounded, hobbles behind him.

DRY BANK

Togo glances to the mangroves and sees a croc climbing over roots. It does not hesitate.

Togo looks to the nearby tree between it and him. He steps hurriedly for it calling out to Fumio who is coming in from the marsh's clearing.

TOGO

There is one coming from the mangroves too!

Fumio steps onto the bank and goes for the tree as well letting his rifle with bayonet hit the ground.

FUMIO AND TOGO'S MANGROVE

Togo begins frantically climbing the mangrove and passes a couple of low branches. He crawls out onto a higher and thicker one.

Looking down he sees Fumio beginning to climb. He fearfully glances right into the mangroves at one side of the tree.

MANGROVES

The crocodile overcoming the obstacle of roots is getting closer.

FUMIO AND TOGO'S MANGROVE

TOGO (CONT'D)

Hurry Fumio.

Togo looks to his left into the marsh's clearing.

MARSH CLEARING

The one croc that was chasing Fumio is getting close to the bank.

FUMIO AND TOGO'S MANGROVE

Fumio crawls out on a branch beside Togo. He too, looks out into the marsh's clearing.

MARSH CLEARING

The area is filling with GROWLING and SNAPPING crocodiles. A few suddenly begin THRASHING AND FIGHTING over the already dead.

FUMIO AND TOGO'S MANGROVE

Fumio finishes situating himself on the branch and looks down frantically left and right.

BASE OF MANGROVE

A hungry croc from the mangroves, on the other side of their tree, approaches while another menacing croc comes from the marsh's bank.

Masami lays peacefully still without a mark on his body. The crocs approach him slowly and deliberately.

FUMIO (O.S.)
Masami! Masami!

FUMIO AND TOGO'S MANGROVE

Togo looks over to Fumio from his branch.

TOGO
(Somber)
He is dead Fumio.

FUMIO
Dead?

TOGO
He died before the bullets.

BASE OF MANGROVE

Crocodiles SNAP and CHOMP different parts of Masami's body.

What is left of his wet uniform is ripped and torn exposing his nude body and male anatomy.

FUMIO AND TOGO'S MANGROVE

Fumio stares down in shock, unable to blink.

BASE OF MANGROVE

Masami's body shifts with each CHOMP from the crocs. The shifting dead weight of Masami's speckled flesh gives clear evidence of the apex predator's cruel nature.

INT: BEDROOM - FUMIO'S HOME - NIGHT

Older Fumio is shaking as he wakes.

He gasps for breath as he quickly sits up.

He glances at his sleeping wife at his side, she doesn't move so he must not have awakened her.

Then propping himself up on an elbow, he turns to the clock on the bedside table.

2 AM.

Fumio eases out of bed trying not to make too much noise.

His wife stirs, though in bed with sheeting over her, she is EMI (33).

He looks to her and waits to see if he is going to back to sleep.

SUPER: "1959"

She is peacefully still again.

He stands up, the bed SQUEEKS.

EMI
(Groggy)
Bathroom?

FUMIO
(Whispers)
I did not mean to wake you.

EMI
Bad dreams?

FUMIO
Yes.

EMI
Don't play the music too loud.

He puts a robe on that was laying across a bedroom chair.

FUMIO
I thought they would go away.

She rolls over and rubs her sleepy eyes.

EMI
They are back early.

FUMIO
I should have known talking about it would bring them sooner.

EMI
(Looking to him)
Maybe that's all it is, just talking about it.

(MORE)

EMI (CONT'D)

They will go away again when it is over.

(beat)

And for good hopefully.

He steps close to the bed and leans to her, bracing himself on the bed.

FUMIO

Go back to sleep.

He kisses her forehead.

INT: Kitchen

Fumio eats a few leftover chinsuko and drinks milk with them at the table.

Fumio puts the unfinished desert down and stares at the milk as he slowly chews what is left in his mouth.

BASE OF MANGROVE - 1945

Crocodiles SNAP and CHOMP different parts of Masami's body.

INT: Kitchen - FUMIO'S HOME - 1959 - NIGHT

Older Fumio turns away from the table and leans over propping his elbows on his knees. His face is pointed towards the floor.

His breath gets heavy.

There is an OFF-SCREEN sound of the FAUCET with a SLOW DRIP.

DRIP.

DRIP.

DRIP.

DRIP.

Fumio glances at the MATSUSHITA Refrigeration Company refrigerator as he hears its HUM growing LOUDER.

He covers his ears with his hands, then out of frustration he stands up quickly and goes to the back of the house.

BATHROOM

Fumio closes the bathroom door behind him. He switches on a red 1959 IMPERIAL TRANSISTOR RADIO placed on a shelf near the sink. A song plays from it as he runs the water.

He undresses his pale unblemished body.

He gets into the bathtub.

He relaxes as the water trickles from the faucet into the tub.

HALL

Isamu exits his bedroom rubbing his sleepy eyes. He crosses to his parent room; he looks at the closed bathroom door. TRANSISTOR RADIO MUSIC comes from it and light can be seen through the cracks.

BEDROOM

Isamu climbs into the bed and lays next to his mother. She brings the bed covering and sheeting up over him and puts her loving arm around him.

ISAMU

(Whispers)

Father is playing the music again.
I cannot sleep.

EMI

(Whispers)

I am sorry. He won't be long. Rest
your eyes.

He closes his eyes as the MUSIC can be heard from OFF SCREEN.

INT: PSYCHOLOGIST OFFICE - DAY

Fumio has his jacket off looking at Doctor Haruo putting it on a hangar and then hanging it on a rod.

Doctor Haruo turns to him as he gathers his writing utensils and pad.

DR. HARUO

I know yesterday we came to that
roadblock but don't let it
discourage you.

Fumio nods to the doctor.

DR. HARUO (CONT'D)

I didn't want to wait a week before
you came back in. I thought we
should carry on with the momentum
you had yester-

(beat)

(MORE)

DR. HARUO (CONT'D)
Are you okay? You look tired to be honest.

FUMIO
About every six months I have two to three weeks of nightmares.

DR. HARUO
What kind?

FUMIO
The threatening kind. That term does not properly describe the dreams as much as give you a general knowledge of them. To talk about them in detail gives me as much anxiety as to talk about what we have been discussing.

DR. HARUO
You are very analytical today.

Doctor Haruo makes a note.

FUMIO
What does that mean?

DR. HARUO
Oh, I am sorry. I was thinking out loud.

FUMIO
What did it mean? You wrote it down.

DR. HARUO
I suppose I did. It honestly may mean nothing, but it could mean you have disassociated yourself from what we are discussing. I am not judging you Fumio. I make notes to read latter to see if I can help you with certain things. That is all. I simply thought out loud. If it comes up again there could be a pattern.

FUMIO
Well, I have feelings behind what I am saying. I have not disassociated myself.

(beat)

(MORE)

FUMIO (CONT'D)

My wife and I feel that the dreams came back early because we are having this discussion and whatever I must do to get through them I'm willing to do- I mean whatever I have to discuss. Whether you believe them or not.

Doctor Haruo scribbles in his pad. INSERT THE DOCTOR'S NOTE: "Whether I believe them or not." He underlines it twice.

DR. HARUO

Very well.
(beat)
You said your wife.

FUMIO

Yes, Emi.

DR. HARUO

Have you discussed with her yesterday's session?

FUMIO

No.

DR. HARUO

I will not ask you to. Over time you may want to but that is up to you. There is no one way to heal.

(beat)

As I've mentioned I have been, at night, going over notes and coming up with some ideas.

FUMIO

Ideas?

DR. HARUO

Solutions. However, we need to wait until you have told me as much as possible so we can go through them all at once.

Fumio nods.

DR. HARUO (CONT'D)

What was your dream last night?

FUMIO

It was what we talked about.

DR. HARUO
That's all I needed. No details. I
know you mentioned it's not
something you want to get into with
details.

The doctor makes notes.

DR. HARUO (CONT'D)
Back to your wife. This is probably
a question that does not need to be
asked but is understood, but does
she know you served during the war?

FUMIO
Yes.

DR. HARUO
And she knows why you wanted to see
me.

FUMIO
She knows of the dreams and how
troublesome they can be.

DR. HARUO
But not the contents of the dreams?

FUMIO
Correct. She knows I was there, in
the war. A lot of people do fine.
So, I do worry she may think less
of me for coming here to you, but
she wants me to sleep better so she
is supportive

DR. HARUO
So that is one of the things you
want as well. In addition to a
better relationship with your son.

FUMIO
Both of those.

The doctor makes his notes.

DR. HARUO
Can you begin where we left off
yesterday.

FUMIO
Yes.

Fumio stands up as the Doctor sees this, he makes notes.

FUMIO (CONT'D)
Please give me a second.

Fumio paces in frustration.

DR. HARUO
If it's too much we-

FUMIO
(Cutting Dr. off)
It is not too much. I mean it is all too much, but I want to, we want to, do whatever it is I have to do. Please, I have not talked about any of this either.

DR. HARUO
I'm sorry I understand.

FUMIO
You don't have to apologize.

DR. HARUO
(Elaborating his apology)
I may know how to help, but some experiences I have not had.

FUMIO
(Exhales deeply)
I'll start where we left off.

Fumio sits and stretches his neck left to right.

The Doctor prepares to make notes by FLIPPING A PAGE, which has a distinct sound.

EXT: BASE OF FUMIO AND TOGO'S MANGROVE TREE - 1945 - DAY

Blood speckles Masami's stomach and chest. His body shifts with each chomp from the crocs.

SUPER: "1945"

The two crocodiles carry each gnawed half of Masami into the marsh's clearing.

MARSH'S CLEARING

The crocodile's swim away dragging halves of Masami. Their reptilian backs and parts of Masami disappear into the depths.

UP IN FUMIO AND TOGO'S MANGROVE TREE

Young Fumio looks away quickly to Togo across from him on the opposite branch.

TOGO
Masami feels nothing. He was
already dead.

There is a SCREAM FROM OFF SCREEN. Fumio looks from Togo to the direction of Yuuta.

AT YUUTA'S MANGROVE

Yuuta made it out onto a branch but the wounded soldier with a bad leg did not make it up the tree. He has a crocodile latched onto to his left leg.

The crocodile is backing up slowly with it in his mouth.

The wounded soldier is SCREAMING.

BLOOD GUSHES down covering the croc's once green mossy covered snout.

The soldier has one arm on Yuuta's branch to his right and the other is grasping at the mangrove tree's trunk.

The crocodile's strength is too much for the weak soldier. And his grasping arm drops as he is being dragged too far away from the tree.

His only grip, the arm that holds Yuuta's branch, is pulled until the elbow is straight.

The branch Yuuta is on begins to lower, dipping down closer to the crocodile infested marsh. The soldier is not letting go of Yuuta's branch as the crocodile steadily tugs on him by the BLEEDING leg.

The soldier brings his free hand up to Yuuta's branch and he now has two hands gripping it as the crocodile pulls tighter.

FUMIO AND TOGO'S MANGROVE

Watching in horror as Yuuta and the soldier are attacked, they both worry.

FUMIO
Climb higher Yuuta!

TOGO
Go higher!

YUUTA'S MANGROVE

Yuuta reaches for a higher branch.

The crocodile SWISHES ITS HEAD and jerks the lower soldier off the tree. His grasp onto Yuuta's branch is released.

ANOTHER CROC's POV: opens its slit eyes and watches Yuuta's mangrove tree as Yuuta is knocked off balance.

BACK TO SCENE:

Yuuta's balance is lost, his feet and legs dangle as he quickly cradles the branch with his upper body.

The OTHER CROCODILE LEAPS upward from the marsh for Yuuta's dangling legs. It's tail projecting it upward. Its whole body, but tail, is out of the marsh.

Its jaws open and SNAP down on Yuuta's legs.

It jerks its head one way and brings Yuuta, with mangrove branch, down with it.

The Crocodile releases Yuuta and while it SWISHES its head back and forth to get rid of the branch, Yuuta crawls away through the marsh to the base of the tree he was in.

Yuuta's face is full of pain and urgency as he struggles.

The branch comes free from the Croc's mouth.

Yuuta attempts to climb up the tree again, but his legs are broke and bloody from being bit by the croc's strong jaws. He is a bloody floundering mess smearing himself on the trunk.

He suddenly flops down; his body can't take it.

Yuuta turns toward the crocodile nearing him.

With his hands now below the marsh he feels around.

Bringing his hands up we see he has a military RIFLE WITH BAYONET FIXED.

He points it at the croc and pulls the trigger. It CLICKS empty.

Yuuta rears his weapon back to use the BAYONET option as best he can with the tree at his back.

He THRUSTS HIS BAYONET RIFLE, with all his might.

He hits the crocodile in the head and the blade DEFLECTS.

The crocodile shakes his head.

ANOTHER CROCODILE comes through the tangled mangroves behind Yuuta. Turning around the tree to see its prey, Yuuta. The croc GROWLS.

Yuuta turns to see his second attacking crocodile at his right coming from around the tree. He brings his RIFLED BAYONET back again this time in an attempt to stab the new croc.

The RIFLE'S BAYONET hits the new crocodile across the jawline. It shakes its head.

YUUTA
Fumio wani!

After he screams for Fumio to help, he turns to the first crocodile (a 'wani') coming in again faster.

FUMIO (O.S.)
I cannot get down! Yuuta!

As Yuuta tries to keep going through the motions to use the bayonet again, he realizes there is no time to use it. His look of frustration quickly switches to that of horror, and he turns away from the ATTACKING crocodile's opening jaws.

The crocodile CLAMPS down on Yuuta's side. BLOOD GUSHES.

Yuuta SCREAMS IN AGONY.

The Crocodile pulls him more into the water.

The second crocodile takes a bite too and CHOMPS onto Yuuta's head ripping it off.

FUMIO AND TOGO'S MANGROVE

It's all too much for Togo who hangs his head unable to watch what is taking place around him.

TOGO
No, no, no.

Fumio, watching what happens to Yuuta yells with all his heart.

FUMIO
Yuuta!

INT: BEDROOM - FUMIO'S HOME - 1959 - NIGHT

Shaking, Fumio wakes.

With wide eyes and a sweaty face, he sits up slowly in bed so not to wake his wife.

BATHROOM

The red transistor radio plays from the shelf, where it was the night before.

Fumio rests in the tub full of water with his eyes closed.

BEDROOM

Emi, with her eyes open, cuddles her sleeping son Isamu as the MUSIC from the radio can be heard from OFF SCREEN.

She slowly takes her arm off of him and rolls over.

She gets out of bed slowly, quietly, and walks to the door.

She looks back at her bed, at Isamu.

Isamu sleeps solid, not a stir.

Emi opens the door very cautiously and closes it just as slow.

HALL

Emi walks to the bathroom door and knocks lightly.

BATHROOM

Fumio hears the OFF SCREEN knock. He opens his eyes and gazes sternly at the door.

FUMIO (CONT'D)
(Low but stern)
It's unlocked.

The doorknob turns.

Emi walks in and gives Fumio an icy glance.

She reaches for the transistor radio and picks it up.

She turns the volume down to where the music still plays but at a lower volume.

She sits the little radio back on the sink's shelf.

Emi is about to leave when she turns to her husband.

He still gives her a cold look from the tub.

EMI

Your son is sleeping. Your wife is trying to sleep. I support you and respect you, but it needs to be lower.

She leaves the bathroom and shuts the door behind her without slamming it.

Fumio pulls his cold gaze from the door and stares at the wall in front of him.

INT: PSYCHOLOGIST OFFICE - DAY

Doctor Haruo turns from the wardrobe where he hangs the jackets and sits at his desk.

DR. HARUO

(Tapping his finger)

I do not think I've been very polite.

FUMIO

When?

DR. HARUO

I have never offered you anything to drink.

(beat)

Would you like a tea or water?

FUMIO

No.

DR. HARUO

If you do let me know.

FUMIO

I will.

DR. HARUO

How did you sleep last night?

FUMIO

Same as before. It was what we talked about again.

Doctor Haruo makes notes.

DR. HARUO

That is interesting.

FUMIO

Interesting, how?

DR. HARUO

What I meant is that I believe you
and your wife are correct.

FUMIO

About?

DR. HARUO

We have two days in a row that your
dreams are very specific to what we
discuss. Each day we only get so
far, and that is okay, but you
don't dream of any of the other
things that happened. Normally your
dreams were all over the place,
correct?

FUMIO

Yes, sort of. They would be of the
same event but random.

DR. HARUO

This is proof that your new spell
of dreams is caused by our meeting.

(beat)

We still need to address your
dreaming and they may not end right
away, but yes you and your wife are
correct.

With a grin, Doctor Haruo makes notes.

FUMIO

The bombs and bullets. I can talk
about. The world has a universal
understanding of it.

(Hint of anger)

But like the world what I don't
have is an understanding of is
people being eaten before my eyes.

(beat)

The dreams may never end.

DR. HARUO

I save solutions for the end. But
you touched on something. You found
comfort in the world's 'universal'
knowledge of what war contains: the
traditional ways of dispatching
death. You found common ground with
the world in the sense that it does
not understand mass death by being
eaten by crocodiles.

(beat)

(MORE)

DR. HARUO (CONT'D)
Do you think there is something
there?

Fumio shrugs.

DR. HARUO (CONT'D)
I'm not saying this is the
solution, but it is possible that
you have a sense of understanding,
of a forgiveness you might say of
the world for not understanding.

Fumio leans in.

DR. HARUO (CONT'D)
Like yesterday you mentioned at the
beginning of our session. You had a
distaste for my colleagues doubting
your story. Maybe look at it as
their way of crafting a sense of it
all. Not to shame you, but only to
make sense of it: 'nature wouldn't
allow it, it did not happen so
there is no reason to try and
understand it.'

Fumio's gaze goes toward the window.

FUMIO
I'm sorry, I wasn't drifting off. I
know I can do that. Become
uninterested or tune things out,
people or situations. But I was
giving what you said thought.

DR. HARUO
Let's do that. Let's give it
thought.

FUMIO
Now?

DR. HARUO
A bit of thought is fine, but for
now let us keep it in our heads as
we move forward. We have created
some momentum the last two days so
let's keep going.
(beat)
Whenever you're ready.

Fumio looks down at his hands again like he did when he first
had difficulty opening up.

Doctor Haruo makes note of this.

DR. HARUO (CONT'D)

If I may, let's remember how you talked with your wife and the two of you decided that whatever it takes you should talk about it. I'm only reminding you of that to give you encouragement if you are finding it difficult.

FUMIO

It is and thank you. Before we get through this next session, I want to explain how I feel, and it is hard.

(beat)

I want you to know I am a good person. I really am.

DR. HARUO

I believe you are.

FUMIO

You may not after I tell you the rest.

DR. HARUO

Please go on.

FUMIO

I want to share with you something that happened a few years ago.

(beat)

My wife and I were visiting a cemetery.

Fumio is hesitant to keep going, his eyes look to the ceiling.

DR. HARUO

Go on.

Fumio looks at him.

FUMIO

We came upon a grave that had a flower vase. There were no flowers in it but rainwater. Inside was a dead bird, floating.

Fumio drops his gaze, remembering the event and the somber mixed feelings it gives him. He pushes forward.

FUMIO (CONT'D)

The bird must not have been able to open its wings to get lift because the water level was below the rim of the vase's slender neck. It had been stuck in there, for what must have felt like an eternity to it. I reached down to get it and my wife grabbed my arm and asked, 'what are you doing?' I told her 'I am setting it free.'

(beat)

I gave it a toss like if it could fly, the toss would allow it enough time to get lift and fly away. I knew it was dead.

Fumio makes eye contact with the doctor.

FUMIO (CONT'D)

She saw me do this and asked why. I told her, because it had died trying so hard to get free. Why would I not help it. Even though it was dead I saw what needed to be done. Maybe it could feel it in the next world.

Doctor Haruo makes notes.

DR. HARUO

I'm sure you will tell me, but I am going to ask. How does that relate to our meeting.

(Glances down to notes)

I know the cemetery itself does not, you told me that part, but how does the story as a whole relate?

Fumio lifts his slow gaze from his plucking hands to meet Doctor Harou's waiting eyes.

EXT: IN FUMIO AND TOGO'S MANGROVE TREE - 1945 - DAY

Young Fumio, watching Yuuta being ripped apart and dragged by crocodiles, yells with all his heart.

FUMIO

Yuuta!

Togo hangs his head, unable to watch what is taking place around him.

Togo's face was pale and drained of much hope, but a glimpse of fond memory crosses his face.

TOGO

I remember. When did you see Masami?

FUMIO

The band was on break, and they asked if any soldiers knew a song that they could come up.

Togo winces as he grabs the side of his stomach. Fumio looks to where he grabbed.

FUMIO (CONT'D)

The branch hurting?

TOGO

Yes. It's pinching me.
(beat)
Tell me about Masami.

Fumio looks concerned.

FUMIO

You sure?

TOGO

Yes, it's getting my mind off of it.

FUMIO

Masami, I did not know his name at the time, got up and went on stage. He grabbed the Sanshin instrument and sang "Sendo Kawaiya" I believe. He sang it beautifully.

(beat)

I wanted to tell him that.

TOGO

You made sure he was safe, and he had water. I'm sure he is thankful for that.

(beat)

If he had not died, he would be here with us now.

FUMIO

Thank you, Togo.

THUMP!

Their MANGROVE TREE VIBRATES!

Shocked out of their conversation they both look down.

EXT: BASE OF MANGROVE

There are three crocodiles encircling the mangrove tree trampling through Masami's blood. The three massive crocs are 25 to 30 feet long or can be measured at roughly 27 to 32 kanejaku long.

A croc turns away from the tree as another turns toward it.

The one that turned away swings its tail wide and hard against the tree.

THUMP!

FUMIO AND TOGO'S MANGROVE

The MANGROVE TREE VIBRATES again. Both Fumio and Togo keep fearfully looking down. Worrisome, they reach their arms out to hold one another and their branches secure.

BASE OF MANGROVE

After the tree vibrates, the one croc that hit the tree now turns toward it.

Its snout tilts upwards.

Its reptilian lips part as its neck suddenly lurches forward a couple of inches. Its body stays motionless.

The skin under his lower jaw expands puffing out as is GROWLS from its gut. The deep gravel sound escapes those slightly parted reptilian lips as its skin deflates under the lower jaw.

The third crocodile turns away.

FUMIO AND TOGO'S MANGROVE

Fumio, puzzled, watches the crocs coordinate.

FUMIO (CONT'D)

They're taking turns. Look, the first one was hit by that one. The second hit was by that one growling. Now that one turning away is about to hit us.

TOGO

Hold on!

BASE OF MANGROVE

The third crocodile that had turned away from the base of the mangrove tree, swings its tail hard against the trunk roots. The trunk consists of roots exposed from the low tide. A tangled mess but sturdy enough to hold two soldiers.

The base rocks, the higher the tree gets the more it becomes unsteady. Togo and Fumio sway on their branches.

Before the tree can recover back to its position, the crocodile swings its tail back again SLAMMING the mangrove.

MARSH'S CLEARING

Stumbling out from the thick mangroves comes a bloody ONE-ARMED SOLDIER (34).

He has no shirt on but is holding the bloody bundle over the severed arm's stump. He is calling for help, but it is a weak call.

ONE ARMED SOLDIER

Tasukete.
(beat)
Tasukete.

The soldier leans backwards against a mangrove as he stands knee deep in marsh.

His eyes go upward to his god.

His lips mumble.

With a free hand he grabs his NAMBU 8mm pistol from its unfastened holster.

He puts it under his chin.

He pulls the trigger, and it CLICKS an empty chamber.

FUMIO AND TOGO'S MANGROVE

The mangrove steadies as Fumio and Togo look downward watching the crocs take turns at their tree.

THUMP!

ONE ARMED SOLDIER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(louder)
Tasukete!

Fumio looks back, to the one-armed man to his rear.

FUMIO
Stay away! Go back. There are
crocodiles here.

TOGO
(Looking at one-armed
soldier)
Go back!

FUMIO
Go back!

MARSH'S CLEARING

The one-armed soldier is walking unbalanced and still holding his bloody shirt to his stump of an arm.

He turns his head slightly, too weak, and points behind him into the mangroves he came from.

ONE ARMED SOLDIER
They're everywhere.

Behind him, from the mangroves comes a CRAWLING CROCODILE, one of the largest seen yet.

It crawls over roots protruding from the marsh and enters the clearing, always keeping its eyes on its prey, the one-armed soldier.

The one-armed soldier throws his empty pistol at it and tries to pick up speed SLOSHING through the marsh toward Fumio and Togo's mangrove.

FUMIO AND TOGO'S MANGROVE

Fumio looks away from the one-armed man and fearfully down to the crocodiles at the base.

FUMIO
They're leaving.

Togo looks at Fumio.

TOGO
Maybe.

BASE of MANGROVE

Of the three crocodiles, two leave toward the one-armed soldier. Leaving one behind, that remains motionless.

MARSH'S CLEARING

The crocodile that came out of the mangrove thicket behind the one-armed man, CLAMPS down on a leg and pulls him backwards.

The one-armed soldier falls forward as his bundled shirt he held to his missing arm's stump comes off. Blood flows from it as he falls into the water.

The two other crocodiles, from Fumio's and Togo's tree join in the feast attacking whatever is of him below the surface.

There is BLOODY SLOSHING around the feeding frenzy.

FUMIO AND TOGO'S MANGROVE

Fumio reaches for his helmet and is about to throw it down to hit the one croc that stayed.

TOGO (CONT'D)

Wait! We don't want it to know we are here.

FUMIO

It knows.

TOGO

Lets' whisper too.

FUMIO

What?

TOGO

This whole time we've been yelling. All the screaming and splashing is bringing them here.

Fumio hangs his helmet on a thick enough branch to hold it well.

TOGO (CONT'D)

They'll smell the blood but find only leftovers.

Fumio winces.

TOGO (CONT'D)

There's no other way to say it.

FUMIO

I don't want to think that way.

TOGO
You are right.
 (beat)
You can speak softer.

 FUMIO
I thought I was.

 TOGO
You were, but softer.

 FUMIO
This better?

Togo looks as best he can back where the one-armed soldier was attacked.

 TOGO
Yes, that is better.

 FUMIO
Have the others gone? Can you still see them, I cannot.

 TOGO
They are gone. Maybe they are hiding under the surface.

 FUMIO
They have gone to eat or to store. There may still be some out there though.

A distant MALE SCREAM can be heard from OFF SCREEN, then a rifle SHOT.

Fumio and Togo look at one another with worry, then Togo looks down and rests his eyes.

 TOGO
I'm getting tired Fumio.

 FUMIO
So am I.

 TOGO
I cannot stay awake much longer. I don't want to fall down.

Fumio looks around.

FUMIO

If we could reach some vines, we
could tie ourselves to our
branches.

Togo glances around.

TOGO

No vines, our belts may work.

FUMIO

What do you mean?

TOGO

Unbuckle it. Then take each end and
buckle it over the branch.

Fumio unbuckles his belt then tries to buckle himself to the
branch, but it does not work.

FUMIO

The belt is too short. I cannot
believe I even tried that.

TOGO

Tie your belt around the branch
then I will tie to my hand.
(beat)
After that, we will tie mine to
your hand and this end to my
branch.

FUMIO

Okay.

Fumio starts to do it but becomes perplexed and stops.

FUMIO (CONT'D)

Wait, I think that will help only
if we fall off the opposite side,
but if we fall this way, to the
inside, we will hang down near the
ground.

TOGO

Maybe our pants?

Fumio ponders it, he maneuvers on the branch as he tries to
unbutton his pants. Frustrated, he shakes his head and
buttons them back.

FUMIO

If we take our pants off, the
branch will rub our skin raw.

TOGO
And there are scorpions.

 FUMIO
I got an idea. we will do the idea
you had, but one of us will keep
guard while the other sleeps.

 TOGO
We can take turns.

Fumio and Togo remove their belts and tie their ends to their
branches.

They exchange belt ends and tie their wrists.

 FUMIO
I do believe we may have to think
of something else once we get
rested.

 TOGO
Me too, I don't believe we are
thinking straight anymore.

Togo looks down.

BASE OF MANGROVE

The crocodile is still below their mangrove being very still.

FUMIO AND TOGO'S MANGROVE

 TOGO (CONT'D)
It hasn't moved.
 (beat)
Fumio, I feel bad.

 FUMIO
About what?

 TOGO
I was hoping they would all leave
when the one-armed man came.

 FUMIO
Don't think but it.
 (beat)
You sleep first.

 TOGO
It's not right to feel that way
about him.

FUMIO

I was hoping they would leave but
not kill him.

TOGO

I did not want him to die either,
but it's the same thing is it not?

FUMIO

Get some sleep, I will take my turn
first keeping guard.

Togo faces downward along the branch keeping a straight face
with his gaze locked onto what lies below.

BASE OF MANGROVE

The large crocodile has not moved.

FUMIO AND TOGO'S MANGROVE

Togo, expression becomes one of hopelessness and he closes
his eyes.

Fumio, who is watching Togo, expresses pity, but he musters
up some hope the longer stares at him.

FUMIO (CONT'D)

When we get out of here, we will
have crocodile soup!

(beat)

Dream of that Togo when you sleep.

TOGO

I will.

(beat)

I lost my watch what time is it?

Fumio looks at his watch that has condensation on it. He
wipes it across his military pants.

The foggy watch hands show it is 2:27.

FUMIO

It is almost two-thirty.

TOGO

Okay, we will do two hours.

FUMIO

That sounds good.

TOGO

Let me find a good position.

With a few light grunts Togo adjusts himself on the branch; his body basically remains in the same position.

FUMIO
(Slight grin)
I think there is only one position
Togo.

TOGO
(Strained chuckle)
You're right, but I wish there was
more. This limb feels like its
digging into me.

FUMIO
Yeah, my leg is cramping now that I
think of it.

Fumio rubs his leg with his untied hand.

FUMIO (CONT'D)
Maybe we should try not to think
about it.

EXT: MANGROVES - DAY

A small Indian military gun boat, with two military armed Indian soldiers, coasts along the edge of the mangroves.

There is distant scream from OFF-SCREEN.

The two Indian soldiers on board stop scanning the edge of the mangroves glance at one another.

One shakes his head at the thought of what the scream must mean. Their faces marked by months of war and their current situation.

They go back to scanning the edge of the mangroves.

The Indian gun boat does no maneuvering or quickening of speed. Neither soldier rushes to the onboard Gatlin gun and they merely keep coasting along the mangrove's edge.

EXT: FUMIO AND TOGO'S MANGROVE - DAY

Togo's eyes are dimming.

TOGO
If you make it and I don't get me
out of here. Link up with the
others and come back here with all
the weapons and ammo you can and
kill all of them.
(MORE)

TOGO (CONT'D)

(beat)

And get me out of this tree.

FUMIO

I'm sure some of us have made it out Togo. They will bring us help. And we both will come back and kill them all.

TOGO

Promise me Fumio.

FUMIO

If it will help you sleep. I promise.

TOGO

(Slight pain)

This branch is still digging into me but I don't care. I can hardly keep my eyes open.

FUMIO

I will watch the mangroves.

TOGO

Don't be afraid to yell if you see someone.

(beat)

Warn them there's a crocodile here.

FUMIO

I will Togo.

Togo's eyes dim, then open wide suddenly.

TOGO

Don't worry about the mangroves for now. Sometimes my nerves jerk when I go to sleep.

FUMIO

We will watch each other and then watch the mangroves.

Togo's eyes close. His breathing becomes less and less. He looks at peace with himself.

Togo's TIED wrist goes limp.

Fumio stares at him, his matted hair. The clean spots on his dirty flesh. The damp and dirty uniform.

Togo's UNTIED HAND CONTINUES TO HOLD HIS BRANCH even though he is asleep.

Fumio looks at Togo's stomach. BLOOD is on the branch below his stomach.

A DRIP OF BLOOD DROPS from Togo's branch.

Fumio follows the drip.

BASE OF MANGROVE

The DRIP OF TOGO'S BLOOD FALLS down toward the crocodile.

The DRIP of BLOOD lands on the Crocodile's snout which does not flinch.

FUMIO AND TOGO'S MANGROVE

Fumio UNTIES his wrist and takes his SHIRT OFF and bundles it.

FUMIO (CONT'D)

Togo. Togo.

Togo's eyes barely open.

FUMIO (CONT'D)

You're bleeding from that branch.
It has stuck you.

Togo takes his untied hand and reaches down weakly and feels his wound on his stomach. He brings his hand back up and sees the DARK BLOOD on it.

FUMIO (CONT'D)

Here is my shirt. Lean over a little.

(beat)

The other way. I will stuff it under you and the pressure of you laying on the branch will stop the bleeding.

TOGO

Stuff it in the wound too. Stuff some of it in the wound with your pinky finger. It is a bullet wound.

(Painfully)

I must have got shot before climbing the tree.

Fumio has the bundled shirt underneath Togo.

A portion has Fumio's pinky finger wrapped in one layer of the shirt plugging the wound.

Togo expresses pain then it subsides as he looks downward.

BASE OF MANGROVE

The crocodile has a bigger splotch of BLOOD on his muzzle compared to before where drips fell earlier. It is FRESH compared to Masami's dried black blood spread out in the dirt from the crocodiles' trampling.

FUMIO AND TOGO'S MANGROVE

Togo, still looking down, has a revelation.

FUMIO (O.S.)
My shirt is in place, let your
stomach down.

TOGO
(Concentrating on the
croc)
That is why it is staying there and
being so still.

Fumio cocks his head.

FUMIO
Rest your stomach Togo so this will
work.

Togo rests his stomach, mashing Fumio's bundled shirt between it and the branch.

TOGO
The crocodile below knows I'm still
here. My blood has been dripping on
it.
(beat)
Very cunning.

Fumio grabs his canteen and twists the top off with his mouth.

He releases the top into his hand that holds the canteen and leans it over to Togo.

FUMIO
Take a sip, turn your head sideways
I'll put it up to your mouth.

TOGO
Arigatou.

After Togo finishes sipping, Fumio takes a drink.

TOGO (CONT'D)

When the other crocodiles left this one waited for me to have all by himself.

FUMIO

The Glory battalion will make it out. Keep your spirits up.

TOGO

I will Fumio, but don't leave me here.

FUMIO

I told you before I will not.

Shirtless, Fumio SECURES HIS WRIST to the branch again.

Togo's heavy eyes become slits as he continues to watch the base of the tree's inactivity.

FUMIO (CONT'D)

Go back to sleep Togo.

TOGO

I already did it is your turn.

FUMIO

No, I woke you early. Go back.

Fumio slides his hand underneath Togo's stomach making sure the shirt stays pressed against his wound.

TOGO

Okay, but only to four-thirty.

FUMIO

Okay Togo but please get your sleep. Stop fighting it.

Fumio keeps his hand there as he watches Togo.

From OFF SCREEN comes a DISTANT RIFLE SHOT, just one, and then a scream.

Fumio looks into the direction of the rifle shot.

He turns to Togo but stops before saying anything when he notices Togo's TIED wrist limp again. He is asleep.

Fumio eases his hand off holding the bundled shirt, it is still secure, Togo's falling asleep did not alter its position from the wound.

A THUMP from OFF SCREEN and the tree vibrates!

Fumio looks down quickly.

BASE OF MANGROVE

The crocodile has turned away from the mangrove and is THUMPING it with its tail. It swings its tail wide for another strong swing.

It swings its tail back to hit the mangrove. THUMP!

The tree vibrates.

It brings its tail back again and another THUMP!

FUMIO AND TOGO'S MANGROVE

Their branches vibrate from the croc's tail hitting the mangrove.

Fumio grasps the branch tighter as best he can with his tied wrist. He looks to Togo's branch.

Togo's body is dead weight shifting with the tree's sway.

Fumio takes his free hand and holds down onto Togo's back. Pressing him down against the branch while helping his body keep balance to stay in the tree as the croc pounds it with its tail.

With his other hand, the tied wrist, Fumio holds onto his branch as best he can.

THUMP!

The mangrove vibrates again as Fumio continues pressing down on Togo's back, but Togo's weight shifts and so does Fumio's hand.

The BLOODY BALLED UP SHIRT tucked under Togo slips out and falls.

BASE OF MANGROVE

The bloody shirt falls onto the crocodile. It violently turns its head and SNAPS its jaws at it.

It GROWLS and SNAPS again.

It turns away from the tree and hits it with its tail
VIOLENTLY AGAIN, THUMP!

FUMIO AND TOGO'S MANGROVE

Fumio holds himself steady and Togo as best he can as the
mangrove vibrates.

Togo's ARM THAT WAS HOLDING THE BRNACH GOES LIMP and hangs
down. He held it even when sleeping earlier it was so
engrained in his head and out of fear that he held it even
when sleeping. Now both his arms are limp.

Fumio's eyes get big.

FUMIO (CONT'D)
Togo wake up. Togo say something.
(Louder)
Togo!

Fumio uses his hand on Togo's back to nudge him. His body
only shifts as dead weight.

BASE OF MANGROVE

The crocodile's head raises.

Its snout tilts to the sky.

The neck and head lurches forward a few inches. The skin
under his lower jaw expands puffing out as is GROWLS from its
gut. The deep gravel sound escapes its slightly parted
reptilian lips as its skin deflates under the lower jaw.

FUMIO AND TOGO'S MANGROVE

Fumio grasps his hand on Togo's back clutching his uniform
tightly. He stares down at the crock with ALL HIS ANGER and
SCREAMS.

FUMIO (CONT'D)
You cannot have him!

His eyes are watering.

FUMIO (CONT'D)
You cannot!

Tears are coming down.

FUMIO (CONT'D)
You cannot have him!

BASE OF MANGROVE

The crocodile swings his tail away from the tree.

FUMIO (CONT'D)
 (Lower voiced)
 No!

It hits the tree again with its tail. THUMP!

FUMIO AND TOGO'S MANGROVE

Fumio rests his head on his branch. He has nothing left in him as far as energy goes.

FUMIO (CONT'D)
 (To himself)
 You cannot. Please.

From OFF SCREEN, below Fumio, the CROCODILE GROWLS.

FUMIO (CONT'D)
 (whimpering)
 Forgive me Togo.

Fumio reaches and unties the belt from Togo's wrist and from where it connects to the branch Fumio is on.

From OFF SCREEN, below, the CROCODILE SNAPS its jaws.

FUMIO (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry Togo.

Fumio closes his eyes and pushes Togo. The weight of Togo's body only rocks with the shove and settles back into position on the branch.

With his eyes still closed, Fumio shoves it harder.

FUMIO (CONT'D)
 (A whimper)
 Togo.

Togo's body slides off the branch and we hear it OFF SCREEN as it lands on the croc.

Fumio's eyes are still closed but tighten even more.

The croc CLAMPS its jaws onto to Togo OFF SCREEN. BONES are heard BREAKING, OFF SCREEN.

Exhausted, Fumio is crying with his eyes closed.

INT: PSYCHOLOGIST OFFICE - 1959 - DAY

Older Fumio, in tie, is leaning forward sitting across from the Doctor's desk. His head is down, and he is crying.

FUMIO (CONT'D)
 (Through anguish)
 How did it know? How did that thing
 know to wait there and then, as if
 to demand Togo from me.
 (beat)
 How!

The Doctor walks up beside him and briefly puts his comforting hand on Fumio's back.

DR. HARUO
 Through millions and millions of
 years Fumio. Togo's blood was
 cooling and as it dropped and
 landed on the crocodile, it knew he
 was still there and dying.

Fumio keeps trying to hold back his tears.

DR. HARUO (CONT'D)
 Take your time.

Doctor Harou goes to a water cooler and grabs a glass off a shelf. He fills the glass and goes back to Fumio's side.

DR. HARUO (CONT'D)
 Here.

Fumio takes the glass and sips from it.

Doctor Haruo returns to his desk, grabs his chair and brings it to Fumio's side. He sits close to Fumio, leans in and holds one of his hands.

DR. HARUO (CONT'D)
 Please finish how you got out of
 the mangroves.

Fumio finishes a drink of his water. He wipes his mouth with a sleeve as the Doctor comforts his other hand.

EXT: BANK - MANGROVES - 1945 - DAY

It is late afternoon and young exhausted Fumio leaves his helmet hanging in the tree and climbs down onto the bank.

Shirtless, he picks his rifle with bayonet up and walks over tangled roots leading away from the marsh's clearing into thick mangroves.

OLDER FUMIO (V.O.)

I heard it go into the water and waited until I heard not a splash or trickle.

THICK MANGROVES - 1945

Young Fumio bends down below mangrove branches, and at times crawls over tangled roots.

DR. HARUO (V.O.)

You caught up with your battalion?

THINNING MANGROVES - 1945

The trees become farther apart and easier for the young soldier Fumio to make his way through.

Tired, he leans against a mangrove and gathers himself.

OLDER FUMIO (V.O.)

No, I simply wanted to get out at that point, away from the crocodiles. I was taking my chance of going around them the rest of the way.

EDGE OF MANGROVES - 1945

Young Fumio, filthy, squats at the base of a mangrove and peers out as a HUMMING BOAT MOTOR nears from OFF SCREEN.

SMALL CANAL - 1945

An Indian gun boat nears. On it there are three Indian soldiers armed, and four filthy unarmed Japanese prisoners. They are tattered and cramped side by side in the middle of the boat.

OLDER FUMIO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I came to another clearing, but it was like a canal. I hid from a gun boat, but I decided to take my chances and came on out.

Young Fumio drops his weapon and there is a small splash. He comes out into the water where it is shallow with empty hands raised.

The Indian boat nears him.

OLDER FUMIO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
When I saw it had captured others
from my battalion, but not killed
them I dropped my rifle. They saved
Twenty of us.

He is helped aboard the boat.

INT: PSYCHOLOGIST OFFICE - 1959 - DAY

Older Fumio wipes his eyes clear of tears.

 FUMIO
It's been that long since I have
shed a tear.

The Doctor puts an arm around Fumio's shoulder and pulls him
closer.

 DR. HARUO
You did very well.

 FUMIO
It is beyond what I expected too.

The Doctor stands up and drags his seat back to his desk
where his notes are.

 DR. HARUO
I'm going to go ahead and give you a
few things to work on that will
help with the two main points of
why you are here, but first let me
explain some minor issues.

 FUMIO
Go ahead.

Doctor Haruo sits at his desk.

 DR. HARUO
When you find yourself
uncomfortable you drift away, but I
feel this is only when the subject
matter we are dealing with comes
up.

 (beat)
When we address the two main points
and my suggestions are of help,
then this will subside. It will not
fully go away because these are
habits and traits picked up over
the years.

 (MORE)

DR. HARUO (CONT'D)

But it is possible that after a few years or so, when you have healed, they too will drop down to normal levels.

FUMIO

(Through teary eyes)

Could you explain.

DR. HARUO

Before you opened up you picked at your hands excessively, and you made it a point to not only look out the window but to do so when I was talking or when pressed to talk about this intimate thing.

(beat)

I by no means take offense to it. It's something that we all do but not to such extreme. In your circumstance they are linked directly to an extreme event in your life. Once it has been overcome, such blatant antisocial traits will dissolve by a large margin.

FUMIO

I understand.

DR. HARUO

We can talk again in more detail. I want to see you in three weeks. First let us address the two main issues you are here for. If my suggestions help, you do not have to come back, but do call to let me know.

FUMIO

I have already gained some benefits. I finally spoke about it even if you did not believe-

Doctor Haruo cuts him off.

DR. HARUO

I never said I doubted you, but I did not contradict your assessment or correct you. I wanted you to see me as you did the world. I was representing the world that you had to put straight.

(MORE)

DR. HARUO (CONT'D)

It motivated you to get it out. To put me, the world in our place.

Fumio looks at him sideways.

FUMIO

I did feel that way.

DR. HARUO

Please do not feel manipulated. I only wanted to help. I feel it did keep you from running out physically and mentally. It brought you back into this room from out of the window more than once.

FUMIO

(Nods)

It did.

Doctor Haruo changes the subject quickly.

DR. HARUO

With that out of the way, we will discuss the dreams and your relationship with your son. Would you like a break first. I imagine you are drained. I am sorry for the loss of your friends.

FUMIO

Thank you. I am okay to keep going.

DR. HARUO

Addressing your dreams I don't think they will stop automatically because you opened up here. And we don't want to erase your past but deal with it.

(beat)

Your body is going to respond to shock and the unnatural things you witnessed in its way. Let us not ignore that. I may be practicing in a post American Japan, respectfully. I also am a firm believer of being in tune with your truths no matter how horrible they may be and continuing to live alongside them, not burying them.

FUMIO

(Confused)

How does that translate?

DR. HARUO

When these dreams happen or you get sudden memories of them also remember the other truths, the other things that happened. The pleasant ones.

FUMIO

The mangroves devour my fond memories like a cancer.

DR. HARUO

When you get home do this for each of those you spoke to me about. You began that story at a certain place for a reason. Those people and those incidents must be very important for whatever reason.

(beat)

Even if you met someone for the first time that night, remember something good or heroic they did.

(beat)

Masami for example. You saw him get up on stage in front of strangers and play an instrument and sing.

Fumio cracks a smile, through his sad expression. It is fleeting but still a smile.

FUMIO

You mentioned my relationship with my son.

DR. HARUO

Yes. This may be the harder thing to do. Remember to go as gradual as you must.

(beat)

You have to go out to the mangroves and fish with your son. Are you willing to do that?

FUMIO

I want to.

DR. HARUO

What I need from you, is that you have to say yes. I need to hear a 'yes' that you will fish those mangroves.

FUMIO
Yes, I will fish the mangroves.

DR. HARUO
I suggest you go on your own first.
You do not have to necessarily
fish.

FUMIO
Is there any medication?

DR. HARUO
Let us see how you do on this.
Remember these two instructions and
a lot of the rest will take care of
itself. Better sleep, more
interesting conversations, at least
for those around you. We still may
not be that interested in what our
family say but those we love we
want them to feel appreciated.

Fumio stands up and so does the Doctor. Fumio places the
water glass on his desk.

Fumio does a respectful sai-keirei bow, it is not short or a
quaint one, but is sharp.

FUMIO
Arigatou gozaimasu, Doctor.

The doctor returns the sai-keirei bow and goes to the
wardrobe and gets Fumio's jacket and helps him put it on. The
doctor opens the office door for him.

Fumio leaves.

EXT: BASE OF MANGROVE - 1945 - DAY

The crocodile CHOMPS on a BLOODY Togo as he lies on his back
looking directly upwards. His body is dead weight shifting
with each bite.

TOGO
Fumio don't leave me here.

INT: BEDROOM - FUMIO'S HOME - 1959 -NIGHT

Fumio wakes with a tremble.

He sits up and glances at the clock.

It reads 3:46 AM.

His wife Emi turns her head toward him.

EMI
Please, keep the radio low.

She turns her head the other way while still laying in her sleeping position.

Fumio brings his feet over the edge of the bed.

FUMIO
I still have a couple of days off work. Will you see if your brother's friend Yutaka will let us fish.

Emi doesn't move.

EMI
Remind me tomorrow.

FUMIO
I'd like to go as soon as possible.

Emi sits up with concern.

EMI
Something wrong?

FUMIO
No.

EMI
You've missed work and have been seeing this person for the last three days.

FUMIO
You know why I go, and I got those days off.

EMI
You are not getting paid for them though.

FUMIO
We talked about that. We weighed the benefits of seeing him and how it would be better in the long run for me, for us.

EMI
And here we are at-

She looks at the clock.

EMI (CONT'D)

At almost four AM.

(beat)

I am supportive Fumio, but you are talking about going fishing now at this time is not you, and you are doing it right after one of your dreams. Right? You did just have a dream? If it was going to the bathroom to pee that woke you, you would already be in there.

(Frustrated)

It seems like whatever you have has gotten worse.

FUMIO

Worse? I'm dealing with it Emi that is all. I do not need to be passive anymore. I don't want to be.

EMI

(Mad and sarcastic)

How, by going fishing?

(Gathers composure)

I am sorry. That is unlike me. I will see when I wake. I will call my brother.

Fumio puts his hand on her.

FUMIO

There are things I am not telling you Emi. It is not your fault.

(beat)

I'm trying to deal with the dreams by dealing with what is causing them.

EMI

What does it have to do with fishing Fumio. That is why I'm worried something is wrong. This is not normal for you.

She looks at him in silence for a moment.

EMI (CONT'D)

That is why I can't figure it out. I do not have all the pieces do I Fumio.

FUMIO

No, you do not. And that is why I am apologizing for making you be this way. To feel like you are feeling.

(beat)

I want to go fishing tomorrow because I want to deal with this right away. The last time I went fishing with our son I could not go near the mangroves where the fish were biting. He would have caught a fish.

EMI

(Grins)

That is what this is about. You want to see him catch a fish. That is sweet and all but there will be more chances.

FUMIO

It's not that simple, I mean it is. I want him to catch a fish, but it is my problem with the mangroves I want to deal with. It is what gives me the dreams and caused me not to enjoy the company of my son and experience life with him.

(beat)

It causes me to be sleepy. To wake you up at awful hours. To wake him up too.

EMI

Something from the war. You know I do not need to know anything. I know what war can do, what that war has done. It's part of all our lives now, how we live is how our whole country lives. Some worse, Fumio.

FUMIO

I know Emi. I'm embarrassed that you see me going to this doctor. It's not me but you are too. People will think or assume I am weak, and we represent each other. I'm sorry.

EMI

I am not worried about that. It is that we have to be strong and carry on like everyone else. For our children and theirs.

FUMIO

This thing, this horrible thing is causing me not to be who I should be. And honestly not just for him but for us too.

EMI

I love you.

FUMIO

I am crippled Emi. And it is getting worse if I do not deal with it.

(beat)

Let me continue.

Emi gives him a lingering embrace.

He kisses her cheek.

EMI

I will call my brother first thing when I wake. Hopefully Yutaka does not already have plans, or someone is not already fishing.

She lays back down in her sleeping position.

EMI (CONT'D)

Remember, keep the radio low.

He finishes getting out of bed and putting a robe on.

INT: KITCHEN

In robe, Fumio sits at the dining table with no midnight snack or drink. He stares at the wall in front of him.

The sink's faucet DRIPS.

The refrigerator's motor HUMS LOUDER.

DR. HARUO (V.O)

When these dreams happen also remember the other truths. The pleasant ones.

INT: NIGHT CLUB - YANBYE - 1945 - DAY

It's a hot spot for the nightlife, civilian and soldier alike.

A band on stage tunes up their instruments for another song.

Young men and women are enjoying themselves with their friends at the tables and at the bar, some ordering drinks along with younger Fumio and Togo.

AT THE BAR

Young Fumio and Togo drink their alcohol at the bar's countertop dressed in their ENLISTED TYPE 3 uniforms and stare off at a group of nicely dressed women at a table.

They must be on a third or fourth round, not drunk but with an entertaining high and still able to carry a conversation.

LADIES TABLE

There is one lady in particular wearing a yellow dress that is receiving most of Togo's and Fumio's attention. The color stands out from the rest in their white and black dresses.

She laughs with her friends as one finishes what must have been a funny story.

AT THE BAR COUNTER

FUMIO

Put your money where your mouth is
Togo.

TOGO

I will.

Togo takes a drink. When he brings his drink down Fumio stares at him.

Togo stares back.

TOGO (CONT'D)

What?

FUMIO

(Smiling)

What do you mean 'what,' go!

TOGO

I didn't think I had anything to
prove.

FUMIO
Oh, you have something to prove.

TOGO
(Laughing)
Okay, okay Fumio. The yellow dress.
She is mine.

Togo walks off.

FUMIO
Hurry, the band is about finished
dicking around.

STAGE

The band, after a tuning break, starts another song. A slow dance song.

LADIES TABLE

Togo simply walks up to her and holds his hand out for her to take. She looks at him and they exchange a smile. She takes his hand and walks with him to the dance floor.

AT THE BAR COUNTER

Fumio, leaning on the bar watches in disbelief.

DANCE FLOOR

Togo and the lady in the yellow dress dance together close.

She smiles big and tilts her head softly as he speaks to her.

They stare at each other; their smiles never break.

Togo slips an arm around her waist as he continues to hold her hand leading in the dance.

INT: Kitchen - FUMIO'S HOME - 1959 -NIGHT

Fumio, with no expression, pushes his chair back under the dining table.

He walks over to the sink and opens the cabinet underneath it. He pulls out a small tool bag, opens it, and retrieves an Allen wrench.

He hunkers over the sink's faucet and removes the cold-water knob with the Allen wrench.

He walks over to a junk drawer and gets out a tin of rubber O-rings. He opens it and takes one.

Back at the faucet, he places the O-ring on the base of the threaded stem.

He screws down the cold-water knob back onto the threaded stem with the O-ring at the base.

He Tightens THE KNOB down until the leak STOPS.

HALL

About to enter his bedroom, Fumio pauses and looks to the bathroom door.

He shakes an urge off.

Facing his bedroom door again he slowly turns the doorknob and enters quietly.

BEDROOM

He lays down in bed quietly as possible and cuddles Emi. She wakes momentarily and snuggles him back.

EMI
I did not hear the radio.
(beat)
Thank you for keeping it low.

FUMIO
I did not play the radio.

He snuggles closer.

EXT: BOATSLIP - ESTUARY LAKE - OKINAWA JAPAN - DAY

Yutaka unties the ayubune's rope's end that is tied to a support beam.

YUTAKA
I saw you get out of the car with
no gear. I thought you would be
going back for it.

Yutaka holds the rope as Fumio enters the ayubune boat.

YUTAKA (CONT'D)
I thought it was you and your son
that would be fishing.

Fumio picks the paddle up and is quick with Yutaka.

FUMIO
I plan on coming back this
afternoon if there is time.

Fumio holds his hand out for the rope's end.

YUTAKA
 (Suspicious)
 Remember, no nets or anything other
 than poles. It is regulation.

Yutaka does a short eshaku bow and walks away.

Fumio puts the paddle down and stops him.

FUMIO
 Yutaka!

Yutaka turns to him.

FUMIO (CONT'D)
 (Blurts it out)
 Last time we were here I could not
 fish the mangroves out of fear. I
 am trying to overcome it and if I
 do, I will return with my son.

Yutaka takes a step towards him.

YUTAKA
 (Somber)
 My son and his wife along with my
 two grandchildren killed themselves
 for fear of the Americans. We were
 told they would do unspeakable
 things to us.
 (beat)
 It took my wife and I three years
 to go to market instead of paying
 someone to go for us.
 (beat)
 We did not want to see an American.

Fumio, still holding the rope's end, steps off the boat onto
 the slip's pier.

He gives a very respectful sai-keirei bow.

YUTAKA (CONT'D)
 Who were you with?

FUMIO
 Second Battalion Hundred Twenty-
 First.

YUTAKA
 The glory battalion.

Yutaka returns the respectful sai-keirei bow and turns to leave.

Fumio gets back into the ayubune boat, tosses the rope down and pushes off.

ESTAURY LAKE

Fumio DREADFULLY paddles toward the mangroves.

His worried gaze is worsening as the mangroves become closer.

EXT: IN MANGROVES - 1945 - DAY

In their Japanese battle fatigues Young Fumio, Togo, and Yuuta wade through the foggy marsh as they maneuver slowly through the thick maze of mangroves.

They step over roots protruding up from the shallow depths.

They come to an area where a SICKLY soldier, MASAMI (19) sits in the water with his back against a mangrove root.

EXT: DRY BANK - MANGROVES - 1945 - DAY

Young Fumio rests Masami's head gently on the dry bank.

Masami's legs are bent at the knee and his feet are only an inch away from the water.

A fevered Masami MOANS for his mother.

MASAMI

Okaa, okaa.

EXT: BASE OF MANGROVE - 1945 - DAY

Masami lays peacefully still.

The crocs approach him slowly and deliberately.

Without hesitation, the crocodiles SNAP and CHOMP different parts of Masami's body.

What is left of his wet uniform is ripped and torn exposing his nude body including his male anatomy.

EXT: IN MANGROVES - 1959 - DAY

Older Fumio is in the boat with the mangroves' canopy arching above him. Holding back tears of anguish he closes his eyes.

DR. HARUO (V.O.)
When you get sudden memories of
them also remember the other
truths. The pleasant ones.

Suddenly he opens them and stares into the mangroves.

He sucks back his tears as his gaze hardens.

INT: NIGHT CLUB - 1945 - NIGHT

From a mingling crowd the night's entertainment HOST jumps up onto stage as the band leaves it. The host unravels his bundle of happy energy.

HOST
What a wonderful band tonight guys
and dolls! So glad you came out.
Normally during our long break, we
invite some of you amateurs to come
up.

The charismatic host points to different sections of the audience who are giving him their attention now.

HOST (CONT'D)
Well, tonight we got a treat. Let's
see if any of our military friends
out there have any talent. You
locals step aside! Come on up, pick
out an instrument and play us your
song war dogs.

No one goes up on stage or raises their hand. People in the crowd look around to see if there are any takers.

HOST (CONT'D)
Come on, anyone?

Masami, in his Nito Hei (Private 2nd Class) military uniform, goes up on stage a bit shy.

He awkwardly grabs the sanshin instrument at the rear of the stage.

Returning to the front of the stage, the host pats him on the back, and points to the microphone stand.

Masami nervously steps to the microphone.

He is quite and looks down at the instrument.

HOST (CONT'D)
 You can do it.
 (To crowd)
 Give him a round of applause for
 encouragement.

The crowd APPLAUSES then becomes QUIET.

Masami puts his mouth closer to the microphone.

MASAMI
 My mother listened to this song all
 the time. It's the first song I
 learned and the only one I can play
 all the way through.

He plays the instrument with skill and sings a song similar
 to "Sendo Kawaiya."

MASAMI (CONT'D)
 (Singing)
 Let's get our dreams wet, too
 Sea breeze,
 night breeze...

EXT: MANGROVES - 1959 - DAY

Older Fumio smiles with his eyes closed.

MASAMI (V.O.)
 (Singing)
 The cute boatman,
 Oh, the cute boatman,
 A pillow of waves...

ESTAURY LAKE

Older Fumio, alone and determined, paddles away from the
 mangroves.

MASAMI (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 (Singing)
 When we must be far apart,
 I have but one thought...

EXT: DRIVEWAY - FUMIO'S HOME - 1959 - DAY

Fumio and his son, Isamu, pack their fishing gear in the car
 as Emi sees them off from the front door.

MASAMI (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 (Singing)
 In the night sky,
 (MORE)

MASAMI (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Oh, in the night sky,
We look upon the same moon...

EXT: ESTAURY LAKE - 1959 - DAY

Fumio paddles him and Isamu toward the mangroves.

MASAMI (V.O.)
(Singing)
Even when I'm all alone,
My pillow becomes wet, too...

EXT: IN MANGROVES - 1959 - DAY

Fumio and Isamu fish.

A bobber sinks from a bite.

Isamu brings his pole out of the water as a fish FLOPS on the end of the line.

His face lights up with excitement and he is barely able to contain himself.

MASAMI (V.O.)
(Singing)
At least I showed you,
Oh, at least I showed you,
My dream.

Fumio, with waving arms, motions to Isamu to point his pole to him that has the dangling fish.

Fumio holds the fish as he takes the hook out.

His son smiles and keeps a watchful eye.

THE END