

**PRISONER SIXTY**

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FADE IN:

EXT. PAPUA NEW GUINEAN JUNGLE - DAY

SUPER: "PAPUA NEW GUINEA - 1942"

Thirty Japanese soldiers gather in a huddle. The commanding officer draws a basic map of the area in the dirt, pointing to an area where he wants the men deployed.

The non-commissioned officers gesture to the privates to move out. No words are spoken.

The men split into three groups of ten each. They form a semicircle at the edge of a clearing.

Two men affix bayonets to their rifles and split off from the main group, taking up a position at the far end of the clearing.

Two other soldiers set up a machine gun. The ammunition is carefully and quietly loaded. Others spread themselves out into position.

Ten of them lie facedown in shallow fox holes prepared earlier.

EXT. PAPUA NEW GUINEAN JUNGLE - SAME TIME

An Australian patrol continues to advance down the creek, unaware of the enemy presence. The platoon leader gives the hand signal to halt. The men stop and take up defensive positions.

The platoon leader gestures to a member of his patrol to come to him.

EXT. PAPUA NEW GUINEAN JUNGLE - SAME TIME

The Australians resume the patrol. They walk right past Japanese soldiers covered in jungle leaves. They have no idea the Japanese are there. The Japanese soldiers sweat from the heat.

Every move is made with extreme caution, not a sound. Some of the men even hold their breaths as the Australians walk past.

EXT. PAPUA NEW GUINEAN JUNGLE - SAME TIME

The Australians continue the patrol, moving into a wedge formation. A CRUNCH of TWIG is heard. An Australian stops and looks in the direction of the sound.

He stares intently into the jungle for a moment, then moves on.

EXT. PAPUA NEW GUINEAN JUNGLE - SAME TIME

A Japanese soldier breathes a sigh of relief. A nearby soldier gives the other a look of scorn. As they take up their position.

A series of hand signals are relayed from one soldier to the next then finally reaching the commanding officer. The trap is set. All wait for his signal to commence the ambush. He raises one arm in readiness.

EXT. PAPUA NEW GUINEAN JUNGLE - CONTINUOUS

The Australian platoon leader give the hand signal order for the men to halt for a break. Sweat pours from the twenty-four-man patrol. The men begin to relax a little.

The platoon sergeant, JACK BOYD -- mid-twenties, Bren gunner -- wipes his brow.

The platoon corporal and rifle man, PATRICK CASEY -- 19, -- takes in his surroundings.

They move into a clearing about the size of a football field. A large fallen tree is at one end.

JACK BOYD

That'll do, fellas. Paddy, move a squad forward, will ya? Rest for ten.

PATRICK CASEY

Righto, Sarge. Oi c'mon, you lot. Over 'ere then.

Twelve of the men move about twenty metres forward. The men relax and drink from their canteens. Others light up cigarettes. Some take out biscuits to eat.

JACK BOYD

Woodsy, look back twenty, and keep an eye out.

The platoon sniper, CECIL WOODS -- early twenties, -- nods his head.

CECIL WOODS

Yeah, righto. Which eye, Sarge? The right or left?

PATRICK CASEY

Sarge stop talkin' to us like we're cattle. Ya not on the station now.

JACK BOYD

Get on, will ya? Leave the comedy  
for Bob Hope.

Cecil moves back, climbs a large boulder and begins to scan  
the jungle ahead as he nibbles on a Sao biscuit and takes a  
quick swig from his canteen.

CECIL WOODS

Looking good so far, Sarge.

Without looking at Cecil --

JACK BOYD

Good, just the way I like it.

Jack removes a cigarette pack and a Zippo lighter with the  
badge of the First Marine Division, United States Marine  
Corps on it.

PATRICK CASEY

Hey, nice lighter. Where ya get it?

JACK BOYD

I won it off a Marine in a game of  
darts while I was on leave.

PATRICK CASEY

That's not what I heard. I heard he  
kicked your arse, so you stole it  
from him.

JACK BOYD

Piss off, will ya? I won it, and  
that's what I'm sticking to.

CECIL WOODS

Say, Sarge, keep an eye on that. Ya  
hate to lose it.

Laughter breaks out among the men in earshot. Jack returns  
the pack and lighter to his shirt pocket and buttons it up.

JACK BOYD

All right. Knock it off, you pack  
of drongos. Back to it.

PATRICK CASEY

S'truth, Sarge. Take it easy,  
haven't seen a Jap all day.

JACK BOYD

Back to it, okay?

PATRICK CASEY

Hey, Cec, you have a Sao bicky,  
mate?

CECIL WOODS  
Yeah, hold on a sec.

CECIL'S POV - THROUGH RIFLE SCOPE

The shafts of light breaking through the tree canopy begin to dance, as if playing tricks. Movement becomes more frequent and human shapes begin to appear.

BACK TO SCENE

CECIL WOODS  
Contact front, Japs.

Cecil jumps down and goes to one knee. He FIRES his RIFLE, killing a Japanese soldier. Covered in large leaves used as camouflage, more Japanese soldiers break cover. A Japanese MACHINE GUN OPENS UP, separating the two groups of Australians.

JACK BOYD  
Cover! Take cover!

Two of the Australians are killed in the first attack. The Australians return FIRE. Jack dashes for a large fallen tree. Cecil's right next to him. Jack returns FIRE with his Bren GUN.

PATRICK CASEY  
Contact left, shift fire left.

A second assault emerges from the jungle: a two-man banzai charge with bayonets affixed.

JACK BOYD  
Left side, Woodsy.

As Jack turns, a Japanese soldier rushes straight for him. At the last second, Jack sweeps him aside with the butt of his machine gun.

Jack draws his own knife. They wrestle before Jack overpowers the soldier and plunges the knife into the man's neck. Cecil SHOOTs the other Japanese soldier.

CECIL WOODS  
They're cut off.

Jack, without a thought for his own safety, rushes to the cut off squad. Cecil follows closely behind. The other remaining Australian forces continue to beat back the Japanese attackers into the jungle and pursue them.

GUNFIRE can still be heard but slowly fades.

JACK BOYD  
They're gone. Away with me, lads.

PATRICK CASEY

Right, Sarge. We better catch up to the other blokes.

JACK BOYD

Paddy, gather up ammo and rifles.

PATRICK CASEY

Righto. Cec, give me a hand, will ya?

CECIL WOODS

Okay, who bought it?

PATRICK CASEY

Looks like it was Colin and Harry, poor fellars. Two great blokes.

JACK BOYD

Paddy, make sure you get the tags for the graves' registration.

PATRICK CASEY

C'mon, lads. Better get on with it.

As they move out, a third hidden squad of Japanese soldiers suddenly and quietly appear, ten of them with submachine guns, others with rifles. They quickly surround the Australians.

JACK BOYD

Fuck. They were hidin' the whole time, yellow bastards.

A standoff. Both Australian and Japanese soldiers shout at each other to drop their weapons and gesture to do the same.

PATRICK CASEY

What we do, Sarge?

JACK BOYD

Mow 'em all down.

CECIL WOODS

No, they'll cut us down in a heartbeat! We have no choice. Lower ya weapons.

Jack lowers his Bren gun and raises both hands above his head. The others are a bit hesitant at first, but they follow Jack's lead. The Japanese soldiers strip the Australians of all their weapons, leaving only their canteens. A JAPANESE CORPORAL turns to speak to his JAPANESE PRIVATE.

(NOTE: ALL JAPANESE DIALOGUE IS SAID IN JAPANESE WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES, UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED.)

JAPANESE CORPORAL  
Take us out.

JAPANESE PRIVATE  
Yes.

EXT. KOKODA TRACK - DAY

The Australians are led out as Japanese soldiers take up the front and rear.

EXT. KOKODA TRACK - DAWN

The Australians settle down in a tight group. Half the Japanese soldiers are on sentry duty. The rest ring the Australians.

PATRICK CASEY  
(to Jack)  
Where ya think they'll take us?

JACK BOYD  
Who knows?

PATRICK CASEY  
Finally, a break. I thought that all-night march would kill me.

Jack takes his canteen and passes it around. The men each take a sip.

CECIL WOODS  
Been headin' east, maybe nor' east for a port. Ship us some place.

PATRICK CASEY  
See? That's how to do sentry. Look at 'em... like a statue.

JACK BOYD  
Don't start up, mate.

The canteen arrives back at Jack. He takes a sip and puts it away.

PATRICK CASEY  
Nah, just we are all here, headin' for God knows what kind of hellhole.

JACK BOYD  
It's not my fuckin' fault. How was I to know?

Patrick picks up a rock and chucks it hard at Jack. Jack tackles Patrick. They begin to fight. The Japanese soldiers gather around. Making no attempt to break up the fight.

CECIL WOODS  
Stop it! Stop it, both of ya.

Cecil pulls them apart. Other Australian soldiers move in to hold Jack and Patrick apart.

CECIL WOODS (CONT'D)  
We can't be fightin'. What's done  
is done.

A Japanese soldier, YOSHIO ISAMU -- late teens,-- moves in.

YOSHIO ISAMU  
(in English)  
Move. You go now -- go now.

EXT. BAY - DAY

A SHIPS TENDER CHUGS along the calm water to a transport ship at anchor.

As the tender comes alongside, cargo nets are tossed over the side. The captured Australians begin to climb up.

EXT. JAPANESE TRANSPORT SHIP - DECK - DAY

On board, the Australians are taken below to the brig. The cargo hold has been converted to prison-like cells.

INT. JAPANESE TRANSPORT SHIP - HOLD - DAY

Yoshio gestures toward a cell.

YOSHIO ISAMU  
(in English)  
You three, in here.

Yoshio SLAMS the DOOR shut, closes the bulkhead door, and LOCKS it.

PATRICK CASEY  
Well, here we are, lads. Hope you  
brought ya beach towel.

JACK BOYD  
Piss off, idiot. Maybe I should  
'ave had a go at the Japs.

CECIL WOODS

Then we'd all be dead. They had the drop on us. You did the right thing.

JACK BOYD

At least I won't 'ave to listen to 'im whine like a baby.

PATRICK CASEY

I'm not a fuckin' baby. You're a shit leader.

Jack punches Patrick in the face. They begin to fight. Cecil struggles to place himself between them and force each of them into a corner.

CECIL WOODS

Get the fuck over there. Stop it, both of ya.

PATRICK CASEY

Get 'im away from me.

CECIL WOODS

Enough! Acting like a pair of idiots. Look what ya doing.

JACK BOYD

Come near me again, ya a fuckin' dead man.

Cecil points to the other Australians in their cells. No one is talking. They stare at the fighting. The fear among them is obvious.

CECIL WOODS

Take a hard look at them. You're meant to lead the men, be an example to them.

JACK BOYD

Sorry, mate.

PATRICK CASEY

Yeah, sorry.

CECIL WOODS

Pull ya heads in. We need to stay strong, stick together. Okay?

Cecil brings them together. Jack and Patrick shake hands.

EXT. JAPANESE TRANSPORT SHIP - DECK - NIGHT

The Australian prisoners are on the forecastle deck. Yoshio Isamu mans a machine gun mounted on the upper deck rail as he watches over the Australian prisoners.

JACK BOYD

Nice to be out, gettin' some fresh air.

Jack removes a cigarette and lights up.

CECIL WOODS

Mind if I smoke?

JACK BOYD

You don't smoke. What's going on?

CECIL WOODS

Givin' the shit were in, I think I could use one.

Patrick walks over, looking pale and green around the gills.

JACK BOYD

How ya feelin, Paddy?

PATRICK CASEY

Not too good. Rocking not helpin' too much.

CECIL WOODS

Nice way to spend a war.

JACK BOYD

Never got ya sea legs?

PATRICK CASEY

Nope, not much water around Emerald.

CECIL WOODS

Ah, a banana bender, eh?

Cecil and Jack laugh.

PATRICK CASEY

Laugh it up, drongos.

JACK BOYD

Why ya join up, Paddy? You should be at home chasin' sheilars, mate.

PATRICK CASEY

Was, but ya need money for the broads. I was findin' it hard to get a job, so I joined up so I could get paid.

JACK BOYD

How that work out for ya?

PATRICK CASEY

I did have one job before the war.  
I worked at the pub for a while.

JACK BOYD

Yeah, why Ya quit?

PATRICK CASEY

More like fired. Got caught  
shaggin' the bosses daughter. So I  
thought the Army would be safer.

They all laugh loudly.

JACK BOYD

You're okay, for a replacement I  
mean.

PATRICK CASEY

Will they keep us together?

Cecil glances up at Yoshio on the upper deck. Yoshio glares  
back death stares at the Australians.

CECIL WOODS

We should 'ead in, boys. Don't like  
the looks we are gettin' from that  
Jap.

PATRICK CASEY

When we get ashore, make sure we  
are not split up. Together we have  
a better chance of makin' it out  
alive.

JACK BOYD

No doubt, mate, but I could really  
go for a nice bacon sandwich.

Patrick turns, runs to the rail, and vomits over the side.  
The dark silhouette of a island rises above the horizon.

EXT. PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - DAY

Warrant officer HIROKI ABE -- mid-thirties, his left ear lobe  
partially missing, -- inspects the camp.

JAPANESE CORPORAL #2 is with him. They stop at a storage shed  
with rifles and ammunition inside. Hiroki Abe catches  
Japanese Corporal #2 staring at his ear.

JAPANESE CORPORAL #2

My apologies, sir. It won't happen  
again.

HIROKI ABE

Never mind. It is a permanent reminder of the war with the Chinese.

JAPANESE CORPORAL #2

Yes, sir. Sorry, sir.

HIROKI ABE

Corporal, prepare my tea and bring it to me in my office.

JAPANESE CORPORAL #2

Yes, sir.

The corporal leaves.

INT. PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - DAY

Hiroki enters his office. As he enters, the privates snap to attention.

HIROKI ABE

At ease. When do the new prisoners arrive?

JAPANESE PRIVATE

Last reports are on board the transport. Will be here in two hours, sir.

HIROKI ABE

Notify me when they arrive.

JAPANESE PRIVATE

Yes, sir.

The tea arrives and is placed on the desk.

EXT. BURMESE JUNGLE - DIRT ROAD - DAY

A troop TRUCK CHUGS along a winding bumpy road. In the back, the captured Australians sit with their feet and hands bound. Yoshio Isamu and another Japanese soldier take up the last two seats on either side. Cecil and Jack sit together. Patrick is opposite them.

The truck drives over a bump in the road. Jack bangs his head on the framework of the truck.

JACK BOYD

(rubbing his head)

Oi, mate, do you mind?

The others laugh at his misfortune.

PATRICK CASEY  
 (to Cecil)  
 How much longer?

CECIL WOODS  
 Who knows? Reckon with the two-day  
 boat ride, could be Burma.

JACK BOYD  
 Great, just fuckin' great. You know  
 what that means?

PATRICK CASEY  
 No, what?

JACK BOYD  
 Slave labour.

CECIL WOODS  
 You don't know that.

JACK BOYD  
 I've heard the rumours.

CECIL WOODS  
 We've all heard the rumours. Don't  
 get your knickers in a knot.

JACK BOYD  
 Oh yeah, it's all goin' to be a  
 holiday.

PATRICK CASEY  
 Can you shut up? Ya givin' me the  
 shits.

JACK BOYD  
 Things are going to get a whole lot  
 worse for the lot of us.

CECIL WOODS  
 Give it a fuckin' rest. Ya can't  
 change a thing.

Yoshio turns to the Australians.

YOSHIO ISAMU  
 No talk. You no talk now.

EXT. PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - DAY

The truck arrives at the camp. A large vehicle gate is  
 opened. The two soldiers get off first. Hiroki waits by the  
 side. Yoshio Isamu exits the truck, a Japanese soldier hand  
 over a clipboard and pencil to Yoshio.

In the distance, other prisoners watch on. Many of them are thin and frail.

HIROKI ABE  
Unload the prisoners.

YOSHIO ISAMU  
Get off. Line up.

The captured Australians do as ordered. The rope is cut from their hands and feet as they get off.

When they're lined up, Hiroki stands in front and addresses the Australians.

HIROKI ABE  
My name is Hiroki Abe. Welcome to Burma. I am the commander of this camp. You Australians are weak and lazy. Your government is weak and corrupt.

Cecil glances down the line at the other prisoners, the state they are in, and the squalid conditions they have to endure.

YOSHIO ISAMU  
You don't look. Listen now.

HIROKI ABE  
Japan, strong and mighty nation. We will win this war. If you want to live, do what you are told, when you are told. Do the wrong thing, then punishment will be severe.

Hiroki gestures to the cemetery where two rows of ten crosses each stand.

HIROKI ABE (CONT'D)  
The other prisoners will explain everything you need to know.

Yoshio, checking the names on their dog tags, moves up to Hiroki and points to a name on the list. The Australians march off to the prisoner section of the camp.

YOSHIO ISAMU  
(to Cecil)  
You stay.

Cecil leaves the line, puzzled as to why he was singled out.

HIROKI ABE  
Take him to the cell block.

As the Australians enter the prisoner section, a voice calls out --

## PRISONER

Fresh meat for the grinder, eh?

INT. CELL BLOCK - DAY

The cell block is a cold, dark and dank place. It's a four cell building. Each cell features a sleeping mat, a bowl and spoon, and a hole in the floor for a toilet. A big, fat RAT SCURRIES across the floor. One other prisoner occupies the first cell.

CECIL WOODS

What's goin' on, mate? I've done nothin' wrong.

Yoshio punches Cecil in the stomach.

HIROKI ABE

You will address me as sir or commander and bow before me.

Cecil is punched again.

YOSHIO ISAMU

How you like that, you inferior Australian?

HIROKI ABE

We know you are sniper. Kill many Japanese.

CECIL WOODS

No, I am not. I am just a soldier.

HIROKI ABE

Don't lie to me.

Hiroki orders Yoshio to his office.

HIROKI ABE (CONT'D)

We have proof.

CECIL WOODS

What proof? You have nothing.

Hiroki holds up Cecil's dog tag and examines it.

HIROKI ABE

This looks new. What happened to your old one?

CECIL WOODS

No idea.

Yoshio returns with a dog tag with exactly the same information on it, shows it to Cecil.

HIROKI ABE  
Can you explain this?

CECIL WOODS  
No.

HIROKI ABE  
Then I will. My men were attacked by a sniper. When we searched the area, all we find is a single shell casing. No other shell casing were found. We found this near the shell.

CECIL WOODS  
So what? It was me, and I am glad I killed those bastards.

Yoshio punches Cecil again, hard. Cecil drops to his knees, holding his stomach, coughing and spitting, and having difficulty drawing a breath.

HIROKI ABE  
Put him in the cell for three days, on minimum rations.

Cecil resists them but is overpowered and tossed into the cell next to the other PRISONER.

PRISONER  
Save your strength. You're gonna need it.

EXT. PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - DAY

The Australian prisoners are shown around the camp. Jack and Patrick are with:

DOC SMITH -- early thirties, -- shakes hands with Jack and Patrick.

DOC SMITH  
(to Jack and Patrick)  
Feel like a walk, lads?

JACK BOYD  
Sure. C'mon, Paddy.

DOC SMITH  
You get the two shillings tour.

CECIL WOODS  
Why they call ya "Doc"?

DOC SMITH  
Before the war, I was a fourth year medical student.

PATRICK CASEY  
How long youse been 'ere?

DOC SMITH  
Five months, seventeen days.

JACK BOYD  
How do things work around here?

DOC SMITH  
Call me Smitty or Doc. Well, over to the north are the prisoner huts. We use 'em for everything: meals, sleepin'.

Doc points to two rows of huts. There are four huts per row with grass-thatched walls and roofs. They continue the tour around the camp.

PATRICK CASEY  
What's over there?

DOC SMITH  
To the south are the shitters, first class stuff. They spared no expense 'ere -- a trench in the ground.

JACK BOYD  
And the fence?

DOC SMITH  
Ten-foot-high razor wire. All 'round towers with MGs.

JACK BOYD  
What are the soldiers like?

DOC SMITH  
Real pack of bastards. The tower blokes are twitchy on the trigger too, so keep your distance.

They turn toward the south of the camp, stopping five metres short of the wire fence dividing the two sections of the camp.

PATRICK CASEY  
This is where the yella bastards live.

DOC SMITH  
Sharp, lad. Over 'ere we have the enlisted mens' quarters.

Doc points to the cell block.

DOC SMITH (CONT'D)

That's where ya mate is. At the far end is the Commander's personal quarters, office, and radio shack, and the officers' quarters.

PATRICK CASEY

What are in the stack of forty fours in the far corner?

DOC SMITH

Fuel dump, for the truck.

JACK BOYD

And the cleared jungle?

DOC SMITH

They cleared the whole area, three hundred feet all round. Can see who's coming from a long way off, and it serves as the expanding graveyard.

PATRICK CASEY

So, that's it then?

DOC SMITH

Pretty much. They send us out to work on the railway or whatever they dream up in their sick minds.

They turn back to the huts.

PRISONER OF WAR CAMP-NIGHT

A Japanese soldier opens the door of the cell block.

JAPANESE PRIVATE

Out, get out.

CECIL WOODS

About bloody time.

Cecil exits the cell block. And heads back over to the prisoner section of the camp.

EXT. PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - LATER

Cecil, Jack, and Patrick lie on the floor of the hut. A Japanese soldier strolls past. The men gather together.

JACK BOYD

Cec glad to see they let Ya out at last.

CECIL WOODS  
Thanks mate. It was no picnic.

PATRICK CASEY  
Why do we need to see what's in  
that tool shed?

CECIL WOODS  
I need to see exactly what tools  
could be used.

JACK BOYD  
Too risky. Is it really needed?

CECIL WOODS  
Yes, whatever we can gather up we  
can use against them.

PATRICK CASEY  
Jack's right. It's not worth the  
risk.

CECIL WOODS  
Then don't go. I'll go alone if I  
have to.

PATRICK CASEY  
Oh for fuck sake, get it over with  
then.

The men check that the area is clear as they move up to the wire dividing fence. Jack and Patrick lift the bottom up just enough for Cecil to crawl under.

As Cecil is under the wire, Jack sees the shadow of an approaching guard.

JACK BOYD  
Move it, a nip is comin'.

Cecil quickly gets clear and dashes for a hut. Jack and Patrick sneak away behind a hut and wait as the guard strolls by.

Jack appears from behind and waves to Cecil. Cecil moves away, keeping low. He makes it to the shed, opens the door, and looks around.

INT. PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - SHED - CONTINUOUS

Inside, Cecil sees hand tools, sledge hammers, picks, shovels, saws, and a large wooden crate.

EXT. PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - CONTINUOUS

A second guard approaches, unseen by Jack or Patrick. Cecil is still inside the shed, unaware. The guard is getting closer.

INT. PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - SHED - CONTINUOUS

The sound of FOOTSTEPS alerts Cecil to the guards' presence. Cecil closes the door to the shed. The guard stops, opens the door, and looks inside.

The door closes, and Cecil appears from behind a large wooden crate.

EXT. PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - CONTINUOUS

Cecil makes his way back to the wire fence. Jack and Patrick return and lift the wire as Cecil crawls back under.

PATRICK CASEY

Well, are you satisfied?

CECIL WOODS

Yeah, let's get out of here.

JACK BOYD

You're a damn lucky bastard. You know that?

PRISON CAMP - MONTAGE

(1) A truck loaded with prisoners leaves the camp.

(2) Prisoners laying railway tracks as armed soldiers watch on.

(3) Prisoners show signs of brutal treatment: scars, wounds, sores, legs with ulcers, and bruises from beatings.

(4) Prisoners die of illness and injuries. More crosses are added to the graveyard.

(5) A truck returns to camp loaded with fewer tired and weary prisoners.

EXT. PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - NIGHT

SUPER: "FIVE MONTHS LATER"

Some prisoners sleep while several others serve as lookouts.

Jack, Doc, and Patrick gather in a corner hidden from view of the soldiers.

DOC SMITH  
 What's with the gatherin' of the  
 welcome committee?

JACK BOYD  
 Don't know. Cecil called the  
 meetin'.

Patrick glances over at Cecil walking toward the others.

PATRICK CASEY  
 Jeez, take a gander at Cec.

As Cecil walks, we notice he is a lot thinner. His ribs are beginning to show, and his eyes are sunken into his skull. He walks with a limp on his left side.

JACK BOYD  
 Evening, Cec. Nice night for a  
 stroll.

CECIL WOODS  
 I want to escape.

DOC SMITH  
 Don't be stupid. No one has ever  
 escaped.

JACK BOYD  
 (to Doc Smith)  
 How do you know?

DOC SMITH  
 I'll tell ya something for free,  
 sonny. See that graveyard over  
 yonder?

They all glance over. Two prisoners are digging a new grave. A body lays beside them. An armed soldier watches on.

PATRICK CASEY  
 What happened to him?

DOC SMITH  
 Died about an hour ago. Cholera.

JACK BOYD  
 Poor bastard.

CECIL WOODS  
 Lucky, if ya ask me. I still want  
 out of 'ere.

DOC SMITH  
 Four of the graves are of blokes  
 who tried to escape. One fella even  
 made it out for a full day before  
 the Japs got 'im.

PATRICK CASEY

I know it's been tough, but I 'ave to agree with Doc.

JACK BOYD

Maybe we can talk to Abe? He might give ya a break.

DOC SMITH

No chance. You see, da nip bastards are hard as nails. They won't cut ya some slack.

CECIL WOODS

I'm going fuckin' insane here. It's our duty to be a problem for 'em.

DOC SMITH

That will bring more soldiers, more pain for us, for all of us.

JACK BOYD

You 'ave to think of us all, not just ya self.

A signal from one of the lookouts gets Jack's attention.

PATRICK CASEY

Last thing we need is more nips.

JACK BOYD

We 'ave company. We better continue in the mornin'.

CECIL WOODS

I'll arrange another meetin' as soon as we can.

The men all move off in different directions as Japanese soldiers approach.

EXT. BURMESE JUNGLE - DAY

The prisoners continue the construction of the rail line. A high cliff wall rises on one side, a steep embankment plummets on the other. The prisoners are divided into teams.

Jack, Patrick, and Cecil drive spikes into the sleeper logs, while others lay down the rails.

JACK BOYD

Have you gotten over your fool's idea of an escape?

Cecil swings a sledge hammer as Patrick holds the spike in place.

CECIL WOODS

It's no fool's idea. I'm gonna do it.

JACK BOYD

Count me out. I want no part of it.

PATRICK CASEY

How the hell did you make platoon sergeant?

JACK BOYD

What is that s'pose to mean?

PATRICK CASEY

Have you lost ya nerve or somethin'? It's as if you lost the ability to lead.

JACK BOYD

You little prick, what would you know about leadership?

CECIL WOODS

Enough! Can we focus on the problem at hand?

PATRICK CASEY

Sorry, go on.

Patrick places another spike in position. Cecil leans on the sledge hammer and looks at Jack.

CECIL WOODS

Look, Jack, sit the war out if you want and work ya self to death or work with us. Makes no difference to me.

JACK BOYD

Whadda gonna do? Just walk out the fuckin' front door?

CECIL WOODS

Piss off.

Cecil SLAMS the SLEDGE HAMMER on the rail spike.

PATRICK CASEY

Why not try a diversion?

JACK BOYD

That will never work. Too many soldiers.

CECIL WOODS

It may work. I'm open to any ideas.

PATRICK CASEY

You can count on me, Cec. I'm all for it.

CECIL WOODS

Thanks, mate. At least someone has my back.

A Japanese soldier walks up to them.

JAPANESE SOLDIER

Speedo, speedo. Get back to work.

They resume work. The soldier continues on.

JACK BOYD

You have any idea how ya gonna do it?

CECIL WOODS

No.

Cecil slams the SLEDGE HAMMER down hard with a loud CLANG.

INT. COMMANDER ABE'S QUARTERS - DAY

A two-room building. One room is an office with two desks: one for the clerk, the other for the commander. The other room is a bedroom.

On the wall hangs a picture of a young woman and her infant son. On the other wall hangs a shrine and a picture of Tojo, below that a Hachimaki headband and a sword stand with two swords in place.

Hiroki Abe stands in front of the picture of his wife and child. a smile on his face.

HIROKI ABE

Bring me Sergeant Yamata at once.

JAPANESE PRIVATE

Yes, sir.

The private leaves. Hiroki Abe takes the samurai sword and attaches it to his belt, moves to stand behind his desk.

The private returns with the sergeant: RYO YAMATA, early twenties, has a air of arrogance about him, a real confident swagger.

JAPANESE PRIVATE (CONT'D)

Sir, Sergeant Yamata as ordered.

HIROKI ABE

Thank you. Close the door as you leave.

SERGEANT YAMATA

What is it, Commander?

HIROKI ABE

There is one thing I will not tolerate in my camp: conspiring amongst the prisoners.

SERGEANT YAMATA

Who?

HIROKI ABE

The sniper we captured. I have my suspicions about him.

SERGEANT YAMATA

Should I make an example of him?

HIROKI ABE

Your qualities as a soldier I cannot fault, but you still have many things to learn.

SERGEANT YAMATA

Such as?

HIROKI ABE

The most extreme measures are not always the right path to take.

SERGEANT YAMATA

As is the weaker path.

HIROKI ABE

When you are weak, appear strong.  
When you are strong, appear weak.

SERGEANT YAMATA

What does that have to do with anything?

HIROKI ABE

If you don't know that, then I am right; you are not ready for a position of greater responsibility.

SERGEANT YAMATA

My original question, sir: what shall be done with the prisoner?

Hiroki Abe turns to the picture of Tojo.

HIROKI ABE

I want to see what they have planned first.

SERGEANT YAMATA

But sir, you may rue the day.  
Perhaps my way is the safer choice.

Hiroki Abe turns quickly on his heels and places a hand on the handle of the sword.

HIROKI ABE

You have your orders, Sergeant. Now go.

SERGEANT YAMATA

Yes, Commander.

Sergeant Yamata bows and leaves.

INT. PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - NIGHT

Jack, Cecil, Patrick are gathered at the corner of a hut. As the other men sleep, they speak in low whispers.

JACK BOYD

You want to try this escape plan, fine. How you reckon you'll get supplies?

CECIL WOODS

One of the guards has a soft spot for us. He is just a kid, easy to lead on.

PATRICK CASEY

What the hell is wrong with you? First chance he gets, we're all done for.

CECIL WOODS

No, it's okay. I bribe him with smokes and girly pictures that the other blokes give me.

Cecil picks up a bowl of rice and picks at it. The rice is infested with bugs.

JACK BOYD

And you sure we can trust him?

CECIL WOODS

If he wanted to do us in, he would 'ave done it by now.

Cecil puts the bowl down.

PATRICK CASEY

What do you need the boys to do?

CECIL WOODS

Jack, can you organise the men into scavenger teams? Paddy, you're on security detail.

JACK BOYD

Better turn in. Another long day ahead.

The men return to their sleeping mats. On the other side of the wall, Sergeant Yamata listens in on their conversation.

EXT. PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - DAY

All of the Australians are forced to line up in two lines in front of Hiroki Abe. Sergeant Yamata is at his side. A private stands next to Sergeant Yamata with a bucket of muddy water in his hands.

HIROKI ABE

There is a thief among us. A prisoner has been stealing food. This must not go unpunished.

The Australians glance around at each other.

SERGEANT YAMATA

The one responsible, come forward now.

None of the Australians move from the line. Sergeant Yamata moves in and grabs An Australian from the line.

JACK BOYD

Leave Pete be. He's sick.

HIROKI ABE

(to Jack)  
You have no say.

Sergeant Yamata forces Peter to his knees and wraps a blindfold around his eyes.

HIROKI ABE (CONT'D)

Now come forward or he dies.

Frank moves forward.

CECIL WOODS

No! Don't do it, Frankie.

JACK BOYD

C'mon, Frankie. Don't do it, mate.

The other Australians chime in. Others begin to cry but try hard to hold back their tears.

HIROKI ABE  
Why you steal the food?

JACK BOYD  
He's sick, so we got 'im some food.

Hiroki Abe removes his sword and dips his hand into the bucket of water. He wets both sides of the blade and places it on the back of Peter's neck.

SERGEANT YAMATA  
This man must be set as example to  
the rest of you.

Hiroki Abe raises his sword with both hands on the handle. He brings it down in a fast, hard SWOOSH as he beheads Peter.

HIROKI ABE  
Let this be a warning to the rest  
of you.

Hiroki Abe turns to Frank and drives the sword into his abdomen, twisting as he withdraws. Frank drops to the ground, dead.

SERGEANT YAMATA  
This is a warning for anyone who  
wants to attempt to escape.

All of the Australians recoil in horror.

HIROKI ABE  
Have the prisoners bury the dead.

EXT. PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - DAY

Cecil is placed in the middle of the camp. The hot sun shines brightly above. A bamboo pole has been placed under both of his armpits and his arms are placed over the pole, his hands tied behind his back at the wrist, in a stress position.

Hiroki Abe stands in front of Cecil with Sergeant Yamata at his side. Beside him stands a Japanese private with a bamboo whip in one hand.

HIROKI ABE  
Stand at attention. You think you  
can escape from my camp? Know this:  
the only way anyone can get out of  
here is by death.

SERGEANT YAMATA  
Every time you show weakness, the  
private here will provide you with  
the encouragement you need.

Sergeant Yamata gestures to the private. The private SMACKS Cecil hard with the BAMBOO WHIP on the back of the legs.

HIROKI ABE

Use this time to learn how to show me and my men the proper respect that we deserve.

Hiroki and Sergeant Yamata leave.

EXT. PRISONER OF WAR CAMP-DAY

The bamboo whip is passed onto another Japanese soldier. Other Australian prisoners gather around.

The Japanese soldier WHIPS Cecil on the back of his legs.

PRISONER # 1

C'mon cec hang in there mate!

Again Cecil is WHIPPED. The Japanese soldier takes pleasure in the punishment that he is administering.

PRISONER # 2

Don't give 'em the satisfaction cec.

EXT. PRISONER OF WAR CAMP- SUN SET

With the fading light the Japanese soldiers bring the torture to an end.

Soldiers and prisoners both return to their own areas of the camp. For the night.

EXT. PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - NIGHT

The back of Cecil's legs show welt marks and cuts from the bamboo whip. A light rain begins to fall. Cecil can finally rest in a kneeling position.

Cecil opens his mouth to catch some rain water. He's sitting in his own faeces. He tries to sleep, but the pain from the beatings is too much.

Cecil's cries of pain can be heard across the camp.

EXT. PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - DAY

Hiroki Abe stands in front of Cecil. Cecil is sunburnt, and his lips are dry and cracked. His head's bowed. He can barely speak.

The other Australian prisoners stand around watching. Many cover their mouths and noses with their hands. Doc Smith is among them.

HIROKI ABE  
(in English)  
Have you learned your lesson? Two days would be enough for any man.

CECIL WOODS  
Yes.

HIROKI ABE  
(in English)  
And you have completely abandoned your idea of escape?

CECIL WOODS  
Yes.

HIROKI ABE  
(in English)  
You will do everything in your power to stop other prisoners who are planning an escape?

CECIL WOODS  
Yes.

HIROKI ABE  
(in Japanese)  
Very well, release him.

Two Japanese soldiers move in and cut Cecil free. Cecil drops to the ground. They pick Cecil up under his arms, drag him to Doc Smith, and drop Cecil at Doc Smith's feet.

EXT. PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - DAY

SUPER: "ONE MONTH LATER"

Australian prisoners are placed around the camp in teams of twos and threes. They observe the Japanese soldiers' movements. Cecil and Doc Smith stroll about the camp.

The backs of Cecil's legs still show faint signs of the whipping.

DOC SMITH  
How are the legs?

CECIL WOODS  
They are okay. Still a little shaky on the pins, but I'll be okay.

DOC SMITH

The rest has done wonders for you.  
We never gave up on ya.

CECIL WOODS

Thanks, mate. What about the Jap  
guards? What have ya found out  
about them?

DOC SMITH

We know the shift changes are at  
three in the mornin', then every  
six hours after that.

They approach Jack, who has been watching the commander's  
quarters.

DOC SMITH (CONT'D)

(to Jack)

What of his majesty and the  
rooster?

CECIL WOODS

The rooster? Who's that?

DOC SMITH

Sergeant Yamata, 'cause he thinks  
he's cock of the walk, and he's  
always crowin' about somethin'.

JACK BOYD

Abe has his mornin' tea at ten,  
then at three in the afternoon on  
the dot, without exception.

CECIL WOODS

What about Yamata? How do they get  
on?

JACK BOYD

They don't. He's up there every  
five fuckin' minutes. They go at  
it, but Abe always has his way.

CECIL WOODS

Good, we can use that. Keep it up,  
mate.

Cecil gives Jack a friendly slap on the shoulder as he and  
Doc Smith continue on.

DOC SMITH

Their patrol routes are pretty much  
the same. Around the fence line is  
the only one we know of.

CECIL WOODS

What about the others?

DOC SMITH  
I gave that job to Paddy to check  
on.

Cecil and Doc pace up to Patrick, who's leaning against a  
hut.

CECIL WOODS  
How ya doin', Paddy?

PATRICK CASEY  
Good. Looks like their patrols are  
through the middle, then to each  
hut, then back to the dividin'  
fence.

DOC SMITH  
How frequent?

PATRICK CASEY  
Well, most patrols take around ten  
minutes but are done at different  
times. I'll need a bit more time to  
pick up their pattern.

DOC SMITH  
Righto, lad. Come an' see me when  
ya get it.

PATRICK CASEY  
This is it, then. Now we wait.

EXT. DIRT ROAD THROUGH BURMESE JUNGLE/INT. TRUCK - DAY

The troop truck takes the men to the work site for the day: a  
section of rail crossing a small ravine with river rapids  
below. A rail bridge is under construction.

Building supplies are stacked. Lengths of rail lay ready.

CECIL WOODS  
When I get out, I will have to get  
some help for the other blokes.

JACK BOYD  
How?

CECIL WOODS  
Try to make contact with other  
Aussie forces or the yanks.

JACK BOYD  
What could they do for us? I don't  
think they care about us any more.

CECIL WOODS

Get a rescue party together or  
somethin'.

JACK BOYD

I don't think they would waste men  
or what little resources they have  
on us.

CECIL WOODS

I'm not going to rot here. It's all  
or nothin'.

The troop truck comes to a stop. The men exit the truck.

EXT. BURMESE JUNGLE ROAD - DAY

The prisoners get to work adding new supports to the rail  
bridge.

Japanese soldiers take up positions around the work site. One  
stands on top of the bridge, another next to a support pole.

Two Australians are working under the bridge, securing  
crossbeams. Two more are on top of the bridge, laying down  
planks for the rail.

The Japanese soldier leans against the support pole.

CECIL WOODS

(to Japanese soldier)

Stop, that is not secure yet.

The support pole gives way. The rail bridge begins to topple  
over, sending the four Australians and the two Japanese  
soldiers into the ravine below.

The men run over only to see one Australian and one Japanese  
soldier dead on the rocks below. The rest are carried away by  
the rapids.

CECIL WOODS (CONT'D)

No way am I going to rot here, no  
way in hell.

INT. COMMANDER ABE'S QUARTERS - DAY

Hiroki Abe and Doc Smith meet.

Doc Smith takes a seat at the commander's desk.

DOC SMITH

Thank you, Commander, for the  
meeting.

HIROKI ABE

Be quick, as I have other business to attend to.

DOC SMITH

Right, I'll be brief. We need a hospital.

HIROKI ABE

Out of the question. That will take away valuable resources.

DOC SMITH

Yes, I understand that, but the men are becoming ill, and they need medical attention.

HIROKI ABE

I can not take manpower away from the construction of the railway.

DOC SMITH

If we were to convert a hut in our own time, using materials from the jungle --

HIROKI ABE

Then I would not be opposed to that.

DOC SMITH

It would also be an advantage for you to keep the men healthy for as long as possible.

HIROKI ABE

Yes, I'll have Sergeant Yamata make the necessary arrangements.

DOC SMITH

Thank you, Commander. Oh, one last request. We have almost no supplies, bandages, or dressings.

HIROKI ABE

I will see what I can do.

DOC SMITH

Again, I thank you.

Hiroki Abe stands. Doc Smith follows suit.

HIROKI ABE

Now, if you'll excuse me.

Doc Smith bows, turns and leaves.

EXT. PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - SAME TIME

Doc and Patrick stroll back to the prisoner section of the camp.

PATRICK CASEY

Well, how'd ya go?

DOC SMITH

Had to kiss some major arse, but I got our hospital.

EXT. PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - NIGHT

MICK -- twenties, -- shadows two soldiers on their patrol route around the prisoner section of the camp.

A Japanese soldier stops and refills his canteen from a Jerry can.

JAPANESE PRIVATE # 1

Again, how can you drink so much?

JAPANESE SOLDIER # 2

Leave me alone. I don't tell you how much to drink.

JAPANESE PRIVATE # 1

I think you do it just to give yourself something to do.

JAPANESE SOLDIER # 2

So, what's it to you?

The soldier stops refilling his canteen and places it on the ground. Mick hides behind a hut and watches on.

JAPANESE CORPORAL (O.S.)

You there, what are you doing?

The soldier walks off. Mick sneaks in and grabs the canteen.

JAPANESE SOLDIER # 2

Nothing, just refilling my canteen.

JAPANESE PRIVATE # 1

We were just patrolling our area.

JAPANESE CORPORAL

You two, Sergeant Yamata wants a relief for the north tower.

JAPANESE PRIVATE # 1

Yes, I'll just get my canteen.

The soldier turns and catches Mick in the act of stealing the canteen.

JAPANESE CORPORAL

Stop him.

They run to Mick and throw him down to the ground.

MICK

No, don't.

The soldiers begin to savagely punch and kick Mick.

MICK (CONT'D)

Help! Someone, help!

The beating and kicking continues. Mick covers his face and head with both arms, placing himself into the foetal position.

INT. PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - DAY

The prisoners work to build a makeshift hospital under Doc Smith's supervision. Some of the prisoners are out of the camp, cutting down trees for building materials.

Jack works on constructing beds. Doc has a large table on its side as he adds the last leg to it.

DOC SMITH

When ya done, Jack, I need a hand with da table.

JACK BOYD

Righto, mate.

Cecil carries in a crate of basic supplies: bandages, bed pans, dressings, a small supply of medications, a small box of morphine, basic surgery equipment, and a bone saw.

CECIL WOODS

Where ya want it, Doc?

DOC SMITH

Set it down in the corner.

JACK BOYD

Surprised the nips allowed this at all.

DOC SMITH

Took some convincin', but I told 'em it's in their best interest to keep us alive.

PATRICK CASEY

Yeah, can't hav' Ya slaves dying now can Ya.

INT. PRISONER OF WAR CAMP HOSPITAL-DAY

The beds are arranged in two rows of ten each.

CECIL WOODS

Twenty beds. Reckon it'll be  
enough?

DOC SMITH

Not by a long shot.

INT. PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - HOSPITAL - DAY

Mick occupies the second to last bed. Patrick and Cecil squat  
by the bed. Mick wakes, groggy from the beating.

PATRICK CASEY

Mate, how ya feelin'?

MICK

Sore, tired. Got some water? How  
long have I've been out?

PATRICK CASEY

Ya been out for a day. Sure thing.  
I'll get some for ya.

Patrick leaves. Cecil kneels beside Mick.

CECIL WOODS

It's all my fault, mate. This whole  
escape business, it's all over with  
now.

MICK

Forget about it.

CECIL WOODS

No, it's off. I'm callin' it all  
off.

MICK

You do that, then you really are a  
dumb bastard. Don't call it off.  
What happened to me can't change  
that.

Cecil begins to shed a tear. He wipes it away.

MICK (CONT'D)

You get out and get word out that  
we're 'ere. Otherwise, we all die,  
and no one will never know what  
went on 'ere.

CECIL WOODS

Can't do it, mate. Too many lives  
at stake.

MICK

Keep cryin' like a baby or do  
somethin'. Make the Japs know that  
what they're doin' 'ere is wrong.

Cecil wipes the tears from his eyes. Patrick returns with a  
cup of water and passes it to Mick. Mick takes a sip.

PATRICK CASEY

What's goin on, boys?

CECIL WOODS

(looking at Patrick)  
I'm goin' tomorrow night.

INT. PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - HUT - NIGHT

Doc, Jack, Cecil, Patrick have gathered. Other prisoners act  
as lookouts.

JACK BOYD

Righto, lads. Time to get the show  
on the road.

DOC SMITH

The important thing is to keep  
moving. Don't give the nips a  
chance.

CECIL WOODS

Got it. Keep movin'. That's the  
diversion?

JACK BOYD

One of the boys will start a fire  
in the nor'east corner, then you  
get out under the tower on the  
nor'west side.

Patrick hands over a pair of wire cutters, one pair of boots,  
a shirt bundled up with food stuffs, and a belt with a  
canteen and bayonet attached to it.

PATRICK CASEY

This stuff cost me two packs of  
smokes. So don't lose it, okay?

JACK BOYD

Maybe not all the nip bastards are  
so bad after all.

DOC SMITH

It will be dark enough in four hours. No moon and cloudy.

Jack pulls Cecil aside.

CECIL WOODS

What is it?

JACK BOYD

I want to go with you.

CECIL WOODS

Too late. You had your chance.

JACK BOYD

You need me. Two 'eads are better than one.

CECIL WOODS

You were against the whole thing from the start. I don't need ya.

JACK BOYD

You think ya can make it without me? No one to watch ya back?

CECIL WOODS

You're not goin, okay? I don't need you to slow me down.

JACK BOYD

Look around ya. How far do you reckon you could make it? Ha! A day or two, and you'll be dead.

CECIL WOODS

I did not have your support when I first came up with the idea, and I don't need it now.

JACK BOYD

Look, I know I was wrong to go against it. I was just thinking of our best chances to make it home again, alive.

CECIL WOODS

I know you were. I want to see my family again. We all do. This escape is the best shot we have.

JACK BOYD

Well, what is it going to be?

Cecil pauses for moment.

CECIL WOODS

It would give us a better chance of making it.

JACK BOYD

Too right.

CECIL WOODS

Fine. Be here in time to go.

EXT. PRISONER OF WAR CAMP-NIGHT

SUPER: "0230 hours"

The prisoners arrive at the hut nearest to the wire fence, ready to go.

DOC SMITH

Okay, Cec, half hour before the shift change.

PATRICK CASEY

Where is Jack?

CECIL WOODS

No idea, but I'm goin' -- ready or not.

PATRICK CASEY

We can't wait any longer. Send the signal to light the fire.

Jack arrives. He's carrying a pair of binoculars in their case.

DOC SMITH

Just made it, lad. Where'd ya get the glasses?

JACK BOYD

Stole 'em off an officer while he was in the shower. Left 'em sittin' right there.

CECIL WOODS

Righto, boys. Time to go.

Doc Smith and Patrick shake hands with Cecil and Jack.

JACK BOYD

So long, fellas. See ya in the funny papers.

Jack waves to a nearby prisoner. Who lights the fire. The fire builds quickly.

## PRISONERS

Fire! Fire!

Japanese soldiers rush in to put it out.

DOC SMITH

Now lads, go. Godspeed.

PATRICK CASEY

Only four and a half hours until  
roll call.

Jack and Cecil crouch low and move under the tower. They cut a hole in the fence, make their way out, clear the open ground, and melt into the jungle.

EXT. PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - DAWN

Yoshio Isamu and KAZUKI KATIO -- twenty years old.-- Patrol the perimeter fence.

YOSHIO ISAMU

I hate night duty. Nothing ever happens.

KAZUKI KATIO

I like it. Have you heard the news?  
There was a big battle.

YOSHIO ISAMU

Yeah? Where? Are we winning?

KAZUKI KATIO

Not sure. The commander says we are, but I think he may be hiding the truth.

They come to the northwest tower. Yoshio notices something about the fence up ahead.

YOSHIO ISAMU

What is that?

KAZUKI KATIO

What are you talking about?

They move over to the fence and see the hole. Katio picks up the wire cutters.

YOSHIO ISAMU

We must alert the commander at once.

KAZUKI KATIO

No, we can't. We will be sent to the front. Commander Abe will blame us for allowing it to happen.

YOSHIO ISAMU  
It's our duty to report this.

KAZUKI KATIO  
Do you want to fight the  
Australians? I sure don't.

Katio throws the wire cutters away and repairs the fence as best as he can.

YOSHIO ISAMU  
Leave it for someone else to find.

They leave the fence line and continue their patrol.

EXT. BURMESE JUNGLE - DAY

Jack and Cecil stop by a stream and refill their canteens. The valley below reveals the prisoner of war camp in the distance.

JACK'S POV - THROUGH BINOCULARS

The main camp gate.

EXT. BURMESE JUNGLE - DAY

Jack readjusts the binoculars.

JACK BOYD  
Take a Captain's cook. Tojo's  
hoppin' mad.

CECIL WOODS  
Not surprised. That yellow bastard  
is mad as a cut snake.

Jack passes over the binoculars. Cecil holds them up to his eyes.

JACK BOYD  
Four hours on the run. Time for a  
break.

CECIL WOODS  
The boys are all lined up.  
Commander's ranting and raving.

CECIL'S POV - THROUGH BINOCULARS

Cecil can see soldiers pour out of the main gate. A troop truck follows, loaded with more soldiers inside. Sergeant Yamata is in the passenger seat of the troop truck. A skeleton force of soldiers remains behind.

EXT. BURMESE JUNGLE - DAY

Cecil passes the binoculars back to Jack.

CECIL WOODS  
C'mon, we better get goin'.

JACK BOYD  
Yep. Better stay off the tracks and paths.

Jack and Cecil begin to follow the stream downhill. The jungle is dense, and the terrain is thick and tough. As they progress, the stream begins to flow faster.

EXT. BURMESE JUNGLE ROAD - DAY

The transport truck comes to a stop. Sergeant Yamata exits, climbs onto the bonnet, and addresses the men.

SERGEANT YAMATA  
The Australian prisoners have made fools of us. This outrage will not stand. Commander Abe made that mistake. I will not. This is not a mission to recapture but to kill.

Sergeant Yamata points to the men before him.

SERGEANT YAMATA (CONT'D)  
We are soldiers of Imperial Japan. Failure is not an option. I give you my word, ten days leave for the first man to spot them. Banzai... Banzai.

Sergeant Yamata raises both arms as he leads the men in a Banzai chant.

EXT. BURMESE JUNGLE - DAY

Cecil and Jack continue to evade the Japanese. Sweat pours from them both, using the bayonet to HACK their way through. Japanese soldiers close in.

JACK BOYD  
Two hours non stop. Don't theses blokes ever get tired.

CECIL WOODS  
Pick up the pace. They're right on us.

JACK BOYD

We need to find a place to hide  
then, double back so we stay behind  
'em.

CECIL WOODS

No time. You have to stop choppin'  
up the bush. You'll lead 'em to us.

JACK BOYD

Look, just watch what you're doin'.

CECIL WOODS

Can we rest here?

JACK BOYD

Rest 'ere for two minutes.

CECIL WOODS

Righto.

Cecil takes a sip from his canteen and offers it to Jack.

JACK BOYD

Thanks, mate. You seen anything?

CECIL WOODS

No, but they're close. We should  
get going again.

JACK BOYD

Sure thing.

A SHOT is heard nearby.

JACK BOYD (CONT'D)

Shit, run for it.

CECIL WOODS

Follow the stream.

EXT. BURMESE JUNGLE - STREAM - DAY

More Japanese soldiers appear. More SHOTS are heard. ROUNDS  
begin to KICK up the dirt at Jack's and Cecil's feet. SHOTS  
CRACK overhead. The intensity of the chase builds.

JACK BOYD

Split up. Cross over.

Cecil moves inland a little. The Japanese continue to close  
in. Cecil stops and hides behind a large tree. A Japanese  
soldier follows close behind. As the soldier comes closer,  
Cecil springs out from behind and SHOVES the bayonet into the  
man's gut. He SCREAMS, alerting more soldiers. Cecil runs off  
again.

JACK BOYD (CONT'D)  
Over 'ere, Cec. Follow me.

CECIL WOODS  
They're coming from the other side  
now.

Jack places the binoculars around his neck. They continue to follow the stream. GUNFIRE continues to build. The Japanese continue to close in. They approach chest-deep rapids that are too wide to cross.

JACK BOYD  
Stop. Fuck. Now what?

CECIL WOODS  
Can you swim?

JACK BOYD  
Yes, but there has to be another  
way. We have no way of tellin'  
where this goes.

CECIL WOODS  
No choice.

EXT. RIVER RAPIDS - DAY

Japanese soldiers break out of the jungle on both banks of the rapids. RIFLE FIRE is building and building.

CECIL WOODS  
Jump in.

As Cecil turns to glance back, a round HITS him in the waist on his right side. Cecil falls in. The Japanese soldiers continue to follow along both banks, taking SHOTS as long as they can.

EXT. RIVER RAPIDS - MOMENTS LATER

Cecil and Jack struggle with the swift water. Large rocks line the banks. And pepper the course of the rapids.

JACK BOYD  
Cec -- Cec, you there, mate?

Jack loses his canteen. Only the binoculars remain.

CECIL WOODS  
I'm hit, mate. Lost everythin' I  
had.

The rapids steer them into a rock, and the current sucks them underwater. Jack and Cecil struggle to resurface as they gasp for air.

JACK BOYD

Cec, point ya feet forward and  
watch the rocks.

Both men continue to struggle as the rapids become more intense.

CECIL WOODS

Jack, over there. Head for the  
bank.

Both men struggle to make their way over and scramble up the bank, Jack first. Jack helps Cecil as he holds the wound with his free hand. Both men drop to their knees and pass out.

EXT. BURMESE JUNGLE - NIGHT

The bare feet of several males appear around Jack's and Cecil's passed-out bodies. They gather them up, place them on makeshift stretchers and carry them away.

EXT. BURMESE JUNGLE - DAY

Jack and Cecil wake and find their wounds have been bandaged up. The binoculars and Jack's Zippo lighter rest beside him, both undamaged.

JACK BOYD

Where -- Where are we?

A Burmese native looks at Jack, not understanding. He glances over to an older man.

BURMESE NATIVE

Hurry come quick. They are waking  
up now.

CECIL WOODS

Jack, where are we, mate?

JACK BOYD

No idea, but they look friendly.

The older man arrives and kneels beside Jack. He speaks reasonably decent English.

JACK BOYD (CONT'D)

Who are you, mate?

This is BOUREY, mid-forties, a Burmese Indian. --He looks up at Jack and Cecil.

BOUREY

My name Bourey. We found you. Many  
wounds. My people take you here.

CECIL WOODS

Thanks, you saved our lives.

JACK BOYD

Thanks, mate.

(beat)

What about the Japs? Have you seen them?

BOUREY

Japanese very bad men. We are far away. You are safe in our village.

CECIL WOODS

Who are the others? So we can thank 'em.

BOUREY

Later, rest for now.

JACK BOYD

Where ya learn to speak English?

BOUREY

I work as a house boy for a wealthy English family who owned a plantation.

CECIL WOODS

We can't stay 'ere. The nips will be lookin' for us.

BOUREY

Don't worry. You must recover first. Now rest, then we talk later.

INT. BURMESE VILLAGE - COMMUNAL HUT - MORNING

A tall-walled hut serves as the village meeting and dining area. It has glassless windows and back and front doorways. It's an open single room.

Jack wakes up to Cecil's moaning. He is grasping the wound with both hands and rolling from side to side.

JACK BOYD

Quick, come quick! He needs help.

Bourey and three other men rush over:

Bourey's son NANG -- early teens, a curious young boy.

ASHIN, late twenties. Bourey's brother THAN, late thirties.

As they enter, Bourey can see what is wrong.

BOUREY

Get my knife and a bamboo shoot,  
Nang. Hurry.

(beat)

Ashin, hold him down.

JACK BOYD

What can I do?

BOUREY

Gather some wood. Start fire.

Jack runs off. When he returns with an armful of sticks, Nang is there with the knife and bamboo shoot. Jack stacks the wood and lights the fire.

JACK BOYD

Okay, fire lit. What now, mate?

BOUREY

Take this.

The knife and shoot are passed to Jack.

BOUREY (CONT'D)

Nang, Ashin, Than hold him down.

(to Jack; in English)

You get bullet out. Heat knife  
first.

Cecil continues to roll from side to side. Jack heats the knife.

JACK BOYD

Mate, I hav' ta do it, okay? It  
will hurt like buggery.

CECIL WOODS

Just hurry. Get it fuckin' done.

As they hold Cecil down, Jack places the bamboo shoot in Cecil's mouth.

JACK BOYD

Bite down, mate.

Jack inserts the knife, finds the slug, slides his index finger behind it and works the bullet out of Cecil.

JACK BOYD (CONT'D)

All done, mate. Take a look at that  
bastard.

Jack holds up the slug to show it to the others. He places the knife into the fire until it glows red hot. Cecil's FLESH SIZZLES as Jack applies the knife to the wound.

EXT. DIRT ROAD THROUGH BURMESE JUNGLE - DAY

Sergeant Yamata and thirty men continue their search for Jack and Cecil. They reach the end of the road.

SERGEANT YAMATA

(to a private )

Unload the men and supplies. Take the truck back to camp with two men.

JAPANESE PRIVATE

Yes, sir.

The men pile out, taking the provisions with them out. The men form a defensive perimeter. A driver and passenger turn the truck around and drive off.

SERGEANT YAMATA

Bring me my map.

A JAPANESE LANCE CORPORAL carries over a map case, opens it, and lays the map on the ground.

JAPANESE LANCE CORPORAL

Your map, sir.

SERGEANT YAMATA

The river was the last contact we had. There are two possibilities. They could have followed the river, but in those rapids, I don't think so.

JAPANESE LANCE CORPORAL

And the other possibility is that they were taken in by a Burmese village.

SERGEANT YAMATA

Yes, that is more likely. How many villages are in the area?

JAPANESE LANCE CORPORAL

At least three we know of, sir.

SERGEANT YAMATA

Have the men divide into three groups of ten and search each village.

JAPANESE LANCE CORPORAL

Sir, the men are weary. May they rest first?

SERGEANT YAMATA

I said, move the men out!

INT. BURMESE VILLAGE - COMMUNAL HUT - DAY

Bourey arrives at the hut and is greeted by Jack and Cecil, both sitting up. Cecil has a bandage wrapped around his waist. There's a small blood stain where the wound is.

Bourey's wife, PHU -- mid-thirties, -- hands them each a plate of food.

Jack and Cecil each enjoy a meal of cooked chicken, stir-fried vegetables, and a mango.

BOUREY  
(to Cecil and Jack)  
This is my wife, Phu.

JACK BOYD  
Nice to meet you.

CECIL WOODS  
Very nice to meet you. You have a good husband.

PHU  
Thank you. This war is such a terrible thing.

JACK BOYD  
Yes, it is. That is why we are fightin' the Japs, to bring an end to it.

PHU  
(to Bourey)  
Have you seen Ashin? I need some help in the paddy.

BOUREY  
I think I saw him playing with the other children.

PHU  
Okay. That boy can be hard to find when there is work to be done.

Phu turns and leaves.

CECIL WOODS  
Mate, how fantastic is the grub? I've never had food this good.

JACK BOYD  
Too right. Not even back home. A real treat.

BOUREY  
Good, very good. Every day you get better.

JACK BOYD

Wait until my folks hear 'bout this  
after the war.

BOUREY

How is the wound? May I see it?

CECIL WOODS

Sure thing, mate.

Bourey lifts the bandage and inspects the wound.

BOUREY

Ah very good, mate. I have clean  
dressing for tomorrow, mate.

Cecil and Jack laugh at Bourey's attempt at Australian slang.

CECIL WOODS

We'll make an Aussie of ya yet.

JACK BOYD

Too right.

BOUREY

You both come for walk, yes?

Jack and Cecil put the food down and join Bourey.

JACK BOYD

Sure, why not?

The three men tour the village, a cleared area the size of a  
football field. Several huts make up the village. Other  
villagers tend to crops and animals. Children play.

EXT. BURMESE VILLAGE - ANIMAL PENS - DAY

They continue on to the animal pens which hold chickens,  
pigs, and buffalo.

JACK BOYD

Do you hunt?

BOUREY

Oh, yes. Tomorrow you come. We  
teach you many things.

CECIL WOODS

We can't stay too long. We have to  
help the rest of our blokes.

BOUREY

Yes, but too weak yet. One more  
week, then you go.

JACK BOYD  
You 'ave a problem with flooding?

BOUREY  
No, that rice paddy. The creek  
provide the water.

Bourey points to the water wheel and irrigation channels.

CECIL WOODS  
Life's pretty good, eh?

JACK BOYD  
Too right, mate.

BOUREY  
Too right, mate.

Jack and Cecil both laugh.

EXT. BURMESE JUNGLE - NIGHT

Japanese soldiers form a line as they approach a village.  
Sergeant Yamata looks toward the huts.

He turns toward Lance Corporal REN SHIMIZU -- late twenties.

SERGEANT YAMATA  
Lance Corporal, this is the last  
village?

REN SHIMIZU  
Yes, sir.

SERGEANT YAMATA  
Have the men move in and clear it.

REN SHIMIZU  
Yes, sir.

As they approach, a sentry from the village spots them. He is  
unseen. He runs to the village to raise alarm.

EXT. BURMESE VILLAGE/BURMESE JUNGLE - CONTINUOUS

Bourey rushes up to Jack and Cecil.

BOUREY  
Japs, quick. You hide now. Follow  
me.

Jack and Cecil run to follow Bourey. They are taken to the  
jungle beyond the edge of the rice paddies.

CECIL WOODS  
What if they come 'ere?

BOUREY  
They won't. Too far.

JACK BOYD  
But what if they do?

BOUREY  
Then run.

Cecil and Jack take cover in the dense jungle.

EXT. BURMESE VILLAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The Japanese soldiers arrive as Bourey returns from the rice paddies. The men women and children have been gathered up. Soldiers search the area. Every hut is checked. The soldiers trash the place as they go.

SERGEANT YAMATA  
You have Australian soldier.

BOUREY  
No... no Australian come here. Only Japanese come here.

SERGEANT YAMATA  
You lie to me.

BOUREY  
No lie.

Beads of sweat form on Bourey face. Sergeant Yamata grabs Bourey by the throat and pulls him in close.

SERGEANT YAMATA  
I don't believe you. Give me Australian soldier, NOW!

Bourey is tossed down to the ground.

SERGEANT YAMATA (CONT'D)  
(in Japanese)  
Burn the food storage down.

Soldiers move to the food storage and set it alight.

SERGEANT YAMATA (CONT'D)  
Move out.

INT. BURMESE VILLAGE - NIGHT

Jack and Cecil are with the villagers. The men and their wives and children. Other villager return from a hunting trip with two wild pigs. They rest in a circle. Mothers feed the younger children handfuls of rice.

Bourey takes a seat to the right of Cecil and Jack. Than sits beside Bourey while the rest sit to the left of Bourey.

THAN  
(to Bourey)  
They have to leave.

BOUREY  
I know, but Cecil's still recovering.

THAN  
This is not a hospital. They bring Japanese here.

BOUREY  
If we send them out now, they will be defenceless. We cannot do that.

THAN  
Show them what I found yesterday.

BOUREY  
Yes, it may be the only way.

Bourey turns to Cecil.

CECIL WOODS  
Everything okay, mate?

BOUREY  
Yes, fine. Come please.

CECIL WOODS  
Jack, too?

BOUREY  
Yes, both of you.

EXT. BURMESE VILLAGE - NIGHT

Bourey leads the men to the chicken pen and over to the water trough. He reaches in and removes a rifle wrapped in cloth. He unwraps it to reveal a type 99 rifle fitted with a scope.

CECIL WOODS  
A Jap sniper rifle. Can I see it?

Bourey passes it over.

JACK BOYD  
How is it?

CECIL WOODS  
Good, no damage.

Cecil works the bolt and checks the scope.

CECIL WOODS (CONT'D)  
 There's not a thing wrong, mate.  
 Where ya get it?

BOUREY  
 Too dark now. Show you first thing  
 tomorrow.

EXT. BURMESE JUNGLE - DAY

Cecil, Jack, Bourey and Than trek to the area where the rifle was found.

JACK BOYD  
 Much further now?

THAN  
 No, just at next clearing.

As the men enter the clearing, a tall tree stands out. In the tree, hanging by the waist, is a dead Japanese soldier with his ammunition bandolier of twelve five-round clips and a combat knife.

Jack and Cecil move in for a closer view. Bourey and Than hang back.

CECIL WOODS  
 Cut 'im down, mate.

Jack climbs the first branch, reaches up, grabs the knife and cuts the soldier down. He falls with a THUMP to the ground.

JACK BOYD  
 'Ere, take this.

Jack takes off the bandolier and passes it to Cecil. Bourey and Than stroll down to Jack and Cecil.

BOUREY  
 We should bury him.

JACK BOYD  
 Why? He's the enemy.

CECIL WOODS  
 His dead. He's no longer my enemy.

THAN  
 We can bury him over there.

Than points to a clear area.

CECIL WOODS  
 Yep, that will 'ave to do.

JACK BOYD

S'pose so.

The men all begin to dig a shallow grave. Cecil fashions a cross from two large sticks and wraps the soldier's identity tag around it. The men gather around the grave and bow their heads in silent prayer.

A beat.

CECIL WOODS

(to Jack)

Twelve clips, five rounds each,  
sixty rounds. This will do nicely.

EXT. BURMESE JUNGLE - NIGHT

Sergeant Yamata and his men have made camp for the night. The men relax in groups, resting around campfires. Some of the men are spread out on sentry duty.

SERGEANT YAMATA

Shimizu, with me.

Lance Corporal Shimizu rises to his feet and joins Sergeant Yamata.

REN SHIMIZU

Sir, what is it?

SERGEANT YAMATA

I want to recheck that village we  
were in.

REN SHIMIZU

But we went over that whole  
village. We found nothing.

SERGEANT YAMATA

Don't you lecture me. I know they  
are harbouring the Australians.

REN SHIMIZU

And if they are not, what then? Are  
we to continue this wild goose  
chase?

Sergeant Yamata slaps Shimizu across the face. Some of the other soldiers glance up at the sergeant.

REN SHIMIZU (CONT'D)

This obsession of yours has driven  
you insane with power. You're not  
fit to lead us.

SERGEANT YAMATA

Insane! How dare you?

Sergeant Yamata draws his PISTOL and SHOOTS Shimizu dead. He turns to the men, some of whom have shot up to their feet in horror.

SERGEANT YAMATA (CONT'D)  
Take him and bury him. Tomorrow, we  
end this.

EXT. BURMESE JUNGLE - DAY

Bourey, Than, Jack and Cecil are out on a hunting trip. Cecil has the sniper rifle with him. They come to a clearing. At the far end is a fallen tree.

BOUREY  
We can rest here.

CECIL WOODS  
Good, a chance to zero the rifle.

JACK BOYD  
Righto then. What can I do?

CECIL WOODS  
Find three decent-sized rocks and  
place them on the tree fifty yards  
out, will ya?

Jack gathers up the rocks, places them in row on the tree, and returns. Cecil gets in a prone position to fire the rifle.

CECIL WOODS (CONT'D)  
Check my shot, will ya?

Cecil takes aim and FIRES a round. It misses

JACK BOYD  
To the right.

Cecil makes the adjustment and FIRES a second round. It misses.

JACK BOYD (CONT'D)  
Up should do it.

Cecil makes another adjustment and FIRES a third round. It HITS the rock, sending it flying off of the tree.

CECIL WOODS  
Spot on, mate.

BOUREY  
Very good. Now we must go.

THAN  
Look, a pig!

A wild pig breaks cover to the front, moving at a fast pace.

CECIL WOODS  
Whadda ya think, lads?

Cecil takes aim and FIRES. The pig is hit. The head shot brings it down. Than runs over, looks at it, picks it up and slings it over his shoulder.

THAN  
We can show some plants that will help you.

CECIL WOODS  
Sure, would love that.

Than walks over to a plant and points it out to Jack and Cecil.

THAN  
This is padegaw-gyi. You can use it for nausea and vomit and diarrhoea.

Bourey walks up with other plants in his hand.

BOUREY  
This one leik-su-shwe. Good for antiseptic. Very good for cuts.

JACK BOYD  
And the other one, mate?

BOUREY  
That is daw-hmaing. Very good for dysentery.

THAN  
We should go now.

JACK BOYD  
Righto.

As they leave, Than points to another plant.

THAN  
This one gway dnuk. Very good for toothache.

BOUREY  
Back in the village, we have many plants we can show you that you can take with you.

EXT. BURMESE VILLAGE - SAME TIME

Japanese soldiers enter the village, moving from hut to hut, gathering the women and children into the middle of the village. The villagers fight and resist the soldiers.

SERGEANT YAMATA  
Where are Australian soldiers?

PHU  
Leave our village. You're a bad man. You're all bad men.

SERGEANT YAMATA  
We will leave when you tell us where the Australians are.

PHU  
We don't know. Our husbands are out hunting.

SERGEANT YAMATA  
Where did they go hunting? Tell me now.

PHU  
We tell you nothing. Now leave.

Sergeant Yamata picks up a female child. She cries and screams for her mother. Her mother rushes up and tries to pull her away. Sergeant Yamata pushes the mother down, draws his pistol, and points it at the child's head.

SERGEANT YAMATA  
For the last time, tell me.

PHU  
Give her back, you pig.

SERGEANT YAMATA  
Tell me.

Sergeant Yamata COCKS the PISTOL. All of the villagers scream.

PHU  
They went hunting over in the next valley.

Phu points to the area out past the rice paddies. Sergeant Yamata drops the child, who runs to her mother.

JAPANESE PRIVATE  
What shall we do?

SERGEANT YAMATA  
Take them all away. Burn the village.

## JAPANESE PRIVATE

Yes, sir.

The women and children are forced to leave the village. Phu and Ashin lead the way out. Japanese soldiers SHOOT the animals dead. Japanese soldiers set the village alight.

## EXT. BURMESE JUNGLE - LATER

Cecil, Jack, Bourey, and Than are still some distance away from the village. They spot black smoke rising above the tree line.

JACK BOYD

Oh God, smoke.

BOUREY

That's the village.

Than drops the pig. They all run to the village.

## EXT. BURMESE VILLAGE - MOMENTS LATER

They arrive to a scene of destruction, ash, smoking ruins, and dead animals strewn about.

BOUREY

No! Oh no! Ashin, Phu, where are you?

Bourey rushes around the village, looking for his wife and son. The other men all do the same.

JACK BOYD

Jap bastards. We will make 'em pay.

Jack returns to his sleeping mat and finds the binoculars undamaged in their case where he left them.

JACK BOYD (CONT'D)

Over 'ere, Cec. Quick.

CECIL WOODS

What ya got, mate?

JACK BOYD

It's time for us to go.

CECIL WOODS

Right, Jack.

Bourey, Jack and Cecil meet at the village centre.

CECIL WOODS (CONT'D)

Bourey, mate, so so very sorry.

JACK BOYD

You 'ave my word, mate. They will pay for this.

CECIL WOODS

What now?

BOUREY

We will go get our families back.

JACK BOYD

We should go with you, help you.

BOUREY

Thank you, but no. You have your war. Now we have our war, too.

CECIL WOODS

We can never forget what you have done for us. How could we ever repay you?

BOUREY

Go free your men and then free my country.

CECIL WOODS

We will, my friend.

Than arrives with some food, a canteen for each of them, and the combat knife. The men all hug. Cecil and Jack turn and leave.

EXT. BURMESE JUNGLE - NIGHT

Jack and Cecil move through the jungle. They move with caution under a moonlit sky.

Jack approaches a rise.

JACK BOYD

Over this, mate, and then we call it a night.

CECIL WOODS

Too bloody right, mate. I'm bushed.

As Jack reaches the peak, he suddenly drops to his stomach and waves to Cecil to do the same.

JACK BOYD

(whispering)  
Japs, get down.

CECIL WOODS

Where are they?

Jack points to the ground ahead. In the distance, twelve silhouetted figures appear on the next rise, moving toward them.

JACK BOYD  
Headin' straight for us.

CECIL WOODS  
What can we do?

JACK BOYD  
Stay low and head for the tall  
grass.

Jack and Cecil lie face down in chest-high grass. The Japanese soldiers move in a line formation, creeping slowly toward Jack and Cecil.

CECIL WOODS  
Down! Get ya face down.

The soldiers tread right past Jack, only two feet from him. They move toward Cecil. He shifts position slightly to his left. A Japanese soldier treads past him unnoticed.

JACK BOYD  
(low whisper)  
Stay down. There may be more of  
'em.

They both stay in place briefly. Jack rises first, glancing back at the Japanese soldiers as they leave. He turns back only to see a straggler staring him in the face: an eighteen-year-old Japanese soldier

Jack can only stare back. The Japanese soldier is frozen with fear.

JACK BOYD (CONT'D)  
Cec, ya there?

Cecil stays low, moving to the side and then rising with his rifle pointed at the soldier.

CECIL WOODS  
Yeah, mate. I got a bead on 'im.

The soldier turns toward Cecil then looks back to Jack.

JACK BOYD  
What ya waitin' for? Shoot already.

Cecil works the bolt on his rifle. The soldier wets his pants and begins to hyperventilate and weep.

CECIL WOODS  
Get goin' I'll catch up.

As Jack leaves. Cecil and the soldier stare, their eyes locked. Cecil slowly turns toward the jungle. The soldier turns with him.

A sad pathetic mess, the Japanese soldier lowers his rifle, holding it by the barrel. Cecil slowly backs away, maintaining eye contact before turning and melting away into the jungle.

EXT. BURMESE JUNGLE - DAY

Cecil and Jack have reached an area overlooking the prisoner of war camp. They position themselves on a rocky outcrop.

Cecil TEARS up some CLOTH and wraps it around the scope lens.

JACK BOYD  
What's that for?

CECIL WOODS  
Stops the light reflectin' off the lens.

Cecil passes the cloth to Jack. He also wraps the lens of the binoculars. Cecil observes through the rifle scope.

JACK BOYD  
How do the boys look?

CECIL'S POV - THROUGH RIFLE SCOPE

As Cecil scans across the camp.

The graveyard has more crosses added to it, another ten. The Australians appear more miserable.

CECIL WOODS  
Not good at all.

BACK TO SCENE

Jack surveys the camp through the binoculars.

CECIL AND JACK'S POV - THROUGH SCOPE/BINOCULARS

JACK BOYD  
Oh shit. Take a look, mate.

CECIL WOODS  
What? Where?

JACK BOYD  
Just to the right of the graveyard.

Hiroki Abe, along with a Japanese soldier and a prisoner, turns toward the graveyard.

The prisoner is blindfolded and suddenly forced to his knees. Hiroki Abe moves to the side of the prisoner, raises his sword, and beheads the prisoner.

CECIL WOODS  
Oh fuck, sick yellow bastards.

JACK BOYD  
We 'ave to do somethin'.

CECIL WOODS  
Nothin' we can do about it for now.  
Stay 'ere.

JACK BOYD  
Where ya goin'?

CECIL WOODS  
To find a place where I can do  
somethin' about it.

EXT. ROCK OUTCROP - DAY

Jack and Cecil have established a hide a short distance away from the rocky outcrop at the base of a large rock formation. The cavity has been covered with broad leaves and branches.

Cecil and Jack observe the Japanese soldiers and take ranges.

Jack picks out landmarks. Cecil calculates the ranges as he looks through the rifle scope.

CECIL WOODS  
I know we had a plan to go for  
help, but things have changed now.

JACK BOYD  
We can't do anythin' with just one  
rifle. We need to get help.

CECIL WOODS  
It would take too long. They could  
all be dead by the time we get  
back.

JACK BOYD  
So this is it then?

CECIL WOODS  
Afraid so, mate. We are all they  
have. I need those ranges now,  
mate.

JACK BOYD  
Righto, then. From the fence line,  
then workin' back.

CECIL WOODS

The fence line eight-seventy --  
call it eight-seventy-five yards.

Jack uses the knife to etch the ranges into a piece of bark.

JACK BOYD

Okay, got it. Next?

CECIL WOODS

The outer edge of the cleared  
jungle is five-seventy-five yards.

JACK BOYD

Yep, got it.

CECIL WOODS

The river is three hundred and  
fifty-five yards.

JACK BOYD

Yep. Last one, mate?

CECIL WOODS

Yeah. The base of the rock face is  
two hundred and fifteen yards.

JACK BOYD

Yeah, got 'em all. What comes next?

CECIL WOODS

We sit, wait, and watch. Pick up  
their patterns and routines.

JACK BOYD

You ready for some payback?

CECIL WOODS

It's not about payback, mate. It's  
makin' the Japs stop the sick shit  
they do.

INT. SNIPER HIDE - NIGHT

A long day of observation is over. Cecil and Jack retire to  
the hide.

Cecil places his canteen on a fire to boil for tea. A light  
rain begins to fall.

CECIL WOODS

Things look real bad since we  
escaped.

JACK BOYD

Too right.

CECIL WOODS  
 Fuckin' Japs... if fightin' the  
 Nazis in Europe wasn't bad enough.

JACK BOYD  
 I was in the Middle East.

CECIL WOODS  
 Yeah? I didn't know that. How long  
 were ya there?

JACK BOYD  
 Eight months. Then the orders came  
 in; they needed every man for the  
 home defence. What did ya do  
 before, mate?

CECIL WOODS  
 Before the war, I worked on my  
 family farm, back at Armadale. What  
 were you doin'?

Jack removes the canteen, drops in a couple of leaves, stirs  
 it with a twig, takes a sip and passes it to Cecil.

JACK BOYD  
 I was up north, workin' on cattle  
 stations, cattle drivin'.

CECIL WOODS  
 How was it?

JACK BOYD  
 Good. Tough life livin' off the  
 land, huntin'. Pay's not that good,  
 only two pounds a week.

Jack reaches into his pants pocket. Removes a small photograph  
 of a young girl. Looking at it.

CECIL WOODS  
 Who's? That?

JACK BOYD  
 That was my sister. Just six back  
 then.

CECIL WOODS  
 Was? What happened to her?

JACK BOYD  
 Died a year later. From the Flu. So  
 hard for mum to take.

CECIL WOODS  
 Sorry mate a real shame. Ya have a  
 good boss?

Jack places the photograph back in his pants pocket.

JACK BOYD

No, a real bastard. So when the war came along, I took the first train out. Boy's own adventure, s'pose.

CECIL WOODS

My father served in the first war. I couldn't disappoint my old man. I had to prove myself to him. Nothing was ever good enough for him.

JACK BOYD

Fathers can be like that sometimes.

CECIL WOODS

Yeah, sometimes.

EXT. ROCK OUTCROP/PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - DAY

Jack and Cecil take up a position overlooking the prisoner of war camp. They use the surrounding foliage as cover.

Jack observes the Japanese soldiers.

JACK BOYD

Got one. A nip in the sou'west tower.

Cecil takes aim.

CECIL WOODS

Range, eight-seventy-two yards.

JACK BOYD

They will hear the shot at this range.

CECIL WOODS

Not much can be done about it. 'Ead back to the hide as soon as the shot is taken, okay?

JACK BOYD

Got it.

Cecil begins to slow his breathing. He steadies his aim, begins to apply pressure to the trigger, and BANG! The shot hits the soldier in the chest. He falls in a heap in the tower.

CECIL WOODS

Hit.

JACK BOYD

Nice shot. No one noticed a thing.

CECIL WOODS

One more?

JACK BOYD

Why not?

A second soldier appears at the base of the same tower. Again, Cecil controls his breathing and squeezes the trigger. The round hits the soldier in the abdomen. He drops to the ground. The Japanese take notice. Soldiers rush out and pull the body inside. A scene of panic and confusion breaks out because they have no idea where the shot came from.

CECIL WOODS

We better go.

INT. COMMANDER ABE'S QUARTERS - DAY

Hiroki Abe is outraged by the sniper attack. Sergeant Yamata stands at attention.

HIROKI ABE

You fail to kill them. Now they are here, killing my men.

SERGEANT YAMATA

You had an opportunity before the escape. You refused to take my advice.

HIROKI ABE

My judgment is sound. I have disturbing reports about your behaviour.

SERGEANT YAMATA

I decide how to maintain order with the men.

Hiroki Abe slams his fist on the table.

HIROKI ABE

I am the Commander, not you! You answer to me. I decide who is disciplined and how. Find those men.

Sergeant Yamata turns to leave.

HIROKI ABE (CONT'D)

You are a disgrace to yourself and Japan.

EXT. BURMESE JUNGLE/PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - DAY

Cecil and Jack move to a new sniping location. It gives them a long view of the prisoner of war camp. Cecil and Jack have covered themselves with broad leaves. Cecil has wrapped vines around the rifle, leaving the last third of the barrel uncovered.

Cecil goes prone. Jack lies hard up against him to minimise their profile.

CECIL WOODS

So Tojo, what ya got for me today?

JACK BOYD

One by the radio shack.

A soldier walks by.

CECIL WOODS

Got 'im.

Cecil takes aim, brings his breathing under control, holds his breath, and FIRES. The shot HITS the soldier in the chest. The exit wound sprays out.

JACK BOYD

Jap down. Good hit.

EXT. BURMESE JUNGLE/PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - NIGHT

Cecil and Jack move in for their next target. They take an elevated position over the prisoner of war camp. Tall grass provides cover.

Cecil moves forward on his stomach. Only the barrel pokes through the grass. Jack is close beside him.

CECIL WOODS

I have Japs by the fence.

JACK BOYD

I see 'im with the other fella beside 'im.

CECIL WOODS

If I can line 'em up just right --

Two soldiers continue their patrol. One smokes a cigarette. They stop and gaze out in the direction of Cecil and Jack.

JACK BOYD

Now's ya chance, mate.

Cecil FIRES. The round STRIKES the soldier, passes through him, and HITS the other soldier. They both drop in a heap, dead.

CECIL WOODS

Two for one, mate.

JACK BOYD

Good kill. I'd hate to be on ya bad side.

Japanese soldiers rush out provide medical attention. They arrive too late.

CECIL WOODS

We have 'em by the balls now.

The rifle barrel pulls back. Cecil and Jack turn and leave.

EXT. BURMESE JUNGLE - DIRT ROAD - DAY

The back of the troop truck is packed with long bamboo poles hanging out of the back. Sergeant Yamata's in the passenger seat as Private Katio drives to the camp.

KAZUKI KATIO

Why do we need this?

SERGEANT YAMATA

That fool Abe is scared of the Australians. He thinks this will stop them.

KAZUKI KATIO

We need to try something to stop that sniper from killing us.

SERGEANT YAMATA

Only killing him will do that. Placing screens will do nothing.

KAZUKI KATIO

Commander Abe thinks so.

SERGEANT YAMATA

Commander Abe is delusional in his beliefs.

A four-man patrol leaves the prisoner of war camp.

KAZUKI KATIO

Where are they going?

SERGEANT YAMATA

To find the sniper.

The truck stops at the camp entrance as the gate is opened. The truck enters the camp. Soldiers and prisoners begin to unload the bamboo poles. Other poles can be seen already in place.

KAZUKI KATIO  
Will we have enough?

SERGEANT YAMATA  
Yes, until the next mad idea from  
Commander Abe comes.

INT. PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - NIGHT

Doc, Patrick, and Mick meet at a hut. Lookouts are placed  
around the area.

PATRICK CASEY  
Cec, bloody marvellous.

DOC SMITH  
Damn it. I knew he would do it.

MICK  
Don't forget Jack.

A signal from a lookout get the attention of the men. They  
stop talking as a Japanese soldier passes by.

PATRICK CASEY  
We hav' to help 'em out, boys.

DOC SMITH  
I don't think that is a good idea,  
Paddy.

MICK  
I have to agree. The nips will wise  
up in no time.

PATRICK CASEY  
We should we have the nips on the  
back foot now. We can't take the  
pressure off now.

DOC SMITH  
Look, I agree, but the risk is too  
great.

PATRICK CASEY  
To who? Us or them? It's every  
soldier's duty to harass or hinder  
the enemy anyway he can.

MICK  
Paddy's right. We have to do it.

DOC SMITH  
How do ya suppose we do it then?

PATRICK CASEY  
Make new friends.

EXT. PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - DAY

The Australian prisoners begin to become friendly towards the soldiers, bumming smokes, talking to them.

PATRICK CASEY  
(to Japanese soldier)  
Hey, you got a smoke?

He gestures with two fingers for a cigarette. The soldier passes one over. Patrick walks two paces to his right. A gap in the anti-sniper screen is behind him.

PATRICK CASEY (CONT'D)  
Where ya from, mate?

JAPANESE SOLDIER  
Ha, no English.

Patrick slows his speech down make himself easier to understand.

PATRICK CASEY  
Where are you from in Japan?

JAPANESE SOLDIER  
Ah, I'm from Hiroshima.

Patrick turns so the soldier's back is to the fence.

EXT. BURMESE JUNGLE - SAME TIME

Cecil and Jack observe the conversation.

JACK BOYD  
Paddy, what are you doin'? I think  
he has gone mad.

CECIL WOODS  
No, he's settin' him up. Thanks,  
lad.

Cecil takes aim. He can see the conversation taking place.

JACK BOYD  
What's he waitin' for?

CECIL WOODS  
Me to get set.

Patrick steps to one side.

JACK BOYD  
Now.

Cecil FIRES. The shot HITS the soldier in the neck. Blood spurts with each heartbeat as the soldier grabs his throat with both hands and falls.

Patrick steps back into view, a smile on his face.

CECIL WOODS  
Nice job, boys.

EXT. BURMESE JUNGLE - DAY

The four-man patrol on the ridge-line moves out of its position. The TROOPERS turn and face one another.

TROOPER # 1  
Did you hear that?

TROOPER #2  
Yes, it came from the west. Quickly now, before they change position again.

TROOPER # 1  
What shall we do?

TROOPER #2  
Find them, then set an ambush.

The four men move out.

INT. COMMANDER ABE'S QUARTERS - DAY

All of the windows have been boarded up. Sergeant Yamata faces Hiroki Abe.

HIROKI ABE  
Why have you not killed that sniper yet? Sixteen men dead so far -- at least one a day.

SERGEANT YAMATA  
I have men out searching. Perhaps it's time to fight fire with fire.

HIROKI ABE  
I have taken measures into my own hands now.

SERGEANT YAMATA  
Such as?

HIROKI ABE  
I have ordered a ring of soldiers to protect me. Two will have a screen suspended by two poles.

SERGEANT YAMATA

You know how ridiculous you will look?

HIROKI ABE

I do not care.

SERGEANT YAMATA

Yes, sir, and the other measure?

HIROKI ABE

I once met a young man. He is our best sniper. I have made a request for him to assist us.

SERGEANT YAMATA

Have you had a reply from the general staff?

HIROKI ABE

You need not concern yourself with it. Now leave and find those men.

Sergeant Yamata leaves. Hiroki Abe enters the radio shack.

INT./EXT. PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - RADIO SHACK - DAY

A small single room. A desk where two operators sit at a radio set. Outside the room, a radio tower is visible.

HIROKI ABE

Any reply from general HQ on my request?

RADIO OPERATOR

Yes, sir. They have dispatched our best man for the job. He will parachute in at 0200 hours tomorrow night.

HIROKI ABE

Very good.

EXT. BURMESE JUNGLE - LATER

The four-man patrol is set up in an ambush position. They lie in wait -- a narrow trail below them, two men on one side, two on the other completing a V-shaped formation.

EXT. BURMESE JUNGLE - NIGHT

Cecil and Jack keep low as they move along the trail. Cecil stops to listen for any sounds of movement. Jack keeps a lookout behind him.

JACK BOYD  
We got some good hits today.

CECIL WOODS  
Yeah, we did. We should get back to  
the hide.

JACK BOYD  
Righto, follow this trail. It takes  
us right there.

CECIL WOODS  
I don't like the look of this.  
Somethin' doesn't feel right.

JACK BOYD  
Keep going. Not long to go now,  
mate.

They continue along the path.

EXT. BURMESE JUNGLE - SAME TIME

One of the men has an obstructed view from an overhanging  
branch. He gets up to change position and slips on some loose  
stones, which tumble down below.

EXT. BURMESE JUNGLE - SAME TIME

The STONES CRASH to the ground, alerting Cecil and Jack.

CECIL WOODS  
Get down! Japs!

Both men go to ground just as the first rounds of FIRE come  
from above.

CECIL WOODS (CONT'D)  
Take cover behind those rocks.

JACK BOYD  
I'm outta here. Keep ya head down.

CECIL WOODS  
Just go.

Cecil returns FIRE at a muzzle flash. The round hits the  
Japanese trooper in the chest, killing him. Cecil dashes for  
the closest tree. The three figures are silhouetted against  
the moonlight.

Cecil FIRES again, hitting a second Japanese soldier.

Cecil climbs up the trail onto level ground with the Japanese  
soldiers. Crouching low, Cecil creeps in close. He can see  
the two remaining soldiers.

One of the soldiers makes a run for the jungle. Cecil FIRES but misses him. Cecil moves in close to the last Japanese soldier.

The Japanese soldier charges at Cecil, knocking Cecil's rifle out of his hands. The two men wrestle and fight, trading blows.

Cecil is knocked to the ground. The Japanese soldier straddles Cecil and grabs him by the throat, strangling him. Cecil attempts to fight him off.

Growing weaker, Cecil glances over the Japanese soldier's shoulder.

Jack jumps down. Holding his knife in both hands, he plunges the knife into the back of the soldier's neck, killing him.

JACK BOYD

You okay?

Cecil gets up as he rubs his neck and coughs.

CECIL WOODS

Yeah, I'll be okay. Where is the last one?

JACK BOYD

Not sure, must 'ave ran off. We better stay here tonight. Don't want to give away the position of the hide.

EXT. PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - DAY

Australian prisoners stroll to the dividing fence, all with smiles on their faces. Some laugh openly. The towers have anti-sniper screens on three sides. The soldiers will not approach the Australians.

PATRICK CASEY

'Ave a gander at this, fellas.

MICK

What's wrong, Tojo? Shittin' ya pants, are ya?

Hiroki Abe walks down to the officers' quarters, a ring of soldiers around him. Out front of him, two soldiers hold up bamboo poles. A bed sheet suspended between them as a screen.

PATRICK CASEY

Cat got ya tongue, nip?

Some of the Australians begin to impersonate and mock the Japanese soldiers.

MICK

Can't take it when the shoe's on  
the other foot, ya yellow bastards.

DOC SMITH

Paddy, Mick! Over 'ere, fellas.

PATRICK CASEY

What's wrong, mate?

DOC SMITH

We need to take advantage of the  
situation.

PATRICK CASEY

How?

DOC SMITH

Arrange a meetin' with his majesty.  
Tell him we can stop the sniping.

MICK

Are ya a fuckin lunatic? He'll chop  
ya head off if ya get within two  
feet of 'im.

PATRICK CASEY

He's right, mate. Not worth the  
risk. Besides, Jack and Cec are  
doin' a good job.

DOC SMITH

I don't dispute that, mate. But  
let's not get too cocky, okay,  
fellas?

PATRICK CASEY

Okay, you want ya meetin'? Be it on  
ya own head then.

MICK

If he keeps it.

EXT. SNIPER HIDE - NIGHT

Jack and Cecil relax outside. A small cooking fire is lit in  
a pit so as not to give away their position. Jack and Cecil  
finish off a meal of rabbit.

Jack carves off a piece of meat from the rabbit.

CECIL WOODS

Nice job on the snare.

JACK BOYD

Thanks. You done, mate?

CECIL WOODS  
Yeah, feelin' full now.

JACK BOYD  
That camp is gettin' more difficult  
to snipe.

CECIL WOODS  
Just thinkin' about that, we should  
move to the work sites.

JACK BOYD  
No way, too risky.

CECIL WOODS  
Not at all. The Japs are pretty  
shit scared now. They won't touch  
the lads 'ere.

JACK BOYD  
Maybe so. The odds are stacked  
against us if we move.

CECIL WOODS  
Look, we move to a work site. Shows  
'em they're not safe anywhere.

JACK BOYD  
If we get caught or killed, what ya  
think they'll do to 'em then?

Jack places his canteen on the fire to boil the water.

CECIL WOODS  
We are a team, so we should work as  
one. We 'ave to move, okay?

JACK BOYD  
So much for teamwork.

CECIL WOODS  
Look, I'll go out on my own, 'ave a  
look, and if it's safe, we'll make  
the move. Okay?

JACK BOYD  
Yeah, all right. How ya like ya  
tea?

INT/EXT. COMMANDER'S QUARTERS - DAY

Doc Smith waits outside as Hiroki Abe and Sergeant Yamata  
confer inside the office.

SERGEANT YAMATA

(all in Japanese)

What is the meaning of this? He is the enemy.

HIROKI ABE

I agreed to this. He said he could stop the sniping.

SERGEANT YAMATA

I should have been consulted on this. He can stop nothing.

HIROKI ABE

Nor you.

HIROKI ABE (CONT'D)

Send him in.

A soldier shows Doc Smith in.

HIROKI ABE (CONT'D)

(in English)

Welcome. I have granted this audience as a courtesy to you as one soldier to another.

DOC SMITH

Thank you, Commander. I appreciate the opportunity.

HIROKI ABE

What can you do to stop the sniping of my men?

DOC SMITH

I propose to make contact, and with your assurances of better treatment of the prisoners, in accordance with the Geneva Convention, I believe I can get the sniping to stop.

HIROKI ABE

And in exchange, I have your word that the sniping will cease?

DOC SMITH

Yes, you have my word.

Sergeant Yamata interjects, slamming a fist on the table.

SERGEANT YAMATA

Enough! He is the enemy. They can not be trusted.

HIROKI ABE

Silence, Yamata!

SERGEANT YAMATA

No, I will not be silent anymore,  
you stupid fool. Appeasement will  
never work.

Hiroki Abe snaps to his feet and turns to Sergeant Yamata.

HIROKI ABE

I'm still your commanding officer.  
How dare you speak to me this way.

In one swift move, Sergeant Yamata turns on his heels, grabs  
the sword off of the stand, and plunges it into Hiroki Abe,  
killing him.

DOC SMITH

You fool, you'll hang for that.

Sergeant Yamata presses the tip of the sword into Doc's neck.  
A small trickle of blood runs down the blade.

SERGEANT YAMATA

Not before you do. You may be safe  
here, but your friends can not be  
everywhere.

DOC SMITH

Nor yours.

Doc Smith turns and leaves.

EXT. MITSUBISHI KI-57 TRANSPORT PLANE - NIGHT

The plane banks toward the coast of Burma, climbing to a  
higher altitude. A faint glow from the cockpit is the only  
light.

INT./EXT. MITSUBISHI KI-57 TRANSPORT PLANE - NIGHT

The plane approaches the coast of Burma. A lone paratrooper  
sits patiently. Only the HUM of the ENGINES breaks the  
silence.

The COPILOT gets up and moves to the paratrooper:

COPILOT

Approaching drop zone in two  
minutes.

This is TAKASHI YAMAMOTO, a sniper -- mid-twenties. ---He  
stands up and hooks his static line up to the cable.

The Copilot checks his equipment and parachute.

COPILOT (CONT'D)

You're set and ready.

TAKASHI YAMAMOTO

Thank you.

Takashi checks his watch. It shows 2:14 a.m.

COPILOT

Sixty seconds. When you land,  
proceed south and meet Commander  
Abe. He will brief you on the  
situation.

TAKASHI YAMAMOTO

Right, I understand.

COPILOT

Time to go. Good luck.

The Copilot moves to the door and opens it. The WIND RUSHES in. Takashi places his goggles on, moves to the door, braces himself, and jumps. The static LINE TWANGS as it releases the parachute. Takashi drifts into the black ink of the night.

The Copilot closes the door. The plane banks away, back out to sea.

EXT. RAIL CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

The construction site is situated in-between high cliff walls. Sleeper logs are stacked. Rail track snakes its way across the landscape.

Shirtless men labour in the heat. Slouch hats provide the only shade.

Cecil approaches with caution and stops to observe through the rifle scope.

CECIL'S POV - THROUGH SCOPE

Several men labour as soldiers watch on.

BACK TO SCENE

Cecil moves further to the front. In the distance, he can see Patrick, Mick and Doc Smith. Cecil turns to leave.

EXT. BURMESE JUNGLE - MOMENTS LATER

Cecil returns to Jack, hidden in the dense jungle.

Jack passes his canteen to Cecil.

CECIL WOODS

Thanks, mate.

JACK BOYD  
Well, what did you see?

Cecil takes a swig from the canteen.

CECIL WOODS  
We're in business, mate. A good  
line of sight, good cover, escape  
routes...

JACK BOYD  
When ya wanna go then?

CECIL WOODS  
I think we wait until near sunset.  
They'll 'ave the sun in their eyes.

JACK BOYD  
Sounds good to me.

As the sun is setting, Jack and Cecil move into a position three hundred yards from the Japanese soldiers. Patrick and Mick work on driving rail spikes in. Patrick drives the spikes in with a sledge hammer.

CECIL WOODS  
Timing is everything. We'll only  
get one shot this close in.

JACK BOYD  
I see one nip just to the left of  
Paddy.

CECIL WOODS  
Yeah, I see 'im.

Cecil, in the prone position, takes aim. He can see Patrick swinging the SLEDGE HAMMER. A CLANG as it hits the rail spike. CLANG, CLANG as Patrick brings the SLEDGE HAMMER down.

Cecil FIRES. The round hits the soldier in the chest at the same moment the SLEDGE HAMMER STRIKES. Everyone dives for cover. Patrick looks up as Cecil and Jack melt into the dense jungle.

EXT. PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - NIGHT

Patrick, Doc and Mick meet outside at a hut. Other prisoners carry on as normal so as to not raise suspicion.

DOC SMITH  
We've got a problem, boys.

MICK  
What is it, Doc?

DOC SMITH  
Did anyone hear a plane last night?

MICK  
No.

PATRICK CASEY  
No.

DOC SMITH  
I've been 'ere the longest. The whole time, not one plane.

PATRICK CASEY  
Where ya goin' with this?

Doc Smith points to the sky.

DOC SMITH  
It seems Cec and Jack have made a reputation for themselves -- a plane means a paratrooper.

MICK  
What for?

DOC SMITH  
To go after our two lads. A sniper of their own, perhaps.

PATRICK CASEY  
We have to warn them somehow.

DOC SMITH  
Right. Meanwhile, keep an eye out for any new arrivals.

MICK  
And for warning them?

DOC SMITH  
Leave that to me.

INT. OFFICERS' QUARTERS - DAY

Sergeant Yamata has promoted himself to the rank of warrant officer. The officer quarters' is a long, rectangular building filled with ten beds in two rows -- five each, a open locker beside each bed.

Sergeant Yamata meets with Takashi Yamamoto.

TAKASHI YAMAMOTO  
Where is Commander Abe?

SERGEANT YAMATA

He suffered a mental breakdown, and I replaced him.

TAKASHI YAMAMOTO

Oh, I see... shame.

SERGEANT YAMATA

Yes, well, I am in charge now. The situation with the sniper is becoming worse.

TAKASHI YAMAMOTO

How many dead now?

SERGEANT YAMATA

Twenty three, at least one a day. They are becoming bolder now.

TAKASHI YAMAMOTO

Good, that will work to my advantage.

SERGEANT YAMATA

You will remain here until dark, then we will get you out tonight.

Sergeant Yamata leaves. On his way out, he makes eye contact with Patrick over at the dividing fence line. Patrick heads over to Doc Smith.

EXT. PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - HOSPITAL - SAME TIME

Doc Smith is attending to the sick men. He applies a bandage below a left knee amputation.

DOC SMITH

We'll keep it clean for ya. She'll be right okay, mate.

Patrick waits while Doc Smith finishes. They move off to the side.

PATRICK CASEY

Will he make it?

DOC SMITH

Maybe, but not likely. I got most of the infection, but I don't think I got it all.

PATRICK CASEY

Poor bastard. I saw the new nip. Just like you said -- a Jap sniper.

DOC SMITH

We have to get a message to Cec and Jack, or they're done for.

Doc moves to the next man -- unconscious with head injuries. He checks his pulse.

PATRICK CASEY

Any ideas?

DOC SMITH

Can you get a sheet?

PATRICK CASEY

Will be a toughie, but I should be able to wrangle one.

DOC SMITH

Righto. When ya get it, bring it 'ere.

INT./EXT. OFFICERS' QUARTERS/HOSPITAL - DAY

A officer rests at the end of his bed, a small shaving mirror in one hand, a razor in the other. A upturned combat helmet filled with water sits on the bed. He finishes shaving, washes his face, gets up and leaves. Outside, Mick hides beneath the window.

Climbing in through the window, Mick moves to the first bed and checks it. No sheet is found.

MICK

Shit, wash day.

Moving to the next bed, he finds a sheet and takes it. Mick rolls it up into a tight ball. He climbs out and makes it past the soldiers, unseen. He heads back to the hospital.

EXT. ROCK OUTCROP/HOSPITAL - DAY

Cecil and Jack observe through the rifle scope and binoculars. They watch Mick give the sheet to Doc Smith.

CECIL WOODS

Did you see that? What would Doc want with a sheet?

JACK BOYD

Maybe for a patient.

Doc Smith picks up a piece of charcoal from a died-out fire and writes on the sheet.

CECIL WOODS  
What the hell! Has he gone stark  
ravin' mad?

INT. PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

Doc finishes writing. Patrick and Mick are with him.

DOC SMITH  
Paddy, create a diversion. Mick,  
take this and hold it up over  
there.

Doc Smith points to a clear area.

PATRICK CASEY  
Righto.

Patrick picks up some rocks and throws them a guard tower. At first the Japanese Soldiers pay no attention. Patrick throws a large rock, other Japanese Soldiers rush in to stop him.

DOC SMITH  
Mick, now.

Mick runs over and holds up the sheet. Written on it are the words: "JAP SNIPER."

EXT. ROCK OUTCROP - SAME TIME

Jack observes the camp through the binoculars.

JACK BOYD  
See that?

CECIL WOODS  
Yeah, mate, I see it.

EXT. ROCK OUTCROP POV - RIFLE SCOPE -SAME TIME

Cecil pans to the hospital. He sees Doc Smith pointing frantically.

CECIL WOODS  
What's he tryin' to do?

Jack shifts his view to the sheet.

JACK BOYD  
Oh fuck.

CECIL WOODS  
What's it say?

EXT. BURMESE JUNGLE - DAY

Cecil and Jack have moved out from the hide. They move with caution now.

Cecil and Jack move to a position to observe the prisoner camp.

CECIL WOODS

Watch the bush, mate, don't want to silhouette ourselves.

JACK BOYD

Right. Any ideas how to 'andle the nip sniper?

CECIL WOODS

No, not yet, but you can count on one thing: they won't send a greenhorn.

JACK BOYD

I think we should lay low for a few days.

CECIL WOODS

Why? Startin' to lose ya nerve?

JACK BOYD

No, he's out there hunting us now. We don't know how to get rid of the bastard.

CECIL WOODS

Pull ya head in, okay? I know he's out there. Don't ya think I am scared, too?

Jack places the binoculars on the ground. The cloth over the lens has worn through. The sun begins to set.

JACK BOYD

What ya want me to do then, just pack it all in?

CECIL WOODS

No. Look, ya givin' me the willies. Why don't ya 'ead back and get dinner started, okay?

Jack gets up, leaving the binoculars behind.

JACK BOYD

Okay, you'll be long?

CECIL WOODS

No, no chance of a shot today anyway.

A moment later, Cecil gets up and begins to leave, not noticing the binoculars on the ground.

EXT. DEEPER IN BURMESE JUNGLE - MOMENTS LATER

The sun is lower in the sky now.

CECIL WOODS  
You got the glasses?

JACK BOYD  
No, you?

Both men are now aware what has happened and run back.

EXT. BURMESE JUNGLE - CONTINUOUS

They reach the binoculars.

CECIL WOODS  
Oh, shit. What 'ave ya done?

The sunlight begins to glint off the lens of the binoculars. Jack rushes in and grabs the binoculars off the ground.

JACK BOYD  
Shit. Do ya think he saw that?

CECIL WOODS  
No time to worry about that. Just get back to the fuckin' hide.

Both men stay low as they head back to the hide.

INT. COMMANDER ABE'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Sergeant Yamata is with the Japanese Corporal, who has just returned from a patrol.

SERGEANT YAMATA  
Your patrol was incident free?

JAPANESE CORPORAL  
Yes, completely free of incident.

SERGEANT YAMATA  
Good, that makes four patrols in four days so far. What about the work parties?

JAPANESE CORPORAL  
Also incident free.

SERGEANT YAMATA

Well, it seems Takashi's presence is having a positive effect.

JAPANESE CORPORAL

Yes, sir. What shall we do now?

SERGEANT YAMATA

Have the screens taken down, increase the work parties' hours, and resume normal operations at once.

JAPANESE CORPORAL

Yes, sir.

The corporal leaves. Sergeant Yamata takes a seat at his desk, removes a small glass and a bottle of saki wine, Places his feet on the desk and smiles a cocky, smug smile.

EXT. PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - DAY

Soldiers work on bringing down the bamboo screens. There's no sniper activity. The Australian prisoners' spirits have sunk to a new low.

The brutality returns to the level it was before the escape. Patrick Doc Smith and Mick meet.

PATRICK CASEY

What ya thinks gone wrong? Four days and nothing at all.

MICK

They're gone. I can feel it in my bones.

DOC SMITH

Shut up, will ya? They're still alive, okay?

PATRICK CASEY

Like you would know, mate. Do ya know if they even saw our sign?

DOC SMITH

No, I don't. We can only hope they did.

MICK

Forget about it. Look at da place. The Japs are back to their old ways. Hope is for fools.

PATRICK CASEY

And the dead.

DOC SMITH

The Jap sniper has not come back,  
so all we have is hope -- hope that  
they are still alive.

Sergeant Yamata enters the prisoner section.

SERGEANT YAMATA

Line up, everyone, now.

DOC SMITH

Oh, 'ere we go. The rooster's  
crowing again.

The Australian prisoners all line up, forming two lines.

SERGEANT YAMATA

I have some good news from the  
front. The Australians have been  
defeated and preparations for a  
mass invasion of Australia are  
under way.

DOC SMITH

Bullshit.

Sergeant Yamata turns and leaves. The Australian prisoners  
are shocked by the news. Some turn away in disbelief.

PATRICK CASEY

What? Can you believe that shit?

MICK

What if he's tellin' the truth?

DOC SMITH

Okay, everyone settle down. It's  
Jap propaganda, okay?

MICK

What if it's not? What if it's all  
true? I have to get out of 'ere.

DOC SMITH

I said it's bullshit, okay?

MICK

I should 'ave gone with Cec an'  
Jack. I had the chance to go.

DOC SMITH

Paddy, can ya help me out 'ere?  
Tell 'em it's all lies.

PATRICK CASEY

Doc's right, okay? Don't listen to  
the nip bastards.

Tears stream down Mick's face. He turns away. Doc catches up to him and turns him around.

DOC SMITH

Look, Mick, it's bullshit, okay?  
All bullshit. They're just doin' it  
to get at us, okay?

MICK

Okay. Sorry about that back there.

DOC SMITH

Forget about it.

EXT. BURMESE JUNGLE - DAY

Takashi Yamamoto stalks Jack and Cecil through the jungle, moving with skill and stealth and covered in jungle leaves.

Takashi stops to observe the jungle. He can see Cecil and Jack moving along a path.

EXT. BURMESE JUNGLE - CONTINUOUS

Cecil and Jack tread cautiously.

JACK BOYD

Where ya want to take the next shot  
from?

CECIL WOODS

I was thinkin' from ground level.  
Don't want ta become predictable,  
mate.

JACK BOYD

Good idea. Shake things up a bit.

CECIL WOODS

Keep 'em off balance, s'pose.

A SHOT CRACKS past Jack's head.

JACK BOYD

Fuck. He's here.

CECIL WOODS

Run! Fuckin' run for it.

Cecil and Jack crouch low as a second SHOT RINGS out.

JACK BOYD

Take cover behind a tree.

CECIL WOODS

Where the fuck is he?

JACK BOYD  
No idea. Can ya take a look?

CECIL WOODS  
No, I'll be too exposed from 'ere.

Jack takes a peek around the tree. A ROUND HITS the tree, sending bark flying off.

JACK BOYD  
Did ya see anythin' now?

CECIL WOODS  
No, bastard really knows his stuff.

JACK BOYD  
What can we do?

Cecil takes a glance around.

CECIL WOODS  
I can see a clearin' just ahead. If we can get to it, we may have a chance.

JACK BOYD  
Righto. If I run to the right, you run to the left. Put 'im in two minds.

CECIL WOODS  
Got it. On three, okay?

JACK BOYD  
One, two, three.

Both men get up and run, keeping low. A SHOT CRACKS past Jack's head as he dives behind another tree. Cecil makes it to the clearing.

CECIL WOODS  
Get up, mate! You have to move.

EXT. BURMESE JUNGLE - CLEARING - DAY

Jack moves to his stomach and commando crawls to Cecil. As he does, rounds KICK up around him. He makes it to Cecil.

JACK BOYD  
Go, mate.

They run through the clearing. It narrows to a path. Takashi follows them.

CECIL WOODS  
He's right behind ya. Keep going.

A SHOT hits Jack, grazing his right upper arm. Jack falls. Cecil looks back, but he cannot see Jack.

CECIL WOODS (CONT'D)  
Jack, shit.

EXT. BURMESE JUNGLE - PATH - CONTINUOUS

Cecil stops and turns back. He helps Jack to his feet. As he looks up, he sees Takashi taking aim.

JACK BOYD  
Look out!

Jack shoves Cecil to the side. They run in opposite directions. Takashi follows Jack. Cecil disappears into the dense jungle. Jack comes to a steep, wet slope. He slides down it. Takashi loses sight of Jack. And gives up the chase.

INT. SNIPER HIDE - NIGHT

Cecil and Jack, shaken by the encounter with Takashi, take shelter in the hide. Jack has a bandage made from a shirt sleeve over the wound on his right arm. Heavy rain pours down. The roof of the rock cavity drips. A fire provides a eerie glow.

CECIL WOODS  
How's the arm?

JACK BOYD  
Yeah, good. Just a flesh wound.

CECIL WOODS  
And the shirt sleeve?

Jack checks the wound.

CECIL WOODS (CONT'D)  
You stupid bastard, what were ya thinkin'? We'll end up dead, thanks to you.

JACK BOYD  
Fuck off, okay? You think I forgot the glasses on purpose?

CECIL WOODS  
So it's my fault you forgot them then?

JACK BOYD  
Oh yeah, it's all you. Everythin' is fuckin' about you.

CECIL WOODS

You think ya can do a better job?  
Then be my fuckin' guest.

Cecil tosses the rifle to Jack. He turns the rifle on Cecil, works the bolt to load a round.

JACK BOYD

What, you think I can't do it?

CECIL WOODS

Go ahead. You may as well. I don't want to be alive when Tojo slits my throat.

JACK BOYD

I forgot the glasses, but you have no right to treat me like this.

CECIL WOODS

I'm sorry, okay? We can't do this. The other lads are dependin' on us.

Jack and Cecil rest by the fire, begin to warm themselves.

JACK BOYD

What do ya think we should do then?

CECIL WOODS

Split up.

The rain outside begins to subside to a light shower.

EXT. BURMESE JUNGLE - DAY

Cecil and Jack have moved away from the hide. Cecil keeps a lookout for Takashi while Jack prepares their plan.

Jack has several rounds laid out. Some are open. The gun powder's removed and poured onto dry broad leaves. Two leaves are wrapped up and tied off with vine. A dry vine is used as a wick.

JACK BOYD

Just about done 'ere. What's next?

CECIL WOODS

I'll hide in the jungle. You set 'em off. That'll get the nip's attention.

JACK BOYD

Yeah. He still has to fire to give 'imself up, right?

CECIL WOODS

Yeah, that's right. I need to see  
the muzzle flash.

Jack wraps the last of the leaves, inserts the wick.

JACK BOYD

Last one done, mate.

CECIL WOODS

Righto, mate. Let's go.

They move into the jungle.

EXT. BURMESE JUNGLE - LATER

Takashi's moving through the jungle, stopping every few hundred metres and scanning with the rifle scope. A small but audible BANG is heard.

Takashi turns and sees the smoke trailing up. He moves towards it.

EXT. BURMESE JUNGLE - SAME TIME

Jack lies hidden along a path. The jungle's not as dense here. Trees line the path.

Jack places a leaf bomb on a large boulder in the open space. Some movement catches Jack's attention. Jack takes a peek through the binoculars. Jack can see Takashi moving parallel to him.

JACK BOYD

Not so fast, Tojo.

The wind picks up and blows the leaf bomb off the rock. It falls onto the open ground.

JACK BOYD (CONT'D)

Shit, just fuckin' great.

Jack moves to the leaf bomb and grabs it. He pauses as Takashi looks in his direction. Jack moves back, unseen, and replaces the leaf bomb on the boulder.

EXT. BURMESE JUNGLE - SAME TIME

A second BANG. Takashi turns and scans the area. He can see Jack running. Takashi FIRES. The round hits a tree as Jack dives behind it.

Takashi, on open ground and exposed, now realises his mistake. He runs for cover, but it's too late. A ROUND hits Takashi in the chest.

A pink mist SPURTS out from the exit wound. Cecil emerges from his hiding spot, only ten metres from Takashi.

INT. PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - HOSPITAL - DAY

The Australian prisoners watch as Doc Smith attends to patients. Mick and Patrick assist him. All of the beds are occupied.

DOC SMITH  
Hey, Paddy, can ya hear that?

PATRICK CASEY  
Hear what?

A faint POP... POP sound is heard.

DOC SMITH  
Whadda ya think it is?

PATRICK CASEY  
No idea, mate.

Mick walks over to Doc and Patrick.

MICK  
Did ya hear that?

PATRICK CASEY  
Yeah, we did. Do ya think Cec got the yellow bastard?

DOC SMITH  
Sure hope so.

EXT. PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - CONTINUOUS

Two distinct RIFLE SHOTS are heard across the camp. Sergeant Yamata leaves his office. The other Japanese soldiers all gaze up and around. Sergeant Yamata heads over to the prisoner section.

INT./EXT. PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Doc looks out the open doorway.

DOC SMITH  
Look, the rooster's comin' to see us.

Doc Mick and Patrick stroll over to Sergeant Yamata. The wire fence divides them.

SERGEANT YAMATA  
It seems your man has failed.

DOC SMITH

Or yours.

Sergeant Yamata storms off to the commander's quarters.

EXT. ROCK OUTCROP - DAY

Cecil and Jack watch the Japanese soldiers' movements.

They see Sergeant Yamata walking around the camp and two Japanese soldiers beginning to argue. The argument breaks into a fight.

CECIL WOODS

See this? The Japs are gettin' pissed off.

JACK BOYD

How many rounds ya got left?

CECIL WOODS

Four. We used a lot on those bombs.

Jack, observing through the binoculars, begins to impersonate a commentator at a boxing match.

JACK BOYD

Right, left, another right. Ya know what I'm thinkin'?

CECIL WOODS

Way ahead of ya, mate.

Cecil goes into his routine: slows his breathing, steadies his aim, applies pressure on the trigger. The fighting draws over Sergeant Yamata. He pulls them apart and begins to chastise them.

JACK BOYD

Go for it, mate.

Cecil FIRES a round, hitting one of the arguing Japanese soldiers. Sergeant Yamata turns to run for cover at the commander's quarters.

JACK BOYD (CONT'D)

Shit.

Cecil works the bolt with his free hand, never taking his eye from the scope. Cecil FIRES again. The round strikes Sergeant Yamata just as he places a foot on the step of the commander's quarters. Blood from the head shot sprays the walls.

JACK BOYD (CONT'D)

Got the yellow bastard.

Jack and Cecil stand and glance at each other.

CECIL WOODS  
Shall we pay the boys a visit?

JACK BOYD  
Lead the way, mate.

Cecil and Jack leave the outcrop. Cecil slings the rifle over his shoulder.

EXT. PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - DAY

Cecil and Jack have made their way to the edge of the cleared jungle. The camp is three hundred metres ahead.

Jack, observing through the binoculars --

JACK BOYD  
The lads are okay, mate. Nips are  
runnin' around like headless  
chickens.

CECIL WOODS  
If we just walk up now, we won't  
get within fifty yards before they  
cut us down.

JACK BOYD  
Too right, mate. What's the plan?

CECIL WOODS  
We have to convince the Japs to  
give up somehow.

JACK BOYD  
What if we got the word out to 'em  
in some way?

Cecil has a view of the camp. With no leadership, the Japanese soldiers begin to fight amongst themselves. Some squat and cry, not sure what to do.

CECIL WOODS  
Take the glasses and reflect the  
sun off of 'em.

JACK BOYD  
You sure about that?

CECIL WOODS  
Yeah, mate. Place ya hand over the  
lens. I'll keep an eye on the nips  
so they won't see ya.

Jack begins to wave the binoculars. The light glints off into the prisoner section of the camp.

JACK BOYD  
Anythin yet?

CECIL WOODS  
Hold it. I see a Jap lookin this  
way.

Jack points the binoculars away from the sunlight.

EXT. PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - HOSPITAL - SAME TIME

The Australian prisoners have gathered outside the hospital  
hut. Doc Smith, Patrick and Mick crowd together.

DOC SMITH  
Did you see that? It has to be  
them.

PATRICK CASEY  
Cec an' Jack, what are they tryin'  
to do?

DOC SMITH  
It could be a trick; make sure it's  
them.

PATRICK CASEY  
No time. We 'ave to take the risk.

MICK  
Paddy, find a mirror or somethin'  
shiny, quick.

Patrick rushes off.

PATRICK CASEY  
You goin' to make contact? You're  
not worried about the nips?

MICK  
No. Look at 'em runnin' around.  
They have no idea.

Patrick returns with a piece of glass.

PATRICK CASEY  
Here, mate. Found this.

Patrick hands the glass over to Mick.

MICK  
Thanks, mate.

Mick begins to reflect the light off of the glass. A reply is  
seen off in the distance.

DOC SMITH  
What ya doin', Mick?

MICK  
Usin' Morse code. I just hope Jack  
or Cec understand what I'm sayin'.

Flashes go back and forth.

DOC SMITH  
What's wrong, mate?

MICK  
We need to get goin'. We don't have  
much time.

PATRICK CASEY  
You mind sharin' with the rest of  
us?

EXT. BURMESE JUNGLE/PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - NIGHT

Cecil and Jack at the clearing in the jungle. The Japanese soldiers have restored order to the camp. Jack and Cecil move into a position to snipe the fuel drums.

JACK BOYD  
Hope the boys have everyone set.

CECIL WOODS  
If my Morse code worked they will.

Cecil moves into a kneeling position, slows his breathing, and FIRES. The round hits a barrel at the bottom. It PUNCHES a hole, but there's no explosion. Fuel pours out.

JACK BOYD  
Fuck. Fire again.

CECIL WOODS  
Last round, mate.

Cecil FIRES again. The round hits, and sparks ignite the fuel BARRELS, which EXPLODE and rocket into the air. One STRIKES a tower. Another SMASHES into the dividing wire fence.

JACK BOYD  
Now go.

Cecil and Jack rush up to the camp fence as more flaming barrels rain down around the camp.

CECIL WOODS  
This way, Jack, to the weapons  
shed.

Japanese soldiers rush out from their barracks and attempt to stop the Australians. The prisoners rush through the hole in the wire fence and head for the weapons shed.

DOC SMITH  
Jack, Cec -- over 'ere, fellas.

CECIL WOODS  
Mate, good to see ya.

DOC SMITH  
Yeah, you too, but we need to put the reunions on hold.

JACK BOYD  
'Ere they come, lads.

Weapons and gardening tools are gathered up. The Australians and Japanese engage in hand-to-hand combat. Those with rifles engage the Japanese.

DOC SMITH  
Over by the radio shack, Cec.

CECIL WOODS  
Got 'im.

INT./EXT. RADIO SHACK - CONTINUOUS

Cecil runs to the radio shack to find Kazuki Katio attempting to make a radio call. Cecil kills him then SMASHES the RADIO and leaves.

EXT. PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - CONTINUOUS

PATRICK CASEY  
(to other prisoners)  
We got 'em on the run now. Push forward.

The Australians overpower the Japanese soldiers.

CECIL WOODS  
Jack, over 'ere, mate.

JACK BOYD  
Righto.

CECIL WOODS  
Get the others, will ya?

Jack leaves to find Patrick, Mick, Doc Smith, and other Australians surrounding the Japanese.

YOSHIO ISAMU  
What will you do with us?

CECIL WOODS

Not sure yet, but whatever we do,  
it will be in line with the Geneva  
Convention.

YOSHIO ISAMU

We have shamed ourselves and Japan.  
How can we forgive ourselves?

CECIL WOODS

Only time will tell.

Patrick, Jack, Doc Smith and Mick return to Cecil.

PATRICK CASEY

Cec, mate, you bloody marvellous  
bastard.

CECIL WOODS

Paddy, Doc, Mick.

They all gather in a group hug, crying as the stress of the  
situation is released.

DOC SMITH

I never thought we would be free  
again, mate.

CECIL WOODS

All we could do was rely on each  
other.

A collective cheer can be heard by the Australians.

INT. SYDNEY PUB - DAY

SUPER: "PRESENT DAY"

It's ANZAC day. The marches are over. The pub is full of  
veterans of past wars and current servicemen and women.

A game of Two Up is going on in the b.g. Veterans with medals  
share stories and tell jokes.

At a table, we find a much older Jack, Cecil and Doc Smith.  
Each displays service and campaign medals. Jack and Cecil  
both have the Medal of Conspicuous Gallantry.

An Asian waiter arrives at the table with a beer for Cecil. A  
picture of a much younger Mick and Patrick in their dress  
uniforms rests on the table.

JACK BOYD

Well, another ANZAC day, mate.

CECIL WOODS

Yeah, mate. Shame about Paddy. I really thought he'd make it.

DOC SMITH

Yeah, real shame. Remember Paddy chuckin' the rocks? Lucky not to get his head smashed in.

They all laugh.

JACK BOYD

Don't forget the other boys. They were lucky to be rescued by the Yanks' ship after they made it to da coast.

CECIL WOODS

That cancer can be a real bastard. Still, a real shame to die two weeks before.

DOC SMITH

Well, mate, when ya times up, it's up. Nothin' can change that.

Cecil Jack and Doc have a sip from their beers.

JACK BOYD

Say, how about a toast then, fellas? It's your turn this year, Cec.

They all stand and raise their glasses.

CECIL WOODS

To Paddy and Mick, an' all the lads who never made it home again. And to our mates in Burma -- Bourey, Than, and Ashin, who saved our lives.

The GLASSES all CLINK as they make the toast.

JACK BOYD

Say, why should all the young 'ens all have the fun, 'eh?

CECIL WOODS

How 'bout a game of Two Up?

DOC SMITH

Sure, why not?

The men rise to their feet with the pictures in hand and go to the Two Up game. The BARTENDER offers a paddle with two coins on it to Doc Smith, who takes it.

BARTENDER

Come in, spinner.

Doc Smith tosses the coins into the air. As he does, he crows like a rooster. Jack and Cecil laugh, but no one else around them understands the rooster call. In the b.g., a VOICE is heard --

BAR PATRON

What's with the rooster?

FADE OUT.

THE END