

ANALYST NOTE: This television pilot was on the Black List's top list for TV projects during the summer of 2025. Written during or before 2016, it has been a finalist for numerous screenwriting awards over the past decade and is flagged as a Black List Recommended script. *Please find the script appended below the coverage.*

SAMPLE COVERAGE

Title: FALLEN SUN

Writer: Tim Drain

Draft Date: 2016 or prior

Form: Pilot

Pages: 60

Genre: Crime Drama

Period: late-1940s

Setting: Urban

Locale: Tokyo & San Francisco

Budget: Medium

Studio: N/A

Producer: N/A

Director: N/A

Analyst: Chris Reiche

LOGLINE

In post-World War II Tokyo, a car crash involving a U.S. Army truck draws an American military officer and a Japanese detective into a deadly criminal conspiracy.

COMMENTS SUMMARY

Set against an interesting historical backdrop and crafted with skill, FALLEN SUN opens with promise and intrigue, but loses momentum as it progresses. Anchored around an interrogation, the pilot lays the groundwork for a crime series that leans detective drama over historical thriller, neglecting to fully capitalize on its concept and failing to justify the budget associated with a postwar period piece. That said, the writer demonstrates real talent on the page and warrants further consideration for other work, particularly military-themed projects and rewrites.

SYNOPSIS

In 1947, post-WWII American-occupied Tokyo, U.S. Army officer, SEAN COSTELLO (30), questions two fellow captains about a suspect outside the interrogation cell of a military police station. The captains urge Sean to show restraint with the accused. However, when Sean enters the cell and this suspect, a U.S. Army LIEUTENANT alleged to have assaulted a Japanese woman, smugly claims innocence, Sean defies the captains and begins tormenting him. In the hallway, the captains speak about this intimidating army detective. Sean was known as "Black Irish" during the war for his cruel interrogation style, borne out when he ultimately gets the lieutenant to confess to the assault.

Across the Pacific, in San Francisco, FRANCES OVERBY (24) lies under the covers of a cheap hotel bed. She is moving to Japan and her ship leaves the next day. JOHN, her childhood friend and hookup, urges Frances to stay in America, arguing that her upbringing merits more than teaching English to the defeated. Frances spurns him. She resents her privilege, her class-conscious ideals shaped by what she's reading, including Marx's Communist Manifesto.

Back in Tokyo, a local police detective, AKIRA SATO (35), inspects the scene of a fatal auto accident. A U.S. Army truck has plowed into a civilian vehicle, killing an elderly Japanese driver. The driver of the Army truck has fled the scene... Only one passenger remains in the truck, Private ANTHONY BIANCO (20), badly injured.

News of the auto accident reaches the brass at Army HQ. Three senior officers, including COLONEL ALBRECHT, order Sean to strongarm Anthony, now in military custody, into divulging the driver's name. They want to deliver justice to quell public dissent. When Sean questions why *this* case is so important, Albrecht counters by threatening Sean's job, warning Sean that his thuggish skills are less useful in peacetime. Meanwhile, outside, TADAMASA FUJITA (35), a Japanese veteran and malcontent who despises Americans, waits for a job interview with Albrecht but is dismissed.

Frances arrives in Tokyo to find that, despite her desire for austerity, she has been appointed a mansion to live in by the Army, whom she will be working for as an English teacher. Meanwhile, Akira continues to investigate the crash site. He talks to a blind HOMELESS MAN under a bridge nearby who has information to share: every third night, a truck, like the one that caused the crash, crosses over the bridge, then returns the same night louder and heavier.

In the interrogation cell, Sean works on Anthony, who hasn't slept since the crash. Akira arrives with the homeless man's information on the crash, but Sean snubs the Japanese detective to keep interrogating Anthony. That night, after Sean is gone, an UNSEEN SOLDIER mysteriously hands Anthony a blue book through the cell bars.

Frances struggles through her first day teaching English to Japanese adults. Akira, in the class despite his fluent English, is quietly mocked by two students for spying on his fellow citizens for Imperial Japan during the war. They stop mocking him, though, when the Army officer overseeing the class steps out and Frances uses his absence to upend the mandated curriculum. She stages a roleplay exercise meant to parody Western values, pairing Akira with the only woman in the class, YOSHIKO (28). However, the exercise backfires. She humiliates Yoshiko until Akira intervenes.

After class, Akira and Yoshiko spot each other on the trolley home but don't interact. Yoshiko gets off and walks to her modest home. Inside, she steers clear of her husband and silently prays before a shrine to their late, young son.

Sean, riddled with religious guilt, attends mass and goes to confession, admitting to a foulmouthed, but honest CHAPLAIN (40) that he harmed the lieutenant during his interrogation. The chaplain tells Sean that, to receive God's forgiveness he must feel genuine remorse and confess his own sins, just as he demands of his suspects. Meanwhile, following his canceled meeting with Albrecht, Tadamasa meets with a dubious, nameless THIN MAN to ask for a job. This Japanese kingpin is happy to oblige. Tadamasa's cold-blooded reputation from his service in Korea precedes him. However, for this role, the Thin Man tells Tadamasa that he will have to set aside his anti-American prejudices.

At a Tokyo police station, Akira meets with his COMMANDER, who urges him to drop the crash investigation, citing Akira's reputation as a "communist hunter" during the war. Similarly, at Army HQ, Frances meets with her boss and educational attaché, the charming IAN BRUCE (30). She was summoned to his office for not following the mandated curriculum, though Ian doesn't reprimand her. Instead, he recognizes her last name and asks about her story, backing off when Frances seems hesitant to share. Frances respects his self-awareness and accepts his phone number.

Anthony is recovering, both in health and brashness. Sean continues to beat him, but can't get him to talk, beginning to suspect that Anthony is protecting someone or something. Later, Akira arrives. Sean rebuffs him again. That is, until Akira shares that Anthony tried to bribe him the night of the crash. When Sean sees the bribe, he is surprised Akira didn't take it. Akira explains that Anthony was terrified that night, but not of jail, and he wants to know why...

Frances heads home after another class. Unhappy and alone, she calls Ian. At the same time, Akira and Yoshiko ride the same trolley home again. This time, they initiate easy conversation, during which Akira reveals he's widowed. Frances and Ian also chat easily over the phone, albeit with American candor. Ian asks Frances out on a date.

Back at the Army station, the unseen soldier makes his rounds again. He pauses for a long moment at Anthony's cell, then gives Anthony a red book, one that was last seen in Ian's office. Meanwhile, on his walk home from the trolley, Akira fends off a STREET KID trying to steal his jacket, demonstrating a flash of combat-trained menace.

Yoshiko returns home to a combative situation as well. She's intercepted at the door by her husband, none other than Tadamasa... Drunk, he grabs her, angry at Yoshiko for not having been home, but stops short of violence.

At the Army station, Sean can't break Anthony. Desperate, he tries empathy, but Anthony doesn't budge. The young private seems at peace with his situation. Sean calls Akira to his office, offering a tacit apology for having spurned him before. As a tense exchange unfolds, each begins to recognize a kindred spirit in the other: former soldiers with checkered pasts and lingering senses of duty trying to navigate this postwar world. A loud alarm interrupts them.

Frances gets ready for her date with Ian when the phone rings. Ian has canceled due to work obligations. Frances dejectedly dismisses the MAID who informs her, and the maid quietly smiles at her boss' gloom.

Back at the station, Sean and Akira stand over Anthony's body. He's dead... The private slit his wrists using a razor which, unbeknownst to the detectives, was concealed in the red book. As blood pools under Anthony, Sean and Akira realize this is far bigger than just a car crash.

At the same time, in a bombed-out warehouse, a U.S. Army truck pulls in. The Thin Man, Tadamasa, and several Japanese workmen wait. The driver gets out... it's Ian! He and the Thin Man are working together. It is their smuggling ring that Anthony served and for which he ultimately chose suicide over betrayal. As Tadamasa and the workmen load crates onto the truck, Tadamasa watches bitterly as his boss and the American converse.

Later that night, Frances drinks alone at the bar of an officer's club. Sean sits down next to her. After Frances quips that Sean makes her look cheerful in comparison, Sean asks why Frances is there. She asks if he "wants the truth."

CHARACTER BREAKDOWN

<u>Age</u>	<u>Name</u>	<u>Role</u>
30	Sean Costello	Leading Male

A pitiless U.S. Army detective known for his brutal interrogation tactics during World War II, he finds himself adrift in the postwar world. He is tasked with extracting information from Anthony but struggles to break the young private and is forced to grapple with the morality of his wartime actions. Alongside his Japanese counterpart, Akira, he ultimately uncovers a criminal ring that potentially implicates the system employing him but also drives him towards a newfound purpose.

24	Frances Overby	Leading Female
A Stanford-educated idealist, she feels guilty about her privileged upbringing and is determined to renounce it for a life of activism. In pursuit of this idea, she leaves America to teach English in Japan, hoping to promote equality and classlessness to her students. However, she struggles to relate with the people she wants to "liberate."		
35	Akira Sato	Leading Male
A Japanese detective who is haunted by his wartime role in the Imperial secret police. He investigates the auto crash involving the U.S. Army truck and unearths unsettling clues. Against the advice of his commander, he seeks out his American counterpart, Sean, driven by a sense of morality and a desire for redemption. Separately, a widower, he bonds with Yoshiko, his classmate in Frances' English class.		
35	Tadamasa Fujita	Supporting Male
A Japanese veteran who, unlike Akira, is nostalgic about his time at war. Fiercely nationalist, he despises the American occupation but swallows his pride to seek employment with Colonel Albrecht's office. When he is turned away by the American, he joins the Thin Man's criminal network. Beneath his militancy lies guilt for not being there for his son who died during the war. His wife, Yoshiko, does not forgive his absence. He responds by lashing out at her.		
28	Yoshiko Fujita	Supporting Female
A dutiful Japanese housewife yearning for independence from her abusive husband, Tadamasa. Traumatized by the loss of their young son during the war, she secretly enrolls in Frances' English class, defying both her husband's traditionalist expectations and his authority. There, she bonds with her classmate, Akira, a widower.		
20	Anthony Bianco	Supporting Male
A cocky, working-class U.S. Army private who is detained as a passenger in the truck that killed a Japanese civilian. Brash but loyal, he refuses to rat on the driver. His defiance is laced with fear, though, and he ultimately chooses suicide over betraying the criminal network he was working for, run by Ian and the Thin Man.		
30	Ian Bruce	Supporting Male
The U.S. Army cultural attaché in Tokyo who secretly runs a crime ring with the Thin Man. Charismatic, he and Frances strike up a flirtatious relationship, complicated by him being Frances' superior. Despite his role, he isn't interested in promoting American values nor does he feel guilty over his privilege, like Frances. He is solely motivated by personal gain.		
35-45	Thin Man	Supporting Male
A mysterious Japanese figure who runs the underground crime ring with Ian. His prewar background isn't specified, though it is implied he has hidden influence and wealth. He hires Tadamasa into his syndicate for his ruthlessness. However, unlike Tadamasa, he has no moral qualms about working with Americans. Like Ian, he is motivated by profit.		
40-50	Colonel Albrecht	Supporting Male
The old-school MP commander of the American occupying forces in Tokyo and Sean's commanding officer. Though wary of Sean's volatility, he recruits the detective to interrogate Anthony. The fatal Army truck collision has made Japanese tabloids, tarnishing the occupation's reputation. Holding Sean's job over his head, he pressures the detective into extracting the driver's name from Anthony so the Army can mete out justice and salvage their image.		
40	Chaplain	Supporting Male
The Army chaplain in Sean's parish in Tokyo, filling in as priest for this small Catholic community. Indecorous yet sincere, he hears Sean's confession, encouraging Sean to reflect on his work as an interrogator and pressing the detective to not hide behind the pursuit of justice.		
20-30	Unseen Soldier	Cameo (Male)
An American soldier at the military police station who delivers books to inmates. He hands Anthony carefully chosen volumes, including the one from Ian concealing the razor blades that the private ultimately uses to commit suicide. While his identity is never revealed, it is implied that he is complicit in Ian and the Thin Man's crime ring.		
25-30	Lieutenant	Cameo (Male)
A young, entitled U.S. Army lieutenant accused of assaulting a Japanese woman. He initially gives Sean a false statement of innocence but ultimately confesses after Sean beats it out of him.		
26	John	Cameo (Male)
Frances' childhood friend and casual romantic partner. Steeped in privilege, he struggles to understand Frances' progressive ideals and encourages her to stay in America.		
30-40	Homeless Man	Cameo (Male)
A blind Japanese veteran living under a bridge spanning the road on which the U.S. Army truck collided with the Japanese civilian car. He gives Akira valuable information about the truck.		
45-55	Akira's Commander	Cameo (Male)
A commander at the Tokyo police station and Akira's superior. He encourages Akira to drop the auto crash investigation, insisting that the Americans can handle their own scandals.		
20-30	Frances' Maid	Cameo (Female)
A member of Frances' domestic staff in Japan. Obedient in her presence, she quietly revels in Frances' gloom.		
22	Street Kid	Cameo (Male)
A vagrant who attempts to rob Akira of his jacket.		

COMMENTS

Set against an interesting historical backdrop and crafted with skill, *FALLEN SUN* opens with promise and intrigue, but loses momentum as it progresses. There's a lot to enjoy about this period crime drama. It explores a chapter of history often ignored in favor of the war preceding it, populates it with characters scarred by that same conflict, and establishes vivid scenes that are well paced and tonally consistent. However, anchored around an interrogation, the pilot lays the groundwork for a crime series that leans detective drama over historical thriller, neglecting to fully capitalize on its concept and failing to justify the budget associated with a postwar period piece.

What happens after you win a war? What happens after you lose? These are the questions the characters grapple with throughout the script. In this regard, they largely shine. Two of the three leads, Sean and Akira, serve as foils: former enemies, haunted by violent pasts, seeking redemption. Supporting characters, Yoshiko and Tadamasa Fujita, stand opposed, their marriage crumbling. Tadamasa is nostalgic over the war. Yoshiko represents a grieving, damaged Japan, trying to find its voice in the new world order. Not all characters suit the concept, though. The third lead, Frances, curiously travels to Japan to further her quasi-revolutionary ambitions. Although well-intentioned, she feels out of place in a narrative where the other characters respond to the two questions above with realistic, not visionary answers.

The pilot is structured around Sean's interrogation of and Akira's investigation into Anthony. While the case unsettles them on an internal level, they remain detached from the external conflict. Both face institutional pressure, but nothing within the case directly involves them. A show set in a similar era, albeit in an alternative timeline, *THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE*, also explores an interesting (albeit terrifying) concept and inhabits it with complex characters. This dystopian series' first season largely works because its pilot entangles the leads in the conflict on deeply personal terms. *FALLEN SUN*, meanwhile, treats the case as a puzzle for its leads to solve, with a dose of career strain, rather than an inescapable threat. Original in both period and concept, it is trite in execution. Having built a world rich with unique terrain to explore, the detective drama series this pilot sets up, even with an unsolved case, underwhelms.

There are some other concerns to note. First, two of the main antagonists, Ian and the Thin Man, aren't introduced until after page 30. Second, while the script organically explores themes such as law vs. ethics and truth vs. narrative – topics that are very relevant today – it imposes commentary on privilege and capitalism, as if to justify that relevancy.

As a whole, the pilot falters. However, it manages to excel in many of its parts. The characters' internal stakes are clear. Each scene probes those stakes and the motivations behind them. The tone is steady, built through visual language rooted in noir and a confident voice. The narrative is easy to track and transitions smoothly between locations, often linked by time. The dialogue is sharp and poignant. While it's not always the simplest to follow, there is a musicality in the military-speak, potentially informed by the writer's own military background.

Overall, this pilot's structural issues would require significant development to fix and its genre choices render this period piece not commercially viable. That said, the writer excels in pacing, scene work, and character psychology, backed by crisp dialogue and a distinct voice. Although the script does not warrant further consideration, the writer does, particularly for military-themed projects and rewrites.

	<u>Excellent</u>	<u>Very Good</u>	<u>Good</u>	<u>Average</u>	<u>Below Average</u>
Main Characters			X		
Minor Characters		X			
Commerciality				X	
Concept		X			
Story				X	
Structure				X	
Tone		X			
Pacing		X			
Originality				X	
Dialogue			X		
Visual Elements		X			

PROJECT: Pass

WRITER: Consider

FALLEN SUN

By Tim Drain

INT. US ARMY MILITARY POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Superscript: TOKYO - 1947

Once a Japanese police station, its origins have been hastily ripped from the walls. The decrees and heraldry of the American occupation authority cover fading Japanese.

A quiet night, the only sound comes from ---

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION CELL BLOCK - NIGHT

--- a hushed conversation outside the concrete interrogation cells. SEAN COSTELLO (30), a US Army Military Police detective of clear Irish-Catholic blood, stands center and silent.

To his side are two fellow Army captains, drunk and disheveled. The surlier of the two, DUNNE (30), leans against a wall to keep his balance. MILLER (30), his more coherent friend, pleads with the stone-faced Sean.

They discuss an unseen suspect ---

--- in a cell just out of earshot, the only one lit by a hanging bulb. In the corner, unacknowledged, a CORPORAL works on a typewriter.

MILLER

You shouldn't pre-judge this thing.
It's more complex than you think.

SEAN

What am I thinking?

MILLER

You think the kid screwed up. No one's saying he didn't. Booze, babes, and buffoonery; it never works.

SEAN

Where is she?

MILLER

Who?

SEAN

The 'babe'.

DUNNE

(sneering)
Who the hell knows?

Miller waves his friend down.

MILLER

Anywhere. A girl on the street that
late, who knows where she stays.

(beat)

Who knows what she does.

Sean retrieves a note pad from his jacket pocket.

SEAN

So you're saying that he was
unfamiliar with the victim before
tonight?

MILLER

C'mon Costello, don't talk like
that. You're not a grunt anymore.
Be a brother officer here. Let us
handle this thing in-house.

SEAN

The blood on his collar, is it his
or hers?

MILLER

If it's not his now, it will be
soon. The idiot's making us wake
the Major. The guy's a prick in a
good mood.

(beat)

Are we set?

SEAN

Rank has its privileges, right?

MILLER

Something like that.

Sean puts his note pad away.

SEAN

I can do in-house.

MILLER

Thanks a lot. We'll be back in a
bit to take him off your hands,
alright?

(re: the corporal)

He'll have the statement ready for
you.

The two captains leave. Sean looks through the barred windows
of the cell at ---

--- his suspect, a LIEUTENANT. Of the best breeding, the young officer sits with easy confidence. Only his tattered uniform suggests earlier trouble. Sean turns to the corporal.

SEAN
You work for the lieutenant?

CORPORAL
Yes, sir.

SEAN
For how long?

CORPORAL
Long enough I'm not surprised he's here.

Sean takes his uniform jacket off and places it on the back of a chair. He looks down the hallway to make sure they're alone.

He pulls the statement the corporal was working on out of the typewriter ---

SEAN
Go away corporal.

--- and throws it in the trash.

CORPORAL
(getting the hint)
Yes, sir.

The corporal leaves. Sean picks up a thick stack of blank statement forms and ---

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

--- enters the interrogation room. He places the stack of forms in front of the lieutenant at a deliberate right angle.

Peeling one form off the top, Sean hands it to him.

SEAN
Write down your statement. Read it out loud.

The lieutenant is put off by Sean's seriousness, but obeys.

LIEUTENANT
"I was walking back from the bar when I was assaulted by a Japanese man and woman..."

Sean grabs the paper, crumples it, and throws it in the corner. The lieutenant is baffled.

SEAN
There's a 'u' in assaulted. Do it again.

The lieutenant takes a fresh sheet and starts again.

LIEUTENANT
"...when I was assaulted by a Japanese man and woman..."

Sean again trashes the sheet. The lieutenant looks up, confused.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)
I spelled it right.

SEAN
Do it again.

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - LATER

The two captains walk to a phone at the duty officer's desk.

DUNNE
(re: Sean)
Friend of yours?

MILLER
Hardly. I've only heard of him. Almost didn't recognize his real name. Got the nickname 'Black Irish' during the war.

DUNNE
Isn't that when they have dark hair?

MILLER
That's not how he got it.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Sean is more aggressive now, keeping the lieutenant off-balance.

LIEUTENANT
(writing)
"...they grabbed me, into... pulled me..."

Sean trashes the paper again and throws it ---
--- into what is now a large pile of crumpled statements.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)
Sir, I don't know what you want!
You told me to write my statement
so I...

Sean interrupts him an open-palmed SMACK across the face.

Though more surprising than painful, he's ready to deliver many more.

Sean places another blank statement form in front of the lieutenant.

SEAN
Write.

INT. POLICE STATION - WATCH DESK - LATER

They've reached the phone. Miller talks while dialing.

MILLER
A master of the 'field
interrogation' they say.

DUNNE
An 'intel by broken fingers' kind
of thing?

MILLER
I never asked for the details.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

The lieutenant, now bruised and weeping, struggles to keep his writing hand steady.

Sean trashes another statement. The lieutenant braces for the next hit ---

--- but Sean holds back. He takes hold of the lieutenant and straightens his uniform.

Down to lizard brain instinct, the lieutenant hunches forward, wrapping his arms tight against his stomach.

SEAN
That's enough writing.

The lieutenant has a second of relief before ---

SEAN (CONT'D)
Now it's time for confession.

LIEUTENANT
I can't, I can't...

SEAN
We're all capable of confession. We need it.

(beat)
Confess that there was no man, no robbery, just a girl and a drunk, lying butter bar used to having his way. That isn't your story, that's the truth. And no matter how many lies you throw in front of it...

Sean places another blank sheet in front of the lieutenant.

SEAN (CONT'D)
...it's going to keep coming back at you.

Tempted, the lieutenant stares at the sheet.

SEAN (CONT'D)
This isn't for her. This is for you. Confess and unburden yourself.

The lieutenant picks up the pen. Sean has him ---

--- when they're interrupted by the two captains, shocked by what they've returned to. Rescued too late, the lieutenant drops his pen and sobs. Sean takes the confession, walks out ---

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION CELL BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

--- and keeps working.

SEAN
Corporal!

The corporal comes back in, clearly lurking right outside the door. Sean hands him a battered but complete statement.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Make copies of this. One goes to the brig chief, one to the JAG...
(thinking)
(MORE)

SEAN (CONT'D)
 ...but only if Captain Pearce is on
 duty. No one else, understand?

CORPORAL
 Yes, sir.

The corporal gets to typing, but still worried, he can't help
 himself ---

CORPORAL (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry sir, but what happened
 with the girl?

SEAN
 Who the hell knows?

Without another thought, Sean puts on his jacket and leaves.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Super: SAN FRANCISCO

It's a cheap place nearing flophouse status. Several large
 suitcases are stacked ready by the door, prominent in the
 room's bare furnishings.

A woman, FRANCES OVERBY (24), reads a book on the bed. She's
 unmistakably privileged, even when covered by only the
 yellowed bedsheet of her cut-rate hotel.

Steam fills the room as JOHN (26) showers in the tiny
 adjacent bathroom. Youthful, handsome, and fresh from a
 sexual conquest, his swagger doesn't distract Frances from
 her book.

JOHN (O.S.)
 It was so much simpler before. The
 days of milk and honey are over.
 (he turns the water off)
 It's always easier when you know
 who your enemy is. With an evil
 Emperor across the Pacific no one
 gives you shit about 'cost
 overruns' or...
 (noting Frances' silence)
 You still alive?

FRANCES
 Mmhmm...

JOHN (O.S.)
The War Department... or the
Defense Department, whatever makes
them feel better to call it...
they're always gonna need us.

FRANCES
Men like your father?

John emerges from the bathroom with a towel held loosely at his waist. He hopes for more of a reaction than Frances gives him.

JOHN
Men like us. Who else is gonna
build their ships?

FRANCES
And their guns, and planes, and
atom bombs...

John takes in the stark, dreary room.

JOHN
It feels sad here.

FRANCES
You seemed happy enough.

Frances turns more acidic, but John isn't smart enough to notice.

JOHN
I'm just saying we could always
find a place for you. My father's
the progressive in the family. He'd
like a woman's voice. Even more so
from a fellow Stanford alumni.

(beat)
My mother always joked that I'd
eventually marry you. Though I
think she meant it.
(moving closer to Frances)
You could live somewhere much
nicer. I have a place nearby. It's
modest for now, but larger soon.

FRANCES
More is always better, isn't it?
(beat)
Your place, is it very far?

JOHN
(hopeful)
Not at all.

FRANCES
So I don't need to call you a cab
home? Because my ship leaves early.

John stands up, bitterly spurned. He puts his suit back on.

JOHN
Why did you call me?

FRANCES
You said it. It's a very lonely
room.

JOHN
And because nobody else would come.

This cuts Frances deeper than anything else he's said.

JOHN (CONT'D)
You shouldn't be in this kind of
place. It's not your world.

FRANCES
There's just one world, and this is
it.

JOHN
Why Japan? Why give up everything
you have just to teach English to a
bunch of Japs? They're defeated
already.

Frances doesn't look up from her book.

FRANCES
But not liberated.

JOHN
Christ, that talk again. It stops
being cute once you graduate.
(beat)
Have you actually meet your beloved
under-class? Because they don't
live in those.

Frances looks up from the book. John finishes putting on his
suit, a fine cut of civilian fabric.

JOHN (CONT'D)
You finally have something to say?

FRANCES

Yes.

(re: the suit)

What did your father do to keep
that from being a uniform?

Insulted and done knowing Frances, John leaves. Frances
tosses her book ---

--- onto a stack full of Japanese history, language, and the
Communist Manifesto.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT ROAD - NIGHT

Superscript: TOKYO

It's a dark night, lit only by a sliver of the moon. The
buzzing of marsh insects covers the sound of an approaching
car until its headlights fall on the scene of a traffic
accident.

The driver, AKIRA SATO (35), steps out. Tall and thin, he
wears a white collared shirt and sagging pants that probably
fit in more prosperous times.

Sweating from the humidity, he leaves the jacket in the car,
exposing a TOKYO POLICE DETECTIVE'S BADGE on his hip. Akira
approaches the scene, deliberate and unhurried. He inspects
the first car, a jury-rigged jalopy on the losing end of the
collision.

Inside the crumpled frame rests the body of the Japanese
driver, an old man with the eyes of someone who saw it
coming. Akira lingers over him, out of reflection more than
professional scrutiny.

He approaches the other vehicle, bringing his flashlight up
to reveal a hulking flat-bed truck ---

--- bearing US Army markings. Akira works from back to front,
noting rough drag marks on the vehicle's empty bed. He
approaches the driver side door ---

--- but finds no driver, only an AMERICAN SOLDIER slumped
lifelessly in the passenger's seat.

Akira follows a faint set of FOOTPRINTS leading from the
driver's side ---

--- until they disappear into the wide, flat marsh. He stares
into the darkness of his new suspect's escape route until ---

--- from behind, a low groan alerts him to ---

--- the American soldier, battered but now conscious.

INT. OCCUPATION HQ - MP COMMANDER'S OFFICE - DAY

Sean stands before a conspiratorial panel of three senior officers. In the center, COLONEL ALBRECHT, Sean's commanding officer, sits uncomfortably in an overstuffed chair.

To his side are two MAJORS, their purpose unknown. Silent, they keep their eyes on Sean, as if fearing an attack.

Though outranking and outnumbering Sean, the Colonel treats him warily, like a guard dog that could just as easily bite its master.

COLONEL ALBRECHT

The left hand never knows what the right is doing. We try to run a just occupation, build a democracy, bring order...

He picks up a Japanese tabloid newspaper. On the cover, front and center, is a graphic picture of the car crash.

COLONEL ALBRECHT (CONT'D)

... and some privates on a late night joy ride fuck it all up.

He picks up the paper, keeping it at a disgusted distance.

COLONEL ALBRECHT (CONT'D)

This rag's only good for picking up dog shit and getting ink on your fingers. But that's what the people want apparently.

He tosses the paper in Sean's direction.

COLONEL ALBRECHT (CONT'D)

They print it faster than the censors can stamp it out. This new, free Japan is getting worse than the old.

(beat)

Almost makes me miss the old guard.

INT. OUTSIDE MP COMMANDER'S OFFICE - LATER

A thick-necked Japanese man, TADAMASA FUJITA (35), sits outside. Bearing a finely penned letter of introduction, he waits impatiently for his appointment with the Colonel.

Dressed in a modern Western suit, he wears it as unnaturally as a gorilla. His English is serviceable, but he speaks it with unmistakable resentment.

Across from him are several pliant JAPANESE BUREAUCRATS. With their own letters in hand, they wait patiently for their turn before the exalted American magistrate. Tadamasa looks at them with unconcealed disgust.

Nearby, a SECRETARY imported from middle America ignores them as much as possible.

TADAMASA

My appointment is for 11 o'clock.

SECRETARY

It shouldn't be much longer.

JAPANESE BUREAUCRAT

(in Japanese)

Washington is thirteen hours behind us. You've got to give them time to catch up.

If Tadamasa hates Americans, he hates humor more.

INT. OCCUPATION HQ - MP COMMANDER'S OFFICE - LATER

COLONEL ALBRECHT

We have one of them in custody, a Private Bianco. He's a young guy, but he's got that tight-lipped ginny thing. He's refusing to give up the driver.

Albrecht hands Sean a list of names.

COLONEL ALBRECHT (CONT'D)

That's everyone in his Motor T section. They're the only ones who would've had access to the truck. One of those is the name of the driver.

(beat)

We need your help, Costello. Yours alone.

SEAN

Why? Was the victim someone important?

COLONEL ALBRECHT
He mowed lawns over at enlisted
housing.

SEAN
Then why do you care?

Sean hit the 'you' too hard. The majors bristle at the
disrespect.

COLONEL ALBRECHT
Don't be crass.

SEAN
Tell the private you'll go easy if
he gives you the name. This isn't
hard.

COLONEL ALBRECHT
Obviously we tried that. We even
tried meaning it.
(beat)
This kid, he came straight from the
gutter. Maybe you can relate better
than us.

SEAN
What working class magic are you
expecting, sir?

Albrecht changes his approach.

COLONEL ALBRECHT
What'd you do before the Army,
Costello?

SEAN
(evasive)
I worked.

COLONEL ALBRECHT
And what are your plans for after
the Army?

It's not an innocent question.

COLONEL ALBRECHT (CONT'D)
There are fewer and fewer uniforms
around here. Everyone's getting
drummed out with cutbacks.

COLONEL ALBRECHT (CONT'D)
It's peacetime, so that means
civilians.

(MORE)

COLONEL ALBRECHT (CONT'D)

(picking up the newspaper)

So that means young men in suits
telling me that we can't just
suppress bad news. That's the
wartime way of thinking, the old
way. They tell me we need to create
some good news of our own.

(beat)

Even-handed justice is exactly the
story we need.

(beat)

Everyone wants to believe in this
occupation, Costello. Even the
Japs. They just need a reason.

(beat)

Just like I need a reason to keep
you around.

Albrecht goes back to the prepared material.

COLONEL ALBRECHT (CONT'D)

We aren't going to be looking over
your shoulder. You're free to
conduct your questioning however
you feel necessary.

Sean knows what the colonel is implying, but wants to hear
the gilded man say it out loud.

SEAN

Tell me exactly what you want me to
do to that soldier, sir.

COLONEL ALBRECHT

I want you to do what turned your
sergeant's chevrons into those
captain's bars.

Chastened, Sean breaks eye contact with the colonel, an
implied consent.

INT. OUTSIDE MP COMMANDER'S OFFICE - LATER

The secretary finishes a call from the Colonel.

SECRETARY

(to the room)

I'm sorry, but the Colonel will be
busy for the rest of the day.

Tadamasa stews in anger. He leaves the office with as much
spiteful dignity as he can manage.

INT. FRANCES' QUARTERS - DAY

Expecting austerity, Frances is unsettled by her appointed quarters. A luxurious contrast to the San Francisco hotel, her Tokyo home is a posh Japanese impersonation of a Tudor manor.

As she inspects the place unhappily, an Army STAFF SERGEANT directs Japanese laborers in delivering her furniture. He fills out an inventory form while half-listening to Frances.

FRANCES

This is...

STAFF SERGEANT

Yours now. Keys are on the kitchen counter.

FRANCES

This is not what I was expecting.

STAFF SERGEANT

If it's not up to your standards miss, you could try the Imperial Palace, but I think there's a fellow living in it.

FRANCES

No, it's... this is too much.

She looks over at the silent DOMESTIC STAFF of three Japanese women, embarrassed by their subservience.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

(lower)

They are too much.

STAFF SERGEANT

Well miss, they came with the place and I doubt they have anywhere else to go. But if you insist on being a lady of the people...

FRANCES

Fine, fine.

STAFF SERGEANT

Perfect. If it makes you feel better, my place is nicer.

The Staff Sergeant fills out the rest of the form.

STAFF SERGEANT (CONT'D)
 Belonged to some Jap officer who
 ran off to the mountains after the
 surrender. He was the egotistical
 type. Actually thought he was
 important enough to be hanged.
 (hands the form to
 Frances)
 Sign.

One of the laborers brings in Frances' battered luggage. The Staff Sergeant eyes it skeptically.

STAFF SERGEANT (CONT'D)
 Word of advice, miss. Humility is
 fine, but you're the conqueror and
 they're the conquered. You might
 forget that, but they never will.

The Staff Sergeant and the laborers leave. Smiling awkwardly, Frances walks past the maids without a word.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT ROAD - DAY

Even in the daytime, the road isn't much busier. Except for an occasional sack-laden bicyclist, Akira is alone at the crash site, now just scattered debris.

Finding the footprints again, he rolls up his pant legs and follows them into the marsh. He trudges through it until he reaches ---

EXT. FOREST - LATER

--- an overgrown patch of forest. It's a shaded, pleasant oasis from the outside world, but it doesn't offer any more clues.

Determined, Akira continues on. Coming over a small hill ---

--- he finds an old wooden bridge ---

--- and a HOMELESS MAN sprawled underneath. Concerned, Akira approaches the man to check for life ---

HOMELESS MAN
 (in Japanese)
 I'm not dead yet.

Akira is startled but puts on a professional detective's pose.

AKIRA
(in Japanese)
Sir, did you see anybody come
through here last night?

HOMELESS MAN
No...

The homeless man sits up, revealing an old cloth bandage
across his blind eyes. He wears a soiled army uniform,
fraying combat ribbons still attached.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)
... but I haven't seen anyone in a
long while.

Embarrassed, Akira starts to walk away.

AKIRA
Sorry for waking you.

HOMELESS MAN
Was he driving that damned truck?

Akira turns around, intrigued. He walks back to the man.

AKIRA
You know this truck?

HOMELESS MAN
(bargaining)
Did I smell tobacco on you before?

Akira lights a cigarette for the man.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)
It wakes me up nearly every third
night. It'll come over once, not
making too much noise. But then
later, it comes back so loud and
heavy that I'm up until morning.

AKIRA
It's heavier on the return trip?

HOMELESS MAN
And so much louder. Arrest this
guy, detective, and let me get some
sleep.

AKIRA
Who said I was a detective?

HOMELESS MAN

No one comes creeping through here
unless they're doing something
wrong or chasing those who are.

(beat)

And if you were a smuggler, you'd
have better cigarettes.

AKIRA

You see a lot.

HOMELESS MAN

Blindness is like any mystery,
detective. You can't take things in
all at once. But you learn to feel
around at the edges, the individual
parts. You feel how they interact.
Soon enough, you see the whole.

AKIRA

Are you a prophet?

The man holds an old army canteen out to Akira.

HOMELESS MAN

No, a beggar.

Akira tosses a few coins in the canteen and leaves.

INT. INTERROGATION CELL - NIGHT

Sean, in a starched shirt-and-tie uniform, sits across from
ANTHONY BIANCO (20), the soldier found in the passenger seat
of the crashed truck.

A prematurely cynical kid from some unassimilated Italian
neighborhood, his fatigues hang loosely off his skinny frame.

Dark eyes around dinner plate pupils, he's suffering from his
injuries. He barely stays awake ---

--- and Sean's fist against the table makes sure of it.

SEAN

Wake up. You've got a concussion, I
can't let you fall asleep.

Still shaky, Anthony's words spill out half-formed.

ANTHONY

I can't... I can barely see
straight... Please I haven't slept
since...

His head slumps down again ---

--- but Sean gets him back with a sharp kick against his chair, nearly knocking him over.

SEAN

I'm a worrier. I'd hate to see you
get hurt.

Sean walks behind Anthony, holding his head up by the neck.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I need to know you're all right.
Tell me who you were with and I
won't have to worry about finding
you dead in the morning.

Sean puts Albrecht's list of names in front of Anthony.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I know you're hurting, so I'll make
it easy.

He forces a pen into Anthony's hand.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Put a circle around the name of the
driver.

He puts a blank statement form in front of Anthony.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Then your crime down there.

The intercom crackles behind Sean.

INTERCOM (O.S.)

Captain Costello, to the watch
desk.

Pulled back at a critical moment ---

--- Sean takes it out on Anthony. A final slap on the back of
the head ---

SEAN

The God's honest truth.

--- and Anthony's alone. He picks up the pen, his grip still
weak ---

--- and writes shaky sentence fragments bending towards a
confession ---

--- "I know that..."

--- "I went out that night..."

--- "If I could try again..."

INT. POLICE STATION - WATCH DESK - LATER

An earnest DUTY OFFICER waits for Sean. He rises for a crisp salute ---

SEAN

What?

--- but he's not ready for his Sean mood.

DUTY OFFICER

Well, sir...

He looks down the hallway to ---

--- Akira, waiting patiently.

DUTY OFFICER (CONT'D)

The gentleman, the detect...

SEAN

The Jap, yeah, what does he want?

DUTY OFFICER

You, sir. He says he wants to talk to the detective on the hit and run case.

SEAN

He understands English?

DUTY OFFICER

Really well, actually.

SEAN

(harshly)

Do you?

The duty officer slinks down, not knowing how he screwed up, but knowing that it's about to be made clear.

DUTY OFFICER

Yes, sir...

SEAN

Then don't call me for shit like this during an interrogation.

Akira, rejected, glowers as Sean walks away. Hurrying back to the cell ---

INT. INTERROGATION CELL - LATER

--- Sean finds Anthony slumped in a deep sleep. Sean pulls the statement from under his cheek and reads ---

--- "I Am Complicit", sharp and clear in a jumble of scrawls.

Sean looks at it, considering ---

--- but seeing no circle on a name ---

--- kicks Anthony over.

INT. CLASSROOM - EVENING

It meets the barest functions of a classroom. Dusty and bland, the only color comes from an array of occupation cartoons illustrating American values in simple, universal terms.

FRANCES (O.S.)
Independence.

Frances struggles through her first class day. She strains every muscle on her face, hitting each syllable with forced cheeriness.

Behind Frances is an elevated platform which she's refused.

Instead, she stands uncomfortably close to the first row of students.

FRANCES (CONT'D)
Independence.

--- who stare back at her with blank confusion.

FRANCES (CONT'D)
(frustrated)
C'mon, you have to say it.
Independence.

The class repeats the word with utter incoherence.

FRANCES (CONT'D)
Once again.

As Frances rattles off her mandated curriculum, an OFFICER, pale and bureaucratic, watches her perform. He checks off the mandated points as she goes.

They recite it again, barely better than before.

FRANCES (CONT'D)
Independence, once more.

The monotony turns boredom into resentment. Sweating like a bad comedian, Frances feels their stares.

Two lone bright spots are Akira, sitting attentively in the middle rows and ---

--- a Japanese housewife, YOSHIKO (28), in the most distant row.

Quiet and wilting, she takes immaculate notes in a mix of Japanese and sincerely attempted English. Being the only other woman in the room, Frances' eyes often fall on her, but Yoshiko never dares to meet them.

The overseeing officer motions to Frances that he's leaving for a bit.

FRANCES (CONT'D)
Independence. Independence...

Frances waits for him to leave ---

--- then improvises the lesson, now invigorated.

FRANCES (CONT'D)
What does this word mean?

Only squirms and silence from the class.

FRANCES (CONT'D)
Anybody?

As Frances struggles, two STUDENTS speak to AKIRA in hissing whispers. He ignores them, keeping a dignified pose.

STUDENT #1
(in Japanese)
How do you like the enemy language,
detective?

STUDENT #2
(in Japanese)
Or are you just here to spy on us
again?

STUDENT #1
They should have hanged him with
the rest of the fascists.

STUDENT #2
Maybe we still will.

Akira grimaces, then ---

AKIRA
(in Japanese)
You're a poetry student. I'm not
too worried.

Akira whispered too loudly, drawing Frances' attention. She
speaks to him slowly, annunciating each word.

FRANCES
How about you? What does
'independence' mean?

Akira thinks for a moment, then answers in surprisingly good
English.

AKIRA
It's a kind of freedom. Freedom for
a country, or for a person.

FRANCES
(encouraged)
Yes... exactly.

She turns to the chalkboard. In large, clear letters she
writes the word 'EQUALITY'.

When she turns back, she finds Akira uncomfortable with the
attention he's drawn to himself. She seeks out other
volunteers.

FRANCES (CONT'D)
Anyone else? What does this word
mean to you?

She gets only silence. She's flailing, feeling the full
awkwardness of her inept leadership until ---

--- Akira takes pity on her. He raises his hand. Thinking
quickly, Frances comes up with a plan.

FRANCES (CONT'D)
(to Akira)
Come up. Please.

This is more than Akira wanted, but he can't back out now.

The taunting students chuckle as he walks to the front of the room.

FRANCES (CONT'D)
We're going to try an exercise.

Frances looks at Yoshiko until she eventually looks back.

FRANCES (CONT'D)
Miss, please come up.

More than anything Yoshiko wants to say 'no', but under the command of an authority figure ---

--- she walks tentatively to the front of the class. Frances stands between Akira and Yoshiko, as they eye each other nervously.

FRANCES (CONT'D)
These two are married.

Giggles from the class.

FRANCES (CONT'D)
For now at least.
(to Yoshiko)
Tell your husband that you're going to the store.

Embarrassed, Yoshiko can't keep up with Frances' English.

Akira comes to her aid.

AKIRA
(in Japanese)
She wants you to pretend like we have money to spend.

The class laughs darkly. Frances is left uncomfortably out of the joke.

Relaxing a bit, Yoshiko plays her part, theatrically bowing before her fictional husband.

YOSHIKO
(halting English)
Husband, may I go to the market now?

Frances steps past Yoshiko, still bowing, without a word. She doesn't mean to insult Yoshiko, but everything she says does exactly that.

FRANCES

For example, this isn't equality.
Equality means a wife speaking to
her husband as an equal.

Her oddly political lesson brings out only confusion and
silent hostility from the class.

Humiliated, Yoshiko stays bowing. A soft hand from Akira
brings her back upright, their eyes on each other.

Frances turns back to Yoshiko.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Is that how you actually want to
speak to your husband?

No response from Yoshiko.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

(more challenging)
Is that all you want?

Yoshiko suppresses a mix of embarrassment and anger.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Do you only ever do what he says?

Just as Yoshiko looks ready to angrily break character ---

--- Akira steps between her and Frances.

AKIRA

That's enough.

Coffee in hand, the overseeing officer walks back in,
recognizing the disorder Frances has caused.

Helpless, Frances looks at him, her tense class, and Akira
still standing in quiet defense of Yoshiko.

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Anthony lays on a bare cot, still wincing from his session
with Sean.

The block doors open with a clang ---

--- and an UNSEEN SOLDIER wheels a cart of books down the
hallway. As he passes by ---

--- Anthony sticks out his hand without a word and receives a blue book. It gives him comfort. He leafs through its pages with purpose.

INT. TROLLEY CAR - NIGHT

Akira and Yoshiko take a clanging trolley home.

He discretely watches her from the other end of the car.

Clinging to an overcrowded pole, she bumps against other passengers with each sharp turn. She's still learning the rules of public transit.

Sweating and eager to leave, she gets off at her spot, looking over at Akira as she does.

Most of the other passengers leave with Yoshiko, leaving Akira to wait for his distant, lonelier stop.

EXT. TROLLEY STATION MARKET - NIGHT

An elderly, market savvy WOMAN sells black market produce from her cart. Smelling weakness, the woman bullies Yoshiko into giving her an unjust sum.

The din of the crowded market masks their words.

One indignity too many for the day, Yoshiko gives the woman a hard look and a final offer. She gives in and hands Yoshiko the oranges.

EXT. TOKYO STREET - LATER

Yoshiko walks down a dark residential alley. Deprived of electricity, she works her way forward with one hand on the fence line. She stumbles several times on the rough road but doesn't cry out.

By memory and intuition she finds ---

INT. YOSHIKO'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - LATER

--- her home, a traditional dwelling. She enters, sliding the door open with suspicious delicacy.

Light from an adjacent room projects a man's silhouette onto a screen door. Yoshiko watches it with dread.

Without turning a light on, she kneels before an ornate wooden shrine. She takes her oranges and sets them onto the altar as an offering, replacing a molding pair.

Beside the shrine, a heavily decorated Japanese army uniform hangs proudly on a mannequin. Yoshiko glowers at it.

She makes minute adjustments to photographs on the altar.

Small and fading, they capture the brief life of her dead son, a smiling cherubic boy never older than five or six.

Head bowed, she whispers a private prayer.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

A modest chapel of Japanese-tinged Catholicism, Sean sits in a back pew.

He's out of sync with the tiny American congregation. His movements are a half-second delayed, his prayers less than enthusiastic. It's an act of obligation, not faith.

At the end of mass, Sean starts for the exit, but ---

--- reluctantly enters the confession booth instead.

INT. CHURCH - CONFESSION BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

A cramped space of plain, dark wood, a small window curtained with fine Japanese gossamer separates its two chambers.

Sean takes a moment, crosses himself, and ---

SEAN

In the name of the Father, and of
the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. My
last confession was one week ago.

CHAPLAIN (O.S.)

I set my watch to it.

A note of annoyance from Sean.

CHAPLAIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(more serious)

What do you have to confess, my
son?

SEAN

I took the Lord's name in vain
three...

CHAPLAIN (O.S.)
C'mon, no one gives a damn about
that shit.

Sean pulls back the separating curtain to reveal ---

--- the CHAPLAIN (40), a pleasantly well-fed major with a
casual civilian bearing.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)
I don't think you're supposed to do
that.

SEAN
And you're supposed to be a real
priest.

CHAPLAIN
Well, a chaplain is as good as
you're gonna get here.

Sean pulls the curtain back.

CHAPLAIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
If you want to talk to a virgin,
you've come to the wrong place.
With all the guilt ridden baby
faces I get in here, I outta pay
the Jap brothels commissions.
(beat)
So how you been, Costello?

SEAN
Ok.

CHAPLAIN (O.S.)
Well, OK then.

The Chaplain lets the silence sit for a moment.

CHAPLAIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You're gonna have to find someone
else for next week. I'm taking the
wife to Kyoto for a bit of leave.
She's been a good sport out here.
She's even trying to like sake. But
she'll be back to gin pretty soon.
(beat)
So unless you want to wait two
weeks, go ahead and say what you
came here to say.

SEAN

I attacked a man. He was a suspect and I needed him to... I needed a confession.

CHAPLAIN (O.S.)

I never ask for an excuse, but you always give one.

SEAN

Do you want to know what this man did?

CHAPLAIN (O.S.)

Nope.

SEAN

You never do. No one does.

CHAPLAIN (O.S.)

I don't ask because it doesn't change your sin.

SEAN

And what about his sin? Are you just gonna hope he wanders into the booth one day?

(beat)

It was a woman.

CHAPLAIN (O.S.)

I figured. They're the worst victims and the best justifications.

(beat)

If I knew this man, you think I would approve of what you did?

SEAN

You would understand at least.

CHAPLAIN (O.S.)

Help me understand. Did you do it to hurt him or to help her?

Sean doesn't answer.

CHAPLAIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You don't have to answer if you don't want.

CHAPLAIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
After all, I'm not the one you're
confessing to. And He knows this
man much better than you.

SEAN
I know.

CHAPLAIN (O.S.)
And He knows you. That your worth
didn't end with the war. All that's
needed to receive his forgiveness
is to recognize yourself and your
sins. To feel genuine remorse and
confess it defenselessly.
(beat)
Sean, can you do this?

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Tadamasa sits at a low table with an unnamed THIN MAN wearing
a fine suit. The man puffs lightly on a slender cigarette as
he listens to his host's rants.

They drink whiskey from small glasses which, pointedly,
Tadamasa is expected to keep filled.

TADAMASA
(in Japanese)
I can't do this.
(beat)
They know what they're doing. They
know they're insulting us.

THIN MAN
(in Japanese)
The Colonel cancelled your meeting?

TADAMASA
He had his secretary do it.
(beat)
We can't work with these Americans.

A note of displeasure from the Thin Man. He glances at his
empty glass.

TADAMASA (CONT'D)
(pouring the drink)
I'm sorry, it's not very good.
Times have been difficult.

THIN MAN
Hardship we must endure. Just as we
endure the Americans.

The man pulls another fine cigarette from his finer jacket.

THIN MAN (CONT'D)
But don't get too down, you might
find they have more in common with
us that you think.

Tadamasa wants to argue but instead ---

TADAMASA
Sir, have you had the chance to
consider my question?

THIN MAN
I have.

Unhurried, he enjoys his cigarette and whiskey.

THIN MAN (CONT'D)
You served in Korea, yes?

Tadamasa nods.

THIN MAN (CONT'D)
Six years, endless rebels, no
visits home.
(beat)
I know they provided women, but
still... that was quite a burden.

TADAMASA
I was honored to serve.

With both hands, Tadamasa presents his letter of introduction
to the man.

TADAMASA (CONT'D)
I would be honored to continue
serving.

The man waves the letter off.

THIN MAN
That's not necessary. You've
already come well recommended. I
spoke with your old commander.
"Reliable, unflinching..."

He waits for another pour of whiskey. Tadamasa obliges.

THIN MAN (CONT'D)
 "... not the squeamish type." We'll
 always have a place for you,
 Captain Fujita.

TADAMASA
 Thank you, sir.

THIN MAN
 For what I have in mind though, you
 do need to set aside some of your
 prejudices.

The Thin Man at last offers Tadamasa one of his cigarettes.

THIN MAN (CONT'D)
 For the good of the country, of
 course.

INT. TOKYO POLICE STATION - COMMANDER'S OFFICE - DAY

The drab heart of an emasculated paramilitary force. Akira
 sits before the desk of his COMMANDER, a career bureaucrat
 with a loosened tie and armpit stains.

AKIRA
 (in Japanese)
 It's a death, sir. And I'm a
 detective.

COMMANDER
 (in Japanese)
 And what kind of detective wants to
 work a nighttime hit and run with
 no clear suspect?

AKIRA
 I can close it, sir. This is far
 from my first case.

COMMANDER
 Hunting communists is a very
 different kind of work.

Akira winces at the mention of his wartime duties, but he
 doesn't apologize for it.

AKIRA
 That was what I did then. This is
 what I do now.

COMMANDER

Let the Americans deal with their own problems. We're all better at policing our own.

AKIRA

The crime was committed in Japan, against a Japanese citizen...

COMMANDER

...with an American suspect. We couldn't take the case if we wanted. Which you shouldn't.

(beat)

Don't take it as criticism, detective.

(leaning forward)

The way things are going... protests, riots. We'll need men with your skills soon enough.

Akira looks right back at his commander, hating him and his own reputation.

INT. OCCUPATION HQ - IAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Frances sits in a low chair by the door. Stiff, silent, with her legs crossed tightly at the heels, she dreads whatever is coming.

From outside comes the sound of MALE VOICE flirting with the SECRETARY outside. Frances doesn't want to appear nervous, but flinches slightly when ---

--- IAN BRUCE (30) enters, closing the door behind him. Tall and handsome, with the broad shoulders of an Ivy League rower and the privilege to match.

He looks at Frances with a smile just short of a smirk. She can't help but be a bit impressed.

IAN

Ugh, that look. I know that look.

(beat)

Angry, stubborn, and just a little bit scared. Reminds me of all those trips to the headmaster's office.

Frances doesn't know how to respond.

IAN (CONT'D)

You don't know who I am.

FRANCES

No.

IAN

Ian Bruce. Ian. Educational Attache
and technically your boss.

FRANCES

I didn't know...

IAN

Of course, you wouldn't. Not with
the way this place is run. Nobody
really knows who anybody is.

He extends his hand to Frances.

IAN (CONT'D)

And you?

FRANCES

Frances Overby.

He takes her hand with a quick but clear check for a ring.

IAN

Ms. Overby...

He keeps her hand in his.

IAN (CONT'D)

(mock serious)

This is me officially reprimanding
you for not preaching the literal
gospel of the English language
curriculum. Very bad.

He moves back to his desk.

IAN (CONT'D)

Stay for a bit, though. We need to
make it look honest.

(beat)

You're not from those Overbys are
you?

FRANCES

By name, at least.

IAN

A California timber princess
teaching English in the rubble.
What's your story?

FRANCES
It's not a princess story.

IAN
(backing off)
It's annoying being analyzed, isn't it? Especially by someone who doesn't know what he's talking about.

Ian goes back to some paperwork, leaving Frances in silence until ---

FRANCES
And what does an attache do?

IAN
A million little things. Everything from setting up libraries, to annoying English teachers...

He picks up a thick, red book.

IAN (CONT'D)
...to lending books to prisoners.

Setting the book aside, he gets up from his desk and sits in a chair near Frances.

IAN (CONT'D)
But mostly not a whole lot. We're each out of place here, huh?

He looks at Frances for a beat, then ---

IAN (CONT'D)
I think that's long enough.

He steps up and opens the door for her. As she leaves, he hands her his card.

IAN (CONT'D)
But if you're ever feeling too out of place, let me know.

Frances pockets it and leaves.

INT. INTERROGATION CELL - DAY

Sean sits across from Anthony for the next interrogation.

Fully conscious, Anthony still looks a sickly, but maybe just came that way.

He's cocky now, but still squirms with the pain of his injuries.

He rubs his patchy stubble, a constant annoyance.

SEAN
Stop. You can't rub it off.

ANTHONY
Just trying to look thoughtful,
sir.

SEAN
(sarcastic)
You're looking better. Getting
enough sleep? Catching up on your
reading?

ANTHONY
Yeah, actually.

Anthony sticks a clunky, unlaced boot out from the table.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
Give me my laces back and I'll get
back in shape too. Fighting fit.

SEAN
It's for your own protection,
private. We're worried you might
have a conscience.

Anthony winces, but not from pain.

SEAN (CONT'D)
I've been doing a little reading
too.

Sean pulls out Anthony's garbled confession.

SEAN (CONT'D)
What the fuck is this chicken
scratch?

ANTHONY
You'd have to ask the guy who wrote
it.

SEAN
What does that mean?

ANTHONY
It means my head was as fucked up
as your nose.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

(beat)

Why's every Irish nose gin-
blossomed or broken three times
over?

Sean hits him in the nose, just enough to hurt.

SEAN

Get serious or I'll break yours'
Jewish.

ANTHONY

You know how to hit people, mazel
tov.

Sean balls up the confession and tosses it aside. He puts a
fresh sheet in front of Anthony.

SEAN

Try again. With the driver's name
this time.

ANTHONY

I'll take the hit instead.

SEAN

You know how to take a punch, but I
think it's because you never had
someone to back you up.

Sean opens the list of names in front of Anthony again.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I talked to your section. What do
you think they said about you?

ANTHONY

I don't know, sir.

SEAN

Yeah, you do.

(beat)

I don't think you have much of a
future in this army.

ANTHONY

I've heard that already. But they
weren't as nice about it.

SEAN

Yeah, I've met them.

(beat)

(MORE)

SEAN (CONT'D)

I know you think I'm an asshole,
but even I'm not that cruel. They
can't even say your name without a
smirk.

Sean crosses out two of the names.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I'll make it easier. These two
definitely weren't with you. They
couldn't even joke about how much
they hate you.

Anthony's hurt but not convinced.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Why do you care about these guys
when they don't give a shit about
you?

ANTHONY

Whatever else I am, I'm not a liar.
I'm not a rat.

(beat)

And if they laugh about me that
much, why would I be driving around
with them?

SEAN

Because they can laugh at you.

(beat)

They don't like you, but they need
you. You're the prop, the built-in
joke. They can cut you down in
front of girls for a good ice
breaker.

(beat)

You're the runt, you're the fall
guy...

Anthony wavers, some honesty opening up ---

SEAN (CONT'D)

... you're the bitch.

--- but that closes it back again.

ANTHONY

What do people say about you,
captain?

(beat)

I'm not a good soldier. Not the way
they wanted me to be.

(MORE)

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
But I've got a couple options. I'll
get out of here one day...

He pushes the names away.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
... but you'll still be nothing but
a stupid mick goon.

Sean punches him in the nose again ---

--- getting the sharp break this time.

INT. MILITARY POLICE STATION - SEAN'S OFFICE - EVENING

It's pure cinder block and functional office furniture.

Beside a pile of paperwork, Sean has a bottle of Irish
whiskey and two glasses on the desk.

He takes some of the ice and presses it against his bruised
knuckles.

Akira arrives at the door. It's an unwelcome visit but
there's nowhere for Sean to go.

AKIRA
Are you busy, Captain?

The niceties only annoy Sean. He motions for Akira to come
in.

SEAN
What do you need?

AKIRA
I'm glad I could finally reach you.
(beat)
I hear that you are investigating
the accident.

SEAN
Yeah.

Sean pours himself a glass of whiskey, not offering Akira the
second.

AKIRA
I was the first to the scene.

SEAN
I got your report.

Akira stands before Sean, choosing his words.

SEAN (CONT'D)
You want something else?

From his jacket pocket, Akira pulls out ---

--- a stack of American money. He places it on the desk in front of Sean. This certainly gets his attention.

AKIRA
He gave it to me. Right after he
woke up.

Sean counts the remarkable sum.

AKIRA (CONT'D)
He said all I had to do was drive
away.

Confused and suspicious, Sean lashes out.

SEAN
How much do you make in a month,
detective?

The question is too socially uncomfortable for Akira to ever answer.

SEAN (CONT'D)
(holding the stack)
You just let this go?

AKIRA
Yes.

SEAN
And you didn't tell your people
about the money?

AKIRA
No.

SEAN
Why not?

AKIRA
They're...

SEAN
Crooked?

AKIRA
Hungry.

SEAN

Why are you giving me this money,
detective?

AKIRA

Because your soldier gave it to me.
And when he did he was truly
afraid, but not of jail.

He entered with permission, but now Akira leaves on his own.

INT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

The class packs up for the night. No one stops to wish Frances a good night, not even the overseeing officer who stayed for the entire class this time.

INT. FRANCES' QUARTERS - LATER

It's dark and quiet at night. The floorboards creak as Frances comes home from another unhappy day.

Occasionally one of the maids passes through on a chore.

They're attentive to the house, but not to their aloof boss.

INT. FRANCES' QUARTER - OFFICE - LATER

Frances studies the dense class curriculum. Her eyes strain in the dim light. A maid enters to do the dusting.

FRANCES

Would you mind doing that later?

MAID

Miss?

FRANCES

(harsher)

Do that later.

She leaves. Frances looks glumly back at her books.

INT. FRANCES' QUARTERS - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Frances sits alone, eating a grey meal of Army-issue meat and potatoes. The only sound is silverware hitting china.

INT. FRANCES' QUARTERS - HALLWAY - LATER

Frances ambles down the hallway, bored. Turning a corner, she comes upon ---

--- the maids' kitchen. They sit in a communal circle eating bowls of noodles. Their laughter stops abruptly when they see Frances.

MAID

Miss, do you need anything?

Frances shakes her head and walks off. She hears their conversation resume as soon as she does.

INT. FRANCES' QUARTERS - KITCHEN - LATER

Frances sits at the counter, twirling Ian's card in her finger until ---

--- she finally picks up the phone and dials.

INT. TROLLEY CAR - NIGHT

Akira and Yoshiko ride the packed car home. They spot each other between gaps in the crush of passengers, but don't acknowledge the other. Neither wants to make the first move.

The car lurches to a stop ---

--- and drops the great bulk of passengers off. Akira and Yoshiko stand exposed before each other, evasion no longer an option ---

LATER

--- the two sit next to each other in the nearly empty car, chatting easily.

YOSHIKO

(in Japanese)

I always have trouble saying the longer words, like...

She tries her English, mangling the pronunciation.

YOSHIKO (CONT'D)

'separately'...

Akira winces, but stays polite.

AKIRA
 (in Japanese)
 It's good.

Yoshiko appreciates the lie. The trolley rocks its passengers with a harsh turn. Akira instinctively takes Yoshiko by the shoulder, revealing ---

--- a flash of his detective's badge under his jacket.

YOSHIKO
 You're police?

AKIRA
 A detective.

YOSHIKO
 You don't look like it.

Akira reacts with defensive embarrassment.

YOSHIKO (CONT'D)
 It's just hard to picture you in a uniform.
 (beat)
 I'm sorry.

Akira pulls at the folds of his billowing suit.

AKIRA
 That's all right, my uniform
 doesn't fit me very well anymore.

YOSHIKO
 Can I ask, why are you taking the
 class? You already speak English so
 well.

AKIRA
 No, I'm just a good impersonator.

YOSHIKO
 I need to get out of the house.

AKIRA
 Get away from the kids for a bit?

YOSHIKO
 (sadly)
 No.
 (beat)
 Are you married?

AKIRA

Not anymore.

They sit in uncomfortable silence until ---

AKIRA (CONT'D)

There's never an easy way to say
it, is there?

Yoshiko looks ahead, listening but not responding as ---

--- they arrive at her stop. She stands up ---

YOSHIKO

Goodbye.

--- but turns back once more before leaving.

YOSHIKO (CONT'D)

See you again soon.

INT. FRANCES' QUARTERS - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Frances finishes her lonely dinner at the kitchen island.

Late in the night, the single overhead light is the only one
left on.

With one hand she pokes at her food with a fork, with the
other ---

--- she talks to Ian on the phone.

FRANCES

Is it the same where you are? With
them slinking around?

IAN

(on the phone)

I'm not at my place much. I only
stop in enough to check that the
liquor cabinet's still locked.

FRANCES

I need to learn to cook. I'm sure
they'll poison me soon.

(catching herself)

I'm just embarrassed at how useless
I am without them. I wish they
weren't so necessary.

IAN

People are always better in theory,
aren't they?

(beat)

You called back so quickly. What
makes me special?

FRANCES

You remind me of someone.

IAN

An old boyfriend? That gorgeous boy
you never had the courage to talk
to?

FRANCES

More like a brother.

IAN

Ouch.

FRANCES

Don't be too discouraged. We blue
bloods keep a tight family tree.

IAN

So you're that kind.

FRANCES

What kind?

IAN

The kind that's ashamed of their
privilege.

FRANCES

Don't you ever feel guilty about it
sometimes?

IAN

I'm expected to nowadays. But no,
never.

FRANCES

Even when you feast and someone
else starves?

IAN

You're not a communist are you?

A long, wavering pause from Frances.

IAN (CONT'D)

Ha, you are! How'd you slip through?

FRANCES

I didn't say I was. I wouldn't put it like that.

(beat)

You've really never once felt undeserving of it all?

IAN

No one gets fed by me wringing my hands.

FRANCES

Plenty don't get fed much at all.

Ian considers his response.

IAN

Maybe I don't deserve my wealth, and maybe the poor man doesn't deserve his hunger, but that's where we've each been put. It doesn't make either of us the bad guy.

FRANCES

And he can expect his reward in heaven?

IAN

Whatever makes him happy.

Frances stands up from the counter. A tired looking maid clears her plate.

FRANCES

And you think that's all that can be?

IAN

I'd be glad to have you prove me wrong. Maybe over a filet supper at the officer's club among the rentier class? We'll swivel brandies and light cigars with hundred dollar bills.

FRANCES

How about vodka and boiled cabbage instead?

IAN
Whatever makes you happy, comrade.

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Anthony lays anxiously awake again, when ---

--- the unseen soldier starts his rounds with the books. He stops by Anthony ---

--- but the soldier hesitates, a moment of expectation between them.

ANTHONY
Have you got something for me or not?

Anthony sticks his hand out ---

--- but the soldier gingerly places a red book on his cot instead. Anthony holds it like a ancient text, careful not to grip too tight.

His mood changes, he doesn't know what's inside, but he understands its significance.

He sits back as his fingers trace the book, its cover, its pages, its spine.

EXT. TOKYO STREET - NIGHT

Akira walks home from the train station. The street's quiet except for his footsteps ---

--- and another set lurking behind him. They creep closer and closer until ---

--- a STREET KID (22) walks alongside him. He pulls his torn Army jacket tight again the chill.

STREET KID
(in Japanese)
Why does it have to be this cold?

Akira humors him but keeps his eyes forward.

AKIRA
(in Japanese)
To keep young people off the street.

The guy cackles, a gaunt smile revealing too much of his gums and bad teeth.

STREET KID

I'm not bothering you, am I, sir?

AKIRA

You're OK.

STREET KID

(working a routine)

On warm nights, sure. In a nice coat like yours, sir, maybe you don't understand, but...

Akira gets the implication. He pulls out a couple small bills.

AKIRA

The coat's only half paid for, so this is the best I can do.

Akira walks on, expecting that he's bought his peace ---

--- but the guy stays close at his hip.

STREET KID

Oh, I understand, sir. But it's getting harder every day, colder too... And I don't think this'll be enough for a decent coat.

Akira stops, understanding now. He looks the kid over, seeing the ingratiating smile that doesn't match his dead eyes.

STREET KID (CONT'D)

Maybe I could borrow yours for a bit?

AKIRA

(re: the jacket)

When you were issued that, did ever think you'd doing this?

STREET KID

Who knows what we were thinking then?

He draws a knife, sticking it close to Akira's gut.

STREET KID (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I won't need it for long.

Akira starts to take off the coat, moving slowly. The thief's happy that he got away with just a threat. He takes off his ratty jacket.

STREET KID (CONT'D)
Until then, I'll give you mine. In case you lost your officer's dress, sir.

AKIRA
I never wore a uniform...

Akira holds his coat carefully in his hands ---

AKIRA (CONT'D)
... they would've seen it coming.

--- and uses it to cover the knife. He grabs the thief's wrist ---

--- and kicks him in the knee. Another blow ---

--- gets a deep howl more from the kid's the gut than throat.

Akira silences him with an arm around his throat and the knife against his spine. Pressing him against it, Akira keeps enough weight on the wounded knee to make his point.

Akira gives him just enough room to breath and ---

STREET KID
Please, just listen...

AKIRA
I know you have a story. I don't want to hear it.

--- Akira tightens his hold.

AKIRA (CONT'D)
Back home from wherever, you can't find work after the army, you get hungry, so you turn on your own people. Figure it's either pimp out your girlfriend to GIs or stick up strangers?
(beat)
There's a hundred thousand rich, pink Americans out there and I'm the one you rob?

The thief gasps for enough to air to beg ---

AKIRA (CONT'D)
 Don't give me an excuse. You'll
 just say what I want to hear.

--- as Akira presses the knife in closer. The thief keeps
 struggling to speak ---

AKIRA (CONT'D)
 Don't.

He gives in, staying silent as ---

AKIRA (CONT'D)
 Don't rob Japanese.

--- Akira slips the knife back into the thief's jacket. He
 picks up his coat and walks away.

INT. YOSHIKO'S HOME - NIGHT

Yoshiko returns from class, entering with the same nervous
 creep. She makes it a few delicate steps in when ---

--- the silhouette against the screen door rises and steps
 out to reveal ---

--- Tadamasa, her husband, leaning in the doorway, his voice
 husky and slurred.

TADAMASA
 (in Japanese)
 Where have you been?

YOSHIKO
 (in Japanese)
 The temple. They need help with the
 cleaning.

TADAMASA
 You have duties here. For your
 family.

He turns to refill his drink. Only then does Yoshiko dare to
 turn away from him. She stands in front of her son's shrine.

YOSHIKO
 I was there for our family.

Tadamasa puts his drink down and walks heavily to Yoshiko.

She flinches as he takes her shoulders with a strength just
 short of aggression.

Yoshiko answers stiffly under the restraints.

TADAMASA
(re: the shrine)
How much did it cost?

YOSHIKO
The carpenter needed the work.

TADAMASA
(apologetic)
I wasn't going to criticize...

Tadamasa looks at pictures of their son.

TADAMASA (CONT'D)
What was he like?

YOSHIKO
A joy.

Tadamasa picks up a picture of their son smiling brightly.

TADAMASA
He doesn't look much like me.

YOSHIKO
Not in that picture.

TADAMASA
I would have been a good father. If
I could have stayed.

YOSHIKO
I know.

TADAMASA
And he would have been a good
son...

YOSHIKO
He was.

TADAMASA
...and a good soldier.

Yoshiko's eyes glint with anger at this imagined future.

YOSHIKO
He could have done many things.

Tadamasa notices the blank space beside the shrine.

TADAMASA

What have you done with my uniform?

YOSHIKO

I... thought it deserved a place in the dining room.

TADAMASA

Put it back.

Tadamasa returns to his whiskey glass.

INT. INTERROGATION CELL - NIGHT

Sean stays close in Anthony's face, but the effect is gone.

Even with a broken nose, Anthony sits relaxed, hands in his lap, oddly serene.

SEAN

We're running out of time, private.
You're about to take all this sin
on yourself. All while someone's
running around free, laughing at
you.

Sean can't get any reaction out of Anthony, an untroubled, blank slate.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Confess and unburden yourself.
Until you do, you won't sleep
right, you won't eat right, you
won't even get hard.

ANTHONY

Those things don't matter anymore.
I haven't been dating much here.
(beat)
You're a Catholic school kid aren't
you, sir?

Sean's silence is confirmation.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

I knew it. I should've been a
detective.
(beat)
Me too. I handled the classes all
right, but the discipline... well,
I'm here right?
(beat)
There was one priest...

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

weird thing to remember, but he had these big, knuckled hands. They smelled like pennies. He was the one they'd get to fix the pipes.

(beat)

He's talking one day about how Christianity is the world's oldest religion. I'm thirteen and I raise my hand and say "Father, didn't Buddha come before Jesus?"

(beat)

I don't know where I got that. Not from him, because two seconds later he walks right up and punches me in the gut. "There's only one God", he says. I was just a kid. When I got my breath back I wasn't gonna argue.

(beat)

He got me ready for you.

SEAN

I'm not your priest.

ANTHONY

I know, he fixed the pipes. He could do one thing other than hurt people.

SEAN

Then teach me. I can take it too.
Tell me what I need to understand.

Sean lightly places his coffee in front of Anthony. He laughs at the offering.

ANTHONY

Sir, c'mon, don't do that. It's too late. It's just not who you are. Me neither.

(beat)

It's like you said. People don't like us, they need us.

SEAN

You don't want to know what they'll need you for in Leavenworth.

(beat)

It doesn't matter what sentence you get, that place is the end.

ANTHONY

Yeah, maybe I'm headed to hell. But that's where the guilty are supposed to go, right?

Sean has a moment of realization.

SEAN

You didn't say 'guilty'. You said 'complicit'.

(beat)

What's the difference?

ANTHONY

What's it matter now?

SEAN

God help you, private.

ANTHONY

I'll let you know which one.

INT. SEAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sean sits behind his desk, where he's laid out ---

--- pictures of the crash site

--- pictures of Anthony

--- and his first crumpled confession.

He stares at them, but gets no sudden insight, just nagging doubt.

A knock on the door frame breaks his concentration. Akira stands there, again waiting for permission to enter.

AKIRA

You asked for me, Captain?

SEAN

Don't do that. Just come in.

Sean shifts uncomfortably, trying to force an apology out of his mouth.

SEAN (CONT'D)

When you're a hammer, every problem looks like a nail.

Akira doesn't understand the idiom.

SEAN (CONT'D)

It means... I'm an interrogator.
Sometimes I can hit a point too
hard. Handing in the money took
integrity.

Akira stays blandly professional, not ready to accept Sean's
apology.

AKIRA

Your soldier, how is he doing?

SEAN

Why do you care?

Akira pushes back.

AKIRA

I knew interrogators during the
war. What kind were you?

Sean leaves that question unanswered.

SEAN

The soldier's fine, but he's a
brick wall. It means...

AKIRA

I know what it means.

SEAN

You said he was scared. Of what?

AKIRA

I don't know.

Sean pulls out the money.

SEAN

And what do we do with this?

AKIRA

You haven't reported it?

SEAN

I could turn it in to the men in
Evidence.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Or I could cut out the middleman
and just pass it out to Tokyo's
prostitutes.

Akira doesn't appreciate jokes made at his country's expense.

Sean sees that he's gone too far.

He pours Akira a glass of whiskey by way of apology, but Akira resentfully leaves it untouched. Sean equally resents the spurned gesture.

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

The unseen soldier comes back a final time with the books.

Anthony, looking resigned, simply hands the red book back without a word.

He rubs his scruffy face.

INT. SEAN'S OFFICE - LATER

Sean and Akira are in the middle of argument.

SEAN
You don't steal. You don't drink.
What do you do?

AKIRA
My job. As much as I'm allowed to.

SEAN
You speak English real good. I'm
guessing you didn't just cook rice
during the war.

AKIRA
We all served some way.

SEAN
Because I can't see you in a
uniform.

AKIRA
I keep hearing that.

SEAN
There weren't many foxholes for you
were there? Too well-mannered.

AKIRA
In that case, you must've been in
many foxholes.

Sean lets Akira get in the last insult.

SEAN

Why are you here detective? If not for the money, then why?

AKIRA

For my job.

SEAN

What I really want to know is, are you doing this because the victim is Japanese, or because the suspect is the old American enemy?

AKIRA

Because it's my duty.

Akira finally accepts Sean's whiskey. He looks at the tall stack of money on the desk.

AKIRA (CONT'D)

And because I need to know what kind of evil pays that well.

Sean looks at the money, equally curious about the answer to that question, when ---

--- a PIERCING ALARM WHISTLE comes from the cell block. TWO MPs RUN AT A FULL SPRINT down the hall past Sean's office.

INT. FRANCES' QUARTERS - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Frances sits before a vanity mirror, preparing for her date with Ian. She chooses carefully from her spartan cosmetics.

The phone rings from the other room.

FRANCES

(to the maids)

Please get that.

She applies her makeup with happy anticipation. Nervous, she smooths phantom wrinkles on her dress.

Under the flattering light of the mirror, Frances' hard exterior softens. She looks forward to a fun evening in a lonely country when ---

--- a maid enters her doorway.

FRANCES (CONT'D)

Yes?

MAID

That was Mr. Bruce, miss. Mr. Ian
Bruce.

FRANCES

Yes?

MAID

He was sorry to say that he cannot
meet you tonight. That he must
work.

FRANCES

(disappointed)

Ok.

MAID

He wanted to say...

FRANCES

That's fine.

The maid leaves, a smirk forming on her lips as soon as her
jilted boss can't see it.

Frances looks at herself again in the mirror, hating the
makeup, the dress, the effort she put in.

INT. ANTHONY'S JAIL CELL - NIGHT

Sean and Akira stand together above Anthony ---

--- who lies dead on the floor of his cell, rough cuts
running down the lengths of his wrists.

Sean looks at his fallen suspect, for the first time seeing
the youth in his clean shaven face.

Blood trails away from Anthony ---

--- past the bloodied razor blade ---

--- until it pools next to Sean's feet.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A US Army truck pulls into a cavernous, bombed-out warehouse.

When it pulls to a stop ---

--- Ian, wearing an officer's uniform, gets out. He's more
serious now, ready for business.

The Thin Man waits for him. Tadamasa and several JAPANESE WORKMEN wait behind him.

THIN MAN
You're late.

IAN
My usual ride fell through.
(in Japanese)
My apologies.

Ian hands him a briefcase. With a nod from the Thin Man, Tadamasa and others load heavy crates onto the truck.

Tadamasa, sweating from the labor, watches the two clean bosses discuss business with embarrassment and resentment.

INT. OFFICER'S CLUB - NIGHT

An island of Americana in alien Japan, officers enjoy the club's thick steaks, white bread, and flowing bourbon. Red, white, and blue bunting lines the walls, as if it were a perpetual Fourth of July.

Not celebrating, Frances drinks alone at the bar, still wearing her dress.

In an even worse mood, Sean takes a seat nearby. Frances sizes him up and ---

FRANCES
Thanks.

Sean looks at her, confused.

FRANCES (CONT'D)
Thanks to you I'm not the saddest
looking person here.

Sean doesn't play along.

FRANCES (CONT'D)
Sorry.

SEAN
It's a terrible country.

FRANCES
Which one?

Sean looks at Frances fully, seeing her fine dress, the only one in a room exclusively of men.

SEAN

What are you doing here?

FRANCES

Do you want the truth?

SMASH TO BLACK