

YONSEI

by

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Fade In:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

There is dense dawn fog over Twin Peaks. Breaking through, the city's downtown skyline is revealed, and the Mission District.

EXT. MISSION DISTRICT, SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

Faded facial and architectural features south of the Castro establish its pre-World War II history as an Irish-American enclave.

EXT. JAPANTOWN - DAY

Shadows fall from the center's retail and market facades as native merchants ready their shops and wares for commerce.

Non-Japanese shoppers drift in. The locals give ground, wearing masks of contrived courtesy.

INT. JAPANTOWN - DAY

A well-to-do MATRON sails into a small fish shop, all high station. A stoic OLD WOMAN is behind the counter.

MATRON

Come, then, Michiko. I'm very,
very rushed today.

Behind her, two older Japanese WOMEN mock and whisper. A 70ish NISEI in a business suit emerges from the back. He positions his bemedaled Veterans of Foreign Wars hat at a jaunty angle on his head. He interrupts, pecking the clerk on the cheek. He speaks in Japanese (subtitled):

NISEI

Good-bye, wife—off to the V.F.W.

He rounds the counter and bows at the customer.

NISEI

(In English)

Ah! Mrs. Huffington—how pleasant.
Another dinner party? Michiko
will take GOOD care of you!

He glides past her, winking at the old women. They smile a little. The matron glares; they are staid again.

Just outside the door, in the shop window is a sign. Emblazoned over a depiction of the World Trade Center's burning towers is:

REMEMBER 9-11
HONOR OUR HEROES

EXT. PLEASANTON, CA - DAY

A sign fronts an older Episcopal church. Beside a hearse and a limousine, two funeral parlor EMPLOYEES loiter, murmur, and smoke. Tree leaves are turning.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

From above, two plain caskets are in the center aisle, bearing flower sprays. A small FAMILY is in the front right pew and several dozen MOURNERS are smattered behind. The VICAR'S eulogy is muffled.

On an easel, an enlarged, grainy color snapshot shows a fiftyish couple in giddy, informal celebration.

The family in side view, all in black. Closest is MADELEINE ELIZABETH "MAE LEE" LANEY, 11, smallish, red-haired girl. Her large, soft eyes shine under the drape of her father's arm,. PATRICK LANEY, 32, grips his wife's hand against her thigh; ROSE "ROSIE" DORN LANEY, 31, trembles with each involuntary sob. RAFTON DORN, 29, picks at his fingers. PAUL THOMAS "POPPA" DORN, 77, sits a little apart. His hands rest on his thighs; he stares ahead. His face is raw granite. The vicar's voice becomes distinct.

VICAR

The dream of a magic week in New York, a reward for thirty years of marriage, became a nightmare.
Peter Thomas and Alicia Raines
Dorn-

Rosie groans, in spite of herself.

VICAR

—became pawns of international murderers on Flight 93. Were they "heroes?" We cannot say, and to what purpose, anyway? We knew them not by their death but by their lives. Their deep love, unswerving faith in their God, and unstinting dedication to their loved ones. God knows; they were His heroes, and they rest with Him in their reward. Let us pray.

The family stands, wearily. Poppa is last; he attaches two aluminum crutches to his upper arms and fists. As he rises, the lower half of his left trouser leg is empty and pinned up. The vicar concludes his muffled prayer.

VICAR

This we ask, in the name of Jesus Christ, Our Lord.

FAMILY

(vacantly)

Amen.

A military COLOR GUARD marches up, about-faces, and leads the caskets out. The vicar and ACOLYTES follow. Mae Lee reaches out to the vicar; he nods but keeps walking. She looks up at her father; he shrugs slightly, patting her shoulder. They file out and follow. Rosie is quiet, bearing up; Poppa stumps after, well under his years in strength and determination.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A decaying, gray boneyard. Same vehicles, same attendants, same postures. Vicar, acolytes, family, and Astroturf carpets frame the caskets and graves. The vicar drones and finishes. Rosie murmurs to Mae Lee and nudges her forward. Frowning, Mae Lee grabs a handful of soil and hurls it across the boxes. All start at the staccato violence of the clods. Mae Lee stares at her hand, wipes it on her dress, and steps back. Patrick and Rafton inspect their shoes. Poppa goes rigid.

POPPA

Greasy bunch of sand niggers. No
better than those sneaky yellow
bastards, sixty years ago!

The mourners are shocked; Mae Lee is wounded. Poppa pivots and swings toward the limo, where he waits. The mortuary hands jump to their stations, managing doors. Patrick and Rosie hastily shake off well-wishers and follow. Rafton finds Mae Lee and they trail.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Poppa sits and stares, cradling his crutches. Rosie is halfway in when Mae Lee tries to clamber by her.

ROSIE

No, Mae Lee. You ride with Daddy
and Raffy.

Rosie slides in; they pull away.

ROSIE

Poppa...

POPPA

I got nothing to say. Just get me
back to the home.

They roll on. The next limo passes; inside, Patrick and Rafton's hard-edged faces are turned toward their windows. Between them, Mae Lee's clouded eyes are wet.

EXT. OAKLAND - DAY

MONTAGE-SAN ANTONIO

TITLE OVER: SAN ANTONIO-NORTH OAKLAND

Streets of closely-ordered bungalows with porches squat among shops, gas stations, and urban mini-malls. Old and new architectural form and function clash. The neighborhood teems with residents of all ages and Asian extractions.

MONTAGE-LAKE MERRITT

Waterfowl land and ride the lake at the Refuge under a leaden sky.

Ethnically diverse kids gambol at Children's Fairyland and happy mixed-race couples dot Lakeside Park.

The Boat House and the Camron-Stanford House exude venerable grace.

Mixed-race seniors mingle in groups and on benches as Asian-American kids glide through on skateboards and in-line skates.

Medium-rise housing fronts the Courthouse and County Administration buildings rise at the west edge.

EXT. OAKLAND - NIGHT

A bundled Mae Lee hustles, backpack bouncing, into a newer, mixed-use building.

INT. OAKLAND CONDOMINIUM - NIGHT

Patrick and Rosie sit in the breakfast nook, papers spread between them. Rosie gets up to turn on the light. Mae Lee bursts through the front door and gallops straight upstairs.

ROSIE

Hey!

MAE LEE (O.S.)

Wha-aat?

Rosie leans on the lower newel post.

ROSIE

Just under the wire again, aren't we, Miss?

MAE LEE (O.S.)

Sooooooo?

Rosie half-twists her mouth.

ROSIE

Get anything done at K.C.'s after school?

MAE LEE (O.S.)

Um...Does PlayStation count?

ROSIE

That's what I thought. Get on the homework. Dinner in an hour. Okay?

Silence.

ROSIE

Mae Lee!

MAE LEE (O.S.)

Yessss Ma'ammmm.

Rosie returns to the papers. Patrick bounces a leg.

ROSIE

Where were we?

PATRICK

Your grandfather.

ROSIE

Right. Well, what do you think?

PATRICK

I dunno...

ROSIE

(sighs)

Okay. Let's review. The trust that Mom and Dad set up with the proceeds from the Arcata place is nearly exhausted, and Knollcrest is over four thousand a month. I don't see another way.

PATRICK

What about the insurance?

ROSIE

Dad's policy won't cover the last refinance he did to bail out the store. Mom wasn't covered.

Patrick gets up and paces.

PATRICK

Selling the house and store?

ROSIE

Still a zero-sum deal, in this economy.

PATRICK

Victims' settlement fund?

ROSIE

Year or more. We've been over all this—

Patrick turns, arms outstretched.

PATRICK

Medi-Cal's still an option.

Rosie strides to the stove and begins cutting and stirring vigorously.

ROSIE

Give me a break, Pat. He's too hardheaded. He'd never hear of it. It'd kill him!

Patrick gazes at her expectantly.

ROSIE

Oh...That's not fair.

PATRICK

So, we're supposed to give up our office—

Rosie's hands release implements and go to her hips.

ROSIE

Don't be so dramatic. You can take your drawing table back to the firm and work late there, if you have to.

PATRICK

You know I do, since the layoffs. What if he needs help while Mae Lee's in school?

ROSIE

He's strong enough. I can move the computer and telecommute from our room. The daily hump to the peninsula sucks, anyway.

Patrick is cornered. He breaks for the closet and pulls on a jacket.

PATRICK

Straight up, Rosie? I'm not ready to bring that bitter old man under my roof to poison my daughter. I'm going for a walk.

ROSIE

Patrick! Please don't walk out on—

The door slams. Rosie's shoulders sag.

ROSIE

Shit.

INT. MAE LEE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mae Lee hunches over her desk and homework, grooving under her headphones. We hear two tentative knocks, then a more persistent series. She is oblivious. The door opens, slowly.

ROSIE

Mae Lee?

Mae Lee senses her mother there, turns and lifts an earpiece.

ROSIE

How about a short break?

Mae Lee removes the headphones and rolls onto the bed, patting a place next to her. Rosie sits, folds her hands deliberately and studies them.

MAE LEE

What UP, Moms?

Rosie laughs, then cups Mae Lee's shoulder.

ROSIE

How would you feel about Poppa
coming to stay with us?

Mae Lee feigns a temporary gravity.

MAE LEE

Do I have to move out, or are we
buying bunk beds?

ROSIE

(grins)

No, Poppa gets the office. But
this WILL be a serious lesson in
sharing.

MAE LEE

Is this a money thing?

ROSIE

That's part of it...

MAE LEE

What's the rest?

Rosie scoots closer, throwing an arm around Mae Lee.

ROSIE

Honey, you've been okay with Poppa
on our visits, right? I
mean...comfortable.

MAE LEE

No problem—as long as Asians and
"AY-rabs" don't come up.

Rosie hugs Mae Lee's head and arranges her hair.

ROSIE

Oh, honey, he just needs to heal.
We all do.

Mae Lee frowns.

MAE LEE

I think there's more to it than
that.

ROSIE

Anyway, I don't really know him
any better than you do. I should,
but I don't. And so should you,
with Grampa and Gramma gone. He's
family.

Mae Lee straightens up a little.

MAE LEE

Then it's all good with Daddy?

Rosie coughs.

ROSIE

Well, that may be a little more
delicate.

Mae Lee leaps up, stirs the air with an index finger, and
flexes like a superhero.

MAE LEE

THIS sounds like a job for
"Daddy's Little Girl!"

Rosie gets up and buries her in a hug.

ROSIE

You're awfully old for eleven.
Did you know that?

INT. LANEY S.U.V. - DAY

Patrick pulls to the curb. Rosie is beside him and Poppa
and Mae Lee are behind him. The cargo area is full of
boxes, flotsam, and jetsam.

PATRICK

Well, here we are. Home sweet
dormitory.

Rosie kicks him. He retreats to the rear gate. Mae Lee
turns to Poppa.

MAE LEE

Race you upstairs?

Poppa makes her wait.

POPPA

How many hours' head start do I
get?

She leans on him. He twinkles, a little. They get out.

INT. LANEY CONDOMINIUM LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

They sweep into the lobby, Poppa and Mae Lee in the lead,
meeting RAY, 69, the grayed, blue-blazered concierge.

RAY

Welcome to Mills Plaza, Mr. Dorn!
I'm Ray, the concierge.

Poppa stops and takes it in.

POPPA

Huh! Even the Fairmont couldn't
do better than a doorman.

Rosie catches up.

ROSIE

Oh, don't worry, Poppa. It's way
more depressing upstairs.

Mae Lee is jumping by the elevator door.

MAE LEE

C'mon, Poppa! Hurry up!

Poppa and Rosie head in her direction. Patrick struggles
in under two boxes.

RAY

Big day, eh, Mr. Laney?

PATRICK

Oh, yeah, Ray. Hasn't been this
much fucking hilarity since we
stopped quartering British troops.

Ray looks puzzled. Patrick's grip weakens.

PATRICK

Got that hand truck?

INT. LANEY CONDOMINIUM - DAY

Mae Lee bangs open the door, runs in, and raises her arms in triumph.

MAE LEE

I win! I win!

Poppa huffs in, drops himself in the recliner, and taps her head with a crutch.

POPPA

No fair! You have fewer legs than I do!

Rosie muses in the doorway. Patrick bumps her slightly as he maneuvers his boxes toward the stairs.

PATRICK

Ray's bringing the rest up the service elevator. I'll dump these upstairs and go get the odd stuff. Don't forget-

ROSIE

Got it.

She nods at Poppa, then Mae Lee.

ROSIE

Mae Lee, honey, you'd better get your stuff together so Daddy can take you to Angela's sleep-over.

MAE LEE

WHAT-ever.

She kisses Poppa.

MAE LEE

We're gonna rock the house, aren't we, Poppa?

POPPA

How's that, again?

Mae Lee gleefully bounds up the stairs. Rosie sits.

ROSIE

She's a handful, huh?

POPPA

Great kid. Favors my Mae at that age, from her pictures.

ROSIE

No kidding? Really? You have to show me sometime.

(pauses)

Wish I'd known her.

POPPA

Yeah, well...

Rosie animates herself.

ROSIE

Better late than never, I always say. Are you hungry? I can fix you something. Or, if you're tired—

Poppa raises a hand.

POPPA

Look. I know this ain't easy for you and the boy, taking in a crusty old bastard like me. No need to fuss. Just set me the rules and dock me when I bust 'em. Fair enough?

ROSIE

Well. Okay. Sure. I guess.

POPPA

Now, then, I'll just sit here and close my eyes for a minute.

Rosie finds no other words and leaves.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

Mae Lee and a JAPANESE-AMERICAN BOY bolt through strolling CLASSMATES, up the steps, and inside.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Mae Lee and KEIKI CHARLES "K.C." MIFUNE, 12, fifth-generation Japanese-all-American, snake through a crowded hallway and pull up in front of a classroom door to catch their breath. K.C. struggles with a large piece of poster board.

MAE LEE

Ready?

K.C.

You kidding? We were up half the night!

They high-five, open the door, and enter.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

The teacher, MRS. CLINTON, folder in hand and perched on her desk front, waits for full attention. Written large in chalk behind her is "The World at War."

MRS. CLINTON

Class, today is February Nineteenth. Why is that important?

Mae Lee's hand shoots up.

MAE LEE

It's Remembrance Day!

MRS. CLINTON

And what are we to remember?

K.C.

My Nana, her family, and friends were put in jail.

Mrs. Clinton quiets a wave of titters.

MRS. CLINTON

And why was that, K.C.? Did they do something wrong?

K.C.

No. The Japanese killed Americans and everybody was scared. And mad.

MRS. CLINTON

Correct. Would you like to come up and tell the class what happened sixty years ago, today?

K.C.

Yes, but I need Mae Lee to help me.

MRS. CLINTON

All right. Class, please give your attention to Mister Mifune and Miz Laney.

Papers and poster board in hand, the pair goes to the front. They ready themselves and read.

K.C.

After Pearl Harbor, Americans were very angry at Japanese people in America—even ones born here.

MAE LEE

On February Twelfth, Nineteen Forty-two, respected journalist Walter Lippmann wrote: "The West Coast is imminent danger of a combined attack from within and without...It may at any moment be a battlefield. Nobody's constitutional rights include the right to reside and do business on a battlefield."

K.C.

A week later, President Frank D. Roosevelt signed Executive Order Number Nine-Oh-Six-Six, which ordered all Japanese to be moved away from the West Coast.

Mae Lee hoists the poster board onto the chalk rail. She points at a large shaded area on a San Francisco street map mounted on the left side, and continues.

MAE LEE

On April First, General DeWitt ordered the first evacuation of "all persons of Japanese ancestry" from San Francisco. They all had six days to take whatever "essential personal effects" they could carry to a "reception center." Everything else had to be left behind or "stored at the sole risk of the owner."

K.C. motions toward an East Bay street map on the right with similar shading.

K.C.

All Japanese were ordered out of the East Bay by May Seventh, to another reception center, right here.

MAE LEE

From there, they were taken to live in camps in remote areas, behind barbed wire, until the war was over. Most of them lost everything.

K.C.

In three months, One Hundred Ten Thousand, Four Hundred Forty-two Japanese from Seattle to Mexico were "evacuated."

MAE LEE

On December Seventh, Nineteen Forty-one, the Japanese population in the Bay area was over Ten Thousand; by June Third, Nineteen Forty-two, it was zero. Many never came back.

K.C.

Three young citizens—Fred Korematsu, Min Yasui, and Gordon Hirabayashi—took their case against the President's order all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court. It ruled against them, saying that even citizens could have their rights and property taken away in times of war.

MAE LEE

On August Tenth, Nineteen Eighty-eight, President Ronald Reagan signed a law saying they were wrong, that the Executive Order was caused by "racial prejudice, war hysteria, and a failure of political leadership."

They lower their papers and join hands again.

MAE LEE/K.C.

These are the things all Americans should remember. On Remembrance Day, and every day.

They retake their seats amid a thick silence.

MRS. CLINTON

Well? What does anybody think?

CLASS MEMBERS hang back. Mae Lee makes eye contact with an ARAB-AMERICAN BOY, KHALID, 12, in the next row, furrows her brow, and haltingly raises her hand.

MRS. CLINTON

Mae Lee?

MAE LEE

I don't get it. I mean...
(thinks)

My Gramma and Grampa were killed by Arabs. I'm sad, a little scared, and really mad at THEM. But I'm not mad at Khalid. You know?

Khalid's hand goes up, haltingly.

KHALID

We're scared, as well. Neighbors
look at us funny and my sister
gets bad phone calls. My mother
wants to go back. She and my
father argue...

A couple more HANDS go up.

MRS. CLINTON

Let's talk about that. Tyler?

INT. POPPA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Poppa finishes dressing by pulling on his faded Pendleton jacket. Glancing at the cracked-open door, he pops up and hops toward the closet. He lingers by the bureau, examining a courting portait of himself and his late wife, MAEBELLE. She is Mae Lee, only grown up. His eyes wander to several framed photos in between. They are of Peter, at various ages and activities, and Rosie and Rafton as kids. At the end is a wedding portrait of Peter and Alicia. In the closet, he reaches high onto the upper shelf and pulls down a battered metal cracker box. He pries the lid up carefully.

His hand ferrets through old documents, small boxes, and other life miscellanea and retrieves a worn, black-and-white snapshot of a beautiful, teen-aged Asian girl.

Poppa replaces the box and turns, his softening face absorbed in the photo.

ROSIE

Poppa?

He stuffs the image inside his jacket and bounds to the bed. Rosie pushes the door open.

ROSIE

You ready to go?

Poppa forces diffidence.

ROSIE

C'mon. It's a gorgeous day.

POPPA

Huh.

INT. LANEY S.U.V. - DAY

Rosie wheels out of the garage into the sunlight; the exit recedes behind them.

ROSIE

Poppa, you're gonna love the Lincoln Center. It's the neighborhood beehive and there's tons of stuff to do.

POPPA

It's just a few blocks. I could have walked.

ROSIE

Maybe when it's warmed up and you're all settled in.

POPPA

This isn't cold; Arcata's cold.

EXT. LINCOLN NEIGHBORHOOD CENTER - DAY

The Laney S.U.V. bumps the curb near the center's entrance. Poppa opens his door, pivots, and plants his crutches. Rosie hustles around and inside, as if alone.

INT. LINCOLN NEIGHBORHOOD CENTER - DAY

Rosie scans the bustling foyer and stops at the reception desk.

ROSIE

Maggie around?

RECEPTIONIST

She's in the great room.

Rosie turns the corner; behind her, Poppa stops inside the front doors and cases the place. She turns again into a large, airy space. SENIORS of every description read, paint, talk, toy with assistants, and snooze in shafts of sunlight. MAGGIE FURUKAMI, 30, the pleasingly sturdy Recreation Director, shakes a finger at a playful OCTOGENARIAN.

MAGGIE

(laughing)

Watch those hands, Sammy. You're
not too old to spank, you know!

She turns, lights up, and snags a sheepish Rosie's hands.

ROSIE

Hey, Mag.

MAGGIE

So. Where's the ogre?

ROSIE

He's right behind me. Listen,
Mag, I really—

Maggie waves her off.

MAGGIE

Anything for a sister Kappa Phi,
right?

Rosie recaptures the free hand and squeezes them both.

ROSIE

No, I really appreciate the help.
He's hurting, since Daddy was
killed. Mae Lee seems to reach
him, but she's away all day.

MAGGIE

Hey, we're non-profit. We
specialize in hard cases.

Maggie spies Poppa over Rosie's shoulder, and touches it.

MAGGIE

Don't worry. I'll keep an eye on
him.

Poppa stumps up, casting a cold eye around.

ROSIE

Poppa, this is my friend, Maggie
Furukami. She runs the place.

Maggie sticks out her hand.

MAGGIE

Welcome to Lincoln, Mr. Dorn.

Poppa stares glumly at her open hand and rotates back a couple degrees on his crutches, avoiding eye contact.

MAGGIE

Well. As you can see, we've got a lot to offer—

Poppa turns slightly away from them and pushes forward.

POPPA

That's okay. I'll find ways to pass the time.

Rosie loiters, uneasy. Maggie motions her away in mock petulance.

MAGGIE

Go!

She spans the side of her face with a thumb and pinkie.

MAGGIE

(mouths)

I'll call you.

Rosie, torn, backs out, watching Poppa glide anonymously around the room's perimeter.

INT. LINCOLN NEIGHBORHOOD CENTER - DAY

Poppa fixes on a small table with two empty chairs and a chessboard. He sits and fingers the pieces vacantly. Another seventyish NISEI, natty in a soft hat and neat cardigan, approaches and takes the back of the empty chair.

NISEI #2

Ready for a little civilized combat?

Poppa glowers and reaches for his crutches.

POPPA

Not with the likes of you!

He lurches up and leaves. The nisei shrugs and sits down. Another septuagenarian, a CAUCASIAN, takes the other seat.

CAUCASIAN

What's with him?

NISEI #2

Beats me.

They begin play.

INT. LANEY CONDOMINIUM - DAY

Rosie scoops the last few bits of laundry from the upper half of her washer-dryer stack onto a basket of already-folded clothes. The phone rings. She balances the basket on her hip and answers.

ROSIE

Hello? Hey, Raffy! How are you?
Long time, no hear...

Rosie sets the basket on the counter, cradles the phone against her shoulder, and begins folding the leftovers.

ROSIE

Pat's fine; swamped. Mae Lee's
twelve going on forty-five.
Poppa?

(pauses)

Can't say. Mae Lee makes him
laugh, and he doesn't seem to mind
spending days at Lincoln.

(pauses)

Yeah. The shuttle picks him up.
Other than that, he's
just...there...

(pauses)

Raf, what is it?

Rosie steps back and folds her arms.

ROSIE

(pauses)

Oh, Raf; I'm sorry. You sounded
so positive after the last tour.
I was really hoping the band would
get into the studio this time...

(pauses)

So. Back to temping, then?

Rosie listens and rubs a temple.

ROSIE

Listen—I'll scrape together a couple bucks if I can but, between us, okay? Pat went ballistic last time. Yeah; whatever. Okay.
'Bye, Raf. I love you, too.

She hangs up, places her fists above her head against the wall, and sighs. She retrieves the basket and heads for the stairs.

INT. POPPA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rosie drops the basket on the bed and opens the top bureau drawer. Her eyes catch Maebelle's photo up top; she shakes her head. The resemblance to Mae Lee is uncanny. She empties the basket into the drawers and takes the last item, a blanket, into the closet. She pulls out a small footstool, climbs up, and makes room for it. CLANK! She disturbs the cracker box. She takes it down and sits on the bed, the box in her lap. She removes its contents, item by item.

A yellowed vellum envelope, addressed to "Lance CPL. PATRICK TIMOTHY DORLAND, APO San Francisco;" inside, a cover letter and an "Honorable Discharge" certificate, both bearing the same name.

A St. Patrick's Day card, dated "Mar. 17, 1941" and inscribed, "Happy Birthday to my favorite leprechaun. With love, Rose."

A hinged, velvet box reveals a Navy Cross. She unfolds an enclosed citation.

ROSIE (V.O.)

"For extraordinary heroism in action...Two Jima...riflemen...During a furious assault...on Mount Suribachi...Dorland was wounded...At great disregard for his own personal safety, he attacked an enemy fortification, killing all therein and sustaining life-threatening wounds."

A Purple Heart, laid in with the Navy Cross.

A small, leatherbound rice-paper notebook, filled with precise Japanese characters.

A delicate, vaguely perfumed woman's scarf, decorated with pale cherry blossoms.

From downstairs, a door slams.

POPPA (O.S.)
Hello, the house!

Rosie freezes.

MAE LEE (O.S.)
Make way, old man!

Rosie rushes to reload the box and return it to its hiding place.

MAE LEE (O.S.)
Mommy?

ROSIE
Up here! Just putting some clothes away...

MAE LEE (O.S.)
Me and Poppa walked home from Lincoln. We're hungry!

ROSIE
"Poppa and I..."

MAE LEE (O.S.)
Whaaaat?

ROSIE
Leftover Chinese in the 'fridge.
Be right down!

She grabs the basket, hesitates, cocks her head, and closes the door behind her.

INT. LANEY CONDOMINIUM - DAY

Mae Lee pounds down the stairs. Poppa, ever the early riser, has finished breakfast and sits reading the paper, his leg propped up. Mae Lee gaily assaults him.

MAE LEE
'Morning, "toad-face."

Poppa hugs her back.

POPPA
'Morning, yourself, "lizard-breath."

MAE LEE
You're still mad 'cause I kicked
your ass in chess again!

ROSIE
Mae Lee!

POPPA
(annoyed)
Aw. Let the little girl dance.

Mae Lee begins her school-day breakfast routine. Patrick gulps coffee, dodges Rosie, and snatches up his briefcase.

PATRICK
Late to a meeting again. 'Bye,
all!

He and Rosie peck in mid-air; he flips at Mae Lee's braids and lopes out. Nothing for Poppa, as Rosie stands by. She delivers a plate and pulls out a chair.

ROSIE
C'mon—you're in luck. Bacon and
eggs. Special order.

She glances toward Poppa's back. He nods slightly and keeps reading. Mae Lee dives in.

ROSIE
Today's Friday. Field trip?

MAE LEE
Uh-huh.

ROSIE
Good thing I emptied your backpack
and found the permission slip,
huh?

Mae Lee blinks, munching bacon.

ROSIE
What is it, again?

MAE LEE
Oakland Museum. Missus Clinton is
taking us to see pictures of the
Japanese being taken away and
living in the camps.

Poppa lowers the paper a little.

MAE LEE
In San Francisco before that, too,
I think.

ROSIE
Dorothea Lange's stuff?

MAE LEE
Sounds right.

ROSIE
She's seriously cool—very powerful
work. What a good idea!

Rosie pinches Mae Lee's cheek.

ROSIE
I expect to hear all about it,
punkin. Okay?

Mae Lee clatters her fork down and pushes back. Rosie
checks her watch.

ROSIE
Poppa? Shuttle will be out front
any time...

Poppa deftly wipes a trickling tear and his nose in the
same swipe, grunting through a thick throat.

INT. LANEY CONDOMINIUM - DAY

Rosie sits on their bed, tapping at her laptop. The phone
rings.

ROSIE
Hello? Hey, Maggie! What's up?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LINCOLN NEIGHBORHOOD CENTER - DAY

Maggie stand rigidly at the wall phone; hubbub surrounds her.

MAGGIE
Rosie, I think you'd better come over.

ROSIE
(filtered)
What-What's wrong?

MAGGIE
I'll explain when you get here.

Maggie hangs up and returns to a knot of angry day-campers gathered around an art class easel.

INT. LINCOLN NEIGHBORHOOD CENTER - DAY

Rosie wrenches open the front door and hustles into the lobby, alert for trouble. There sits Poppa, an unrepentant child.

ROSIE
Where's Maggie?

Poppa nods, slightly.

POPPA
Big room.

INT. LINCOLN NEIGHBORHOOD CENTER - DAY

Rosie walks into a barrage of angry noise and bitter glares. She finds Maggie, who's still restoring calm.

ROSIE
What did he do?

MAGGIE
Over here.

Maggie takes Rosie to her corner warren. A canvas-board rests upside down on the desk. Maggie turns it over. A painting, rendered primitively in stark, unsophisticated acrylics, still shows shiny flecks of moisture. The background is an American flag. On the left is a crude depiction of a battleship on fire, labeled "U.S.S. Arizona." On the right is a crumpled, charred airliner, over "Flight 93." Centered are a yellow-skinned soldier and caftaned Arab—both bloody and grotesque, bound hand and foot and hung by the neck. Lettered large over a field of blood is "Death to Her Enemies." Poppa has signed it with his full name.

MAGGIE

Art therapy. Started this week.
The class was asked to portray
their strongest feelings. Caused
quite a stir, especially among—
well, you know.

ROSIE

I—I don't know what to say.

Maggie considers, folds her arms.

MAGGIE

He's disruptive, Rose.
Antagonizes everybody—especially
Asians. Since day one.

Rosie stutters; Maggie raises a palm.

MAGGIE

Don't get me wrong. Nothing I
couldn't manage. Until today.
Thing is, I don't think it's safe
for him here any more.

Rosie searches Maggie's face, then steels.

ROSIE

Got it. I'll handle it.

MAGGIE

I'm sorry...

EXT. OAKLAND MUSEUM OF CALIFORNIA - DAY

A school bus pulls up. Mae Lee, K.C. and the rest of the CLASS spill out and rush inside, with Mrs. Clinton in quick-step behind.

INT. OAKLAND MUSEUM OF CALIFORNIA - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Clinton re-gaggles her charges in the foyer near the information desk. JESSICA HANDY, a young, fresh-faced docent, joins them and the teacher signals for quiet.

MRS. CLINTON

Class, this is Miz Handy, who will be our guide today.

JESSICA

Hi, everyone. Welcome to the Oakland Museum of History. If you'll just follow me this way, please...

She leads them to an exhibit entitled, "The Dorothea Lange Collection."

JESSICA

The Oakland Museum of California holds the largest and most comprehensive collection of the work of Dorothea Lange. Her concern for people, her appreciation of the ordinary, and the striking empathy she showed for her subjects make her unique among photographers of her day. Let's go inside.

They move through the doors into the gallery. The class buzz subsides a little.

JESSICA

Mrs. Clinton says you're most interested in "The War Years." That period is in this area. The photographs tell the story better than I ever could, so I'll let them. I'll be around, if you have any questions.

The kids fan out noisily but fall quiet as they walk and take it in. Mae Lee and K.C. grasp hands. Their classmates take in the Lange photos depicting the rush, anger, and tragic sadness of the San Francisco evacuations. The mood deepens as they move on to the cold reality of life behind barbed wire. Overwhelmed, K.C. breaks and strays away, leaving Mae Lee transfixed.

K.C. (O.S.)

Mae Lee!

Mae Lee finds him in the next corridor of the exhibit, "Independent Work, 1940-41." He stands before a particular photo.

K.C.

(points)

Look!

Mae Lee squints. A teen couple jitterbugs. The girl is spun away from the camera, but the boy, in laughing profile, resembles her great-grandfather. The caption reads, "Teen Dance; San Francisco, 1941."

K.C.

Dude! It's your Poppa!

MAE LEE

Don't think so. He and Momma lived up north. That's where Gramma and Grampa grew up, anyway.

They run to find Jessica, who chats with Mrs. Clinton.

MAE LEE

Miz Handy! Can we get a copy of a picture?

JESSICA

Sure; we do reproductions. They're pretty expensive, though, and it takes a while.

Mae Lee's face falls.

JESSICA

(kneels)

Is it really important?

MAE LEE

Yes.

JESSICA

Would a printout or photocopy do?

Mae Lee brightens.

MAE LEE

Oh, yes, please! I need it to
show someone.

JESSICA

Give me a few days; I'll see what
I can do. Should I mail it to
you?

MAE LEE

I'll come pick it up!

JESSICA

Deal.

Mae Lee and K.C. smile at them, then each other. They run
off to rejoin the class. Mrs. Clinton touches Jessica's
hand.

MRS. CLINTON

Thank you. It must mean a lot to
her.

JESSICA

Happy to help.

INT. LANEY CONDOMINIUM - DAY

Mae Lee bangs through the front door and races up the
stairs.

MAE LEE

Poppa! Poppa!

Rosie meets her at the first landing, finger to lips.

ROSIE

Shhhh, Mae Lee. He's asleep.

MAE LEE

But, I have a surprise for him!

ROSIE

Not now, okay? Let him rest. He had a VERY bad day.

Mae Lee clouds up.

MAE LEE

Did he get in trouble at Lincoln again?

ROSIE

Well, yes. Mae Lee, has he told you he's had problems there before?

Mae Lee examines the carpet.

MAE LEE

He asked me not to tell.

Rosie gently takes Mae Lee's arms.

ROSIE

Mae Lee. I know you love your Poppa dearly, and so do I. We have to find a way to help him feel better—but Mommy can't, if you keep things from her. Promise?

Mae Lee nods slowly.

MAE LEE

I guess.

ROSIE

Good. Hungry?

MAE LEE

No...Guess I'll go read for a while.

ROSIE

Okay, honey.

Mae Lee looks back, then quickly away as she quietly closes her bedroom door. Rosie one-hands her hair atop her head and sighs.

INT. LANEY CONDOMINIUM - NIGHT

A sober Mae Lee joins her parents at the dining table.

ROSIE

Did you tell Poppa dinner's ready?

MAE LEE

He said he wasn't hungry.

ROSIE

Did he say anything else?

MAE LEE

Nope.

ROSIE

Well, did you talk to him after he woke up?

MAE LEE

(irritated)

No! He didn't want to, I said!

PATRICK

Here we go. Another fun-filled evening at Bleak House...

Rosie and Mae Lee face him down, injured.

PATRICK

I'm sorry; that was cheap.

Moments pass in silence while they pick at their food.

PATRICK

Listen, we've all been cooped up in here too long. How about we spend the weekend in the city?

He looks back and forth for forgiveness. They engage.

PATRICK

I can get a weekend rate at the Fairmont through the firm. What do you say? The whole enchilada: Union Square, Golden Gate Park, Japantown...

MAE LEE
Can Poppa come, too?

Patrick catches himself this time.

PATRICK
Well...sure. If he wants to.

Mae Lee starts to scoot her chair. Rosie grabs Patrick's arm.

ROSIE
Pat, why don't you ask him?

He drops his head, then recovers. Rosie folds her arms, firmly.

PATRICK
Yeah, I know. "Make the effort."

Patrick pads up the steps. Rosie and Mae Lee try to avoid each other's eyes while murmurs are heard. He returns; mother and daughter clasp hands under the table.

ROSIE
Well?

PATRICK
He said he's not up to it, but to go ahead without him.

Mae Lee jumps up and darts toward the stairs. Patrick makes a feeble attempt to intercept, then turns to Rosie.

PATRICK
I still think the three of us could use the break.

INT. POPPA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mae Lee cracks the door and searches the dark for Poppa, who's still dressed but lying down.

MAE LEE
Poppa?

POPPA
Over here, Squirt.

She lies next to him, crawls up and finds his face.

MAE LEE
Why can't you go with us?

POPPA
Just can't, that's all.

MAE LEE
Why not?

POPPA
Hills are too hard on my leg.
Anywhere else, maybe...

A beat.

MAE LEE
It's San Francisco, isn't it?
What happened there?

POPPA
Nothing. I don't want to talk
about it.

She pouts so that he can see.

MAE LEE
Why can't you tell me?

POPPA
I can't...I just—
(hardens)
You're too young; you wouldn't
understand.

He turns away from her to the wall. She tries to see his face but he buries it in his pillow. Slowly, she gets up. She looks backward briefly, and leaves.

INT. LANEY CONDOMINIUM - DAY

Rosie cradles a cup of coffee, winding down from the Monday-morning spasm. Poppa comes down, robed, and unshaven.

ROSIE
Well-sleepyhead! Coffee?

POPPA

Please.

She gets up to pour.

ROSIE

Danish?

POPPA

All right.

He sits. She serves.

POPPA

Good weekend? I was asleep when
you got back last night.

ROSIE

Yes, it was. Mae Lee would've had
more fun if her boyfriend had been
along.

POPPA

(blankly)

Who's that?

ROSIE

You!

Poppa's face cracks, a little.

ROSIE

Forgive me. I forgot. You ARE
still a man!

POPPA

And YOU are growing your husband's
Irish mouth!

Rosie muses, sips, and massages her neck muscles.

ROSIE

Speaking of which, do you know
anybody Irish in the city?

POPPA

(warily)

Not a one. Why?

ROSIE

No reason...

POPPA

You didn't have to call both days.
I'm not a baby.

Rosie thrusts out a hip and drops a hand on it.

ROSIE

Poppa, I called because I—we—love
you, and worry about you. We've
all been on a knife's edge around
here since Mom and Daddy died—

POPPA

(steely)

I'm fine.

Rosie laughs bitterly and slaps her thigh.

ROSIE

Yeah, right! What the Hell was
that painting about, then?

POPPA

Just doing what I was told.

She comes to the table and places her hand over his; he
pulls his into his lap. She recoils.

ROSIE

For Christ's sake! Do you enjoy
packing all that anger and hatred
around?

POPPA

I'm used up. I am what I am.

ROSIE

That's all very well for you, but
watching you burn from the inside
out is killing the rest of us!

POPPA

(coldly)

Say the word, and I'm gone.

ROSIE

And where would that leave Mae
Lee?

They clam up, except for her sniffles. She sits, reaches into her robe pocket and mops up with a second-hand tissue. He gets up.

ROSIE

What are you going to do?

He considers.

POPPA

Oh, clean up. Go to the library,
or the lake. Maybe bribe some
pigeons. What does the half-pint
say? "Hang out."

ROSIE

Do you need a ride?

POPPA

No; weather's fine. You've got
work to do.

He leaves. Rosie's head collapses onto her folded arms.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Standing before the chalk legend, "Greatest Generation," Mrs. Clinton snaps the book shut.

MRS. CLINTON

Now, we've read some stories about
ordinary people doing heroic
things. Are there any heroes from
the "Greatest Generation" in your
lives?

RING! The bell sets off a tempest of chatter and scraping.

MRS. CLINTON

(louder)

Talk to your folks. Find out.
Interview them, and we'll make our
own book.

The class surges.

MRS. CLINTON
Chapters twelve and thirteen by
Friday, everybody!

Groans and pupils pour through the door.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Mae Lee and K.C. open their lockers and manage their
baggage.

MAE LEE
So, you got somebody to interview?

K.C.
Easy. My great-uncle, Moe.

MAE LEE
He was in the war? I thought he
was in camp the whole time.

K.C.
Naw. He volunteered. He showed
me his jacket and some cool German
stuff one time. You?

MAE LEE
Dunno. Grampa said one time Poppa
couldn't go on account of his leg.
Maybe he knows somebody. Walk me
home?

K.C.
Can't. Gotta take some stuff to
my cousin's over in Fruitvale.
See you tomorrow?

MAE LEE
No. I'm thinking of dropping out
and getting a job tonight.
Doofus!

They goof, and split.

EXT. LAKE MERRITT - DAY

Poppa relaxes in the late afternoon sun at lakeside, thumbing through a copy of "Band of Brothers" he's checked out of the branch library. Occasionally, he reaches into a shoulder bag beside him and broadcasts some seed to the pigeons that strut and coo dumbly at his foot.

A gang of JAPANESE-AMERICAN ADOLESCENTS cruises near, laughing, cursing, and shoving each other off their wheeled boards and feet. The pigeons flutter away. The YONSEI LEADER, lithe and almond in baggy black and a do-rag, glides around the bench slowly on his Rollerblades. He brakes, puts a skate up on the bench and pulls the stereo buds out of his ears.

YONSEI

Hey! You must be Rembrandt the
Racist. My grandpops told me
about you!

Poppa's icy eye skips over him.

YONSEI

Yo, gaijin! I'm talkin' to you!

He glides behind Poppa and snatches the Irish tweed slouch hat off his head; circling, he throws it to a confederate.

POPPA

Why, you slant-eyed sonofabitch—

YONSEI

Whoa!

Poppa leaps onto his foot; too late, he claws for a crutch to steady himself. He spirals sideways and splays onto the sidewalk. The gangstas back up, uncertain. Their leader glowers over him. Poppa rolls onto his back and groans.

YONSEI

Kuso shite shinezo, jiji! Stay
down there, where you kept my
people so long!

He catches up Poppa's crutches to fling them in the lake.

K.C. (O.S.)

HEY!

K.C. rolls up on his bike, dismounts on the run, and puts himself between Poppa and his tormentor. The bike bumps the bench, shudders, and dies. The Yonsei, surprised and amused, lowers the crutches.

K.C.
Leave him alone! He's just a
crippled-up old man!

YONSEI
Hold up, Ototosan. I got no beef
with you.

He darkens and pops K.C.'s shoulder.

YONSEI
Whose side you on, anyway?

A distant cruiser slows on the street.

GANGSTA
Dude! Let's go!

The Yonsei glares at K.C., then down at Poppa. He pushes K.C. down and spits at Poppa.

YONSEI
Round-eyed motherfucker!

They leave. K.C. rolls to his knees and wipes at the spittle with his coat sleeve.

K.C.
You okay, Mr. Dorn?

POPPA
(groggy)
Who—Who are you?

K.C.
I'm K.C. Mifune. I'm in seventh
grade with Mae Lee.

Poppa sits up and draws away.

POPPA
How do you know who I am?

K.C.
 Hey-how many old, three-legged
 great-grandpas can there be around
 Lake Merritt?

K.C. lays the crutches against the bench and wedges his
 shoulder under Poppa's arm.

K.C.
 Besides, she talks about you so
 much, it wasn't that hard.

Poppa shuns K.C.'s shoulder, crabs to the bench and hoists
 himself.

POPPA
 Well, I don't need YOUR help!

Poppa re-assembles himself while K.C. retrieves his hat and
 places it on the bench with his other belongings.

K.C.
 Uh, that WAS you behind me a
 couple minutes ago, right?

Poppa dons his bag and hat and stumps off. K.C. picks up
 his bike and watches him go. He waves mechanically and
 shouts.

K.C.
 'Bye! You're welcome! Don't
 mention it!
 (to himself)
 Dude! Mae Lee said you were
 bitter, but-DAMN!

INT. LANEY CONDOMINIUM - NIGHT

Rosie answers the phone.

ROSIE
 Hello?

RAY
 (filtered)
 Mrs. Laney? It's Ray. You asked
 me to call if I saw Mr. Dorn.
 He's on his way up.

ROSIE
Is he all right?

RAY (O.S.)
Looks a little peaked. Mae Lee's
little friend says he fell.

ROSIE
K.C.? Where is he?

RAY (O.S.)

Out front.

ROSIE
Thanks, Ray.

She hangs up, goes to the window and slides it open.

ROSIE
K.C.?

K.C.
Hi, Missus Laney!

ROSIE
What happened?

K.C.
Ask him!

ROSIE
Can you come up?

K.C.
Mae Lee home?

ROSIE
Not yet.

K.C.
Better not. Gotta get home.

Poppa comes through the door. He's flushed, disheveled,
and winces from bruises. Rosie helps him into a chair.

ROSIE
K.C. says you fell down. What
happened?

POPPA

Had a run-in with some Jap thugs
at the lake. Boy stood up to 'em.
Followed me home.

ROSIE

Poppa. You weren't...mean to him,
were you?

Poppa ignores the question.

ROSIE

Oh, Poppa!

She gets up and paces.

ROSIE

Good thing Mae Lee is out right
now.

She levels a finger at him.

ROSIE

Not a word about this tonight,
hear?

He nods, weakly.

INT. LANEY CONDOMINIUM - NIGHT

The family, minus Patrick, sits down to dinner.

MAE LEE

Where's Daddy?

ROSIE

He had to stay at the office to
finish some drawings. He'll be
late.

MAE LEE

Again?

ROSIE

Mae Lee.

MAE LEE

Oookay. Guess what, Poppa?

POPPA

What, squirt?

MAE LEE

We've been reading "The Greatest Generation" in school and Missuz Clinton says we have to interview people who were in the war, so we can make our own "hero book."

POPPA

Hunh. Can't help you there.

MAE LEE

K.C.—

Rosie connects Poppa to her stare.

MAE LEE

—says his great-uncle was in the war. Did we let Japanese fight for us?

POPPA

Yeah. Buncha Japs volunteered to fight the Eye-talians and Krauts in Europe. Did real good, too. Can you imagine those Axis bastards seeing an ally at the other end of an M-1? Hah!

The females don't share the joke.

POPPA

Well. Got nothing to do with me, anyway.

They eat a little.

ROSIE

Mae Lee, I'll bet your great-grandpa knows at least one hero you could talk to.

MAE LEE

Really?

POPPA

Not really. Everybody I know in Arcata who joined up is probably dead by now.

ROSIE

What about San Francisco?

Poppa's cutlery stops. He blanches.

POPPA

What's that supposed to mean?

ROSIE

Who's "Patrick Timothy Dorn?"

Poppa begins shaking and his color goes to deep crimson.

POPPA

You've been through my things!

He bolts up and stabs his finger at Rosie.

POPPA

What gives you the right?

He leans forward onto his knuckles and takes them both in.

POPPA

Now you two meddlers listen to me. I didn't ask to come here. I'd be just as happy to live out my days in peace somewhere else, inside my own body and head like, since I care to remember. But, no, you have to pick at me like headshrinkers, trying to drag things out that are better left locked up.

Mae Lee freezes in her seat, panicked to tears.

ROSIE

Poppa, don't—

POPPA

Don't interrupt me! You don't know the first thing about it. The only thing people of color have ever done for me is rob me of what I've loved most. If we'd killed every last one of those yellow sonsabitches when we had the chance, I'd have been a happy man. And I'd die happier if I knew we'd make a good start on blowing all those brown bastards to Hell, too! Now, can't you both just leave me alone?

Poppa bolts. Mae Lee bursts, racking with sobs. She flings her arms at her mother, who flies to her and enfolds her.

ROSIE

Oh, my poor, sweet girl.

After a moment, Mae Lee pushes her back a bit, still inconsolable.

MAE LEE

Why, Mommy, why? Why does he hate us all so much?

Rosie strokes and caresses her daughter.

ROSIE

It's not us he hates, Mae Lee.

MAE LEE

Then, what?

ROSIE

I don't know, baby. We may never know.

Rosie holds her close again, kissing and rocking her.

INT. LANEY CONDOMINIUM - NIGHT

Mae Lee stands in the darkened upstairs hallway in her pajamas. The other bedroom doors are closed; she hears her mother talking softly to her father on the phone. She leans into Poppa's door, straining to hear any sound. She hesitates, then knocks softly.

MAE LEE

Poppa?

A beat.

POPPA (O.S.)

Go away.

MAE LEE

Poppa? I want to talk...to you.

She waits but hears nothing. Slowly she turns the knob and opens the door a sliver.

POPPA (O.S.)

(urgently)

Please! Just go away!

She closes the door abruptly. She touches it high with both palms and slides them gently down until her arms fall away. She turns and tiptoes into her bedroom.

INT. MAE LEE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mae Lee slides under the covers, turns on her side, and shoves her arms under the pillow to cradle her head. Her eyes glisten, then well up, and she softly cries herself to sleep.

Later, she awakes from a fitful sleep to hear her parents arguing violently in the next room. She can't make out the words but recognizes the subject. She rolls onto her back and folds her arms over the covers.

MAE LEE

(to herself)

Listen, God. If you're there,
help me. Please, God. Help me
help Poppa.

INT. LANEY CONDOMINIUM - DAY

Poppa quietly descends the stairs and prepares to open the kitchen door. He cracks it and hears arguing.

PATRICK

Goddamn it, Rosie! He's got to go!

ROSIE

I just don't see how, Pat.

PATRICK

He's already broken Mae Lee's heart. What else has to happen?

MAE LEE

Again: How?

PATRICK

I say Medi-Cal's back on the table, is how.

ROSIE

(wearily)

Oh, Pat, I don't know. I'm so tired. I just want it to end-but not badly. You know?

Poppa pushes the door open. His grandchildren turn and busy themselves with anything within reach.

POPPA

Where's Mae Lee?

ROSIE

She's already gone.

POPPA

Why so early?

ROSIE

I don't know, exactly. K.C. came by and picked her up.

POPPA

Swell.

Poppa turns back into the doorway.

PATRICK

Poppa, I think it's time you and I
had a little chat.

POPPA

Fine. You know where I live.

Poppa leaves. Patrick peeks at Rosie.

PATRICK

That's it!

ROSIE

Pat—

He bangs the door open.

PATRICK

Poppa!

ROSIE

Oh, Jesus...

She jerks a quarter-turn each way, fists beating the air,
and follows.

EXT. LAKE MERRITT - DAY

Mae Lee and K.C. stroll along the north side, toward
school.

K.C.

Is your Poppa okay, then?

MAE LEE

No, he's not okay—he's a mess!

K.C.

Why? Is he hurt?

Mae Lee stops, puzzled

MAE LEE

What do you mean, exactly?

K.C.

He didn't tell you?

MAE LEE

Tell me what?

K.C.

Uh, oh...

MAE LEE

Tell me WHAT?

K.C.

Kuromoto and his boys messed with him over here yesterday. I kind of...helped.

Mae Lee throws her arms around K.C.; he fidgets.

MAE LEE

You're the best! I wish I could figure out a way to "kind of help" him, inside.

K.C.

I got your back, girl. You just say the word!

She kisses him; he flushes and breaks free.

K.C.

I don't suppose he knows anybody you could interview for the project.

Mae Lee rolls her eyes.

MAE LEE

That's what blew everything up last night.

K.C.

(shrugs)

Well, I talked to my great-uncle. He said he could round up a few buddies, if we're up for it.

She grabs him again.

MAE LEE

You're better than the best; you're the bomb!

K.C. takes her wrists and glances around.

K.C.
Chill, willya? I got other
friends, you know!

They laugh and pick up the pace, hand in hand.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Mae Lee and K.C. stroll in. Mrs. Clinton approaches.

MRS. CLINTON
Mae Lee, got a second?

MAE LEE
Sure. What?

MRS. CLINTON
I have a message from Miz Handy at
the museum. She says your
photocopy is ready.

Mae Lee snatches the slip.

MAE LEE
Cool! Uh, I mean, thank you,
Missus Clinton.

She streaks toward her seat, slowing by K.C.'s desk.

MAE LEE
Want to go to the museum after
school?

INT. LANEY CONDOMINIUM - DAY

Mae Lee and K.C. walk into the living room, chatting,
backpacks in place. They see Patrick and Rosie sitting on
the sofa and chair. Rosie's eyes are red and she's
surrounded by spent tissue. Patrick, still in suit and
tie, wrings his hands.

Mae Lee balls her fists and jacks her brows.

MAE LEE
What's going on?

Patrick starts up.

PATRICK

I-uh, we-

ROSIE

Mae Lee...

Mae Lee clambers up the stairs, with K.C. close behind.

INT. POPPA'S BEDROOM - DAY

The kids push the door open and survey the room. The bureau's drawers are half-open and mostly empty; its top is bare of personal effects. They rush the closet and find empty hangers where Poppa's essential clothing was. Mae Lee sees an inverted canvas board on the bed. She sits and turns it over. K.C. looks over her shoulder. Cold shock clutches at them. Mae Lee points to the lower right corner. The crude signature, "Paul Thomas Dorn," is violently scratched through.

INT. LANEY CONDOMINIUM - DAY

Mae Lee finds her parents as she left them. Anger, fear, and panic fight to take her over.

MAE LEE

Where is he?

Patrick spreads his hands.

PATRICK

Gone.

MAE LEE

Where?

ROSIE

We don't know.

MAE LEE

What happened?

She focuses the cross-examination on Patrick.

MAE LEE

What did you do?

PATRICK

We had words after
breakfast...about last night.

Mae Lee crosses her arms. Anger dominates, and waits.

PATRICK

He was angry. I was angry. A lot
was said...Not much got through.

ROSIE

Your father left for work. I went
for a walk. A long walk. When I
got back...

Mae Lee swings off her pack and lands by the phone,
punching buttons.

PATRICK

What are you doing?

Mae Lee's jaw muscles work.

MAE LEE

This can't be happening. I won't
let it!

INTERCUT LANEY CONDOMINIUM AND LOBBY - DAY

MAE LEE

(into phone)

Hello, Ray?

RAY

Well, howdy, Mae Lee.

MAE LEE

Did you see my Poppa leave today?

RAY

Why, yes, Ma'am. Couple
suitcases, too.

MAE LEE

What time?

RAY

Let's see, I'd just come off
lunch...About one, I expect.

MAE LEE
How did he leave?

RAY
Through the lobby doors.

MAE LEE
(impatient)
Did he take a cab?

RAY
Why, yes. Yes, he did.

MAE LEE
What company?

RAY

Sunshine.

MAE LEE
Did you get the number?

RAY
No—I'm not so good with numbers
any more...

MAE LEE
Thank you, Ray.

She mashes the switchhook.

MAE LEE
K.C., grab the Yellow Pages and
find "Sunshine." Under "Taxicabs."

K.C. obeys. Mae Lee fishes into her pack for pencil and
paper.

K.C.
Here it is. "Five-Five-Five-Oh-
Three-Oh-Three."

Mae Lee jots, then dials.

MAE LEE

(on the phone)

Hello, Sunshine Cab? I'm interested in a fare picked up at Mills Plaza, Three Hundred Michener Square, about one o'clock?...No, I don't have the number. Can you check with the dispatcher?...Yes, I'll wait.

She watches her hapless parents.

MAE LEE

(on the phone)

Hello? Excellent. Do you have the address?

(severely)

This is Mae Lee Laney. He's my great-grandfather, and he's in trouble...What's that? Repeat it, please?

(writes)

Thanks very much.

She hangs up, re-slings her pack, and hands the paper to her father.

PATRICK

What—?

MAE LEE

Drive us—NOW! Please.

Patrick digs out his keys and trails the kids out.

INT. LANEY S.U.V. - DAY

Patrick pulls up at a downtown hotel, throws it into "Park" and goes for the keys. Mae Lee grabs his sleeve.

MAE LEE

You'd better stay. C'mon, K.C.

EXT. DOWNTOWN HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The kids hop down and take in the façade of a seedy, downtown Oakland pensioner hotel.

INT. DOWNTOWN HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

They sidle into a decrepit lobby. Their nostrils twitch at the odor of powdered cleanser over stale tobacco and urine. Guarded and bleary eyes follow them from unmatched furniture the Salvation Army wouldn't bother with. They swallow hard and approach the somnolent CLERK.

MAE LEE

A Mister Paul Dorn, please.

He stirs, pulls his toothpick, and fingers his index cards.

CLERK

Nope. No Dorn.

(pauses)

Got a "P. Dorland" in 4F.

The kids bolt for the elevator.

CLERK

Hey! He expecting you?

MAE LEE

Nope. Complete surprise.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Poppa sits on a cot in an ossified, poorly-lit room with a grimy sink and hotplate. His crutches stand in the corner and one of two suitcases is open on the floor.

Beside him are the cracker box and a Type 94 Taisho semiautomatic pistol. He lays the discharge certificate out and frames it carefully with the medals and the petite leather volume.

He removes the scarf from the box, folds it into a neat square and places it on the certificate. He re-reads the birthday card and lays it on the scarf. He takes the Asian girl's snapshot from his shirt pocket, holds it carefully, and loses himself in it for a moment. The snapshot tops the pile, centered.

Poppa grips the pistol and chambers a round. Slowly, he opens his mouth and advances the pistol toward it. The door echoes with pounding.

MAE LEE (O.S.)

Poppa?

Poppa shoves the gun under the pillow and freezes, barely breathing.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

K.C. pounds on the door again.

MAE LEE

Poppa! Come on! I know you're in there.

No response. A buzzed DERELICT gyrates into K.C.

DERELICT

Hey, kid. Got a dollar?

K.C. pushes the assailant away. He windmills, then tilts at Mae Lee, groping at her backpack.

DERELICT

Anything in here worth a damn?

MAE LEE

Leave me alone!

She pulls away, banging into the door. It flies open. Poppa leans out and plants a crutch in the derelict's chest.

POPPA

Shove off!

(at the kids)

Inside!

The kids enter. The door slams.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Poppa moves toward the window, facing away.

POPPA

You shouldn't have come.

MAE LEE

Why did you run away?

POPPA

(clucks)

Not so much "away," as "back".

Mae Lee examines the stuff on the cot. She drops her backpack near the pile and removes a folded piece of paper. Curious, Poppa turns. She unfolds it and holds it up near his face.

MAE LEE

Is this you?

Poppa reels backward as if sucker-punched, crumpling into a broken-down chair. He rallies a little and finds K.C. in his sights.

K.C.

Coast is clear by now. I'll wait downstairs.

K.C. leaves.

MAE LEE

Then, who's the girl?

Poppa gathers himself.

POPPA

That "girl"—

He moves her gently to the cot. They sit. He spreads the paper open and puts the snapshot under the dancers' image.

POPPA

—is "Rose," the deepest, truest love of my life.

The black and white image changes to real-time color as the boy and girl jitterbug earnestly.

POPPA (O.S.)

My real name is...Well, as your Mother said. I was born in San Francisco on March Fifteenth, Nineteen Twenty-six.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

TITLE OVER: IDA B. WELLS HIGH SCHOOL
SEPTEMBER, 1941

Around the couple, dozens of sweaty adolescent couples dance in full hormonal flight to a small swing orchestra, surrounded by a couple hundred kids in every phase of adolescent ritual found at a supervised school function.

POPPA (V.O.)

We met at a mixer at her school.
She was sixteen; I was fifteen.

The music stops. Young PATRICK and AKAKO HANA TSUKAWAKI applaud.

PATRICK

You want a Coca-Cola?

ROSE

Sure—I'm burning up.

They snake to the refreshment table and wait for service.

PATRICK

Two, please. Say, you move pretty good.

ROSE

For a "Jap," you mean?

PATRICK

I wasn't gonna say that!

ROSE

I'm toying with you. Still, my father would be pleased to know those ballet lessons paid off.

PATRICK

You win! You're the best dancer I ever seen. Wanna get some air?

ROSE

Lead on, Prince Charming!

They make for an exit. The crowd presses in, so he gropes for her hand. He seems astonished at its fine-boned delicacy.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

He finds a rail and produces a pack of Luckies.

PATRICK

Cigarette?

ROSE

No, thanks. I'm too young.

He lights his and exhales.

PATRICK

There you go—got me again.
Anyway, what's your name?

ROSE

The gentleman introduces himself first.

PATRICK

Man, you're a tough one, ain't you?

(bows slightly)

Patrick Timothy Dorland, at your service.

He lifts her hand and kisses it, with ceremony.

ROSE

(laughing)

Akako Hana Tsukawaki.

PATRICK

A-cock-a-hoodle who?

ROSE

Now, pay attention, Yank.
"Akako"—"Red Child." "Hana"—
"Flower." "Tsukawaki"—"Tree of
the River Moon."

PATRICK
"Red Child Flower," eh? How 'bout
I call you "ROSE?" Like "American
Beauty." And...your lips.

ROSE
You give up too easily, but I'm
flattered. "Rose" it is.

PATRICK
Aces up!

ROSE
And what shall I call you?

PATRICK
"Paddy" will do. On accounta I'm
a Mick and all.

ROSE
You're not proud to be Irish?

PATRICK
I guess. Both my parents were
born here.

The door opens slightly.

VOICE (O.S.)
Last dance, everybody!

PATRICK
You can jump, but how's your fox
trot?

ROSE
Only one way to find
out..."Paddy."

He offers his arm. They go back in.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

The band strikes up "They Can't Take That Away from Me."

PATRICK
Ginger?

ROSE

Ready, Freddy!

Patrick and Rose dance, expertly and close. Intoxication displaces blarney. The song winds down; he dips her, deeply. She parts her teeth in delight. They recover and applaud. He leaves his hand in the small of her back to walk her out. She stops in the gym's lobby.

ROSE

Well, gotta find the girls and
head home...

PATRICK

When can I see you again?

ROSE

Here? Next dance?

PATRICK

That's a month off. I'll die
before then! How about I come by
your house?

She fumbles with her handbag.

ROSE

That can't happen.

PATRICK

Why—?

ROSE

Long story. Where do you go to
school?

PATRICK

Mark Twain.

ROSE

Oh, You're close. How are your
Friday afternoons?

PATRICK

Free as a bird!

ROSE

Good. Meet me in front of the
school after lunch next Friday,
'Bye.

She joins a half-dozen other Japanese girls on the way out.
They gawk, whisper, and cover their mouths. He lingers,
briefly, and sprints to find his own crowd.

EXT. IDA B. WELLS HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Patrick loiters in the sunshine, smoking. Rose trots out,
waving. Patrick acknowledges with pleasure and flicks the
butt away. They grasp hands.

ROSE

Miss me?

PATRICK

You shred it, wheat!

ROSE

Excuse me?

PATRICK

Never mind. Hungry?

ROSE

I could eat a house!

PATRICK

"Horse"--but nice try.

INT. MALT SHOP - DAY

Patrick and Rose laugh over sandwiches and Cokes.

PATRICK

(affects brogue)

So me old man's a hod carrier--how
Irish is that?--and me mother's a
part-time nurse and keeps house.

ROSE

What's a "hod?"

PATRICK

Carries bricks. He's in construction. Plasterer, actually. Union man.

ROSE

Any brothers or sisters?

PATRICK

Nope. Just the three of us. Tim, Eileen, and Paddy—livin' the life of Reilly in the Mission. You?

ROSE

Two brothers. Misao is eighteen; we were born in Tokyo. Masaichi was born here the year we arrived. What about the rest of your family?

PATRICK

My grandparents are dead. My folks married late; I'm a "change-o'-life baby." I got uncles and aunts back East I've never met.

ROSE

I'm sorry.

PATRICK

Why?

ROSE

Family is very important to my people.

PATRICK

How long you and your people been here?

ROSE

My father was assigned in Nineteen Thirty-one.

PATRICK

Ten years, and you know so much and talk English so good. I'm impressed.

ROSE

A missionary's family must be educated in the host country's culture.

PATRICK

Wait a sec. Your old man is a missionary? To US?

ROSE

No, silly. To Japanese Anglicans. Nippon Sei Ko Kai.

PATRICK

Hold the phone. Your old man is a priest in the Church of ENGLAND?

ROSE

Yes. He's assistant minister at Christ Church Sei Ko Kai, on Buchanan.

Patrick loses it.

PATRICK

This is RICH! If Pap ever finds out I'm consortin' with an Oriental anti-Papist...

He convulses. Her blush, sudden stillness, and flat-lined mouth silence him. Her look withers him.

ROSE

That word insults a Japanese woman, Paddy Dorland. You are very crude.

Her eyes and hands drop into her lap. He shifts a little and taps his knuckles into his palm.

PATRICK

Damn it. I'm sorry. I didn't know.

He digs under her eyes with his to lift them.

PATRICK

Please?

ROSE

I've come to a decision.

She looks up.

ROSE

I am going to save you.

Patrick gapes.

PATRICK

You're going to convert an Irish Catholic? Good luck, sister!

ROSE

No, stupid. I'm going to civilize you.

(a beat)

You will be my guest in Japantown every Friday afternoon. I will catch you up on several centuries of culture!

She laughs. He re-ignites.

PATRICK

Well, this oughtta be good! Let's get started!

He drops some bills on the table, pulls her up, and pushes her out the door by her hips.

POPPA (V.O.)

Thus began my real education. For twelve straight Fridays, Rose took me into a world beyond my imagination.

INT. ART MUSEUM - DAY

Patrick and Rose stand close, arms around each other, studying a Japanese tapestry. Suddenly, they separate. A security guard strolls behind them and out. They move back together.

INT. DARK THEATER - DAY

The young couple takes in a Kabuki performance. She watches his face; he seems transfixed. She shows satisfaction.

INT. JAPANESE ROOM - DAY

Rose kneels in a traditional kimono with matching hair and makeup. A silhouette moves across a shoji screen behind her.

PATRICK (O.S.)
(muffled)

Ready!

She slides the shoji open. Patrick, dressed in samurai armor and headdress, crouches in attack position, a sword above his head. She shields her mouth but cannot stifle a laugh. He comes to attention, turns sideways and fakes hara kiri, and falls. She doubles over.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - DAY

Rose tugs a dragon kite airborne. She backs up to Patrick, hands him the string, and mouths instructions. He dips his head near her neck and steals her scent.

INT. JAPANESE RESTAURANT - DAY

They kneel shoeless at a table, each with miso soup, a rice bowl, sashimi, and condiments. Rose delicately consumes a piece of raw fish with chopsticks, puts them down and yields to him. Patrick makes several crude stabs at his, then gives up. He hurls the sticks over his shoulder, hoists a morsel, and jiggles it into his mouth like a live goldfish. He drinks the soup greedily. She puts her hands on her hips; he shrugs.

INT. ART ROOM - DAY

Patrick bends over rice paper, laboriously copying a last Japanese character with his brush. She evaluates it.

ROSE
"A New Year." Perfect!

She flicks at his nose. He daubs hers with the brush. She recoils, laughing.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - DAY

Seated against a tree, Patrick encircles a relaxed Rose, who has one hand on his knee and the other arm draped backwards around his neck. He holds a small book labeled "HAIKU" in front of them.

ROSE

From the master, Masaoka Shiki.
Read!

PATRICK

"My remaining days
Are numbered:
A brief night."
(pauses)
So few words; so few syllables.
What would Billy Butler Yeats say?

She turns.

ROSE

You know Yeats?

PATRICK

I'm not a complete dope. I found
you, didn't I?

They kiss delicately.

INT. MISSION APARTMENT - DAY

POPPA (V.O.)

Until the first Sunday in
December.

Patrick staggers to the phone in his skivvies, yawning and scratching.

PATRICK

Dorland's...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JAPANTOWN RECTORY - DAY

An agitated Rose cups her hand around the hallway phone's mouthpiece.

ROSE

Are you okay?

PATRICK

Yuh. Woke me out of a sound Irish flu. Folks are at Mass.

ROSE

Didn't you hear?

PATRICK

Hear what?

ROSE

Oh, God.

PATRICK

What?

ROSE

On the radio. They attacked.

PATRICK

Who?

ROSE

They bombed Pearl Harbor. In Hawaii.

PATRICK

WHO?

ROSE

The Japanese!

She begins to cry. He rocks and gropes at the air with his free hand.

PATRICK

Oh, God. God damn...

A long pause.

PATRICK

Okay. Okay. It's nothing to do with us. Right?

ROSE
Paddy, I'm an alien! I may be
arrested—or worse!

Akako's father, REV. MISAO TSUKAWAKI, appears at the end of
the hall. They speak in Japanese (subtitled):

REV. TSUKAWAKI
Akako! Who is there?

ROSE
Thank you. Good-bye.

INT. MISSION APARTMENT - DAY

PATRICK
Rose! ROSE! Hello?

He drops the phone and bolts into:

INT. MISSION APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

He fumbles the radio on and tunes it.

ANNOUNCER
(filtered)
This is KPO, coming to you with a
live broadcast from atop the
Honolulu Advertiser building. We
return you to our correspondent...

Patrick falls into a chair, covers his face, and drops his
elbows to his knees. The broadcast cuts off. He stares at
the radio.

UNDER VOICE-OVERS:

CONTINUOUS STILLS/FILM FOOTAGE FROM MUSEUM OF SAN FRANCISCO
JAPANESE EXHIBIT:

POPPA (V.O.)
The whole world turned crazy.
Reports of torpedoed ships and
enemy planes in our skies every
day...

(a beat)

POPPA (Cont'd)

By the Thirteenth, The FBI had rounded up over Eight Hundred aliens on the West Coast. By New Year's Eve, they could legally search the home of any alien suspected of having contraband...

EXT. IDA B. WELLS HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

The bell rings. An anxious Patrick searches among the streaming students.

POPPA (V.O.)

The Japantown kids pretty much disappeared from school after the holidays.

UNDER VOICE-OVERS:

CONTINUOUS STILLS/FILM FOOTAGE FROM MUSEUM OF SAN FRANCISCO JAPANESE EXHIBIT:

POPPA (V.O.)

Enemy alien registration and random FBI raids on homes and businesses began in February...

(a beat)

Six days before FDR's order, California's congressional delegation unanimously called for evacuation of all Japanese from the West Coast...

(a beat)

...The next week, a Mississippi congressman wanted the ACLU investigated for protesting the Executive Order...

(a beat)

..."Voluntary" relocation of all Japanese began on March Second. I couldn't show my face on Buchanan Street, and I was nuts with worry...

INT. MISSION APARTMENT - DAY

Patrick dials the phone.

PATRICK

Rose?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JAPANTOWN RECTORY - DAY

Rev. Tsukawaki answers.

REV. TSUKAWAKI

Hello? Who is speaking, please?

Patrick hesitates, hangs up, and paces, agitated.

POPPA (V.O.)

My birthday came and went, and
Rose and I still hadn't spoken, so
I had no idea what was next...

UNDER VOICE-OVER:

STILL OF SAN FRANCISCO NEWS ARTICLE:

POPPA (V.O.)

...I wasn't alone, I guess. Even
the Yankee Clipper got a scare.
The papers said Joltin' Joe's old,
sick parents might have to be
locked up. Then, finally...

INT. MISSION APARTMENT - NIGHT

The hallway phone rings. Patrick scuttles out.

PATRICK

H'lo?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JAPANTOWN MARKET - NIGHT

Rose calls from the dark in a shut-down lunch counter.

ROSE

Patrick. It's...me.

Patrick stifles an outburst.

ROSE
I have to see you.

PATRICK
(whispers)
When?

ROSE
Now. Tonight.

PATRICK
Jesus!

ROSE
Twenty-One-Oh-Two Hemlock,
upstairs. Hurry!

Stirring behind the master bedroom door. Patrick's bleary-eyed FATHER, TIM, 40, pokes his head out.

TIM
Mary, Mother of God, it's the
middle of the night!

PATRICK
(hangs up)
Wrong number.

EXT. JAPANTOWN MARKET - NIGHT

Well past curfew, Patrick treads along the darkened storefront, under a "For Lease" sign and by a "Notice to Persons of Japanese Ancestry" in the window. He finds a partially-hidden doorway and checks the number with his lighter. He enters and ascends the rickety stairs.

PATRICK
Rose? Rose!

He sees a sliver of light and pushes against a decrepit door. A shabby room is softened by candle lanterns, bowls of petals, and incense. Rose kneels, demure in a pastel kimono on pillows that front a shoji screen and a small shrine to Buddha. He skids on his knees to her and starts to embrace her. She raises a hand.

ROSE

Wait!

He stops, uncertain. She produces an envelope.

ROSE

Happy Birthday. Late.

He opens it and reads. He drops his hands to his knees, trying to speak.

ROSE

I have your present.

He searches.

PATRICK

Where?

Rose swallows and finds his eyes. Her hands slip to the sash.

ROSE

I want...to give myself to you.

He holds for an instant, then stops her hands.

PATRICK

No...Don't.

She's hurt.

ROSE

Don't—don't you want me?

PATRICK

No—I mean yes. Oh, God...

His hands frame her face.

PATRICK

I do, Rose, God knows. But, not like this. It ain't right.

ROSE

I don't understand.

PATRICK

Rose, you're the best thing that's
ever come my way. I want to be
with you, forever.

ROSE

Paddy, they're taking us away.
Tuesday. They're letting Father
close the church. Then the
Tanforan assembly center, then...

PATRICK

Where?

Rose weeps.

ROSE

I don't know.

Patrick seizes her shoulders, stricken.

PATRICK

Maybe this will blow over.

She searches his face with despair in hers. He studies the
space between them.

PATRICK

Let's run!

ROSE

Oh, Paddy. Where would we go?

PATRICK

I don't know. Inland?

ROSE

You're too young, and I can't hide
who I am!

Patrick can't think.

ROSE

Even if I could, I can't. It
would disgrace my family.

Patrick opens his arms.

PATRICK

Well, doesn't...this?

ROSE

Not if-

She sobs.

ROSE

-we never see each other again.

He pounds his fists into the sides of his head and screams. She throws herself onto him, grasping and kissing. He crushes her to himself. Desperation subsides and they grow quiet. Rose takes a scarf from her pocket and presses it into his hand.

ROSE

Remember me.

Patrick looks miserable. He fishes into his pants and unballs his fist—a couple bills, some loose change, the lighter, and a penknife. She takes the knife, presses it to her breast, then turns it over in her hands as she leans into his enfolding arms.

ROSE

I'll keep this. To remind me how you pierced my heart.

PATRICK

Let's just...

Patrick searches the room vainly for some sign of redemption.

PATRICK

...stay here.

EXT. CHRIST CHURCH SEI KO KAI - DAY

Cops, relocation officers, and hooting bystanders ring a throng of dazed Japanese, pushed with their meager, neatly-bound belongings toward mass transport. A way off with his sidekick, TOMMY, is Patrick, scaling whatever's close to manage a glimpse of Rose. With sad dignity, Rev. Tsukawaki shepherds his flock, masking his own feelings with a kind word and gentle hand when required. His family trails out behind him. A grim Misao protects Masaichi. Patrick cranes. Young Misao looks right at him.

TOMMY

Wull, my Pap says good riddance,
is what. Them Nips have been a
burden on the honest workin' man,
anyhow.

PATRICK

Shut UP, Tommy.

TOMMY

Hey, now. Whatever happened to
that square-tail you was seen
with, d'ya suppose?

Patrick drops on Tommy, flailing. An Irish cop and his partner drag them up and push them away.

COP

Now, there's plenty enough on our
hands without the likes of you
two...

Rose comes out and raises her eyes toward the commotion,
for just an instant.

The scene freezes and transforms into a Lange-like, black-and-white photograph.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY (PRESENT)

POPPA

I never saw her again.

MAE LEE

Where did they take her?

POPPA

Utah. Topaz, I think it was.

MAE LEE

Then, what happened?

POPPA

My Pop got hurt, couldn't work, so
I got a shipyard job. Joined the
Marines after graduation, late in
Forty-three.

MAE LEE

Did you try to find her after the
War?

POPPA

(sighs)

Naw, Squirt. Couldn't face it.
Too much time, too much pain.

Mae Lee fingers the medals.

MAE LEE

And these?

POPPA

(inhales)

Another time. Maybe.

She pushes up into his face.

MAE LEE

Come home with me?

Poppa looks through her.

POPPA

Can't. Not yet, anyway.

She pouts as only a pre-teen female can.

POPPA

I'm fine here, for now.

MAE LEE

Promise?

POPPA

Cross my heart and hope to—

He alarms her.

POPPA

I'm done hurting folks. You,
especially. Go on now, honey.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

K.C. and her father rise as Mae Lee wanders toward them, in
a fog. K.C. meets and touches her.

PATRICK

Is he okay?

MAE LEE

Not sure. He won't come home.

PATRICK

Maybe...Maybe he just needs some
time.

MAE LEE

No, Daddy! He needs HELP!

She hardens and marches out. K.C. trots after her. Her
Dad rustles a little, then falls in line.

EXT. OAKLAND VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS BUILDING - DAY

Mae Lee slides off her scooter as K.C. locks his bike.

K.C.

Hey.

MAE LEE

Hey. Did you get the camera?

K.C. pats his pack.

K.C.

Ready to write?

MAE LEE

All set!

K.C.
Cool. Let's go.

They enter.

INT. OAKLAND V.F.W. BUILDING - DAY

Three sturdy old men—yellow, black, and white—sit ramrod-straight around a coffee table. Misao Tsukawaki spies his great-nephew and rises, smiling.

K.C.
Uncle Moe!

They embrace. Misao isn't too much taller but tousles K.C.'s hair anyway. Mae Lee waits.

K.C.
Uncle Moe, this is my best friend,
Mae Lee Laney. She's going to
write while I tape. That all
right?

MISAO
You bet. Hello, Mae Lee.
Children, meet the boys who
volunteered to talk today: Mike
Block and Hiram Glass.

MIKE BLOCK and HIRAM GLASS come to attention and offer their hands.

MIKE
Hi, kids.

HIRAM
My pleasure, young'uns.

The men sit. The kids unpack. Mae Lee kneels at the table, pen poised over paper. K.C. reverses his cap, turns on the camcorder and circles.

MAE LEE
This is Mae Lee and K.C., and
we're talking to members of the
"Greatest Generation," men who
fought for their country in World
War Two.

K.C. focuses on each, in turn.

MIKE

Gunnery Sergeant Mike Block, C
Company, Fifth Tank Battalion,
Twenty-Eighth Regiment, Fifth
Marine Division.

HIRAM

I'm Captain Hiram Glass, Three
Hundred Thirty-Second Fighter
Group, U.S. Army Air Corps—better
known as the "Tuskegee Airmen."

MISAO

(salutes)

First Sergeant Misao Tsukawaki,
Company E, Second Battalion, Four
Hundred Forty-second Regimental
Combat Team, U.S. Army—

Misao swings his fist across his chest with vigor.

MISAO

—"Go for Broke!"

The vets laugh.

MISAO

Well, gentlemen, how shall we
start?

MIKE

How about bragging on our units?

HIRAM

Good idea!

MIKE

Easy Company of the Twenty-eighth raised both flags on Iwo Jima, in the costliest single battle of the Pacific. In thirty-five days, nearly seven thousand Marines and over twenty-two thousand Japanese men died. Three hundred-ten Easy Company Leathernecks hit that rock; fifty walked off. Turning point for us. Hiram?

HIRAM

The Three Thirty-seventh was all Negro volunteers, fighter pilots trained hard in the segregated South. The "Red Tails," as we were known, flew close bomber escort. Got the Presidential Unit Citation for a long mission over Berlin. Didn't lose one bomber. Hell, one of our boys sank a German destroyer off Trieste with nothin' but machine guns! Your turn, Moe.

MISAO

I started out with the Hundredth Combat Battalion. After fighting our way through Cassino and Anzio we joined up with the Four Forty-second. Rescued the "Lost Battalion" in France; lost more of us than we rescued that day. We were most all interned nisei; Forty-five hundred strong. Over Eighteen Thousand individual decorations and Nine Thousand, Eight Hundred Forty-six Purple Hearts.

They turn to the children.

MISAO

Well, what do you want to know?

MAE LEE

Tell us how it was.

HIRAM
How it REALLY was?

MIKE
ALL of it?

Mae Lee peers up at K.C. He nods. The men share an air of gravity.

MISAO
It's up to you...

MONTAGE:

- 1) Mike starts talking. His gestures are choppy and his body English stressed.
- 2) Newsreel and combat footage of the fierce Remembrance Day 1944 Iwo Jima assault. Filthy, smiling Marines pose with blasted Japanese corpses in smoking havoc.
- 3) Hiram takes over. His trembling hands swoop in diagrams of aerial combat.
- 4) Footage of dogfights, with ack-acked planes spiraling out of the sky. Closeups of cockpit carnage.
- 5) A grave Misao picks it up, tugging at his dry mouth.
- 6) Film of the 442nd taking heavy casualties in France and liberating human skeletons at Dachau. Corpses are everywhere.

The kids watch the vet's gestures and faces, their own flashing between morbid fascination and horrific emotion. K.C.'s camera drifts toward the floor; Mae Lee forgets to write. At last, they are still.

MISAO
(wipes eyes)
Wow.

HIRAM
Man. Some of that shit-er-stuff's
been down inside for years.
Sorry, kids.

Mike shakes his head.

MISAO
What's funny?

MIKE

Just hit me. They sent white men
halfway around the world to kill
yellow ones, and black and yellow
men the other way to kill white
ones!

HIRAM

Don't forget the red ones. The
Man threw a few Navajos in there,
too!

Misao ruminates.

MISAO

Huh! We shot the lock off Dachau.
We came out from behind the wire-
to bring Jews out from behind the
wire!

HIRAM

Dig it. I drank Scotch with
English bomber jocks, but couldn't
share a beer with a white man back
home for twenty years!

MISAO

What a country, huh?

They all reflect.

K.C.

Were you scared?

HIRAM

Hell, yeah.

MISAO

Every day. All the time.

Mike covers his face, then stares.

MIKE

I'm still scared.

They all regard him.

MIKE

Scared it's gonna get out of hand again. Lot of boys dying, good reason or no.

Hiram rolls his eyes upward.

HIRAM

Know my biggest regret? Holding it in for so long. Not telling folks.

MIKE

How bad it really was.

MISAO

What's the use? They turned us out and forgot all about us for forty-two years.

HIRAM

But—folks remember now 'cause you all spoke up. Look at these here kids!

MISAO

Maybe. I don't know. I'm about worn out.

Silence descends again. Misao finally slaps his thigh and arises.

MISAO

Well! You kids got enough for your project?

They nod slowly and pack up without a word.

EXT. OAKLAND V.F.W. BUILDING - DAY

Mae Lee and K.C. emerge, arms around each other and brows furrowed by more than sunlight. They step along carefully for a bit, walking their rides.

K.C.

That was intense...

Mae Lee makes an annoyed, "Duh!" face. She taps her temple.

MAE LEE

All these years, keeping the truth
locked up like that...

K.C.

Uh, okay. Now what?

Something seeps into Mae Lee. She stops and latches onto
K.C.'s shirt.

MAE LEE

Let's see if Mrs. Clinton is still
at school. I have an idea.

K.C. shrugs. They mount up and speed away.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Through the window, Mae Lee, K.C., and their teacher huddle
in purposeful conversation. The pupils explain. She props
a hand under her chin and listens intently. They finish,
adding a body-language question mark.

MRS. CLINTON

That's a very interesting idea.
Let me make some calls and see
what kind of reaction I get.

INT. LANEY CONDOMINIUM - DAY

TITLE OVER: THREE WEEKS LATER

The family sits. K.C. busies himself against the tension.
Mae Lee, dressed to go lead an assembly, stares, arms
folded.

PATRICK

Mae Lee, sweetheart, it's almost
One-Forty. It's your show. Maybe
we'd better think about going
soon.

MAE LEE

He's coming.

PATRICK

Did he actually say he was, the
other night?

MAE LEE

I told him: "If you love me and
want to see me any more, please
come."

PATRICK

But, what did he say?

Mae Lee spits anger.

MAE LEE

He's GOING to COME! He has to!

ROSIE

Okay, Pat! Jeez. Give it a few
more minutes.

CLOSEUPS:

The silent phone, with intent faces in the background.

The digital mantel clock flips from "1:49" to "1:50."

The phone rings once. Mae Lee's hand snatches it up.

MAE LEE

Hello?

She listens, expressionless, replaces the handset, and goes
for her pack.

MAE LEE

He's coming. He wants me to take
him there.

INT. LINCOLN NEIGHBORHOOD CENTER - DAY

Mae Lee and K.C., also dressed to do business, push and
hold the doors open for Poppa. He hesitates.

MAE LEE

C'mon. It'll be great. You'll
see.

He swings in, furtive. Patrick and Rosie follow. Mae Lee and K.C. lope into the great room. We scan it with them. It's packed with spectators of all ages and races, agog with anticipation. Poppa curls in behind the doors and takes the back wall, standing. Patrick and Rosie give up trying to seat him and take theirs in the last row.

Mrs. Clinton meets the kids halfway to the front.

MRS. CLINTON
Excellent job getting the word
out!

The kids look over toward the corner and wave. Maggie blows a kiss. Her staff waves back.

MAE LEE/K.C.
We had help.

Fronting the room is a dais with a rostrum and microphone. A dozen chairs span the stage. Misao, Hiram, Mike, and seven other veterans occupy all but the two nearest the door. They personify dignity in neat jackets, ties, and American Legion or V.F.W. "pisscutters." Medals glint on their left breasts.

Above their heads is a large, red-white-and-blue banner:
"GREATEST GENERATION"

Stage right in stark black and white is a poster:
PEARL HARBOR:
2,403 KILLED

Stage left, another like it:
HIROSHIMA
& NAGASAKI:
350,000 KILLED

Another large, red-on-white banner fills the gap:
WORLD WAR II: 61,000,000 KILLED
25,000,000 Russians • 11,000,000 Chinese
9,500,000 Jews/Gypsies/Gays/Poles/Serbs
7,000,000 Germans • 4,700,000 "Others"
3,500,000 Japanese • 300,000 Americans

On the rostrum is a small sign:

How Many
More?

Misao moves to the corner of the dais and beckons.

MISAO
Come on, kids. We're ready to go.

They hop up the steps. K.C. takes the end chair. Mae Lee goes to the rostrum. She can't quite see over it, so she bends the mike to the side. She takes a paper out, smooths it, and clears her throat, causing feedback. Startled, she backs up a little.

MAE LEE
Good afternoon. Thanks for
coming.

The crowd noise gradually subsides.

MAE LEE
I and K.C. Mifune—

She points, stiffly.

MAE LEE
—He's my best friend—

He ducks into a nervous, seated bow.

MAE LEE
—have been studying "The Greatest
Generation" in Mrs. Clinton's
class. It's about the heroes of
World War Two, the people who
fought. We had a chance to talk
to three of them. They told us
things. Terrible things.
Unbelievable things we didn't find
in books. Things everyone should
hear. So, here they are...

Mae Lee goes to her seat. K.C. gets up, takes Misao's hand, and leads him to the rostrum. K.C. cranks the mike back up some.

K.C.

This is my great-uncle. He was a soldier in Europe, but a U.S. prisoner before that. Tell them what you told us, Uncle Moe.

Misao hugs his great-nephew and folds his hands on the rostrum. K.C. beams at him and sits down.

MISAO

They're calling us "great."
"Heroes" in the "Greatest War." A war ignited in an already-unstable world by a single act of terror against three thousand innocents. Sound familiar?

He turns and raises an open hand at the two kids.

MISAO

Well, these two little innocents helped these boys and me to realize that bravery in battle means nothing, if you don't fight the want and ignorance that turn into hatred.

He pivots and highlights the lower banner with his other arm.

MISAO

That's the battle we're all called to. The more don't stand up every day, the more terrible the consequences. I'm Misao Tsukawaki.

As he speaks, his gaze sweeps the room until it stops at Poppa.

Poppa's face registers recognition. He eyes Misao and K.C., back and forth. He trembles.

MISAO

My brothers-in-arms and I fought,
and lived. We're going to speak
for the dead and tell you what
some of us saw and did. Maybe you
will understand that it can happen
again only if we allow it.

As he continues, Mike leans over to Mae Lee and whispers.

MIKE

Who's the guy on crutches?

MAE LEE

That's my great-grampa...Patrick
Dorland.

MIKE

Paddy Dorland?!

MAE LEE

You know him?

MIKE

You kiddin'? He was Delta-Two-
Twenty-eight. Took out a whole
Jap unit. Easy found 'im and took
him up Suribachi with the flags!

Mike jumps up and hustles toward Poppa, now gasping, pale,
and paralyzed.

MIKE

Paddy! Patty Dorland!

Mike squares up and claps Poppa's shoulder.

MIKE

Jeezus, man! We all thought you
was dead!

Poppa panics and bolts for the lobby. Mike stands, and
Patrick and Rosie turn, dumb-founded. Mae Lee, K.C.,
Patrick, and Rosie tear after Poppa.

EXT. LINCOLN NEIGHBORHOOD CENTER - DAY

Poppa breaks into the sunlight, through surprised entrants like a furious, runaway pendulum. He cycles down the sidewalk and blindly into the street.

Poppa's face is covered in shock.

Advancing car grille.

The car, brakes squealing, swerves slightly and catches a crutch, spinning Poppa into the fender. He skips along the vehicle's side, then falls backward, spread-eagled, and whacks his head on the pavement. He blacks out.

His eyes open slowly and he makes out K.C.'s features right above him.

Poppa seizes K.C.'s jacket lapels and screams into his face.

POPPA

Run! Leave me! Save yourself!

He lapses back into unconsciousness. K.C. and Poppa's family hover, sharing confusion. An approaching siren wails.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

His eyes open, see the ceiling, descend, and cover the room. Patrick and Rosie, piled lap-on-lap in an unforgiving side chair, nod in the afternoon shadows. Mae Lee sits where his left lower leg would be, intently punching a video game. She senses him and launches herself, arms wide.

She unclamps his neck and lowers his head back to the pillow. Patrick and Rosie struggle apart and to his side.

MAE LEE

You're alive!

POPPA

Am I?

ROSIE

How do you feel?

POPPA

Old. And very, very tired. What day is it?

PATRICK

Tuesday.

POPPA

Three days?

PATRICK

Yeah, but the news is good.
Concussion, bumps, and bruises.
Some hip torsion issues; other
than that, nothing permanent.

ROSIE

Yes, Granddad. You're very lucky.

POPPA

Assuming I ever should have been
born...

Mae Lee climbs astride Poppa, cradles his ears, and sprays a gentle, moist raspberry into his face. Patrick and Rosie grip each other. Poppa swallows, laughs, and blinks out a few tears.

POPPA

Not buying the self-pity bit
today, eh?

MAE LEE

Not today, not any more. Time to
take your own life back, Poppa.

Patrick and Rosie join Mae Lee and add their hands in support.

POPPA

(to Mae Lee)

Do they know—?

MAE LEE

Everything you told me. Up 'til
now.

Poppa looks up and sighs deeply.

POPPA

This is hard. Where do I start?

MAE LEE

Iwo Jima?

Terror flashes through him. Mae Lee strokes his hair.

MAE LEE

Everything will be all right. I promise.

POPPA

You win. Right. Yeah. Like I told the Squirt...

EXT. TROOP SHIP - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A transport rides at anchor in a massive flotilla. The high drone of bombers falls from the black sky. There's the distant flash and hear the thud of naval guns. Loud balls of fire jump from the small volcanic island several miles away.

POPPA (V.O.)

I joined up late in Forty-three. Trained at Camp Pendelton, then for most of Forty-four in Hawaii with the new Fifth Marine Division for one campaign: Iwo Jima.

TITLE OVER: "DOG-DAY," MINUS ONE
FEBRUARY 18, 1945

INT. TROOP SHIP - NIGHT

Leathernecks sweat in their sleeping bay below decks, preparing for the next morning's assault-stuffing packs, cleaning weapons, praying.

POPPA (V.O.)

Lots of shavetails, like me, in D Company of the Two-Twenty-eight, and some hard cases from the Marine Raiders, who caught the worst of Guadalcanal.

Staff Sergeant ROCCO CARBONE lounges on his bunk, swabbing the chamber of a Type 94 Taisho pistol.

ROCCO

Yep. Plan to pick me up some
fresh ammo tomorrow.

He pulls a home-made, ivory-and-metal-like necklace from
beneath his undershirt.

ROCCO

Might even get me some more teeth,
if my luck holds out.

He glances down at a pasty-faced Patrick.

ROCCO

Whatsamatter, Dorland? Scared of
losin' your cherry?

The ship rolls. Patrick vomits. Rocco and the other vets
laugh; the shavetails don't. First Sergeant TUCKER
BERGESEN climbs through the bulkhead door.

TUCK

Listen up, Marines. Kickoff is Oh
Nine Hundred. First Battalion
leads the way. We're second in
behind Foxtrot on Green 1 Right.
A dozen or so armored amphtracs
will precede to provide covering
fire.

ROCCO

How's it sizin' up, Sarge?

TUCK

Everything says they're dug in
pretty good; numbers unknown.
Battlewagons and bombers been
hittin' 'em hard for days, though.
Ain't enough ground cover to hide
a pissant. Assume they can see
you, even if you can't see them.
Hug whatever's under you and keep
moving.

He meets anxious and inexperienced faces with as much
comfort as he can relay without falsehoods.

TUCK

Follow your leaders and do what
Uncle taught you, and you'll be
fine. That's all.

He departs. Chores resume quietly as the remote pounding
outside grows louder.

EXT. IWO JIMA SURF - DAY

First Lieutenant RICK MORROW and Sgt. Bergeson stand, their
backs to the Landing Ship (Medium)'s massive gullwings,
shouting to Delta Company's crouched rifle platoons.

LT. MORROW

All right. We're a half-hour
behind One Twenty-Eight. Sounds
like they've picked up small arms
and mortar. Follow Foxtrot to the
left flank. Top will get you
there. Clear the beach as quick
as you can.

They wheel into the same "ready" position. The LSM beaches
among dozens. Its jaws open into the surf and the squads
spew out.

POPPA (V.O.)

By Oh-Nine-Forty, Eighty Thousand
Marines were attacking a yellow-
sulfur rock smaller than
Manhattan.

The water in close is deep in spots and the volcanic sand
liquid, so Marines disappear and bob up in confusion before
regaining legs. They sprint and fall against the first
beach terrace. Some are cut down instantly by irregular
small-arms fire. A lull; on signal, they scramble up the
dune-like face and over onto a wide expanse of gritty sand,
ending at igneous carapaces littered with scrub 200 yards
away. Mount Suribachi's 530-foot peak looms in the
distance.

Platoon and squad leaders battle the confusion, slowly
guiding Delta left and forward, inch by leapfrogging inch.
The unseen enemy's fire intensifies and U.S. casualties
mount as they cross the uphill beach toward rocky terraces.

Assault progress dwindles to a snail's pace as Japanese mortars and artillery pummel Delta.

TUCK

Cover and return fire!

The order's relayed. Gyrenes furiously try to dig foxholes, only to see them collapse. Raking fire and mortar and artillery explosions pin them down. Prone, Tuck hands the handset back to his radioman.

TUCK

Tankers are pushing One Two Eight inland. We've got to hold this flank until our heavy stuff gets in. Spread the word.

EXT. IWO JIMA BEACH - DAY

Patrick low-crawls toward a small outcrop, hugging the sand amid a sleet of bullets. Rocco shouts from his right.

ROCCO

Awright, sand fleas—hunker down and throw something back. Mechanized are on their way!

POPPA (V.O.)

We gained a few yards in the ninety minutes before the LSTs and LCMS arrived.

EXT. IWO JIMA BEACH - DAY

Patrick and his squad mates turn to see the Landing Ship Tanks crunch in behind them. Flame-throwing tanks roar out and thunder through them toward higher ground. The men yelp, encouraged.

ROCCO

That's more like it! Let's move!

They rise and advance, taking casualties immediately. Mines knock out the first tank or two. Progress slows a little. Landing Craft Mechanized spit out half-tracks. The first one catches on submerged wire. The others land and move to Delta's left, their guns beating back at elevated caves and pillboxes. They grind over the beach; mortars and artillery claim one or two. Meanwhile, wheeled vehicles wallow and die in the viscous sand. But the heavy support renews Two Twenty-eight's effort. They make visible progress toward the first rocky ridge.

POPPA (V.O.)

Second Battalion rang up seventy-nine dead and two hundred ninety-nine wounded by dark. At least we got off the beach.

EXT. IWO JIMA FRONT - NIGHT

Sporadic gunfire punctuates the dark. A phosphorous flare forces suddenly illuminated shapes down behind lava flows and into crevices. Patrick sees Rocco fooling with his "jewelry."

PATRICK

Are those really human teeth?

ROCCO

Naw. Not human-Jap.

Patrick's eyes widen.

ROCCO

When you've seen as much as I have, kid, you'll understand the difference.

EXT. IWO JIMA FRONT - DAY

The sun rides low at their backs as Delta's squads re-provision and reload along their line. Sgt. Bergeson huddles with his platoon leaders and checks his watch.

TUCK

Two-Two-Eight is to continue left
and take Suribachi. K-Hour is
Zero-Eight-Thirty. Ten minutes.
Mechanized should be right behind
us. Go!

They scatter and pass the order. They get into position,
look rearward and wait. Bergeson signals; they move. All
Hell breaks loose, and they bog down. Time passes in
stalemate. Finally, tanks roll up, firing. One stops and
the hatch flips up.

TUCK

Where the fuck have you been?

TANKER

Sorry, Sarge. Long lines at the
Esso station.

The steel beasts advance, pound emplacements, and provide
cover. Delta slowly moves up. They work their way into a
maze of concrete pillboxes and destroy the first phalanx.

POPPA (V.O.)

We made two hundred yards on Dog
Day Plus Two.

EXT. IWO JIMA FRONT - DAWN

Suribachi's base is within sight, 4 to 500 yards. The last
third is tank-inhospitable. Bergeson squints toward the
skies.

TUCK

Here they come!

Three dozen planes unleash Hell with bombs, rockets, and
machine guns from 100 yards out to just up the mountain's
base. Rock and sand shower Delta. The squads move but
burrow in under heavy suppressing fire from above the
airstrike wounds. Late again, armor returns and recharges
the gradual advance. Pillboxes are blown by armor and
grenades, and cauterized with liquid gas, napalm, and
flame-throwers.

EXT. IWO JIMA FRONT - DAY

Patrick and his squad are just off Suribachi's base. Rocco points him uphill, toward a pillbox, and orders covering fire. Patrick readies his grenades and takes off, sprinting and dodging.

ROCCO

Where the Hell is he going?

Terrain bounces and flashes all around in Patrick's field of vision. His breathing and grunting are desperate. The objective passes to the right as slugs whiz and rounds land. He breasts a terrace and spots a blockhouse just ahead. SUDDENLY, a massive explosion, shock wave and debris black out everything.

EXT. BASE OF SURIBACHI - NIGHT

His eyes open in the failing light and find young Japanese features directly over him.

He starts up, groping for his weapon. The enemy medic, KAMIRO, clamps one hand over his mouth and supports his neck with the other. Kamiro nods at Patrick's lower left leg. Beneath a tourniquet and dusted with sulfa, it is almost completely severed, save some sinews and blood vessels. Satisfied that the morphine is kicking in, Kamiro lowers Patrick, forces a bayonet scabbard between his teeth, and produces a scalpel from his bag. Patrick sees the knife work, gurgles in deep, dull pain, and passes out.

INT. BLOCKHOUSE - DAY

Patrick's eyes flutter open. A severed Japanese head with a *kamikaze* headband lies next to him, eyes open. He bolts up. His stump is dressed and he's propped against the wall of a blockhouse that's suffered a tank round and munitions explosion.

Japanese bodies, parts, ordnance, and tactical debris litter the floor. Blasted and usable arms lie or stand around. Combustibles are charred, still smoldering, or singed. Patrick's first conscious, close lungful of mordant vapors almost overpowers him.

Kamiro squats over two canteen cups nearing boil on a small gasoline stove. He flicks grubs out of rice in one and stirs seaweed in the other. He sees Patrick awake, so he grabs a canteen and scuttles over. Patrick flinches. Kamiro pauses, then hoists it to the Yank's lips. He drinks, coughs, drinks, and refuses more. Patrick seems incredulous, so Kamiro points his chopsticks out the concrete ports. It is gray and pouring.

KAMIRO

(in Japanese--
subtitled)

Bad weather.

(in English)

No fight today.

Patrick raises his eyebrows.

PATRICK

You speak English?

Kamiro defines "a little" with thumb and forefinger.

KAMIRO

Un-i-ver-sity.

PATRICK

How, uh...?

Kamiro knits, then unravels his brows and points toward the back corner. Beyond a beam-framed door, carved in the rock and framing deep darkness, is a tunnel. Kamiro mouths an explosion noise, then mimes "after." Patrick nods. The rice hisses. Kamiro apes "Eat?" by spinning his sticks near his mouth, patting his stomach, and nodding.

PATRICK

Yeah, I think I could keep
something down.

Kamiro divides the rations between the cups, wraps a rag around each handle, and gives one to Patrick. He looks at his implements, Patrick, then around-embarrassed.

PATRICK

No. Chopsticks. Hashi.

Kamiro is amazed, then brightens. He points another pair at Patrick.

KAMIRO

Aahhhhhh...

Patrick shows his own narrow thumb and forefinger. They eat, stealing glances. Kamiro admires Patrick's taste (or politeness) and expertise. Almost finished, Patrick swoons and drops his cup. Kamiro splashes water on a cloth and sponges the patient's wan face. He dozes, so Kamiro polices up, takes up binoculars, and the watch. Small arms bark occasionally but to no serious purpose.

INT. BLOCKHOUSE - DAY

Patrick wakes. Kamiro sits nearby, writing in a small journal. Patrick fumbles in a breast pocket and frowns. Kamiro blushes and removes a pack of O.D. Luckies from his.

KAMIRO

(in Japanese)

American. Much better. Sorry!

Patrick snatches the pack. Kamiro is penitent. He removes two, lights them, and returns one. Kamiro kowtows.

PATRICK

A life and a meal for a couple
cigarettes. I'd say we're about
even. What are you writing?

Kamiro blanks. Patrick mimes sealing and posting a letter.

KAMIRO

(in Japanese)

It is my journal, my personal
history, my...

He points at himself and spreads his hands.

PATRICK

"Story." Denki.

Kamiro claps, grinning.

KAMIRO

Hai!

Patrick extends his hand.

PATRICK

May I see? Gomenkudasai?

Kamori snorts, amused, and hands him the book. He thumbs the pages. He sees familiar characters, pages apart. He touches them, in turn.

PATRICK

Akako. Hana.

The words stun Kamori.

KAMORI

(in Japanese--
subtitled)

You know my sister and cousin?

Patrick returns the journal and finds a small glassine envelope hidden in his wallet. He shows the snap of Rose, tenderly. Kamori studies it. A strange, sly air comes over him. He brings over his medical bag, excavates an inner pocket and finger-frames a photo of a blue-eyed blond woman. Patrick's jaw goes slack.

KAMORI

Deutsche. Con-su-late.

PATRICK

I'll be a fuckin' monkey's uncle!

Kamori stands and bows stiffly and elaborately from the waist.

KAMORI

Arigatougozaimasu!

Patrick covers his upper lip with his left thumb and thrusts up a salute with his stiff right arm.

PATRICK

Sieg Heil!

They laugh, overwhelmed. Patrick goes on a coughing jag. Kamori scrounges a blanket and covers him. He lays his own head on his folded hands.

KAMIRO
(in Japanese--
subtitled)

You must sleep. Tomorrow I will
go. And they will find you.

INT. BLOCKHOUSE - NIGHT

Patrick shakes awake. It's Kamiro, hard fear on his face. Over his shoulder, deep in the tunnel its walls reflect random flashes of light. Faint murmurs grow with their advance.

KAMIRO
Hide you! Hide you!

He spots an overturned table and drags it to the corner opposite but abreast of the tunnel's entrance. He careens back, thrusts his head under Patrick's arm, and struggles him prostrate behind the table. He covers him with his body. Feverish, Patrick stifles a cough. Kamiro clamps his mouth fiercely. A scowling Japanese officer steps just into the room with his aide in tow. His flashlight slices the area's angles. They converse in Japanese (subtitled):

OFFICER
Well, this is useless...

AIDE
Do we reclaim for tomorrow's
defense?

OFFICER
No. The Hell with Kuribayashi.
We live to fight again-elsewhere!

The officer laughs. Shock stiffens the aide, who joins in, half-heartedly. Their boot heels create concrete echoes that recede until it's quiet. Kamiro removes his hand, slowly. Sweating, he and Patrick stare at each other.

INT. BLOCKHOUSE - DAY

Patrick awakes. Assault sounds are intensifying. Kamiro shoulders his gear and dons his helmet. He helps Patrick up and bolsters him toward the side steps. He leans Patrick against the corner and turns to step up toward the armored hatch.

SUDDENLY, a rifle-launched grenade whizzes in and clatters across the floor. Kamiro kicks it into the tunnel and throws himself at Patrick, driving them both down.

WHOOOOM! The ear-splitting detonation buckles support beams. Lava rock fractures and flies; the tunnel entrance collapses. Patrick crabs to a dead officer and pulls his sidearm. Kamiro freezes. Patrick pushes himself up the wall and shouts.

PATRICK

Delta Two Twenty-eight! Marine
and prisoner inside!

(A beat)

VOICE (O.S.)

(muffled)

Hey, Sarge! Sounds like Dorland!

Patrick motions at Kamiro to get his hands on his head, then hops up the steps and unbolts the hatch. He sticks his head out.

PATRICK

Lance Corporal Patrick Dorland,
Service Number—

Rocco strides up.

ROCCO

Relax, kid. You ain't captured!

He peers in. Patrick scoots down a step and makes a show of "covering" Kamiro. Rocco pushes in and reconnoiters.

ROCCO

Nice job, kid. All dead. What
have we here?

PATRICK

Prisoner for interrogation, Sarge!

Rocco strides to Kamiro, pushes him to his knees, pulls his head back, sticks the Taisho into his mouth and fires. He supports his jaw and takes inventory.

ROCCO

Oh, lucky day—gold!

He turns to Patrick.

ROCCO

Always inside-out, kid. No damage
to the ivory that way.

Patrick turns away. We hear metal against splintering
bone. Rocco climbs past, pausing.

ROCCO

Cheer up, Dorland. You're a
fuckin' hero—and you're goin'
home!

A rifleman rushes up.

MARINE

Hey, Sarge! Easy brought a flag
to take to the top!

ROCCO

C'mon, kid. You up for a little
ride?

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY (PRESENT)

Poppa sits up in the bed, eyes far away. The family is
tear-streaked and dumb-struck, Patrick standing, Rosie
sitting. Mae Lee lies beside Poppa, holding his hand.

POPPA

They hauled me two hundred yards
up that rock. Wanted to stick me
in that first picture. Wouldn't
have it.

He drops his head, exhausted, and exhales deeply. He
slowly finds them again.

POPPA

Ten days, hospital ship. Two
months, V.A. hospital in Hawaii.
Stateside for therapy and
separation, then on a bus to
Arcata. New name, new life.
There it is.

ROSIE

Oh, Poppa. I'm so sorry!

POPPA

Yeah. Me, too. Finally.

The tears come at him, with a vengeance.

POPPA

If you could just excuse me. I'm
so tired...

He rolls away from them toward the window, his shoulders
heaving, his sobs muffled by the pillow.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Poppa perches on his made bed, fully dressed except for his
shoe. Mae Lee pops it on his foot and begins tying. Rosie
throws his few effects into a bag. K.C. reads a comic.
Orthopedic Resident HYUN-SHIK HO, 29, tall, spare
overachiever, breezes in.

DR. HO

We going home today, huh?

POPPA

Well, I am.

DR. HO.

Uh-huh. Did Doctor Felsenfeld go
over your prosthetic options?

POPPA

Um. Not that I remember...

DR. HO

(sighs)

Right. Your left hip took a lot
of stress in the accident. It's
weak and therapy will help some,
but it won't function the same as
before.

POPPA

Meaning?

DR. HO

You can either try to equalize the
load or...use a wheelchair.

Mae Lee and Rosie stop. Poppa scratches his chin.

POPPA

Tell me more about Plan "A."

DR. HO

We'd fit you with a prosthesis—an
artificial leg.

K.C.

That would be SO cool. My Nana's
getting a new foot soon!

Poppa looks and waits.

K.C.

Diabetes.

Poppa returns to the resident.

POPPA

Expensive?

DR. HO

Normally, yes. However, the
University has a clinical trial on
a new appliance that I might be
able to sneak you into.

POPPA

Appliance? Like Maytag? How's
the warranty?

DR. HO.

(sighs)

Good one, Mr. Dorn—the first six
times. You're a veteran, right?

Rosie inhales.

POPPA

Yes, I am. Why?

She exhales.

DR. HO
Because it'll help, with the money
AND the wait. What do you think?

POPPA
(to Mae Lee)
Squirt?

Mae Lee points, merrily.

MAE LEE
You'd have a better shot at
kicking my ass at chess!

ROSIE
Mae Lee!

Poppa roars.

POPPA
No way I could pass that up.
Deal, Doc.

DR. HO
Excellent! I'll get things
rolling. We have your number?

POPPA
At least 'til I hit the curb.

The girls roll their eyes. Dr. Ho heads out.

POPPA
Hey, Doc...

DR. HO
Yes, Mr. Dorn?

POPPA
You Japanese?

Mae Lee slaps his whole leg, hard.

DR. HO
Nope. Korean-American. Why?

POPPA
No reason.

INT. PROSTHETIC CLINIC - DAY

Rosie thumbs an ancient magazine in a nondescript waiting room. A few other patients shift, twaddle and doze on utilitarian cloth-and-steel chairs. Poppa and Mae Lee share a portable chessboard, balanced between them. He quickens and moves.

POPPA

Checkmate. HAH! Wish I had the new pin on, right now. I'd-

K.C.

Hey!

K.C. waves, holding open half the double door. A wheelchair bumps open the other one. A stately, soft-featured Japanese woman pushes at the door with one hand and works the offside wheel gamely with the other. She's missing her right foot. Misao Tsukawaki is pushing her. It's ROSE, 79. Her task completed, she focuses into the room. Their eyes meet.

He staggers to his foot, clawing at the air and close to hyperventilation. The chessmen bounce off the floor. He leaves his crutches and measures each dizzy hop toward her. She is impassive, except for the white knuckles on her purse. He sprawls into her lap, fixing on a confused Misao bracing the chair, and clutches her skirt to his face. He looks up into her dewy eyes; he manages only a throaty croak. She reaches for him, then stops. Her free hand hoists an index finger while the other unclasps her bag.

Rose's hand emerges with Patrick's pen-knife, poises, moves slowly and suspends it in front of his face.

ROSE

I believe this is yours...

She turns his nearest palm over and lays the knife in it, closing his fingers.

ROSE

...Paddy Dorland.

Poppa's face blotches with shame.

POPPA

How—?

She turns to K.C., who's touching her shoulder.

ROSE

K.C. told me about you. That I dared even hope, made the trip here longer than the sixty years without you.

POPPA

Oh, Rose, my only Rose. I'm so ashamed. That I left you behind. That God took Kamiro so soon and spared me so long...

She cradles his face, uncertain.

ROSE

Who, dear?

POPPA

The man who saved me, whom I let die. A debt repaid with guilt and anger, all these long years—

She shushes him.

ROSE

Buddha says, "Holding on to anger is like grasping a hot coal with the intent of throwing it at someone else. You are the one who gets burned."

He touches her cheek.

POPPA

I'm so unworthy—and confused. Why now, at last, Rose?

She hugs his head to her bosom.

ROSE

Does it matter, dear? Buddha says, "Each morning we are born again. What we do today is what matters most."

MISAO

"All component things in the world
are changeable. They are not
lasting. Work hard to gain your
own salvation."

They all fix on him—including Rosie and Mae Lee, who are
now at chairside.

MISAO

Buddha also says.

Rosie sticks out her hand.

ROSIE

Hi. I'm Rose Dorland Laney, the
granddaughter—and mother.

MISAO

I'm Misao Tsukawaki, the brother—
and great-uncle. So—you're Rose?

MAE LEE

No. She's Rose.

MISAO

No. She's Akako.

K.C.

I'm the great nephew and great-
grandson!

Poppa pushes up a little.

POPPA

Then...you're—

ROSE

Widowed.

They lose themselves in an embrace.

MISAO

I'm really confused. And this is—
?

(points at Poppa)

ROSIE

It's...complicated. May we sit?

INT. CHRIST CHURCH SEI KO KAI - DAY

Vicar TOM THEODORE, 51, upright but kindly, stands before a mixed congregation in a festal vestment made from a Japanese *obi*. Poppa and Rose stand before him at the altar, firmly on two feet. They are flanked by K.C. and Mae Lee.

VICAR TOM

Who gives this woman's hand in
marriage today?

K.C. tilts behind his Nana toward Mae Lee. She leans back; their mouths are ear-to-ear. He turns.

K.C.

I do!

VICAR TOM

And who stands for this man?

MAE LEE

I do!

VICAR TOM

Now, if the bride and groom will
join hands...

Poppa and Rose extend their outside hands to their great-grandchildren, who take them and beam. The couple then complies.

VICAR TOM

Dearly beloved: We are gathered
here today to join this man,
Patrick Timothy Dorland, and this
woman, Akako Hana Tsukawaki, in
Holy Matrimony...

INT. LINCOLN NEIGHBORHOOD CENTER - NIGHT

The great room sports handmade wedding reception decorations, food, and drink. Maggie, her staff, and the day regulars mingle noisily with the families, all gussied up. Conversations and champagne flow. A fanfire rises from a corner bandstand. A craggy bandleader, fronting a small swing orchestra in white dinner jackets and matching hair, steps to the microphone.

BANDLEADER

And now, the bride and groom will
lead us in their first dance.

The dance floor clears; Poppa and Rose stroll, arm-in-arm, to the middle. The maestro turns and strikes up "Cheek to Cheek." They join and glide around the perimeter, tentative at first and a little slow, but still smooth and sharp. They leave happy faces in their swirling wake. As the last notes sound, Poppa dips Rose as grandly as their age permits; in the sudden silence, their prostheses squeak in unison at the stress. Laughter and applause meets the first strains of "In the Mood," and the crowd closes in on them to cut a rug-K.C. and Mae Lee, Patrick and Rosie, Misao and Maggie.

A photographer pushes into view and aims his camera at Poppa and Rose. He fires in mid-twirl.

FREEZE FRAME ON:

A color photo of Poppa and Rose, outstretched hands joined on the jump--just like in high school but both smiling faces are in full view.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Poppa and Misao sit, in hats and medals, at the head of the classroom, under "The Greatest Generation" scrawled on the board. They look around the silent room at sober teenaged faces. The teacher gets up.

TEACHER

Well, class, I'd say Lance
Corporal Dorland and Sergeant
Tsukawaki have taken us far beyond
the history books today. We're
grateful, gentlemen. Anything to
add?

The old warriors stand, arm-in-arm.

POPPA

This is my new brother. He should have become my brother sixty years ago. Instead, he lost everything and I threw all those years away. A stranger who looked like him chose to be my brother instead of my enemy. I knew him only as Kamiro. He saved my life and paid for it with his own. How did these things happen? Because some of us forget what we mean to one other.

MISAO

These—

Misao points to their medals.

MISAO

—along with our lives and another mortgage payment on a fragile freedom are what we have to show for it. At the end, we were lucky.

POPPA

Kamiro, my son, and daughter-in-law were unlucky. They died so others could live. A simple choice, a terrible price. Millions more murdered, for no real reason. Hatred chose for them.

MISAO

Buddha says, "Hatred does not cease by hatred, but only by love: this is the eternal rule."

POPPA

And Jesus says, "Love your neighbor as yourself: this is the greatest commandment."

Poppa scratches his head and smooths his hair.

POPPA

Do we have a duty to die for
others? Sometimes, I
suppose...but only when we deny
the duty to live for others first.

He nods at Misao; they return to the kids' faces.

POPPA/MISAO

Any questions?

FADE OUT.