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Unbroken

By Joel Coen

1 EXT. OCEAN 1

We are panning, from high, a horizon that is water, all water, a world of water. It is softly, warmly lit. We are starting to hear the distant thrum of engines. Our high sweep of the planet has brought into frame the sun, big, red, rising, just at the horizon. The engine noise approaches, louder, and is now distinguishable as being many engines not one. Our continuing pan brings into frame nine B-24's in combat wing assembly, speeding toward us.

2 INT. INSIDE THE LEAD AIRCRAFT 2

Close on the pilot, RUSSEL ALLEN PHILLIPS—"PHIL". Droning engines. Phil's head bobs with the motion of the plane.

The copilot:

aircraft.

The top turret gunner: STANLEY PILLSBURY.

He looks out:

planes on his wing, pans forward, over his own plane's cockpit and nose, to the ocean before us.

A point-of-view straight down at whitecaps racing underneath us. The view is through the hatchmarks of a sight of some kind.

Extremely close on a blinking eye.

Close on the bombardier, LOUIE ZAMPERINI. He raises his head from his Norden bombsight, looks forward through the belly bubble, squints at something dead ahead.

Above him, nose gunner ROBERT MITCHELL scans the sky.

3 Back to Phil, the pilot. He also reacts to something dead 3 ahead.

His view:

He speaks into his radio:

PHIL:

We. . . are. . . here.

Cup reacts, tensing after many soporific hours of flying.

1A

2

CUP :

At eight thousand feet; this is it

boys.

Stanley at the helm of his twin .50's.

MAC, the tail gunner in firing position.

CLARENCE DOUGLAS and HARRY BROOKS, waist gunners, are ready.

HARRY :

You hit this one and drinks are on me.

Louie:

Through the bombsight: the point-of-view starts straight down, then tips slowly up to bring the oncoming island into the crosshairs.

LOUIE:

I ain't goin to a bar with you "dame magnet". You confuse all the broads.

There is a landing strip on the island. Planes are parked to the side of the landing strip. However nine zeros are suddenly moving on the runway. Taking off one by one...

PHIL:

(radio voice)

Ya got it, Louie?

Louie is squinting down into the sight.

LOUIE :

Get your cameras boys, I'm gonna light it up like Christmas!

PHIL :

Pilot to bombardier, your ship.

Phil flips a switch.

LOUIE:

Bombardier to pilot, roger.

The sky becomes a fury of color, sound and motion.

Louie keeps his focus below.

3

LOUIE (CONT'D)

Bombardier to crew, bomb bay doors open.

We look down past racked bombs as the bay doors swing open,

showing ocean below.

HARRY:

Bay doors open.

4

WITHIN MOMENTS... 4

BANG! Superman is rocked by a flak explosion.

The sky fills with flak puffs and the plane rocks with shock waves.

The CHUNK-CHUNK-CHUNK of holes being punched into the fuselage.

Stanley gripping his machine guns, pivots his turret as the plane bucks. He can see nothing except white puffs of flak bursting close by.

Louie is being bounced around, he loses the target, he tries to find it again, staying focused.

Dull BOOM—the bomber on his wing breaks apart in its midsection and falls away trailing smoke.

Louie's look follows the bomber as it falters, and disappear under Superman's wing.

At last, Lou has his aim.

Louie releasing bombs. Looking down through the bay as the bombs fall away.

A knot of planes and structures beside a runway EXPLODE.

The Superman passes over a set of red-roofed barracks and an anti-aircraft battery, Lou's second and third target. He lines them up and watches the bombs crunch into the buildings and battery.

LOUIE :

(quietly to himself)

There you are...

Louie takes a deep breath and takes aim. He fires. The bomb falls clear and Lou turns the valve to close the bomb bay doors.

LOUIE (CONT'D)

Bombs away. Bombardier to pilot,
your ship.

PHIL :

Pilot to bombardier, roger.

4

Outside there is a pulse of white light and an orb of fire:
Lou made a perfect drop... the shack was a fuel depot which

further destroys the island's phosphate.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Just like Christmas.

5

EXT. SUPERMAN 5

Superman turns toward home. Planes behind begin to follow suit.

6

INT. SUPERMAN 6

Louie watches as a vast cloud of smoke billows upward.

When the smoke clears-- A Zero is flying aggressively right towards the Superman. Right toward Louie.

Mitchell (above Louie) begins to fire. The Zero fires back.

Louie reacts as bullets pierce the bombardier's bubble. He tenses, not sure which way to lean, in the completely exposed space. Mitchell's bullets hit the Zero.

Louie grabs a photo taped to the now-broken glass and jams it in his pocket. (We will later know the importance of this picture) He grumbles as he starts crawling out of the belly: Louie crawls out from his position into the center of the plane.

Mac is firing at two Zeros.

Harry is firing at another.

Stanley is firing at a couple more.

Suddenly- CRACK. A bullet hole opens in the bubble just behind his head. He turns.

A Zero is on his other side bearing in on him at 45 degrees, guns firing.

Much firing, inside and out. Bullets chink through the metal of the plane.

Stanley keeps firing.

Below him, as he's kneeling he sees Zeros through the open bomb bay doors. More bullets pierce the plane. Bullets fly from the plane. We see the Belly Gunner in the suspended bubble in a fire fight with a Zero.

Bullets pierce the bubble.

5-6

Louie grabs the medical bag and climbs across the catwalk to get to the Belly Gunner.

More gunfire. Harry fires laterally. BOOM!-- a cannon round strikes nearby and the concussion slams his head against the wall. His goggles shatter.

He reaches up to take off the goggles. Bullets from his target plane stitch him up. Harry's down. (end slow motion)

Louie races toward him, pulling him away from his station to the opposite wall.

As he stabilizes Harry and administers morphine, Louie notices Mac at the tail gun shooting down a Zero. He also sees Douglass-- leg shot and bloody but he stands strong and shoots back.

Louie straps Harry down and makes his way back to the front of the plane.

BAM!-- a very big explosion-- a hole rips open in the side of the plane.

7

Cockpit:

Plane:

Bullets streak through the Superman from every direction. Sea and sky are now visible throughout the plane-- gashes everywhere. Bullets fly. Each moment the holes multiply. Louie looks up.

Stanley, in the top bubble, looks intently out, hands tensed on guns, ready for a target to appear. One of his legs is shredded.

He keeps shooting, not missing a beat.

In the rectangle of exterior view a Zero enters from aft, climbing.

8

Pillsbury bangs the high speed rotator of his turret. The turret grunts to life, whirling Pillsbury around ninety degrees. The Zero reaches the top of it's arc, leveling off and speeds directly towards Superman.

Pillsbury can see the pilot who could end his life. Pillsbury sucks in a sharp breath and fires. He watches the tracers skim away from his guns muzzle and punch through the cockpit of the Zero. The windshield blows apart and the pilot pitches forward. The Zero folds onto itself like a wounded bird.

All quiet, except for wind whistling through all the different-sized holes punched all over our aircraft.

Suddenly, the last Zero comes up from below, the sound of gun fire, and the Zero falters and falls. Clarence Douglas, standing at the waist gun with his thigh, chest, and shoulder torn open, brings it down.

Louie looks down.

Through the slit of the bay doors, not yet fully closed, the Zero spiraling away.

8 OMITTED 8

9 OMITTED 9

10 INT. COCKPIT 10

Louie enters.

LOUIE:

Everyone's shot up. Not sure
Harry's gonna make it.

PHIL:

Okay. We're still flying. But we
have no hydraulics.

CUP:

We got no flaps. So, basically, we
got no brakes.

LOUIE:

How far to base?

CUP :

Five hours. If we can make it that
far. The runways over six thousand
feet but we're gonna need 10,000
without brakes.

Louie looks back into the damaged plane. The light streaming
through the bullet holes, cutting through the smoke.

A VOICE:

VOICE:

God made two great lights. . .
10

VOICE (CONT'D)

. . . the greater light to rule the
day, and the lesser light to rule
the night.

Close on Louie's eyes

11

INT. CHURCH 11

Those same beautiful blue eyes.

The voice continues over the cut, now in the church-- its
live context.

PRIEST'S VOICE

. . . And God set them in the
firmament of the Heaven
Feet swinging under a pew. They don't reach the ground.
Louie, age 12, bored in church, jiggling, looking down at his
feet.

PRIESTS VOICE :

...to rule over the day and over
the night and to divide the light
from the darkness.

WHAP!— a hand enters frame and smacks the fidgeting boy. He

looks up at:

His father, ANTHONY. He gives a reproofing look and a gesture
for the boy to look forward, pay attention.

A hiss from Louie's other side-- his mother LOUISE.

LOUISE :

Tonio!

She is giving Anthony a look: don't do that!

Anthony returns Louise's look with one of his own: What? He
was misbehaving!

Louie looks from one to the other, then back up at the
Priest.

11

PRIEST :

. . . Now these things, light and
dark, night and day, they are
separated from each other.

Louie's eyes travel across the candles to a statue off to the
side, down to a beautiful young woman and the cross on her
neck. But below it... a hint of her cleavage. His POV then
travels down to a great pair of legs.

WHAP!—the hand re-enters to smack the boy.

His father again. An insistent gesture for the boy to look
forward, pay attention. Past his father are his two sisters,
SYLVIA and VIRGINIA, smirking at him for getting whacked— and
his older brother, PETE.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

. . . God placed them each in its
place. God did not create a battle
between them. He said, I've
created both of these things.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

You must live through the night,
not do battle with it, for the
night also is mine. . .

Louie looks up, his attention now held by:

The large Christ crucified, at the back of the altar.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

. . . And he sent his son Jesus—not
to do battle. Not to go to war
with the sins of man, but to
forgive them. . .

Back to Louie, now looking at the Christ with some interest.
But his head turns at the sound of the priest's raised voice-

PRIEST (CONT'D)

. . . to accept the dark, live
through the night, forgive the sin,
smile upon the sinner.

(then, softer)

"Love... thine... enemy."

Louie stares back at the priest.

OFFICER COLLIER (O.S)

ZAMPERINI!

12-15

12

EXT. TORRANCE STREETS 12

CLOSE ON OFFICER COLLIER OFFICER

COLLIER:

ZAMPERINI! I know it's you.

Louie is running.

Officer Collier chases him around the corner and into the
back alley behind the shops.

A13

EXT. TORRANCE -DAY A13

Louie is chased by Officer Collier. (Close on his legs - we
can hear the change in his pockets.)

13

EXT. ALLEY 13

Louie running down a second alley and out the other end,
across the street, and disappearing into the bushes.

14

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS 14

Louie comes bursting out of the bushes towards the train
tracks. Past an old truck kicking up dust.

He turns the corner and looks back. He's safe. No Officer Collier in sight.

Louie slides into a corner near an old, defunct, small building. His hide out. His stash. It's very impressive. Magazines. Jars of keys, coins, and other goods he's collecting. He unloads the new change from his pockets and separates them into jars.

He closes and covers his stash.

He then takes a "milk bottle" and unwraps the rubber bands and cloth cover and takes a drink. He digs a wooden match out of a pocket and pulls the end of his belt out of its loop. He bends the belt-end back to expose a striking surface stuck to its underside, strikes the match, and lights a cigarette with deep sucks as he tucks the belt-end back under its loop and sits.

He looks at the billboard up near the chain link fence. (A soap ad. A pretty blonde blue eyed American woman and son. A sweet angel of a son.) He's lost in thought.

12-15A

Suddenly NICKY and THE BULLIES are there.

NICKY:

Look who's here. What are you doin wop?

LOUIE:

BRUTTA BESTIA!

BULLIES:

(laughs, mocking)

BRUTABRUTTABAAATATATA...

NICKY:

Go back to Italy. You and your greasy wop family.

Louie swings. Nicky swerves out of the way. He punches Louie to the ground.

Louie is defiant-- he gets up. Nicky is surprised. He punches him again. Louie starts to get up.

NICKY (CONT'D)

Stay down you dumb dago.

Louie gets up and throws his whole body into Nicky. They fight. The other boys jump in to pull Louie off. Louie is swinging like mad.

Suddenly, he is pulled back. Officer Collier has caught him.
15 EXT. FRONT PORCH - ZAMPERINI HOME - LATE DAY 15
His thick hand on the back of Louie's neck, Officer Collier escorts Louie back home. He carries the "milk bottle".

OFFICER COLLIER:

The only reason you're not in reform school now is because of the respect we have for your parents. Everybody in town wants you put away.

12-15B

Louise opens the door to find Louie being held by the scruff of his neck, by a fed up Officer Collier. Pete, stands next to her. He knows what the picture means, having seen it before.

OFFICE COLLIER:

Sorry Louise. He was fighting again.

Pete translates into Italian for his mother. Officer Collier waits, then continues:

OFFICER COLLIER

And we found this. He...painted the bottle. It's liquor. God only knows where he got it. He won't say.

Pete translates again. Louise looks from him to Louie. She smells the bottle. The next exchange in Italian:

LOUISE :

Liquor! Toots? What did you do? Why would you do this?

LOUIE :

I don't know.

18 INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI HOME - NIGHT 18

Louie, as his father spanks him hard with a belt strap. Again, Louie's expression is stoic, taking his punishment.

ANTHONY:

(In Italian)

How could you do this?! What are you doing to this family?
What do I work for? To pay for

food, for a house! How could you do this? (beat) They don't want us here anyway! And now you do this!? You'll kill your mother with worry. You'll kill her. (beat) You want to go to jail? Do you?

Anthony stops. As an Italian father, he's angry one second, then he feels badly about the spanking. He loves his son but doesn't know how to handle him. Louie looks at him defiantly. Louise stands in the doorway, concerned and heartbroken.

19 OMITTED 19

16 INT. ZAMPERINI HOME - DUSK 16

Close on eggs breaking. Flour sifted. Milk poured.

Louie watches from the top of the stairs as his mother makes gnocchi in the kitchen.

12-15C

They are poor and the tins are almost empty but she scrapes the very last of every ingredient into the bowl and makes magic.

20

INT. LOUIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 20

With the lights out, Louie sits on his bed near the open window.

Across the hall, with the doors just open enough, he can see that his mother is saying her prayers before bed.

We hear Mrs. Zamperini's voice, somewhat muffled. The Italian we hear is subtitled:

LOUISE:

Mother Mary please watch over my family. And watch over Louie.

16-17

It is hard to read Louie's expression. But he is listening, jaw set.

18

23 EXT. BLEACHERS, TORRANCE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY 23

In the shadows, under the bleachers - Louie, has a hideout here. He looks out through the planks at the track.

The school track team is out training, watched by a small gaggle of girl fans. Pete is one of the runners.

TORRANCE GIRLS:

Go, Pete! Yay, Pete! Come on!

19-22

Louie's eyes follow Pete as he runs. Pete's always the one who gets the applause.

Louie pulls up a plank to reveal another secret stash.

Cigarettes, matches, "milk" bottles, gum. He pops open a bottle and continues to watch the race.

And of course, no boy under bleachers doesn't enjoy a bit of the view up at the girls.

24

MINUTES LATER -24

THUMP! THUMP! Boots clumping towards him. Through a gap in the planks he sees a figure bearing down on him.

TEACHER:

Someone down there? Who's down there?

Louie bursts out the back of the bleachers and runs like the wind. Out onto the track, hurtling past the training team.

Pete sees him go by and lopes to a stop, astonished. He watches Louie run out of sight.

Close on Pete

25

OMITTED 25

26

OMITTED 26

27

OMITTED 27

28

EXT. TORRANCE STREET - DAY 28

Orange blossom tree-lined street. Pete on bicycle. He pedals forward as we reveal Louie running ahead of him.

LOUIE :

This is so dumb.

PETE:

Since when were you so smart?

(beat) Come on. Faster!

LOUIE:

Why? No one's chasing me.

PETE:

I'm chasing you.

23

Louie is struggling. He comes to a stop, panting.

LOUIE:

Can't do this, Pete. I'm not like you. I'm nothing. Just let me be nothin.

PETE:

What are you talkin about?

LOUIE:

I can't make a track team. I don't even know why you want me to...

PETE:

Yes, you can.

If you can take it you can make it.

LOUIE:

What?

PETE :

If you can take it you can make it. You train and you fight harder than those other guys. And you win. You get out from under em. Or, you keep going the way you're going, you'll end up as a bum on the streets. You can do this Lou. You just gotta believe you can.

Louie looks at his brother. He wants to believe he can do it. He's scared.

LOUIE:

I don't believe.

Pete looks into his little brothers eyes.

23A

PETE :

I do.

Louie considers. He sets off running again. Pete follows behind. Louie's running more steadily now, finding his rhythm.

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

Faster.

29

EXT. TRACK FIELD, TORRANCE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY 29

A starter's pistol BANGS! In close shot.

High school track meet. Louie trying out.

Pete watching, stands next to a middle-aged man holding a stopwatch, both of them relaxed, arms on the rail.

Louie starts near the back of the field.

He gains, steadily.

Pete inclines his head to the man next to him, eyes still on the race. The others pull away from Louie. He's scowling as he runs. Another runner just ahead of him turns and shoots him a mocking grin.

Pete calls out.

PETE:

Brutta bestia, you dumb dago!

Louie wakes up. He decides to do his thing. He starts to belt over the course.

Pete and the Coach watch as he catches up with the rest of the runners.

Louie piles on the pressure. He overtakes the runner who grinned at him.

PETE (CONT'D)

Go, Louie! Go!

24

Louie hears him as he runs and kicks it up another gear. He flies past the leaders. As he hits the straightaway to the finish line, Pete and the coach straighten from the rail, tensing, absorbed, as Louie flies toward their position at the tape.

A30

EXT. TORRANCE STREETS - DAY A30

Louie is running. Pete is peddling.

This time Pete pushes to keep up. He looks ahead. Louie has run off. A huge distance between them. Pete smiles.

OR :

Louie is training hard. He runs as if his life depends on it.

30

OMITTED 30

31

OMITTED 31

32

EXT. TREE-LINED STREET - DAY 32

Young Louie running as the sun begins to rise. CLOSE ON
LOUIE'S LEGS

33

EXT. TREE-LINED STREET - DAY 33

CLOSE ON LOUIE'S LEGS - As he runs, we see his LEGS TRANSFORM
from a scrawny kid's into a young man's. Louie's grown up to
be a tall, muscular, handsome, 18 year old, confident and
athletic.

MONTAGE OF MILE RACES OVER SEVERAL MONTHS:

34

EXT. TRACK FIELDS - DAY 34

24A

BANNER READS:

-FIRST RACE:

Louie in the lead, running across the finish line.

RADIO ANNOUNCER ONE (V.O.)

Boy oh boy can that guy fly...

-Pete clicks the stopwatch as Louie wins. His parents and
the Torrance girls cheer.

RADIO ANNOUNCER ONE (V.O.)

...They're calling him the Torrance
Tornado. I like the sound of that!

35

- SECOND RACE:

In the bleachers: Anthony, Louise, Sylvia, Virginia, and more
Torrance girls. Louise can hardly watch she's so nervous.

RADIO ANNOUNCER TWO (V.O.)

I tell ya, this kid Zamperini runs
like his feet never touch the
ground...

At the finish line, same result: Louie crosses alone, and
Pete, at the rail, clicks a stopwatch.

He is even happier than the last result.

- Louie's fan base has doubled. They stand and cheer for
Louie,

who waves at his family. A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG BLONDE
catches his eye. She smiles. More cameras. Flash bulbs
popping. Louie still unsure of them.

37 - THIRD RACE:

Louie running.

His point-of-view: the field ahead. Other-team runners, three of them, are in front of him.

Louie, running. Gaining.

The three runners seem to be drawing together in front of him. But the two wings are falling back slightly.

Louie, among the three runners. They are boxing him in.

Their feet. Flashing legs.

The field ahead. No way out. Foreground blocked up, no space.

Their feet. The runner to Louie's right stomps on Louie's right foot.

Louie staggers, off balance. Anthony sees his son stumble.

The runner just in front of Louie, glancing back, slowing up.

Legs. Cleats, from the runner just in front of Louie, rake his shin, drawing blood.

Louie, reacting, stumbles-- then tries to move outside.

Point-of-view:

runners and ahead: upcoming turn.

Louie has an opening. He gives it all he's got and pushes through.

His legs, huge strides, right shin bleeding.

Louie in front now, increasing distance between himself and the other runners. Anthony and Louise are on their feet.

Final straightaway. More speed.

Crossing the finish line: after Louie passes, a pan down to spattered blood on the white line.

Pete checks the stopwatch. He throws his hat down with pure excitement. They've done it!

LA TIMES REPORTER (V.O.)

The "Torrance Tornado" - smoked the

mile in 4:

is now officially the fastest high school runner in American history.

Folks, this kid is on his way to Olympics!...

Euphoric cheers and flash bulbs take us into the next scene.

38

EXT. TORRANCE TRAIN STATION, 1936 - DAY 38

Flashbulbs from the press.

The entire town of Torrance has shown up at the train station to see Louie off. They carry signs reading WIN IT FOR

TORRANCE and TORRANCE TORNADO IN BERLIN.

Louie walks with Pete down to the train. Pete finds it hard to let him go.

LOUIE:

Wish you were coming.

Pete smiles.

PETE:

Why would I come? You're not going to win.

LOUIE:

Sure. I know that. It's alright, this is only a try out for me anyway. Four years' time, next Olympics, that's when I'll show'em.

PETE:

Tokyo.

LOUIE :

Tokyo!

PETE :

Smart kid. Enjoy yourself Lou. Say hi to the pretty German broads.

LOUIE :

You know it.

He gives his brother a hug. Louie hold on tight.

LOUIE (CONT'D)

Thanks Pete. For everything.

Louie doesn't want to get too emotional, so he gets on the train.

PETE:

A minute of pain is worth a lifetime of glory. You remember that. Go get em!

All of Torrance is waving as the train pulls out of the station. As Louie's family grows smaller in view, the sound of the train becomes the sound of a plane's roaring engines

39 INT. B-24 - MORNING 39

Louie is standing in the tail of the screaming B-24. The parachute packs are tied to the .50 cal mounts. Louie holds a cord in each hand. He and the others prepare to crash land. Shouted over the engine and wind:

PHIL'S VOICE

We're coming in pretty hot! 120!

Harry, leaning back where we left him, eyes open, weakly responding. Mac at his side.

In the cockpit:

at the cut. The damaged plane wants to flip. Even Cup's strength can't help keep it level. They struggle. Phil finally puts his feet on the yoke and puts his weight into it to hold it level. (He really did this)

His point-of-view: landing strip rushing up, lined by parked planes.

40

OMITTED 40

41 INT. PLANE 41

Phil at the yoke.

PHIL:

Still too fast.

Cup looking from Phil, back to:

Louie tensed.

Cup yells back:

CUP:

ALMOST-

A jolt as the plane touches.

42

EXT. LANDING GEAR 42

Touching. Smooth at first. One wheel is round, the other totally flat, its action erratic. All hell breaks lose.

43

INT. PLANE 43

Phil:

Louie:

hands and drop away.

44

EXT. LANDING GEAR 44

The flat wheel now digging in like a plow-blade. Its grab starts to spin the plane.

30

45

INT. PLANE 45

Phil thrown to the side.

46

EXT. PLANE 46

Landing gear churns up chunks of macadam that hammer-THUNGKTHUNGK-THUNGKTHUNGK-the belly of the plane.

47

INT. PLANE 47

BLUNGBLUNGBLUNG-the plane, drummed by divots, resonates like a gong-Louie grabs for catwalk rail.

48

EXT. RUNWAY 48

Nose of plane spinning-toward planes parked at side.

49

INT. PLANE 49

Louie a pinball.

50

EXT. RUNWAY 50

Plane spinning to a halt, off-kilter-scant feet from parked planes.

Landing gear, smoking, half-dug in, a crazy curve gashed into the ground behind. It comes to a halt.

A51

INT. SUPERMAN A51

PHIL :

(simply)

Okay.

Hardly a reaction for a man who just successfully landed a plane under such circumstances. Gotta love Phil.

30A

51 INT. PLANE 51

From aft Louie heads for Harry, as do Phil and Cup from forward.

LOUIE :

Flat tire

As Louie approaches Harry he realizes he is dead. Louie and the others share a moment of silence.

A52

EXT. BEACH RUNWAY - DAY A52

Hours later - Louie stands alone in front of the remains of the Superman. The light of late day blasts through the 594 bullet holes in the plane. Looking at it now, it really is a miracle it landed.

Louie notices Phil off in the distance sitting alone on the beach.

52

EXT. BEACH - DAY 52

Phil sits in the sand, facing the surf, forehead pressed to hands clasped together, his attitude devotional.

Behind him, sirens and activity from the crash-landing of one minute ago.

Louie, wobbly, walks up and, seeing Phil's attitude, takes a respectful beat.

Then:

LOUIE:

Now you're praying?

A small smile:

PHIL:

Busy before.

Louie drops to the sand next to him.

LOUIE:

My mother does that.

PHIL:

A lot of people do this.

Long beat, Louie looking at Phil, who has dropped his head back down to his knuckles and closes his eyes. The beat of surf.

Louie watches with interest. Finally:

LOUIE:

He say anything back?

PHIL :

(good-natured, as he starts to rise)

Uh-huh. He says my bombardier's a dope.

31A

53

EXT. HAWAII 53

Sunrise.

High shot:

forested mountain road, high above the sea.

Pulling him:

behind him. As it overtakes, we see Cup is driving:

Lou tosses Cup the stopwatch he just pulled out.

Cup hits the button to start it.

54

RUNNING 54

Montage:

beautiful countryside. Unlike the track meets we have seen heretofore, this run is completely peaceful. Sun through leaves, bird calls, the regular HUFF of the runner and CLOMP of his footfalls.

Cup:

Odometer:

Louie accelerating.

Cup's foot on the accelerator—a gentle push.

One last surge from Louie, faster still. He tilts his neck back, looking up.

Tropical canopy. Sun strobing through the leaves.

Finally:

ends at a high curve in the road, revealing an endless expanse of sea below.

Stopwatch hit.

Cup:

that the mile is up. Louie slows to a jog.

Cup looks at the stopwatch.

Louie has slowed to a panting walk. The jeep eases up to him. Cup throws the stopwatch for Louie to read. They share a smile.

CUP :

Damn shame they cancelled the Tokyo

Olympics.

LOUIE :

(smiling)

Musta heard I was commin.

Shouting off from a distance. Louie and Cup turn to see Phil, Mac, and a jeep full of crew driving toward them. Mac shirtless in sunglasses with a cigarette

33-34

MAC :

Wrap it up speedy. We got a mission.

PHIL :

Not a combat mission. Rescue.

. . . B-24 took off about noon yesterday.

. . . En route to Canton, and then Australia. Except they never made Canton. Never heard from him after takeoff so it's assumed they ditched.

CUP :

That's a lot of ocean.

PHIL:

(gesturing to the men in the back)

It is. (BEAT) They got us some new crew.

Louie looks at the new young faces. THE ENGINEER, GLASSMAN and Others.

LOUIE :

(suspicious)

Do we get a new plane?

Off Phil's look:

55 OMITTED 55

56 EXT. PLANE - DAY 56

At the cut the engine noise pops in: straining, rattling, like an overstuffed coffee-grinder. The Green Hornet.

57 INT. GREEN HORNET 57

Phil flying, looking out. Cup next to him.

CUP:

Feels like sittin in the living room trying to fly the house.

PHIL:

They've been taking spare parts off this thing for other planes. I'm surprised it's still got an engine.

CUP:

Lieutenant says it's airworthy. "It's been certified," he says.

LOUIE ON RADIO :

...By Helen Keller.

Bombardier's bubble: Louie is scanning with a pair of binoculars.

His point-of-view: like the first shot in the movie, but

rougher:

quickens again; becomes hypnotic.

Louie drops the binoculars, blinks his eyes, raises the binoculars again. Into his radio:

LOUIE :

Lot of ocean.

ANSWERING RADIO VOICE

Lot of ocean.

58

INT. GREEN HORNET - SECONDS LATER 58

The cockpit, as Louie crowds in and hands the binoculars to Cup.

CUP :

So a duck walks into a bar.

LOUIE:

Okay.

CUP:

Or waddles. If you will. Okay, so the duck walks into a bar. He

says, gimme a creme de menthe-A

THUNK initiates shuddering.

CUP (CONT'D)

Whoa!

PHIL:

Whoa there!

LOUIE:

What is it?

VOICE FROM WAIST

What do we got?

Pilot and copilot are looking intently at gauges, adjusting.

CUP :

Okay. Number one is out. Other engines are burning more fuel.

Louie looks out the left window. Violent shaking.

PHIL:

Gotta feather it.

CUP :

Yeah, yeah. (Calling out) Hey!

Engineer. Come to the cockpit and feather the engine.

ENGINEER appears. (We will not identify this crew member by name out of respect for the family as his mistake was partly responsible for the crash and many deaths.)

Pilot and copilot are both working controls.

ENGINEER:

Which one?

PHIL:

Left!

He looks out the window.

ENGINEER:

One or two!

PHIL :

More on the right!

CUP:

That's all we got on the right!

The Engineer flips a plastic guard with four feathering buttons and due to the shaking he hits button #2, NOT #1. The plane lurches violently.

CUP (CONT'D)

Damn it!

PHIL :

Okay.

The plane is spiraling.

CUP :

Everything on the right!

Phil pushes the two working engines full on.

LOUIE :

Is this—

PHIL:

Prepare to crash!

59

Louie bolts from the cockpit. 59

The waist:

getting more violent still. Glassman climbs up from the belly turret.

LOUIE:

Crash positions! Glassman!

No—radio guy! Mitchell?

MITCHELL:

Yeah!

LOUIE:

Radio our position!

Cockpit:

plummeting aircraft.

CUP:

This is it.

PHIL:

Okay.

Waist:

MAC:

Glassman—provision box.

GLASSMAN :

Yeah got it! Getting it!

Louie, hugging the pack to his chest, sits behind a bulkhead.

LOUIE :

Okay guys! We can make it! Anyone
on the rafts?

39

The Engineer, feeling responsible, has taken position right
behind the cockpit with his hand on the overhand raft-release
handle.

The Engineer nods with his hand firmly on a latch.

ENGINEER:

Yeah. I got it!

60 EXT. GREEN HORNET 60

Silent. Wide. The plane, a small speck, heading toward the
vastness of the water.

61 INT. GREEN HORNET 61

Cockpit:

up.

PHIL :

Brace—

Louie with his head forward. As if in prayer —

62 EXT. BERLIN OLYMPIC STADIUM, 1936 - DAY 62

At the cut - Louie with his head down taking a deep breath.

He lifts his head, bringing us into the stadium.

Far off there's a man speaking from a balcony-- surrounded by
guards and officers.

We are in a huge stadium.

Louie glances round, taking it all in.

The dream is realized.

The man on the balcony stands and makes a gesture 'Sieg
Heil'!

Arms are thrust up in the foreground – and back, deep into the background.

A sea of people, saluting.

Louie looks around at the flags. Germany. Italy. The stars and stripes. Near it, a white flag with a red circle. Japan. Louie looks, to his side, at the Japanese athletes. One notices his look, smiles. Louie smiles back.

40

In this moment it all looks so stunning to him. Unity and pride. He notices a handsome African American man on the American team. He studies him, how focused he is.

OLYMPICS RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

In an astounding performance, Negro American Jesse Owens from Ohio State...

We intercut the Zamperini home, listening to the games:

63 INT. ZAMPERINI HOME - PRE-DAWN 63

Pete, Louise, Anthony and his sisters listen to the Olympic Games on the radio.

OLYMPICS RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

...has won four Gold medals for the hundred meter, the two hundred meter, the long jump and the four hundred meter relay. Next up, the five thousand meter with Americas record breaking Don Lash leading the American team...

64 EXT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - DAY 64

OLYMPICS RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Along with newcomer Louie Zamperini Louie, in close shot, lowers his head, looking at the ground, breathing deeply. The breath finds a long, regular rhythm

punctured by:

GUNSHOT :

A starter's pistol, in close shot.

Athletes take off running.

Louie, running.

We intercut a rough, hand-held pull of Louie, with an equally rough point-of-view. He is nowhere near the front of the pack.

65

INT. ZAMPERINI HOUSE - PRE-DAWN 65

On the glowing radio dial.

RADIO VOICE:

—and already, three sections of runners have formed, with America's Don Lash and the Finnish Salminen and Hockert ahead of the pack.

SECOND VOICE:

67
The Finns always the favorites in 67 this long-haul event—
Louie's mother is in the devotional pose we saw Phil in earlier— forehead resting against clasped hands. We hear the

radio:

RADIO VOICE:

In the second group is America's Louie Zamperini

68
EXT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - DAY 68
Louie running. His point-of-view: the backs of several foreground heads. Well ahead are three runners in matching (Finnish) jerseys. On pace with them is one American.

69
INT. ZAMPERINI HOME - PRE-DAWN 69
Pete listening.

RADIO VOICE:

The Finns Hockart, Lehtinen and Salminen have set the pace and they are not letting up.

WE SEE:

the window out to the porch....
70
EXT. ZAMPERINI HOME - PRE-DAWN 70
Office Collier and others are on the porch beside A LOUD SPEAKER which has been connected to the Zamperini radio.
71 EXT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - DAEXT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - DAY
71
Louie running. His breath comes in regular chuffs.

Point-of-view:

fading.

There are still many heads between us and the front four—and two or three more enter, passing Louie.

72

INT. ZAMPERINI HOME - PRE-DAWN 72

Over the shoulder of the radio: the family hunched, tense, listening.

RADIO :

And Zamperini is fading too, dropping further back.

73

EXT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - DAY 73

Louie running, his huffing breath even more amplified. His point-of-view: a crowd ahead of him.

74

EXT. ZAMPERINI HOME - PRE-DAWN 74

Officer Collier and the Torrance Townees listen without making a sound.

75 INT. ZAMPERINI HOME - PRE-DAWN 75

On Pete.

RADIO:

And into the eighth lap, it's the Finns still in the lead, with Salminen in first place. Pete murmurs to himself:

PETE:

Come on, Louie.

76

EXT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - DAY 76

Louie runs. As if hearing Pete, he steps it up a notch.

His point-of-view confirms: the nearest of the bobbing heads keep pace for a beat, then begins to slip back.

77 INT. ZAMPERINI HOME - PRE-DAWN 77 INT. ZAMPERINI HOME - PRE-DAWN 77

Anthony listening.

RADIO:

And we start the last lap, the Finns seem to be in control. It doesn't look like Don Lash is going to bring home the medal for the

USA. There's a . . . there seems to
be some movement back in the pack.

78

EXT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - DAY 78

Louie running.

His point-of-view: he is gaining on someone: a Norway jersey.

ROLF HANSEN sensing someone behind him, glances back, then
looks forward again, furiously pumping arms, but continuing
to slide back closer to us.

79 INT. ZAMPERINI HOME - PRE-DAWN 79

Pete tenses.

SECOND RADIO VOICE

Yes, that's Zamperini overtaking
Norway's Rolf Hansen. . .

80

EXT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - DAY 80

Louie running, passing Hansen.

Still many backs-of-heads strung amongst the track in front
of him.

81 INT. ZAMPERINI HOME - PRE-DAWN 81

The family half-rising, listening.

RADIO:

He seems to have some gas in
reserve. He is really making some
time.

82

EXT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - DAY 82

Louie passing runners.

Loud breathing.

83 INT. ZAMPERINI HOME - PRE-DAWN 83

Louise opens her eyes, sensing the body-language shifts around her. She
looks at the radio.

SECOND RADIO VOICE

Salminen and Hockert will be one
and two. But look at that
Zamperini.

Mrs. Zamperini looks from the radio back to Pete.

LOUISE :

Pietro, cosa dice?

Pete, focused on the radio, can't answer.

RADIO :

He's got Don Lash in his sights.

84 EXT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - DAY 84

Louie running. Heavy breathing.

No crowd noise now, only breathing.

Don Lash glances back, gives more forward effort, yet continues to lose ground.

85 INT. ZAMPERINI HOME - PRE-DAWN 85

Pete is now leaning over the radio.

RADIO VOICE :

Well, the great Don Lash is not gonna be the first American, folks!

It's high school kid Zamperini,

pushing past the record-breakers on this field!

86 EXT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - DAY 86

Finns cross the line.

A blur of runners: the field following.

Louie, having crossed, eases up, gasping.

Roaring cheers.

87 INT. ZAMPERINI HOME - PRE-DAWN 87

Cheering.

RADIO VOICE :

Well I have not seen that!

not seen that!

I have

88 EXT. ZAMPERINI HOME - PRE-DAWN 88

Officer Collier and the others are on their feet.

89 INT. ZAMPERINI HOME - PRE-DAWN 89

SECOND VOICE :

That final lap, folks, the record for that was 69.2 seconds.

Zamperini just did it in FIFTYSIX-

seconds. That record's gonna

hold for a while, lemme tell ya.

46

A92

EXT. WATER SURFACE - DAY A92

The black shadow of the Green Hornet B24 bomber growing larger as it nears the ocean.

92

INT. GREEN HORNET/EXT. SURFACE - DAY 92

Impact. Water crashes in.

Louie breaches with a huge gasp.

He doesn't know where he is. We don't know where we are.

47

Bobbing debris. Beyond Louie in the near-background an airplane wing rolls upward as the fuselage surges up, rotating, and then the whole plane quickly sinks.

Louie is thrown forward.

Disconnected wires whip around him like uncoiling springs.

Louie takes a deep breath as he's pulled under

93

INT. UNDERWATER - DAY 93

Louie tries to orient himself. The impact rammed him into the waist gun mount and wedged him under it, face down. The gun mount pressed against his neck, and countless strands of metal coiled around his body.

Louie sinks, fights to free himself from the tangle of wires LOUIE'S

POV:

dims. His eyes close.

Moments later they open. STILL SUBMERGED. Suddenly FOR SOME UNKNOWN REASON, HE IS FREE OF THE WIRES THAT ENSNARED HIM.

SEVENTY FEET DOWN, HE TRIES TO SWIM TO THE SURFACE.

He inflates his Mae West vest and is pulled upwards in a stream of debris. His body ascends up to the ocean's surface.

94

EXT. SURFACE - DAY 94

Louie's head bursts out of the water into bright sunlight.

He's coughing up water and blood. Round him the oil and slop from the downed bomber.

He looks around.

The ocean surface is slicked with iridescent oil and green hydraulic fluid.

A human sound. Louie looks.

Phil, dazed, has a hold of a floating tank. He wears no Mae West. Blood comes down his face, in pulses from somewhere above his hairline, and is washed away as water slops over him.

Mac, also without a Mae West, hangs on with him.

Louie:

In the opposite direction: an inflated yellow raft, bobbing, drifting away.

95

A MINUTE LATER 95

Louie, on the raft, and Mac, still in the water, negotiate Phil onto the raft. Phil himself cannot help much.

Mac clambers in as Louie finds the gash in Phil's scalp. Louie takes off his shirt, dips it in water, and presses it to the wound.

Louie looks around, scanning surface. Some of the debris is starting to sink.

96

WIDE ANGLE - The tiny rafts carrying three men surrounded 96 by the debris of the crash, alone in the vast ocean.

97

EXT. RAFT, PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY 97

Louie has a raft pocket open and is taking an inventory of

the supplies:

water, a brass mirror, a flare gun, sea dye, fish hooks, fishing line, air pumps, raft patch kits. A set of pliers with a screwdriver in the handle.

Mac is pressing his shirt on Phil's wound. He watches Louie but doesn't speak. He's in shock.

Suddenly-

MAC:

Glassman didn't make it.

(beat)

Cup didn't make it-

LOUIE :

Don't think about it.

MAC:

We're gonna die.

LOUIE :

No we're not!

MAC:

They don't know where we are.

LOUIE:

They'll find us...

MAC :

(in panic)

They'll never see us.

LOUIE :

Shut up, Mac!

MAC:

We're going to die and you damn
well know it!

LOUIE:

We're not dying. Shut up.

Louie carefully divides the six chocolate bars into small
segments. He reads the instructions on the packet.

LOUIE (CONT'D)

One square in the morning. One
square at night.

He gives a tin of water to Mac.

LOUIE (CONT'D)

Two or three sips a day.

A murmur from Phil. Louie looks at him.

PHIL:

Louie. . .

LOUIE :

Yeah Phil.

PHIL:

I'm glad it's you.

LOUIE:

I'm glad it's me too.

99 EXT. RAFT, PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT 9EXT. RAFT, PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT 99

The three men lying in the raft.

The raft peacefully bobs. Louie still holds the compress to
Phil's head. Phil's eyes are shut: sleeping.

A thunk.

Louie tenses.

Mac is panicky:

MAC:

What was that?

A quiet beat as both men wait, listening.

Another thunk, and the raft jostles.

Hands on gunwhales, Louie looks carefully over the edge.

Dark water. Hard to see. But a dark shape retreats just under the surface of the water.

Louie's eyes track it away until it is lost. His look holds out. Then his look tracks something back in:

The dark shape, returning.

As it disappears under the boat, it bumps its underside again.

We fade as he closes his eyes. Under the fade, one last fading-away thunk. . .

100

IN BLACK - DAY #2 100

A high-pitched whining sound.

CLOSE ON LOUIE :

Eyes popping open.

It is a bald day.

The whining noise is distinguishable as engine noise.

Louie bolts to a sitting position, looking up.

Blue sky. Far above, a moving dot. A plane.

LOUIE:

Hey!

He scrambles to his feet.

LOUIE (CONT'D)

. . . Hey!

He waves:

LOUIE (CONT'D)

. . . Hey! Hey!

Struck by his own stupidity, he abandons arm-waving and scrambles to open the provision pocket on the raft. He tosses Mac the dye and he spills it into the water below.

Phil still sleeps.

Louie comes out with the flare gun.

He fires up at the dot in the sky. Phil awakens to the sound.

Louie, a holding look, gun at his side, staring up.

The plane's gnat-noise drones on, its course unchanged.

LOUIE (CONT'D)

. . . Damn it! Down here!

Another pop of the flare gun. Both Mac and Louie waving.

But the drone is perceptibly less loud now; the plane is going away. Louie throws the gun down.

53

Mac turns away, looking out to sea.

Louie comes up short, looking:

Where he has just flung the flare gun, at his feet-- littered wrappers.

He hunches and picks up a torn piece of paper. Printing is on its slick outside.

Louie stares at the chocolate wrapper. He looks up.

Mac, his back to us, motionless, resolutely looking out.

Louie. He squats and does a panicky paw through the provision pocket. More wrappers. No chocolate. Straightens again.

LOUIE (CONT'D)

. . . Mac. Mac!

His back. No reaction.

Louie takes a step forward.

LOUIE (CONT'D)

What did you do?

Mac can't reply. He looks away, out to sea.

On his back we hear:

MAC:

It doesn't matter.

Louie is too shocked to be angry. His tone is almost

childlike:

LOUIE:

Doesn't matter?

Mac looks so pathetic and helpless. Louie wants to hit him, but looks to Phil and decides not to make it worse.

Instead, he checks the tins of water. Untouched. Louie sits back down. Now what?

They sit in silence.

101

EXT. RAFT, PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY #3 101

Bright day.

The three men wear their shirts like hooded capes, protecting themselves as best they can from the sun.

Reality has set in. They will most likely die here. Mac breaks down crying. No one moves or says a word.

FADE OUT:

102

OMITTED 102

103 OMITTED 103

We find the men a week later-

Phil:

but he is red-skinned, lip-chapped.

Mac is much worse off from the exposure, skin blistered, lips swollen, face peeling.

Suddenly a look from Mac, reacting to:

Louie. The little mirror is set next to him, pointing up at the sky. The circle of the mirror is a glaring hot spot.

Louie's POV - the bright sun washing out the image of the albatross flying above.

An albatross is just settling-- sitting on the lip of the raft to investigate the bobbing, glaring glass.

Louie, just next to the bird, is frozen, tense.

The bird's black eyes peering. Wings folding. Claws gripping.

Louie's hand flashes to the bird, grabbing its leg.

LOUIE :

Okay!

55

Wild activity:

it. He and Louie are a confusion of activity around the bird. Louie snaps its neck.

The large bird is limp.

The men carefully set it down, cautiously withdrawing their hands.

PHIL:

Okay.

Louie grabs the pliers.

Mac and Phil watch as Louie rips the bird open.

The men react to a stench from the opened bird. They hesitate over the specimen.

PHIL (CONT'D)

I don't know if I can do it.

Another beat.

Louie reaches in.

LOUIE:

We gotta try.

Louie passes some to Mac who hesitates, still feeling the guilt of the chocolate.

105

EXT. RAFT, PACIFIC OCEAN - MINUTES LATER 105

The men dry-heaving.

They ease back into place, eyes watering. Taking sips of water sparingly.

LOUIE :

We had to try.

Panting beat. Then Phil has an idea:

PHIL :

Know what?

He leans forward, to the provision pocket, and pulls out some line.

PHIL (CONT'D)

. . . Maybe the fish won't be as picky.

106

EXT. RAFT, PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY 106

The raft drifts in the vast ocean. Too far away to make out detail, but we hear a sudden cry LOUIE

Got it!

107

EXT. RAFT, PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY 107

A pilot fish dangles on the end of Louie's line-- ten inches of live food. Louie gets the hook out, kills the fish, takes a bite. Then he passes it along to the others. They don't like it, but they need it, so they eat.

PHIL:

This is how the Japs eat fish. Raw.

LOUIE:

If you ask me, it's not food til you cook it. A little garlic. A little oil and lemon.

When we get home, you come 'round to my house. Mama'll cook for you.

PHIL:

Remember the Eddie Rickenbacker story in Life magazine? Him and his crew ran out of fuel over the Pacific. They were drifting in

rafts for twenty-four days.

LOUIE:

And they made it, right?

PHIL :

They made it. But most of them lost their minds.

LOUIE :

We gotta keep our minds sharp.

Gotta keep talking...

Mac looks distressed. He looks out into the water. Louie realizes he needs to distract him. He needs to keep talking.

LOUIE (CONT'D)

You know what you're really going to love? Mama's gnocchi. Nobody makes gnocchi like her. So light, like clouds. She uses lots of eggs, maybe twelve.

The others listen, absorbed by the image he conjures up. MOVE AWAY from the raft as he speaks, his voice growing fainter as the raft grows smaller.

LOUIE (CONT'D)

First, she makes the dough out of very fine flour. So fine it's like talcum powder. Then she beats up the egg yolks, and she drizzles them over the flour...

108 EXT. RAFT, PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY #18 108

They heat of the sun pounds down on the men. The tins of water are all empty.

The condition of the three men has drastically changed after weeks at sea.

Their upper lips are burnt, cracked, ballooning so dramatically that they almost obscure their nostrils. Their bodies are slashed with open cracks, after exposure to the elements.

The men are emaciated. Mac's breathing is louder, raspier.

58-59

Louie pulls out the picture of his family. It fills him with deep sadness. He has to put it away before he cries.

110 EXT. RAFT, PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT 11EXT. RAFT, PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT 110

Louie, Mac and Phil are gazing up at the stars.

LOUIE:

You believe God made the stars,
Phil?

PHIL:

Yes, I do.

LOUIE:

You think there's some kind of a
grand plan? Like why'd we live and
others didn't? Why are we here now?
Phil considers.

PHIL :

Here's the plan.

(beat)

You go on doing the best you can.
You try to have some fun along the
way. Then one day it's over. You
wake up and there's an angel
sitting at the edge of your bed,
the angel says, you can ask me all
those dumb questions now, because
I've got the answers.

LOUIE:

That's what you believe?

PHIL:

That's what I believe.

Moments pass in silence.

Mac stares out into the darkness.

111

EXT. RAFT, PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY #21 111

30 foot swells. The men are now all in one raft, white
knuckling it to hold on and not get tossed. The second raft
is tied further from them in the distance.
Phil closes his eyes in silent prayer.

LOUIE:

(to the heavens)

If you answer my prayers...you get
me through this...I swear...I'll do

whatever you want. I'll dedicate my
life to you. Please...

Waves of water splash across his face.

112

EXT. RAFT, PACIFIC OCEAN - TWILIGHT 112

The storm rages into the night. The men hold on tight as the
rafts are swept up and down on the huge swells.

113

EXT. RAFT - PACIFIC OCEAN DAY #22 113

Drops of water wake Louie.

As if an answer to his prayer, the heavens open and rain
pours down. The men throw back their heads, spread their
arms, and open their mouths. The rain falls on them. It
soothes their skin, washes the salt and sweat from their
pores, and slides down their throats. A sensory explosion.
They pull out the empty tins to collect water.

Louie and Phil:

out of its canvas sheath.

Once the pump is clear Louie takes the sheath and rips one
seam open down most of its length.

It is now a triangular piece of canvas that dips down to its
center where the seam remains intact. It is, in effect, a
large bowl.

The men hold it open to collect rain, trying to steady
themselves and the receptacle against the tossing action of
the raft.

Phil begins to pull in the second raft.

Later - the men cleaned, hydrated and silent. Each man with
his own private thoughts.

114

EXT. RAFT, PACIFIC OCEAN - MID DAY - DAY #24 114

The canvas.

Days later:

closed water bottles knock around in it. Hard sun beats down
on it.

Moments later a small sound...and a shark appears. Louie
looks down at it.

116

EXT. RAFT, PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY 116

Finally, the shark comes close. Louie pounces. He grabs its
tail, Phil grabs Louie and together they pull the shark out
of the water, into the raft.

Phil and Mac jump on it as it twists and thrashes. Louie stabs its eye with the screwdriver until the thrashing stops. Panting, the three men lie on the dead shark. Moments later - Phil and Louie and Mac eat the shark's liver.

118
EXT. RAFT, PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY - DAY #33 118

Burning sun. DOWN to find the rafts, the men deteriorated further. Full beards, skeletal faces. Louie is removing Phil's bandage.

PHIL:

How is it?

LOUIE:

It stinks. But that's the bandage, not you. He throws the bandage over the side.

PHIL:

We beat Rickenbacker's record. Four days ago.

LOUIE:

You keeping count? They hear a small noise in the water and realize a shark has been drawn to the bloody bandage. Then, in the distance, they hear a distant plane engine. Look up to the sky.

THEIR POV:

Mac comes to life, seeing the plane. Louie loads and fires a flare. Phil finds the mirror and uses it to reflect the sun towards the plane. Louie shoots off another flare. The look of all three men travels straight overhead with the plane, which makes no acknowledgment. The plane passes, far off, and fades away. A couple of dark shapes are rippling up. Sharks. All three men are looking down at the shapes in the water when we hear a change in the engine noise. The men's eyes rise back to the plane. It is no longer receding: it is starting to turn. . . banking. . . returning. . . dropping in altitude. Louie resumes waving.

As the plane approaches it drops, lower, lower.

The men wave.

Just as we see the Red Circle, its guns start firing.

Water kicks up in a line from each gun, walking toward the raft.

The shark-shapes wriggle, reacting.

The men bail out into the stained water.

119

EXT. UNDERWATER 119

Fizzing bullet-trails cut between the three men fighting to stay submerged. The water is a confusion of murky color, flailing limbs, the sun through the pale yellow of the raft just above.

65

The bullets and firing noises stop; the muffled engine noise is receding. Dark shapes are approaching the men in the water.

120

EXT. RAFT, PACIFIC OCEAN 120

The plane flies on past.

The sharks are back, almost on the thrashing bodies of the men. Desperately they haul themselves back into the raft.

Louie is the first to flop back onto the raft; he helps Phil and Mac in; all panting.

They hear the plane again. It's coming back.

LOUIE:

Get out!

PHIL :

I can't.

He's just too weak to move. Louie slides back into the water. Bullets shower the ocean around the raft.

121

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS - DAY 121

Louie struggles to stay under the rafts. We can see the depression of Phil and Mac's bodies. Neither one moves. Bullet holes pop through the canvas, shooting beams of light through the raft's shadow. Bullets pierce the water throughout the following sequence:

A shark approaching Louie is shot by a stream of bullets from above.

Louie sees a long cord straying off the end of the raft. He grabs it.

123

EXT. RAFT, PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY 123

Louie breaching, hooking his arms over the raft. He climbs back in just as the shark comes back for another attack.

LOUIE :

Phil! Mac!

Beat. Phil speaks without moving or opening his eyes PHIL
If the Japs are this bad, we might
even win this damn war.

Mac moves. Looks round. Sees the plane has gone.

Then they hear the air hissing out of the raft. Water is filling up the bottom. One raft left, the other is shot to shit and already completely deflated.

Louie hunts out the patch kits. The others search out the holes. Every time they move another hole is uncovered, hissing out air. And all the time the sharks are circling. Phil grabs an air pump, screws it to a valve, and starts pumping. Bubbles push out of bullet holes. Louie works on applying patches, using the edge of the mirror to rough up the rubber round the hole before applying glue and patch. Phil keeps pumping hard.

Suddenly a shark lunges up out of the water, mouth open, right at Louie An
oar sweeps past Louie's head, striking the shark back into the water.

It's Mac, come back to life. He beats the sharks with fury and power we've not seen in him before.

Mac goes on swinging his oar, whacking at the sharks.

Mac continues hitting the sharks away as Phil pushes the pump against his chest, inflating the raft.

124

EXT. RAFT, PACIFIC OCEAN - LATE AFTERNOON 124

The exhausted men continue with what little energy they have left. Mac stands ready with his oar. We can see this fight has taken a lot out of him.

LOUIE :

Did you see that Mac surprise
attack? Damn sharks were scared
shit. He came down on that thing
like a Goddamn dive bomber.

PHIL:

Saved your skinny ass.

We see this means a great deal to Mac, though he hides it from the other men. Louie takes over the pumping.

125

Later-125

The sun goes down over the endless ocean. The men continue to work into the night.

126

EXT. RAFT, PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY #34 - DAY 126

Louie is near the canvas bowl, stretched out.

Mac lies with his head on Phil's lap, not moving. The three are barely alive, their flesh almost transparent, their bones visible. They speak slowly, not much energy left. Quizzing each other to keep alive.

LOUIE :

1937. Baseball. MVP.

PHIL:

Uh... the kid from Detroit...
Gerhinger.

LOUIE:

Mac. Get in the game.

He's trying to make out what's happening with Mac.

LOUIE (CONT'D)

Mac?

68

No response from Mac: head-down, shoulders rhythmically moving with his rasping breath. Louie moves over to Mac.

LOUIE (CONT'D)

Mac?

MAC:

Still here. What you gonna make for
breakfast, Zamp?

LOUIE:

Your call.

MAC :

Your mother's gnocchi.

LOUIE:

Gnocchi for breakfast? Okay. Why not?

MAC:

Am I gonna die?
After a moment-

LOUIE:

Maybe.

MAC:

You think, tonight?

LOUIE :

Maybe.

MAC:

Yes, sir. I think tonight.
Louie and Phil shuffle their weakened bodies until they're lying on either side of Mac, their arms round him.

LOUIE :

So you get your dough, and you roll it out . . .
His voice fades into silence.

127

EXT. RAFT, PACIFIC OCEAN - SUNRISE - DAY #35 127

Quiet at the cut.

Gentle slap of water on the boat.

Mac's body has been laid out face up, in a comfortable position.

Louie is squatted at the back of the boat, waiting.

Phil is praying as he finishes preparing Mac's body.

128

EXT. RAFT, PACIFIC OCEAN - MOMENTS LATER 128

Both men have hands on the corpse.

They shove him off.

The boat bobs, regaining balance.

The men seat themselves, grabbing sides of the boat, steadying it, steadying themselves.

The body bobs in the water.

The men, looking at it.

The body is abruptly grabbed, somehow, and briefly towed.

It disappears into the water.

A130

EXT. RAFT, PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY 44 A130

Louie looks at Phil. How frail and emaciated he is. He then looks up into the heavens. Into the clouds. Beautiful clouds. It's almost as if he can hear music. The sounds of angels coming from the heavens.

130

EXT. RAFT, PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY #47 130

Wide on the raft.

Close on Louie.

Face-up, barely conscious, emaciated, sun-dazed.

Bobbing, sloshing.

Very quiet.

We hold on him for a long time. It is difficult to tell if he is even breathing.

A shadow cuts his face.

Louie fights his eyes open, fights to focus. Sun and shadow travel in bars across his face.

70

His point-of-view, looking steeply up: metal hull, topped by rail, gliding along, traveling horizontally across the frame. The sun pouring in at us is cut rhythmically by rail-posts. Louie, looking.

His point-of-view: the ship continues to slide by. But now: a person at the rail, looking down at us. He slips off; another person. And another. Sailors, all looking down at us. Japanese. All holding rifles pointed at us.

Louie.

He painfully wets his lips. He works his tongue, preparing to speak. Then:

LOUIE:

Phil.

We hear Phil's voice, very weak:

PHIL:

Yeah.

LOUIE :

I got good news and bad news.

131

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY 131

BLACK:

The sound of a heavy door opening.

Breathing and oofs! As a body is manhandled and flung to the ground.

Close on Louie:

He is lying on a dirt floor. He blinks, looks:

His point-of-view: low looking steeply up at a Japanese guard stepping away, the blindfold dangling from one hand. He goes through the door and it is closed after him.

Louie collects himself, gets on his hands and knees, and looks around the dim and very cramped space.

Wooden cell. Thatched roof. No exterior window. Small, closed window in the door. Hole in the floor: latrine.

Louie squints at the dirt floor by one of his planted hands: movement.

He jerks his hand away. He looks closer:

Wriggling maggots.

He presses himself into a corner.

After a beat:

LOUIE :

Phil?

A voice, distant and small, somewhere to the left:

PHIL :

Louie.

LOUIE:

. . You okay?

PHIL:

Land feels funny.

LOUIE :

Funny, yeah.

We hear Japanese yelling from down the hall, and a door opening, a couple of footsteps, and a blow.

Louie, listening to Phil taking a beating.

Louie pounds at the door. He tries to see through the cracks but can't.

132 OMITTED 132

133

INT. CELL - DUSK 133

Louie sits on floor, forearms on knees, hands dangle limply, head sunk below shoulders.

134

INT. STEEP ON WALL - MORNING 134

A small beam of morning sunlight illuminates the cell wall. Louie lifts his face into it as if trying to escape into the light. He then notices something -

Scratched into the plank wall, a message:

NINE MARINES BROUGHT HERE FROM MAKIN ISLAND AUGUST 18, 1942

Under it, nine names.

On Louie, looking up at it.

Footsteps approaching.

Louie's look goes to the door.

As the footsteps pass without breaking stride, something is tossed through the door's window: a white, irregular shape, the size of a baseball.

It hits the dirt floor and breaks up.

Louie quickly reaches down, gathers pieces of rice, with panicky fingers flicks maggots away, and stuffs the food into his mouth.

136

OMITTED 136

137

INT. PRISON CELL - MORNING 137

Days later - The jungle is wet with rain. It spills into his cell. Suddenly the door is opened and Louie is pulled out and dragged by his neck.

138

EXT. KWAJALEEN JUNGLE - DAY 138

We hear the chink of silver on china. Louie stands in the pouring rain, looking fixedly off:

A table set with linen and heavy with food, being eaten by a JAPANESE OFFICER who sits bone dry under a tarp. A

TRANSLATOR stands by.

The Officer slowly, meticulously, ostentatiously, cuts his food and eats. He never looks up.

Louie looks around to get his bearings. He is surrounded by trees. At closer look, Japanese Soldiers in green uniforms stare out from the jungle. No chance for escape.

The Officer says something to his plate.

TRANSLATOR:

Colonel would like to know disposition of troop in Hawaii.

Louie is blank for a moment.

LOUIE :

I, I don't know. . .

TRANSLATOR:

Speak up!

He can't take his eyes off the food.

LOUIE:

. . . I wouldn't know what it is
now, haven't been there in. . .

Murmuring in Japanese. The continued methodical cutting and
chewing.

74

Louie sees his wallet on the table and the contents laid out.
The Officer points to a clipping of Louie's racing at the
Olympics. Another question from the officer, relayed:

TRANSLATOR :

Is this you?

Louie nods. The Officer studies him. He says something to the
Translator in Japanese. The only word Louie can understand is
"Olympic." The men share a look. Then the Translator asks
another question.

TRANSLATOR (CONT'D)

You were a famous Olympic athlete?

Something else is said.

TRANSLATOR (CONT'D)

Colonel would like to know,
location of radar in E-class, B-24.

LOUIE :

We had the old one. D-class.

TRANSLATOR:

You bomba deer?

LOUIE:

Yes.

Louie hesitates, then asks:

LOUIE (CONT'D)

. . . What happened to the Marines
from Makin Island?

The translator doesn't bother to relay this.

Eating.

Question from the Officer.

TRANSLATOR:

How you work the Nawdn bombsight?

LOUIE :

You just twist two knobs. What happened to the Marines?

When the officer receives the translation, he gives two words of instruction.

The translator responds by bringing pencil and paper to Louie.

74A

TRANSLATOR :

Draw Nawdn bombsight.

Louie hesitates for a moment, then moves into the tent. He shakes off his wet hand before he tries to start drawing.

It's hard to draw with the drops of water covering the page.

The translator has his head cocked, looking down over Louie's shoulder.

Scratch of pencil on paper.

Offhand, as Louie draws:

TRANSLATOR (CONT'D)

They were beheaded.

Louie takes this in. He continues to draw.

139 EXT. KWAJALEEN JUNGLE - DAY 139

Louie is being led back to his cell.

As he passes Phil, also under guard:

His tracking, panning point-of-view of Phil, looking up—quickly lost from sight.

LOUIE:

. . . I drew a Philco radio, knobs on the side.

The guard shoves him from behind.

140 INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT 140

Close on Louie's hand finishing a message by scratching the wall with his belt buckle:

LOUIE ZAMPERINI - DITCHED OVER PACIFIC - May 1943

Message finished he sits back against the opposite wall. He looks across the three-foot throw of the room:

The nine Marines. His name underneath.

He stares at the wall, wondering if he will share their same fate.

He sees a spider crawl across the wall.

141 INT. PRISON CELL - DAY 141

Three weeks have passed. Louie has been in the cell for a month. We find him in tucked into the corner. His beard has grown longer and his face has gone pale. But he seems stronger. He seems focused.

He presses his face against the cold cell wall. As if trying to connect to Phil.

76

Shouting close by: Louie braces himself as the door is flung open and a guard screams at him, the same word, over and over.

Louie, uncomprehending.

The guard keeps repeating, shouting, now showing by gesture that Louie is to stand. Louie knows he is being asked to walk to his death. He refuses. He fights.

142

INT. LOUIE'S CELL/ CELL BLOCK - KWAJALIEN - DAY 142

The door opens and TWO GUARDS aggressively attempt to drag him out. Louie fighting the whole way.

Finally, they overpower him and force him out.

The light is almost blinding after days of confinement.

143

EXT. KWAJALIEN ISLAND - DAY 143

Louie sees Phil, also being dragged, in equally bad shape.

They are scared as they are led out of the cell block.

Louie still fighting, Phil seems to be quietly praying as if preparing to die.

Louie and Phil are being told to stand at attention. The Guards step away.

GUARDS:

Strip! TAKE OFF CLOTHES!

Louie and Phil strip down before Guards holding rifles. The two terrified men fully expect to be executed. Louie eyes the swords on the mens belts.

They are told to kneel. Louie and Phil's hearts pump fast.

Louie hesitates and is taken down by a smack to the back of his knees by a wooden stick.

After a terrifying moment of silence, suddenly, Louie and Phil are doused with cold water, shocking their systems.

Soap is placed in front of the men and shaving equipment and scissors. They begin to wash their frail bodies.

144

INT. SHIP'S PRISON - DAY 144

Close on Phil. Wide to reveal this is Louie's POV from under his blindfold. Louie and Phil, lay together on the cold floor of a storage room. Cleaned up but still in the same dirty clothes. After days in solitary confinement, they lay very close to each other.

Wider still to reveal -Forty other POWs, bound by rope at the wrists and ankles, sitting in the dark with them. No one says a word.

76A

145 EXT. YOKOHAMA PORT - DAY 14EXT. YOKOHAMA PORT - DAY 145

Ocean. Sunlight. A dock. At it, a substantial ship.

Looking straight down at water.

A rough walkway bisects the frame, top to bottom. Men- bound, blindfolded men- descend the gangplank. Louie and Phil, their hands tied but holding onto each other.

The men are being loaded into canvas-topped trucks. Phil is being pulled away. Louie and Phil hold tight, fighting hard not to be separated.

CLOSE - on their hands ripped apart

Louie is pushed to one truck, Phil to another.

LOUIE:

Phil? Phil?

No answer.

Louie is pushed into a truck.

HIGH ANGLE - The two trucks drive off. Outside the docks the second truck with Phil in it peels off and takes a different road.

A146 EXT. BACK OF TRUCK/TOKYO STREETS - DAY A146

We are traveling, inside the truck with the prisoners. The man closest to Louie is FRANK TINKER, dive bomber pilot and opera singer.

Close on Louie trying to look from under his blindfold. He sees a lovely Asian woman on a bicycle.

LOUIE :

This is Tokyo right?

TINKER:

Must be.

LOUIE:

I made it.

TINKER :

You wanted to come to Tokyo?

LOUIE:

I sure did.

TINKER:

Be careful what you wish for mate.

148 EXT. BRIDGE TO OMORI - TOKYO BAY - DAEXT. BRIDGE TO OMORI - TOKYO BAY - DAY

148

Louie's POV from under his blindfold. He sees they are driving over a long bridge leading away from Tokyo.

149

EXT. OMORI POW CAMP - TOKYO BAY - DAY 149

The men are unloaded from the truck. Blindfolds off.

Omori POW Camp sits on a man-made island in Tokyo Bay: a sandy spit connected to shore by a tenuous thread of bamboo slats, surrounded by six fences. Ashen and gray earth.

Louie approaches oversized wooden gates into the Omori compound. Grim, lifeless, like the surface of the moon.

Louie and the other newly arrived POWs are lined up with the current prisoners, emerging threadbare from their barracks, for roll call, in front of a small office building. They stand by a "quarantine shed" - a corrugated carport, roof without walls, completely open to the elements. The men are ordered to stand at attention, in Japanese, by the Guards.

A bark from a Japanese guard.

The men stiffen.

79

The door of the office barracks swings open.

MUTUSHIRO WATANABE aka THE BIRD: a distant figure, too far away to distinguish his features. He is in an enlisted man's

uniform:

the porch, a kendo stick clasped behind his back. He looks slowly across the men assembled before him.

WATANABE :

Good evening, old prisoners.

Welcome, new hands. This is Omori
Detention camp.

He steps slowly down off the porch.

Watanabe takes a stroll down the row of men.

Lateral tracks over him as he walks along the front row of
prisoners.

All the men are looking down, taking care not to meet
Watanabe's eye as he passes.

Reverse lateral tracks on The Bird are from behind the
assembled men, so that his face is obscured by foreground
prisoners, or seen only in fleeting bits, as he walks along
the line.

He speaks with a strong, confident voice. He clearly is very
well educated.

THE BIRD:

I am Corporal Watanabe. You are
enemies of Japan and you will be
treated accordingly.

He moves down the line to Louie.

Louie's eyes are cast down, head lowered. But the voice and
footsteps stop, as the Bird halts, directly in front of him.
Uneasy quiet.

Louie's point of view is of the bottom half of the man halted

before him:

The disembodied voice:

WATANABE :

Look at me.

Louie looks up. For the first time we get a good look at the

Bird:

Louie's ever seen.

Close on the Bird challenging Louie. Close on Louie, not
backing down. Defiant.

THE BIRD :

You look me in the eye?!

Out of nowhere, The Bird's kendo stick swings into Louie's
head, hard, making Louie stagger. Shocked, Louie takes the
hit.

Another blow and The Bird breaks Louie's nose.

THE BIRD (CONT'D)

Look at me!

Every prisoner goes rigid with fear. Louie looks up. The Bird swings again, delivering another blow to Louie.

THE BIRD (CONT'D)

Don't look at me! DON'T LOOK AT ME!

Beat. Louie looks at him, enraged and confused, with his fists clenched, restraining himself from hitting back, Louie lowers his eyes. The Bird looks triumphant. He smiles.

THE BIRD (CONT'D)

New prisoners... you are not dismissed...you will stand quarantine. We cannot have disease in the barracks.

He exits into the Commander's office. A guard shouts in Japanese telling the other soldiers to return to their barracks. They do, in an orderly fashion, leaving Louie and the POWs who are told to head to the quarantine shed.

150 EXT. OMORI POW CAMP - QUARANTINE SHED - NIGHT 150

Night has fallen. Louie, still standing under the corrugated roof. He resets his own nose. Crack. Fresh blood drips down.

151 EXT. OMORI POW CAMP/ QUARANTINE SHED - NIGHT 151

LATER-

Louie and the POWs, are still standing in the cold.

The Bird appears on his balcony, finally giving the order to the Guards to lead Louie and the new POWs to their barracks.

152 INT. BARRACKS, OMORI - NIGHT 152

The new prisoners stream into a long, narrow, barrack building. Double bunks on either side of a narrow aisle. The old timers are in here, stretched out on their bunks.

Louie and Tinker look on as The Scots, led by BLACKIE, unload stolen goods from everywhere inside their clothing: long cloth tubes down trousers and sleeves are full of sugar, tobacco leaves, flour. They stash the plunder in secret compartments behind wooden planks.

81

Louie can't help but smile a little. Blackie gives him a look. He doesn't warm easy to new people.

A British soldier, MILLER, notes Louie's bloody bruises.

MILLER :

I see you've met the Bird.

LOUIE:

The Bird?

WILLIAM HARRIS a handsome young Marine, points at Louie's face.

LOUIE (CONT'D)

Why d'you call him "the Bird"?

HARRIS:

(not too loud)

Because he listens, and if he heard us using the names we'd like to call him, he'd kill us.

MILLER:

Apparently, he grew up wealthy, spoiled. Wanted to be an officer. Expected to be, too. Was denied. A great humiliation for him, not making the grade.

FITZGERALD (O.S.)

(beat) Of course none of this explains the. . . erratic behavior.

Louie sees COMMANDER FITZGERALD. He is laying down writing in his make shift journal. A man with the confidence of the leader that he is. Fitzgerald gives Louie a welcoming smile and nod. Louie notices that Fitzgerald's fingernails have been removed.

FITZGERALD (CONT'D)

They were looking for some answers.

MILLER :

Didn't get any though did they?

FITZGERALD:

(smiling)

Not a thing.

(He offers his damaged hand to Louie)

Commander Fitzgerald.

153

EXT. OMORI BARRACKS - MORNING 153

Louie and the other POWs are run into the compound and lined up. Louie looks around for The Bird. He can't see him but he can sense him. He must be lurking in the shadows, watching. Not knowing where he is, is even more unnerving for Louie.

OMORI GUARD:

Enlisted men to work.

The POWs watch as the Enlisted Men are marched out of the compound for work. The men look to the Officers.

155

EXT. OMORI - COMPOUND - MORNING 155

Later - Louie and the POWs are forced to do calisthenics in the snow.

The Bird appears and walks toward the men. He stalks down the line, glancing at papers in his hand, looking for someone.

THE BIRD:

There is much talent in Omori camp.

We have an opera singer. Who is the opera singer?

Tinker raises his hand.

THE BIRD (CONT'D)

We have a cook from the Plaza Hotel, New York.

83

THE BIRD (CONT'D)

And we have an Olympic athlete. Who is the Olympic athlete?

He looks at Louie. He already knows.

THE BIRD (CONT'D)

Who is the Olympic athlete?

Louie's hand goes up. The Bird smiles.

156

EXT. OMORI - DAY 156

The Guards have selected one amongst them to race against

Louie:

Louie - emaciated and weak - is hauled over by two Guards and placed beside the Running Guard.

Fitzgerald, Tinker, Harris, Miller and the POWs watch from the side as a Guard fires his PISTOL and the race begins.

The Japanese Guard takes off. Louie runs well at first. The POWs hopes rise. They watch as he runs. But soon he begins to fall back.

He tries to keep up, but he is too sick, his legs too weak.

The Bird studies him. Louie falls. He fights to stand. Fists clenched in anger.

The Japanese runner wins the race. The Guards cheer.

The Bird, eyes on Louie, doesn't smile. He sees Louie

continue to push himself toward the finish line.
Fitzgerald, Tinker and the POWs watch in silent resignation,
almost embarrassed for Louie. The Bird sees something else.
He sees Louie's fighting spirit. It bothers him.
Louie crosses the finish line. He lays down looking up at the
sky. Relieved. A shadow appears over him.

THE BIRD (O.C.)

You fail. You are nothing.

Smack. The Birds stick cracks across his face.

157

INT. OFFICER'S BARRACKS - NIGHT 157

A body passes by on its way to Fitzgerald in the next bunk.
It is one of the Scots, who hands something to Fitzgerald,
who in turn hands something to Harris.
Harris then pulls some supplies out from a slat in the wall
and crouches in the corner of the room tracing a map from a
newspaper.

LOUIE:

What's he doin'?

FITZGERALD :

He's tracing so we can return it
before the Japs find out. He has
most of the war mapped out.
Fitzgerald checks in with Harris who shows him something.

FITZGERALD (CONT'D)

(to Louie)

Americans have taken Saipan. Allies
are gaining ground.

Louie watches Harris hide the copies in a slat in the wall.
Blackie takes the newspaper to return it.

INT. OMORI BARRACKS - DAY

Fitzgerald listens in on Guards speaking privately in
Japanese.

160

EXT. OMORI - DAY 160

Blackie, the Scots and Louie use four foot hollow bamboo
reeds with sharpened edges to steal sugar by leaning against
the sugar sacks, piercing them and letting the sugar run into
their socks and tied pant legs.

B161

EXT. OMORI - DAY B161

Louie helps steal a newspaper for information.

86

162

EXT. BENJOS - OMORI POW CAMP - DAY 162

Open-air; it consists of regularly spaced holes dug in the ground.

Whipping wind.

Louie has a large ladle and two heavy buckets. He is slowly, painfully, dipping out the first hole.

TINKER:

You know I have to say...

LOUIE :

Please don't.

TINKER:

For a bunch of guys that don't eat anything we sure can shit a lot.

(beat)

I think that one's mine.

They all laugh. Miller vomits.

163

EXT. YARD 163

Later in the day. Louie and Fitzgerald are carrying two buckets slowly across the yard. The Bird and the other Guards are in deep discussion (in Japanese). Fitzgerald listens in as he slowly walks past. The Bird notices. He then looks at Louie who nods and smiles as if carrying shit is his favorite thing in the world. The Bird just stares.

164

OMITTED 164

165

EXT. SHORE 165

We are on the ocean-side of the man-made island that is the camp.

A rock with some elevation is the dumping point for the sewage. It is slick with spattered sewage of previous days.

Louie and Fitzgerald empty buckets off the edge.

Louie pauses. He looks out, into the wind.

Ocean. Lots of ocean.

The pounding of waves.

166

INT. BARRACKS - DAWN 166

Smash cut to a Japanese guard yelling.

Lead by The Bird, the Guards go through the men's things. They find Louie's picture and toss it on the floor. Not what they're looking for. They turn over the beds and rip up the planks.

One guard signals to The Bird. He has found something. Harris's maps. The Bird studies them. He glances at Fitzgerald. His rage grows. Harris is ripped from his bed.

GUARD :

(to the POWs)

Stay where you are!

The men continue but their eyes are on Harris whose maps are thrown down in front of him.

Louie can see the Bird approach Harris and whisper something in his ear.

89

Then The Bird takes of his belt and pounds it into Harris. Over and over. The floor and scattered maps stain with blood. Louie notices KANO, a sympathetic Japanese guard, watching with a look of concern.

Louie doesn't know what to do. He knows to move will only make it worse.

Close on Louie watching. The sound of the beating continues. The Bird looks at Louie after the beating, challenging him.

188

EXT. OMORI BARRACKS - LATE DAY 188

Louie looks at the POW'S as one drops to his knees. The man crying, pleading for his life. Broken.

189

INT. OMORI BARRACKS - LATE DAY 189

Louie turns away from the slit in the bamboo. He lies on his bunk, weakened by beatings and hunger.

LOUIE :

I'm gonna kill him.

FITZGERALD:

Then they shoot you.

LOUIE:

I don't give a damn. Let'em shoot me.

FITZGERALD:

That's not how we beat the bastard.
We beat him by making it to the end
of the war alive. That's how we do
it. That's our revenge.

LOUIE :

(considers)
If we can take it we can make it.

FITZGERALD:

Precisely.

LOUIE:

My brother Pete used to say that.
He thought I could do anything.
Thought I was better than I am.

FITZGERALD :

Who says you're not?
Louie's face in the shadows. Covered by darkness.

169

EXT. ROCKS AT THE SHORE - LATE DAY 169

They have just emptied the bucket when Louie's eye is caught
by something.
Out over the sea: in the distance a battle rages in the skies
over Tokyo.

170

EXT. THE BIRDS OFFICE - LATE DAY 170

The Bird is at his porch rail, his look out in the distance,
same as Louie's, his expression unreadable.

90A

171 INT. OMORI BARRACKS - NIGHT 171

The POWs are asleep when the GUARDS ENTER:

OMORI GUARDS:

Keirei!

The POW's scramble out of their bunks. Louie automatically
heads for the back of the barrack to be hidden.
The Bird enters. Everyone is at attention. He expects to see
Louie, but can't find him. He then crosses straight down the
line until he is face to face with Louie. He stares. Louie
won't meet his eyes.

THE BIRD:

Why are you last at attention!!

LOUIE :

I... what?

The Bird unbuckles and pulls off his webbed belt. The buckle is several inches square, made of heavy brass. The Bird grasps one end with both hands.

The Bird swings the belt backward, with the buckle on the loose end, then whips it around himself and forward, as if performing a hammer throw. The buckle rams into Louie's left ear. The room spins with pain and he goes down.

Louie slowly pulls himself upright. The Bird waits for him to steady himself. He then does something surprising and offers him tissue paper for his wound.

THE BIRD :

Better?

Is there compassion in this man?

THE BIRD (CONT'D)

Why do you make me hit you?

A sense of relief enters Louie's mind just as the buckle, whirling around from The Bird's swinging arm, strikes his head again, exactly where it hit before. Louie feels pain bursting through his skull, the sound goes out and his body going liquid. He smacks into the floor.

PRE-LAP VOICE FROM NEXT SCENE

You're dead.

172 INT. CAMP OFFICE, OMORI - MORNING 172

A blur of confused vision. Unidentified voices.

RADIO TOKYO MAN 1

In America they say, Zamperini dead.

A blur of faces talking to him.

RADIO TOKYO MAN 1 (CONT'D)

They tell your family you died in war.

Slowly the images resolve. Louie is sitting in The Bird's office, holding onto his bruised head. The two radio men are wearing business suits, and seem unconcerned by Louie's condition. The Bird sits with them, equally unconcerned.

RADIO TOKYO MAN 1 (CONT'D)

NBC Radio tell America, famous Olympic runner Zamperini is dead.

The words sound familiar. Like the men at Kwajalien. Louie takes in what they're saying, but he doesn't understand why. He glances up at The Bird. He wants to kill him.

RADIO TOKYO MAN 2

You want to tell family you are not dead?

The Bird sees Louie's confusion. He wants to be helpful.

THE BIRD:

These gentlemen, they are from Radio Tokyo.

RADIO TOKYO MAN 2

We have program go all over world.

It is name 'Postman Calls'.

The Bird cups a hand in front of his mouth as if talking to a microphone, acting out what Louie can say.

THE BIRD:

Hello, Mother. Your son is calling you. Mother, I love you. I am alive and well.

Louie stares at him, not knowing whether to laugh or scream.
A174

EXT. OMORI BRIDGE - DAY A174

The car drives over the bridge heading for Tokyo.
174

EXT. RADIO TOKYO BUILDING - DAY 174

The car comes down the road to pull up by the Radio Tokyo building.

LOUIE :

I'm only saying my own words.

RADIO TOKYO MAN 1

Of course!

93

JAPANESE PRODUCER/HOST (V.O.)

HELLO AMERICA...

175

INT. RADIO TOKYO STUDIO - DAY 175

MICROPHONE:

Louie tentatively sits into frame behind the mike. A delicious fruit bowl has been placed on the table in front of him. His mouth waters. He's almost mesmerized by it.

From off we hear well-modulated Japanese speech. Louie looks.

At another table, a Japanese RADIO HOST in a suit and slicked-back hair speaks into his own microphone. Something in his own speech amuses him and he interrupts himself with a chuckle, and then plows on.

Louie looks around, still somewhat disoriented.

The man at the other table now switches to English:

JAPANESE RADIO HOST

This is 'The Postman Calls'. Today the Postman calls for Mrs Louise Zamperini of, Torrance, California. Louie Zamperini is not missing—and not dead, as erroneously announced by your government! He is safe and sound with us! So keep on listening, Mrs. Zamperini, and don't mention it; the pleasure is all ours!

The man, smiling, now nods at Louie.

An interrogative look from Louie: me, now?

The man repeats his nod, more vigorously.

Louie leans cautiously in to his microphone. He begins tentatively.

LOUIE :

Hello Mother and Father, sisters and friends. This is your Louie talking. This is the first time in two years that you will have heard my voice. I am uninjured and in good health.

Louie closes his eyes and imagines his family receiving this news.

176 EXT. SHIP AT NAVAL BASE, SAN DIEGO - EARLY MORNING 176

An ensign runs down the ship's deck to Pete in uniform.

Pete takes the envelope and opens it to read the transcript inside.

LOUIE ON RADIO V.O.

I am now interned in a Tokyo prisoner of war camp, and am being treated as well as can be expected under wartime conditions.

Pete reacts to the news.

177 INT. RADIO TOKYO STUDIO - DAY 177

Louie continues.

LOUIE :

I hope Pete is still able to pay
you his weekly visits from San
Diego. Dad, keep my guns in good
condition so we can go hunting when
I get home. Get some good rabbits
for Mom's gnocchi sauce.

178 OMITTED 178

179 INT. ZAMPERINI HOME, TORRANCE - NIGHT 179

Anthony, Louise, Sylvia and Virginia have heard the news. They
cry tears of joy.

180 INT. RADIO TOKYO STUDIO - DAINI. RADIO TOKYO STUDIO - DAY
180

Louie with his eyes still closed imagining his family.

LOUIE ON RADIO:

I wish you a merry Christmas and a
happy New Year. Your loving son,
Louie.

He opens his eyes.

181

INT. CAFETERIA, RADIO TOKYO - DAY 181

Louie is eating, eating like he's never eaten before. The
Omori guards look on. The cafeteria is full of elegant
Japanese people. Mostly business men but a few very elegant
beautiful professional women as well.

The Radio Tokyo Men appear, and sit down with him, all
smiles.

RADIO TOKYO MAN 2

You were good. Very good.

They put a paper before him.

RADIO TOKYO MAN 2 (CONT'D)

You can speak on radio again.

Louie looks at the paper. Shakes his head.

LOUIE:

I can't say this.

RADIO TOKYO MAN 1

Why not?

LOUIE :

It's not true. I won't. And what you wrote about America... I won't say that.

We see a glimpse of defiant young Louie. It's nice to see. The two Radio Men look at each other. They know what to do.

RADIO TOKYO MAN 1

THEY say that.

He gestures to across the room to a table of American men sitting in the cafeteria. (It's been a long time since we have seen healthy Americans.) Louie can't believe his eyes.

96

RADIO TOKYO MAN 1 (CONT'D)

American like you. They make broadcasts. They live here, very comfortable. Good food.

One of the POWs looks up and meets Louie's eyes. He sees pure anguish there. God knows what hell they've been through to agree to this. The silent message they're sending him is: don't do this.

RADIO TOKYO MAN 2

They have lovely food.

Louie feels sick.

RADIO TOKYO MAN 1

You want to go back to camp?

At the thought of returning to The Bird, Louie can hardly speak.

LOUIE :

(softly)

No.

RADIO TOKYO MAN 1

You make broadcast?

Louie can hardly believe he's making this decision. He looks at the speech in the man's hand.

182 OMIT

183 EXT. OMORI BARRACKS - LATE DAY 183

The gates open. A Guard walks Louie into the camp compound. The men are lined up. He walks past them, terrified, toward The Bird.

The guard turns him round to face the parade. A second Guard ties Louie's hands behind his back.

THE BIRD:

(softly)

You are like me. We are both
strong.

(MORE)

97

THE BIRD (CONT'D)

(beat) I saw it in your eyes, the
first day. I thought, this man will
be my friend. But...enemy of
Japan... you do not listen. You do
not do what is asked of you...

The Bird then addresses the prisoners.

THE BIRD (CONT'D)

It is necessary to have respect. No
respect, no order.

He turns and points his stick at Louie.

THE BIRD (CONT'D)

This man must be taught respect.

All other prisoners teach him this
lesson. Each prisoner will punch
this man in his face.

Louie stares down the line: there's 220 men out there. Then
he turns his gaze on The Bird.

FITZGERALD:

Sir, we can not do that.

The Bird screams an order to the guards who hold Fitzgerald
back. The Bird screams and points. Harris is pulled out of
the line up and brought to him. The Bird raises his stick and
strikes. Fitzgerald watches in horror. Harris can't possibly
take anymore. Fitzgerald looks at Louie.

THE BIRD :

You! Punch him in the face!

Fitzgerald steps forward. Louie braces. The men understand
this is all they can do to save Harris. Fitzgerald punches
Louie.

The ENLISTED MAN comes to attention.

ENLISTED MAN :

Sir...

Louie, full of fear and adrenaline eggs him on.

LOUIE :

Do it! Come on! Get it over with.

He steps forward and hits Louie, pulling his punch. The Bird shrieks with rage, striking him with his stick.

THE BIRD:

Hit hard! Again! Hard!

He hits Louie again, harder.

THE BIRD (CONT'D)

Next!

The next man takes his place. Hesitates.

LOUIE :

(screaming)

Come on!

THE BIRD :

Hard!

Another blow.

THE BIRD (CONT'D)

Next!

The next man, the next blow.

SOLDIER :

Sir...

LOUIE:

(yelling with a mouth full
of blood)

Do it! Come on!

Louie spits on the soldier. The Bird screams in Japanese.

Another fist in the face. And another. Miller. Tinker.

Blackie. The Bird's mad passion drives them on.

THE BIRD :

Next! Next!

Every time he looks at Louie, there he is, gazing back at him. His face has begun to bleed. His cheek split open.

THE BIRD (CONT'D)

Fist in the face. 'Next!' Fist in
the face. 'Next!'

184

EXT. OMORI CAMP - LATER - TWILIGHT 184

THE SUN IS SETTING. The punishment continues.

Louie, face completely bloodied, gets punched and passes out.

The Bird orders the Guards to stand him up and revive him.

Louie, held up by the Guards, opens his eyes. The Bird instructs the POW to punch Louie. With tears in his eyes, the Enlisted POW hits Louie.

Now Louie is drooping. The guards have to pull his head up to take the blows.

Fist in the face. 'Next!' Fist in the face. 'Next!'

At last, Louie completely collapses. Through blood-dimmed eyes he sees the Bird standing over him, stick raised.

The blow descends. Blackout.

186 EXT. OMORI BARRACKS - LATE DAY 186

Snow falls on the barracks. Months have passed
TWO POWs stand in the new fallen snow in stress positions.
The Bird stands over them.

190 EXT. OMORI BARRACKS - DAY 19 EXT. OMORI BARRACKS - DAY 190

Close on Fitzgerald's "shocked" face in make-up. Very
Fellini. Tinker is singing up a storm.

The soldiers are laughing.

We reveal they are watching the other soldiers performing
Cinderella in drag. Fitzgerald, Tinker and The Scots are
giving grand performances.

Japanese soldiers are also laughing.

Louie is in the back row in a dark mood.

Thinking of The Bird. His eyes wander to Kano's gun.

The Bird begins passing out candies.

He walks up and sits next to Louie.

The Bird smiles at Louie as if they are simply two men at a
bar; as if they are friends. Louie feels like he's in a
strange dream.

Harris is seated behind him. He is not the same since the
beating.

The Bird leans over and whispers in Louie's ear. Louie
flinches, expecting to be hit.

THE BIRD:

I have good news.

The Bird knows he's frightening him. He likes that.

THE BIRD (CONT'D)

I have had a promotion. That is the
good news. The bad news - I say
goodbye to my friends.

Louie looks at The Bird with disbelief. The Bird seems to be
genuine when he says they are "friends". Silence. Then -

THE BIRD (CONT'D)

I leave Omori tomorrow.

He waits for the reaction, but nothing comes.

THE BIRD (CONT'D)

You may congratulate me.

Louie nods. The Bird smiles. The play goes on to the sounds of escalating laughter.

191 EXT. OMORI - DAY 191

Snow falls. The men are lined up. The Bird is leaving.

Louie and the others watch The Bird standing at the gate with a group of guards, shaking hands. The gates open, he walks out and into a waiting truck. He is driven away. This monster that brutalized is suddenly gone...

BLACKIE :

And there he goes. Just like that.

The Guards yell for the Enlisted Men to get to work.

102

192

INT. OMORI BARRACKS - THAT NIGHT 192

The Scots are laughing and playing (handmade) cards.

Louie lays in bed. Ready for the first good night of sleep in a long while. The men have been given new blankets.

103

194

EXT. OMORI BARRACKS - NIGHT 194

Wide of the camp at night. Suddenly, the sound of bombers closing in. Alarms sound and Guards run out of their quarters.

195

INT. OMORI BARRACKS - NIGHT 195

A Guard runs in and yells for them to come out.

Louie and the others hurry outside

196

EXT. OMORI - NIGHT 196

The sky is swarming with the lights of hundreds of fighter planes, American and Japanese. It's an air battle, over Tokyo itself.

The Guards come running, and shout at the prisoners.

We can hear the drone of airplanes, getting closer with the continuing explosions.

197

EXT. BARRACKS, OMORI - NIGHT 197

Louie and the others climb up onto the barracks roof. Louie gazes up Giant bombers are flying past overhead.

TINKER :

B29s! Can't be long now.

FITZGERALD:

I wouldn't get too excited...

(knowingly)

(MORE)

FITZGERALD (CONT'D)

If the Allies win- the Japs issued
kill-all orders. I overheard them.

(Pause) We win, we're dead.

ON LOUIE:

Bombs are landing close by.

One building bursts into flames. There is a smoldering
crater near it.

Two Guards are frantically working a pump, filling a bucket.
The POWs wander, looking up:

Silvery undersides of B29s heading for the city, raked by
searchlights, going through ghostly puffs of flak.

The Guards at the pump shout and gesticulate for Louie and
the other POWs to come help.

Out of the background pandemonium, a whistling noise grows.
Louie looks up, tries to place it. As it grows louder:

FITZGERALD (CONT'D)

Down! Down!

Close on Louie, hitting the deck, covering his head with his
arms.

A huge explosion shakes the earth. Phosphorescence. The
light fills the frame

200 INT. BARRACKS - DAWINT. BARRACKS - DAWN

200

CLOSE ON LOUIE:

Two hands come in and shake him awake. He turns over in his
bunk to see Fitzgerald.

FITZGERALD:

(to all)

Grab your kit! They're moving us
out.

LOUIE:

To where?

FITZGERALD:

I don't know, some new camp. Tokyo
Ritz.

Louie swings his legs out, sits up in his threadbare clothes,
looks around with his hands splayed empty in his lap,
blinking.

201

EXT. OMORI GATES - MORNING 201

The gates close behind the Officers. Guards yelling and
moving them forward. A devastated Tokyo is beyond the bay.
The Omori Guards have bayonets in their guns.
A column of prisoners being led away from the camp. Miller is
assisting Harris, who seems unsure of what is happening.

A202

EXT. OMORI BRIDGE - MORNING A202

Wide shot of the men marched across the bridge.

202

EXT. TOKYO STREET - DAY 202

The men are led through the mostly bombed-out, burned-out
street. What houses are left are damaged, smoking.
There are sheets covering the many bodies that litter the
ground.

The victims stare at the POWs. Their eyes deeply sad and
haunted from the horror.

Louie and a woman lock eyes. He can feel her pain.

A203

EXT. BOMBED LANDSCAPE - DAY A203

The cold wind blows through a barren, bombed-out landscape.
The pan across speeds up as we pull back into-

203

INT. MOVING BOXCAR - DAY 203

Louie's POV - Inside a small dark boxcar, only a small slice
of light streaming through the wooden slats.

Louie and the others rock with the motion of the train,
gazing out between the slats.

204

EXT. RAILWAY - DUSK 204

A train carries Louie and the others northwest, through the
landscape.

205

EXT. NAOETSU RAILWAY STATION - MORNING 205

Naoetsu is a seaside village on the West Coast of Japan. Snow

piles, high as 5 feet, shock some of the men as they exit the train with their belongings and begin the mile walk to the POW camp.

206

EXT. NAOETSU - DAY 206

The prisoners are marched across the work camp. CAMP 4-B is fifty meters square, covered in snow.

It's brutally cold. The Naoetsu camp is a shambles of shacks, poorly constructed, uninhabitable, compared to Omori. 300 POW's. Most are AUSSIES who look like stick figures. Some, like Louie, still wear the tropical weight khakis they'd worn when captured. Starving. Unable to speak and work the coal barge. This camp is worse than Omori. They are covered in black soot. Even their breath in the air has tinges of black.

207

EXT. NAOETSU POW CAMP - CAMP 4-B - DAY 207

Louie and the new arrivals trudge into the compound and are lined up in front of a shack. They are told to stand at attention by Guards with rifles.

Freezing, Louie, Fitzgerald, Tinker and the new POWs wait. The wind from the sea whips around their faces. At last the door to a rusty, corrugated shack by the main gate opens. A JAPANESE COMMANDER steps out:

GUARDS:

KEIREI!

Louie sees the commander and his knees buckle. Tinker must lean against him to hold him up. Louie is at his lowest

point:

We discover the Naoetsu Camp Commander is:

THE BIRD. He smiles like a child at Christmas as he steps out onto the icy ground.

Beside The Bird is his henchman HIROAKI KONO. Wire rim glasses, gold teeth and a pirate smile.

THE BIRD :

This is Naoetsu Prison Camp. I am Sergeant Watanabe. I am your commanding officer. You are prisoners of the Imperial Japanese Armed Forces.

THE BIRD (CONT'D)

You will help the Japanese by

working on the coal barges. Any one who will not work, will be executed...

The Men are stunned. This is far worse than Omori.

By this point The Bird is face to face with Louie. Louie can't look him in the eye. The Bird whispers like a friend:

THE BIRD(CONT'D)

why don't you look me in the eye?

Louie can not. The Bird studies him, then hits him twice as Tinker holds him up.

208

INT. NAOETSU BARRACKS - DAY 208

Louie, Tinker, Fitzgerald, Miller, Harris and other POWs enter their two story barracks, on the edge of a cliff overlooking a straight drop to the Hokura River. The sea wind whistles through the cracks in the walls. Holes in the roof makes it snow indoors. Infested with fleas, lice, and rats trotting about the room. Beds are planks nailed to the walls.

109

Mattresses are loose rice straw. Floorboards have been pulled up for fire wood, creating huge gaps in the floor. CLIFT, an Aussie POW leads the way.

CLIFT :

This is the end Mates. No one knows we're here. Best just to resign to your fate.

209

EXT. COAL BARGE ON RIVERBANK - NAOETSU - DAY 209

A BARGE heaped with coal for the steel mill. Six of the POWs have shovels. The Bird and Kono oversee the Guards ordering the POWs to shovel the coal into LARGE BASKETS that are strapped to the backs of other POWs, including Louie.

Louie notices how shaky the planks are they are forced to carry the coal up.

Louie hauls the heavy coal up the plank to a railroad car, along with Fitzgerald and Tinker.

210 EXT. NAOETSU - DAY 21EXT. NAOETSU - DAY 210

Days later.

Ants.

From a distance, all the POWs look like ants.

It's hard to find Louie, and the others, as everyone is so covered in coal they have lost their identity.

We find them carrying sacks of coal up the side of the cliff. Louie looks down. The stairs are narrow and they are 50 feet above the ground.

The sack of coal weighs heavy on Louie. Sweat pours down his face, streaking through the layers of soot.

The line slows.

Louie looks ahead. A POW, a few men forward is collapsing. He drops to his knees. The weight of the coal pulls him off the stairs and he falls to his death.

Louie, Fitzgerald and the others continue on as if nothing has happened. They are numb.

211 EXT. COAL BARGE - NAOETSU - MORNING 211

The hot sun rises over Naoetsu. The round red ball of the Japanese flag.

Months have passed. Sweat streaks through the black coal matted to the men's faces.

An empty barge is being towed out to the open water as another, piled high, is being pulled in and tied up by the men.

Shovels in to coal. Coal into baskets. Same old routine.

Suddenly-

NAOETSU GUARDS :

Keirei!

The POWS stand at attention. The Bird steps forward.

THE BIRD :

Your President Roosevelt is dead.

The Bird watches the news sinks in. He then turns and walks away. Louie has no reaction. He is empty inside.

The men are still. Silent. One man falls to his knees and weeps. No one goes to him. No one moves. All we hear is the sound of one man weeping.

212

EXT. BARGE - RIVERBANK/NAOETSU - WEEKS LATER - DAY 212

The sun is hot. Louie works among the other POWs carrying baskets of coal strapped to their backs, up to the railroad car. The ramp to the railroad car is perilous. The baskets are heavy and make Louie top heavy, throwing off his balance. Louie is weak, As he makes his way up the ramp, A Guard is making his way down. As they pass each other, he pushes into Louie, causing him to fall over the side, some five feet down. One of Louie's legs hits the ground before the other, causing a tearing sensation, then scorching pain in his ankle

and knee.

Louie sees The Bird some 15 feet away looking off into the distance. He knows these were his orders.

Louie feels his leg. He realizes what has happened. Knowing he will never run the same again. HIS DREAMS ARE OVER. He bows his head and weeps.

213

EXT. NAOETSU POW CAMP - DUSK 213

As the men return from work, ghosts covered in black coal, The Bird watches Louie limp.

214

INT. NAOETSU BARRACKS - NIGHT 214

The men are quiet tonight. Louie most of all. He lay on his bed with his ankle elevated on an old blanket.

TINKER:

Louie?

Louie doesn't answer.

TINKER (CONT'D)

Louie? You alright?

Still nothing. Louie is dead inside.

215

EXT. NAOETSU POW CAMP - DAY 215

The sun beats down as the men work. The Bird watches Louie. He watches him struggle and sweat. Finally, he watches him sit and rest his leg. He rushes over.

THE BIRD :

Stand up! Stand up!

216 EXT. NAOETSU POW CAMP - DAY 216

The Bird leads Louie, out into the open compound, with Kono in the rear. Tinker, Miller, Clift, Fitzgerald and the POWs watch. Worried for Louie.

The Bird suddenly stops when he sees: A SIX FOOT LONG CHERRY WOOD PLANK laying on the ground. He orders Louie.

THE BIRD:

Pick up! Lift high. Over your head.

You stand! You stand with this!

Lift high!

Louie leans down to the plank. Before he picks it up he LOWERS HIS HEAD, FACE TOWARD THE GROUND AND BREATHES DEEPLY. Just like he did before every race. He centers himself. Barely able to keep himself up, Louie's arms quiver as he

lifts the beam above his head.

THE BIRD (CONT'D)

(to Kono in Japanese)

If the prisoner lowers his arms,
shoot him.

The Bird walks to a nearby shack, climbs up on top of it's
roof and sits to watch Louie. He is enjoying himself.

The sun blazes. Louie blisters in the heat, holding the
wooden beam above his head.

Tinker, Miller and the POWs watch from a distance. Helpless.
Louie is shaking. The plank is heavy.

Only hatred gives him strength.

Fitzgerald looks across at the camp clock. 3:15.

ON LOUIE - Sweating. His once athletic body now emaciated and
wounded; barely up to the task. UP TO THE BEAM - Wavering,
but not dropping.

ON THE BIRD - Smoking, smiling, watching.

POW's are being prodded to keep working.

217

Minutes pass. FINALLY, SLOWLY, LOUIE LOOKS UP. 217

He looks at The Bird.

Fitzgerald reacts.

Close on Louie

After years under the cruel punishment of this man-- Louie
finally look directly at him. He sees him as if for the first
time. His eyes locked on the Bird's face. The Bird meets his
stare. Defiant, Louie keeps the plank above him.

One by one the POW's and Guards stop and stare.

218 MINUTES PASS-218

Louie feels the sun come across his face. He feels not the
heat but the warmth. THE LIGHT. He feels his own spirit rise.
He transcends.

Louie's face changes before our eyes. Still looking at The
Bird, he can see through the monster. The Bird can feel it.
He is taken aback. Furious. He feels exposed. Human.

We remain close on Louie and The Bird through this deep
exchange.

All the men in the camp are watching.

Close on their faces. Louie's fight is their own. They see
his strength and their spirits rise. Even Blackie begins to
smile.

WIDE - A space round where Louie stands in the sun, the beam
above his head.

The camp clock. 3:40.

The Bird is no longer smiling. His black eyes riveted on Louie.

LOUIE HAS BROKEN THE BIRD.

219

Minutes later- on Louie - Eyelids drooping. Shuddering. 219 Still, he holds up the plank.

Louie's eyes go in and out of focus. He sees:

The Bird can't take it anymore.

Angry, he jumps down off the roof and charges towards him in a fury. The Bird reaches Louie, who is still holding up the beam. The Bird feels beaten.

114

He rams his fist into Louie's stomach, causing Louie to fall, dropping the beam on top of him.

The POWs are dumbfounded. No noise.

Long quiet.

The Bird smashes Louie with the kendo stick.

Many blows.

No sound except for the sound of the blows, and effort from The Bird.

Louie is on the ground. The blows continue.

Quickly intercut: sun tracked through leaves.

Falling blows.

Longer intercuts of sun, a traveling shot, beginning now to tip down to become a push along the road in Hawaii.

The Bird, spittle flying out, beating Louie. He begins to kick.

Louie, kicked.

Running in Hawaii. Heavy breathing.

More beating. Heavy breathing continues—same sound, but now it is The Bird, gasping as the beating continues.

Heavy breathing—a runner's. We are pushing forward again in Hawaii.

We push through a break in the foliage: we've reached the ocean.

Warm sun. Pounding surf.

Panting.

The yard. Panting. From The Bird. A last kick.

High shot:

After a beat looking down at the body, The Bird seems to come to a stop. He looks up from Louie to the crowd of Soldiers and Guards, realizing where he is.

THE BIRD (CONT'D)

Prisoners to barracks. Now.

The Guards move the men.

220 OMITTED 220

115

221

EXT. YARD 221

High looking down.

Louie's body in the mud.

223

OMITTED 223

116

224 EXT. NAOETSU BARRACKS - DAY 224

Close up-

KONO:

Keirei!

Something is noticeably different about Kono and the Guards.

They seem shaken. Less arrogant. Anxious.

Louie, Tinker, Fitzgerald and the hundreds of POWs have been lined up as Kono makes an announcement.

KONO (CONT'D)

Prisoners of Naoetsu. The war has come to a point of cessation.

They POWs remain silent, suspecting a trick. A suspicious silence hangs in the air.

KONO (CONT'D)

Today, in the spirit of a new future for our great nations, we invite all Prisoners to bathe in the Hokura River.

Louie and his group see: The Armed Guards open the gates and wait to escort the POWs to the river. The Guards use their rifles with bayonets to usher the men along.

TINKER :

(under his breath)

This is it. We're dead.

Louie and the others believe Tinker is right. Most of the POWs start to exit. The Guards usher Louie and his gang, who have no choice. They are led towards the tunnel.

A225 EXT./INT. - TUNNEL - DAY A225

The men are being lead through the dark tunnel. Louie looks at the faces of the other men.

225

EXT. HILL/RIVERBANK/HOKURA RIVER - DAY 225

A few POWs hiking down to the river, break from their lines, begin taking off their clothes and running into the water.

Louie slowly peels off his clothing, as he watches:

The Guards standing with their guns. They look menacing at the POWs in the river. Their hands gripping their rifles.

Louie wades into the river near Tinker and Fitzgerald.

POWs scattered throughout the river are bathing as the Guards stand on the riverbank with their rifles. But little by little, the POWs throughout the river start to question this "gift of the river bath". One by one, they stop scrubbing or bathing...touching the arm of the POW next to them, to take notice of the Guards standing with their rifles, staring at them in the river.

SILENCE. Louie, Fitzgerald, Tinker, Miller, Harris and the POWs stand motionless in the river, all eyes focused on the Guards staring at them with malevolent intent.

THEN THEY HEAR IT: Guards and POWs alike. It is the growl of a distant aircraft engine. They all turn to the sky:

POWs see nothing at first in the overcast sky. Then, bursting through the clouds: A TORPEDO BOMBER in the distance.

Louie stands to face the on-coming Bomber, bracing himself to die. Tinker, Fitzgerald and Miller also brace themselves.

As the POWs and the Guards watch, the Bomber dives, levels off, skims over the water.

Louie and the POWs can see inside the plane: the Pilot is standing. And on each side of the fuselage, under the wings, A BROAD WHITE STAR.

IT IS AN AMERICAN BOMBER. The plane's red light is blinking a message in Morse code.

Fitzgerald near Louie can read the coded message. He cries:

FITZGERALD:

The war is over...It's really over.

The news spreads throughout the river to every POW. Some shout. Some break down. Some stand in disbelief.

The Japanese Guards shrink back as the POWs, lowering their rifles and bayonets as...

Blackie and The Scots jump on each other. Wrestling into the water.

Tinker, Fitzgerald, and Miller shout with relief and tears.

Harris is slow to completely understand what has happened. A smile spreads across his broken face.

Louie stands, paralyzed. He doesn't know how to react. He

sinks to his knees in the water. He covers his face. He made it. He survived.

He lays back in the water and opens his arms just like every finish line. Victory.

AA226 EXT. NAOETSU POW CAMP - THE FOLLOWING DAY AA226

A PACKAGE is dropped from the sky, bursting open with cans of peaches.

Widen to see a message to the American planes, spelled out in lime on the ground. It reads: "DROP HERE".

Camera pans the enormous amounts of food and supplies previous planes have dropped. The men feasting on the goods. THE SCOTS collecting and eating food. Pockets full.

A TIME MAGAZINE is found in the care package. Its cover is the HIROSHIMA MUSHROOM CLOUD. They study it. Silent.

Fitzgerald, Miller, Tinker and Clift (seeing him clean for the first time) share a smoke.

Louie is nowhere to be found.

A226 EXT. THE BIRD'S OFFICE - NAOETSU - DAY A226

Wide of the cement tower to The Bird's office. The small figure of Louie climbing the steps.

226 INT. THE BIRD'S OFFICE - NAOETSU - DAY 226

The sound of footsteps.

The door opens. Louie carefully, slowly enters the room.

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It looks as if The Bird left in a hurry. Most of his belongings are gone but among the few items that remain is a family photo. Giving us a clue into the monster. An image of him as a young, innocent boy with his strong, Military-leader father.

Along the wall is his kendo stick.

The enemy escaped. Louie allows this to all sink in.

227 OMITTED 227

228 OMITTED 228

229

OMITTED 229

231

EXT. LONG BEACH AIRPORT - DAY 231

Close on- Louie kissing the ground. (Possibly the shadow of a B24 bomber over him.)

Louie stands up and looks at the sea of people and press.

Bursting through the crowd are Louise (still wearing Louie's airman's wings pin), Anthony, Pete, Sylvia and Virginia.

PETE:

Louie!

Louise bursts into tears. Louie runs directly to her and enfolds her in his arms. Anthony wraps his arms around them both.

Louie, Anthony and Louise with their arms around each other, not moving, not letting go. There are tears in Louie's eyes.

LOUIE :

Cara mamma mia.

Louie looks over at Pete. They share a smile.

Fade into a black and white photo of the real Louie with his family the moment he returned.

CARD ONE:

In 1946 Louie Zamperini met and married his beloved Cynthia Applewhite. They had a daughter, Cissy, and a son, Luke.

CARD TWO :

Lt. Russell "Phil" Phillips survived the war and married his sweetheart, Cecy. He and Louie remained friends long after the war.

CARD THREE:

Mutsuhiro Watanabe, "the Bird," remained in hiding for several years as a war criminal until he was granted amnesty by the U.S. in its efforts to reconcile with Japan.

CARD FOUR:

After years of severe post-traumatic stress, Louie made good on his promise to serve God, a decision he credited with saving his life.

CARD FIVE :

Motivated by his faith, Louie came to see that the way forward was not revenge, but forgiveness.

CARD SIX:

He returned to Japan, where he found and made peace with his former captors. Only the Bird refused to meet him.

Fade in

233 EXT. NAOETSU, JAPAN - DAY 23EXT. NAOETSU, JAPAN - DAY 233

The sound of cheering voices, cars, tramping feet.

ON SCREEN IT READS - LOUIE FINALLY REALIZED HIS DREAM, AND RAN AGAIN IN THE OLYMPICS.

The shot develops to find the road that runs past the old camp. It's lined with people, wrapped up against the cold, smiling and cheering.

Cars appear between the cheering people. One carries a TV crew. And there in the road, in running gear, is 80-year-old Lou Zamperini.

LOUIE ZAMPERINI lopes over the snow, Olympic torch held high, beaming all over his face.

ON SCREEN:

Smiling and cheering beautiful Japanese faces surround him. Louie smiles and waves at the Japanese people smiling and cheering him on. The beautiful faces of the Japanese children.

Unity and love. The true undying spirit of the Olympics. The true undying spirit of Louis Zamperini; running smiling, joyful. Unbroken.