

HELLDIVER

Written by  
Ben Imperato

Housefire  
Jon Hersh  
323.605.8431

**OVER BLACK.**

A long silence. We sit, waiting. No credit roll.

Alone in the dark, staring into the eternal abyss. Just long enough to make our skin crawl, when:

**THE SCREAM OF A PASSING FIGHTER PLANE PIERCES THE DARKNESS.**

*THUMP-THUMP-THUMP.* The eternal hammering of exploding artillery shells rattle the ribs caging our anxious heart.

The Fighter Plane's engine WHINES impossibly loud.

The uproar of battle becomes a distant drum beat.

Serenity. Calm. Only for a moment.

**TEXT: The Pacific Theatre, 1945.**

**SMASH OPEN:**

**INT. COCKPIT - FIGHTER PLANE -- DAY**

We are high up in the clouds, looking out upon the endless sea and sky. The plane lurches forward and - *NOSE DIVES.*

Descending into the chaos of war. Fighter Planes swarm an AIRCRAFT CARRIER like locusts.

Dogfights rage on in the sky. We fly through mayhem.

Our speed intensifies with each passing second.

The Carrier unleashes a bevy of artillery. They EXPLODE a few feet from the plane's canopy, shaking us in our seat.

We remain locked on. Bound for impact.

The distance closes instantly.

Soldiers scramble on deck, spotting the incoming fighter plane. They race for cover.

Our engine crescendos into the HOWL of a dive bombing -

SOLDIERS ON DECK  
*ZEKE! INCOMING! WATCH THAT ZERO!  
BREACH! TAKE COVER! BRACE FOR--*

**HARD CUT:**

**EXT. OCEAN -- DAY**

Open endless ocean.

As far as the eye can see.

The water peacefully laps across the side of an overturned metal hull. WINGS. LANDING GEAR. ATTACHED BOMBS.

The underbelly of a plane. It floats a few feet above water.

A NOISE interrupts. Just barely there. A subtle...

*THUD. THUD. THUD.*

**EXT. UNDERWATER**

Diving down we see -

The metal hull is revealed to be the bottom of a capsized:  
CURTISS SB2C HELLDIVER. A U.S. Navy Two Seater Dive Bomber.

*THUD. THUD. THUD. It's coming from the -*

**INT. COCKPIT - HELLDIVER**

The cockpit is FLOODED.

EDWARD MORETTI (26) drowns, trapped by his seat's harness.

An American Pilot with one too many years at war and one too many years of booze and cigarettes.

Edward screams. Air bubbles billow out of his mouth. He desperately fumbles with the jammed harness release.

Edward wrestles against the harness. *THUD. THUD. CLICK.*

It unlatches, freeing him. Instantly, he dives down -

He gasps for air. Head at the bottom of the cockpit. Foot pedals inches from his face. *Remember - We're capsized.*

The water is only up to his waist, but *RISING...*

**WATER LINE - WAIST**

Edward braces himself against the foot pedals and -

STOMPS his feet against the canopy.

He KICKS with all his strength to no avail.

**WATER LINE - CHEST**

He frantically reaches into his flight jacket and pulls the M1911 PISTOL stowed there.

He dives down and presses the pistol against the canopy -

*BANG!* The bullet punches a hole through the glass. The surrounding glass remains intact.

Water instantly surges through...

**WATER LINE - FUCK**

Edward resurfaces for air but -

There's no more. He's completely submerged.

He dives down and presses the pistol against the canopy -

*BANG!* Fires another shot a foot from the first. The pistol slips from his hand and clatters onto the canopy.

No time. Edward braces himself and STOMPS as hard as he can between the two bullet holes.

A small CRACK appears. Another kick. The crack splinters across the canopy. Kicks again. Desperate. Drowning.

His strength slowly fades...

**EXT. OCEAN**

The empty void between sea and sky.

Silent. Meditative. The calm lingers.

Splash! Edward breaches. Choking for air. He stares out at the open water. A realization cuts across his face.

He dives down.

**EXT. UNDERWATER**

Edward swims to the back of the Helldiver, right up to the -

**REAR GUNNER'S STATION**

Where DAVID BONDELL (23), an American Gunner, drowns, eyes wide with panic. Fully submerged. Flailing helplessly.

David's foot has stomped through the canopy glass. He writhes in agony as the glass tears into the muscle of his leg.

Edward uses his KNIFE to pry away the cockpit glass, allowing David to pull his leg back into the Gunner's Station.

David STOMPS. Smashing a bigger hole.

He slips through and joins Edward in open water.

**EXT. OCEAN**

The pair breach. Gasping. Breathless.

After a moment, Edward embraces David. Elated.

Both men stare out at the horror of open ocean over the others shoulder. Their embrace tightens, quelling the fear and weight of the situation.

Deep breaths. In and out. Slower. In and out. Slow...

EDWARD

It's okay. We'll get out of this.

Off in the distance: thick black PLUMES OF SMOKE rises. The aftermath of a deadly air-sea battle.

DAVID

How?

EDWARD

Ain't you the one who went to college? You tell me.

David spots the smoke in the distance. His face falls. A grim mood befalls both men.

DAVID

Think anyone else made it?

EDWARD

I hope so...

Edward quickly shakes the grief. No time for mourning.

EDWARD

C'mon.

Edward hoists himself onto the Helldiver's -

**EXT. HULL, OCEAN**

Edward pulls David out of the water onto the Helldiver's belly. He SCREAMS in pain.

EDWARD

What's wrong?

DAVID

I'm fine, Eddy. Gimme a sec.

David COUGHS. Flecks of blood dot his hand.

EDWARD

David.

David traces Edward's gaze down to his gut. There's a BULLET HOLE in David's jacket. Stained with blood.

Edward rushes to David and applies pressure on the wound. His hands immediately wet with blood.

DAVID

Son of a bitch.

David grins, amused.

DAVID

I blew that Zero out of the sky.  
Bastard still got me...

He goes into shock and topples over.

EDWARD

No. No. You're going to be fine.  
Just hang on. Spotter Plane will  
see us any second.

David looks to the distant smoke.

DAVID

They're gone, Eddy.  
We're on our own.

EDWARD

Don't talk.

Edward spots another BULLET HOLE in David's jacket.

DAVID

What?

David tries to sit up.

EDWARD

Nothing. Easy, Buddy. Just lay there. I'm gonna' fix this.

David lays down, wheezing in and out.

EDWARD

Remember Henson? Son of a bitch got both his legs blown off and he's on deck every morning wheelin' around like a fuckin' hot dog cart.

David coughs up blood as his body convulses.

EDWARD

David!

DAVID

...Eddy.

Edward realizes David is laughing not convulsing.

DAVID

You're terrible at this.

A somber moment between the pair.

David pats a pocket on his jacket. Edward pulls a PACK OF CIGARETTES from it. They're wet and soggy.

DAVID

Ah, shit... That's all right. Just felt like a smoke, I guess.

David's eyes well with tears. Terrified.

DAVID

It's getting cold out.

Edward positions himself behind David. He gently wraps his arms around him, trying to warm him.

They sit in silence as David's breathing softens.

DAVID

Hey, Eddy...

EDWARD

Yeah?

DAVID  
My wife. My kids. Tell them... Tell  
them I tried to get back.

A quiet beat.

EDWARD  
Tell them yourself.

But David is gone. Eyes still open.

Edward holds David's hand tightly. He covers his mouth, doing his best to quell his rising emotions.

**EXT. HULL, OCEAN -- NIGHT**

The moon gently illuminates David's pale face, frozen in a peaceful rest. Edward tidies up David's appearance, scrubbing out stains of blood and oil from his jacket.

Satisfied, Edward pats David on the chest.

He pulls out a WATERLOGGED PHOTO OF A WOMAN and gazes longingly at her. Yearning for her comfort.

*SPLASH.* Edward stands. He cautiously scans the ocean.

A small ripple pulses away and disappears...

**EXT. HOME - FLASHBACK -- DAY**

...A BOOT splashes through a puddle.

A MAN approaches a house at the end of a dirt drive way.

**INT. HOME - FLASHBACK -- DAY**

A quaint home. One of comfort, not excess. The front door opens and Edward enters. He wears a day's worth of hard work on his oil-stained mechanic coveralls.

He drifts to the fridge and pulls out a beer, expertly opening it with his house key. He sips and smiles at -

The fridge. It's decorated with PHOTOS OF EDWARD AND HIS WIFE. Showcasing their budding love story. Happy as can be.

We see Edward's Photo from the present.

A *CLATTER* from deep in the house.

**INT. NURSERY**

A simple nursery built with the utmost of hopes.

The walls are painted over with hand-drawn illustrations. A deliberate effort to hide the home's worn interior.

MIA (18) struggles with a pile of wooden crib pieces. There's an intelligence and grace to her. She's 6 MONTHS PREGNANT.

MIA

Ugh. Why'd I even buy this stupid thing? Shit!

She lets out a frustrated sigh.

EDWARD

I don't think that's very lady like. Especially for a pregnant girl.

Mia looks up to find Edward standing in the doorway with his beer. She snaps back playfully:

MIA

It's your fault I got this bowling ball in my gut.

Edward smiles and sips his beer.

EDWARD

I told you not to buy it.

MIA

I know. I know. It's just...

Mia lets it all come out.

MIA

You told me not to get it and I got it anyway. And now, none of the pieces fit...

EDWARD

Mia. Whoa.

MIA

...And the ceiling fan is making that stupid noise again and I'm putting on weight with the baby and...

EDWARD

Hey. Hey. It's okay.

Edward kneels beside her. Kisses her. And with that, all of Mia's pent up crib-stress vanishes.

EDWARD

That ceiling fan's always been like that. It'll hold. Trust me.

Edward looks up at the whirring CEILING FAN.

Mia looks into Edward's eyes. Mesmerized. Everything is right again and she knows it.

MIA

How did I get so lucky?

EDWARD

I ask myself the same question. You should see yourself in that dress with those "girls."

Edward looks down at Mia's breasts. She swats him.

MIA

*Eddy Moretti.*

EDWARD

What? Pregnancy has its perks.

Mia playfully tackles Edward to the ground.

They kiss. The passion swells and they claw at each others clothes. A BUTTON pops off Mia's blouse.

**EXT. HULL, OCEAN - PRESENT -- DAY**

A hand grips a METAL BUTTON.

It slowly carves into the Helldiver, scratching **III** to **IIII**.

Edward stares at the carving with haggard eyes. His skin now a bright hue of red with a spattering of blisters.

Four days have passed. Without food. Without water.

He stares out at the ocean's horizon, squints. Something bobs among the waves. A familiar shape - A BODY. *What the hel-*

Edward's eyes widen in horror. He scans the surface of the bare Helldiver, realizing:

EDWARD

**DAVIIIIIIID!**

Edward leaps into the water and swims after him.

After some strokes, he pauses. Torn between his friend and the safety of the Helldiver.

**EXT. UNDERWATER**

From below we watch Edward wade in the water.

Trapped in indecision. After a moment, he swims for David's body. We linger on him a bit too long, when -

A MASSIVE SILHOUETTE passes by.

Gone as quick as it came.

**EXT. OCEAN**

Edward swims. Battling the strong ocean current.

Winded from the laborious effort, he pauses for a break and turns, checking that the Helldiver is still there.

He sighs in relief at its sight. *Thank God.*

Edward swims the last stretch and comes up on David's body. He lays face down in the water. Edward flips him and -

Cringes at the sight of DAVID'S BLOATED WHITE FACE.

Little FISH strip flesh from the corpse.

EDWARD

Get the fuck outta' here!

Edward swats at the fish in outrage.

He fights the instinct to break down, then pushes David forward as he swims towards the Helldiver.

**EXT. UNDERWATER**

We watch Edward swim and push David's body on the surface.

Unbeknown to Edward - David is MISSING A LEG.

Bits of rotten flesh rain down from the severed stump into the murky abyss below...

**EXT. OCEAN**

Edward pauses to catch his breath.

He wades with David for a moment, until -

Something brushes against his leg out of sight. Not hard. But just enough to cause alarm.

EDWARD

Whoa...

Edward tenses. Anxious. He looks down into the water -

**EXT. UNDERWATER (EDWARD POV)**

Only the murky depths.

No sign of any lurking threat.

Just dark blue nothingness.

**EXT. OCEAN**

Edward rises to the surface.

But just a few yards behind him:

*A MASSIVE RIPPLE THROBS ON THE WATER'S SURFACE.*

He turns and catches the last blip of pulsing water.

It's hard for him to make out if it's the ocean's natural motion or something more sinister.

He looks down into the water again -

**EXT. UNDERWATER (EDWARD POV)**

Once again, just blue endless ocean.

Edward spots a white ribbon of flesh in the water.

He traces it back up to David's SEVERED STUMP.

**EXT. OCEAN**

Edward comes up. Nervous.

Something did that. Something in the water.

He whips back and forth, frantic.

**EXT. UNDERWATER**

Edward jerks around sporadically.

A clear disturbance on the water's surface.

**EXT. OCEAN**

Edward scans the ocean's surface when -

His eyes catch sight of something.

In the distance - THE HULL OF THE HELLDIVER.

It's drifted farther away from Edward.

He swims after it.

**EXT. UNDERWATER**

We watch from below as Edward and David's silhouettes cut across the ocean's surface. The only movement for miles.

A stark contrast against the surrounding still waters.

**EXT. OCEAN**

Edward swims vigorously. Splashing everywhere.

A current pulls the Helldiver further away from him. The distance expands swiftly.

Edward looks between David's Body and the Helldiver.

EDWARD

Sorry...

Edward yanks David's DOGTAG and quickly removes the LIFE VEST from the body. He pats David then swims off.

Edward swims with all he's got. Closer. Closer. And...

A HOLLOW THUD. His hand flush against the Helldiver's Hull.

He catches his breath, both exhausted and relieved.

Edward turns back towards the ocean - David's Body is gone.

He whips around - BUMPED by something unseen.

Alarmed. Edward dives down into the water -

**EXT. UNDERWATER (EDWARD POV)**

We fear the utter worst, waiting...

And worse than that - we see nothing.

After a moment of tense searching, he relaxes.

Then turns around to be face to face with - *Here it comes.*

A SEA TURTLE! Edward is taken by surprise. Spooked.

He stares at it. Eyes lost in curious admiration. The wonder fades and his eyes harden. He draws his KNIFE and -

DRIVES it into the Turtle's skull. *CRUNCH.*

**EXT. HULL, OCEAN -- NIGHT**

Edward sits in silence. Fresh turtle blood kisses his lips. The carcass of the sea turtle lays before him, stripped of meat. Edward stares at David's life vest. The empty sight of it is painful to look at.

A sigh. The depression. Hopelessness.

Edward hums. Peaceful. Fighting the wave of useless feelings. It helps. Just barely.

He looks down at the Photo of Mia in his hands. Smiles. His lips purse and out comes an unexpected sweet sound:

EDWARD

*When the lights go on again all  
over the world. And the boys are  
home again all over the world-*

**EXT. OCEAN**

We're pressed tight against the side of the Helldiver. Just out of Edward's line of sight.

We watch him from an unknown POV:

EDWARD

*-And rain or snow is all that may  
fall from the skies above-*

**EXT. HULL, OCEAN**

Edward stares out at the ocean. A GLIMMER catches his eye.

He fades off into a whisper.

EDWARD  
*A kiss won't mean "goodbye" but  
 "hello to love."*

His eyes fall upon a FRAGMENT OF A ZERO'S FIGHTER PLANE WING.

Japan's RED SUN stares at him like an evil eye.

Edward's melody is joined by orchestral instruments...

**INT. MIA'S PARENTS HOUSE - FLASHBACK -- NIGHT**

...and takes on a more upbeat tone. Party music.

Mia adorns an elegant maternity dress while Edward looks out of place in a cheap button-down. He's a sore thumb in a room full of affluent and educated people.

EDWARD  
 No. C'mon, Mia. I knew this was a  
 bad idea. Please.

Mia leads him towards the dance floor.

MIA  
 It's just one dance.

EDWARD  
 I don't dance.

Mia's cute smile begs him on.

MIA  
 Just try it. You might actually  
 enjoy yourself.

Edward nervously watches Rich Couples dance with prowess.

He grabs a CHAMPAGNE GLASS from a SERVER. He downs it in a single gulp and sets the empty glass back on the tray.

CHARLES (O.S.)  
 Mia?

She turns to see CHARLES (28), a dapper and handsome bachelor. The whiskey in him has spurred his unchecked ego.

He offers his hand to Mia.

CHARLES  
 A dance? Like old times.

Mia rejects his hand and stands between Charles and Edward.

MIA

What're you doing here, Charles?

CHARLES

I'm just asking for a dance. I don't see a ring?

Charles smirks at Edward.

CHARLES

Work at the shop must be slow.

Mia's hand tightens around Edward's arm. She can feel the anger coursing through him.

MIA

Did my parents invite you?

Charles doesn't say anything but we know she's right. Mia shakes her head, unbelievably annoyed.

MIA

Of course you can't see that I'm happy now. Because you never saw how miserable I was with you.

Charles is taken aback. An anger brims.

CHARLES

Your parents convinced me to give you a second chance, even with the baby. But you know what? Maybe this fucking mutt does suit you wel-

Edward pounces on Charles in a flash. It's no contest. He pummels Charles' face. Fist after fist.

PARTY GUESTS wrench Edward off. Only now does Edward notice that the room has fallen silent. The music has stopped.

All eyes are on him. Mia stares at Edward in horror.

Blood drips from his knuckles.

**EXT. HULL, OCEAN - PRESENT -- DAY**

A drop of blood plops into the ocean.

Edward weakly cranes his head. A paleness in his sunburnt skin. Dehydration and sickness has taken him. Blood drips from his chapped and cracked lips.

He lurches for the side of the Helldiver. His face just a foot from the water's surface...

**EXT. UNDERWATER**

Something lurks below. It watches Edward's distorted silhouette as he VOMITS.

Chunks of noxious bile and turtle meat splash down at us.

**EXT. HULL, OCEAN**

Edward wipes his face. Still just a foot from the water's edge. He stares at his reflection: *A shell of the man he was.*

Exhausted, his eyes flutter, fading off...

**BLACK.**

We sit in DARKNESS.

The SOUND OF WAVES lapping against the Helldiver. But then...

Another SOUND. A disturbance. Moving through the water.

Ever so slightly there.

**EXT. UNDERWATER**

We look up from far below.

The silhouette of the Helldiver on the ocean's surface.

A MAN slowly paddles to the Helldiver.

He floats in a LIFE VEST and grabs handfuls of water to pull himself closer and closer to the hull.

If it weren't for the life vest, he'd drown.

**EXT. HULL, OCEAN**

An arm comes into view and grabs the wing of the Helldiver. It's covered by a familiar fabric. A Pilot's Jumpsuit.

A second hand comes into view. It holds a KATANA.

The katana SCRAPES against the metal of the wing.

The mysterious intruder freezes. Doesn't make a sound.

From his POV we can see Edward hunched over on the other side of the Helldiver. He remains oblivious.

The man's breathing is shallow. Quiet as can be.

He muscles himself up and we catch sight of the shoulder of the Pilot's Jacket, displaying - JAPAN'S RED SUN.

The Pilot slowly stands. His weight strains the frame enough to cause a NOISE -

**EXT. HULL, OCEAN -- CONTINUOUS**

Edward wakes. *What was that?*

No idea how much time has passed. He stares at his reflection. Incoherent.

His brow furrows in confusion as a form materializes in the reflection beside him. The faint image of a - KAMIKAZE PILOT.

The Kamikaze Pilot is sopping wet. He silently approaches in the reflection. Drip. Drip. Drip.

A rage builds in Edward. His body tightens and his breath increases. Adrenaline spikes his blood. He turns to see:

**HIRO UEDA (17)**

The Kamikaze Pilot. Leather flight cap atop his head. A WHITE SCARF adorned across his neck. Scorched Pilot's Jumpsuit.

Hiro halts his advance. He holds his katana at the ready. His knuckles burn white against the handle.

He stares at Edward in silence. A standstill.

Edward removes his KNIFE from his pocket. Hiro watches him as he takes a defensive stance. Ready for battle.

The soldiers vibrate with indecision. Fear pulls them back. Yet hate pushes them forward.

EDWARD  
You're the Zero.

Edward steps forward. Hateful.

EDWARD  
The bastard that killed David.

Hiro does not speak English. All spoken dialogue is in Japanese and italicized. Subtitled.

Hiro keeps the katana trained on Edward.

EDWARD

You're supposed to be dead. Like  
the rest of your friends.

HIRO

(Japanese, subtitled)  
*My death will find glory.*  
*Yours will not.*

Hiro CHARGES and swings the katana -

Edward narrowly PARRIES the strike. Hiro grunts in anger and raises the sword high. Edward grabs the sea turtle carcass and hoists it up in a defensive block -

THWAP! The katana slams into the shell, wedged in.

Edward YANKS the shell. Left. Right. Jerking the katana and Hiro with it, until they SEPARATE.

Hiro topples over as Edward slips and SLAMS his head against the hull. The shell splashes into the ocean.

#### **EXT. UNDERWATER**

The turtle shell sinks...

Leaving a trail of blood and guts from the water's surface down into the murky abyss.

It's dark and lonely here. Silent like outer space.

*A SWIFT BLUR SNATCHES THE SHELL OUT OF NOWHERE!*

#### **EXT. HULL, OCEAN**

Edward flutters back to consciousness. He leaps to his feet, knife at the ready. He turns to see:

Hiro let out a WAR CRY and charge, sword raised -

Edward parries the strike, knocking the katana away from his vitals and SLICING across his leg.

Edward LUNGES and DRIVES his knife into Hiro's clavicle, inciting a pained scream from the Kamikaze.

THEY TUMBLE INTO THE OCEAN...

**EXT. UNDERWATER**

The men wildly thrash in a cloud of red.

Battling for the upper hand.

A haze of blood spreads through the water.

**IN THE DEPTHS**

Something watches them from down below.

A lingering gaze upon them...

**EXT. OCEAN**

Hiro grips Edward tightly, forcing him into a headlock from behind. His katana still in hand.

Edward wrestles against him, but Hiro's grasp tightens.

The life squeezes out of Edward...

**EXT. UNDERWATER**

Edward's hand is still wrapped around his knife.

He STABS Hiro's leg. Buries it. Wriggling it around for maximum damage and pain.

Edward STABS back again. The knife catches on Hiro's life vest and SLICES it open. The vest deflates.

Hiro shoves Edward and knocks the knife from his hand.

**EXT. OCEAN**

Hiro writhes in pain and lunges for the Helldiver.

Edward dives after the knife...

**EXT. UNDERWATER (EDWARD POV)**

Down... Down... Down...

He reaches for a small blur - *The knife.*

Misses. The knife continues to sink, pulling Edward deeper and deeper into darker waters.

**EXT. UNDERWATER**

Edward dives after the knife.

Behind him, something slowly cuts through the water.

A faint SILHOUETTE passes by.

Edward remains oblivious. Focused on the knife. He stretches for the blade. Almost there...

The silhouette returns. Closing in on Edward fast.

Edward GRABS the knife. He hangs in the depths for a moment. A sixth sense warning him of an eerie presence.

The silhouette EXPANDS as it approaches, revealing its true size - that of an oversized pick-up truck.

We catch a brief glance of a MASSIVE GRAY FORM. It slinks back into the dark waters just as:

Edward turns to see - Nothing.

**EXT. OCEAN**

Edward breaches. Choking for air.

Hiro hangs on the edge of the Helldiver. Frozen still. He scans the water's surface with frightened eyes.

Edward senses his fear. He looks out across the water, when:

**A DORSAL FIN** breaches, passing between Edward and Hiro.

It dips below. Gone like an apparition.

Both men are motionless. Fear taking hold.

Hiro puts on the GOGGLES from his leather cap.

He stares down into the water -

**EXT. UNDERWATER (HIRO POV)**

Nothing in all directions.

Just the RIBBONS OF BLOOD leaking from his body.

We stare out towards the edge of the clear water.

Holding there for a moment. Letting our imagination build a knot in our stomach.

**EXT. OCEAN**

Hiro comes up for air.

Edward is a few feet beside him. He struggles to pull himself onto the hull of the Helldiver.

He's desperate. Moving fast.

A look of worry crosses Hiro's face. He holds his katana at arms length, defensively.

He peers back down.

**EXT. UNDERWATER (HIRO POV)**

Endless ocean as far as the eye can see.

No sign of any beast. It's gone.

**EXT. OCEAN**

Hiro comes up. Tense eyes on the water.

He eases and turns to the Helldiver. Bloody hands slapping helplessly at the hull for a grip. *Got one.*

Edward painfully and eagerly hoists himself up. Almost out of the water. In the homestretch towards safety.

Hiro's almost out but his fingers lose their grip. Slipping ever so slightly. Slipping more. *Shit.*

He splashes back into the water.

**EXT. UNDERWATER (HIRO POV)**

A quick look below, fearing the worst.

Nothing. We bob out of the water briefly, catching sight of -

A DORSAL FIN. Out there in the distance.

But we're back down in the water before we can process.

**EXT. OCEAN**

Hiro comes up. The fin is gone.

Edward watches Hiro stare out over the water, then claw a grip onto the Helldiver in an attempt to muscle himself up.

The ocean is still. Tempting calm waters.

Edward readies his last reserve of strength to push himself onto the hull before Hiro, when:

**A GREAT WHITE EXPLODES OUT OF THE WATER. GAPING JAWS. GUMS FLARED. 22 FEET LONG. 4,000 POUNDS.**

It SLAMS into the Helldiver. Jaws snapping inches from Edward's face. Edward crashes back into the water.

He comes up instantly. Hands outstretched towards the sky, screaming out in fear and is - YANKED UNDERWATER.

A mix of above water and underwater screams as the Shark tears into Edward's leg. Working her teeth like saw-blades.

Hiro takes his chance, scrambling onto the hull of the Helldiver. Watches helpless as Edward screams.

**EXT. HULL, OCEAN - HIRO**

Hiro turns around and covers his ears.

It fails to drown out Edward's SCREAM. He can't stand to hear this man be torn to pieces.

**EXT. OCEAN - EDWARD**

Edward is lifted and mashed against the Helldiver.

The BULGING WHITE EYES and GAPING MOUTH of the Shark emerge -

Getting a bigger bite of Edward's leg. The impact of the massive beast dips the Helldiver...

**EXT. HULL, OCEAN - HIRO**

...knocking Hiro off balance.

HURLING HIM OVER THE EDGE! Terror crosses his face.

The katana slips from his grip and slides across the hull. It catches on the rear wheel.

Hiro plummets into the water.

**EXT. OCEAN**

Edward screams in agony. He STABS at the Shark with his knife but misses. Narrowly out of reach. Twisted at an odd angle.

Again and again. Miss. Miss. Still not close enough.

A HAND yanks the blade from Edward's grip. *Hiro.*

He raises the knife high and *SHINK!* Buries the knife from tip to heel into the Shark's flesh.

In a flash, the Shark's tail whips up out of the water, spraying Edward and Hiro then - stillness.

The men cling to the side of the Helldiver. Whimpers and labored breathing from the both of them.

Edward frantically attempts to hoist himself up.

**EXT. UNDERWATER (HIRO POV)**

Hiro wildly scans the depths below.

No sign of the Shark. We wait tensely...

**EXT. OCEAN**

Hiro comes up.

He watches as Edward struggles to squirm himself up and onto the hull. He manages his upper half first.

Hiro cringes at the sight of Edward's mangled leg -

Ribbons of human flesh dangle loosely.

**75 FEET AWAY**

The DORSAL FIN rises from the water.

Silently approaching. Our men remain oblivious.

Edward loses a grip and slips back into the water. He looks to Hiro and his eyes stretch in horror.

Hiro doesn't have to look back. *He knows.* His blood soaked hands claw at the hull, searching for a grip.

**50 FEET AWAY**

The DORSAL FIN comes in fast, upon them...

Edward is almost on the hull. Hiro beside him.

Edward purposefully KICKS, sending a foot sailing into Hiro and knocking him into the water.

Hiro lunges for the wing of the Helldiver.

Edward screams in pain and pulls himself out of the water.

**EXT. UNDERWATER - SHARK POV**

We change directions. Now sending for the pair of dangling feet on the Helldiver's wing.

Coming in like a speeding bullet -

**EXT. OCEAN**

Hiro pulls himself up at the last second.

**EXT. AERIAL VIEW**

The Great White passes under the Helldiver.

We catch its massive form slink into the depths.

**EXT. HULL, OCEAN**

Both soldiers stare out at the water.

Edward then looks down at his SHREDDED LEG.

He presses together two flaps of flesh so they don't expose his torn muscles. Shock masks his panic and pain.

EDWARD

Ah, man. Fuck!

He reaches for David's life vest -

A FLAP OF LEG MEAT dangles free as he stretches. He quickly pushes the flesh back into place.

Edward shimmies to the life vest and grabs it.

He passes a venomous glare to -

**HIRO**

Who pays no attention. Eyes locked on the katana caught on the Helldiver's rear wheel.

**EDWARD**

Quickly pulls free the straps from the life vest.

His shaking hands lift up his mangled leg over one of the straps. He steels himself and ties it off -

EDWARD  
MOTHERFUCKER!

Edward screams in agony as the strap cinches tight.

He pulses in and out of consciousness.

**HIRO**

Scans the surrounding waters.

He notes that the Helldiver's tail and rear wheel are almost level with the ocean, and thus whatever lurks in it.

He lays prone on his stomach and stretches his arm -

The tips of his fingers tap the katana gently. A mistake here and this sword disappears forever.

Hiro lunges and swipes the katana loose...

He catches it an inch above the water.

**EDWARD**

Ties off his second strap around his leg. He screams in excruciating pain.

EDWARD  
OH GOD!

Edward VOMITS, then cranes his head up at:

Hiro. Standing a foot before him, katana in hand. It's unnerving just how young and baby-faced he is.

They stare at each other hatefully. Tense.

Hiro steps forward and Edward defensively covers his wounded leg with his hands.

Hiro brings his boot down on Edward's hands. PRESSING DOWN into Edward's open faced leg wound. Lingered there...

Edward SCREAMS like a banshee -

So much so that it disturbs the young Kamikaze.

He eases off of Edward's leg then drags his katana perpendicular across the hull of the Helldiver:

Divides one side for each soldier.

Both men slump over onto their backs, drained.

They look up at the blue sky...

**EXT. SKY -- DAY**

...and we follow their gaze high up into the clouds.

Slowly, the DRONE of propellers fade in and -

An AERO-FLEET OF JAPANESE ZEROS materializes.

**INT. COCKPIT - ZERO - FLASHBACK -- DAY**

Hiro sits in silence. Dressed in his pristine Pilot's Jumpsuit. Ready to fulfill his destiny and yet:

He carries a growing anxiety on his face. In his blood.

A SMALL DOLL KEY CHAIN is tied to the Zero's controls.

HIRO (V.O.)  
(Japanese, subtitled)  
*Dear Mother, Father, Taku, and  
Yuki. Thank you for all that you  
have done in my life. I am on the  
eve of my final departure. I am  
proud to bring honor to my family  
and country.*

He looks down through the cockpit glass as the first wave of Zeros engage the Aircraft Carrier below.

HIRO (V.O.)

*Please do not cry for me. I go with my brothers in good spirit and will be waiting on the eternal road.*

Hiro turns to his side at the aero-fleet of awaiting Zeros and young anxious faces.

HIRO (V.O.)

*I know you are in pain Mother. Do not blame Father for my death. The love between two should outlast their children. It was known before me. I pray that it will be known after me.*

The Zeros begin their descent. Hiro lingers.

HIRO (V.O.)

*Taku, Yuki, take care of Mother and Father. I must go now. Goodbye.*

He takes a deep breath in, terror on his face. And DIPS the plane towards the raging battle.

The Small Doll Key Chain RATTLES violently...

**EXT. HULL, OCEAN - PRESENT -- NIGHT**

...Hiro looks down at the Small Doll Key Chain.

He lets out a sigh and clutches it tightly in his hand.

Hiro spots Edward watching him and quickly tucks the doll into his jacket. Violated by his enemy's gaze.

**EXT. HULL, OCEAN -- NIGHT**

Edward investigates his wounded leg. Every movement is accompanied by splitting pain.

He covers his mouth and nose as the noxious stench of rotting flesh invades his senses.

Edward notices that his boot is closer to the water's edge than before. His face falls, realizing:

EDWARD

We're sinking.

He painfully shimmies up to a higher position on the hull when he catches sight of a...

DORSAL FIN. Gliding through the water.

The massive head slinks by. BLACK EYES reflecting against the moonlight. Staring right at Edward.

Edward turns to Hiro. Both men filled with worry.

**EXT. HULL, OCEAN -- DAY**

SUNGLASSES BEING SNAPPED IN HALF.

Edward weakly works the wire frame. Twist. Bend. Repeat.

He's been at this for some time now when -

SNAP. Victory.

**CUT TO:**

A MAKESHIFT FISH HOOK IN EDWARD'S PALM.

He pulls a line of thread from his jacket as fishing line and ties it to the hook.

He sits there thinking for a long beat when -

A twisted smile spreads across his face.

**CUT TO:**

EDWARD BITES DOWN ON HIS JACKET.

We reverse to reveal: He's holding the fish hook above the rotten tissue of his shredded leg.

Edward huffs nervously, then bites down HARD.

Threading the hook into his flesh...

He bellows out, the veins in his face primed to pop.

**HIRO**

Watches as Edward cringes against the pain and -

RIPS LOOSE a piece of rotting flesh.

HIRO  
(Japanese, subtitled)  
*No fish wants to eat that.*

**EDWARD**

Ignores Hiro. Laughs, unhinged.

EDWARD  
Come here little fishy...

He dips his BAITED FISH HOOK into the water.

**EXT. HULL, OCEAN -- DAY**

A SMALL FISH SLAPS against the hull.

Edward grins at Hiro in victory. Tears into his prize.

Hiro stares at the fish, stomach aching. His eyes are fixated on Edward's teeth as they rip into the juicy meat.

HIRO  
(Japanese, subtitled)  
*Hey... Yankee... Give me some.*

Edward talks with his mouth full:

EDWARD  
What was that?

HIRO  
*Give me some.*

Edward taunts, puts a hand to his ear.

EDWARD  
Sorry. Didn't catch that.  
Could you speak up?

Hiro boils.

HIRO  
*Maybe I just kill you and take it.*

EDWARD  
I always thought the Japs were  
crazy for eating this shit raw.  
Y'know what? It's not half bad.

Hiro stands, approaches. Katana in hand.

Edward points at the ETCHED DIVIDER.

EDWARD  
Whoa-whoa-whoa. Easy, man.

Hiro looks down at the line, then walks right past it.

EDWARD

Stay on your side! That's the rule!

Edward shimmies away, defenseless. He takes one final bite of fish and HEAVES it into the ocean.

HIRO

*Stupid American!*

Hiro grabs Edward by the throat, choking him. Edward SPITS fish in Hiro's face. Hiro raises the katana in anger.

EDWARD

C'mon! Do it! You fuckin' savages  
killed my friends! What's one more!

The katana hangs in the air. Hiro can't will himself to kill him. His eyes never leave Edward.

EDWARD

WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?!

Hiro lowers his katana. He yanks the FISH HOOK and LINE from Edward's hand. Takes it for himself.

EDWARD

We're dead anyway. This piece of  
shit is sinking.

Edward motions at the sinking plane.

EDWARD

Look around you! We're fucked.

Hiro gauges the change in water level. Understands.

Hiro greedily eats the chunks of fish Edward spit out. He saves a piece and sticks it on the hook.

**EXT. HULL, OCEAN -- NIGHT**

Hiro dozes in and out of sleep.

The fishing line is tied snug around his wrist. The line gently tugs, bobbing in the water...

Hiro wakes with a start. Eyes wide with hope. He quickly pulls up the fishing line. Fights it for a moment.

The line comes up and - NOTHING.

EDWARD

Thought you were supposed to be good at this?

Hiro puts a hand to his ear. A callback to Edward's taunt.

HIRO

(Japanese, subtitled)

*Speak up.*

Edward glares at Hiro. *Har-har*. Edward readies to speak when a RAIN DROP plops on his face. Silences him.

The pair look up at the sky. Hopeful. After a moment of eager waiting, the sky drains. Raining down on them.

Edward opens his mouth, desperately sipping from the sky.

Hiro takes his leather flight cap and COLLECTS WATER.

**INT. JAPANESE CLASSROOM - FLASHBACK -- DAY**

Rain pelts the classroom windows.

The room bustles with JAPANESE TEENS dressed in monochrome uniforms. Everyone is happy and carefree.

At the back of the classroom we find Hiro and AYUKO (17). Quirky. Shy. And beautiful to Hiro in the best way. A friendship that wishes to be more.

AYUKO

*C'mon. Open it.*

Hiro holds a LETTER. Nervous.

HIRO

*I don't know. I should wait until I'm with my parents.*

Ayuko nudges Hiro playfully.

AYUKO

*Don't be such a baby.*

HIRO

*You got into college. You don't have to worry anymore.*

AYUKO

*It'll be fine. Here, she can help with good luck.*

Ayuko removes a SMALL DOLL KEY CHAIN from her backpack and gives it to Hiro. Same key chain from Hiro's Zero.

HIRO  
*I hate this thing. Creeps me out.*

AYUKO  
*Just open it!*

Hiro smiles. He begins to open the envelope when -

It's snatched out of his hands. REN (17), an obnoxious jock, prances around as Hiro chases him.

REN  
*The betting starts at five-hundred yen! Will Hiro be accepted? Or rejected once again?*

HIRO  
*GIVE IT BACK!*

Ren holds the letter just out of Hiro's reach. He opens the letter and reads. His amusement fizzles.

REN  
*Another rejection letter. Big surprise there.*

HIRO  
*Asshole...*

Ren tosses the rejection letter at Hiro. His attention is pulled towards a gaggle of classmates around a desk.

Hiro sees that Ayuko has also joined this group. Hiro walks over to see what the fuss is about.

GIRL STUDENT #1  
*They're so handsome!*

MALE STUDENT #1  
*What a badass.*

Everyone stares in awe at a PHOTO of a KAMIKAZE UNIT. Handsome. Strong. And armed with the brightest smile.

REN  
*What an honor.*

GIRL STUDENT #2  
*You'd be lucky to be chosen.*

Girl Student #2 hands the photo to Ayuko. She stares at the Kamikaze Unit with admiration.

GIRL STUDENT #2  
*This was taken before my brother's last mission.*

AYUKO  
*The bravery it takes...*

Hiro is taken aback by Ayuko's comment. He steps away from the group. An outcast. Alone.

**EXT. HULL, OCEAN - PRESENT -- DAY**

A fishing line bobs in the water.

It's hoisted up to reveal a FISH at the end of it.

Edward smiles at his catch. A new makeshift fish hook and line in hand. He looks over at Hiro and weakly grins.

Hiro turns to his empty fish line, then back at Edward's tasty catch. His aching stomach sounds.

HIRO  
 (Japanese, subtitled)  
*How about a trade, Yankee?*

Edward looks at Hiro, confused.

Hiro holds up his leather cap filled with water, then points at Edward's fish.

EDWARD  
 ...Water for fish?

Edward holds up his fish. Hiro nods.

HIRO  
*A trade.*

Edward thinks on it, then:

EDWARD  
 Look at this bad boy. A fish like this in the market would set you back. And if you tossed it into a cioppino. Mmm.

Hiro is lost.

EDWARD  
 Not happening.

Edward shakes his head. Hiro scoffs.

HIRO  
*You need water more than fish!*

EDWARD

Look, kid. I - need - water.

Edward points at the Leather Cap.

EDWARD

You - need - fish.

Edward points at the fish. Hiro listens intently, deciphering as best he can.

EDWARD

We gotta play this smart. We need  
*food AND water* to survive out here.

Hiro stares, piecing together Edward's proposal.

HIRO

*Half.*

EDWARD

What? Look I don't-

HIRO

*Half!*

Hiro points at the ETCHED DIVIDER.

EDWARD

What am I supposed to get from-

Edward realizes.

EDWARD

You mean half? Splitting it? That's  
what I was gettin' at.

Hiro and Edward half-smile. *Message received.*

Edward TEARS the fish with his teeth into two halves. Hiro holds his cap of water. They come in close.

Both men lock cautious eyes on the other, eagerly expecting a betrayal. A swift swap of hands.

Trade complete. The men nod gratefully at the other and look down upon their bounty. Excited for once.

Edward sips from the helmet graciously. Savors every drop.

Hiro sinks his teeth into the fish...

**INT. HIRO'S HOME - FLASHBACK -- NIGHT**

...and graciously eats. Hiro cringes at the taste. He quietly spits it into his napkin and tucks it away.

We're in a traditional Japanese dining room. War time has stripped it down to the bare necessities. A KATANA rests on an exquisite sword stand at the focal point of the room. A quiet reminder of the fortune and honor that once was.

Hiro eats dinner with his family. Small rations of rice and questionable pieces of "fresh" fish. He watches as -

NOBUYA (58), Hiro's father, passionately converses with his two older brothers, TAKU (25) and YUKI (24). The two brothers proudly don their Army Uniforms. Nobuya claps at them.

TAKU

*To Japan!*

KANA (56), Hiro's mother, passes Hiro a sympathetic look. Listening to this conversation pains her.

YUKI

*The Americans will never touch our soil!*

Taku and Yuki cheers their sake cups and drink.

NOBUYA

*A life in service to country is a life lived with purpose. It's still my greatest honor.*

Nobuya bows to Taku and Yuki. They bow in return.

NOBUYA

*Maybe the two of you could talk some sense into your brother?*

Yuki pats Hiro on the back.

YUKI

*He'll find his way soon.*

TAKU

*You know you're named after the Emperor, right?*

NOBUYA

*I named the wrong boy.*

Yuki and Taku giggle. Kana nudges Nobuya.

NOBUYA

*What?*

Hiro stares down at his place.

KANA

*Hiro? You haven't touched your plate. What's wrong?*

Hiro keeps his head down.

NOBUYA

*If you won't answer her. Answer me.*

Hiro obediently raises his head and bows. He keeps his head bowed down in shame.

HIRO

*...I got another rejection, sir.*

Nobuya stares at Hiro in disbelief.

KANA

*Nobuya... We have our son. That should be enough.*

Nobuya grabs Hiro and SLAPS him across the face.

NOBUYA

*Should it?!*

KANA

*Nobuya!*

NOBUYA

*I've held my suspicions long enough!*

He glares down at his submissive son and points:

NOBUYA

*He only wanted to go to college to escape enlisting!*

Hiro looks to his brothers for help. They turn away with disgust. Hiro is alone. Nobuya readies to hit Hiro, when -

Kana throws herself in front of Nobuya. He stares at Kana in disbelief. Her eyes beg him on. *Hit me. I dare you.*

Nobuya looks down at Hiro.

NOBUYA

*You coward...*

Nobuya storms out of the room. Yuki and Taku follow.

Hiro and Kana hug tightly...

**INT. HIRO'S HOME - FLASHBACK -- NIGHT**

...Hiro and Kana pull away from a hug. Different clothes. Weeks later. They stand in the Genkan. A Japanese Foyer.

They stare at one another in silence. Hiro is different though. Cold. Distant.

KANA

*Don't listen to your father.*

HIRO

*The Emperor needs me. I'm no use to Japan here.*

KANA

*Those aren't your words.*

Kana searches Hiro's eyes for any sign of remorse. She finds none. His mind is made.

HIRO

*Tell Father I will make him proud.*

Hiro turns to the sliding door.

KANA

*Wait...*

Kana hurries into the house. She returns with the KATANA and presents it to Hiro. Bowing and offering.

HIRO

*What about Father?*

KANA

*It's not his to give. It was my Father's. And he would be proud of the man you already are.*

Hiro takes the katana.

KANA

*You're much more than the emperor's hand grenade...*

**EXT. HULL, OCEAN - PRESENT -- DAY**

Hiro's eyes slowly crack open.

His POV is blurred, adjusting to the sun's harsh rays. The horizon clears and we see -

A TINY SPECK in the distance.

Hiro taps Edward, who sleeps beside him. They look out, squinting, trying to make out the distant object.

The form materializes - it's a YELLOW RAFT.

EDWARD

That's gotta' be one of us.

Edward stares out elated. Hiro not so much.

**EXT. HULL, OCEAN -- LATER**

The raft is closer.

Edward waves his hands in the air with excitement. As the raft approaches, he recognizes the shape of a MAN onboard.

The Man sits upright, his back leaning on the raft.

Edward takes off his shirt, waves it and proudly bellows out:

EDWARD

*Stand, Navy, out to sea. Fight our  
battle cry. We'll never change our  
course, so vicious foe steer shy-y.*

Hiro's grip on the katana tightens.

EDWARD

*Roll out the TNT, Anchors Aweigh.  
Sail on to victory and-*

Edward smiles at Hiro, pats him like a friend.

EDWARD

*Sink their bones to Davy Jones...*

Edward's enthusiasm fades.

**CLOSE ON RAFT**

An eerie silence as the raft bobs past the hull.

The Man, young and dressed much like Edward, sits motionless. His head hangs at an obscure angle. A BULLET HOLE punched through the side of his temple.

**EXT. HULL, OCEAN**

Hiro's grip on his katana eases.

They watch the raft drift past, dejected.

**CLOSE ON EDWARD**

A realization cuts across Edward's face. He goes from disheartened to determined in one look.

EDWARD  
We need that raft.

Edward points.

EDWARD  
There's gotta' be somethin' onboard. Rations. A flare. We got a better shot on that than the Helldiver.

Edward hesitates, knows what he's about to ask.

EDWARD  
I would but-

Looks down at his leg. Hiro notes this.

EDWARD  
It has to be you.

Hiro looks to the raft then to Edward, interprets his plea. Shakes his head - "No."

EDWARD  
It's right there!

Edward grabs Hiro.

EDWARD  
We're sinking. This plane won't be here forever. And then what?

HIRO  
(Japanese, subtitled)  
*Get your hands off me...*

Hiro glares at Edward's hands, but Edward doesn't move.

HIRO

*Now.*

EDWARD

You got a better plan?

Hiro SWATS Edward's arms, knocks him down.

HIRO

*I can't swim!*

Hiro is angered and embarrassed by this fact.

But all Edward sees and understands is his angry intonation, and it doesn't sit well.

EDWARD

You lazy fuck...

He LUNGES for Hiro and knocks him over.

**EXT. UNDERWATER**

Hiro crashes into the ocean.

His legs kick erratically, striving to stay afloat.

An aphrodisiac to any predators lurking below.

**EXT. OCEAN**

Hiro fails to wade the water calmly, his hands desperately slap at the hull. Fear all over his face.

He's useless without a life vest.

HIRO

(Japanese, subtitled)

*I can't swim!*

Edward points at the raft.

EDWARD

Quit messin' around and get your ass over there!

HIRO

*I can't swim!*

Hiro claws at the hull, but every time his hand catches a grip, Edward slaps it away.

EDWARD  
It's floating away! Don't wait for  
the shark to get here!

HIRO  
*I can't-*

Hiro dips under briefly and comes back up choking for air.

HIRO  
*Please- Help-*

Edward watches confused, then realizes what he's done. He outstretches his hand to Hiro -

EDWARD  
It was an honest misunderstanding.  
Sorry. I- I didn't know.

Hiro SLAPS Edward's hand away and finally latches onto the hull. He shimmyes himself up on his own.

**EXT. UNDERWATER -- LATER**

Edward slides into the water.

His legs undulate calmly, keeping him afloat.

A small ribbon of blood leaks from his leg.

**EXT. OCEAN**

Edward wears his life vest and nods at Hiro.

EDWARD  
Dead if we don't try, right? Whose  
stupid idea was that.

He turns towards the raft.

HIRO  
(Japanese, subtitled)  
*Wait...*

Edward looks back. Hiro reluctantly offers him the katana.

EDWARD  
Whoa.

Edward grins as soon as it trades hands. He holds it up playfully. *A kid with a new toy.*

He catches Hiro's concerned look, then playfully bows.

EDWARD

Relax. I'll take good care of her.

Edward breast strokes towards the raft.

**EXT. HULL, OCEAN**

Hiro watches from the safety of the hull.

He scans the water's surface for any disturbances.

All clear for now.

**EXT. OCEAN**

The raft is in line and in sight.

Edward approaches with each stroke.

A large swell dips him -

**UNDERWATER**

Ever so briefly.

A split-second glimpse of a TAIL FIN.

**EXT. HULL, OCEAN**

Hiro surveys from his vantage point. Nothing.

He notices that Edward has stopped swimming, when he hears:

A DISTANT DRONE. APPROACHING.

**EXT. OCEAN**

Edward searches the sky. Hears a distant plane engine.

There it is! A tiny spot on the horizon.

HIRO (O.S.)

YANKEE! WATCH OUT!

Edward whips around. Doesn't see anything.

HIRO (O.S.)  
*OVER THERE!*

Edward turns again. *Fuck*. He spots the DORSAL FIN a mere hundred feet away. It circles him...

**EXT. HULL, OCEAN**

Hiro watches Edward nervously.

He turns towards the plane - It's closer.

HIRO  
(Japanese, subtitled)  
*It's coming this way!*

**EXT. OCEAN**

Edward keeps his eyes on the Dorsal Fin.

In the background, he spots the APPROACHING PLANE.

There's no way out of this.

**EXT. AERIAL VIEW**

Edward is dead center between the raft and Helldiver.

Fifty-fifty odds. Either way.

**EXT. OCEAN**

Edward watches the Dorsal Fin.

He braces himself for what's to come, then...

SWIMS FOR HIS FUCKING LIFE.

**THE DORSAL FIN**

Slices through the water. Full tilt.

Trailing after Edward.

**EDWARD**

Grimaces against the pain of his tattered leg.

He's almost to the raft. The Great White not far behind.

Edward makes contact with the raft. He tosses the katana in and hoists himself up.

That DORSAL FIN, oh so close...

**EXT. RAFT**

Edward collapses into the raft. He covers his head crumpled in the fetal position and screams.

So sure he's dead. Heart in overdrive. Expecting the behemoth's massive jaws to rip him in two.

Just a slight nudge as the Shark passes beneath the raft.

We're pressed tight against Edward's fearful face. He hears the hum of the passing airplane.

Edward sits up in the raft. Remembers his mission.

**EXT. HULL, OCEAN**

Hiro shouts as loud as he can.

HIRO  
(Japanese, subtitled)  
*HEY! OVER HERE!*

Waves his hands in the air, desperate to flag down the SPOTTER PLANE. His heart praying to be seen.

It's about to pass them...

**EXT. RAFT**

Edward looks across to see - TWO BODIES.

Our head-shot suicide. Propped upright against the raft. His brains decorating his lap. And the withered remains of a NAVY OFFICER curled in the corner of the raft.

Edward ignores them and scrambles to collect what he can:

A HANDFUL OF FISH HOOKS AND LINE. A SIGNAL MIRROR. A PATCH KIT. A WATERPROOF MATCH CONTAINER.

He spots a FLARE GUN in the hands of the Navy Officer. He pries it free and points up at the sky:

EDWARD

C'mon...

**CLICK. CLICK-CLICK.**

The hope leaves Edward's face. He watches the SPOTTER PLANE disappear among the clouds.

NAVAL OFFICER (O.S.)

Come back... Come back...

The Naval Officer. Still half-alive. Hangs over the edge of the raft and reaches out for the plane, when -

*THE JAWS OF THE GREAT WHITE EXPLODE FROM THE WATER AND SNAP DOWN ON THE NAVAL OFFICER AND RAFT!*

Ribs splinter. Intestines spill.

NAVAL OFFICER

HELP! PLEASE! HE-

A gut-wrenching *CRACK!*

Air whooshes out and the raft takes on water. The raft quickly folds inward and ensnares Edward.

The Great White drags the raft below the surface...

**EXT. HULL, OCEAN**

Hiro watches. Helpless.

The beast's whipping tail fin disappears into the water.

**EXT. UNDERWATER (EDWARD POV)**

A tight mess of yellow canvas traps Edward.

He thrashes wildly, desperately trying to break free. A man saran-wrapped in a yellow tomb.

Edward wriggles against the canvas, goes for an opening.

The Great White lunges from the darkness, JAWS SNAPPING -

Edward retreats into the folds of the raft's canvas. The Great White follows and buries its head in the raft.

Our line of sight locks in on the katana.

Edward grabs it and PIERCES the raft.

**EXT. UNDERWATER**

Edward squirms through the raft like a birthed newborn.

He swims for the shadow of the Helldiver up above.

The Great White remains trapped in the raft.

**EXT. HULL, OCEAN -- DAY**

Hiro scans the water's surface.

After a long moment - the hope fades.

*SPLASH!* Edward comes up FIFTY FEET away from the Helldiver.

The Great White could be lurking anywhere. Moments from an attack at any second.

**EXT. OCEAN**

Edward swims. TEN FEET from the Helldiver.

Hiro reaches out for him, waiting for his arrival.

The DORSAL FIN emerges FIFTEEN FEET behind Edward.

The Monster's GAPING JAWS only FIVE FEET behind.

Edward outstretches his arm.

The katana extends his wingspan.

**EXT. HULL, OCEAN**

Hiro looks at the katana. Utterly torn. *Fuck me.*

*He has to grab the blade to save Edward.* Hiro grimaces.

The Shark is almost upon Edward.

HIRO WRAPS HIS HANDS AROUND THE KATANA'S BLADE.

Gripping tight. The blade sinks into the meat of his hands.

Hiro bellows out in agony, pulling in Edward.

He hoists him onto the hull just as:

*THE GREAT WHITE'S JAWS SLAM INTO THE HELLDIVER!*

The pair collapse onto the hull.

**HIRO**

Painfully grabs the katana by the handle and...

STABS into the Shark's SNAPPING JAWS!

The Shark retreats underwater. Sprays the men with a geyser of water and vanishes.

It takes a moment for the shock and adrenaline to fade.

EDWARD

You saved me?

Hiro looks down at his SLICED PALMS.

HIRO

(Japanese, subtitled)

*I'm no good at catching fish.*

Edward reaches into his pocket and proudly presents: Match container. Patch kit. Signal mirror. Fish hooks and line.

He smiles at Hiro, then lays down and closes his eyes.

Water sloshes against the side of the Helldiver...

**INT. TRUCK - FLASHBACK -- NIGHT**

...The windshield wiper clears away the falling rain.

It's the night of the party. Edward drives behind a truck on a dark country road. Mia sits in the passenger seat. She looks over Edward, worried.

MIA

You sure you're okay to drive?

EDWARD

We're almost home, ain't we.

Awkward tension boils beneath the surface. A long beat.

MIA

You going to talk? Or am I going to have to pull it out of you.

EDWARD  
What do you want me to say?

Mia gets angry, blurts out:

MIA  
You always do this! Talk to me,  
Eddy. Anything!

EDWARD  
I am! I am!

MIA  
No, you're not! You're just fucking  
sitting there.

Edward keeps his eyes on the road. Never turns to face Mia.

EDWARD  
I'm... I'm getting us home!

MIA  
What happened in there?

Edward falls silent.

MIA  
God damn it, Eddy.

EDWARD  
What?!

MIA  
I need an answer from you!

Edward is silent. Mia watches as his eyes well with tears. He wipes them and keeps his eyes on the road.

EDWARD  
I can't give you what he can...

Mia puts her hand in Edward's lap. Edward tightly squeezes her hand and faces her.

MIA  
...No. You'll give me something  
better.

With that, all of Edward's fears and insecurities vanish. He smiles and admires the sight of Mia and her pregnant belly.

Taking the moment in, when: Mia instinctively braces. Hands wrapping around her belly protectively.

MIA

**EDDY!**

Edward has drifted into the oncoming lane -

BLINDING HEADLIGHTS speed right towards them...

**EXT. HULL, OCEAN - PRESENT -- DAY**

...materializing into the hot radiating sun.

Edward howls in pain as Hiro STITCHES the torn flesh and muscle back together with fish hooks and line. Edward stares longingly at the PHOTO OF MIA. Grunting through the pain.

Hiro ties off the final knot and covers the wound with GLUE from the patch kit. He removes his WHITE SCARF and ties it around Edward's leg. It's not a clean job but it'll do.

Edward catches Hiro's gaze on Mia's photo.

HIRO

(Japanese, subtitled)

*She's beautiful.*

Edward offers the photo. Hiro stares at it. A reminder of a life he's "honorably" forfeited.

EDWARD

What about you, huh? You got an old lady back home?

Edward points at Mia.

EDWARD

A woman?

Hiro grins at the thought.

HIRO

*I wish...*

His boyish attitude brings to question:

EDWARD

How old are you?

Edward thinks of a way to communicate. He points to himself, then holds up with his fingers. *Ten. Ten. Six.*

EDWARD

I'm twenty-six. You?

Hiro signals. *Ten. Seven.*

HIRO  
*Seventeen.*

EDWARD  
Jesus Christ. I guess we are  
winning this war.

Edward stares at Hiro with a new-found innocence.

EDWARD  
You don't even know what it's like  
to be with a woman, do you?

Hiro doesn't understand.

EDWARD  
Tell you what, after we win this  
thing I will personally see to it  
that Emperor Tojo gives you - The.  
Most. Honorable hummer.

Edward makes a "blowjob motion."

EDWARD  
All. Night. Long.

Hiro looks confused and disgusted.

Edward cracks up, prompting Hiro to chuckle. They share in  
laughter, forgetting just how fucked they are.

Hiro stares out at the ocean. Eyes lost somewhere else.

Edward continues to laugh...

**INT. NAVY BARRACK - FLASHBACK -- DAY**

...and is overshadowed by the laughs of Pilot Trainees.

Hiro lays on his dirty cot. Dressed in a Pilot's Jumpsuit.  
He's surrounded by rows of bunkbeds and Pilot Trainees.

They kill time. Cards. Conversation. Writing letters.

PILOT TRAINEE  
*They summoned us to the hall.*

The room falls silent. There's a weight and understanding to  
the Pilot Trainee's statement.

HIRO

*Everyone?*

The Pilot Trainee nods.

Hushed whispers and worried glances pass among some of the Trainees. Others embrace proudly.

Hiro does neither. Lost.

**INT. NAVY HALL**

Hiro and the Pilot Trainees pack tightly into a room.

Movement stirs at the front. Hiro stretches to look over the taller trainees and sees - A GROUP OF HIGH RANKING OFFICERS.

LEAD OFFICER

*Formation!*

The Pilot Trainees quickly line up into rows.

LEAD OFFICER

*It is with great honor and privilege, that I inform you of Emperor Hirohito's personal request that you serve in the "Special Attack Corps."*

The blood drains from Hiro's face.

He scans over his fellow Pilot Trainees. Searching if anyone feels the same apprehension. He finds only vacant stares.

LEAD OFFICER

*Those who do not want to fulfill the Emperor's wish, please step forward now.*

Hiro remains still, but his eyes search frantically. *Will anyone step forward?* A few Trainees do the same.

A PILOT TRAINEE steps out of formation.

LEAD OFFICER

*Anyone else?*

There's an angry tone in the Lead Officer's voice.

A long beat passes. Hiro stands there. Every range of emotion and possibility floods his brain, but he remains put.

No one else steps forward. An OFFICER escorts the Pilot Trainee out of the hall.

The Lead Officer bows to the newly minted "Special Attack" Unit. The Trainees bow in unison.

LEAD OFFICER

*Japan thanks you for your bravery.*

Hiro walks over to a window sill. Needs something to lean on. He grabs on for support. His mind still catching up...

He notices the sound of DRIPPING. There's water leaking from the window into the room but - There's no rain outside?

Hiro looks down. A FEW INCHES OF WATER lays across the floor.

Nothing adds up, but it doesn't need to, because -

*THE WINDOWS EXPLODE AND WATER SURGES IN!*

**EXT. HULL, OCEAN - PRESENT -- NIGHT**

Hiro wakes with a start.

And is immediately POUNDED by a massive wave.

He's pushed across the belly of the Helldiver. A few feet from going overboard into the raging ocean -

A hand grabs him at the last second.

EDWARD

SO MUCH FOR A GODDAMN NAP!

Edward pulls Hiro onto the wing. They latch onto the UNDER-WING BOMB. Gripping for dear life.

The men are PUMMELED by angry waves. Set after set.

Edward looks at Hiro. The sight of the young and helpless Kamikaze stirs something in him.

EDWARD

HERE!

Edward takes off his life vest. Offers it to Hiro -

He looks at Edward. Baffled. He recognizes this heroic sacrifice but doesn't understand why.

EDWARD

C'MON! TAKE IT, KID!

Hiro takes the life vest and frantically puts it on.

He looks on in horror as - A SWELL DWARFS THE HELLDIVER.

Edward and Hiro tense. Preparing for impact. *Here it comes -*

The WAVE slams into the Helldiver. Everything is consumed and buried under the crashing wave.

The Helldiver resurfaces - Hiro and Edward are gone.

**EXT. UNDERWATER CHAOS**

Water swirls violently.

A MUFFLED SCREAM cuts through the sound of churning water.

There it is again. Getting louder.

A brief glimpse of a YELLOW LIFE VEST. It rises.

Pulling towards the surface...

**EXT. OCEAN -- NIGHT**

...Hiro bursts out of the water.

Gulps an enormous breath of air.

He ducks underwater just as a WAVE crashes down on him. Hiro resurfaces and floats there. The worst has passed.

Hiro searches around. No sight of Edward. Alone.

The moonlight illuminates the ocean just enough to see the Helldiver in the distance. It's too far to paddle.

Clouds begin to cover the moon enshrouding us in **DARKNESS**.

It's near impossible to see anything now. Sound is heightened in this panicked state. We're alone in the open ocean at night. An utter nightmare.

Hiro scans the dark waters. Feeling out in front of him.

HIRO  
YANKEEEEEEEEEEE!

It's no use out here. Hiro knows it.

HIRO  
Yankee...

Silence. The darkness closes in on us. A claustrophobic tightness as the last of moonlight vanishes -

**BLACK.**

Only the sound of Hiro's labored breathing.

It goes on, then - Stops purposely.

Like someone holding their breath.

A quiet *SPLASH* breaks the silence.

**EXT. UNDERWATER -- LATER**

Pillars of moonlight shine down into the deep.

Looking up above we see a SILHOUETTE OF A BODY on the ocean's surface. It just floats there.

The bottoms of TWO RAFTS come into view.

They approach the body and pull it out of the water...

**INT. HOME - KITCHEN - FLASHBACK -- DAY**

...a strainer filled with shellfish is pulled from a plastic bin of ice water. Edward dumps the contents into a tomato based stew and begins breaking down some fish.

EDWARD

I was thinking that it might be nice to visit your parents for the week. I know they'd be happy to have us. How does that sound?

Mia works behind Edward, chopping vegetables.

Her thinned frame tells us all we need to know.

EDWARD

Mia?

She's barely present. The pair of them work at their stations with their backs turned to the other.

MIA

Huh?

EDWARD

You wanna visit your parents?

MIA  
You hate going there.

Edward tries to cover.

EDWARD  
I hate the people there. Sure. But  
the air. There's just something  
about it that I don't find here.

MIA  
The air?

Mia chops. Eyes lost somewhere else.

EDWARD  
Yeah... It's lighter.

MIA  
Okay.

Mia's eye twitches slightly.

EDWARD  
Great. I'll give them a call.

She looks down at the cutting board before her. She's SLICED  
her finger. Deep. But it doesn't register.

Her eyes pass over the kitchen and Edward as if she's  
noticing where she is for the first time.

MIA  
What are we making?

EDWARD  
Cioppino. It's my mother's recipe.  
Same one that won you over.

MIA  
I thought that's for celebrations?

EDWARD  
Who says every day isn't a  
celebration.

Mia watches Edward as he works. Her eyes light up and she's  
present. Feeling Edward's love for her once again.

MIA  
Eddy...

Edward pauses. Frozen. Like he hasn't heard that name in a  
long time. He slowly turns -

He looks at Mia and she stares right back. Edward notices her bleeding finger. He pulls her in.

EDWARD

What happened?

She doesn't know.

MIA

I... I...

And now, the pain of her loss swarms her.

Mia collapses in Edward's arms. He holds her as she cries. She clutches onto him, holding tighter than she ever has.

**EXT. RAFT #1 - PRESENT -- DAY**

Edward slowly comes to consciousness. He holds onto the side of the raft the same way he held Mia.

His eyes adjust to a dark silhouette before him. His vision clears to reveal the haggard face of -

FROST (24). An American Marine. Dressed in his tattered khaki utility uniform. He stares over Edward with bulging eyes and erotically strokes the THOMPSON MACHINE GUN in his lap.

FROST

He's alive! That's twenty-bucks and a night with your sister, Zwingman!

Edward sits up to orient himself. Before him, on the end of the horizon sits a small blur. The Helldiver.

He then turns around to see -

**RAFT #2**

It's tied to Raft #1 with rope and floats a foot away.

The raft holds REYES (20) and ZWINGMAN (26). Marines wavering in between starvation and insanity. Reyes' eyes constantly flit around inspecting when there's nothing to inspect. Zwingman has bitten his nails down to the cuticle.

ZWINGMAN

Like she'd fuck a scumbag like you!

Edward's eyes fall on someone else - HIRO.

His face is BRUISED and SWOLLEN from multiple beatings. He lays slumped in a corner, unconscious.

Any relief Edward had of being saved is tainted by the sight of Hiro's beaten body. Not to mention the crazies...

### **RAFT #1 AND RAFT #2**

Frost wrings the Thompson tightly, grins.

Edward watches him, senses the mental unbalance behind Frost's gaunt eyes.

FROST

Were you on the carrier?

Edward weakly nods, disturbed.

EDWARD

Flew Helldivers...

Zwingman shakes his head, disappointed.

ZWINGMAN

Damn plane has taken more of our brothers than I'd wish to count.

REYES

Shitcan ain't worthy of being in the sky if you ask me!

EDWARD

Wasn't the plane I imagined I'd be flying, that's for sure.

FROST

You go down in it?

Frost continues to wring the Thompson. Edward notices that the inside of Frost's palms are raw to the muscle.

EDWARD

...Went down after the carrier was hit. That bitch was all I had. Got bucked off in the night.

ZWINGMAN

Someone's watching over you! That's for fucking sure.

FROST

You got a name, Pilot?

EDWARD

Eddy.

Frost tastes the sound on his tongue, mouths "Eddy." Doesn't taste great. He shakes his head, angry.

FROST

No. No. No. That won't cut it.  
What's your *war name*?

EDWARD

I don't have one...

REYES

Fuckin' Airmen!

FROST

You don't have one?

Frost lunges at Edward, grabs him by the jacket. Stares daggers into Edward's eyes, then calms. Releases.

FROST

Gimme a sec. Think. Think. Think.

Frost's knuckles burn white against the Thompson. Endlessly wringing and stroking. He smacks his head.

FROST

Here ye. Here ye. After this moment  
forward thou shall be now known and  
christened as - "Helldiver."

Frost looks at Edward like a puppy for approval.

FROST

What do you think? You like it?

Edward has to give him a bone.

EDWARD

...yeah. *Helldiver*. Thanks.

FROST

You just joined the Marines,  
Helldiver! Hoo-rah!

REYES &amp; ZWINGMAN

Hoorah!

Frost points at Reyes then Zwingman.

FROST

The Mexican is Reyes and that asshole is Zwingman.

EDWARD

What's their war names?

Frost chuckles. Doesn't know what he's talking about. A tense and uncomfortable silence until -

REYES (O.S.)

Don't forget Tojo!

A SEVERED HEAD crashes into Edward's lap, startling him.

He shoves the head away into the corner of the raft.

The Severed Head of a Japanese Pilot stares at Edward with rotten eyes. It's face frozen in a distressing scream.

ZWINGMAN

He's the handsome one!

EDWARD

What the fuck is wrong with you?!

The Marines laugh, passing confused glances.

REYES

Ain't anyone back home ask you to bring back a Jap?

EDWARD

What?

FROST

He's a flyboy. Doesn't know how.

Zwingman leans over the side of Raft #2 to be close to Edward. He speaks with a proud glint.

ZWINGMAN

It's easy. We can show you.

REYES

They keep sending me men with gold crowned teeth. What am I supposed to do? Leave 'em be?

Frost shakes his head.

FROST

All that gold down with the ship.

REYES  
That reminds me...

Reyes eyes an unconscious Hiro.

ZWINGMAN  
My little brother asked for a Jap.  
Lucky for me, we found "Tojo."  
Usually you gotta boil the head,  
but we ain't got that kind of  
luxury at this point. He's gettin'  
what he gets.

Edward points to Hiro.

EDWARD  
What're you going to do with him?

ZWINGMAN  
I don't know yet. But it'll be fun.  
I promise you that.

The Marines crack up. Edward looks to -

## **RAFT #2**

Reyes has his KNIFE in Hiro's mouth. Searching...

Hiro weakly comes to, eyes wide with horror. He doesn't dare move. He pants angrily. Hate brimming.

REYES  
We struck gold, boys! Gimme some  
help will ya?!

Reyes pulls out the knife and sidesteps, letting Zwingman PUNCH Hiro across the face. Reyes nods to Zwingman.

REYES  
Hold him.

Hiro's weak gaze finds Edward and they stare in silence.

Tension. Uncertainty.

## **RAFT #1**

Frost looks to Edward, then points at Hiro.

FROST  
You wanna take him for a spin?

EDWARD

What?

FROST

Lotta our boys went down in that carrier. You can't keep that shit bottled up.

Frost crawls to the corner of the Raft and takes "Tojo" into his lap. He lovingly pets his face.

FROST

It eats at you. Kills you piece by piece. You must release. You must release. Release...

Edward backs away from Frost and locks eyes on Hiro.

## **RAFT #2**

They stare at each other. Long and unspoken.

ZWINGMAN

What are you looking at "Helldiver" for? Oh, he does not like you.

Reyes grabs Hiro by the hair. YANKS him around.

REYES

Quit looking at him!

Hiro keeps staring, eyes burning in anger. Betrayed.

Zwingman KICKS him in the face. Hiro drops into the corner, keeps his gaze down.

## **RAFT #1**

Edward looks to Frost.

EDWARD

We- We can't do this. He's a prisoner. A POW then, right?

ZWINGMAN (O.S.)

New guy's funny! I like him!

FROST

POW? Says who?

Frost eyes Edward, then looks to Reyes and Zwingman.

**RAFT #2**

Zwingman holds down Hiro as Reyes forces the KNIFE back into Hiro's mouth. Hiro HOWLS in pain and fear.

ZWINGMAN

Uncle Sam wants us to kill these bastards. As far as I'm concerned, that's the only job I gotta do.

Reyes digs around in Hiro's mouth with the knife. He sees a GOLD CROWN and gleams with joy.

REYES

That's a crown fit for a king!

Reyes buries the knife into Hiro's gums. Hiro SCREAMS in excruciating pain. Blood puddles in his mouth.

ZWINGMAN

Should've brushed, kid.

**RAFT #1 AND RAFT #2**

Edward screams out at Zwingman and Reyes.

EDWARD

He's a Pilot!

Reyes DIGS deep into Hiro's mouth. Hiro cringes in pain, his mouth stained with blood.

ZWINGMAN

Good. Then we've got the bastard that put us here.

EDWARD

Navy Intelligence should be talking to him! They'll want him! The kid probably knows some things!

ZWINGMAN

He ain't dead yet.

EDWARD

He could be useful! This is insane!

REYES

We just want the gold...

Reyes leverages the knife, pushes down hard. CRACK. Hiro bellows out in excruciating pain.

REYES  
That's it! It's loose!

Reyes and Zwingman force Hiro's mouth open. He stares at them with a blood soaked smirk face.

ZWINGMAN  
Where is it?

Reyes is livid.

REYES  
He swallowed it.

Hiro spits a mouthful of blood at Reyes and Zwingman.

REYES  
Fuck it. Let's gut the kid.

Reyes runs the knife up and down Hiro's stomach. Hiro SQUIRMS against Zwingman's tight hold.

FROST  
Now?

Reyes pauses, turns to Frost angrily.

REYES  
You're the fucker who wanted to cut him up and eat him!

FROST  
That was "Tojo!"

Frost holds "Tojo" protectively.

REYES  
Looks like "Tojo" will have a friend real soon then.

Reyes STABS the knife at Hiro -

But Hiro narrowly dodges the blade as it SLICES across his torso and BURIES into Zwingman's chest.

REYES  
FUCK!

Hiro KICKS Reyes down then SHOVES a skewered Zwingman over the edge of the raft. He splashes into the ocean.

Hiro leaps onto Reyes and wraps his hands around his throat, squeezing like a vice.

Hateful eyes burn between the two.

**RAFT #1**

Edward watches horrified at what's unfolding before him.

Frost rises to his feet and aims the Thompson at Hiro -

FROST  
I'LL FUCKING SEND YOU TO HELL! I'LL  
DO IT! DON'T LOOK "TOJO!"

**RAFT #2**

Hiro chokes the life out of Reyes.

Oblivious to Frost behind him.

**RAFT #1**

Frost lines up a shot on Hiro -

*THWAP!* Edward swings an OAR right into Frost's arms and chest, toppling him into the ocean.

The Thompson falls into Raft #2.

**RAFT #2**

Reyes stares at the Thompson, his arms stretch from his side for the gun. Fingers sweeping the wooden stock.

Hiro presses down hard, choking...

He spots the Thompson just as Reyes grabs it!

Hiro lunges for the gun -

And rips it from Reyes's hand.

**OCEAN**

Frost wades in the water.

He scans the ocean. Confused. ZWINGMAN'S GONE.

His eyes settle on a CLOUD OF BLOOD in the water.

**RAFT #2**

Hiro slams the stock of the Thompson into Reyes' face and SHATTERS a mouthful of teeth.

He scrambles to the other side of the raft and points the Thompson wildly at Reyes. Terrified.

EDWARD

STOOOOP!

Hiro looks beyond Reyes at Edward.

EDWARD

Let it go... Just take a raft and we can go our separate ways.

Edward's calm composure is soothing, but -

Hiro is too frenzied and fearful to listen. His finger wavers on the Thompson's trigger.

Edward senses Hiro's intention.

EDWARD

NO!

Hiro aims at Reyes and pulls the trigger. *CLICK. CLICK.*

Reyes flinches then CHARGES at Hiro -

Hiro heaves the Thompson at Reyes to no avail.

Reyes TACKLES Hiro clean out of the raft.

**RAFT #1**

Edward watches the two wrestle in the water, both men punching and clawing to drown the other.

He spots Frost as he hoists himself onto Raft #2 -

He's going for the Thompson. *Shit!*

Edward leaps into -

**RAFT #2**

Grabs the Thompson!

And looks into Frost's disgruntled face, when -

Blood SPATTERS Edward's face. He stares into Frost's horrified eyes, his mouth wet with blood.

A sickening CRUNCH out of view.

Suddenly, Frost is yanked from Raft #2 and into the depths.

Edward looks over the edge of the raft, spots the TAIL FIN seconds before it vanishes.

*Pssssssssshhhhhhhhhh...*

Raft #2 is leaking air. Fast.

### **UNDERWATER**

Hiro is held in a headlock by Reyes.

He drowns just below the water's surface, arms and elbows flailing back helplessly.

### **RAFT #1 AND RAFT #2**

Edward jumps into Raft #1 with the Thompson.

EDWARD  
GET OUT OF THE WATER! SHARK!

Reyes can't hear him, lost in a blind-rage.

Trapped by the instinct to kill.

### **UNDERWATER**

Hiro notices the murky red water before him.

Spots a shadow dart out of the haze. A glimpse of that familiar behemoth shape. It disappears into the deep.

Hiro's eyes light up in alarm. He tears at Reyes frantic, desperate to escape.

He turns back towards the beast's direction and it materializes out of the darkness -

CHARGING FAST. CLOSING IN.

Hiro screams. He muscles free from Reyes's arms just enough to BITE DOWN on his forearm. Reyes releases.

Hiro backpedals and kicks Reyes into -

-- THE SHARK'S JAWS! SIDE-SWIPING HIM LIKE A BUS. --

**EXT. OCEAN**

Hiro breaches. Choking for air.

The Great White tears into Reyes. Whipping back and forth as it dismembers him. We hear his tortured SCREAMS -

Hiro catches a final glimpse of Raft #2 before it sinks.

He looks to Raft #1 and Edward with the Thompson.

**EXT. RAFT**

Edward checks the Thompson and flicks the safety off.

He aims out at the feasting Great White. Takes in a calculated breath. Steadies his aim and -

*BANG! BANG!* - Two direct shots at the beast.

EDWARD

SHIT!

Edward angrily switches from SINGLE FIRE to FULL AUTO.

He aims back out but the Shark is gone. Just a stain of bloody water where she was and Reyes' severed torso.

Hiro floats with his life vest. He looks at Edward. They stare at each other for a long beat.

Edward turns away and sits down in the raft

**EXT. RAFT -- MOMENTS LATER**

Hiro pulls himself into the Raft.

Edward doesn't care. Allows him to.

They sit in silence. Eyes passing every now and then between the two. The trust they built - broken.

Edward pulls the Thompson closer to his side.

**EXT. RAFT -- DAY**

Edward and Hiro sit in silence on their opposite ends.

Not a word has been spoken. Edward looks over to see Hiro looking sullen at something -

It's the back of "Tojo's" head. Mashed against the canvas. It lays closer to Edward's side.

Hiro snaps out of his trance. His eyes lock with Edward's briefly and dart away.

Edward looks at "Tojo." The longer he stares the more he realizes "Tojo" was once just like Hiro...

Edward falls glum. He reaches out and grabs "Tojo."

Hiro watches as Edward gently and respectfully takes "Tojo" and releases him into the ocean.

Edward nods to Hiro and he nods back.

Maybe the trust isn't all broken.

**EXT. RAFT -- LATER**

Edward stares out at the ocean. The faint silhouette of the Helldiver dots the horizon. But he couldn't care less.

Hiro looks up at the sky. Drained.

He closes his eyes...

**INT. NAVY BARRACK - FLASHBACK -- DAY**

Hiro scribbles on a small piece of paper. Writing fervently. A clear urgency to the message.

He's dressed as we know him in the present.

HIRO (V.O.)  
*...It was known before me. I pray  
 that it will be known after me...*

It's the voice over from Hiro's flashback in his Zero. We realize now - This LETTER/V.O. was his final farewell.

A KAMIKAZE PILOT stands over Hiro.

KAMIKAZE PILOT  
*We need to go! Hurry up!*

Hiro scribbles faster. Finishes writing.

HIRO (V.O.)  
*...Taku, Yuki, take care of Mother  
 and Father...*

He jams the piece of paper into an envelope and hands it to the Pilot Trainee in the cot above him.

Hiro pockets AYUKO'S DOLL KEYCHAIN from his cot.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. COCKPIT - HIRO'S ZERO - FLASHBACK -- DAY**

We are back to Hiro's initial flashback.

Continuing right where we left off -

The DOLL KEY CHAIN rattles violently as Hiro DIPS his Zero and begins his descent.

Anti-Aircraft flak BURST like violent black fireworks inches from the cockpit glass. It's fucking mayhem.

HIRO (V.O.)  
*...I must go now. Goodbye.*

Hiro jerks as the Zero weaves through the flak.

He looks over to see another ZERO at his side:

The KAMIKAZE PILOT stares back. A familiar face we've seen before. Hiro's face falls, racked with confusion.

It's the Trainee who refused to be a Kamikaze.

A brief moment of recognition passes between the two. Like they know the deepest most painful secret of the other.

**HIRO POV**

The Trainee's Zero is SLAMMED by flak and BURSTS into flames.

Hiro watches in horror as the Trainee BURNS and -

*BOOM!* Explodes in a violent ball of fire.

Hiro narrowly DODGES the wreckage. Levels his Zero.

Zeros are SHOT DOWN all around Hiro. Metal and flesh are blasted apart in aerial carnage. Destinies unfulfilled.

**INT. COCKPIT - HIRO'S ZERO**

Hiro presses down on the Zero's stick. Accelerates, when -

*TINK!TINK!TINK!* A hail of bullets rip across his Zero. Puncturing holes into the engine and wing.

Hiro yanks on the stick and veers in a new direction -

We stay in the cockpit. Focused on Hiro.

He steadies the Zero. Accelerates a little.

Hiro moves his stick side to side. The Zero obeys. He's following someone. Tracking their moves. Accelerates.

He readies his finger on the firing trigger -

HIRO

*Got you.*

The Zero RATTLES and BUZZES as her canons fire but -

*TINK!TINK!TINK!* Enemy fire peppers the Zero.

Hiro JOLTS in his seat. Blood SPATTERS the windshield. He checks his arm. It's just a flesh wound.

Through Hiro's POV we see the enemy briefly -

**THE HELLDIVER**

She looks like shit. Battle scared and bullet riddled. Her wing has caught ABLAZE and she BARRELS towards the ocean.

*We push in on the FLAMING WING of the Helldiver. The flames burn dangerously close to the UNDER-WING BOMBS.*

Hiro watches transfixed. A thought taking shape...

**INT. COCKPIT - HIRO'S ZERO**

Hiro is pushed back against his seat. Descending too fast. He struggles to level the plummeting Zero.

He wrestles the stick angrily. It's JAMMED.

HIRO

*Shit-shit-shit-shit.*

The WHISTLE of the dive bombing Zero crescendos...

HIRO  
 NO! NO! NO!

He braces for impact as the Zero nose-dives towards the ocean's surface. Closer. Closer. Closer.

Water rushes at us slamming us to -

**EXT. UNDERWATER - PRESENT -- DAY**

The RAFT cuts across the ocean's surface.

OARS rhythmically propel the raft forward.

**INT. RAFT -- DAY**

Hiro rows the raft towards the Helldiver.

Edward watches Hiro, fascinated by the young man's determination. More amused than helpful.

EDWARD  
 You missed her that bad?

Edward puts a hand on one of the oars.

EDWARD  
 There's nothing over there.

Hiro stops rowing for a beat.

HIRO  
 (Japanese, subtitled)  
*I have a plan.*

Hiro goes back to rowing. His eyes fall on a set of dark storm clouds directly where they're heading.

Edward and Hiro share a look of worry.

**EXT. RAFT -- DAY**

The raft saddles up beside the Helldiver.

Hiro ties the raft to the Helldiver's tail with the ROPE that connected the Marine's rafts together.

Edward stays in the raft and watches as -

Hiro takes his katana and hops onto the Helldiver.

**EXT. HULL, OCEAN**

Hiro walks onto the wing.

He takes the katana and points the tip of the blade into the frame of the Helldiver.

Hiro presses his body weight onto the hilt of the katana. The sword begins to slice and dig into the wing.

He kneels down to the hole. Sniffs.

A wide grin spreads across Hiro's face. He waves Edward to come over. Elated. He reluctantly does so.

Edward smells the hole. Locks eyes with Hiro.

EDWARD

Gas.

Hiro nods enthusiastically. He points to the left and right wing and the attached bombs.

EDWARD

You clever son of a bitch...

Edward takes the lead. He looks down at the Helldiver proudly. Maybe even for the first time.

EDWARD

Okay. What you got, Missy? I know this. I know this.

Edward fights to remember. Bingo. He points at the wings -

EDWARD

So - She's got a hundred gallon tank there. And there. Another-twenty behind the Gunner's Station.

He motions at the UNDER-WING BOMBS and the INTERNAL BOMB BAY.

EDWARD

And with that under-wing load-out and the thousand pound demo-bomb in the bay - We're lookin' at the Fourth of July here.

Hiro RATTLES the Match Container in Edward's face.

EDWARD

Or whatever you guys call it...

Edward takes the Match Container and opens it. There's a decent amount of matches for this to work.

EDWARD

If we drain out the fuel from the wings and the internal tank...

Edward takes it in. Nods.

EDWARD

...That could work. Spotter Planes would see the fire for miles.

Edward and Hiro look up at the dark storm clouds, then down at each other. *We doing this?*

**EXT. HULL, OCEAN -- DAY**

A ROPE is tied snug on the Helldiver's wing.

Edward and Hiro check it religiously.

We track the rope from the Helldiver's tail into the water and to the RAFT. Floating off in the distance.

Hiro looks at it nervously.

EDWARD

If that burns up, we're more than fucked. It's the only way.

Edward pats Hiro on the back.

HIRO

(Japanese, subtitled)  
*Now what?*

**EXT. OCEAN -- DAY**

Hiro clings to the wing of the Helldiver with a white knuckle grip. Half-submerged. He holds the katana in his other hand.

Edward wades in the turbulent ocean. The storm is here.

EDWARD

You're doing good! Keep movin' your legs slow! Just like I showed you!

A swell rocks the Helldiver and Hiro. Not ideal conditions for a novice swimmer. Hiro is hating every second.

HIRO  
 (Japanese, subtitled)  
*This was a stupid idea!*

Edward scans the water's surface. He spots A DORSAL FIN for a split-second. *Was it?* It's unclear. But regardless:

EDWARD  
 We gotta' move fast! We don't have  
 much time before she goes under!

Hiro shakes his head.

EDWARD  
 Don't look so nervous! You're  
 gonna' freak me out!

Edward extends his hand.

EDWARD  
 Grab my hand!

Hiro reaches out, but Edward's too far. *Intentionally so.*

HIRO  
*You motherfucker!*

Hiro reluctantly releases and paddles to Edward.

EDWARD  
 There you go! Look at that! We've  
 got ourselves a natural!

He grabs Edward's hand. They wade there in the water. Hiro kicks his legs slow and keeps himself afloat.

EDWARD  
 You good?

After a moment, Hiro is confident. He lets go of Edward and wades there by himself.

EDWARD  
 Okay... This is it.

Hiro nods and Edward dips underwater.

#### **EXT. UNDERWATER**

Edward swims below the wing.

He feels along the metal frame then stops. His hands have found a metal wedge. *Bingo.* He pulls on it -

A latch SLIDES open. Exposes a fuel cap.

**EXT. OCEAN**

Hiro struggles to wade.

He's pushed around by angry swells but remains in position.

Scans the water's surface. No sign of a dorsal fin.

He dips under. On edge.

**HIRO POV**

He looks down into the dark water. Nothing.

Everything is going too easy.

**EXT. OCEAN**

Hiro comes up.

He turns towards the wing - EDWARD IS GONE.

*FUCK.* Hiro SWIMS towards the wing. Too worried and terrified to notice that he's actually swimming.

**EXT. UNDERWATER - POV**

We're charging right for Hiro.

Coming in fast for his side.

**EXT. OCEAN**

Hiro swims, oblivious to his impending doom, when:

Edward BURSTS out of the water and grabs him. *Close one.*

Hiro notices the smudge of oil on Edward's face. They nod to one another and swim for the other wing.

An angry SWELL dips the Helldiver.

HIRO  
NO. NO. NO.

EDWARD  
SHIT!

The Helldiver rolls forward and takes on water, sinking faster than planned.

EDWARD  
WE GOTTA MOVE! YOU TAKE THE WING!  
I'LL GO DOWN FOR THE INTERNAL!

No time for careful translations.

Edward pulls the MATCH CONTAINER from his jacket. He puts it in Hiro's jacket pocket.

EDWARD  
ONCE THAT WING IS OPEN, YOU GET ON  
HER BELLY AND LIGHT THE BITCH!

Edward splashes his hand in the slick skim of fuel and oil.

HIRO  
(Japanese, subtitled)  
*I HAVE NO FUCKING IDEA WHAT YOU'RE  
SAYING!*

There's no time. Edward gives Hiro a slap on the back and dives underwater. Leaving him.

Hiro swims to the other wing. He clings on. Scans his surroundings, eyes falling on:

A DORSAL FIN. Circling from afar.

#### **EXT. UNDERWATER**

Edward swims to the -

#### **REAR GUNNER'S STATION**

He searches along the body of the Helldiver.

Finds a LATCH.

#### **EXT. OCEAN**

Hiro frantically feels along the wing. Doesn't really know what he's looking for. He dives underwater -

The DORSAL FIN surfaces in the waters behind him.

**UNDERWATER**

Hiro searches the wing. Running his hands up and down. Side to side. Covering every inch.

It pains us to see where the latch is.

Watching Hiro pass over it every time.

**EXT. OCEAN**

Hiro comes up for air.

He turns back - NO DORSAL FIN.

He quickly dives -

**UNDERWATER**

Hiro runs his hand up and down the wing until -

His fingers wrap around the latch! He pulls on it but -

It's jammed. He yanks hard -

Not enough. Yanks harder! Still not enough. Yanks even harder! The latch slides and EXPOSES the fuel cap.

Hiro unscrews the fuel cap and drains the fuel.

He's about to go up for air, when -

*THE GREAT WHITE MATERIALIZES! SINKS TEETH INTO HIRO'S ARM.*

And drags him even deeper...

**EXT. UNDERWATER - EDWARD**

Edward frantically works the latch on the side of the plane.

On the other side of the Helldiver's wing -

The Great White violently shakes Hiro by the arm. Ripping flesh and splintering bone.

**EXT. UNDERWATER - HIRO**

Hiro uses his other arm to -

DRIVE THE KATANA INTO THE SHARK'S SIDE.

The Shark releases and darts away into the depths.

**EXT. UNDERWATER - EDWARD**

Edward yanks the latch open, releasing the dark fuel...

He turns to his side. The Shark is gone. He catches sight of Hiro's legs as they're pulled up onto the wing.

Edward swims for the surface...

**EXT. OCEAN**

...and breaches.

He's about to pull himself up, when:

HIRO  
*WATCH OUT!*

Hiro points behind him. Edward turns to see -

THE DORSAL FIN CHARGING RIGHT AT HIM!

He doesn't have enough time to get out. Edward takes in an enormous GULP OF AIR and ducks...

**EXT. UNDERWATER**

*...THE GREAT WHITE DARTS OUT OF THE DARKNESS!*

Edward dips into the -

**REAR GUNNER'S STATION**

- At the last second!

The Great White SLAMS against the Helldiver.

Its massive jaws SNAP at the Rear Gunner's station. Teeth carving into the metal frame of the Helldiver.

**EXT. HULL, OCEAN**

Rain pelts the Helldiver.

Hiro lays on top of the wing and tries to fish the match container out of his jacket pocket.

It's hard with a broken and mangled arm. He wrestles against the pain and pulls the container free.

The water surrounding the Helldiver is slick with fuel.

*It's time...*

**EXT. REAR GUNNER'S STATION - UNDERWATER**

Edward muscles the M1919 BROWNING towards the SNAPPING JAWS.

The Great White CLAMPS down on the machine gun, violently yanking it back and forth -

Edward is pushed around effortlessly by the beast. He SLAMS his head against the inside of the station. Dazed.

And releases his grip on the M1919 Browning -

He flutters in and out of consciousness. Locked in on the beast's massive WHITE EYE.

Edward stops fighting. He's no match and he knows it.

He lets himself fade off...

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. HOME - FLASHBACK -- DAY**

Rain violently pelts the windows.

The front door whips open and Edward storms in. His mechanic coveralls are sopping wet. He beelines to the RADIO on the kitchen counter. Turns it on.

The Pearl Harbor Address continues:

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT (V.O.)  
Last night, Japanese forces  
attacked Hong Kong. Last night,  
Japanese forces attacked Guam.

Edward looks over the home. No sign of Mia to be found.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. REAR GUNNER'S STATION - UNDERWATER -- PRESENT**

Edward wakes with a start.

The Shark's JAWS go for a bite -

Edward shrinks into the station. He KICKS the Shark in the nose and she backs off. She rounds for another attack -

Edward turns the M1919 Browning at the Shark -

She bites down. Edward fights to keep her at bay.

His motions begins to slow. *He's running out of oxygen.*

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. HOME - FLASHBACK -- DAY**

Edward drifts away from the radio and looks around the house. He comes to the Master Bedroom. A bed for two. Neatly made.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT (V.O.)  
 Last night, the Japanese attacked  
 Wake Island. And this morning, the  
 Japanese attacked Midway Island.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. REAR GUNNER'S STATION - UNDERWATER -- PRESENT**

The Great White rips loose the M1919 Browning!

Edward instantly closes the CANOPY'S SHATTERED FRAME.

It's just enough to BLOCK the Shark's GAPING JAWS -

**EXT. HULL, OCEAN**

Wet and extinguished matches litter the hull.

Hiro only has FIVE MORE MATCHES.

He lights one. It burns for a second, but the whipping winds and pouring rain extinguish it.

FOUR MORE LEFT. *C'mon. Think. Think.*

He takes THREE MATCHES. Knows the risk.

Strikes them as one. The matches BURN, flame taking to wood.

Hiro quickly tosses them into the oil.

NOTHING. The oil does not take.

**EXT. REAR GUNNER'S STATION - UNDERWATER**

The Great White attempts to muscle its head into the Rear Gunner's Station - STRAINING the canopy's frame.

The SNAPPING JAWS inch closer to Edward -

He yanks a SHARD OF GLASS off the canopy frame.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. HOME - FLASHBACK -- DAY**

Edward strolls through the hallway. PHOTOS of Mia and Edward decorate the wall. The happiest of times.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT (V.O.)  
 Japan has, therefore, undertaken a  
 surprise offensive extending  
 throughout the Pacific...

He stops outside a door and looks at the small cloud sign that hangs without a name.

EDWARD  
 Mia?

No response. He turns the door knob, enters slowly...

**NURSERY**

...The world falls SILENT.

Edward's legs give out and he CRUMPLES in the doorway.

We reverse to reveal the BABY CRIB...

A pair of **BARE FEET** floating just above it.

The bottom of MIA'S MATERNITY DRESS hangs in view.

A glimpse of the CEILING FAN. It's ripped slightly ajar from the ceiling. A ROPE leads out of frame.

Edward lets out a blood-curdling SCREAM.

A pain unlike anything he's experienced.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. REAR GUNNER'S STATION - UNDERWATER -- PRESENT**

Edward stares right at the Great White.

The SHARD OF GLASS at the ready.

He belts out a GUTTERAL SCREAM of unholy rage.

Letting out all the air in his lungs.

**EXT. HULL, OCEAN**

ONE. SINGLE. MATCH.

Hiro stares at the match. Hopeless. His last chance.

He notices a SHINE to his fingers. They're wet with fuel.

Hiro scans over his entire body and finds -

A PUDDLE OF FUEL AT HIS FEET. A wick waiting to be lit.

He knows what must be done. Hiro steels himself.

STRIKES the match. FLAME takes to wood. He drops it as -

**THE PUDDLE IGNITES...**

**...AND HIRO BURSTS INTO FLAMES!**

He lets out a WAR CRY and LEAPS OFF the Helldiver at the thrashing Great White. SPLASH!

The water IGNITES. Flames spread instantly.

A great CIRCLE OF FIRE surrounds the Helldiver.

**EXT. UNDERWATER**

Hiro extinguishes on impact.

He's SMACKED by the Shark's tail fin as it spins around and flees from the flames above. The Shark vanishes.

Hiro takes the opening and desperately dives for the -

**REAR GUNNER'S STATION**

Edward floats unconscious, suspended in the muddy black water. Hiro grabs him, yanks him from the plane.

Pulling Edward into -

**OPEN WATERS**

Hiro moves with no time to spare.

Every passing second is one without air.

One closer to the Helldiver's impending explosion.

**EXT. AERIAL VIEW**

The oil and fuel burn violently.

The flames lick the bomber and its load-out, consuming it...

*Priming it.*

**EXT. UNDERWATER**

Hiro looks up above - ANGRY FLAMES BURN.

He thrashes and strokes, but Edward weighs him down.

For every frenzied stroke forward they descend a foot deeper -

Still, he has to try. Swimming as best he can... Sinking...

Something stirs in the corner of Hiro's vision - *THE SHARK.*

She CHARGES, passing under the sinking Helldiver when:

**-- KA-BOOM! THE HELLDIVER EXPLODES. A SEISMIC SHOCK. --**

A MAELSTRON OF RIPPLES consumes Hiro and Edward.

**EXT. OCEAN**

Spotches of INKY OIL-FIRES burn on the water's surface.

PILLARS OF DARK SMOKE rises out for miles.

We sit with the fire and smoke for a beat, when -

Hiro and Edward breach! Alive and kicking. Edward instantly sputters up a mouthful of water and breathes in.

He takes in his surroundings. Passing his view over floating pieces of the Helldiver and raging oil-fires...

Edward cheers and hugs Hiro. Grateful. The two men take in the wreckage in awe. *We did it. We fucking did it.*

The RAFT floats in the distance. Just as planned.

Hiro and Edward paddle in the Raft's direction. Each move is laborious and painful.

Hiro changes directions and paddles towards something -

EDWARD

Where are you going?

Hiro holds up the END OF A ROPE.

He pulls on it and the rope comes up out of the water. Hiro pulls in the rope and raft.

Edward smiles wide with hope, but then -

#### **THE DORSAL FIN**

Slices up out of the water.

The Shark Flesh is scorched and burned.

It charges right for us.

#### **UNDERWATER**

The Shark's body is marred with patches of CHARRED FLESH.

SHRAPNEL stabs out of her body. A TATTERED TAIL FIN.

Despite the damage, she comes at them faster than ever -

#### **HIRO**

Sees the fin. He pulls in fast.

The Raft slowly comes closer.

There's too much rope and not enough time.

HIRO

GO! GO!

#### **EDWARD**

Looks at Hiro and the Dorsal Fin. Torn.

But he has to do something.

EDWARD  
JUST KEEP PULLING! DON'T STOP!

Edward swims hard for the raft.

**EXT. AERIAL VIEW**

Hiro stays in place and PULLS IN the Raft.

Edward swims for the Raft as Hiro pulls it towards him.

The Great White swims for Hiro.

It's a race to the fucking finish...

**HIRO**

Pulls in as fast as he can.

The rope begins to dig into his sliced palms.

Hiro's bloody palms make it harder to pull the Raft in.

His hands slip down the rope -

But he keeps pulling.

**THE DORSAL FIN**

Is halfway to Hiro.

She isn't holding back.

Charging at 25mph!

**EDWARD**

Keeps pushing forward.

Almost to the Raft.

**HIRO**

Reels in hard.

He looks back to see -

**THE DORSAL FIN**

Closes in for the kill.

Fuck. She's so close.

**EDWARD**

Reaches the raft.

Climbs onboard.

**HIRO**

A peaceful look falls upon Hiro's face.

He stops pulling in the raft.

**THE DORSAL FIN**

Is right behind Hiro.

The body of the Great White begins to surface -

Don't look back.

**HIRO**

Readies for what's to come.

The Great White seconds behind him -

EDWARD (O.S.)

MOVE!

Hiro ducks underwater.

Exposing the incoming Shark - MOUTH AGAPE!

**EDWARD**

Lays prone in the raft.

The THOMPSON MACHINE GUN aimed at the Shark:

**-- EDWARD EMPTIES THE MAGAZINE. BULLETS PUNCH THROUGH THE SHARK. DECIMATING THE BEAST IN SECONDS --**

**EXT. UNDERWATER**

Hiro watches in awe as -

The BULLET RIDDLED SHARK descends into the deep.

Blood trails out of the monster's gaping jaws. Its bulging white eyes stare out lifeless, forcing one final shudder down Hiro's spine. Finally, the beast is slain.

Hiro swims for the surface -

**EXT. OCEAN**

Hiro breaches and belts out a CHEER.

Edward YELLS in celebration. He rows the raft to Hiro and offers his hand -

Hiro takes it without a second thought, embracing Edward as he's hoisted into the raft. They look upon the other proudly, not as enemies in this moment, but as friends.

The pair settle themselves in the raft. Only the sound of labored breathing and the electricity of survival.

**EXT. RAFT -- LATER**

Edward and Hiro lay motionless.

Not an ounce of energy left in their tattered bodies. A small puddle of blood sloshes in the bottom of the raft.

The faint DRONE of a distant plane breaks the silence.

Nobody moves. The sound grows LOUDER. Closer.

Slowly, Edward and Hiro come to life, rolling over to look up at the sky where - A SPOTTER PLANE soars above.

The plane rounds back for them, descending to the water...

**EXT. OCEAN -- MOMENTS LATER**

The amphibious aircraft floats atop the water a few meters away from the raft. Waiting idle.

An AIRMAN waves at Edward, yelling:

AIRMAN  
Imperial Navy's heading this way!  
No time to waste!

The airman points to the horizon where -

A JAPANESE AIRCRAFT CARRIER approaches...

**EXT. RAFT**

Hiro weakly stares at the approaching Japanese Carrier. There's no hope or joy on his face. Just recognition.

Edward looks on to the Airman and the Spotter Plane.

Hiro and Edward look back at each other, holding there. So many things to be said yet no time to say it.

A simple nod passes between the two.

Edward slips into the water and swims for the Spotter Plane.

He climbs into the plane and takes one last look at Hiro.

He closes the hatch.

**EXT. RAFT -- MOMENTS LATER**

Hiro looks up into the sky and watches the Spotter Plane fly off into the distance. Free.

A sincere grin spreads across Hiro's face.

He relishes this moment for a beat. Then, lowers his gaze at the approaching JAPANESE AIRCRAFT CARRIER.

**EXT. JAPANESE AIRCRAFT CARRIER -- DAY**

Hiro is on the deck. His wounds have been treated and his shark bitten arm is all bandaged up.

He looks out at the ocean. Eyes deep in thought.

**INT. INFIRMARY, AMERICAN AIRCRAFT CARRIER -- DAY**

Edward sits in a medical bed.

He's healthier. Color back in his face. A BANDAGED STUMP where his leg used to be. A DOCTOR checks the stump.

DOCTOR  
You're lucky to be alive.

Edward sits there, deciphering those words. After hesitating, a sense of relief comes over him.

His eyes well up with tears. He lets them fall.

**INT. SAILOR QUARTERS, JAPANESE AIRCRAFT CARRIER -- DAY**

Hiro is escorted into the barrack by an OFFICER.

There's an odd sense of familiarity to everything he sees. The room is filled with JAPANESE SAILORS AND PILOTS.

That same young bravado. It's unnerving to Hiro.

OFFICER  
(Japanese, subtitled)  
*You'll find your glory soon.*

Hiro sits down on a cot and the Officer gives him a pat.

**INT. HALLWAY, AMERICAN AIRCRAFT CARRIER -- DAY**

Claustrophobic chaos. An ALARM sounds. Echoes. Ringing.

Sailors and Airmen bustle about, sprinting into action. The continuous drone of an alarm signals them for battle.

SAILOR  
Stations! Stations! Stations! We  
got a Japanese Carrier!

Among the chaos we find Edward. He stands on crutches.

A look of worry crosses everyone's face.

**INT. SAILOR QUARTERS, JAPANESE AIRCRAFT CARRIER -- DAY**

The room bustles with life.

Every Sailor and Airman readies for battle. They move with a heightened sense of purpose. Battle and glory awaits.

KAMIKAZE PILOT  
(Japanese, subtitled)  
*C'mon! The Americans are coming!*

Hiro sits in his cot. A solitary statue. He's got all the time in the world. He looks at the Kamikaze Pilot.

HIRO  
*...You really want to die?*

The Kamikaze stares at Hiro like he's crazy.

**INT. HOSPITAL BUNK, AIRCRAFT CARRIER -- DAY**

Edward sits on his bunk. Surrounded by fellow wounded soldiers. Able bodied men move into action around them.

He stares at a PHOTO OF MIA in his hands.

Making peace with whatever may come.

**EXT. DECK, JAPANESE AIRCRAFT CARRIER -- DAY**

Hiro walks on deck. He's stoic but -

His nose is BROKEN and his face is battered with bruises.

TWO OFFICERS escort him towards an awaiting ZERO. They stop before it. Hiro looks back at them. Defiant.

An Officer puts his hand on his holstered pistol.

**INT. HOSPITAL BUNK, AIRCRAFT CARRIER**

Edward tucks away the photo of Mia to his heart.

SAILOR  
 Eddy! Hop your ass on deck! You  
 need to see this.

The Sailor disappears down the hall.

Edward slowly climbs out of his cot.

**EXT. DECK, JAPANESE AIRCRAFT CARRIER**

Hiro stares at the Officers.

Kamikaze Pilots load into their Zeros. They watch the dramatic standoff from their cockpits.

The Officer unholsters his pistol and aims at Hiro -

Hiro doesn't falter. He's not afraid. Not of this.

Japanese Sailors and Airmen look out off the side of the deck. Something else has overshadowed Hiro's showdown.

The anger dissipates from the Officer's face. He sees it too.  
He lowers his pistol and walks to the railing of the deck.  
Hiro turns around. Everyone on deck looks out at -

**EXT. DECK, AMERICAN AIRCRAFT CARRIER**

Edward hobbles on deck with his crutches.  
Everyone on deck looks out over the railing in awe -  
A MUSHROOM CLOUD OF UNGODLY PROPORTIONS RISES.  
Edwards stops in his tracks. Shocked. Confused.  
The aftermath of the Hiroshima bombing.  
Soldiers on deck shout with joy. They embrace their brothers  
in arms with a sense of empowerment.  
Edward takes the sight in with a look of sorrow.

**EXT. DECK, JAPANESE AIRCRAFT CARRIER**

Hiro looks out over the railing -  
THE MUSHROOM CLOUD RISES IN THE DISTANCE.  
The deck is silent. We pass over the faces of Japanese  
Sailors and Pilots. No one knows what this moment means.  
But they feel it. And it breaks every one of them.  
Hiro looks on. A sense of relief tarnished by an unbearable  
pain. A man and his nation...  
Heading into the unknown.

**CUT TO BLACK.**