

# "THE DEVIL AT MY HEELS"

Part One

**"Atonement"**

Part Two

**"Disappointment"**

Part Three

**"Duty"**

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**"Legacy"**

A Made-For-Television Mini-Series  
In 10 Parts

Written by  
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Based Upon The Book by  
LOUIS ZAMPERINI AND DAVID RENSIN

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**PART ONE: "ATONE"**

**TEASER**

OVER BLACK

frantic running and the sound of heavy panting, rising in our ears.

TITLE:

**The Following is a True Story**

A PILOT's voice slowly fades in, panicking over a radio...

PILOT (V.O.)  
Command! Command! Should we take  
the heading to Guadalcanal?!

A low rumbling.

TITLE:

**Funafuti Island**

**April 1943**

PILOT (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
(radio feedback,  
inaudible)  
Or should we go directly back to  
Funafuti? Over...

Another low rumbling.

The frantic heavy panting of the unseen runner reaches fever pitch as we

CUT FROM BLACK:

LOUIS ZAMPERINI,

26, eyes wide, runs for his life, while the world is tearing itself apart around him.

We're on the

EXT. BASE - FUNAFUTI ISLAND - VARIOUS - NIGHT (1 AM) (1943)

Pandemonium. Rain. Explosions. Soldiers run in various directions. The bombs are not ceasing.

## ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS

on the ground are trying to dispose of the enemy planes.  
Debris flying everywhere. Chaos in full effect, mid-raid.

## LOUIS AND THE AIRMEN,

some dressed only in T-shirts and boxers, make for the bomb shelters. Splashing in the mud. Tripping over themselves.

## AT THE BOMB SHELTER,

dug under a hut, AIRMEN are yelling to the men outside.  
Barely audible...

## AIRMEN (VARIOUS)

C'mon, run god damn you! Run!  
Move your asses!!!

## AROUND THE ISLAND - VARIOUS

## THE CHURCH

takes a direct hit, exploding into a mound of debris.

## THE AIRSTRIP

is mangled. Two gassed-up, bomb-ready B-24s are lost in a fireball.

Landing gear, motors and other remains fly into the air and the distance.

## UNLUCKY SOLDIERS

not making it to their foxholes are cut down, some in half.

BACK TO:

## LOUIS AND THE OTHER MEN

come across confused and scared Micronesian natives.  
Screaming orders...

## LOUIS/AIRMEN

Get to the foxholes!!! Not safe!!!  
Go, go, go!!!

The Micronesian's understand and scatter.

WITH THE MICRONESIAN NATIVES

making for the various foxholes. Explosions scatter everywhere.

LOUIS' EYES

quickly turn to the sky.

LOUIS' POV

barely make out the bomb bay doors opening from Japanese Sally and Betty bombers, but he most definitely sees the bombs dropping as they hit their objectives below in a flurry of fire.

A mortar lands nearby, knocking

LOUIS

completely off his feet, face buried in the dirt.

Tries to get back up, raises his head to look ahead.

LOUIS' EYES

witness the devastation before him.

LOUIS POV

sees the natives running for the foxholes. Some children, about 5 or 6 in age, are confused. Not knowing which way to go.

LOUIS

studies the children before him, in the midst of all this, thinking back.

EXT. VILLAGE - FUNAFUTI ISLAND - DAY (1943) (**FLASHBACK**)

Louis and his pilot friend RUSSELL "PHIL" PHILLIPS, among other soldiers, walk through the village at an earlier time.

LOUIS

is focused on a group of native kids, no older than 5 or 6, leaning in a circle under a tree, smoking cigarettes.

Smiles to himself.

EXT. ALLEY WAY - TORRANCE, CALIFORNIA - DAY (1923)  
(FLASHBACK)

Louis, 6, leans against a brick wall, smoking a cigarette, with his up-to-no-good buddies.

At the end of the alley way, a MOTORCYCLE COP pulls up, tilting his head down the alley to get a better look.

Louis and the others quickly stub out the smoke.

BACK TO:

EXT. VILLAGE - FUNAFUTI ISLAND - DAY (1943) (FLASHBACK)

LOUIS

smiling. Memories of his youth.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. BASE - FUNAFUTI ISLAND - CONTINUOUS (1 AM) (1943)

LOUIS

watching the kids make for the foxholes.

A short burst of machine gun fire comes from above. The unlucky few are knocked off their feet and don't get up.

LOUIS

watches this, traumatized, unable to do anything.

He lays there, managing to slowly get up, when another volley of mortars land, the ground near him erupts, knocking him down again.

LOUIS

sees the bomb shelter ahead, the airmen calling for him to hurry up.

He's not going to make it. His eyes full of desperation. Staring straight ahead.

The sound of an approaching fire truck rings out somewhere in the distance as we

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA - NIGHT (1919)

Traveling down a deserted street at two am. A violent light flickers from a house up ahead.

EXT. ZAMPERINI HOUSE - LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA - CONTINUOUS

The Zamperini one-story home is a burning inferno.

TITLE:

**Long Beach, California.**

**1919**

We hear screaming from within the blazes.

INT. HALLWAY - ZAMPERINI HOME - CONTINUOUS

ANTHONY ZAMPERINI,

immigrated from Verona, Italy, Burt Lancaster-looking, built like a boxer, runs through the house, dressed in his pajamas, yelling through the flames.

ANTHONY ZAMPERINI  
Louise, Louise!!! Get outside!  
C'mon! I'm grabbing the boys!!!!

Anthony smashes through a nearby door and screams inside.

ANTHONY ZAMPERINI (CONT'D)  
Boys, I'm here!

EXT. ZAMPERINI HOUSE - LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA - CONTINUOUS

LOUISE ZAMPERINI,

a medium built handsome half-Austrian, half-Italian American woman, born in Pennsylvania, stands terrified on the lawn in her night gown. She is several months pregnant.

Waiting for any movement from the front door.

Looks to the nearby houses. Neighbors are running outside. Some stand at their windows, dialing for help.

A snapping sound.

Finally, breaking through the front door, emerging from the flame is Anthony, carrying two small figures under his large arms.

Anthony places them gently on the lawn and collapses next to them, catching his breath, rubbing smoke out of his eyes.

In the distance, the clanking bells of fire engines approach.

Louise desperately inspects the children. The first figure is PETE, 4, their oldest son. Moves onto the second son...

                  LOUISE  
                  (frantic)  
                  Tony, Tony. Where's Louie?

Anthony half-glances over to the kids.

                  ANTHONY ZAMPERINI  
                  No, no. He's here. Right there.

                  LOUISE  
                  No...

The second shape is revealed to be a folded beaten pillow.

                  LOUISE (CONT'D)  
                  ...that's a pillow, Tony.

INT. HALLWAY - ZAMPERINI HOME - SECONDS LATER

Anthony is back in the blazes, the smoke becoming thick.

                  ANTHONY ZAMPERINI  
                  Louie!!!

Opens Pete and Louis' door, but can't do it. He looks down and see ceiling debris jamming the door shut.

                  ANTHONY ZAMPERINI (CONT'D)  
                  Son of a bitch!

INT. LOUIS AND PETE'S ROOM - ZAMPERINI HOME - CONTINUOUS

The bedroom is thick with smoke. Then, THE DOOR EXPLODES and Anthony runs in, scanning the room. Under the bed, a little hand sticks out from one of the beds.

                  ANTHONY ZAMPERINI  
                  Toots, I'm here!

He flings the mattress aside and finds his baby boy.

LOUIS,

aged 2, is screaming at the top of his lungs.

EXT. ZAMPERINI HOUSE - LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA - CONTINUOUS

The trucks arrive and fire fighters tear equipment and hoses off the truck and go to work. A few comfort and blanket Louise and Pete.

Neighbors approach, offering support. Some are even grabbing garden hoses, helping out in the effort.

The sound of timber collapsing turns everyone's attention toward the house as Anthony, clutching baby Louis to his chest, makes it off the front porch.

In that instant, the inevitable happens: the house collapses.

They both collapse on the lawn as Pete and Louise gather. Everyone catches their breath, and look down to Louis.

ANTHONY ZAMPERINI

Lucky kid, huh?

LOUISE

Yeah, Lucky Louie, all right.

It wouldn't be the first scrap he would escape from. Anthony lets out a sigh of relief and then looks to his burning home.

END OF TEASER



MAIN TITLES

FADE IN:

EXT. TORRANCE, CALIFORNIA - VARIOUS - AFTERNOON

Over the city of Torrance, California. Torrance is a small industrial town, along the outskirts of Los Angeles. Surrounding the suburban neighborhoods are barley fields.

Main Street displays storefront windows for your any need. A Red Car passes down the middle of the street.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GRAMERCY STREET - TORRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Traveling down a young residential neighborhood where a family is in the process of moving into their new home.

EXT. ZAMPERINI HOME - TORRANCE, CALIFORNIA - AFTERNOON

THE AMERICAN FLAG

displaying 48 stars is placed on the poll attached to the house where it flows beautifully.

WIDE

as Anthony Zamperini descends from his ladder. Behind him, Louise and movers are carrying their family belongs into the house for the first time.

TITLE:

**Zamperini Residence - Gramercy Street**

**Torrance, California**

Louise meets Anthony on the path and he lovingly puts his arm around her, taking in the sight of their new home.

LOUISE  
It's a lovely home.

ANTHONY ZAMPERINI  
(in Italian)  
For what I paid, it should be--

Waves him away. Frustrated.

LOUISE  
English, Anthony.

A beat. Anthony struggles with the words...

ANTHONY ZAMPERINI  
For...what...I paid...

LOUISE  
Here you are with the dramatics.  
(looking around)  
We should be friendly with the  
neighbors.

ANTHONY'S POV

see the white bread neighbors across the street suspiciously eyeing the Italian waps moving in.

ANTHONY ZAMPERINI  
(sighs)  
They look restless.

LOUISE  
Give 'em the benefit of the doubt.

Louise grabs hold of Anthony's arm as they head down the path, to extend greetings to their new neighbors.

We move toward the front door into...

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI HOME - SAME

As warm a living room as one would ever expect. Though quaint in size, this home was made for Christmas mornings.

Among the moving boxes and furniture are Pete and little Louis, sifting through the boxes for their toys.

We leave the children and continue into...

INT. DINING ROOM - ZAMPERINI HOME - SAME

...where the squeal of the children echoes, continuing onto the

INT. KITCHEN - ZAMPERINI HOME - SAME

The laughter of the boys continue as we move through the kitchen and into...

INT. BEDROOM - ZAMPERINI HOME - SAME

Sizable room, this will be Louis and Pete's. Overlooking the front yard. Through the window, in the distance, Louise and Anthony are chatting with their neighbors.

Winning them over.

FADE TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK

the ticking of a clock.

CUT FROM BLACK:

EXT. ZAMPERINI HOME - DAWN (1923)

From the street, the home is quiet.

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI HOME - SAME

THE CLOCK TICKS

loudly back and forth.

A FAMILY STUDIO PHOTOGRAPH

sitting on the mantle, displays the growing family. Anthony holds his oldest daughter SYLVIA, aged 3. Next to Anthony is Louis, 6 now, Mother Louise holding infant VIRGINIA and Pete is right behind her.

INT. LOUIS AND PETE'S ROOM - ZAMPERINI HOME - SAME

Louis and Pete, now 6 and 8, sleep in their separate beds, peacefully. Suddenly, the door opens and a fully dressed Louise breaks the peace.

LOUISE

5:30, every one is up! Chores to do, good for nothing lazy!

Somewhere in the house, baby Virginia is crying.

Louis, eyes shut, covers a pillow over his face.

LOUIS

Ma!!!! For God's sake!

Pete sits up in bed and scratches himself.

LOUISE (O.S.)

Watch the Lord's name!

LOUIS

We don't go to church no more, remember?!

EXT. BACK PORCH - ZAMPERINI HOME - DAWN

The back porch is swept by a half-awake Louis.

INT. KITCHEN - ZAMPERINI HOME - SAME

Pete does the dishes while Louise and Anthony enjoy their breakfast, keeping an eye on their boys.

EXT. ZAMPERINI HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Pete and Louis, carrying their books, run off to school. Louise stands on the front porch, waving them off.

Anthony gets in the family vehicle and leaves for work, kissing Louise on the way.

EXT. PACIFIC RAILROAD FACTORY - DAY

An industrial factory.

INT. WORK BENCH - PACIFIC RAILROAD FACTORY - DAY

Sitting as a bench machinist is Anthony, putting his all into the job. A bored worker, next to him, nudges Anthony.

WORKER

Hey pal, slow down. Stop makin' us  
all look bad.

INT. KITCHEN - ZAMPERINI HOME - DAY

Louise stands over the sink washing dishes, making every dish shine.

EXT. STREET - TORRANCE - DAY

LOUIS

his head hung down to the ground, walks home from school, scanning the sidewalk. For what?

A MOTORCYCLE COP slowly tails Louis from behind, keeping a suspicious eye on him.

Louis knows he's being followed, stands straight up, turns around and waves an innocent greeting to the cop.

Beat.

The cop, satisfied, moves on.

Louis walks back, retraces his steps and picks up something off the ground.

EXT. ALLEY WAY - MOMENTS LATER

Louis turns the corner and pulls from his pocket three unfinished cigarette butts. Blows on it and puts one in his mouth just to savor the taste.

For 6 years old, he looks eerily comfortable. How long has this been going on?

EXT. ZAMPERINI HOME - TORRANCE, CALIFORNIA - NIGHT

From the street, the Zamperini home is lit with company, laughter, and especially music.

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI HOME - SAME

Inside, we see Louise playing the violin, her brother UNCLE LOUIS, on saxophone to accompany his sister.

The kids sit cross-legged on the floor, loving every minute.

In the back, sits Anthony, a serene smile sits on his face. Louis turns to see his father's expression, smiling.

Every reason to be happy.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Long empty hallways, quiet.

Suddenly they burst with children coming out of their classrooms, yelling and talking at the same time. Everyone seems friendly with each other.

Coming out of his classroom is Louis, books in hand, his black hair greased straight back, making him more Italian-looking, but trying to seem cool to others.

He doesn't speak to any of the other boys.

He passes by a BULLY type twice his size talking with his gang. The Bully looks like he'll grow up to be a linebacker. Eyes Louis, smiles with his crooked mouth and follows.

BULLY  
(taunting, unrelenting)  
Hey, wap!!! Yeah, guess I'm  
talking to you!!!

Louis tries not to let it bother him, but he's a sensitive kid who doesn't want to back down. He turns around to face the Bully.

BULLY (CONT'D)

(sizing him up)

Man, you guineas sure are some ugly sons of bitches! Your hair could use a little more olive oil, huh guys?!

OTHER KIDS

turn around to watch the humiliation.

His gang eggs him on. One of the gang comes up behind Louis and smacks the back of his head, flinging the hair up.

THE BULLY

looks him dead in the eyes. Not letting up. Very suddenly, the Bully lunges one hand, grabbing Louis' neck and slams his face into a nearby locker.

Louis slowly recovers. A tear rides down his cheek. His fists tighten.

The Bully smiles.

This is the tipping point. Louis throws a punch at the Bully and lands one, but not before the Bully and his gang fight right back. Louis is scrawny, but he still puts up one hell of a fight.

He is butchered.

INT. KITCHEN - ZAMPERINI HOME - THAT NIGHT

The clock in the living room ticks.

Louise sits at the kitchen table, a cup of coffee held firmly in her hand. Calmly looking across the table at Louis, badly beaten. His face is swollen and his right eye is black.

A glass of milk sits untouched in front of him.

From outside, the sound of the Zamperini car pulls up the back driveway.

Louis' eyes shut tight. Knowing the worst is about to walk through the door.

Outside, a pause, then the car door closes. Footsteps approach.

Louise breaks her gaze and leaves the table to meet Anthony, leaving Louis alone.

Murmurs from the back porch, then approaching footsteps. Louis looks up to the doorway of the kitchen and there, shaking his head, is Anthony.

Not proud, nor angry.

INT. GARAGE - ZAMPERINI HOME - LATER THAT NIGHT

A lone naked light bulb illuminates the moment.

Standing in old boxing shorts exposing his skinny legs is Anthony. He's facing Louis, much smaller in stature, dressed in a similar fashion.

Between them is a swinging punching bag, gently moving from recent use.

Anthony is out of breath. Looks expectantly to Louis.

Louis says nothing.

ANTHONY ZAMPERINI

Look, your just defending yourself.  
Don't make a show of it. Don't go  
looking for this guy. Fighting  
gets you nowhere.

Louis says nothing.

ANTHONY ZAMPERINI (CONT'D)

You try.

Louis walks up to the bag. Timidly holds up his fists and throws the first punch as we

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

The school bell rings.

LOUIS

walks with purpose. His expression a blank haze.

Making his way through the crowd of kids, he finally finds his purpose...

THE BACK OF THE BULLY'S HEAD

as Louis smashes his fist in.

The Bully pitches forward, smacking his chin against the linoleum tile. Blood spouts from his mouth.

The Bully's gang back up to give their fearless leader falling room and then look up to Louis, a coldness in his eyes.

LOUIS

trembles with fear, but still jumps onto the Bully's back and begins punching his chubby stomach.

The kids surrounding Louis go nuts with excitement.

Farther down the hallway, an older FEMALE TEACHER hears the commotion and tries to part the crowd, yelling all the while...

FEMALE TEACHER

Move!!! Get outta my way!!!

The Female Teacher reaches the cause of the commotion and it's a sight...

The Bully is a bloody mess and Louis is wailing on top of him.

She moves to rip Louis off, grabbing him by his waist, but he's unrelenting.

FEMALE TEACHER (CONT'D)

Let go!!! Young man, let go!!!

Not thinking in the least, Louis forgo's the wailing of the Bully and out of nowhere, pushes the Female Teacher, knocking her down.

The hallway takes in the silence.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Post-fight. Louis sits low in his chair opposite the ELEMENTARY SCHOOL PRINCIPAL, who simply stares the young troublemaker down.

ELEMENTARY SCHOOL PRINCIPAL

Your brother, Pete, he's a good kid.

(MORE)



## ELEMENTARY SCHOOL PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)

Do you mind telling me what in the heck is wrong with you?

Louis looks away, visibly upset.

## ELEMENTARY SCHOOL PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)

I really don't understand how one student could be causing so much trouble.

(beat, calm)

And this isn't the first time, either.

(beat)

Chewing tobacco in class! Pushing kids around on the playground.

(beat)

Louis, where is this coming from? Pete is on the straight and narrow, but not you.

Beat. Nothing.

## ELEMENTARY SCHOOL PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)

I'm going to get an answer out of you, young man!

This is the first time Louis has said much.

## LOUIS

My father works for the Pacific Electric Railway. He works six days a week and comes home to my mother, a housewife and the caregiver of the home. My father, he doesn't drink, he doesn't beat us unless we deserve it. My parent's teach us how to perform chores around the house. When they can muster enough money, they take us out for ice cream.

(beat)

I have a home. I'm safe and healthy. My family is good.

The Elementary School Principal takes all this in.

## ELEMENTARY SCHOOL PRINCIPAL

So, what your saying...is that you have absolutely no reason to act out like this?

Louis just shakes his head.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FRONT PORCH - ZAMPERINI HOME - DAY

A quiet Saturday afternoon. Open cans of paint sit on a drop cloth. Louis is leaning forward, supposed to be painting the house, but looks lazy doing it.

Looks around to see if the coast is clear. Pulls out a switchblade from his pocket and begins to carve something into the wood.

Steps back, proudly appraising the defacement.

The side gate suddenly shuts off-screen. Louis jumps, grabbing the brush off the can, and quickly paints over the carved "LOUIS". As if it never existed.

Anthony walks by, carrying a ladder, doing his own chores, does a sideways glance at Louis, walks on.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - TORRANCE - AFTERNOON (1931)

Louis walks home from school. Now 14, he looks a bit older now. His clothes seem different, more tattered, his lack of authority now firmly in place. He is nursing a used cigarette in his hand.

An expert by now.

A Police Car pulls alongside and gives Louis the eye. Louis doesn't break the POLICE OFFICER's eye contact. The Police Car departs, turning a corner. Louis takes a puff off the cigarette and keeps walking.

In the distance, he hears the sound of older kids beating up on another kid. This peaks Louis' interest and investigates.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - ALLEY WAY - SAME

LOUIS' POV

see a group of tougher looking kids twice the size of him, wailing on a smaller kid.

Louis smiles to himself, then catches a glimpse of the beaten kid...

...Pete, 15.

Louis' eyes go wide, drops the cigarette, and rips one of the kids off of Pete and smack into the brick wall.

PETE

watches the fight take place, the violence spilling out in front of him. No expression.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - ZAMPERINI HOME - THAT NIGHT

Family dinner. Louis calmly sits eating his dinner, not a care in the world.

Pete sits next to him, his head down, lost in his own thoughts.

Virginia and Sylvia sit, minding their own business.

Something catches Louis' eye and he looks up to see

WIDE

At the other end of the table, Anthony holds his hands to his mouth, studying Louis. Louise looks to Anthony and finally speaks up.

LOUISE

Toots...why is this so hard?

LOUIS

What, mama?

Pete doesn't know what to think.

LOUISE

Why...why can't you be a-good boy like your brother?

Louis looks to Pete, feeling like he's been stabbed in the heart. His expression changes in an instant. He bites his lip, curbing his emotion.

LOUIS

Is that it? You love Pete more than you love me!

Louise looks to Anthony, and bursts into tears, devastated. Anthony grabs her hand, comforting.

LOUISE

Louie, let me tell you this: if the Lord asked me to give up one of my children, He'd have to take whichever one He wanted.

(MORE)

LOUISE (CONT'D)

I couldn't say this one or that one! I couldn't.

Louis is at a loss for words, not sure where to take his argument, so he blurts out...

LOUIS

Yeah. Well, how come you always pick on me?

LOUISE

(trying to talk sense)  
How can I help it? You're the one who, if I say, "Empty the garbage," says "Just a minute," and then disappears!

LOUIS

But--

Anthony brings a violent fist down onto the table, the glasses shaking, causing everyone to silence.

ANTHONY ZAMPERINI

You're a troublemaker, your killing us. Your mother and me. We've given you everything.

This is too much for Louise, she violently shoves her plate aside and storms to her room, sobbing.

Louis looks horrified at what he's done. Shakes his head, trying to hide the tears and knocks his chair to the floor, leaving in disgust.

INT. HALLWAY - ZAMPERINI HOME - SAME

Louis heads for his room, an expression of pure confusion. He races into his room, slamming the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HALLWAY - ZAMPERINI HOME - LATER THAT NIGHT

Pete quietly walks into the room and gently closes the door.

INT. LOUIS AND PETE'S ROOM - ZAMPERINI HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Pete places his head on the pillow, ready for bed. He looks over to Louis, in bed, staring straight ahead at Pete, tears streaming down his cheeks.

Pete climbs out of his own bed to comfort his younger brother. Louis quietly sobs.

LOUIS  
What is wrong with me, Pete?  
What is wrong with me...

Pete takes all this in, trying to understand his brother's anger. He searches his heart for a way out for Louis. Anything.

A long beat passes. Quiet sobbing fills the room. Finally...

PETE  
Thank you for stopping the fight,  
Louis.

FADE TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK

TITLE:

**1932**

PETE (V.O.)  
Look, he's just a pain in the butt,  
sir, he's not crazy.

CUT FROM BLACK:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Sitting behind his desk is the scholarly HIGH SCHOOL PRINCIPAL, his hands pressed together, leaning back in his chair.

Across the desk are Pete and Louise, dressed in their Sunday best.

Pete is leaning forward in his chair, the palm of his hand placed on the desk for effect, looking the principal square in the eye.

PETE  
We're trying to get Louie  
interested in sports. It might  
keep him off the street, give him  
something to do.

HIGH SCHOOL PRINCIPAL  
(considering)  
That's true.

LOUISE  
But--

PETE

--if I got him to run, and the demerits made him ineligible...

The High School Principal frowns, sees something on the desk. Leans forward, and stares at Pete's hand. Pete and Louise see this and he removes his hand.

The High School Principal wipes away the sweat from Pete's hand with a handkerchief.

PETE (CONT'D)

You know me, sir. I'm already here on the track team. If he gets a break, if he gets a chance to find that he has some other way to draw attention and get recognition, it might help.

The Principal swivels in his chair, his hands still pressed together. Undecided.

EXT. TORRANCE STREET - DAY

Louis and Pete walk home, mid-fight.

LOUIS

No, no, no!

PETE

You wanna be a pain in the ass your whole life? This is a way to wipe your slate clean! There is no discussion. You do this, no beat cop will ever look at you cock-eyed again.

LOUIS

(not even realizing what he's saying)

Pete, why don't you go shove it up--

Pete violently grabs Louis, throwing him against a fence. They stare at each other, eye to eye. Tense.

PETE

Time for me to be the tough guy. Look, you have no idea how sick we all are of cops coming to the house, how sick we are of folks around the neighborhoods giving our family a bad name.

(MORE)

PETE(CONT'D)

We have it rough enough around here  
without you spoiling things.

(beat)

This is your one chance, your one  
chance, to tell the neighborhood--

LOUIS

(shrugs)

The neighborhood, who cares--

PETE

--everyone for that matter!  
Everyone, that Louis Zamperini is  
not a mental case!

This shakes Louis to the core. Pete lets him go. The street  
is quiet.

LOUIS

Mental case. Who thinks that?

Pete subtly throws his hands up. Exhausted.

LOUIS

finally listens.

LOUIS

What do I have to do?

PETE

A few weeks, your first meet. And  
you'll be there. I'll personally  
make sure of that, toots.

LOUIS

Only Mom still calls me that.

Pete walks away. Calling over his shoulder...

PETE

Sure, shit for brains suits you  
better, anyway.

Louis smiles.

EXT. TRACK - THE FIRST RACE - DAY

Competing runners dressed in their track suits are stretching  
and readying themselves for the meet. A small crowd of  
supporters are assembling in the stands.

Pete stands with the HEAD COACH and BOB LEWELLEN, a part-time coach, on the sidelines, chatting. Pete occasionally looks around, searching.

TITLE:

### 660-Yard Race - The First Race

We move to

UNDER THE BLEACHERS

where Louis, uncomfortable in his track suit, paces back and forth. He stretches his arms up to the bleacher bars and looks out to the track and the other runners.

His eyes say everything. It's decision time.

MEET ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Runners to your marks for the 660-Yard Race.

Polite and somewhat enthusiastic applause comes from the stands. The runners approach the white line.

Do or die...

Louis walks over to his mark on the track, half ready for this.

PETE

tightens up, just as nervous.

The Head Coach and Bob Lewellen watch with concern.

The starter pistol is raised in the air, then BLAM!

The runners shoot off, each trained and prepared for the strain.

Not Louis Zamperini.

His arms flap at their sides, running like a mad man.

ON THE SIDELINES

the Head Coach and Bob Lewellen nearly split with laughter. The Head Coach can't hold it in. Pete simply watches, calm.



LOUIS

is around the first bend, struggling with every step.  
Gasping for breath.

ON THE SIDELINES

the Head Coach wipes tears out of his eyes. Trying to  
maintain his laughter, while talking...

HEAD COACH

(to Bob Lewellen)

Whew! Would you look at that!!  
That kid will never make a runner,  
that's for sure.

(to Pete)

Zamperini, who is that?

Pete, his arms crossed, merely watching, looks with such  
pride.

PETE

Coach, that's my kid brother.

The Head Coach ceases his laughter and simply watches for a  
beat.

BOB LEWELLEN

Well, I'll tell you what. Judging  
by what we're seeing here, he may  
not have any qualifications, no  
chest, no legs, no form. But he's  
got guts, and that's what counts.

(beat)

He signed up for track?

In the distance, Louis is lapping the final bend.  
Competitively, not doing too well.

PETE

(with a smirk)

No. We had to beg him to show up  
today. I bet you wild horses  
couldn't make him run again.

The runners cross the finish line. Louis stammers forward,  
in last place.

PETE (CONT'D)

But it would be swell if he could.

(beat)

Excuse me.

Pete runs to find Louis on the grass, withered in pain, gasping for breath. Pete leans down close.

LOUIS  
Never...fucking...again am I...  
doing that...

PETE  
(calm)  
Next week, Lou. We gotta meet  
against Narbonne High, it's a big  
deal for us.

LOUIS  
No way. No way, I'd rather be  
dead.

PETE  
You've got to. There's no one  
else. You've got to run.

Pete walks away, leaving Louis on the ground, contemplating.

A starter pistol is fired.

EXT. TRACK - THE NEXT RACE - THE NEXT WEEK - DAY

Mid-race. Supporters in the stands are cheering and yelling.

Louis, wearing the Torrance High uniform, is running last to three Narbonne runners. But he's not too far behind a fourth Narbonne runner. He's feeling his energy begin to wane.

ON THE SIDELINES,

Pete watches.

PETE  
C'mon, Louie, do it.

ON THE TRACK

Louis hears something that he's never heard before.

SCHOOL KIDS (VARIOUS) (O.S.)  
Come on, Louie! Come on, Louie!  
C'mon Zamp!!!

He looks up from track and to the stands where a group of Torrance High School kids are cheering him on with enthusiasm.

The look on his face fills with surprise. Something overcomes him. A surge of adrenaline.

He pitches forward in his run and flies right past the fourth Narbonne runner.

He approaches the finish line, crossing with a sense of pride. The cheering from the crowd echoes in his mind.

THE GRASS - MOMENTS LATER

Louis collapses in the same position as the last race, withered and breathing hard. Someone stands over him.

PETE (O.S.)

You could be a real runner, you know.

LOUIS

(not looking up)

Yeah, but the pain, Pete...

PETE

That'll go away when you train. You'll get in shape.

Pete leans down, and locks eyes with Louis.

PETE (CONT'D)

You wanna be a bum your whole life? Or do you wanna amount to something? You can become a runner, Louie, I believe in you, everyone does.

(re: the crowd)

Listen to them, they're from our school. What does that tell you?

Pete throws a towel at Louis and helps him up off the grass.

INT. LOUIS AND PETE'S ROOM - ZAMPERINI HOME - THAT NIGHT

Pete is asleep in his bed, but Louis is wide awake, his hands resting behind his head, staring up at the ceiling.

Louis is at a crossroad in his life for the first time: does he choose the troublemaker's path that has worked well for him so far or the life of a track runner that could lead to more promising things?

EXT. ZAMPERINI HOME - MORNING

Early morning, moment's after dawn. Anthony dressed and ready for chores, looks around.

ANTHONY ZAMPERINI  
(calling inside)  
Louise! Where's Louis?!

INT. LOUIS AND PETE'S ROOM - ZAMPERINI HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Anthony steps inside and sees two unmade beds.

ANTHONY ZAMPERINI  
(calling)  
Pete! Where's your brother?!

EXT. FIELD - APPROACHING TRAIN TRACKS - DAY

Louis runs for another purpose.

He and his buddy JOHNNY, a street tough, are trying to catch up to a train moving through the valley.

JOHNNY  
Come on, track star, hurry your  
ass!!!

EXT. STEERAGE BOX CAR - DAY

The door is open and Louis and Johnny stumble using their upper body strength to grip the wooden floor of the steerage car. Johnny makes it up with ease, but Louis is having trouble.

JOHNNY  
Come on, Zamp, gimme your hand!

Louis uses the last of his strength and flops down on the wood floor.

They catch their breath, laying on the floor.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
I tell you, this is the life.

EXT. NORTHERN CALIFORNIA COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The train makes a bee-line through the lush countryside.

EXT. STEERAGE BOX CAR - DAY

Louis and Johnny hold their heads out the door, taking in the beauty, the wind intoxicating.

EXT. STEERAGE BOX CAR - ROOF - NIGHT

They lay on the roof, staring up at the stars.

EXT. STEERAGE BOX CAR - DAY

In the distance, they see approaching, the city of San Francisco.

EXT. STEERAGE BOX CAR - NEAR SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

In one fell swoop, Louis and Johnny leap for it, and tumble down the nearby long embankment.

We see dark clouds approaching overhead.

EXT. HOBO CAMP - NIGHT

Miserable rain smacks down. Hobos huddle around trash cans lit with flame. Some chat, others sit and think, sitting squarely in the rain.

AWAY FROM THE CAMP

hiding behind cardboard boxes are Louis and Johnny, daring one another to do it.

JOHNNY

Come on, smart ass, and do it!

Louis looks out at the camp, clutches a box for moral support and runs for it!

On a cobbled together grill, not quite warm, are a can of beans. In the distance, we see Louis run for it, cross the paths of the nearby bums, clutch the can from the less fortunate men and women, and then take off.

LOUIS

Johnny, we got it, let's go!

The bums see this and try to make chase, but due to malnutrition, don't get too far. One falls in the mud and hurts himself.

Louis and Johnny take off in a flash.

EXT. ORCHARD FIELD - SHACK - LATER THAT NIGHT

A wet, desolate orchard field. Louis and Johnny sit huddled in a dilapidated shack for comfort, while eating from the cold can of beans. Johnny takes great comfort in the beans, while Louis is more stand-off-ish.

In the background, they hear the sound of another train running along the tracks. They both look up.

The train slowly rolls past them. Louis watches, intently.

LOUIS' POV

sees the passenger train is a dining car. Through the windows, he sees passengers dressed elegantly for dinner, eating off of white table clothes, drinking from crystal glasses.

They look happy and especially satisfied.

Louis looks off, longingly. The train rolls by.

LOUIS

Boy, Johnny, are we dopes?

JOHNNY

(not really interested,  
focusing on the beans)

How's that?

LOUIS

(re: the passengers)

Look at those people, riding in  
style. That's the life.

(thinking, to himself)

Someday, I'm going to be in one of  
those cars. I'm going to have the  
works.

Beat.

Johnny belches loudly, tossing the can in the mud.

JOHNNY

(oblivious)

Wish we had more beans.

Louis is quiet, reflecting. The rain comes down, the mud is soggy. Looks up one last time to see the train. Too late. The train has moved on.

LOUIS  
Let's go home.

Hold on the empty train tracks, where the passenger car was.

EXT. STEERAGE BOX CAR - SOUTHBOUND - NIGHT

The rain continues to press down. Through the flashes of lightning, we see Louis and Johnny again stowaway in the car.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. STEERAGE BOX CAR - THE NEXT MORNING

LOUIS

lies asleep. Light snoring suggests Johnny is somewhere close. A bead of sweat rolls off Louis' forehead. He opens his eyes and looks around.

The steerage car is filled with a load of corrugated culverts, stacked up, being shipped.

Through the wood panels we see the sun seeping through, burning up the entire car.

Louis sits up, looks around, taking in the heat, wiping sweat away from his brow. He notices something else...

...the train isn't moving.

He stands up and moves to the car door.

It's locked.

Looks around, taking stock of the rising temperature. Looks up, notices a trap door in the ceiling. There's no way to get up there.

LOUIS  
Get up, Johnny.

MOMENTS LATER

JOHNNY

struggling. We see feet on both of his shoulders. He looks up and is holding up Louis, who is trying to prop open the trap door.

JOHNNY

Gotta tell ya, Zamp. It's gettin'  
hot.

The trap door is almost opened when they both hear a rickety sound and footsteps from outside their box car door.

They freeze. Johnny pulls Louis quickly off his shoulders and they find

THEIR HIDING SPOT

are the culverts, inside a pipe.

LOUIS' POV

they hear the door being open, the heat burning inside. Footsteps bang onto the wood floor and begin walking around, loudly.

Louis sees spit-shined shoes walking, a .38 revolver attached to his belt. He's a TRAIN DICK, inspecting the train. Thoroughly searching.

Louis and Johnny hold their breath, hoping that the Train Dick will move on to the next car.

Then, silence...

...and CLANK!!!! The butt of the .38 revolver is banged inside of their pipe and the sound rings their ears something fierce.

...and THERE HE IS...the Train Dick exposing Johnny and Louis. He has his gun in their faces.

TRAIN DICK

GET OFF THE FUCKING TRAIN! WHAT A  
BUNCH OF KIDS, GET OUT HERE!!!

EXT. STEERAGE BOX CAR - SOUTHBOUND - MOMENTS LATER

The train moving.

Johnny flies first into the abyss, landing with a violent thud down the embankment, followed shortly by Louis, scared shitless.

BOTTOM OF THE EMBANKMENT

they land in a cloud of dust. The train passes by and into the distance.



Johnny tests his hearing, banging his palm against his ear.

JOHNNY  
Hey Zamp, say something in this  
ear.

Louis dusts himself off, stands and screams into Johnny's ear.

LOUIS  
We fucked up, Johnny!!!

EXT. DOWNTOWN TORRANCE - BIG RED CAR - DAY

Traveling down the rails.

INT. BIG RED CAR - SAME

Johnny and Louis sit side by side. They sit in silence, while the other passengers stare at them.

LOUIS  
Starting to realize, we had things  
pretty well back home.

Johnny just nods, looking forward.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
Running away from responsibility  
just doesn't work.  
(beat)  
You hear me?

JOHNNY  
Huh?

Johnny looks off, still banging his palm against his ear.

EXT. ZAMPERINI HOME - AFTERNOON

Louise and Anthony stand looking towards the street, holding each other.

Coming up the walkway is Louis. He approaches his parents, not saying a word.

They both open their arms to Louis, holding him close. They're more relieved to see him, than angry.

Louis pulls away from the embrace and stands a little more mature before their eyes.

LOUIS  
 Whatever work you have for me...I'm  
 ready.

EXT. ZAMPERINI HOME - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

The sun is low in the sky.

Louis is up on a ladder, a paint brush in his hand, painting  
 the house. He is happy to help for the first time.

He looks down to see Pete, his hands tucked in his pockets,  
 staring up at him, squinting in the afternoon sun.

They share a look. Louis sighs.

LOUIS  
 As for you.  
 (beat)  
 You win. I'm going all out to be a  
 runner.

Pete doesn't say a word. He smiles a bit, then heads back in  
 the house. Louis returns to painting.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRACK - MORNING (IN SLOW MOTION)

Moving along the track, then Louis comes into the image and a  
 blunt object makes violent contact with his ass as we

(RESUME NORMAL MOTION)

as Louis has been beat with a long stick by Pete, trailing  
 behind him.

PETE  
 C'mon, Lou, you gotta keep your  
 feet moving. Rule number one.

Louis doesn't wince at the pain as much. He's becoming used  
 to it.

EXT. TORRANCE STREET - MORNING

Louis jogging through the streets...

EXT. REDONDO BEACH - LATER THAT MORNING

...and ending up along the coastline.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LOUIS AND PETE'S ROOM - ZAMPERINI HOME - NIGHT

Louis' eyes are buried in the books. The frustration in his eyes become too much and he slams the book shut, shoves the book and various papers off the desk, and stands up.

Footsteps approach from the hallway. The door opens, revealing Louise.

LOUISE

Bed.

And closes the door behind her.

He looks out the window, thinking to himself.

Soon, he returns to the desk, sighs to himself, then picks up the books and begins all over.

INT. HALLWAY - TORRANCE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

LOUIS' POV

see various girls waving hello and smiling wide for him as he walks down the hallways.

LOUIS

stunned to be recognized by his fellow classmates.

EXT. TRACK - DAY

Sweating but not minding it is Louis on the track, Pete running alongside him.

PETE

You've got to develop some sort of self-discipline, Toots.

(beat)

I can't always be around, you know. You need to take care of yourself on weekends.

LOUIS

I'm just burning it off anyway.

PETE

Don't matter. And STOP sneaking those sundaes! I'm not blind!

Louis laughs to himself.

PETE (CONT'D)  
 (looking off)  
 Speaking of sweets, your are  
 starting to get more attention from  
 the stands.

Louis looks over. Indeed, from the stands are a few good-looking girls, holding their books.

LOUIS  
 Well, it's good to have fans.

A crash of thunder is heard.

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI HOME - NIGHT

Louise looks out the window, watching as rain is pouring down. Anthony sits in his chair, reading the paper, not paying attention.

At the front door, suiting up for a jog is Louis.

LOUISE  
 You aren't going out there!

LOUIS  
 Made a promise to myself, ma. No  
 matter the weather, I'm training.

And out the door he goes, Louise reaches out and shuts the door behind him.

LOUISE  
 (watches after him, to  
 Anthony)  
 Stubborn as a mule, that boy of  
 yours.

EXT. TRACK - DAY

Another meet, Louis is tearing through the competition to first place, without any effort. He breaks through the finish line tape.

The cheering is tremendous.

INT. GYM - TORRANCE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

We see various hands seated behind a long table handing in their votes to the person on their left. Some sort of voting is taking place.

MOMENTS LATER

Upper Class Men are choosing who the next Junior Class President will be.

THE NAMES

written on the piece of paper.

SENIOR VICE PRESIDENT (O.S.)  
 (one at a time)  
 Gunderson, Sallis, Zamperini,  
 Sallis, Zamperini, Zamperini...

INT. DINING ROOM - ZAMPERINI HOME - NIGHT (WEEKS LATER)

Louis is sitting at the table, eating a bowl of cereal when Anthony and Louise rush in, cheering.

Anthony picks his son up by the waist and spins him around the room.

LOUIS  
 Hey! What gives?!

LOUISE  
 Junior Vice President!!! My  
 own son!!!

ANTHONY ZAMPERINI  
 We're proud of you, boy...we love  
 you.

Anthony drops Louis, dusting himself off.

LOUISE  
 And what's all this business of  
 finding out two weeks after the  
 fact?

LOUIS  
 (adjusting his collar)  
 You know me, ma, it's no big deal,  
 just a stupid election.

LOUISE  
 Not a big deal? Not a big deal?

She takes Louis tenderly by the wrist and sits him back down at the table.

LOUISE (CONT'D)  
 My son is someone. He's not some  
 bum on the street. He's an elected  
 man, voted by his peers. You don't  
 understand how proud of you we are.

ANTHONY ZAMPERINI  
 Your a regular Franklin Roosevelt,  
 son! Next step, the White House  
 for you!

They walk out, a rush of happy energy leaving the room.  
 Louis slowly turns away and sheepishly produces a proud  
 smile. He's accomplishing his happiness.

EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE - LOS ANGELES COLISEUM - DAY

The wide archway to the Los Angeles Coliseum.

Pete and Louis stand side by side, taking in the enormity of  
 the track inside.

We take in the tight dimensions of the track, as Louis and  
 Pete observe.

PETE  
 All right, here's what we got.

EXT. TRACK - LOS ANGELES COLISEUM - MOMENTS LATER

Pete and Louis running over the course of the track, mapping  
 out the turns.

PETE (V.O.)  
 We all know that kid Virgil Hooper  
 is expected to be the winner. His  
 state record is 4:49.2, but can do  
 it at 4:24. Hell. Even I'm jealous.

MOMENTS LATER

Louis runs in the afternoon light, calculating in his head.

PETE (V.O.)  
 Your final kick in the race will  
 take some figuring out. Don't fret,  
 man, things will work out.  
 (beat)  
 Obviously your not alone with  
 Hooper. You got Jordan from  
 Whittier High, two Indian kids from  
 Sherman Institute. They're good.

MOMENTS LATER

Louis is sprawled out on the grass, relaxing, Pete beside  
 him.

LOUIS  
My chances?

PETE  
(sighs, thinking)  
Your times are improving. Your  
doing better on your finishes, your-  
-

LOUIS  
I mean--

Louis turns his head to make eye contact with Pete.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
--can I win?

PETE  
Louie, you've become a better  
runner than I ever hoped you'd be.

LOUIS  
Well, your getting your scholarship  
to USC and--

PETE  
I mean, I'm proud of you. You're  
coming from a long way.

INT. BATHROOM - ZAMPERINI HOME - MORNING

A SHAKING LEG

Louis sits on the toilet, his hands to his face, peeking out  
between the fingers, scared shitless. His leg won't stop  
shaking.

TITLE:

**May 19th, 1934**

A bang on the door shakes him.

INT. KITCHEN - ZAMPERINI HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Louis sits down at the table to join Pete, Virginia and  
Sylvia, eating breakfast. The clanking of silverware against  
dish doesn't calm Louis' nerves.

LOUIS  
(to Virginia)  
Could you...  
(MORE)

LOUIS (CONT'D)

(meeting Virginia's eye  
line)

...keep that down...?

Virginia gives him a dirty look.

Pete looks up.

PETE

Relax, it'll be a cinch.

LOUIS

(quickly)

No race is a cinch, you should know  
better. These kids are serious.

(beat, waving his hand  
away)

You don't know.

Pete slams his spoon down, pushes his bowl away, and gives  
his little brother a noogie.

PETE

(teasing)  
What's the matter? You  
scared?

LOUIS

Lay off, man! I'm not  
kidding! What the--

Louis manages to push a grinning Pete away. Louis is fuming.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

I'm not scared. I just don't feel  
good. You don't understand shit!

From another room...

LOUISE / ANTHONY ZAMPERINI (O.S.)

Hey, language! Watch that,  
mouth!!!

Pete and Louis react, then Pete stares him down.

PETE

Admit it, you're just chicken.

Louis almost freaks. Holding a single finger up to Pete as  
if to say, "I'm going to get you back for that one."

Louis stands up and walks to the doorway, turns around,  
leaning against the chair opposite Pete.

LOUIS

Pete, I'll go out there and run.  
And if I drop dead, my legs will  
keep running.



Louis exits, leaving Pete grinning.

EXT. HALLWAY - ZAMPERINI HOME - SAME

Louis walks to his bedroom, the door open.

A beat.

Then, flies from the bedroom into...

INT. BATHROOM - ZAMPERINI HOME - CONTINUOUS

...to put his head into the toilet to throw up as we

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. TRACK - LOS ANGELES COLISEUM - AFTERNOON

Mid-race. Chaos of screaming from the stands as Louis fights for the front position. Having a tough time, though. There are several other runners in front of him, too little room to make lee-way.

IN THE STANDS

Chaotic cheering. The runners fly right by. A crowded mass of runners. It's difficult to point out Louis.

ON THE TRACK

Louis is studying the runners in front of him, studying their feet, the movement of their shoulders, trying to think of a plan. He needs an opening if he's going to move forward.

Up head are ELMO and ABBOT, the two Indian boys. They continue through the first lap. Louis hears from the sidelines...

ELMO AND ABBOT'S COACH (O.S.)  
Two oh one!

BACK TO:

LOUIS

shaking his head, clearly impressed.

SECONDS LATER

Louis looks forward and sees Elmo and Abbot slow up. Louis looks behind him as he passes them.

Just enjoy the race, his developing smiles insinuates.

SECONDS LATER

Louis hears from the sidelines again, this time from Pete, keeping his time. He sees Pete as he passes him, stopwatch in hand...

PETE

Three-seventeen!!!!

Louis turns up his energy and passes HOOPER the presumed winner, who himself is beginning to wain.

And then it happens.

LOUIS' POV

shows absolutely no runner in front of him. He sees the finish tape and a cheering crowd ready to congratulate him.

Louis smiles and then suddenly...

ON HIS HEEL

as another runner scrapes it with his cleat.

Louis' smile disappears, realizing another runner is still in this race.

He bolts forward with all his remaining energy, leaving the other runner in the distance, nary a chance to win.

THE CHALLENGING RUNNER

sees Louis way ahead in the distance.

LOUIS' POV

as he closes in on the finish tape. It snaps in a ballet of ribbon.

EXT. STANDS - LOS ANGELES COLISEUM - MOMENTS LATER

Polite silence.

A HAND

places a medal on the shirt of Louis Zamperini. The hand belongs to Pete.

Pete's smile is beyond simple pride. He can't even find the words to tell him how proud he is of his little brother.

Louis stands, trying to hold back his own giddiness.

PETE  
(putting the medal on,  
muttering to Louis)  
They said...that you just broke the  
World's Interscholastic Mile  
record.

Louis looks off, somewhat impressed.

PETE (CONT'D)  
A record...that had stood for  
eighteen years.

Louis looks him right in the eye.

PETE (CONT'D)  
Now...that's impressive.

The crowd cheers, everyone is on their feet.

Louis raises his fist in the air to address the crowd, the  
victor. His face is a mixture of emotions.

He steps down and walks through the crowd. The other runners  
are there. Some offer backslaps and hugs of congratulations.

LOUIS

taking it all in. Something catches his eye.

Some of the runners look hurt. They are being consoled by  
their loving parents.

Louis takes this image in.

The cheering of the crowd fades away...

EXT. LOCKER ROOM - LOS ANGELES COLISEUM - EVENING

Steam from a running shower fills the room.

Sitting on a bench, a towel wrapped around his waist, is  
Louis, holding the medal in hands, studying it. Testing it's  
weight. It's value.

Pete walks in, watching his brother for a moment before  
speaking up.

PETE  
Get dressed. Mom and Dad wanted to  
make you a celebratory dinner.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

PETE(CONT'D)

Your just a kid, soon you'll be  
taking on college kids my age and  
show 'em a thing or two.

Louis says nothing. With a nod, Pete heads for the door.

LOUIS

Next time...

Pete turns around.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Mom and Dad should be there.

(off Pete's look)

If I'm going to win, I wanna share  
it with them.

Pete shakes his head, taking it in.

PETE

Hurry up.

He leaves. The heavy clank of the closing door echoes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MULTI-PURPOSE ROOM - TORRANCE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Row after row of high school graduates, dressed in their  
commencement robes. We pass their eager young faces until we  
land on Louis Zamperini, soon to be high school graduate,  
after all of his hard work.

TITLE:

**January, 1936**

The High School Principal is concluding his inspirational  
speech to the graduates.

HIGH SCHOOL PRINCIPAL (O.S.)

...and finally, your student body  
president...Louie Zamperini...

The crowd goes crazy. The students and their families. Among  
the families are Louis' own.

Louis takes the stage and approaches the podium. He takes in  
the faces looking up at him, opens his mouth to speak, but is  
soon drowned out by the sound of several thousand cheering  
fans.

EXT. STANDS - RACE - SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA - DAY

From the stands, a meet is being watched. The runners all pace themselves. Then, they make the final lap and then it happens.

One of the runners sprints forward from the pack and easily wins the race, leaving his fellow runners in the dust.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Norman Bright! Norman Bright! One of this country's premiere runners has done it again! He is the winner!

Pete, in the stands, has watched this, getting an idea.

EXT. TRACK - SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA - SAME

NORMAN BRIGHT, a bright-eyed, freckled redhead, runs back to bask in the glory of his victory. He's proud, but not arrogant.

EXT. TRACK - TORRANCE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Pete and Louis are jogging on the track, keeping a steady pace. Their words come out strained due to their jog.

PETE

I wanna enter you just to see how close you can come to Bright.

Beat.

PETE (CONT'D)

He's going to make the Olympic team coming up, you know that.

LOUIS

Yeah. He's good. 5,000 meter is a tough race to run. I'll do it, I just wanna be ready.

PETE

Why so scared, now? Haven't lost one in, what, three years?

Beat.

LOUIS

Who's scared?

PETE

Just keep an eye on that final lap.  
He's like a jack rabbit in heat out  
there.

MOMENTS LATER

WIDE

Louis running alone, the sun shining behind him as we

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. TRACK - ZAMPERINI / NORMAN BRIGHT RACE - DAY

We see crowds out of focus, the world whirling by us in a  
blur, and then catching up to us is

LOUIS ZAMPERINI AND NORMAN BRIGHT

as they come into view, neck and neck. Two experienced  
runners giving it their all.

WIDE

They are close, striving for every inch of this track.

Louis is not showing any hesitation. He shakes his head, not  
allowing himself to believe that he's keeping up.

IN THE STANDS

Anthony and Louise Zamperini, finally in attendance, hold  
onto each other for dear life in anticipation.

The crowd around them is going crazy.

ON THE TRACK

Bright and Louis keep passing each other, neither wanting to  
give each other an advantage.

BRIGHT

gives in, faltering for the slightest second.

Louis sees this and pulls away. Again, he sees victory well  
within his grasp. He looks over his shoulder. Bright is  
still behind, but not licked.

Suddenly...

## LOUIS' FOOT

catches on the grandstand, stumbles, one hand catching himself on the ground.

That's all it takes.

In a flash, Bright flies by.

## LOUIS

determined as ever, gets up and continues, quickly making up the lost ground.

## AT THE FINISH LINE

the Officials holding the tape, get so excited as Louis and Bright approach, they drop the tape. Pick it up! They scramble as the runners suddenly close in!

## LOUIS AND BRIGHT

approaching. It's going to be a dead heat.

Both men giving it their all and then

## THE FINISH TAPE

snaps, both runners seem so close, but the winner is

## OVERHEAD THE TRACK CLAY OF THE FINISH LINE

as one pair of cleats cross first...then immediately a second pair.

The second pair belongs to Louis Zamperini.

The crowd explodes with cheers, storm the track, and crowd around both runners. Norman Bright is engulfed with excited fans.

Louis stops to catch his breath, putting his hands on his waist. Not sure what to do. He's lost for the first time in three and a half years. Almost looks like he's caught in a daze.

Pete and Louise and Anthony appear out of the crowd to congratulate Louis' effort. He doesn't hear them for a moment.

He's still watching Bright.





Anthony puts a firm hand on Louis' shoulder. Louis smiles out of the corner of his mouth.

PETE  
Your going to Berlin.

LOUIS  
Pete, calm down, it's just tryouts,  
for starters.

EXT. PLATFORM - TORRANCE TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

A beautiful sleek Southern Pacific train waits to be boarded and depart. Steam seeps out of the locomotive.

To and fro, passengers are boarding.

Apart from the other passengers are Louis. The family is there to see him off.

ANTHONY ZAMPERINI  
You have your luggage?

Louis holds up his brand new suitcase. There is are words stenciled on the side, but covered with masking tape.

LOUISE  
What is that? What does that say?

LOUIS  
When the city gave it to me, it  
read--

Louis pulls the tape. Underneath, it reads, "**TORRANCE  
TORNADO.**"

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
--I didn't want the other guys  
giving me guff.

Louise embraces her son, kissing his cheeks.

LOUISE  
The very best of luck, my baby boy.  
You will make us proud.

LOUIS  
For once.

LOUISE  
No.  
(beat, holding his cheeks)  
For always, toots.

She pulls him closer. She doesn't want to let go.

The TRAIN CONDUCTOR comes down the steps of one of the train cars.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR  
New York, now boarding! Alllll  
abooooarrrddd!!!

Louis looks back, almost excited. Grabs for Sylvia and Virginia.

LOUIS  
Don't let Pete pick on you.  
Remember that move I taught you.

SYLVIA  
I won't.

LOUIS  
Well...

Anthony extends his hand. Louis doesn't hesitate and pulls his father close in a hug.

ANTHONY ZAMPERINI  
Got your ticket?

LOUIS  
Thanks to you, Dad. Yeah.

Pete behind him.

PETE  
Pop, he's going to miss his train.

Anthony lets go and Louis pulls Pete aside, confessing, almost scared.

LOUIS  
Pete, it's not fair you can't go  
with me.

PETE  
You've never been afraid of  
anything in your whole life.

LOUIS  
I don't know. I might get lost.

PETE  
It's your time. I'll just hold you  
back.

The family steps away, and heads for the parking lot.

Louis steps onto the train, watching Pete on the platform.

The train pulls out of the station.

Pete is the last to turn away.

INT. DINING CAR - TRAIN - NIGHT

The dark countryside glides past through the windows. An industrial city approaches.

Passengers enjoy a late-night dinner, eating off of fine china on white tablecloth.

Louis sits at one such table. He holds the fork in his hand, not touching the food on his plate.

He looks out the window and suddenly catches a glimpse of a passing train yard. He sees hobos, holding their hands over fire trash cans, looking at the light coming off the passing train.

Seems like so many years ago. The moment is not lost on him. His dream has come true.

EXT. STREETS - MANHATTAN - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

The city is alive. Everywhere, something is happening. Cabs, cars honking. People walking. The biggest city in the world, alive like a beast.

However, the heat almost makes everything unbearable.

Out of the subway station comes Louis, accompanied by some athlete friends, dressed for a day on the town. Everyone is taking in the sights for probably the first time. There is a kinetic energy in the air. It's a mighty adventure.

They run down the streets, always looking up. Louis runs after a beautiful blonde who happens to be walking past, trying to get her attention.

His friends watch from a distance.

Louis tries to converse with the blonde, catching up...

LOUIS

Hi, I was wondering if--

He smacks right into a newspaper stand, nearly taking the flimsy structure down!

His friends explode with laughter and run to catch up. The blonde keeps walking.

The friends come to dust him off.

Louis however has his eye set on a copy of today's NEW YORK TIMES.

Curiously, he flips to the sports section and studies.

It reads, **"SUNDAY'S 5000 METER FOR OLYMPIC TRYOUTS. (1) LASH, (2) BRIGHT, (3) LOCHNER, (4) OTTEY, (5) DECKARD."**

Louis blinks twice, not quite understanding. He violently flips through the paper, bewildered.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Louis stands over the room desk, writing a letter home.

LOUIS (V.O.)

"Dear Pete, In the papers here they've picked the place winners for Sunday's 5000 Meters."

THE NEWSPAPER

reads: **"SUNDAY'S 5000 METER FOR OLYMPIC TRYOUTS. (1) LASH, (2) BRIGHT, (3) LOCHNER, (4) OTTEY, (5) DECKARD."**

One name at a time is shown, in quick succession.

BACK TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NEW YORK CITY - SAME

Louis looks out at the view of the city below.

The letter sits open on the desk, finished.

LOUIS (V.O.)

"They don't even know I'm running. But if I can cope with the heat, I'll sure beat Bright and give Lash the scare of his life. And then I'll make the print."

THE LETTER

signed, **"Brother headed for Berlin."**

LOUIS (V.O.)

"Brother headed for Berlin."

EXT. FERRY - APPROACH TO RANDALLS ISLAND - DAY

From the deck of the ferry, we slowly approach Randalls Island.

TITLE:

**Olympic Tryouts - 5000 Meter Race**

**Randalls Island, New York**

**1936**

In the distance, Manhattan is prominent.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - RANDALLS ISLAND - LATER

Olympic hopefuls are laughing and chatting.

Louis, dressed and ready, stands away from the others, watching. He feels out of place, not sure who he should converse with.

He looks across the crowd and spies Norman Bright.

Louis and Bright lock eyes a moment; Bright gives a nod and continues his preparations.

EXT. TRACK - RANDALLS ISLAND - LATER

The runners tryouts.

LOUIS' POV

as he is among a pack of other hopeful athletes, stretching and waiting in pained anticipation. They are all cramped together tight.

Among them is Norman Bright and the other main competitors LASH and DECKARD, quietly conversing. Everyone leans forward in position.

A starter pistol is fired and suddenly

MOMENTS LATER

we're right in the middle of the race. No cheering crowd in the stands.

Louis is bunched up with a group of runners. Trying to find an in, but no such luck.



INT. LOCKER ROOM - RANDALLS ISLAND - LATER THAT DAY

as Louis stands in front of his locker, cleaning up. His expression gives nothing away; going about his normal business.

Not far away, Norman Bright sits on a bench alone, his head down, contemplating what went wrong.

Suddenly, without warning, an OLYMPIC OFFICIAL runs in, looking around.

OLYMPIC OFFICIAL  
Zamperini! Zamperini! Anyone know  
where this Zamperini is?!

He approaches Louis.

OLYMPIC OFFICIAL (CONT'D)  
You him?

EXT. TRACK - RANDALLS ISLAND - MOMENTS LATER

Louis is led back out by the Official. An OLYMPIC JUDGE stands firmly and hand Louis a piece of paper. A certificate.

Louis reads it for a moment, then immediately searches the Judge's eyes.

LOUIS  
It was a dead heat. I heard Lash's  
name called--

JUDGE  
--We checked the film. It's  
accurate.

THE CERTIFICATE

in Louis' hand. It simply and plainly reads, "**First Place.**"

LOUIS (V.O.)  
Pete. I did it. Tell Mom and  
Dad...tell Mom and Dad...I made it.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - HOTEL LOBBY - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Louis, head down, privately, leans against the wall of the phone booth, folding a card in fourths. On the phone.

LOUIS

(into the phone)

We leave for the games next week.  
That's right, Berlin, Germany,  
smart ass.

(beat)

Pete, another thing. You were  
right. I love you, man. I needed  
you to hear that from me.

Long beat.

PETE

(over the phone)

You proved it to Torrance.  
America, even. Now you get the  
global stage...

Pete's voice fades out, as does the sound.

We hold on his face as the emotions override him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OLYMPIC HEADQUARTERS - NEW YORK CITY - THE NEXT DAY

Establishing.

INT. MEASURING ROOM - OLYMPIC HEADQUARTERS - SAME

Silence continues.

Louis is being measured and fit in his Olympic team dress  
wear.

HIS OLYMPIC UNIFORM

White slacks, navy blue jacket with an Olympic shield on each  
button.

His uniform is one of pride, beauty.

EXT. DECK - SS MANHATTAN - NEW YORK HARBOR - MORNING

WIDE

The New York Harbor with the city looming over.

We are on the deck of the SS Manhattan, bound for its trans-  
Atlantic journey to Europe.



FROM THE DOCKS

thousands of well-wishers, newsreel cameramen and press stand, snapping pictures, screaming goodbye's. A band has even been assembled.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FRONT PORCH - ZAMPERINI HOME - THE SAME DAY

Pete steps out of the front door, looking out on the neighborhood. Takes a seat on the chair.

Thinking to himself. Thinking about his brother.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DECK - SS MANHATTAN - NEW YORK HARBOR - AFTERNOON

The SS Manhattan is pulling away from the harbor and approaching the open Atlantic.

The deck is crowded with over three hundred athletes. Some taking in the magnificent view. Others speak cordially with one another. All different nationalities representing the same country.

Among them is Louis Zamperini, standing alone on the bow.

A beautiful American flag attached to the bow flows in the Atlantic wind.

LOUIS

watches as the SS Manhattan passes the Statue of Liberty in all her magnificence.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT PORCH - ZAMPERINI HOME - THE SAME DAY

Pete sits forward in his chair. The smile that comes to his face is heartbreaking.

CUT TO:

EXT. DECK - SS MANHATTAN - NEW YORK HARBOR - CONTINUOUS

A smile has developed on Louis' face as well. A proud smile. A knowing smile. The words simply can't be reached. The son of an immigrant leaving the mother country to make her proud.

BILLY BROWN, another member of the Olympic team, approaches him. Louis acknowledges him.

BILLY BROWN  
What are you looking at, Zamp?

Beat.

LOUIS  
Nothing.

Louis looks out on the view of the Statue of Liberty. Studying every detail.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
(beat)  
Just wondering...if this is the  
view my father saw the day he  
stepped off the big boat so many  
years ago.

Billy smiles, as the two share the view in silence.

WIDE

the deck of the SS Manhattan leaves the comfort of America, heading out to the open Atlantic, bound for Europe, as we

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF EPISODE

PART TWO: "DISAPPOINTMENT"TEASER

OVER BLACK

the ocean waves and the movement of wind.

CUT FROM BLACK:

EXT. DECK - SS MANHATTAN - ATLANTIC OCEAN - VARIOUS - DAY  
(1936)

En route to Europe. The boat is on the open water, slowly moving along.

The deck of the SS Manhattan is large and full. Olympic athletes are interspersed with other passengers. Some train, keeping in shape. Talking amongst themselves.

Everything seems jovial when we hear upon two familiar voices.

BILLY BROWN AND LOUIS ZAMPERINI

jog the deck, staying in shape, taking in the female scenery.

BILLY BROWN

My God.

LOUIS

This is not the first time your discovering girls, right?

BILLY BROWN

(beat)

Either way, man, oh man...

LOUIS

You have an event to worry about. Besides, I've heard those German broads will take good care of us.

BILLY BROWN

Fraulein's, Louie!

Off they go...

LOUIS

Whatever...

INT. FIRST CLASS HALLWAY - SS MANHATTAN - NIGHT

A quiet hallway at this late hour. A security officer walks the hallway, does a quick inspection, and disappears.

Beat.

Half a dozen athletes, notably Louis, run along the walls where they quickly swipe souvenirs off of tables on prominent display for the first class passengers.

Everyone speaks in a mischievous whisper.

LOUIS	ATHLETES (VARIOUS)
(quietly)	When are you ever going to
C'mon grab em. Grab em.	see fine things like this
	again?

They stash as many ashtrays, towels into their bags and high-tail it down the hall.

LOUIS

watches all this and smiles. The reformed bad boy just can't help it.

INT. BALLROOM - SS MANHATTAN - NIGHT

A gala for the passengers to intermingle. Among them is Louis, taking in the female sights. Someone bumps into him.

LOUIS  
Hey, watch it, pal.

The bump pushes him into the direction of the food layout.

A feast if ever there was one! Turkey, chicken, mashed potatoes, SIX kinds of sweet rolls, etc. It goes on and on.

LOUIS' EYES

become bigger than his stomach. Not giving it a second thought, he enthusiastically grabs a plate and begins to stack the food.

END OF TEASER

MAIN TITLES

CUT FROM BLACK:

EXT. BERLIN - VARIOUS - DAY

The German national anthem "Deutschlandlied" is heard loudly.

TITLE:

**Olympic Village - Berlin, Germany****1936**

The city itself is like no other. One of pure cleanliness. The gutters are trash free.

At that moment a piece of trash hits the ground, a man in a white coat quickly run over to pick it up.

These same men in white coats sweep up after the passing horses. The city seems too clean, too polished, like it's leader has an ulterior motive at work.

EXT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE - DAY - ESTABLISH

A fenced in community, very welcoming to incoming guests. Athletes pass by wild animals roaming inside the perimeter.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - OLYMPIC VILLAGE - DAY

Billy Brown and Louis, luggage in hand, take a load off, relaxing. Collapsing on their beds.

MOMENTS LATER

Louis, dressed in a white T-shirt, studies himself in the mirror. His stomach seems more round. He knows exactly what that means.

LOUIS

(sighs)

Shit.

Billy has popped his head in the bathroom.

BILLY BROWN

Get in here!

INT. BATHROOM - OLYMPIC VILLAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Louis and Billy pop their heads in, turning the light on. What they see is a fully furnished bathroom, missing one key element: there is no bath tub. In it's place is a shower. Weird.

BILLY BROWN  
What the hell, right?

LOUIS  
No, no. I read this Hitler fella is a big germ-phobe. Can't stand the idea of bathing in his own dirt.

BILLY BROWN  
Sick son of a bitch.

Billy leaves.

LOUIS  
Huh.

INT. DINING ROOM - OLYMPIC VILLAGE - NIGHT

One huge semi-circle, every door leading to a different country's food.

Nazi storm troopers, all handsome, stand guard in the back, taking in the activities.

LOUIS,

plate in hand, walks the length of this monstrous buffet. His eyes are becoming bigger than his stomach.

Stupidly, he piles more food.

Through one of the doors, a Nazi official passes through. The storm troopers in back immediately give the Hitler salute.

STORM TROOPERS (VARIOUS)  
Heil Hitler!

Louis and others put their plates down, mockingly do the same salute.

LOUIS / ATHLETES  
Heil Adolf!!!

The storm troopers laugh loudly back, producing their million dollar smiles.

MOMENTS LATER

Louis, his mouth stuffed with a dinner roll, sits at his table next to Billy and other athletes, chatting.

Billy nudges Louis, getting his attention.

BILLY BROWN

Louie, you met Coach Cromwell yet?

Across the table is COACH DEAN CROMWELL, the self-proclaimed "Maker of Champions" coach for USC and all-around legend. He wears a bow-tie. His thinning hair is combed down appropriately.

LOUIS

(extends his hand across the table, trying to swallow)

Coach Cromwell, how are you, sir?  
I'm Louis Zam--

COACH CROMWELL

(sporting his famous grin, shaking)

Believe me, kid, you need no introduction. Lou Zamperini. Your legendary on the west coast in the states. I used to attend your meets back home.

Louis tries to finish his chewing. Coach Cromwell continues.

COACH CROMWELL (CONT'D)

You know, USC depends on talent like yours. Keep us in mind when you come home, wontcha?

LOUIS

Yes, sir. Thank you for the opportunity.

Louis takes another bite of his food.

Coach Cromwell notices the food. Ever the attentive coach.

COACH CROMWELL

Better slow up on that food, Zamp.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - OLYMPIC VILLAGE - NIGHT

Louis tosses and turns in bed. Sighing, he reaches over to turn the light on and gets up.

Walks over to the mirror and takes another look. Looks like he's gained ten pounds since arriving.

MOMENTS LATER

Pulls on a pair of gym shorts and shoes and is out the door.

EXT. OLYMPIC VILLAGE - MOMENTS LATER

An intense step in his run, Louis is desperate to get himself back in the shape he needs to be.

EXT. BERLIN - DAWN

Alone for the first time, Louis jogs through the streets of the city. His stomach wobbles as he runs. His breathing labored.

He stops on a street corner, catching his breath, taking in the beauty of the city. Props his hands up to his waist and thinks, worried.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - OLYMPIC STADIUM - DAY

The athletes are dressing for the first day of the games. Above and all around them, the sounds of thousands of cheering fans echoes throughout.

Louis stands, holding the locker door open, dressing. He is dressing in white pants, and buttoning his navy blue coat. He looks kind of silly, until...

BILLY BROWN (O.S.)  
Zamp, don't forget...

Louis turns to find Billy standing behind him, holding his straw hat to complete the uniform.

BILLY BROWN (CONT'D)  
It suits you.

Billy puts his straw hat on, laughing to himself.

Coach Cromwell walks in.

COACH CROMWELL  
All right, gentlemen! Should we show what American dignity looks like to these Krauts? C'mon!

He walks back through the door, and the American Olympic team follow him. Billy and Louis are last in line.



INT. HALLWAY - OLYMPIC STADIUM - CONTINUOUS

The cheering seems to get louder, almost deafening. The anticipation on the athletes is not lost on them.

Louis tries to hold his excitement in.

Up ahead, the entrance to the stadium field looms.

Until we

FLASH TO WHITE:

EXT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - OPENING CEREMONY - CONTINUOUS

The athletes walk in perfect form into the enormity of the circular Olympic stadium for the first time, greeted by one hundred and twenty thousand cheering fans.

Band music and cheering. That's all that one can hear.

The entire world is literally watching them.

TITLE:

**Opening Ceremony - Games of The XI Olympiad.**

**August 1st, 1936.**

IN THE STANDS

fans are on their feet, proudly giving the Hitler salute. Some wave flags from specific countries.

GERMAN FILMMAKER LENI RIEFENSTHAL

is filming all this.

Local broadcasters are televising the event for the first time.

CHANCELLOR ADOLF HITLER

holds his salute, overlooking from the VIP box. A smug look on his face.

COACH CROMWELL

leads the American male athletes with one holding the American flag, and another man holding the sign reading, **"United States."**

The cheering continues from the stands as the American athletes take off their straw hats and hold them in unison over their hearts and place them on again. The Americans will not be doing any saluting.

As Louis and the other athletes walk to their positions on the field, they find it difficult not to be moved by the immense scale involved.

LOUIS

in position on the field, a dazed look on his face, as he's still trying to figure out how he ended up here.

MOMENTS LATER

Silence. The ceremony is under way.

HITLER

stands to face the crowd and begins to address.

HITLER

(German)

I proclaim open the Olympic games  
of Berlin...

JESSE OWENS

is among the American athletes. The star of the Olympics will accomplish much here.

LOUIS

listening, while others stand, trying to listen.

HITLER

(German)

...celebrating the eleventh  
Olympiad of the modern era.

HITLER,

not sure what else to say, pauses, then sits.

IN THE STANDS,

the German fans also pause and then cheer profusely.

Louis and the others exchange looks of bafflement, not sure of what to make of this Hitler guy. They don't have time to think about it because at that moment...

...the big event is unveiled. Thousands of carrier pigeons are released into the sky. It's a beautiful sight, supposedly symbolizing peace. They go straight up and circle the stadium.

And then, BOOM!, cannon fire startles the pigeons.

ON LOUIS' HAT

bird droppings immediately land. His shoulder and hat are flecked in bird shit, as are the others around him.

Louis and the guys try to maintain their composure, but are loudly laughing, undermining the importance of the moment.

They can't help themselves.

Louis looks over to the female athletes, without hats, as the bird shit is dropped in their hair. There's not much that they can do, unfortunately.

The pigeons leave the stadium and fly off.

EXT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - SUNSET

THE OLYMPIC TORCH

burns. The sun setting in the background.

EXT. TRACK - OLYMPIC STADIUM - THE 5000 METER EVENT - DAY

Louis' event. Mid-race.

GUNNAR HOCKERT AND LAURI LEHTINEN,

the Finn runners, are wide ahead.

The crowd is cheering. A Radio Announcer is conducting the play-by-play to the fans elsewhere.

LOUIS,

laps a bit behind but holds steadfast, realizing he's exhausting himself a little more than usual. He's still overweight. He's struggling to take the inside curb from Hockert and Lehtinen.

But no good.

His exhaustion is getting the best of him. He's surrounded by other athletes still pulling their own weight.

MOMENTS LATER

TITLE:

**The Final Lap**

The runners fly into the lap that will decide this race. Hockert and Lehtinen, followed by Swedish HENRY JONSSON.

Then, finally, Louis.

LOUIS

holds back the fact that he's tired. He wipes sweat away from his brow, momentarily lost in his own thoughts.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

This looks like a close race between the Fins. Lehtinen closing in on Gunnar...the Americans might be out of this one.

On Louis, thinking.

EXT. ZAMPERINI HOME - TORRANCE, CALIFORNIA - NIGHT

Establishing. The lights in the house are still on, despite the late hour. The radio is blaring somewhere.

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI HOME - CONTINUOUS

The family sits on the couch, all eyes fixed on the radio, announcing the race.

ANTHONY ZAMPERINI

C'mon, son, move it.

Pete is almost on the edge of his seat, still coaching his little brother from thousands of miles away.

PETE

Come on, Louie. Remember what I always tell you...

EXT. TRACK - TORRANCE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY (**FLASHBACK**)

Pete is right behind Louis, slapping his legs with a long stick, motivating.

PETE

One minute! One minute of pain is  
worth a lifetime of glory! Keep it  
up!

BACK TO:

EXT. TRACK - OLYMPIC STADIUM - THE 5000 METER EVENT -  
CONTINUOUS

LOUIS

hears his brother's voice in his ear.

LOUIS

(to himself, in a daze)  
One minute...

And then before even we know it, Louis has blown out of his  
daze, running as fast as we've ever seen him before.

He's catching up to the lead pack and closing in. We're not  
sure of his place at the moment. He's simply running with  
all his might, fighting the pain, achieving his own personal  
glory.

THE FINISHING TAPE

is broken by...

THE BACKS OF THE RUNNERS SHIRTS

displaying their countries of origin...FINLAND  
first...FINLAND second...SWEDEN third...they continue, etc,  
we hold until...

SECONDS LATER

...the back of the first runner with the American flag  
displayed, crosses the finish line....

ON THE SIDELINES

THE TIMER'S STOPWATCH

reads **:56 seconds**. Unbelievable.

BACK TO:

THE RUNNER WITH THE AMERICAN FLAG

turns around.

It's Louis Zamperini, catching his breath, looking around, the fans in the stands on their feet, screaming.

Louis, taking all this in, still shocked at his own speed.

BACK TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI HOME - NIGHT

Pete sits back in the couch, exhaling. He looks to his family.

PETE

He's good...

They share a laugh and then break out in cheers, ready to celebrate.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - OLYMPIC STADIUM - LATER THAT DAY

Louis is in the showers, rubbing the grit out of his eyes.

EXT. STANDS - OLYMPIC STADIUM - LATER

Billy Brown and other teammates sit high in the stands, chatting to themselves, watching another event.

Climbing the steps is Louis, cleaned up.

BILLY BROWN / TEAMMATES

There he is! Look at this guy!  
You call that fast...

He sits down next to the guys, relaxing, lets out a sigh.

BILLY BROWN

(offers his hand)  
Congrats, Zamp. That was good.

LOUIS

Wait 'til the '40 Olympics in  
Tokyo. They won't know what's  
coming to 'em.

Beat.

BILLY BROWN

(to himself)  
Hate sushi. Never cared for it.

Louis smiles, looks off, taking in the view.

LOUIS' POV

sees the close distance to Hitler's box, where he and his cohorts sit, viewing the games.

Officers and other security keep Hitler at a distance.

LOUIS  
(standing up)  
Bill, give me your camera.

Billy, chatting with the other teammates, obliviously hands his camera off.

Louis heads over to Hitler's box.

Hitler's Reich Minister of Propaganda, JOSEPH GOEBBELS himself, holds up a friendly halting hand.

GOEBBELS  
(broken English)  
May I help you?

LOUIS  
(looking over Goebbels' shoulder)  
I'm curious if I may get a photo of the fuhrer, please.

A beat. Goebbels holds out his hand, taking Louis' camera.

GOEBBELS  
What's your event?

LOUIS  
The five thousand meter.

GOEBBELS  
And what is your name?

LOUIS  
I didn't win anything. Is it that important in this case?

GOEBBELS  
No, no. Hitler wants to know the name of every athlete.

MOMENTS LATER

Louis sits with Billy and the others. At that moment, Goebbels walks back with the camera. He whispers into Louis' ear.

GOEBBELS  
Hitler wants to see you.

Louis stands with a slack-jawed expression on his face.

INT. HITLER'S BOX - OLYMPIC STADIUM - SECONDS LATER

LOUIS' POV

approaches a small tight-knit group of Nazi officers,  
conducting conversation. In the middle of the group is Adolf  
Hitler himself.

Behind Louis is Goebbels, keeping a wary eye.

A beat.

Hitler offers his hand to Louis, a friendly smile.

Nearby, Hitler's INTERPRETER stands close.

HITLER  
Ah, Du bist der junge mit der  
schnelle Oberfläche

INTERPRETER  
You're the boy with the fast  
finish.

Louis smiles politely, nodding his head. Not sure of what to  
say or how to act. He looks off.

The handshake continues, then is quickly broken by Hitler.

A long beat.

Hitler stares down at his palm, studying, measuring the  
amount of germs, and walks away without another word.  
Goebbels and the officers follow.

Louis is left alone, baffled.

EXT. AUTOMAT - BERLIN - NIGHT

Establishing, along a quiet street in the heart of Berlin.  
Loud music and happy voices seep from within.

INT. AUTOMAT - BERLIN - NIGHT

Louder inside. The drinking is good. Louis and Billy Brown  
are in the middle of it all, enjoying the company of some  
Frauleins who sit on the American's laps.



Regular customers look on, eating their cheese sandwiches, shaking their heads.

EXT. STREET - BERLIN - NIGHT

The late hour.

WIDE

on Louis and Billy as they walk drunkenly down a street. A bit louder than they should be, holding onto each other up as they walk.

BILLY BROWN

(drunkenly)

Quiet, Zamp. You wanna wake up every Kraut in the neighborhood?

LOUIS

(drunkenly)

Not on your life!

Billy walks off the trail a bit to take a leak against the wall. Louis continues walking forward, but only stops when he sees the breathless view before him.

EXT. REICH CHANCELLORY - BERLIN - CONTINUOUS

LOUIS' POV

of the magnificence of the Reich Chancellory building, Nazi flags adorn the building everywhere.

Its scale is breathtaking.

Behind him, Billy continues his leak.

Louis thinks a moment.

Billy joins him, taking it in for himself.

BILLY BROWN

Sure is big.

LOUIS

Yeah, sure is.

(looks down, disgusted)

Zip up, asshole.

Louis, thinking, quickly concocting a stupid plan only a youth would think of.

LOUIS' POV

notices the front entrance in the middle is guarded by two marching guards, going from the entrance to the corners, about-facing, and back to the center.

Suddenly, headlights cross Louis and Billy, momentarily blinding them. The headlights belong to a limousine that pulls up to the front entrance.

Out of the limo comes Hitler with some officers. They disappear inside.

Louis' sight soon returns and they focus on a low-hanging Nazi banner flag, fluttering in the evening breeze from the Chancellory building.

His eyes light up. He begins to think things out quickly.

LOUIS' POV

sees the spit-shined boots of the guards making the rounds, about-facing, and then returning to their first mark.

Their speed is always the same.

Louis pulls his sleeve back.

LOUIS' WRISTWATCH

timing their rotations.

THE NAZI FLAG

in the middle of all this business, flowing effortlessly in the breeze.

Louis looks up from his watch, looks at the flag, and then to Billy.

BILLY BROWN

And your going where, exactly?

LOUIS

(pointing to the flag,  
matter-of-factly)

I'm going to retrieve that Nazi  
flag.

(off of Billy's look)

Souvenir time.

Louis watches the guards feet as they turn and then...

Louis bolts forward towards the Chancellory with well-measured speed, getting right under the Nazi flag and does an enormous leap into the air.

THE FLAG POLE

at the bottom tip of the flag. Louis' fingers barely graze the cloth.

Louis falls back to earth. His mind works quickly.

AT THE CORNER

The guards are about to turn.

THE FLAG POLE

He begins to shimmy up. He's having trouble with gripping, but then hears it...

AT THE CORNER

The guards spot Louis on the flag pole and begin running and screaming, clutching their rifles!

NAZI GUARD #1 & NAZI GUARD #2  
(German)  
Haltsen, sie! Haltsen, sie!

THE FLAG POLE

Louis, well aware he's been caught, stretches his hand.

THE FLAG POLE

at the bottom tip of the flag. Louis now has a firm fist around the flag, tears it down and...

...again falls back to earth, this time hitting the ground running, the Nazi flag trailing in the wind of his escape.

He looks over his shoulder to see the guards running after him, screaming for him to stop. He smiles a delinquent's smile and keeps running. That is until he hears...

CRACK!!! CRACK!!!

Rifle shots, fired into the air.

Louis immediately stops, his face taking stock of what he's just done.

The guards catch up to him, easily out of breath. Nazi Guard #1 holds the rifle on Louis, while Nazi Guard #2 begins frisking Louis.

Nazi Guard #2 produces a set of hand cuffs and holds Louis' hands behind his back. Nazi Guard #1 lowers his rifle and opens Louis' coat, displaying his Olympic clothing. The American emblem on his shirt pocket.

NAZI GUARD #1  
(German to #2)  
Amerikanisch.

NAZI GUARD #2  
(nodding)  
Ja.

They keep searching, a smirk on Louis' face.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - REICH CHANCELLORY - MOMENTS LATER

A bare ugly room.

Nazi Guard #1 sits at the table, holding his head in hands, staring across at Louis, handcuffed to the chair. Nazi Guard #2 stands in the background.

Laid across the table is the stolen flag.

Louis and the guard simply stare at one another for a long moment. The door opens and GENERAL WERNER VON FRITSCH (FRITZ), polished uniform, slicked back hair, tiny black moustache and monocle over his left eye, walks in.

The Nazi guard immediately stand at attention as Fritz takes his seat, studying Louis.

FRITZ  
Coffee? Tea?

LOUIS  
(beat)  
No. Thank you.

Fritz lets out a long sigh, unbuttons the top button of his uniform, leaning back in his chair.

FRITZ  
Why did you tear down the swastika?

Louis looks around, a mischievous smile appears on his face.

LOUIS  
I just wanted a souvenir to take  
home to America...

Fritz studies Louis, waiting for more.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
(embellishing)  
...to always remind myself of the  
wonderful time I had here in  
Germany.

Fritz breaks his eye contact with Louis and shares a tense  
look with the guards.

This could go either way.

Then, at that moment, Fritz breaks out into laughter, the  
guards joining in.

Louis looks from Fritz to the guards, confused.

Fritz motions to one of the guards.

Fritz stands, stretching his back, still laughing. He  
reaches, picks up the flag, and hands it to Louis.

One of the guards un-cuffs Louis as he takes the flag from  
Fritz.

FRITZ  
Here...take it anyway. As a  
souvenir of your trip to Germany.

Fritz leaves the room.

EXT. REICH CHANCELLORY - BERLIN - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Billy Brown is nervously smoking a cigarette, waiting. He  
looks up and sees Louis walk out, still dumbstruck, holding  
the flag in his hands.

BILLY BROWN  
How about that, huh? They let you  
keep it.

They walk into the night.

BILLY BROWN (CONT'D)  
You know this is going to be big.

LOUIS  
Probably all blow over in a week.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY SKYSCRAPER - NIGHT

Establishing the radio station building.

WALTER WINCHELL (O.S.)  
 Good evening Mr. and Mrs. America  
 from border to border and coast to  
 coast and all the ships at sea.  
 Let's go to press. Walter Winchell  
 and Burgess Meredith here!!!  
 (beat)  
 The scene is Berlin, 1936!

INT. RADIO STATION - LOOKING IN ON THE WALTER WINCHELL RADIO  
 SHOW - CONTINUOUS

Through the window, we see world-famous gossip columnist  
 WALTER WINCHELL and actor BURGESS MEREDITH addressing their  
 Sunday radio show audience. Winchell speaks with a staccato  
 delivery.

WALTER WINCHELL  
 (into the mike)  
 The American delegation is facing  
 the reviewing stand where  
 Chancellor Hitler and his official  
 staff are giving the Nazi salute.  
 Some of the boys are responding  
 with the salute. Other are just  
 standing there awkwardly.  
 But...wait!

Winchell stands to his feet at that instant, completely  
 wrapped up in his own bullshit.

EXT. ZAMPERINI HOME - TORRANCE, CALIFORNIA - CONTINUOUS -  
 NIGHT

Establishing. The radio is heard from within.

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI HOME - CONTINUOUS

Anthony and Pete are surrounded by the radio, listening. We  
 hear Louise in the kitchen, preparing dinner.

WALTER WINCHELL (O.S.)  
 Wait! One boy from the ranks has  
 burst out to one of the poles and  
 has snared the swastika flag, which  
 he's trampled on the ground!  
 (beat)  
 My God! There's a mild uproar! Oh,  
 the fuhrer will be very mad!  
 (MORE)

WALTER WINCHELL (CONT'D)

(beat)

It's Lou Zamperini, Southern  
California distance runner--

From the kitchen, Louise drops a plate and races to join them, a crazed look on her face.

LOUISE

Anthony, our boy!

WALTER WINCHELL (O.S.)

--who was the first of the millions  
of American boys to show his  
contempt for Nazism!

Pete reaches and lowers the radio, takes a sip of his iced tea. Louise looks worried.

LOUISE

Oh, God, oh I hope he's okay.

PETE

Relax, Ma, it's radio. This  
Winchell makes half of it up.

LOUISE

(a long beat, thinking,  
confused)

Which half?

INT. RADIO STATION - CONTINUOUS

The show is complete. The RADIO PRODUCER speaks into the comlink to Winchell.

RADIO PRODUCER

We're clear, Walt.

Walter Winchell turns to Burgess Meredith, pulling his headphones off.

BURGESS MEREDITH

Still like the one with this  
Zamperini kid ripping the flag down  
and doing laps.

WALTER WINCHELL

(as he exits)

Can't fake the bullshit, Burgess.

Loud cheers and music are heard.

EXT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - CLOSING CEREMONY - NIGHT

Darkness engulfs the stadium, save for the illumination of the Olympic torch.

THE OLYMPIC FLAG

is being lowered from its pole and carried through the stadium.

Again, we hear the voice of Adolf Hitler, delivering his closing ceremony speech to the masses.

HITLER (O.S.)  
 (in German)  
 I proclaim the closing of the  
 Olympic games of 1936...

THE MANY FACES

of the athletes, holding up the flags of their respective countries.

HITLER  
 (in German)  
 And with accordance of tradition,  
 call upon the youth of the world to  
 assemble once more in four years in  
 the city of Tokyo...

LOUIS

taking in this momentous sight, listening to the words, knowing it will soon enough be his turn.

HITLER  
 (in German)  
 There to celebrate the games of the  
 twelfth Olympiad of the Modern  
 Olympic era.

The noise of music and cheering fades to a silence.

Louis looks up to the Olympic torch. The flame is now extinguished.

The only sound that we hear is the sound of his beating heart.



INT. HALLWAY - COUNTRY CLUB - NIGHT

American athletes, along with Louis and Billy Brown, dressed to the nines, walk with haste down the hallway towards the banquet hall. They are excited to see what waits for them. Cordial, yet still kids, they half-run to make it first.

They burst through the door to find themselves inside...

INT. BANQUET HALL - COUNTRY CLUB - CONTINUOUS

A mighty luxurious hall, with a long dining room table, covered with delicacies.

Waiters dressed in their best tuxes wait.

And in the corner, beautiful Frauleins stand, sipping drinks and waiting to be introduced.

FOR THE ATHLETES,

the sight is just too beautiful.

MOMENTS LATER

A Nazi Officer has placed the Frauleins in a line opposite the line of athletes. He walks down the line, introducing one girl to the opposing athlete. The athlete takes the Fraulein's hand and leaves.

Louis is on the far end, waiting his turn, barely holding in his excitement.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER

The hall has been converted into a dance floor. The lights are low. The band plays Glenn Miller.

In the corners and random doorways, the American athletes are making out with their girls.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR

Louis dances with his girl, INGA, a beautiful girl of 18.

LOUIS  
(whispering in her ear)  
I was hoping if you'd like...

INGA  
 (looks into his eyes,  
 broken English)  
 Take me outside, then?

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

In the distance, we see the country club lit up.

In the foreground, under an orange tree on the edge of the country club perimeter, we find Louis and Inga passionately making out. She seems to be more used to the physical act than Louis, but he still manages to keep up.

INGA  
 (through kisses)  
 I am glad you came to Germany.

LOUIS  
 (oblivious)  
 I'd say, me too.

She pushes him away for a moment.

INGA  
 Home is no longer happy. I worry  
 for all of us.

Louis doesn't know how to read this.

In the distance, a horn is honking. Louis looks up to see the athletes bus is being boarded and departing!

LOUIS  
 I...I gotta go.

INGA  
 (clenching his arm)  
 No, no. Don't go. You must stay.

LOUIS  
 I have to. Gotta catch the train  
 tomorr--

He kisses her hard, a final kiss, and then dashes out of there.

AT THE ROAD

the bus is coming up, the drunken athletes laughing and screaming out the window to Louis.

ATHLETES (VARIOUS)  
 C'mon, Zamp!! / Pull up them  
 knickers!!! / You sly dog!!! /  
 Heil, Adolf!!!!

Louis catches up with the bus, Inga not far behind. She has tears running down her cheeks, trying to catch up.

Behind Louis and Inga, is Billy Brown running for his life to catch the bus as well.

But he's having some trouble. His pants keep falling around his ankles.

Everyone on the bus is exploding with laughter.

Louis double-backs to grab Billy, pull his pants up, and still dodge Inga.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

Louis and Billy open the door to the bus and toss themselves on. The BUS DRIVER shakes his head and keeps driving.

The athletes are on the verge of splitting their sides with laughter by now.

Louis and Billy adjust themselves and sit in the back seat, catching their breath.

INGA (O.S.)  
 American!!! American!!! Come  
 back!!!

Everyone looks through the window, Inga is still chasing after the bus.

INGA (CONT'D)  
 Take me to America!!! Take me to  
 America!!!

The laughter drowns out her pleading. Everyone gives Louis some good-natured shit.

Louis looks out the window, taking it all in. This marks the farewell to his time in Germany.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - CONTINUOUS

The bus disappears down the road, leaving Inga in the dirt, tears streaming down her cheeks.

She composes herself, dusts off, and then takes the path back to the German country club.

The sound of the ocean takes us to...

EXT. SS ROOSEVELT - ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

En route from Europe to New York.

LOUIS (O.S.)

"Coming home from Europe, stop.  
Please keep it under everyone's  
hats, stop..."

INT. TRAIN STATION - CHICAGO, ILLINOIS - DAY

Louis stands at a telegraph station, as the TELEGRAM CLERK sends the wire.

LOUIS

"...no big deal upon my arrival is  
necessary, stop."  
(to the Telegram Clerk)  
That'll do it.

EXT. TRAIN - AMERICAN COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

The train passes through the majestic beauty of America at night.

INT. TRAIN - APPROACHING TORRANCE, CALIFORNIA TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Leaning his arm on the open window sill, Louis catches the breeze run through his hair, as the train approaches the Torrance train station.

Happy to be home.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - TORRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Louis pulls his bags off the train and takes stock of the moment. No one is paying any particular attention to him.

Other passengers embrace their loved ones and exit. He's content, until he runs into...

Torrance Police Chief JOHN STROHE is standing right before him, flashing a friendly smile.

POLICE CHIEF JOHN STROHE

Well, Lou Zamperini! Welcome back,  
trust you had a nice ride home.

LOUIS  
It was nice.

Strohe brandishes a goofy smile, then...

POLICE CHIEF JOHN STROHE  
(re: the bags)  
Eh, I'll take those. Follow me.

Strohe takes hold of the bags and begins walking along the platform for the parking lot. Louis follows a step behind, slightly confused.

LOUIS  
My parents--

POLICE CHIEF JOHN STROHE  
I'm dropping you off. They asked  
me to come and get you.

LOUIS  
Huh--

On Louis, curious.

EXT. STREETS - TORRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Through the streets of Torrance comes Strohe's police car, sirens screaming and the red lights flashing.

Traffic and jay-walkers pause and take notice.

INT. POLICE CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Louis sits shotgun, looking out the window. Strohe drives.

POLICE CHIEF JOHN STROHE  
(almost inaudible)  
So many years ago it seemed.

Louis looks to Strohe, not understanding.

POLICE CHIEF JOHN STROHE (CONT'D)  
(louder)  
I remember when you were just a  
pain in the ass to every beat cop  
on the sidewalk. Look at yourself  
now.

LOUIS  
Well, as you said. That was many  
years ago.

Up ahead, a crowd has formed in the middle of the street. Louis and Strohe share a worried expression. Strohe slows to a stop.

POLICE CHIEF JOHN STROHE  
Better take a look. Stay here.

Strohe gets out and makes his way through the crowd.

POLICE CHIEF JOHN STROHE (CONT'D)  
(to the crowd, faded)  
All right here, what's this about?

LOUIS

sits waiting, impatiently. Worried. A beat passes, then the curiosity gets the better of him.

Hops out and heads for the crowd.

EXT. STREET - TORRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Louis approaches the crowd and works his way through it, gently pushing people out of the way, worried.

He gets to the front of the crowd and his eyes almost deceive him...

A CITY-WIDE CELEBRATION WELCOMING LOUIS ZAMPERINI HOME.

The moment Louis makes his way to the crowd, the citizens erupt in a jubilant applause!

Police Chief Strohe is among the crowd, talking with a Deputy.

POLICE CHIEF JOHN STROHE  
(pointing to Louis, barely  
audible)  
I almost had him! I had him good!

Louis' face turns beet red, completely surprised and almost embarrassed.

People from the crowd joyously grab Louis' shoulder and push him towards a two-ton truck, where on top...

...is a SPARKLING WHITE THRONE! Surrounding the throne are Torrance High athletes dressed in track suits.

Louis' eyes go wide as he approaches.

THE THRONE - MOMENTS LATER

LOUIS

holds his hands to his face, covering the redness of his cheeks, as he is being driven through...

EXT. STREET - TORRANCE - CONTINUOUS

...the streets, lined with cheering citizens, clapping and screaming. The children are up on their father's shoulders, eyes wide.

ABOVE THE STREET

streamers read, **"ZAMPERINI COMING HOME TONIGHT."**

Down the street, comes the truck with Louis' throne. Followed by the city's fire trucks, blaring!

Over the loudspeaker are screaming voices: "Welcome Home, Louie!"

The truck and throne turn a corner.

EXT. TORRANCE SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

Even more people! Even more cheering!

The truck and throne come to a stop.

ON A PLATFORM

a podium has been set up for the occasion. Standing on the platform are Louise, Anthony, Pete, Virginia and Sylvia, all smiling.

LOUIS

sees his family and gives the biggest smile, even more happy to be home.

He jumps off the throne and charges up the platform and into their arms.

The people cheer and throw their hats in the air, in celebration.

ON THE FAMILY

Louise is not eager to let go of Louis so soon this time.

LOUISE  
How are you, my boy? Did you have  
a nice trip?

LOUIS  
I missed you all.  
(turns to the family)  
Do I have to stay?

PETE  
Ah, come on. They put this on for  
you. At least say a couple words.

Strohe approaches the platform.

POLICE CHIEF JOHN STROHE  
Louie, you wanna say a few words.

LOUIS  
(with a laugh)  
All honesty, chief, I'd rather not.

POLICE CHIEF JOHN STROHE  
It's okay...I understand.

Beat. Strohe approaches the podium, speaking into the mike.

POLICE CHIEF JOHN STROHE (CONT'D)  
(to the crowd)  
Who wants to hear Lou Zamperini say  
a few words, huh?

The audience explodes with cheers, unanimous. Strohe  
knowingly turns to Louis.

POLICE CHIEF JOHN STROHE (CONT'D)  
They're all yours.

Louis mumbles something under his breath and approaches the  
podium.

LOUIS  
(to the crowd)  
Well, I gotta say, thank you so  
much for this public display of  
affection. Completely unexpected.  
I'm just happy to be one  
representative of many for Torrance  
to the world. Thank you again.

Silence. Then, again the audience cheers and screams their  
approval. Louis walks back to his family. He wants to slink  
away as soon as possible.



POLICE CHIEF JOHN STROHE  
 Louie, we're not letting you off  
 the hook that quickly.  
 (into the mike, to the  
 crowd)  
 Now the celebration can begin!!!!

Music begins to blare from the loudspeakers. Tables are being set up, piles of food displayed. Everyone is getting comfortable with the celebration.

LOUIS

takes all this in. It's too overwhelming.

INT. KITCHEN - ZAMPERINI HOME - LATE NIGHT

Silence.

Louis sits contemplating at the kitchen table, staring down at an untouched glass of milk before him.

A creak of wooden floor somewhere catches Louis' attention. From the bedroom, dressed in a bathrobe, comes Anthony.

Takes a seat at the kitchen table, studying his son's face.

ANTHONY ZAMPERINI  
 You all right?

LOUIS  
 Just thinking, I guess.

Anthony slowly inches his way towards the untouched milk.

ANTHONY ZAMPERINI  
 Where do you go from here?

Louis nods.

ANTHONY ZAMPERINI (CONT'D)  
 The world is your oyster, as they  
 say. School? Job?

LOUIS  
 I need to be in Tokyo in '40.  
 Simple as that. You think I can do  
 it?

ANTHONY ZAMPERINI  
 I have no doubt.

Anthony takes a sip of the milk, turns to the bedroom, looks at his son in a secretive fatherly way.

ANTHONY ZAMPERINI (CONT'D)  
How were the German broads over there?

They both crack up; a question Louis wasn't expecting.

The laugh alone is answer enough.

They re-group and come back.

ANTHONY ZAMPERINI (CONT'D)  
So...  
(catches his breath)  
...school.

Louis looks up. Anthony reads his expression.

ANTHONY ZAMPERINI (CONT'D)  
Let's see what the school's want from you first.

EXT. CAMPUS - UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA - VARIOUS - DAY

The Alma mater, "All Hail" is heard.

THE STATUE OF "TOMMY TROJAN"

stands erect, his sword in hand, ready to do battle against all challengers.

We take in the unique beauty of the campus as it was.

As the images pass by, we hear the voice of a USC TOUR GUIDE. We don't see the group just yet.

TOUR GUIDE (V.O.)  
This school, founded in 1880 is considered to be one of the most distinguished yet established in the United States.  
(beat)  
Can anyone guess what the total student body was when established? No one, no one? 53 people. That's right.

The buildings loom overhead in Romanesque luminance.

Students walking to and fro, socializing. They ride bicycles, play touch football on the grass.

Another normal day.

ZUMBERGE HALL,

one of the oldest buildings in the school's existence.

TOUR GUIDE (V.O.)

Just last year, the President himself, Franklin Delano Roosevelt received an honorary doctor degree. We were very happy to have him visit.

THE WIDNEY ALUMNI BUILDING,

their first building.

TOUR GUIDE (V.O.)

For those interested in professional training programs our university president Rufus B. von KleinSmid is especially interested in helping out the future workplace of tomorrow.

THE QUAD

where the Tour Guide has been walking backwards. He comes to a stop, speaking to his group. Consisting of about twenty people.

Among them are Louis and Pete.

TOUR GUIDE

Are there any questions? No, no, okay, moving on.

Louis and Pete exchange a look, then continue walking forward.

EXT. HALLWAY - USC - LATER

Louis leans against a wall, taking in the view of the campus. Pete is behind him, thinking.

PETE

There's always Notre Dame. They wanted you.

(beat)

Stanford!

(MORE)

PETE(CONT'D)

Those guys gave you a flippin'  
Convertible to drive around, for  
God's sake!

(beat)

'SC is nice, toots. You can do  
well here.

LOUIS

Yeah, yeah. They're all nice, I  
know. This is a big decision.

(something catches his  
eye)

Coach!!!

In the distance, approaching is Coach Dean Cromwell, last  
seen in Berlin.

Coach Cromwell extends a friendly handshake.

COACH CROMWELL

Hi champ! My office told me you  
were among the tour coming through  
today.

(beat)

Tough break in Berlin. You did  
great though, those Finn fags don't  
know what awaits them in Tokyo in  
'40, right? Am I right?

LOUIS

(turns to Pete)

Coach, this is my brother Pete.

COACH CROMWELL

Yeah, I've heard of Pete Zamperini.  
Just as good as you are, Louie.

(to Pete)

How's Compton College treating you,  
Petie old boy?

PETE

Good to meet you, Coach.

COACH CROMWELL

So, let's jog over to the track.  
Take a look at what we can do for  
you.

EXT. TRACK - USC - LATER

The field is sparse, only Coach Cromwell and his assistant  
are there.

Pete and Louis are suited up, stretching, ready.

PETE  
 (hushed, to Louis)  
 Just make good time. You know Coach  
 Cromwell already wants you here.

LOUIS  
 We'll see how it goes.

The starter pistol is FIRED!

SECONDS LATER

Pete and Louis are neck and neck, both worthy opponents.

ON THE SIDELINES

Coach Cromwell is studying how the brother's on the track  
 move their legs, breath in, etc.

His assistant is timing, baffled at the Zamperini brother's  
 speed.

ASSISTANT  
 Shit, Coach.

COACH CROMWELL  
 (not taking his eyes off  
 the runners)  
 Yeah. I know.

AT THE FINISH LINE

Louis is first, followed very shortly by Pete.

Pete has to catch his breath, Louis still has energy to  
 spare.

Coach Cromwell walks over, a big grin on his face.

COACH CROMWELL  
 (to Louis)  
 Well, shit son. How do you feel?

LOUIS  
 Real good, Coach.

COACH CROMWELL  
 (beat)  
 How'd you like to attend USC?

Louis looks up, manages a smile.

LOUIS

Yeah.

COACH CROMWELL

Actually, both Zamperini's are going to 'SC.

(to Pete)

That is, if you want it.

Slightest pause from Pete, then...

PETE

Yes sir, thank you.

Everyone shakes hands.

COACH CROMWELL

Man, oh man, this is going to be one hell of a year!

Louis holds his excitement in, while Pete can barely contain his.

INT. PETE'S CAR - EVENING

Through the windshield, the city of Torrance flows by in the evening light.

Silence fills the car.

Pete drives, while Louis sits shotgun. Louis looks glum.

PETE

This is the big time now, Louie. You gotta keep your eyes on the prize. Keep your times up, keep up with your pace.

Louis arrogantly shrugs his shoulders, eager to shut Pete up.

LOUIS

Pete...I got it.

Silence.

Pete shakes his head, slightly pissed.

PETE

Gotta work on the attitude, pal.

FADE TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK

COACH CROMWELL (O.S.)  
 This being the first day of  
 training, we're just gonna talk a  
 minute, then get started.

CUT FROM BLACK:

EXT. TRACK - USC - DAY

Coach Cromwell, accompanied by his Assistant, paces before Louis and the rest of the track and field team of 1936. All are suited up, ready for practice.

COACH CROMWELL  
 You might have heard of me. Hell,  
 I probably pursued half of you  
 through various high schools. It's  
 what I do. If you turn to the  
 gentleman standing to your left or  
 right, you can simply ask them  
 this: "In what event did you hold  
 the world's record in high school?"

(beat)

You'd get a good answer out of them  
 guys too. The word around the  
 block about me is that I'm the  
 world's greatest coach. People  
 think I'm a prick for saying that.  
 Simple as that. But then I look at  
 you boys and tell 'em "well I got  
 the greatest athletes in the world.  
 Why shouldn't I be the world's  
 greatest coach."

(beat)

So I'll make a little deal with you  
 fellas. Make me proud and I won't  
 let you down. Some of you--

Coach Cromwell paces towards Louis, makes eye contact, and then keeps walking.

COACH CROMWELL (CONT'D)  
 --may even find your names engraved  
 on the back of a gold medal in four  
 years.

The air is filled with optimism. Everyone can feel it.

COACH CROMWELL (CONT'D)  
 Let us begin.

EXT. TRACK - USC - ANOTHER DAY

Coach Cromwell runs alongside the team. Inspecting their individual footwork.

COACH CROMWELL

C'mon, Zamperini, your supposed to be the best! Don't make me out to be a liar! Draper, work those feet, twinkle toes! You wanna stay team captain?!

EXT. FIELD - USC - ANOTHER DAY

Coach Cromwell keeps an eye on the team as they practice various stretching exercises.

Louis is among them, determined.

INT. HALLWAY - MEN'S DORMITORY - USC - DAY

The hallway is full of college students tackling each other, talking too loudly, free of the restraints of parental eyes for the first time.

Louis carries a large suitcase full of personal belongings down the hallway, while navigating the path to his room. He finds the door, knocks and then walks in.

INT. DORM ROOM - USC - CONTINUOUS

Louis looks around the tight space, somehow content. For the first time, he is officially on his own.

That is, until his roommate, HARRY READ, a fun-loving guy with no real convictions in life, walks in, takes one look at Louis, and smiles.

HARRY READ

You must be Louie Zampellini...

LOUIS

(shaking hands)

Zamperini.

HARRY READ

Harry Read. First time away from home?

LOUIS

No. Not really.



HARRY READ

Seen the world. Life's too short  
to do anything else.

(beat)

Good to meet you, Louie. Let's do  
the town soon, huh?

EXT. CAMPUS - USC - DAY

Louis runs across the campus, late for class.

INT. CLASSROOM - USC - DAY

Louis sits, taking in a lecture, vigorously taking notes when a beautiful BLONDE in front of him catches his attention. She turns around to gossip to her girlfriend next to her, sees Louis.

They lock eyes for a moment, then turns away. He's not sure what kind of impression he's made.

INT. HALLWAY - USC - DAY

Students file out of a class, Louis among them. He is politely trying to get the Blonde's attention. When he is about to tap her on the shoulder, a FOOTBALL JOCK comes by and immediately locks lips with the Blonde and they walk off.

Louis looks sucker punched.

EXT. CAMPUS - USC - VARIOUS - ANOTHER DAY

The campus of USC in the fall is one of Californian beauty.

From a distance, the Blonde and her friends are flirting with the Football Jocks. The jocks are flirting right back. The campus is alive with sociability.

LOUIS

sits by himself under a tree, eating lunch, observing from across the quad.

JAMES SASAKI (O.S.)

Mind if I join you?

Louis looks up to see JAMES SASAKI, 30, a mild-mannered, seemingly brilliant Japanese citizen with calm eyes, looming over him.

LOUIS

Yeah. Lou Zamperini.

James Sasaki sits down, seeing the girls across the quad.

JAMES SASAKI

Girls, huh? Never had much luck with them. The few dates. When I was attending Princeton, one wanted me to run away with her. Her father was loading up the shotgun, so to speak.

They laugh. Beat. Shakes hands.

JAMES SASAKI (CONT'D)

James Sasaki. Your on Coach Cromwell's track and field team.

LOUIS

Surprised anyone knew who I was 'round here.

JAMES SASAKI

Well, your turning out to be quite a legend in your own right. You hear of the Torrance Tornado all around.

LOUIS

You follow sports?

JAMES SASAKI

Nine years I've been in America, away from Japan, and all I do to pick up the American slang is to follow sports. Your name kept coming up on the west coast.

Louis contemplates that.

LOUIS

Didn't know that.

EXT. FIELD - USC - DAY

The end of practice. Everyone looks tired.

Coach Cromwell calls after Louis.

COACH CROMWELL

Hang back, Zamperini.

Louis waits for Coach Cromwell to approach.

COACH CROMWELL (CONT'D)  
 What's this I hear from your  
 brother that your running up hills?

LOUIS  
 Nothing, Coach. Been doing it  
 since I started running.

EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE - LOS ANGELES COLISEUM - EVENING

Louis runs through the front entrance to the empty stadium.

EXT. FIELD - USC - CONTINUOUS

COACH CROMWELL  
 And you think it's okay?

LOUIS  
 I've never had a problem with  
 running before.

EXT. STANDS - LOS ANGELES COLISEUM - EVENING

Louis, in clear pain, ascends the stadium stairs.

COACH CROMWELL (V.O.)  
 You wanna damage your heart?

Louis reaches the stop of the stairs and catches his breath.  
 He feels good, though still fighting the pain.

He takes in the sight of the city.

Takes a moment, then runs across a row, then runs down the  
 stairs, continuing the routine.

EXT. FIELD - USC - CONTINUOUS

Coach Cromwell steps away to leave.

COACH CROMWELL  
 Your important to the team. Can't  
 have you getting hurt. Now, knock  
 it off.

Louis stands there, becoming angry.

PETE (V.O.)  
 What the hell are you thinking,  
 going against Cromwell like that?

EXT. PARKING LOT - LOS ANGELES COLISEUM - EVENING

LOUIS

watches as Pete angrily paces back and forth.

Louis is fuming.

They are in the parking lot, as Louis leans against Pete's car.

PETE

Cromwell tells you not to climb steps, what do you do?!

LOUIS

All due respect, Pete, your not the one that ran in the fucking Olympic games!

Pete stops pacing, holds a finger up.

PETE

Now you just watch that! You wouldn't have gotten there if it weren't for me smacking your ass with that stick, day in, day out! Who knows, today you could be in a ditch somewhere.

LOUIS

(starting to walk away)  
I don't need to hear this--!

PETE

Get back here! Don't you see, you have a responsibility to the team.

LOUIS

No, fuck that--

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Harry Read and Louis, rowdy college kids, walk into a popular campus bar.

PETE (V.O.)

You have a responsibility to the people who admire you.

INT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Shots are lined up and downed by Louis, having the time of his life.

PETE (V.O.)

The kids. You've gotta sacrifice.  
You gotta uphold the traditions of  
athletes.

Fellow students watch Louis and Harry and laugh to themselves. They recognize Louis from somewhere.

EXT. TRACK - USC - DAY

A meet. Louis sets himself at his mark.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LOS ANGELES COLISEUM - CONTINUOUS

LOUIS,

listening, yet distant.

PETE (V.O.)

Are you ready to throw all that  
away?

EXT. TRACK - USC - CONTINUOUS (IN SLOW MOTION)

Silence.

Mid-run. Louis is easily ahead of the other runners without effort.

EXT. STANDS - LOS ANGELES COLISEUM - DAY (**FLASHBACK**)

LOUIS,

sweat beaming off his forehead, short of breath, still pushing himself.

LOUIS (V.O.)

So what, if I can't live a normal  
life and do what other people do,  
then I don't want to run!

EXT. CAMPUS - USC - DAY

Louis watching the Blonde across the quad.

LOUIS (V.O.)  
 When do I get to take a break and  
 enjoy life a little bit, like  
 everyone else, Pete?

EXT. PARKING LOT - LOS ANGELES COLISEUM - CONTINUOUS

Beat.

PETE  
 (simple as that)  
 That's the thing...you don't.  
 People expect too much out of you.

Pete rustles for the car keys in his pockets and gets in,  
 leaving Louis alone.

EXT. NCAA HEADQUARTERS - MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA - DAY

Coach Cromwell walks with amazing haste toward an unknown  
 destination, though we're not sure of where or why he's in  
 such a hurry.

Following in close pursuit are Louis and thirty-three other  
 USC athletes.

TITLE:

**NCAA Meet - Minneapolis, Minnesota**

**June 1938**

Coach Cromwell does a walk-and-talk as fast as he can.

COACH CROMWELL  
 Let me give you gentlemen a little  
 recent history. Who knows Chuck  
 Fenske, of Wisconsin? Anyone?  
 Anyone? Mr. Fenske, either you  
 know or do not know, has won the  
 mile race two years in a row.  
 There is absolutely no reason,  
 given the odds-makers, that he will  
 not repeat.

They are leaving the headquarters through the front entrance.

EXT. MINNEAPOLIS STREET - OUTSIDE NCAA HEADQUARTERS -  
 CONTINUOUS

Coach Cromwell, Louis and the others leave the confines of  
 the headquarters, and cross the street when the coast is  
 clear.

Coach Cromwell continues.

COACH CROMWELL

No Pacific Coast runner has ever won the title in the history of the NCAA. That is where you fine boys come in. You see, the West has never produced a single great distance runner, being that those sons of bitches to the East control everything.

They stop at a large store-front window. Inside the window, is the point of their destination.

COACH CROMWELL (CONT'D)

And there you have it.

Inside the window, sitting on velvet cloth, is the NCAA trophy, standing at four-and-a-half-feet worth of victory.

LOUIS

studies the statue, taking in it's importance.

LOUIS

Chuck Fenske is dead meat, Coach.  
I'll cream 'em.

Coach Cromwell isn't listening. He's lost in his own dreams of glory.

A quiet knock on a door is heard.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MINNEAPOLIS - NIGHT

A half-awake Louis opens his door to reveal a sleep deprived Coach Cromwell, leaning against the door jam. Something is on his mind.

LOUIS

Coach, you all right?

COACH CROMWELL

(lacking enthusiasm)  
It's late, I know.

LOUIS

No, no. I gotta be up early, as you know and--

COACH CROMWELL

Louie, I've got something to tell you.

Louis stands there, waiting.

COACH CROMWELL (CONT'D)

I'm ashamed to tell you this, so I'm just gonna say it. Word around the campfire is that, based on intelligence coming in from the eastern coaches' meeting, they're going to tell their mile runners tomorrow to do anything they can to get you out of the race.

Louis is taken aback.

COACH CROMWELL (CONT'D)

(shaking his head,  
apologetic)

It's me they want, not you. These coaches on the east coast really have it in for me. These reporters, they call me the world's greatest coach or something and to make a long story short, they don't want us to win.

Beat.

LOUIS

Don't worry about me. I can take care of myself.

(beat)

No runner has ever done anything bad on the track, deliberately.

COACH CROMWELL

Well, try to protect yourself out there if you need to. Be aware.

A beat. Coach Cromwell continues to stand there. Louis, figuring the conversation is over, inches the door closed.

LOUIS

I will. Well, if that's it--

Coach Cromwell stands there like he has no where to go.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

(pointed)

And good night.



Still not moving.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
 (pointed)  
 And see you in the morning.

Long beat. Then, finally...

COACH CROMWELL  
 Get some sleep, Zamperini.

And down the hallway he goes. Louis shakes his head, closing the door.

MOMENTS LATER

The lights are off and Louis sits in the dark, contemplating what the next day will bring.

EXT. TRACK - NCAA MEET - THE NEXT DAY

The track is unusually wet for June.

The fans have filed into the stands, excitement hangs in the air, making the waiting USC athletes tense.

Out of the locker room comes Louis, walking with determination that nothing is going to happen. He makes eye contact with the opposing runners from the East Coast. They seem to hide a secret in those eyes.

Blocking his path to the track is Coach Cromwell, his eyes searching Louis.

COACH CROMWELL  
 Think about what I said. They come to win, so should we.

LOUIS  
 Prepare space for that trophy over at 'SC, Coach.

He walks past Coach Cromwell, a thin smile of pride.

AT THE TRACK

Louis stretches, chatting with other USC athletes and then turns to an EAST COAST RUNNER, and knowingly shakes his hand.

LOUIS  
 Good luck out there.

EAST COAST RUNNER  
Just watch yourself. All I'm  
saying, this ain't California.

Louis sees the threat in the runner's eyes. Looks off.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
Runners, to your marks.

Louis crouches to his position at the starter line. Looks  
over to Coach Cromwell, breathes in and looks ahead.

THE STARTER PISTOL

is raised in the air.

IN THE STANDS,

the crowd gets to their feet in anticipation.

LOUIS

looks ahead, determined to let nothing stop him.

LOUIS  
(to himself)  
This is for you, Coach.

THE STARTER PISTOL

goes off with a CRACK!

FLASH TO WHITE:

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - MIAMI, FLORIDA - NIGHT

On the marquee, the film playing is Errol Flynn's ***The  
Adventures of Robin Hood.***

TITLE:

**Miami, Florida**

NEWSREEL NARRATOR (V.O.)  
In nothing short of a flat out  
miracle, the West Coast has seen  
it's very first victory--

INT. MOVIE THEATER - CONTINUOUS

The theater is packed, everyone munching on their popcorn,  
while a Sports Newsreel is being played, prior to the  
feature.

ON THE SCREEN

are images from the exact NCAA meet.

NEWSREEL NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 --and the name of that lucky man  
 worthy of the record books is--

BACK TO:

EXT. TRACK - NCAA MEET - CONTINUOUS

Mid-race. Everyone is on their feet, cheering for dear life. Newsreel cameras are filming the entire thing.

Louis, confident, though wary of the competing runners, takes the run in stride, until he realizes that he's violently being boxed in.

The East Coast runner in front of him kicks the razor sharp spike of his cleat into Louis' shin.

Louis cries out, in pain.

LOUIS  
 Son of a bitch!!

HIS SHIN

displays three bloody gashes slashed into his leg.

He has to catch himself mid-run and continue. He tries to get around the runner, but to no avail.

The East Coast runner does it again, then again.

LOUIS' WHITE SOCKS

run red with blood.

Louis has to think fast.

COACH CROMWELL

sees the outcome.

LOUIS,

the plan set. He pulls his elbows to his chest and pulls out of the box he is caught in.

At that moment, two opposing runners on either side, hold their elbows at ninety-degree angles and smash into Louis, knocking the wind out of him.

ON COACH CROMWELL

COACH CROMWELL  
He's not gonna make it.

ON THE TRACK

Now Louis has to fight for his place. The opposing runners are way ahead of him, and Louis is now madder than hell, seeks revenge, and bursts out his trademark sprint towards the finish line.

He easily passes the leading runner and continues at his quick pace.

THE FINISH LINE

Easily crossed by Louis, more full of fury than we've ever seen him.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - CONTINUOUS

The newsreel continues.

ON THE MOVIE SCREEN

Louis crosses the finish line and the fury comes across, then he lifts his arms up in triumph.

NEWSREEL NARRATOR (V.O.)  
...and crossing the finish line is USC's very own Louis Zamperini, shown here being bandaged up. And he'll...

We see Louis, bandaged around his legs, waving to the audience. Coach Cromwell in the background, all smiles.

The narrator fades away as we see among the audience a

PRECOCIOUS 12-YEAR OLD GIRL,

accompanied by her stern-looking mother, watching Louis on the big screen with big curious eyes.

There's something about this little girl.

EXT. TRACK - NCAA MEET - LATER THAT DAY

At the ambulance, a TRACK DOCTOR is patching up Louis, a bandage on both legs.

The Track Doctor yanks off two blood-soaked socks and throws them in the trash.

At a distance, sitting on the bench near the ambulance is the East Coast Runner that stabbed Louis' shins.

TRACK DOCTOR

Try to stay off your feet for a few days, it should heal just fine.

In the background, Coach Cromwell comes up to Louis, wearing a poker face. Louis looks up with proud eyes.

COACH CROMWELL

How fast do you think you were running?

LOUIS

(haven't a clue, shrugs)  
I'm lucky if I broke four-twenty.

COACH CROMWELL

Then you're lucky. You ran 4:08.3 and have just broken the National Collegiate record. What's more you weren't even breathing hard.

The East Coast Runner approaches, listening, the emotions uncertain on his face.

COACH CROMWELL (CONT'D)

You could have run anything. Even four flat.

(beat)

Thank you. You did good out--

EAST COAST RUNNER

(interrupting)

No, you did great, guy. You really brought what you needed today.

(holds out his hand)

It's honor to return the gesture.

A beat. Louis shakes his hand. Acknowledging him.

With a nod, the East Coast Runner leaves.

Coach Cromwell turns back to Louis.

COACH CROMWELL

You still want to be in Tokyo in  
'40?

LOUIS

I coulda made the mile in four flat  
today.

COACH CROMWELL

But you didn't. Tomorrow's another  
day.

On Louis, now closer to his goal than every before.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMPUS - USC - DAY (1939)

Louis sitting and chatting with Harry Read and James Sasaki and a group of others. He is becoming more popular around campus, trying to live the normal college life, while still aching for his dream.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HALLWAY - USC - ANOTHER DAY

The beautiful Blonde from earlier smiles her gorgeous smile over at Louis but he is completely oblivious as he walks right past her, greeting his other friends.

She looks confused.

EXT. STREET - LOS ANGELES - DAY

Harry Read sits in back, James Sasaki sits shotgun while Louis cruises his beautiful new 1939 tan Plymouth Convertible.

Real friends spending their salad days together.

EXT. BEACH - SAN PEDRO BEACH - EVENING

Harry Read, James Sasaki and Louis sit on the edge of a cliff, sipping beer and taking in the view. Everyone's laughing, taking their time.

JAMES SASAKI

Love San Pedro, the beaches. Long  
Beach, too. So beautiful.

Long beat. A wave crashes on the rocks.

HARRY READ

Jimmy, you miss Japan? I mean  
you've been here something like ten  
years, right?

JAMES SASAKI

I miss aspects of home, yeah.

Louis chimes in. Something on his mind.

LOUIS

But you do hear talk of conflicts  
going on over there.

JAMES SASAKI

If Japan needs me, I'm called home.

HARRY READ

(lost in peeling the beer  
label off)

Yeah. That'll do it.

There is concern between Harry and Louis. James sees this  
and offers a warm smile.

JAMES SASAKI

I see nothing happening that would  
ever involve the U.S.

(to Louis, warm)

Tokyo will still be there waiting  
to be conquered.

Louis smiles and looks out at the ocean. Calm and peaceful.

COACH CROMWELL (O.S.)

Zamperini, what in holy hell do you  
think you are doing?!

EXT. TRACK - USC - DAY

Coach Cromwell throws his clipboard to the ground in  
frustration and calls to Louis running on the track.

COACH CROMWELL

Get over here!

Louis stops running and approaches.

COACH CROMWELL (CONT'D)

You wanna get your head out of the  
clouds and focus? God-damn-it,  
son!

(MORE)

COACH CROMWELL (CONT'D)

You wanna see a gold medal dangling  
around your neck next year or not?

All Louis can do is take it in.

COACH CROMWELL (CONT'D)

Oh, and another thing, stop with  
these fucking indoor meets that you  
keep running behind my back!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - LOS ANGELES - DAY

Louis running the streets, running away from his problems, as  
fast as he can. Coach Cromwell's voice taunting him.

COACH CROMWELL (V.O.)

I can just take that scholarship of  
yours that you worked so hard to  
get and then say, "whoops, there it  
goes!"

He looks on the verge of collapse. Sure signs of burn-out.

EXT. USC - GRADUATION COMMENCEMENT - DAY

Louis walks up to the stage to receive his college diploma,  
happy, yet his thoughts are somewhere else.

COACH CROMWELL (V.O.)

You've been called the greatest  
distance runner the Far West has  
ever produced.

The Zamperini family has come to see him. He manages a  
smile.

Harry and James Sasaki congratulate Louis once he steps off  
the stage.

Everyone is all smiles, except Louis, lost in his own  
thoughts.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRACK - TORRANCE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Louis runs alone on the track, his feet moving, his thoughts  
somewhere else.

ON THE SIDELINES

Anthony times him with a stopwatch.



COACH CROMWELL (V.O.)  
Do you want to throw all that away?

And then it happens.

Louis feels a deep rush of pain and he slows to a complete halt.

All sound fades away.

Anthony pauses and rushes to his son.

LOUIS

collapses to his knees and crashes to the ground. It takes him seemingly forever to fall.

COACH CROMWELL (V.O.)  
Why? Because of a little pain?

Anthony looks terrified.

INT. DOCTORS OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY

A DOCTOR walks into his office where Louis waits on a bed, Anthony by his side.

DOCTOR  
(reading the charts)  
Mr. Zamperini, I understand you've been treated thrice before for pains. Pulling of a wisdom tooth, tonsil removal, and the sinuses being punctured.

LOUIS  
What's wrong with me?

DOCTOR  
(beat)  
Do you realize your right lung is full of pus?

Long beat. Anthony is horrified.

ANTHONY ZAMPERINI  
What?

DOCTOR  
You have pleurisy. You've had it for months. Wait, your the runner, right?

(MORE)

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I don't know how you finished a race with a lung full of pus.

LOUIS

takes this information in, slowly shaking his head.

EXT. HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

Louis and Anthony leave the hospital and head for the parking lot.

ANTHONY ZAMPERINI

(putting his coat on)

Well, you heard the doctor. This racing business has to end. You can't even run anymore.

LOUIS

Stranger things have happened, pop. I'm not giving up. I'm going to keep training and--

Anthony blocks Louis.

ANTHONY ZAMPERINI

And then what? Look at you, your twenty-three? How many more years do you think you have? My advice: get a job like everyone else.

Louis looks his father square in the eyes.

LOUIS

I'm not going to give up so easily. I don't want to be some average Joe like--

ANTHONY ZAMPERINI

Like me, smart guy? Say it, you can say it.

EXT. LOCKHEED HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Wearing his best suit, Louis walks in with pure determination.

INT. BULLPEN - LOCKHEED HEADQUARTERS - LATER THAT DAY

Louis sits across from a LOCKHEED REPRESENTATIVE, smugly going over his resume.

LOCKHEED REPRESENTATIVE  
 No manual training whatsoever. See  
 that your a runner of some sort.  
 Good for you.

Closes the file and looks at Louis.

LOCKHEED REPRESENTATIVE (CONT'D)  
 Well, what does Lockheed want with  
 you, Mr. Zamperini?

LOUIS  
 I think I'd be beneficial to this  
 organization.

LOCKHEED REPRESENTATIVE  
 In what way?

LOUIS  
 (searching, looking  
 around)  
 Some sort of office job.

LOCKHEED REPRESENTATIVE  
 (quick to shake his head)  
 No, no way. You'll do manual labor  
 first, then apply for the office  
 position when something opens up.

Louis looks down, searching for any positive outlook.  
 Doesn't see any.

LOUIS  
 (optimistic)  
 Absolutely.

INT. LOCKHEED FACTORY - DAY

Louis, dressed in a blue collar uniform, works as a spot  
 welder alongside a vast line full of ordinary Joe's. He  
 looks completely out of place.

INT. PACIFIC RAILROAD FACTORY - DAY (**FLASHBACK**)

A younger Anthony Zamperini working his job. Another  
 ordinary hard-working guy.

EXT. TRACK - TOKYO STADIUM - DAY (**FANTASY**)

Louis crossing the finish line as his opponents trail far  
 behind in the 5000 meter event.

He raises his arms up in triumph.

The cheering of the crowds fade away.

INT. LOCKHEED FACTORY - DAY

Louis finishes cleaning a tool, thinking.

Past glory, gone.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET - TORRANCE - EVENING

The rain is pouring. Down the sidewalk, comes Louis running in his tracksuit and hoody, braving the elements.

Passes right by a newsstand, waves to the proprietors and continues. Then, immediately stops and double-backs. Looks at one of the papers.

EXT. TORRANCE SQUARE - MOMENTS LATER

The sight of his triumphant return from the Olympic games many years ago.

The rain hasn't let up.

Under a large tree, sitting on a bench, is Louis, the soaked newspaper clutched in his hand. He has a far-off look in his eyes.

THE NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

reads, **"JAPAN INVADES MANCHURIA."**

THE SUB-HEADLINE BELOW

reads, **"TOKYO OLYMPIC GAMES POSTPONED INDEFINITELY."**

His eyes say it all. Twenty-three and already his life feels over.

Something catches his attention at the newsstand across the square.

He tosses the paper to the side and runs back.

AT THE NEWSSTAND

Stapled to the newsstand is a recruitment poster.

THE RECRUITMENT POSTER

is bathed in rain. The famous Tom Woodburn **"Wings over America"** poster depicts a bald eagle going into aerial combat with U.S. fighter planes. The sub-headline reads, **"Wings over America."**

THE MAIN HEADLINE

at the bottom reads, **"Air Corps. U.S. Army."**

LOUIS

stares down at the poster for a long time, in complete despair, at a major crossroads of life.

The rain continues to fall as we

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF EPISODE

**PART THREE: "DUTY"****TEASER**

OVER BLACK

old-fashion bullets ricochet about, like in old war movies.

CUT FROM BLACK:

INT. MOVIE THEATER - PASO ROBLES, CALIFORNIA - DAY (1941)

ON THE MOVIE SCREEN

In a scene from *Sergeant York*, movie star Gary Cooper as Alvin York picks off another German kraut bastard in a trench.

The audience is amused with the happenings up on the screen. Men dressed in army attire cuddle with their girls. Older men and women, out on a late afternoon date, share a smoke and a bag of popcorn.

TITLE:

**Camp Roberts,**

**Outside Paso Robles, California -**

**Weekend Leave**

**1941**

LOUIS ZAMPERINI,

25, is among the audience, dressed in U.S. Air Force Corp. attire, on weekend leave. Enjoying the movie with a buddy from the base.

ON THE MOVIE SCREEN

York is about to miraculously kill another German, when a mechanical sound is heard and the screen suddenly goes white.

The theater lights are brought up, causing confusion among the moviegoers.

The doors from the lobby open and the THEATER MANAGER walks in, followed by two MP's.

Louis and his buddies turn around, facing the Manager.

THEATER MANAGER

All military personnel are to  
report to their bases immediately.  
The Japanese have attacked Pearl  
Harbor.

There is a concerned groan from the civilians in the  
audience.

MILITARY POLICE #1

steps forward and shouts out orders.

MILITARY POLICE #1

All right, you heard the man!  
Let's go, on your feet! All  
military personnel, move, move,  
move!

Some soldiers seem excited, others nervous. They stand and  
make for the exits. Chaotic order.

Louis' BUDDY, looks down and sees Louis looking away.

BUDDY

C'mon, Zamp. We're goin' to war.

Louis stands up, and looks at his buddy. Dry.

LOUIS

There just went our weekend pass.

LOUIS

heads for the exit. People pass to and fro as they become  
blurs over Louis' face.

The world has just changed for him.

END OF TEASER

MAIN TITLES

FADE IN:

EXT. THE OPEN SKY - DAY

Flying through the air, clouds breeze by, our destination unknown.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PLANE - DAY

LOUIS' POV

through the window of the plane, we look down on the diamond-shaped Oahu, the third-largest of the Hawaiian islands.

LOUIS

at the window. There is more maturity behind those eyes, having graduated in the top 15 of his class and promoted to Second Lieutenant.

LOUIS' POV

sees the plane approaching the outskirts of Pearl Harbor. The devastation is simply tragic as clean-up crews are still restoring the harbor and surrounding bases to working order.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - HICKAM FIELD - OAHU, HAWAII - MOMENTS LATER

The plane makes contact with the runway and slows to a stop, passing a B-24 bomber.

TITLE:

**Oahu, Hawaii**

**October 25th, 1942**

ON THE FIELD

we see a closer view of the ruins the Japanese left behind soon after their attack.

Mechanics and various soldiers busy themselves on fixing beat-up planes.

EXT. BUNKS - HICKAM FIELD AIR BASE - MOMENTS LATER

Louis, toting a duffel bag over his shoulder, is accompanied by a guide to the bunks.



Walks through the door, passing a wall scarred with bullet holes.

INT. BUNKS - HICKAM FIELD AIR BASE - DAY

A long row of empty bunks. Outside we hear exercises sounded off.

ON THE FAR END,

Louis, unpacks his belongings into a foot locker.

GENERAL HALE (V.O.)  
At ease, Lieutenant.

INT. GENERAL HALE'S OFFICE - LATER

Louis stands at ease in front of the desk of GENERAL WILLIS H. HALE, 49, the bomber Command of the Army Air Forces, during the recent battle of Midway Island, a stern looking man behind his glasses, sizing Louis up.

GENERAL HALE  
As the new man on the job, here's what we have for you. You spied the B-24 Liberator's coming in, I take it?

LOUIS  
Yes, sir.

GENERAL HALE  
Then you also must have seen the shit mess those Jap sons of bitches left for us?

LOUIS  
Yes, sir, I did.

GENERAL HALE  
As Second Lieutenant, I'm putting you up with the B-24 bombing unit of the Forty-second Squadron, of the Eleventh Bombardment group--  
(a mouth full)  
--of the Seventh Air Force. You'll have a master bombardier classification. We want you and your crew up in the air teaching the enemy a valuable lesson. Don't mess with American territory.  
(pause)

(MORE)

GENERAL HALE (CONT'D)

You'll work from here in Hickam and on the north side at Kahuku Air Base.

LOUIS

Yes sir, thank you, sir.

GENERAL HALE

(turns to paperwork)

Dismissed.

Louis salutes, does an about-face and heads for the door.

GENERAL HALE (CONT'D)

Lieutenant.

Louis turns.

LOUIS

Sir.

GENERAL HALE

Teach the gook bastards a lesson.  
You're in the war now.

Hold on General Hale.

EXT. HICKMAN FIELD - DAY

The B-24 Liberator is parked on the runway. In all its sleek glory. Produced in more numbers than any other U.S. aircraft during the war effort. 18,482 were made. This is one of them.

At the moment, the B-24 is being worked on by mechanics.

Louis and an ENGINEER approach, taking Louis on the grand tour.

ENGINEER

Okay, the B-24 Liberator. Holds a crew of 8 to 10. Wingspan is that of 110 feet. Cruising speed is 175 miles per hour.

LOUIS

Max speed?

ENGINEER

No need to wonder. 303 miles an hour.

## INT. B-24 - FUSELAGE COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Louis and the Engineer climb up the ladder from the bottom of the plane.

It's a tight space. Louis and the Engineer have to duck their heads as they step through. Louis takes it all in.

## ENGINEER

So we have the fuselage here.  
Tight as hell, but needed to keep  
the weight down for the bombs. All  
56,000 pounds of them.

(points to the tail gunner  
bay)

Tail gunner back there.  
(observing the waist  
station)

Waist station here. .50 cal  
machine guns. Top turret, too.  
Ball turret below.

(approaching the bomb bay  
doors)

Your payload, of course. It's a  
tight catwalk.

The radio station, meager.

## COCKPIT

They both poke their heads through the cockpit, seemingly tighter. A wall of gages and switches.

## ENGINEER

As you can imagine, the cockpit.

## BOMBARDIER STATION

The Engineer climbs up through the nose wheel. Starts to instruct to seemingly no one.

## ENGINEER

Okay, this is you down here.

Louis pops his head up, looking around.

## ENGINEER (CONT'D)

Up here, son.

An even tighter space, below the nose turret, near the Navigator's seat. A three-paneled window overlooks the bottom of the plane. Bombardier's panel.

ENGINEER (CONT'D)

Assisting the navigator, giving the sights needed. Of course, making sure the payloads successfully reach their objective.

Louis takes all this in, biting his lip. The Engineer watches him.

ENGINEER (CONT'D)

Got quite a beast on your hands. Hope you know how to handle her.

EXT. B-24 - DAY

Flying over the ocean. Training in progress.

INT. BOMBARDIER STATION - B-24 - CONTINUOUS

Louis sits, his eye on the cheap Norden bombsight.

EXT. FIELD - KAHUKU AIR BASE - OAHU, HAWAII - DAY

Louis walking, a translation book in his hand, learning English-Hawaiian.

INT. BOMBARDIER STATION - B-24 - CONTINUOUS

LOUIS' UNBLINKING EYE

through the eyepiece of the Norden.

THROUGH THE SIGHTS

the cross-hairs lining up toward a practice target far below.

BOMB BAY

The bomb payloads wait as...

BOMBARDIER STATION

LOUIS' FINGERS

tightening the trigger, his palm wet, and then...

EXT. STREETS - KAHUKU - VARIOUS - DAY

On weekend leave, Louis speaks with some locals, trying out his Hawaiian and some Japanese.

Some of the locals laugh at him as his accent may be off or they wave him off, not ready to trust a white man. He looks away, shaking his head. Tries another.

INT. BOMBARDIER STATION - B-24 - CONTINUOUS

LOUIS' FINGER

tightens on the trigger, then squeezes and...

BOMB BAY

The bomb bay doors slide open and the bombs drop.

EXT. B-24 - UNDER THE BOMB BAY DOORS - CONTINUOUS

The bombs drop in their screaming earthbound descent.

INT. BOMBARDIER STATION - B-24 - CONTINUOUS

THROUGH THE SIGHTS

The bombs destroy their practice targets.

Louis sits back in his small seat, letting out a relieved sigh. MITCHELL, the navigator behind him reaches over and pats his shoulder. Good job.

EXT. STREETS - KAHUKU - ANOTHER DAY

Louis, still walking the streets, getting to know the locals better. Asking questions. Getting a feel for the community.

Louis takes a moment to look around.

Much of the devastation of the Pearl Harbor massacre is still evident. Written on the faces of the locals.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - KAHUKU - AFTERNOON

THE UNDERSIDE OF A B-24 WING

Metallic, sturdy. Gray. A sloppy paint brush enters frame and mops the wing in pitch black paint.

Louis is holding the brush, up on a ladder. A bucket on the ladder.

Mitchell is painting the other wing black as well, making sure not to get specs of black on himself.

INT. B-24 - FUSELAGE COMPARTMENT - SAME

Engineers and mechanics strip out any excess weight. The bombs are being lifted into place through the bomb bay doors.

EXT. B-24 - SAME

Louis is up on the ladder, now painting alongside the exterior of the fuselage compartment. We don't yet see what he's painting, but is subtly amused with himself.

Behind him, on the ground, a short friendly-looking guy approaches, observes the painting. He snickers to himself. Louis drops the smile and turns around.

LOUIS  
Something funny?

PHIL  
Didn't realize we had already  
decided on the name, s'all.

A beat.

Louis steps down the ladder and approaches.

LOUIS  
You must be the new pilot. Lou  
Zamperini.

Phil ignores the hand shake, pats Louis on the shoulder.

PHIL  
Russ Phillips. Good to meet you.  
Call me Phil.  
(beat, observes the unseen  
fuselage art)  
Well, I gotta hand it to you, Zamp.  
Those Jap bastards will definitely  
be in for a treat when they see us  
zooming overhead like bats outta of  
hell.

OVER THEIR SHOULDERS,

we see the B-24 has officially been christened SUPERMAN.

Louis has painted the image of the Man of Steel holding a bomb in one hand, his cape flowing in the wind.

PHIL  
Gonna be one hell of a night, I'll  
tell you what.

Approaching, we hear a REPORTER call to Louis and Phil.

REPORTER (O.S.)  
Say fellas, can we get a quick  
snapshot of you and your crew?

PHIL  
(calling to the crew)  
Boys, get in here!

The crew step in position as the Reporter's photographer snaps the photo.

THE IMAGE FREEZES

on the photo. Brave men, ready to make a difference. A beat and then UNFREEZES.

WIDE - RESUME SCENE

Louis and the crew return to work with avid professionalism.

The sounds of laughter and drinks being passed.

INT. BAR - NEAR KAHUKU BASE - AFTERNOON

Jovial laughter all around. Swing music in full effect. Servicemen trying to have a good time, if only for a little while.

Phil and Louis walk a handful of beer glasses to their waiting crew, at a nearby table.

Once the glasses hit the table, the crew pick them up. Some go their separate ways. Others stay at the table.

The flight crew consists of CUPERNELL, copilot, Mitchell, the navigation, DOUGLAS, LAMBERT, NELSEN and GLASSMAN handling .50 cal guns, BROOKS, the radioman, and PILLSBURY, a burly upper turret gunner.

Everyone is getting to know one another.

CUPERNELL  
Louie's our new bombardier!

PILLSBURY  
Oh, brother, how's that treating  
you?

## AT THE BAR

Douglas and Lambert are trying to flirt with a girl at another table.

<p>DOUGLAS We're flying out in a couple of hours...it's true you know...</p>	<p>LAMBERT ...might not come back is what my esteemed friend is trying to imply...</p>
--	--

The girl isn't having any of that. She walks off. Their eyes meet.

DOUGLAS  
Next time I do all the talking--

LAMBERT  
Couldn't agree more.

## BACK AT THE TABLE

Louis is leaning forward over his drink. Cupernell and Pillsbury can't believe what they've just heard.

CUPERNELL  
You're shitting us. You're the Olympic runner, Zamperini? Man, we've heard some stories about you...

Phil looks up, interested, but not contributing.

LOUIS  
Try to keep it under your caps, will ya? Trying to be a regular Joe here.

Cupernell gets up to mingle. Pillsbury looks around. Phil slides one chair over. A decision made.

PHIL  
Your good people, Zamp. Get your eyes sharp and your nose clean. You'll fit right in.

## EXT. AIRSTRIP - KAHUKU AIR BASE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Twenty-six B-24's sit on the field, inspected by various mechanics, crew chief's, armorers and radio men.

## ON ONE B-24

the bomb-bay fuel tanks are being installed. Long distance.



Faint singing is heard somewhere, specific holiday songs.

TITLE:

**Baptismal Raid**

**Christmas Eve 1942**

FROM A HANGAR

the singing is coming.

INT. HANGAR - KAHUKU AIR BASE - CONTINUOUS

A group of airmen sit around a makeshift Christmas tree singing "**I'll Be Home for Christmas.**" They drink weak eggnog, take turns hanging their dog tags on the tree and celebrate the best they can away from home.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HALLWAY - KAHUKU AIR BASE - CONTINUOUS

Traveling down the empty hallway. The singing of "**I'll Be Home for Christmas**" echoes.

INT. BUNKS - KAHUKU AIR BASE - CONTINUOUS

The singing is heard faintly.

The crews of the B-24 Liberator's waiting on the runway are preparing their belongings for the mission.

Among them is Louis, holding and packing what looks like three day's worth of clothes.

WIDE

Very solemn.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - KAHUKU AIR BASE - DAWN

The twenty-six B-24's lift into the air. One after another. The wheels fold into doors under the wings and each plane disappears into the early morning.

The singing fades away. No going home for Christmas for these men.

EXT. THE OPEN OCEAN - MOMENTS LATER

Twenty-six planes in the air, holding their unknown trajectory.

The island of Oahu fades behind a low cloud cover.

INT. B-24 - SAME

The ear-piercing hum of the engine is constant.

The men sit uncomfortably, focused on the task at hand.

BOMBARDIER'S STATION

Louis sits, wiping nervous sweat away from his brow.

COCKPIT

Phil and Cupernell look to each other. The moment has come. They address the crew...

PHIL  
(into the radio)  
Tear 'em open, boys!

Each crew member reaches over and pulls out an envelope marked, "**Classified.**"

Louis tears his open and begins to read, while Phil paraphrases aloud.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
Midway Island is our destination,  
1,300 miles northwest of Honolulu.  
Await orders and briefing there.

Phil slides the piece of paper back into the envelope, turning to Cupernell.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
Point us.

Cupernell reaches for the radio.

EXT. THE OPEN OCEAN - SAME

As the B-24 change course for Midway Island we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOMBARDIER STATION - B-24 - LATER

LOUIS

leans his head against the window, looking out at the water. Much time has passed and the constant hum of the engine is not going away.

He then lifts his head when he sees something approach outside the window in the distance.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

below is the Midway Atoll (island), a ring-shaped barrier reef. In its ring are a series of small islands on the south end, and islets to the north.

LOUIS' POV

The atoll is still reeling from the ruin of the battle of Midway six months prior.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - MIDWAY ISLAND - MOMENTS LATER

The B-24 Liberator's come a stop on the runway. The engine shuts down and the crew pours out.

Louis steps out and looks to the hangar on the edge of the airstrip. Servicemen and others are running out to the B-24's with cases.

Cupernell looks to Louis for an answer.

LOUIS  
(shaking his head)  
Damned if I know.

The Servicemen approach and break open the cases as the crew gather around.

Inside is the most beautiful thing: a full case of ice cold Budweiser.

The crew smile. Louis takes one and toasts the men.

LOUIS / CREW MEMBERS  
Merry Christmas. Happy New Year,  
etc.

A quiet moment as the men drink in silence.

EXT. MIDWAY ISLAND - VARIOUS - LATER

The famed Midway Island gooney birds. Thick-billed albatross with white-crest feathers, taking off and perched.

In the background is the airstrip. The B-24's are continuously inspected.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - MIDWAY ISLAND - LATER

CYRIL THOMAS SIMARD,

the commanding officer on Midway Island, stands before a large map outlining an island, briefing the airmen.

THE AIRMEN

look more refreshed. Warm showers and chow in their belly's.

ON THE MAP

surrounding islands are marked as victories for the allies or the enemy with small flags.

Tension fills the room as he speaks.

SIMARD

Wake Island. This is your objective. As you all know by now, this island Wake was taken from us by the enemy almost a year ago to the day.

(beat)

You will be the lucky few to have the first crack at it. You will bomb the shit out of it, no question will there be about that.

(beat)

The destination will take you five thousand miles one way, which means you will stop to re-fuel, being that those classy B-24's carry three thousand miles worth of gas.

(beat)

What is the purpose you ask? Well, we want the element of surprise. Give them Japs a nice Merry Christmas present from us forward-thinking Americans. The enemy feels all nice and cozy, thinking their out of harm's way, save the occasional naval shelling. They won't expect bombers.

(MORE)

## SIMARD (CONT'D)

They are wrong.  
(long beat)  
Go to work.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - MIDWAY ISLAND - LATER

The setting sun lengthens the shadows of the B-24s.

The Superman sits among many. The airstrip is full with activity. The B-24's are at the center. Last minute checks by the engineers and the mechanics.

The moment has come.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - NIGHT

We fly through the air at ten thousand feet. The wind rushes past us.

A low hum enters our peace and quiet. It becomes louder, and louder still. At that moment, through a cloud drift, we see the...

THE B-24'S

fly in tight formations over the moonlit Pacific. The lights are on in Superman.

INT. B-24 - CONTINUOUS

An eerie glow of the night lights fill the fuselage. The crew is sleepy, nervous. Everyone has their game faces on. Eyes peeled.

BOMBARDIER'S STATION

Louis looks at the blackness ahead. Catches the moonlight illuminating on the Pacific below.

Mitchell behind Louis speaks into the radio.

MITCHELL (O.S.)  
(over the radio)  
150 miles, Phil.

PHIL (O.S.)  
(over the radio)  
Roger that. 150 miles to objective.

COCKPIT

Phil piloting, speaks into the headset.

PHIL  
Douse the lights.

The fuselage lights are shut off.

LOUIS

as the lights disappear. The lights of his eyes still illuminate in the darkness.

FUSELAGE COMPARTMENT

Darkness. The crew silhouette's.

OVER BLACK

the loud hum of the engine continues. Somewhere, a crew member tensely coughs. Another breathes in short bouts. But silence. Just the hum of the engine.

It feels like an eternity of blackness.

Just when we can't take it any longer...

A FAINT GLIMMER OF LIGHTS

illuminate ahead. Streaks of light jetting across the sky. Antiaircraft fire fills the sky, splitting the darkness.

Below lies low hanging cloud covers. Below that, a small island, actually an atoll comprising of three islands, surrounding an atoll.

The crackling sound of the radio.

BOMBARDIER'S STATION

Looking through the window at the island of Wake ahead. The first rays of the sunrise are emerging.

MITCHELL (O.S.)  
(over the radio)  
Objective. Wake.

PHIL (O.S.)  
(over the radio)  
Cloud cover dense.

COCKPIT

PHIL  
 (into the radio)  
 Taking us down from eight thousand  
 down to four.

Phil turns to the Cupernell.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
 Take us down.

CUPERNELL  
 Roger that.

EXT. B-24 - OVER WAKE ISLAND - EARLY MORNING

The B-24 dips below the dense cloud covers, revealing the island for the first time.

Below, we see the nine thousand foot runway and the twelve mile expanse of coastline.

From this height, we see the imprints of soldiers running to and fro, preparing the defense.

The B-24's fly right past us.

EXT. WAKE ISLAND - RUNWAY NEAR BASE CAMP - CONTINUOUS

Sirens blaring loudly. Professional and tight order on the ground. Everyone is where they need to be.

Japanese officers scan the sky through binoculars, barking orders.

ON THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS

soldiers line up their shots, pummeling rounds at the American B-24's flying overhead.

EXT. THE OPEN SKY - OVER WAKE - CONTINUOUS

The B-24's dodge the antiaircraft fire. The Superman is dodging left and right.

PHIL (O.S.)  
 (to Louis, over the radio)  
 Bombardier. Your objectives.

INT. B-24 - CONTINUOUS

Louis places his eyeball to the Norden and lines up his sights.

                  LOUIS  
                  (into headset)  
                  Lining up now.

FUSELAGE COMPARTMENT

The gunners keep their eyes peeled for enemy aircraft.

BOMBARDIER'S COMPARTMENT

Mitchell looks on as Louis synchronizes the Norden. Seconds to spare. We flow in...

THROUGH THE NORDEN SIGHT

as Wake Island passes by.

TAIL GUNNER

keeping his eyes peeled. Waiting.

COCKPIT

Phil and Cupernell. Waiting.

BOMBARDIER'S COMPARTMENT

LOUIS' FINGERS

calibrating.

Looks into the Norden. One eye closed.

THROUGH THE NORDEN SIGHT

the world is quickly passing us by.

BOMBARDIER STATION

LOUIS'

wet finger is tightened on the trigger. And then...

FUSELAGE COMPARTMENT

Travelling through the fuselage, past the gunners, to the...



BOMB BAY DOORS

where the bombs await the inevitable.

THROUGH THE NORDEN SIGHT

the runway on the north side of the island. A lone Zero aircraft is leaving for the sky.

BOMBARDIER'S STATION

Louis squeezes the trigger.

LOUIS  
(into headset)  
Bomb away.

EXT. B-24 - BOMB BAY - CONTINUOUS

The Bomb Bay doors open and one bomb leaves the Superman. The high-pitched whizzing sound disappears below.

THROUGH THE NORDEN SIGHT

the Zero aircraft is still leaving. The engine hums.

EXT. WAKE ISLAND - RUNWAY NEAR BASE CAMP - CONTINUOUS

The Zero is nearing the end of the runway, ready to ascend. Noise and chaos all around.

EXT. THE OPEN SKY - THE PAYLOAD DESCENDING TOWARDS THE EARTH - CONTINUOUS

Nearing the earth, at that moment, a second from impact and...

EXT. WAKE ISLAND - BASE CAMP NEAR THE RUNAWAY - CONTINUOUS

...the payload tears the world in two, leaving a wave of destruction in the form of a large crater.

Soldiers on the ground, wither in agony. Splatters of red debris where a man stood not a second before. Bloody. Chaotic.

INT. B-24 - CONTINUOUS

Louis sits back, taking a quick breath, takes wipes of sweat away, and dives back into the Norden.

BOMB BAY DOORS

Awaiting.

BOMBARDIER STATION

LOUIS' FINGER

squeezes the trigger and...

EXT. B-24 - BOMB BAY - CONTINUOUS

The remaining five bombs leave the confines of the Superman.

EXT. WAKE ISLAND - RUNWAY NEAR EAST BUNKERS - CONTINUOUS

Where once Japanese bunkers stood, immediately EXPLODES into shambles of rubble, wood and metal debris.

Men fall to their knees, crying in pain. Others don't move.

All around, the world is on fire.

Silence fills.

EXT. THE OPEN SKY - OVER WAKE - CONTINUOUS

The other B-24's drop the remainder of their payloads. The island Wake erupting in destruction.

There are still some attempts at antiaircraft fire from the ground, but none touch the twenty-six B-24's.

INT. B-24 - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

MITCHELL (O.S.)  
(over the radio)  
Due south. Midway.

PHIL  
(into the radio)  
Roger that. That did it,  
Zamperini.

BOMBARDIER STATION

Louis leans his head down against the window. He's looking straight down as the island disappears behind a grey storm cloud. The cloud illuminates into the color red. An island on fire.

FADE TO BLACK:

CUT FROM BLACK:

EXT. AIRSTRIP - MIDWAY ISLAND - MORNING

The B-24 comes to a complete stop. A beat, then the crew steps out of the plane, stretching. Behind them, still more B-24's landing. Other crews stepping out.

Marines run to the planes, congratulating the various crews. Our crew included. The marines bring out boxes again.

This time, each crew is greeted with quarts of whiskey. Our crew bust them open and begin to drown their happiness.

Phil is standing at a distance from his crew, watching, a smirk on his face, arms folded. Louis approaches from the nose turret. Phil acknowledges.

PHIL

Have a drink, Zamp. You deserve it  
for those good sights.

Mitchell brings the bottle of whiskey to Louis and Phil. Phil takes a swig, gasps loudly, pleased with himself, and hands the bottle to Louis.

These two have only known each other a brief time, but a friendship is forming.

The crews begin to celebrate and congratulate one another as they continuously take swigs. Cheering. An atmosphere of relief.

EXT. BARRACK CORRIDORS - KAHUKU AIR BASE - DAWN

LOUIS

jogs through the barrack corridors. Still maintaining his regular exercises whenever possible.

Running with such intensity, we're not sure if he's under attack or if this is his morning jog.

However his run says that this is the most enjoyable part of his day. A professionalism is seen in the tightness of his arms to his chest.

WIDE

He runs through the tight outer corridors of the Kahuku Air Base and descends the stairs to the lower level and the main courtyard.

EXT. MAIN COURTYARD - KAHUKU AIR BASE - MOMENTS LATER

He runs through the courtyard and turns a corner to another barrack where suddenly a Newspaper REPORTER runs into him.

At first, the REPORTER doesn't recognize Louis.

REPORTER

Excuse me, it's like a-maze 'round here.

LOUIS

Sure is. Careful, huh?

Louis runs on.

REPORTER

Wait a sec! Aren't ya Lucky Louie Zamperini? Yeah!

Louis stops running. His face tells us he is tired of hearing his own name. Biting his lip, he turns around.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Sure you are. Just a few questions. You pulled yourself out of one hell of a scrap recently. What do you say?

Louis looks off, wanting the interview over.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

(pulls note pad out)  
How'd you feel up there? Afraid?

A beat.

LOUIS

I've been more scared before races against Cunningham and Fenske.

Louis laughs. The Reporter rolls his eyes. Old news.

REPORTER

Still training. Good for you. We're all glad your still here.

LOUIS  
Whatever sells newspapers, right?

REPORTER  
(pause)  
Well it looks like your ready to  
race again that sum of bitch Gunder  
Haag in New York.

LOUIS  
It's all about the training.  
Working on it.  
(beat)  
Yeah. But I gotta tell you, never  
had a greater thrill than when I  
saw those bombs hit the objective.  
Greatest feeling alive.

REPORTER  
(beat, snapping fingers)  
Lucky Louie. Lucky Louise. I keep  
hearing up and down from your army  
buddies about that damn nickname.  
Where'd that come from?

LOUIS  
(shaking his head)  
Luck's got nothing to do with  
nothing.

REPORTER  
C'mon, spit it out.

On the eager face of the reporter.

INT. GENERAL HAP ARNOLD'S OFFICE - DAYS LATER

A NEWSPAPER IS HELD UP,

reading **"Olympic Hero Zamperini In Daring Wake Island Raid."**

The paper is slapped down on the desk by GENERAL HAP ARNOLD,  
the only officer to ever hold a five-star grade in two  
different U.S. military services and the commanding general  
of the United States Army Air Force.

And Louis is standing at attention before him.

Behind Louis sit General's Arnold staff, looking on.

GENERAL HAP ARNOLD  
 (re: the newspaper)  
 Care to tell me what this is all  
 about, Lieutenant?

LOUIS  
 Sir, I have no knowledge, sir.

GENERAL HAP ARNOLD  
 This chicken shit reporter sure  
 misquoted then, is that my  
 understanding?

LOUIS  
 Sir, yes sir.

General Hap Arnold contemplates a moment, then stands up, looks Louis in the eye, and begins to circle him, looking straight ahead, as if dictating.

GENERAL HAP ARNOLD  
 We're gonna keep this bravado of  
 yours to oneself from now on. We  
 don't want you talking to the  
 press. The Wake comment was not  
 necessary. Don't care how proud  
 you make yourself feel about  
 hitting your objectives. In this  
 man's army, this shit don't fly!  
 (to the staff)  
 Anything else I'm forgetting?

One of the General's AIDE's speaks up.

AIDE  
 The running, General.

GENERAL HAP ARNOLD  
 (to Louis)  
 Lieutenant, the meets in New York,  
 the meets anywhere for that matter,  
 aren't going to happen. Do I make  
 myself clear?

Louis tries to hold his disappointment back. He almost stutters in his response.

LOUIS  
 Y--yes, sir.

GENERAL HAP ARNOLD  
 The way we see it, Lieutenant, you  
 are a part of a special bombs unit.  
 (MORE)

## GENERAL HAP ARNOLD (CONT'D)

Your not some flash in the pan  
celebrity any longer. You are not  
an individual. You're part of an  
ensemble. Due to our sometimes  
secret and experimental missions, I  
cannot permit you from leaving the  
island.

General Hap Arnold finally turns and looks directly at Louis.

A beat.

## GENERAL HAP ARNOLD (CONT'D)

We expect too much out of you, son.

LOUIS

as the General leaves the room, he immediately salutes.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Louis stands at a soldier's funeral. Possibly a man he knew personally. At the center is a flag covered coffin and the photo of the departed on a stand. Looked like a nice guy.

Louis looks around, taking in the different emotions of the men and women standing beside him. Some men are holding back tears, others look like standing there is a chore.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - KAHUKU AIR BASE - DAY (**FLASHBACK**)

A B-24 taking off. Louis on the ground, waves a friendly farewell to the pilot. The plane gains speed.

MOMENTS LATER

The same B-24 in the air. Louis watches, and then a second later, the B-24 CRACKS UP and EXPLODES INTO A BALL OF FIRE.

Louis collapses to the ground, holding his hand over his eyes and then runs toward the debris in horror.

BACK TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

He takes all this in. Contemplating his own raw emotions. He still carries a devil-may-care attitude, to cover up his true emotions threatening to break through the surface.

EXT. THE OPEN SKY - DAY (**FLASHBACK**)

The Superman B-24 flying through the sky.

INT. B-24 - COCKPIT - SAME (**FLASHBACK**)

Phil in the pilot's seat, thirty minutes or so into a mission. Then, a light flashes on.

PHIL  
Shit! Z-Zamp, get up here!

SECONDS LATER

Louis is looking at the board. Phil is turned in his seat, facing Louis.

PHIL  
A motor quit. We can't restart it  
and Douglas can't find the problem.

LOUIS  
Yeah. Gremlins?

PHIL  
Looks like it.

A beat, Louis thinking.

LOUIS  
Turn around. Back to Kahuku.

PHIL  
Louie. Lund will chew our asses  
out.

LOUIS  
We're not the first flying coffin  
to run into a dead motor. They  
never come back.  
(beat)  
Go back. I'll handle Lund.

Phil gives Louis a last look. Sure as hell hope your right.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - KAHUKU AIR BASE - LATER (**FLASHBACK**)

LUND, the operations officer and a real piece of shit, sprints toward the unexpected returning B-24 Superman as the nose turret opens and Louis and his crew pile out.

LUND  
What the FUCK are you doing back  
here?!

LOUIS  
A motor quit.



Lund walks back and forth along the B-24, trying to come up with something.

LUND  
Other guys finish missions on one motor.

There is a long pause. The rest of the crew, even Phil, look over to Louis. Louis, arms folded, never misses a beat.

LOUIS  
Okay Lund. We'll take off on three motors and finish the mission on three motors...

The crew look at one another, slightly worried.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
...if you'll go with us.

LUND

takes a step back. He's been called out. Tense.

LUND  
Why don't you take ship number nine.

PHIL  
Number nine.

Phil and Louis share a smile as Lund, relieved, cowardly walks back to his jeep.

As the crew heads for the second plane...

PHIL (CONT'D)  
Gotta hand it to you, Zamp. You saved our lives.

LOUIS  
The war's still there. We can die tomorrow.

Phil considers this as the crew walks in silence towards the second plane.

BACK TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

Post-ceremony. A line of uniformed grievers approach the family of the departed.

Among them is Louis, not sure how to display his emotions. He approaches and finally gives the mother of the dead an appropriate handshake and quickly moves on.

EXT. VILLAGE - FUNAFUTI ISLAND - DAY

Traveling through the primitive yet peaceful village of Funafuti Island. The perimeter of the island is covered with coconuts and tropical trees. One's fantasy of paradise.

In the distance, past the tree line, an army base has been quickly assembled.

Native Micronesians are the island's natives. They walk to and fro on their daily rituals of tending to their flocks and watching their children playing near the coastline.

They speak no English, but are friendly and considerate toward the American soldiers temporarily inhabiting their island.

TITLE:

### **Funafuti Island**

**April 1943**

PHIL (O.S.)

You just have to keep bringing up that shit, don't you Zamp?

LOUIS(O.S.)

Wasn't me who taxied too far on the Superman and got her stuck in the mud.

We find Louis and Phil, among other soldiers, walking through the village, taking in the sights, conversing and shaking the hands of the Micronesians.

PHIL

Jesus Christ, I make one mistake and you never let it down.

They laugh to themselves. A beat. Taking in their beautiful surroundings.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Next mission promises to be a doozy.

LOUIS  
 Aren't they all?  
 (looks off)  
 Oh my God. Would you look at that.

Emerging from a nearby hut are the Micronesian women, covered by nothing more than a well-placed cloth.

One of them gives Louis and Phil a flirtatious smile and walks past.

PHIL  
 God, almighty.

LOUIS  
 Wouldn't mind hunkering down here  
 for the remainder of this war.

PHIL  
 (a snicker)  
 Probably make you their chief or  
 something.  
 (beat)  
 Did you know Funafuti is where they  
 brought World War I ace Eddie  
 Ricken--Ricken--something--

LOUIS  
 (not even thinking)  
 Rickenbacker.

PHIL  
 His plane went down while on a  
 mission from the States to General  
 MacArthur somewhere in the Pacific.  
 The poor bastard drifted at sea for  
 twenty-seven days. Alone.

Louis looks off, half-paying attention. Phil is caught up in the imagining.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
 What must that do to a guy? His  
 mental stability just goes...  
 (whistling sound)  
 ...right out the door.

LOUIS  
 It's a shame, I'll give you that.

Louis is focused on a group of native kids, no older than five or six, leaning in a circle near a tree, smoking cigarettes.

A smile slowly spreads along his face. Memories of his own youth.

The kids look at the uniformed white man and walk away, not sure what to think of him.

The wind kicks up off the trees, creating a beautiful sounding moment.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
Sure is peaceful around here.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - FUNAFUTI ISLAND - THAT AFTERNOON

GENERAL HALE

briefs the flight crews.

GENERAL HALE  
Who here knows anything about phosphate?

The room is silent. Louis and men look to each other. No clue.

GENERAL HALE (CONT'D)  
Okay. The Japanese, for the time being, inhabit the island of Nauru, home of the world's greatest concentration of phosphate. Phosphate as you all plainly do not know is being used by the enemy for fertilizer and explosives. These are more precious to the Japs than their rice balls.

(beat, indicating the map behind him)

Your crews are to fly west toward Guadalcanal, hang a sharp right, and come in on that heading right smack in Nauru and relieve them of their precious phosphate. That heading will confuse the Japanese of our base location. That's a good thing, gentlemen.

(beat)

Twenty-six bombers, dropping their payloads, at eight thousand feet. Make it happen. Make them sing.

Louis looks to Phil, nervous.

GENERAL HALE (CONT'D)

(remembering)

Oh, yes. Radio silence will also be a must. Cannot stress this enough. Anyone breaking radio discipline will hear it from me.

(finding Phil among the men)

Lieutenant Phillips. Good news to you and your crew. We've managed to dig your shit-deep B-24 out of the mud and it's kindly waiting outside.

Laughter emits from the airmen.

Phil shakes his head, trying to maintain a little dignity.

PHIL

Thank...thank you, sir.

GENERAL HALE

Careful of that runway on take-off.

(beat)

Gentleman, make me proud.

Dismissed.

The sound of a metal machine under stress.

EXT. B-24 - BOMB BAY DOORS - AIRSTRIP - FUNAFUTI ISLAND -  
LATER

Louis supervises the placement of the bombs as they're lifted by crane under the bomb bay doors. Three 500-pound demolitions, five fragmentation cluster bombs with six 30-pound frags on each. Heavy.

Phil is out and about, supervising the maintenance of the rest of the plane.

Louis looks around, something on his mind. Phil looks to him, trying to read Louis' mind. He can't. Continues with his duties.

INT. B-24 - COCKPIT - BEFORE DAWN (THE NEXT DAY)

Through the window of the cockpit, we see the runway quickly coming to an end.

Phil is pulling up, but is also running out of runway. Cupernell looks to him, nervous. Phil sees this out of the corner of his eye.

PHIL  
I got this, goddamnit! The bombs  
are too heavy.

They leave the ground, low.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - FUNAFUTI ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

The B-24 is hanging low, clears the runway, barely flicking the lagoon past the runway with the landing gear, and manages to climb into the distance.

Soon the remaining B-24's follow suit.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. B-24 - BOMBARDIER STATION - MORNING

The plane in the air, Louis sits in position, thinking to himself. Something is definitely on his mind. Mitchell has squeezed himself into the nose turret.

MITCHELL  
We're looking at ETA twenty minutes  
to target.

Louis can't take it any more. He stands up, squeezes past Mitchell and climbs out.

COCKPIT

Louis knocks on the cockpit wall, getting Phil's attention.

LOUIS  
Got a minute.

Speaks low.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
What are we doing?

PHIL  
Your nervous, look--

LOUIS  
(trying to think of the  
words)  
This is different. It's a pretty  
low bomb run up ahead. All the  
Japs gotta do is synchronize on the  
lead plane and we'll all get hit.

Phil gently grips Louis by the arm speaking in a calming voice. Phil is reasoning with him...

PHIL

Do I do things that would put any of you guys in harm's way? I'm one of the best pilots out there, you just gotta trust me on this.

Louis looks away, trying to maintain some confidence, catches the eye of Brooks. He looks nervous too.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Relax, pal. I need you to be where your supposed to be. C'mon.

BOMBARDIER STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Louis plops back into his seat. Mitchell is preparing the .50 caliber machine guns.

LOUIS

You got my back when I'm dropping, right Mitch?

MITCHELL

You know I do, Zamp. Just keep your sights in check and we'll all be out of this in no time.

Louis blows out sighed air and leans his eye forward into the Norden bombsight. Begins his adjusting of the instruments, preparing.

EXT. THE OPEN SKY - SAME

The twenty-six B-24 Liberator's flying in complete sync is one of beauty to behold. Almost balletic. They fly past us as we see dead ahead of them the island of Nauru.

Puffs of black smoke begin to dot the sky around them. They are going into certain death and each man aboard these planes knows it.

INT. B-24 - COCKPIT - SAME

Following orders of maintaining radio silence, Phil has to yell...

PHIL

Okay here we go! Descending to eight thousand feet. Everyone hold on! Zamp, get ready.

FUSELAGE COMPARTMENT

DOUGLAS AND LAMBERT

tighten their shots, ready for combat.

We look out their windows, the puffs of black smoke are more evident up close.

EXT. THE OPEN SKY - B-24 - OVER NAURU - SAME

Flying through the black smoke is becoming more and more difficult. Suddenly the sky is lit with the streams of light coming from the antiaircraft guns on the ground.

THE B-24 UNDERSIDE

Holes shatter into the right vertical stabilizer. The plane begins to yawn. Suddenly then, we fly from the underside to the

THE B-24 FUSELAGE

where another burst of antiaircraft burst hits the fuselage, tearing holes.

INT. B-24 - FUSELAGE COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Douglas and Lambert immediately react to the gunfire from below. Ducking and reacting.

DOUGLAS

Fuck!!!  
 (to Lambert)  
 You hit?!

LAMBERT

No, keep your eye out for those  
 Zeros!

BOMBARDIER STATION

Louis pulls the Norden bombsight back into working order, relining his sights. He's having difficulty and is becoming increasingly frustrated.

LOUIS

Fuck! Work!

With a second to focus, he peers into the Norden, lines up the shot, and tightens the trigger.



LOUIS (CONT'D)  
Bomb away!!!!

THROUGH THE NORDEN BOMBSIGHT

The bombs tear into the anti-aircraft guns as well as some planes along the runways.

Louis takes a breath, then dives back into the Norden.

He spies a building on the edge of the runway that looks like a radio shack.

SQUEEZES!!!

THROUGH THE NORDEN BOMBSIGHT

The sound of the engine is what we hear. What we see is the shack turning to rubble and debris in less than a second.

Louis sits up and looks out the window. Then hears the sound of several more engines approaching. His eyes go wide. Turns to Mitchell.

LOUIS  
Mitch, got nine Zeroes. Seven are  
turning on your ten o'clock!

MITCHELL  
(lining up the .50 Cal)  
Got 'em.

Mitchell turns the .50 Cal in the direction of the Zero and opens fire.

EXT. THE OPEN SKY - OVER NAURU - CONTINUOUS

One Zero is coming right at the B-24, machine guns blazing. Misses our B-24 by inches, whizzes overhead.

INT. B-24 - BOMBARDIER STATION - CONTINUOUS

LOUIS

is eyes peeled.

At that moment, a LOUD CRACK makes Louis flinch back violently.

A ZERO CANNON SHELL

has landed INCHES FROM HIS FACE, in the process severing the turret power cables. Sparks fly everywhere.

Louis sees the damage, calls to Mitchell.

                                LOUIS  
                                 Mitch, we're fucked! Turret power  
                                 is dead...!

He loses track of his own sentence, follows the deadly path of the cannon shell.

LOUIS' POV

the Zero cannon shell brutally lodges itself in the port wing between the number one and two motors.

MITCHELL

sees this too, looks up from his .50 Cal and joins Louis to watch the outcome of the shell.

THE ZERO CANNON SHELL

A long beat. It doesn't explode. It's lodged, but thankfully a dud.

Mitchell and Louis share a brief sigh of relief.

                                LOUIS  
                                 Get to the fuselage.

They lift themselves out of the tight space in the nose and work toward the fuselage.

EXT. THE OPEN SKY - OVER NAURU - CONTINUOUS

Utter hell in the air. The B-24's are taking enemy fire from every direction. Japanese Zeroes swooping down for the kill shots.

Random damaged Zeroes dive and spin back to earth, a fiery trail following after them.

ONE B-24

EXPLODES at the drop of a hat, the wing tearing off in two separate directions. It's crew parachuting out into the water below.

Some parachutes fail to open, the helpless sons of bitches falling to their inevitable deaths.

OUR B-24 SUPERMAN

is holding on, despite rocking back and forth.

INT. B-24 - FUSELAGE COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Another explosion shakes the B-24.

Louis is pulling up Mitchell out of the nose turret with all of his might, when he hears a cry for help. It's a distant cry, given the engines.

BROOKS (O.S.)  
HELP ME! OH GOD!

Louis looks to the back of the fuselage. Over the open Bomb Bay door is

BROOKS

hanging on for dear life on the narrow catwalk.

Louis springs into action and crosses the fuselage, finally making it to the

BOMB BAY DOORS

where the catwalk is roughly seventeen feet long and only ten inches wide.

Below the open bomb bays is an eight thousand feet drop to one's death.

LOUIS  
(his voice is barely  
audible, yet somewhat  
calm)  
I'm coming, Brooks! I'm not  
leaving you there!

LOUIS

takes a deep breath, finding his balance as he slowly walks out to Brooks.

Reaches him, and is stunned by the terrified look in Brooks' eyes.

BLINKS TWICE,

gains his composure and grabs for Brooks' wrists.

LOUIS  
(pulling)  
I got you!!! I'm not let--!

BROOKS

Don't drop me, Zamp! Don't drop!  
Don't drop!!!

LOUIS

working on pure adrenaline. The catwalk seems more confined than ever. Vertigo takes effect.

Brooks is pleading his guts out. Eyes wide. Mouth agape.

They're almost to the flight deck. Mere inches.

LOUIS

ALMOST THERE!

LOUIS' BOOT

touches on the metal floor of the flight deck and pulls the rest of his weight into his ass, letting himself fall hard.

The final few inches leverage Brooks onto the deck.

They take a second's rest. Louis isn't finished yet.

LOUIS

Stay here!! I gotta get the bay doors closed!

BROOKS

is one incoherently babbling mess. His head keeps shaking back and forth.

Louis runs back across the catwalk, turns the knob to manually close the bomb bay doors...

...finally sealing in a secure footing.

The whoosh of the air disappears. Louis sinks to the ground, breathing hard.

BROOKS

on the ground, continuously babbling.

Louis doesn't know what to do. Looks for signs of injury on him, checking his legs, arms, etc.

LOUIS' HANDS

feel everywhere, searching. Then, feels something wet. Pulls his hand out from behind his back.

Covered in blood.

Louis turns him over. And then sees it.

BROOKS' BACK

shrapnel is embedded in his jacket and the back of his head. Blood is everywhere.

LOUIS

can barely breath. Tears are welling, but he fights back.

Grabs for the First Aid, prepares a shot of morphine and gives him the shot.

Sighs.

Then applies the oxygen mask around Brooks' mouth. Forcing himself to go back to work. Stopping the bleeding.

COCKPIT

Phil and Cupernell are piloting simply by their wits. They're scared out of their minds.

PHIL

How the fuck are we gonna get out of this?

CUPERNELL

Luck, Lieutenant.

Phil shakes Cupernell off, grabs the radio.

PHIL

(into the radio)

Zamp, where are you?! C'mon--

Another cannon flies right past the window, smashing overhead. Everything shakes violently.

Superman has taken damage.

FUSELAGE COMPARTMENT

Louis is thrown from the force of the explosion. Stands up, dazed, crawls back to help Brooks, when blood comes trickling down from above.

He looks up to see, Pillsbury collapse into the fuselage. Screaming! He's grabbing for his legs.

PILLSBURY  
 (masculine, fighting the  
 pain)  
 Motherfuckers! Those--  
 motherfuckers!!!

LOUIS LOOKS AT PILLSBURY'S LEG

peppered with shrapnel. His foot crushed. What's left of his revealed toes, carelessly dangling from his shoe.

Louis is more shocked than Pillsbury. Pillsbury is fucking angry!

LOUIS  
 Pills, calm down, take it--

PILLSBURY  
 Outta my fucking way, Zamp!

Pillsbury forcefully pushes Louis to the deck, and swings the .50 Cal turret gun at the passing Zero.

Squeezes the trigger and doesn't let go, tearing several holes in the nearby Zero. The Jap in the Zero slumps forward and disappears below.

Louis lunges for the window, watching the Zero descend madly to the water.

LOUIS  
 All right, you got your Jap.

Louis lunges for the morphine shot and sticks it in Pillsbury's leg. Puts a sulfa drug on his foot. Bandages him up. Calms his trembling hand.

PILLSBURY  
 (through the pain)  
 Thanks, Zamp.

CLAK! CLAK! Another burst of fire smacks up against the Superman.

Another fresh set of shells rip into the waist station.

PILLSBURY (CONT'D)  
 (quietly)  
 We're not gonna make it, are we?

LOUIS

looks at him, worried. Another set of cries heard. Gains his composure. Exhausted, but keeps going.

LOUIS

Stay here.

BOMB BAY DOORS

Louis hurries over the catwalk, forcing himself to move forward.

WAIST STATION

Rushing in, he's confronted with a whole new set of horror. His face cannot contain it.

FOUR MORE CREW MEMBERS,

Douglas, Lambert, Glassman and Nelsen, lie on the deck, severely bleeding, torn flesh and their intestines lying everywhere, pouring out of their stomachs.

DOUGLAS AND GLASSMAN

manage to still fire off rounds from their .50 Cal's. A Zero passes them and the two finish the Jap off.

Louis looks out the window. The skies are finally calm. Not a Zero left in sight.

Then rushes in and begins to treat the men.

MORPHINE

shots being injected.

DOUGLAS AND LAMBERT

and the crying of the men, holding on for dear life. The fear in their eyes.

LOUIS

and the bead of sweat running down his face.

His lip being bit, holding back the pain of the moment.

Over this, Louis is calming the airmen...

LOUIS

(calming, but tense)

All you have to do is think of something else. Not the pain. Think of home. Home is where everything is okay. This isn't as bad as it seems. They bring you to some comfy hospital bed, being cared for by some beautiful blonde nurse.

Louis looks around, clearly overwhelmed. Trying to maintain calm among the injured. His eyes say something else. He's starting to crack. But he can't. He must stay strong for the men.

He rushes to the intercom.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

(into intercom)

Phil, this is more than I can handle. I need help.

COCKPIT

PHIL

(into intercom)

I need Cup here to keep us from stalling.

LOUIS

(shouting, over the intercom)

We have five airmen not going to see Funafuti if I don't get some...

(screamed, almost inaudible)

GODDAMNED HELP!!!

Phil and Cupernell exchange a look. Cupernell goes into action.

CUPERNELL

Use your knees, Phil, to stabilize the plane. I'm going back there.

WAIST STATION

CUPERNELL

is confronted with the horror of the injured. His eyes are wide with disbelief. Swallows hard, and moves in.



Louis sees Cupernell, points.

LOUIS  
 (pointing to Nelsen)  
 What does he need?

Cupernell kneels down and treats Nelsen.

His leg is torn open, stamped with schrapnel. Nelsen is calmly looking at Cupernell. Too calmly. Cupernell looks away.

See Louis treating Nelsen. Blood spouting out of his mouth. A long gaze upward in his eyes. His trembling hand covering the violent tear in his stomach.

CUPERNELL,

lost in the image.

CUPERNELL  
 Is he dead?

LOUIS  
 (not looking up)  
 Not yet.  
 (looks to Lambert)  
 Take care of him next.

Cupernell snaps out of it and goes to work on Lambert.

A beat.

LOUIS AND CUPERNELL

working on the wounded airmen.

The sound dips out.

EXT. THE OPEN SKY - LEAVING NAURU - CONTINUOUS

Silence.

The B-24 Superman is beat beyond compare as she flies away. Leaving the inferno of Nauru island behind. Smoldering black smoke envelopes heaven-ward. Enough destruction for one day.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE OPEN SKY - LATER

The beautiful blue south Pacific below us. Calm.

At that moment, the B-24 Superman comes into frame. Travelling with the plane, this is the first time we're able to see the damage in full. The fuselage has repeated holes. It's future unknown.

Peeking out through the gunner window is Louis. Frantically taking stock of the damage.

INT. B-24 - CONTINUOUS

Louis is walking back and forth from one gunner window to the next. Cupernell is watching this, being addressed.

LOUIS  
 (describing as he talks)  
 All right, looks like the right vertical fin is completely shattered. As you know, the--

COCKPIT - MOMENT'S LATER

Louis and Cupernell, briefing Phil. Mitchell is there, too.

LOUIS  
 --the hydraulic system, radio, and nose turret. Out. Gone.

CUPERNELL  
 We should also be concerned that one of the hits we took severed all but one strand of rudder and elevator control wires to the right side of the plane.

PHIL  
 (considering, then to Mitchell)  
 Can we get back to Funafuti?

MITCHELL  
 We can get back. The problem--

CUPERNELL  
 --Phil, the problem is our landing gear. Flaps, wheels and brakes all depend on the hydraulic system--

PHIL  
 --which no longer exists. I understand.  
 (beat)  
 Okay, this is what we're gonna do, then.

## FUSELAGE COMPARTMENT

Louis and Cupernell on the floor of the deck, hand cranking down the wheels.

EXT. B-24 - CONTINUOUS

The wheels of the plane slowly lower into place. No way to tell if they're locked.

BACK TO:

## COCKPIT

Mid-brief.

PHIL

We have to concern ourselves with brakes--

CUPERNELL

--if anything is left--

PHIL

You know the runway. One fucking mile and that's all we got. We lose the runway, we plunge into the Pacific.

## BOMB BAY DOORS

Cupernell runs over the catwalk, manually opens the doors, the drag hopefully will slow the plane.

## FUSELAGE COMPARTMENT

Louis has rigged two parachutes, one at each window. We're not sure exactly how it's going to work, but Louis sure knows. Makeshift, but might work.

## BOMBARDIER STATION

Mitchell navigating.

MITCHELL

All right, boys! ETA twenty minutes.

## FUSELAGE COMPARTMENT

Louis has heard this, finishes with the parachutes and is now tying parachute cords around each of the injured airmen, securing it to the plane. Each man is safe, given to the moment of touchdown.

LOUIS

You'll all be safe. Just hold onto the cords.

They are fighting the pain, but manage positive smiles. Brooks looks up.

BROOKS

Your a good man, Zamp.

Looking at the men.

LOUIS

You guys all got three Japs, and I confirmed the kills myself.

They smile, proud. With a last tug, checking the cords, Louis is off.

EXT. THE OPEN SKY - APPROACHING FUNAFUTI - CONTINUOUS

Skidding lower and lower along the ocean, in the distance, we are approaching Funafuti and the runway up ahead.

INT. B-24 - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

PHIL

All right, this is it!

Through the window, the coastline is clear. Approaching the runway.

PHIL (CONT'D)

(to Cupernell)

Low and flat, Cup.

CUPERNELL

Got it.

BOMBARDIER STATION

Mitchell holding on tight. Eyes wide.

FUSELAGE COMPARTMENT

THE INJURED AIRMEN

Bracing. Louis holding onto the parachutes firmly out the windows. Tightening for impact.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - FUNAFUTI ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

The wheels HIT the blacktop. The B-24 shakes at impact.

INT. B-24 - CONTINUOUS

Everyone feels the impact. Each man holding on.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - FUNAFUTI ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

The plane spins slightly off the runway, slowing, but not slowing quick enough.

INT. BUNKS - FUNAFUTI ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

Through the windows, we see the B-24 making it's landing attempt. Airmen and marines look on, stunned.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - FUNAFUTI ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

Up head, a parked B-24 threatens to collide.

INT. B-24 - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

They see the B-24 up ahead.

CUPERNELL

That's not good.

FUSELAGE COMPARTMENT

Louis watches through the cockpit window. Helpless.

COCKPIT

CUPERNELL'S FOOT,

instinctively taps the right brake pedal. Remember, there are no brakes left.

Fly through the brake pedal wiring into

BRAKE FLUID CANISTER

where there is barely enough fluid in the well. The last of the fluid causes us to fly to the

B-24 BRAKES

underneath the plane, where the brakes lock!

EXT. AIRSTRIP - FUNAFUTI ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

The B-24 swings ninety degrees to the right. Slowing on the grass next to the airstrip.

From this angle, the left tire goes flat, bumping along.

And then, finally, the sounds of the engine...

...the plane...

...everything...

STOPS.

CUT TO BLACK:

CUT FROM BLACK:

EXT. AIRSTRIP - FUNAFUTI ISLAND - SECONDS LATER

Chaos begins.

Louis jumps out of the B-24, an exhausted look, and gives the "cross" signal to the on-looking marines. Some sprint toward the plane.

Medics, doctors, and nurses are running too, carrying bags, IV's and stretchers.

INT. B-24 - FUSELAGE COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ambulance sirens heard approaching in the background.

The marines jump into the fuselage and begin the task of evacuating the injured.

MARINES (VARIOUS)

Careful, careful, careful / Tom,  
gimme a hand here / Jesus, look at  
this guy.

Louis is trying to give them a lending hand. A MARINE holds up an objecting hand.

MARINE

No good, sir. You're done for  
today.

The injured airmen are slowly taken out. Louis watches after them. Looks to his crew.

MITCHELL

watches from afar. Hangs his head, something on his mind.

PHIL AND CUPERNELL

power down the equipment. Keeping one eye on the injured.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - FUNAFUTI ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

The injured airmen are lifted into the waiting ambulances.

Overseeing the evacuation is DOCTOR ROBERTS. Climbing into one of the ambulances.

Louis approaches.

LOUIS

What do you need?!

Looks down at the injured. Solemn.

DOCTOR ROBERTS

Meet me at the hospital.

The doors of the ambulance are closed and off they go into the distance.

INT. HALLWAY - EMERGENCY ROOM - HOSPITAL - FUNAFUTI ISLAND - LATER

LOUIS

approaches the glass door leading to the emergency room. Everything moves in almost slow motion. He watches through the window.

Doctor Roberts, various medics, nurses and orderlies move with quick succession, treating each airman.

MORPHINE

being injected.

BANDAGES

being applied.

THE INJURED

being moved from gurney to bed. Grasping to live.

Louis takes all this in.

INT. GENERAL HALE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

LOUIS

sitting. Listening, but mind elsewhere.

WIDE

General Hale stands at the window overlooking the airstrip. His eyes fixated outside.

Seated next to Louis are Phil and Cupernell, both listening. Beat to shit, but listening.

GENERAL HALE

(to Phil)

Of course there were going to be tragedies. There was always going to be fierce opposition. You went first, Lieutenant, because the best always goes first.

(beat)

Knocking out those antiaircraft nests, those Jap Zero fighters. Now we have uninterrupted bomb runs on those phosphate factories. This raid will put those sons of bitches back months in production.

(beat)

You did good. All of you. Friggin' miracle you brought your Liberator back in one piece, despite the opposition.

PHIL/CUPERNELL

Thank you, sir.

GENERAL HALE

The injured. They'll be receiving medals of course for their bravery.

(beat)

Dismissed.

Louis, Cupernell, and Phil make to leave. General Hale half-turns.



GENERAL HALE (CONT'D)  
Not you, Lieutenant Zamperini.

Cupernell and Phil exchange a look of surprise with Louis and walk out. Louis, standing at attention.

GENERAL HALE (CONT'D)  
The mission was a success. The raid was something else, wasn't it?

LOUIS  
Sir, it was.

General Hale lets his authority down a little and finally faces Louis.

GENERAL HALE  
How'd it feel? The idea of patching up those wounded, Lieutenant?

LOUIS

searches for a moment for the exact words. Looks down, then up to meet the General's gaze.

LOUIS  
The toughest race of my life, sir.

Beat. The General grunts, nods and looks back out the window. It becomes quiet.

We now see what he's looking at.

Our B-24 Superman. Curious marines, airmen and even some locals are taking in the beaten sight.

GENERAL HALE  
Worst shot-up B-24 that ever limped back to base. They call it getting back on a wing and a prayer.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - FUNAFUTI ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

The damage. General Hale describes what we see as the crowds surround.

GENERAL HALE (V.O.)  
Four cannon holes. Two heavy anti-aircraft hits, Five hundred shrapnel holes and, count 'em, 150 7.7 Millimeter bullet holes.  
(MORE)

GENERAL HALE (CONT'D)

The nose and upper turrets, deemed  
useless. No right tail remains.

BACK TO:

INT. GENERAL HALE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Beat.

LOUIS

(pulling out a note pad)  
We did take quite a beating. Which  
is what I wanted to go over with  
you. If you have a minute.

Long pause. No response. Louis, not sure if he should  
continue.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Phillips and Cupernell's skill and  
courage were without measure today.  
The gunner's delayed medical  
attention so that they may continue  
to return fire. I recommend a  
commendation for each of these men.  
Also, I wanted to...

Louis trails off, realizes the General has stopped listening  
some time ago. Seems lost in his own thoughts.

He searches his thoughts, then snaps at attention, salutes  
and about-faces out the door.

Hold on the General at the window. Questioning.

INT. HALLWAY - EMERGENCY ROOM - HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

Louis walks back toward the emergency room. Mitchell turns  
the corner, ahead, blocking him. He looks distraught.

LOUIS

Mitch.

MITCHELL

I'm sorry. I wasn't there for you  
when you needed help up there.

It's difficult for Louis to accept the apology after what  
he's been through. But he tries.

LOUIS

You got us home, Mitch, you did  
fine.

Slaps his shoulder, comforting.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
Look at us. We're still here.

Mitchell lets go, manages a smile of encouragement. Still doubting. Walks away.

Louis watches him.

Doctor Roberts approaches from behind.

DOCTOR ROBERTS  
Lieutenant.

Louis turns and faces.

DOCTOR ROBERTS (CONT'D)  
Thought I should tell someone from  
his crew. Brooks, your radioman,  
didn't make it.

LOUIS

has now been completely beaten in every way imaginable.

DOCTOR ROBERTS  
He held on for as long as possible.  
Put up one hell of a fight. Just  
couldn't help the man.

Louis. His mind moving a mile a minute.

CUT TO:

BROOKS,

dead. Eyes lids half-open. Mouth agape. His injuries just too great. A white sheet covers his ashen face.

BACK TO:

LOUIS

walking away. His pace increases.

Doctor Roberts is still heard in his mind.

DOCTOR ROBERTS (V.O.)  
What you did to help him. All of  
them. Took guts.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BUNKS - FUNAFUTI ISLAND - NIGHT

Louis, walking. Lost.

DOCTOR ROBERTS (V.O.)  
If it wasn't for the proper medical  
care you gave the injured--

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHOWERS - BUNKS - MOMENTS LATER

Louis stands, the blast of the water threatens to knock him  
down.

DOCTOR ROBERTS (V.O.)  
--three would have died. You saved  
two, Lieutenant. You made a  
difference today.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BUNKS - LATER

Louis sits up in his bunk. He stares straight ahead.

DOCTOR ROBERTS (V.O.)  
The copilot saved another. You did  
everything you could. God took  
care of the rest.  
(beat)  
There's some comfort in that, I  
think.

Hold on Louis.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE OPEN SKY - NIGHT

Pitch black. Calmly traveling through the sky.

A Pilot's voice is heard from earlier in the day. Middle of  
the Nauru raid. Panicked.

PILOT (O.S.)  
Command! Command! Should we take  
the heading back to Guadalcanal?  
(radio feedback,  
inaudible)  
Or should we go directly back to  
Funafuti? Over.  
(more feedback)  
(MORE)

PILOT(CONT'D)

Sorry, sir. Didn't catch that.  
Which? Fuck, fuck!

His voice fades out as we continue flying. Someone is traveling with us.

EXT. FUNAFUTI ISLAND - COASTLINE - NIGHT

One A.M.

The calm waves break. The sky is a beautiful blue, lit by the moon. Clouds cover. Rain clouds.

EXT. BUNKS - FUNAFUTI ISLAND - SAME

The quadrangle of buildings. No signs of movement. Just peace.

Drops of rain hit the pavement.

A low rumbling.

INT. BUNKS - SAME

Various airmen, Louis included, sleep peacefully. The rumbling is increasingly louder now.

Louis stirs, the rumbling now sounds like an aircraft flying over. Doesn't make any big deal of it. Goes back to sleep.

EXT. BASE - FUNAFUTI ISLAND - SAME

On the ground, looking up. The rain is now evident. Quiet but still noticeable. What we see is astounding.

The sky is filled with hundreds of Sally and Betty bombers. Japanese.

From this perspective, we barely make out the bomb bay doors opening, but most definitely see the bombs dropping as they hit their objectives in a flurry of fire.

INT. BUNKS - CONTINUOUS

Every airman spontaneously jumps out of their bunks, hitting the deck. The earth shakes, and it becomes continual.

AIRMAN

Get to the shelter! Let's go,  
let's go!!!

Louis and the airmen dash the hell outta there.

EXT. BASE - FUNAFUTI ISLAND - VARIOUS - CONTINUOUS

Pandemonium. Rain. Explosions. Soldiers run in various directions. The bombs are not ceasing.

ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS

on the ground are trying to dispose of the enemy planes.

Debris flying everywhere. Chaos in full effect, mid-raid.

LOUIS AND THE AIRMEN,

some dressed only in T-shirts and boxers, make for the bomb shelters. Splashing in the mud. Tripping over themselves.

AT THE BOMB SHELTER,

dug under a hut, AIRMEN are yelling to the men outside. Barely audible...

AIRMEN (VARIOUS)

C'mon, run god damn you! Run!  
Move your asses!!!

AROUND THE ISLAND - VARIOUS

THE CHURCH

takes a direct hit, exploding into a mound of debris.

THE AIRSTRIP

is mangled. Two gassed-up, bomb-ready B-24s are lost in a fireball.

Landing gear, motors and other remains fly into the air and the distance.

UNLUCKY SOLDIERS

not making it to their foxholes are cut down, some in half.

BACK TO:

LOUIS AND THE OTHER MEN

come across confused and scared Micronesian natives. Screaming orders...

LOUIS/AIRMEN

Get to the foxholes!!! Not safe!!!  
Go, go, go!!!

The Micronesian's understand and scatter.

WITH THE MICRONESIAN NATIVES

making for the various foxholes. Explosions scatter everywhere.

A mortar lands nearby, knocking

LOUIS

completely off his feet, face buried in the dirt.

Tries to get back up, raises his head to look ahead.

LOUIS' EYES

see the devastation before him.

LOUIS POV

sees the natives running for the foxholes. Some children, about 5 or 6 in age, are confused. Not knowing which way to go.

LOUIS

watching the kids make for the foxholes.

Though, some aren't so lucky. A short burst of machine gun fire comes from above.

The unlucky few are knocked off their feet and don't get up.

LOUIS

watches this, traumatized, unable to do anything.

He lays there, managing to slowly get up, when another volley of mortars land, the ground near him erupts, knocking him down again.

LOUIS

sees the bomb shelter ahead, the airmen calling for him to hurry up.

He's not going to make it. His eyes full of desperation.

At that moment

PHIL

runs through the chaos, yanking Louis off the ground, dragging him for the bomb shelter.

INT. BOMB SHELTER - CONTINUOUS

Phil and Louis toss themselves in, one guy on top of the other. Everyone is getting crushed. Better crushed than dead. Hearts pounding. Truly scared.

BOOM!!! A nearby mortar hits nearby, blowing the bunks to smithereens.

The men can only listen as the raid continues. The Airman next to Louis shakes his head.

AIRMAN

Fucking Jap bastards! They're murdering us!

Beat.

LOUIS

What do ya expect?

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. FUNAFUTI ISLAND - COASTLINE - MORNING

The morning after.

The beach is covered with mangled remains and metal debris.

Louis, like other men, stand on alert. Looks to the skies. No sign of anything.

Phil approaches.

LOUIS

Word is the commander is pulling every able man fit for combat to send a retaliation on Tarawa.

PHIL

Heard the same.

Phil studies Louis.



PHIL (CONT'D)

It's a job. That's all this is.  
We go to work. Another day at the  
office. Nauru was the same thing.

Crossing the sand in his jeep is a stern-looking General Hale. Phil and Louis salute the General. The General looks past, his mind elsewhere. He passes in the distance.

LOUIS

Son of a bitch won't put in the  
recommendation for the  
Distinguished Flying Cross for our  
crew.

They begin to walk.

PHIL

(trying to break the  
tension)  
He's a tight wad, Zamp. Live with  
it.

LOUIS

(looks around)  
Word is that he's calling last  
night nothing more than light  
attack. Few bombs. One plane hit.  
So on, so forth.

PHIL

Hale can shove it. Think of all  
the guys who should have had medals  
and didn't get them. They're dead.

Beat. The waves crash. Louis and Phil stop, contemplating.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Fuck it. Let's go to Tarawa.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. B-24 - BOMBARDIER STATION - DAY

The loud hum of the engines doesn't break Louis'  
concentration as he looks into the Norden bombsight.

THROUGH THE NORDEN BOMBSIGHT

The island of Tarawa coastline. Flying past quickly.

LOUIS  
Necessary military installation  
ahead.

COCKPIT

Phil and Cupernell.

PHIL  
All yours, Zamp.

BOMBARDIER STATION

LOUIS' FINGERS

squeeze the trigger on the Norden.

LOUIS  
It's away!!!

THROUGH THE NORDEN BOMBSIGHT

The bombs flutter toward their targets. A second later, the direct hit ends with a fireball of epic proportions.

Louis turns to Mitchell. A very satisfied smile on his face.

LOUIS  
We're good, Mitch.

Mitchell looks worried.

MITCHELL  
(to Louis)  
Not quite.  
(into radio)  
We gotta problem, Phil. Used too  
much fuel on this run. Might have  
to ditch.

Louis' smile disappears.

COCKPIT

Phil looks to the gage. He's right.

PHIL  
(to himself)  
Fuck.  
(over the radio)  
The Pacific? B-24's aren't good at  
water ditches. Then, we got the  
idea of sharks. Fuck that.

BOMBARDIER STATION

MITCHELL

Look, what options do we have? We have Canton nearby. If I can get us there, we might be fine.

PHIL

(over the radio)

Then, get us there.

Louis and Mitchell share a tense look.

LOUIS

It's all on you, Mitch. We trust you, man.

Mitchell gives Louis a resentful look, then goes to work.

EXT. THE OPEN SKY - DAY

B-24 POV

flying. A tiny speck of an island in the distance.

LOUIS (O.S.)

(into radio)

I see Canton out my window!

INT. B-24 - BOMBARDIER STATION - CONTINUOUS

MITCHELL

tense. Almost relieved.

MITCHELL

(into radio)

Phil, low and tight.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - CANTON ISLAND - MOMENTS LATER

The front wheel of the B-24 touches down. A tense moment.

The fuel tanks sputtering on fumes. It zooms past us down the runway.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. OFFICER'S CLUB - CANTON ISLAND - THAT NIGHT

MITCHELL,

all smiles. Back slaps from all directions.

WIDE

We're in the officer's club. The crew of the B-24 is there. Various pilots and airmen are around, congratulating Mitchell on a landing well-done.

Louis approaches Mitchell with a pint.

LOUIS

That's some good navigating there, Mitch. You got us home safe.

They share a smile.

Phil, drunk, pours himself a stiff drink, offering the toast.

PHIL

All right, all right!!! Let's thank Mitchell here for getting our tired asses home.

Hurrays all around. Everyone drinks.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Wait, wait, there's more! There's more!

Everyone quiets.

PHIL (CONT'D)

To Louie Zamperini. Exemplarity work today. Showing all of us how it's truly done.

(to Louis)

Another day at the office.

Everyone cheers. On their feet, celebrating. Finally a moment of joy shared as we

FADE TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK

TITLE:

**May 27th, 1943**

FADE IN:

EXT. OAHU, HAWAII - DAY

The familiar island seen from the sky. A beautiful day in the Pacific.

Over, a diary entry from Louis.

LOUIS (V.O.)  
 Been fixing up our new living  
 quarters, a house only 80 feet from  
 the beach.

EXT. OAHU, HAWAII - FAVORING KAHUKU AIR BASE - SAME

A closer view, the Kahuku Base more prominent.

LOUIS (V.O.)  
 Moving in not a moment too soon. A  
 quart was stolen from under my  
 pillow last night.

A sigh from his voice. Not surprised.

EXT. KAHUKU AIR BASE - OVERHEAD - SAME

Yet another closer view. Favoring now the airstrip.

LOUIS (V.O.)  
 Got a call from operations that a B-  
 25 has gone down in the ocean 200  
 miles north of Palmyra.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - KAHUKU AIR BASE - SAME

Figures walking toward the airstrip. And a lone plane.

LOUIS (V.O.)  
 We're the only crew left on the  
 base, but Superman is in for  
 repair.  
 (beat, silence)  
 Phil went ahead and volunteered us  
 for the rescue mission anyway.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - KAHUKU AIR BASE - CONTINUOUS

THE GREEN HORNET

is a sad-looking B-24 that Louis, Phil and the rest of the  
 crew are approaching.

Not usually used for rescue missions. Mostly lettuce and  
 steak pick-up's from the main island.

The crew consists of the following, some familiar faces:  
 Phil, Louis, Cupernell, Mitchell, Glassman, Hansen.

The unfamiliar are: LESLIE DEANE, FRANCIS McNAMARA (MAC),  
MICHAEL WALSH, OTTO ANDERSON.

We get a good look at each face as they approach.

MITCHELL

What a piece of shit. We send this  
hunk of junk out on lettuce pick-  
up's, steaks, stuff like that.

DEANE

Speaking of steaks. Mess should be  
serving that tonight.

PHIL

You'll get mess duty with that  
mouth, Deane.

Laughter from the crew.

DEANE AND MAC

share a look.

DEANE

What?

MAC

Stupid fucking guy! Nothing but  
food with you.

PHIL

Just keep your eyes peeled, we'll  
find these sorry ass-holes and be  
back by supper.

The crew walks toward the Green Hornet. Hold on their  
approach.

EXT. THE OPEN OCEAN - CLOSE TO THE SURFACE - DAY

The calm of the open Pacific. Quiet. Water running in it's  
eternal pattern. The wind.

The rumbling of an engine is heard from an indescribable  
place.

It is the Green Hornet flying overhead. Cutting an outline  
as it crosses the blue sky.

EXT. THE OPEN SKY - B-24 - CONTINUOUS

Crosses the afternoon sky, gliding through a cloud cover.

INT. B-24 - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Calm. The sound of the engine.

Cupernell turns to Phil.

CUPERNELL  
Change seats with me.

PHIL  
Why?

CUPERNELL  
Need to log the miles, Phil. Give  
me some time.

PHIL  
(changing seats)  
Fuck. You and Zamperini. Can  
never do my job between you two.

Beat. Cupernell tries out the pilot's seat.

CUPERNELL  
Comfy.

PHIL  
Fuck yourself.

WAIST STATION

Through the window, approaching the downed plane's vicinity.

Louis looking out, keeping watch.

PHIL  
(over the radio)  
Descending to eight thousand feet.  
Zamp, get up here.

COCKPIT

Louis steps in.

PHIL  
Keep watch. Scan better from up  
here.

They look out the window. A long beat. Nothing. Louis  
looks to Cupernell.

LOUIS  
Comfy seat, isn't it?

CUPERNELL  
Oh, you noticed.

They laugh. Phil, agitated.

PHIL  
Cupernell. Fuck yourself.  
(pause)  
Zamperini. Eyes peeled.

They keep looking.

The dial makes a noise.

PHIL

looks and his eyes go wide immediately.

Not good.

PHIL  
We're losing RPMs on our number  
one.

THE DIAL SPINS,

sputters, then dies....

PHIL  
The hell!  
(into the radio)  
Where's my engineer?!

This is bad. Louis sees that already.

LOUIS  
Feather it. Get it wind-edged.

PHIL  
Shut up, Zamp.  
(into the radio)  
Engineer, GET UP HERE!

THE ENGINEER,

a eager-looking kid among the crew, runs in.

ENGINEER  
Cupernell, move!

Cupernell slides out, the Engineer moves in. Too eager.  
Feathers the LEFT INBOARD (or number two engine).



The wrong one.

PHIL  
Oh, god-damnit!

They look out the left window.

TWO MOTORS OUT ON THE SAME SIDE.

ENGINEER  
Sorry, I don't know what--

Phil rips him out of the pilot's seat.

PHIL  
(to Cupernell, re:  
Engineer)  
Get him outta here!!

ENGINEER  
(as he's being pushed out)  
Just trying to helllll--

The cockpit door shuts on his face.

PHIL

is now tense. Stressed. Trying to figure things out.

Looks to Louis. Louis doesn't have the answer.

They feel the plane beginning to glide.

The flowing wind is heard now that there are two dead engines.

PHIL  
We don't have a chance.

Now the feeling of dropping like a meteor takes effect.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
Cup, increase power to the right side. We might have something.  
(convincing himself,  
trying to remember flight  
school training)  
Boost thrust will force us to the left and into a circle. The dead side will drop and the live side will climb.

Cupernell goes to work.

LOUIS  
Will it work?

PHIL  
If we can stay aloft long enough, I  
can maintain control and re-start  
the motor.  
(to Cupernell, short)  
Cup, we ready?!

CUPERNELL  
(tense)  
Do it. Ready.

They angle to the left. Then it dies.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

the point of distance changes as one second, we see sky...

...SILENCE...

...and now water.

And the plunge BEGINS.

The whistling of the descent.

Inevitable.

Cupernell looks down. Shakes his head. Ready.

PHIL

looks to Louis. Without uttering a word, they both know.

PHIL  
(very plainly, calm)  
Get to your stations and prepare to  
crash.

A last look between friends. Louis leaves. The cockpit door  
is closed.

WAIST STATION

The whistling sound of the descent is loud. It will soon  
become louder, still.

LOUIS

races to his position at the right window, next to the  
machine-gun tripod. Holds on for dear life.

A mixture of emotions crosses his face. Am I ready? No? He looks to the other men.

THE OTHER MEN

are not ready. They share his sentiments. They are scared shitless.

EXT. B-24 - ALONG THE WINGS - CONTINUOUS

The world is flying right by. At two hundred miles an hour.

AGAINST SPRING-LOADED PLATES

are two life rafts mounted, through a door, designed to throw the inflated rafts out at the moment of impact.

They won't have much longer to wait.

INT. WAIST STATION - CONTINUOUS

The whistling sound is piercing. Mere seconds.

The cockpit door flies open. The window exposed.

LOUIS

eyes a third raft, packed away in the bomb bay.

Thinks. Thinks.

Then, lunges for the raft, and holds on tight.

Stomach churning. Nauseating.

Seconds remain.

LOUIS

holding the raft. We calmly move toward the cockpit window. The ocean is feet away.

Then...

...the impact...

THE NOSE AND THE LEFT WING HIT THE WATER WITH SUCH AN IMPACT, everyone flies off their feet in an instant.

The world turns upside-down.

We move in fast on Louis. We try to hold on him for as long as possible. It's difficult.

Everything becomes obscured as bodies and limbs and other debris fly past.

A gush of water rushes in.

LOUIS,

expecting his life to flash before his eyes. It doesn't.

Water engulfs the fuselage, and then the frame.

Silence fills as we

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF EPISODE

PART FOUR: "ADRIFT"

TEASER

OVER BLACK

running feet along a dirt path. Excited breathing.

CUT FROM BLACK:

EXT. OIL FIELD - TORRANCE, CALIFORNIA - DAY (1924)

A field where old abandoned oil rigs loom. Excited running through the dirt and enters

LOUIS ZAMPERINI,

aged 7, toward one such rig.

THE RIG

Louis stops in his tracks at the foot, looks up. The rig is tall, taller it seems to a child.

Beat.

TITLE:

**1924**

He begins to climb the wood rungs to the top. As he climbs, one after the other, the wood rungs crack from years of wear and beating down of the sunlight.

THE WOOD RUNG THAT IS HIS NEXT STEP

as he applies his weight to the board

...suddenly SNAPS LOOSE.

LOUIS

quickly tries to regain his bearings, clawing and grabbing for anything.

He can't. His plunge twelve feet below is inevitable.

LOUIS' POV

sees the pump house and the tin roof below.

He lands hard on the roof, bounces right off, and splashes in a sump hole filled with blackness.

THE SUMP HOLE

LOUIS' FEET

land at the bottom. Splashing in what is quickly realized as oil. Starts to kick his feet. To no avail. He's sinking quickly.

A nightmare for Louis as he tries not to panic. He still panics, of course, but holds steadfast.

Feels along the bottom with his feet, touches a broken drilling pipe.

LOUIS' SHUT EYES

concoct a plan. Air is running out.

Uses the pipe to rubber band his body back to the surface, if at all possible.

Tightens up and slowly inches his way back toward the surface.

In what feels like an eternity.

SURFACE OF THE SUMP HOLE

A long beat. Oil bubbles. Then,

LOUIS

breaks the surface, covered in gunk, but able to breath again. He takes in many gasps of air, though his entire body feels like it's burning.

Through his determination, he's alive. On the last gasp we

CUT TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK

The dull sound of melting, twisting metal and human agony.

CUT FROM BLACK:

INT. B-24 - WAIST STATION - DAY (1943)

Three seconds after impact. Chaos everywhere.

Crying and agony in any direction. Sparks flying everywhere and the twisted remains of the fuselage slowly crushing down on the airmen.

OCEAN WATER

is quickly rushing in.

THE DOUBLE TAIL

of the plane comes undone, sinking. The wires connected from the tail to the cockpit split, whipping around

THE TRIPOD

of the .50 Cal, bolted to the metal deck.

The crushed body of an instantly dead crewman flies off in an unknown direction.

LOUIS

is tossed forward, bluntly crashing into the tripod of .50 Cal, still holding the inflatable raft under an arm.

Tries to pull free of the mesh within the whipping wire, but horrifically realizes he's pinned to the deck.

He looks around in a daze, realizing he's still alive.

Good.

Now, it's time to take action. He struggles from the wiring, but still he doesn't budge.

Looks out the broken window of the waist station, sees two mangled bodies drift by.

Then, the plane sinks below the surface.

LOUIS

sucks in an extremely quick gulp of air and dips under the water. Eyes open.

UNDERWATER

The world becomes an echo. Silence prevails. The wires, the metal debris, the dead...float.

The sinking continues.

Louis is calm, knowing he's going to get out of this somehow. His face is a display of a mixture of emotions.

He looks to the airman, Deane, close by. Still struggling to breath. Completely panicked. Louis doesn't break eye contact. Slowly, one breath at a time, Deane stops breathing. And then becomes lifeless. And then dies.

Louis looks away, clutches his forehead, a headache developing. He violently yanks at the wires wrapped around him, and still they won't budge.

LOUIS' POV

sees through the jagged hole in the fuselage to the surface. The sunlight is fading. They are fading into the darkness.

LOUIS

closes his eyes, accepting. Dying.

Everything begins to slow as Louis stops moving. His arms tangled in the mesh become lifeless and sway.

FADE TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK

the long distant sounds below the water.

Then...

CUT FROM BLACK:

INT. B-24 - FUSELAGE COMPARTMENT - UNDERWATER - SECONDS LATER

LOUIS' EYES

open with a sudden start. He looks up, disoriented. Sees darkness all around.

Is he dead?

Looks around, feeling his body. The floating wire mesh has become untangled.

Except his hand is caught. Looks and sees his USC ring caught on the waist window. Pulls at it with intense eyes. It finally comes undone.

He reaches his hand up blindly. Still wedged under the .50 Cal tripod. No air in his lungs but still does it, he arches his back, finally free.



Swims out of the wreckage.

EXT. B-24 - UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

The B-24 Green Hornet continuing its descent into the void.

Louis is now floating seventy feet below the surface. Looks up. Nothing but black. Feels around his neck, wearing his deflated life jacket.

Feeling through his vest, pulling out the one thing he needs: a CO2 cartridge. Puts the cartridge to the jacket and it INFLATES.

He rises straight up, looking up toward the surface. Darkness, then gradual light, then the sunlight becoming prominent. The surface is coming up fast. Mere seconds. Seems like forever.

The surface approaches, seawater mixed with a thin layer gasoline, oil, hydraulic fluid and blood. Then, he breaks...

EXT. OCEAN - THE CRASH SIGHT - CONTINUOUS

...taking in a large gasp of air. And throws up immediately.

A few seconds pass.

Comes back to his senses and takes in his surroundings.

WIDE

Everywhere he looks, fire rests on the surface. Smoke, mangled debris, charred bodies.

Silence fills the air.

LOUIS

looks around, and becomes desperate when he realizes he is completely alone. Despair takes him.

Abruptly, a cry for help is heard from the distance. Louis twists his head around, trying to find its source.

Through a break in the smoke,

A GAS TANK

floats among the debris and Louis sees them.

PHIL AND MAC,

clinging to the gas tank. Phil has a deep gash on his scalp, bleeding. Mac is frantically waving his hands, flagging Louis down.

Louis swims to them, minding the debris in his path. He approaches.

Phil lets out a half-hearted laugh.

PHIL  
(re: Louis)  
Superman over here.

LOUIS  
(still looking around)  
Is this it? You and Mac?

PHIL  
Think so.  
(wincing in pain)  
Shit.

Louis looks to Phil's forehead, bleeding streaming.

LOUIS  
Won't take sharks long to check  
this out.

MAC  
Sharks?! What the--

Louis ignores Mac, catching sight of something floating away from the debris.

The two yellow inflated rafts that ejected from the plane at the moment of impact.

LOUIS  
Wait here.

Makes a mad dash for the rafts, quickly floating away in the current. Nearing the closest raft, Louis reaches out, knowing this is a fool's errand.

His hand slaps the surface, unknowing to him, that he has gripped the hundred-foot nylon parachute cord attached to the nearest raft.

He has the first raft!

Barrels in, takes a second to catch his breath, the afternoon sun beating down, and goes to work unhooking the oars and rows back to Phil and Mac. Rows with intensity.

PHIL AND MAC - SECONDS LATER

still clinging to the gas tank.

Louis comes up in the raft and helps Mac and Phil in.

Goes to work on Phil. Applies pressure to his carotid artery. The bleeding slows.

LOUIS  
 (not taking his eyes off  
 of Phil)  
 Mac. Take off your T-shirt and  
 soak it in the water.

Mac waits a beat, then pulls his T-shirt off and soaks it. As he does this...

MAC  
 How do you know what your doing?

LOUIS  
 Survival training class. I was  
 paying attention.  
 (Mac hands the soaked  
 shirt)  
 No, hold it to his head and press.

Mac does so. Louis takes his hand off Phil's artery. Pulls his own shirt off and tears a long strip. Wraps it around Mac's bloody T-shirt and Phil's head. The T-shirts tighten pressure around the wound.

Phil reaches and grips Louis' wrist as he tightens the make-shift bandage.

PHIL  
 Boy, Zamp, I'm glad it's you.

They share a look. Phil still thinks Louis has the answers. Louis looks off, finding the second raft.

Louis shoves the oars in the water and begins to pursue.

MAC  
 What are you doing?! We already  
 gotta a raft!

LOUIS  
 (as he rows, pained,  
 struggling)  
 Need it for Phil. Emergency  
 supplies, too.

The raft moves at a quickened pace. Louis looks down, knowing they're going with the current. The raft is coming up ahead.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
 Mac, reach for the parachute cord  
 ahead!

EXT. UNDER THE SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

Mac's hand breaks the water, reaching for the parachute cord. Grabs it, and holds on.

EXT. RAFT - OCEAN - MOMENTS LATER

Louis and Mac pull the two rafts together. Louis uses a length of parachute cord to tie the rafts together through the grommets.

LOUIS  
 (to Mac, as they work)  
 You hurt?

MAC  
 No.

Louis re-tightens Phil's bandage, wincing in pain.

LOUIS  
 I know it hurts. Now Phil, we're  
 gonna have to move you.

PHIL  
 (through the pain, quickly  
 nods)  
 Yeah. Okay.

Louis pulls on Phil by the armpits and slowly transfers him to the second raft. He makes Phil comfortable.

LOUIS  
 Don't move. Whatever you do.

PHIL  
 Zamp.  
 (fighting pain)  
 You're captain now.

Louis pauses, thinking.

LOUIS

Sure.

(returns to making Phil  
comfortable)

Don't worry. Take it easy. We'll  
be picked up soon.

Mac looks for reassurance. Louis looks at him. They both  
look to the horizon.

In the distance, the crash sight disappears.

END OF TEASER

MAIN TITLES

FADE IN:

EXT. RAFTS - OCEAN - LATER THAT DAY (THE FIRST DAY)

We take in the new home, as the drift begins. Both rafts are three feet wide by six feet long. Two seats cut across the width. Sturdy inner tubes hold the air in. In the event of one side going flat, the other side would still float.

Quiet crying and moans of pain are heard.

Louis finds the supply kit and maneuvers onto Phil's raft, checking on him, quietly.

The quiet crying continues. Louis ignores it.

He begins to take inventory, when suddenly...

MAC

We're gonna die! We're all gonna die!

Phil looks up to see the commotion.

Louis slowly turns around and faces Mac, already sick of it.

LOUIS

Are you kidding? We're not gonna die!

Mac looks pleadingly into Louis' eyes.

MAC

Yes, we're all gonna die! You know we are.

Louis pulls himself away from inventory to calm Mac as best he can.

LOUIS

You know, your right. We didn't radio a distress call, but we're still gonna be rescued. Our failure to land at Palmyra was itself a signal. Okay? Hey, we're gonna get picked up today or tomorrow.

(to Phil, watching)

We're not gonna die. We've rescued plenty of guys and they're out searching for us.

(MORE)

LOUIS (CONT'D)

(to both men, spirits  
raised)

We'll be eating dinner with the  
marines tonight--

(beat, quiet)

--or tomorrow night.

Mac is studying Louis' face, looking for signs of doubt.  
Then breaks...

MAC

Fuck you! You don't know that--!

LOUIS

--listen, I will write you up--

MAC

--we're lost, and we're gonna die--

Louis sucker punches Mac, pitching him backward, surprised.

LOUIS

Don't make me do that again.

Mac quiets and looks out on the ocean. Louis keeps his  
emotions in check. He looks at Mac, slightly worried.

Goes back to taking inventory. Inside the inventory are  
patch kits, a flare gun, dye to mark the water so planes  
could spot the rescued. Pair of pliers with a screwdriver  
handle, a mirror. And that's it.

Tenses, he keeps digging in the kit.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

(pissed, to himself)

Where's the knife?

Almost flips, but keeps his cool.

MOMENTS LATER

Louis pulls the provisions together off of Phil's raft into  
his. Inspects. Survival food includes six bars of chocolate  
and eight half-pint tins of water.

He reads the chocolate bar labels.

THE CHOCOLATE BAR LABEL

reads: **"Instructions: eat one section a day, take 30 minutes  
to do it."** Below that: **"Fortified."**

Louis sits back satisfied.

EXT. RAFTS - OCEAN - SUNSET (THE FIRST DAY)

The sun lowers slowly in the east. Disappearing along the horizon.

The three sit in silence. Stomachs growling. The sound of the waves lap against the rafts. Louis looks up.

EXT. RAFTS - OCEAN - NIGHT (THE FIRST NIGHT)

Still in the same position. Phil and Mac are now asleep. Louis watches them, thinking to himself.

INT. B-24 - WAIST STATION - DAY (**FLASHBACK**)

Seconds before the plane crash. Louis holds fast to the right side of the waist station, raft in hand.

Looks behind him. Mac is there, holding on for dear life. Looks to Louis with terrified eyes.

SMASH CUT TO:

SECONDS LATER - AFTER THE CRASH

The double-tail snaps off, the impact whips Mac out of the fuselage and into the water.

INT. B-24 - COCKPIT - EARLIER THAT DAY (**FLASHBACK**)

Cupernell switches seats with Phil. Phil is now on the right side of the cockpit.

SMASH CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER - AFTER THE CRASH

The nose of the plane has just hit the water, tearing the cockpit apart, taking Cupernell's head right off.

Phil is forced through the torn opening, fiercely slicing his scalp as he flies out. Viciously landing in the water.

EXT. RAFTS - OCEAN - NIGHT (THE FIRST NIGHT)

Louis still contemplates.

INT. MESS HALL - KAHUKU AIR BASE - OAHU, HAWAII - DAY  
(**FLASHBACK**)

The day of the rescue mission and the plane crash.

Louis sits among the crew, writing the last of a letter.



EXT. HANGAR - AIRSTRIP - KAHUKU AIR BASE - LATER (**FLASHBACK**)

Louis, Phil and the rest of the crew walk out toward the airstrip. Louis has the letter in hand. Walks past a ground crew. Louis remembers and runs back to one of the ground crew.

                          LOUIS  
Mail this for me, would you,  
please?

                          GROUND CREW MAN  
                  (inspects)  
Got it, man.

                          LOUIS  
Thanks a lot.

Louis and the crew walk off toward the fateful B-24.

EXT. ZAMPERINI HOME - TORRANCE, CALIFORNIA - SOME DAYS LATER  
(**FLASHBACK**)

Louise goes for the mail. Sees Louis' letter and begins to read.

THE LETTER

reads: **"Dear Ma, I am still alive and kicking around...why I don't know..."**

EXT. UNDER THE SURFACE - OCEAN - DAY (**FLASHBACK**)

Louis rises to the surface, the sun becoming more bright.

EXT. OCEAN - THE CRASH SIGHT - CONTINUOUS (**FLASHBACK**)

Louis breaks the surface, gasping in air.

  BACK TO:

EXT. RAFTS - OCEAN - NIGHT (THE FIRST NIGHT)

Louis nestles himself into the raft and joins the other men in sleep. Still alive.

INT. RATIONS BOX - MORNING (THE SECOND DAY)

The box is dark. Movement and then it's opened. Louis looks inside for it's food contents. The chocolate contents. They aren't there. The expression on his face is priceless.

EXT. RAFTS - OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Louis looks over to Phil on the other raft, asleep. Then to Mac. Asleep. Louis' face turns red.

Louis moves over to Mac as he wakes and looks up.

LOUIS  
What did you do?  
(long beat)  
What the hell did you do?!

Phil wakes.

Mac's eyes are wide. His expression turns almost manically comical. Saying nothing.

Louis turns angry, almost pleading for an explanation.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
I don't know anyone who would do something like that.  
(grabs Mac violently by the lapels of his shirt)  
We're three together, we must cooperate and pull together, work together.

Mac just hangs like a rag-doll in Louis' hands. Louis is studying his face for an answer. Any. Answer. Nothing.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
We're all under stress, Mac. We're dealing with it.

He shoves Mac back down. Mac just looks away, understanding what happened. But can't seem to take it.

Louis joins Phil on his raft. He's slowly improving.

PHIL  
You know what eating six bars of fortified chocolate is going to do to his insides.

Louis bursts out laughing, knowing exactly what will happen. The first free break of tension seen from him.

EXT. RAFTS - OCEAN - DAY (THE THIRD DAY)

THE SKY

Low, overcast skies.

A familiar motor is heard somewhere in the distance.

A HAND

quickly reaches to pick up the flare gun.

Louis and Mac look up at the sky.

They see it, and nearly fall into each other's arms.

A B-24's nose breaks through the clouds. Flying low over their heads.

LOUIS

Phil! Phil! Look!

(to Mac)

Drop the dye! Drop it!

Mac places the dye in the ocean.

Louis fires the flare into the air, past the B-24's tail section. The flare blows and soon trails down.

A beat.

The B-24 turns, making a 90 degree turn.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

She see us!!!

Phil smiles. Mac nearly loses it.

But all for naught. The plane soon turns around and flies past the raft.

Their expressions each are one of pure confusion.

Long beat.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

(realizing)

They're not at their positions.

INT. B-24 - TAIL GUNNER POSITION - FLYING OVERHEAD -  
CONTINUOUS

THE TAIL GUNNER POSITION

is empty. Overlooking the ocean, the rafts are not even visible. The flare fades back into the ocean. The dye is noticeable, but in this case makes no difference.

EXT. RAFTS - OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

They watch as the plane disappears behind a cloud and into the distance.

They glance at one another. The smiles have disappeared.

No words are spoken.

Suddenly...a BUMP.

Mac and Louis feel it, exchange a look, and glance down at the rubber floor.

We move below...

EXT. UNDER THE SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

...where a pair of sharks are bumping their noses against the rafts, testing its strength. They look hungry.

EXT. RAFTS - OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

They look overboard into the water and see the fins of the sharks swimming and the occasional bump.

Mac shrinks down into a ball of nerves.

PHIL  
(re: the sharks)  
Yeah, we're hungry too, pal.

Louis looks out the direction of where the plane went. Anxiety is beginning to push him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - ARIEL - DAY

The sun breaks through the clouds onto the ocean, reflecting. Ocean stretching end to end.

A speck is barely seen. The rafts are that speck.

EXT. RAFTS - OCEAN - DAY

MAC

is again screaming, panicking. At that moment, Louis' fist makes contact with Mac's face. He pitches backward and starts crying.

Louis looks at him, disgusted. It's not working.

EXT. RAFTS - OCEAN - ANOTHER DAY

The last of the rationed water is being passed between the three men. First Louis, then Phil, now more recovered, and finally, Mac, shaking out the last.

EXT. UNDER THE SURFACE - ANOTHER DAY

Phil jumps into the water, trying his best to stay hydrated. We break the surface where...

EXT. RAFTS - OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

...Mac and Louis are fighting to keep the sharks at bay with their oars.

EXT. RAFTS - OCEAN - ANOTHER NIGHT

In the middle of a squall. The waves are tossing the rafts high up. Rain pouring down on the men.

The men, each one of them, have their mouths open, heavenward, drinking their fill of the rain water. Mac drinks and drinks some more.

When they've had their fill, they spit the out of their mouths into the tin cans, for later.

EXT. RAFTS - OCEAN - DAY

In contrast to the squall, the sun is out. Not a cloud in the sky.

The three look to the sky miserable.

Louis tends to Phil's bandage, cleaning and reapplying.

MAC

No water. Nothing.

LOUIS

What do you want us to do? We've done nothing but chase clouds all week. It's like they're avoiding us.

Beat.

LOUIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

--the menu first. What do you guy's want for dinner?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RAFTS - OCEAN - LATER THAT DAY

Sitting around. Louis is miming dinner out for the boys.

PHIL

Salad. Soup--

MAC

--chicken cacciatore, tonight.

LOUIS

Fine. Chicken cacciatore. We have wine, olive oil for the bread, whatever.

Louis mocks up a kitchen in front of them, holding up an imaginary pan.

PHIL

Don't get cheap on me, Zamp. You forgot to grease the skillet. Or the butter?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RAFTS - OCEAN - ANOTHER DAY

Still miming dinner. The men are more into their imaginations now.

LOUIS

Well then, how much salt?

MAC/PHIL

Just a pinch. / We don't need to get greedy here.

LOUIS

Okay. A teaspoon, then.

Puts it into his imaginary bowl.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RAFTS - OCEAN - MORNING

Louis is holding Mac and Phil off.

LOUIS

C'mon, guys. You know what today is. And you know we only do brunch on Sunday's.

(beat)

Spoiling you guys.

They laugh.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RAFTS - OCEAN - NIGHT

Sitting around.

PHIL

...a schoolteacher. Live in La Port, Indiana. They have the races up there. The Indianapolis 500. Pack a lunch, take the family. Spend the whole day there.

LOUIS

Sounds like good living.

PHIL

Yeah.

(beat)

Anything in Torrance that you want?

LOUIS

We have a PE Depot in Torrance. I wanna turn it into a restaurant. You know, nothing fancy. Place with a bar. Place that people could bring their families on a Sunday night.

A beat.

PHIL

Well, the way your cooking for us on board here, sounds like a done deal.

Louis and Phil laugh, and then look to Mac.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
How 'bout you?

Mac is quiet. Something seems wrong for starters.

LOUIS  
Look. When we land in the Marshalls or the Gilberts. We'll find a nice deserted island. Live there as long as we can. That should cheer you up.

Mac manages a smile, but looks like he's in a daze.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RAFTS - OCEAN - ANOTHER DAY

Phil is telling the story. Louis and Mac's sides are about ready to split.

PHIL  
...so, we keep stealing this guy's beer...  
(re: Louis)  
...and he decides to get even. Day of the flight, this prick here comes along during prep chewing some gum, walking along the nose. Finds two small holes for me and Cup to piss in, mid-flight, right? Plugs. Them. Up.  
(beat, catches his breath)  
So take off. Prick here isn't onboard. I take my leak. My funnel attached to the piss holes overflows with my own piss. Call the engineer, he says try Cup's funnel. But first he wanted to take his fucking piss. Same thing!

Mac and Louis are dying with laughter.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
Two malfunctioning funnels. Me and Cup. Trying to balance the funnels while flying. Then, the fucking turbulence hits. We. Are. Soaked.

The best laugh they've had in weeks.



LOUIS  
Yeah, what did that teach you,  
Phil?

PHIL  
Don't mess with this fucking wap!

True enjoyment of a good prank.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RAFTS - OCEAN - ANOTHER NIGHT

The laughter fades away. The three men sit in silence.  
Nothing is exchanged. Then...

MAC  
Seven days without water.

Long beat.

LOUIS  
Fellas, we've been praying about  
everything else, so let's just pray  
for water, and sit back and relax.  
Otherwise, we're going to kill  
ourselves.

LOUIS

closes his eyes to focus, doing something we've never seen  
him do. Pray.

LOUIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Answer my prayer now, and I promise  
if I get home through all this and  
whatever is to come, I'll serve You  
for the rest of my life.

They look up. Nothing.

PHIL  
Doesn't hurt, either way.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RAFTS - OCEAN - LATER THAT NIGHT

Distant clouds move across the horizon. A squall. Toward the  
raft. Then, the sound of thunder is heard.

Louis watches, while Phil and Mac are asleep.

LOUIS  
Open wide, boys!

This startles them awake and they both look up in awe. The rain pours down. They each catch enough of their fill in their mouths. The wealthiest men alive!

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. UNDER THE SURFACE - DAY

Fingers sway carelessly through the water from the raft. A dark and ugly figure comes into view, the fin of a shark. The fingers feel along the back and the fin as it swims by. Thinking nothing of the fingers.

EXT. RAFTS - OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

The fingers belong to Louis, lazily leaning against the rubber side, looking into the water. The shark passes by and into the distance.

Calm. Phil sleeps. Mac lays back, his thoughts elsewhere.

Louis places his hand in the water once more, one with nature. He decides to take a step closer. Gets on his knees and leans forward.

SUDDENLY...

THE SHARK

splitting the water, shoots up, his mouth agape. Trying its best to snap Louis out of the raft.

All hell breaks loose.

LOUIS

instinctively takes the shark's nose in his hands and with all his wide-eyed power, pushes it back under the water.

Peace. Calm.

Phil is awake. Mac is scared shitless.

PHIL  
Uh...how long was I out?

Again.

ANOTHER SHARK

breaks the surface and lunges at Louis, much like the first one.

Louis reaches for the oar and jabs it in the nose.

Mac grabs for another oar. Swings at the shark, smashing the oar down on its nose.

The two men work together, holding the shark off.

Calm again.

                                LOUIS  
                                (to Mac)  
                                Thank you.

Mac laughs to himself, proud.

                                LOUIS (CONT'D)  
                                You did good.

EXT. RAFTS - OCEAN - LATER THAT DAY

The three men look out to the ocean, huddled together. Never taking their eyes off the water. Breaking the surface are the shark's fins.

                                LOUIS  
                                You know they're not gonna quit.  
                                Eventually they're gonna find a way  
                                to get one of us.

                                PHIL  
                                No doubting you there.

Beat.

                                MAC  
                                So, what do we do?

Louis and Phil exchange a look.

                                PHIL  
                                Turnabout is fair play. The sharks  
                                wanted to take us. Let's take  
                                them. From now on they're part of  
                                our food chain.

EXT. RAFTS - OCEAN - LATER

Phil makes bait out of a small fish. Dips it over the side into the water. They wait.

Seconds pass.

Everyone is ready for what is about to happen.

Suddenly, a fin passes, taking the bait.

LOUIS

lunges for the fin and grabs on. No good. It's a five foot shark and its skin is like sandpaper.

It takes Louis with it. Splashing into the water.

EXT. UNDER THE SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

Louis splashes underneath, not taking a second, sprints out of the water.

EXT. RAFTS - OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Phil and Mac reach for Louis and pull him back in. Everyone collapses from the strain. Breathing hard.

LOUIS

(catching his breath)

All right. New plan. Let's forget the five footers, huh?

EXT. RAFTS - OCEAN - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

New plan. Phil again drops the bait in the water, Louis waits for the grab. Mac looks off, pointing.

MAC

See the little one?

PHIL

(looks off)

That's our meal ticket right there.

(to Louis)

Ready?

LOUIS

Yep.

MOMENTS LATER

PHIL  
Here it comes!

The fin passes, taking the bait. A smaller size shark.  
Maybe three feet.

LOUIS' HANDS

dive into the water, bear-hugging the shark around its belly  
and flips it back onto the raft with all his weight.

THE SHARK'S

jaws snapping. Phil shoves an empty flare cartridge in the  
shark's mouth. It shuts immediately.

PHIL  
Zamp!!!

LOUIS

reaches for the screwdriver end of the pliers, stabbing it  
through the shark's eyeball...penetrating the brain.

Everything stops. Staggering a moment, the shark stops  
fighting. It slows of breath and dies. Blood and fluid  
spill out everywhere.

Louis lets go. The shark flops lifelessly onto the raft.

They look down at the carcass.

They look to each other. Conquering nature as their first  
step toward survival.

FADE TO BLACK:

CUT FROM BLACK:

EXT. RAFTS - OCEAN - VARIOUS - DAY (THE TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY)

LOUIS' POV

The open sky, as blue as they come, with nary a cloud.

Looks down to his waist. Still dressed in the khaki pants,  
short-sleeved shirt. Pulls at the khakis, mentally guessing  
how much weight he's lost. Scratches at his now grown-in  
beard.

Pulls the bandage off of Phil. He's healed.

LOUIS  
C'mon, join the living.

Louis helps Phil into the other raft to join Mac.

TITLE:

**27th Day Adrift**

Everyone settles down for another day.

Silence is broken.

A noise overhead. Each man's head turns to the sky.

THROUGH THE SKY

they see the outline of a plane flying overhead, too far a distance to make a difference.

The three look to each other, old news.

Still desperate.

LOUIS  
All in favor of using the a dye  
packet and two flares, say aye.

MAC/PHIL  
Aye.

LOUIS  
(pulling out the flares)  
Phil, drop the dye.

Louis fires two flares in the air. They explode. Phil pulls out the dye and drops it in the ocean.

And they wait. The plane disappears.

But suddenly.

The plane reappears, having seen the flares or the dye. Begins its descent toward the rafts.

The three men see it. Not fully grasping it right away.

Then, they have what looks to be the most unexpected emotional moment of their lives as they watch the plane close in. Tears stream down their cheeks.

MAC AND PHIL

pull their shirts off and wave them in the air.

THE PLANE

turns into a dive bomb position.

THE MEN

look curiously confused suddenly.

Wait...

...then the machine gun opens fires on the raft.

The three hit the deck. And look up.

LOUIS

Those idiots! They think we're  
Japanese!

THE PLANE

flies low overhead, shaking the water, causing the rafts to  
sway.

LOUIS

catches sight of something for the briefest of seconds. The  
plane has red circles, the rising sun, on the wing tips.

A Japanese Sally bomber.

The plane swoops around for another go at the raft.

PHIL

has seen it too.

PHIL

Fuck.

The Japanese Sally bomber closes in again.

LOUIS

Jump!!!

EXT. UNDER THE SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

The water explodes as Louis, Phil and Mac jump in under the  
raft. They swim deep underneath.

## THE BULLETS

impact the water and through the raft, only to slow and sink harmlessly.

The echoing sound of the Sally bomber's engines fade.

Louis swims up, grabs Mac and Phil, helping them to the surface.

## EXT. RAFTS - OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Phil and Mac are helped into the raft by Louis still in the water. Mac reaches down to help Louis.

They look up.

Another volley of machine gun fire is coming.

## LOUIS

gulps a lung full of air, grabs hold of the parachute cord, and slips back under.

## EXT. UNDER THE SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

Holding tight to the parachute cord, Louis descends under. Machine gun fire opens up.

Louis looks up toward the surface, horrified for Phil and Mac.

Out of the darkness, a shark has come out and attempts to take a bite out of Louis. He reacts, terrified, instinctively works a straight-arm punch to the shark's snout.

The shark, more shocked than anything, swims away.

The current is picking up the rafts above, causing Louis to hold extra tight onto the parachute cord. His body is turning horizontal with the current.

He desperately swims for the surface.

## EXT. RAFTS - OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Louis climbs out of the water and back into the raft. And what he sees are

## MAC AND PHIL

miraculously safe.



Louis is overwhelmed with gratefulness. They each look to the sky. The Sally bomber is ready for another pass.

LOUIS  
Guys! Play dead!

The three flop themselves on the sides of the raft.

INT. SALLY BOMBER - THROUGH THE COCKPIT WINDOW - CONTINUOUS  
Making a sweep over the raft. No one moves.

EXT. RAFTS - OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

It flies off into the distance. The engine's fade away.

The three sit up, taking in a deep breath of relief. And take stock of their rafts.

THE RAFT

that served as Phil's hospital bed has the bottom shot out of it. It now resembles something like a floating doughnut.

PHIL  
I think we can call it quits on the hospital bed. We'll just have to start pumping...

The sound of the engines returns. They look up and the Sally bomber has returned. Heading right for the raft.

EXT. SALLY BOMBER - BOMB BAY DOORS - CONTINUOUS

THE BOMB BAY DOORS

open, meaning only one thing.

EXT. RAFTS - OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

LOUIS

looks up and sees this.

LOUIS  
(to himself)  
Oh, no.

They stop breathing.

EXT. SALLY BOMBER - BOMB BAY DOORS - CONTINUOUS

THE BOMB

drops, whizzing below.

EXT. RAFTS - OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

They look up, waiting for the inevitable. Holding their breath.

The bomb lands in the water, some thirty feet away.

The waiting blow...

..but...

...nothing happens.

The bomb doesn't go off.

A sigh of relief sets the men off.

MAC  
(looking to the sky)  
What happened?

PHIL  
Professional opinion, Zamp.

Louis looks up, breathless. Shaking his head.

LOUIS  
Bombardier didn't do his job.  
Charge wasn't set properly.

The plane is gone.

Phil and Mac access the damage. Bullet holes are everywhere in the ripped rubber.

Louis looks down to his hand. It's shaking uncontrollably.

EXT. RAFT - OCEAN - VARIOUS - DAY/NIGHT

Louis reaches for a pump, screws it to the valve on the side, and begins to ruthlessly pump.

Each man takes his turn, each man working around the clock, salvaging their home.

MAC

pumps, fighting the pain.

PHIL

pumps faster than Mac, but still can't escape the rigorous stress.

LOUIS

peels back the rubber and prepares the patching. Finds the hole. Using a broken piece of mirror. Applies the glue.

Over this, we hear a conversation taking place...

PHIL (V.O.)

One good thing did come out of this shitty mess, you know.

At that moment, a large wave laps against the raft, ruining the glue.

Louis holds his stress back and begins the process anew.

LATER

THE FIRST HOLE

successfully patched.

The men smile. Onto the next. And the next.

LOUIS (V.O.)

Oh yeah, what's that?

DISSOLVE TO:

ANOTHER HOLE

patched.

PHIL (V.O.)

That Sally looked just like our B-25's, right? Well, probably had the same airspeed and range.

DISSOLVE TO:

ANOTHER HOLE

More air being pumped.

LOUIS (V.O.)  
 What are you saying? We're maybe  
 near the Marshall islands? The  
 Gilberts, possibly?

ABOVE THE SURFACE

the lone raft raises further above the surface.

PHIL (V.O.)  
 The current is drifting us west.  
 With some luck, we might drift  
 right across a scattered island by  
 say--  
 (thinking)  
 --oh, the forty-sixth day.

LOUIS (V.O.)  
 (long pause)  
 I say forty-seven.

The final patch. Days have passed.

EXT. RAFT - OCEAN - NIGHT

The moon is bright and full in the sky. The ocean is calm.  
 Quiet.

The three sit comfortably taking in the view of the beautiful  
 night sky.

EXT. UNDER THE SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

UNKNOWN POV

Many feet below the surface, looking up. The yellow raft is  
 a small speck. We are speeding toward it at an accelerated  
 pace, before we impact the bottom...

EXT. RAFT - OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

THUMP!!!

The impact of the raft shakes the men violently into action.  
 The raft is lifted out of the water a good few inches.

MAC  
 (frightened)  
 The fuck!!!

Louis winces with pain.

The raft returns to the surface with a thick slap.

The men hold on for dear life, stunned.

MAC (CONT'D)  
 (hysterical)  
 WHAT IS THAT?! OH, GOD!

Louis looks over the side to see a large fin cross his path. Circling. Watches with wide eyes. The creature's tail slaps the surface, splashing water.

The shark is a Great White. Twenty feet long.

THUD!!! Another hit of the snout.

Mac is hyperventilating. Phil holds him, calming him down. Louis looks to the men, intense whispering.

LOUIS  
 Lay low and don't move or make a sound.

Another splash of seawater. The great white is trying something.

The men can only hold onto each other, petrified.

THUD!!! Another hit.

EXT. UNDER THE SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

THE GREAT WHITE'S POV

as it continues to bump into the raft. Unrelenting. Another bump as we

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. RAFT - OCEAN - DAWN

The sunrise peaks.

Louis looks over the side, making sure the great white has gone for good. Looks to Phil, shares a tense sigh and looks to Mac.

LOUIS  
 Mac?

Mac looks traumatized. Quiet. Holding himself.

EXT. RAFT - OCEAN - DAY

Louis pumps. Exhausted. Holds the pump to his chest, catching his breath. Casually looks around.

Mac has laid down. Staring straight up, in a daze. This isn't depression. This is something more. He looks shut down.

Louis looks to Phil, on shark-lookout.

LOUIS

Phil.

Phil turns around and sees Mac. They rush for him. Mac looks to Phil.

MAC

Can I have a drink of your water?

Phil and Louis lock eyes. Louis shakes his head no.

PHIL

I...I can't.

Mac turns his head slightly to Louis. No words are exchanged. Louis studies Mac's eyes.

Makes a decision.

Reaches for his tin and Mac begins to drink. Phil looks at Louis, trying to figure him out. Louis' expression says it all, "can't deny a dying man's request."

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RAFT - OCEAN - THE NEXT DAY

Mac stirs from a restless sleep, looks to Louis, watching over.

MAC

Seems scary, doesn't it, Zamp?  
Death, I mean.

LOUIS

I would think so.

Long beat. The ocean is calm.

MAC

Am I going to die?

Phil turns to listen. Louis' eyes never leave Mac's. Flat-out honest.

LOUIS  
Yeah. I believe you'll die  
tonight.

Mac doesn't blink. He's calm. Resigned. Turns over, closes his eyes. Lulls himself to sleep.

MAC  
(long sleepy sigh)  
Yes, sir. I think you're right.

MAC

the slightest smile crosses his face.

EXT. RAFT - OCEAN - THAT NIGHT

The middle of the night.

LOUIS

looks down on Mac. His eyes tense, taking in the sight below him.

Crawls past Mac and puts a hand on a sleeping Phil. Phil stirs and looks up.

LOUIS  
(whispering)  
Phil, Mac is gone.

Phil sits up and looks over to

MAC

Eyes open. Dead.

The two men stare for a long beat.

EXT. OCEAN - THE NEXT MORNING

WIDE

The beaten raft, alone.

Mac's skeletal body has been propped along the side. Ready for burial at sea.

Louis is making a brief eulogy. Finishes. Phil helps Louis slip Mac into the ocean.

EXT. RAFT - OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

From Phil and Louis' point of view, looking into the water. Mac sinks into the gathering darkness.

EXT. UNDER THE SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

The ocean, hauntingly looking back at them.

TITLE:

### 33rd Day Adrift

Drifting into darkness.

FADE TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK

distant winds and pouring rain heard.

CUT FROM BLACK:

EXT. RAFT - OCEAN - NIGHT

The middle of an intense storm. Riding the hundred foot waves is the little yellow raft. The waves rise and then suddenly fall. Making for a terrifying ride.

LOUIS AND PHIL

are tucked in deep. Feet under the seat, holding on. Any moment, the raft could topple.

The raft floats into the distance, riding another mountain-sized wave. Disappears behind the wave. Hold on the last sight of the raft.

EXT. OCEAN - THE NEXT DAY

The sky is filled with dark clouds. Beyond the clouds, sunlight is trying to break through.

EXT. RAFT - OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Louis sits in one direction, looking on the horizon. Phil looks in another. No one speaks. The waves lap against the raft.

Sunlight breaks through the cloud and a ray of light hits Louis. He looks up. In his starved, half-crazed mind, it's a glorious image.



OVER LOUIS' SHOULDER,

him looking on, we see the waves roll high and then dip low. Once high again, we see a glimpse of something for the briefest of seconds. Something green.

Then, it disappears. Louis hasn't seen it. He's still looking at the sunlight.

Then, again.

Low gives way to high waves and at the last second, Louis looks out...and sees it.

He leans forward, eyes squinted.

                    LOUIS  
                    (clear)  
                    Phil.

Phil turns and looks.

                    LOUIS (CONT'D)  
                    I've just seen an island.

Low, and then high, again. Phil squints.

                    PHIL  
                    Green?

                    LOUIS  
                    (not convinced)  
                    Not sure.

They look on for a few beats.

                    PHIL  
                    It's something.

A few flash images. Not convincing enough to be an island. It's definitely something.

Suddenly, a low rumble of approaching motors.

And breaking over the horizon are

TWO JAPANESE ZEROES

flying overhead, whipping past. They haven't seen the raft.

Scared shitless, both men duck. Lunge for the oars and begin to furiously row toward their destination. As they do, looking up at the sky.

LOUIS

We gotta reach the island before  
the Japs know we're out here!

Their weakened bodies trying to row as fast as possible. The men are desperate, each man pulling his weight.

Their destination is still murky to what it is. No matter, they're still determined.

LOUIS

looking out, then realizes. Defeated.

LOUIS

There's no island there.

Phil looks ahead, trying to make heads or tails.

PHIL

Whaddaya mean? You...just...saw  
it.

They stop rowing. Slowing, the current picks them back up. They stare ahead. What we see is not clear.

LOUIS

(pointing, countering  
Phil's frustration)  
There's an island right over there.  
See it? One tree on it.

PHIL

(shaking his head)  
I see it. But there're two trees.

It's like an insane comedy act with these two. Louis locks eyes with Phil for a beat, then points again.

LOUIS

There's only one tree.  
(beat)  
I think. What the hell is going on  
here?

We finally see it, and it's pointedly obvious. There are no islands ahead.

What were mistaken for trees are masts.

TO A JAPANESE PATROL BOAT

heading right for the raft.

Without a second's thought, they ditch from sight, laying low.

EXT. DECK - PATROL BOAT - CONTINUOUS

A soldier has a machine gun held on the raft as it approaches. Various crew members walk to the railing to inspect. The boat is less than thirty feet away.

The CAPTAIN watching, shouts...

JAPANESE CAPTAIN  
(in Japanese)  
Hands!

From the deck, the raft floats pathetically. Beat. Two sets of hands are raised out of the rubber.

Then emerge, Louis and Phil.

EXT. RAFT - OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

From Louis and Phil's point of view. The decks are covered with crew, holding rifles and swords. After all this...

LOUIS  
Being cast away suddenly doesn't  
sound so bad.

A CREWMAN

throws a rope down to the raft.

Phil reaches for it. It misses horribly.

The Captain mimes opening his shirt, informing the Americans to do the same.

Louis and Phil tense up. Terrified. Louis closes his eyes. This is it.

PHIL  
Zamp.

Nothing. He opens his eyes. Phil looks to him.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
Relax. They're checking for  
weapons.

He looks up. Some crew are waving shirts over their heads.

WIDE

The patrol boat has come in for another pass. They toss the rope again and it smacks against the raft. They hold on. Some crew pull the rope and haul the raft in.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DECK - PATROL BOAT - MOMENTS LATER

Crew members pull Louis, and then Phil onto the deck. They collapse, feeling a hard surface for the first time in 47 days. They both try to stand up, but simply can't. They can't even crawl.

Various crew members stand around, watching. Some curious, some laughing.

One member pulls the raft and slaps it on the deck with a splash. Louis pulls his face off the deck to better look.

THE RAFT,

their home, is a wadded-up mess that wouldn't have lasted two more days.

All Louis can do is stare, before he and Phil are picked up.

THE MAST

Louis and Phil are rope tied. The crew still laughs, taking in the pathetic sight of these two. Out of the crowd emerges one big fellow, sizing up the two. Louis and Phil simply stare.

In one fell swoop, the big fellow pulls out his pistol and whips Phil across the face with it. Blood spews out of his mouth. Then, goes limp with unconsciousness.

THE MEN CHEER,

holding the big man's arm up in celebration.

Louis cringes. Trying to maintain his self-control.

EXT. PATROL BOAT - OPEN OCEAN - EVENING

Cutting through the water. The last rays of sunlight are setting in the east.

INT. BELOW DECKS - PATROL BOAT - NIGHT

A small room. Dark. One lone lamp illuminates. Two guards stand at the door.

On a table are the remains of the raft. On one side is Louis and Phil, a bruise lining his face.

On the other is a Japanese DETACHMENT COMMANDER, studying them. Listening to their story.

LOUIS

We were on a rescue mission in friendly waters. We had motor trouble and crashed at sea.

Long beat. The Detachment Commander rubs his forehead, thinking.

DETACHMENT COMMANDER

(broken English)

Give me your wallets.

The guards step forward and take the wallets from Louis and Phil. Hand them to the Detachment Commander. He opens them, inspecting Phil's first.

DETACHMENT COMMANDER (CONT'D)

I must say.

(side tracked, to Phil,  
holding up a photo)

Lovely wife, by way.

(back to business)

You aren't the crazed lunatics I would expect after being at sea for so long.

Looking through Louis' wallet, pulls out his USC card. Then a photo of his family. Holds the photo up to Louis. Anthony, Louise, Pete, his sisters Virginia and Sylvia.

The Detachment Commander is reading Louis' emotions. Louis turns away.

Slaps the wallets on the table.

LOUIS

I wanted to add. On the twenty-seventh day, one of your pilots strafed us. A Sally bomber.

DETACHMENT COMMANDER  
 (quickly)  
 Oh, no. Japanese don't do that.

Phil pulls the wallets back, handing Louis his.

LOUIS  
 (re: the raft)  
 You see the holes?

Long beat. The Detachment Commander stiffens in his uniform, looking firm.

DETACHMENT COMMANDER  
 You will be taken to an island  
 called Kwajalein.  
 (sniffs)  
 Here, you will be treated well.  
 But Kwajalein.  
 (long beat)  
 I cannot guarantee your life after  
 you leave this ship.

Louis and Phil share a look, then ahead to the Detachment Commander. Stiff and cool.

The sound of trees swaying in the wind. A truck door slams. A truck engine.

EXT. BEACH - KWAJALEIN ISLAND - DAY

LOUIS AND PHIL,

blindfolded, are tossed sideways into the back of an army truck leaving the beach. The truck heads inland.

Beyond the beach, anchored out a ways, is the patrol boat that brought them here.

EXT. INLAND JUNGLE - KWAJALEIN ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

Following the truck through the thick foliage. A bumpy-as-shit ride.

EXT. VILLAGE BASE - KWAJALEIN ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

The truck drives through a small village controlled by the Japanese. Thatched huts strewn throughout. Recently built stone buildings are also eye-catching. Soldiers walk to and fro.

EXT. DETENTION BUILDING - KWAJALEIN ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

Once stopped, the driver and two soldiers walk to the back and carry Louis and Phil inside.

INT. CELLBLOCK - DETENTION BUILDING - KWAJALEIN ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

Housing six wooden cells, three to a side. Six feet tall, thirty inches wide each.

Phil is shoved into one. The soldier carrying Louis walk two cells past.

INT. LOUIS' CELL - DETENTION BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Louis is shoved into another. His back is smacked along the back wall, still standing but in a state of shock. The soldier closes the cell door, locking and walks away. Footsteps fade away.

He slowly reaches for his blindfold and yanks it off. The sight is appalling and immediately claustrophobic. It's roughly the size of a dog kennel.

The heat is near unbearable. A small crawl space along the back wall where a waiting tin can sits, operating at his toilet. Inspecting closer, already half full, covered with maggots.

He sinks down the length of the wall. A banging sound is coming from a nearby cell. It's Phil.

Louis' recent surroundings couldn't contrast more. One day, in the middle of 65 million square feet of open Pacific. The next, in a cell more than two feet wide.

The banging continues.

Opens his shirt and see that his chest, once lean and athletic is now disgustingly skeletal.

The stare in his eyes is almost manic. He's trying to hold everything in, but he can't help himself. His lip quivers as his eyes become flush with tears.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. LOUIS' CELL - DETENTION BUILDING - THAT NIGHT

Louis sleeping the only way he can. Near the crawl space that is his toilet.

Activity outside the cell suddenly wakes Louis. Without missing a beat, he lunges his back against the wall, scared.

Boots echo down the cellblock. One slot is heard opening two cells over. A loud scrape of tin against floor is heard. Phil is heard rushing to the tin sound.

The boots continue walking and soon approach his cell. The eight-inch slot in the cell door springs up.

Louis watches with anticipation. A black gloved hand tosses a ball of some sort, smacking against the dirt floor and explodes. The door slams down.

Louis watches a beat, then begins scrounging, putting the ball together again. It's grains of rice mixed in with fish head and boiled daikon.

He scrounges and picks apart the grains from the dirt.

EXT. DETENTION BUILDING - KWAJALEIN ISLAND - MORNING

Calm. Quiet. Two guards smoke outside, looking around. One of the guards is sharing a joke.

INT. LOUIS' CELL - DETENTION BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Louis has his naked ass hanging out the back of the crawl space. In dire pain. Trying to relieve the pain any way possible.

INT. PHIL'S CELL - DETENTION BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Phil is sprawled out on the ground. The pain is simply too unbearable. He stares ahead.

INT. LOUIS' CELL - DETENTION BUILDING - NIGHT

Louis is sprawled out in a similar fashion as Phil was. He is staring at his cell wall. Notices a crude carving in the wall. Peels his face off the dirt and looks up.

CARVED ON THE WALL

is **"9 Marooned on Makin Island - August 18, 1942."** Below are the names of the nine.



LOUIS

stares at the wall for a long time, entranced.

PHIL (O.S.)  
Zamp, can you...can you hear me?

Breaking Louis' concentration, he leans against the wall.

LOUIS  
Phil...

INT. PHIL'S CELL - DETENTION BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Leaning against his own wall. Tears stream down his cheek.

PHIL(O.S.)  
This diarrhea is killin' me.

INT. LOUIS' CELL - DETENTION BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

LOUIS  
There isn't much you can do. Just  
stay calm and--

Suddenly, frantic footsteps approach down the cellblock and the cell door explodes open.

A GUARD grabs Louis by the neck, flings him out of the cell...

INT. CELLBLOCK - DETENTION BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

...and goes about beating Louis into unconsciousness. The Guard speaks in a manic tone as he kicks his boot into Louis' ribs and stomach.

JAPANESE GUARD  
(in Japanese)  
What did we say?! Huh? No talk!  
Why can't you understand a damn  
thing?!

Louis' legs slip into his cell slightly. Twitching.

INT. PHIL'S CELL - DETENTION BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Hearing this, Phil covers his ears, violently shaking his head. The sounds of the beating are savage as we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. INLAND JUNGLE - KWAJALEIN ISLAND - MORNING

Dense jungle. Peaceful. Sunlight is now finally breaking through.

INT. LOUIS' CELL - DETENTION BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Louis tries his best to sleep face up on the ground. His body is contorted to fit the cell. His bruised face has been beaten half to hell.

Suddenly, the sound of the slot on the cell door is opened.

Louis immediately barrels himself against the back wall, watching the slot with intense eyes.

Through the open slot, a brown nose and a mouth slowly appear. We don't see the person's face. Only the nose and the mouth. The mouth licks his lips quickly and speaks.

KWAJALEIN NATIVE  
(good English, nervous)  
Are...are you Louis Zamperini, the  
USC track star?

Everything stops. Louis must be dreaming.

LOUIS  
What?

KWAJALEIN NATIVE  
(more clear)  
Are you Lou Zamperini, the runner.  
The--the Olympian, from USC?

Long beat.

LOUIS  
I am.

KWAJALEIN NATIVE  
Oh, that is fantastic news. I'm a  
Trojan fan, through and through.  
Your records are known to anyone  
with an ear for track. I follow  
all USC sports, in fact.

Louis slowly calms. He crawls over and leans against the wall next to the cell door. A prominent shadow is seen along the floor outside the cell.

LOUIS  
How do you know about me?

KWAJALEIN NATIVE

Are you kidding? We have radio,  
even all the way out here. You  
athletes are as popular as Cary  
Grant.

(beat)

It's so good to have a celebrity on  
the island.

Long beat. Louis looks to the hole. The shadow on the floor  
doesn't move.

KWAJALEIN NATIVE (CONT'D)

My time is up. I am glad to have  
met you.

Louis suddenly becomes tense. Thinks of something.

LOUIS

(quickly)

Wait. Wait. Tell me about the nine  
marines.

He looks to the wall, looking at the names as the Kwajalein  
Native speaks.

KWAJALEIN NATIVE

They were executed. Decapitated  
with the samurai sword.

Louis stops and turns to the slot.

KWAJALEIN NATIVE (CONT'D)

This is what happens to all who  
come to Kwajalein.

Looks to the wall, studying the names. Thinks of something.

LOUIS

But what about--

Turns back to the slot. The shadow on the floor is gone.

EXT. VILLAGE BASE - KWAJALEIN ISLAND - DAY

Louis is escorted through the village base by two guards. He  
makes way through a crowd of soldiers who taunt him. Poke him  
with sticks. One runs from the crowd and spits in his face.  
Louis flinches, still the soldier, wipes it off and looks  
straight ahead.

LOUIS' POV

sees another guard run a very sharp thumb across his Adam's apple.

Louis knows this gesture. It tells him his time on this island isn't long.

As he walks, he makes eye contact with this man until he is out of sight.

EXT. INTERROGATION BUILDING - KWAJALEIN ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

Approaching a building ahead.

Louis sees out of the corner of his eye, two young girls. Beautiful, but bruised, in a way. They look out of place here. They avoid his eye contact as they shuffle past.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - KWAJALEIN ISLAND - LATER

Seated at a white table are six imposing Japanese officers. Dressed in their white uniforms, looking like kings holding court. The officers smoke with an elegant, movie star quality.

Opposite them is Louis, alone. Behind him, two guards.

ON THE TABLE

are platters of biscuits, pastries and refreshments.

Long beat as nothing seems to happen.

JAPANESE OFFICER #1  
(broken English)  
Lieutenant Zamperini. How many  
girls...do you have on your island  
to satisfy your military personnel?

LOUIS

is taken aback. Not the first question he would have expected. Or the tenth. He stares back, straight and narrow.

LOUIS  
We don't have them.

JAPANESE OFFICER #1  
How then, do the men get satisfied?

LOUIS  
They use their willpower. And wait  
until they get home.

The officers chuckle and speak to themselves. Is this  
American a fool or a liar?

JAPANESE OFFICER #2  
(smug)  
Japan provides girls on every  
island to keep our men happy.

Louis quickly puts two and two together.

Down to business.

The Japanese Officer #1 looks down, dipping a tea bag in his  
mug.

JAPANESE OFFICER #1  
What model B-24 you fly in?

LOUIS  
(thinking, then)  
B-24D.

Japanese Officer #1 says something to an AIDE. The aide pulls  
something out of a dossier folder and approaches Louis,  
placing a picture of a B-24E in front of him.

JAPANESE OFFICER #1  
Where is radar on the plane?  
(sniffs)  
Draw a picture.

Louis shakes his head. Flustered.

LOUIS  
Gentleman, you have the plane  
already. This is--

JAPANESE OFFICER #1  
(stern)  
You will draw it.

A piece of paper is laid out before him. He begins to draw.

MOMENTS LATER

The crude drawing is placed before the officers who gather  
around to study. Japanese Officer #1 looks up.

JAPANESE OFFICER #1  
How do you operate the radar?

LOUIS

on the other end of the table. Raises his hands with no answer.

LOUIS  
That's the radioman or the  
engineer's job.

The officers turn to confer without his input. Not happy. Meaning the interrogation is over. A guard picks him up out of the chair.

EXT. VILLAGE BASE - KWAJALEIN ISLAND - LATER

Led again through the crowd as they taunt and belittle him. Louis has something else on his mind.

The guard walks up close to him, nudges him with the butt of his rifle. The same guard who beat him.

JAPANESE GUARD  
(broken English)  
What...what your name?

Louis looks to him, reluctant at first, then looks ahead.

LOUIS  
Louie Zamperini.

JAPANESE GUARD  
Ruie Zamperini-ka.

LOUIS  
No, just Louis Zamperini.

JAPANESE GUARD  
Ohio.

A beat. Knowing damn well what ohio means in Japanese.

LOUIS  
No.  
(beat)  
California.

Looks ahead. Giving no one here the satisfaction.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LOUIS' CELL - DETENTION BUILDING - NIGHT

Phil is heard in his cell being beaten for some reason.  
Cries of pain echo.

Louis sits against the wall, facing the wall of nine. He can't do anything to help Phil.

So he blocks it all up. Simply stares at the wall. He has been staring for awhile. Memorizing the names. Each man's life.

EXT. MARINE #1 HOME - DAY (**FANTASY**)

A clean-cut MARINE, duffle bag slung over his broad shoulder, rushing to the front door step of his wife. His children gather. Home at last.

INT. LOUIS' CELL - DETENTION BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Studying. Thinking to himself. The cries fade away.

EXT. MARINE #2 APARTMENT - DAY (**FANTASY**)

Another good-looking man reaches for the hand of his elderly mother. The old woman's eyes light up with joy. Home at last.

INT. LOUIS' CELL - DETENTION BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

THE NAMES

running down the wall.

LOUIS

staring straight ahead. More deep into his fantasy.

EXT. MARINE #3 GARAGE - DAY (**FANTASY**)

Another marine walks into the garage of his father, his head under the hood working on a car. Once his son is in sight, everything stops as they embrace.

INT. LOUIS' CELL - DETENTION BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Tears are beginning to stream down his cheeks. His emotions are overwhelming him.

EXT. BEACH - KWAJALEIN ISLAND - MORNING (**REALITY**)

We see those nine marines, some seen in the fantasy, never, in fact, left the island. They are beaten, dirty. And lined up on their knees.

Approaching is a Japanese soldier, holding a family encrusted samurai sword in his hand. Smiling.

Each man looks up. Some man hold fear in their eyes. Others hold resolve. One man looks out at the ocean as the sun rises.

The soldier brings a swift hand down and the first marine's head rolls off. Then, the second. Then, the third. Massacre of the highest order.

THE JAPANESE SOLDIER

is smiling as he goes to the next...and the next. Soon, the line ends.

Quiet.

THE JAPANESE SOLDIER,

splattered with flecks of blood, looks down. He takes a certain satisfaction in what he has done.

INT. LOUIS' CELL - DETENTION BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

He reaches down and picks up a pointed rock off the floor and begins carving his name and arrival underneath the rest. How soon before he joins them?

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. VILLAGE BASE - KWAJALEIN ISLAND - MORNING

Establishing.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - KWAJALEIN ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

The same setup as before. Louis is covered in blood and bruises. The officers are happy and giggling.

JAPANESE OFFICER #1  
Lieutenant, what has happened?

Louis doesn't answer. Simply looks at them, a half-smirk on his face. Defiant.

The officer tightens his suit. Snaps his fingers, gesturing to his aide. The aide approaches Louis, holding a large map, and unrolls it before him.



JAPANESE OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)

We would like to know the number and locations of airfields on Oahu. Mark those locations. And the number and type of aircraft at each.

Louis stands up, and looks over the map. Studying it.

The map already has major fields circled.

LOUIS

You already have some information here--

JAPANESE OFFICER #1

Oh, yes that. That joyous Sunday morning in December of 1941 helped us out sufficiently.

Louis looks up, stares at the officer. The officer is testing him. Louis doesn't say a word.

JAPANESE OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)

Your reward will be food and drink.

Louis looks down to the map, thinking. He's still sharp. His persona changes slightly.

LOUIS

I'd rather not tell you. I'm a proud soldier.

Officer #2 snaps his fingers, getting the guard behind Louis' attention.

The guard takes the butt of his rifle and smashes it against Louis' leg with a loud CRACK!

Louis collapses, biting his tongue, playing the charade. He stands himself up, holding onto the table and sits down.

JAPANESE OFFICER #1

Shall we...try...again?

LOUIS

knows something they obviously don't.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - UNKNOWN PACIFIC ISLAND - DAY (**FLASHBACK**)

A deserted airstrip. The wind rushes through. Upon closer inspection, the airstrip is fake.

Along the "airstrip" are mocked-up B-24's and P-51's. Made up of plywood. Half-assed paint jobs and nothing more.

EXT. AIR BASE - UNKNOWN PACIFIC ISLAND - DAY (**FLASHBACK**)

A deserted air base. Nothing more than another fake. Haunting but necessary.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - KWAJALEIN ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

LOUIS

finally breaks.

LOUIS  
Okay...okay!

He throws himself out of the chair, stands up and begins pointing at various points along the map. Startling the officers, even.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
Here...  
(pointing, the Aide takes note)  
...one here...  
(pointing)  
...another...here.

Louis walks a few feet away from the map as the officers approach, studying. Proud and smiling to each other.

They have broken him. Even better, they have the information they were looking for.

Louis holds in his containment of laughter. He's proved to himself he hasn't lost his mind. He's still sharp.

One of the officers gestures to the guard to take Louis away. All the officers are happy as can be, except for one who watches with curious eyes as Louis leaves the room, wondering how much truth-telling just occurred.

He whispers to the officer beside him.

INT. LOUIS' CELL - DETENTION BUILDING - MORNING

CLANK! The sudden sound shakes Louis out of his sleep. The cell door is opened and a guard holding a baton orders Louis out.

EXT. DETENTION BUILDING - KWAJALEIN ISLAND - MOMENTS LATER

Louis steps out into the sunlight, looking around. A moment passes, then Phil joins him. It's been a few days since they've seen each other. They study the other's features. And begin to laugh. Familiar.

The guard behind them nudges them forward.

PHIL  
How you doin', Zamp?

LOUIS  
You know. Same old. Guess what's  
on the menu tonight? Take a guess?

PHIL  
Wish I knew. What?

LOUIS  
Roasted duck. Gravy. Mashed  
potatoes. Rolls. The works.

PHIL  
You're more cruel than these Japs.

Beat.

LOUIS  
Your just being picky.

INT. INFIRMARY - KWAJALEIN ISLAND - LATER

Lit in an obscure, unpleasant light.

A Japanese DOCTOR approaches, a kind smile, and speaks.

JAPANESE DOCTOR  
Please. Lay down.

THE INJECTION

being given. A smoky fluid.

Louis and Phil lay on metal slabs.

JAPANESE DOCTOR  
(calm)  
Please. Tell us when you get dizzy.

A NURSE standing beside the DOCTOR holds a stopwatch, observing. The ticking sound becomes nauseating.

Tick...tick...

The doctor studies, opening their eyelids, scribbling notes.

Tick...tick...

Louis stares straight up at the ceiling, when suddenly he is taken with a sense of nausea.

Tick...tick...

He feels something along his arms. Looks down. His arms have broken out suddenly with red pimples.

Tick...tick...

PHIL

is twitching. The same result. He mouths something to the doctor.

The doctor leans in.

JAPANESE DOCTOR

Hmm...

PHIL

Please...please...no more. No more...

Phil doesn't even realize he's speaking.

The ticking fades away...

LATER

Through the window, the Doctor smokes, watching as Phil and Louis are carried out.

INT. LOUIS' CELL - DETENTION BUILDING - NIGHT

Louis twitches along the dirt. Feeling the first effects of a fever. Wishing he was dead.

EXT. VILLAGE BASE - KWAJALEIN ISLAND - THE NEXT DAY

As they're being carried. Both fighting through the pain. Both violently disoriented.

PHIL

The fuck is this?

LOUIS  
We have...dengue fever. It won't  
kill you...

Long beat.

                                PHIL  
Why are they doing this to us?

INT. INFIRMARY - KWAJALEIN ISLAND - LATER

THE SAME INJECTION

is being prepared.

The Doctor waiting, note pad out. The nurse with the  
stopwatch.

PHIL,

twitching, staring up at the ceiling.

LOUIS

is more focused but no less immune. His fever dream has  
become more distorted. The pain is becoming too much.  
Everything is slowly coming to a head.

The Doctor watches this and leans in close.

                                JAPANESE DOCTOR  
                                (smiling, whispering)  
You will not die. We are merely  
foregoing the inevitable.  
                                (long beat)  
You don't lie to officer. Officer.  
Always. Know.

The Doctor raises his head and checks in on Phil.

LOUIS

staring straight ahead, already shattered in so many ways  
possible. The fever and the injections make everything so  
much worse.

Darkness is slowly closing in.

FADE TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK

TITLE:

**42nd Day Since Japanese Capture**

LOUIS (V.O.)

We have spent forty days here, and  
more on a raft.

FADE IN:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - KWAJALEIN ISLAND - DAY

Louis sits before the officers for another session. Frustrated. He has become a sweaty, feverish mess. His eyes look more sunk in. Malnourished.

LOUIS

Would could I possibly know? We  
are obsolete.

(beat, studying the  
officers)

My information was obsolete the day  
I left my home base. Whatever you  
want to know, you already know. I  
can't tell you anything else.

Looking for any sign from the officers that they understand.

An officer speaks up.

LOUIS

looks down to his feet, listening, holding his breath.  
Knowing the inevitable is about to happen.

JAPANESE OFFICER #1

Tomorrow, you will...

(beat)

...be put aboard a ship and go to  
the island of Truk, and from there  
to Yokohama as prisoners of war.

Louis looks up through the sweat and grit in his eyes. He stares at them, not a word spoken. Not understanding at first.

He is motionless.

The wind through the trees are heard.

EXT. INLAND JUNGLE - KWAJALEIN ISLAND - VARIOUS - DAY

Trees sway. The jungle moves. Birds fly off.

EXT. VILLAGE BASE - KWAJALEIN ISLAND - VARIOUS - DAY

The village is still here. Soldiers still walk to and fro. The bruised girls chat uncomfortably with a group of soldiers.

EXT. BEACH - KWAJALEIN ISLAND - DAY

Awaiting landing craft sits on the coastline.

PHIL AND LOUIS,

still the most dumbstruck looks on their faces, march forward.

PHIL

Why in the hell would they let us go? That celebrity status must've finally come in handy.

Louis smiles to himself.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Never thought it would happen.

They step onto the landing craft and leave the island of Kwajalein.

EXT. LANDING CRAFT - APPROACHING THE SHIP - MOMENTS LATER

Louis and Phil stand watching the island grow more small along the horizon. Not a word expressed between them. Expressionless.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DECK - JAPANESE VESSEL - OPEN OCEAN - DAY

The large vessel making the journey for the motherland of Japan. The ship leaves a cut in the water in its wake.

MATCH DISSOLVE  
TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - YOKOHAMA HILLS - DAY

The wake from the water matches the road where a lone Chevrolet is driving through the landscape. Mountains surround the road.

Driving is a Japanese soldier. In the backseat, bound and blindfolded are Louis and Phil.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FRONT GATE - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - LATER THAT DAY

The Chevrolet passes through the front gates. The camp lays beyond.

TITLE:

**Ofuna Prison Camp - Outside of Yokohama, Japan**

**September 15th, 1943.**

EXT. COMMON AREA - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

Gray barracks border the common area. Guards stand with machine guns trained on the prisoners. The prisoners, American mostly, huddle together for warmth.

Beyond the fence, we see a large hill covered with forest and bamboo. Impenetrable.

LOUIS AND PHIL

are led through the common area toward the barracks.

Louis tries to focus some sort of eye contact with some of the prisoners. Beaten down men all, they look away, without a word spoken.

INT. BARRACK - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

A cell door is opened. Tight enough for Louis to fit in. Phil shares the one next door. The guard leaves.

PHIL

Welcome home.

INT. BARRACK - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - THAT NIGHT

Lights out.

Louis sits, taking in his new home, lost in thought.

Phil is whispering to a nearby prisoner. Mid conversation.

PHIL

So then, what happens here? What about the Red Cross? Better treatment?



## OFUNA PRISONER

Are you nuts? Ofuna here is run by the Japanese Navy. It's a secret, high-intensity interrogation camp. No Red Cross, no improved treatment. Nothin'. You two won't be registered as official prisoners of war here.

(a sound heard, beat)

You don't get it, pal. Guys leave the camp. Some relocated, others executed. If you die here, no one would know.

(beat)

We're all equally fucked here, Lieutenant.

LOUIS

has heard all of this.

EXT. HEADQUARTERS - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - AFTERNOON

A guard escorts a cleaned-up Louis to the building. They head in.

INT. HALLWAY - HEADQUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

Louis and the guard walk down the hallway. Then suddenly stop at a door.

They stand before the door, side-by-side.

## OFUNA GUARD

When you enter the room there will be a man sitting behind the desk.

(beat)

You bow. Stand at attention. And wait for orders.

Knocks twice on the door, then opens it. Louis walks in.

INT. OFFICE - HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

The guard shuts the door behind. It's just Louis and a man behind the desk, his back turned, leaning against the desk. Arms folded. Head down. Dressed in civilian attire.

A beat.

Louis bows slowly, then stands straight, and waits.

Finally the man turns and producing a warm smile. The second he turns, Louis recognizes him immediately.

JAMES SASAKI

Hello, Louis. Been a long time since USC.

Former USC classmate James Sasaki. A sucker punch to the stomach. For Louis, a painful realization.

Silence as we

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF EPISODE

**PART FIVE: "BROTHERHOOD"****TEASER**

OVER BLACK

wind blowing. Abstract conversation. Various greetings heard.

CUT FROM BLACK:

EXT. COMMON AREA - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - VARIOUS - DAY (1943)

Low voices everywhere.

Huddled bodies stand in a semi-circle. Not just American. British. Australian. Norwegians. Italians, even. Blowing warm air into their freezing hands. As they speak, their breath is seen.

Some men lean against the wall of the barrack, looking out across the common.

TITLE:

**September 1943**

On the roofs of the barracks, thin layers of snow are forming. The barracks are made of flimsy, cheap wood. The camp was constructed with haste.

INT. BARRACK - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - CONTINUOUS

The low voices continue.

The cells of the Prisoner of War. Not wide. A small square window lined with wood bars.

Tatami mats to lay on. A paper blanket for warmth. For a pillow, a small mound of hay.

EXT. COMMON AREA - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - CONTINUOUS

Japanese soldiers everywhere. Patrolling. Watching with intense eyes. From the ground. From the headquarters. From the watchtower. Never faltering.

EXT. WATCHTOWER - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - CONTINUOUS

From the watch guard's viewpoint. The guard doesn't even notice the cold.

He is steadfast, looking out over his machine gun.

EXT. COMMON AREA - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - CONTINUOUS

ON ONE GROUP OF PRISONERS

Within that group is LOUIS ZAMPERINI. Next to him is Phil, speaking with FRANK TINKER, pilot and fellow prisoner.

Louis is taking in his environment. Cold. But still focused. Not really listening to the conversation.

PHIL

(to Frank)

...yeah I was stationed on Oahu.  
Flew missions out of Kahuku. Louie  
here was one hell of a bombardier.

(to Louis)

Zamp, meet Frank Tinker. Pilot.

Louis is shook out of his concentration and shakes hands.

FRANK TINKER

Yeah sure. Everyone knows about  
Zamperini. How are ya?

Louis nods politely.

LOUIS

Concerned.

PHIL

Meet Bill Harris, Louie. His old  
man ran the marine corps.

Turns to BILL HARRIS, a six-foot ten inch mountain of a man, shaking hands.

LOUIS

Where were you stationed?

BILL HARRIS

Philippines. Couple years ago.  
Good with mental exercises. Stuff  
like that.

Louis blinks twice, not sure he heard that right.

LOUIS

I'm sorry.

PHIL

Bill can memorize any sheet of paper within minutes. It's fucking amazing.

The men laugh. Beat. Louis sizes the men up.

LOUIS

(to Frank Tinker)

Was just overhearing you went to Juilliard.

FRANK TINKER

Music's my life.

LOUIS

Could you say...you have a good ear, then?

Phil and Frank share a look. A long beat.

FRANK TINKER

You can say that, Louis. Yeah.

MOMENTS LATER

Louis and Frank walk and talk. Somewhat confidentially. Keeping a good eye and ear on who may be listening.

LOUIS

An escape is possible.

FRANK TINKER

Nothing is possible. Not here.

LOUIS

I'm hearing planes coming from somewhere all the time. Must be an airport nearby.

(thinking, beat)

Can you fly a Jap plane?

They stop. Frank faces Louis.

FRANK TINKER

Louie, I can fly anything with wings. And I'm not doing it.

(off Louis' look)

Consider it. We break...

(lower tone, close)

...break out. Get to the airport. Find the plane. Say we get as far as the end of a runway.

(MORE)

FRANK TINKER (CONT'D)

Whoops, gas tank isn't full. Crash into the sea--  
 (shakes his head)  
 Come off it. We're talking a wave of impossibility here.

Louis looks up to the watch towers. Various guards walking. Frank still looks at him, low toned.

FRANK TINKER (CONT'D)

It's not like I haven't taken the matter under consideration myself. Time and again, in fact. Impossible. Not just for us. If we manage an escape, you hear what the guards do. Line up ten men and shoot.

LOUIS' POV

taking in the guards. One guard catches his eye contact.

FRANK TINKER

You don't know these people.

LOUIS

staring a hole in the guard.

JAMES SASAKI (V.O.)

Sit, Louis. I'm sure you have many questions.

INT. JAMES SASAKI'S OFFICE - HEADQUARTERS - DAY (**FLASHBACK**)

Louis still wears the same hurt expression on his face.

As he sits, he fails to look at James Sasaki, who perches himself on the edge of his desk, leaning in close.

Sasaki places his hand on his knee for leverage. Smiling. Studying Louis. Long beat.

JAMES SASAKI

There are some things I feel you deserve to know about.

Louis looks up, meeting Sasaki's eye.

JAMES SASAKI (CONT'D)

All the time I went to colleges, 'SC included, in the United States, I was speaking with Japanese communities.

LOUIS

(slowly)

I remember. You lectured to the  
Torrance Japanese district.

JAMES SASAKI

And to Carson. And Gardena. And  
Lomita. Yes, yes. I lectured to  
the Japanese. I wanted to admonish  
them to maintain their Japanese  
culture. In short, to keep them  
faithful to the homeland.

LOUIS

(not understanding)

They were American citizens.

Sasaki quickly breaks eye contact, stands up and looks to the  
window, overlooking the common area.

JAMES SASAKI

Oh, I was never an American  
citizen, Louie. Japan's a poor  
country. I told my fellows, "send  
money home to your poor families in  
a country that needs your help." I  
taught them how to save every  
available piece of cigarette wrap  
and gum wrappers. For the war  
effort.

LOUIS

For bullets. For the Japanese. To  
fire at Americans.

Long beat. Sasaki studies the going-on's out the window.  
His thoughts, however, are elsewhere. His smile returns.

JAMES SASAKI

Oh, how I used to loving having  
breakfast at the student union.  
Ham and eggs, bacon, sausage,  
coffee. I enjoyed American food.

Louis looks down to his feet. Trying to keep his mind off of  
any sort of food in his skeletal state.

James is still reminiscing.

JAMES SASAKI (CONT'D)

I especially miss San Pedro beach.  
Long Beach with Harry Read from  
school.

(MORE)

JAMES SASAKI (CONT'D)

(beat)

Some of my happiest moments, in  
fact. Moments I'd rather remember.

LOUIS

James.

Sasaki quickly turns out, looks to Louis. Almost stern.

JAMES SASAKI

Admiral Sasaki now, Louis.

(long beat, no answer, as  
he sits behind his desk)

We'll be seeing each other again  
from time to time.

They now sit across the desk from each other. No words  
spoken. Wartime borders have been put up.

These two no longer friends.

LOUIS

A strange world we live in.

END OF TEASER



MAIN TITLES

FADE IN:

EXT. COMMON AREA - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - DAY

Louis, Phil and Frank Tinker move through the line for chow. Their turn approaching, what they see ahead of them is disgusting.

MOMENTS LATER

They sit on the steps of a barrack. Looking down into their tin plates.

LOUIS

We did ask for meat, didn't we?

The men are too sick to answer.

Finally, we see. Spoiled fish that is covered with thousands of moving maggots.

PHIL

tries picking his off. He doesn't get too far. Leans over. Immediately throws up.

A GUARD sees this and walks over, barking.

OFUNA GUARD

(right in Louis' face)

Eat!

Louis looks up.

LOUIS

I can't eat it.

The Guard raises his bayoneted rifle in Louis' face. Holds the bayonet behind his ear.

OFUNA GUARD

You eat.

Long beat.

LOUIS

You eat it.

With a flick of the bayonet, Louis is cut behind his ear. Drops the fish and grabs for the wound. Blood streams down.

## OFUNA GUARD

You...eat.

Louis, his hand pressed against his wound, reaches in the mud and pulls out the fish. Never breaking his eye contact with the guard. Wipes it off and begins to chew.

The guard walks off. Once out of sight, Louis defiantly spits it out.

EXT. BARRACKS - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - DAY

Quiet. The weather has turned cold. Snow on the ground.

LOUIS' LEG,

shaking. Sitting on a bench along the barracks.

WIDE

Other prisoners, Phil and Frank Tinker among others, sit, looking out.

Guards walk to and fro, keeping an eye.

Louis holds one hand over his knee. Then uses his other hand to tap on the knee. Another tap and another.

Weird.

Then Frank taps his leg. Tap. Tap tap. Tap.

Strange.

Louis and Frank look to each other. Nod.

Then, a tap from Phil now. Tap tap. Tap tap.

They're communicating through Morse Code. The only way they can communicate.

INT. BARRACK - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - NIGHT

Lights out.

A guard on night patrol walks with a flashlight. The prisoners are asleep in their separate cells.

Comes to the end and walks out, heading to the next barrack.

Move in on Phil's cell, adjacent to Louis'.

PHIL  
Wake up, Zamp.

Louis has his head on the straw pillow. Eyes closed.

LOUIS  
Wasn't asleep.

He raises his head to face Phil.

PHIL  
I'm being transferred. In the  
morning to an officer's camp.

Louis comes to a slow realization.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BARRACK - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - THE NEXT MORNING

Through the cell window, Louis watches as Phil is being escorted out by guards.

PHIL (V.O.)  
Sure as shit hate to leave you  
here. On your own.

Phil turns around, doesn't find who he's looking for.  
Looking toward the barracks.

PHIL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
You'll take care of yourself. Like  
you did for me these past months.

Turns around and continues walking. Turns the corner through  
the front gate and is out of sight.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOREST - NEAR OFUNA PRISON CAMP - VARIOUS - DAY

Winter has passed. Now spring. The trees still carry snow  
upon their branches. Birds still flutter about.

TITLE:

**1944**

EXT. COMMON AREA - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - DAY

A MAN

has his hand out, shaking various prisoner's hands.

He walks with a limp.

MAJOR BOYINGTON  
 (as he goes down the line)  
 Nice to meet  
 you...pleasure...pleasure...

The handshakes end at Louis. Shaking.

MAJOR BOYINGTON (CONT'D)  
 Pleasure. Major Boyington.

MAJOR GREGORY "PAPPY" BOYINGTON

30, famous flying ace of the Marine Corps.

LOUIS  
 "Pappy" Boyington. Know all about  
 you. Heard you had bit of a rough-  
 up in Truk.

MAJOR BOYINGTON  
 Before that, actually. Wanted to  
 know what I knew, of course.  
 (beat)  
 And you are?

LOUIS  
 Louie. Zamperini.

MAJOR BOYINGTON  
 An honor. Heard about you missing  
 in action tale some time ago. Some  
 story you must have to tell.

LOUIS  
 (long beat)  
 Not really.

LATER

LOUIS' POV

as they watch the various guards. They are pointing them  
 out.

MAJOR BOYINGTON  
What about him?

LOUIS  
They all basically have nicknames  
that we use. There's--  
(pointing to each guard,  
they look like their  
nicknames)  
--Swivel Neck. The Canary over  
there. Metal Mouth of course.  
Shithead. The Quack is the doctor  
around here. Hirayama. I actually  
know his name.

Sitting on the bench. Watching.

MAJOR BOYINGTON  
How long you been here?

LOUIS  
Last fall.

MAJOR BOYINGTON  
Jesus. Must have been torture.

LOUIS  
We all have problems. We deal with  
it.

INT. BARRACK - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - NIGHT

They share a cell next to each other. Phil's old cell.

MAJOR BOYINGTON  
Marriage. Forget about it. How  
old are you?

LOUIS  
Twenty-six.

MAJOR BOYINGTON  
Never get married, kid.  
(shaking his head)  
Fucking women and their needs. Now  
I get the pleasure of sitting  
through a lengthy divorce.

LOUIS  
Happens.

EXT. COMMON AREA - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - DAY

Walking.

MAJOR BOYINGTON

There are times. I don't care if I live or die. I feel that way when I was up there shooting those yellow bastards. I have this, I don't know, desire to win. Your a runner, so you know.

LOUIS

That's what makes you good up there. Not caring and hating to lose.

Beat.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Maybe that's why the divorce is so tough. You hate to lose.

EXT. BARRACKS - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - DAY

They sit. Taking in the spring breeze. In the distance, Metal Mouth and Swivel Neck are walking through the common area, screaming to the prisoners.

METAL MOUTH (O.S.)

Clark Gable got killed over Africa!

Boyington and Louis choose to ignore.

LOUIS

Wonder what the world looks like out there.

MAJOR BOYINGTON

Probably the same. 'Cept women now working in factories. Playing on baseball fields. Hoping to God their men come home.

Metal Mouth approaches. Ready to taunt. Real idiots, these guards.

METAL MOUTH (O.S.)

(as he approaches)

Hey! Hey! I gotta good one for you!

They both watch as the guards approach.

LOUIS

The war effort puts everything behind. Wonder what my Mom and Dad are doing right about now and--

METAL MOUTH

Guess what?! We just invaded San Francisco!

(to Major Boyington)

Did you hear me?!

MAJOR BOYINGTON

(stern)

I don't give a shit.

Metal Mouth savagely sucker punches Boyington. He collapses. Metal Mouth gets in Boyington's face. Spit flying.

METAL MOUTH

I said Shirley Temple had an abortion. She dead!!

The guards laugh uproariously to themselves. They leave to partake in more taunting elsewhere.

Boyington stands up, his lip running red with blood. Bruised cheek.

Louis watches, not motioning to help.

LOUIS

Gotta play by your own rules, don't you?

MAJOR BOYINGTON

(managing a smile)

You know it.

INT. GUARD'S OFFICE - HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Louis stands over a seated guard.

THE GUARD'S BIG HEAD

fills the frame.

Louis is trying to figure out how to trim it.

He is the new barber.

Metal Mouth walks past, inspects, then walks up to Louis.

METAL MOUTH

Whats-a-matter? Thought you cut hair.

LOUIS

I'm just thinking I--

METAL MOUTH

Cut hair! You want rice ball?!

Louis holds eye contact a beat, raises the scissors and begins to cut the seated guard's hair.

THE GUARD'S BIG HEAD

as the hair is sheared off, a little at a time.

MOMENTS LATER

Finished. The guard rubs his head, happily. The hair has been clipped down to the scalp. He smiles and grunts an approval. Stops. Looks to Louis.

GUARD

Forehead.

LOUIS

(long beat)

There's no hair.

Sits back in the chair. Louis pulls out the straight razor. Studies it for a moment. The guard has his back completely turned to Louis.

The guard senses something and turns to Louis. Louis quickly recovers and begins the arduous task of shaving the man's forehead.

SMASH CUT TO:

ANOTHER GUARD

Another haircut. Louis cuts with amateurish precision. Makes a presentation out of it.

CUT TO:

THE HAIRCUT FINISHED

The guard hands Louis the rice ball.

CUT TO:



ANOTHER GUARD

Another haircut. So on.

LATER

Louis is shaking the hair out of the barber's cape. Looks up to the door and shakes his head. Defiant.

LOUIS  
You didn't pay me last time.

We see come in the door the WEASEL, a guard who's very nature is worthy of his nickname. He flops in the chair, much to Louis' protest.

WEASEL  
Yeah? I pay you later. Shave it low.

Louis thinks a minute to himself. Contemplating. Shakes out the barber's cape one last time and goes to work.

LOUIS  
Fine.

LOUIS

as he trims.

WEASEL

has his eyes closed. Relaxed. Tuning everything out, especially the trimming.

MOMENTS LATER

Louis has put the finishing touches on the Weasel's shave and haircut.

LOUIS  
Finished.

The Weasel sits up comfortable. We don't see the outcome of the man's face just yet.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
(holding out his hand)  
If you don't mind now.

Weasel looks to Louis for a beat. Makes a "ppffft" sound and is out the door, collecting his coat on the way out.

Louis leans against the chair. Not surprised. Waiting for the punishment to come.

Suddenly...

SCREAMING AND LAUGHTER are heard from outside.

Louis drops everything and runs out the door.

EXT. HEADQUARTERS - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - CONTINUOUS

Louis races out the front door to see the Weasel surrounded in a circle of fellow guards. They're laughing their asses off and pointing.

The Weasel looks up to Louis. We finally see the hubbub.

WEASEL'S EYEBROWS

have been trimmed down very thin. Pencil line thin.

And the Weasel is dying with laughter. Smiling right at Louis.

WEASEL  
Marlene Dietrich! Marlene  
Dietrich! Love it!

The Weasel laughs out loud, loving the attention given.

Louis is beside himself, simply watching. A long-deserved smile emerges from his face.

INT. JAMES SASAKI'S OFFICE - HEADQUARTERS - DAY

JAMES SASAKI

stands at the window, a statue of a man. The clock on the wall loudly ticks by.

LOUIS

sits in the same chair before the desk. Head down.

Silence.

LOUIS  
Why am I still here? Why am I not  
at an officer's camp like Russ  
Phillips?

No answer.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

The men's hopes are faltering. You see that. Less punishment. Better food.

JAMES SASAKI

(shaking his head)

The beatings, Louie. We have to keep rigid discipline in these camps. I'll see what I can do.

Long beat.

LOUIS

James. That's not good enough. You need to understand what these men are going through.

JAMES SASAKI

Nothing more than they deserve.

The sound of animals calling in the wild are heard.

EXT. FOREST - NEAR OFUNA PRISON CAMP - DAY

Animals have come out of hibernation. Spring has arrived. A beautiful image.

INT. BARRACK - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - NIGHT

DUVA AND MEAD,

prisoners assigned to kitchen detail, walk down the line of cells. In Mead's hand is a rice ball.

Approaches Louis' cell. Louis is sleeping uncomfortably as always on the paper mat. Low...

MEAD

Zamp.

Louis stirs, looking up. Mead hands the rice ball to him through the cell bars.

MEAD (CONT'D)

Miss you out there on the track.  
You were fast back in the 'SC days.

The look in Louis' eyes is beyond description. Men who barely know each other, pulling together simply to survive.

Mead leaves. Louis holds the precious rice ball in his hand and begins to devour.

EXT. COMMON AREA - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - MORNING

Chow time. Or lack of it.

Louis and Boyington are in line. Boyington is yawning with a wide mouth. Louis just stares.

MAJOR BOYINGTON

That Sasaki friend of yours is one sharp guy.

LOUIS

No friend of mine, Pappy.

MAJOR BOYINGTON

The interviews that he keeps putting me under are strenuous. His attitude is starting to change. I know why.

LOUIS

(pause)

What do you know?

MAJOR BOYINGTON

Things on the outside aren't going as planned for these Japs. Battles are turning sour.

LOUIS

(sarcastic)

Feel bad for them already. We need concrete information.

MAJOR BOYINGTON

How do we do that?

LOUIS,

gets an idea, looks around, searching for a certain prisoner.

BILL HARRIS (V.O.)

Like I said, you put a scrap of paper in front of me--

MOMENTS LATER

On the bench next to the barrack is Bill Harris, eating. Surrounding him are Boyington and Louis.

BILL HARRIS

--I'll have it memorized in an instant.

LOUIS  
Good to hear.

A weird peculiar sound comes from Louis' stomach.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
Shit. Sorry.

MAJOR BOYINGTON  
The hell was that?

LOUIS  
Still not getting enough to eat.

Louis looks off.

INT. BARRACK - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - NIGHT

Lights out. Prisoners are asleep.

LOUIS' CELL

He's not asleep, but rather holding his empty stomach, contorting in pain.

Looks out the window through the wood bars. Sees a lone guard on patrol checking all the barracks. Moves on. And then gone.

A decision made.

MOMENTS LATER

Louis tip-toes the length of the barrack, connected to his destination. Keeping a good eye out.

INT. KITCHEN - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

A pitch-black kitchen, illuminated only by the moonlight coming from a distant window. Pots and pans hang, porcelain glints. An eerie feeling.

Suddenly, among the darkness, there is movement.

Louis steps into the kitchen. Looking around and finally sees it.

A CANNED CONTAINER OF FOOD,  
specified for the Japanese navy.

Still wary of his surroundings, he lunges for it and begins to stuff himself, spoon in hand.

Eating more than he can possibly handle. He's in paradise at this very moment. Trying to muffle his own pleasures.

The passage of time is not certain, but at that moment

LOUIS

senses something to his left. It is a figure.

A human being.

Louis doesn't turn immediately. He swallows the last of it, and slowly turns.

Standing like a statue is a Japanese guard.

SHITHEAD,

considered the worst of the guards. His rifle is held at his side, butt to the floor. Staring.

THEIR EYES

meet and neither break contact.

Louis knows he's in deep shit, and this could very well be his last moment.

Places the spoon down on a nearby cutting board as he slowly begins to inch himself away.

Never, ever breaking eye contact.

SHITHEAD

just stares, rifle at his side. No indication of movement.

LOUIS

walks backward, heel to heel, until

LOUIS' POV

as he turns a corner, putting Shithead out of sight.

INT. BARRACK - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - CONTINUOUS

Walking back to his cell with accelerated pace. The tension in Louis' eyes are plainly evident. He's terrified.

EXT. COMMON AREA - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - THE NEXT MORNING

LOUIS

still carries that terrified look in his eyes, as he paces back and forth.

Looking at the various guards, conversing and smoking with each other.

A slow realization is building. The guards aren't screaming. No one is calling for his name. Everything seems like just another day. Louis is at a loss for words.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. BARRACKS - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - MORNING

Spring sunlight. A peaceful-looking patch of green set slightly away from the prisoners.

A CHERRY TREE GROWS

on this spot. Small but comforting in this bleak environment. A chair and a small table have been set up under the tree.

Walking up is an elderly Japanese man, the commandant of Ofuna, nicknamed by the Americans, THE MUMMY. Carrying with him is a cup of tea and a morning newspaper.

He slaps the newspaper down on the table, takes a sip from his tea and sits down to enjoy the comfort of his time alone.

MUMMY

opens the paper, the *Mainichi Shinbun*, and begins reading. Bad news immediately. His brow furrows.

Shaking his head. Something is troubling the old man.

A DISTANCE AWAY

Behind a corner of the barrack, someone is watching the Mummy, with great interest.

LOUIS

watches all of this. A rake in his hand. On yard detail. Sees the importance of the paper and quickly hatches an idea.

Comes out of his hiding place and rakes along his path toward the Mummy.

As he approaches, the Mummy makes no recognition of Louis' presence.

Louis goes about his business, never taking his eyes off the paper.

This could go on for a few minutes. Mummy reading. Louis raking. Keeps a wary eye on any guard looking in on this moment. Nothing important.

Finally.

LOUIS

finds the all-important opening. The Mummy is dozing off.

THE NEWSPAPER

falls carelessly to the ground.

LOUIS' EYES

go wide. Looks to the Mummy. The Mummy isn't moving, save the breathing of his wide stomach.

THE RAKE

slowly extends toward the newspaper, making every inch toward as quiet as possible.

Finally.

Snags it and rakes it back, pretending it's nothing more than trash. Crumples it up. Begins raking excess grass and leaves along with the newspaper slowly from the sleeping Mummy and turns a corner.

EXT. LATRINE - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - CONTINUOUS

Sees that the coast is clear, tosses the rake to the side, unwads the newspaper and begins reading.

The entire text is in Japanese. Not promising. But sees maps with arrows. Important.



INT. BARRACK - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

THE CRUMPLED NEWSPAPER

is shoved into the hands of Bill Harris. Harris looks up at Louis for a beat, then calls to one of the prisoners...

BILL HARRIS

(hurried)

Taylor, take look-out on the door.  
Zamp, call the officers in.

MOMENTS LATER

The officers, Harris, and Louis are around the map. Various prisoners are looking out the windows.

Harris is a genius when it comes to deciphering. Studies with intensity.

BILL HARRIS

(indicating the newspaper)

Zamp, how do you spell the name of the island you were on when you came in from the Marshalls?

LOUIS

(thinking, eyes closed,  
quickly)

K-W-A-J-A-L-E-I-N. Have they taken it?

BILL HARRIS

(not looking up, still  
reading)

Long ago, looks like. Apparently we're launching attacks from there on all the other islands, leading right to Japan.

Louis steps aside, looks out the window. Imagining the possibilities of Kwajalein taken. The smile on his face is unimaginable.

OFFICER

All it takes is some time, I guess.

BILL HARRIS

Yeah.

OFFICER

(to Harris)

Lieutenant.

(MORE)

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Can you make a sketch of this of  
the Allied advance from memory?

BILL HARRIS

Yes, sir, I can.

OFFICER

(to Louis)

Zamperini, get this paper out of  
the barracks. Quickly as you can  
do it.

Harris takes one last deep look, then crumples it up, handing  
the wad back to Louis, who is immediately out the door.

HARRIS' HAND

quickly draws an almost exact replica of the newspaper map.

LOUIS' HAND,

carrying the wad of newspaper, walks to an outdoor trash  
pile. Tosses it in, becoming another piece of waste.

HARRIS' MAP,

now complete. A perfect replica. The map is one of beauty.  
Hands fold it tight and lifts it.

LATER

HARRIS

walks to the end of the barrack, finds a tight crawl space  
under a cell and stuffs the paper under. Makes sure it's not  
detectable to the naked eye. It's not. Walks away.

UNDER THE FLOORBOARD,

the map awaits hopeful Allied eyes.

CUT TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK

a variety of boots smacking against wood floorboard, with  
inevitable approach.

CUT FROM BLACK:

INT. BARRACK - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - DAY

The doors burst open and the guards file in, walking the length of the barrack. Tossing everything in sight. Surprise inspection.

EXT. COMMON AREA - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - CONTINUOUS

Prisoners, Louis, Boyington and Harris included, stand around. They hear the commotion of the barracks being turned upside down. It's common by now.

INT. BARRACK - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - CONTINUOUS

THE QUACK,

a Japanese guard and camp doctor paces, calmly smoking a cigarette. Quietly sadistic. Studies every cell. Trying to find anything suspect.

Shithead takes particular pleasure in disrupting the prisoner's few belongings.

THE QUACK

stops pacing when he feels something under the heel of his boot. The plank of wood looks disturbed. Looks to Shithead, who has been observing. Shithead stands and immediately walks over to inspect.

EXT. COMMON AREA - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - CONTINUOUS

Suddenly, it becomes silent inside.

Louis and others pause and immediately know that something is wrong.

SHITHEAD

walks out, runs down the steps and screams...

SHITHEAD

Line up! Inspection!!!

The prisoners do so in a quick and orderly fashion. Lined up next to Louis is Harris.

Harris looks nervous.

Down the steps, following Shithead, are the Quack and other guards, walking toward the prisoners.

They mean business as they approach.

THE QUACK

steps up mere inches from Harris' face. Eyeball to eyeball.

Harris doesn't break concentration.

Suddenly, as if in on a secret, Quack's eyes divert down to something he is holding in his hand.

HARRIS

looks down. Before he looks, he already knows what it is. It pains him to see

HIS HAND-DRAWN MAP

in the hands of the enemy.

One. Long. Beat.

In an instant, a fist is planted in Harris' face. Blood spurts out of his broken nose. Goes down like a rag doll.

HARRIS

tries to stand. He can't. Louis, next to him, reaches to help.

THE QUACK

shoots a viperous look toward Louis. Do not help that man.

Louis, mustering all of his strength, backs off.

Harris stands, taking the beating. Possibly not sure what is happening at this moment.

Another punch lands on the cheek. Harris' face contorts to the right, flinging him off his feet.

THE QUACK

shakes loose his fists, cracks his neck, ready to cause more damage.

Smiling as he approaches Harris, barking an order to his guards in Japanese. Stands over Harris.

The guards hold their rifles out to the prisoners at the ready.

## THE PRISONERS

tighten their own fists, holding back their emotions to stop this moment from happening.

Unfortunately, this is happening.

## HARRIS

has one knee buried deep in the mud, one arm extended, trying to get up. He's already been beaten to a pulp.

Quack isn't going to let him off that easy. Standing over Harris, he comes up with a thought in his limited mind.

Reaches for a heavy nearby piece of cherrywood. Feels the weight in his hands.

## LOUIS

watches this from a held back distance. This is simply too much.

## QUACK

raises it over his head like a club with both hands.

## HARRIS

looks out of the corner of his good eye to Louis and the others. His head is lowered.

## THE CHERRYWOOD

comes down with an epic thud on Harris' back. SNAP! Immediately, his entire body is in the mud.

Over and over come the thuds down on Harris.

His face is buried in the wet dirt. Not sure if the man is alive by this point.

The Quack is taking sadistic pleasure in his pain.

It's sickening.

## A FEW GUARDS

turn from the faces of the prisoners to the proceedings. No emotion written on their faces.

BOYINGTON AND LOUIS

can't express words. They must look on, regardless. They look into the faces of the guards.

Stripped of their humanity. There is nothing that can be done.

The sounds of the beating continue.

Louis looks up to the headquarters building. Sees a figure in the window.

INT. COMMANDANT'S OFFICE - HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

THE MUMMY

stands at the window. Hands held tightly behind his back. Curiously watching. He will not be intervening.

EXT. COMMON AREA - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - CONTINUOUS

One of the guards, CONGA JOE, walks along the prisoners line. He is testing the men. Randomly slapping at the prisoners.

CONGA JOE

I said, at attention, you sons of  
bitches! Your soldiers, act like  
it!

The beating continues off-screen. Labored breathing is heard.

CONGA JOE

comes face to face with Major Boyington. Boyington carries with him no expression for this man.

Conga Joe, however, doesn't care.

CONGA JOE

The fuck are you looking at?!

Belts Boyington across the face. Boyington tries his best to hold his tears back. Everything is coming to the surface.

Conga Joe grabs Boyington by the cheeks and violently turns his head to face the beating.

CONGA JOE (CONT'D)

(sadistically soothing)

You see that?! You see that? You  
watch...watch.

BOYINGTON

shuts his eyes. Tears stream down his cheek.

THE CHERRYWOOD

plops grotesquely in the mud. Blood, human hair and pieces of cloth cling into the rhythm of the wood.

A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY

The Quack stumbles to a nearby bench. Collapses, catching his breath. Giggles to himself. Looks back at the mess he's made.

Silence.

WIDE

Finally, we see

HARRIS

buried in the mud. His body lays half-in, half-out. His face is not even recognizable. He does not move.

The prisoners look on, the guards holding them off.

The spring wind rushes through the common area, kicking up a dust cloud.

Still, Harris doesn't move.

CONGA JOE

watches from the prisoner line.

LOUIS

just stares, holding back his true feelings for his captors.

And finally...

HARRIS' LEG

twitches out of the mud as he begins to stir.

The Quack looks down, puts his hands together, shaking his head. Stands up, and strolls away. Not a care in the world.

Conga Joe turns to Louis. Their eyes meet for an instant. It seems Conga Joe can read the emotions on Louis' face.

CONGA JOE

Go. Get him.

Conga Joe walks off. The guards disperse.

In an instant, the prisoners race to Harris' aid. Louis and other fellow officers lift Harris tenderly and carry him into the barrack.

INT. BARRACK - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - VARIOUS - MOMENTS LATER

Very rough feeling.

Louis and other officers carry Harris to his cell. Place him very gently on the tatami mat.

OFFICER

Get his clothes off...what's left  
of it....careful. Careful.

Louis tears the shirt open. Revealing the loose flesh of his back. God awful in every way possible. Once his clothes have been pulled off, the final horrific image is given to them.

His buttocks have been beaten so horrendously, shades of pure black and some lesser areas, dark purple.

HARRIS' EYES

blink through the pain.

He's alive, but who would want to be in this case?

The men take a long moment to observe the inhumanity laid out before them.

Louis tenses up, holding Boyington close as his tears just don't stop.

LOUIS

(biting his lip)

C'mon, guys. Let's do what we can.

The men look to him. He looks up.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

He's still our brother.

They begin to comfort Bill Harris.



EXT. COMMON AREA - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - THE NEXT MORNING

The prisoners are lined up. Morning roll call. Guards walk up and down the line.

LOUIS AND BOYINGTON ARE AMONG THEM

something catches their eye as they look up toward the barrack door.

Out of the door, being slowly helped down by an officer, is Bill Harris.

Somehow still alive. And proudly approaching the line.

THE GUARDS

watch this with curiosity. How is this possible?

Harris takes his place at the line next to Boyington and Louis. A long beat as the men look Harris up and down.

BILL HARRIS

I'm a marine. You were there for me. I'm here for you now.

Louis appraises Bill Harris.

LOUIS

Never give them the satisfaction.

BILL HARRIS

Never.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. BARRACK - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - DAY

Louis is looking out the window toward the front gate as a new prisoner is being brought in. Peculiar. The prisoner is being wheeled in on a wooden chair, on account he only has one leg.

Louis turns to Boyington, watching as well.

LOUIS

New guy.

Through the door, bursts Shithead, followed by two other guards. Smiling at Louis.

Long beat.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

What?

SHITHEAD

Come with me. You have exercise detail today.

EXT. COMMON AREA - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - LATER

The common area has been cleared of the benches and other trash. The prisoners are out and about, a sense of anticipation in the air.

Louis is speaking with Boyington and other officers. Rubbing his shoulders. Somehow trying to stretch his brittle body into some sort of shape. He looks worried.

LOUIS

Fellas, there's no way.

OFFICER

Zamp, just humor these sons of bitches. There's no talking yourself out of this one.

Louis looks out, and takes a deep breath.

MOMENTS LATER

Louis is still breathing, but this time is at the center of a half-assed race put together by the Japanese guards. He is racing a local runner. Tall and lanky, and seemingly fast.

The prisoners are cheering on Louis.

Among the prisoners stands FRED GARRETT, the man with the one leg who had entered the camp earlier.

The race is close. Louis is completely out of shape, but realizes he still has that winning spirit that makes victories.

BILL HARRIS

watches from the steps of the barrack. Looks better, but no less mentally there.

The guards are watching, shouting on their local runner.

The local runner is ahead of Louis, but is soon becoming tired.

Louis sees his advantage. Looks to Boyington as he passes. Smiles. Boyington shakes his head no.

Louis doesn't pay attention...

...and pulls ahead of the local runner with expert precision.

LOUIS

feels free for the first time in forever. His legs remember their old methods. He paces himself quickly ahead of the competition.

The race is easily over.

Louis crosses the marker of the finish line. Followed mere seconds by the local runner.

The prisoners race for Louis. Congratulations from every direction. Hands shaking.

THE MUMMY

watches from the steps of the headquarters. Shakes his head and walks inside.

Through the crowd comes Fred Garrett.

FRED GARRETT  
(over the crowd)  
Lieutenant, I'm Fred Garrett. I  
was at Kwajalein--!

Louis can't hear over the crowd. Still shaking hands, half-attention.

LOUIS  
Say again!

FRED GARRETT  
(slower, louder)  
I was at Kwajalein. I've been  
looking for you.

Louis turns and stops shaking hands to face Garrett. This has his attention.

LOUIS  
When?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COMMON AREA - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - SUNSET

The race long over. Louis and Garrett sit on the bench, sharing a quiet conversation. Garrett is telling his story.

FRED GARRETT

I was a B-24 pilot. Had a similar experience like you in that I crashed over the Pacific. Most of my men survived the long trek back to Kwajalein. Once we got there, they didn't last long.

Long beat.

Louis knows what that means on Kwajalein.

Garrett shakes his head.

FRED GARRETT (CONT'D)

Why they didn't take me down, I'll never know.

(looking down)

My ankle was injured. Became infected pretty quick. So, they arranged a meeting between me and the hacksaw.

(to himself, under his breath)

Sons of bitches.

Louis can do nothing but listen. Nothing can bury the pain that Garrett must have endured.

FRED GARRETT (CONT'D)

I was locked up there for a piece. Like an animal. But then one night, I looked to the wall.

Louis looks up and locks eyes.

FRED GARRETT (CONT'D)

Your name was there along with the marines.

LOUIS

The nine.

FRED GARRETT

Yeah. Knew who you were because you got a lot of publicity when you went missing in action.

Louis can't put the words together. He looks at Garrett, simply amazed.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BARRACK - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - NIGHT

Louis lays in his cell, cramped up on his mat. Looks up, lost in thought.

EXT. OFUNA PRISON CAMP - CONTINUOUS

From the barracks, up above into the night sky we go, away from Ofuna Prison Camp.

DISSOLVE TO:

Passing the rolling hills nearby and toward the Japanese coastline of Japan itself.

NEWSREEL NARRATOR (V.O.)  
A little flag hangs today in the  
'memory corner' of a Pacific air  
base barracks for--

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - NIGHT

Flying over the beautiful wide Pacific at night, heading east.

NEWSREEL NARRATOR (V.O.)  
--Lieutenant Lou Zamperini and his  
dream of future miles...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - SUNRISE

Farther east now. The sun is rising in the east.

The voice of a second newsreel narrator fades in.

SECOND NEWSREEL NARRATOR (V.O.)  
...famed Olympic and Torrance hero  
has turned in his Service  
wings...Zamperini, as far as can be  
determined, has made the supreme  
sacrifice...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TORRANCE, CALIFORNIA - MORNING

Flying now over the familiar city of Torrance. We are flying right over a United States Army vehicle that has crossed our path, on it's way somewhere.

TITLE:

**June 1944**

FAMILY FRIEND'S LETTER (V.O.)

...Dear Mrs. Zamperini, we heard over the radio and read in our papers that Louie was reported missing May 27, 1943. We are all so distressed and do hope that--

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GRAMERCY STREET - TORRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Flying right along with the United States Army vehicle as it drives slowly through the suburban street. It's destination unknown.

PASSING VARIOUS HOUSES,

we see families outside watch as the vehicle passes them. Hoping to God the vehicle doesn't stop at their home.

FAMILY FRIEND'S LETTER (V.O.)

--news will come of Louie's whereabouts and that somewhere, somehow, he is all right...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ZAMPERINI HOME - TORRANCE, CALIFORNIA - CONTINUOUS

THE FRONT DOOR

of the porch of the Zamperini home. Hanging in the window is the "Sons in Service" flag. The flag is red bordered with two blue stars in the center.

ANOTHER FAMILY FRIEND'S LETTER (V.O.)

...Dear Mrs. Zamperini, I had read of your son being missing, then gone. I am praying and hoping for you that--

Over this, the sound of car doors shutting is heard in the background.

## APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS

belong to a pair of spit-shined boots walking up the pathway.

ANOTHER FAMILY FRIEND'S LETTER (V.O.)  
 --there may be good news yet. My  
 son, Howard--

## A HAND KNOCKING

on the front door. The door opens revealing Louise and Anthony Zamperini, both dressed in their bathrobes. They look up to the men standing before them.

ANOTHER FAMILY FRIEND'S LETTER  
 --was killed January 23, 1942, off  
 the Atlantic coast...

The voice of the final letter slowly fades away.

## THE UNIFORMED MEN

hand an envelope to Louise. Give the proper salute and walk away without another word.

Silence fills the moment as the vehicle departs.

## LOUISE AND ANTHONY

look at each other, then up. Across the street, neighbors watch them. Knowing the worst has come.

Anthony escorts Louise into the house, shutting the door behind him.

## INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI HOME - MOMENTS LATER

A clock ticks, the only sound breaking the silence of the room.

Louise and Anthony sit, each in their separate chairs, in a complete daze. Neither seems to have moved because it might prove to be too painful.

The letter sits on a side table, laid out and opened.

## LOUISE,

too heartbroken to say a word, simply shuffles out of her chair and leaves her husband for the bedroom. A beat, then the door is heard closing off-screen.

Anthony pines himself and courageous picks up the letter and reads it.

THE OFFICIAL DEATH NOTICE

*"IN GRATEFUL MEMORY OF  
 First Lieutenant Louis S. Zamperini,  
 A.S. No 0-663341,  
 WHO DIED IN THE SERVICE OF HIS COUNTRY  
 in the Central Pacific Area,  
 May 28, 1944.  
 HE STANDS IN THE UNBROKEN LINE OF PATRIOTS WHO HAVE DARED TO  
 DIE SO THAT FREEDOM MIGHT LIVE, AND GROW,  
 AND INCREASE ITS BLESSINGS.  
 FREEDOM LIVES, AND THROUGH IT,  
 HE LIVES - IN A WAY THAT HUMBLER THE UNDERTAKINGS OF MOST MEN  
 Franklin D. Roosevelt,  
 President of the United States  
 of America."*

Anthony finishes and very finely folds the letter back up and places it on the table.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ZAMPERINI HOME - TORRANCE, CALIFORNIA - THAT AFTERNOON

On the front porch, Anthony sits watching as Louise is sewing something onto the Service flag that hung in the window.

Louise doesn't look up to face Anthony. Only continues sewing.

LOUISE  
 This doesn't mean I accept the  
 truth. Still, I'm doing it just  
 the same.

Anthony doesn't say a word. He couldn't even find the words.

Louise finishes and hangs the Service flag back in the window.

THE SERVICE FLAG

The top star remains blue, while the bottom star is now sewn over in gold.

CUT TO BLACK:



OVER BLACK

marching over gravel.

TITLE:

**September 30th, 1944**

CUT FROM BLACK:

EXT. FRONT GATE - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - DAY

THE MUDDY FEET OF MEN

walking out of the front gate of Ofuna Prison.

Twelve prisoners march out, led by guards.

LOUIS

among them, looks back before leaving the confines of Ofuna.

LOUIS' POV

looking at the dead world he is leaving behind.

THE FACES OF THE PRISONERS

he is leaving behind. Just another day for them.

INT. JAMES SASAKI'S OFFICE - HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Sasaki works on paperwork at his desk. He is oblivious to Louis leaving the camp. Another day for him, as well.

The sound of a train chugging along somewhere.

EXT. TRAIN - JAPANESE COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

A train is cutting through the Japanese countryside on it's way through a cut-down forest. Dead vegetation.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. APPROACHING OMORI PRISON CAMP - LATER THAT DAY (AERIAL)

A line of prisoners, accompanied by the guards, walk across a small bridge. Up ahead, we fly over the large wooden gates, into the prison of Omori, the Tokyo headquarters of thirty other POW compounds, home to 600 hundred prisoners.

The wind blows fierce. Winter will soon be making an appearance.

TITLE:

**Arrival At Omori Prison Camp**

We continue over the headquarters building. Right toward the front door that doesn't open. When we're coming close to impact, we

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. COMMON AREA - OMORI PRISON CAMP - CONTINUOUS

Louis and other new prisoners stagger in the cold, trying to maintain a footing.

TWO GUARDS,

holding rifles, line up the prisoners.

OMORI GUARD #1  
(Japanese)  
Attention! Form a line!

Louis and the others snap at attention as best as one can be expected. They hold the attention for what looks to be nothing.

WIDE

The wind blows, chilling everything. The prisoners hold their attention.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COMMON AREA - OMORI PRISON CAMP - VARIOUS - TEN MINUTES LATER

Bitter cold.

The prisoners still hold their attention.

The guards still hold their rifles on the prisoners. Even they are starting to show signs of strain.

Guards on the watch towers shiver, cupping their hands together.

THE HEADQUARTERS BUILDING

stands stern, unmoving...

...until...

...the door blows open and we come face-to-face with the cruelest eyes anyone has ever seen.

WIDE

The Japanese man struts down the steps, carrying all of his five foot-seven, mid-twenties years in one arrogant prima donna-type step.

THE GUARDS

immediately tighten their sights.

The guards in the watch towers immediately forget the cold and stand straight up.

THE PRISONERS

catch sight of this man approaching out of the corner's of their eyes.

THEIR POV

of the man is dressed head to toe in his khaki green uniform and enlisted man's hat. Wears a sword at his side, baggy pants and spit-shined shoes. Ever the professional sergeant.

This is Sergeant Matsuhiko Watanabe, disciplinary NCO, functional head of Omori.

Louis will call him THE BIRD.

THE BIRD

walks up and down, pacing, studying the faces of each of the new prisoners.

Each of the prisoners hold their eyes straight ahead, not daring to meet eyes with this man.

The Bird immediately comes within mere inches of the face of a SEAMAN prisoner. Before the Seaman knows what is happening, The Bird is screaming.

THE BIRD

You do not stand at attention. You move!

The slightest beat as the Seaman's eye moves.

That's all The Bird needs.

Within a second, the sword has been removed and is ready to strike the Seaman. Breathes deep. Hesitates.

Tightens the sword back to his waist.

And instead, socks the Seaman in the mouth with his fist.

The Seaman staggers, but holds himself from falling. Stands back at attention as best as he can.

The Bird mats down his uniform and continues down the line. Sees someone down the line.

SEES LOUIS.

The Bird stops, mere inches from Louis' face. The Bird has sadistically black and intense eyes.

They burn a hole in Louis.

LOUIS' EYES

break from The Bird's and casually look over his shoulder.

The Bird strikes Louis with a terribly violent WHACK across the face.

Louis is down on the ground. The Bird grabs at his throat, pulling him back up. All the while, he is still screaming...

THE BIRD

Why you no look in my eyes?!

The whole time The Bird is bringing Louis up,

LOUIS

is becoming more and more light-headed. His 90 pound girth is simply taking too much abuse.

The Bird sets Louis back upright. Looks into The Bird's eyes.

Pure darkness behind them.

But it doesn't make any sort of difference.

The Bird whacks Louis across the face again.

THE BIRD

You no look at me!

Without missing one single beat, The Bird forgets about Louis and continues on down the line.

LOUIS

watches as The Bird walks away. Already hating the son of a bitch. Mixed in with his first real sense of fear for the first time.

THE BIRD (O.S.)  
You not stand at attention!

INT. BARRACK - OMORI PRISON CAMP - DAY

LOUIS' POV

watching out the barrack windows looking out over the common area. The Bird is in the process of inspecting the grounds.

TOM WADE (O.S.)  
See how the guards and the  
officials stand behind him?

Louis immediately turns to TOM WADE, a British prisoner he is meeting for the first time.

Louis turns back. Sure enough. The guards are walking with a sense of space between themselves and The Bird.

TOM WADE (CONT'D)  
That's not a mistake. They're just  
as scared shitless by The Bird as  
we are.  
(beat)  
We're not even sure why we call him  
The Bird.

Tom Wade looks past Louis, out the window. Trying to rationalize an answer.

TOM WADE (CONT'D)  
It's not because of any sort of  
physicality or characteristic. We  
just can't think of anything more  
rotten or derogatory to call him.  
(beat, extending hand)  
Tom, by the way. Tom Wade.

LOUIS  
Louie Zamperini. How are you?

TOM WADE  
New guy, right? Can tell by your  
cheek he took a liking to you.

Beat. Louis just stares at Wade. Not wanting to hear that. Wade looks past Louis out the window.

Louis watching. Notices something. Points.

LOUIS

What about him? The guy next to Bird?

TOM WADE

Omori's second in command. Lieutenant Kono. The guy's nothing. Bird is the chap running the show 'round here.

(beat)

Theories about this guy are flowing in and out of this place.

Louis snickers. Looks to Wade.

LOUIS

What do you think, Tom?

TOM WADE

Black Dragon Society. He's gotta be a member in some way, or else he couldn't get away with the shit he does around here.

(off of Louis' look)

If you can survive in Omori, you can survive anywhere.

Long beat. Louis looks around his new surroundings. The barracks are wide. Wider than Ofuna. Long and narrow. With double-deck sleeping areas.

EXT. COMMON AREA - OMORI PRISON CAMP - VARIOUS - MORNING

Sand covers the ground here at Omori. Pits of open sewage holes are dug throughout, flies swarming overhead. The smell must be rightfully terrible.

The tall fence is a lingering reminder of their inhumane keeping.

LOUIS (V.O.)

Lieutenant Louis Zamperini,  
reporting for duty, sir.

INT. BARRACK - OMORI PRISON CAMP - DAY

Louis stands, saluting, at attention before the officer in charge, naval commander ARTHUR L. MAHER, gunnery chief, making his bunk.

COMMANDER MAHER  
At ease, Lieutenant.

Louis does so.

LOUIS  
Here to report, as the new arrival at Omori. What are your orders, sir?

COMMANDER MAHER  
Orders are, son, to listen to this one piece of advice. And listen good.

LOUIS  
Yes, sir.

COMMANDER MAHER  
Obey all Japanese commands...no matter how insane.

Louis, hesitates and is taken aback.

COMMANDER MAHER (CONT'D)  
Furthermore, I want no officer reporting for work detail. Your a Lieutenant. The Bird makes you work, you refuse.

Commander Maher isn't the most take-charge officer Omori has to offer. Louis sees this.

COMMANDER MAHER (CONT'D)  
That's all we can do, Lieutenant.  
(refusing to meet Louis' eyes, walks away)  
Dismissed.

Louis watches him walk away.

EXT. COMMON AREA - OMORI PRISON CAMP - MORNING

The Bird has Louis and other officers lined up. He speaks with a sadistic bravado.

## THE BIRD

I am saddened. Saddened,  
gentlemen. Since the arrival of  
the new prisoners, I have seen too  
many well-nourished officers  
sitting around this beautiful camp  
one day too many.

The prisoners can do nothing more than just stand there.

## THE BIRD (CONT'D)

While strong, well-fed men work,  
the officers...well, sit. That is  
not what inspires men.

INTERCUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - NEAR OMORI PRISON CAMP - MORNING

The waves crash on the small beach.

OMORI PRISONERS,

under Japanese guard, collect beach wood and file it into a  
large pile.

## THE BIRD (V.O.)

You are all officers. You should  
work.

INT. KITCHEN - OMORI PRISON CAMP - DAY

Prisoners, Louis included, clean the pots and pans from  
breakfast.

## THE BIRD (V.O.)

You should be example for all camp.  
Work.

BACK TO:

EXT. COMMON AREA - OMORI PRISON CAMP - CONTINUOUS

The Bird has finished pacing.

## THE BIRD

Now you volunteer.

No one speaks. The Bird is searching for any sort of  
understanding. Walks up to an officer. Manages a warm smile,  
which comes out all wrong.



THE BIRD (CONT'D)

You. Volunteer.

OFFICER

According to international law--

THE BIRD

grips his kendo stick and smacks the officer across the face.

The officer falls to his knees, a look of surprise on his face.

Goes to the next officer.

THE BIRD

You.

OFFICER #2

International law--

The kendo stick makes contact with the officer's throat, and he pitches to the ground. Gasping for breath.

The Bird is becoming increasingly angry. Finds Louis among the line.

THE BIRD

You. You da?

A beat.

Louis looks down the line to Commander Maher, briefly locking eyes. Turns to the Bird, speaking very calmly.

THE BIRD

studying Louis.

LOUIS

Sure. What kind of work? I'd love to work. But only in camp, not outside. I'd be glad to help improve conditions here any way I can.

COMMANDER MAHER

simply shakes his head.

THE BIRD

is at a loss. Didn't expect such cooperation. Darts his eyes from Louis to the rest of the line.

THE BIRD

Yes, of course. Awari! Dismissed!

They salute and The Bird walks back to his office, smirking.

Louis begins walking, then notices someone behind him. Commander Maher.

LOUIS

This is going to be the easiest work possible. They'll set us up in an office and we'll busy ourselves, but leisurely.

(off Maher's look)

We're no better than the men who aren't officers. We've covered some ground today. If there's a way to soften The Bird, this is it.

Louis walks on ahead. Commander Maher looks after him. Not saying a word.

EXT. BARRACK - OMORI PRISON CAMP - NIGHT

THE BIRD

as he walks with a quicken pace. Toward the light of the barracks. Lieutenant Kono and the guards struggle to keep up.

THE BIRD'S POV

as he approaches the entrance to the barracks. Jovial socializing from inside.

INT. BARRACK - OMORI PRISON CAMP - CONTINUOUS

Louis, Tom Wade and others are enjoying smokes and conversation among each other.

The door explodes open and The Bird, Lieutenant Kono and the guards fly in.

One tenth of a second too late, a prisoner by the door yells to the room.

PRISONER BY THE DOOR

Kiotsuke!! Kashira naka!!!

Everyone lines up for inspection.

The Bird darts his body to the prisoner. Too late. The Bird reaches his hands out for the prisoner's throat, and kicks him square on the side of his leg. The prisoner collapses.

Everyone holds their breath. Holding their attention.

The Bird straightens his uniform and starts walking down the line. Eyeing each and every prisoner. Comes to the end of the line where Louis is. Looks Louis in the eye.

THE BIRD

Look at me! You come to attention last!

Louis' eyes shift. The absurdity of it all.

THE BIRD (CONT'D)

You like to work, huh? I make work for you.

The most unexpected thing happens. The Bird begins to loosen his belt.

THE BIRD (CONT'D)

I like you. You and I are going to be friendly.

Louis doesn't understand.

The Bird pulls the belt off. Lieutenant Kono and the guards immediately back off. This is going to be bad.

Louis watches as The Bird holds the heavy duty belt like a baseball bat and swings...

The buckle of the belt cracks across his temple.

LOUIS

is flipped off his feet. On the ground, Louis is in such pain, holds a trembling hand to his bleeding head.

THE BIRD

(standing over Louis)

Stand! Stand!

Louis can't even form a single word. He just shakes with fear. Blood runs into his eyes.

THE BIRD

watches his. His face changes its expression in an instant. Thinks. Reaches into his pocket and pulls out a few squares of rolled up toilet paper.

Hands them to Louis.

THE BIRD

Ahhh....

Louis runs his hand against the wound with the toilet paper. The Bird picks him up off the ground, standing him up.

THE BIRD (CONT'D)

There...better...

Louis and The Bird's eyes meet. Louis moves his hand away from the wound. The Bird's face contorts into sadistic evil. Whips the belt against Louis' temple again.

ON THE BIRD

as Louis collapses to the ground. Simply watching at what he has done. Not an ounce of emotion in those eyes.

The Bird leaves the barracks. The guards follow.

The prisoners stay at attention.

Somewhere, Louis is quietly crying to himself.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COMMON AREA - OMORI PRISON CAMP - MORNING

Some time has passed.

Louis sits by himself. His hands tucked in the pockets of his coat. The temple of his head is still bruised to shit. We can't exactly read his emotions. He stares off in a daze. Another day of survival.

An American officer approaches him and sits down next to him. Louis salutes.

OFFICER #3

How are you, Zamp?

(no answer)

Word is the Norwegians managed to get their hands on another newspaper today.

(MORE)

OFFICER #3 (CONT'D)

But if any of us are seen going over to their barracks...shit, the Bird might get suspicious.

(beat)

He knows the Norwegians like you, though. Maybe you can do it.

Louis looks right at the officer.

LOUIS

Of course I'll get it.

Without another word, Louis stands and is off.

INT. BARRACK - OMORI PRISON CAMP - LATER THAT DAY

THE JAPANESE NEWSPAPER,

handed into the officer's hands. It's in English.

MOMENTS LATER

The officers, along with Tom Wade, stand listening to Louis read the English version of the Japanese newspaper.

LOUIS

Listen to this. "Apparently a Zero and a B-29 bomber were engaged at thirty thousand feet when the Zero ran out of bullets."

Laughter.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Listen, listen. "The Japanese pilot opened his lunch bag, grabbed a rice ball, cracked his canopy, and threw it at the B-29 - and knocked it down!"

TOM WADE / VARIOUS OFFICERS

Get the fuck outta town! Rubbish!  
Bullshit!!!

Louis turns the front page to the naysayers. On the cover is an illustration of the smiling pilot. Laughter from everyone.

TOM WADE

Would anyone, even in need of a major morale boost, believe that?

More laughter. Deafening.

But something more deafening soon takes the place of the laughter.

A long droning sound.

Air raid sirens.

Everyone freezes, looking to each other.

TOM WADE (CONT'D)  
Nothing more than a practice run.

Everyone backs away from the windows. Wade is still trying to reassure everyone, himself included.

TOM WADE (CONT'D)  
We don't have a base near enough to launch an attack.

OFFICER  
Shut up, Wade. Keep your eyes peeled.

Suddenly, BOOM!!! Everyone rushes to the windows and looks up.

Through the window, Louis looks past the fence and see the Japanese have an antiaircraft battery on a small pit.

The guards swarm with their rifles to and fro.

WADE AND THE OFFICERS

dip away from the windows.

Louis is desperate to find out what the commotion is. He is looking up, but his view doesn't satisfy.

TOM WADE  
Zamp, get down!

Louis doesn't hear. He gets down to the floor, on his back and looks up through the window. An unobstructed view of the sky.

And what he sees fills him with a sense of pure amazement. Quickly, but gracefully, something beautiful crosses his view.

Wade and the officers look up through the window to see.

EXT. COMMON AREA - OMORI PRISON CAMP - CONTINUOUS

The guards, rifles at their sides, stop in their tracks to see.

Random prisoners walking stop and look up to see.

What they see...

Leaving vapor trails from each end of its magnificent wingspan is a B-29 bomber. Flying at thirty thousand feet. Something of an angel from above.

The men of all races and borders look up in awe. Some are fearful. Some are hopeful for the first time in ages.

THE B-29

casually flies overhead, and is soon gone in the distance.

INT. BARRACK - OMORI PRISON CAMP - CONTINUOUS

Louis on the floor. Staring straight up. The image taking his breath away.

FADE TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK

TITLE:

**November, 1944**

FADE IN:

INT. BARRACK - OMORI PRISON CAMP - DAY

The door of the barracks burst open and The Bird walks in. Guards follow. The Bird is looking up and down, screaming.

THE BIRD  
Zamperini! Zamperini!

Louis walks out of the crowd and presents himself front and center. As always, expecting the worst.

The Bird looks at Louis a moment, begins to circle like a predator. Hand on his chin, staring.

THE BIRD (CONT'D)  
You...run, eh?

Quiet.

LOUIS  
 (baffled)  
 Hai, Watanabe-san.

THE BIRD  
 Olympics, eh?

LOUIS  
 Hai.

THE BIRD  
 Your mama and papa...worried maybe  
 you dead?

LOUIS  
 Hai.

Beat.

THE BIRD  
 Maybe you make a...ah, nan deska?

Louis looks at him, not understanding.

The Bird shakes his head, then cups his hands in front of his mouth, miming speaking into a microphone.

LOUIS  
 A broadcast?

THE BIRD  
 (optimistic)  
 Yes, broadcast. You broadcast.  
 Okay? Na?

Louis shakes his head.

LOUIS  
 I have to think about it.

A beat. They study one another.

The Bird looks out of the corner of his eye. Smiles at Lieutenant Kono. A private joke. They leave.

Louis can breath again. He turns around and is barraged by the officers.

OFFICER  
 Your not the first he's confronted.



LOUIS  
 My family can find out about the  
 broadcast. Know that I'm alive.

Louis makes to walk away. Officer #2 looks around, and grabs Louis' arm. Quietly speaking...

OFFICER #2  
 If you do it. Find someone with  
 authority. Complain about the Bird  
 here. A superior. Anyone. Tell  
 them what's going on here.

On Louis.

EXT. TOKYO - ESTABLISH - VARIOUS - DAY

LOUIS' POV

Over a Japanese folk song are images of the city of Tokyo.  
 We see these images from inside a luxury car.

Tokyo during wartime still displays the beauty of this unique  
 city. But the people seem less optimistic than their  
 surroundings.

INT. LUXURY JAPANESE CAR - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

Louis takes all this in from the backseat of the car. He has  
 been cleaned up a bit and dressed to be a little more  
 presentable.

Seated next to him are two men from Radio Tokyo and a silent  
 Japanese officer.

Uncomfortable company.

INT. LOBBY - RADIO TOKYO BUILDING - TOKYO - LATER

A beautiful place. The Radio men are giving Louis a grand  
 tour. The silent Japanese officer walks a bit behind.

RADIO TOKYO MAN #1  
 This is a new building. We have an  
 American-style cafeteria. We will  
 have lunch.

INT. CAFETERIA - RADIO TOKYO BUILDING - TOKYO - MOMENTS LATER

A beautiful display of food that makes Louis' mouth water.  
 The Radio men watch him with pleasure. With an ulterior  
 motive.

INT. OUTSIDE THE STUDIO - RADIO TOKYO BUILDING - LATER

The Radio men walk Louis to the studio, where engineers are preparing for the broadcast. They walk in.

Suddenly, Louis pulls the silent Japanese officer aside quickly. The officer is taken aback.

LOUIS

(low tone)

I need to speak with you for a moment. You know of Watanabe at Omori? We need to speak of his rather harsh treatment. You have the power to pull me out of this prison. Can you help me?

A long beat. The silent Japanese officer just stares, his lips part and speaks...

SILENT JAPANESE OFFICER

Oh, well. We'll see what we can do about it.

And walks right into the studio. Passing Louis, who is baffled.

INT. STUDIO - RADIO TOKYO BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

The microphone is slid across the table to Louis. Louis looks nervous for the first time.

The radio producer gives the cue to the JAPANESE RADIO ANNOUNCER.

JAPANESE RADIO ANNOUNCER

(into the microphone)

Here we are at *Japanese Postman*. Today, we have a special guest, an American by the name of Louis Phillby Zamperini.

Louis knows his middle name is Silvie, but doesn't make a move to correct the error.

The announcer cues Louis, clutching his scripted text, takes a deep breath and begins...

LOUIS

(into the microphone)

Hello Mother and Father, brothers and friends, this is your Louis talking.

(MORE)

## LOUIS (CONT'D)

Through the courtesy of the authorities here I am broadcasting a special message to you. This will be the first time in one and one half years that you will have heard my voice. I am sure it sounds the same to you as it did when I left home. I am unwounded and in good health and can hardly wait until the day we are together again. Not having heard from you since my most abrupt departure, I have been somewhat worried about the condition of my family. As far as health is concerned, I hope this message finds all of you in the best of health and doing well. I am now interned in the Tokyo prisoner's camp and am being treated as well as can be expected, under wartime conditions.

(beat)

The Jap authorities are kind to me and I have no kick coming. Please write as often as you can and, when doing so, send snapshots of everyone. In my lonesome hours nothing would be more appreciated than to look at pictures of the family. If you are forgetting, Pete, I would be very pleased if you keep my gun in good condition for we might do some good hunting when I return home. Mother, Sylvia and Virginia, I hope you will keep up your wonderful talents in the kitchen. I often visualize those wonderful pies you used to bake. Did Miss Florence take a visit to San Diego? I hope they are sending her home. Give my best regards to Gordon, Harvey, Eldon and Henry, and wish them the best of health. I send my fondest love to Sylvia, Virginia and Pete and hope they are enjoying their work at the present. I miss them very much. Since I have been in Japan, I have run into several of my old acquaintances. You will probably remember a few of them. Paul Maurin is here and enjoying good health. Lawrence Stoddard, Sammy Manier, and Peter Hyriskanich are the same.

(MORE)

LOUIS (CONT'D)

You must remember William Payton of Bakersfield. We have been living together for the past few months. He is looking fine. I know that you have taken care of my personal belongings and savings. Long ago, you have no doubt received the rest of my belongings, the phonograph and records, from the Army. Say hello to all my hometown friends. And before closing, I wish you all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

(beat)

Your loving son, Louie, First Lieutenant Louis S. Zamperini. Tokyo Camp.

The moment is over. He looks to the radio men. He almost smiles. No one else does.

The sound of chirping birds.

EXT. ZAMPERINI HOME - TORRANCE - DAY

The same looking United States Army vehicle is parked at the curb. Similar uniformed men stand on the front porch of Louis Zamperini's home.

They currently stand before Anthony and Louise. This time, they are reading a telegram of another nature.

THE TELEGRAM,

in brief snippets, reads:

**"Following enemy propaganda broadcast from Japan has been intercepted..."**

Followed by the opening text of Louis' radio broadcast.

Louise and Anthony look up to the uniformed men, not a word to say.

The birds chirp in the tree on the front lawn. It's quiet.

RADIO PRODUCER (V.O.)

Okay, okay, we're counting down, thirty seconds to air, people!

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI HOME - THE NEXT NIGHT

LOUIS' DEATH LETTER,

framed, hangs on the wall.

AMONG A CLUTTER OF CABLES

electricians, technicians, and producers working. A radio broadcast is being fed out of the Zamperini home.

The RADIO PRODUCER is making sure everything airs on time. He turns to face the man who will lead this interview. He is seated with his back to us.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

Twenty seconds, Mr. De Mille.

CECIL B. DE MILLE, famed Hollywood producer and director turns to the radio producer.

CECIL B. DE MILLE

Very good.

(turns to someone facing  
him)

Mr. and Mrs. Zamperini, you are  
ready?

Louise and Anthony are seated, miked and ready to go.

ANTHONY ZAMPERINI

We are.

SECONDS LATER

The Radio Producer counting down.

RADIO PRODUCER

And five...four...three...

Silently does two...and one...and cues De Mille.

CECIL B. DE MILLE

(into his mike)

Good evening, ladies and gentleman.  
This is Cecil B. DeMille and I'm  
speaking to you tonight from a  
modest American home where a gold  
star hangs in the window. This is  
the home of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony  
Zamperini and their children. They  
are a typical American family.

(MORE)

CECIL B. DE MILLE (CONT'D)

In this home live the things our soldiers are fighting for.

(beat)

One member will not return to his family because he treasured the simple and sacred rights of this home. More than his life. There are many mothers who wear gold stars in their hearts, mothers who have paid a price as high as that given by their fighting sons themselves. One of those mothers I want you to meet, the heart stone of this home - Mrs. Anthony Zamperini.

(turns to Louise)

Mrs. Zamperini, when did you learn that your son, Louis, was lost?

LOUISE

(into mike)

Last Sunday. But Louis had been listed as missing in action since May of 1943. He was just twenty-five.

CECIL B. DE MILLE

Your son was one of the first to enlist, wasn't he?

The faces of the various technicians, listening, watching. Taking it in.

LOUISE

Yes. He sent in his enlistment early in 1941, before Pearl Harbor. He had been to Berlin as a member of the Olympic Games team and he saw what was coming before we did.

(beat)

Louis did win many medals for his sports activities as well.

CECIL B. DE MILLE

I know he did, but I'm sure that of all his medals you are proudest of his Oak Leaf Cluster and the Air Medal he won for gallantry in battle.

LOUISE

That's right. He won the Air Medal for giving first aid to five other wounded boys while their damaged bomber was returning from a raid.

LATER

Wrapping up. Virginia, Sylvia and Pete are seated next to their parents.

CECIL B. DE MILLE

Your brother has given his life so that America will remain free. We won't ever forget that. We are on the front and have a job to do. Thank you for letting us into your home this evening to speak to you. The people of the United States have seen the gold star in your window. You and your family are America.

End broadcast. The Radio Producer calls it.

RADIO PRODUCER

And we're clear, Mr. DeMille.

De Mille smiles and has nothing more to say.

CUT TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK

LOUIS (V.O.)

Sorry.

(beat, sigh)

I can't read this.

CUT FROM BLACK:

INT. STUDIO - RADIO TOKYO BUILDING - DAY

Louis stands over the studio desk, reading a prepared script. He looks slightly healthier. He has eaten better. He wears a warm overcoat that was given to him.

Across the desk are the two Radio Men. A perplexed expression on their faces.

RADIO TOKYO MAN #1

But you must read it.

LOUIS

It doesn't even sound like me. No one in America will believe it's me.

(off their looks)

No, sorry. I just can't do it.

RADIO TOKYO MAN #2

(slowly)

You are a great athlete.

(beat)

Do you want to eat in the cafeteria and have a nice clean room?

Long beat.

LOUIS

No.

The Radio Men look to each other, stand up and leave the room to converse in private.

LOUIS

looks around, sees a stack of the prepared script lying on the table. Reaches his hand into his overcoat pocket and stands close to the desk.

Through an opening in his overcoat, he snatches a copy, quickly folds it, just as the Radio Men enter again.

RADIO TOKYO MAN #1

We ask you to cooperate.

LOUIS

(stern, but polite)

No. I positively can't do it.

The Radio Men sit and speak very clearly.

RADIO TOKYO MAN #1

Because you will not read this, I think you go to punishment camp.

Louis stands there, not saying a word.

EXT. BARRACK - OMORI PRISON CAMP - DAY

Snow blankets the ground. Beautiful in a surreal kind of way.



Tom Wade holds the stolen script in his hands, careful no one is near. Louis leans against the barrack wall, watching Wade.

Wade folds it quickly, hands it to Louis. Doesn't say anything.

LOUIS  
Doesn't even sound like me, does it?

Wade suddenly stands up and faces Louis.

TOM WADE  
Don't get it, do you? You made the Bird look bad. You made them all look bad. We're under a bloody psychotic. You know that. And you won't play ball.  
(to himself)  
Fuck.

Wade walks a few feet away, trying to control his anger. Louis tries to get Wade to see the sense of this.

LOUIS  
I'm not used to the beatings already, Tom? I still have my principles.  
(approaches Wade)  
I'm not ready to give that up for a clean bed. For a hot meal. Are you?

TOM WADE  
They're gonna transfer you. Soon. You pissed them off, they'll send you to some punishment camp. Your principles won't mean shit to these animals.

Wade walks off.

Louis is alone with his thoughts. He hears the giant front gates swinging open. He looks off.

EXT. COMMON AREA - OMORI PRISON CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

The gates are opened and in file several new prisoners. Each bundled up and freezing.

Louis walks toward the new arrivals. Looks past a few. Recognizes some of the men. Former Ofuna Prison prisoners.

Some acknowledge Louis right away. Others nod and continue walking.

Then, he comes face to face with a very familiar individual.

BILL HARRIS

looking slightly healthier, but his violent bruises have not completely healed.

They look at one another for the first time in ages. Louis smiles, Harris seems more detached.

BILL HARRIS  
Merry Christmas, Zamp.

And walks past, toward the barracks with the rest of the new arrivals.

Louis watches as his friend disappears among the crowd. At a loss.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BARRACK - OMORI PRISON CAMP - NIGHT

Christmas Eve. A snow blizzard has kicked up by this time.

Voices heard from within the barrack are happy, despite their sad surroundings. Half-hearted caroling is heard from within. **"Hark the Herald Angels Sing"** is the song.

Bundled-up guards on patrol have stopped to listen. Some confused, some lost in their own thoughts. Not everyone is without a heart.

INT. BARRACK - OMORI PRISON CAMP - CONTINUOUS

The prisoners have assembled in a circle to sing carols for themselves.

Red Cross boxes have been distributed earlier by The Bird for the prisoners.

Louis is among the circle of prisoners, looking into his package, which is actually part of three packages he will have to share with four other prisoners.

He looks up and sees Bill Harris sitting on a bunk on the far end, looking off.

Louis approaches him. Harris doesn't acknowledge Louis' presence. He's still lost in his own head.

Louis holds out the package.

LOUIS  
Eat up, Harris.

Harris looks up. Then, looks away.

BILL HARRIS  
(sounding defeated)  
You're a fool. Your life depends  
on that box.

A long beat. The caroling continues in the background.

BILL HARRIS (CONT'D)  
What about you?

Louis can't stand to see his friend like this. So, he's honest.

LOUIS  
(beat)  
There's plenty of Jap newspapers  
around to still read.  
(beat)  
Who knows what 1945 is going to  
bring.

Harris barely musters half a smile. He accepts the package and begins to eat Louis' ration.

Louis sits next to Harris on the bunk.

They both watch as the other prisoners continue to sing. Sing for themselves. The guy's are lost in their moment. A moment that will not last.

They finish singing and when no one says a word, we

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. COMMON AREA - OMORI PRISON CAMP - DAY

Sirens wail. The camp is suddenly alive.

LOUIS AND OTHER PRISONERS

race out of the barracks and into the common area. Each man has his head craned up.

A commotion in the sky.

Guards are running, rifles in hands, toward the antiaircraft guns. Setting them up.

TITLE:

**February 1945**

THE SKY

is full of planes streaking past. A dog fight in progress. Almost surreal.

Tom Wade points up as they whoosh by.

TOM WADE

Look at that! Look at that! Navy  
Hell Cats! F-4U fighters. God,  
they're alive!!!

THE HELL CATS

are on the Japanese Zeroes tail. One Zero takes a hit and literally explodes in an instant. Beautiful.

THREE F-4U FIGHTERS

dive bomb into a nearby airstrip. An explosion rocks the ground, despite the distance.

THE PRISONERS

aren't cheering, as one might expect. The guards would surely punish any who dared. They keep it inside.

They stare up at the majestic image laid out before them.

Louis looks up to the headquarters building.

The Bird stands on the balcony watching the commotion. Smoking his cigarette. Not fazed one bit.

THE BIRD

looks directly down on Louis. Louis is spooked.

Despite everything going on around and above their heads, The Bird doesn't break his eye contact with Louis.

Until...

In the distance, the rumbling of a large object flying close by causes everyone to look in the same direction.

## A THUNDERING B-29 BOMBER

flies overhead, its tail licked with flames. Flying off into the distance, it's end inevitable.

From this perspective, Louis and the prisoners can see the crew bailing out into the ocean. A series of parachutes eject. The survivors are soon to land safely in the water below.

## THE B-29 BOMBER

disappears out of sight.

Suddenly, two Zeroes fly past the surviving crew and inhumanely strafe at them.

## THE PRISONERS

react with stunted horror.

The parachuted airmen pummel into the water below. Suddenly lifeless corpses.

The Zeroes continue on in the distance.

The feeling among the prisoners suddenly turns cold. Hope that was once there has been replaced with quiet frustration and thoughts of vengeance.

The prisoners disperse. Things couldn't be more dark.

## LOUIS

just keeps looking at the sky. Looking. For any sign of hope that he can find.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. LATRINE - OMORI PRISON CAMP - SECONDS LATER

## LOUIS' POV

as he runs down the barrack corridor to find the latrine. He's very distraught and sickened.

Louis finds a single latrine hole and pukes his guts out. A disgusting sound. He simply holds his head in this position for a few uncomfortable minutes.

Footsteps approach. Louis pulls his head out of the hole, wipes the vomit from his mouth and looks up.

Tom Wade stands there.

They just look at each other. No man wants to be the first to say something.

LOUIS  
 It's just going to go on, Tom.  
 Things aren't looking up...  
 (tears well up)  
 ...I can't--

TOM WADE  
 He's been transferred.

LOUIS  
 Bird?

For the briefest of seconds, Louis doesn't understand. Then he reaches and hugs Wade tight. Overjoyed.

TOM WADE  
 Imagine the entire sky filled with  
 B-29's. Tokyo will damn near cease  
 to exist, won't it?

Louis just holds onto his friend.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BARRACK - OMORI PRISON CAMP - SOME TIME LATER

Wade and Louis and a few other prisoners are packing their belongings. It's solemn. No one speaks. They simply pack.

When finished, they make a single file out the door.

EXT. COMMON AREA - OMORI PRISON CAMP - CONTINUOUS

Wade and Louis are speaking, walking toward the front gate and awaiting guards.

TOM WADE  
 Good to know we're moving up in the  
 food chain of POW camps.

LOUIS  
 You know--

Suddenly, they stop.

Facing them is a small group of fellow prisoners, come to say goodbye.

Among them is Bill Harris. They approach the small group, where handshakes, back slaps, and hugs are dispersed. The men have come to say what hopes not to be their final goodbye's.

As Wade and Louis break away, the cheering envelopes the bleak surroundings.

LOUIS

walks out of the camp, the men in the background. A satisfied smile on his face, proud to be a part of a true band of brothers as we

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF EPISODE

**PART SIX: "INEVITABLE"**

TEASER

OVER BLACK

the gentle crackling of winter. The crackling of metal on fire.

CUT FROM BLACK:

EXT. DOWNTOWN TOKYO - VARIOUS - DAY (1945)

A SMALL, PEACEFUL BIRD

lands on the wreck of twisted metal. It was recently a street car.

Over this, the sound of train wheels running along rails.

A SMALL CHILD

holds the hand of a younger child, leading her through a burnt-out building. Looking curiously at their new environment.

CIVILIAN BODIES

are skewed everywhere. The survivors, civilians themselves, gather bodies and place them on waiting wheelbarrows and carts. Local police are helping in the effort.

WIDE

Snow falls on downtown Tokyo. Dark, overcast sky.

Silence fills the air with a eerily dead calm. The howl of the winter wind is the only comfort in such bleak surroundings.

Tokyo has horrifically changed since we saw it last. Everything is burnt, or rather, still in the process of burning.

Power lines, electrical transformers, twisted and cut off. Wrapped around itself.

The sound of the train wheels running along rails is louder now.

Buildings, private homes, factories reduced to a fiery rubble.



We finally see what is breaking this solemn moment.

A LONE TRAIN

runs through the city, maneuvering past the devastation.

The train wheels are now prominent in our minds, reaching fever pitch as we

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. STEERAGE BOX CAR - TOKYO - CONTINUOUS

LOUIS ZAMPERINI, Tom Wade, Frank Tinker and others stand in the confined train car, looking out the windows as the destruction passes by. Each man simply stares, dumbstruck.

TOM WADE

Jesus Christ. Couple more of these raids, Japs will have no choice but to give.

LOUIS

Unless they have to.

(beat)

Seems like there's still a fight and a half in them.

Louis catches sight of something odd among the destruction.

A LATHE,

in silhouette, huge machines used to make airplane and ship parts are framed against the sky.

As the destruction pass slowly into the distance, they suddenly dip into a tunnel, the scream of the train locomotive piercing our ears as we

CUT TO BLACK:

SILENCE

Distant voices approaching as we

CUT FROM BLACK:

INT. STEERAGE BOX CAR - NAOETSU - HOURS LATER

The doors suddenly open and Naoetsu guards scream for the prisoners to get out.

A WOOD PLANK

is placed so the prisoners can step down. The first of the prisoners steps out onto the plank.

EXT. TRAIN - NAOETSU - CONTINUOUS

The prisoner reaches the bottom of the plank, quickly loses his balance, and gets stuck in four feet of fresh snow.

THE NEAREST GUARD

sees this, not wanting a hold up, smacks the butt of his rifle into the prisoner's back.

He contorts in agonizing pain, slowly wading out of the powder and forward.

The other prisoners soon follow, careful to mind their balance, and begin a bee-line through the town of Naoetsu.

LOUIS AND WADE

are among the last.

What they see is a complete shock.

Everywhere, snow has built up to the rooftops of the homes. Locals are tunneling to get to their front doors. It's absurd.

The prisoners are shuffling and picking their legs up as best as they can. The guards, rifles at the ready, are screaming for them to move faster.

EXT. STREET - NAOETSU - MOMENTS LATER

The prisoners are led by the guards through the gloomy streets. The locals look to the prisoners with disdain. Some look hurt. Some don't even look.

LOUIS

takes this in. Catches the eye of

A SMALL GIRL

holding her hand up to her mouth, courageously breaks from her mother's grasp and touches the hand of Louis. Kind human contact for the first time in forever. Is it possible?

THE MOTHER

quickly scolds the child, gives Louis a dirty look, and walks away.

He looks up, past the rooftops to see the dirty monolithic smokestacks in the distance. A nearby factory on a hillside overlooking a prison camp.

EXT. FRONT GATE - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

PRISONER'S POV

approaching the front gate. The gates open.

The prisoners file in, one after another.

TITLE:

**Arrival at Naoetsu Punishment Camp**

**March 1945**

Louis and Wade are the last to walk in. Behind them, the guards close the gate. A loud thud.

EXT. MAIN COURTYARD - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

One Naoetsu Guard shouts.

NAOETSU GUARD  
Fall in! Inspection!

TEN MINUTES LATER

WIDE

The prisoners, still at attention. Starting to show signs of wane. The guards still hold tight, keeping a good eye on each prisoner before them. Used to the conditions as opposed to these arrivals.

LOUIS' HAND

at his side. A thin layer of frost has developed on his open palm. He moves his numb fingers, circulation breathing back into them.

The strain on his face is beginning to show.

Each man is feeling the pain of the cold.

A TIN SHACK DOOR

behind the prisoners, by the front gate, is suddenly opened.

A PAIR OF SPIT-SHINED BOOTS

step into the snow-covered courtyard at a brisk pace.

LOUIS' EYES

turn as he hears the brisk pace of a man approaching. His breath becomes shortened. His eyes twist to the corner of his face to get a better look at the approaching man.

He can't see who it is.

TOM WADE

sees who it is and is immediately thunderstruck. His face says it all, "let me die....where's the pistol when I need it..."

Over the shoulder of the man, he walks down the line of prisoners. Inspecting his new arrivals. Suddenly, the man approaches Louis out of the line and immediately stops.

Louis comes face to face with the last man he ever wanted to see...

...THE BIRD.

Louis grows so small in such an instant before our very eyes.

His black eyes bore a distinct stare into Louis, who is simply devastated. The worst kind of torture for this man who has already endured so much.

LOUIS' EYES

say it all. Inside, he has already given up.

The Bird sees this. Louis looks away, staring at anything else possible.

The Bird's face contorts into a sick smile. He doesn't even look surprised to see Louis.

He walks on, continuing the inspection. Louis looks ready to throw up.

Wade turns to Louis, quietly.

TOM WADE  
We're all dead men.

Out of the pan and into the fire.

END OF TEASER

MAIN TITLES

FADE IN:

INT. BARRACK - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - NIGHT

Another camp. Another barrack.

Wade and Louis speak softly to each other. Taking their boots off, changing into their Japanese-issued pajamas, trying to maintain some sort of comfort.

Other men around them are doing the same.

TOM WADE

Seems pretty far-fetched for their limited mental capacity, Zamp...

LOUIS

You predicted this, Tom. You said it yourself.

(beat)

They're getting even with me. For saying no to the radio broadcast. Ruin their propaganda plans and they cook up some elaborate plan to put me in here. Hell, I damn near begged those bastards when they threatened me with a punishment camp like this!

Wade settles into his rock-hard bunk, trying to angle his back into some level of comfort.

A beat.

TOM WADE

Still...

Louis turns to Wade.

TOM WADE (CONT'D)

(sitting up)

I mean, it seems like you and the Bird's intertwined fate...are more than mere coincidence.

Louis hasn't thought of it that way.

TOM WADE (CONT'D)

(off Louis' look)

Everyone knows you hate The Bird's guts, Zamp. Even The Bird.

(MORE)

TOM WADE (CONT'D)

He looks to break you with every  
last breath he's got.

LOUIS

looks off. Taking in the full realization.

Lays on his bed. A restless sleep tonight.

EXT. MAIN COURTYARD - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - MORNING

Louis and Tom walk aimlessly around the perimeter.

A long beat, then...

LOUIS

You saw yourself on the train ride  
what our raids are doing to them.  
We're starting to break 'em.

TOM WADE

These assholes see us as threat  
number one. The prisoners.  
(off Louis' look, shaking  
his head)  
No. No escape. I don't want  
anyone's death on my conscience.

Louis thinks to himself. Looking to the sky.

EXT. BARRACK - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - MORNING

Chow time. Louis and Wade sit eating. Louis can't even look  
at his food.

LOUIS

We're gonna die in here, Tom.

Wade is more interested in his breakfast than the  
conversation.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

They're not calling this a  
punishment camp for nothing. Word  
is eighty-one prisoners died last  
winter. Pneumonia, starvation,  
forced labor.

TOM WADE

Probably inevitable that'll happen.  
(finishes, wipes his  
hands)  
Still, you gotta--

Looks Wade right in the eye. Quietly.

LOUIS  
--Stay strong. Yeah. Well...

Louis looks around, sighing.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
...I was wrong. I'm not escaping  
anywhere. Survival is the best  
weapon we have left.

TOM WADE  
(shaking his head)  
There's a lot of courage in waiting  
your turn than fighting on any  
battlefield through this goddamn  
war.  
(beat)  
Who knows, maybe we'll get lucky  
and the fucking Bird will drop dead  
from a heart attack.

They cracks up. A little strain released.

The laughter soon fades away to a strained silence.

THE BIRD (V.O.)  
Good...good...

INT. INFIRMARY - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - DAY

The Bird walks along with the PRISON DOCTOR, checking on the  
ailing prisoners. Feeling one forehead, then the next,  
speaking to the Prison Doctor.

THE BIRD  
Good...  
(then the next)  
...good...  
(to Prison Doctor, in  
Japanese)  
These men all seem fine to me...

PRISON DOCTOR  
Hai.

THE BIRD  
(in Japanese)  
All 103?



PRISON DOCTOR  
 (in Japanese)  
 Hai, Commandant.

The Bird contemplates, looking down at the sick prisoners.  
 Then, simply walks away without another word.

The Prison Doctor bows, watching him walk away.

THE BIRD (V.O.)  
 Okay...change of rules.

EXT. MAIN COURTYARD - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - DAY

The Bird stands before the prisoners.

The infirmary prisoners still look desperately ill, managing  
 to stand only by the support of the man next to him. Wade  
 and Louis are among the line.

THE BIRD  
 Good news to combat the boredom  
 that has been running rampant  
 through this camp. Every man  
 standing in front of me today will  
 work. There will be no  
 disagreements on the matter.  
 Officers, too. No more simple  
 labor will go on here at Naoetsu.  
 (pointing into the  
 distance)  
 You no doubt saw our factory some  
 two miles off coming in.

EXT. FRONT GATE - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - MORNING

A freezing cold morning.

The prisoners file out, accompanied by guards.

THE BIRD (V.O.)  
 Every morning, you will march those  
 two miles to the steel mill. I  
 will hear no complaining along the  
 way.

EXT. ROAD APPROACHING STEEL MILL - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP -  
 MOMENTS LATER

A line of prisoners walking. We catch sight of their feet as  
 they shuffle. Most feet are wrapped in rags or some go  
 without, barefoot.

An elderly guard walks with the prisoners. Seems to enjoy small talk with Louis.

His name is OGAWA-SAN.

THE BIRD (V.O.)

You can guarantee I will know of such reckless complaints. But relax gentlemen...

BACK TO:

EXT. MAIN COURTYARD - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - CONTINUOUS

The Bird manages a goofy smile. Trying to let the prisoners in on a little fun.

THE BIRD

...just think of it like a vacation in your Aspen mountains. Without the skis.

A goofy laugh comes from the Bird. No one else laughs. A terrible joke delivered dead on arrival.

The Bird's smile disappears.

INT. STEEL MILL - OUTSIDE NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - DAY

The maddening sound of the machines at work.

Louis and other prisoners work at the machine presses. Sweaty, dirty work. No eye contact. No one speaks.

Guards stand over the men, rifles at the ready.

Eventually those sounds slowly fade into silence.

Shuffling feet are now heard.

EXT. ROAD LEAVING THE STEEL MILL - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - SUNSET

The long walk back to Naoetsu Prison Camp. Louis and others pass a garden alongside the road. Louis sees this. Potato vines dipped into the soil.

Wade and another prisoner push a heavy, dung-laden cart from the mill and the garden suddenly catches his eye. Sees the guards are a little ahead of him, out of view and gets a sudden idea.

Without missing a step, he reaches and grabs a single potato off the road and continues walking.

LOUIS

sees this, keeping it to himself.

INT. BARRACK - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - NIGHT

Louis and other prisoners lay in their bunks, staring up at the ceiling. Feeling the loneliness within each one of them.

He looks over to the bunk next to him where one prisoner, a young new guy, peacefully sleeps.

Louis doesn't think anything of it and turns on his side to sleep himself.

EXT. NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - MORNING

The sun is rising through the overcast skies over the large prison fence. Prisoners are starting to file out of the barracks for morning chow.

INT. BARRACK - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - MORNING

Louis is tightening his boots. Looks to the young prisoner in the bunk next to him. He's still asleep. Louis brings his boot down to the floor and stands up. Gives the young prisoner a nudge to wake up.

LOUIS

Come on, kid, let's go eat.

Doesn't stir. Louis thinks a beat. Then turns back to the sleeping prisoner. Shakes him.

On Louis, realizing.

EXT. SNOW PLAIN - OUTSIDE NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - LATER

WIDE

A beautiful snow plain that would feel comfortable on any Christmas greeting card.

Eventually, Wade and Louis enter this gorgeous expanse, pulling something unusual. A toboggan. A simple sled used for transport. They are transporting the body of the young prisoner.

A lone guard follows behind.

EXT. CREMATORIUM - NAOETSU - MOMENTS LATER

The oven door of the outdoor crematorium is open. Inside, the body of the young prisoner is being disintegrated by flame into simple ash and bone fragment. A truly horrific image.

LOUIS AND WADE

bundled up together, numbly watch the remains of the man in the oven. Holding their hands out for morbid warmth.

LOUIS

How lucky that kid must be feeling right now. Doesn't have a single care left.

(long beat)

His troubles are over, thank God.

Wade looks to Louis. A long pause. They look back to the flame.

The body has since collapsed.

EXT. SNOW PLAIN - OUTSIDE NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - DAY

WIDE

The walk back to the camp. This time, the guard takes point.

Wade pulls the toboggan by himself. Louis carries something small in his hand.

EXT. HEADQUARTERS - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - EVENING

Louis approaches the building, carrying what we now see is a small wooden box.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - HEADQUARTERS - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

The door is opened. Louis walks into the darkness, still holding the wooden box. Reaches out for a string attached to the light bulb above.

The illumination brings into full ghastly view, it's contents. The room is lined with row after horrific row of small wooden boxes, similar to what Louis now carries.

Without missing a beat nor showing any remorse, or even surprise, for that matter, finds a place on the shelf for the small wooden box.

Another box, much like the rest.

As he walks out, Louis steps over a rodent-chewed wooden box that has dropped on the floor. Human ash and bone fragments spilled out.

Flips the bulb off, and closes the door without a word.

INT. BARRACK - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - NIGHT

The men sit in the dark. Each having their own thoughts race through their minds.

A squeaking sound is heard.

Louis sits up, looking down the length of the blanket-covered body. Suddenly...a small head pops up at his feet. With furry ears.

A rat. Runs the length of Louis' body. Louis freaks.

Jumps out of his bunk and flops himself onto the ground.

Everyone else jumps and Wade sees a rat on his bed. He jumps out of his bunk, even more terrified.

TOM WADE  
(crying up)  
Fuck!!!

EXT. STEEL MILL - OUTSIDE NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - DAY

Louis is on a smoking break as a single cigarette is passed around between twelve or so men.

The overcast sky has been lifted and the sunlight is starting to come through more prominently. Spring time.

LOUIS  
Another beautiful day.

No one acknowledges Louis.

One prisoner worker walks in from the factory floor.

PRISONER WORKER  
Guys.

They nod. Continue smoking.

The Prisoner Worker starts washing his face, getting something other than dust on himself. He looks at himself in the mirror.

PRISONER WORKER (CONT'D)  
Guys hear the big news?

Louis and the others look at him. Dumbfounded.

EXT. MAIN COURTYARD - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - EVENING

The Bird has his hands held firmly behind his back, gazing up at the sky. He has each of the prisoners lined up before him.

Looks like a kid in a candy store. Ready to burst.

THE BIRD  
He's dead! Roosevelt-san, he is  
dead! Dead!

It's Christmas time for the son of a bitch.

The looks of the faces among the prisoners. Proper grief, even though they've known for hours. Their President is dead. And it's still a blow.

WADE

turns to Louis, shaking his head, knowing what Louis is going to say.

TOM WADE  
Let 'em have his moment.

Louis looks up at the Bird. Expressionless.

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - DAY

Unusually warm for the early springtime.

The sound of feet trudging over a dirt road. Something wooden being pushed along the road. Hundreds of flies buzzing about.

LOUIS' POV

looks to the sky where he sees a few birds fighting and chirping in the air above.

Louis is in the process of pushing a heavy wooden dung-filled cart to an unknown location.

Tom Wade and Frank Tinker are among the other prisoners, carrying gardening equipment such as hoes and shovels.

Taking point is Ogawa-San, the friendly elderly guard. Turns to Louis, nods quickly with a smile, and continues on.

EXT. GARDEN - OUTSIDE NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - LATER

Ogawa-San keeps a steady eye on the prisoners as they bring their hoes and shovels down in arcs to the sandy soil.

They're in the middle of planting potato vines.

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - EVENING

LOUIS

pushing the cart back to the camp, watches Ogawa-San in front of the company.

The coast is clear.

Gives the officer next to him the signal to proceed.

Tom Wade and the officer, in one fell swoop, bail off the roadside a series of forgotten or discarded daikons.

Quickly tucking them in their pockets.

Ogawa-San has seen nothing.

The prisoners breathe a quick sigh of relief.

EXT. FRONT GATE - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - NIGHT

OVER THE BIRD'S SHOULDER

we see Ogawa-San leading Louis and the other officers to the front gate.

THE BIRD

is standing at the gate, observing them. Corporal Kono is close behind.

Ogawa-San has his head down as he walks, lost in his own thoughts, but becomes startled when he comes nearly toe-to-toe with The Bird.

OGAWA-SAN  
(in Japanese)  
Commandant...

Louis and the officer prisoner's stop in their tracks at the sight of

THE BIRD,

a man of steel. Studying the faces of each of the prisoners standing before him.

Arms held tightly behind his back, he steps forward into the crowd of prisoners, closely observing each man.

Calls behind him as walks...

THE BIRD  
(in Japanese)  
Ogawa...

Ogawa-San staggers, half-runs to The Bird's side, stands at attention, head bowed.

OGAWA-SAN  
(in Japanese)  
Commandant...

Not even looking at Ogawa-San, merely the prisoners...

THE BIRD  
(in Japanese)  
You are aware...these men are  
nothing but petty thieves...

The Bird reaches out to Tom Wade and suspiciously feels the side of his pants. His pants pockets.

Meets Tom Wade's eyes, his suspicions confirmed. Pulls out the daikon.

Holds up the daikon for everyone to see.

His face contorts in a split-second. Uncontrollable anger.

THE BIRD (CONT'D)  
(to Kono, in Japanese)  
Corporal...

CORPORAL KONO  
(in Japanese)  
Yes, Commandant!

THE BIRD  
(in Japanese)  
Line up the prisoners...NOW!



EXT. MAIN COURTYARD - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

The prisoners are lined up before the Bird, holding up the daikon for all to see.

THE BIRD

We do not feed you enough? We don't shelter you from the evil's going on outside this camp?

(beat)

This crime of thievery will not go unpunished! Your gardening days are now at an end! Tomorrow you work!!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SHIP - NAOETSU HARBOR - MORNING

The edge of Naoestu's breakwater. It's not even a proper harbor, but something thrown together in a shoddy fashion. Ships are anchored and tied to the docks, but the pitching waves cause the ships to rise at violent heights.

A HEAVY BARGE

is docked beside the ship. On top are the prisoners, including Louis and Wade. The guards beside them are flicking their rifles at them.

WADE

jumps onto the rope ladder netting tied to the side of the ship. He makes it, and begins his climb aboard.

LOUIS

is next. Takes a long breath, and jumps. Barely makes the netting. He lets out a sigh of relief and climbs.

Joins Wade at the top.

They look down to the next man on the barge.

The prisoner takes a similar tight breath and jumps. His hands extend out for the rope netting, but are out of reach by mere inches.

Everyone's eyes go wide.

The prisoner misses the rope and tumbles down toward the water, but doesn't make it.

He is instantly crushed between the steel hull of the ship and barge. It's horrific.

WADE AND LOUIS

can't look away. They look up to the guards on the barge. The guards quickly react and tell the next prisoner to jump.

INT. SHIP HOLD - NAOETSU HARBOR - MOMENTS LATER

The prisoners go about shovelling and lifting the heavy coals into a net waiting to be elevated back onto the deck. Disgusting work.

Louis and others dangerously breath in the black dust.

LOUIS

quickly shovelling coal into the net. Too fast by the others standards.

Whispering to him...

OFFICER  
Zamperini, slow down. Slow down!

Louis eyes the officer, nodding apologetically. Slowing down.

THE GUARDS AND VARIOUS KEMPPII,

military police, pace about, pushing the prisoners on.

KEMPPII  
Work faster! You! Faster!

One kempii finds a reluctant worker and pulls off his belt, walking in his direction as we catch sight of

TWO PRISONERS

shovelling coal, observe the departing kempii.

Their eyes meet. Now.

They pull out something in a small sack. Check its contents quickly.

A dried fish. Stolen.

Quickly pocketing the sack, they go back to shovelling. No one's the wiser.

## ANOTHER PRISONER

further down the line, has seen the two prisoners stealing the fish. A mental note is made as we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BOTTOM OF THE HILL APPROACHING THE TRAINS - NAOETSU - DAY

In the background, is the harbor.

Louis has come to the approach of a steep hill, covered in soot and dirt. He easily looks exhausted.

He pushes a cart full of coal along with another man. They stop and unload the coal into wicker baskets. Each man straddles the wicker basket on their backs.

One basket weighs at least a hundred pounds.

They join the rest of the prisoners in climbing the hill, single file, toward waiting trains at the top.

EXT. HILL APPROACHING THE TRAINS - NAOETSU - AFTERNOON

LOUIS AND THE CLIMB

The basket is weighing heavily on this man. He continues climbing for an unjust reason.

Falters for a moment. Wade, behind him, urges him to move on.

TOM WADE  
(through shortness of  
breath)  
Zamp, move on, man. Almost there.

EXT. TRAINS - TOP OF THE HILL - AFTERNOON

The waiting trains. Men are unloading their wicker baskets in the train cars by crossing short wood planks.

Louis has reached the top and begins to cross

THE PLANK

A guard steps out of the train car and crosses the same wood plank as Louis, carelessly lighting a cigarette.

LOUIS

through sweat-stained eyes sees the guard approaching, trying to figure out how to avoid him with all this weight strapped to his back.

The guard simply doesn't care. Still lighting the cigarette, he casually shoves Louis to the side.

He pitches forward, falling into the ditch near the train wheels. Five feet below with the weight of a hundred pounds on his back.

Letting out a short helpless cry as he falls.

LOUIS

smacks against the hardened snow, the weight of his bundle falling on top of him.

Various guards and prisoners rush to retrieve him.

LOUIS

on the ground, not making a single sound. He's feeling too many things. He's too lost in his pain and his hatred. He might be on the brink of losing it after all this time. It's heartbreaking.

FADE TO BLACK:

CUT FROM BLACK:

INT. BARRACK - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - MORNING

LOUIS

sitting up in his bunk. Lost in thought. Various prisoners pass to and fro, blurring our image of him.

LOUIS' LEG

has been bandaged. His fall caused a torn ligament in his ankle and knee.

No work for him.

WADE AND FRANK TINKER

approach, about to leave for work detail at the factory. Neither have a single comforting word to say.

LOUIS  
Don't bother.

Wade looks at him, trying to find anything of encouragement to say.

TOM WADE  
Try to steal you some rations if I  
can.

Louis turns over, away from Wade.

LOUIS,

wanting everything in his life to go away. Tightly shuts his eyes, holding his emotions in check for as long as he can.

The screams of the guards, various friends, his parents, track coaches, everything in his head, fades into a vortex of comfortable silence.

EXT. BARRACK - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - DAY

Louis sits alone on the front step of barrack, staring at his morning chow. The tin plate is smaller.

Half-rations for a prisoner who can't or refuses to work.

EXT. MAIN COURTYARD - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - AFTERNOON

Louis hobbles along the perimeter alone. Looks to the guards, still keeping an eye on him from the watchtower's.

Walks aimlessly to the Jap Headquarters building. Curiously looks through the mesh door of a junk room, and sees something that raises his eye brows.

Sitting on a table is a dust-covered Singer sewing machine.

LOUIS

quickly hatches a plan. Sees a guard sitting on a wood chair on break.

LOUIS  
Hey.

The guard stands, angered by the intrusion, scolding Louis in Japanese.

Louis tries to work through the translation, pointing to the Singer.



GUARD

Ahhh...good work...yeah...

THE BIRD (O.S.)

Yeah.

Louis turns his head to the door, where The Bird, Corporal Kono and others stand.

The Bird steps toward Louis. Louis doesn't know what to say.

Long beat.

THE BIRD (CONT'D)

Good work, indeed. Do mine, too?

Louis just stares, remembering his intentions.

LOUIS

Full rations.

The Bird isn't paying attention. He's looking at the Guard's coat.

THE BIRD

Yes...full rations...

EXT. MAIN COURTYARD - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - NIGHT

Tom Wade and the other prisoners return from their work day. Something catches their attention as they head for the barrack.

A light is on in the junk room of the headquarters. The sounds of a machine hard at work.

INT. JUNK ROOM - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - SAME

Lit by a lone desk lamp, Louis is hard at work on altering another coat for the guards.

A STACK OF CLOTHES

waiting for alteration sit on the dusty table beside Louis.

The sounds of sewing continue as we catch sight of something beside his busy hands.

A TIN PLATE

again holds full-rations.

MATCH DISSOLVE  
TO:

MORNING

THE SAME TIN PLATE

is now half-full. The rations have been cut.

THE STACK OF CLOTHES

on the table is gone.

LOUIS

sits behind his sewing machine, studying the tin plate.

Work has run out.

LOUIS (V.O.)  
I want to get back on full rations.  
You got more work for me?

INT. HALLWAY - HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP -  
DAY

Louis hobbles down the hallway, trying to keep up with Corporal Kono. Tries to be like the Bird at every opportunity, even carrying a kendo stick to beat prisoner's with.

CORPORAL KONO  
(broken English)  
We already put you back on full-  
rations. You forget?

LOUIS  
The sewing work is done. Ran out.

CORPORAL KONO  
Why should I?

LOUIS  
Because. I'm a hard worker. I just  
want to make things better around  
here.

Finally hobbles fast enough to get in front of Kono.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
Talk to Watanabe. Anything you  
got.



Kano looks at Louis a beat, then walks past.

EXT. MAIN COURTYARD - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - MORNING

The Bird walks with an arrogant swagger, keeping a superior distance from Louis, trying to keep up.

An uncomfortable silence as they walk. Neither man has a word to say to the other.

EXT. BARRACK - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

They turn a corner and the Bird looks down at something on the ground. A terrible smile across his face.

Louis finally catches up, and looks as well. Baffled.

THE BIRD  
(off Louis' baffled look)  
Care good. Full rations, huh?

They are looking down at a sickly little goat. Laying on it's side.

The Bird looks to Louis.

THE BIRD (CONT'D)  
Care for goat. Care good.

And walks away.

EXT. MAIN COURTYARD - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - DAY

Louis holds a milk bottle to the goat's lips. Slowly sucking.

Wade and other prisoners sit around, eating chow, watching this. They can't resist.

TOM WADE  
Zamp, you two make such an adorable couple. When's the wedding?

LOUIS  
Food is food, right?

A long pause. Everyone looks down to their food. And break out laughing.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
(takes a bite, almost gags)  
Take that back.

They look down at the goat. Not looking any healthier.

INT. KITCHEN - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - MORNING

Louis is suddenly shoved against a steel table by the Bird. He lands hard, catching his short breath.

The Bird is immediately on him, his ugly hand wrapped around the back of Louis' neck, holding it against the steel table.

THE BIRD

The fuck you doing? What did I tell? I tell you to take care of goat!!!

Louis looks out of the corner of his good eye. Sees on the floor, the sickly goat laying on the brick floor, struggling to breathe. Bloated.

A bag of opened barley lays next to it.

LOUIS

I...I don't know what happen--

THE BIRD

(psychotically in his face)

I tell you!! I told you take care of goat!! If goat die...you die!!!

The Bird peels Louis' face off the table and shoves him into the corner.

The Bird almost looks out of breath for the first time. A pleased look on his face.

The fear in Louis' face is very apparent. It's an ultimatum that might have truth behind it.

INT. BARRACK - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - NIGHT

Louis holds the sickly goat in his arms, the bottle is the goat's mouth.

He looks into the goat's eyes. They are heavy lidded and lacking of emotion.

Strange having such a connection. Two animals knocking at death's door.

INT. BARRACK - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - MORNING

The goat lays in Louis' arms. The eyes are open. The tongue hanging out of the mouth.

Dead.

Louis looks down, more saddened for the goat than his own fate. The tears don't hold back. He is genuinely sad.

EXT. MAIN COURTYARD - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - LATER THAT DAY

Wade comes face to face with Louis, blocking his path as he walks toward the headquarters.

TOM WADE

Think about what your doing, Zamp.  
He's going to kill you. You need  
to escape--

Louis shoves Wade out of the way, throwing him off his feet and onto his backside.

Louis stares him down and walks on.

WADE

looks at his friend as he walks towards his inevitable fate.

INT. THE BIRD'S OFFICE - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

The silence that fills the room.

The Bird simply sits in his chair, bending his kendo stick, while Louis stands at attention across the desk.

The Bird slaps the kendo stick on the desk, Louis jumps. Bird stands, and walks past Louis.

THE BIRD

(calm)  
Okay.

EXT. MAIN COURTYARD - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

THE BIRD

in the middle of the courtyard. Standing before him is a large bulk. We don't know exactly what he's looking at.

He turns to Kono, nods his approval. Turns to the large bulk before him.

## THE BIRD

Wait.

And walks away. Joins a few guards, who offer the Bird a smoke. He declines, preferring to watch the simple pleasure he has created.

Wade and other prisoners have come outside to watch. They simply shake their heads in disgust.

What they see is revealed to be...

WIDE

LOUIS

standing in the middle of the courtyard, holding over his head, at arm's length a four-by-four-by six hardwood timber.

And holding it.

Beyond painful. Louis holds out for the first few minutes.

Looks around. Feeling the humiliation. His muscles tightening and then weakening.

DISSOLVE TO:

LOUIS EYES,

welling up. Not giving the bastard the satisfaction.

DISSOLVE TO:

LOUIS' ARMS,

weakened, tightened, begging for release.

DISSOLVE TO:

SOME TIME LATER

The Bird struts up to Louis. Looks him dead in the eye. The two men's eyes meet.

A long beat.

Finally, a sucker punch to Louis' stomach, causes everything to slow down.

(IN SLOW-MOTION)

LOUIS' ARMS

release the tension of the timber.

LOUIS' LEGS

buckle out from under him.

FALLING BACK

onto the ground.

THE TIMBER

falls down on top of him.

HE LANDS,

dirt unsettling. The timber bounces off the ground and smacks Louis right in the face.

LOUIS' FACE

itches hard against the dirt and he is out.

(RESUME MOTION)

CUT TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK

various distant voices are heard.

TOM WADE (V.O.)  
Zamp, come back to us.

CUT FROM BLACK:

EXT. MAIN COURTYARD - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - LATER

LOUIS' MOUTH

pants, taking in air, coming back.

Louis is in a complete daze. A terrible bruise sits on his forehead, bleeding.

The prisoners, including Wade and Tinker, are standing over him. They pull him up, helping a semiconscious Louis to his feet.

Wade is trying to make light of the situation. As they carry him back to the barracks...

TOM WADE

Listen, Zamp. I thought you should be the first to know this.

(beat)

Thirty-seven minutes. That's how long you were holding that beam.

Louis just looks at his friend.

TOM WADE (CONT'D)

Has to be some sort of record, I should say.

INT. BARRACK - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - NIGHT

The men sit up in their bunks, for some reason, hot with anticipation about something.

Another squeaking sound.

Louis looks down the length of his blanketed body. Again a small head and furry ears pop up and the rat scurries over his body. He pulls something out from his blanket and holds it firmly over his head.

A wood paddle.

The rat approaches between his knees, standing up to clean itself. Don't dare miss.

And the paddle comes down on the rat with an epic thud. Louis does it again. All that is heard is the rustling and the loud rattling of claws against floor.

Everyone laughs.

Wade rushes to turn the lights on. Everything is illuminated.

TOM WADE

(through squinted eyes)

Is he dead?

Everyone looks to Louis, shaking, holding the paddle over his head. Inspects the floor.

LOUIS

Must've limped back to his hole.

Everyone just cracks up. Much-needed laughter.

Louis looks around. Everyone has smiles on their faces.

Louis manages his own smile.

One prisoner who isn't laughing is the man from the ship hold who witnessed the two prisoners stealing fish while shovelling coal. He looks to be in anguish, split on how to make a difficult decision.

The lights go out.

INT. THE BIRD'S OFFICE - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - DAY

THE BIRD

sits behind his chair, taking in the recent information that he's just been given.

Standing before him is the PRISON INFORMANT, in full light, skeletal, nervous and full of guilt at what he's done.

The Bird merely smiles, addressing Corporal Kono, not taking his eyes off the Prison Informant...

THE BIRD

(in Japanese)

Give the man an extra ration. He's earned it.

Beat. The men don't break eye contact.

THE BIRD (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Because you look stubborn and quite bored in those factories...

EXT. MAIN COURTYARD - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - DAY

THE BIRD

as he addresses the lined-up prisoners.

THE BIRD

...or on the docks loading coal, we will make things a little more...

(dramatic beat)

...creative.

The prisoners, Louis among them, simply stand listening.

MOMENTS LATER

The Bird and Corporal Kono are going over a book written in English, their backs to the prisoners. They are speaking in Japanese, discussing the book's contents.

IMAGES OF THE BOOK

Imagery of illustrated men in fighting stances, things of the like.

Finally, the Bird breaks from the huddle and again addresses the prisoners. A broad smile on his face.

THE BIRD

Line...up!

THE LINE

Kono is sounding out numbers to each prisoner as he walks down the line.

CORPORAL KONO

(one number assigned per  
prisoner)

Seventeen...eighteen...nineteen...  
twenty...

(ends up on Louis)

...twenty-one...

Keeps walking down the line.

MOMENTS LATER

Kono stands next to the Bird, calling out random numbers.

CORPORAL KANO

Seventy-nine...forty-two...one  
hundred-four...

The respective men with those numbers called step out of the line and approach waiting guards. Their sleeves are tightened to their elbows, tightened fists at the ready.

Kono walks down the line of guards, the book in hand. Each guard looks over his shoulder to the book, takes a mental note, and gets ready.

LOUIS

who has been watching this, suddenly becomes sick.



LOUIS

Oh, Jesus.

Prisoners seventy-nine, forty-two, and one hundred-four stand before their respective guards...and are immediately sucker punched by the guards.

Nothing graceful about this.

The Japanese punch in an unusual way to Americans. They punch with the inside of the closed hand.

The dull thud of the fist against skull is heard. Each guard gets his turn. Each prisoner goes down.

LOUIS

simply stares at the Bird, no man feeling more hatred.

Their eyes meet.

THE BIRD

has nothing expressive to emote. He knows the type of pain he is inducing.

Off-screen, the numbers continue to be called at random, the ugly dull sound of fist against skull is apparent.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BARRACK - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - LATER

The door explodes open. Prisoners file in, one after another. Some have to be carried in.

Louis, a bloody nose and a pink puffy cheek, strides in, bombastically angry. He wants blood.

LOUIS

They think they can treat us like,  
what, animals? Meat, even?! Beat  
us to a fucking pulp out there!

The prisoners collapse on their bunks. Exhausted. Listening, but still lost in their own worlds. Louis lets out a sigh.

EXT. BARRACK - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - MORNING

Louis is sitting by himself, lost in thought, when two pairs of feet approach him. He looks up.

FRANK TINKER  
We should talk.

MOMENTS LATER

Louis kneels along with Tom Wade, Frank Tinker and other officers as they hatch a plot.

TOM WADE  
Kono and The Bird are the one's we need to worry about.

FRANK TINKER  
The Bird. Kono's a pussy who'll fall like a house of cards, you know it.

Louis speaks up, focused...

LOUIS  
(quiet)  
It's the Bird. He's the key here. We take care of him, the others will fall in line like ducks.

INTERCUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - HEADQUARTERS - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - DAY  
(**FANTASY**)

Louis and other prisoners weakly run down the hallways, machine guns in hand. Blasting away at any nearby guard.

Louis is in the lead, heading for a specific destination.

LOUIS (V.O.)  
We just need to get him alone. If only we could get our hands on some firearms, explosives, most anything.

INT. THE BIRD'S OFFICE - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - CONTINUOUS  
(**FANTASY**)

Louis tears open the door where Corporal Kano and the Bird have barricaded themselves against. Louis immediately opens fire on Kono, tearing him to shreds.

THE BIRD,

meek as a kitten, holds his trembling hands above his head.



Humanity at its most inhumane.

DISSOLVE TO:

--Allied celebration. Various cities. Parades of happiness. Grateful hugs and kisses of relief.

--GI's posing for pictures with their buddies. Camaraderie among men only wartime can bring.

DISSOLVE TO:

--B-29s flying overhead. Firebombing the hell out of what is left of Tokyo. What is left of Japanese civilization. Complete destruction everywhere. Mass death everywhere. Children aimlessly looking for dead parents.

--Japanese soldiers continuing to fight to the very last. Japanese kamikaze in more suitable circumstances. Chests and stomachs blown beyond recognition.

--Japanese citizens in their homes, in prayer. The belief that God will see them through this. Tears well at their tightly shut eyes.

Hope fading.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MAIN COURTYARD - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - VARIOUS - DAWN

Summertime. Just before dawn. Already feels hot, even at this early in the morning.

TITLE:

**August 1945**

In the distance, pounding is heard. Another bombing raid, perhaps.

Out of the barracks, fly the prisoners. Each looking to the sky. The guards, shouting for the prisoners to return. But their strength seems lacking.

Wade turns to Louis. Beat.

LOUIS  
Tokyo again.

Louis stares back up at the sky. Looking for any sign.

EXT. BARRACK - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - DAY

LOUIS' POV

looking up at the sky. Cloudless. Empty.

LOUIS (V.O.)

Today could be the day. Tomorrow,  
even. We need to get this sneaky  
son of a bitch.

Louis, Wade and others are eating chow. Periodically looking  
at the sky. Waiting with complete anticipation.

TOM WADE

I'm hearing things, Louie. Bird's  
been out of the camp more and more  
lately. Think he's about to go  
AWOL.

LOUIS

Bullshit.

TOM WADE

Leaving Kono in charge. Things  
must be heating up. Word is all  
prisoners of war would be moved to  
the interior so that we can be  
killed once Allied forces arrive.

Long beat.

TOM WADE (CONT'D)

He's becoming unpredictable, The  
Bird. Don't know what's gonna  
happen.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BARRACK - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - SUNSET

Quiet.

Tom Wade and Louis sit. They just sit, watching as the sun  
sets. It's beautiful, despite the surroundings. Each man  
takes a drag from the cigarette and passes.

The dark sit under their eyes, the bags building. Their eyes  
are bloodshot.

Both have many thoughts and feelings weighing heavily on  
their minds.

TOM WADE  
 We're not gonna survive another  
 winter if the war continues. Not  
 in our state.

Louis doesn't say anything. He's mulling this over...

LOUIS  
 You realize, Tom, we're not gonna  
 be able to have these kind of  
 moments once the actually war ends,  
 right?

TOM WADE  
 God forbid.

They chuckle.

Louis thinks of something. Something that has been bothering  
 him.

LOUIS  
 You know Ogawa-san?

EXT. ROAD APPROACHING STEEL MILL - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP -  
 MORNING

LOUIS' POV

the smiling face of the kindly older guard Ogawa-san, looking  
 at Louis.

TOM WADE (V.O.)  
 Yeah. What about him?

BACK TO:

EXT. BARRACK - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - CONTINUOUS

LOUIS  
 Beat the hell outta me for the  
 first time the other morning.

TOM WADE  
 Why'd he do that?

LOUIS  
 Guy never before lifted a hand  
 against me in anger. The other  
 morning, he beats me. Maybe their  
 trying to soften us up before they  
 finally kill us all.

(long beat)

(MORE)

LOUIS (CONT'D)

We'd be returning to a world we no longer recognize.

TOM WADE

Don't be crazy. Your mum and dad. Your brother and sisters will still be there to greet you home.

Louis thinks about this.

LOUIS

What if they don't recognize me? After all this?

Louis tears up. Holding himself, the cigarette trembling in his hands.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

I'm afraid. Afraid I won't be anyone they recognize whenever it is I come home to them.

TOM WADE

It's a simple risk your gonna have to take.

The pounding of distant bomb raids. Allied planes.

Reacting, they tilt their heads up.

TOM WADE (CONT'D)

Getting closer by the minute.

Louis has his head in his arms. Wade sees this and offers the most tender of pats on the shoulder. Nothing more than a guy needs.

Looks up. He has tears in his eyes.

LOUIS

Yep.  
(sniffling, gasping in  
breath)  
Any day now.

FADE TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK

TITLE:

**September 1945**

CUT FROM BLACK:

EXT. NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - VARIOUS - MORNING

The rising sun comes over the distant mountains. Fall is about to begin. The trees sway in the morning breeze. Things are peaceful.

On the ground of the Naoetsu Prison Camp, trash. Tossed debris. Rats scurry. Dilapidated structures.

What might have once might been an impressive camp is now a shambles from the wear and tear of years of human suffering.

A complete waste.

CORPORAL KONO (V.O.)  
Line up...line up!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MAIN COURTYARD - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - THAT AFTERNOON

Louis and the prisoners line up in formation before Corporal Kono. Kono has something heavy weighing on his mind. He takes a long moment to organize such thoughts. Looks down to his feet.

THE PRISONERS

are seemingly aware of what Kono has to say.

And then, thoughts reached, Kono looks up to the faces of the prisoners.

CORPORAL KONO  
(calmly)  
The war is over. No work today.  
(almost silent)  
War is over.

THE LOOKS

on the faces of the men that he faces are priceless. There are no cheers, there are no sighs of relief. No hugs to comfort each other. No one moves.

It's a very celestial moment.

As Kono continues to speak, we take a moment to look into the faces of the prisoners of war standing before us. White, black, Hispanic, Irish, Australian...they go on and on.

Proud men. Bruised men. Free men. At last.



CORPORAL KONO  
(gains the courage to  
continue)

We ask at this time that you paint  
on the roofs of both the  
headquarters building...and the  
barracks...the word "POW" in large  
letters. Your planes will be able  
to drop supplies from the sky...

Kono's voices fades into silence.

ON LOUIS,

the man who finally believes the words of freedom. He looks  
around to the men surrounding him. Tom Wade, and Frank  
Tinker, bursting with a half-grinning smile that can barely  
contain their good luck.

EXT. NEARBY RIVER - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - LATER THAT DAY

The men, 500 in all, rush to the river, stripping down to  
their boxers, splashing like little boys in the water.

They grab each other, barreling one another over their heads,  
and in the water they dunk.

Boyish rough-housing, but that's the toll for being free.

A plane flies overhead, slightly rocking its wings.

INT. THROUGH THE COCKPIT WINDOW - PLANE - CONTINUOUS

FLIES OVER

the swimming men, over the barracks, where in large letters,  
the word "POW" has been painted.

EXT. NEARBY RIVER - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - CONTINUOUS

Louis looks up, watching the plane disappear into the  
distance.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MAIN COURTYARD - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - LATER THAT DAY

The men, rolling their sleeves up, refreshed from their dip  
in the river, walk past the main gate into the courtyard.

For them, there's already a sense of relaxed relief. These  
men are alive. And what a wonderful feeling that must be.

The sound of another plane approaching overhead.

A NAVY TORPEDO BOMBER

The men look upward, seeing the bomber's lights on both sides of the wings blinking red. Morse code.

Wade looks up, translating.

TOM WADE

(to Louis)

The...war...is...over. Good thing,  
it's official.

It's Christmas Day for them.

THE BOMB BAY DOORS

of the bomber open and drops into the courtyard what looks at first to be a body. It flutters down to the earth, right before the men's feet.

Lands with a heavy thud.

Louis runs over and sees that it's

A PAIR OF NAVY PANTS

split open to find the pants stuffed with cartons of cigarettes, candy and other goodies.

But there's another content to the goody bag.

The Ranking Officer pulls out a magazine with something so unspeakable on the front cover. The other men look over his shoulder.

The smiles of the men soon fade.

LOUIS

What in the hell is that?

The men don't answer. They wouldn't have the first clue how to. A silence falls over the moment.

THE FRONT COVER OF THE MAGAZINE

is beyond horrific. A photo of the atomic bomb over Hiroshima. Laying waste to everything in its path.

They flip through the magazine to take in further photos as we

DISSOLVE TO:

IMAGES FROM THE MAGAZINE

Various images of the human suffering America inflicted on Japan.

Two entire cities razed to the ground. An entire wasteland.

DISSOLVE TO:

The respective Bockscar and the Enola Gay flight crews, who had the fateful privilege of dropping the bombs.

DISSOLVE TO:

Living victims under extreme duress, with massive burns covering most of her body.

THE EYES

of Louis and the surrounding men, taking in these tragic images.

WIDE

The silent men standing in the circle, contemplating the unavoidable horror as we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MAIN COURTYARD - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - LATER THAT DAY

A second plane has flown overhead as Louis holds the men back. The bottom of its wings have **"Food for POWs"** painted for all to read.

From the bomb bay doors, a series of enormous packages drop. Their parachutes open beautifully. Floating with such grace.

The men threaten to break free of Louis' grasp. The men can barely contain themselves.

LOUIS

Stay back! Let 'em land!

ONE PARACHUTED PACKAGE

lands right over the barracks roof, crashing...

INT. BARRACK - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - CONTINUOUS

...through the roof itself, tearing through bunks. Debris falling all around.

ANOTHER PARACHUTED PACKAGE

crashes right through the...

EXT. WASHROOM OUTHOUSE - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - CONTINUOUS

...causing a mess.

EXT. MAIN COURTYARD - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - CONTINUOUS

Louis has seen the crash.

Beat.

Quickly, then contemplates a plan.

                    LOUIS  
                    (calling)  
                    Wade!

A PAINTED-OUT LINE OF LIME

being applied on the ground by Louis, Wade, and others.

EXT. RICE PADDY - OUTSIDE NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

WIDE

They are in the process, of painting a long arrow along the dirt in line pointed toward the rice paddy, a message written

OVERHEAD - MOMENTS LATER

**"DROP HERE."**

More planes approach. Louis and the men look to the sky.

What they see is astonishing.

THE SKY

filled with parachuted packages, crates and bundles, all falling gracefully.

They land in the rice paddies with a tall splash.

Louis has seen the crash, lets the men go for the packages.

## THE PACKAGES

are ripped open. Boots, overalls, zip jackets, field rations, chocolate and underwear.

Assembled teams assigned Ration Duty are barking orders, handing rations to each man.

## LOUIS

sees this and turns his head up to the sky.

## A B-29

catches his attention, in particular. Making a pass at five hundred feet, rocking its wings.

Louis steps several paces into the open, peels his shirt off, and begins to wave it over his head.

Over and over. Not stopping. In complete gratitude.

The emotions he's been feeling are finally coming to the surface.

Louis catches sight of the silhouette of a man through the cockpit window. The man sees Louis.

## INT. COCKPIT - B-29 - FLYING OVERHEAD - CONTINUOUS

The pilot sees Louis down on the ground, shirt waving.

The pilot is named BYRON W. KINNEY.

They exchange a look, only men in wartime could possibly share.

## EXT. RICE PADDY - OUTSIDE NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - CONTINUOUS

## LOUIS

sees the exchange and a moment of pure humanity passes between the two men.

## THE B-29

tips its wings one last time and is then off.

Louis thinks about the importance of the moment that has just transpired.

EXT. HILLS - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - MORNING

The sun majestically rises over the distant hills.

EXT. MAIN COURTYARD - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - MORNING

The men look clean and kept for the first time in years. Malnourished, but healthy. They look almost human again.

They are eating their breakfast, hearty meals from the care packages with haste. Some even throw it up.

Louis stands away from the rest of the men, holding his trousers out, feeling his waist line. Still too skinny. Takes another bite of his mixed concentrated pea soup. Best meal he's had in ages.

LATER

THE JAPANESE GUARDS

turned allied prisoners are lined up in the shade, huddling along the walls of the barracks.

Some of them are frightened, others seem level-headed and accept the situation. Some pray, others look up in contempt at the former prisoners.

Most of them still have that stunned look on their faces. How did it come to this? Surrender had never crossed their minds.

Louis and others are walking down the line, handing out rations to the prisoners. Some take it, others look away. They bow as they take the food and eat it desperately with their fingers.

The men look down at their former guards, displaying more pity than revenge. The Japanese look so pathetic by this point.

All thoughts of revenge have faded away.

Behind Louis, Wade is handing out cigarettes, candy bars. They take them liberally. Wade watches these men with a sense of sadness.

We're all the same and yet we put ourselves in these predicaments.

At the end of the line, Louis sits in the dirt next to Ogawa-san.

Ogawa-san, already elderly, looks more frail by this point. The man doesn't even look Louis in the eye. He simply looks down at his tired hands.

A long beat passes between the men.

OGAWA-SAN  
Sorry...I beat you...

OGAWA-SAN

crumbles in Louis' arms. Uncontrollable bouts of sobs. This comes as a shock to Louis. He simply holds on to the man. His shirt becoming wet from the man's tears.

Tom Wade approaches with Frank Tinker.

TOM WADE  
(to Louis)  
Some are still missing.

Ogawa-san lets go and Louis stands, looking around.

FRANK TINKER  
Kono?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CORPORAL KONO'S QUARTERS - HEADQUARTERS BUILDING -  
NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

The door of Kono's quarters are kicked open as Louis, Tinker and Wade come running in.

On the other side of the room, bolts Corporal Kono, right to the corner, gasping with terror. A shell of his former terrible self.

They approach. Kono stares at them with intense eyes.

CORPORAL KONO  
Don't kill me! Don't! Don't!  
I'm...I'm sorry for the  
beatings...!

Louis places a comforting hand on Kono's shoulder. Trying to maintain the calmest environment possible.

Kono sees this and slowly sits up.

CORPORAL KONO (CONT'D)  
What is it? What do you want from  
me?

Long beat. The men look to each other.

LOUIS  
Where is he?

INT. THE BIRD'S LIVING QUARTERS - HEADQUARTERS BUILDING -  
LATER

The door is opened.

The quaint living space of Watanabe. Deserted. Clothes,  
papers and debris are skewed about.

INT. THE BIRD'S OFFICE - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - LATER

The door is opened.

The work space of Watanabe. The same result. Deserted.

Louis and Wade walk through the Bird's office, taking in a  
sight never before allowed alone. Kono meekly pops his head  
in the room.

CORPORAL KONO  
He left two days before surrender.  
On one of his usual trips.

TOM WADE  
He wasn't coming back, was he?

CORPORAL KONO  
So he could end up like me? The  
man has a sense of class.

TOM WADE  
(beat)  
Sure, we know that first-hand.  
Where is he, then?

Kono just stares at Wade. Does he know more than he's  
letting on? Probably.

TOM WADE (CONT'D)  
Go. Join the others.

Kono leaves without another word.

Wade turns to Louis, who hasn't spoken, simply taking in the  
room. He sees a glorified portrait of the Bird. Almost  
sickening in his arrogance.

TOM WADE (CONT'D)  
What are you thinking?



LOUIS,

a confusion of emotions.

LOUIS  
I'm thinking. Watanabe is the  
luckiest son of a bitch today.

Wade waits for more.

A long beat. Louis looks out the window of the office.  
Overlooking the courtyard. Sees the free men standing about,  
taking in their freedom for the first time in years.

A distant smile crosses his face.

He turns to face Wade.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
I'm thinking... it's time for all  
of us to go home.

Louis walks out of the room for the last time. Wade takes  
one last look, steps out, closing the door.

Footsteps descend.

FADE TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK

a train chugging to a stop.

TITLE:

**September 5th, 1945**

CUT FROM BLACK:

EXT. TRAIN - NAOETSU - DAY

A train has pulled up into the station of Naoetsu. Comes to  
a stop, steam billowing.

INT. BARRACK - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

The sunlight shines through the collapsed roof of the  
barracks.

AT THE DOORWAY

Louis' only possessions, including a pair of spare boots and  
a pair of overalls, wait at the door.

LOUIS STANDS,

knee-deep, in a massive pile of debris. Wading through the collapsed bunks tangled at his feet.

Searching for one last thing.

UNDER THE DEBRIS

his fingers reach through the collapsed bunks...and wraps the first and second fingers of his hand around something made of leather.

He grasps it and pulls it out.

A relieved smile comes to his face. He's found it.

It's his leather wallet.

Opens it, flipping through it's contents. Among the items, something catches his eye, pulls it out of it's sleeve.

His USC ID card. Observing the photo of his younger self.

LOUIS

holds the ID photo up.

THE ID PHOTO

of a younger, arrogant Louis Zamperini.

The man we see before us now has his identity back.

EXT. MAIN COURTYARD - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

Louis steps out of the barrack, his things in hand. Tom Wade approaches.

TOM WADE

Did you find your ID?

LOUIS

Thankfully.

Tom Wade heads for the front gate, but Louis stops him.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

One last thing.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - HEADQUARTERS - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP -  
MOMENTS LATER

The door is opened. A hand reaches out for a string attached to the light bulb above.

The light bulb illuminates the room lined with row after row of small wooden boxes.

Louis, Tom Wade, and a score of other men stand in the middle, taking in the ghastly sight.

A beat.

TOM WADE

C'mon, mates. We have our duty to them still.

Large wooden boxes are respectfully filled with the smaller boxes of human remains to be taken away.

Everyone is careful. No one chooses to speak.

EXT. FRONT GATE - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - SAME

SOLDIER'S POV

approaching the heavy front gates of Naoetsu Prison Camp, Camp 4-B, as they are opened.

The former prisoners walk, one by one, carrying their few possessions. Out of the camp for the last time and onto the road heading through the village and finally the train station.

Certain men look back, taking in the final sight of Japanese oppression. Others don't bother, simply looking straight ahead.

Tom Wade looks back for a brief moment, then continues on.

Finally, among the last men out of the camp is Louis Zamperini.

He looks over his shoulder to see the former guards, most staring dully at their departure. They each wear indifferent expressions on their faces. Their lives suddenly in shambles.

One guard does hold up a hand of farewell. Ogawa-san. He actually manages to smile at Louis. Silently saying, "good luck from now on."

After everything Louis has been through, he manages a humane gesture. He waves back.

Louis keeps walking, stepping past the gates and onto the road leading to the village of Naoetsu.

EXT. ROAD APPROACHING NAOETSU VILLAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Louis is approaching a bend in the road. He stops as the men continue on through village. He can't let such final memories go.

LOUIS' POV

as he walks, Naoetsu Prison Camp, and everything about his old way of life, disappears from view.

LOUIS

as he turns his head back toward the road ahead of him. The look on his face is priceless.

A second chance at life can now begin. To fulfill the promises, plans and the dreams that he's held onto for so long.

He can finally walk a little taller today as we

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF EPISODE

PART SEVEN: "HOME"TEASER

OVER BLACK

youthful laughter. Distorted. Almost like an echo. The chugging of a train accompanies.

A man's high-pitched voice fades in.

G.I. (O.S.)  
Oh, yeah, Charlie? Big man! What  
are you gonna do?

CUT FROM BLACK:

INT. TRAIN CAR - BOUND FOR YOKOHAMA, JAPAN - DAY (1945)

LOUIS ZAMPERINI

staring straight ahead. Sitting on the train that has left the Naoetsu Punishment Camp. Listening to the chatter surrounding him, but keeping to himself.

Other soldiers, ragged former prisoners of war, are chatting among themselves. Everyone's spirits seem high for the first time in a number of years. Their lives have been interrupted and already they're making future plans.

CHARLIE, sitting next to Louis is answering the question of the GI from across the aisle.

CHARLIE  
I'm going to marry a rich girl and  
let her take care of me for the  
rest of my life.

A ballyhoo of men rise up, razzing him on with a bunch of "oh, come off it / yeah, that'll be the day," etc.

Charlie looks to Louis. Jabs him with his elbow.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
It'll happen. I'm tellin' ya.

Louis voices his opinion. Tinged with sarcasm.

LOUIS  
Just like that.

CHARLIE  
(serious, seeing the logic  
in what he's saying)  
Yeah. Just like that, smart guy.  
(snaps his fingers)  
I'll spend my time where the rich  
broads circulate. Law of  
averages...

This has gotten Louis' attention as Charlie continues.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
...one of them will be single, and  
I'll be there at the right  
psychological moment. Spend all  
your time on the docks and you'll  
marry a fisherman's daughter.  
(pregnant pause)  
Join an exclusive country club and  
wind up with an heiress.

Charlie watches Louis to make sure it's all sunk in. Louis  
looks off, contemplating. Then, shakes his head.

LOUIS  
Sounds pretty sentimental to me.

Charlie shrugs, looking off. The train continues to chug  
along. The two men sit in silence. Charlie has something on  
his mind. Bitterness in his voice.

CHARLIE  
What of it? I just don't want any  
more problems. You know? Let the  
world treat me nicely for a change.

On Louis, as those words echo in his mind.

END OF TEASER

MAIN TITLES

FADE IN:

EXT. TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - YOKOHAMA, JAPAN - DAY

The train pulls into the station, slowing.

A soldier dressed in a Red Cross uniform boards the train as it comes to a stop.

INT. TRAIN CAR - CONTINUOUS

The RED CROSS SOLDIER steps in, addressing.

RED CROSS SOLDIER  
Okay, listen up!

Louis and the men look up.

RED CROSS SOLDIER (CONT'D)  
What's going to happen next is once the train comes to a stop, nearby is a building where the Red Cross has coke, coffee and donuts.

The men can barely contain their excitement. The Red Cross Soldier makes to leave, then looks over his shoulder.

RED CROSS SOLDIER (CONT'D)  
Oh, and one more thing--

The men are half way up out of the seats, and stop.

RED CROSS SOLDIER (CONT'D)  
--the nurses and Red Cross are ready to serve you at--

That's it! Louis and the men tear out of their seats and...

EXT. TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - YOKOHAMA, JAPAN - CONTINUOUS

...bounce out of the train, running for the Red Cross building as fast as they can, tripping over one another. Running with all haste toward the sweets.

EXT. RED CROSS BUILDING - YOKOHAMA - CONTINUOUS

Barreling into the building. Like young boys at play. The fruits of freedom.

INT. DINING ROOM - RED CROSS BUILDING - YOKOHAMA - LATER

LOUIS' HANDS

hold a small red pamphlet. Published by the Army Forces Headquarters. It's titled, **"Coming Home"** designed with simple graphics.

Louis stands in line, holding the pamphlet, along with the rest of the waiting soldiers.

Quiet, despite the surroundings. The sounds of Louis' mind-set at this moment. Echoed, distorted.

Some are chatting it up and re-communicating with the nurses.

THE PAMPHLET

Below the title, reads the following:

*"Good? Bad? Mixed up? Or can't you tell?  
That's OK, though. It's exactly the way thousands of men  
have felt who have come back ahead of you. Some of them  
wanted to talk it over. But some of them didn't even want to  
think about their feelings. If that is the way you feel  
right now, it's perfectly all right; don't turn another page.  
We suggest that you stick this away in your flight bag or  
some other place where you can get at it later."*

LOUIS' EYES

taking this in. His mind elsewhere.

THE PAMPHLET

reading the following:

*"It may come in handy."*

Louis takes a moment to register all of this. Looks around. Sees if the men around him are feeling the same sense of loss.

LOUIS POV

sees nothing but happy men. Grateful to be alive. Their lips move but words aren't coming out.

He hears echoes of certain words. But everything feels out of sync.



VARIOUS SOLDIERS  
 (distorted)  
 Who's...got...a...story?  
 Story...story...

He feels alone. Miles from his own body.

Frank Tinker, his POW buddy, is right behind him, happily yelling to someone in the distance. Suddenly, Louis feels Frank grab at his shirt, point to him, calling out.

Yanks Louis right back into reality...

FRANK TINKER  
 (loud as can be)  
 Hey, this guy's got an incredible story!

Louis quickly crumbles the pamphlet in his trouser pocket, turns around.

Wading through the crowd of soldiers, approaches ROBERT TRUMBULL, a reporter for the New York Times. Walks up to Louis, hand extended to shake. He blocks Louis' place in line.

ROBERT TRUMBULL  
 Robert Trumbull. New York Times.  
 What's your name?

Louis looks tensely into Trumbull's eyes. Doesn't this guy get it?

Trumbull reads Louis in an instant. Turns to his buddy.

ROBERT TRUMBULL (CONT'D)  
 Go get this guy something. Donut, something....

The buddy walks down the line for the sweets. As Trumbull continues talking, Louis looks over Trumbull's shoulder to make sure the buddy is doing what he's told.

ROBERT TRUMBULL (CONT'D)  
 What's your name?

LOUIS  
 (irritable)  
 Lou Zamperini. Okay? I've got to get--

Trumbull thinks a second, confused.

ROBERT TRUMBULL

Just a minute. No, just a minute here.

Their eyes meet. Trumbull puts two fingers on Louis' chest, gently holding him back. Trumbull is searching his memory.

ROBERT TRUMBULL (CONT'D)

Impossible. He's dead.

This stops Louis.

LOUIS

I know who I am. I'm not dead.

ROBERT TRUMBULL

Look, I need the verification. Can't print a story without proof.

LOUIS

The Japanese took everything I had but my wallet.

Reaches into his pocket, he pulls out his wallet, handing it to Trumbull.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Except for eight American dollars hidden in a secret compartment, and my 'SC Life Pass.

Trumbull opens the wallet. Takes the pass in his hands. Sure enough.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

How could I be dead? Doesn't make any sense.

ROBERT TRUMBULL

Okay, you got a minute? We'll talk outside.

Louis keeps looking over Trumbull's shoulder. No sign of the buddy anywhere. Louis looks half-furious.

EXT. RED CROSS BUILDING - YOKOHAMA - LATER

Louis and Trumbull sit in silence. The interview is over. Trumbull is at a loss for words.

A photographer is snapping away as Louis and Trumbull sit.

Louis just watches him.

LOUIS  
Well? Can I have my donut now--

ROBERT TRUMBULL  
(mind elsewhere)  
Are you eager to get home?

LOUIS  
(simple, blank)  
No. No, I don't want my mother to  
see me like this.

Louis stands, finally having enough.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
Good to meet you.

And walks away. Trumbull just sits there, then snaps out of  
it.

ROBERT TRUMBULL  
(as Louis departs)  
Yeah. You too.

INT. DINING ROOM - RED CROSS BUILDING - YOKOHAMA - LATER

Louis walks back into the dining room. The room is deserted,  
save for the clean-up crew. Approaches the table where the  
sweets were promised; now mere crumbs. His heart sinks.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. REUTERS OF THE PACIFIC BUILDING - MANILA, PHILIPPINES -  
DAY

The city of Manila in the distance. The capital of the  
Philippines. Shelled out buildings. Clean-up crews  
everywhere. The aftermath of war is still evident.

A crash of thunder.

At the moment, hard rain is coming down in droves. Mud  
puddles collecting everywhere.

We see Louis running toward the Reuters of the Pacific  
building.

TITLE:

**Manila, Philippines**

He rushes inside.

INT. BULLPEN - REUTERS OF THE PACIFIC BUILDING - MOMENTS  
LATER

Louis, drenched, walks down the bullpen as war correspondent  
JOE LAITIN, and recent friend, is listening and multi-tasking  
at the same time.

JOE LAITIN  
What's on your mind, Zamp?

LOUIS  
--Not the first time I've come to  
you for help--

JOE LAITIN  
--Still having trouble with that  
meal ticket business?

LOUIS  
--No, no. Thanks to you--

JOE LAITIN  
--Ofuna should have registered you  
as a POW, huh? Never would have had  
this meal ticket trouble in the  
first place--

Louis suddenly cuts in Laitin's path. He has no where to go.  
Louis is eye to eye. Desperation fills them.

LOUIS  
I need out, Joe. I'm sick of  
waiting for a flight. I've been  
waiting for weeks. Sick of  
Okinawa, sick of Manila--

JOE LAITIN  
I can get you an application--

LOUIS  
And headquarters keeps telling me  
the same thing--

JOE LAITIN  
Are you kidding? There are eighty-  
one colonels ahead of you, trying  
to get home. Same as you.

Beat. Louis purses his lips, shaking his head.

JOE LAITIN (CONT'D)  
Where's the application?

Louis quickly pulls out the wrinkled application form from his flight jacket. Laitin inspects it.

JOE LAITIN (CONT'D)  
Filled out, like I showed you?

Louis nods. Laitin shakes his head, motions with his fingers for Louis to follow.

INT. DESK OFFICER'S OFFICE - MILITARY HEADQUARTERS -  
MANILA, PHILIPPINES - ANOTHER DAY

Laitin and Louis barge in on the DESK OFFICER, meekly seated behind his desk.

Next to him, a stack of similar applications are piled high.

Without a word, Laitin walks to the stack, sifts through it, finds Louis' wrinkled application, eyes the Desk Officer, and flops it on top of the stack.

Points to Louis. Very direct.

JOE LAITIN  
He goes on the next plane.  
Understood?

The Desk Officer sinks in his chair, tries to sit up.

DESK OFFICER  
Yes, sir, Mr. Laitin.

Laitin eyes the Desk Officer, knowing for a war correspondent, he has an awful lot of pull around here. They leave.

EXT. MILITARY HEADQUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

The rain is unforgiving.

Laitin and Louis stand under the lip of the roof, shelter from the rain. Laitin lights a cigarette, looking around.

JOE LAITIN  
Tell ya, Zamp, it'll be a bright  
beautiful day when we all get to go  
home.  
(beat)  
Normally it takes a bottle of  
whisky, box of cigars even, to move  
up that stack. Your one of the  
lucky ones.

Louis pulls his hand out of his coat pocket to shake Laitin's.

LOUIS

I owe you, Joe. You really came through.

Laitin doesn't shake, just stands there, respectfully.

JOE LAITIN

What you've been through, I wouldn't wish on my worst enemy. Any plans set up when you get home?

Louis doesn't answer.

JOE LAITIN (CONT'D)

Running again, maybe?

Louis looks off, trying to find the words.

LOUIS

I don't know, Joe. Thanks to the Japs, I think I might be done with competitive racing.

Laitin takes a long drag of his cigarette, then flicks it out into the rain. And offers Louis his hand.

JOE LAITIN

Live life, kid. You've earned it.

And with that, Laitin walks away, into the cold rain. Louis watches him.

He looks up to the sky, bundling up. Rain clouds everywhere.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE OPEN SKY - DAY

A beautiful blue sky, few clouds in the sky. Travelling over the Pacific. Entering frame is the brand-new four-engined C-54 Skymaster transport, bound for Hawaii.

INT. FUSELAGE - C-54 SKYMASTER - CONTINUOUS

Louis leans against the fuselage, his eyes closed, trying to sleep if possible.

After a moment, the PILOT comes and places a waking hand on Louis' shoulder. He stirs and looks up.

PILOT

Lieutenant, sir. It'd be an honor to have you visit the cockpit today.

A beat.

Louis gets up and follows the Pilot.

INT. COCKPIT - C-54 SKYMASTER - CONTINUOUS

Louis and the Pilot enter the cockpit, addressing the COPILOT and the NAVIGATOR. The Navigator is reading the morning New York Times edition.

PILOT

Gentlemen, meet Lieutenant Zamperini.

Handshakes all around.

NAVIGATOR

(holding the newspaper up)  
Lieutenant, we were just reading about you in the paper.

(off Louis' confused look)  
Well, the interview you gave to the New York Times.

(handing the paper over)  
See for yourself.

Louis opens the paper. Reporter Robert Trumbull's article that Louis interviewed for has made the front page.

THE HEADLINE

reads **"Zamperini, Olympic Miler, Safe After Epic Ordeal!"**

PILOT

Word is the article went syndicated. Your gonna be big news everywhere.

(off of Louis' look)  
We just wanted to offer our congratulations personally.

Again, handshakes all around. Louis is flustered.

LOUIS

All I wanted was a goddamned donut and Coke.

The men of the flight crew look on curiously.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
 Sounds crazy. To a POW, those  
 things make sense.

INT. AIRSTRIP - KWAJALEIN ISLAND - DAY

The C-54 Skymaster comes to a stop on the airstrip. A base  
 has long been established by this time.

DISSOLVE TO:

MOMENTS LATER

Louis and the flight crew have barreled out, stretching their  
 legs, waiting for the plane re-fueling. Louis takes a look  
 around, as the Pilot approaches.

PILOT  
 What do you think?

LOUIS  
 Well.  
 (taking in the sight)  
 There's not much here.

PILOT  
 Not now. This is where you spent  
 forty-three days.

A beat.

Louis looks around with new eyes.

PILOT (CONT'D)  
 This is Kwajalein.

EXT. INLAND JUNGLE - KWAJALEIN ISLAND - MOMENTS LATER

Louis and the Pilot wade through the leveled jungle. Louis  
 is searching for something.

LOUIS  
 Where are all the trees?

PILOT  
 Leveled. By naval gunfire some  
 time ago. There's only one tree  
 left.

They approach the edge of what was once the village base  
 where Louis and Phil were interrogated and experimented on.

Sure enough, one such tree grows at the edge of the village.



PILOT (CONT'D)  
There it is.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CELLBLOCK - DETENTION BUILDING - KWAJALEIN ISLAND -  
MOMENTS LATER

Louis walks alone down the tight cellblock. As he walks, he looks down in what used to house human prisoners. Comes to his old cell, and kneels down.

Looks to the wall, where the names of the nine executed marines are written. Nine dead men who will never see their families ever again. Written below the nine is the one survivor.

Louis Zamperini.

Such a surreal moment as we

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. WAIKIKI BEACH - HAWAII - AFTERNOON

The beauty of Waikiki Beach, in the sunset.

Near the shore line, we see an army hospital.

In the foreground, the natives are curiously watching Louis in the process of playfully wrestling with a familiar one-legged man.

Fred Garrett, from Ofuna. Sand is kicking up. Both having the time of their lives.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ASSISTANT'S OFFICE - GENERAL HAP ARNOLD'S OFFICE - DAY

A stern-looking ASSISTANT to the General, stares disapprovingly at Louis, standing at attention.

ASSISTANT  
First let me point out,  
congratulations on your promotion  
to Captain.

Beat.

LOUIS

Thank you, sir.

ASSISTANT

Over-due, we're aware. Word from your doctors is that you still have a touch of something tropical. Nothing too serious. We're all sure your eager to get home as soon as possible.

Louis doesn't respond. The Assistant continues to study him, speaks bluntly.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

Your a goof-off here, Captain. We understand what you've been through, but your the returning hero, the celebrity, and frankly speaking, the boozing and the partying every night is not good news.

(reaches in his coat pocket, producing a red-letter order)

So, I hold in my hand a letter written by the General himself.

(reads)

"Get your ass back here with any available dispatch."

Folds the letter closed with a smirk. Hands Louis the letter. Clutches it, shaking his head.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

Your family, friends, reporters and the good General even, wants you home.

Walks around Louis, eyeing him every step of the way.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

Meaning, Captain Zamperini, go. With any means available to you. I don't give a shit if you have to row, you get the fuck off this island and report to the mainland.

The Assistant takes a seat behind his desk. Begins sifting through paperwork. Looks up to Louis, still at attention.

Gives a look, like "what the hell are you still doing here?"  
Louis salutes, about-faces, and leaves.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO SKYLINE - ESTABLISH - NIGHT

Flying through the clouds, we break through and our first  
glimpse of San Francisco is a breathtaking one.

ARMY PR MAN (O.S.)  
(speaking in a hasty tone)  
Okay, Captain Zamperini, we have  
you over here.

INT. KITCHEN - SAN FRANCISCO PRESS CLUB - NIGHT

Louis, dressed in his Army Corps uniform, hair slicked back,  
trails behind an ARMY PR MAN, as they make their way through  
the busy kitchen. The Army PR Man is briefing Louis as they  
walk.

ARMY PR MAN  
General Arnold got you back with  
all haste for a reason. We know  
you're already used to the  
spotlight. The track thing, the  
Olympics, good for you. Everyone  
wants a piece of you. Let 'em.

They approach the back end of the kitchen, leading into the  
wings behind the banquet hall. They take a sharp right  
into...

INT. BACKSTAGE - SAN FRANCISCO PRESS CLUB - CONTINUOUS

...where a spotlight shines through the closed curtain.  
Beyond the curtain, voices of off-screen attendees are heard.

The two stop and the PR Man continues.

ARMY PR MAN  
You'll be our public relations man.  
You've got one hell of a tale to  
tell. And we want to make money  
off of this.

LOUIS  
What do I say?

ARMY PR MAN  
You read the papers. Read 'em the  
article in the Times.  
(MORE)

ARMY PR MAN(CONT'D)

Sounds more adventurous coming  
outta your own mouth, though.

(makes to leave, remembers  
something, brushes a  
piece of lint off Louis'  
uniform)

Love the attention, kid. You'll  
never be this famous again.

And with that, he's gone. Louis stands alone, the spotlight  
bleeding through the closed curtain.

The PR Man walks from backstage to...

INT. BANQUET HALL - SAN FRANCISCO PRESS CLUB - CONTINUOUS

...where a large banquet has been prepared. Hundreds are in  
attendance, dressed to the nines. Wining and dining.  
Members of the San Francisco Press Club.

The PR Man approaches the stage turning his attention to the  
microphone. Addressing the audience.

ARMY PR MAN

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen.  
Thank you for attending. We are  
here this evening to honor a true--

The audience hushes as they listen.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER

Wine is filled into glasses and quickly emptied, by Louis and  
Fred Garrett. Enjoying the good life.

LOUIS

looks around. Complete strangers are looking at him with  
respect, a sense of awe almost.

The PR Man approaches the microphone once more.

ARMY PR MAN

And now, the man of the hour, the  
man who is a hero in every sense of  
the word. I give you--

SECONDS LATER

LOUIS

stands at the microphone, as the attending audience are on their feet, cheering and clapping him on.

ARMY PR MAN (O.S.)  
--Captain Louis Zamperini.

The press are snapping pictures, writing on note pads, cheering along with the audience. Everyone seems so happy.

Louis takes it all in from a different perspective. The clapping and the cheering sound to him to be coming through a thin prism. Barely audible.

He still makes a show of respect and begins to speak.

LOUIS  
Before I crashed at sea, I told you  
there were still many miles left in  
these legs.  
(beat)  
That hasn't changed. I'll be  
running again. This is my second  
lease on life.

THE AUDIENCE

is listening, hanging on his every word.

LOUIS  
In fact, I hope to qualify not just  
for the next Olympics in 1948. But  
for the next three.

A beat. Louis takes a step away from the microphone. The audience then erupts in applause. He stands down from the stage and the audience embraces him in handshakes, hugs.

He is easily overwhelmed.

EXT. LETTERMAN HOSPITAL - SAN FRANCISCO - DAYS LATER

The hospital entrance is filling with press still trying to get a chance to talk with Louis.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LETTERMAN HOSPITAL - SAME

LOUIS' POV

as he looks through the window below, watching the press being turned away.

Turns to Fred Garrett, laying on his bed. Sharing a hospital room together.

LOUIS  
Tell you, not sure how much more of  
this I can take.

FRED GARRETT  
Embrace it, don't hide from it.

The phone loudly rings. Louis sighs.

FRED GARRETT (CONT'D)  
(picks the phone up)  
The International Louis Zamperini  
Fan Club.

Fred Garrett listens a beat, then hands the receiver over to Louis. Takes a breath and speaks.

LOUIS  
Yeah.

Long beat. The voice on the other end finally speaks.

PETE (O.S.)  
I told them you were too ornery to  
die.

LOUIS

A very long beat. Louis immediately knows that voice. His face changes in an instant.

LOUIS  
(whisper)  
Pete...

PETE (O.S.)  
Yeah.

LOUIS  
Where are you?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - LETTERMAN HOSPITAL - LATER

LOUIS' POV

as he walks through the lobby. Doctors, candy stripers, interns look at him, then go about their business. He is searching for someone.

PETE (V.O.)

Just forty miles away, Toots. Be there soon.

LOUISE (V.O.)

You on a pass?

PETE (V.O.)

Nope. Went AWOL, kid. See you soon as I can hitch a ride.

LOUIS' POV (CONT'D)

finally finds the person among the crowd that he was searching for. Dressed in his naval uniform is Pete Zamperini.

Pete sees him and, without hesitation, reaches out to hug his little brother.

They fall into each other's arms. Not letting go. Louis has to wipe the tears away from his eyes.

Pete still can't believe the realization of this moment.

PETE

Knew you were all right. Knew you were all right. Everyone thought I was crazy.

They let go and just look at each other. They slowly collapse onto nearby chairs.

PETE (CONT'D)

I told Mom, 'if Louie can get his feet on solid ground, he's okay. Give him a toothbrush and a scout knife, and he can take care of himself.'

Louis is at a loss for words, letting his brother carry on.

PETE (CONT'D)

You know what we were gonna do, Dad and I, if you didn't show up?

(MORE)

PETE (CONT'D)

We were going to save up enough  
money to buy a boat and go island  
hopping 'til we found you.

(long beat)

I just knew you were alive  
somewhere out there and--

Pete crumbles with emotion, tears welling. A rarity seeing  
Pete like this. Louis holds him.

Louis pulls away, trying his best to cheer Pete up, taking a  
look at the naval uniform. His weary face. His hair now more  
gray than brown. The thickness of the hair now thin.

Finally finds the words.

LOUIS

What happened to you, old man?

PETE

(wiping tears away, that  
older brother look)

Kid, you got no respect for your  
elders.

Pete punches Louis on the arm, wiping away tears.

PETE (CONT'D)

You been living on cream puffs?  
You look like shit.

LOUIS

I know, I have to go on a diet.  
Give me a break. All I did was  
dream of eating for two years.

Long beat. Nothing to say. Louis looks to Pete. The words  
he's been waiting to say for years.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

I want to go home.

On Louis, the sound of wind picking up, the engine of a plane  
heard.

EXT. TORRANCE AIRPORT - DAY

Touching down on the runway is a B-25 plane, slowing to a  
stop. Off to the side of the runway, a small group of cars  
wait. A civilian car, and a police car.

The B-25 comes to a stop. The engine is cut. The occupants  
of the cars get out and wait.



The Zamperini family.

INT. B-25 - CONTINUOUS

Pete unfastens his seat belt and collects their belongings. Louis remains in his seat, a bundle of nerves. His anticipation is fever pitch.

Pete reaches out his hand.

PETE

Get up. Going to be okay.

EXT. B-25 - TORRANCE AIRPORT - MOMENTS LATER

The door of the B-25 opens. Anthony, Louise, sisters Virginia and Sylvia, tense up, barely containing themselves.

Pete barrels out of the door first. Steps out onto the runway and joins his family, who lovingly embrace him. Wait for Louis to step out through the door.

The anticipation grows.

INT. B-25 - CONTINUOUS

Louis at the door, his eyes closed. Finally takes the first step out onto...

EXT. B-25 - TORRANCE AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

...the runway and looks at his family. Holding each other; having a look at Louis for the first time in three years. Louise bursts into tears immediately.

LOUIS

walks as he approaches, then breaks into a full run, right into his mother's arms. They collide. Holds onto her tight. Holds on for dear life.

His tears just burst.

He moves his hug from his mother to his father Anthony. Anthony is beside himself, so unbelieving that this moment is true. Then, grips onto his sisters.

Pete stands there, watching the moment unfold.

Away from the family is a familiar face. Police Chief Strohe, who gave Louis the ride home after his return from the Olympic games is there, leaning against his police car. Watching proudly. Reaches out and offers a handshake.

Everyone embraces Louis. Not welcoming home a hero. But their son, their brother.

INT. MOM AND DAD'S CAR - LATER

The car ride home. Everyone sits in silence as Anthony drives. Nothing really to be said at this moment.

Louis, in the backseat with his siblings, stares out the window, taking in the view of the tree-lined street of his youth. Everything looks as normal as it used to. Nothing feels too out of place during his absence.

THE NUMBERS "2028"

Louis' home address.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - ZAMPERINI HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Louis places a firm hand on the railing of the front porch, gripping the wood. His eyes are shut, tense. Trying to gain everything back from his memories. Is everything going to still be the same?

His family stands at a respective distance behind him. Anthony reaches out and places a comforting hand on Louis' shoulder. Easing him toward the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI HOME - MOMENTS LATER

The front door is open.

Louis stands awkwardly in the middle of the small living room. His family stands in the doorway.

Louis walks along, appraising everything with his eyes.

THE RIFLE

hanging over the fireplace.

THE PIANO

in all its beauty.

THE OFFICIAL DEATH NOTICE

for Louis Zamperini, framed and hanging on the wall.

Louis takes this in with a shrug.

THE FIREPLACE

out of joint. Crumbling.

Louis quickly turns to Louise, searching for an explanation.

LOUISE

An earthquake shook it to pieces  
and we haven't--

She trails off, respecting the silence.

Louis returns to soaking in as much as he can. The living room, the house even, feels smaller.

INT. LOUIS AND PETE'S ROOM - ZAMPERINI HOME - MOMENTS LATER

The door opens to reveal his old room.

A single bed now rests, made and welcoming.

Louis walks in, takes in the size of the room. Places his flight bag on the floor, and sinks slowly onto the bed.

Louis reaches over and pulls the curtain aside to look out the window. The sound of a car passing by, nothing of a commotion.

Then, the phone violently rings. Killing the silence.

Everyone jumps as we

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ZAMPERINI HOME - LATER

The front door flies open as friends, reporters, photographers, well dressed city officials pour in. Each carrying gifts, food.

This is Louis' welcome home party.

A SERIES OF SHOTS

Chaos everywhere.

The eye of the storm: Louis is in the middle of it. A blur of smiles, wiped away tears, great big hugs, buffet in the dining room full of exquisite food, half-drunken kisses.

Every time Louis turns around, a flashbulb goes off, blinding him. Despite his smile, he still holds a hand up to guard himself. A natural reflex.

For him, it's difficult to take. He's happy to be here, yet at the same time, terrified. It's as if he's sleepwalking through the whole thing.

LOUIS

feels like a stranger as the friendly faces fly through him, his face emoting nothing.

Louise wraps her arms around him yet again. Still crying. Louis holds his mother, but only politely.

Anthony holds up a bottle of liquor to show Louis. His smile is comically big.

ANTHONY ZAMPERINI

The man across the street brought  
this one the day you went missing.

Louis, still holding Louise, looks at his father with expressionless eyes.

ANTHONY ZAMPERINI (CONT'D)

Said he didn't drink, but he'd have  
a drink with you, from this bottle,  
when you came home.

Now Louis is walking along the buffet set up in the dining room. Gnocchi, ravioli, steak, risotto, etc.

LOUIS,

his mind full of haunted thoughts. Various memories and voices in his head, all going at once.

Voices from the raft.

LOUIS (V.O.)

--the menu first. What do you  
guy's want for dinner?

PHIL (V.O.)

Salad. Soup--

MAC (V.O.)

--chicken cacciatore, tonight.

LOUIS (V.O.)

Fine. Chicken cacciatore. We have  
wine, olive oil for the bread,  
whatever.

A voice from somewhere in the house. Off-screen.

PETE (V.O.)  
Look in the kitchen, Louie!

Another. A Reporter.

REPORTER (V.O.)  
How 'bout a picture, Louie! C'mon,  
don't be shy, sport!

Another. Anthony.

ANTHONY ZAMPERINI (V.O.)  
Even after the death certificate  
arrived, the bottles kept coming.

His mind dissolves to a later memory.

LOUIS (V.O.)  
C'mon guys. You know what today  
is. And you know we only do brunch  
on Sunday's.

Looks up, sees a haunting image.

LOUIS' POV

his mother sits in her chair in the living room, still  
sobbing.

Louis is confused. He's right there. He's not dead. She  
looks up at him, tears streaming down her cheeks.

Disturbing.

A large bang is heard as we

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD - ZAMPERINI HOME - SECONDS LATER

The back door smacks open and Louis tumbles out. Runs to the  
center of the lawn, heaves his back out, his face tilted  
toward the sky. He brings his hands to his face, rubbing his  
eyes, then his cheeks. Catching his breath.

He holds himself for a moment. The sounds of the party  
inside still echoing in his ears.

Walks toward the garage, door half-opened, and peers inside.

INT. GARAGE - ZAMPERINI HOME - CONTINUOUS

Louis takes two steps in, and closes the door behind him. And sees it. A vehicle sits parked, covered with a large dust cloth.

Curiosity peaked, he pulls the sheet to the ground, revealing his 1939 Plymouth Convertible. What a sight to see.

Feels along the fender, pats the hood, and...

...his face crumbles. Tears pouring from his eyes.

He slowly places his head against the hood and sobs uncontrollably. Loud bursts. Everything he has been feeling. Everything he has been holding back, can't be held anymore.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KITCHEN - ZAMPERINI HOME - NIGHT

The sink and the counters are full of dirty dishes. Nothing needs to be cleaned right now.

Louise is preparing coffee.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI HOME - LATER THAT NIGHT

Louise walks from the kitchen, bringing the coffee out on a tray. Only the immediate family remain.

Coffee is passed around. An awkward silence.

Louis sits in his father's chair, slightly more comfortable. Everyone else, however, is looking to one another.

SYLVIA

(whisper)

Now?

PETE

(whisper, nods)

Yeah.

Louise nods, and takes a seat next to Louis.

Sylvia, Virginia, and Pete stand up and walk out of the room.

Louis looks to his mother, confused. She simply places a comforting pat on his leg.

The siblings return with armfuls of brightly wrapped packages, placed at Louis' feet. He's not sure what they are at first.

He leans forward, reading the tags, as each gift is placed before him.

THE TAGS

read, **CHRISTMAS 1943. JANUARY 26, 1944. CHRISTMAS 1944, JANUARY 26, 1945.**

More and more.

LOUIS

is speechless as they continue to be laid out.

The very emotion is written all over his face. The ultimate proof that his family never accepted the idea of his death.

LOUIS

is home at long last.

The ticking sound of the his mother's clock is heard, as we

FADE TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK

A long silence.

Slowly fading in is the unmistakable sound of swing music. Possibly the late Glenn Miller.

FADE IN:

A MUSICAL MONTAGE

OVER A SERIES OF BLACK AND WHITE STILLLS

we take in the life of Southern California, post-war.

-Young servicemen walking down Hollywood Boulevard, a beautiful girl on their arm, taking life in stride for the first time in quite a while.

DISSOLVE TO:

-Former GI's returning to their jobs. The thankless men who had filled their occupations are now unhappily out on the street. Resentment hangs heavy in the air.

DISSOLVE TO:

-Wives receiving their husbands, mothers receiving their sons, home from overseas. Open arms and even more open emotions. The Baby Boom generation has begun.

DISSOLVE TO:

-Those same young men. Their smiles gone, some of them sit up at night, heads hung low in their hands, trying to cope with witnessed past horrors.

-Their wives look on in the background, holding restless infants.

DISSOLVE TO:

-And then there's Louis Zamperini.

LOUIS ZAMPERINI,

in the middle of this, frozen on a dirty paparazzi-like photograph. A genuine smile is across his face. Who's young life has taken a different direction than those of his fellow returning soldiers.

The photograph becomes unfrozen as he...

EXT. HOLLYWOOD SIDEWALK - NIGHT

...strides along the sidewalk in Hollywood. Dressed in his service uniform, he is enjoying the glances he's receiving from beautiful young women that cross his path.

He comes to a stop, glances behind him. Sees a team of reporters, almost paparazzi-like tracing his every move. With an embarrassed shrug, he continues walking, grinning.

EXT. TORRANCE AIRPORT - DAY

A LOOMING SIGN

overlooks the airfield. In the process of being taken down by maintenance men.

It reads, **"ZAMPERINI MEMORIAL FIELD."**

A plane flies overhead and soon lands.



EXT. DAILY BREEZE NEWSPAPER BUILDING - TORRANCE - DAY

Establishing.

INT. EDITOR'S OFFICE - DAILY BREEZE NEWSPAPER - CONTINUOUS

The overweight, over-anxious EDITOR is speaking to his team of columnists.

DAILY BREEZE EDITOR

(to Sports Columnist)

We're making Zamperini's homecoming a welcome one. But we need to dig, and I mean dig, people! Dig and see if this kid still has a shelf life in track! Does he have what it takes to make it to the '48 Olympics?

Lights a cigar.

SPORTS COLUMNIST

I think--

DAILY BREEZE EDITOR

--I don't care what you think! Dig and then dig some more!

(speaking through the  
chomped cigar)

When you hit pay dirt, give me a ring-a-ding ding.

(beat)

Everyone! Out!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. RADIO STATION - DAY

Louis walks in stride toward his former USC coach, Dean Cromwell. They immediately shake hands.

INT. STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER

A sports radio program. Louis and Coach Cromwell are joking about the old days, while on the air.

EXT. WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO ENTRANCE - DAY

We fly toward the front entrance of the film studio. As we do, a booming, God-like voice speaks. Jack Warner's.

JACK WARNER (V.O.)  
I don't care!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OUTER OFFICE - JACK WARNER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Flying toward the door. Past the secretary.

JACK WARNER (V.O.)  
We want this kid happy. That's all  
that fucking matters!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JACK WARNER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

JACK WARNER paces the floor of his enormously beautiful office, while a second secretary is writing what he dictates.

JACK WARNER  
Doesn't matter the cost. When  
Louie gets settled, we're throwing  
an all-studio party for him.

Warner looks at the secretary for an uncomfortable beat. She doesn't know what else to say. He's actually thinking.

JACK WARNER (CONT'D)  
We should talk a movie with this  
kid. Who do you see playing him?

Long beat.

SECRETARY  
(thinking, a whisper, shy)  
I like Gary Cooper.

JACK WARNER  
Get the Times on the phone. Break  
the Zamperini party...

EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE - LAKESIDE GOLF CLUB - DAY

Louis' Plymouth convertible pulls up. A string of valets run to attend to the car as Louis walks out, dressed to play golf.

As he approaches the front entrance, the doormen happily slide the doors open for him. He walks in, loving the good life.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - LAKESIDE GOLF CLUB - LATER

Louis lines up his shot in a most uncomfortable way. The iron makes contact with the ball, but slices to the left. His faces crumbles with embarrassment.

A young BOB HOPE, his golf partner, just shakes his head. They have a lengthy beat. Begins to back away.

LOUIS  
Anything from the snack bar?  
Cause, you know, I'm heading that  
way, anyway...

EXT. OUTDOOR SNACK BAR - LAKESIDE GOLF CLUB - LATER

Louis and Bob Hope walk back, laughing about something. Well-known Warner contact players of the day, shake hands with Louis. Almost as well-known as the famous stars.

Louis is travelling through unfamiliar waters, and enjoying every bit of the trip.

END MUSIC MONTAGE

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE - EARL CARROLL THEATER AND NIGHTCLUB - HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

A series of expensive cars are parked by valets. Louis' Plymouth Convertible is among them.

LOUIS' POV

as the doormen open the door to him with smiles.

DOORMAN  
Welcome back, Mr. Zamperini.

INT. EARL CARROLL THEATER AND NIGHTCLUB - CONTINUOUS

The beautiful world famous Earl Carroll Theater and Nightclub. Innovative for its day. Sixty-foot wide double revolving turntable on the main stage. Three swings that come down from the ceiling. Revolving staircase.

SUNSET BOULEVARD'S WALL OF FAME,

written with personal notes from the famous movie stars to Earl Carroll himself.

And not least of all, a rain machine.

The Hollywood nightlife. Men dressed in tuxedos, women dressed to the nines.

In the middle of all this is Louis Zamperini. Comfortable and very much in his element. Crossing through the nightclub, recognized by almost everyone.

His hand is on the shoulder, mid-conversation, with a familiar face that we haven't seen in awhile.

PHIL.

The last time we saw him, he was leaving Ofuna for an officer's camp. He looks a little bleak, like some of the other returning men. Unadjusted. Not relating to his new surroundings.

LOUIS

...well, you gotta get out and about, Phil. Let me introduce you to some people. Things'll pick up.

An entourage of rich men walk from the dance floor and shake Louis' hand.

Over all this, Phil keeps talking, his head looking down at the ground.

PHIL

Easy for you, Zamp. Your on top of the world 'round here. You could be in pictures.

They make their way to a table with a "RESERVED" place card. The nearest waiter removes the card and they sit.

Once seated, Louis takes in the room. Phil seems uncomfortable. But locks eyes with Louis. They share an unspoken past. Pure amazement and gratitude written across their face.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Still can't believe it.

(beat)

One morning I'm gonna wake up and come to a realization of how the hell we survived what we've seen. What we've done.

(beat, realization)

We're alive. I'm sitting in some swanky nightclub in Hollywood and there's Olivia De Havilland over there. It's surreal.

LOUIS

smiles. Yet seems faint. Something weighing heavily on him. The smiles soon disappear.

Long beat.

Out of nowhere.

LOUIS

(not knowing what he's  
saying)

I try to focus on the now. I've  
been having trouble sleeping  
lately...

Phil looks on curiously. Doesn't understand what Louis means by that. Louis quickly looks away.

Spots someone approaching, stubs out his cigarette and rises to his feet.

The music also rises. Swing music to put everyone in a good mood.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Finally! Get over here you son of  
a bitch!

Crossing the room is fun-loving Harry Read. All gusto, like always. Hand extended, the men fall into a bear hug.

Louis introduces Harry to Phil.

LATER

Following a pair of legs, one disjointed and stiff, another perfectly normal, as they cross the room for Louis' table.

In an instant we know it's Fred Garrett. On his arm is his beautiful wife, MRS. GARRETT. A smile that lights up the room.

Again Louis is on his feet, stops to alert a nearby waiter to join another couple of chairs to the table, and walks to the couple with open arms.

Meets Mrs. Garrett for the first time, kissing her on the cheek in greeting. Louis smiles and shakes Fred's hand.

Makes a gesture about his prosthetic leg and then looks into Fred's eyes. Looks worse than Phil.

Depression seems deep in this man. Louis reaches over and gives the man a comforting hug.

They join the party at the table. A reunion of lost souls.

A SERIES OF IMAGES

It's back to the drinks. This group trying to forget their worries for a little while. Laughs all around. Shots being downed.

Louis seems to be drinking more than the rest of the party. No one notices right away.

Louis shakily approaches the dance floor. Dancers turn to him as he passes by, smiling. He doesn't even see them.

Louis on the dance floor with a beautiful brunette. Dancing more for himself than with her. His moves are everywhere. Trying to maintain his happy buzz, if at all possible.

The music slows, then sounds diluted. Like through a small prism.

INTERCUT TO:

Louis at home in bed, tossing in his sleep.

BACK TO:

THE DANCE FLOOR

The world has slowed down. Blurred.

His feet on the floor, enjoying the buzz.

His party at the table watching with drunken disbelief.

INTERCUT TO:

LOUIS,

in a cold sweat, clutching the sides of the mattress.

BACK TO:

THE DANCE FLOOR

Louis races up to the table, downs a quick shot. Returns to the dance floor.

LOUIS' DREAM

Various images, all disturbing.

## THE BIRD'S EYES

glittering in a gray emptiness. Staring right at us.  
Echoing in our ears...

## THE BIRD

Look at me! Look at me!

The Bird brings the buckle of his belt down on Louis to  
sucker punch him. The belt lands with a dull thud as we

SMASH CUT TO:

Louis, in his sleep, reacting to the punch. Tosses and  
twists in the darkness.

## THE BIRD (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Why you no look at me!!!

BACK TO:

## THE DANCE FLOOR

Slow motion. Everything is a blur. The smiles have  
disappeared.

Louis walks back to the table, drenched in sweat. Reaches  
out a shaky hand and tosses the next shot back. His eyes  
roll back in his head. The taste is perfect. Somehow still  
in control.

INTERCUT TO:

## EXT. HOLLYWOOD STREET - NIGHT

Late night.

Louis, hands tucked in his pockets, roams the deserted  
streets alone, searching for something. His eyes are  
bloodshot from lack of sleep.

INTERCUT TO:

Louis, still wrapped in his nightmare, sits straight up,  
contorting from the invisible beatings.

## LOUIS' DREAM

The Bird's belt buckle is striking Louis against the gray  
nothingness. His face taking a bloody beating. Nothing can  
stop this.

LOUIS

in the darkness bobbing up and down on the raft in the middle of the Pacific. Alone this time. Looks up and sees a silent Japanese Sally Bomber circle him overhead.

INTERCUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD STREET - CONTINUOUS

LOUIS

comes to an abrupt stop and looks out of the corner of his eye. Walks out of frame.

INTERCUT TO:

INT. EARL CARROLL THEATER AND NIGHTCLUB - CONTINUOUS

Louis flops down, exhausted.

More toasts, more shots.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLYWOOD BAR - CONTINUOUS

Louis flops down on a stool, exhausted. Nearby customers see him. Glances a look around the room. Inaudibly, he begins to tell his story to anyone who will listen.

INTERCUT TO:

LOUIS' DREAM

The Sally Bomber begins to nose dive down on Louis, still in the raft. The Bomber opens fire, tearing Louis to shreds.

The Bird's voice still echoing in his ears.

THE BIRD (V.O.)

Next! Next! Look at me!

Louis contorts in unimaginable pain, holes and blood ripping out of his chest.

He begins to stumble back as we

INTERCUT TO:



Louis, in bed, still in his nightmare, stretching out his hands, strangling nothing but air.

INTERCUT TO:

INT. EARL CARROLL THEATER AND NIGHTCLUB - CONTINUOUS

A FULL SHOT GLASS

being pushed forward.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLYWOOD BAR - CONTINUOUS

A FULL SHOT GLASS

being pushed forward by a sympathetic bartender.

BARTENDER

Have another, kid...

(beat)

...on the house.

Louis looks up at the bartender with dead eyes. A voice next to him, also sympathizes.

MAN IN BAR (O.S.)

Have a good time, kid. You've earned it.

As he downs the shot, we

CUT TO:

LOUIS' DREAM

Louis pitches backward out of the raft into the black water. His lifeless body begins to sink.

CUT TO:

INT. EARL CARROLL THEATER AND NIGHTCLUB - CONTINUOUS

Fred Garrett looks at Louis, each man holding a glass up, preparing a toast.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLYWOOD BAR - CONTINUOUS

As he takes another shot. Licks his lips, turns to open his mouth to say something. Instead, he hears a rowdy, loud mouthed man behind him. Another BARFLY.

As Louis listens, his face turns to such rage.

BARFLY (O.S.)

Yeah, you prisoners of war! Some heroes! What a great fucking way to get out of the war, sitting back and getting free--

Without warning, Louis lunges for the unseen Barfly without even looking. The Barfly is on the floor, Louis on top of him, savagely punching him uncontrollably.

THE BIRD (V.O.)

Next! Next! Next! Next!

The room quickly scatters. The Bartender races around the bar to intervene.

CUT TO:

LOUIS' DREAM

UNDERWATER,

Louis sinks deeper into the darkness.

CUT TO:

LOUIS IN HIS BED

violently strangles the air.

CUT TO:

LOUIS' DREAM

Louis has reached up and grabbed the belt out of The Bird's hands. The Bird's face contorts into unrealized horror as Louis overtakes him and clutches his throat.

Blood spouts from the Bird's mouth. Right on Louis' sadistically grinning face.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLYWOOD BAR - CONTINUOUS

The Bartender violently pulls Louis off the barfly. Begins to drag Louis out the front door. The barfly slowly moves to stand, struggling to breathe.

CUT TO:

LOUIS' DREAM

Louis pulls his happily shaking hands off of the Bird's throat.

He is dead, staring at Louis with lifeless eyes.

Louis giggles uncontrollably.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BAR - CONTINUOUS

Violently tossed out by the Bartender. Impacts hard, the right side of his face eating pavement. Lays there for a beat as we

CUT TO:

Louis falls back onto his bed, another nightmare has come to an end. Finding no comfort.

The music abruptly ends and everything returns to normal speed.

INT. EARL CARROLL THEATER AND NIGHTCLUB - CONTINUOUS

Fred Garrett and Louis still hold their drinks up. In a very soothing manner...

FRED GARRETT  
Welcome home, Zamp.

They toast. Louis takes his shot.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. LOUIS' BEDROOM - MORNING

A quiet moment. The house hardly stirs.

Louis sits on the edge of his bed. A fresh bruise rests on his forehead. His stomach bulges out farther than we've seen before.

His head is hung low, focused on something he's holding in his hands; the pamphlet given to him off the train in Yokohama.

We see up on the wall, surrounding him, are his running trophies, war medals and newspaper headlines charting his long-ago Olympic career.

THE PAMPHLET

Below the title, reads the following:

*"Good? Bad? Mixed up? Or can't you tell?  
That's OK, though. It's exactly the way thousands of men  
have felt who have come back ahead of you. Some of them  
wanted to talk it over. But some of them didn't even want to  
think about their feelings. If that is the way you feel right  
now, it's perfectly all right; don't turn another page. We  
suggest that you stick this away in your flight bag or some  
other place where you can get at it later."*

THE PAMPHLET

Reading the following:

*"It may come in handy."*

Suddenly, a creak breaks Louis' concentration. Turns to see Anthony standing in the open doorway.

ANTHONY ZAMPERINI  
(re: the bruises)  
Couldn't sleep again?

Louis throws the pamphlet down. Stares in his father's eyes.

LOUIS  
Not since I've been home.

Louis crumbles on the bed. His head in his hands.

Outside, the sound of children playing is heard.

Anthony doesn't move to comfort his son. Takes a seat on the opposite end of the bed. Looking forward. Keeping his distance.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Pop, the thing's I've seen...would horrify you.

(beat)

I feel like my life is over. The running, everything, and I have nothing to show for it.

(beat)

What am I going to do now?

ANTHONY ZAMPERINI

Everyone has to do something in this world. You find whatever makes you happy. And then you do it.

Louise has stepped in the doorway to find the source of the commotion. Anthony looks to her with concerned eyes.

ANTHONY ZAMPERINI (CONT'D)

Maybe a change of scenery will do some good.

Hold on Louise in the doorway, Anthony on the bed, and their son without a word to add.

EXT. ROAD - MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA - DAY

Passing the blue beautiful Atlantic is a charter bus bumping along a strip of highway.

From inside, we hear the voices of Louis and fun-loving buddy Harry Read.

HARRY READ (V.O.)

Gotta tell ya, Zamp, two weeks of R&R ain't too bad. We're gonna paint Miami red with our loose ways.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EMBASSY HOTEL - MIAMI BEACH - DAY

The bus pulls to a stop in front of the luxurious Embassy Hotel.

The beautiful beach is laid out in the distance.

LOUIS (V.O.)

Don't be spreading too much of that loose talk, will ya?

A chuckle.

The bus empties, along with Louis and Harry Read, dressed in appropriate attire. Heading toward the front entrance.

INT. EMBASSY HOTEL - MIAMI BEACH - LATER

A beautiful young employee hands the room keys to an eager Harry and Louis. They head for the elevator.

HARRY READ

Look out at that beach. Every available beautiful woman is out there. Dying to meet you.

LOUIS

Us, pal.

HARRY READ

You know these broads are rich and single to the gills. Marry off some rich woman, your troubles are soon over.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EMBASSY HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

A HOTEL-PRINTED LIST OF ACTIVITIES

Among them, deep-sea fishing, various tours, the zoo.

Holding the list is Louis. Not exactly wowed with the selection. Harry is leaning over his shoulder.

LOUIS

(not enthused)

What do you want to do first, Harry?

HARRY READ

Private clubs?

As he happily tears the list in two...

LOUIS

Perfect!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MCFADDEN-DEAVULLE CLUB - FRONT ENTRANCE - THAT NIGHT

THE "MCFADDEN-DEAUVILLE" CLUB SIGN

over the front entrance in large swanky letters.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. MCFADDEN-DEAVULLE CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Just as swanky inside. Famous and rich faces everywhere you turn. Harry and Louis in the middle of it all, surveying the female possibilities.

They spot the owner of the club, fitness buff Bernarr McFadden himself and physical fitness publishing tycoon. Reporters are flashing pictures left and right of him, stripped to his underwear, showing off his enormous muscles.

LOUIS AND HARRY

scan the room as they approach the bar for a drink.

HARRY READ

Look at the dolls, Zamp. My God.

LOUIS

(to the bartender)

Rum and coke. Two.

(to Harry, considering)

The natives look friendly.

As they talk, we see the beautiful women filling the room, conversing with possible suitors, talking amongst themselves. Sometimes take a second to glance Louis and Harry's way.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

You know, this is the life, what do you think? Single, no responsibilities, free to pick and choose.

MIAMI BARTENDER (O.S.)

Rum and coke, two.

Louis and Harry turn back to the bar and pay the man, sipping their drinks.

LOUIS

I mean, seriously, can you see being here with a wife?

Harry's mouth is too buried in his drink to answer. Louis doesn't need an answer.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Exactly.

(holds the drink, about to sip)

I once said I'd be a bachelor for the rest of my life.

Harry turns to face the room, Louis looks in the mirror, looking over his shoulder.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
 (almost to himself)  
 That goes double now.  
 (as he drinks, one eye  
 open to the mirror)  
 Variety, that's...

Louis' voice suddenly trails off. He's seen something in the reflection of the mirror behind him.

Something beautiful.

He spins around to scan the room.

Harry keeps sipping his drink, then looks to Louis.

HARRY READ  
 What? What is it?

LOUIS  
 (dumbstruck)  
 You didn't see her?

HARRY READ  
 No, which one?

LOUIS  
 (still scanning)  
 The tall one with the long, golden  
 hair and the face of an angel.

LOUIS' POV

scanning the room. No woman that beautiful matches his description. We haven't seen her, neither has Harry.

HARRY READ  
 (sucking on an ice cube,  
 looking for other  
 prospects)  
 Can't say I did.

LOUIS

is beside himself. Lets out a disappointed sigh. Still searching.



HARRY READ  
 What about that one? She sure  
 looks sweet, huh? Just forget  
 about some blonde that--

His voice fades away as we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH - MIAMI BEACH - THE NEXT DAY

LOUIS,

shirtless, laying on his stomach on a beach towel, asleep.

A beautiful sunlit scorcher. The waves crash somewhere off-screen.

Harry's voice once again fades in. He's talking to someone off-screen.

HARRY READ (O.S.)  
 --'38 was a big year for my buddy  
 boy here. Became the first West  
 Coaster to win the NCAA meet.

GIRL #1/GIRL #2 (O.S.)  
 Wow. / That's fantastic!

HARRY READ  
 Yeah, he's big time.

GIRL #1 (O.S.)  
 I was only eleven, but I remember  
 seeing the newsreel of him  
 winning that race.

Louis stirs awake, now listening in.

GIRL #1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 How could I forget a runner sitting  
 on a table with four large bandages  
 on his leg?

Louis opens his eyes and sits up and begins to turn around...

LOUIS  
 Harry, who are you talking--

...and comes face to face with the same beautiful girl he  
 spotted the night before.

Their eyes meet and everything immediately stops.

Louis freezes, unable to conjure actual words. Louis is, for the first time, actually speechless.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Hello.

HARRY READ

Louie, this beautiful dame is--  
 (to Girl #1)  
 --sorry sweetheart, forgot your  
 name.

CYNTHIA

Cynthia. Applewhite. Hi.

LOUIS

Louie Zamperini. And you are--  
 (catching himself)  
 --you already told me--sorry,  
 usually I am--  
 (beginning to stutter)  
 --usually I'm not so-sssss nervou--

It's up to Cynthia to break the ice instead.

CYNTHIA

(calmly)  
 Why don't you tell me where your  
 from.

Louis begins to think, but is thinking of something else entirely at the moment.

LOUIS' POV

as he struggles to come up with a response, is actually politely checking her out.

She's skinny, good. She's beautiful, looks intelligent, great. A beautiful brunette. Seems like a nice personality, even better.

The look on her face tells him that she's still waiting for an answer.

LOUIS

Uh, Torrance...but staying right  
 now in Hollywood.

HARRY AND GIRL #2

look on as they realize their friends have hit it off. They share a look like this part of the conversation is over and they're on their own.

CYNTHIA (O.S.)  
 (brightly)  
 I lived in Los Angeles once. Right  
 near Cathay Circle.

LOUIS (O.S.)  
 (sitting up completely  
 now)  
 Really? When did you live there?

Harry and Girl #2 roll up their beach blankets and walk off. Louis and Cynthia never realize their friends have left.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BOARDWALK - MIAMI BEACH - AFTERNOON

LOUIS AND CYNTHIA,

now more appropriately dressed, walk along the beautiful boardwalk.

For Louis, there is an eagerness we've never seen in him. He is absolutely star struck by her. A need to be closer to her.

CYNTHIA  
 Nineteen years old. Hope that's  
 not too young.

LOUIS  
 (eager, goofy)  
 No, no.

She produces a stunning smile.

CYNTHIA  
 Lived in St. Louis, New York, here,  
 of course. Voted a Sweetheart of  
 the Deauville and am an only child.

LOUIS  
 Schools?

CYNTHIA  
 Oh, some snooty girl's school and  
 attended the American Academy of  
 Dramatic Arts in New York.

LOUIS  
 (taken down a peg)  
 Wow.

CYNTHIA  
 (soothing)  
 Just because I come from money  
 doesn't mean I'm a snob. I leave  
 the snobbery up to my parents.  
 (beat)  
 How about you, Captain Zamperini--?

LOUIS  
 --Louie--

CYNTHIA  
 --Louie. It was just you, your  
 parents and brother and sisters  
 growing up?

LOUIS  
 Yeah. A picturesque bungalow house  
 in Torrance. Nothing to write home  
 about. Literally.

Beat.

CYNTHIA  
 You seem more down to earth than  
 most of the guy's I've met.

They keep walking. Is that all there is to say?

LOUIS  
 Do you want to go out?

CYNTHIA  
 Tonight? Oh no, sorry. Taken.

He stops her. Looks her in the eye. Is she pulling his leg?

LOUIS  
 Tomorrow?

CYNTHIA  
 I'm sorry. Taken.

His face slightly dips into disappointment. She sees this,  
 meets his eye, and half a smile develops.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
 My afternoons are free.

The dark clouds part.

LOUIS  
 Been meaning to try some deep-sea  
 fishing.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - OFF THE COAST OF MIAMI - THE NEXT AFTERNOON

On board a fishing boat are Louis and Cynthia. Heavy waves comes crashing along the boat.

They're trying to have a good time, but Cynthia shoves past Louis and vomits overboard.

Louis watches, still awestruck. Slowly approaches her slowly and places a comforting hand on her back.

She looks up to him, and playfully splashes water in his face.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DOCKS - MIAMI BEACH - EARLY EVENING

The fishing boat is docked.

Louis waves goodbye to Cynthia as she walks toward the Embassy Hotel. To another date. He tries his best not to be the jealous type.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BAR - EMBASSY HOTEL - MIAMI BEACH - THE NEXT AFTERNOON

Louis sits by himself, nursing a drink, when suddenly two small petite hands cover his eyes from behind. He knows immediately who the hands belong to, swings around, and playfully grabs Cynthia's wrists. She bursts out laughing.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OUTDOOR RESTAURANT - ALONG THE BOARDWALK - DAY

They share a meal together. Louis is going on about something that we can't hear. She looks out to the water, still listening.

Pauses. Louis has stopped talking.

She looks out of the corner of her eyes to see him. He is also staring out at the ocean. Taking in it's beauty.

She doesn't turn back to see the view. Her view of him is good enough.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ZOO - MORNING

Louis walks through the zoo alone. Looks around him. See various couples enjoying each other's company. Something's on his mind. He can't seem to shake his feelings.

EXT. MIAMI BEACH STREET - NIGHT

Cynthia walks, being escorted by her date. A nice-looking, well-off guy, going on about something that doesn't interest her whatsoever.

Her date doesn't seem to notice at all. He still yaks on.

CYNTHIA

something else seems to be on her mind.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DINER - THAT NIGHT

CYNTHIA

lost in thought.

INT. MCFADDEN-DEAVULLE CLUB - AFTERNOON (**FLASHBACK**)

Cynthia and Louis slow dancing. He's looking at her. She is studying his features. The curves of his arms. The feeling of his chest. The flow of his dark hair.

All in her memory.

BACK TO:

EXT. DINER - THAT NIGHT

Her date is still talking, but she isn't listening. She looks him in the eye. Deep eyes express much.

EXT. BEACH - SUNSET

A beautiful sunset. The sky illuminated by pinks and orange. Few people walking the beach.

And then there's Louis and Cynthia, Cynthia laying on his chest, nestled under a blanket. Staring at the sunset.

A beat. Neither say anything.

CYNTHIA  
Doesn't this place look familiar?  
(no answer)  
Isn't this where we first met?

No answer again. She arches her neck and looks up to see his face. Something is weighing heavily on his mind. She leans up and kisses him.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
Tell me.

Gaining some sort of courage, he's finally out with it...

LOUIS  
I've never said this to anyone and  
only knowing you a week will sour  
it. But I sure hope not.

She sits up, readjusting the blanket wrapped around her, wanting more. She jokingly pokes him.

CYNTHIA  
Just say it, I won't--

With a straight look in her eyes, he interrupts...

LOUIS  
I love you.

FOR CYNTHIA,

the world is suspended. She doesn't say a word, but her faces holds a mixture of different emotions.

Louis all about holds his breath, waiting for some sort of response. Any response. Trying his best to read her.

She sleepily smiles, closes her eyes, and rests her head on his chest.

CYNTHIA  
Well, guess I'm yours for awhile.

Louis knows what this means. In her specific way, she's saying "I Love You" in return. This feeling, this feeling they both have, is one neither has experienced before.

True love.

INT. EMBASSY HOTEL - MIAMI BEACH - DAY

Fun-loving Harry Read, bags in hand and all alone, checks out of the hotel and heads for the front door.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - MIAMI BEACH - ESTABLISH - NIGHT

The marquee reads **"Ingrid Bergman / Gregory Peck in Alfred Hitchcock's Spellbound."**

INT. MOVIE THEATER - MIAMI BEACH - CONTINUOUS

ON THE SCREEN

is Gregory Peck trapped in his own psychological nightmares, with Ingrid Bergman doing her best to explain them.

LOUIS AND CYNTHIA

are in the audience, their first night together, are wrapped in each other's arms, kissing. A deep intimacy between them has developed.

They cease their kissing to look longingly into each other's eyes. She smiles and dives back into their passion. Louis pulls back, looks at her lips and romantically whispers...

LOUIS

One of these days, we're going to get married.

A beat. The house has just come crashing down on the both of them.

She pulls away, hesitates, looks at him a moment.

Then walks out.

Stopping Louis dead in his tracks.

INT. LOBBY - MOVIE THEATER - MOMENTS LATER

Louis pushes the doors open into the lobby. Looking around. Finds Cynthia in line at the concession stand, wringing a handkerchief in her hands, breathing fast.

Her mind going a mile a minute.

The first time we've seen her genuinely nervous.

Louis thinks of how best to decipher the moment. Then, shrugging his shoulders, it comes to him. Trying to act cool and calm.



LOUIS  
 Maybe it wasn't such a good idea.

CYNTHIA

immediately turns to face him. Her eyes are lit like beads of glass.

CYNTHIA  
 (grabs for his arm)  
 Oh, no! No, no! I think it's a fine idea.

Louis lights up.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
 (expectantly)  
 But when?

Louis looks away, not expecting that question. He looks at her. Her bright, open face, beautiful deep eyes waiting for his answer.

He smiles simply.

LOUIS  
 Soon as we can.

She falls into his chest; he wraps his arms around her.

CYNTHIA  
 Dad and Mother are going to take this awfully hard, Louie. You know, the proper things, the family name...

A tinge of doubt crosses his face. He looks away.

LOUIS  
 Guess they'll try to talk you out of it then?

CYNTHIA  
 (beat)  
 They won't. I have a mind of my own, Louie. Besides...  
 (looks deeply into his eyes)  
 ...you're what I've always wanted.

Louis parts with Cynthia, holding hands as they walk back into the movie.

LOUIS

With that in mind, nothing can stop  
us from being together.

(nervous beat)

Right?

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT PORCH - EMBASSY HOTEL - THE NEXT DAY

THE INTIMIDATING FACE OF MRS. APPLEWHITE,

Cynthia's overly protective mother. A society conscious  
woman of well means; yet not warm in the least.

A half-melted banana dackery melts in her hand. She is  
staring at someone sitting across from her.

WIDE

Cynthia and Louis sit across from Mrs. Applewhite. Mrs.  
Applewhite is staring a hole in poor Louis. Cynthia tries to  
lighten the moment.

CYNTHIA

Louie, tell Mother that joke you  
told me the other day?!

(to Mrs. Applewhite)

Oh, Mother, it was the funniest  
joke you could imagine!

LOUIS

(gaining some sort of  
courage)

See, Mrs. Applewhite, the joke is  
that...

Louis cuts himself short. Mrs. Applewhite will have none of  
that. She continues staring at him, silently conducting her  
cross-examination.

INT. CAB - APPROACHING MIAMI AIRPORT - NIGHT

Louis is being driven to the airport. He sits in the small  
backseat with Cynthia and Mrs. Applewhite. No one speaks.

They approach the front entrance to the airport and come to a  
stop.

CAB DRIVER

Airport.

Louis looks to the driver, then suddenly to Cynthia, smiling.

LOUIS

I'll see you as soon as I get back to LA. After the speaking engagements.

CYNTHIA

Please be safe.

A beat. Time to leave.

Cynthia looks out of the corner of her eye to her mother. And snatches at Louis, planting an intimate kiss on him.

He opens one eye, looking past Cynthia to her mother. Extremely embarrassed. Even more sorry. Mrs. Applewhite just stares, the anger building inside. He's not earning any points with this woman.

He breaks the kiss, looks to Mrs. Applewhite. His expression changes in an instant.

LOUIS

Mrs. Applewhite, it was such a pleasure to meet you and I hope...

His voice nervously drifts off. He extends his hand and she shakes it.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

(to Cynthia)

I'll call you when I arrive.

CYNTHIA

Bye.

He gets out. Cynthia waves after him, as he heads for the front entrance.

The cab continues on.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

(addressing the Cab Driver)

Back to the Embassy Hotel, please.

A beat of complete silence.

Finally, Mrs. Applewhite speaks...

MRS. APPLEWHITE

Think it's best for you to marry below yourself--?

Cynthia doesn't want to hear this.

CYNTHIA  
Oh, Mother, please--

MRS. APPLEWHITE  
Italians, Cynthia. You have better prospects to look forward to.

CYNTHIA  
Mother, if you only knew what you were talking about.

MRS. APPLEWHITE  
And I don't? Italians are only good for two things: pushing carts and owning cheap restaurants.

Cynthia is disgusted by her mother's open racism.

CYNTHIA  
I don't want to hear another word about it.

Cynthia looks out the window.

MRS. APPLEWHITE  
Be better for you if you were sent away to school up North.  
(beat)  
Forget about this marriage nonsense.

Cynthia just keeps looking out. Hold on her.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. ZAMPERINI HOME - TORRANCE, CALIFORNIA - DAWN

The Zamperini home, just before dawn. The front door opens and Louis walks out, wearing tennis shoes, ready for an early jog.

Stretching his aching muscles, he heads off down the street.

EXT. TORRANCE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Louis runs down the deserted tree-lined street. Picking up his pace. All alone, no reporters, no cheering crowd. Just him and his body, running for the first time in what seems like forever.

His breathing is not strained. He's enjoying himself. He still has something to prove to himself.

As he runs past a four-way stop, a suspicious black car emerges from the line of parked cars and begins to slowly give chase. Unbeknownst to Louis.

INT. PURSUING CAR - CONTINUOUS

A man in a black fedora is behind the wheel, keeping Louis at a reasonable distance. Something mysterious about this guy.

EXT. TORRANCE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Louis jogs his way into town. Passing storefront windows. The black car continues its pursuit.

LOUIS

sees something out of the corner of his eye. Thinks nothing of it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PURSUING CAR - LATER

The man has a confused look on his face as he drives. Looking left and right. Where did that kid go?

Through the windshield, we approach Torrance City Park. Drives slowly, and sees someone.

THE MAN'S POV

through the windshield reveals Louis, sitting on a park bench, sweat running down his forehead, arms calmly folded over his chest, staring straight at the man.

Like he's been waiting for the man all along.

The man doesn't know what to do. Briefly panics.

Louis stands up, approaches the car. Knocks on the passenger window. Beat. The man rolls it down. Louis pokes his head in, amused with himself.

LOUIS

Going to have to keep up if you  
wanna stay good at your job, pal.

EXT. TORRANCE CITY PARK - CONTINUOUS

The black car peels out, into the distance. Louis, shakes his head, amusingly watches after the departing car.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CYNTHIA'S BEDROOM - APPLEWHITE RESIDENCE - MIAMI - NIGHT

CYNTHIA,

a phone held up to her ear, laughing hysterically. So hysterically, tears are running down her soft cheeks.

CYNTHIA

(into phone)

I wouldn't put it past my father to have *me* watched, either, Louie.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI HOME - NIGHT

Louis on the phone, not as easily amused.

CYNTHIA

(over phone)

That guy was a private eye. Dad wanted you watched to catch you "misbehaving and to discourage the relationship" as he put it.

LOUIS

Pretty underhanded.

CYNTHIA

You don't know Dad.

Long beat. Neither know what to say.

Louis begins to pace, thinking to himself.

LOUIS

Okay, so what happens--

CYNTHIA

(cutting him off)

Louie...

A tinge of terror develops in Louis. Does she have doubts?

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
 I'll take care of all of this.  
 With my Dad. Mother, too.

Louis says nothing. Waiting for more.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
 (dearly)  
 I love you.

LOUIS  
 You know I love you, too.

INT. STAIRCASE - APPLEWHITE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Cynthia descends the staircase of her parent's elaborate home. She approaches the living room where a massive fireplace is burning.

INT. LIVING ROOM - APPLEWHITE RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

MR. APPLEWHITE and Mrs. Applewhite sit in their respective chairs. Mrs. Applewhite is knitting. Mr. Applewhite is nursing a brandy, looking longingly into the fire.

Surrounding them is wealth and plenty of it.

Cynthia enters, taking a seat at a distance on a nearby sofa. Imported, of course.

Long beat.

MR. APPLEWHITE  
 Look who's finally off the  
 telephone.

Cynthia gains the courage to finally speak up.

CYNTHIA  
 I'm going to California. I'm going  
 to see Louie.

As they turn in their chairs to face her, she continues:

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
 He and I can't stand to be away  
 from each other any longer. We are-  
 -

Suddenly, Mr. Applewhite stands, nearly spilling his brandy.

MR. APPLEWHITE  
 NOT ONE RED CENT!

CYNTHIA  
Daddy, please listen--

It's too late. He's already storming out of the room.

MR. APPLEWHITE  
Oh, what the Christ!

And is gone. His voice echoes through the house and then fades.

Cynthia turns to her silent mother. Pure determination in her eyes.

CYNTHIA  
I don't care if you won't give me  
the money. I'll get a job and pay  
for the damned flight myself.

Mrs. Applewhite has been silent this entire time. Sees something new in her daughter. Cynthia isn't backing down whatsoever.

MRS. APPLEWHITE  
Are you sure this is what you want?  
You know we only want you to be  
happy.

CYNTHIA  
I am happy. With him.

MRS. APPLEWHITE  
I'll buy the plane ticket and you  
stay out there for a week. Find  
out about his family.  
(not giving up her old  
ways, quietly)  
There could be insanity in the  
genes or something.

Cynthia bursts out laughing. Reaches out and hugs her mother. Over her shoulder, her face says it all. She is truly happy.

CYNTHIA  
I'll look into it, mother. Just  
for you.

INT. LOUIS' CONVERTIBLE - TORRANCE - DAY

Cynthia sits next to Louis in his car. Waiting at a red light. She casually takes his hand and begins to hold it.



Through the windshield, a PEDESTRIAN walking through the crosswalk glances at Louis and Cynthia, stops and directly addresses them.

PEDESTRIAN  
Hey! Louie Zamperini! That you in there?!

Taking them both by surprise. They burst out laughing.

PEDESTRIAN (CONT'D)  
(re: Cynthia)  
That the lucky lady? Oh, she's a beaut! Have a great marriage, you two!

CYNTHIA,

shocked and happily embarrassed, puts a shy hand to her mouth.

CYNTHIA  
Oh, my God.

She looks out the passenger window. Other pedestrians on the sidewalk also notice them. Begin waving and shouting their congratulations.

The light turns green. The Pedestrian is honked at by another car. He comically jumps and keeps walking, with a farewell wave.

Louis keeps driving. A beat. Turns to face Cynthia. She has a dumbstruck look on her face, directed squarely at Louis. Awaiting an explanation. He meekly shrugs his shoulders.

LOUIS  
Our engagement...already made the papers.

She shakes her head, taking this in. Beat.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
(purposely full of himself)  
And I'm a celebrity--

CYNTHIA  
(sarcastically)  
--That must be it, Louie.

EXT. ZAMPERINI HOME - LATER THAT DAY

The convertible is parked out front on the street. We hear the sounds of various voices talking a mile a minute. Seemingly, a party in progress.

INT. ZAMPERINI HOME - CONTINUOUS

A series of images, coming at us all at once.

CYNTHIA'S POV

comes face to face for the first time with the Zamperini family. Pete, Virginia, and Sylvia making their future sister-in-law feel at home. Louise and Anthony shoving food and sweets under her nose at every opportunity.

Cynthia is taking all this in for the first time. Louis takes her coat as they step through the living room and into the dining room.

Cynthia now engaged in conversation with Louise. Having only met Cynthia moment's before, Louise has already accepted her as family.

Cynthia speaks with Anthony, being as polite as she can as he speaks through his rough Italian accent.

CYNTHIA'S POV

looking around the Zamperini home, what might be a mere shack compared to her childhood home. Somehow the walls feel more confining.

LOUIS

watches on. She makes eye contact with him. Louise continues to ramble on.

She looks uneasy. Again with the doubtful looks.

Louis sees this. He seems fumed but keeps it bottled up.

EXT. BACKYARD - ZAMPERINI HOME - LATER

Louis stands in the middle of the backyard, smoking a cigarette, trying to calm down.

A beat.

Cynthia steps off the back porch and approaches him. She sees something's wrong.

He glances at her. A long beat.

CYNTHIA  
They're nice.

Finally, he lets it out. His anger rising to the surface.

LOUIS  
Maybe we better call the whole  
thing off!

Walks away a few paces, his back to her.

CYNTHIA  
I don't want that.

Takes a puff of his cigarette and tosses it. Thinking.

LOUIS  
I don't want it either.

Long beat. She leans her head against his back, her arms around him; her hands resting on his chest.

They hold this way for a long moment.

He takes her hands in his and kisses them tenderly.

She turns him around so their facing one another. Looking into each other's eyes.

CYNTHIA  
You must see it by now. Our lives  
are pretty well clinched. No  
matter what.

16 MM. FILM FOOTAGE - HOME MOVIES - MONTAGE (MOS)

To the song, "**Embraceable You**" by Judy Garland.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY (16 MM.)

Cynthia and Louis emerge from the church entrance as the Zamperini family and many friends throw rice at the married couple as they jump in their car.

Among the crowd, we see Phil, Harry Read, Fred Garrett, so on, etc.

TITLE:

**The Wedding of Mr. And Mrs. Louis Zamperini**

**Los Angeles, California**

**May 25th, 1946**

Spread throughout the reception crowd are various members of the press.

Louis joyfully hoists his bride up. Her smile lights up. Camera flashes go off.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY (16 MM.)

Various images of the wedding photos being taken. The Zamperini family. Then, Cynthia and Louis, etc.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. HARRY READ'S HOUSE - DAY (16 MM.)

The wedding reception. The small living room has been converted into a beautiful dance floor as the bride and groom have their first dance.

FLASH CUT TO:

The splitting of the wedding cake. Louis threatens to smear a piece in her face. She playfully holds him back with the knife. The audiences applauds its approval.

FLASH CUT TO:

Anthony and Louise, wiping tears out of their eyes. Pete, there to comfort.

FLASH CUT TO:

Pete making the best man's toast. Inaudible. Raising his champagne glass.

DISSOLVE TO:

A SNAPSHOT PHOTO

of Cynthia's head lovingly buried in Louis' chest, dancing. Heartbreakingly sweet.

END MONTAGE

The song continues as we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHATHAM HOTEL - TORRANCE - NIGHT

Establishing of the hotel.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HALLWAY - CHATHAM HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Creeping down the hallway, passing various hotel room doors.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BRIDAL SUITE - CHATHAM HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Creeping around a corner, we find Cynthia sitting low on the sofa, cradling the phone to her ear.

For some reason, tears are streaming down her cheeks.

Speaking in a low tone, she's on the phone with her parents, who have not taken the news of the hastened wedding well. She is doing her best to calm them down.

She keeps looking over her shoulder at something.

In the background, still dressed in his tux, and passed out with an empty champagne bottle at his feet, is Louis. He awakens, disgusted, ugly.

LOUIS

For Christ's sake, call her back in the morning!

And he passes completely out.

A moment passes.

CYNTHIA

doesn't hang up. The phone still clings to her ear. Listening to her mother on the other end. Looking at her husband, passed out on their wedding night.

She finally speaks into the phone, one last thing, never taking her eyes off Louis. Worry in her eyes.

CYNTHIA  
(into the phone)  
I hope so.

WIDE

Cynthia watching her husband. Louis passed out.  
One heck of a first night to begin their marriage.  
The future seemingly unclear.  
As the song, "Embraceable You" comes to an end we

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF EPISODE

**PART EIGHT: "GUILT"****TEASER**

OVER BLACK

the crackling of two pairs of boots treading over dirt. Somewhere in the distance, the wind is pick up. Not a man-made sound heard anywhere.

That is, except for the labored breathing of one man, in particular.

CYNTHIA (V.O.)

(an echo)

Hey old man! Keep up, will ya?

CUT FROM BLACK:

EXT. EEL RIVER WILDERNESS - NEAR RED BLUFF, NEVADA - DAY  
(1946)

LOUIS ZAMPERINI,

as he struggles to pull himself up an incline. It's not his age, 29, it's the injury in his leg.

He stops on a boulder to catch his breath. Looks ahead calls...

LOUIS

Hey!

He motions to Cynthia, ahead a piece, who is in the process of hiking a rarely travelled path in the middle of the wilderness.

She shakes her head and jogs back down the incline to join her husband.

Both are appropriately dressed for roughing it.

WIDE

Surrounding them is endless beauty. Trees and a nearby lake stretch into the distance.

TITLE:

**Eel River Wilderness, Near Red Bluff, Nevada**

**May 1946**

This is their honeymoon.

As Cynthia approaches her husband, her smile disappears. Studying him, she already knows what's wrong.

CYNTHIA

Your leg?  
 (off his strained nod,  
 helps him up)  
 Head back to the cabin. Come on.

Back down the hill they go.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Moonlight. A fire burns, illuminating Louis and Cynthia.

EXT. EEL RIVER COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Louis and Cynthia walk through the lush beauty surrounding them, carrying .22's for shooting. Cynthia inhales, taking it all in.

CYNTHIA

Couldn't have picked a more beautiful place to honeymoon.

LOUIS

Either this or Hawaii, huh.

CYNTHIA

(pause)  
 I've seen it. So have you.  
 (looks down to her .22)  
 Gotta find more than just cans to spit at.

He doesn't answer. She looks at him, curiously. He's wears a bright appreciative smile.

LOUIS

A Sweetheart of the Deauville, my wife, roughing it outdoors. Never thought I'd see the day.

She sensually approaches him and they kiss tenderly. Holding their heads down together. Lovingly.

CYNTHIA

(whispering, secretive)  
 We could be doing more than just shooting while we're up here, buddy boy.



They share a snicker. They hold their pose. She opens her eyes to study him.

Looks past his face to see the bruised hands. His knees. His ankles.

For what reason?

He remains looking down. She looks concerned. Swallows hard. Not wanting to bring this up.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Harry Read. He told me some things about what you went through over there. You and the others. In the camps.

His eyes open, staring point blank into hers. He doesn't answer. This is difficult for her.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

What happened over there, Louie?

He thinks a minute. Swallowing. Thinking how best to answer. Keeping his emotions in check. A tight smile crosses his face.

LOUIS

Tell you what. When you hear me screaming in the middle of the night for the first time, you'll know what it was like, then.

Neither break eye contact. Not sure how to follow that up.

Cynthia thinks a moment. Is she up to the task? She breaks from the embrace and walks up ahead.

Suddenly, Louis' eyes dart to Cynthia's ankles where a rattlesnake is slithering past.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Watch out!

In a sudden burst of adrenaline, Cynthia whips out her .22, fires, and the head of the rattlesnake explodes in a mist of brain and skull.

Louis looks to her, filled with pride. Her mouth is still agape, the pistol smoking in her hand, her other hand held in a "freeze" position.

Beat.

At the same time, they let out a relieved sigh.

                                LOUIS (CONT'D)  
                I'm gonna have to keep my eye on  
                you.

She laughs. Still catching her breath.

END OF TEASER

MAIN TITLES

CUT FROM BLACK:

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - HOLLYWOOD,  
CALIFORNIA - AFTERNOON

A HALF-PAINTED WALL

painted with haste, then abandoned.

A KITCHEN SINK

full of discarded plates.

Finally.

LOUIS

looks on the verge of emotional collapse. How he got to this point, we're not sure. A man at the end of his rope. Utterly alone. Utterly lost.

Looks up. Something catches his attention.

LOUIS' POV

sees a flake of dust swirling in the afternoon light and float upward.

He follows the flake almost absentmindedly.

WIDE

The expanse of his apartment. Louis sits by himself at the desk situated by the window, looking out on the view. A distant look in his eyes. Desperately, he finally speaks...

LOUIS

God...

CUT TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK

we hear happy, innocent giggling approaching.

CUT FROM BLACK:

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - EDMONT MANOR  
APARTMENTS HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA - DAY

The empty apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Zamperini.

Located at Vermont Avenue and Hollywood Boulevard. In a city as glamorous as Hollywood, it's unexpected that such an unflattering place could exist.

It's dingy, dark, and especially dirty. Not the ideal place to commence the responsibilities of marriage.

At that moment, the front door opens and Louis appears, carrying Cynthia in his arms, traditionally crossing the threshold. He seems to strain; Cynthia notices.

CYNTHIA

Honey, you can put me down now. I know--

LOUIS

(under his strain)

--It's...tradition. Only get...one try with...this...

Slowly, Cynthia slips her feet onto the hard-wooden floor. Catches her breath. Takes a step into the middle of the room, looking at everything. The place looks a fright to someone who never had to worry about money.

Louis remains at the door, the key chain gripped in his hand. Doesn't know what to say.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Look, it's better than living at Harry's mom's house, right? We can-

-

Cynthia turns and shushes him, wanting silence. He watches her. She takes further steps into the apartment. Louis isn't sure what's going through her mind.

She is in the process of studying every angle. Every wall. Peeks a look at the sad view out the kitchen window. Her mind seemingly racing with ideas.

INT. BEDROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Cynthia opens the door to their bedroom. A tight space. But it doesn't faze her as she continues making her mental notes.

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Cynthia emerges from the bedroom. Louis leans against the front door frame, waiting. A long beat.

LOUIS  
 (quickly)  
 It won't be forever, you know--

CYNTHIA  
 All it needs is a little paint and  
 a lot of cleaning. It's our home,  
 we're not leaving.

A knock on the door frame. Louis and Cynthia turn to see the movers, boxes in hand.

A beat. They step aside, welcoming in the movers.

LOUIS  
 Come on in, guys. Watch the lady.

Cynthia and Louis watch as the movers begin stacking their possessions in the corner.

Louis puts his arm around her.

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - LATER THAT DAY

Boxes line the walls. The movers have departed. Some stacked.

All that's left are Cynthia and Louis, sitting in the middle of all this on an battered couch.

Through the window, the sun is beginning to set. They don't say a word.

INT. KITCHEN - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - NIGHT

They sit at the kitchen table, eating take out for dinner. Louis, once finished, pushes the plate away. Cynthia takes a small bite from her still-full plate and watches him.

Looks around the apartment, getting a thought.

CYNTHIA  
 What color would look good around  
 here?

LOUIS  
 (still chewing, looking  
 around)  
 You know. I'm not sure. I haven't  
 given it much--

He proceeds to belch loudly. She rolls her eyes. Such a guy.

CYNTHIA  
 Tomorrow night we're cooking.

LOUIS  
 Gas ain't on yet.

Cynthia lets out a stressed sigh.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
 I'll call tomorrow. We'll have a  
 home-cooked meal. I promise.

Picks his plate up and walks to the sink. Begins to wash the dishes. Looks out the window, sees what look to be spotlights coming from Hollywood Boulevard in the near distance. A movie premiere possibly.

CYNTHIA  
 Tomorrow let's unpack everything  
 and see what we need to buy.

LOUIS  
 (lost in thought, a  
 whisper)  
 Yeah.  
 (almost to himself)  
 Wonder what parties are going on  
 tonight.

CYNTHIA  
 What does it matter?

Louis peels his eyes away from the window and takes a seat back at the table. Looking across at Cynthia.

LOUIS  
 It doesn't. Just wondering is all.

CYNTHIA  
 Look, I'm not going to be the  
 nagging wife. We don't have to be  
 homebodies, I promise.

LOUIS  
 No, no. We can stay in tonight.  
 Just you and me.

Louis shifts in his chair, lightly tapping his knuckles on the table.

CYNTHIA

We have to start figuring out other things we can do with our time, Louie. We're not the young couple on the beat anymore.

Louis scratches his head, listening, but off somewhere else.

LOUIS

(mischievously)

Say's you.

Out of nowhere, he bolts from the chair, picks her up, and carries her to the bedroom. She screams like a little girl.

CYNTHIA

(like a schoolgirl)

Louie! Come on, the room still needs to be cleaned!

LOUIS

Fine!

He plops her onto the couch and proceeds to get on top of her. Young love.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - DAY

Louis and Cynthia take a drive in their Convertible down beautiful Hollywood Boulevard. The city is once again alive. They are having the time of their lives.

INT. PAINT STORE - DAY

They are in the process of picking out a particular color of paint. Louis has a can in his arm. Cynthia goes about correcting him.

CYNTHIA

No, you want to compliment.

(searching the shelf)

How about this one?

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - DAY

They barrel into the apartment. Cans of paint, brushes, a step ladder and drop cloth's in hand.

TIME CUT TO:

The tools are sprawled all over the place. Louis climbs the ladder, a pole brush in hand and begins. Cynthia stands back, taking in the wall, nodding her agreement.

DISSOLVE TO:

A PAINT BRUSH

the wetness drips slightly.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER

Both are covered in drips of paint. Hold each other, and stare at the wall.

CYNTHIA

Doesn't look too bad, if you ask me.

(off his unfazed expression)

Does it at least make the place less depressing?

LOUIS

Cynth, this place will always be depressing to me. Doesn't matter how much we tidy or paint.

CYNTHIA

This place is what we make it.

Long beat. A sudden idea hits Louis.

LOUIS

Let's go out.

CYNTHIA

Fine. We'll go out.

With a dash, Louis rushes to the bathroom to clean up.

LOUIS

(as his voice fades)

Gotta have fun, too, you know, and--

The bathroom door slams, cutting himself off mid-sentence.

Cynthia stands where she is, still studying the color. Expressionless.



CYNTHIA'S POV

sees is a half-painted wall. Painted with haste.

Over this, we hear the distant cheering of thousands as we

CUT TO:

EXT. USC STADIUM - DAY

Those tens of thousands packed into the stadium for the 'SC football game.

Among the attendees are Louis and Cynthia. Louis is cheering at the top of his lungs. Cynthia watches him with shocked enthusiasm. And then joins him. She's actually having a good time.

On the field, 'SC scores a touchdown. The stadium explodes. Louis grabs Cynthia and almost crushes her.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dimly lit. Louis and Cynthia, slow dance to a song, playing over the radio. This moment just for them.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS STREET - NIGHT

Louis' convertible winds through the tight Hollywood Hills streets. Drives through the front gates of a large mansion.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Louis and Cynthia, dressed up for a night out, leave the car with a valet and walk up to the house.

The front door is opened for them. A Hollywood party in full swing. Almost immediately, wealthy looking people walk up to welcome them.

Cynthia is taken completely aback. These rich people recognize her husband, Louis shakes it off like any old thing.

INT. HOLLYWOOD MANSION - LATER THAT NIGHT

A banner hangs over the proceedings, **"WELCOME HOME G.I.'s. WE DID IT!"**

Through the party guests, we find Cynthia holding what looks to be a nonalcoholic drink. Finds Louis among the crowd, chatting with someone. A glass in his hand, gesturing something to the man, causing the contents of his glass to fling onto the man's tux. Louis immediately apologizes, but Cynthia can tell he's had a little too much to drink.

It doesn't look like she's having a good time.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - NIGHT

Late night as we move through the apartment. The paint cans remain where we last saw them. Even in the moonlight, the wall still looks half-painted.

INT. BEDROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Louis and Cynthia in bed, naked under the covers. Tenderly making love.

INT. KITCHEN - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - ANOTHER NIGHT

Them at the dinner table. Louis is going on about something, a drink in his hand. Cynthia tries to concentrate on what he's saying, but is more focused on the drink he's unknowingly threatening to spill.

INT. EARL CARROLL THEATER AND NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Louis dancing with Cynthia on the crowded dance floor. Intimately, holding each other.

Seemingly out of nowhere, Harry Read and other acquaintances approach and ruin the moment between the couple.

Louis breaks from the dance and embraces his friends. Cynthia, at a distance, seems happy enough to see Harry and his friends, but a look of disdain is not hard to spot.

MOMENTS LATER

The party has moved to a booth where Louis is knocking back a shot. Calls to a nearby waiter for another. Goes back to talking with Harry and friends. The shot arrives. Louis reaches, but is blocked by Cynthia's hand holding the glass. For the first time, Louis gives her a long, cold look. Takes the shot and continues.

She looks away.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - NIGHT

The radio plays a quiet love song. Cynthia sits on the couch, reading a magazine and listening to the music. Dressed casual.

In the background, however, Louis is getting ready for another night on the town, tying his tie, making sure he looks good.

Approaches the door, remembers something, and gives Cynthia a kiss on the cheek, happily slamming the door behind him.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

CYNTHIA

alone in the theater, watching **"The Best Years of Our Lives"**.

ON THE SCREEN

the scene at the end where Dana Andrews and Teresa Wright embrace.

INT. BEDROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cynthia lays in bed, alone. Looking off in the distance.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Louis strolls down the street toward a bar. Harry Read and others are already there and let out screams of drunken youthful delight.

BACK TO:

INT. BEDROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cynthia turns to look out the window, the moonlight catching the tears rolling down her cheek. A night like tonight, all she wants is to be held by her husband.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Juxtaposed with Louis, mouth wide, as he has just knocked back a shot, gasping in it's aftertaste. He feels good.

LOUIS  
 (to the bartender)  
 Line 'em up, Joe! C'mon!

Turns to Harry Read, next to him. As drunk as he is. Checks his wristwatch.

HARRY READ

Time to saddle up, Zamp.

LOUIS

Fuck you, Harry. One more. For the road.

(to the bartender)

Say Joe, how we doin' on that shot?

Joe the Bartender walks up, begins to pour. Shakes his head.

JOE THE BARTENDER

(under his breath)

Some war hero, huh?

Louis has been looking at Harry, but what the bartender says makes him turn.

LOUIS

You got something to say, Joe?  
You. Man with the big dick, and all.

Joe flatly places the bottle on the bar and sternly looks at Louis.

JOE THE BARTENDER

(louder)

You fight and survive in those camps just so you can live another day. Is this part of your second chance?

(beat)

Good guys ain't got what you got. Your just pissing everything away.

LOUIS,

who has been building his rage slowly.

JOE THE BARTENDER

Who needs you.

The bartender turns to serve another patron.

LOUIS

can hardly contain himself. He lunges across the bar at the bartender.

Trying to grab him by the throat.

The place becomes pandemonium as Harry reaches for Louis, pulling him off.

The bartender, rubbing his throat, screams for Harry to get him out of here.

Louis, too drunk to fully understand what he's doing, stumbles toward the exit. Looks fit to vomit at any time.

A BIG MAN, about 50 pounds extra on Louis, accidentally bumps into him.

BIG MAN

Watch where ya goin', guy!

In a disgusting rage, Louis whips the back of his hand across the man's face. Blood spits from his mouth. The man didn't even see this coming.

Louis doesn't give him a second to register this and comes barreling into the Big Man's stomach. Shoving him against the wall and begins waling on him. The Big Man is feeling a lot of pain.

EXT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

The bar door flies open as Harry has to pull an extremely drunk Louis away. The bartender screams after them in a blind fury. Louis finally lets his vomit loose on the sidewalk.

INT. LOUIS' CONVERTIBLE - MOMENTS LATER

Louis leans his head back against the passenger seat, his face bloodied. Sobered up. Going over in his mind what just happened. Embarrassed.

Harry drives him home. Not wanting to talk about it. Not even sure how to talk about it.

LOUIS

I ever tell you about the time when I was a kid. I had stolen some pies or whatever from this bakery truck. The driver, some kid, thinking it was a good idea at the time, squealed to the cops.

(beat)

I found him eventually and when I did, I pummeled him.

Harry is listening with appropriate disgust.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Didn't stop until he rolled limp in  
the ditch. Just left him there.  
Didn't know if he was alive or  
dead.

(long beat, hand  
trembling)

Felt like my younger self again  
tonight. With that big guy just  
now.

A long beat. Harry shakes his head. Trying to sound  
reassuring.

HARRY READ

Well, you ain't that kid no more.

LOUIS

tries to reassure himself.

LOUIS

Yeah.

The words of the TORRANCE MAYOR speaking into a microphone  
fade in...

TORRANCE MAYOR (V.O.)

When Captain Louis Zamperini's  
plane crashed at sea well over  
three years ago...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TORRANCE AIRPORT - DAY

LOUIS,

sitting, listening to the Torrance Mayor continue his speech.  
A glazed over look on his face.

TORRANCE MAYOR

...his family, friends, the city of  
Torrance in fact, mourned the loss  
of one of our proudest sons.

WIDE

Louis is seated on a stage set up on the field with Cynthia  
next to him, Anthony and Louise, along with brother Pete,  
sisters Sylvia and Virginia.

TITLE:

**Zamperini Field Dedication. Torrance, California**

**December 7th, 1946**

The crowd is full of press, military bigwigs, well-wishers and other friends and family.

The Torrance Mayor continues. Behind him is a sign covered in cloth.

TORRANCE MAYOR

This field that once had the name of Louis Zamperini Memorial Field has, on this joyous day, now been changed to simply read...

THE CLOTH

is removed from the sign, that now reads **"ZAMPERINI FIELD."**

Applause from the audience. Everyone claps except for Louis, too dazed to react.

TORRANCE MAYOR

He is the model of everything a hero should be. He has stood up against the evils of this world, and, while battered, still came back to us the upright citizen we honor today.

(to Louis)

Louie, thank you.

The applause is deafening. Everyone is on their feet.

Louis is almost too embarrassed. He knows the kind things said about him are a lie. He's not measuring up to the person he was supposed to be. If only everyone around him knew how he really was.

Cynthia watches him, applauding, practically reading his mind.

TORRANCE MAYOR (CONT'D)

(to Louis)

Come up and say a few words for us.

Louis approaches the microphone. The Mayor is almost beside himself with awe of Louis. Louis tries to speak.

The words are difficult to come by.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. YACHT - OPEN WATER - AFTERNOON

Harry Read's yacht bobs anchored off the coast of Santa Monica. From the yacht, we hear a party going on and some laughter to boot.

INT. KITCHEN - YACHT - SAME

In the tiny, cramped kitchen stand Louis, Harry Read and Harry's friends, beers in hand, laughing their asses off, obviously drunk while Cynthia (sober) tries to cook the steaks on a tiny, slow butane stove.

Cynthia is struggling with the stove and is on the verge of tears from her husband and his friend's mercilessly joking.

LOUIS

Come on, baby. Make that steak  
medium rare. Just leave the stove  
off!!!

The guy's explode with laughter. They ad-lib their own jokes, causing Louis to laugh louder and Cynthia to become more angry.

EXT. BALCONY - YACHT - LATER

Quiet. Everyone sits at a table, eating. The steaks look burnt or well under-cooked. Cynthia is eyeing each of their steaks, so ashamed she can't even eat herself.

Louis reaches for his can of beer, eyeing Cynthia and nudges Harry.

LOUIS

(still drunk)  
Hey Cynth, I think I see something  
still mov--

Before Louis can finish his joke, Cynthia snaps, and is on her feet.

CYNTHIA

That's it! Get me the fuck off his  
boat!! Now!!



Harry and his friends crack up. Cynthia leaves, tears running down her cheeks.

LOUIS

is the only person not laughing.

EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

The yacht sits anchored in the background.

Cynthia is storming to the car, fidgeting with the keys.

LOUIS (O.S.)

Where do you think your going?! Get back on board!!!

CYNTHIA

(a desperate plea)

Leave me alone!!! I can't believe you anymore!!

She reaches the car, puts the key in the door lock. She pulls the handle and begins to open it.

With a shove, Louis slams the door closed. Violently.

LOUIS

You're spoiling the party! Get back on board.

Things are tensing up.

She stares eye to eye, not backing down. A strong woman.

CYNTHIA

Either take me to your parents' place or give me money for a bus ticket home.

Not backing down himself, he gets right in her face, as frightening as we've ever seen him. He doesn't even need to scream now.

LOUIS

Get back on the boat.

CYNTHIA

(as she reaches for the door handle)

No, leave me alo--

And before he even knows what he's doing, Louis has slammed the car door closed and savagely grabs her by the throat, beginning to choke her.

The shock is beyond description. Like a nightmare that won't end. A ringing sound fills his mind as every other sound fades away.

LOUIS' POV

everything becomes a violent blur. His hands, wrapped around her throat. He is kneeling over her, she's laying on the asphalt.

LOUIS' EYES

are lit with rage. Suddenly, Louis blinks twice. And everything changes.

LOUIS' HANDS

lose their grip around her throat. Cynthia falls backward.

She falls hard on the ground. Looking like a rag doll. Her hair covering her face. The sounds of labored breathing. Labored breathing mixed with the choking back of tears.

LOUIS

has finally come to the realization of what's he done. He is crippled with regret in an instant. Reaches the same hands that a moment ago choked her to help her up.

CYNTHIA

(like a scared animal)

GET AWAY FROM ME!!!!

Cynthia violently shoves him away, knocking herself down again in the process.

Louis stays at a respectable distance. Like a rag doll come to life, she moves her hand slowly toward the handle of the car door. Pulls it open, drags her body into the car and starts the engine.

Louis watches her as she pulls out of the parking spot and drives away into the distance. The shock of the moment is just too unbearable for him. He looks out to the yacht, lost.

DISSOLVE TO:

## LOUIS' DREAM

A blur, lucid.

A face dissolves hauntingly into focus. The face of death.  
The Bird's face.

## LOUIS

in the dream whips his fingers savagely around the Bird's  
windpipe, crushing. The Bird's eyes are going wide with  
horror; the air gushing out of him.

Louis over The Bird, gasping to breathe, a line of saliva  
running from his mouth. Laughing hysterically as he  
squeezes.

In a flash, The Bird's is replaced by Cynthia. Bringing back  
the ugly memory. If he can't get even with The Bird, Cynthia  
is always there.

The Bird returns, the windpipe crushing. Blood spews from  
The Bird's mouth. A loud piercing scream emits as we

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - NIGHT

Louis wakes alone in bed with a violent start, screaming at  
the top of his lungs. Sweat pouring from him.

INT. KITCHEN - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - SAME

The screaming echoes off the kitchen walls.

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - SAME

The screaming echoes off an empty living room.

ON THE TABLE,

by the window, the wedding photo of Louis and Cynthia. Both  
smiling. Hopeful.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The screaming echoes on an empty suburban street.

Louis is running as fast as humanly possible. Away from the  
pain, away from the torment, away from everything.

No one is there to comfort him.

The screams eventually fade away.

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - MORNING

Louis sits on the couch in his bathrobe. Staring at nothing. His mind racing. A two-day old beard grows on his face and dark bags under his eyes. He seems afraid to sleep.

The sound of the front door opening shakes him back to reality. Turns to see the last person he'd expect standing in the doorway.

Cynthia.

An overnight bag dangling at her side. She looks just as miserable as he does. He doesn't once take his eyes off her.

LOUIS' POV

quickly notice the bruises around her throat.

Without a word, she sits down on the couch next to him. The two have no idea what to say.

Finally...

CYNTHIA

I know your suffering. The dreams, the past. You have some sort of frustration that I really don't understand. You think life has let you down in some way. I have no idea why you would feel that because, despite the war, you've lead a pretty charmed life.

LOUIS

But your not--

She holds up a single finger. Stern.

CYNTHIA

I'm not finished.

(long beat)

I stayed at your parents and did a lot of thinking.

Louis doesn't answer.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

If your legs are up to it, I want to see you out on the track again.

(MORE)

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

I'm thinking that a rededication to racing might help you get better.

Louis still is silent.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

You are so much better off than the other men that came home. You owe the rest of your life to doing some good in this world.

He slowly sinks onto her lap. She pauses, not wanting to immediately embrace him. A long beat. Slowly she runs her fingers through his hair.

EXT. TRACK - LOS ANGELES CITY COLLEGE - MORNING

The race track is a location not visited in some time.

Louis stands at the track's edge, feeling the familiarity. Cynthia walks up beside him.

LOUIS

Feels like I'm home again.

Their eyes meet. Somehow, he looks happier than he's been in months.

CYNTHIA

Your not off to set any records today. Just enjoy yourself.

She heads for the stands. He's off and running, keeping himself in a decent pace as he warms himself up with some short sprints.

THE TRACK

LOUIS,

alone. Feeling like his old stride has returned. He feels comfortable. Looks to the stands.

Only Cynthia sits, never taking her eye off of him.

His eyes return to the path in front of him. In his eye line, alone again.

He approaches the piece of track where Cynthia waits. A mischievous smile is on her face. Trying to be silly.

CYNTHIA

Gee Mister. You sure have a cute stride in those new shoes.

Reaches for his towel, wiping the sweat off.

LOUIS  
(snapping)  
Cut the remarks and just time me.

Her face begins to wrinkle. Then, she starts crying.

Louis, frustrated with the whole thing, tries his best to be less of an asshole. But he can't back down from being cold toward her.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
I'm off the booze for all this,  
aren't I? What more do you want?

Cynthia looks down. The stopwatch resting in her hand. Anything to avoid eye contact with him.

He walks back toward the track, calling over his shoulder.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
Set the watch like I showed you and  
call out the times whenever I pass  
you. And speak up. You have to  
holler so I can hear you.

Cynthia, wipes away a discouraged tear and holds the stopwatch up, ready.

Louis drops in position at the starting line. Ready for anything. Looks up ahead.

LOUIS' POV

sees the straightaway before him. Longer than he remembered.

He turns to Cynthia. Waiting.

CYNTHIA  
Go!

Louis springs up like a shot and is off.

Feeling the old burn his body once felt during every meet. He's comfortable back on the track. Home again, indeed.

Flies around the first turn.

Into the second straightaway. Feeling tight.

CYNTHIA

watches with optimism. Her eyes darting between her husband and the ticking stopwatch.

THE TRACK

Louis is heading toward the line, about to pass Cynthia. Looks at her out of the corner of his eye as he passes the line.

CYNTHIA

reads the stopwatch as he whizzes past, screaming:

CYNTHIA  
Sixty-eight!

THE TRACK

Louis, running along the first turn, shakes his head in disbelief.

LOUIS  
The fuck. Sixty-eight?

A beat. Then, decides to speed up his stride. Moves faster, but trying not to overdue it.

CYNTHIA

watching, feeling his anxiety.

THE TRACK

Louis is hitting his true stride now.

But, then it happens.

LOUIS' CHEST

feels a sudden pull.

LOUIS' LEGS

feel a sudden tightening.

Something is wrong.

Louis winces from the unexpected pain. Begins to ease up in his stride. But the pain is becoming just too unbearable.

LOUIS' EYES

can no longer concentrate. It's eating away at him.

Looks up ahead of him.

LOUIS' POV

The finish line is just ahead. Looks to see Cynthia standing at the stand rail, concern in her eyes. The stopwatch dangling in her hand. She needs to call it as he crosses the line.

LOUIS  
(struggling)  
Call it!

He crosses the line.

CYNTHIA'S EYES

dash quickly to the stopwatch.

CYNTHIA  
(stammering)  
Tw...two-seventeen!

THE TRACK

For Louis, the pain simply isn't going away. He needs to fight through the pain the only way he knows how to. Keep running. As fast as he can.

Panic is written all over his face. A mixture of emotions. Trying to concentrate any way he can. Breaks into a complete run.

A voice begins to plague his mind. His own voice. It comes from an echo, through a prism.

A memory.

LOUIS (V.O.)  
Before I crashed at sea...

HIS ANKLE

buckles. Pain shoots through him in an instant.



LOUIS

reacts with a faint cry. Keep going. Keep running.

LOUIS (V.O.)  
 ...I told you there were still many  
 miles left in these legs. That  
 hasn't changed...

His run has become sloppy. He's all over the track. But he  
 can't stop. The final turn and finally the finish line.

Cynthia races down from the stand to watch him. Heartbreak  
 in her eyes.

LOUIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 ...I'll be running again. This is  
 my second lease on life.

LOUIS' EYES

looks out of the corner. She's running right toward him in  
 what feels like slow-motion.

His eyes roll back in his head.

EXT. TRACK - TOKYO STADIUM - DAY (**FANTASY, 1948**)

Louis, healthy, dressed in his Olympic uniform, crosses the  
 finish line as his opponents trail behind him in the 5000  
 meter event.

LOUIS (V.O.)  
 In fact, I hope to qualify not just  
 for the next Olympics in 1948. But  
 for the next three.

He raises his arms up in triumph. The cheering crowd rush to  
 congratulate him.

Slowly looks out of the corner of his eyes. From among the  
 cheering crowd, a man who's completely out of place  
 approaches.

A Japanese Prison Guard.

To Louis, this man, however, is familiar.

BACK TO:

EXT. TRACK - LOS ANGELES CITY COLLEGE - DAY

Louis crosses the finish line, leaving his kleet imprint through the white chalk. The dust kicks up.

He's complete. He's finished.

Louis steps off the track, and begins his fall onto the grass, as we

CUT TO:

EXT. TRACK - TOKYO STADIUM - DAY (FANTASY, 1948)

The Japanese guard, like a ghost, approaching closer. The cheering crowd never see him. Only Louis sees him.

Louis' face says it all. Mere acceptance of fate.

He knows the man all too well.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAINS - TOP OF THE HILL - NAOETSU - AFTERNOON  
(FLASHBACK, 1945)

Louis, imprisoned at the Naoetsu Prison Camp, carries his wicker basket up the long hill from the harbor. Approaches the wooden train plank to unload the basket full of coal.

Sees the same Japanese guard block his path on the wooden plank, lights his cigarette, and casually shoves Louis off the plank, pitching forward into the ditch.

Toward the inevitable injury that will rip his dreams from him.

BACK TO:

EXT. TRACK - LOS ANGELES CITY COLLEGE - DAY

LOUIS

collapses on the grass. His body goes limp. His quest hopeless. Rolls on his back. Staring up at the sky. Feeling like he's lost everything.

Cynthia rushes to him, holding his hand. She's devastated. He opens his eyes to look at her.

She tries to stay upbeat. Knowing there's little she can do.

CYNTHIA

Your time was four twenty-eight.  
 (long beat, half a smile)  
 Still pretty good.

Louis sees it in her eyes. She knows better.

She sits him upright.

His face says it all.

His dream is now over. Running had been his life. Now it's gone.

He looks up at her.

LOUIS

It's all right, honey. Just help  
 me to the car.

Cynthia reaches under his armpits and helps him to stand, straining. Heading for the parking lot.

His walk out of the stadium for the last time is one of major importance. He looks around, taking every last detail in. Not wanting to forget a single thing.

Leaving as a runner. Takes this all in.

A SERIES OF IMAGES

-The angle of the turns.

-The sharpness of the straightaway.

-The stands, now empty.

-The imprint left on the finish line. Louis Zamperini's footprint.

Reaching the edge of the stadium, Louis looks up at the stands and sees a few children, staring curiously back at him. He holds their eye contact for a long beat.

Then, they leave.

WIDE

as they exit the empty stadium. No cheering crowds to see a legendary athlete off.

INT. LOUIS' CONVERTIBLE - MOMENTS LATER

Louis sits in the passenger seat, staring out the window. Cynthia drives. They sit in silence.

LOUIS

Everyone I bragged to about being back in top form. Feel like I let everyone down. The promises I tried to keep. I should have kept my goddamn trap shut.

Cynthia has listened to every word, shakes her head.

CYNTHIA

You still have everything to look forward to. This part of your life will just end. That's all.

Long beat. Thinking.

LOUIS

Who says I want it to?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - DAY

Louis sits by himself at the desk situated by the window, looking out on the view. A distant look in his eyes.

Something catches his attention. A flake of dust swirls in the afternoon light and floats upward. He follows the flake almost absentmindedly. Desperately, he finally speaks...

LOUIS

God...

(long beat)

What more will you let them do to me?

(beat, no answer)

What more will you do to me?

He stops. The room is silent. Waiting.

He leans forward in his chair. Nothing.

A look of bitterness crosses his face. Immediately sorry that he bothered trying in the first place.

Sits back in the chair. Closes his eyes. Remembering back.

LOUIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Answer my prayer now, and I promise  
if I get home...

EXT. RAFTS - OCEAN - NIGHT (**FLASHBACK, 1943**)

Louis, on the raft with Phil and Mac, praying to themselves,  
eyes closed.

The last time he prayed to God.

LOUIS (V.O.)  
...through all this and whatever is  
to come...

BACK TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - DAY

His eyes still closed.

LOUIS (V.O.)  
...I'll serve You for the rest of  
my life.

His eyes open. Looks up. Nothing up there except the  
ceiling.

The room remains silent.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - AFTERNOON (1948)

Louis sits where we last saw him. At the desk, by the  
window, overlooking the view.

He's holding his head in his hands. Amassed across the desk,  
paperwork. On a closer look, bills past due, rent past due,  
etc.

TITLE:

**1948**

Time has passed for Louis. He looks more ragged and unhappy  
now. Life seems to be standing still.

The front door opens and Cynthia walks in, groceries in hand.  
She seems happy about something.

CYNTHIA  
Hello.

Walks to the kitchen, putting the groceries on the counter.

He looks up from his slump and leans back in the chair. His expression doesn't change.

She walks over to him, stands behind him, holding him close. Something seems suspiciously happy about her. Can't be placed. Louis doesn't notice. He wants to be up-front with her.

LOUIS

I have some bad news to tell you.

Cynthia kisses his forehead gently.

CYNTHIA

(whispering)

Listening.

LOUIS

(fighting back anger)

The money, the investment actually, that we put for the Caterpillar Deal with Harry fell through. The son of a bitch investor spent it all on himself.

Cynthia tenderly "shhhh's" him. Her way of saying "it's okay, calm down."

LOUIS (CONT'D)

(borderline frustrated)

Don't you see? There's no money left, Cynthia. The investment is gone. It's such an awful feeling that--

He's on the verge of losing it. She sees it. Grabs him and holds him to her stomach. Holds him, lovingly.

CYNTHIA

Well. Maybe I can give you some better news than you just gave me.

He looks up at her, awaiting the news. She smiles, simply placing his head back on her stomach. That's all that it takes for him to understand.

He crumbles under his own tears. Uncontrollable tears. Are these joyous tears? Or frustrated ones?

INT. BEDROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - NIGHT

The moonlight runs across their bed. Louis is fast asleep. Cynthia is curled up next to him, eyes wide open. Unable to sleep.

EXT. CITY PARK - MORNING

Louis and Cynthia are taking an early morning walk. Cynthia is several months pregnant, and starting to show.

CYNTHIA

...sometimes I miss it all. Why wouldn't I? But are you asking if I regret anything? Us being together?

Louis stops, looks at her, awaiting an answer. She thinks. For her, the obvious answer.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

No.

LOUIS

Just wish I could give you everything you had. The servants. The money. All of it.

Throws her arm around him. A smile crosses her face. Patting his chest.

CYNTHIA

Well. Let's see how things turn out.

CYNTHIA,

full of nerves. They keep walking.

INT. STAIRWELL - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Cynthia leans heavily on the banister rail. Bags hang off her arms as she tries to climb the stairs. Pregnant and severely stressed, she has to stop for a breather.

By the looks of things, taking a breather from everything; holding all her worries and emotions inside.

Somewhere below, a door opens and the echoing voices of two men are heard.

She doesn't pay it any mind.

Gains the courage, then takes a step forward when she hears a voice from behind.

TED (O.S.)  
Are you okay up there?

Caught off guard, she turns to face a man, her new NEIGHBOR, on the steps behind her. With kind gentle eyes, he looks to be struggling a little himself.

That is, he's carrying a stack of heavy-looking boxes; threatening to topple at any moment. A BUDDY is right on his tail, boxes in arms, conflicted with the same dilemma.

Cynthia doesn't waste any time. Moves up the last three steps, but it proves difficult.

The Neighbor sees this.

TED (CONT'D)  
Whoa, whoa, let me get that.

Immediately drops his stuff and races up the steps. Takes the bags from Cynthia, who is taken aback.

CYNTHIA  
So kind. Thank you.

The bags in hand, he looks at her a beat. She can't read him. Their eyes meet.

TED  
(charming)  
So...  
(beat)  
...which door?

Shakes her head and points him in the right direction. He walks to her front door, as she reaches for the keys.

Trying to cover up her goofy smile.

CYNTHIA  
Thank you again for all your  
help...

TED  
Ted. Just moved in.

She opens the door. He places her bags down just inside. Politely not stepping in any further.



CYNTHIA

It'll be nice to see someone new in  
the hallway.

(beat, regaining some  
sense)

My husband and I will be happy to  
have you in the neighborhood.

Before he can speak, a shrill cry is heard from the  
stairwell.

TED'S BUDDY (O.S.)

Wanna move things along?! Box...is  
threatening...to topple!

Ted's eyes go wide. Cynthia bursts out laughing.

TED

Better go. Talk to you soon...

TED'S BUDDY (O.S.)

Ted! C'mon!

TED

(racing down the hall)

Tell me later!

Down the hallway he goes. Cynthia watches after him with  
glowing eyes. Nothing of lust, but the idea of connecting  
with another human being is a thrill.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - DAY

Christmas time in Hollywood. No snow, of course, but the  
street is beautifully decorated for the occasion. Eager  
shoppers walk to and fro; bags of packages under their arms  
and joyous smiles on their faces.

Louis passes these people on the sidewalk. Arms deep in his  
jacket pockets, combating the cold. Not exactly in the  
Christmas spirit.

Passes a toy store. Louis stops and looks inside.

A MOTHER and FATHER, younger than Louis, stroll their young  
children to the front door.

Louis sees them approaching and holds the door open, allowing  
them to pass.

The Mother wears a smile of gratitude as they pass.

MOTHER

Thank you. Merry Christmas.

The Father looks down the street to hail a cab. Louis watches the family with a fixed stare. The man looks out of the corner of his eye to Louis. Nothing to read what either is thinking.

Louis is simply trying to get a fix on the man's predicament. Being a father.

The cab arrives for the family and they disappear into traffic.

Louis still doesn't have the most confident expression. He'll need some liquid confidence.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Louis downs his shot in one gulp. An old pro, lets out a satisfied sigh.

SMASH CUT TO:

LOUIS' DREAM

His hands gripped firmly around The Bird's neck. Nothing seems to have changed; the dreams are still simply horrific.

The only difference is Louis no longer has a sadistic smile while he's taking the life out of The Bird. His face is blank.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - NIGHT

The dream has ended. The horrors continue.

Louis is sobbing. Cynthia is holding him to her chest, calming him. It's a routine for her. She's trying to hold herself together, but doesn't know how much longer she can hold on.

INT. KITCHEN - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - MORNING

Louis prepares a simple breakfast for Cynthia, who is in the process of getting ready to leave.

She stands behind him. Not wanting to further complicate things.

CYNTHIA

I need some money for lunch.

Beat.

LOUIS

Why don't I make you lunch right now?

CYNTHIA

Why don't you get another job? These quick-rich schemes are getting you nowhere. We don't have any money, Louie.

He turns to face her.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

(re: her stomach)

This is coming whether you like it or not.

A long beat. She doesn't look away. She means it. Reaches for her things and walks out the door.

EXT. STREETCAR - MOMENTS LATER

Cynthia sits on the streetcar with other passengers, taking in the view. The streetcar comes to a stop. She glances to the sidewalk where she sees a beautiful corner church, welcoming worshippers. She stares blankly, her mind a blend of so many conflicting thoughts.

Should she get off and go in?

At that moment, the train chugs along, disallowing Cynthia to step off.

INT. BEDROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cynthia sits up in bed, motherly rubbing her belly. Restless. Louis is nowhere to be seen.

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - SAME

The same seat at the desk, by the window overlooking the view.

Given the Christmas holiday, meager decorations have been hung. Scattered about are unopened baby gifts from family.

Louis sits with a blank expression. A cup of coffee rests in his lap. Looks up for answers.

LOUIS  
 Cynthia's expecting, course you  
 know that.  
 (beat)  
 You've forsaken me. I don't know  
 why. After all I've been through,  
 surely I'm entitled to some  
 compensation.

INT. BEDROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Cynthia has her head leaned against the bedroom door,  
 listening to everything he's saying.

LOUIS (O.S.)  
 You performed miracles for me  
 before, so help me now. Just--  
 (flustered)  
 --return my money--

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

LOUIS  
 --and help me double it so I can  
 support my family. That's really  
 not a lot to ask, I think.

And with that, Louis stands up, wipes away any lingering  
 tears and heads back to the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Louis walks in, finds Cynthia laying in bed. Lays down  
 beside her, getting comfortable.

CYNTHIA  
 What were you doing?

LOUIS  
 Go back to sleep.

Turns to reposition herself.

CYNTHIA  
 I heard you talking out there--

LOUIS  
 You heard nothing. Go to sleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LOUIS' CONVERTIBLE - NIGHT (CHRISTMAS EVE, 1948)

Through the window, Christmas Eve is in full swing as Louis and Cynthia drive through a suburban neighborhood, dressed for a party. Neither looks too much in the mood to celebrate. Cynthia looks like she's about to burst, being eight months pregnant by this point.

CYNTHIA

stares out the window at all the merriment. Families meeting at their homes to celebrate. The sounds of caroling.

Another sound catches her attention and she immediately turns to Louis.

CYNTHIA

There's a church on the next block.

LOUIS

We're late already. Have no time for that.

CYNTHIA

I haven't been in two years, Louie. Two years. Because you didn't want me--

LOUIS

--be quiet, we'll be late--

CYNTHIA

--to go. Now I don't care. I'm going in for a few minutes, like it or not.

LOUIS

What did I say?!

CYNTHIA

(stern)

Your not telling me no!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - SAME

CONVERTIBLE TIRES

come to a screeching halt. The car finally stops.

INT. LOUIS' CONVERTIBLE - SAME

She recovers from the sudden stop and looks out the window. Louis is glaring at her.

LOUIS  
If your not back in five minutes,  
I'm going to the party without you.

She opens the door and walks up the sidewalk to what we see is a beautifully lit church where believers are walking in, celebrating.

From Louis' perspective, he watches her as she attempts to climb the stairs. She is struggling again. A kind man helps her up the stairs and she walks in.

LOUIS

jerks his head away. Holds his pounding head in his hands. We see the pain written all over his face. The despair. His hatred building. Frustration.

Keeps looking toward the church. Disgust for his wife.

A member of the church tilts his head curiously through the window. Louis, seeing this, has to give a quick happy wave. Trying to pretend everything's okay. Everything is not okay. He's suffering.

Suddenly...

The car door opens again and Cynthia gets in.

He's studying her. To see if anything is different about her.

She doesn't even look at him. Still angry, but calmer.

CYNTHIA  
Drive.

Turns back onto the street and drives on, still looking out of the corner of his eye at her.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
I just said a quick prayer for us,  
Louie. That's all.

They drive in silence. Matters hanging thickly in the air.

FADE TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK

TITLE:

**January 7th, 1949**

The sound of hurried footsteps echo as we

FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY - HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A NURSE runs down the hallway, calls into the waiting room.  
A big smile on her face.

NURSE

Sir!

Louis speaks to the nurse, racing back down the hallway.

LOUIS

Is she beautiful?

NURSE

The most beautiful, sir.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DELIVERY ROOM - HOSPITAL - LATER THAT DAY

CISSY ZAMPERINI

is held by an exhausted Cynthia, her eyes closed as she sleeps.

Louis lays next to Cynthia, looking at the miracle being held in his wife's arms. No words can even explain the emotion washed over Louis' face at this moment. He can't take his eyes off his daughter.

LOUIS

(whisper)

Still like the name Cissy, huh?

She puts a calming palm on his cheek, weakly smiling.

CYNTHIA

Shhh...she's got her mama's name.

CISSY

as she feels the peace of her two loving parents over her.

CYNTHIA  
Cynthia Battle Zamperini.

LOUIS  
And especially her eyes.

Cynthia looks up to Louis. Their eyes meet. She looks deep into his eyes and kisses him.

CYNTHIA  
I want this marriage. I want us to  
work. I want--

BAM! The delivery door opens, and in walks the family. Louis' family (dad Anthony, mom Louise, brother Pete, sisters Sylvia and Virginia) and Cynthia's as well (mother Mrs. Applewhite).

Mrs. Applewhite stands back from the rest of the well-wishers.

Cheers and congratulations surround the new family as Cynthia, Louis and little Cissy are engulfed.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - DAY

AN EMPTY CRADLE

A beat, then two hands lay Cissy down, staring up at the new world with large eyes, taking in every last detail.

The two hands belong to Mrs. Applewhite, as her face contorts into the most unusual baby expressions. She takes her eyes off her grand-daughter and looks around her surroundings with disappointed disdain.

Cynthia is being helped into the apartment by Louis, carrying her bags. They are waiting for Mrs. Applewhite disapproval to come to the surface.

MRS. APPLEWHITE  
Louie. This is no place to raise a  
baby.

Louis stares at his mother-in-law, a beady look of his own disdain. Waiting for more criticism.

Mrs. Applewhite walks to the window by the desk, overlooking the view. Her face says it all: what view?



MRS. APPLEWHITE (CONT'D)

There's no yard, the sun barely  
shines in here.

(turns and looks at him)

Promise me you'll move.

With that, Louis slams Mrs. Applewhite's bags on the floor  
and storms out to the bedroom.

Cynthia explodes.

CYNTHIA

Mom!

MRS. APPLEWHITE

Look around you. You honestly  
wanted all this?

CYNTHIA

He's doing the best he can! He's  
been hit with bad luck! He always  
bounces--

Cissy hears the irritable racket Mom and Grandma are making  
and starts to cry.

MRS. APPLEWHITE

--Oh, come off it, Cynthia! The  
way he makes you two--no, THREE  
live! Surprised you are all  
getting sick on a regular basis!

INT. BEDROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - SAME

Louis sits on the edge of the listening to the women in the  
other room continue to argue. He can't do anything to calm  
himself or anyone else down.

Has he really pushed himself to this limit?

EXT. HOLLYWOOD STREETS - VARIOUS - DAY

Images of the changing city. The beginning of congested  
traffic that will eventually open up to the future of  
freeways.

EXT. CAMPUS - UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA - VARIOUS -  
DAY

We've seen these images before. The unique beauty of the  
campus.

EXT. PARKING LOT - USC - DAY

The crowded parking lot. Louis' Convertible eventually finds a spot and parks. Sits in the car for a long beat, almost unsure of what to do next, and then gets out.

EXT. CAMPUS - UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA - MOMENTS LATER

Louis walks the campus, taking in all the old memories. Up ahead, he sees a familiar face approaching, followed by a large group.

TOUR GUIDE

...this school, founded in 1880 is considered to be one of the most distinguished yet founded...

It is the same Tour Guide from his college days. Slightly older now. Still dishing the exact speech to the new promising students of tomorrow.

Louis and the Tour Guide exchange a look as they pass.

EXT. STANDS - USC STADIUM - DAY

Louis sits calmly in the stands alone. Thinking to himself. A familiar voice is heard from somewhere.

HARRY READ (V.O.)

Of all the gin joints, in all the world...

Louis looks to up to see Harry Read standing there. Dressed in a snazzy suit. Looking good. Louis stands and shakes hands with his old buddy.

LOUIS

How you doing, Harry?

Harry sits. Looks out on the track in front of them.

HARRY READ

Tell me about little Cissy. Been meaning to come on by and see her.

LOUIS

She's fine.

(thinks a second)

No, she's...she's amazing. It's like a miracle.

HARRY READ

Cynthia. How's she adjusting?  
Being the new mom and all?

LOUIS

It's an adjustment, and we're happy  
but...

Harry looks Louis in the eye. Knows Louis better than this.  
Louis crumbles.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Things are bad, Harry. Cynthia's  
mom finally left, but I have the  
feeling Cynthia's not too far  
behind. Back to Miami.

HARRY READ

Why would she?

LOUIS

You've seen the apartment. It's a  
fucking shit hole. But, mostly,  
it's me. I guess I'm unfit.

HARRY READ

(waving him off)

Bullshit. You just need to get  
your nerves back.

(off Louis' look)

After all this. After all you've  
been through. She loves you. I  
saw it in her the first time you  
laid eyes on her, pal.

Louis thinks. Looks to Harry. Pains him to ask.

LOUIS

Do you have anything else for me?  
Any business deals lined up?

HARRY READ

I got nothing. Wish I had  
something to offer you.

Louis pats him on the knee. Meaning, don't sweat it.

They both look out on the track. A beat.

LOUIS

Shame to hear about Coach Cromwell  
retiring last year. The man was a  
god 'round here.

HARRY READ

You weren't so bad yourself if you remember.

INT. BEDROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Cynthia lays in bed, asleep. Cissy is asleep in her crib beside the bed.

Louis watches himself in the dresser mirror as he finishes tying his tie, cleans off a piece of lint off his decent-looking suit and walks out, closing the door silently behind him.

INT. WAITING ROOM - OFFICE BUILDING - LATER THAT DAY

Louis quietly sits alongside a series of other men dressed in similar-looking suits. A secretary pops her head out of the adjacent office, calling, and Louis stands, briefcase in hand.

MOMENTS LATER

Through the window, we see in the adjacent office as Louis is the middle of his interview. The man sitting at the desk across doesn't seem too enthused about Louis. By the looks of things, seems to be calmly giving Louis a spiel. All Louis can do is take the spiel.

INT. HALLWAY - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER THAT DAY

Louis walks the empty hallway to his door. Comes to his door, and slumps in the door frame for a beat.

Something catches his eye farther down the hallway. Ted, the neighbor, is standing in the hallway watching Louis from his doorway.

Louis squints, confused what the man is looking at.

TED

Hello.

Long beat.

Louis straightens his suit, collects himself and unlocks the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

THE FLOOR

by the front door. A piece of shattered glass from a picture frame lays.

The door opens and Louis walks in, immediately stepping on the glass.

He looks up, seeing the entire apartment has been dismantled. Smashed bottles, hand cream spilled, dishes from the kitchen broken in pieces, etc.

On the couch, sits Cynthia, like a statue, staring straight ahead. Tears streaming down her cheeks.

LOUIS  
What happened?

CYNTHIA  
(calmly)  
I just got fed up. That's all.  
I've had it.

Louis puts down his briefcase and approaches her. Frantically, she stands and backs away from him.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
No, you...stay away from me. Stay  
away.

LOUIS  
What? Why? I'm not trying, to  
find work? Is that what you think?  
(beat, quickly)  
Where's Cissy?

CYNTHIA  
You have to find a job. Doesn't  
matter what it is. We can't go on  
worrying like this, week after  
week.

LOUIS  
I go to one place and they ask if  
I'm qualified to be an oil  
engineer. What can I say but the  
truth? No! Another place asks for  
a degree in a subject I don't have!

She looks at him like he's mentally disabled. She almost shudders.

CYNTHIA

What?! You need a degree...to dig  
ditches?! I know you don't want to  
work for somebody else, but you may  
just have to.

He looks like he wants to get into this, but thinks better of  
it, and stops. Takes a deep breath. She doesn't seem to be  
understanding the disappoint he feels; the turmoil.

LOUIS

(calmly)

Where is Cissy?

INT. KITCHEN - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dinner. Louis sits eating across from Cynthia, ignoring her  
own dinner to feed Cissy. He is simply watching them. Takes  
a sip from his glass. Bourbon. Cynthia doesn't even need to  
look up.

CYNTHIA

(re: the drink)

Whatever helps get you through the  
day?

Louis doesn't answer.

INT. BEDROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - NIGHT

Louis and Cynthia lay in bed. Both of them are wide awake,  
turned in separate directions.

Cissy turns in her crib, and begins to cry. A loud, piercing  
cry.

Cynthia instinctively jumps out of bed first.

CYNTHIA

She needs to be changed again.

Louis sits up, planting his feet on the floor.

LOUIS

No. I'll do it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Louis has Cissy down on the changing table, changing her. He  
has a contemplative look on his face, studying his daughter  
who looks at her father, finger in her mouth, studying him.  
Getting to know his fatherly features.

Once finished with changing, he picks her up, holding her to his chest. Slowly caressing her back to sleep. She lets out a whimper. It cuts Louis in two. He bursts out in tears. Long, gagging bursts, trying to stay quiet for Cynthia. The feeling of failure.

CISSY

looks up to Louis. Studying him. Not sure how to console her poor Dad.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - DAY

Silence fills the room.

Louis sits at the same desk, by the window, leafing through the past due bills that are piling up.

Cissy lays asleep nearby in her crib, not a care in the world.

Louis reaches for the desk calendar, flipping through to find something. As he clips the pages, a few penciled in words catch his eye. He blinks twice. Flips back to the page and reads, in Cynthia's writing.

THE CALENDAR

reads **"Take inventory."**

Louis is taken aback, his mind flooding with various thoughts. What could "take inventory" possibly mean?

LOUIS' EYES

as they search for some sort of meaning.

What do those two simple words mean?

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - DAY (**FLASHBACK**)

A SERIES OF IMAGES

Louis and Cynthia in the middle of one of their many fights.

BACK TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Cissy stirs in her sleep. Her chubby hands slowly rise and her face is contorting.

Louis puts the calendar down, rubbing the temples of his forehead, straining to think.

Then, it pops into his head.

INT. LOUIS' CONVERTIBLE - NIGHT (**FLASHBACK - CHRISTMAS EVE 1948**)

Louis is glaring at Cynthia.

LOUIS  
If your not back in five minutes,  
I'm going to the party without you.

She opens the door and walks up the sidewalk to what we see is a beautifully lit church where believers are walking in, celebrating.

A car door slams somewhere.

MOMENTS LATER

Cynthia is back in the car. She doesn't even look at him. Still angry, but calmer.

CYNTHIA  
Drive.

Turns back onto the street and drives off, still looking out of the corner of his eye at her.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
I just said a quick prayer for us,  
Louie. That's all.

They drive in silence. Matters hanging in the air.

From somewhere, the echoing sound of a baby crying is heard as we go

BACK TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Louis stares straight ahead, realizing what's he done to himself and the others around him. Feels like the rug has been pulled out from under him.



The echoing sound of the baby crying continues as he snaps out of it. Cissy is crying, louder and louder. She needs his attention.

Louis' face contorts into something truly horrid.

LOUIS  
(calling)  
Stop it! Stop it!!

He bursts from the chair, crosses the room and approaches the crib to the crying Cissy.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
(pleading)  
Stop!! Now!!

Frustrated and without the slightest amount of thought, he viciously picks her up, violently shaking her.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
Don't I give you everything?! Why  
don't you ever listen?!

The terror wrapped in those two beautiful eyes is heartbreaking. She's now crying harder. An endless nightmare.

And then an even more terrified voice echoes through the room.

CYNTHIA (O.S.)  
Louie!!!

He twists his head toward the front door where Cynthia rushes to them, a shock of terror across her face. Immediately snatches the baby out of his arms and firmly slaps him across the face. Tears wailing from her eyes.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
What the hell are you thinking?!  
You might have killed her, Louie!  
You might have killed her!!!

LOUIS

slowly regains his sanity as if he was a bystander in the entire incident. Looks to Cissy, terrified tears running down her cheeks, shielding her face away into Cynthia's chest.

He staggers back. This really shakes him as he falls over a chair, bolting to the floor. Never taking his eyes off of Cissy.

We hear the sound of a distant airplane taking off.

INT. GATE - LAX - DAY

Cynthia, dressed and packed for travel, holds Cissy in her arms at the gate of a departing plane. Standing across from her is a quiet Louis, realizing what is happening.

CYNTHIA

I'll be in Miami for only a short while.

(thinking of an excuse)

My parents need to see Cissy too.

Louis nods almost absentmindedly. They avoid eye contact.

LOUIS

You go away, I'm not getting you back. That's the simple truth.

CYNTHIA

(not one ounce of sympathy)

Well. When I get back...

(long beat, searching for the words)

...we'll say the things that need to be said.

With that, Cynthia picks up her bag with the free hand and walks toward the waiting plane. Then, disappears out of sight.

EXT. ZAMPERINI HOME - TORRANCE - NIGHT

The old Zamperini home. In front the Convertible is parked.

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Anthony and Louise sit across from Louis, who is at a loss for words. They look concerned.

ANTHONY ZAMPERINI

She'll be back. You know she will be.

LOUIS

What would she come back to? I've failed them both.

Louise finally speaks.

LOUISE  
 You've failed nothing. You've been trying, right? Let her blow some steam off to those parents of her's and everything will be fine.

Louis doesn't say a word. Merely shakes his head, knowing that's not true in the least. Anthony studies him.

ANTHONY ZAMPERINI  
 Do you need some money?

The last thing Louis ever expected to hear coming from his father. Develops a forced smile.

LOUIS  
 No, Pop. Thanks. I'll be just fine.

LOUIS,

the blatant lie splattered across his face.

LOUIS (V.O.)  
 C'mon, Harry, you know you're good for it!

INT. HARRY READ'S HOUSE - DAY

Harry walks the length of his car, washing it, a tense Louis tight on his heels.

HARRY READ  
 Louie! C'mon, cut me a break. What can I do for you? Everyone needs the money for bills.

LOUIS  
 This is for bills, pal.  
 (beat)  
 Look, you wouldn't be giving it to me. It'd be a loan, that's it!

This stops Harry. Throws his foamy sponge in the foamy bucket and looks at Louis. A smile spreads across his face.

HARRY READ  
 Sure, buddy boy, sure. How much we talking?

Louis quickly thinks it in his head.

LOUIS  
A thousand, that's it! I promise.

Harry thinks a moment. Looks out of the corner of his eye to the street. Louis sees this and looks over his shoulder to the Convertible parked at the curb. Louis reads his mind.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
Use it! As collateral. If I don't  
pay by say...  
(thinking)  
...uh, three months, it's yours!

Harry considers the proposal. He's on the brink of a decision. Louis sees this.

INT. STREETCAR - HOLLYWOOD - LATER THAT DAY

Louis sits alone on a bench in back, looking out the window. Reaches into his pocket, finds something. Pulls it out. A thick wad of money. Looks at it with disgust. This is what he has sunk to.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - LATER

THE STACK

of past-due bills. Beside those are checks being written out for the payments.

THE ENVELOPES

being sealed. Soon then, the stamps are placed in the corners.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Louis shoves the envelopes in a mail box. Looks around. Sees a corner bar down the street. Thinks a moment. Should he proceed forward? Go home? He stands fixed on the spot. An undecided man.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GATE - LAX - DAY

From the entrance of the gate walks an exhausted looking Cynthia, holding Cissy, toward a waiting Louis. No pleasantries are exchanged. She gives him a cold hug and they walk toward the airport entrance.

INT. KITCHEN - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - NIGHT

A quiet dinner with the family. Nothing to be said between any of them. Louis eats looking down at his plate. Cynthia feeds Cissy.

A disjointed family.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - NIGHT

Louis violently lunges forward from another nightmare, screaming. His chest heaves. Soaked in sweat. Takes a long deep breath and looks around, collecting his surroundings.

What he sees is a shock. Cynthia sitting straight up in the bed, watching him, emotionless. It undeterminable how long she's been watching him. Perhaps she's been waiting for him to wake. It's not known.

She, however, looks prepared to speak. She speaks in a very frank manner.

CYNTHIA

I know you love me, Louie. And I love you. We have a beautiful baby. But even if we had all the money in the world to go with this, I think something would still be missing.

(beat)

I don't know what it is, I'm not sure, but I know something's missing.

He just sits there. Listening.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

If this keeps up, Louie, things are going to change. You have to come to your senses.

(long beat)

I can't do anything to please you. You act as if you hate me.

LOUIS

I don't hate you.

There's more he wants to say behind those eyes, but he can't find the courage to say everything that's in his heart.

She studies him with remote eyes. Shakes her head in a rather cold way.

CYNTHIA

I'm getting a divorce. I'm going to leave you.

(beat)

Would that make you happy?

LOUIS

Of course not.

CYNTHIA

Then. What would make you happy? Do we make you happy, Louie? Tell me. What is it...that you want...that would make you happy?

LOUIS

looks at her, eyes staring deep into an abyss.

A failure. Without an answer we

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF EPISODE

PART NINE: "BEGINNINGS"

TEASER

OVER BLACK

plastic flapping in the wind. Light city traffic.

Two echoing footsteps as they trudge up a series of steep, wooden stairs. Labored breathing accompanies.

CUT FROM BLACK:

EXT. LOUIS' CONVERTIBLE - DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAY (1949)

LOUIS ZAMPERINI

leans against the driver's door of his Convertible, arms folded with contempt, staring across a crowded city street.

What he faces is enormous.

LOUIS' POV

faces the largest tent ever erected for a revival meeting for the famed Greater Los Angeles Billy Graham Crusade; or as Reverend Graham himself famously named it "The Canvas Cathedral."

The historic sight where 3,000 nonbelievers committed their lives to Christ.

LOUIS

staring, thinking back.

We hear echoing footsteps as they trudge up a series of steep, wooden stairs. Labored breathing accompanies.

INT. HALLWAY - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING  
**(FLASHBACK)**

Wearing a shabby, cheap suit, beaten hat, and looking surprisingly worn-down for his 32 years, is Louis, climbing the stairs. Dark circles rest under his eyes. Many sleepless nights.

Whatever bright spark the man once had seems to have faded long ago. There's a restless, unhappy quality that he carries with him. The slump in his shoulders suggests he has quit keeping up appearances.

The heavy grocery bags he carries weigh him down even more.

He comes to the top of the stairs, reaches for the keys in his pants pocket, catches his breath a moment, then starts for his apartment.

Somewhere in the opposite direction, however, he hears the sound of a woman speaking in a polite, quiet tone.

AT THE END OF THE HALL

is an apartment door left ajar. A familiar woman stands in the doorway with her back to Louis.

Cynthia, holding their nine-month old, Cissy, in her arms, speaking to their neighbor, Ted, the gentlemen in the doorway.

Ted was the man who helped Cynthia with her groceries when he first moved in.

She seems happier than we've seen her in some time. Nothing intimate about their conversation, just neighborly.

LOUIS

watches the two carrying on. Suspicious, perhaps.

Ted looks over her shoulder and sees Louis standing from afar. Cynthia senses the presence behind her and turns, a rare smile on her face. More care-free than usual...

CYNTHIA

Louie!

(as he starts walking  
over)

You remember Ted.

Louis holds his contempt in check as he approaches, holding the groceries close to his chest, offering Ted a hand to shake.

LOUIS

How you been, Ted?

TED

Well, thank you. Cynthia and I were  
just talking--

CYNTHIA

Ted just invited us to go hear an  
evangelist preach in town tonight.

(the name escapes her)

Who was it again?



TED  
The Reverend Billy Graham.

A beat. Breaking the ice.

LOUIS  
(re: the groceries)  
Well, as you can see, carrying a  
load.  
(to Cynthia, holding out  
the keys)  
Get the door for me.

She snatches the keys. Her smile fades just as soon as it appeared. They head down the hall as Ted watches after them, ever the gentleman.

TED  
So, if your free tonight, I'd love  
for the both of you...

Beat. They both turn. Cynthia seems more eager to hear what he has to say.

TED (CONT'D)  
...to attend. They set up this big  
tent on Washington and Hill,  
downtown. Preaching the Word. I  
was hoping you two would like to  
join me.

Cynthia pauses a moment, turns to Louis. Louis just stares at Ted. For him, everything he's been through, what can he say?

CYNTHIA  
Louie--

LOUIS  
(quickly)  
It's not for us. Thanks.

Louis pointedly nudges Cynthia down the hallway.

They reach their apartment door. Louis rushes Cynthia inside. Louis pokes his head into the hallway, calling.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
Thanks for the offer, though.

And slams the door, leaving Ted alone in the hallway.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. LOUIS' CONVERTIBLE - HOLLYWOOD - CONTINUOUS

LOUIS' POV

Across the street, the traveling circus tent stretches the entire block of Washington Boulevard and Hill Street.

Cars line up and down the block, even at mid-day.

TITLE:

**"The Canvas Cathedral"**

**At the Corner of Washington Boulevard & Hill Street.**

**Los Angeles, California.**

**September 1949**

A SIGN

hangs over the front entrance of the tent, with the illustrated serene and kind face of the Reverend Graham.

It reads, **"Hundreds of Churches Reuniting: Greater Los Angeles Revival. Every Nite 7:30. Billy Graham. Sundays 3 - 8:45. 6,000 Free Seats."**

LOUIS (V.O.)

No, no, no! Absolutely not!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER  
(FLASHBACK)

Cynthia and Louis circle each other, in the middle of another argument.

CYNTHIA

We need this in our lives! God knows we need it.

Frustrated, she places her hands over her face, trying to block the problem out.

A beat. Louis stands there with his arms folded.

LOUIS

I know your worried about us. I know how you were raised. My immortal soul is still going to be intact even if I don't go.

(MORE)

LOUIS (CONT'D)

(beat)

Yet to go to a tent revival with  
people moaning...

(arms flailing for  
humiliation effect)

...and wailing and shouting...

Runs out of breath, laughs to himself. Laughs at her. She just stares at him, arms folded. Finally, stifles out a laugh of her own at his ignorance.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

I've been to these things when I  
was a kid. Holy Rollers are not  
our crowd.

(long beat, pointed)

You'll be embarrassing yourself.

Cynthia's smile disappears in an instant. Stares at Louis for an extra beat, unfolds her arms, walks across the room, opens the door and leaves.

Louis doesn't move to pursue.

INT. HALLWAY - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS  
**(FLASHBACK)**

Cynthia walks down to Ted's apartment and knocks on his door without hesitation. He answers, surprised.

CYNTHIA

Ted, I'd love it if you took me to  
see Reverend Graham tonight.

TED

Uh...of course. But what about  
Louie?

CUT TO:

EXT. LOUIS' CONVERTIBLE - HOLLYWOOD - DAY

The thoughts that must be racing through Louis' head at this moment. He takes a courageous step to cross the street and at that moment sees a MAN speaking with a YOUNG WOMAN at the entrance.

The MAN looks up and sees Louis. Louis sees him approaching.

LOUIS (V.O.)

(into phone, upbeat)

Harry! What's the happening  
tonight?!



CYNTHIA  
Nothing, why?

Long beat.

LOUIS  
What's going on? You seem--

CYNTHIA  
I went to hear the Reverend Billy  
Graham.

Cynthia stops there, expecting some happy surprise to come from Louis. It doesn't come. He staggers to the couch, hands covering his mouth. A bored, bland expression on his face; expecting the worst. Long beat. Finally...

LOUIS  
And?

In a flash, she gets on her knees, right at his eye line.

CYNTHIA  
And... it was wonderful. Not at  
all the way you'd imagine it.

LOUIS  
(flat)  
Cynthia. How do you know how I'd  
imagine it?

Takes his hand and tenderly places it on her cheek. Eye to eye. She's desperate for him to understand.

CYNTHIA  
Oh, Louie. You know how I always  
say there's something missing in  
our lives? Now I know what it is.  
For the first time I have peace in  
my heart.

Dismissive, Louis gets off the couch.

LOUIS  
(sighs)  
Great. That's great. Look. I'm  
tired. Let's go to bed.

Cynthia is right behind him, following his every move. He needs to understand this. She places her hands on his cheeks.

CYNTHIA

No, Louie. You need to listen to me.

(long beat)

I've accepted Christ as my Savior.

The look on Louis' face says it all. He's not sure if he should burst out laughing, cry, or yell. Without a word, he walks out of the room, blatantly shutting the bedroom door behind him.

Cynthia takes a seat on the couch, barely able to contain her happiness. Like she's in on some joke he doesn't quite get.

BACK TO:

EXT. LOUIS' CONVERTIBLE - HOLLYWOOD - DAY

The Man crosses the street right to Louis. Beat.

MAN

Good day.

Louis politely nods, suspicious, looking toward the tent. Not meeting the Man's eye contact.

MAN (CONT'D)

Are you interested in coming in?

A slow wave of fear comes over Louis. Doesn't answer.

MAN (CONT'D)

I do hope you choose to come in before the end of the week.

(off Louis' look)

As you must know, this is our Crusade's last week here.

Louis doesn't know what to say. The Man's kind smile is too much for him to bear. Only simply saying...

LOUIS

Thank you.

Louis carefully staggers back for his car, almost getting hit by on-coming traffic. The driver of the car violently honks his horn. Louis is in a daze of conflicted thought.

INT. KITCHEN - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - MORNING (**FLASHBACK**)

An exhausted Louis sits reading the morning paper, sipping his cup of coffee. Flips the paper in half, something catches his eye across the table.

Cynthia.

Chooses to ignore her.

Continues reading. Beat. Then, the corner flap of the newspaper folds on its own. Louis looks at the place where the flap once stood firm to reveal Cynthia. He annoyingly looks at her, the same glow on her face as she sips from her coffee cup. Staring right at him.

They just stare at each other. Louis speaks in a very gentle tone, restraining his true feelings.

LOUIS

Leave me alone. I don't understand it and I don't like it.

CYNTHIA

(evenly)

Well. You don't understand it because you don't understand yourself.

He sighs, sarcastically slapping the newspaper down.

LOUIS

You know, I always knew there was something wrong with me. Any other judgmental thoughts you want to say to me?

Cissy acts up. Cynthia puts the coffee cup down and feeds Cissy her breakfast. Always looking at Louis.

CYNTHIA

Billy Graham doesn't preach all the time. He talks about many things, like how many scientific facts can be found in the Bible.

Beat. This has finally gotten his attention and she knows it.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

(meekly, mock innocent)

You've always liked science, haven't you?

Louis looks away, loudly folding the paper again.

Cynthia reaches her hand across the table and places it on top of his. Flat out honest.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Listen to me. Of all the people in this world, I want you to be with me there. I'm not backing down from this. Take me tonight.

Louis just stares ahead, quickly trying to think of any excuse. Nothing comes to mind. His face reads of reluctance.

END OF TEASER



MAIN TITLES

CUT FROM BLACK:

EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE - THE CANVAS CATHEDRAL - DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - EVENING

THE LARGE PICTURE

of Dr. Graham by the front entrance. Holding an open Bible in one hand, he seems like a serious young man. One year younger than Louis.

Over this, the conversational sounds of hundreds upon hundreds of people talking.

LOUIS

stands before the picture, that contemptuous look sitting on his face. Not sold.

Sure enough, behind him, hundreds upon hundreds file in, a feeling of excitement and curiosity wraps around these people like a warm blanket. They're here to hear the truth.

Louis looks over the men, women and children.

Then, looks up to the large sign above the entrance. A second sign has been placed over the first one.

It reads, "**Something's Happening Inside. Continuing Until Another Week.**"

He's here to prove Cynthia all wrong. She has joined him by this point, clutching his arm, and all the while, Louis can't help but joke...

LOUIS  
(half-joking)  
When does the circus leave town?

She doesn't look amused.

INT. THE CANVAS CATHEDRAL - VARIOUS - MOMENTS LATER

WIDE

Over this, the organ player BILLE BARROWS, wife of CLIFF BARROWS plays "Lord, Send Me a Revival."

The tent is a bustle of excitement and curiosity. Some are here for the first time, some are here to renew their faith.

Everyone is from a different background of wealth and occupation. The rich sit next to the less fortunate. True harmony, all here for the same purpose.

In front of the stage platform, a large Bible is on display, opened to Romans 12, Verses 1 and 2.

LOUIS AND CYNTHIA

seated amongst the crowd, take this in. Louis is doing his best to have his interest peaked, but it's not possible. Cynthia, however on the other hand, is extending her hand to a woman and her husband nearby. All smiles, Cynthia turns to address Louis.

CYNTHIA

Louie, this is Elizabeth and her husband Raymond...

Louis politely stands and shakes hands, eyes looking elsewhere.

LOUIS

Good to meet you both...

MOMENT'S LATER

ON STAGE

CLIFFORD SMITH,

the president of Christ for Greater Los Angeles, a heavy-set man who looks made for politics, addresses the audience.

CLIFFORD SMITH

...the impact of these meetings has been felt across the nation and around the world...

LOUIS

stares ahead, his expression unchanged. Low in his seat.

CLIFFORD SMITH

...some of us believe that we can see in these great meetings, something of the beginning of a great world-wide revival for which we have been praying for so long...

MOMENTS LATER

ON STAGE

KAY STEWART and ELLEN ELSNER, a singing duo, mid-song, duet in harmony to a gospel song, accompanied by Billie Barrows on organ.

LOUIS

stares up at the stage, eyes glazed over. Looks about the crowd, everyone else is simply captivated.

Looks to Cynthia, a smile on her face. Returns a polite smile back.

Looks down to the new Bible resting on Cynthia's lap. Studying the details of the corners, the way the bookmark ribbon sticks out the bottom. He's completely out of his element here.

His eyes return to the stage. The singing continues. Too preachy. He looks to his leg. His leg won't stop shaking. Pure nervousness.

Cynthia notices and places her hand on his leg. He looks down to her hand, but notices she's not calming the leg, she's patting it excitedly.

The song is wrapping up.

Looks to Cynthia, a glowing smile on her face.

CYNTHIA

(whisper)

He's about to start once they're done.

BACKSTAGE

in silhouette, a tall man with square shoulders goes over his notes fitted into his Bible. Glances up to listen to the conclusion of the song.

LOUIS AND CYNTHIA

LOUIS

(whisper)

Couldn't be happier.

She chooses to ignores it.

ON STAGE

Ellen and Kay finish their song and walk away, side by side.

Without missing a beat, the tall man with square shoulders walks with purpose on stage, Bible firmly in hand. No one speaks but...

LOUIS

is taken slightly aback.

The man on stage is tall, ruggedly handsome, clean-cut, athletic, clear blue eyes and seems younger than his 31 years would suggest. When the man speaks, he speaks with conviction, his deep voice full of hard-won confidence, his southern-born voice booms. He is an evangelist and the Los Angeles Revival of 1949 is a turning point in his life, his "big break."

This is BILLY GRAHAM.

He begins to speak to a silent crowd.

BILLY GRAHAM

Let us not speak of fire and  
brimstone tonight. I'm here to  
speak of just one man, that of  
Jesus Christ...

CYNTHIA

turns to Louis as Dr. Graham continues, captivated by the man.

Louis sits there, trying not to meet her eye contact, resisting every step of the way.

She reaches her hand to his and lovingly holds it.

Every sound fades away as we take in the love that Cynthia is offering to him. She is determined for him to listen to what Dr. Graham is saying and understand it.

DISSOLVE TO:

LOUIS

stares up at the stage, not changed, but with admiration. He's not screaming nonsense like expected. The man on stage is a decent guy and Louis sees this.

The sound soon returns. And so does Louis' restlessness...

LOUIS  
 (whisper)  
 Where's all the stuff about  
 science?

CYNTHIA  
 (whisper)  
 Be patient. Just listen.

LOUIS  
 (whisper, agitated)  
 Are you tricking me with...

ON STAGE

Now Dr. Graham, unknowingly cutting Louis off mid-sentence, speaks louder than we've heard him.

BILLY GRAHAM  
 ...there is not a just man upon  
 earth, that doeth good, and sinnith  
 not. For all have sinned, and come  
 short of the glory of God...

LOUIS' EYES

suddenly stare up in fear and dart toward Cynthia. They can't seem to believe it.

He turns to Cynthia, finally coming to the realization that this is not about science at all.

It's a sermon on sin.

In Louis' mind, Dr. Graham could be speaking about his own sin. He looks down to the Bible once more resting on Cynthia's lap.

THE BIBLE

and its edges, its pages full of words meant to bring comfort to those, not make a person uneasy.

LOUIS' EYES

break from the Bible to Cynthia's hand holding it. Her wedding ring.

Looks to his own. His wedding ring is missing.

Louis' mind is racing with doubt about himself. The reason he's here. What he thinks he has to prove to everyone.

What he's gone through and what kind of good person he already believes himself to be.

The expression on his face says it all, "to heck with him and his big tent..."

BILLY GRAHAM

Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us...

LOUIS' EYES

turn to the stage. How could he possibly know what Louis was thinking?

BILLY GRAHAM

For God so loved the world that He gave His...

LOUIS' HAND

slowly reaches for Cynthia's wrist.

Cynthia immediately feels this and turns to Louis.

BILLY GRAHAM

...only begotten Son that whosoever believeth...

ON STAGE

Billy Graham is a force of nature as he continues.

BILLY GRAHAM

...in Him should not perish but have everlasting life!

A beat.

Louis felt anger before, but fear has replaced that.

He and Cynthia's eyes meet. He's so close to the edge that he can only blurt out his words.

LOUIS

We're going...now...don't ever take me to a place like this again...

LOUIS

as he bolts from his chair, dragging Cynthia behind, out of the tent. Someone catches his eye.

LOUIS' POV

sees the kind man as an usher who welcomed him earlier in the week in the middle of the street. The man recognizes him and smiles. The man's smile is too much for him...

LOUIS

wants to get away. Away as fast as possible. The fear and anxiety are too much to him to bear.

Over this, the screaming of a man's voices floats in, his own screams, rises to a disturbing pitch as we

SMASH CUT TO:

LOUIS' DREAM

explodes into a series of images inside Louis' head. Louis in a void, crumpled on his knees, trying to stand, but continuously being beaten by something as we

INTERCUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - NIGHT

Louis twitching violently in his sleep.

BACK TO:

LOUIS' DREAM

The Bird's face comes out of the pitch black, right at us, ready to haunt Louis more. Most suddenly, the Bird's face becomes indistinguishable with the face of Satan, the red eyes burning into Louis' soul.

INTERCUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tightly gripping a glass of milk in his hand, Louis stares down, unable to sleep, haunted by the most violent of thoughts. One hand holding his head.

Still feeling the violence within his own mind, twitching as we go

BACK TO:

## LOUIS' DREAM

as Satan brings the full brute force of the belt down on a defeated Louis. The belt digs into his skin, bloodily ripping it off.

Satan's face disappears into darkness. The Bird's face slowly disappears into darkness, as well.

Louis is left alone in the void, on his hands and knees, struggling to get up. In desperate need of a helping hand.

This is, without a doubt, Louis' worst nightmare yet.

INT. KITCHEN - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - THE NEXT MORNING

## LOUIS

continues to stare down as we saw him last night. Lost in his thought, broken in spirit. But he is now seated at the breakfast table.

Off, we hear the sounds of Baby Cissy being fed, happily eating. Then, a woman's sigh.

CYNTHIA (O.S.)

Ciss...

(laughing beside herself)

...your making a mess all over again...

Louis turns his heavy eyes toward the voice.

Cynthia sits across the kitchen table from him, feeding Cissy. She has one concerned eye on Louis, trying not to further fuel the fire. She, however, offers him a warm smile and returns to Cissy.

## LOUIS' EYES

lower. And he finally makes a decision. But with conditions. Out of nowhere, he speaks.

LOUIS

...under one condition will I go back tonight...

Cynthia looks up, almost startled.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

When that fellow says "every head bowed and every eye closed," we're getting out of there.



Cynthia puts the feeding spoon down, places her elbows on the table, and stares directly at her husband.

A long beat. Sarcastic.

CYNTHIA  
As long as you have your escape  
clause, right?

A voice slowly fades in.

BILLY GRAHAM (V.O.)  
...tonight we speak of the  
emptiness of material wealth and  
its inability to buy salvation,  
which itself is a gift from God.

Louis and Cynthia stare at one another from across the table with nary a word to say.

INT. THE CANVAS CATHEDRAL - THAT NIGHT

LOUIS

as he sits amongst the crowd for a second time, next to Cynthia. The same perplexed look on his face; staring up at the stage.

Cynthia turns to Louis, staying optimistic for him.

ON STAGE

Billy Graham stands before the pulpit. His Bible the sword in his hand. Continuing.

BILLY GRAHAM  
As Christ Himself says, "for what  
shall it..."

LOUIS

listening, trying not to look toward the stage.

BILLY GRAHAM  
"...profit a man if he shall gain  
the whole world and lose his own  
soul?"

Louis squirms in his seat. Feeling the rush of guilt over him.

BILLY GRAHAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 That if thou shalt confess with thy  
 mouth the Lord Jesus...

CYNTHIA

listening, captivated by his words.

BILLY GRAHAM  
 ...and shalt believe in thine heart  
 that God hath raised him from the  
 dead, thou shalt be saved."

The words are music to her ears. A true believer.

On the other hand...

LOUIS

feels the shame of the words that he listens to. Holds his  
 head down.

LOUIS (V.O.)  
 Fellas, we've been praying about  
 everything else...

EXT. RAFTS - OCEAN - NIGHT (1943) **(FLASHBACK)**

On the raft in the middle of the Pacific with Phil and Mac.  
 The desperation flooding out.

Louis has his eyes closed to focus. His first prayer.

LOUIS (V.O.)  
 Answer my prayer now, and I promise  
 if I get home...

INT. BARRACK - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - NIGHT (1945) **(FLASHBACK)**

Louis in his bunk, eyes closed, a single tear streaming down  
 his cheek. Another terrified night in captivity.

LOUIS (V.O.)  
 ...through all this and whatever is  
 to come...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - (1948) **(FLASHBACK)**

Louis in the middle of a fight with Cynthia holding a crying  
 Cissy in her arms. Thoughtlessly lighting a cigarette.

LOUIS (V.O.)  
 ...I'll serve You...

MOMENTS LATER

Cynthia runs out of the apartment as Louis flops on the couch, not concerned of the damage he's inflicted, a drink in his hand.

LOUIS  
 ...for the rest of my life.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. THE CANVAS CATHEDRAL - CONTINUOUS

LOUIS

leaning forward on his lap as his arms are behind his head, the guilt rushing in. On the cusp of hyperventilation.

His prayers whispering in his ears, the tremendous guilt flooding in. One after another.

His face a confusion of emotions.

LOUIS (V.O.)  
 (thoughts)  
 ...more prayers...more prayers than  
 Dr. Graham and family had in their  
 entire lives...

LOUIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 (praying)  
 Lord...bring me back safely...

EXT. TORRANCE AIRPORT - DAY (1945) (**FLASHBACK**)

Louis, returning to his family, breaks into a run from the B-25 plane and right into his mother's arms. They collide.

LOUIS (V.O.)  
 (praying)  
 ...from the war and I'll seek you  
 and serve you..."

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOLLYWOOD BAR - NIGHT (1947) (**FLASHBACK**)

Louis in the process of violently drinking his worries away. The biggest smile on his face. For all the wrong reasons.

LOUIS (V.O.)  
                  (thoughts)  
                  ...and yet when I came home  
                  alive...

SMASH CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER

In the process of another fight with another bar fly.

                  LOUIS  
                  (thoughts)  
                  ...I completely dismissed my  
                  promises...

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - DAY (1948)  
**(FLASHBACK)**

Louis sitting in his chair at the window, alone.

                  LOUIS (V.O.)  
                  (thoughts)  
                  ...because no one could remind me  
                  of them except myself.

Long beat. Lonely silence.

INT. THE CANVAS CATHEDRAL - CONTINUOUS

LOUIS

still holding his head in his hands. Sweat runs down his neck  
and forehead.

Reaches into his jacket and feels his chest. His heart is  
pounding.

Billy Graham continues.

                  BILLY GRAHAM  
                  When you receive Jesus as your  
                  Savior, you are regenerated by the  
                  spirit of God. Your life is  
                  transformed.

Louis' eyes drift to the stage.

                  BILLY GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
                  Remember, Jesus doesn't want part  
                  of your life, He wants all of your  
                  life.

(MORE)

BILLY GRAHAM(CONT'D)

He want you to repent of your sins  
and then completely and totally  
surrender your life to Him and  
follow Him.

Lost in his daze. He moves his body to stand.

BILLY GRAHAM (CONT'D)

And this is the record, that God  
hath given to us eternal life, and  
that life is in His son. He that  
hath the Son hath life, and he that  
hath not the Son of God hath not  
life.

Louis feels like he's in a free fall as he leans back in his  
chair. A great weight pushing down on him as he stares at  
the stage. His hand moves to his mouth.

On Louis as he listens to Billy Graham speak.

BILLY GRAHAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)

What kind of life are you living?  
Are you satisfied with your life?  
The Bible says for all that sin,  
they can serve the glory of God.

The thoughts that are flying through Louis' head are quite  
perplexing. He's fearing with all his heart of what he has  
to do.

BILLY GRAHAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Many people reject Christ because  
they feel they can't live a  
Christian life. Well, nobody can  
live a Christian life...without  
help. Christ has promised to help  
you. He said, 'I will uphold you  
with the right hand of my  
righteousness. If you have  
problems in life, cast all your  
cares on me, for I care for you.'

He shuts his eyes. Squeezed tight.

A SERIES OF IMAGES - IN QUICK SUCCESSION

--Louis in a bar, a drink shoved in his face.

--At a Hollywood party, enjoying the hallowed privileges of  
fame.

BILLY GRAHAM (V.O.)  
Now I ask whoever...

BACK TO:

INT. THE CANVAS CATHEDRAL - CONTINUOUS

Louis' eyes open wide and look up.

BILLY GRAHAM (O.S.)  
...is ready to make this decision.  
Ready to step forward and accept  
Jesus as your personal Savior...I  
ask you please to step forward...

Cynthia leans and whispers softly in his ear.

CYNTHIA  
Don't you want to go forward?

Louis refuses to look at her. He stares straight ahead for as long as possible.

Suddenly, almost eerie, he hears a voice. A voice from his past. Coming from behind him. He turns around. His face in turmoil.

PETE (O.S.)  
C'mon, toots, you can do it...

EXT. TRACK - THE FIRST RACE - DAY (1932) (FLASHBACK)

A angry young Louis, 15, approaches the starting line with the other runners. Ready to run for his school for the first time.

Do or die...

MEET ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
(an echo)  
Runners to your marks...

BACK TO:

INT. THE CANVAS CATHEDRAL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The background seems to have faded. Though, we do see some believers stepping forward.

It's all on Louis. He watches this play off in his mind. Staring at his memory.

MEET ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
 ...get set...

It's a split second before we see what's happened. Louis has grabbed Cynthia's hand and are already on their feet.

LOUIS  
 (forceful)  
 Let's go.

They squeeze between people's knees and the chairs, Louis dragging his saddened wife behind him. She's heartbroken.

As Louis walks, he hears something fade in that no one else hears. The sound of thousands cheering in a stadium.

LOUIS

hearing this. It gets louder.

EXT. TRACK - DAY (1936) **(FLASHBACK)**

Mid race. A nineteen year old Louis flies ahead of his competition to the cheering of an adoring and supportive crowd. It rises.

BACK TO:

INT. THE CANVAS CATHEDRAL - CONTINUOUS

Louis' feet reach the end of the row and to the isle. His feet kick up sawdust, which gracefully settle.

He stops.

The cheering fades away and silence inhales the moment.

Looks up and down the isle and sees the crossroads of his life laid out before him. The crossroads of decision.

Left, the exit and the life he knows.

Right, salvation...

LOUIS,

his eyes closed, his head down. Fighting his decision. Fighting harder than he's ever fought anything.

LOUIS' HAND

holding Cynthia's in a grip.

Cynthia slowly reaches her other hand and places it ever so lovingly on his shoulder.

Hold for a long beat.

His eyes open. Tears swell.

LOUIS' HAND

as he releases her hand. Her hand extends and then lets go.

And he steps onto the aisle...

...toward the stage...

LOUIS

steps forward. Tight on his face. His entire life changing right before our eyes.

Cynthia in the background, planted exactly where he left her.

MEET ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

...go...

PETE (V.O.)

Go, Louie, go...go...!

As he steps toward the stage, we never take our eyes off of him. Walking into this new world, the sounds of cheering from a long-ago crowd echo in his ears.

He's a runner. A runner in any other race.

But this is different. He's in a race for life. His life.

THE STAGE

Louis comes to the foot of the stage and is approached by a young American Indian COUNSELOR with warm, kind eyes.

COUNSELOR

If you'll follow me.

The Indian leads him through a curtain behind the stage.

INT. PRAYER ROOM - THE CANVAS CATHEDRAL - CONTINUOUS

Louis looks around, in a sort of daze. Other men and women in transition are in prayer on their knees, quietly speaking to their counselors.



Louis' Counselor waits patiently for him to join. He's not turning back now.

LOUIS

drops to his knees, humbling himself for the first time. He prays to himself. Eyes shut.

LOUIS (V.O.)

Please. Please forgive me for not having kept my promise to You. The promise I made during the war...for my sinful life. I beg for Your pardon...Jesus...Jesus, come into my life...

He waits.

The Counselor is praying with him, silently. Holding Louis' hand.

LOUIS

feels something he's never felt before. A promise is made. God enters into his heart and his life. The moment is more than remarkable. It's the most realistic moment of his life.

No white light. No bolt of lightning. Instead, a sense of weightlessness and an enveloping calm. Christ is in his heart now until forever.

He finally opens his eyes and looks to his Counselor.

COUNSELOR

Do you know you're saved?

Beat.

LOUIS

I know it.

COUNSELOR

How do you know it?

Beat. The weightless feeling wrapping him in a warm blanket.

LOUIS

You said that 'whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.' I called upon his name, and I'm saved.

COUNSELOR  
Do you really believe it?

LOUIS  
(shaking his head)  
I don't have to believe it.  
I know it.

The Counselor studies Louis, then reaches into his pocket, and pulls out a pencil, holding it up.

COUNSELOR  
Now that you're a Christian, this is you.  
(re: the pencil)  
If you try to stand alone, you're going to fall. The Lord says, 'Cast all your cares upon me.'  
(beat)  
In other words, lean your entire weight on me...'and I will uphold you with the right hand of my righteousness.'  
(beat)  
Always remember, that pencil is you and once you get away from the Lord, you're going to fall.

INT. THE CANVAS CATHEDRAL - LATER

The revival is finished for the evening. People are still chatting with one another or heading for the exits.

Cynthia impatiently paces near the stage, in front of the curtain where Louis disappeared.

Finally, Louis emerges from the prayer room in a dazed state. Cynthia runs right up to him.

They pause and observe one another. She senses something about him. He is through with his old life.

They fall into each other in an loving embrace. Embracing each other with all of their love. Simply holding each other. Feeling the miracle that has occurred on this evening.

INT. KITCHEN - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - VARIOUS - THAT NIGHT

The kitchen cabinets are flung open. Many expensive looking liquor bottles are pulled off the shelves. Bottle caps unscrewed and turned upside down over the sinks. Poured out. Never to be seen in this house ever again.

Cynthia and Louis hold each other, dumping out the cigarettes into the trash can.

And Louis simply loses his senses because at that moment he picks up Cynthia over his head, shocking her with a girlish scream. Their lips never parting.

INT. BEDROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

He lays her on the bed and kisses her beautifully on the lips. She holds onto him desperately. They fall into each other's arms for what seems like the first time in years.

True and glorious love seen in a new light. Pure passion for each other never before expressed than through a loving marriage.

This is the happiest we've ever seen them together. This is the first moment of the rest of their lives.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER THAT NIGHT

Lit by the moonlight coming through the window is Louis and Cynthia holding one another tight. She has tears streaming down her face.

LOUIS

What's wrong?

CYNTHIA

Louie. Now I'm not going to get a divorce.

He tightens his embrace.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - THE NEXT MORNING

Just before sunrise. Louis is fast asleep. Cynthia lies next to him still, eyes fixed on him. He's not sweating. He's not screaming. This is the first night he hasn't had a nightmare.

Such comfort rests in her eyes.

FADE TO BLACK:

CUT FROM BLACK:

INT. BEDROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - LATER THAT MORNING

The sun has come through the open window of their bedroom. Louis blinks his eyes open, taking in a deep breath. Feels relieved and very refreshed. The realization that he hadn't had a nightmare about The Bird is slow in coming for him.

Takes a look around. Cynthia is nowhere to be found.

INT. KITCHEN - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - LATER

By the trash can are various garbage-filled bags. Bottle shapes pop out.

Cynthia sits across from Louis, their breakfast finished. She is just studying her husband as he lovingly feeds Cissy.

CYNTHIA

(re: Cissy)

I can finish there if you want.

LOUIS

No, I've got it.

Louis has never offered to help out anything with Cissy.

A beat.

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - LATER

Louis goes through a cabinet drawer searching for something. Finds it. Stands, then remembers something else.

Opens his desk drawer, rummaging then, then finds it.

LOUIS' HAND

slips his wedding ring back into place.

EXT. BARNSDALE PARK - LATER

A beautiful spacious city park. Louis walks the path, holding something firmly in his hand. Searches for a secluded spot and finds one under a tree.

Takes a seat cross-legged under the tree. Leans his head against the trunk and closes his eyes. Beat.

A silent prayer. Peaceful.

Opens his eyes again and opens the book he was holding onto.

THE BIBLE

an old army New Testament servicemen are handed out by order of President Roosevelt. Looks like it hasn't been cracked in years.

THE SPINE IS CRACKED

as he finds a page. John 1:1.

It reads, **"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God..."**

He looks up and takes in the words. Something finally speaks to him. The words make sense.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER

The pages of the Bible are flipped as Louis takes the Scripture in. Fascinated. Inspired.

Children play near him.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER

The sun setting in the west. Louis has moved to a bench, where he just sits, watching the sunset. Taking in all its pure beauty.

FRONT DESK WOMAN (O.S.)  
Next in line, please...

INT. VETERANS EMPLOYMENT SERVICES OFFICE - DAY

A small crowded office of men seeking employment after their service to their country. Louis steps forward and addresses the FRONT DESK WOMAN.

FRONT DESK WOMAN  
Help you, sir.

LOUIS  
I want to apply for a job.

The woman reaches for an application, hands it to Louis.

FRONT DESK WOMAN  
First things first. Fill this out.  
What qualifications do you have?

LOUIS  
 I'll do anything that is needed of  
 me. I'll dig ditches if that's  
 what the job calls for.

This means much to Louis. The woman sees just another vet  
 standing at her window.

EXT. THE CANVAS CATHEDRAL - NIGHT

The last of the faithful are filing into the parking lot, a  
 buzz of happiness about them.

Louis stands nervously outside the tent, waiting.

Finally emerging out of the tent is Billy Graham, speaking  
 with CLIFF BARROWS, the choir director, platform emcee and  
 radio-TV program director of the revival.

Louis approaches them.

LOUIS  
 Mr. Graham.

BILLY GRAHAM  
 Yes?

LOUIS  
 I'm Louie Zamperini. I was  
 converted here just five days ago  
 and I wished to speak to you.

A beat. They approach Louis. Billy shakes Louis' hand.

BILLY GRAHAM  
 It's nice to meet you, Louie. This  
 here is Cliff Barrows, you might  
 have seen him up on the stage night  
 after night.

LOUIS  
 (to Cliff)  
 It's a pleasure, sir. Thank you  
 for everything you've given.

CLIFF BARROWS  
 It came from within, son. We just  
 helped you along.

Beat.

LOUIS

Well, I won't. That's all I wanted to say. Somehow, I'm a bit shy for the first time in this type of situation. Take care.

Louis sways nervously, and begins to head for his car.

BILLY GRAHAM

Just a sec. What do you mean by the first time?

He turns back around.

LOUIS

Well. I've been working for the army on public speaking engagements all around the country, about my time during the war. And I...

He stops short. Sees Billy and Cliff with a mischievous smile on their faces. They have some sort of scheme in mind.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

What?

BILLY GRAHAM

And you've been converted?

LOUIS

Yes, I'm converted.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - LATER THAT NIGHT

Cliff and Billy sit in a booth across from Louis. Sipping coffee.

LOUIS

...for me, with a crowd of people, somehow I've never been shy. Maybe it was from my running days, I just got used to the audience.

Billy looks to Cliff, wiping his mouth. Down to business.

BILLY GRAHAM

How would you like to put your talents to good use?

Beat. Louis gulps his coffee.

LOUIS

How so?

CLIFF BARROWS

Like head to Modesto next week and give a testimony? A church, actually it's a tent 'cause the church burned down.

Louis knew where they were going with the conversation, but somehow it still comes as a surprise.

LOUIS

No, no, thank you, anyway, no--

BILLY GRAHAM

You said yourself your not shy in front of a crowd. It would be for the best possible cause.

LOUIS

(beat, searching for the words)

Let me put it this way. No man will ever get me on the platform preaching like you, Billy. I'm just going to be a regular Christian

This hangs heavy in the air for Cliff and Billy. Billy reaches for his wallet, seeing the WAITRESS coming.

WAITRESS

Will there be anything else for you gentlemen?

BILLY GRAHAM

No, miss, that will do it.

She drops the check and leaves.

BILLY GRAHAM (CONT'D)

(re: the check)

I've got this, fellas.

Billy is sifting through his wallet for bills, keeping an eye on Louis. Silently saying so much. Louis tries to break contact, but simply can't. Trying in his mind to find an excuse. Nothing comes to mind.

LOUIS

What do I say?



BILLY GRAHAM

Tell them the truth, Louie. Tell them your war story, how God put you through this and that, and what happened at the tent. That's all.

LOUIS

knowing he can't say no. Determined to prove to himself.

LOUIS (V.O.)

It was the feeling of weightlessness...

INT. TENT - MODESTO, CALIFORNIA - NIGHT

A make-shift tent on the front lawn where the old church once stood before being burned down. Like The Canvas Cathedral, this is filled to the brim with both congregation and curious individuals.

Louis is on the platform speaking for the first time to a large gathering, giving testimony.

LOUIS

It was the most sensational feeling of my life. He had laid His hands on me and gave me a gentle nudge in the right direction. And I knew it. I just knew it. All my hatred, all my revenge-filled thoughts seemed to vanish in the wind.

(beat)

Christ is love. Christ is the power of the forgiveness. And I am His living proof.

He's finished. They stare at him, filled with inspiration; simply captivated. He is sweating, exhausted, breathing deep, looking around. He's satisfied.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOME - NIGHT

Expensive cars are parked outside. From inside, the sounds of a lavish party.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOME - CONTINUOUS

Louis is the middle of another Hollywood party. But instead of drinking until drunk, he doesn't drink at all. He sits on the end of a couch talking with several show-business types in a close intimate conversation.

He's giving witness to them, meaning telling them about his conversion and answering questions.

LATER

LOUIS

eyes looking down while a group of his buddies stand around drinking with the same enthusiasm. He somehow feels out of place.

BUDDY #1

C'mon Zamp, you need a drink. Your always the life of these parties.

LOUIS

Seriously, I'm okay. I quit drinking. Smoking, too.

Buddy #1, BILL, snickers slightly. Louis sees this.

BUDDY #2

Don't laugh, Bill. Louie here went through a spiritual transformation. Heard about the Billy Graham revival in the paper. Was pretty big from what I read.

Louis is feeling the need to escape, but something tells him to stay.

LOUIS

Look, if your interested in learning about Christ, I'd be more than happy to--

BUDDY #2

No. See Zamp, I'd rather drink. Since you don't seem to realize this is a party, I'll remind you.  
(beat)

Seriously though, if you want a drink I won't tell. Don't want to hear you coming off as chicken or anything.

(beat, low)

I mean, how long can this whole transformation honestly last?

Louis stares his Buddy right in the eye. He suddenly feels low and walks away.

BUDDY #2/ BUDDIES  
 (various)  
 Come back, Zamp. Have a drink,  
 everything will be fine.

Louis heads for the door, stopped by one of the show business people offering their thanks for speaking with them. Nods, shakes hands and walks out the door.

Buddy #2 watches, feeling slightly embarrassed.

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Louis flops the keys down on the desk, letting out a loud sigh. Puts his head in his hands and sits.

Beat. The telephone rings.

Louis stands up and walks to the phone in the kitchen, rubbing his eyes. It's late.

LOUIS  
 (into phone)  
 Hello.

BUDDY #2  
 (over phone)  
 Hey, man. I'm calling to  
 apologize.

LOUIS  
 Okay. I guess you really don't  
 need to.

BUDDY #2  
 I do. Look, me and the guys,  
 getting you to drink, it was just a  
 trick to see if that religion of  
 yours was real, or just a gag.

LOUIS  
 Yeah. Well, it's real.

BUDDY #2  
 I know it was pretty rude, but when  
 you left...we saw what you were  
 doing in the living room, speaking  
 about God to total strangers, and  
 Bill said that he wish he had the  
 guts to do what you did.

Louis is almost moved. He now has more strength to continue doing what he's doing.

BUDDY #2 (CONT'D)  
 Well, I just wanted to call and  
 tell you...we're sorry. I better  
 get going--

LOUIS  
 Hey.

Long beat.

BUDDY #2  
 Yeah?

LOUIS  
 Any time you want to listen to what  
 I have to say, you can just call me  
 and I'll tell you.

Long beat. Then, the phone hangs up on the other hand. This  
 has given him the strength he needs.

He smiles for a long moment.

INT. CHURCH - BURBANK, CALIFORNIA - NIGHT

A small church, the congregation filing out to the parking  
 lot. The service is over.

Louis is on the stage, shaking hands with various members of  
 the congregation on their way out. He has delivered another  
 testimony.

TITLE:

**Burbank, California**

Louis looks around as he shakes hands, and see a familiar  
 face blur among the people. He has to squint his eyes to see  
 who it is.

Smiling, as always, fun-loving Harry Read.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - MOMENTS LATER

Harry Read's car drives down Hollywood Boulevard.

LOUIS (V.O.)  
 Didn't even realize you were back  
 in town, Harry.

INT. HARRY READ'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Harry drives Louis home.

LOUIS  
Last I heard, you entered a boat  
race in Hawaii and moved there.

HARRY READ  
Well, life on the islands sure was  
difficult.

LOUIS  
(sarcastic)  
Sure was.

HARRY READ  
No. I tried to charter my boat to  
the tourists but couldn't do it, so  
I had loads of time on my hands.  
(beat)  
I filled it with the easy life.  
You remember that. Parties,  
beautiful girls, drinking. You  
know. The routine.

Louis smiles. Harry however, looks distant.

Looks out the window, pulling to a stop at the curb. Kills  
the engine.

HARRY READ (CONT'D)  
(quickly)  
This is you.

Louis stops him, wanting more. Harry sees the expression and  
continues. Honestly.

HARRY READ (CONT'D)  
Despite the good times and the  
beautiful scenery, Louie, I got  
bored. I wasn't...happy.  
(beat)  
Something's wrong, but I just can't  
figure it out.  
(looks to Louis)  
I want to hear more about what you  
were talking about tonight. I just  
don't know the first step.

LOUIS  
The first step is deciding, Harry.

HARRY READ

I'm just not sure, Louie. Knowing  
you the way I do, I still can't  
believe it.

Long beat. A history between friends. Harry looks distant,  
but on the edge of something extraordinary. The seed has  
been planted in him and will eventually bloom into something  
more.

Harry holds out his hand and Louis shakes it.

HARRY READ (CONT'D)

Say. We'll do the town sometime  
soon.

LOUIS

(as he steps out of the  
car)

We will. Fun-loving Harry Read.

HARRY READ

So long.

Pats the hood of the car and Harry drives off. Louis watches  
him until he turns the corner and is gone.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

HARRY READ

sits in a pew, staring forward.

Another congregation, another speaker. Not Louis this time.  
The preacher has just placed the invitation for those to  
accept Christ to step forward. Some are stepping forward.

Harry Read, the decision laid out before him, suddenly stands  
and walks forward himself.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WINONA LAKE, INDIANA - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT (1950)

A beautiful view of the city.

TITLE:

**Winona Lake, Indiana**

INT. LOBBY - CONVENTION CENTER - SAME

Empty at the moment.

A BANNER HANGS

over the front entrance reading, **"Annual Christian Conference."**

The forceful voice of a man is speaking from within the auditorium.

BOB PIERCE (O.S.)  
Why? Why?!

INT. AUDITORIUM - CONVENTION CENTER - CONTINUOUS

A room filled with various church groups, evangelists and missionaries from all over the country stand about or sit on the dirt floor, while they listen to BOB PIERCE, head of World Vision, speaking up on the stage.

BOB PIERCE  
Why are no missionary teams going to Japan? You've scheduled many teams to Europe...

Among the crowd is Louis, listening, almost shuddering at the concept of Japan and it's past memories.

BOB PIERCE (CONT'D)  
...yet only one team for the Orient! We need more.

Bob Pierce looks like he could blow at any time. Louis feels like Bob is speaking directly to him. Hoping he doesn't become involved in any trip to Japan any time soon.

INT. LOBBY - CONVENTION CENTER - LATER

The lobby is filled with the same members of the auditorium. Coffee and sweets are dispensed on tables and everyone is helping themselves.

Louis among them. Trying to get the nagging feeling out of his heart. Just then, the crowd parts and Bob Pierce stands beside Louis, looking down at the sweets. Not looking up, Bob speaks...

BOB PIERCE  
Mr. Zamperini.

LOUIS  
Bob.

Bob looks around before locking eyes with Louis.

BOB PIERCE  
Can we talk outside?

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - NIGHT

The two men speak. Louis is mid-way trying to talk himself out of the situation.

LOUIS  
Look. I get it. If anyone is going to end up in Japan, makes sense if it were me, right?  
(nothing from Bob)  
There are too many bad memories there to justify me returning. If you know what I've been through--

BOB PIERCE  
I have, Louie. I've heard you speak.  
(beat)  
I want you to preach to them. You need to go back.

Long beat. Finding the reasoning.

LOUIS  
I could come face-to-face with the old guards. Forgive them for what they did. Only then would I be complete.

Bob says nothing, letting Louis' mind make the decision for him.

INT. LOBBY - CONVENTION CENTER - LATER THAT NIGHT

A late-night prayer meeting. Louis and some others are in a circle, eyes closed. It's Louis' turn to pray.

LOUIS  
Lord, I feel this terrible conviction that I have to go back to Japan, but I'm not sure. It's burning in my heart. Show me a sign, please. Show me your will.

INT. LOBBY - HOTEL - WINONA LAKE, INDIANA - NIGHT

Late.



Louis walks alone toward the elevator. A young man turns a corner and crosses his path. They give each other a friendly nod and continue. The young man stops and turns around.

ERIC FOLSOM  
Say. I'm Eric Folsom.

Louis stops at the elevator and turns around, completely taken aback.

ERIC FOLSOM (CONT'D)  
I'm an evangelist from Tucson. I heard you speak. Perhaps you'll tell your story at my church?

Louis shakes his head, pulling out his card, handing it to Eric.

LOUIS  
Certainly. Louie Zamperini. Just get in touch with me and we'll work it out. Good night.

He pushes the elevator button and steps in. Eric keeps walking, turns on his heel, remembering something.

ERIC FOLSOM  
By the way...

Louis holds the elevator door open.

ERIC FOLSOM (CONT'D)  
Did you hear that challenge on Japan?

LOUIS  
I did. But I've got to get to my room and--

Eric steps closer.

ERIC FOLSOM  
It thrilled me to hear Bob Pierce's message.

LOUIS  
(slightly irritated)  
Me as well. Anyway, I've got to get to bed--

Beat.

ERIC FOLSOM  
Just a minute, Louie.

LOUIS  
What's the matter?

A feeling comes over Eric.

ERIC FOLSOM  
Well, as we've been talking, God  
has burdened my heart to get you  
five hundred dollars...

Louis stares at Eric, unsure of how to react.

ERIC FOLSOM (CONT'D)  
...to start you on your way to  
Japan.

Beat. Louis pushes the elevator doors open and without missing a beat, gives Eric a hug. Eric doesn't know how to take it at first. He simply laughs, finding this humorous.

LOUIS  
I did ask for a sign.

A doorbell is heard.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - WINONA LAKE, INDIANA - LATER THAT NIGHT

Louis in his bathrobe walks to the door, already exhausted but happy.

LOUIS (V.O.)  
(a letter)  
"My little lonesome ones, your  
daddy is thoroughly befuddled. So  
many things are happening back here  
that I am in a nervous state. I  
have been praying for the Lord's  
guidance on these missionary trips,  
and doors seem to be opening in all  
directions..."

He indeed does open the door. A group of six people, all smiles, are standing there, piling in.

CHRISTIANS (VARIOUS)  
We heard that challenge on Japan /  
You're the logical person to go  
back there / We want to give you  
our tithe money...

LOUIS (V.O.)  
 (letter continuing)  
 "Tonight I got a very distinct  
 lead. The Lord is really here."

Louis is easily overwhelmed by the generosity.

EXT. ZAMPERINI HOUSE - HOLLYWOOD HILLS - DAY

The house of Louis and Cynthia Zamperini. Finally, their own house.

LOUIS (V.O.)  
 (letter continuing)  
 "Cynthia, the Lord has kept me here  
 for my own good and yours."

INT. ZAMPERINI HOUSE - HOLLYWOOD HILLS - SAME

Spacious. Beautiful. Year-and-a-half old Cissy is on the brink of walking for herself. Cynthia is helping her along.

LOUIS (V.O.)  
 (letter continuing)  
 "Our main interest is the Lord's  
 will and I believe that getting a  
 house is part of the Lord's will.  
 Pray hard and long and often about  
 Japan, the juvenile program, that  
 television show, and our house."

INT. CISSY'S BEDROOM - ZAMPERINI HOME - NIGHT

Cynthia is putting Cissy to bed.

LOUIS (V.O.)  
 (letter continuing)  
 "I sure do miss your cold little  
 feet."

Cynthia kisses her daughter's forehead, and closes the door behind her. Cissy rests in darkness.

LOUIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 (letter continuing)  
 "Yours in His Service, Love Louie."

FADE TO BLACK:

CUT FROM BLACK:

INT. COMMERCIAL AIRPLANE - DAY

Through the window of the plane, we are flying through the dark gray clouds into Tokyo, Japan.

We look over to Louis not even looking out the window, his head leaning against the headrest of his seat, a cup of ice water melting in his hand, his face filled with resentment for now even making the trip in the first place.

He'll need to take this trip, like all else, on faith.

EXT. RUNWAY - TOKYO AIRPORT - MOMENTS LATER

The plane's wheels make contact with the runway and eventually come to a full stop.

TITLE:

**Tokyo, Japan**

**October 1950**

MOMENTS LATER

THE PLANE DOOR

is opened as passengers descend the staircase to the ground.

Louis emerges, taking a look at his surroundings. Yet another gray, overcast day. And is immediately reminded of the same overcast days when he was positioned behind a wire, not knowing if any random day would be his last.

He begins his steps toward the ground.

INT. CUSTOMS - TOKYO AIRPORT - LATER

Louis' bags are being inspected, as is protocol. Then, the airport security turns to him with a suspicious eye. Begins to frisk him, making Louis look around nervously.

A group of men with warm smiles approach Louis with an open hand to shake. A MISSIONARY and his INTERPRETER.

MISSIONARY

Mr. Zamperini, I presume?

Louis looks to the airport security. Are we done? The security hands Louis his bags and Louis, the Missionary and the Interpreter walk down the terminal.

LOUIS  
 (shaking hands)  
 It's nice to meet the both of you.

MISSIONARY  
 We've got the car ready for you at  
 the curb. Tell me. Was your  
 journey a comfortable one?

LOUIS  
 Honestly.  
 (as he puts his wallet in  
 his pocket)  
 A bit nervous at the moment.

MISSIONARY  
 We all get that way the first time  
 we reach out to someone.

LOUIS  
 I understand that, but--

From off-screen, a voice calls out...

REPORTER  
 Mr. Zamperini?

Louis turns and is stopped by a team of Life Magazine  
 reporters.

LIFE MAGAZINE REPORTER  
 We're from Life Magazine, the Tokyo  
 bureau. We've heard that your  
 heading out to Sugamo Prison to  
 visit some of the old guards.

LOUIS  
 Was hoping to see them face to face  
 if that's possible.

LIFE MAGAZINE REPORTER  
 We wanted to get some sort of  
 inside story, but haven't been  
 cleared for some reason.  
 (off Louis' expression)  
 We were hoping if you could get in  
 yourself...you could put in a good  
 word for us.

Beat.

LOUIS  
I'll talk with the chaplain at the  
army General's Headquarters and see  
what I can do.

LIFE MAGAZINE REPORTER  
(sigh of relief)  
Thank you.

LOUIS  
I'll keep you posted.

They exchange cards.

EXT. TOKYO - VARIOUS - LATER

LOUIS' POV

over a familiar Japanese folk song are the images of the city  
of Tokyo. We see these images from inside a luxury car.

The moment is reminiscent of Louis' journey into Tokyo as a  
prisoner heading to the radio station to make his broadcast  
so many years before.

The city, like Louis, has changed since his departure. It's  
now a metropolis of life. Wide boulevards and residents full  
of life and enthusiasm.

Where charred, blown-out buildings stood and starving people  
once begged are long gone. New factories have since been  
erected next to the firebombed ruins of the old.

The city seems full of hope.

Louis seems to wish he had the same amount of enthusiasm.  
Still unsure of himself or what his true purpose here  
actually is.

He leans back in the seat, the Interpreter and the Missionary  
looking on.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - TOKYO - DAY

Louis leans against the window, looking out on the city.  
This is a cheap hotel room, but it will do for the money they  
have. The Interpreter and the Missionary are laying on pads  
on the floor.

The Interpreter reads a local newspaper. They look grim.

## THE NEWSPAPER

written in Japanese. Photos are of beaten students with bloodied eyes and broken arms. Police officers look likewise.

## INTERPRETER

I suppose Wesada College is out of the question now. It says here that Communist supporting students, about a thousand all told, engaged in a bloody battle with police that lasted well over six hours.

## MISSIONARY

My God...

Louis leans at the window, lost in his thoughts, still listening.

## INTERPRETER

"Furthermore, one hundred forty-three people were arrested, thirty-four students and eleven policemen were injured, some critically."

He puts the newspaper down. Long silence.

## MISSIONARY

What do you want to do, Louie? You cannot speak there.

## LOUIS (V.O.)

Sir, I know the trouble, but it's been three days, I'd still like to attend.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - TOKYO - LATER THAT DAY

Louis and the Interpreter are standing at a pay phone.

## LOUIS

(into phone)

I'm gonna hand you over to my interpreter! Yeah, just one sec!

Louis hands the receiver over.

## INTERPRETER

(into phone, in Japanese)

...

(beat, turns to Louis)

(MORE)

INTERPRETER (CONT'D)

The university president...he will  
announce the event...but can't  
guarantee anyone will attend.

Louis considers. Then shrugs.

LOUIS

So, what? I'll just speak to  
myself, then.

INT. AUDITORIUM - WESADA COLLEGE - TOKYO - DAY

Louis stands at a podium on a stage about five feet off the  
ground. His Interpreter stands to the side, waiting for  
Louis to begin. Louis is looking out over the crowd. What  
he sees frightens him.

Students covered in bandages, the same radicals who had  
fought it out with the police. They stare up at him.

Louis doesn't pull any punches. As he speaks, the  
Interpreter addresses the students in Japanese.

LOUIS

My captor's name was Matshurio  
Watanabe. He had particular ways  
of torturing his prisoners. The  
physical was no exception. I'm  
talking about wounds that didn't  
heal until years later.  
Psychologically. At least this is  
what he did to me.

He stops. Contemplating his own words.

LOUIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...forgiveness is the true word to  
understand in this situation...

LATER

THE STUDENTS IN THE AUDIENCE

as they listen politely.

LOUIS

It's what's key. Accepting Jesus  
is the path to living forever.  
Accepting Him and learning  
forgiveness will give you the key  
to everlasting life.



Louis is finished. He turns to the Interpreter, who addresses the students on his own in Japanese. He is giving them the invitation to step forward.

A beat.

One student stands from his seat and walks forward, followed by a sea of students. All walking forward to approach the stage.

Louis steps back slightly. It looks like a rush of violent proportions. Louis looks in the eye of the nearest student. The nearest student looks at him. Louis has to turn away. After two years of staring into the face of Japanese guards, he still finds it difficult to know if the owner is happy or mad or about to kill him.

Finds a quick diversion.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
(to the interpreter)  
What do they want?

The Interpreter speaks to one of the students, the student answers back.

INTERPRETER  
Louie...they want to become  
Christians.

Louis stands back and looks over the crowd. All waiting to step forward to the stage. At least three hundred students wishing to bring themselves to Him. Louis can't believe it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CIVIC AUDITORIUM - TOKYO - NIGHT

A large brand-new civic auditorium, holding up to about sixteen thousand people. Thousands of people are swarming with the newfound excitement of just being saved.

Louis is on the stage, speaking to the newly devout. From among the crowd, a shriveled old Japanese lady approaches Louis. He sees her, as she bows, they lock eyes.

JAPANESE WOMAN  
I'm a Christian. And the reason  
your life was spared on Kwajalein  
was because my son was an officer  
in authority there.

A long beat. Louis isn't sure he's heard her right.

LOUIS  
I'm sorry, what--?

JAPANESE WOMAN  
(matter-of-factly)  
My son's words saved your life.

Silence takes over the moment. He looks around, then locks his eyes with her. A decision made.

LOUIS  
Where is he?

INT. FRONT LOBBY - DEPARTMENT STORE - TOKYO - MOMENTS LATER

Through the front windows of an elaborate department store, we see Louis run up, out of breath.

JAPANESE WOMAN (V.O.)  
He manages a department store here  
in Tokyo...

Louis places his hands against the glass, trying his best to look in. He frantically bangs on the glass, hoping for some sort of response.

Blackness inside. A department store that would bustle with life, if it weren't after hours.

A beat. He sees a low strip of light in the back. An office light on behind a closed door.

He bangs again, making some real noise this time.

The door in the back opens. A man steps into the doorway, hidden in silhouette, looking toward the front entrance. He approaches, looking rather confused.

He reaches the front door, looking Louis in the eye. Unsure if he should proceed with unlocking the door. He does and opens the door. Awaiting an answer.

There is a pause as Louis isn't sure how to say it. He just goes out and says it...

LOUIS  
I'm...I'm Louis Zamperini.

INT. BACK OFFICE - DEPARTMENT STORE - TOKYO - LATER THAT NIGHT

The Kwajalein Native pours a drink into two glasses, handing one to Louis, sitting across his desk.

KWAJALEIN GUARD

When you crashed at sea, you made headlines in America. We knew who you were because of the Olympics and USC.

(taking a seat)

Everyone did.

(re: the drink in Louis' hand)

No drink?

Louis just stares ahead.

LOUIS

I don't drink any longer, but thank you.

Beat. Studying each other.

KWAJALEIN GUARD

When you were picked up at Wotje, we were beside ourselves. The officers on Kwajalein wanted to interrogate you.

(swishing his drink)

One had even gone to USC.

James Sasaki. Louis just nods.

LOUIS

I know. We met.

KWAJALEIN GUARD

Right. After they decided you were of no more use to them, an execution date was set. All prisoners of Kwajalein were beheaded.

LOUIS

remembering thoughtfully.

INT. LOUIS' CELL - DETENTION BUILDING - KWAJALEIN ISLAND - DAY (1943) (**FLASHBACK**)

Louis in his tiny cell, reading the names etched into the wall. Memorizing each one of their names.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - KWAJALEIN ISLAND - MORNING (**REALITY**)

The nine dirty beaten marines on the beach as a Kwajalein soldier walks forward, a samurai sword clenched in his hands, knowing their fates.

BACK TO:

INT. BACK OFFICE - DEPARTMENT STORE - TOKYO - CONTINUOUS

Louis shakes his head as the Kwajalein Native continues.

LOUIS

I know that, too.

KWAJALEIN GUARD

But I went before the panel and made a suggestion.

(proudly)

I said, 'I have a better idea. Louie-san Zamperini is a famous American runner and an Olympian. Because of that and the publicity when he disappeared, it would better serve Japan's purpose to send him to Tokyo as a prisoner of war. To make broadcasts.

Beat. The two men appraise one another.

KWAJALEIN GUARD (CONT'D)

The panel agreed and contacted Vice Admiral Abe, who have given the original order that no prisoners leave Kwajalein alive. He gave me his consent.

And so Louis' life was saved. On Kwajalein all along. The men appraise one another simply. Louis doesn't know what to say. He leans forward in his chair and offers the man his hand. The man holds a beat, then extends his hand to shake it.

LOUIS

Now I know the truth. And I'm very grateful.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - TOKYO - DAY

The Missionary is on the phone, leans his head down the hallway.

MISSIONARY  
 (into phone)  
 Just a sec, I'll get him.  
 (calling)  
 Mr. Zamperini.

MOMENTS LATER

Louis is now on the phone, mid-conversation. Listening.

LIFE MAGAZINE REPORTER  
 (over phone)  
 ...from Life Magazine, how are you?

LOUIS  
 Pretty well, actually.

LIFE MAGAZINE REPORTER  
 Any progress made so far breaking  
 into Sugamo Prison?  
 (slight chuckle at his own  
 joke)  
 No, I mean, seriously.

Louis turns to the Missionary. He actually had forgotten.

LOUIS  
 Actually, thank you for reminding  
 me. First, I was hoping to take a  
 trip tomorrow to get myself warmed-  
 up.

EXT. JAPANESE COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

A lone car drives up a lonely road embedded along the  
 countryside. The clouds are darkened. A light rain.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - DAY

The rain has come down. Louis walks away from the parked car  
 and approaches the first prisoner of war camp.

TITLE:

**Ofuna Prison Camp**

Louis looks around. A bleak surrounding.

Walks toward the front entrance, where once the front gate  
 hung. Scavengers possibly.

The Interpreter and the Missionary keep at a respectable distance near the car.

INT. BARRACK - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

The barrack door has been boarded up, but suddenly the nails of the board are excised as Louis bursts in. Takes a cautious step inside. Looks around, seeing the remains of the barrack that held so many prisoners.

Louis looks to a corner, where a small group of squatters stare at Louis, holding their breath, begging not to be caught. He doesn't make a move, except to head for the exit.

EXT. CEMETERY - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

Louis walks along the burnt-over field that once made the camp cemetery. Several bouquets of flowers have been left in memorial of the dead.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BARRACKS - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

Louis takes a step around the back of one of the barracks where he remembers raking the newspaper from the Ofuna commandant The Mummy. What he sees now might just be a ghost of the past. The table is knocked over, the remains of that bright spring morning are long gone.

He walks away. Stepping on a wet long-outdated newspaper.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FRONT GATE - OMORI PRISON CAMP - DAY

The rain has since ceased. The car again is parked at a respectable distance as Louis makes the walk alone through the gates. The second prison camp.

TITLE:

### **Omori Prison Camp**

LOUIS

looking around, feeling no different than at Ofuna.

Fences have long vanished, opening up the common area even more.

INT. BARRACK - OMORI PRISON CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

Through the dirty window of the barrack, we see Louis poke his face in.

EXT. BARRACK - OMORI PRISON CAMP - CONTINUOUS

Louis sees through the window three tramps huddled around a make-shift fire, struggling to stay warm.

EXT. COURTYARD - OMORI PRISON CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

Louis walks alone through the common area, reliving his old memories. He stops and looks around. The space seems smaller now, of course. Remembering when he was virtually a walking skeleton forced to run, stealing newspapers, the beatings, death all around him. And of course, The Bird.

He looks up to the headquarters building where on the balcony The Bird once stood.

He suddenly doubles over, clutching his chest. Feeling the pain again. All too real. A moment. Then, he collects himself, takes one last look around. This had been his home. And now he was leaving, for possibly the last time.

Walks toward the car and the waiting men. Leaving the past behind him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JAPANESE COUNTRYSIDE - AFTERNOON

The car travelling back down the road. An old Japanese man is pulling a loaded two-wheeled cart along the same road. The car slows to a stop alongside the old man.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROAD - JAPANESE COUNTRYSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

The car rests on the side of the road. The Interpreter, the Missionary and Louis are speaking to the old man. It seems to be a delightful conversation underway.

Louis speaks to the old man through his Interpreter.

LOUIS

Who is your god, if you don't mind  
my asking? Who do you believe in?

INTERPRETER  
(Japanese to the old man)

....

JAPANESE OLD MAN  
(Japanese to Louis,  
pointing skyward)

....

INTERPRETER  
(a slight laugh)  
He worships the Sun Goddess.

Louis seems to follow the old man's finger as he points to the sky.

LOUIS  
The Sun Goddess?

The old man nods to Louis, still speaking in Japanese.

At that moment, the clouds part and the sun brightly shines down on them. Warming, comforting.

Louis looks down to the old man. The old man speaks.

INTERPRETER  
He says, is there anything better?

Louis thinks a beat, and simply smiles at the old man. He reaches into his overcoat pocket and hands the old man a Christian booklet, which he accepts, bowing gratefully. Begins pushing his cart down the road, enjoying the sunshine.

Louis simply watches this man. An understanding.

FADE TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK

LOUIS (O.S.)  
Appeal directly to General  
MacArthur about this? That's kind  
of ridiculous, isn't it?

CUT FROM BLACK:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - TOKYO - DAY

Louis has his head leaned against the wall, the pay phone in his hand. He seems frustrated. On the phone with the General Headquarters Chaplain, still trying to gain access to Sugamo Prison.



GHQ CHAPLAIN

(over the phone)

Maybe. But he's the one who asked  
for ten thousand Bibles and twenty-  
five hundred missionaries. Give  
him a ring.

LOUIS (V.O.)

Is this the General's office?

MOMENTS LATER

Another phone call. Long beat. Louis decides to play his  
only card.

LOUIS

Okay. Look. I'm calling because  
my former guards are there.

Letting that sink in.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

I know I'm the only one, but I'm  
*here* and I'd like to get in.

Long beat. Whispering on the other end of the phone

GENERAL'S ASSISTANT

(over phone)

Just a sec.

The mouthpiece on the other end sounds to have been covered.  
Louis waits.

GENERAL'S ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

Okay, you got it. Tomorrow at ten  
A.M. You can visit Sugamo Prison.

EXT. SUGAMO PRISON - TOKYO - AERIAL - MORNING

We look down on the Sugamo Prison from the air, seeing the  
prison in all its six acres glory. Used for the current  
housing of some 850 prisoners. Rain falls.

EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE - SUGAMO PRISON - CONTINUOUS

Louis huddled in his overcoat stands under the archway with  
the red letters SUGAMO across the top.

LOUIS

is nervous who he's going to see again, but determined.

The Missionary hustles from the door of the front entrance to Louis.

MISSIONARY

Louie, they're ready for us.

INT. CELLBLOCK - SUGAMO PRISON - TOKYO - MOMENTS LATER

The COLONEL in charge walks down the cellblock with Louis, taking in the various prisoners behind bars. The Interpreter and the Missionary walk close behind.

COLONEL

I'd be pleased if you would speak to ever prisoner, if possible.

(off Louis' look)

Talk openly and do not hold back.

Louis is at a loss for words. The Colonel continues.

COLONEL (CONT'D)

We house 850 prisoners, every single war criminal in one place. It's the only way to control them. They are kept close to Tokyo because of war-crime trials.

They turn on another cellblock. The Colonel continues.

COLONEL (CONT'D)

The inmates vote for their own officers, and those elected run their affairs as a model village. We don't practice physical coercion or punishment. All the prisoners are missing is their freedom and self-respect.

The Colonel stops and turns to Louis, letting out a sigh.

COLONEL (CONT'D)

But many are getting those back, month by month.

A loud bell rings out. Louis turns in the direction of the sound. The Colonel remains looking at Louis.

COLONEL (CONT'D)

They are ready for you.

INT. AUDITORIUM - SUGAMO PRISON - TOKYO - MOMENTS LATER

Louis is positioned on a platform, watching the prisoners quietly file in, finding places on the floor to sit.

He's nervous, a bit on edge, wondering if the men recognize him.

A beat, then...

LOUIS  
Welcome everyone...

LATER

Louis in the middle of his talk, pacing.

LOUIS  
My captors never felt the need to hold back their aggression. I found in Christ the power to forgive. To extend my hand out to them, as such, here I am. Reaching out to you.

LATER

LOUIS

out of breath, looks out on the crowd. Clapping his hands together....

LOUIS  
Ah...if there's anyone who would like to accept Christ as their personal savior. Now. Now is the time. A show of hands.

Through the crowd, a series of hands are raised in the air. Almost half the room.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
Just so you know, this will in no way shorten your sentence. I am not a part of the army and not part of SAC headquarters. It will not help you that way in the least.  
(beat)  
Another show of hands.

A few hands from the crowd waver and then lower. But many others still remain firm.

Louis smiles as the Colonel steps forward, addressing the prisoners.

COLONEL

Those of you who were Louie's  
guards and heads of his prison  
camps, he'd like to speak to you.

The faces of the prisoners. Some recognizable, most not.

LOUIS

studying any familiar face in the crowd.

COLONEL

You may come forward if you wish.

Without hesitation, a few scattered prisoners stand up and begin walking toward the stage. The faces coming toward Louis are like memories brought back to life.

Each one is vivid as they approach. James Sasaki, Admiral Yokura, Conga Joe, Shithead, Weasel, Hata the cook, Quack, Kano and others.

The Bird, however, is not among them.

LOUIS'

moment has come. He is overcome by a wave of emotion as he suddenly jumps from the stage, runs to the approaching group, and hugs the first guard he sees. Holds on, even though the guard pulls back, not understanding Louis' intention.

The guard is not familiar with affection in Japanese culture. And probably the last reaction he expected from Louis.

INT. SMALL ROOM - SUGAMO PRISON - TOKYO - MOMENTS LATER

Louis' guards are ushered into a small room adjacent to the auditorium, followed in by Louis himself.

MOMENTS LATER

Around the room, Louis' guards are flipping through the Bible, trying their best to interpret. The Missionary and the Interpreter are helping them along. Some look away, committed to their beliefs.

Louis is sitting before James Sasaki, much like old friends from their USC years.

JAMES SASAKI

I don't understand how you can come back here and forgive us. Your Christianity must be real, but I don't understand it.

LOUIS

It is real. If you continue in your faith, you will one day understand.

James Sasaki looks away, thinking to himself. Louis keeps looking at him. More to discuss.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

(shaking his head)

James. I need to know some things. Why did I spend fourteen months at Ofuna, a high-profile interrogation camp...when I wasn't high-profile?

James Sasaki thinks a moment, then leans forward across the table.

JAMES SASAKI

You were being prepared. We decided to hide you away for a year and a month until your government officially declared you dead.

Louis registers this information.

LOUIS

Why did you have to wait?

JAMES SASAKI

The element of surprise.

LOUIS

Surprise at what?

JAMES SASAKI

Your voice making broadcasts.

Louis thinks long and hard about this.

INT. KITCHEN - OFUNA PRISON CAMP - NIGHT (1944) **(FLASHBACK)**

Louis caught stealing food from the prison kitchen, face to face with a stone-like guard. His rifle at his side, butt to the floor. Staring.

Louis slowly backs away into the darkness.

BACK TO:

INT. SMALL ROOM - SUGAMO PRISON - TOKYO - CONTINUOUS

LOUIS,

trying to make sense of the whole situation.

LOUIS

Is that why when I stole food at Ofuna -- a crime punishable by death, a guard who would turn on you if he saw you spitting on the ground -- caught me, you never did anything and I was spared?

Beat.

JAMES SASAKI

Yes. I kept it quiet. But we made your life as miserable as possible. Also at Omori, so that when you were offered a better life at Radio Tokyo, you would accept it.

A revelation.

LOUIS

That was Watanabe's job?

JAMES SASAKI

Yes.

LOUIS

But I didn't cooperate.

JAMES SASAKI

I know. And you were sent to Camp 4-B.

Louis shudders at the thought.

EXT. ALONG THE WIRE - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - DAY (1945)

**(FLASHBACK)**

Louis stares out hopeless along the freezing cold of Naoetsu Prison Camp.

EXT. MAIN COURTYARD - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - DAY (1945)  
**(FLASHBACK)**

Louis and others lined up for inspection as The Bird comes back into his life, staring into Louis' face, a wicked grin on his face. The person of his nightmares.

BACK TO:

INT. SMALL ROOM - SUGAMO PRISON - TOKYO - CONTINUOUS

Louis leans forward, arms folded. One last question.

LOUIS

James. Where is the Bird? Is he alive?

James Sasaki looks down at the table.

JAMES SASAKI

Missing. There's still a reward, twenty-five thousand dollars, but we here believe he committed hari-kiri.

Louis shakes his head. Doesn't want to believe it. He smiles to himself.

LOUIS

The buddies around the camp. We came up with a scenario for the Bird. Watanabe always wanted to be an officer. Perhaps he had left Naoetsu two days early, escaped to Korea and became an officer in the North Korean Army, and gotten himself killed there.

James Sasaki studies him from across the table. Louis shakes it off.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Ah, so much for wishful thinking. I came to Japan with forgiveness in my heart, James. I just wanted to look the Bird in the eyes, put my arm around him, and say 'I forgive you.' Yet, even in apparent death, as he had in life, the Bird will still manage to confound me. But it's all--

Suddenly Louis stops, a change in him has just occurred. He knows it. A peace has washed over him.

James Sasaki thinks a moment. Places a comforting hand on Louis'.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
I'll talk to SAC. You don't  
deserve this place, James. I'm  
going to get you out of here.

James Sasaki stares across at Louis. Foolish thinking.

JAMES SASAKI  
Just live your life now, Louie.  
You've earned it.

INT. LAX TERMINAL - DAY

Louis walks alone through the empty terminal, bags in hand, retuning from Tokyo. A dazed look on his face.

What he sees ahead of him breaks his heart, and brings the biggest smile to his face.

Cynthia is waiting there for him, holding Cissy. He approaches them, dropping the bags, arms wide open. They embrace as a family. They hold for several moments.

They release as Louis reaches down to pick up his bags, looking behind him. He sees for the first time in years, a true sight.

LOUIS POV

an empty terminal. No reporters following him, no fanfare. Seemingly, no big deal.

LOUIS

looks ahead. His face says it all. He has come full circle. One part of his life is over. The delinquency, the running, the war, the imprisonment, the drinking, the nightmares, the greediness and desperation, the unhappiness.

All gone.

Pulls Cynthia and Cissy close to him as they walk together down the deserted terminal into the distance. A happy embrace that is long deserved.

As they turn the corner and out of sight, Louis turns to his family and simply whispers...



LOUIS

You have no idea how much I've  
missed you, my darlings.

They are gone. An empty terminal as we

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF EPISODE

**PART TEN: "LEGACY"****TEASER**

OVER BLACK

children squeal with delight in a city park surrounding;  
running to and fro. Along a cement path, a pair of old,  
weathered shoes walk with a weathered limp.

CUT FROM BLACK:

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY (1985)

BYRON KINNEY'S POV

walks down a long path toward a man waiting on a bench.

Byron Kinney, rugged with his many years behind him,  
approaches the waiting man on the bench.

Full of anticipation.

TITLE:

**Hollywood, California**

**November 1st, 1985**

The man on the bench looks familiar. Though the years have  
aged him, the ageless sense of enthusiasm hasn't. The moment  
he hears the approaching footsteps, he turns and immediately  
we recognize the man.

LOUIS ZAMPERINI,

now 68. Even after these many years, his smile hasn't  
changed. He stands, and extending a hand out to Byron  
Kinney...

LOUIS

September '45 seems so long ago,  
doesn't it?

BYRON KINNEY

No, Louie. It doesn't.

They suddenly embrace like old friends.

LATER

Walking the same path, the two elderly men pass a group of teenagers decked out in the punk style of the day. Very unattractive. The punked out kids stare the old men down.

Louis takes this in with a laugh.

LOUIS

Kids running around with purple hair standing on end. Thought I'd never see the day.

BYRON KINNEY

Worse than the damned hippies, I say.

Long beat. Two men thinking.

LOUIS

What was running through your mind the day you dropped those care packages over Naoetsu? Seeing us on the ground?

Byron Kinney stops and thinks, letting out a sigh.

BYRON KINNEY

Relief. The war was finally over and so many of us were finally going home.

INTERCUT TO:

INT. COCKPIT - B-29 - FLYING OVERHEAD - DAY (**FLASHBACK**)  
(1945)

A young Byron Kinney piloting the B-29 on the day of Louis' liberation from Naoetsu. Looks out the window on the ground below.

BYRON KINNEY (V.O.)

What you guy's must've went through  
I can't even fathom.

EXT. RICE PADDY - OUTSIDE NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - CONTINUOUS  
(**FLASHBACK**) (1945)

Louis brings the shirt down that he was waving over his head, silently thanking Kinney above.

BYRON KINNEY (V.O.)  
You guy's saw way too much.

BACK TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - LATER

Byron Kinney and Louis are now walking through an upscale Hollywood Hills neighborhood.

LOUIS  
We all did. I'm no exception.

Beat. Byron Kinney searches for the appropriate words.

BYRON KINNEY  
What's that saying General  
MacArthur used to say?

LOUIS  
Hmmm.

BYRON KINNEY  
"Old soldiers never die, they just  
fade away."

Louis lets out a cynical laugh.

LOUIS  
Can't say I agree with MacArthur,  
Kinney. You see me fading away any  
time soon?

Beat.

BYRON KINNEY  
Still wake up most nights with  
those awful images in my brain. My  
grandson doesn't understand why I  
sometimes ignore him. It's just  
too hard to tell him what it was  
like. What we saw. What we did.

They stop, facing each other. The early winter wind gently blows. Louis wraps his jacket tighter around his chest.

LOUIS  
What exactly did I do then? I'm  
seen as some hero when all I did  
was live. Like we all did. Simply  
went on day after day and decided  
to live.

Somewhere a dog howls from a backyard. Louis puts his arm around Byron Kinney and they walk on.

BYRON KINNEY  
Heavy stuff to chew on, Zamp.  
Wonder if all us veterans have  
these thoughts.

LOUIS  
Wouldn't put it past them.

EXT. ZAMPERINI HOUSE - HOLLYWOOD HILLS - MOMENTS LATER

The beautiful house the Zamperini's purchased so many years ago. Louis and Byron Kinney slowly walk up the front steps.

LOUIS  
(calling)  
Cynthia! Company!

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI HOME - HOLLYWOOD - CONTINUOUS

Cynthia, still spry for her 58 years, walks from the bedroom, welcoming Louis and Byron Kinney as they walk through the front door.

CYNTHIA  
Worried I'd have to send for a  
search party for you soon.

LOUIS  
I'm how old and somehow my mother  
has been reincarnated into my wife.

Louis sweetly kisses Cynthia on the cheek.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
Cynth, this is Byron Kinney--

CYNTHIA  
(shaking Byron's hand)  
--at long last, it's so nice--

LOUIS  
--who I've told you so much about--

BYRON KINNEY  
(shaking her hand)  
--it's a pleasure, Mrs. Zamperini.

CYNTHIA  
--Cynthia, please--

Awkward silence. The three laugh to break the tension.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
Drinks! What can I get for you,  
Mr. Kinney?

Louis puts his arm around Byron Kinney, leading him toward the photographs hanging on the bookcases and mantle.

LOUIS  
Come and take a look at some of  
these, Byron. Might interest you--

BYRON KINNEY  
(as he's being led away)  
Water sounds great, ma'am--

Louis keeps talking Byron Kinney's ear off, while Cynthia heads for the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - ZAMPERINI HOME - HOLLYWOOD - CONTINUOUS

Cynthia pulls out three cups and prepares the refreshments, listening to Louis and Byron Kinney speak from the other room.

A phone rings.

She turns in the direction of the phone. From the living room.

CYNTHIA  
Louie, got that?

No one answers. The phone rings a second time.

It's not the ring of a 1980s phone, however. It sounds more modern.

Cynthia loudly puts the cups on the counter, lets out a sigh and walks out of the kitchen and into...

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI HOME - HOLLYWOOD - DAY (1997)

The modern phone keeps ringing.

We float along the mantle and the bookcase of their living room, some 12 years later.

Family photos adorn the walls. Accomplishments of a lifetime. Their children, Cissy, now 47, and their son LUKE. Their grandchildren.

DISSOLVE TO:

The phone still rings. Footsteps are heard slowly approaching.

TITLE:

**1997**

Sill, we float through the room and the photos and memorabilia. The family on various trips. Louis aged over the years, speaking at various outreach programs, taking boys on the Victory Boys Camp retreats. Cynthia, aged over the years, in her art studio, painting. The result of the art being sold at her first gala opening.

DISSOLVE TO:

Still more memorabilia. The bookcases of Louis' first edition memoir "Devil at My Heels." Cynthia's first published books.

The phone rings again.

We come to a stop on the telephone ringing. A small, wrinkled hand enters frame and picks it up.

Cynthia, now 70, full of life and just as beautiful, answers.

CYNTHIA  
(into phone)  
Yes?

INT. DRAGGAN MIHAILOVICH'S OFFICE - CBS HEADQUARTERS - NEW YORK CITY - CONTINUOUS

Sitting behind her desk is a RECEPTIONIST, the phone pressed to her ear. Behind her is an open door, leading to her boss's office. He is sitting at his desk, waiting.

RECEPTIONIST  
(into phone)  
Please hold a moment for Mr. Mihailovich.  
(calling, placing the phone down)  
On two!

THE OFFICE

DRAGGAN MIHAILOVICH, a rugged Senior Producer with CBS Sports, reaches for the phone, speaking in a friendly tone.

DRAGGAN  
Hello, my name is Draggan  
Mihailovich, I'm a Senior Producer  
here at CBS Sports...

CYNTHIA  
Oh...

DRAGGAN  
...can I speak to Mr. Louis  
Zamperini?

INTERCUT THE PHONE CALL

Cynthia places a hand on her hip, thinking, looking out the window.

CYNTHIA  
Oh, well...

Draggan reacts immediately. Not another widow to deal with. Wants to simply smack his forehead on the desk.

Is he dead?

DRAGGAN  
...oh...

Beat.

CYNTHIA  
...he's not home right now.

Confidence re-found, Draggan sits up in his chair.

DRAGGAN  
Are you kidding? *The* Louis  
Zamperini, war hero, prisoner of  
war, Olympic runner?

Cynthia's heard it a thousand time, brushing it off like no big deal.

CYNTHIA  
Yes, that's him. He's down at the  
church. I'm sure he'd love to talk  
to you.



DRAGGAN

If I leave my information, would he  
mind sitting down and telling me  
his story?

(beat)

I've heard it's a good one.

END OF TEASER

MAIN TITLES

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI HOME - HOLLYWOOD - DAY

A SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS

The very same we recently saw.

Louis, 80, is walking Draggan along the photographs, proud to have a guest in his house to show off his proud memories.

DRAGGAN

They're beautiful children, Louie.  
You should be very proud.

LOUIS

Sure we are. Cynthia and I take  
nothing for granted. We've earned  
that right.

Louis laughs. He seems so much more relaxed than we've seen him in the past. A sense that nothing can touch him anymore. He's earned that right.

Draggan sees a picture on the end.

DRAGGAN

What's this? Your return home?

THE PHOTOGRAPH

of a young Louis embracing his mother Louise at the Torrance Airport on his return from the war.

LOUIS

Yeah.  
(pointing)  
Pete, my brother, my sisters  
Virginia and Sylvia, their still  
living, my father...

Cynthia calls from the kitchen.

CYNTHIA (O.S.)

Lunch!

Draggan takes a breather to observe the photos before him, sizing up the moment.

DRAGGAN  
(flat, but warm)  
Well. Everyone has a wall just  
like this, Louie.

LOUIS  
(observing the wall)  
I suppose so, huh?

INT. DINING ROOM - ZAMPERINI HOME - HOLLYWOOD - MOMENTS  
LATER

Cynthia and Louis sit across the dining room table from  
Draggan, eating lunch. A business lunch. Draggan has a  
yellow legal pad full of notes.

DRAGGAN  
(beat)  
Louie, honestly, I was worried  
about calling you in the first  
place.

Louis looks up from his meal.

DRAGGAN (CONT'D)  
The obvious, I thought. That you  
had passed.

Louis and Cynthia share a private look across the table, a  
faint smile. Still fooling them.

Draggan wipes his mouth a napkin.

DRAGGAN (CONT'D)  
I follow the Olympics pretty  
obsessively. By chance I caught  
your story in an Olympic article  
from 1945.

CUT TO:

A PHOTOGRAPH

of a dishevelled young Louis in Okinawa, sitting with New  
York Times reporter Robert Trumbull as he is interviewed.

A NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

reads, **"Zamperini, Olympic Miler, Safe After Epic Ordeal."**

BACK TO:

DINING ROOM

DRAGGAN

1945 wasn't an Olympic year, so it caught my attention even more. So I dug and I read about you. Your story blew me away.

Draggan has a child-like grin on his face.

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI HOME - HOLLYWOOD - EVENING

Louis sits across from Draggan, notes in front of him.

DRAGGAN

The Nagano Winter Olympics is coming up soon. As you know, CBS covers the games and we want human interest stories that pertain to the culture from an American point of view.

Cynthia has brought them both cups of tea. Draggan winces at the heat coming off his cup.

LOUIS

You want...what exactly?

DRAGGAN

We want to produce a segment about you to broadcast during the Winter Olympics. Corporate was thinking something like ten minutes...

LOUIS

(laughs)

Ten hours, maybe.

Draggan sees a slight frustration in Louis.

DRAGGAN

(humoring)

We'll see what we can do about that.

(beat)

Louie, you've had this extraordinary life so many people don't even know about. Don't you want to share your story?

LOUIS

My story? Draggan, for fifty years, I've lived my life the way God wanted me to. I've been active in the church and sports and the raising of my family.

Draggan listens intently.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

I've run the Olympic torch twice before. '84 Los Angeles, and '96 Atlanta. I've toured the world as an inspirational speaker. Reaching out to youth to show them the path to a better life.

(beat)

Every day I update my life's story.

DRAGGAN

What are you saying, Louie?

Louis stares down, thinking for a long moment.

LOUIS

Do you know why I was never able to get James Sasaki out of prison?

EXT. ZAMPERINI FIELD - TORRANCE AIRPORT - DAY (1995)  
(FLASHBACK)

A BANNER

reads, **"Zamperini Field Air Fair 1995!"**

Louis, two years younger, is walking along the planes, greeting various pilots. The pilots are happy to speak with the man who is the field's namesake. Telling jokes.

A man approaches Louis from behind. Friendly.

POLICEMAN

Mr. Zamperini.

LOUIS

(turning around)

Hmmm.

A young POLICEMAN, dressed in uniform, shyly speaks to Louis, holding a book.

POLICEMAN  
 (holding up book)  
 Would you please?

Louis takes the book, a beaten, first edition of "Devil at My Heels," flips to the first page, and begins to sign. His signature is already on the page.

LOUIS  
 (reading)  
 "To Ernie Ashton."  
 (to Policeman)  
 I went to school with an Ernie Ashton.

POLICEMAN  
 Ernie died some years ago and I happened to come across your book. It's very inspiring stuff.

Louis finishes and hands it back.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)  
 Ernie wrote something on another page.

Louis flips through and finds a hand-written note at the bottom of one of the pages.

It reads, "**Jimmy Sasaki had a powerful...**"

Louis stops reading, looking curiously at the Policeman.

LOUIS  
 James Sasaki?

EXT. SAN PEDRO BEACH - DAY (1940) (**FLASHBACK**)

A young James Sasaki sits on the edge of a cliff, near a group of American teenagers playing and laughing, looking out on the harbor, where ships are seen in the distance.

An expression on his face, very hard to read. He casually stands, collects his coat, and walks away.

EXT. ZAMPERINI FIELD - TORRANCE AIRPORT - DAY (1995)  
 (**FLASHBACK**)

Louis' eyes turn back to the handwriting. Reading aloud.

LOUIS  
 "Jimmy Sasaki had a powerful..."

EXT. TORRANCE BOULEVARD - DAY (1940) **(FLASHBACK)**

James Sasaki walks with restrained calm, passing local residents.

LOUIS (V.O.)  
 "...radio transmitter in a field  
 off of Torrance Boulevard..."

EXT. FIELD - TORRANCE - MOMENTS LATER (1940) **(FLASHBACK)**

James approaches a seemingly deserted shack in a run-down field.

LOUIS (V.O.)  
 "...near a Southern California  
 Edison substation, which was..."

INT. SHACK - FIELD - TORRANCE - MOMENTS LATER (1940)  
**(FLASHBACK)**

James sits in the dilapidated shack, stale dust collecting around him, surrounded by radio equipment, lost in his thoughts.

LOUIS (V.O.)  
 "...in constant radio contact with  
 the Japanese government."

Once his thoughts are in order, he stands and walks to the radio equipment, ready to make his transmission to the homeland.

LOUIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 "He left the USA by boat before a  
 raid by the FBI and CIA."

EXT. ZAMPERINI FIELD - TORRANCE AIRPORT - DAY (1995)  
**(FLASHBACK)**

Louis closes the book, hands it back to the Policeman. The Policeman nods politely. Louis stands there, hurt.

INT. LIVING ROOM - ZAMPERINI HOME - HOLLYWOOD

Louis stares into Draggan's eyes. The hurt hasn't gone away.

LOUIS  
 Sasaki had been a spy.

Beat. Draggan studies Louis. Neither knows what to say to the other.

DRAGGAN  
What do you want?

Long beat. Louis thinks, then comes to a decision.

LOUIS  
I want the record complete. Tie up  
any loose ends. And tell my story.  
To whomever will listen.

Draggan nods. Determined.

DRAGGAN  
Well. Let me do that, then.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - HOLLYWOOD - DAY

From outside, we see Draggan and Louis talking inside.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - HOLLYWOOD - CONTINUOUS

DRAGGAN  
To begin. Everything has to be  
authentic. We have to be able to  
confirm everything.

Louis laughs.

LOUIS  
What's most unfortunate for my wife  
is that I'm a die-hard pack rat. I  
have a garage full of junk.  
Cynthia can't even fit her car in  
there anymore.

DRAGGAN  
Good place to start.

INT. GARAGE - ZAMPERINI HOME - HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Louis, accompanied by his son LUKE, and Draggan sift through  
dusty boxes. Pulling out letters, documents, magazines,  
pictures, finally a World War II diary. The holy Grail.

Louis hands it to Draggan.

DRAGGAN  
This is what I'm talking about.  
This'll be put to good use.

Luke pulls something out of the box, holding it up.



LUKE  
Dad. Take a look.

Luke is holding up the Nazi flag that Louis stole from the Chancellory in Berlin Olympics in 1936.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
How'd you get this?

Draggan looks to Louis, who's wearing a mischievous smile.

LOUIS  
Determination, son. And some fancy foot work.

BACK TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - HOLLYWOOD - CONTINUOUS

Another cup of coffee and tea put aside. Draggan, reading from his legal pad, points his pencil at Louis.

DRAGGAN  
Okay. Got one for you. This incident with holding the wood beam for the Bird...who else saw that?

LOUIS  
I'd say most of the guys that were there are dead by now.

INT. DRAGGAN MIHAILOVICH'S OFFICE - CBS HEADQUARTERS - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Draggan is behind his desk, on the phone.

DRAGGAN  
(into phone)  
Tom Wade, please.

INT. TOM WADE'S RESIDENCE - ENGLAND - AFTERNOON

An elderly Tom Wade sits in his study, on the phone.

TOM WADE  
This is he.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN COURTYARD - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP (1945) **(FLASHBACK)**

A young Tom Wade and other POW's stand over to Louis, the wood beam the Bird made him hold over his head, now crushes his chest.

TOM WADE  
Zamp...Zamp, come back to us!

BACK TO:

INT. TOM WADE'S RESIDENCE - ENGLAND - CONTINUOUS

Tom Wade leans back in his chair, running a hand through his gray hair.

TOM WADE  
Course I was there.

EXT. MAIN COURTYARD - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - DAY (1945)  
**(FLASHBACK)**

Young Tom Wade helps a semiconscious Louis to his feet, heading for the barrack.

TOM WADE (V.O.)  
I helped the man to his feet after  
the damn beam fell on his head.

INT. DRAGGAN MIHAILOVICH'S OFFICE - CBS HEADQUARTERS - NEW YORK CITY - CONTINUOUS

TOM WADE  
(over the phone)  
Look. Let me send you my book, I'll  
confirm anything you want for  
Louie.

Draggan smiles, everything starting to come together.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Louis looks away, thinking. Something is on his mind. Then comes back.

LOUIS  
The thing is.

Draggan looks up from his notes.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

My whole life has been serving God.  
You want this to be authentic, you  
have to have my conversion in  
there.

Beat.

DRAGGAN

Louie...  
(flipping his legal pad  
closed)  
...there's no story without it.  
We're basing this on a theme of  
forgiveness.

Louis is taken aback. Breathes a sigh of relief.

LOUIS

Besides my conversion, I'd like to  
see a picture of Billy in there to  
confirm it?

DRAGGAN

(nodding)  
--Billy Graham. Absolutely--

LOUIS

When people hear the name Billy  
Graham, they think of one thing:  
the gospel.

DRAGGAN

Louie. I'll take care of  
everything. You have my word.

Louis smiles.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CBS HEADQUARTERS - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

A group of executives comfortably sit in their plush  
surroundings.

The CBS brass -- including KELLY KAHL, Senior Vice President,  
Planning and Scheduling, JO ANN ROSS, President Network Sales  
and especially LESLIE MOONVES, President and Chief Executive -  
- are across from Draggan, going over the usual business,  
addressing their notes.

LESLIE MOONVES

This Zamperini fella sure was a  
pack-rat.

DRAGGAN

(smiling)

This is only a small corner of his garage. So?

KELLY RAHL

The Wade guy from England also helps with the POW angle.

Beat. Leslie Moonves closes his file and looks to Draggan, removing his glasses, leaning back in his chair.

LESLIE MOONVES

(to Jo Ann Ross and Kelly Rahl)

What do you think? What are we up to?

Beat.

JO ANN ROSS

Ten minutes.

Beat.

LESLIE MOONVES

Give the guy...five more minutes of airtime.

(split-second thought)

Hell, the guy's a veteran. Five more.

Draggan stands, collecting his notes.

LESLIE MOONVES (CONT'D)

(to Draggan)

When do you leave?

DRAGGAN

Tomorrow. Taking a crew with me. Another fact-finding trip, shoot some footage, talk to the locals.

KELLY RAHL

Any word on this Japanese commandant Zamperini has been looking for?

Draggan looks up with an uneasy feeling.

DRAGGAN

Like chasing a ghost, Kelly.  
Zamperini's been chasing this guy  
his whole life. Let the old man  
rest, is my way of thinking.

Leslie Moonves stands, shaking Draggan's hand.

LESLIE MOONVES

Do us proud.

Draggan doesn't break Leslie Moonve's eye contact.

We hear the sound of a plane flying overhead.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - DAY

A commercial plane flying over, bound for Japan.

EXT. PEACE PARK - FORMER NAOETSU PRISON CAMP SITE - JAPAN -  
DAY

THE MEMORIAL

is that of two long poles helping to elevate two heavenly  
brass maids.

Draggan walks with his crew filming through the crowded  
memorial site that once was the Naoetsu Prison Camp.

Where once the Allied Prisoners of War endured hardship and  
constant thoughts of death at the hands of the Japanese, now  
stands a memorial dedicated to those very prisoners.

DRAGGAN (V.O.)

How long has this memorial been  
here?

TITLE:

**Peace Park - Former Site of Naoetsu Prison Camp**

MOMENTS LATER

Draggan is interviewing any various residents that will speak  
on camera. One elderly Japanese businessman speaks to  
Draggan, via translator.

JAPANESE BUSINESSMAN

(in Japanese)

....

The Japanese Businessman waves his hands for emphasis.

DRAGGAN'S TRANSLATOR  
October 1995. Used to be Naoetsu  
Prison Camp. The memorial here is  
dedicated to those Allied prisoners  
of war who died here.

DRAGGAN  
Who pays for this?

JAPANESE BUSINESSMAN  
(in Japanese)  
....

DRAGGAN'S TRANSLATOR  
The children. Who were children  
during the war grew up and decided  
to pull their money together,  
creating the park you see.

Draggan takes this in.

JAPANESE BUSINESSMAN  
(in Japanese)  
....

A beat. Draggan turns back around.

DRAGGAN  
(to the translator)  
What'd he say?

DRAGGAN'S TRANSLATOR  
He said, this place was built so  
their kids won't forget what had  
happened here.

Draggan takes another look around with fresh eyes. The  
memorial is one of beauty.

EXT. TOKYO - SKYLINE - NIGHT

The modern Tokyo that we all know of today. There's a certain  
feeling like we're re-visiting an old friend.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - TOKYO - SAME

It's late. Draggan has his belongings set out all over the  
bed. One eye on his pages of research, another on the TV,  
muted in the background.

He's continually flipping through the pages, one after  
another, when something dramatically catches his eyes.

Something important.

HIS EYES

slowly drift back down to the pages. Not a sound is heard.

A phone is heard ringing.

INT. LOUIS' OFFICE - CHURCH - HOLLYWOOD - DAY/CONTINUOUS

Louis sits behind his desk, going through his mail when the phone rings a second time.

LOUIS  
(into phone)  
Louis Zamperini.

INTERCUT THE PHONE CALL

Draggan can barely speak. He simply stares ahead.

DRAGGAN  
Louie.  
(beat)  
Are you sitting down?

Louis shakes his head, amused by the melodrama.

LOUIS  
Yes, Draggan, I am.

DRAGGAN  
Well. Hold onto your chair.

Louis does as he's told.

LOUIS  
What's up?

Draggan leans forward, as if letting Louis in on a dark secret. It's dark, enough.

DRAGGAN  
We found the Bird, Louie.  
(beat)  
We know where he is. He's alive.

This time, the sound fades away for Louis. He is on the verge of dropping the phone from his hand.

Staring straight ahead.

LOUIS  
Is he alive?

LOUIS' HAND

does indeed grip the edge of the seat.

Draggan says something further in the phone but Louis doesn't make it out. He slowly snaps out of it.

LOUIS  
Huh?

DRAGGAN  
I said yeah, we found him. He's retired and wealthy from selling life insurance. Ironic. We're going to try and get an interview.

Beat.

DRAGGAN (CONT'D)  
Want to see him?

Long silence. The moment that Louis has been waiting for half his life has finally been delivered to him.

DRAGGAN (CONT'D)  
Louie, you there?

Finally...

LOUIS  
Absolutely.

MOMENTS LATER

Louis places the phone back on the receiver.

Stares straight ahead.

He hears voices from his past.

TOM WADE (V.O.)  
Things must be heating up. Word is all prisoners of war would be moved to the interior so that we can be killed once Allied forces arrive.

LOUIS (V.O.)  
Bullshit.



EXT. BARRACK - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - DAY (1945) **(FLASHBACK)**

Louis, Wade and others are eating chow. Periodically looking to the sky.

Long beat.

TOM WADE  
He's becoming unpredictable.

INT. LOUIS' OFFICE - CHURCH - HOLLYWOOD - CONTINUOUS

Louis momentarily loses track of his senses, causing the mail to spill all over the floor. As he makes a mad dash to grab the mail, we

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. THE BIRD'S OFFICE - NAOETSU PRISON CAMP - DAY (1945)  
**(FLASHBACK)**

Papers and debris fly everywhere through the work space of Watanabe. Now deserted.

Louis and Tom Wade, on the day of their liberation, walk through the Bird's office, taking in a sight never before allowed alone.

Watanabe hasn't been here for a couple days.

MOMENTS LATER

Louis looks around. Tom Wade behind him.

TOM WADE  
What are you thinking?

LOUIS,

a confusion of emotions.

LOUIS  
I'm thinking. Watanabe is the luckiest son of a bitch today.

The moment fades into silence. Louis just keeps looking around. Papers flying everywhere.

LOUIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
How'd you find him?

INT. LOUIS' OFFICE - CHURCH - HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Louis sits, half-stunned, the mail scattered on the floor at his feet.

DRAGGAN (V.O.)  
 (over phone)  
 Some major research, I gotta say.  
 He ditched Naoetsu two days before  
 the war ended. Everyone just  
 thought he was dead.

EXT. BACK PORCH - ZAMPERINI HOME - HOLLYWOOD - EVENING

Louis sits on the back porch, the cordless phone to his ear, looking out over the hills of his backyard.

LOUIS  
 (into phone)  
 We all did.

INT. SUBURBAN STREET - NAGANO, JAPAN - DAY

INTERCUT THE PHONE CALL

Draggan is pacing outside a utility van, talking on his cell, keeping a good eye on a small home across the street.

DRAGGAN  
 His mother, the poor woman, thought  
 so too. Even built a shrine for  
 him.  
 (beat)  
 Only the mother's ever really care.

LOUIS  
 What does his family have to say?

Draggan's attention wavers a moment, then comes back. Looks to the van, then the small house.

DRAGGAN  
 Yeah. We're still working on that.  
 Talked to the wife two days ago.  
 Said he's sick. Tried again  
 yesterday. He's on a trip.

EXT. BACK PORCH - ZAMPERINI HOME - HOLLYWOOD - EVENING

Cissy, 48, pulls the sliding glass door open, peaking her head out. Louis turns to his daughter. Dinner is ready.

LOUIS

Well, keep me informed, won't you?  
Okay.

Louis hangs up.

INT. DINING ROOM - ZAMPERINI HOME - HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

Sunday night is family night. Around the table are a series of familiar faces we haven't seen in some time. Age and time has advanced every one of the members sitting.

Louis with Cynthia sit across from Cissy and Luke, surrounded by their own children and spouses. On the other end of the table are Louis' sisters Virginia and Sylvia, seated next to Louis' older brother Pete.

The family prayer has just been said, silverware and napkins are unrolled.

CYNTHIA

Okay, everyone. Just dig in.

Laughs from the family as they begin ad-libbing passing of the food from person to person.

PETE

Toots, you heading down to Torrance this weekend? See the house?

LOUIS

(preoccupied thoughts)

Hmmm.

PETE

The house could use more than a fresh coat of paint.

Cynthia studies Louis, something is on his mind. Trying to smooth over the moment.

CYNTHIA

This weekend might work for us. It has been awhile.

LATER

Cissy and Luke and the grand kids are cleaning up and washing dishes in the kitchen.

Cynthia looks out the window leading to the back porch. Louis is again out there, on the phone. Probably with Draggan.

INT. BEDROOM - ZAMPERINI HOME - HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

Louis and Cynthia lay in bed. The moonlight beaming through the open window. They're not asleep, only staring at the ceiling.

A long silence.

CYNTHIA

Where's he been all these years?

Louis sighs.

LOUIS

When he fled Naoetsu, he hid in some cabin in the mountains of Nagano.

CYNTHIA

What?

LOUIS

For seven or eight years, if you can believe that. Until the general amnesty broke.

CYNTHIA

(sitting up)

Well.

Cynthia turns the light on, taking a few pills off of her night stand and swallowing them with a large glass of water.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

I certainly don't understand how someone could survive in the wilderness without supplies for that long. Unless...

Cynthia turns to Louis, the thought already developed.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

The parents knew where he was all along.

LOUIS

Makes sense. Where'd the cabin come from, right? The family probably owned it.

Cynthia turns the light off and lays back down with him. Long beat. She almost doesn't want to ask. Louis senses the determination.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

What?

CYNTHIA

Would you be ready to confront him?  
When the chance comes?

Louis doesn't know what to say. The answer has probably been played over and over in his head for at least fifty years.

LOUIS

As much as I shouldn't say it--

CYNTHIA

--say it anyway.

LOUIS

I wish Draggan hadn't ever found  
him.

(shaking his head, trying  
to make sense of the  
situation)

I want this unnerving feeling to  
leave me alone.

Cynthia reaches over and leans on his chest, comforting him. After a beat, Louis puts his arm lovingly around her.

She sighs.

INT. VAN - NAGANO, JAPAN - DAY

A TELEVISION MONITOR

surrounded by a bank of even more monitors. The central one, our point of focus, is currently surveying the house across the street that Draggan was watching earlier.

Draggan, a few technicians, small camera crew, Draggan's translator and respected CBS veteran reporter BOB SIMON wait in the cramped rental van.

Everyone is surrounding the monitor, the tension is high.

DRAGGAN

Well. If he's sick like the wife  
is saying--

TECHNICIAN

(under his breath)  
Bullshit...

A small snicker from the rest.

DRAGGAN

--then we'll wait.

(beat)

He likes long walks. So we'll wait  
'til he has his walking shoes on.  
Then ambush.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NAGANO, JAPAN - NIGHT

The van sits quietly on the corner. Across the street, the small house sits dark and seemingly empty.

INT. VAN - NAGANO, JAPAN - SAME

Attention has been taken off the monitor surveying the house. They're now focused primarily on the take-out food, a make-shift card game being conducted and the bad jokes being passed around.

Draggan laughs along with the rest of the guys. Even the stern-looking Bob Simon manages to crack a smile.

EXT. NAGANO, JAPAN - VARIOUS - MORNING

The morning sun rises over the city of Nagano.

On the hill overlooking Nagano, we see Zenko-ji, a famed 7th century Buddhist temple.

Morning joggers out and about.

The beauty of the city is breathtaking.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NAGANO, JAPAN - SAME

The small house still looks empty. Very quietly, the front door is opened. A Japanese man, small in height and frame, steps down the path to the sidewalk.

Though advanced in age,

THE BIRD,

in person hasn't lost that venomous twinkle in his dark eyes.

The Bird turns a corner on the sidewalk and almost immediately comes face to face with Bob Simon, ready for business.

BOB SIMON

Matsuhiko Watanabe?

The Bird stops in his tracks, somehow sensing the ambush. He looks behind him to see Draggan and the camera crew right there, filming the moment.

Draggan's translator steps forward, speaking in Japanese. The Bird stares at the translator, slightly confused.

THE BIRD  
(in Japanese)  
Yes, I'm Matsuhiro Watanabe. What is this?

BOB SIMON  
Will you speak with us? We're from CBS news in America.

The translator translates.

After a beat, The Bird nods.

Bob Simon looks to Draggan. Here we go.

BOB SIMON (CONT'D)  
When you were in charge of Omori do you remember Tom Henling Wade? A prisoner.

The Bird thinks, then speaks.

THE BIRD  
(in broken English)  
No...I don't remember. So many prisoners.

Bob Simon shares a surprised look with Draggan.

BOB SIMON  
Tom Wade was probably the only fluent Japanese-speaking prisoner in your camps.

THE BIRD  
(shaking head, looking to the ground)  
No, I don't remember this...Wado.

A beat. Bob Simon is gathering his thoughts on the approach.

BOB SIMON  
Mr. Watanabe...do you remember a Louis Zamperini?

The Bird looks up to meet Bob Simon's eyes, a look of surprise.

THE BIRD

Ah, Zamperini-ka. Orympi-ka.  
Yeah. I remember him well.

Everyone is taken aback. The Bird looks to the American faces before him. Ever the stern model Japanese sergeant.

THE BIRD (CONT'D)

Good prisoner.

Beat. Bob Simon has one more question.

BOB SIMON

Would you meet him, if given the chance?

THE BIRD

feels the memories of years past are flooding back into him.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. COMMON AREA - OMORI PRISON CAMP - DAY (1944) **(FLASHBACK)**

The Bird standing mere inches from Louis' face. Suddenly striking Louis with a terribly violent whack across the face. Reaches for Louis' throat.

Screaming in his face.

THE BIRD

Why you no look in my eyes?!

Another terrible whack across the face.

THE BIRD (CONT'D)

You no look at me!

BACK TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NAGANO, JAPAN - CONTINUOUS

The Bird looks to Bob Simon. With the most surprising answer.

THE BIRD

Yes. I'll meet him.



Before anyone can fully digest the unlikely answer, the front door of the small house is opened and two men barrel out down the sidewalk.

One is older than the other. They are THE BIRD'S SON and GRANDSON.

SON  
(in Japanese)  
What is this? What is the meaning  
of this?!

Draggan, like any good producer, handles the crowd control admirably. Steps forward to the son and grandson. The translator is in tow behind him, explaining the situation.

Bob Simon and the camera crew stay on The Bird. Bob is turning "agitated investigative journalist" before our very eyes.

BOB SIMON  
Well, if Zamperini was such a good  
prisoner, why did you beat the hell  
out of him?!

The chaos with Draggan and the family quickly dies down as all eyes turn to Bob Simon and The Bird.

It takes a second for everything to register.

DRAGGAN  
Bob, what did you ask?

Bob Simon hasn't taken his eye off of The Bird. The Bird doesn't know how to answer.

The Bird's family stands there, stunned.

THE BIRD  
He said that?

Beat. Silence.

BOB SIMON  
Zamperini and the other prisoners  
remember you in particular as being  
the most brutal of all the guards.  
How do you explain that?

The Bird turns from confused to stern arrogance in an instant.

## THE BIRD

Beating and kicking in Caucasian society are considered cruel, cruel behavior.

Looks to his son and grandson, the truth pouring out.

## THE BIRD (CONT'D)

However, there were some occasions in the prison camp in which beating and kicking were...unavoidable. I wasn't given military orders, but because of my own personal feelings...I treated the prisoners strictly as enemies of Japan.

Everyone just listens, shocked.

## THE BIRD (CONT'D)

Zamperini was well known to me. If he says he was beaten by Watanabe, then such a thing probably occurred at the camp...

(looking at the faces  
around him)

...if you consider my personal feelings at the time.

Everyone is floored by what The Bird has just said. The brutal truth.

Before anyone knows it, the son has stepped forward, exploding...

## SON

No more!

Chaos fractures the moment.

The son lunges for The Bird, dragging the old man towards the small house.

## SON (CONT'D)

You can't see my father--!

Draggan reaches out to stop them. The camera crew is filming every moment.

## DRAGGAN

Five more minutes, please! Please!  
Your father spoke on his--

SON  
 --anymore! Leave and do not come  
 back!

The grandson walks behind The Bird at a distance, not fully understanding what has happened.

DRAGGAN  
 --own free will!

Bob Simon is calling after The Bird as he is being dragged away.

BOB SIMON  
 Omori, Watanabe! Tom Wade told me  
 about the beatings with your  
 belt!!! The brutality is something  
 you just can't walk away from!

THE BIRD

walks away, feeling the regret of exposing his past.

Bob Simon's echoing voice the conscience inside his head.

BOB SIMON  
 They were just boys in these camps!  
 What kind of forgiveness do you  
 have to offer them?! I've got  
 testimony. You're still a wanted  
 man, Watanabe!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - TOKYO - AFTERNOON

Draggan is on the phone, making the best of this situation.

DRAGGAN  
 Look, an interview...in an actual  
 studio, that's all--

INT. THE BIRD'S HOME - NAGANO - SAME

The Bird's son is on the phone with Draggan, angrily pacing.

SON  
 What? Mr. Zamperini will expect my  
 father to bow and scape for  
 forgiveness, is that it?

INTERCUT THE PHONE CALL

DRAGGAN

Zamperini is not asking for any of that. The fact's need to be straightened out. He is the missing piece of this puzzle--

SON

No, no, this cannot be done. I won't allow it.

Draggan holds the phone away, the entire story falling apart. Lets out a sigh.

In the background of the small house, The Bird looks out the window, thinking to himself. His face a mixture of emotions. Regret? Indifference?

He turns to watch his son continuing on the phone.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHURCH - HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Louis is chatting with a young boy of the congregation. In the back, they both turn to see Draggan standing there.

LOUIS

(to the boy)

I'll see you next Sunday, right?

The boy leaves.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Go on now.

Draggan approaches. Louis watches the young boy walk away.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

(re: the boy)

Wants to be a runner. That's encouraging in this day and age.

DRAGGAN

Never too late to start, right?

LOUIS

Start 'em young, that's my motto. The youth needs guidance. Just glad to help.

Louis smiles. Proud.

Draggan has something to say. Leads Louis to a pew where they sit, side by side.

DRAGGAN

I've got some good news, Louie.

LOUIS

Well. Good news I can take.

DRAGGAN

We have an angle we wanted to save for the end of the broadcast.

(beat)

Louie, I want you to run the Olympic torch at the Winter Games through Nagano. About a kilometer, I think.

Louis thinks a minute.

DRAGGAN (CONT'D)

(off Louis' expression)

I know it wouldn't be the first time you've run the torch, but I think it would be inspir--

LOUIS

No. No, Draggan, it's a great idea. It really is. I could run it past Naoetsu.

DRAGGAN

Peace Park is there now. We'll work out the details...but...

(beat)

I really would love to see it.

LOUIS

(patting Draggan's knee)

It's perfect.

They stare ahead at the front of the church. Both in thought.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

I think a lot about Billy Graham. The most important piece of advice he ever gave me was "just tell your war story and how God put you through this and that and what happened at the tent that night."

Beat.

DRAGGAN

Sound advice. I think Reverend Graham is still proud of you to this day.

Louis looks to Draggan. A tension hanging in the air.

LOUIS

You had more news to tell me, didn't you?

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Louis and Draggan walk. Louis has heard what Draggan had to say.

LOUIS

No. I'm not going to ask him for forgiveness. I've already forgiven him.

DRAGGAN

I told the son that. He's been impossible to reach since then.

Louis is quiet. Simply thinking.

DRAGGAN (CONT'D)

We want you two together, but the only way we could get him back again is to hide--

Louis stops to face Draggan.

DRAGGAN (CONT'D)

--a block from the house and grab him as he walks by.

LOUIS

No. No. I can't do that. That's not me. I'm not sneaky.

Draggan thinks a beat. Looks to his feet, letting out a sigh.

DRAGGAN

Yeah. I know your right. It wouldn't look good for you, and it certainly wouldn't look good for the story.

Beat. The two men study each other.

LOUIS  
 I've already forgiven him, Draggan.  
 I guess that's enough.

They keep walking.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
 I'll leave it at that.

They walk into the distance. The weather is turning cold.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - ZAMPERINI HOME - HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

Sunday night dinner with the family. The siblings, the kids, the grand kids surround Cynthia and Louis.

CISSY  
 Dad, are you nervous about next  
 week? Running the torch?

Louis is chewing his food, while trying to speak. It comes out muffled. Cynthia quietly scolds him.

CYNTHIA  
 Louie, chew then speak.

A beat. Louis turns to Cynthia. They share a look.

LOUIS  
 Unless the streets aren't properly  
 paved still and I break a hip, no.  
 I think it'll be fine.

Everyone laughs.

LUKE  
 What's this I'm hearing about The  
 Bird not wanting to meet you after  
 all?

LOUIS  
 He'll do the interview, but not  
 with me around.  
 (shrugs)  
 He's his own man. I don't want to  
 interfere in his life any longer.

Pete looks at his brother from across the table. Louis meets his eyes.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Of course, I've thought a lot about  
what I might have said or done  
given the chance.

Louis becomes lost in thought. Regret? Cynthia sees this.

One of the young grand children sits up, announcing to the  
table.

GRANDCHILD

Guess what?!

VARIOUS FAMILY MEMBERS

What?

GRANDCHILD

Why didn't anyone want to sleep  
with daddy dinosaur?!

Cynthia reaches her hand out and places it on top of Louis'.

VARIOUS FAMILY MEMBERS

Why?

GRANDCHILD

Because he was a bronto-snor-us!

The family laughs at the joke. The grand child is especially  
happy at how well her joke went over.

LOUIS

looks around his table, at all the smiling faces.

Making sure to remember this moment. The little moments.

His family.

EXT. BACK PORCH - ZAMPERINI HOME - HOLLYWOOD - AFTERNOON

Louis sits in his chair, overlooking the backyard, watching  
Cynthia tend to her garden. Lost in his thoughts.

Over this, the sound of shuffled walking.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NAGANO, JAPAN - DAY (**FANTASY**)

Louis, hands stuffed in the pockets of his overcoat, walks  
down the sidewalk. Something catches his eye. Stops.

Another pair of slow, shuffling feet move across the street.



A breeze of cold wind passes through the street. Winter is approaching.

Louis thinks a beat, then crosses the street. Steps in line with the man with the shuffling feet. He's wearing a long overcoat and a fedora hat pulled tight over his brow.

The old man senses someone behind him. Stops. Doesn't turn around.

Louis knows this is the moment to make his presence known. Clears his throat, trying to speak.

LOUIS  
Mr. Watanabe?

The old man turns around. The Bird. A look of expectancy on his face.

Louis steps forward, offering a hand to shake.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
I'm Louis Zamperini.

The Bird holds himself for a moment. Forgetting everything that has come between them. And offers Louis a simple handshake in return.

Their eyes meet as they have so many times in the past.

The Bird looks to the sky.

THE BIRD  
Nasty weather, huh?

A moment between them. Louis looks to the sky, a crooked smile on his face.

LOUIS  
I'm from Torrance, California. We don't get weather like this.

What else is there to say?

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
Your walking. Do you...mind if I join you?

THE BIRD  
Walking to lunch. Join me there?

Louis contemplates, his freezing hands in his pockets, then shrugs.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE BIRD'S HOUSE - NAGANO, JAPAN - DAY

The Bird is at his window, looking out on the street. His own imagination being fired.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NAGANO, JAPAN - DAY (**FANTASY**)

Louis and The Bird sit across from each other, a finished lunch placed to the side, sipping coffee.

The Bird taps his fingers on the table, nervous.

THE BIRD  
Your family is good?

LOUIS  
My wife isn't doing as well as she  
used to. But she's a spry one,  
that's for sure.

We see something never witnessed before. The Bird lets out a genuine laugh.

THE BIRD  
My family. They are happy. I take  
care of them.  
(a shrug)  
What am I saying? They take care  
of me now more often.

A beat. The Bird looks out the window, watching the passing traffic. Louis looks at the Bird directly.

THE BIRD (CONT'D)  
I often dream, Louie. Dreams are  
an impossible thing to manage.

LOUIS  
What do you dream about?

THE BIRD  
The world. Different circumstances.  
If there hadn't been a war to come  
between people like us.

LOUIS

It's unfortunate we even had a war. The world would feel different indeed. Like you said, we'd just be a couple of old men, talking over a cup of coffee. Enjoying one another's company.

(beat)

There wouldn't be any need to bring up the past and--

Louis stops himself. He knows why. The miracle of forgiveness has brought warmth to his heart. He needn't go any further.

The Bird hasn't seen this. He looks to Louis, waiting.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Only in a perfect world, I suppose. One that doesn't exist.

As the men appraise one another, and their meeting, even if imagined, we hear the sound of wind blowing.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

Winter has come to Los Angeles. The sun is still shining brightly through the cold overcast day.

Louis sits alone on the same bench where he met with Byron W. Kinney some eleven years before. Contemplating the words they spoke so long ago. Not every old soldier fades away.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CBS NEWS BUILDING - NEW YORK CITY - ESTABLISH - DAY

Winter has come to New York City. A light snow fall.

INT. SCREENING SUITE - CBS HEADQUARTERS - SAME

The door of the screening suite has a small window in which several passerby's stare through at the monitor across the room. Something is definitely catching their interest.

Silence fills the room. We merely observe the faces that pass before us.

The top brass of CBS, including Leslie Moonves, Jo Ann Ross, Kelly Rahl sit with Draggan. Bob Simon leans against the wall in the back.

ON THE MONITOR

is footage of Louis speaking about his Olympic days, his days on the raft, the unbearable inhumanity of the POW camps.

THE FACES OF THE BRASS

pass before us, the emotions running across their faces.

Draggan seems especially proud. And moved.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CBS HEADQUARTERS - LATER

The same meeting of minds as before sit across from Draggan. Bob Simon is next to him.

LESLIE MOONVES  
You should be proud.

Draggan thinks. A sigh of relief. He is proud.

LESLIE MOONVES (CONT'D)  
It's not quite done, though, is it?

Draggan blinks twice.

DRAGGAN  
What do you mean?

KELLY RAHL  
We're giving you the hour, Draggan.  
A virtual blank check so you can  
turn this segment into gold.

JO ANN ROSS  
I think it was your idea, Leslie.  
Hold the segment so it airs on the  
final day, before the closing  
ceremony.

Draggan can't believe his ears. The brass turns to him.

LESLIE MOONVES  
Finish it, Draggan.

On Draggan, the end of the road near.

The rumbling sound of an airplane engine slowly fades in.

MONTAGE BEGINS

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - DAY

We are travelling through the cloud cover, whiteness billowing past.

A commercial airplane appears out of the cloud cover, coasting over the open Pacific.

INT. COMMERCIAL AIRPLANE - SAME

By the window sits Louis, studying the open ocean below him.

LOUIS' POV

through the window sees the expanse of an endless ocean.

His raft so many years ago never had a chance to be found among all this.

EXT. STREETS OF NAGANO, JAPAN - VARIOUS - DAY

Travelling through the cold winter streets of Nagano, Japan. Everywhere technicians, the media and tourists are preparing for the upcoming Olympic games.

EXT. PEACE PARK - FORMER NAOETSU PRISON CAMP SITE - DAY

Tourists and local residents walk to and fro, taking in the memorial.

Louis and his family, along with Draggan, Bob Simon and the filming camera crew are taking in the visit.

Louis is conversing with some of the local residents, asking them questions through a translator. They are happy to speak with him.

MOMENTS LATER

Louis steps forward, moved beyond words, having never visited the memorial before today.

A tranquil wind blows.

Louis feels it all coming back to him. The years of pain he and his comrades went through so many years ago. He's trembling with emotion. Cynthia reaches out and comforts him. He holds onto her, taking it all in.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STUDIO - NEWS STATION - NAGANO, JAPAN - DAY

A taping studio where flats have been placed together, covered with black curtains.

CBS cameras are set up.

Louis sits across from Bob Simon, detailing the events of his life, mid-interview.

                    LOUIS  
                    That was extremely emotional for me  
                    to know...

Off-camera, Draggan and the family watch.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PEACE PARK - FORMER NAOETSU PRISON CAMP SITE - DAY

Louis is filmed by the camera crew approaching the memorial with a bouquet of flowers.

                    LOUIS (V.O.)  
                    ...that there were the kind of  
                    people here that would erect such a  
                    memorial to...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EDITING SUITE - NEWS STATION - NAGANO, JAPAN - DAY

Draggan is huddled over his EDITOR's shoulder, going over the footage.

ON THE MONITOR

Louis is speaking.

                    LOUIS  
                    ...prisoners of war...

Everything's coming together.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HELICOPTER - OPEN OCEAN - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

A helicopter glides across the ocean.

MOMENTS LATER

The helicopter is hovering over the ocean.

Out of the open door of the helicopter, a wide yellow shape is thrown overboard into the water below, smacking against the surface.

EXT. PEACE PARK - FORMER NAOETSU PRISON CAMP SITE - DAY

Louis walks alone, the memories flooding back to him.

LOUIS (V.O.)  
 And when I think back to 1945 and  
 when we left Naoetsu, it was such a  
 horrible place in our minds. I  
 couldn't look back.

BACK TO:

EXT. HELICOPTER - OPEN OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

It inflates, creating the shape of a yellow raft. A mock version of Louis' raft that left him adrift for forty-seven days in 1943.

It begins to float away.

DRAGGAN

is holding on inside, looking down on the water, Louis' thoughts racing through his head.

LOUIS (V.O.)  
 But when I leave here today,  
 believe me...

His camera crew is filming the raft as the ocean carries it away into the distance, until it becomes another whitecap on the water.

LOUIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 ...I will look back, and I will  
 never forget.

END MONTAGE

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET - NAGANO, JAPAN - DAY

Both huddled under long coats, Louis and Draggan walk along the bustling street, passing Olympic-themed scaffolding and merchandise. Taking in the sights.

LOUIS  
 So, that's it?

DRAGGAN

Picture locked yesterday. We have the segment ready for broadcast tomorrow night before closing day.

LOUIS

Good, then.

DRAGGAN

You know, Louie, seeing you out there running with the torch brought tears to my eyes. You looked happy.

LOUIS

I've been happy for fifty years, Draggan.

(beat)

But your right. I was happy out there.

Beat.

DRAGGAN

Why?

Louis looks around, appraising himself.

LOUIS

Accomplishment. I felt the rush of accomplishment.

(beat)

All those loose ends finally feel tightened.

Draggan smiles.

DRAGGAN

There's a bench. Let's take a breather.

Louis laughs as they sit on a city bench.

LOUIS

Tired, are you? Ever try skateboarding?

DRAGGAN

Wouldn't surprise me that your still that active.

Draggan lets out a sigh, looking around.



LOUIS  
I wanted to thank you, Draggan.

Draggan turns.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
Everything you've done. This  
segment. You've made this old man  
a very happy one.

DRAGGAN  
Glad to do it. I told Cynthia over  
the phone the first time we spoke  
that your story was one worth  
hearing.  
(beat)  
You didn't disappoint. Your story,  
I think, will inspire a brand new  
generation.

The men look away, taking in the beauty of their  
surroundings.

LOUIS  
It's what I've always wanted, then.

FADE TO BLACK:

CUT FROM BLACK:

INT. BEDROOM - ZAMPERINI HOME - HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

Atop the dresser, we see a long row of old framed  
photographs.

Mom and Dad Zamperini, old Mr. and Mrs. Applewhite. Another  
of a young Pete training a young Louis on the USC track.  
Louis and Pete in their respective uniforms, clowning around  
like brother's do.

Cynthia is in her nightgown, tucked under the covers of her  
bed, looking toward the bedroom door. Her voice cracks  
slightly.

CYNTHIA  
I'm laying here, waiting for my  
husband!

Louis slowly appears at the door, a glass of water in his  
hand. Turns the hallway light off and closes the bedroom  
door.

LOUIS  
 (sarcastically)  
 Did you say something?  
 (re: the water)  
 This is for me, you can get your  
 own.

Cynthia girlishly holds out both of her hands.

CYNTHIA  
 Louie! Now, you know better.

He playfully takes a sip as Cynthia plays along, folding her arms in defiance.

LOUIS  
 I'm sorry, darling. Here.

He hands the water over to her and steps to the bed.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
 Skoot, Mrs. Zamperini.

She moves over to allow him room. He gets in bed, laying next to her. She places the glass on the night stand and turns the lamp off.

The room becomes dark, the only source of light coming through the blinds.

They position themselves for a good night's sleep.

Suddenly, in the darkness...

CYNTHIA  
 Ouch! Louie!

He quickly reaches under the covers to reveal Cynthia's bare feet.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
 Your feet are cold!

He adjusts the blankets so their feet don't touch. Looks lovingly to Cynthia.

LOUIS  
 Better?

With a smile, she nods.

He lays back down on the pillow next to her. They look at one another from their respective pillows, right into each other's eyes. He sees something on her face.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

You have...

He tucks a piece of hair out of her eyes, lovingly placing it behind her ear.

The words don't need to be said for them. After all the heartache they have gone through in their first years of marriage, they are as in love as they ever were.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Fifty-two years...

We hold on them for a long moment as we

FADE TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK

TITLE:

**2001**

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

A long, sterile hallway. Louis, now 84, sits alone on a chair, his head down, trying to muster the courage to do what he must do.

DOCTOR (V.O.)

News from me, I'm afraid, always  
have to be the bad kind.

(beat)

The chemo we were hoping would stop  
the spreading hasn't. There isn't  
anything further that we can do.

MOMENTS BEFORE

Louis is standing with his family at his side as the DOCTOR speaks in a low, respectful tone.

They look on the brink of tears, each one of them.

DOCTOR

Be with Cynthia now. That is what  
she needs.

Cissy is holding herself together as best as possible, but the damn is about to crack. Luke comforts her.

LUKE  
Can we see her?

DOCTOR  
(pointing to her room)  
Please.

Luke leads the family down the hallway. Louis watches after them, turns to the Doctor, their eyes meeting. Louis turns and sits down on his chair.

PRESENT

Louis looks down the hallway, his family gathered at the door, comforting each other.

LOUIS,

a contradiction of emotions. Utterly lost. After everything he's been through, this proves to be the worst.

He finally makes his decision.

He stands up and makes the long walk down the corridor. Toward his wife's hospital room.

LOUIS

full of conflicted thoughts. Conflicted emotions.

Approaching the door.

LOUIS' POV

as he approaches the door, the faces of his family turn, tear-streaked cheeks, to see him. They make way for him to enter the...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...where he comes face to face with his dying beloved.

Cynthia lays weakly, propped up by pillows behind her back, wearing a hospital nightgown. Her bald head is covered in a turban.

Though still beautiful, the end has come...

LOUIS

takes this all in. His heart is breaking.

Cynthia and Louis stare at each other from across the room.  
What to say?

Luke and Cissy look at one another, and decide to usher the rest of their family out of the room, closing the door behind them.

Louis steps forward.

MOMENTS LATER

CYNTHIA

stares out the window as Louis lays next to her.

CYNTHIA'S POV

is distorted, losing focus as she looks at the beautiful flower arrangement by the window.

She is becoming incoherent by this time.

Louis is trying his best to hold the tears back. His best to stay strong for her. He can't hold on any longer.

He finally loses it.

Cynthia senses this and very weakly places her free hand to his wet cheeks. He takes her hand and holds his face in her palm. Muffled cries of sorrow...

LOUIS

...I won't live without you...you  
can't leave me alone...not now...

He becomes incoherent through his tears. His lip is shaking from the pain.

Cynthia tries her best to hold on for him. She is shaking with tears. She's not scared. She's worried for him. She tries to soothe him by "shhh-ing" him with her weak voice. Comforting him any way she can.

In her state of mind, she musters all her strength, pulling her one free hand with his tear-stained face close to her own. She's staring off, but still addresses him as best as she can...

CYNTHIA

...remember...Louie...the good  
times...God...is waiting for  
me...think of our times together...  
(long beat)  
...they were good...life is  
a...beautiful thing...do you see...

Louis looks past her and looks to the light streaming through the window...the flower arrangement beautifying the room.

He sees it. The beauty surrounding them.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

...remember...for me...

She slips into unconsciousness. He continues to stare at the light streaming through the window.

SMASH CUT TO:

CLOSE ON THE OLYMPIC TORCH BEING LIT (1998) **(FLASHBACK)**

The torch lights up, illuminating it's dark surroundings.

BACK TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CYNTHIA'S HANDS

tighten their grip on the bedsheet, the pain becoming too unbearable.

Louis holds her tight. Observing everything about her. Like the time he first met her...

EXT. BEACH - MIAMI BEACH - DAY (1946) **(FLASHBACK)**

Louis laying on his beach blanket, taking his first look at his future bride.

LOUIS' POV

politely checking her out. Her curves. The beautiful curls of her hair. Everything is perfect. Like out of a dream...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Louis pulls a hair out of her eyes. Remembering every last detail.

A single tear rolls down her cheek. Life is leaving her.  
She mouths...

CYNTHIA  
...remember...

EXT. STREET - NAGANO, JAPAN - MORNING (1998) (**FLASHBACK**)

A blur of images. A wet rainy day. Crowds applauding from  
what sounds like a distance.

A man in a blue Olympic jacket holds a blurred flame in his  
right hand. Crowds obscured cheer in an echo...

The man sees someone in the distance. Another man dressed in  
a baseball cap and a blue Olympic jacket. This man is much  
older.

OVER THE SHOULDER

of Louis Zamperini. The torch comes closer, almost within  
his grasp.

TITLE:

**January 26th, 1998**

**Nagano, Japan**

**Louis Zamperini's 81st Birthday**

LOUIS

looks off to the sidelines.

His family is there to cheer him on. Behind them, Draggan  
watches, filled with pride. His camera crew capturing every  
moment.

The one person that catches his attention.

Cynthia. Healthy. Eternally young.

BACK TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CYNTHIA

her eyes closed. Remembering.

CYNTHIA  
...yes..yes...

EXT. STREET - NAGANO, JAPAN - CONTINUOUS

THE TORCH BEARER'S HAND

closing in on Louis' hand.

He grasps it.

Louis has the torch, takes one last glance at Cynthia. To his family.

And here he begins his final run.

LOUIS

The run still feels good after all this time. He was born to run.

A bright smile comes across his face.

One tight fist is clutched to his chest. The other clenches the torch.

Looks to the crowds. Waves. They become a blur to him. He is in his own mind.

THE FAMILY

watches as the man in their lives disappears around a bend. The crowd cheering him along.

They each carry their own serene expression. Pride...love...

They turn to speak amongst themselves...all except for Pete and Cynthia. They still look on, longingly.

Move in on Cynthia. Such a beautiful human being as we

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

where she lays, her eyes peacefully closing for the last time into a beautiful afterlife, a serene smile on her face.

She has died.

Louis stares at this peaceful creature in front of him. A tear rolling down his cheek, he lovingly kisses her cheek one last time.

The family has since walked in. The news is apparent as they solemnly gather.



Loving arms are placed around Louis. He holds them close to his chest. Close to his heart.

He looks out the window into the heavenly sunlight.

LOUIS' POV

as the sun becomes brighter, and still brighter until it fills the frame.

FLASH WHITE TO:

EXT. STREET - NAGANO, JAPAN - MORNING (1998) (**FLASHBACK**)

THE FLAMES

coming from the Olympic torch.

We move to the face of Louis Zamperini for the last time. He looks to the crowd.

LOUIS' POV

interspersed throughout the crowd are his teenage classmates, dressed in period clothing, cheering him on from the stands of his first meet.

SCHOOL KIDS

C'mon, Louie! You can do it!  
C'mon!

He turns back to the path before him. Sees someone on the horizon. Another Olympic torchbearer, waiting. A young Japanese woman named MIDORI ITO. She looks very anxious.

Youth.

LOUIS

stretches his arm to offer the torch. A smile. In a world all his own.

MIDORI ITO'S HAND

as the torch inches closer.

LOUIS' HAND

mere inches, ready to hand it off.

...finally...

THE TORCH,

at long last, is handed to the younger generation.

Midori Ito smiles graciously and continues on the run.

Louis watches as the crowds disappear along with the torch into the distance. He catches his breath, closes his eyes, taking in that cold winter air as we

CUT TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK

TITLE: The CBS special took in millions of viewers on the night of its broadcast, allowing a new generation to be inspired by the life of Louis Zamperini.

TITLE: To this day, Louis continues to inspire and help troubled youth through the message of love and true forgiveness.

A final title...

TITLE: "To Whom Much is Given, Much is Expected." - Luke 12:48.

THE END