

FISTFOOT

Written by

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INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Englishman ALBERT SULLIVAN, 25, buttons up his brown army uniform and looks through the open door in front of him.

His back is turned to SHINOBU SAWA, 22, a Japanese girl who sits on the bed crying.

Sullivan puts on his hat and picks up his bags.

SULLIVAN

Well, thanks for the bit of fun.
Tah.

Sullivan steps through the door, leaving his dog tags on the night stand and Shinobu sobbing.

INT. SHINOBU SAWA'S HOUSE - DAY

Enraged father TADASHI SAWA, 49, smacks Shinobu to the ground. Shinobu is now noticeably pregnant.

Tadashi's frowning wife, MAMI SAWA, 45, stands behind him.

TADASHI

Our people starve and you bring
another mouth to feed?

(Beat)

The bastard child of a white
devil!? An honorless dog who
deserted you!

SHINOBU

I'm sorry! Forgive me, father!

TADASHI

No! I'm not your father any more.
You have shamed my family, Shinobu
Sawa.

(Beat)

That is the last time I will ever
speak your name.

He stalks off, leaving Mami alone with Shinobu. Mami is too disappointed to speak.

EXT. STREETS OF YOSHIJIMA - MORNING

Shinobu, dirty and destitute, sits on the side of the road and passes a meagerly bowl of rice to paper-thin EMIKO, 20.

Emiko refuses, gesturing to Shinobu's pregnant belly.

Passing townspeople are rude, looking down their noses at the girls or ignoring them completely.

One young particularly troublesome YOUNG MAN, 20s, charges them, kicking mud and shooing the girls into a nearby field.

YOUNG MAN
Panpan! Get out of here!

Shinobu and Emiko YELL FEARFULLY and run into the field.

EXT. YOSHIJIMAN FIELD - MORNING

The girls stop running. Shinobu breathes deeply, sobbing piteously as she stares into the waters of the Ota River.

One frail hand grasps the dog tags which hang around her neck. The other gently cradles the baby growing inside her.

Suddenly, the peaceful August morning is interrupted by an EXPLODING ATOMIC BOMB. It's 1945 and "Little Boy" has just been dropped on Hiroshima, only two miles away.

A silent sheet of sun consumes the landscape.

The blast lifts Shinobu and Emiko from the river bank and throws them into the remains of a nearby barn. Timber and tile from exploded buildings rains down on them.

EXT. OTA RIVER - TWILIGHT

A large dust cloud hangs in the atmosphere, blanketing the region in an eerie twilight.

Below, the gray steel of a rising submarine cuts through the surface of the Ota River. The U-boat *Lusankya* comes into view. The swastika, symbol of the Nazis, is painted on its side. The symbol is defaced. A red X is painted over it.

EXT. YOSHIJIMAN FIELD - TWILIGHT

Dazed and confused, Shinobu lifts herself. With blurry vision, she sees a CADRE OF GERMAN SOLDIERS bouncing across the Ota River on motorboats, headed for Yoshijima.

The U-boat *Lusankya* looms in the background.

EXT. STREETS OF YOSHIJIMA - TWILIGHT

The TOWNSPEOPLE amble along in a stupor, many with blood running from the chest, head or back. Every window in town has exploded. Many people bleed in random places from small cuts where tiny shards of window glass are imbedded. Some BEMOAN THE SITUATION or CRY over injured loved ones but most are silent.

Some of the buildings are on fire.

Amidst their stupor, the townspeople barely notice as the soldiers from the U-boat march directly into the middle of town. Traces of rigid Nazi discipline still linger in this pack of wolves.

COMMANDER DEITER NUSSBAUM, 30, is an utterly cheerless man. He yells to the crowd with an authoritative German accent.

NUSSBAUM

Who is the leader of this village?

An OLD JAPANESE WOMAN, 50s, points to an injured man who lays on a bloody cot. It is the mayor of Yoshijima, GHODA, 55.

Nussbaum lays an uncompassionate hand firmly on Ghoda's shoulder. The mayor looks up in pained confusion.

GHODA

What! Who are you?

NUSSBAUM

My name is Nussbaum. Commander Deiter Nussbaum and these are my men. We are prepared to offer medical aid to your people and extinguish the building fires.

(Beat)

But you must pay us.

GHODA

What?

NUSSBAUM

Payment of five million yen. Will you pay?

GHODA

Yes, we'll pay! Help us! Help us!

Nussbaum issues orders to his men who fall into a coordinated frenzy of activity.

EXT. STREETS OF YOSHIJIMA - TWILIGHT (LATER)

Fire illuminates the efforts of soldiers ROLPH, 25, and HANS, 26, as they erect a lean-to made of corrugated iron.

Suddenly, A WOUNDED MAN, 30s, beneath a pile of rubble MOANS.

WOUNDED MAN

It hurts!

Rolph and Hans laugh and start digging. They uncover the man, share another laugh, pull him roughly from the wreckage and toss him on the ground.

INT. MEDICAL TENT - TWILIGHT

A medical tent is filled with INJURED PEOPLE. DR. WAGNER, 44, tends to a GROANING JAPANESE MAN, 40s. Wagner disinfects, wraps the man's wounds without a tender hand.

EXT. STREETS OF YOSHIJIMA - TWILIGHT

FINN, 30, operates a water pump. It is attached to a hose which is handled by looming hulk LUKAS, 34. Together, they bring a building fire under control.

A BLINDED MAN, 40s, approaches.

BLINDED MAN

Water, water. Please, I'm very thirsty.

Lukas blasts him with the water hose.

EXT. STREETS OF YOSHIJIMA - NIGHT

A silhouetted pack of soldiers use water pumps to douse the remaining fires, plunging the town into the dark night.

EXT. STREETS OF YOSHIJIMA - MORNING

Yoshijima is stabilized. Nussbaum's men disassemble the remaining water pumps and medical tents.

Nussbaum extends his hand to Ghoda.

NUSSBAUM

We have restored your village.
Tell me: are you pleased with the result?

Ghoda nods slowly.

NUSSBAUM (CONT'D)
And the payment?

Ghoda nervously hands over a fistful of cash. Nussbaum flips through the cash before raising it angrily in the air.

NUSSBAUM (CONT'D)
This is only three million yen!
The agreement was for five million!

Ghoda holds his hands out, helpless and apologetic.

GHODA
Forgive us! We are poor!

NUSSBAUM
(to his men)
Okay, put back the fire!

GHODA
No! Please!

NUSSBAUM
Well, what's fair is fair! If you
can't pay the good price, then we
put back the fire!

GHODA
But this is all we have!

Nussbaum's gaze drifts beyond Ghoda to the crowd.

He spots Shinobu and Emiko looking on from the street at the edge of the crowd.

NUSSBAUM
We'll take the three million yen
and those girls.

GHODA
Which girls?

Nussbaum points into the distance at the two outcasts.

NUSSBAUM
Those girls. The panpan.

Ghoda, momentarily aghast from the proposition, turns to look at the unwanted and shameful girls, then back to Nussbaum.

GHODA

Of course! They're yours! Thank
you! Thank you!

EXT. BANKS OF THE OTA - DAY

Rain pours onto the muddy street as Shinobu and Emiko are
taken to the motorboats.

EXT. OTA RIVER - DAY

As they bounce along the water toward the *Lusankya*, Shinobu
holds her stomach and watches her hometown grow distant.

Soldiers in the boat leer at the nervous women.

ROLPH

Lukas, which one do you want first?

Lukas indicates Shinobu.

LUKAS

I'll take that one.

ROLPH

That one? She's pregnant!

(Beat)

Hey Finn, Lukas likes it when
another man's baby pulls on his
schwanz!

While Finn and Rolph laugh, Lukas grabs Shinobu angrily. She
YELPS. Commander Nussbaum speaks from the front of the boat.

NUSSBAUM

Not yet.

Lukas halts and frowns at Nussbaum.

NUSSBAUM (CONT'D)

The child will be one of us. The
first of the True Master Race.

(Beat)

After she delivers, you may do what
you want with her.

As Lukas takes his hands off Shinobu, she pants in fear.

She notices FRITZ PEDERSEN, 25, another one of the soldiers,
sitting quietly on the boat. He stares intensely at her.
Shinobu shies from his gaze.

EXT. LUSANKYA - DAY

As the soldiers board the submarine, Lukas grabs Emiko by the wrist and starts leading her away. She SCREAMS.

SHINOBU

Emiko!

EMIKO

Shinobu! Shinobu!

Emiko's CRIES become distant as Fritz escorts Shinobu in the opposite direction. Finn and Rolph follow Fritz.

INT. LUSANKYA - HOLDING CELL - DAY

A large steel room contains a jail cell full of ASIAN FEMALE CAPTIVES. Suddenly, a SCREECHING METAL WHEEL begins turning, sending YELPS OF EXCITED HORROR throughout the women.

Fritz leads Shinobu in while Finn and Rolph follow.

DOKI, 23, a fierce Vietnamese woman watches from the shadows.

Fritz unlocks the door to the cell and leads Shinobu, Finn and Ralph inside.

FINN

We each pick one and then trade,
yeah?

Finn and Rolph begin browsing the girls. Fritz stands at his post by the entrance to the jail cell.

ROLPH

Fritz, you take one too.

Fritz doesn't move, only continues staring at Shinobu.

FINN

Fritz, you're such an oddball!

Finn and Rolph grab two of the captive women and depart.

Fritz locks the door to the cell and stands guard outside it. His gaze never leaves Shinobu, who cries to herself.

Doki appears at Shinobu's side. She nods slightly at Fritz.

DOKI

He never stops looking at you.

Shinobu holds her large stomach as tears creep down her face. She touches the dog tags around her neck.

Doki touches the dog tags.

DOKI (CONT'D)
Your baby's daddy?

Shinobu nods, glances at Fritz, then turns from his stare.

SHINOBU
He said he loved me.

The SCREECHING METAL WHEEL turns. Lukas enters the room, dragging Emiko with him.

LUKAS
I'm done with this one, Fritz.
I'll choose another now.

Fritz unlocks the cell. Lukas pushes Emiko in.

Shinobu goes to comfort Emiko but Lukas intercepts her.

He kneels and strokes Shinobu's cheek. She YELPS.

LUKAS (CONT'D)
Beautiful.

Fritz stiffens in agitation. Lukas pauses, noticing Fritz's reaction. He ignores him and his hand moves down Shinobu's neck over her chest where it lingers.

LUKAS (CONT'D)
Commander Nussbaum says we must
wait until the baby is born.

Lukas' hand goes down to her stomach.

LUKAS (CONT'D)
A pity.

He suddenly produces a knife.

LUKAS (CONT'D)
Maybe I'll take the baby out now.

Shinobu SCREAMS.

Doki springs like a viper and knocks the knife away. Lukas regards Doki with casual surprise. She is defiant but scared.

LUKAS (CONT'D)
Ah, this one has spirit!

Lukas pulls Doki to her feet.

 LUKAS (CONT'D)
Okay, I'll take her.

He exits with Doki and Fritz locks the door behind them.

Shinobu comforts Emiko now and watches Lukas and Doki leave.

Shinobu cries over Emiko.

EXT. LUSANKYA - NIGHT

The submarine sails through the black ocean water beneath the crescent moon.

INT. LUSANKYA - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Shinobu and Emiko wake from a restless sleep as the SCREECHING METAL WHEEL TURNS.

Fritz unlocks the cell as Lukas deposits Doki's slack form.

 LUKAS
She was a fighter! I think I'll
take a rest now.

Fritz watches him go and locks the cell again.

Shinobu touches Doki's bruised face and brushes sweaty hair out of her vacant eyes.

 SHINOBU
Thank you.
(Beat)
Thank you for protecting my baby.

Doki slowly returns to reality, looks at Shinobu.

 SHINOBU (CONT'D)
What is your name?

 DOKI
Doki.

 SHINOBU
Thank you, Doki.

DOKI
This is a bad place.

Doki's silent, detached look returns. Shinobu looks at their guard, Fritz, and this time holds his gaze.

DOKI (CONT'D)
I had a family once, in Vietnam. I
lived with my husband, Gebu.
(Beat)
And his brother, Zebu.

Shinobu's attention returns to Doki, who continues staring into space as she speaks and fights tears.

DOKI (CONT'D)
Gebu and I were going to start a
family one day.
(Beat)
We even picked a name for our first
son.

SHINOBU
What was the name?

Doki begins sobbing.

DOKI
Bebu!

Doki's tears come heavily. Shinobu sobs in empathy.

Emiko and the other captives join, WHINING IN FEAR AND HOPELESS SADNESS.

EXT. LUSANKYA - NIGHT

The light of the full moon glistens on the hull of the ship.

INT. LUSANKYA - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

The girls, mostly asleep, are roused by the SCREECHING DOOR WHEEL. Rolph, Lukas and Dr. Wagner enter.

DR. WAGNER
Commander Nussbaum has given the
order! The New Party begins
tonight! Hail Commander Nussbaum!

Fritz unlocks the cell door. Rolph and Lukas descend on Shinobu, now very pregnant, who SCREAMS IN FEAR.

Doki springs to her feet and stakes her claim on Shinobu, clinging to her friend while trying to fight off the men who manhandle Shinobu out of the cell.

Lukas smacks Doki and she falls backward. While falling, she accidentally rips the dog tags off Shinobu's neck.

Then Doki hits her head on the ground and gets knocked out.

Shinobu's SCREAMS ECHO down the hallway as Lukas and Rolph drag her away. Dr. Wagner and Fritz follow hastily.

The dog tags lie next to Doki's unconscious form.

Neglected by Fritz, the cell door remains slightly ajar.

INT. LUSANKYA - INFIRMARY - NIGHT

Shinobu SCREAMS as Lukas and Rolph strap her to an operating table. In the corner, Dr. Wagner puts on gloves and mask.

DR. WAGNER
Finally, the time has come.

Dr. Wagner lifts a scalpel from his tray and examines it.

Shinobu's SCREAMS ESCALATE as Dr. Wagner approaches.

DR. WAGNER (CONT'D)
Keep her quiet, please.
(Beat)
I need to concentrate.

Fritz puts a wooden stick in Shinobu's mouth. He creepily strokes her hair as she SCREAMS INTO THE STICK.

EXT. LUSANKYA - NIGHT

Shinobu's MUFFLED SCREAMS echo faintly into the night.

INT. LUSANKYA - INFIRMARY - NIGHT

Dr. Wagner places the scalpel on the tray next to him.

He reaches into Shinobu with two hands.

Glimpses of a NEWBORN BABY being extracted from Shinobu.

The BABY WAILS as Dr. Wagner holds him up in pride.

DR. WAGNER
Here he is! The first soldier of
the glorious Fourth Reich!

Suddenly Dr. Wagner's eyes go wide.

DR. WAGNER (CONT'D)
Was is das?

Rolph leans in, then looks at Dr. Wagner in amused disbelief.

Dr. Wagner is visibly shaken. He passes the baby to Rolph.

DR. WAGNER (CONT'D)
I must speak with Commander
Nussbaum.

INT. LUSANKYA - INFIRMARY OUTER ROOM - NIGHT

Rolph bounces the CRYING BABY up and down. Lukas frowns.

Hans enters. Rolph greets him excitedly, holds up the baby.

ROLPH
Hans! Hans! Can you believe it!?

Hans leans in for closer inspection as the BABY WAILS.

HANS
Was is das?

Suddenly, he recoils, supreme surprise on his face. Hans looks at Rolph wide-eyed before BURSTING INTO LAUGHTER.

The baby SCREAMS AND SCREAMS.

Joyless Lukas groans and pulls his knife again.

LUKAS
So loud, ya?! Let's give him
something to cry about! Rolph, put
him on the table there.

Rolph places the baby on the table.

The BABY SCREAMS LOUDER as Lukas turns the baby over, aims his knife and begins scratching a design into the baby.

Lukas finishes as Nussbaum and Wagner enter the room.

Lukas wipes a small amount of blood from his knife while Rolph holds the baby up to Nussbaum.

ROLPH
Look, Commander Nussbaum!

Rolph turns the baby around, displaying his back. A swastika, defaced with an X through it has been etched between his shoulder blades. Nussbaum leans in to inspect.

NUSSBAUM
Good work! Welcome the first member of the new, True Nazi Party!

DR. WAGNER
But Commander Nussbaum, his...

At the exact moment Dr. Wagner speaks, Nussbaum notices something about the baby.

NUSSBAUM
Was is das!?

Rolph holds the baby closer, smiling widely. Nussbaum leans in closer. A glimmer of shock turns into an unmistakable scowl of disappointment. He waves his hand dismissively.

NUSSBAUM (CONT'D)
Throw him in the ocean.

Rolph stares at him, a bit saddened and surprised.

ROLPH
But, Commander...

NUSSBAUM
Get rid of him, Rolph! He's defective! He will never be one of us! Throw him in the ocean, now!

Rolph's obedience returns. He nods curtly, saluting with one hand while cradling the baby with the other.

Rolph marches out and Nussbaum stares solemnly at Dr. Wagner.

EXT. LUSANKYA - MAIN DECK - NIGHT

The HATCH WHINES as Rolph pushes it open.

He carries the baby out into the night air and gets halfway to the edge of the boat before he hears the HATCH CLOSE.

He turns to see Doki racing at him, holding a rifle in her hands like a baseball bat.

Doki hits Rolph in the face with the butt of the rifle. He falls to the ground, dropping the WAILING BABY on the deck.

Doki drops the gun and scoops up the baby.

She is comforting the baby when the HATCH OPENS again.

Doki turns to see Lukas and Hans, pointing their guns at her.

She sprints for the edge of the boat. A bullet lands at her feet. Another WHIZZES past her ear.

As she clutches the baby to her chest and leaps off the boat, the final bullet strikes her in the shoulder.

The force of the bullet sends her and the baby careening forward. Doki does a baby-holding flip into the black water.

EXT. SMALL VIETNAMESE TOWN - DAY

Doki, eight years older, blinks into the distance at a class of UNIFORMED SCHOOL CHILDREN. The children, upbeat and excited about finishing the day, stream out of the school in groups of friends who chat or laugh or play together.

Doki's adopted son, YOUNG FOOT, 8, is not upbeat or excited. He walks abnormally, his gait heavily favoring his right foot. He has no friends. He walks alone, downtrodden.

Doki catches sight of him and starts smiling and waving.

DOKI
Bebu! Bebu!

When Foot sees her, his mood is greatly lightened.

He begins limp-running to her, smiling like a lighthouse.

They embrace briefly, strongly. Then Doki pulls Foot away and looks him closely in the face, eye to eye.

DOKI (CONT'D)
How was school today?

Foot's smile wilts. He shakes his head.

Doki pulls him close as they turn and walk together.

EXT. A SHAU VALLEY - DAY

A few cows graze an emerald field between a modest Vietnamese farmhouse and a dense jungle. Three quarters of the way from the house to the jungle, a single tree stands alone.

Foot limp-runs around the base of the tree, trying with difficulty to chase a butterfly.

The butterfly floats away and he plops to the ground, rolling over and sticking his left foot in the air.

Framed against the blue sky, he flexes his foot, wriggling his toes and rotating his ankle.

Then he puts down his left leg and raises his right. His right foot is deformed. It looks exactly like a closed fist.

The fist faces downwards, attached at his anklewrist. The fist never opens; he cannot rotate it, the fingertoes cannot be wriggled. He walks on the knuckles of his fistfoot.

Foot lowers and raises his legs, alternating which is in the air, framed against the blue sky.

DOKI (O.S.)
Bebu! Dinner time!

Foot rolls over, gets up and hobble-jogs toward the house.

INT. GEBU'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Doki prepares dinner. Her husband GEBU, 33, sits at the table, watching Foot through the window.

GEBU
He still doesn't walk correctly.

DOKI
He doesn't give up.

Doki puts a plate of food in front of Gebu and then a plate at each of the other two table settings. She sits.

DOKI (CONT'D)
School is very hard for him, Gebu.
The children tease him.

Gebu grunts and picks up his fork. Doki reaches over and squeezes a lemon over Foot's plate, smiling lightly.

GEBU
He is too different.

DOKI
He will learn to walk like them.

GEBU
His eyes are round, not slanted.

Doki looks from the lemon to her husband, her smile waning.

DOKI
They are a little slanted.

Frustrated, Gebu hits the table.

GEBU
Not slanted enough!

DOKI
Don't say that about Bebu!

Gebu looks through the window at the hobble-jogging child.

GEBU
He's not Bebu.

Doki looks at Gebu, wounded. A moment passes in silence before Foot bursts in, out of breath.

INT. GEBU'S HOUSE - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Foot, Doki and Gebu eat together. Gebu frowns at Foot.

GEBU
If kids at school pick on you,
ignore them. If they try to hurt
you, beat their ass.

Foot looks down at his food. Doki frowns at Gebu, who takes a big bite of rice before continuing his lecture.

GEBU (CONT'D)
Don't be so nice all the time!
You'll get into trouble.

Foot frowns, quietly takes a bite of rice. Foot continues looking at his food and Gebu slaps him upside the head.

GEBU (CONT'D)
Hey, do you hear me?

Foot looks sheepishly at Gebu and nods, embarrassed.

Gebu stares at him, frowning fiercely.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - MORNING

Foot sits by his school, watching the other children run freely, playing tag before the school day begins.

In the distance, three boys named TRONG, 9, LANH, 8 and QUAN, 8, are looking over at him and laughing.

Quan, the biggest of the boys, runs around, faking a limp in mockery of Foot's abnormal run. Lanh and Trong LAUGH WILDLY.

Foot looks down at the ground in sadness.

School teacher MS. LINH, 25, blows a whistle.

MS. LINH
Class, time to begin!

The students run to follow her inside.

Quan continues his imitation of Foot while running toward the school. Trong and Lanh are uproarious.

Lanh kicks dirt at him as they pass.

After the other children have entered, Foot stands, goes in.

INT. FOOT'S SCHOOL - DAY

Students sit in their desks while Ms. Linh writes on the blackboard. It reads: "English Lesson: My Favorite Food." Below that is written: "My favorite food is..."

A student is writing "Chicken" on the board.

MS. LINH
My favorite food is chicken. Very good. I like chicken, too. Now, who's next?
(Beat)
Bebu?

Foot gets up and hobbles to the board, drawing snickers from some of the children. He writes: L-E-M-O-N.

MS. LINH (CONT'D)
My favorite food is lemon. Very good, Bebu.

Foot returns the chalk to her and begins walking back to his seat. Trong, seated in the front row, trips Foot's good leg.

Foot sticks his arm out to catch himself but the swivel desk turns up, smacking him in the face as he falls to the ground.

The CLASS LAUGHS and Ms. Linh runs to help Foot. After settling him in his desk, Ms. Linh grabs Trong by the arm.

MS. LINH (CONT'D)
Come with me.

She drags him to the door and opens it.

MS. LINH (CONT'D)
(to the class)
Sit quietly until I return.

The door shuts and Foot sits in his desk, saddened and bloody-lipped. Behind him, a CLASSMATE WHISPERS.

CLASSMATE
Bebu, you white.

The CLASS GIGGLES again. Foot sits quietly in sadness.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Foot eats his lunch alone on the edge of the playground.

As he is squeezing his lemon onto his rice, a smiling boy named KIM, 8, tags him on the shoulder.

KIM
You're it!

Foot looks up with surprise as Kim begins to run away.

KIM (CONT'D)
Come on!

Foot smiles, pushes himself up and starts trying to chase Kim, who runs slowly so Foot can keep up.

After a while, they have run quite a distance from the school. Kim stops and turns, looking suddenly unfriendly.

Foot turns to see Trong, Lanh, and Quan standing behind him. Trong holds the lemon from Foot's lunch.

TRONG
You got me in trouble.

Confusion flashes over Foot's face before Trong steps up and pushes him. Foot stumbles back, just barely keeping his balance until Kim pushes him from behind.

Foot stares into the dirt as the others laugh.

He struggles to stand on his fistfoot.

The bullies continue laughing.

Foot finally stands. He begins breathing very heavily, squeezing his hands into fists before having a Drastic Freakout. He YELLS and lunges at Trong.

FOOT

Ahhhhhh!!!

Before Foot connects, Quan blindsides him, sprawling him out.

LAUGHTER as Trong leans over Foot, bringing the lemon closer and closer to Foot's face. Foot closes his eyes but Lanh reaches down and pulls his eye open.

Trong gets closer and closer with the lemon.

INT. GEBU'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Foot sits at the dinner table with Doki and Gebu. He is miserable, both eyes reddened and swollen. Evidence of further scuffle is on his scratched, spottily-bloody face.

His dinner is in front of him but he does not eat.

DOKI

Aren't you hungry, Bebu?

Foot shakes his head.

DOKI (CONT'D)

If you don't eat, you won't grow big and strong like your dad and Uncle Zebu.

Foot ignores her.

GEBU

Listen to her.

Foot ignores him.

GEBU (CONT'D)

Eat!

Foot slides his food off the table in anger and frustration.

The table bounces as Gebu grabs Foot by the collar.

DOKI

Stop!

Foot tries forcefully to shrug Gebu off and his shirt RIPS.

FOOT

Don't rip my shirt!

Foot tries to punch Gebu but it's just as Doki is trying to intervene and Foot accidentally punches Doki in the jaw.

Seeing this, Gebu smacks Foot hard across the face. Foot falls out of his chair and Doki runs to him.

DOKI

Bebu!

Gebu stands above them.

GEBU

He's not Bebu! He's Foot!

Doki cradles Foot in her arms. Foot holds his face.

INT. GEBU'S HOUSE - FOOT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Foot lays in his bed and listens to Doki and Gebu's YELLING.

DOKI (O.S.)

You just want him to leave! You don't care about him! You hit him! You are always angry with him! You call him "Foot" but his name isn't "Foot!" It's "Bebu!"

Gebu responds with more ferocity than ever.

GEBU (O.S.)

He is not Bebu!

Foot pulls his blanket up, covering his tear-stained cheeks.

EXT. A SHAU VALLEY - DAY

Gebu and Gebu's older brother, ZEBU, 36, a square of rock muscle with "308" tattooed on his arm, ascend a grass hill. Foot lags behind him, struggling to match their pace. His face is still scratched, his eyes still slightly bloodshot.

They crest the hill as a golden light falls Gebu's farm, the jungle and the single tree in the valley below.

ZEBU
The teacher didn't stop them?

GEBU
They led him away from the
schoolyard where she couldn't see.
He's too naive. Too trusting.

Zebu turns to watch Foot try his best to ascend the hill.

ZEBU
He tried to fight four boys at
once?

Gebu nods slowly.

GEBU
And then me, last night.

As Foot reaches them, A COW BELLOWS IN PAIN in the valley.
Gebu and Zebu head down to investigate. Foot follows.

EXT. GEBU'S FARM - DAY

Foot catches up to Gebu and Zebu, and the MOOING COW.

ZEBU
(to Foot)
Its leg is broken.

Zebu stands in front of the cow.

ZEBU (CONT'D)
When the cow can no longer walk, it
lives in misery.

Zebu adopts a martial arts stance, breathing deeply.

ZEBU (CONT'D)
An animal that lives in misery...
(Beat)
...is happier in death!

He takes a deep breath, then yells abruptly.

ZEBU (CONT'D)
Hyyyyyaahhh!

Zebu punches the cow squarely in the jaw. A HUGE CRACKING
SOUND ECHOES through the valley as the cow's neck breaks.

Foot jumps in surprise as the cow slackens and falls.

Foot stares into the eyes of the dead cow.

Gebu stares at Foot.

EXT. GEBU'S HOUSE - TWILIGHT

Teary-eyed Doki kneels next to frowning Foot, placing her hands on his shoulders. Foot carries a heavy bag of his belongings on his back. Doki kisses him on the cheek.

DOKI

Be good for Uncle Zebu. I will
miss you so much. I love you,
Bebu.

Foot's frown deepens. They embrace. Doki fights back tears, kisses him on the cheek, hands him a lemon, then stands.

She looks solemnly at Zebu, who stands a few feet beyond Foot. He is already on the first steps of their journey. Suddenly, Doki smiles widely and pushes Foot along.

DOKI (CONT'D)

Now go! Go as fast as you can!

Foot turns and runs away. Doki keeps herself together for a moment before succumbing to her emotions.

She turns, falling to her knees, crying in sorrow. She unconsciously touches the bullet-hole scar on her shoulder.

After a moment, she senses Gebu's presence next to her. She composes herself and raises her head, looking ahead at the single tree that stands between the house and the jungle.

GEBU

If you have honor, you must one day
tell him the truth.

He places his hand on her shoulder as she looks at the tree.

EXT. JUNGLE - TWILIGHT

Zebu moves quick enough to challenge Foot to keep up but not so fast that he leaves Foot behind. Foot does his best.

Zebu stops a small tree and waits for Foot. When Foot arrives, Zebu bends one of the tree branches backward.

ZEBU

The young branch is flexible. It
is soft, yet still strong.

(MORE)

ZEBU (CONT'D)

(Beat)

Like you must be!

He lets the branch fly and it smacks Foot in the face. Zebu runs off, Foot does his best to keep up.

Soon, they arrive at the edge of a chasm. A slender tree stretches across the chasm and over a large stream below.

Zebu crosses the chasm by balancing on the tree, then turns.

ZEBU (CONT'D)

Cross.

Foot, intimidated by the narrowness of the tree, begins to set down his bag.

ZEBU (CONT'D)

Will you leave your things?

Foot hesitates, then hoists his bag up over his shoulder.

Foot makes it a third of the way on wobbly legs and unsteady fistfoot before the heavy bag on his shoulder slides and throws him off balance.

He topples into the stream below.

Zebu walks out onto the branch and stands above him.

ZEBU (CONT'D)

You should have left your things.

Foot watches the lemon Doki gave him float downstream.

EXT. ZEBU'S HOUSE - NIGHT

They reach Zebu's house as night falls. Zebu waits at his fence for Foot to catch up. Then he points to his house.

ZEBU

This is not your new home.

Zebu makes a gesture, indicating the whole of the world.

ZEBU (CONT'D)

This is.

Foot slowly nods in semi-understanding.

ZEBU (CONT'D)

Now go dry off. We start your training tomorrow.

EXT. ZEBU'S HOUSE - MORNING

A breeze blows across the grass in Zebu's yard.

INT. ZEBU'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Foot observes Zebu preparing breakfast.

Zebu stands over a large bowl of rice, balling rice in his hands and placing the rice balls in a pile to the side.

Zebu notices that Foot is looking at the "308" tattoo.

ZEBU

We defeated the French at Dien Bien Phu. We won the war because we did not give up. We worked together. We were patient.

Zebu places a new rice ball next to the others.

ZEBU (CONT'D)

Are you hungry?

Foot nods.

Without looking, Zebu snatches a rice ball from the counter and flicks his wrist. The rice ball hits Foot in the face.

ZEBU (CONT'D)

Patience!

Foot wipes the rice from his face just as the next ball hits.

Then another.

ZEBU (CONT'D)

Some impacts are soft.

Zebu then grabs a nearby apple and hurls it, bouncing it off Foot's forehead.

ZEBU (CONT'D)

Some hard.

Zebu hurls another rice ball, smacking Foot in the neck.

ZEBU (CONT'D)

Block! Block!

Another rice ball incoming. It explodes against Foot's hand.

Another rice ball, Foot dodges.

ZEBU (CONT'D)
Block! Don't dodge!

Ball after rice ball flies at Foot, who blocks what he can.

ZEBU (CONT'D)
Not all of your troubles can be
avoided.
(Beat)
Sometimes you must absorb the
impact!

Another apple flies. Foot catches it despite the grains of rice in his eyes.

Zebu's eyes widen in a brief moment of surprise. Then he sticks out his foot and tips Foot's chair over backwards.

As Foot falls, he throws the apple at Zebu, who swats the apple away. Still, he is impressed by Foot's reflexes.

Foot lays on his back and Zebu towers over him.

ZEBU (CONT'D)
Good.

Zebu grabs the back of Foot's chair, pulling him up with one hand while placing a plate of food on the table in front of him with the other.

EXT. ZEBU'S HOUSE - GARDEN - DAY

Zebu and Foot stand in Zebu's garden, wearing training headbands. Zebu holds a watermelon above his head.

ZEBU
The watermelon is hard on the
outside, soft on the inside.

Zebu throws the watermelon into the air above his head.

ZEBU (CONT'D)
Like you must be!

As the watermelon falls, Zebu kicks it fiercely, splattering watermelon guts all over the place.

ZEBU (CONT'D)
Heeeeeeyyyaaah!

Zebu picks up another watermelon, throws and splatters it.

ZEBU (CONT'D)

Heeyah!

Another flies into the air and splatters.

ZEBU (CONT'D)

Hyyyyyaahh!

Foot, covered in watermelon guts, watches in awe.

EXT. ZEBU'S HOUSE - DAY

Zebu reaches out and pushes down on Foot's shoulders.

Zebu focuses on Foot's right side, forcing Foot to rely on his fistfoot for support.

Foot maintains eye contact while resisting, trying to stay standing but Zebu is strong, very slowly exerting increasing pressure. Eventually, Foot's knees buckle and he falls.

Zebu quickly reaches out and gently pulls him up.

He repeats the process, strengthening the fistfoot.

Understanding and determination appear on Foot's face.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Zebu and TEENAGE FOOT, 15, run through the jungle. Foot is much faster now, having gained near-mastery of his fistfoot.

Zebu runs ahead of Foot, out of sight. Foot suddenly finds himself at the chasm where he fell as a child.

Zebu stands on the other side of the chasm and a pile of apples lays at his feet.

Foot starts crossing and Zebu starts throwing apples.

Foot dodges one, two apples, then nearly falls off the tree.

Zebu throws another apple. Foot dodges again. This time he does fall from the tree but grabs on at the last moment.

Zebu yells at him as he dangles over the river.

ZEBU

Block! Block! Don't dodge!

Foot pulls himself back up, steadying himself on the tree. He is about a third of the way to Zebu now and starts again.

Zebu hurls another apple. Foot deflects it, takes another the step. Confidence appears on his face.

Another apple, another deflection. Another apple, another deflection and another step. Foot is halfway across.

ZEBU (CONT'D)

Stop.

Foot stops, steadies himself. Zebu picks up another apple and hurls it, faster this time. Foot deflects but another apple is already inbound, hitting him the chest. Zebu throws the remaining apples in rapid succession. Foot blocks them.

FOOT

Hya! Hya! Hya!

More apples come and Foot progresses, one step at a time. It is an amazing display of balance, hand-eye coordination and focus. When he reaches Zebu, Zebu offers him the last apple.

Foot reaches out to take it but Zebu drops the apple and slaps him in the face. He hits Foot harder than normal.

Surprised, Foot recoils. Zebu slaps him with his other hand.

Then again, hard.

Angered, Foot swings at Zebu who easily blocks and slaps.

Foot kicks. Blocked and slapped again.

Slapped again.

Now really angry, Foot kicks out with his fistfoot. Zebu blocks then sweeps him off his feet. Zebu kneels over Foot, grabbing the last apple from where it lies on the ground.

ZEBU

Anger decreases focus.

(Beat)

Defend yourself. Punish those who must be punished.

(Beat)

But never attack in anger.

Zebu puts the apple on Foot's chest and walks away.

EXT. ZEBU'S HOUSE - DAY

Foot, wearing a training headband, stands before Zebu, who holds a watermelon. Several watermelons lay at Zebu's feet.

Zebu hurls the first watermelon at Foot, who punches it outright, splattering watermelon guts everywhere.

FOOT
Heeyahhh!

Zebu hurls another, which Foot explodes with the other hand.

FOOT (CONT'D)
Hyahhh!

The third watermelon soars in and explodes as Foot kickpunches it with his powerful fistfoot.

FOOT (CONT'D)
Heeyahhh!

When the fourth watermelon approaches, Foot swivels, balancing on his fistfoot before delivering a roundhouse with his normal foot.

FOOT (CONT'D)
Hyyyyahhh!

Following this, he crouches like a cobra, covered in watermelon guts. He is in intense concentration for an instant before Zebu hurls the fifth watermelon.

As the fifth watermelon flies through the air, Foot leaps at it, simultaneously uppercutting with his fistfoot and pounding downward with his fist, creating a sandwich of fists which smash the watermelon from above and below. This is the "Hammer N' Anvil," Foot's signature move.

FOOT (CONT'D)
Heeeeeyyyahhh!

Zebu, covered in watermelon guts, grunts in approval.

EXT. JUNGLE - BATTLEGROUND - DAY

FOOT, now 25, slides barefoot through the jungle, nimble as a ninja. He retains no trace of his childhood impairment. He wears the tattered clothes of a North Vietnamese commando.

The defaced swastika on his back is visible.

GUNFIRE and EXPLOSIONS echo in the distance.

Zebu runs next to Foot. Now 55 and having endured America's war with Vietnam, Zebu is much more grizzled. He holds a rifle.

GUNFIRE and MEN'S BATTLECRIES grow louder as they approach, then halt behind a SQUADRON OF TEN AMERICAN TROOPS.

The troops are laying down HEAVY FIRE on a tiny force of NORTH VIETNAMESE who are pinned behind a small ridge. Outnumbered ten to three, the Vietnamese face certain doom.

Zebu glances at Foot, briefly exchanges a flicker of sign language before Foot disappears into the jungle to the left.

Zebu pulls his only grenade from his belt, removes the pin, waits a moment, then lobs it at the Americans.

The EXPLOSION liquefies four of the Americans instantly. The rest dive for cover.

For a second, Zebu stands like a ghost, backlit by the sun rays falling through the trees. He fires three bursts. Each finds a mark, reducing the functioning enemy force to three.

Only the troops furthest from the grenade remain.

Zebu dives into the jungle ahead of a bevy of RETURN FIRE.

As the remaining three Americans shoot into the jungle where Zebu disappeared, Foot materializes behind them.

Foot is a blur of punches, kicks and kickpunches. He immediately knocks out the two troops closest to him while stealing the rifle of the nearest falling soldier.

The last remaining troop swings his rifle toward Foot, who points his gun as well. Before either can pull the trigger, a bullet passes clean through the American's heart. Zebu stands behind the falling man, once more a backlit ghost.

The fight began and ended in the blink of an eye.

Zebu and Foot run to their North Vietnamese allies. HAU, 34, and THANH, 30, have peeked out from behind the ridge but have not yet had the chance to be awestruck. The other, BINH, 25, keeps his back to the ridge, still fearing enemy fire.

ZEBU

Hurry.

The three men stand quickly and run off into the jungle.

Foot, now armed, follows them. Zebu kneels down and begins taking ammunition from one of the dead soldiers.

EXT. JUNGLE - CRASH SITE - DAY

The four men reach a crashed American fighter jet and begin scavenging for parts.

They collect items with lightning-fast precision, grabbing pieces of aluminum and scattered discarded flare tubes.

In the cockpit Binh pulls out the electrical wiring.

Foot keeps his eyes on the jungle, looking for signs of the enemy. He spots a splash of white in the brush ahead.

Foot approaches and sees it's a parachute. In one smooth motion, Foot shoulders his rifle and starts to gather the parachute canvas, rolling it up and tucking it under his arm.

He follows the parachute string down to where it is connected to the pilot and produces a knife, saws through the string and rolls it around the canvas.

Suddenly, the pilot, ROGERS, 32, speaks.

ROGERS

Help.

Having thought the pilot dead, Foot is startled. He quickly recovers and kneels into inspect the pilot's wounds.

Rogers is in bad shape, bleeding all over from uncountable large and small injuries. Most noticeably, a piece of crash shrapnel is embedded deep in his thigh.

Foot pulls the shrapnel out right away, then tears off his left sleeve. He ties it around Rogers' badly bleeding leg.

Hau is suddenly at his side, a bag full of recovered items on his back and rifle in hand. He watches briefly in confusion before poking Foot with the end of his rifle.

HAU

What are you doing?

Foot ignores him, finishing his bandage job on Rogers and pulling it tight.

HAU (CONT'D)

Leave him!

Foot puts Rogers' arm around his shoulder and gets ready to lift, but Hau pushes Foot down and points his gun at Rogers.

As Hau squeezes the trigger, Thanh pulls the gun to the side. Bullets hit the dirt and Thanh jerks the gun away from Hau.

Hau gets ready to punch Thanh but, before his fist can fly, Foot catches it from behind.

Hau stares at Foot, equal parts angered and confused.

HAU (CONT'D)
He's an American dog!

Foot says nothing. He only pushes the parachute canvas, rolled and wrapped in its own string, into Hau's arms.

Suddenly, the sound of an APPROACHING B-52 BOMBER is heard.

The men quickly forget their differences and begin running.

Binh leaps from the cockpit and runs off ahead of the rest, carrying a bag full of recovered items on his back.

Hau is next, followed by Thanh and Foot who each have one of Rogers' arms around their shoulders as they carry him out.

EXT. JUNGLE - BATTLEGROUND - DAY

Zebu stands at the ready, waiting as the other men coming running toward him, only seconds ahead of the B-52 BOMBER.

ZEBU
Hurry!

The men race out of the jungle. Behind them, the landscape is PEPPERED WITH EXPLOSIONS.

EXT. JUNGLE - FRINGE - DAY

Zebu, Foot, Binh, Hau and Thanh rest after having successfully avoided the air raid.

ZEBU
Why did you bring the dead man?

FOOT
He's still alive.

ZEBU
Lighten your load and leave him.
May his soul find its way home.
(Beat)
Take the others with you to your
parents' farm.

FOOT
Will you go to Hanoi?

Zebu nods.

ZEBU

There isn't much time left for
Saigon. The war will be over soon.
I will come to Gebu's when I can.

Foot nods. The party separates.

INT. UNDERGROUND HOSPITAL - TWILIGHT

Dim light reflects off dirt walls. Rogers lies on a cot in an underground hospital room, his larger wounds wrapped in pieces of blood-soaked parachute canvas.

Foot and DR. DAI, 55, an aged Vietnamese surgeon, stand over him. Years of experience blunt the sadness in Dr. Dai's eyes. He shakes his head slowly at Foot and walks out. Rogers is still in bad shape and he is slowly failing.

Despite his terrible condition, Rogers is able to pull a cigarette from his pocket and put in his mouth.

ROGERS

You got moxy, kid. Pulling me out
of there like that.

Rogers reaches for a lighter, which he drops on the floor. Foot picks it up and lights Rogers' cigarette for him.

ROGERS (CONT'D)

You're a good guy. Not like that
asshole who tried to shoot me when
I was layin' there.

Foot watches Rogers takes a puff and stare into space.

ROGERS (CONT'D)

You know, there's assholes on both
sides. Good guys too.

(Beat)

The good guys...they gotta stop the
assholes or they'll take over.

Rogers takes his last puff.

ROGERS (CONT'D)

Know the real sad thing about all
this?

(Beat)

We've all got so much in common.

A moment passes as Rogers stares into space, gently lowering his hand as the cigarette smoulders between his fingers.

ROGERS (CONT'D)
Stop the assholes, kid.

Rogers takes a breath, then dies. The cigarette hangs in his fingers for a moment before falling.

Foot stares at Rogers somberly, then steps on the cigarette with his fistfoot, pain evident on his face.

INT. UNDERGROUND HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - TWILIGHT

Foot, exhausted and down, winds his way through the main corridor of the underground hospital.

He passes operating and recovery rooms and a few MEDICAL PERSONNEL. The hospital is located beneath the forest outside Gebu's farm and carved into the Earth at a depth of four meters. The framework of the facility consists of support beams and a ceiling made of metal apron sheets.

Foot reaches a ladder and is about to climb to the surface.

DOKI (O.S.)
Bebu!

Foot turns to see Doki, now middle-aged, jogging slowly toward him. His mood lightens, smiling as she hugs him.

EXT. A SHAU VALLEY - TWILIGHT

Foot and Doki walk out of the jungle, past the single tree between the jungle and their home. Doki holds onto his arm.

Behind them, the mobile hospital lays in hiding. The whole complex is camouflaged with soil and vegetation.

DOKI
We'll use the parachute string for sutures and we can make the rubber wire insulation into I/V tubing.
(Beat)
You did such a good job, Bebu.

Foot smiles grimly but is still detached and sad.

DOKI (CONT'D)
There was nothing they could do for the pilot. You did your best.

EXT. GEBU'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Foot sits in the backyard around a small fire, holding Rogers' pack of cigarettes. He takes one out and lights it from the flame, stares into the distance and smokes.

Gebu enters, sits across from him and stares into the fire.

GEBU

Your mother tells me you shot down
a jet today, with a missile.

Foot looks into the fire.

GEBU (CONT'D)

And you brought medical supplies
from the jet back to the hospital.

Foot nods. Gebu nods too, a rare moment of approval.

GEBU (CONT'D)

She also said that you brought an
American pilot back for treatment.

(Beat)

You shouldn't have done that. It
was stupid.

FOOT

He asked for help.

GEBU

It was dangerous. What if they
come looking for him?

FOOT

He's dead.

GEBU

You and your mother care too much
about that hospital. It's been
here too long. It's not safe. The
Americans may get smart.

Foot takes a drag and Gebu notices the cigarette.

GEBU (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

Gebu immediately gets angry, snatching the cigarettes.

GEBU (CONT'D)

Did you get these from the pilot!?

Gebu throws the cigarettes into the fire.

GEBU (CONT'D)
How could you be so stupid?

He walks off, leaving Foot alone, looking into the fire.

INT. GEBU'S HOUSE - FOOT'S ROOM - MORNING

The sound of a SPY HELICOPTER flying overhead wakes Foot up.

From his window, he sees the chopper circling the valley.
FOUR AMERICAN TROOPS are walking across Gebu's farmland.

Foot runs out of his room.

INT. GEBU'S HOUSE - MORNING

Doki, terrified, in the living room with Gebu.

Gebu holds his hand up and Foot halts.

GEBU
Stay inside.

Gebu opens the door.

EXT. GEBU'S HOUSE - MORNING

As the soldiers approach the house, Gebu raises his hand in a greeting and walks out to meet them.

The Americans are stone-faced and unpleasant. Their leader, MAJOR JENKINS, 44, has a nasty battle scar on his face.

GEBU
Good morning.

JENKINS
What are you doing here?

GEBU
This is my farm. I live here.

JENKINS
A fighter crashed in the jungle yesterday. Did you see it?

Gebu nods his head and points back in the direction the troops came from.

GEBU
We heard the crash. To the east.

JENKINS

You didn't investigate?

Gebu shakes his head and gestures to the few grazing cows.

GEBU

We are simple farmers. Civilians.
We don't want to get involved.

Scar-faced Jenkins stares at Gebu.

JENKINS

I've heard that before.

Jenkins turns to his troops, FRANKLIN, AVERY and WINSTON, guys in their 20s, young but seasoned soldiers.

JENKINS (CONT'D)

Check it out.

Avery and Winston peel off toward the jungle's edge. Franklin stays. Gebu remains expressionless as he watches them go. Jenkins raises his rifle toward the house.

JENKINS (CONT'D)

Who's that?

Gebu turns and sees that Doki is now standing on the porch.

GEBU

My wife. She means no harm.

JENKINS

(to Doki)
Come here!

Doki slowly walks over.

JENKINS (CONT'D)

Did you see a hear a plane crash
yesterday?

Doki nods and looks warily in the direction of the two soldiers who are investigating the edge of the jungle.

Jenkins notices how she watches the scouts. He pulls a walkie-talkie, holds it up.

JENKINS (CONT'D)

(into the radio)
See anything?

A tense moment passes as they search. The one of the distant men turns and nods. His voice comes over the radio.

AVERY (O.S.)
Definitely something here, Major.
Looks like an underground base or
something.

Jenkins speaks quickly into the radio, devoid of emotion.

JENKINS
We need a napalm bath at one-two-
niner.

Doki flips out.

DOKI
No!

Jenkins raises his rifle to shoot her but Gebu steps in the way. A burst of gunfire puts several holes in Gebu's chest.

Doki screams in terror and sadness.

DOKI (CONT'D)
Gebu!

Foot is soaring through the air, fistfoot extended in a flying kickpunch which connects solidly with Jenkins' scarred face. He is knocked out instantly.

Franklin turns his gun on Foot but Foot pushes the barrel toward Jenkins just as Franklin pulls the trigger. Now Jenkins is full of bullets.

Foot unleashes the fistfoot again, kickpunching Franklin into unconsciousness.

In the distance, a quick but MASSIVE BURST OF GUNFIRE gushes from the jungle, leaving Avery and Winston dead in the dirt.

The hospital swarms with activity as the ALERT IS SOUNDED. Staff appear like a colony of ants and begin their practiced, impromptu relocation of the mobile hospital.

Doki and Foot run to Gebu. Doki cradles her husband's head and cries over him. Foot kneels next to him in sadness.

Gebu looks Foot in the eye and, ever so slightly, nods at him before raising his hand to caress Doki's face one final time.

Then he dies.

Doki sobs and Foot takes Gebu's dead hand, lowering his head in sadness and respect.

Doki's crying is quickly overshadowed by ROARING JET ENGINES.

Foot looks into the sky just as the jets fly overhead. He is dazed and dumbfounded by the quickness of events around him.

Suddenly he notices that Doki has left his side.

She is sprinting at top speed toward the jungle.

Foot leaves Gebu to run after her but Doki has a good head start. She has almost reached the tree that stands alone.

Doki throws herself at the base of the tree and begins frantically pawing at the dirt.

When Foot reaches her, he tries to pull her away but her will is iron and he cannot move her.

FOOT

What are you doing!?

The JET ENGINES are joined by the THUMPING HISS OF NAPALM.

Doki shrieks in pain and continues pawing furiously at the dirt as Foot turns to see the jungle's incineration starting.

Foot tries to pull Doki away once more. In her desperate determination, she lashes out at him, pushing him away and accidentally scratching Foot's face.

Foot falls back, flabbergasted and terrified. The huge wall of napalm is getting closer.

Doki continues pawing through the dirt when suddenly her bloody fingertips finally grip a small metal tin. She yanks it free just as Foot pulls her away.

It's too late. The napalm hits, incinerating the jungle just twenty meters away. The tree explodes, hurling both of them through the air.

Doki has taken most of the force of the explosion. She is burned much worse than Foot, who suffers only from a burn on his right shoulder and arm. Foot fights through tremendous pain to pull her a few meters from the inferno.

He sits, gasping in pain and overwhelmed with emotion, cradling his mother as she cradled Gebu only moments before.

DOKI

My dear, Bebu. I love you so much.
I only wanted a normal life for
you. To farm and to fish and to
marry a good woman. But now...

(Beat)

...our homeland is destroyed.

FOOT

I will stay! I will farm the land
and fish with Zebu.

Doki's pain ceases as death approaches.

DOKI

No. You can not.

With her last breath, she passes Foot the metal tin.

Too concerned for Doki to worry about the tin, Foot drops it on the ground. It falls open, revealing Albert Sullivan's dog tags within. Foot does not notice. He is in shock.

As the once-emerald valley chars and blackens, Foot holds Doki's ruined body tightly.

EXT. GEBU'S HOUSE - TWILIGHT

Fires rage in the distance, dimly illuminating the scene as Foot stands over the freshly dug graves of Gebu and Doki.

Albert Sullivan's dog tags hang from his hand.

He looks at the sky, then down at the dog tags in his hand but he does not understand their meaning.

He collapses to his knees in anguish. It begins to rain.

EXT. GEBU'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Foot wakes by the graves to pouring rain.

He looks at the graves, then slowly stands.

He steels himself, puts the tags around his neck and walks toward the burnt forest. Toward Zebu's.

INT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

Foot staggers through the jungle, holding his burned arm. He comes to the same chasm where he fell many years ago.

As Foot crosses it, he slips on the rain-slick tree and falls once more. He hits the tree hard, smacking his head as well as his wounded arm. He slides off into the stream below, unconscious face to the rain and dog tags around his neck.

INT. ZEBU'S HOUSE - FOOT'S ROOM - DAY

Foot wakes to find himself in Zebu's house with his shoulder and arm bandaged. Foot is momentarily disoriented, then reaches for the dog tags around his neck. They're gone.

INT. ZEBU'S HOUSE - DAY

Foot sits at the table with Zebu, who places breakfast in front of him. Foot stares into space.

FOOT
My home is gone.
(Beat)
My family is dead.

ZEBU
Not all of it. Not me.

Zebu tosses the dog tags onto the table in front of Foot.

ZEBU (CONT'D)
Maybe not him.

Foot takes the tags and looks at Zebu. His eyes ask.

ZEBU (CONT'D)
Gebu was not your father. Doki was
not your mother.

FOOT
(reading)
Albert Sullivan.

ZEBU
Go to England. Find him.

FOOT
No, Uncle Zebu. I will stay and
help you fight.

ZEBU
Saigon has fallen. The war is
over. Doki and Gebu were among the
last casualties. Go, young branch.
(Beat)
Doki died so you might learn the
truth. Honor her final wishes.

Foot stares at him, then down at the dog tags in his hand.

EXT. ZEBU'S HOUSE - DAY

Foot, now wearing shoes, is ready to depart.

ZEBU

They took our land and our lives,
so I took something from them.

He hands a backpack to Foot, who looks inside and sees a sizeable amount of American Dollars and French Francs.

ZEBU (CONT'D)

There is a cargo ship departing
from Haiphong in two days. The Red
Crane. Speak to Captain Lo. Take
the money and find your way. I
will be here when you get back.

As Foot walks away from Zebu's house, Zebu calls out to him.

ZEBU (CONT'D)

Foot!

Foot turns.

ZEBU (CONT'D)

My brother raised you as his own.
He wanted good things for you, and
he tried his best in his own way.

(Beat)

Gebu knew how hard life can be.
Maybe that is why he called you
"Foot." It is a strong name.

(Beat)

Much stronger than "Bebu."

(Beat)

When you go out into the world, be
strong. Be "Foot,"

(Beat)

not "Bebu."

Foot looks at Zebu solemnly before nodding. Zebu nods back.

Foot turns and walks away.

EXT. PORT OF HAIPHONG - DAY

Foot walks through the shipyard.

SAILORS mill around the docks, preparing ships for travel.

Foot hears a COMMOTION and spots a crowd of people around two fighters by a ship bearing the name "The Red Crane."

HAHN, 30, is a bald-headed powerhouse with sick kung fu skills. He is getting his ass kicked by CAPTAIN LO, 46, an ex-Vietnamese Special Forces Commando with a "308" tattoo.

Captain Lo delivers a defeating blow to Hahn who falls.

ONE OF CAPTAIN LO'S MEN passes Lo a whiskey bottle.

Captain Lo drinks deeply from the whiskey.

CAPTAIN LO
Who's next!?

He drinks again.

CAPTAIN LO (CONT'D)
No one can defeat Captain Lo!

Foot steps forward.

FOOT
You're Captain Lo?

CAPTAIN LO
Of course I am! That's what I just said! Who are you!?

FOOT
My name is Foot. My Uncle Zebu said you could take me to England.

Captain Lo's frown lightens at the mention of Zebu.

CAPTAIN LO
Zebu!? Zebu and I killed forty men each at Dien Bien Phu. The cowards! The fields are still stained with their gutless French blood!

Captain Lo takes a drink of whiskey and his volume increases.

CAPTAIN LO (CONT'D)
If you want to join the crew, you must fight me.

FOOT
What?

CAPTAIN LO
Fight me!

He takes another swig and passes the bottle back to his man.

CAPTAIN LO (CONT'D)
 Let's see what Zebu taught you!

Captain Lo attacks Foot. A brief but intense sparring match occurs, resulting in maximum damage to the surrounding area. The men fight in the same style, Captain Lo a bit better.

Finally, Foot throws a powerful kickpunch at Captain Lo, who grabs his anklewrist. Lo inspects the fistfoot, mere inches from his face, then explodes in a short burst of BOISTEROUS LAUGHTER. He pushes Foot's leg away in a slow, relaxed manner that indicates the match's end.

CAPTAIN LO (CONT'D)
 You will work hard, like the rest
 of us! You will sleep on boxes.
 You will cook! You will clean!
 (Beat)
 Do you have a workman's permit!?

FOOT
 No.

CAPTAIN LO
 Good. Now, get to work. We set
 sail!

MONTAGE: THE RED CRANE

- A) Foot is chipping rust of the hull. His grip on his chipping utensil slips and he hurts his hand. Captain Lo laughs at him, Captain Lo's BOISTEROUS LAUGH.
- B) Foot is painting a smoke stack while Captain Lo watches on. He is covered in paint and knocks a paint bucket over, staining the deck. Captain Lo smacks him.
- C) Foot is cleaning the toilets. The smell and sight is terrible, causing Foot to gag.
- D) Foot is cleaning up in the engine room, covered in oil.
- E) Foot is changing a filter next to a greasy vent which spews smoke on him. Captain Lo is there, laughing his BOISTEROUS LAUGH.
- F) Foot is sweeping.
- G) Foot is mopping.
- H) Foot is in the kitchen, chopping vegetables on a cutting board. He cuts them slowly. Captain Lo is behind him, but Foot doesn't know it.

CAPTAIN LO

Hurry up!

Foot is startled and his finger slips, cutting his finger and drawing blood. Captain Lo's BOISTEROUS LAUGH.

INT. RED CRANE - MESS HALL - DAY

All the sailors eat and drink.

Foot's hair is two months longer and he sports his maximum growth of facial hair, a sparse, patchy smattering.

Captain Lo takes large swig of whiskey and yells at the men.

CAPTAIN LO

The world is full of wild dogs!
I saw a French Legionnaire tie a
woman up and cut out her liver just
because he could!

(Beat)

A liver is big! It's right here,
on your back. It's huge.

(Beat)

He cut it out of a harmless woman!

The men don't pay much attention to his drunken ramblings. But Foot listens. Captain Lo notices.

CAPTAIN LO (CONT'D)

(to Foot)

And you!

(Beat)

When you get to England, they're
going to cut your liver out!

(Beat)

The dogs will eat you alive!

Captain Lo tries to smacks Foot in the face. Foot blocks.

CAPTAIN LO (CONT'D)

But you can fight! Better than
they can!

Another impromptu sparring match breaks out. The men are galvanized, cheering on the contenders.

CAPTAIN LO (CONT'D)

You have to hit a wild dog! Hit it
hard! It won't understand anything
else!

(Beat)

(MORE)

CAPTAIN LO (CONT'D)

When they try to eat you, eat them!
Eat them!

The men cheer as Foot and Captain Lo fight.

MONTAGE - THE RED CRANE 2

- A) Foot chips rust from the hull quickly, expertly.
- B) Foot is painting the smoke stack. The job is nearly done.
- C) Foot is cleaning the toilets. He wears a bandana around his face to guard from the smell.
- D) Foot, very clean, is cleaning up oil in the engine room.
- E) Foot is changing a filter next to a greasy vent which he handles without getting dirty. Captain Lo is there and grunts his approval.
- F) Foot is sweeping.
- G) Foot is mopping.
- H) Foot is in the kitchen, chopping vegetables on a cutting board. He cuts them very quickly.

FOOT

Hya! Hya! Hya! Hya! Hya! Hya!

INT. RED CRANE - NIGHT

Foot lays on his bed of boxes, examining the dog tags.

CAPTAIN LO (O.S.)

Foot! Bring your things!

EXT. RED CRANE - MAIN DECK - NIGHT

An ocean breeze blows over Foot as he comes from below, wearing Zebu's backpack. Captain Lo stares out into the distance at the twinkling lights of Sussex.

Another cargo ship is several hundred yards ahead of them. Captain Lo takes a swig of whiskey, points at the ship ahead.

CAPTAIN LO

All cargo ships must drop their
illegal crew now, before they get
too close to port.

(Beat)

There, look.

Foot looks at the distant ship. In the ship lights, sees silhouetted figures jumping overboard.

DISTANT SPLASHES are followed immediately by the HISSING OF A SMALL FLARE, shot discreetly from the ship.

AN ENGINE PUTTERS as a small motorboat scoots in the direction of the splash. Refugees swim from the cargo ship swim toward it under the light of the flare.

CAPTAIN LO (CONT'D)
Swim to that ship. Pay the
smugglers. They will take you to
shore.

Captain Lo finishes a bottle and tosses it over the deck. Foot watches as the refugees climb onto the motorboat.

CAPTAIN LO (CONT'D)
The water is freezing. You'll die
if you don't get out quickly.
(Beat)
Are you ready!?

FOOT
Yes, Captain. Thank you for...

CAPTAIN LO
Then go!

Captain Lo ends their final meeting abruptly, pushing Foot overboard without warning.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

As Foot splashes into the icy cold water, CAPTAIN LO'S BOISTEROUS LAUGHTER echoes in the night.

Foot gasps for breath, shocked by the freezing water.

He swims in the direction of the motorboat.

A SMALL FLARE ignites overhead.

EXT. MOTORBOAT - NIGHT

Foot climbs into the boat and sees two shivering African refugees, ABEBE, 30, and his wife SYLVIA, 28, standing before THE SKIPPER, 40, and THE SKIPPER'S MEN.

SKIPPER

Welcome to Britain! The fee for entry is one thousand pounds. If you can't pay, you go in the drink!

Abebe approaches the Skipper.

SKIPPER (CONT'D)

One thousand pounds.

Abebe hands him a stack of cash, which the Skipper counts.

SKIPPER (CONT'D)

That's not enough, mate. Don't they teach you maths in Africa?

The Skipper signals to his men, who grab Abebe and throw him into the icy water. Sylvia freaks out, crying and yelling.

SKIPPER (CONT'D)

I reckon you don't have enough either, do ya love?

Sylvia's freakout escalates when the Skipper's men grab her and prepare to throw her in the ocean.

FOOT

Wait! I'll pay for them.

Surprised, the Skipper holds his hand up to stop his men. When Foot pulls a huge, soaking wad of American dollars from his bag, the Skipper is even more surprised.

SKIPPER

Blimey, that's a lot of dosh! How much you got in there, mate?

As the Skipper comes over and tries to snatch Foot's bag, Foot resists. The Skipper becomes angered.

SKIPPER (CONT'D)

Toss him in the drink!

The Skipper and his men approach Foot and try to steal his bag and push him in the water. A flash of martial arts and Foot punches and kicks all of them over the edge of the boat.

Foot takes control of the small motorboat and spins it around, scooting over to Abebe, who treads water in a panic.

Several of the refugees lean over and pull Abebe into the boat. Sylvia embraces her husband, who is shivering badly.

Suddenly a police boat lights up the night and a SIREN BLARES. Foot floors the gas pedal on the motorboat.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Foot runs the boat ashore and the refugees spill out.

The POLICE SIRENS are distant but gaining.

Abebe is shivering terribly and cannot move well.

Foot puts Abebe's arm around his shoulder and they run.

Foot, Abebe and Sylvia turn down several alley ways before Foot spots an old cathedral with a BUNCH OF BUMS outside.

FOOT

There!

As they approach the bums, they are greeted by FANNY, 63, a old crone who looks like she was born homeless.

FOOT (CONT'D)

Please, help us!

Fanny turns her attention to the distant SIRENS.

FANNY

Come inside.

Fanny leads them hastily into the cathedral.

INT. BOMBED OUT CATHEDRAL - NIGHT

Inside, a large fire burns and more BUMS huddle around it. The fire would illuminate the stained-glass windows if they weren't totally exploded out.

FANNY (CONT'D)

Get him out of those wet clothes.

Sylvia and Foot strip off Abebe's clothes and Fanny passes them a blanket. Abebe lays under the blanket by the fire.

FANNY (CONT'D)

There we go! Sorted. He'll be warm enough in no time!

She smiles, exposing a horrendous rotten-toothed smile.

FANNY (CONT'D)

Got in by way of the cargo ships, did ya?

FOOT

The men on the boat tried to rob me.

FANNY

Those smugglers are a dirty lot. Reckon they'd throw their own mother overboard for a few shillings.

(Beat)

You'll find plenty more willin' to do the same, mind you. It's lousy times here in England. The Winter of Discontent, it is!

Foot nods drowsily. He is very tired from his ordeal.

FANNY (CONT'D)

Sleep now by the fire. We'll sort it tomorrow.

Foot falls asleep, using his backpack as a pillow.

INT. BOMBED OUT CATHEDRAL - MORNING

Foot wakes to Fanny's terrible smile.

FANNY

Good morning, love!

FOOT

Good morning.

Foot rises and sees Sylvia asleep with Abebe.

FANNY

He might have died if not for you.

(Beat)

It was right proper of you, dragging him from the water as you did.

Foot nods modestly, looks around at their shelter.

FANNY (CONT'D)

This cathedral got bombed in World War 2. It stayed standing even though the inside got completely wrecked. Beautiful outside but rotten inside. That's the opposite o' me, ain't it!

(Beat)

(MORE)

FANNY (CONT'D)

My name's Fanny and I'm pleased to make your acquaintance!

FOOT

Nice to meet you. Thank you for your help.

She laughs heartily with her rotten teeth.

FANNY

What brings you to Sussex, dear?

FOOT

I'm looking for my real father.

Fanny's eyes go wide.

FANNY

Well, that's a tall order! Lookin' for his real father, he is.

FOOT

I don't know where to start.

FANNY

A job like that, you're best starting off at the Genealogy Department. I reckon they'll know the score.

FOOT

Thank you. Do you know where it is?

FANNY

I'm sorry, dear. I don't know!

Foot nods and stands, pulling his backpack straps tight.

FANNY (CONT'D)

Leaving now, eh? No wasting time, I like that!

(Beat)

Be careful, love! And mind what I said. It's rough times out there, right now. Plenty of people down on their luck and looking for an easy mark. Keep your money close to you and don't show anyone.

FOOT

Thank you. Goodbye, Fanny.

She smiles again and Foot puts a wad of cash in her hand.

She watches him go, then examines the bills, puzzled as she holds up a bunch of wet American dollars.

FANNY
George Washington?

EXT. STREETS - MORNING

Foot is a fish out of water in 1970's England. A stranger in a strange land. His tattered rags hardly protect him from the elements and are soon damp again.

People around him scowl a miserable smile even to each other.

A TRIO OF THUGS approach Foot, leering at him.

FOOT
Excuse me, do you know how to find
the Genealogy Department?

The thugs stop. They speak with heavy English accents.

THUG 1
What'd you say to us?

The thugs pull knives.

FOOT
Please, I don't want any trouble.

THUG 1
You've already got it, mate.

The thug swipes at Foot. Foot blocks and punches him. The other two thugs step up behind him.

FOOT
Please. I only want to know how to
find the Genealogy Department.

The two thugs attack and Foot punches the hell out of them.

FOOT (CONT'D)
Hyyaaaahhh!

As the two fall go down, the first groggily pulls himself up.

Foot grabs him by the shoulders and yells at him.

FOOT (CONT'D)
Where is the Genealogy Department!?

INT. GENEALOGY DEPT. - DAY

Foot approaches the information desk. Red-headed, glasses-wearing clerk, ANNIE FELDMAN, 32, regards him politely despite his tattered clothes and unshaven face.

ANNIE

Hello, sir. May I help you?

Foot holds the dog tags up.

FOOT

Can you help me find this man?

The clerk takes the tags and looks at them up close.

Her eyes drift back to Foot and she picks up a phone.

ANNIE

Jasper, are you busy?

INT. JASPER'S OFFICE - DAY

Annie politely announces Foot to infectiously good-spirited JASPER TARTER, 54.

ANNIE

A Mr. Foot to see you, sir.

JASPER

Thank you, Annie!

(to Foot)

Jasper Tarter, Genealogist and amateur World War 2 Historian at your service. Please, have a seat. Do make yourself right at home!

Jasper concludes a very friendly handshake and ushers Foot to the visitor's chair in front of his desk.

As Annie shuts the door behind her, Jasper attends an office counter top in the corner and pours two cups of tea.

JASPER (CONT'D)

How may I help you, Mr. Foot?

Jasper places a cup of tea before Foot and sits at his desk.

FOOT

I am looking for someone.

Foot pulls the dog tags from around his neck, holds them out.

Jasper's eyes widen slightly as takes the tags.

JASPER

Well, as I mentioned, Mr. Foot, in addition to my work as a genealogist, I am also an amateur World War 2 historian. As such, I do have some knowledge of these relics and I can say that, without a doubt, these tags are authentic.

(Beat)

And a bit exciting!

FOOT

I am looking for the owner, Albert Sullivan.

(Beat)

Can you tell me his address?

Jasper's attention shifts warily from the tags to Foot.

JASPER

Sadly, Mr. Foot, I can't give you his address straight away. Privacy regulations strictly forbid releasing personal information without first gaining prior consent from the person of interest.

(Beat)

We'll have to ring him first and see if he's is willing to release the information to you. Only then would I be permitted.

(Beat)

Let's ring him, shall we?

FOOT

Please.

INT. SULLIVAN'S FLAT - DAY

The PHONE RINGS in a dingy, dim drug den. LOUD MUSIC plays over the RINGING PHONE. The lights flicker on dirty furnishings. A cigarette lays smoking from an ashtray on the table.

NONDESCRIPT YELLING as the phone RINGS AND RINGS.

INT. JASPER'S OFFICE - DAY

Jasper looks at Foot while waiting for an answer.

After a few rings, he sighs.

JASPER
I'm sorry, Mr. Foot. It doesn't...

Sullivan answers the phone with an angry, slurred voice.

SULLIVAN (O.S.)
Hello?

JASPER
Hello, this is Jasper Tarter
with...

SULLIVAN (O.S.)
Jasper who!?

JASPER
Jasper Tarter, sir. As I was
saying, I am an agent of the Sussex
Genealogy Department and...

SULLIVAN (O.S.)
Listen, Jasper Tarter. There's
something I want to tell you.

JASPER
Yes sir?

SULLIVAN
Slag off, mate!

The phone CLICKS LOUDLY as Sullivan slams the receiver down.

Jasper slowly puts the phone down, a bit startled.

FOOT
Was it him, Jasper?

JASPER
Hard to say Mr. Foot.
(Beat)
He didn't sound like a soldier.

FOOT
What did he say?

JASPER
I'm...I'm not sure, but I don't
think it was consent. In fact, I'm
sure it wasn't.

Foot is crestfallen.

FOOT

Oh.

JASPER

I'm sorry. But these things do happen from time to time.

(Beat)

I'm afraid I can't release Mr. Sullivan's information to you.

Foot is silent and so visibly lost that Jasper has to ask.

JASPER (CONT'D)

Mr. Foot, may I ask the nature of your relationship to Mr. Sullivan?

Foot stammers, unsure how to describe it.

FOOT

He might be my father.

JASPER

Your father! My word, I wasn't expecting that!

(Beat)

And these dog tags. How did you come across them?

Foot struggles against an onslaught of fresh grief as he relates his story.

FOOT

My mother gave them to me while she died. She was napalmed. But she wasn't my real mother. Doki was just my adopted mother.

(Beat)

My uncle says this man, Albert Sullivan, might be my real father.

(Beat)

Gebu was only my foster father. He died too. He got shot.

Jasper's face saddens in sympathy.

JASPER

I'm so sorry you had to relive that, Mr. Foot. It was wildly inappropriate of me to pry.

FOOT

Jasper, my mother died so that I could meet this man.

(Beat)

(MORE)

FOOT (CONT'D)

If you don't help me, I don't know what I will do. I am a stranger here. I just want to meet my father. Please, Jasper, can you help me find him?

Jasper experiences a moment of hesitation, his eyes briefly glancing over the Genealogist License framed on his wall.

JASPER

I'm sorry. Time after time, I have seen colleagues, eager to help, who step outside of the regulations. And, time after time, I have seen them lose their Genealogy License once the State inevitably discovers their indiscretion.

(Beat)

I simply am not able to assist you.

Foot is even more crestfallen. Jasper sympathizes.

JASPER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Mr. Foot.

Foot pushes his tea forward and stands.

FOOT

It's okay, Jasper. I understand. Thank you.

Foot bows politely and turns. Jasper looks at his Genealogy License, then to Foot, whose demeanor breaks Jasper's heart.

Foot is almost to the door before Jasper caves.

JASPER

Oh, pish posh to privacy regulations! I'm sure Mr. Sullivan would be happy to discover a long lost son, if it's true. And I do so hope it's true!

Foot turns, hope blossoming on his face.

JASPER (CONT'D)

To the Hall of Records!

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Jasper, flashlight in hand, walks Foot through a dimly lit basement. He is in Genealogist Mode now, hyper-enthusiastic about research and completely energized.

JASPER

Time after time, I retreat to these files to learn about genealogy and explore my interest in the brave soldiers of World War 2.

Jasper chooses a row of files.

JASPER (CONT'D)

These files hold every scrap of information collected on each member of the King's Army.

Jasper reads the number off the dog tags, chooses a drawer. He flips through the files with one hand and holds the flashlight with the other.

His fingers glide expertly over the edges of each file until he pauses on one and extracts it.

Foot watches over Jasper's shoulder as Albert Sullivan's record is revealed, a photo of Albert clipped to the front.

JASPER (CONT'D)

Well, he certainly looks like you!

Foot is in awe when he first sees the picture of the rather sodden looking Sullivan. There is a resemblance.

FOOT

That's him!

JASPER

It's a Birmingham address! Why, that's just a short ride from here!

Jasper pulls pen and paper from his person and writes the address down on a piece of paper as he speaks.

JASPER (CONT'D)

343 Wilkins Avenue, Flat #5!

He passes the paper to Foot, who receives it with elation.

FOOT

Thank you, Jasper!

Jasper suddenly realizes the gravity of his situation.

JASPER

There it is. I've done it. I've broken the Genealogist's Oath.

Jasper looks at Foot and sees the gratitude on his face.

JASPER (CONT'D)

No matter. It's all for a good cause and the pursuit of truth. But please, Mr. Foot, never tell anyone what has happened here today!

Foot nods quietly, still not quite understanding the risk Jasper has put himself in.

FOOT

I'm not sure what happened.

JASPER

That's the spirit.

EXT. GENEALOGY DEPT. - DAY

Jasper is seeing Foot off from the Genealogy Department. Jasper pulls a business card from his pocket.

JASPER

Time after time, I've found myself alone and in need of a friend, Mr. Foot.

(Beat)

If you happen to find yourself there, please don't hesitate to ring me.

Jasper hands Foot the card. Foot shakes his hand graciously.

JASPER (CONT'D)

I do hope you find your father, Mr. Foot. What a heartwarming story this will be!

FOOT

Thank you, Jasper.

JASPER

You're quite welcome, Mr. Foot. Cheers! Oh, cheers! Best of luck!

Jasper watches Foot depart, smiling in satisfaction.

INT. SULLIVAN'S BUILDING - DAY

Foot nervously ascends the stairs to Flat #5.

Foot breathes deeply and KNOCKS.

Some SCUFFLING AROUND, MUTED WHISPERING, a pause, then:

SULLIVAN (O.S.)
Who is it?

FOOT
Mr. Sullivan?

SULLIVAN (O.S.)
Maybe I am and maybe I'm not.
Let's just keep names out of it,
shall we?

FOOT
Please, I'd like to talk with you.

SULLIVAN (O.S.)
What about?

Foot pauses, thinks.

FOOT
It's hard to explain.

A pause, some more MUTED WHISPERING.

SULLIVAN (O.S.)
Do you know Baz and Jazzer?

FOOT
What?

SULLIVAN (O.S.)
It's a simple question, mate. Do
you know Baz and Jazzer or not?

FOOT
No. No, I don't know Jazzer.

A shadow appears over the peephole. Foot stares into it.

More MUTED WHISPERING, then a SERIES OF LOCKS UNLATCHING.

Albert Sullivan appears through the sliver of the still-chained, partially-opened door. He is much older now, a haggard and middle-aged with sunken, impolite eyes.

He gives Foot a once over, then shuts the door. The CHAIN SLIDES and the door opens fully.

SULLIVAN
Come on, then. Be quick about it.

Foot enters.

INT. SULLIVAN'S FLAT - DAY

Sullivan ushers Foot into his dingy living room and gestures to a pretty crappy couch.

SULLIVAN

Sit there.

Foot sits on the couch next to MARTIN, 34, who is average, unremarkable and completely zoned out. Martin's feet rest on an ottoman by the couch. He does not look over as Foot sits.

TRUDY, 44, sad eyes, puffs a cigarette. She nods at Foot.

Sullivan pushes Martin's feet off of the ottoman, lifts a removable top and pulls out one of two big brown bags.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

How much do you want?

FOOT

How much what?

Sullivan stops pulling clear vials of cocaine from the brown bag and stares at Foot suspiciously.

SULLIVAN

Come off it. I'm not in the mood for jokes. It's sixty-five quid for one and...

FOOT

But, Mr. Sullivan...

SULLIVAN

Stop right there. I told you to keep names out it. Maybe my name's Albert Sullivan, maybe it's not. But if you keep up with it, you're out of here and you'll get nothing!

Foot pulls the dog tags off of his neck and holds them out.

FOOT

Mr. Sullivan, I think I'm your son.

Martin and Trudy take note, Trudy's eyes going wide.

MARTIN

What?

TRUDY

Well, that's different!

Sullivan looks at the dog tags, then into Foot's eyes. A glimmer of dread almost appears on Sullivan's face.

SULLIVAN
Put those away, mate. You've got
the wrong guy.

TRUDY
But, Albert, he looks like you!

SULLIVAN
Sod it, Trudy!

Foot holds the dog tags out further.

FOOT
If you could only look and see...

Sullivan, suddenly angry, grabs Foot by the arm, hoists him off the couch and drags him over to the door.

SULLIVAN
I don't need to look!

Sullivan begins UNLOCKING THE LOCKS.

FOOT
But you look like the man from the
picture on the file!

SULLIVAN
I don't look like any lad from any
picture! Now bugger off!

TRUDY
He does look like you, Albert!

SULLIVAN
Trudy, sod it!

Sullivan finishes unlocking the door.

FOOT
She called you Albert.

SULLIVAN
Yeah that's my name, but I'm not
your dad. Now get the hell out of
here right now. Go on!

INT. SULLIVAN'S BUILDING - DAY

The DOOR SLAMS in Foot's confused, sad face. Foot looks around, not sure what to do. He KNOCKS on the door again. The door opens to the chain and Sullivan yells at him.

SULLIVAN

Get lost!

Sullivan throws the tags through the cracked door and SLAMS it again.

Lost, Foot turns and walks down the stairs. It is a long descent. When he reaches the dog tags at the bottom, he picks them up, takes a last look up in the direction of Flat #5, then walks out into the bitter cold.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Foot walks away, grasping the dog tags, emotionally numb. Then he passes BAZ, 30, and JAZZER, 31, rough looking lads. They pass Foot without a glance and then enter the building.

INT. SULLIVAN'S BUILDING - DAY

Jazzer KNOCKS on Sullivan's door. Some SCUFFLING AND YELLING before the door opens to the chain.

SULLIVAN

Now see here, I told you before...

Sullivan recognizes Jazzer. Fear hits him in the face a split second before the door does. The chain explodes off the wall.

INT. SULLIVAN' FLAT - DAY

Baz and Jazzer enter. Trudy and Martin YELL IN AGITATION as Jazzer scoops Sullivan off the ground and shakes him.

JAZZER

You sold me bad coke, Sullie!

SULLIVAN

Now, Jazzer, I, I...

Jazzer punches Sullivan hard in the face.

Martin lunges for a baseball bat but Baz grabs him, then punches the hell out of him.

Jazzer pummels Sullivan, throws him down, then picks him up, then throws him down again.

JAZZER

Snorting that bloody baking soda of yours gave me a right nasty headache.

(Beat)

I'm gonna see you get the same.

Baz finishes beating Martin and starts pulling up couch cushions and overturning items.

BAZ

Where is it?

Jazzer punches Sullivan again, hard.

JAZZER

Tell us where it is.

SULLIVAN

I sold it all! I don't have any!

Jazzer grows aggravated with Sullivan and throws him against a small window, which SHATTERS.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Foot turns at the sound of the WINDOW SHATTERING.

TRUDY'S SCREAMS spill out into the street and Foot runs back.

INT. SULLIVAN'S FLAT - DAY

Jazzer pushes Sullivan towards the shattered window.

JAZZER

Where is it, Sullivan! Come out with it right now or you're going out the window!

SULLIVAN

The ottoman! It's in the ottoman!

Baz pulls the removable top off the ottoman and the two big brown bags go in his coat.

BAZ
Got it. Let's go.

Jazzer pulls Sullivan back in from the window and throws him to the ground, roughly, and punches him a few more times.

FOOT
Stop!

The action of the room stops as all the players notice Foot. Jazzer looks up slowly, expression of confused amusement.

JAZZER
Allo, squints. What ya doin'?

FOOT
Please, leave him alone.

Jazzer and Baz look at each other, then laugh. Jazzer steps up to Foot.

JAZZER
Do one, mate.

With surprising speed, Jazzer punches Foot in the mouth. Foot stumbles into the wall, dazed. One of his front teeth is now chipped, broken half off. Baz and Jazzer laugh again as they run out. Dazed, Foot pulls himself up and goes to Sullivan.

FOOT
Are you okay?

Sullivan, shocked by his beating and Foot's return, is at first unable to answer. Then he manages a quick nod. Foot turns and goes after Baz and Jazzer.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Foot races into the street and spots Baz and Jazzer.

FOOT
Stop!

Baz and Jazzer stop and turn.

BAZ
Scram or we'll rearrange your teeth
again.

Foot adopts a fighting stance, which amuses the pair. They laugh and slowly walk up to him.

FOOT
Not this time.

Again, Jazzer abruptly throws a massive punch.

Foot is ready this time. He blocks the punch and performs a martial arts combination that sends Jazzer to the ground.

FOOT (CONT'D)
Hyyyyyahhh!

Baz steps up next, towering even taller over Foot than Jazzer did. Another kick, kick, punch combo and Baz goes flying into the ground, one of the brown bags loosing from his coat.

FOOT (CONT'D)
Hyyyyyahhh!

Both Baz and Jazzer are on the ground, surprised and sore.

They stand, and this time attack Foot simultaneously.

Baz and Jazzer are vicious and tough, but eventually they fall again beneath Foot who possesses strength and kung fu finesse. This time, Foot puts them down much harder.

Soundly beaten, Baz and Jazzer run off in fear.

INT. SULLIVAN'S FLAT - DAY

Sullivan, Trudy and Martin are gathered around the window, looking down into the street.

MARTIN
He's a regular Bruce Lee!

Sullivan isn't thinking about that.

SULLIVAN
Jazzer took half the bloody stash!

They all look at each other, panic setting in.

TRUDY
Deacon's gonna be well angry now,
Albert!

Sullivan stares at them, terrified.

Then he bolts from the room, leaving his friends puzzled.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Sullivan rushes out into the street. Foot stands alone, unsure what to do. He picks up the brown bag that Baz left.

SULLIVAN

Wait! Wait a minute, lad!

The elder man's demeanor is much different now. He oozes friendly gratitude.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

Good show, beating those toughs like that! You gave them just the thrashing they deserved!

(Beat)

And I see you've recovered my bag.

Sullivan extends his hand and Foot passes him the brown bag. Sullivan sighs in relief. In the distance, POLICE SIRENS are heard. They are coming closer. Sullivan's eyes float in their direction and he tucks the bag away.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

Say, would you care to come inside for tea?

Sullivan ushers a confused, shaken Foot out of the streets.

INT. SULLIVAN'S FLAT - DAY

Sullivan lets Foot into his apartment and gestures to the couch where Martin sits holding an ice pack to his swollen eye. Tissues hang from Martin's nose, blocking the blood flow. Trudy tidies the apartment after Baz's ransack.

SULLIVAN

Here, here. Have a seat, my boy.

Foot sits and Sullivan sits down across from him.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

This is Martin. And over there, Trudy.

MARTIN

Hallo.

SULLIVAN
Trudy. Martin. This
is...uh...say, what is your name?

FOOT
Foot.

This takes all three by surprise and there is a brief pause.

SULLIVAN
This is Foot.

MARTIN
Why do you they call you that?

Foot takes off his shoe and sock, raises his fistfoot. A wave of shock goes through them. Trudy gasps.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
What's that!?

SULLIVAN
Geeze, man!

TRUDY
Wha!?

MARTIN
It's a bleedin' fistfoot, isn't it!

TRUDY
Amazing!

Foot puts his sock and shoe back on.

FOOT
Nice to meet you all.

SULLIVAN
Foot was kind enough to recover our
package. Quite nice, wasn't it?

MARTIN
Only one of them.

SULLIVAN
Yes, well, that's the best he could
do, isn't it, Foot?

FOOT
I'm sorry. I didn't know.

SULLIVAN
Think nothing of it! You did a
fantastic job!

MARTIN
Nothing of it! Are you serious,
Albert? What are we going to tell
Deacon!? They took half the
supply! We'll never...

SULLIVAN
Not now, Martin.

Sullivan then turns a calculated gaze to Foot.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
Say, let me examine those tags
again, would you?

Foot slowly holds them out to Sullivan, who takes them and
looks them over. He then gasps in mock shock.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
Where did you find these?

FOOT
My mother gave them to me. My
Uncle Zebu says they belonged to my
father.
(Beat)
Are they yours?

Sullivan looks Foot in the eye, begins slow nod.

Foot is overwhelmed with emotion and embraces Sullivan.

Martin and Trudy share a confused look.

Fake tears of joy flow as Sullivan embraces Foot.

SULLIVAN
Welcome home, my son!

After a moment, he gently pushes Foot away, keeping his hands
on Foot's shoulders and looking directly at his half-Asian
face, broken tooth and all.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
You have your mother's eyes.

INT. SULLIVAN'S FLAT - NIGHT

The four of them hold drinks. Sullivan raises his.

SULLIVAN

To my long lost son, reunited at
last!

The four CLINK GLASSES. Trudy is moved by the reunion,
clinking with enthusiasm. Martin CLINKS but is withdrawn.

TRUDY

Cheers!

FOOT

I'm so happy to finally meet you,
Mr. Sullivan.

SULLIVAN

Call me "dad!"

FOOT

Okay. I'm glad Uncle Zebu was
right about you, dad.

SULLIVAN

Ah yes, Zebu! You mentioned him
before. He raised you, did he?

FOOT

Yes, with my mother, Doki, and my
father, Gebu.

(Beat)

My other father.

SULLIVAN

Gebu and Zebu, eh?

FOOT

Yes. Uncle Zebu was in the Special
Forces. He taught me to fight. We
were in many battles together.
We're a team.

SULLIVAN

And managed to you come all the way
to England to find me?

Foot nods.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

Unbelievable. Just unbelievable!
Isn't it unbelievable, guys?

TRUDY

Gosh, yeah.

MARTIN

Sure, Albert. Sure.

SULLIVAN

What's wrong, Martin? This is a glorious occasion!

MARTIN

Yes, it is Albert. It's just that I was just wondering about Deacon. Seems wise to go speak to him is all. We've just had half our supply stolen and we're going to need some more time to get his money, is all. I mean, he'll be proper upset if we don't pay him by Tuesday and, thing is, I don't see how we're gonna do that now that Baz and Jazzer got half our stash. That's all.

Sullivan's pauses thoughtfully, looks at Foot.

SULLIVAN

Quite right, Martin. Quite right.

(Beat)

I'll take my son and we'll pay a quick visit to Deacon.

Trudy and Martin look nervous.

Sullivan gulps down his drink, then smiles at Foot.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

We'll go together, won't we, my boy?

INT. ARTFUL DODGER - NIGHT

LOUD MUSIC plays while Sullivan and Foot enter a seedy English club, the Artful Dodger.

Patrons snort cocaine off mirror-top tables.

Sullivan leads Foot to a door in the back of the club, where MONTAG, 33, a frowning gorilla of a man stands guard.

SULLIVAN

Allo, Montag.

MONTAG

Surprised you had the bollocks to come here, Sullivan. But you broke the rule: no strangers allowed.

SULLIVAN

Montag, meet my...

Montag isn't listening. He pulls a gun on Foot instantly, who reacts with ninja style. A SILENCED BULLET hits the ground and the gun falls apart as Foot snatches it away and dismantles it in a flash.

An intense fight with Montag comes to a kung fu standstill.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

As I was saying. Montag, meet my son, Foot.

Montag steps away from Foot, straightens his collar.

MONTAG

Always did have a thing for the yellow birds, didn't ya?

(Beat)

He's tough, I'll give you that. The acorn fell bloody far from the tree this time, mate.

An intercom crackles.

DEACON (O.S.)

Let him in.

Sullivan smiles at the intercom and Montag.

SULLIVAN

There you go! That's Deacon! You heard him, we get to go in!

MONTAG

You go in. He stays here.

Sullivan looks over at Foot, then at the door, gulps.

SULLIVAN

Alright, then.

(to Foot)

Keep Montag company for a moment, would you, my boy? Back in a flash.

Foot nods and looks uneasily at Montag as Sullivan enters.

INT. DEACON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sullivan stands in the throne room of high-level drug and arms pusher DEACON, 35, a snakelike smart man with bright eyes and one golden tooth on the front of his bottom row.

Deacon sits amongst an alarming array of guns and drugs.

SULLIVAN

Allo, Deacon.

DEACON

Whatcha doin' here, Sullie?

SULLIVAN

You see, the thing is: Baz and Jazzer came and stole half of my supply so I might need a bit more time to get the money I owe you.

DEACON

Baz and Jazzer?

SULLIVAN

Yeah, naughty lads, those.

DEACON

Yes, yes they are, as I understand.

(Beat)

Well, I'm sorry that happened.

SULLIVAN

Thanks, Deacon. That's well nice of you...

Suddenly, Deacon points his gun at Sullivan's lower torso. Sullivan cowers and holds his hands up.

DEACON

Now listen and listen well. Everyone has to pay. You have to pay. I have to pay. See, I've got a boss, too. I sell drugs and he sells drugs. But he also sells organs. Not the musical kind, mind you. The vital kind. And let me tell you, Sullivan, my boss can make loads of money sellin' your cirrhotic liver and ruined lungs on the black market. More money than you'll see in your whole life. Way more than you owe me, in fact, so that makes it simple.

Deacon leans closer with the gun, holding it sideways.

DEACON (CONT'D)

Pay me by Tuesday, or I'm gonna shoot you in the guts because they aren't worth anything. Then Montag will cut out the rest of your organs because I don't like getting my hands dirty. I'll give your organs to my boss. He'll sell them to the Chinese or whatever he does and everyone will be square. It's nothin' personal, although I don't like you. It's business. But I'm gonna get paid and he's gonna get paid, one way or the other. Got it?

Sullivan holds his hand out and begs pathetically.

SULLIVAN

Of course, Deacon. Of course. It's just that Baz and Jazzer...

DEACON

Baz and Jazzer, Baz and Jazzer. Come off it. If Baz and Jazzer steal your supply, you don't cry to me about it. You get it back. You be a man.

Deacon's anger surges. He lunges forward and pushes the gun into against Sullivan's forehead.

DEACON (CONT'D)

And believe me, I'm seriously considering collecting on your liver, your lungs, and your pitiful heart right now just to make my life easier.

He pulls the trigger. Sullivan YELLS. The chamber is empty.

DEACON (CONT'D)

But, like I said, I don't like to get my hands dirty.

He pulls the gun away but still points it at Sullivan.

DEACON (CONT'D)

So, will you pay by Tuesday?

Sullivan is on his knees, rattled by Deacon's threats.

SULLIVAN
Of course, Deacon, of course! Of
course, of course!

DEACON
Alright then, of course. Tuesday.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Sullivan stalks down the street in the foulest of moods. He alternates between gnawing on his fingernails and taking massive puffs on his cigarette. Foot follows behind him.

FOOT
How was your meeting?

SULLIVAN
Bloody terrible.

FOOT
Why terrible, dad? What happened?

Sullivan looks back at Foot, an annoyed look on his face.

SULLIVAN
It's complicated.
(to himself)
Now please, do shut up.

FOOT
Can I help?

SULLIVAN
No, you can't help me! You can't!
(Beat)
Not unless you've about seven
thousand quid on you. So please
just shut up so I can think!

FOOT
You need money? You need to give
Deacon some money, dad? I have
some.

Foot takes his backpack off.

Sullivan stalks on, not even glancing over.

SULLIVAN
Brought some money from China, did
you?

FOOT
Vietnam. I'm from Vietnam.

SULLIVAN
Well, that's very kind of you but
I'm sure it's not enough.

Foot opens his bag and shows him.

FOOT
How about this, dad? Is it enough?

Sullivan finally glances over, then stops dead in his tracks. His eyes go wide as saucers when Foot pulls a fistful of dollars and francs out of his bag.

INT. MONEY CHANGER - DAY

Foot's huge stack of dollars and francs flies through an electronic money counter. Sullivan watches in giddy astonishment as the clerk places a huge stack of British pounds in front of them and recites the final count.

CLERK
Five thousand, three hundred
pounds, six pence.

FOOT
Will that be enough?

Sullivan, now overwhelmingly upbeat and cheerful, helps him put all the money back in his bag.

SULLIVAN
It's a great start! A great start
indeed!
(Beat)
Say, would you care to go to the
grocery store? Just need to pick
up a few household items. A
pittance, really.

FOOT
You want to get some groceries,
dad? Of course!

INT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Sullivan walks Foot down the aisles, grabbing this item and that. Sullivan is completely distracted by his good fortune and grabs items without abandon.

SULLIVAN

So, my boy, where are you staying?

FOOT

I don't have a place to stay.

SULLIVAN

No place to stay? Why not? Surely you have a job, don't you?

FOOT

No. I just came to England to find you. I don't have a job.

SULLIVAN

You don't have a job? Every man's got to have a job!

(Beat)

Take me, for instance. I run my own business!

Sullivan drops more items in the cart.

FOOT

What kind of business, dad?

SULLIVAN

I sell medicine to a long list of grateful patients!

(Beat)

Sometimes the patients come to us. Sometimes we go to them. They pay us a small bit of money, we give them the medicine and everyone is happy, see?

FOOT

So you're a doctor!

SULLIVAN

Yes, that's it!

FOOT

That's great! It makes me proud to be the son of a doctor.

More items in the cart.

SULLIVAN

It does, does it? Well, would you like to be part of the family business?

Foot looks at Sullivan, surprised.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

If you like, you can come stay with me for a while and we'll work together, side by side, father and son!

FOOT

You mean like a team?

SULLIVAN

Yes, that's it! We'll be a team! What do you say?

FOOT

Wow, dad, really? That sounds great. Of course! First I found my real father and now I'm going to work with him, side by side. This is great!

Sullivan puts some champagne in the cart.

SULLIVAN

Indeed!

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

The cashier rings them out.

The cashier finishes ringing up all the items and produces a total. It is a hundred and some pounds.

CLERK

Two hundred pound, sixty six pence.

Sullivan looks over at Foot.

SULLIVAN

Go on, then. You're the one with five thousand pound.

FOOT

Oh, sorry!

Foot hands the money to the clerk without blinking.

INT. SULLIVAN'S FLAT - NIGHT

Sullivan POPS A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE while Trudy helps put away groceries in the kitchen.

TRUDY

Wow! You restocked the whole kitchen, Albert. This is quite nice!

(Beat)

Oh, the King's Finest! This must've cost a fortune!

SULLIVAN

Not that much at all, Trudy!

Sullivan pours four glasses.

MARTIN

Do you think it's wise to be spending all this money on groceries when we still owe Deacon?

SULLIVAN

Not to worry, Martin! Have a drink!

(Beat)

We'll talk about it later.

Sullivan holds his glass up to make a toast.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

Cheers!

They CLINK GLASSES. Everyone drinks but Foot.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

Come on, lad. Have a drink! You've earned it!

FOOT

Sorry, dad, but I'm tired. Would it be okay if I went to sleep?

SULLIVAN

A bit knackered, are ya? Of course, of course! Right this way!

Sullivan leads him to a decrepit corner of the coke den where a crappy door leads to a crappy room.

INT. SULLIVAN'S FLAT - FOOT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sullivan and Foot stand in an unused bedroom in Sullivan's flat. It is a shoddy room with a crappy, dirty mattress.

SULLIVAN

Well then, this can be your room.
You can stay here as long as you're
working for me. It's only fair.

Foot sets his things down on the crappy mattress, then looks
at Sullivan a moment before unexpectedly hugging him.

FOOT

Thanks, dad. You're so kind. I
really appreciate the opportunity
to work for you.

Sullivan kindly brushes him off.

SULLIVAN

Think nothing of it, lad. Get some
rest and tomorrow you'll start your
first day of work!

Foot sits on his bed and Sullivan turns to leave.

FOOT

Dad?

Sullivan, slightly annoyed, turns.

FOOT (CONT'D)

Can you tell me about my mother?

Sullivan tenses.

SULLIVAN

Oh, right. Your mum.

Sullivan takes a seat in an old chair next to Foot's bed.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

Well, during my time in WW2, I went
on holiday to a little town in
Japan called Yoshijima. I met your
mum and we fell in love right
away...

FOOT

She is Japanese?

SULLIVAN

Yes, yes, a Japanese bird. A real
beauty, too. So I met her in
Yoshijima and we fell in love...

FOOT

But, I'm from Vietnam.

SULLIVAN

Yes, you mentioned that before.
It's a real puzzle but please don't interrupt.

FOOT

Sorry, dad.

SULLIVAN

Right, as I was saying. Yoshijima, Japan. We met and fell madly in love but I was called back into military service and had to leave her. It broke my heart but, you know, duty to country comes first.

FOOT

And, after the war, you never went back to see her?

SULLIVAN

Well, after the bomb, we couldn't return to the area.

FOOT

Which bomb?

SULLIVAN

Only the bleedin' nuclear atomic bomb the colonists dropped on Hiroshima in 1945, mate! Blew their little yellow socks off and your mum was nearly at ground zero!

Sullivan gestures to the Foot's right foot.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

I bet that's why you've got a fistfoot, lad! You got baked like a microwave burrito while you were still in your mum! You've got the fistfoot from the atomic radiation!

Foot looks at his foot, understanding for the first time.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

I had always thought she died until you showed up. It broke my heart, thinking she got vaporized.

(Beat)

But she must have survived because here you are!

Foot is in awe of the news his father has given him.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

Don't know how you made it all the way to bloody Vietnam, though. That's quite peculiar, isn't it?

FOOT

What was her name?

Sullivan pauses, unable to answer because he doesn't know.

SULLIVAN

Listen, Foot. This is all a bit difficult for me to talk about. It's been so long since I've thought about her, you know. Why don't we talk about it later?

FOOT

Okay. Goodnight, dad.

SULLIVAN

Goodnight, Foot.

Sullivan exits.

INT. SULLIVAN'S FLAT - NIGHT

Sullivan shuts the door behind him and calmly, confidently sits on the couch. Trudy and Martin are eager to comment.

TRUDY

He's staying in the dirty room?

SULLIVAN

It's not dirty, Trudy. Just a bit unused is all.

MARTIN

What did Deacon say?

SULLIVAN

We owe him six thousand quid by Tuesday or he's going to sell our organs on the black market.

MARTIN

What!?

Sullivan plucks a cigarette from his jacket and lights it. He pours another round of drinks for all of them.

SULLIVAN

Nothing to worry about, Martin!
I've got it sorted.

MARTIN

Sorted? How? We've just been
robbed and now we're meant to come
up with six thousand quid in four
days?

(Beat)

It's impossible!

SULLIVAN

Yes, yes that would be impossible.
But, we don't have to make six
thousand in four days. We only
have to make one!

Martin suspiciously takes the glass Sullivan offers.

MARTIN

Wha? Why?

SULLIVAN

If you must ask, I just happen to
have already come across five
thousand quid and that's why we
only need a thousand by Tuesday.

MARTIN

What you mean, "you've happened to
come across five thousand quid?"
Have you won the lottery?

Martin catches Sullivan's glance at Foot's bedroom door.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

It's him, isn't it?

SULLIVAN

(lowering his voice)

The kid's bloody loaded!

(Beat)

He brought nearly five thousand
quid with him from China!

TRUDY

Wha!?

Martin and Trudy are stunned, and can say nothing.

MARTIN

Well, still, one thousand pound
ain't exactly a piece of piss.

(MORE)

MARTIN (CONT'D)

(Beat)

On our best week, we only make
eight or nine hundred.

Sullivan takes a drink, smiles.

SULLIVAN

Yeah, but that's when it's just the
two of us out in the street. And
now we've got one more.

Martin stares at Sullivan, then looks at Foot's room.

MARTIN

Him again? The kid's a mong!

SULLIVAN

He's the perfect candidate, Martin!
He took Baz and Jazzer out proper
fast, didn't he? Didn't bloody
expect he'd be able to do that the
first time I saw him but he
trounced 'em like he was Bruce Lee!
He's got speed, kung fu skills and,
best of all, he's loyal to me, his
dear old dad.

TRUDY

Are you bloody serious, Albert?
You're gonna get your son to help
you sell cocaine so you can pay
Deacon by Tuesday?

(Beat)

And you're gonna pinch the five
thousand he brought with him. His
life savings?

Sullivan pours another drink and holds it up.

SULLIVAN

Oh, come off it, Trudy! He's happy
to help us. He said so himself!

(Beat)

Now, cheers to our success!

Sullivan raises his eyebrows up and down in triumph while
they look on in dumbfounded astonishment.

MARTIN

Albert Sullivan, always one step
ahead of the game.

Sullivan CLINKS his glass to Martin and Trudy's.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Muted sunlight through dingy bathroom windows.

Foot is showered and cleanly shaven. His new clothes don't fit exactly right but they are better than his tattered rags.

INT. SULLIVAN'S FLAT - MORNING

Foot exits the bathroom to find Sullivan sitting at a table, portioning cocaine into small vials.

FOOT
Good morning!

SULLIVAN
Allo, lad! Looking tip top! Come join me at the table here, son.

Foot walks over and sits at the table.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
What I'm doing now is just a bit of office work before we start the day. We put the medicine in the vials. Then it's ready to deliver.

Sullivan weighs out some coke on a tablespoon and pours it on a piece of paper, folds the paper and pours the coke into a vial. He places the vial in a row next to several others.

FOOT
That's great, dad. What kind of medicine is it?

SULLIVAN
Oh! It's a cure-all, really. Good for what ails ya, almost any sort of sickness.
(Beat)
And it cures cancer!

FOOT
Wow, that's amazing. Where does it come from?

SULLIVAN
Deacon gives it to us. We sell it and then give the money to Deacon, see?

FOOT

So that's what you were talking
about last night? It was a
business meeting.

SULLIVAN

That's right! Now, watch closely.

He pours another vial as Foot looks on.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

See, just a spoonful of sugar helps
the medicine go down, eh?

Sullivan licks the paper, sighs.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

Rum punch.

(Beat)

Go ahead! You try!

Foot weighs out a tablespoon of coke onto the paper, folds
the paper and pours it into the vial.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

That's a good lad!

(Beat)

Okay, that's enough! Remember,
just a spoonful of sugar in each
vial is all we need.

Sullivan starts grabbing up the vials and putting them into
the pockets of the two trench coats.

He then stands and puts on one of the coats.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

And now we put on our uniform.

Sullivan helps Foot into the other trench coat.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

There you go! Well official!

Sullivan then opens the door.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

Shall we begin?

EXT. STREET - DAY

Sullivan walks with Foot into a seedy part of town.

SULLIVAN

So, at the moment, we need someone to sell medicine to patients on the street. I'll train you up today and then tomorrow you'll be on your own! Do you think you can manage that?

FOOT

Sure dad. I can handle it. No problem. We're a team, dad.

SULLIVAN

Right, that's the spirit!

Sullivan spots TWO POLICE up ahead. He slowly puts his arm around Foot's shoulders and leads him in the other direction.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

If you see the boys in blue, just casually turn and walk the other way. Don't do it too quickly, mind you. Just act like you've realized you have an appointment and it is time to get on. Alright?

Foot still looks confused. Sullivan pats him on the shoulder, smiles.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

Alright.

EXT. STREET - DAY (LATER)

Sullivan and Foot mill about the street corner.

SULLIVAN

Now then, most of our patients already know us. Others will recognize the uniform and simply walk up to you. Some will ask you how much and some will pass you the money straight away. If they pass you fifty quid, take it. If they ask how much, tell them it's sixty-five quid. You can bargain, but never let a vial of medicine go for less than fifty quid, yea?

FOOT

Sounds confusing, dad.

SULLIVAN
 Not at all!
 (Beat)
 Ah, here we go.

A shady looking character, SAMMY, 40, walks up.

SAMMY
 Alright, Sullivan.

SULLIVAN
 Alright, Sammy.

SAMMY
 (nodding at Foot)
 Who's he?

SULLIVAN
 My son.

Sammy looks Foot over, then moves on.

SAMMY
 Right, pass it over then.

SULLIVAN
 Where's the dosh, Sammy?

Sammy passes Sullivan fifty quid, which Sullivan counts.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
 You're short five quid, mate.

Sammy angrily passes over five more and Sullivan passes him a bag. Sammy walks away.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
 See there, Foot. Sammy's a right
 tosser, so you can charge a bit
 more. Understand?

FOOT
 Not really.

SULLIVAN
 Don't worry! You'll get the hang
 of it.

MONTAGE: FATHER AND SON

A) CUSTOMER 1 approaches Sullivan and Foot.

B) Coke and money exchange hands.

- C) Foot watches closely.
- D) CUSTOMER 2 approaches and nods. Sullivan nods back.
- E) Coke and money exchange hands.
- F) Foot watches.
- G) Customer 2 walks away.
- H) CUSTOMER 3 approaches.
- I) Sullivan nods at Foot and ushers him forward.
- J) Foot negotiates with Customer 3, then shakes his hand amiably and thanks him loudly which spooks them. They look around and scurry away. Sullivan shakes his head.
- K) Sullivan points out approaching CUSTOMER 4 to Foot.
- L) Coke and money exchange hands between Foot and Customer 4 who then walks way.
- M) Sullivan nods and Foot and smiles.
- N) Martin deals to CUSTOMER 5.
- O) Martin counts his cash as Customer 5 departs.
- P) Sullivan deals to CUSTOMER 6, flaps his hands at
- Q) Foot, dealing to CUSTOMER 7.
- R) Foot dealing to CUSTOMER 8 under Sullivan's watchful eye.
- S) Sullivan watches CUSTOMER 9 walk away from Foot, flips through their wad of cash and smiles at his son.

INT. SULLIVAN'S FLAT - NIGHT

Sullivan and Foot sit next to Martin and Trudy. Martin counts the cash while Sullivan pours drinks in the kitchen.

SULLIVAN

You should've seen him. Took to the job like a fish takes to water, he did!

(to Foot)

Tip top job today, my boy! We make quite a team!

FOOT

Thanks, dad. Just want to make you proud of me.

SULLIVAN

And you have! You have!

Martin finishes his count, lays down the money, smiles.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

Good news, Martin?

MARTIN

It's 5500 quid.

SULLIVAN

There we go! We've got 5500 and it's only Sunday night! Reckon we're free and clear now.

Sullivan holds up the bottle of the King's Finest.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

Anybody fancy a celebration?

MONTAGE: CELEBRATING

- A) Sullivan touches his glass to everyone else's and drinks.
- B) Sullivan turns on the radio, blasting MUSIC.
- C) Martin, Trudy and Sullivan dance around to LOUD MUSIC.
- D) Foot watches on, drinking his drink timidly.
- E) Sullivan fills up everyone's glasses.
- F) Sullivan and Martin do shots. Sullivan offers a shot to Foot, who initially refuses. Sullivan pushes it on him and Foot reluctantly shoots it. Sullivan cheers.
- G) Foot sits in the couch, looking drunk. He smiles as the other three party wildly around him.
- H) Sullivan pulls a vial of cocaine from the ottoman.
- I) Sullivan has broken the cocaine into four lines. He does one while Foot watches.
- J) Martin blows a line.
- K) Trudy blows a line.

L) Sullivan offers a line to Foot, who refuses. He is too tired and stands to go to sleep.

M) Sullivan, Martin and Trudy are disappointed. They try to keep Foot up but he insists and stumbles to bed.

N) Martin, Sullivan and Trudy wave good night as Foot opens the door to his crappy room.

O) Sullivan breaks out more lines. He snorts.

P) Sullivan hands out more drinks.

Q) Foot lays awake on his dirty mattress, listening to Sullivan's MUSIC, partying and laughter coming from the next room. He smiles, content.

R) Martin, Trudy and Sullivan continue partying. They look sloppily drunk.

S) The sun rises.

T) The party wanes. Trudy is passed out on the couch. Sullivan slaps Martin on the shoulder as they take another shot.

INT. SULLIVAN'S FLAT - MORNING

Foot leaves his bedroom to find the living room trashed. Sullivan and Martin are strewn about the couches, passed out. A cigarette still smoulders in the ashtray.

Foot approaches sleeping Sullivan, touches him on the shoulder. Sullivan doesn't wake.

FOOT
You okay, dad?

Drunk Sullivan stirs, a bit of white powder under his nose.

SULLIVAN
Yes, yes I'm alright.

FOOT
It's time to go to work, dad.

Sullivan groans.

SULLIVAN
Say, do you think you could handle it on your own today, my boy? I'm not feeling quite up to it.

FOOT
Sure. Take a nap. It's okay. I
can handle it.

SULLIVAN
That's a good boy.

Foot puts a blanket over Sullivan.

FOOT
We're a team, dad.

Sullivan doesn't respond.

INT. SULLIVAN'S FLAT - KITCHEN - MORNING

Foot sits at the portioning table, measuring cocaine into
vials. He pours a very generous amount into each vial.

He has got a sizeable stack of vials next to him when Trudy
enters, groggily begins making tea.

TRUDY
What you doin', sat there at this
hour?

FOOT
I'll start early today. Dad's
tired so I'm going out on my own.

TRUDY
Getting a head start, are you?
That's admirable.

He finishes the last vial and begins putting them carefully
into his trench coat.

FOOT
I think this is a good job. Making
sick people healthy. The people
look so happy when they get their
medicine.

TRUDY
I imagine so.

She brings her tea around, sits.

FOOT
I just want to do a good job. Make
my father proud.

Trudy looks at Foot over her tea.

Foot smiles widely at Trudy.

FOOT (CONT'D)

When I left Vietnam, I didn't even know if I'd be able to find him. And now I'm working in the family business! This is great, Trudy. A dream come true.

Trudy looks at Foot thoughtfully.

TRUDY

You ain't quite like your dad.

FOOT

What do you mean?

Trudy smiles sadly.

TRUDY

Oh, it's hard to explain.

Foot stands up, putting on his trench coat.

FOOT

Okay, Trudy. We'll talk about it later. Have a nice day.

TRUDY

You too, Foot. You too.

MONTAGE: THE FAMILY BUSINESS

- A) Foot walking cheerfully from the apartment.
- B) Foot stands, waiting under a street sign. It doesn't take long for CUSTOMER 10 to approach and make an exchange.
- C) Drugs and money exchange hands from Foot to CUSTOMER 11.
- D) Foot, under a bridge, smiling while passing off two vials to CUSTOMERS 12 and 13.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Foot passes a vial to CUSTOMER 14, takes the money and turns around. He bumps right into OFFICER REUBEN, 35, and OFFICER DAILY, 45, a stone giant with ruffled feathers.

CONSTABLE DAILY

Say, lad, what you doin'?

FOOT
Selling medicine.

CONSTABLE DAILY
Medicine, eh?

CONSTABLE REUBEN
What sort of medicine is it?

FOOT
Medicine for cancer.

CONSTABLE DAILY
Cancer medicine, is it!? My word,
well let's have a look!

Foot passes him a vial. Constable Daily opens it, gently dabs a finger in and tastes what's inside.

Daily replaces his false smile with a fierce scowl and passes the vial to Reuben.

CONSTABLE DAILY (CONT'D)
What's your name?

FOOT
Foot Bebu Phong.
(Beat)
I'm a delivery man for my father,
Albert Sullivan. He's a doctor.

Constable Reuben begins taking notes on a pad.

CONSTABLE DAILY
So you deliver medicine for your
dad, Albert Sullivan.

FOOT
Yes.

CONSTABLE DAILY
Mr. Sullivan, do you know where
your dad gets his medicine?

CONSTABLE REUBEN
Is it a bloke named Deacon?

FOOT
Yes, yes, Deacon! Do you know him?

The cops stop being nice to him and immediately start frowning and WHISPERING to each other. Foot gets nervous.

FOOT (CONT'D)

Is there something wrong?

CONSTABLE DAILY

In fact there is, Mr. Sullivan.
This isn't medicine. It's cocaine.
It's a lot. And we've just
witnessed you passing it off to
that chap over there which means
we've got you for distribution of a
narcotic.

Foot's confused anxiety intensifies when Reuben pulls his
handcuffs off his belt.

CONSTABLE DAILY (CONT'D)

You should take some medicine of
your own.

(Beat)

Medicine for being too retarded.

CONSTABLE REUBEN

You're under arrest, mate.

Constable Reuben moves to handcuff Foot. Foot resists,
Reuben gets physical and Foot punches the hell out of him.

Constable Daily comes at him with a baton but Foot kicks his
lights out and runs away.

INT. SULLIVAN'S FLAT - DAY

Foot bursts in, breathing heavily and distraught. Sullivan
and Martin sit on the couch, still in a hung-over stupor.

SULLIVAN

Hello, Foot! Did you make the five
hundred quid already?

(Beat)

Say, why you breathing like that?

FOOT

The boys in blue!

Sullivan comes out of his stupor.

SULLIVAN

Come again?

FOOT

The boys in blue! They stopped me.
They asked me what I was doing and
told me I was under arrest!

(MORE)

FOOT (CONT'D)

Why, dad? I mean, what the hell!?
They said I was distributing
cocaine!

Sullivan runs to the window.

SULLIVAN

Did they follow you?

FOOT

No. I left them back there.

(Beat)

They tried to handcuff me, so I
beat their ass. Then I left like I
had an appointment!

SULLIVAN

Because that's the last thing we
need is a whole pissload of
constables poking about!

FOOT

No. Don't worry, dad. They can't
catch me.

SULLIVAN

What did they say to you?

FOOT

They asked what I was doing and I
told them I was selling medicine.
Then they asked who I got the
medicine from.

SULLIVAN

What did you say?

FOOT

I told them your name. Albert
Sullivan.

Sullivan goes as white as the coke on his nostril.

SULLIVAN

What?

FOOT

They wanted to know your name, so I
told them. Was that wrong, dad?

SULLIVAN

Are you bloody stupid!?

Foot is confused and hurt by the question.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
That's the dumbest thing you could
have done! Bloody stupid!

TRUDY
Be nice, Albert. He didn't know
any better!

SULLIVAN
Well it's bloody common sense,
isn't it!?
(Beat)
Bloody stupid, mate!

TRUDY
He's not stupid!

SULLIVAN
He told the constables my name!
Wouldn't you call that bloody
stupid!?

Suddenly, there is a KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

Sullivan hastily goes and looks through the peephole.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
Bloody hell, it's Montag.

Suddenly, something dawns on him. He goes even whiter.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
Foot, did you say anything to the
constables about Deacon?

FOOT
They asked me if you got the
medicine from Deacon. I told them
yes. That's right, isn't it?

Sullivan's dread is complete. He collapses into despair.

SULLIVAN
Oh, no, no, no.

There is a much firmer KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

Sullivan opens it, revealing a very unhappy Montag.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
Allo, Montag.

Montag raises his pistol.

MONTAG

Come out here and shut the door.

Sullivan gulps and turns to the others, feigning calm.

FOOT

What is it? Something wrong?

SULLIVAN

No, no, it's alright. Just gonna have a word with Montag.

Sullivan exits, shuts the door behind him. Trudy and Martin watch nervously. Foot is confused and distressed.

INT. SULLIVAN'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Montag socks Sullivan in the stomach, doubling him over.

MONTAG

You have two big problems right now, mate. Problem number one: you owe us a lot of dosh.

Montag punches him again.

MONTAG (CONT'D)

Problem number two: Scottland Yard showed up at our doorstep today, saying they knew about us dealing cocaine.

Montag holds him up.

MONTAG (CONT'D)

They say they got an Asian fellow telling them Albert Sullivan gets his medicine from Deacon.

(Beat)

How bloody stupid are you? Sent your mong son into the streets of bloody Birmingham to deal for you? Unbelievable, man!

Montag punches Sullivan again and holds up his pistol.

MONTAG (CONT'D)

Tell me what to do, Sullie!

(Beat)

Tell me how to fix problem number one and problem number two right now or you're a dead man.

SULLIVAN
I've got the money! I've got the
money!

MONTAG
What?

SULLIVAN
I've got the six thousand.

This takes Montag aback.

MONTAG
Well, I wasn't expecting that.
(Beat)
Alright, you say you have the
money. I'll believe it when I see
it but for now that takes care of
problem number one.
(Beat)
Now, what about problem number two?

Sullivan starts crying.

MONTAG (CONT'D)
What we gonna do about your son?

Sullivan cries harder.

SULLIVAN
I don't know!

Montag holds Sullivan by the blood-stained collar.

MONTAG
Well, I do know. He's gotta go.

Sullivan cries.

SULLIVAN
No! No!

Montag head butts Sullivan.

MONTAG
Yes, yes. He's got to go because
he's the one that brought the heat.
(Beat)
Now, either we do him here and get
his brains all over your flat or we
take him somewhere discreet and
make it easier on all of us.
(Beat)
Fair?

Sullivan keeps crying, Montag punches him in the stomach.

MONTAG (CONT'D)
Is it fair!?

Sullivan continues crying. Montag smacks him with the gun.

MONTAG (CONT'D)
Is it fair, Sullivan!?

SULLIVAN
(whimpering)
Yea, yea that's fair, Montag.
That's fair.

Montag kicks him.

MONTAG
Alright, then. Sorted. Now, go
get him.

INT. SULLIVAN'S FLAT - NIGHT

Montag and Sullivan enter the flat. Sullivan is squinting while trying to hide the pain of having just been beat up and holding back his emotions.

Martin looks on nervously.

FOOT
What's wrong, dad? Are you okay?

SULLIVAN
Yes, yes, I'm okay.

Sullivan looks at Martin and Trudy sadly, then Foot.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
I need you to a favor for me, my
boy.

FOOT
Sure, dad. I'll do anything if it
will help you get out of trouble.

Sullivan almost cries.

SULLIVAN
Go with Montag and do whatever he
says. They need you to fix a big
problem.

Foot looks at Montag warily, then back at Sullivan.

FOOT

Don't worry. I'll handle it. Any problem you have, I can handle it, dad. We're a team, right dad?

Sullivan nods sadly.

SULLIVAN

That's right. Now, go on with Montag and I'll be right behind.

Foot exits with Montag and Sullivan goes to get Foot's bag and the rest of the money, which he puts in the bag.

TRUDY

What's going to happen, Albert?

SULLIVAN

Sod it, Trudy.

Trudy starts to freak out as Sullivan leaves.

TRUDY

What's going to happen, Albert!?
What's going to happen!?

SULLIVAN

Sod it!

He slams the door and Trudy runs to grim-faced Martin.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Sullivan, Foot and Montag walk out into the street.

A car down the road flashes its lights.

Montag, Sullivan and Foot walk toward the car.

FOOT

Where are we going, dad?

SULLIVAN

(fighting back tears)
Just round the corner, my boy. Not to worry.

Foot can sense that something is up. They reach the car and Foot sees that Deacon is sitting in the passenger seat.

Foot is hesitant to enter, but Sullivan encourages him.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
It's okay, my boy. Go on.

INT. DEACON'S CAR - NIGHT

Foot sits behind Deacon. Sullivan gets in next to Foot. Montag sits in the driver's seat and starts the car.

They drive off.

Deacon turns around.

DEACON
Where's the money?

Sullivan hands him Foot's bag filled with money. Deacon counts it.

DEACON (CONT'D)
Surprised it's all there.

Deacon looks from Sullivan to Foot.

DEACON (CONT'D)
Must've leaned on him pretty hard.
You and Martin never could've done
this on your own.
(Beat)
Bloody unbelievable.

Sullivan looks away, too sad and horrified to speak.

Deacon smacks Sullivan in the face.

DEACON (CONT'D)
You've got powder all over your
bloody nose, you tit! Been
snorting up the supply while you
sending him out to push the weight?

Foot starts to get agitated, but Sullivan calms him, putting his hand on his leg.

SULLIVAN
Easy. It's okay.

FOOT
But he hit you, dad!

SULLIVAN
It's okay, it's okay.

Deacon watches all this and is in disbelief. He chuckles.

DEACON
 Alright, Montag. Stop the car.

Sullivan's soft whimpering becomes loud blubbering.

SULLIVAN
 I'm sorry!

FOOT
 What?

SULLIVAN
 I'm sorry!

FOOT
 What are you sorry about, dad!?

Preoccupied with his father, Foot almost doesn't see Deacon coming at his jugular with a knife.

He notices at the last second and Foot manages to deflect the knife, changing the direction of the strike. The knife goes into his clavicle instead of his neck.

Deacon strikes again and again, short, fast, snakely strikes Foot blocks with his arms, which get sliced up.

SULLIVAN
 Bloody hell, man! I thought you
 were gonna shoot him, not turn him
 into a bloody pin cushion!

Deacon finally gets a good stab in and Foot stops struggling.

As Foot falls unconscious, the last thing he sees is Deacon's golden tooth as he smiles at Sullivan.

DEACON
 Well, then. Sorted.

EXT. STREETS OF SUSSEX - NIGHT

Deacon exits the car, opens Foot's door and pulls him out.

A pool of blood forms around Foot as he lays in the street.

MONTAGE: RETURN TO A SHAU

A) A smooth breeze blows over the A Shau. Gebu's cows graze.

DOKI (V.O.)
 You are good boy, Bebu.

B) On the playground, Kim tags Foot, inviting him to play.

DOKI (V.O.)
Your nature makes you blind to the
harm that people would do. They
take advantage of your kindness.

C) Kids beating Foot up, putting lemon in his eye.

DOKI (V.O.)
They use it to hurt you.

D) Rogers dies in the underground hospital.

DOKI (V.O.)
You have always been a good boy.

E) Abebe and Sylvia sleep together by the morning fire.

DOKI (V.O.)
But, now, you are a man.

F) Foot shoves a wad of cash into Fanny's hand. She smiles.

DOKI (V.O.)
And you must begin to see the world
as a man sees it.

G) Rogers' lies in the hospital on the verge of death.

ROGERS
Stop the assholes, kid.

H) Captain Lo drinks and yells angrily.

CAPTAIN LO
Eat them! Eat them!

H) Gebu getting gunned down by Jenkins with the scar.

DOKI (V.O.)
Not everyone is like you.

I) Doki meets him in the tunnels of the hospital.

DOKI (V.O.)
I love you, Bebu. You are a good
man, and you always will be.

J) In the distance, Doki stands beneath the tree that stands alone. She is a small figure in a sweeping landscape.

DOKI (V.O.)
But some bad men have hurt you.

K) Albert Sullivan encourages Foot to get in Deacon's car.

SULLIVAN
Go on, my boy. Go on.

L) Deacon is stabbing at Foot. Sullivan yells.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
Geeze, man! I thought you were
going to shoot him, not turn him
into a bloody pincushion!

M) Deacon's smile with the golden tooth.

DOKI (V.O.)
You are better than them.

N) Back to the tree, with Doki standing beneath it from afar.

DOKI (V.O.)
And right now, there is something I
need you to do for me.

K) Suddenly, Doki is fully in view. She is charred and
burned, napalmed as she was when she died. DOKI SCREAMS.

DOKI
Make them pay!

Her voice becomes shriller and shriller.

DOKI (CONT'D)
Make them pay!
(Beat)
Make them pay!
(Beat)
Make them pay!

INT. HOSPITAL - FOOT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Foot bolts from a hospital bed. His upper-chest is wrapped
in white gauze and blood is visible through the bandage.

In a chair next to Foot's bed, Jasper is dozing. The
commotion caused by Foot's hasty departure rouses him.

INT. HOSPITAL HALL - NIGHT

As Foot storms out of the hospital in a rage, a DOCTOR, 35,
sees him and begins running after him.

DOCTOR

Sir! Sir, you need to be properly discharged!

He reaches out to restrain Foot, who punches him.

EXT. ARTFUL DODGER - NIGHT

Foot, still wearing a hospital gown and barefoot, stalks right up to the Artful Dodger and walks in.

INT. ARTFUL DODGER - NIGHT

The seedy patrons acknowledge him with a wide range of emotion, from amused to mildly frightened. Foot ignores them as he stalks to the back of the club, to Montag.

Montag brings a fight without hesitation, raising his silenced pistol. He fires two shots from a medium distance which Foot dodges like they were apples on a bridge. When Montag fires the third shot, Foot is already flying through the air, fistfoot extended.

Foot's shoulder is grazed by the third bullet as he connects directly with Montag's chest, sending Montag flying into Deacon's door.

Before Montag can fire a fourth shot, Foot bludgeons him with the fistfoot. Montag's head bounces like a basketball and Deacon's door makes a nice backboard.

Montag, on his knees and staggered, cannot believe his eyes.

Foot draws back like a cobra, preparing to finish him.

MONTAG

What's that? A bleedin' fistfoot!?

Foot roundhouse kickpunches Montag through Deacon's door and into unconsciousness. Blood and splinters of wood fly.

Foot picks Montag out of the door and throws him over the shoulder while pulling the gun from Montag's hand.

INT. DEACON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Deacon's first two shots go into Montag and not into Foot.

Deacon does not get a third shot. Foot's first bullet lands in Deacon's heart. Deacon drops his gun and Foot drops Montag, walking right up to Deacon and kickpunching him.

A kickpunch combo ends with the Hammer n' Anvil on Deacon's head and A SICK CRUNCHING SOUND.

FOOT
Hyyaaaaaaaahhhhh!

Foot stands, looking down at unconscious Deacon and dead Montag. He breathes heavily amidst a room full of guns.

INT. SULLIVAN'S FLAT - NIGHT

Sullivan blows a line of coke and resumes crying deeply into his hands. He is tearfully angry, regretful and wired. Trudy smokes a cigarette in the corner, tears smudging her makeup. Martin is absent.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

SULLIVAN
Who's there?

Sullivan stands up and stalks to the door, shouting.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
Oh, who the bloody hell is it now!?

As soon as his eye comes over the peephole, the door explodes. The chain explodes off the door again.

Sullivan flies backward, dazed.

Foot walks up and stands over him. No one can speak. Sullivan has the wind completely knocked out of him.

Foot picks him up and punches him in the face.

Sullivan crashes hard into the coke portioning table.

He writhes on the ground, gasping for air.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I didn't know what they were going to do. I'm sorry. So sorry.

FOOT
You did know! You thought they were going to shoot me!

Sullivan cries again.

SULLIVAN

I'm sorry! I'm sorry!

(Beat)

I should never have gone after you that day Baz and Jazzer came. I knew I would be trouble for you. But...

(Beat)

I was so bloody curious...

(Beat)

What you would be like.

FOOT

No! You only wanted me to sell drugs for you! You're a liar! You betrayed me!

(Beat)

You set me up, dad! You set me up big time!

Foot lifts him up to his feet and stares him in the eye, again seething with rage.

FOOT (CONT'D)

You're bad! You got hooked on drugs and ruined your life. Then you used me, your only son. You're bad. You told me you loved my mother, but you couldn't tell me her name. You probably don't even know it.

Sullivan continues sobbing. Foot shakes him.

FOOT (CONT'D)

Do you know her name!?

SULLIVAN

No, okay! No, I don't know her bloody name. I can't remember it. I didn't love her. I hardly even knew her!

Foot breathes and breathes, his anger becoming sadness.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

Go on then. Ain't you gonna kickpunch me?

Foot drops Sullivan to his knees, turns and walks away.

After getting a few steps, however, he is overwhelmed and a Drastic Freakout ensues. He turns, walks back and kickpunches Sullivan hard.

FOOT

Ahhhhh!!

Sullivan crashes into the other side of the portioning table.

TRUDY WAILS as Foot stalks out.

EXT. STREETS OF SUSSEX - NIGHT

Foot's exertion coupled with his injuries have left him near death. He is as emotionally exhausted as he is physically.

He stumbles along in a daze before collapsing.

POLICE SIRENS and flashing lights blend with...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

...the sound of a MEDICAL HEARTBEAT MACHINE. Foot wakes groggily. He is in the same hospital room he bolted from.

JASPER

Hello? Mr. Foot, can you hear me?

FOOT

Jasper? How did you find me?

JASPER

Oh, thank goodness! Thank goodness you're awake, Mr. Foot!

(Beat)

They found my card in your clothes, you see. They didn't know who else to contact so they rang me and I came straight away.

(Beat)

Then, you bolted from the hospital room and they found you again, a few hours later, laying outside your father's apartment.

Foot groans, offhandedly touches his bandaged shoulder.

JASPER (CONT'D)

Oh, thank goodness! I was so worried for you, Mr. Foot!

(Beat)

Time after time, I wondered what had become of your journey. Now, I...

Foot speaks through incredible emotional and physical pain.

FOOT

My father. He betrayed me.

(Beat)

I didn't want to get in the car,
but, my father told me it was okay.

Foot GROANS. Jasper listens, horrified.

FOOT (CONT'D)

My father gave them my bag.

(Beat)

Then Deacon stabbed me.

Jasper is exasperated, visibly shaken as he watches Foot sit up in bed, only slightly favoring his injury.

JASPER

I am so sorry, Mr. Foot! This is
all my fault!

Foot sighs, long and hard.

FOOT

Not your fault, Jasper. You were
only trying to help.

Foot slowly stands and reaches for his shirt.

JASPER

When they found you, they began to
investigate.

(Beat)

After the constables took your
father away, they questioned me
about my involvement.

(Beat)

They found out that I never got
consent to release your father's
information to you.

Foot pauses, looks at Jasper in sadness, then hangs his head.

JASPER (CONT'D)

Mr. Foot, they've taken my
Genealogy License!

(Beat)

Oh, what will we do now?

They sit, looking miserably at each other.

FOOT

Day after day, this damn thing gets
worse. It never ends. Never ends
in my life.

Then Foot turns his back to put his shirt on. Jasper gasps.

JASPER

Foot! That symbol on your back!

FOOT

Yes, I got it when I was a baby.
What is it?

Jasper lunges from his seated position to examine Foot's back more closely. He then falls back into his chair in shock.

Foot turns to look at Jasper but the ex-Genealogist cannot speak. He stares at Foot in awe and disbelief.

FOOT (CONT'D)

What is it, Jasper? What's wrong?

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Foot loads some luggage onto a train. He has a backpack and two rectangular gun cases.

JASPER (V.O.)

It's the red cross swastika!

EXT. SWISS COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

A gray commuter train cuts across a sheet of white, deep snow-covered Swiss countryside. The Alps loom in the background.

JASPER (V.O.)

The legendary symbol of Commander
Nussbaum's Fourth Reich!

FOOT (V.O.)

What's that?

JASPER (V.O.)

The story begins with Commander
Nussbaum, one of the Nazi's top
generals. So trusted was he by
Hitler himself that he was secretly
considered to be Hitler's top
advisor.

FLASHBACK:

INT. EAGLE'S NEST - DAY

Commander Nussbaum is having a serious conversation with ADOLPH HITLER, who is holding a pencil.

JASPER (V.O.)

Legend has it that Nussbaum disagreed with Hitler about how to create the True Master Race. After serving with the Japanese, Nussbaum was of the mind that it was in fact the Asians who possessed the most superior intellect on Earth, not the Aryans!

NUSSBAUM

Mein Fuhrer: after my experiences in the East, I have come to the conclusion that the mind of the Asian is the keenest on Earth. They are excellent at math and they have incredibly fine motor skills.

Hitler's eyes go wide and his muscles tense.

NUSSBAUM (CONT'D)

We must mix German blood with that of the Asians. Only then will we be able to create the true Master Race.

Hitler frowns deeply and his pencil snaps.

EXT. SHIPYARD - DAY

Nussbaum and his men commandeer the Nazi U-boat, the *Lusankya* and paint a red X over the swastika.

JASPER (V.O.)

Exiled for blasphemy, Nussbaum and his men stole a German U-boat and disappeared. Many historians believe they made their way into Asia. For years, they traveled from country to country, collecting young women to be used as breeding stock in the creation of a race of half-German, half-Asian supermen!

BACK TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Foot takes his gear from the train and it departs.

FOOT (V.O.)

Jasper, do you think my mother was one of the girls they took on the boat?

JASPER (V.O.)

Why yes, she must have been! Why else would you bare Nussbaum's symbol on your back!

FOOT (V.O.)

I don't know.

JASPER (V.O.)

That might explain why you grew up in Vietnam as well!

(Beat)

If you were on the ship as it traveled through Asia, then perhaps somehow you got off as it passed Vietnam!

The train clears Foot's vision and he is now staring into the infinite expanse of white Swiss countryside. A small shack stands in the distance. Foot begins walking toward it.

JASPER (V.O.)

Yes, I'm sure that's it.

(Beat)

Not a bad bit of genealogy if I do say so myself, Mr. Foot.

INT. DOG SLED SHACK - DAY

Foot and THE SHACK ATTENDANT, 55, are bundled up in warm clothing. The attendant shows Foot a dog sled team and demonstrates to Foot how to mush with a dog sled whip.

SHACK ATTENDANT

Mush! Mush!

FOOT (V.O.)

What happened to Commander Nussbaum?

INT. DOG SLED SHACK - DAY (LATER)

Foot loads his gear onto the back of the dogsled.

JASPER (V.O.)

No one knows! But some believe that, after departing Asia, Nussbaum and his men retreated deep in the Swiss Alps to Castle Sprungstein where they live to this day!

(Beat)

Time after time, scholars of the war have declared the legend of Commander Nussbaum to be a myth but you're the proof that it's not! Why, this is the find of a lifetime! I'll be quite the talk of the historians' circuit, I imagine.

EXT. SWISS COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Foot yells at a team of dogs as he travels by dogsled through a monstrous snowstorm in the Alps. A large castle looms in the background.

FOOT (V.O.)

Glad I can help you with your history.

JASPER (V.O.)

Yes, yes, you have! Well I...

(Beat)

Excuse me, Mr. Foot, but what are those large boxes?

FOOT (V.O.)

Guns, Jasper.

(Beat)

If my real mother was on that boat, then maybe Commander Nussbaum knows what happened to her. I have to go and find out.

JASPER (V.O.)

Oh no, Mr. Foot! I must protest! You'll be killed!

FOOT (V.O.)

It's okay, Jasper. I'll be alright. You're a good friend, but don't try to stop me.

FOOT

Mush! Mush!

EXT. THE ALPS - DAY

Foot stops the dogs as he reaches a large stone staircase which has been carved into the mountain. He goes to the back of the sled, opening the cases to reveal that he has brought with him some choices from Deacon's weapon's stash. Two AK-47s and a bandolier of grenades.

JASPER (V.O.)

Oh, do be careful, Mr. Foot. These are terrible men! The worst of the worst of the Nazis. The reason know one knows if they exist is because no one wants to know!

FOOT (V.O.)

I want to know.

JASPER (V.O.)

Yes, but, I'm terribly worried that I have delivered you from one den of wolves to another!

FOOT (V.O.)

Nothing to worry about, Jasper.

Foot puts the bandolier around his shoulder as well as the AK-47s, then slides an off-white, slender sharp object into his belt.

FOOT (V.O.)

I'm gonna beat their ass, time after time.

EXT. CASTLE SPRUNGSTEIN - DAY

As Foot reaches the top of the stairs, he sees a large door ahead of him. The red cross swastika is emblazoned on it.

In front of the door, a relic of Nazi experimentation sits. It's KASPAR, 5. A nightmarish German Shepherd has a puppy grafted onto its his neck. The head, shoulders and front legs of a puppy are alive. Half a puppy on a bigger dog.

While the shepherd drinks from a saucer, milk dribbles from the puppy stump. Foot sees this and recoils.

FOOT

You poor creature.

Upon hearing Foot, Kaspar snaps to attention. The sensation caused by having the puppy bouncing on him makes the shepherd try to shake the puppy off.

The puppy gets upset and retaliates, biting the shepherd. The shepherd tries to bite the puppy off, but cannot reach.

Foot watches in horror before Kaspar suddenly attacks him, bearing down at high speed, scratching and biting. Kaspar grabs hold of Foot's right shoe, pulling it off and exposing Foot's fistfoot to the elements.

Foot and Kaspar roll on the ground until finally Foot is able to punch the dog solidly in the face. He stands above Kaspar, who is whimpering on the ground. The puppy head barks at Foot.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. A SHAU VALLEY - DAY

Young Foot watches a lame cow bellow in pain while Zebu stands next to it.

ZEBU

An animal that lives in misery...

(Beat)

...is happier in death!

Zebu unleashes a devastating blow, breaking the cow's neck.

BACK TO:

EXT. CASTLE SPRUNGSTEIN - DAY

Foot is holding the white object from his belt against Kaspar's throat. It is a knife, made from Deacon's jawbone. The gold tooth glistens on it. A quick slice of the jaw-knife opens up the shepherd's throat.

As it falls to the floor, the PUPPY WHIMPERS.

Foot falls to his knees and cradles Kaspar as he dies.

He then CRIES OUT IN ANGUISH and stands to face the door.

INT. CASTLE SPRUNGSTEIN - FOYER - DAY

Foot enters to find a group of old German men playing cards. They wear old Nazi uniforms with the red cross swastika.

These men are familiar, some of the first men Foot ever saw. They are Finn and Rolph. They play cards with THEIR SONS, young half-Asian, half German guys.

They are flabbergasted that they have a visitor. Their hesitation costs them their lives.

Foot takes them down, blasting all of them unceremoniously.

INT. CASTLE SPRUNGSTEIN - GREAT HALL - DAY

Dr. Wagner chants to a group of thirty HALF-GERMAN, HALF-ASIAN NAZIS and ten more OLD GERMAN NAZIS.

DR. WAGNER
You are our children! The True
Master Race!

Dr. Wagner motions toward the grand door beyond him.

DR. WAGNER (CONT'D)
Beyond that door, Commander
Nussbaum sits, composing the final
movement in our grand symphony!
(Beat)
Soon the time will come for the
Great Reclaiming! Then the world
will see that it is our destiny to
reign!

He gestures to the great hall and the castle.

DR. WAGNER (CONT'D)
Hail Commander Nussbaum!

The crowd echoes Dr. Wagner.

CROWD
Hail Commander Nussbaum!

Suddenly, a GRENADE EXPLODES, alerting all forty of them to Foot's presence. They turn toward the sound.

Foot bursts in.

Foot grenades a bunch, then shoots a bunch more. He snipes them expertly, using his Vietnam skills.

The Fourth Reich is down to ten, all out grouped together.

They have Foot pinned down behind a cover spot.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Young Foot lays in the stream. Zebu stands above him.

ZEBU

You should have left your things.

The lemon floats downstream.

BACK TO:

INT. CASTLE SPRUNGSTEIN - GREAT HALL - DAY

Foot drops everything but the knife in his belt.

He leaves his cover spot and charges at them barehanded.

One of them lobs a grenade. Foot dives for the grenade, catches it before somersaulting and throwing the grenade back. Six of them explode.

The next two get taken with the jaw-knife and fistfoot.

Only two remain to block Foot from the grand door. They are the towering brute Lukas and his son, ADELHEID, 29.

ADELHEID

Was is das!? Eine fistfoot!?

Foot's fight with Adelheid is the most challenging of the group. Strongly resembling Foot but more muscular, Adelheid is a real powerhouse. Their fight ends with Foot bleeding from a lot of random places before finally he Hammer n' Anvils Adelheid's teeth out.

LUKAS

Adelheid!

Lukas charges Foot. The guy is old but still a tank. Lukas gets a few really solid shots in before Foot knifes him.

Beyond Lukas' corpse, Dr. Wagner cowers in front of the grand door. He looks in disbelief at the fistfoot.

DR. WAGNER

It's you. It's you!

Foot kickpunches the shit out of Dr. Wagner, then goes through the grand door to the king's chamber.

INT. CASTLE SPRUNGSTEIN - KING'S CHAMBER - DAY

Foot approaches Commander Nussbaum, who sits behind a large oak desk. Nussbaum is an old man now. He wears years of disappointment and disillusionment on his face. He holds a gun pointed lazily at Foot and speaks in a creepily distant voice. He doesn't speak to Foot, but to himself or no one.

NUSSBAUM

The world is a hopeless, rotting place with a core of misery and loneliness. We are unfortunate children, born into a world of darkness. Foolish things.

(Beat)

Dr. Wagner is a madman. He prepares to conquer the world with an army of forty. To wage war on an enemy that no longer exists!

(Beat)

The world has changed!

(Beat)

Nein. It was never as we believed.

(Beat)

It is controlled by heinous forces that have only grown in power since our time. Soon, their control will be absolute, and our time will come to an end.

(Beat)

It's hopeless! It's utterly hopeless! We are all doomed!

(Beat)

I would be just as well turn this gun on myself.

Nussbaum points the gun at his temple, alarming Foot.

NUSSBAUM (CONT'D)

But I cannot.

He points the gun back at Foot.

FOOT

Are you Commander Nussbaum?

NUSSBAUM

Why do we, such creatures of suffering, cling to life so desperately? That is the great mystery.

FOOT

Are you Commander Nussbaum!?

Nussbaum rambles again.

NUSSBAUM

We had a grand vision for a
glorious future but we were
betrayed. Betrayed by our Fuhrer.

(Beat)

For years we lived as exiles!
Outcasts! Building our army to
achieve the Great Reclaiming.

Nussbaum's crazy wandering eyes finally come to rest on Foot.

NUSSBAUM (CONT'D)

A reclaiming that could never come.
I was a fool! We all were. And
now, an angel of death has
descended upon us.

(Beat)

Yes, I am Deiter Nussbaum.

FOOT

You took my mother from her
homeland. What did you do with
her? Who was she?

Nussbaum pauses, trying to comprehend before answering. Then
he bursts out laughing.

NUSSBAUM

You'll have to be more specific!
We took hundreds of girls from
hundreds of towns. We took them
and had our way with them. Again
and again. They gave us children
and we threw them away.

(Beat)

And you have come to revenge one of
those nameless, pitiful girls?
Fool!

Nussbaum continues laughing.

NUSSBAUM (CONT'D)

And you wish to learn her identity?

(Beat)

Impossible!

Nussbaum's laughter escalates, turns venomous.

NUSSBAUM (CONT'D)

You idiot! You have come all this
way, fought through hell, just to
ask me to remember one girl!

(MORE)

NUSSBAUM (CONT'D)

How naive! We raped hundreds!

(Beat)

It would be impossible to recall a single girl from that mass of flesh.

(Beat)

You're a fool! A tortured plaything of merciless gods.

Nussbaum cracks, his tears turning into hysterical laughter that continues to escalate. Foot is taken off guard.

FOOT

Be quiet!

Nussbaum waves the gun nonchalantly at the door beyond.

NUSSBAUM

And now, don't you realize what you've done!? You come seeking family, but you have just killed forty brothers! Those corpses out there had more in common with you than anyone in the world! And you committed genocide upon them! You killed them all! Fool! Fool! You are all alone!

More laughter. He is laughing so hard he doesn't see Foot approach. At the last minute, he holds the gun up but Foot knocks it away, leaving Nussbaum defenseless and abruptly silent.

Nussbaum watches the gun rattle across the floor, then looks to Foot, still in silence. Suddenly he begins laughing so maniacally that Foot is startled. Nussbaum's laughter escalates and Foot, visibly shaken, steps to him.

FOOT

You crazy old man!

Nussbaum continues laughing as Foot grabs him and shakes him.

FOOT (CONT'D)

Stop it! Stop!

NUSSBAUM

Fools! We're all damned, doomed fools! And you're the biggest fool of them all! Hopelessly chasing the men who raped and murdered your lost mother for the sake of cold revenge!

FOOT

Shut up!

NUSSBAUM

You're an idiot! Cruel fate's
hopeless idiot!

Nussbaum begins to laugh harder, Foot has a Drastic Freakout
Nussbaum's words get to him.

Foot grabs Nussbaum and repeatedly kickpunches him,
bludgeoning him with the fistfoot. Nussbaum continues
laughing and Foot punches him again and again.

FOOT

Ahhhhh!!

Blood appears heavy on Nussbaum's nose and lips as he is
thrashed, but his laughter only continues to escalate.

After thoroughly beating Nussbaum into a brief silence, Foot
throws him back down into his chair, which turns over.

Nussbaum is sprawled on the floor, bloody-faced. He GROANS
in pain but still CHUCKLES. Foot stands over him, breathing
heavily with wide, crazy eyes. Nussbaum spits blood.

Another bout of laughter starts to overtake Nussbaum when
suddenly his eyes drift to the fistfoot. A strange look
comes over him and he goes uncharacteristically silent.

A strange expression strikes him. A long moment of silence.

Then, of course, he bursts into laughter again. This time
his laughter seems more genuine, less cruel.

NUSSBAUM

I can't believe it! It's you!
It's you! I was wrong! I was
wrong! There's still a chance! I
was wrong!

At this last, Nussbaum finally erupts into the insane
laughter that exists in the bottom of his soul.

Foot picks him up off the floor and holds the bloody-faced
man up by the collar.

FOOT

What are you saying!?

Of course Nussbaum continues laughing and Foot has to
kickpunch him a few times before Nussbaum will stop. Foot
holds him face to face.

NUSSBAUM
 (softly)
 Fritz Pedersen.

FOOT
 What?

Nussbaum yells at the top of his lungs, laughing all the way.

NUSSBAUM
 Fritz Pedersen! Fritz Pedersen!

FOOT
 Who's Fritz Pedersen!?

NUSSBAUM
 Fritz Pedersen! Fritz Pedersen!
 Oh God, Fritz Pedersen!

FOOT
 You crazy old man!

Foot smacks Nussbaum to the ground, then picks him up.

NUSSBAUM
 Fritz took your mother after you
 were born! I'll never forget how
 he abandoned us with that stupid
 girl, Shinobu.

FOOT
 Shinobu?

NUSSBAUM
 Shinobu Sawa. He waited for us to
 cut you out so he could take her
 and do God knows what. Fritz,
 always the oddball. Who knows what
 sick desires were in his twisted
 heart?

(Beat)
 I'm sure he gave your mother what
 she deserved.

FOOT
 Where is he?

NUSSBAUM
 I gave the order to throw you
 overboard because I believed you
 would never be strong enough to be
 one of us.

(Beat)
 Guess I was wrong!

More insane laughter.

FOOT

Where is Fritz Pedersen!

No answer, just laughter. Foot kickpunches the shit out of Nussbaum again. And again. The laughter subsides abruptly after a moment of pummeling when the pain actually snaps Nussbaum back into reality and he quickly answers Foot directly.

NUSSBAUM

Chateau Demoux! Chateau Demoux!!
Get your revenge! Chateau Demoux!

FOOT

Chateau Demoux!?

NUSSBAUM

Chateau Demoux!

Foot throws the old man on the ground. As he storms out, Nussbaum laughs through a broken nose. The LAUGHTER ECHOES throughout the main chamber.

NUSSBAUM (CONT'D)

Chateau Demoux! Chateau Demoux! I
can't believe it! Chateau Demoux!

EXT. SWISS COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Foot is back on his team of dogs, bundled warmly as they approach a large chateau in the distance.

FOOT

Mush! Mush!

He arrives at the chateau stealthily, quietly leaving behind his dog sled.

Foot heads directly to the door, reads the family crest upon it which says "Pedersen."

INT. CHATEAU DEMOUX - MAIN HALL - NIGHT

Foot gains entry to the black hall and silently ascends the stairs to a door that has dim light pouring from beneath it.

INT. CHATEAU DEMOUX - FRITZ'S STUDY - NIGHT

Fritz Pedersen sits by the fireplace, his aged features illuminated by while he reads a book.

In the shadows behind him, Foot crouches like a tiger.

Suddenly the jaw-knife is against Pedersen's neck.

FOOT

Fritz Pedersen, you will pay for
your crimes.

Pedersen is overwhelmed with fear as Foot holds him still.

FRITZ

What? Who are you?

FOOT

My name is Foot Phong Sullivan. My
mother was Shinobu Sawa from
Yoshijima. You raped and murdered
her after World War 2. Now, I will
get my revenge.

FRITZ

What? Shinobu? Never! I could
never hurt Shinobu! I took her
away from those madmen as soon as I
could! I, I love her. She's my
wife!

(Beat)

She's my sunflower!

Suddenly, a TRAY OF COOKIES HITS THE FLOOR and a WOMAN GASPS from the side of the room.

WOMAN (O.S.)

What are you doing!? Please, stop!

Foot turns to look at the woman. She is elderly and Japanese. She looks like Foot. It is Shinobu Sawa Pedersen. Stunned, Foot drops the knife and releases Fritz, who runs from the couch to Shinobu. They embrace.

SHINOBU

Fritz!

FRITZ

It's okay, my love. It's alright.

Fritz flips the light switch on and Foot is illuminated.

FRITZ (CONT'D)

Who are you!?

Foot is too stunned to speak. He does not need to. Shinobu looks into Foot's eyes and sees her own.

She understands who he is and runs to him. They embrace.