

THE SMELL OF FRANGIPANI

WRITTEN BY

M A N D P A S K U S K I

FADE IN:

EXT. HITOKAPPU BAY - JAPAN - DAY

NOVEMBER 26th, 1941.

An ENORMOUS NAVAL ARMADA is assembling by the tens of thousands. SIX CARRIER SHIPS WADE in the water. One of those ships: THE AKAGI, its name painted on the hull.

BOMBER JETS are loaded onto the carrier by precise handlers.

HIRO NAKAGAMA (20), A highly trained, lethally skilled crack pilot of the 1st Air Fleet KIDŌ BUTAI (Mobile Strike Force) boards. He's soft spoken, pensive and looks up in awe at the sheer grandeur before him.

In his hand is a CANDY BAR, wrapped in SHINY JAPANESE LETTERED FOIL.

He, along with the others, speak in Japanese. Their conversations are subtitled.

COMMANDING OFFICER (O.S.)
Grab a blanket! Take a ration pack!
Keep your belongings with you! Do
not drop garbage in the ocean! Grab
a blanket! Take a ration pack!---

VICE ADMIRAL CHŪICHI NAGUMO (40's), oversees operations with hands clasped behind his back. He makes eye contact with Hiro. Hiro diverts his gaze, bows low in respect.

INT. HITOKAPPU BAY - JAPAN - THE AKAGI - MAIN HOLD - DAY

Hiro enters to see a friendly face, MAKOTO "MAK", also KIDŌ BUTAI, in full uniform and helmet. He's a head taller than Hiro with a razor-sharp jaw. They bow and hug. All smiles.

HIRO
Mak.

MAK
Hiro. Did they tell you where we're
going?

Hiro shakes his head.

MAK (CONT'D)
Me neither. This is big.

COMMANDING OFFICER (O.S.)
Hiro Nakagama?

A COMMANDING OFFICER hands Hiro a LETTER.

EXT. CALIFORNIA NAVAL BASE - BATTLESHIP - QUARTERDECK - DAY

PRIVATES JOSEPH LOCKHART and GEORGE ELLIOT (20's), of the Aircraft Warning Service, play CATCH BASEBALL on deck.

An OFFICER approaches, carrying TWO TELEGRAMS.

OFFICER
Lockhart. Elliot.

They turn to attention and salute.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
It's your lucky day, boys! You've been re-posted.

The Officer hands them the telegrams and leaves.

They grin like sonzabitches.

	LOCKHART	ELLIOT
Yes!		Aloha.

EXT. COAST OF PEARL HARBOR - SOUTH PACIFIC - DAY

Sweeping orchestral strings swing us into this extraordinary land. A sea of sprawling green hillsides, blooming with flowers of every colour, size and shape as far as the eye can see. The early sun winks overhead, blinking good morning.

Women carry woven baskets, walk the dirt paths along the windy hills and sinking valleys. Some wash in the waters, clutching babies on their hips and twisting sea salt out of their hair.

Men hack at crops, others operate farming equipment, tending to their lands. All smiles as they pass along their business.

TITLE CARD:

The S M E L L of F R A N G I P A N I

INT. OAHU - HOT EMPTY APARTMENT - DAWN

A SHEER CURTAIN DANCES in the windowsill. The beauty of this gentle sight? Mesmerizing. SUN LEAKS IN between flutters. STREET SOUNDS of vendors below, the people, the tourists, cars and carts, all talking at the same time to us.

AN OPEN BOOK rests on the unmade bed. THE COVER FLIPS CLOSED: POEMS BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Kesh! Kesh! Wheels up at eight!

FIRST LIEUTENANT COMMANDER KESH HAMAN-KHAN (30's), INDIAN (Punjabi) BRITISH. Tall, dashing, devastatingly handsome and an incurable hopeless romantic (though he'd never admit to it), rushes for the window. He's sporting a white officer's uniform, immaculately clean and crisp.

EXT. OAHU - HOT STREET - CONTINUOUS

Kesh sticks his head out the window.

A portly little MAN (30's), looks up at him. He wears flip-flops, an open button-up shirt and cut-off shorts.

KESH

Wouldn't be the worse thing if it went without me!

INT. OAHU - HOT EMPTY APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Kesh grabs his PASSPORT, SUITCASE, SUNGLASSES, CHART SCROLLS and makes for the door. He exits.

A BEAT. The door flies open, he grabs the thing he forgot.

KESH

(in Punjabi)
Oop, blimey, Tagore. Bad form.

He swipes his book of poetry and re-exits.

EXT. OAHU - TROPICAL ISLAND - STREETS - DAY

Kesh clutches the man at the waist on a MOPED BIKE as they weave through busy chaotic traffic.

EXT. HONOLULU AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY

Kesh hops off the bike. A small SEA PLANE wades by a dock. A look is shared between the two.

MAN

They'll be waiting for you when you land. It's been my honor serving you, Lieutenant.

They shake hands and salute.

KESH

The honor has been entirely mine, my friend. Be well.

EXT. IN THE CLOUDS - DAY

Kesh looks out a plane window at PEARL HARBOR PORT below. It's bustling. Visible is FORD ISLAND with its Naval Air Station, Naval Hospital, Battleship Row with seven USS Battleships docked and one in Dry Dock undergoing repairs, Pearl City to the western side and East Loch.

The water in his glass QUAKES.

He's doing his best not to reveal he's terrified of flying or even suffering mildly from PTSD. With every little bump of turbulence, he swallows.

He flips open a DOSSIER labelled CLASSIFIED. Intelligence decrypted in Washington D.C. of Japanese American Embassy transmissions regarding failed peace talks.

EXT. PEARL HARBOR - VILLAGE - KEONA HOUSE - DAY

A modest little house by a river has FLOWERS all around it.

EXT. KEONA HOUSE - PORCH - DAY

HANI KEONA (Late 20's), tucks a FRANGIPANI FLOWER behind her ear. She is stunning, smart, sensitive and stubborn. She wears a resplendent WEDDING DRESS.

PARANI KEONA (7-10), Hani's little sister, attaches an ankle jewel out of string and beads around Hani's ankle.

PARANI

Are you scared?

HANI
No.

PARANI
Liar.

HANI
Nosey!

PARANI
What if he's ugly or has warts all over his face and scales all over his body like a fish, or teeth--

HANI
Parani... not helping...

PARANI
You really don't know what he looks like? Not even a picture?

HANI
Nope.

PARANI
You don't have to do it. Hani, you shouldn't do it.

HANI
Stop it. You know better than that.

PARANI
I'm never getting married. I've decided.

HANI
Don't let Dad hear you say that.

Hani looks in a long mirror, slightly sad. SOUNDS of LARGE TRUCKS in the distance.

HANI (CONT'D)
Par, go inside.

PARANI
But I--

HANI (CONT'D)
Go! Now!

Hani dashes to grab BINOCULARS from where they hang ready on the side of the house. She looks through and points them.

BINOCULAR VIEW: TANKS ROLL in by the dozens. In the sky, Kesh's PLANE flies overhead towards Pearl Harbor Air Field.

EXT. PEARL HARBOR - FORD ISLAND - SEA PLANE BASE - DAY

Kesh de-boards the plane to a dozen waiting OFFICIALS.

He's greeted first by REAR ADMIRAL EDWIN T. LAYTON (38),
Naval Intelligence Chief of the American Pacific Fleet.
Stoic, stocky but not for muscle's sake, and starched to high
heaven. They salute one another.

LAYTON
Lieutenant Haman-Khan.

KESH
At your service, sir.

LAYTON
Lieutenant, this is Captain Charles
Strikard. Battleship Division.

CAPTAIN CHARLES "CHARLIE" STRIKARD (35-40s'), has all his
teeth and they're pretty when he smiles. He even has those
age lines that make him look sexy and rugged. He's charming,
charismatic and could pass for Captain America, except for
that fact that he's British through and through.

CHARLIE
You've looked better.

KESH
You've looked worse.

Cracked smirks. They need no introduction, they HUG LONGINGLY
- brothers in life and arms.

KESH (CONT'D)
You look positively scorched,
Charlie.

Charlie is considerably TANNED and PEELING.

CHARLIE
Scorched! I'm a bloody snake.
Losing skin by the minute here.

LAYTON
You two know each other.

Not a question.

CHARLIE
Know each other? Why, we're
brothers, Kesh and I.