

DOCTOR

It's all right, all right, you're safe.

SERGEANT enters frame

SERGEANT

(to DOCTOR in English)

Hey, is he okay?

(to BOY)

Are you okay?

BOY recoils from SERGEANT's uniform, DOCTOR notices and gets between them

DOCTOR

(to SERGEANT in English)

Murdoch, I think your uniform is upsetting him.

SERGEANT

(looks down at his khakis)

Oh, oh right, okay, I'll go. Tell me if he needs anything.

SERGEANT exits

DOCTOR

(to BOY in Japanese)

He's, ah, he's okay, he brought you here.

(waits a beat for answer)

Um, you were, uh, hurt and the other men are in, um, under restraint.

(waits a beat for answer)

I treated your wounds and

(waits a beat for answer)

Excuse me, you do speak Japanese, dontcha?

BOY nods

BOY

But not the way you do.

DOCTOR

(laughs softly)

I, uh, was raised in Los Angeles, I didn't know my Japanese was odd until I came here. With the Army.

BOY looks at him with fear.

FADE TO BLACK

The American actors, Hashimoto and McAfee, confronted Tanaka at the end of the day. "You were pretty rough on the kid," Hashimoto said, speaking for himself and translating for McAfee. "He was in tears and freaked out for most of the shoot."

"He can take it," Tanaka said neutrally and listened to Hashimoto relay that to McAfee, who looked slightly more pissed off.

"He's just a kid and you were a mutherfucker to him all fucking day," the big American snarled in English.

Tanaka held up a hand to forestall whatever Hasimoto was going to translate. "I got it, Bob, I got it," he said and sighed. "Whatever his mental state, Yoshi gave his best performances today. That's all I care about."

The actors stared at him with a mixture of disgust and incomprehension. "It...it didn't feel like he was acting, Yuu," Hashimoto said.

"I wonder, Bob, because you and Ed had good takes off Yoshi's 'not' acting," Tanaka said coolly. "Or whatever he was doing in front of the cameras today."

"He was killing himself," McAfee murmured, after the translation.

"That might be a bit of an exaggeration, Ed," Tanaka said and walked away while Hashimoto translated. Underneath his cool, Tanaka was elated. His actors were bonding in their roles even off camera. There might be something good about this Method Acting after all.

Over the next few days with a safe place to sleep in an obscure corner of the Doctor's office area and being able to eat to

satiation, the Boy's aches lessened, bruises faded, and tears in delicate tissues healed. Rest and regular meals were doing the Boy good, too, he began to bloom under the Doctor's kindness.

Although the Boy was still nervous around the Sergeant, he was becoming more relaxed and accustomed to the big man's visits as long as the Doctor was somewhere in earshot. That the Sergeant usually had a small gift of chocolate or cigarettes seemed to help things along. The Boy was always polite, sitting up in his clean white bed wearing an oversized hospital gown and using his few words of English: please, thank you, hello, goodbye. This pleased the Sergeant a great deal and although his conversation was mostly one-sided and in English, the Sergeant was happier in those visits with the Boy than the Doctor had ever seen him.

Occasionally the Doctor translated a phrase here and there when it seemed important to the Sergeant. The Boy was well enough to not only correct the Doctor's clumsy Japanese, but also to laugh at it a little when they were alone. When the Boy got a little stronger, he began to help around the infirmary area. The Doctor moved his cot out of the medical area and into a corner near the Doctor's cot. They had long talks, the Boy about losing his family in the bombings, the Doctor about trying to practice medicine in the internment camp, enlisting in the Army and being sent with the Occupation forces to Japan. These conversations improved the Doctor's Japanese and taught the Boy a little more English. Eventually, the Boy regained his health and his strength.

The Sergeant waited at least that long before he asked the Boy to accompany him one evening.

BOY and DOCTOR, BOY cutting bandages, DOCTOR  
mixing drugs

BOY  
What does he want?

DOCTOR  
You know what he wants. And  
you'll need someone to protect  
you while I'm away.

BOY

(sighs, looks away)

How long will you be gone?

DOCTOR

Just a few days. Just to give one of the doctors at Nagasaki a little leave time.

WIPE

SERGEANT leading BOY wearing a nice overcoat into a run-down building.

CUT to interior, SERGEANT picks up a key and guides BOY up a flight of rickety stairs.

It was an old room, in dire need of new tatami and a coat of paint, but it was a scrupulously clean room. The Boy had avoided rooms like this before, most of his encounters with GIs took place in alleyways or bombed out buildings. The Sergeant took the Boy's coat, the one he'd given him that very day...

The more Shimada read of "The Occupation Boy," the more concerned and angry he became. This was the last straw and he was only half way through the piece of pornographic trash. He hadn't heard from Yoshi though he'd left several messages for him on his cell. But Yoshi was good at letting his cell phone die and forgetting to recharge it. And who knew where they were shooting; the town was just a name to Shimada. If they were in Ho Chi Minh City or Hanoi he could have called someone to do something, but they weren't so he couldn't. He tossed the imported English book into a corner and called in a huge favor at the Vietnamese embassy. They said they'd think about expediting a visa. Then Shimada called Colonel Giang Tran and asked for his help in rescuing his, um, friend who was in Vietnam shooting a Japanese movie.

Colonel Tran seemed to know all about it. "Oh yes," he said in English, the only language he and Shimada had in common. "I heard something about some weird American movie project north of here. I didn't know you were involved."

"I'm not, but I need to be sure my, uh, friend is okay," Shimada said, trying to get the urgency across, but not give too much away.

“Is your ‘friend’ the beautiful Yoshi Katayama we see in magazines full of things we cannot afford?” Tran asked with a low laugh. “I think you share the same address, is that not correct?”

“You’re extremely well informed, Colonel,” Shimada said, casting around in his mental Rolodex for whom else he could call in Ho Chi Minh City with as much power, and coming up with nothing. “Why is that?”

“You came to my country looking for trouble, Mr. Journalist, and I didn’t like you, so I had to study you,” Tran said. “But what you dug up and wrote in your newspaper helped me. So now I’ll help you.”

“Thanks,” Shimada said.

“And then we’re even. You can pick up your visa on your way to the airport tomorrow. You’ll be met at the airport.”

The Sergeant took the Boy’s coat and not finding anywhere to hang it up, folded it and put it on a low table by the window. He did the same with his own coat. There was nothing to say, at least nothing the Boy could understand. The Sergeant stood close to the Boy, examining him like he’d never seen him before.

“I never thought I’d want this,” he said, putting his arms around the Boy and stroking his shiny black hair. “You’re so beautiful.”

The Boy endured it, feigning shyness to hide his disgust. He let the Sergeant undress him and slip into the bed next to him. He let the Sergeant gently run his hands all over his body, and the Boy was more surprised, but less pleased, when the Sergeant discovered the Boy’s cock was already hard. It only seemed normal for the Boy to spread his legs so the Sergeant could lay between them.

“Jesus, Ed, I hope we’re back in America before Yoshi’s boyfriend sees that,” Hashimoto said when they looked at video rushes on Tanaka’s laptop.

“Nothing happened, Bob,” McAfee said, sounding guilty even so.

“It looked real,” Hashimoto said, making eye contact.

“He was...he was really into it,” McAfee said softly. “It seemed real, but it wasn’t. It can’t be, it’s just a movie. I’m not in love with him.”

“Neither am I,” Hashimoto said. “It just looks like we are on film.”

McAfee nodded and walked away. He’d be there the next day to watch Hashimoto’s love scene with Yoshi, just as Hashimoto had made a point of being on the set for McAfee’s scene. Knowing the other was