

SHŌGUN

Based on the novel by James Clavell

Episode 101
"Rebirth"

by
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11th Studio Draft 04/01/2021

Property of FX

CAST LIST

YOSHII TORANAGA
JOHN BLACKTHORNE
TODA MARIKO
KASHIGI YABUMOTO
KASHIGI OMI
ISHIDO KAZUNARI
KIYAMA UKON SADANAGA
SUGIYAMA
OHNO
TODA HIROSHIGE "BUNTARO"
TODA HIROMATSU
YOSHII NAGAKADO
USAMI FUJI
USAMI TADAYOSHI
NAKAMURA YAECHIYO
DAIYOIN (or LADY YO)
RODRIGUES
MURAJI
MOHEI
KASHIGI OKU
KIKU
YOUNG MAN
PRIEST
PEASANT
MASUJIRO
CAPTAIN
HEAVY SAMURAI
MESSENGER SAMURAI
YOUNG SAMURAI
OLD WOMAN (OBA)
CHILD
PIETERZOOM
VINCK
TATTOOED SAILOR

SET LIST

interiors:

OSAKA CASTLE
CEREMONIAL MEETING HALL
WEST PALACE
TORANAGA'S QUARTERS
USAMI RESIDENCE
MEETING ROOM

ERASMUS
GUN DECK
HOLD

ANJIRO COAST
STORAGE CELLAR

ANJIRO VILLAGE
OMI'S HOUSE
MURAJI'S HOUSE
SCREENED ROOM

GALLEY
DAIMYO'S QUARTERS

exteriors:

OSAKA CASTLE
WEST PALACE
COMPOUND WALL
PIGEON HOUSING
FORECOURT
GARDEN

OSAKA
FOREST
COASTLINE
BAY
RIVERBANK

ANJIRO COAST
RIDGE ABOVE
BEACH
STORAGE CELLAR

ANJIRO VILLAGE
TERRACE
OMI'S HOUSE
GARDEN
MURAJI'S HOUSE
GARDEN

OPEN SEA
GALLEY
TOP DECK

ISE COAST
PROTECTED BAY
SHORELINE
CLIFF SUMMIT
CLIFF FACE
BOTTOM OF GULCH

FOG. Infinitely dense. Like coming out of a dream. The sound of WATER LAPPING brings us to --

1 EXT. ANJIRO COAST, RIDGE ABOVE - DAY 1

A rocky cove. It's dawn. A FIGURE lumbers out of the ether. His clothes are simple. So is the hymn he's quietly humming.

CLOSER: this is MURAJI (60s). A peasant villager come to pray in secret. He kneels. Cautiously draws a CRUCIFIX from his neck. Whispers the Lord's Prayer in Latin as we --

INSERT TITLE: **ANJIRO, JAPAN, 1600**

And linger on the intimacy of this moment. His chapped lips. Gnarled fisherman's fingers wrapped around the small, rough-hewn wooden cross. Eyes suddenly lifting...

...because something tells him he's not alone.

AHEAD OF HIM: the wall of fog. Concealing leagues of ocean.

AND A PRESENCE. The creaking of wood. Metal fasteners. Like the water is cradling some kind of shape...

A MASSIVE HULL materializes like a leviathan from the mist. THE ERASMUS. Two hundred and sixty tons of fighting ship. Three masts. TWENTY CANNONS lining the gunwales. It looms over Muraji, dwarfing him in size --

AS HE FALLS BACK AND RUNS:

2 EXT. ANJIRO COAST, RIDGE ABOVE - DAY 2

We cut to A PACK OF SAMURAI, strafing along the rocks. Thirty strong. Agile, young and armored. In the center is their leader, astride a powerful horse: KASHIGI OMI (20s). Smart, political, his eyes tracking...

The Erasmus as it drifts past. He holds up a hand, because --

Something is wrong with this ship. Its bowsprit and rigging have torn loose. No crew is visible. The frigate appears to be drifting aimlessly, until it finally --

SCRAPES against a mud shoal and comes to a stop. The samurai exchange confused looks. Omi's gaze hardens...

3 INT. ERASMUS, GUN DECK - DAY 3

BLACKNESS. Creaking of timbers.

Rays of daylight shine through floorboards. Feet pass above. A YOUNG SAMURAI descends below deck, ready for anything...

In the light of a SWINGING OIL LANTERN: he sees swarms of cockroaches. A rat scurrying in shadows. HUMAN SHAPES littering the floor. EUROPEAN SAILORS, blonde and haggard. Some corpses, some close. Ravaged by fever, pestilence.

The other samurai descend behind him, covering their mouths to mask the stench. Omi is last to enter...

...kneeling before a DELIRIOUS MAN: his teeth displaying the telltale signs of SCURVY. A MAGGOT crawls out from his lips. The man compulsively smears the maggot into his gums. Omi rears back, disgusted. Moving on. Not noticing --

A SHAPE hiding beneath the nearby staircase. A SAILOR. Long hair masking a YOUNG FACE WITH INTELLIGENT EYES. From his cover he's studying these intruders with great curiosity.

The samurai creep through, checking for signs of life. And when their backs are turned, the watchful Sailor has a chance to emerge from his hiding place...

CRAWLING FOR A DOOR twenty paces away. THE PILOT'S QUARTERS.

HIS HAND DISRUPTS A BOWL ON THE FLOOR. The samurai turn -- Omi's eyes sharpen -- THE SAILOR SCRAMBLES TO HIS FEET --

And the samurai intervene in a bum rush. The Sailor fights back with unexpected strength. Hands reaching the latch, but they pry his fingers off. He spits and snarls until --

OMI'S ARM WRAPS AROUND HIS NECK, asphyxiating him until he drops to the floor, unconscious. The Young Samurai, MASUJIRO (19) kneels over him. Studying his long hair, incredulous...

MASUJIRO

(all italics spoken in Japanese)
What are they...?

Omi doesn't respond. We PULL BACK, revealing the TWENTY CANNONS surrounding them. Guns of war...

AS WE CUT TO:

TITLE SEQUENCE: SHŌGUN

EXT. OSAKA FOREST - DAY

A PEREGRINE FALCON soars above junipers. We're watching from the ground. POV belonging to...

A POWERFUL FIGURE on horseback. Seen only from behind. He rides down a forest path. Patient. Eyes never leaving the bird. Tracking it like a child would a kite.

He's not alone. He's being trailed by --

FIFTY MEN. A cadre of bodyguards. All of them SAMURAI, clad in brown. In fact we'll call them BROWNS. Some have their eyes on the falcon. Others on their master.

THE FALCON DOES A SPIRAL TWIST AND ENGAGES --

Seizing a PHEASANT with its talons. Dumbing it on impact, then dropping it to the forest floor. A samurai -- NAGAKADO (20s) picks up the bird, still twitching. He spins its body to break its neck. Looking to his master for approval.

The falcon alights on its master's arm, talons digging into a leather coil. And now we see the intense gaze of --

YOSHII TORANAGA (58). A living legend. A powerful *daimyo*, fully absorbed by this splendid creature before him.

EXT. OSAKA CASTLE, WEST PALACE COMPOUND WALL - DAY

Tracking Toranaga from behind as he moves through a maze of ROCK WALLS. The army of Browns keeping pace around him. Above, SAMURAI ARCHERS stand with their bows trained. These men are clad in GRAY, and do not appear to be friendly.

They come to a line of GRAY GUARDS flanking a tall WOODEN GATE. Hostile stares between them. The Grays step aside.

CRANE UP over the stone to reveal the West Palace, a lavish guest house. Beyond it we can see other structures in the distance. A vast complex of keeps, none taller than...

The *tenshukaku*. The most elegant tower of them all, visible from far away. Eight stories. Walls flecked with gilded tiles. The center of the Realm's power.

INSERT TITLE: **OSAKA CASTLE**

INT. OSAKA CASTLE, WEST PALACE, TORANAGA'S QUARTERS - DAY

Creaking floorboards. Browns pace, keeping watch in the corridors. Behind the *fusuma*, or sliding door, we hear...

TORANAGA. A young *KOSHŌ* helping him out of his hunting gear in favor of a CEREMONIAL KIMONO with a gilded family crest.

LATER:

Toranaga strides calmly in the center room. Staring out, listening to a bird. On the other side of the *fusuma*, throats are clearing. Whispers. Samurai are getting antsy. There's somewhere they need to be...

But Toranaga doesn't care. He's biding his time.

An ANNOUNCEMENT outside. The door slides opens to reveal TODA HIROMATSU (60s). In his younger days they called him "Iron Fist." He bows before stepping in, then bows again.

TORANAGA

Well?

HIROMATSU

I hate Osaka, and I have to piss.

Toranaga grins, an affectionate nod to his old friend...

TORANAGA

Then let's be done with it.

...as he walks to where a MAGNIFICENT SWORD is being held by a KOSHŌ. That same MINOWARA FAMILY CREST on its hilt. He clips it to his belt with an urgency that drives us into --

INT. OSAKA CASTLE, CEREMONIAL MEETING HALL - DAY

FEET striding along elegant pine wood. Toranaga is escorted into the gallery by Hiromatsu and the Browns. With them is --

Nagakado, Toranaga's son. Eager to please and loyal to his father. After him, Toda Hiroshige, known as BUNTARO (30s), Hiromatsu's son. Husky, head shaven. Glaring as he passes the GRAYS waiting in the gallery. Palpable tension.

Finally, Toranaga enters the hall alone. His Brown escorts kneel in the gallery aside Grays. All eyes now focusing on --

THE MAIN HALL: where kneeling in a line are dignitaries from four clans. DAIMYOS. Japanese lords...

KIYAMA (50s), conspicuously displaying a cross. SUGIYAMA (70s), a philosopher lord with long whiskers. And, unseen inside a screened litter... OHNO (50s), a leper. These men are all Regents. Technically, their power is equal. But they seem most subservient to --

LORD GENERAL ISHIDO (50s). Protector of this castle. A military veteran who views bureaucracy as a vital order. He sits, straight-backed and stern, close to an empty *kamiza*, or seat of honor. On a step near it, a grand display of ARMOR.

Toranaga takes it all in carefully. Then turns to a FIFTH CUSHION, set opposite the group. This one is for him.

ISHIDO

The Council of Regents appreciates your coming all this way to Osaka.

Toranaga bows, then sits on the cushion.

TORANAGA

The seating arrangement is new.

KIYAMA

We thought it appropriate, under the circumstances.

A look from Toranaga. Ishido clears his throat...

ISHIDO

Lord Yoshii Toranaga. In the year since the Taikō's death, we have watched with concern as you've aligned power against the Council. Which, as you know, the late Taikō had good reason to forbid.

TORANAGA

What power have I aligned?

ISHIDO

Six marriages you've consented to.

TORANAGA

All of them happily arranged and unimportant --

Sugiyama emits a raspy grunt of disapproval:

SUGIYAMA

And your fief has doubled in size!

A wave of tension ripples through the ranks in the gallery. Toranaga remains unfazed.

TORANAGA

If my fellow Regents are concerned, let me say I am content as Lord of the Kantō. I will never be the first to break any peace.

Ishido smiles tightly. Completely unconvinced.

ISHIDO

Very strange to hear that. When just this morning, the Heir's Mother was escorted to your castle at Edo. No warning, no request.

TORANAGA

I don't deny that Lady Ochiba is visiting Edo. Her sister, who married my son, is in labor --

ISHIDO

Or has she been taken hostage to guarantee your safety here?

Samurai's hands clench thighs. But Toranaga still never loses his cool:

TORANAGA

This is a time of peace, Lord General. Surely you'd agree the Lady is no more a hostage in my castle than I am here, in yours.

He bows to defuse the tension. Ishido sighs, glancing over at the nearby armor, and the empty seat cushion...

ISHIDO

I wonder what the Taikō would say if he were with us now.

TORANAGA

I think he'd be pleased, knowing the five of us still can't agree.

ISHIDO

His dying wish was for a peaceful sharing of power --

TORANAGA

Until his Heir comes of age. Yes, and I look forward to that day. These meetings are exhausting.

ISHIDO

I formally request that you return the Heir's Mother to Osaka.

TORANAGA

She's not under my orders, and I am not under yours --

ISHIDO

Then let me put it differently.

One of Ishido's servants delivers a SCROLL to Toranaga.

ISHIDO (CONT'D)

The Council has voted to demand the Lady's return. Under penalty of impeachment. You'll see four signatures. Lords Kiyama, Sugiyama, Ohno, and myself.

Toranaga reads it sadly. Surveys the Regents' faces. None of them can meet his eyes. Ishido revels in victory...

ISHIDO (CONT'D)

We've joined together, because the time has come to root out those who wish to usurp the Heir's power. All traitors must now be punished. Low-born, high-born... even a great Minowara, such as yourself.

PANIC surges through the ranks of Brown samurai. TRACKING PAST their stricken faces to USAMI TADAYOSHI (20s). A young man, honest and upright. Who can control himself no longer --

He flies to his feet, hand on sword. STEPS INTO THE GREAT HALL. All eyes WIDEN at this. Hands to hilts, too.

TADAYOSHI

Your pardon... but hasn't my Lord done everything according to law? To call him a traitor on such flimsy accusations is --

TORANAGA

Tadayoshi, sit down.

Tadayoshi drops to his knees and BOWS humbly to Toranaga.

TADAYOSHI

Your pardon, Lord, I could not bear you hearing such insults.

TORANAGA

How dare you imply that anything Lord General Ishido said was meant to insult me? My host, please accept my apology.

Toranaga immediately BOWS to Ishido. Tadayoshi follows.

TADAYOSHI

I ask permission to commit seppuku. I will end my family line, and all who carry my name.

TORANAGA

*Yes, you will slit your belly.
(to Ishido)
I trust this will satisfy you.*

ISHIDO

*It does. For now. Though I must
say, this childish behavior is
typical of your clan, and an insult
to the Taikō's proud legacy.*

Ishido rises to leave. The Grays stand accordingly.

ISHIDO (CONT'D)

*You have seven days to release the
Heir's Mother from Edo. After
that, we will vote on your fate.*

He strides out. PUSHING IN ON TORANAGA'S FACE as WE CUT TO --

8 EXT. ANJIRO COAST, BEACH - DAY

8

The crescent-shaped harbor of Anjiro. A fishing village. Boats tied off in the bay. Nets being hung to dry. And one incongruous sight: THE ERASMUS, anchored by bow cables.

VOICE (O.S.)

Wake up Pilot, you aren't dead yet.

9 INT. ANJIRO COAST, STORAGE CELLAR - DAY

9

BLACKNESS. A face in TIGHT FOCUS: JOHN BLACKTHORNE (20s). The sailor we met earlier, coming out of a dream and sitting up suddenly. Wiping sweat from his face...

OTHER SHAPES in the dark. Coughs. Retching. We're in a cellar for storing whale fat. Home to the twelve surviving sailors of the Erasmus. Impaired by thirst and hunger. One of them is VINCK (30s), bearded and tough:

VINCK

Tighter than a virgin's arse in here...

TATTOOED SAILOR

Come halfway round the world just to die in a hole.

Blackthorne tilts his head to the trapdoor above.

BLACKTHORNE

Where are we?

TATTOOED SAILOR

We beached on a shoal. Savages
boarded and brought us here.

One of the sailors, PIETERZOOM (30s), speaks up --

PIETERZOOM

I think it's the Japans.

VINCK

Nah, too far off course.

PIETERZOOM

It is! I saw 'em.

Blackthorne isn't listening. Looking around...

BLACKTHORNE

The Captain-General?

TATTOOED SAILOR

Died last night. Maggot-eaten fool.

VINCK

Guess that puts this one in charge.

Skeptical eyes go to Blackthorne. The youngest man here.

PIETERZOOM

This is God's punishment. We
shouldn't have burned those
churches in Santa Magdalena. We
shouldn't have done it --

BLACKTHORNE

Right, everyone listen! If this is
the Japans, then we've reached it.
Haven't we? First of our flags.

TATTOOED SAILOR

Except we lost our ship, Pilot.

BLACKTHORNE

So we'll negotiate.

TATTOOED SAILOR

Who? You?

BLACKTHORNE

First off, give me some credit. I
speak four languages-- about time I
acquired a fifth...

VINCK

Christ, we're done for...

BLACKTHORNE

(over their skeptical groans)
Now hold on-- listen! We'll reason
with these people. Goods to trade.
Every savage has a price. I'll
finish our mission, and get us back
to Holland, rich and safe.

TATTOOED SAILOR

All that is well and good, young
Pilot. But maybe you've forgotten
the Portuguese are in Japan.

Nervous looks between the men.

BLACKTHORNE

Say nothing about our orders.
We're just merchants looking for
safe passage home.

PIETERZOON

They'll burn us at the stake when
they find our rutters.

BLACKTHORNE

Those are safe in my cabin.

PIETERZOON

Aye, and for how long?

Blackthorne, silent. Because he has absolutely no idea.

BLACKTHORNE

Here's what you're missing-- the
lot of you. Three years, through
pestilence and bad fortune... we're
here. Our destiny. And it's not
our destiny to die by this pack of
savages, I promise you that.

Clouds rolling over imposing castle walls. A CARRIER PIGEON
walks through a trapdoor into its COOP, where...

Toranaga lifts it from its berth. He strokes its feathers.
His fingers finding A SCROLL in its talon. A coded message.
Which he reads. Intrigued. Returning the pigeon to its bed
just as Hiromatsu dips in behind him...

TORANAGA

Usami Tadayoshi-- he's married to your granddaughter, isn't he?

HIROMATSU

Yes. Fuji, the best of all my grandchildren.

TORANAGA

I'll see to it she lives.

HIROMATSU

The boy has only himself to blame for his reckless actions.

TORANAGA

He was brave. I don't approve of all this pointless death...

HIROMATSU

Then why are we still here, Lord?

Hiromatsu is staring at him, charged. Toranaga wipes a trace of pigeon dung off his vest and waits for him to continue...

HIROMATSU (CONT'D)

Trapped in this castle by bureaucrats who want us dead. As soon as they have the Heir's mother, they'll vote to kill us.

TORANAGA

Yes, I think so.

HIROMATSU

So now's the time. Escape Osaka and call for war.

Toranaga draws a breath. Looks back down at the message.

TORANAGA

If we go to war now, four armies against one, I will lose. I have no choice but to remain here.

(hands him the note)

Which is why you must go to Anjiro in my place.

Hiromatsu reads the message. Confused.

HIROMATSU

A barbarian ship...?

TORANAGA

Please look into it.

HIROMATSU

*You're a prisoner to your enemies.
One week from death. And you want
me to look into a barbarian ship?*

Toranaga turns away. Hiromatsu knows better than to question his old friend. He bows, turns to leave, when --

TORANAGA

*I wonder if you made a mistake.
Siding with me, instead of those
bureaucrats who want me dead.*

HIROMATSU

The thought had crossed my mind.

They exchange the tightest of grins. Hiromatsu leaves. Only when he's alone does Toranaga's face crease with worry.

11 EXT. ANJIRO VILLAGE - DAY

11

TWO HUNDRED WOOD AND THATCHED ROOF HOUSES are nestled at the base of a terraced mountain. OPEN SHOPS filled with goods.

THE CLATTER OF HOOVES. SELLERS looking up in fear as an ARMY moves through on horseback. GREEN COLORS bearing the insignia of the KASHIGI CLAN. Children are hidden inside. Everyone is afraid of this clan and the man who heads it...

KASHIGI YABUMOTO (50s), a ruthless *daimyo*. Eyes fixed ahead.

OKU (O.S.)

Where is your worthless wife...

12 INT. ANJIRO VILLAGE, OMI'S HOUSE - DAY

12

Simple interior. Omi kneels on wood flooring next to his mother, OKU (50s). They are eating cod, pickles and rice.

OKU

*Gone to Mishima? Stuffing herself
and drinking saké...?*

OMI

Her father is dying.

OKU

*So? She should be with her
husband at such an important time.*

Oku glances out at the sound of HORSES GALLOPING PAST.

OKU (CONT'D)

*That ship has changed our
fortunes. Your uncle never set
foot in this village, even when
your father died-- and now look...*

(pondering)

*He must have the best courtesan in
the province tonight. I've
requested Kiku.*

OMI

Did she consent?

OKU

Yes, of course.

Omi rises, distracted. He picks up his sword. Oku comes to him and smoothes out his kimono.

OKU (CONT'D)

*You must make the most of this
moment. Only Yabumoto can give
you the fief you deserve...*

Omi slips on his geta and walks out of the house.

INT. ERASMUS, HOLD - DAY

Plunder, illuminated by oil lanterns. Ten sweat-stained VILLAGERS in the strong room, opening crates to reveal silver coins. Candelabra. Religious paintings in gilded frames.

All being scrutinized under the watchful eye of Yabumoto. Omi walks beside him, opening crate lids as he speaks...

OMI

*Twenty cannon, five hundred guns,
five thousand cannon balls.*

YABUMOTO

Pirates?

OMI

*They're not Portuguese. These men
have blue eyes like Siamese cats.*

Yabumoto regards the peasants. Muraji among them. To Omi --

YABUMOTO

*One whisper about any of this, and
the village will be obliterated.*

OMI

Nothing will be said, Uncle.

YABUMOTO

*I want everything taken ashore.
Camouflage it with nets, in case
of spies. The weapons will go to
my castle in Mishima.*

OMI

*Pardon me-- but shouldn't we also
send word to Toranaga?*

Cold beat. Yabumoto turns to his nephew as if offended:

YABUMOTO

*Toranaga is in Osaka. I told him
it was madness to put himself under
Ishido's power, but he went anyway.
Why tell a dead man the future?*

OMI

You're right, of course.

Yabumoto searches him for disloyalty. Then, finally --

YABUMOTO

Bring me the crew.

Tired shapes huddle in filth. Recoiling as LIGHT FLOODS THE SPACE. The trapdoor has been opened and a LADDER is lowered. Omi stands above, next to Masujiro, who gestures:

MASUJIRO

Prisoners come up.

PIETERZOOM

Godverdomme... what's he saying?

ABOVE-GROUND: Omi grows impatient and leans over the opening:

OMI

*Worthless cowards! You are
ordered to come up!*

Blackthorne watches, eyes fixed on Omi. He knows he has to do something. So he blocks the ladder with his body.

BLACKTHORNE

Are you the leader of these men?
My name is John Blackthorne and I
demand to speak.

OMI

All men come up now!

Blackthorne intuits what they're saying, shaking his head.

BLACKTHORNE

No! Just me.

PIETERZOOM

They'll kill you, Pilot...

BLACKTHORNE

(ignoring him, to Omi)
You want someone, take me. I will
come up alone and speak for my men.

Omi's done negotiating. A gesture of his hand, and Masujiro leads TWO SAMURAI down into the cellar, hacking with swords, trying to force the sailors up the ladder.

Blackthorne and the others push back. Shouts and struggles in the small space. Masujiro is stripped of his weapon. A sailor is about to stab him when Blackthorne grabs his hand --

BLACKTHORNE (CONT'D)

Don't! We need him alive.

BARRELS are rolled to the cellar's edge. OFFAL AND SEAWATER are poured down, flooding the space with stinking fish guts. Men retch and vomit, drawing back into the corners. The two remaining samurai retreat back up the ladder.

Blackthorne pins Masujiro, keeping him there until the water subsides. He returns to the ladder, Masujiro his hostage.

BLACKTHORNE (CONT'D)

I come up alone! Me!

Blackthorne points at himself, then the ladder. Omi nods.

TATTOOED SAILOR

Pilot, look at their swords!

BLACKTHORNE

Remember what I said: destiny...

Then he hands Masujiro off to a sailor, whispering...

BLACKTHORNE (CONT'D)

Keep him, in case I don't come back.

And with that, he begins to climb...

15 EXT. ANJIRO COAST, STORAGE CELLAR - DAY

15

...emerging onto a promontory and immediately being beaten by the samurai. Blackthorne cowers to show submission.

BLACKTHORNE

I submit! Goddamnit, I submit!

They stop. Blackthorne turns his focus to Omi, eyes on fire.

BLACKTHORNE (CONT'D)

Listen. We are merchants, not animals. I demand we be released!

Omi doesn't know what he's saying. He quickly scans the faces around him. Against the wall are a group of peasants, heads bowed -- MURAJI among them.

OMI

You're Christian-- you speak Portuguese?

MURAJI

Very little, Lord.

OMI

Tell him to behave.

Muraji's face is one of terror -- he has no idea how to be a translator. But he knows he must:

MURAJI

Lord Kashigi Omi say... be good.

Blackthorne's eyes go wide at someone speaking Portuguese.

BLACKTHORNE

Is this the Japans?

MURAJI

Yes. Hai.

BLACKTHORNE

How do I say, "I understand"? In your language.

MURAJI

Understand.

Blackthorne turns to Omi, making his point in Japanese:

BLACKTHORNE

Understand.

Omi glares back. Blackthorne gestures down to the cellar...

BLACKTHORNE (CONT'D)

Tell him, I want my men let up.

MURAJI

Please. In Japan, must be good...

BLACKTHORNE

If this is how he treats his
guests, tell him I piss on him and
his whole goddamn country.

Blackthorne glares at Omi, gesturing towards his groin to demonstrate what he's talking about. Muraji looks graven.

Omi glares back, challenged. He gives a nod to his men, who forcefully pin Blackthorne. Then Omi opens his pants AND URINATES ON BLACKTHORNE'S BACK. There's nothing Blackthorne can do but take it. Omi finishes. Buttoning up.

OMI

*You're a foul-mannered savage, and
this is how we treat savages.*

(with a glare)

"Understand?"

EXT. ANJIRO COAST, BEACH - DAY

Blackthorne is dragged across the sand, getting a glimpse of the harbor. FISHING CRAFT, some with a single sail, others being sculled by OARSMEN. The Erasmus, still buoyed.

Blackthorne clocks all this like a student amassing as much information as quickly as possible.

EXT. ANJIRO VILLAGE - DAY

Villagers fearfully go about their business. Blackthorne towers a full head over everyone. Weakened, pushed along. A group of PEASANTS take in his wounds, reach for their hidden crosses. One approaches Muraji --

PEASANT

*Why has this Christian brother
been harmed?*

MURAJI

Please step back.

Another Peasant stands before Blackthorne and gestures the sign of the Cross. Blackthorne stares, fascinated --

Until Omi DRAWS HIS SWORD -- A HISSING ARC -- the Peasant's HEAD TOPPLES OFF HIS SHOULDERS with blinding speed.

OMI

Christian rat.

Blackthorne can only blink before being dragged on.

EXT. ANJIRO VILLAGE, TERRACE - DAY

A terrace with a view over the entire village. Samurai flanking YABUMOTO, sitting on a stool, fanning himself.

Samurai bring up Blackthorne, dropping him to his knees. Omi bows to Yabumoto, then takes a seat beside his lord. Blackthorne nervously studies the ranks of men before him.

Meanwhile, Yabumoto looks around impatiently:

YABUMOTO

Where is this idiot translator?

Just then, A SHUFFLING OF FEET. The crowd parts for --

A PORTUGUESE MAN hastily making his way through. Tonsured head, thick black cloak... A JESUIT PRIEST (40s), overweight, nervous in Yabumoto's presence. He bows awkwardly before him, clears his throat... and speaks Japanese:

PRIEST

*Kashigi-sama. It is honored for I
that you come here village.*

Blackthorne, mind racing at the sight of the Priest. Yabumoto, appalled by the Priest's Japanese, turns to Omi --

YABUMOTO

*Is he all we have?
(Omi nods, a sigh)
Priest, you will translate for me
and this barbarian.*

The Priest nods. Yabumoto speaks. The Priest translates:

PRIEST

Prisoner of Anjiro. Our *daimyo*,
Lord of Izu, Kashigi Yabumoto,
asks to know who you are and how
you got to this land.

BLACKTHORNE

Who are you?

PRIEST

A servant of God.

BLACKTHORNE

Your God. First make that
distinction, Papist prick.

The Priest glares. Yabumoto and Omi watch with interest:

YABUMOTO

Priest. Why is he angry with you?

The Priest slinks back to them, wagging a finger towards
Blackthorne while sputtering bad Japanese...

PRIEST

Him evil. Make death. Pirate.

YABUMOTO

*Can anyone understand a word this
fool is saying?*

Still kneeling, Blackthorne addresses Yabumoto directly:

BLACKTHORNE

My name is John Blackthorne. I'm
English. Pilot of the Erasmus, a
Dutch merchant ship. We were
blown off course two months ago...

PRIEST

You expect anyone here to believe
you're a merchant?

BLACKTHORNE

All we ask for is food and water,
and time to repair our bowsprit --

PRIEST

That's an illegal privateer, and
you're a pirate-- come to war on a
peaceful Portuguese settlement.

OMI

Priest! Translate.

PRIEST

*Very bad man. Make murder Japan
and Portuguese.*

Yabumoto ponders this. Blackthorne studies the Japanese, then the Priest. Beginning to put something together...

BLACKTHORNE

They don't know about us. Do they?

The Priest's slack-jawed look tells Blackthorne he's right.

BLACKTHORNE (CONT'D)

You've told them Portugal's the only flag in Europe. Which means I'm the first English sailor to reach your secret Catholic treasury. And you have no intention of translating my words.

Blackthorne fixes his gaze on Yabumoto. Quickly BOWS in the same way he saw Omi do. Much better than the Priest's bow.

BLACKTHORNE (CONT'D)

I beg your king for parlay. I humbly ask for safe passage...

PRIEST

Lord! This man. Evil pirate.

Yabumoto yawns, bored. He stands and prepares to leave...

YABUMOTO

*Tell him his ship is confiscated
with all it contains.*

The Priest smiles at Blackthorne, pleased:

PRIEST

Kashigi-sama says that your heretic ship now belongs to him. You will soon be executed, as will your men --

Blackthorne knows he's losing his audience. So he LEAPS TO HIS FEET -- going straight for the Priest, ripping the wooden crucifix from his belt and BREAKING IT IN HALF. Turning to the alarmed samurai and declaring for everyone to hear:

BLACKTHORNE

I am a free man! An Englishman and a lord. I will not be spoken for by Catholics. Not in Europe, and certainly not in this dark land!

Yabumoto's guards jump forward, SWORDS RAISED, until --

YABUMOTO

Stop.

OMI

What's wrong, Uncle?

Long beat. Everyone waiting for his verdict.

YABUMOTO

Bring him to a house and bathe him. I can smell him from here.

PRIEST

No, man danger! Pirate must die!

YABUMOTO

If he's a pirate, it must be proven. Do you have proof?

PRIEST

Must tell Father-Visitor. Father-Visitor mad for pirate live.

Yabumoto waves dismissively and once again turns to leave.

YABUMOTO

I don't have time for this Christian nonsense...

PRIEST

Insult to Cross. Give justice!

YABUMOTO

Fine, choose another to be executed in his place. We'll do it in my special way.

Yabumoto's samurai exchange nervous glances, knowing what this means. Meanwhile, Blackthorne is lifted to his feet. By the look on the Priest's face, he knows his sentence has been changed. A defiant glare as he's carried away:

BLACKTHORNE

Guess we'll be all over this continent soon. Go back in your sty, Father. Dick up your arse.

Off the Priest's terrified look, WE CUT TO --

19 EXT. OSAKA CASTLE, WEST PALACE FORECOURT - DAY 19

BROWN SAMURAI stationed outside a guest house...

TADAYOSHI (O.S.)

Stop this at once!

20 INT. OSAKA CASTLE, WEST PALACE, USAMI RESIDENCE - DAY 20

CLOSE on a woman's plain, boxy face. Perspiring, though she is dry-mouthed. USAMI FUJI (19). She's protectively holding an INFANT BOY. Several impatient BROWN SAMURAI are waiting around Tadayoshi, her pleading husband...

TADAYOSHI

You will submit to orders and hand over our son!

FUJI

I won't do it!

The baby begins to WAIL. The samurai move in, but Fuji draws from her obi a KAIKEN dagger, bringing it to her breast --

-- when ANOTHER VOICE speaks, calm, yet commanding:

MARIKO (O.S.)

Fuji-dono.

Fuji, Tadayoshi, and the samurai freeze, looking back to see AN IMPECCABLY-DRESSED NOBLE WOMAN, striking as she is inimitable: MARIKO (32). Someone you pay attention to. The men part out of reverence. Allowing her to come closer.

FUJI

Tadayoshi humiliated our lord in front of Ishido, then committed our son to die...

MARIKO

I know. I'm sorry.

FUJI

*(breaking, emotional)
...but I am forced to live.*

TADAYOSHI

*The order comes from our master,
Yoshii Toranaga, Lord of the Kantō!
I am your husband -- !*

Suddenly Mariko turns on Tadayoshi, firm and poised:

MARIKO

*And this is the granddaughter of
Toda Hiromatsu, a name that should
command respect. Her family ends
today because of what you've done.
Who are you to treat her harshly?*

Tadayoshi averts in shame. The Browns bow their heads in
deference. Mariko turns back to Fuji. Softness in her eyes:

MARIKO (CONT'D)

*I'm sorry, but he's right.
Toranaga has ordered you to live.*

FUJI

Why would he do such a thing?

Mariko stares sympathetically. Stepping even closer.

MARIKO

*I understand why you feel this pull
of oblivion. It's like a warmth,
or a mercy... I can't ask that you
embrace this life, but you must not
fear a new path.*

FUJI

*I'm not strong like you, Toda-
sama... I can't remain in this
world without any purpose --*

MARIKO

*We are not without purpose. If
he's ordered you to live, it is
because there is another plan.
For you. For all of us.*

Fuji, her blinking tearful. Mariko puts a steadfast hand on
hers. She wavers... and then DROPS the kaiken. The Browns
step forward, but Mariko blocks them, eyes on Fuji --

MARIKO (CONT'D)

*Let her hands be the last to hold
her son.*

Fuji walks past them with the boy in her arms. The Browns
escort an emotional Tadayoshi out of the room behind her.

Conifers, pines, and maples. Carefully placed and tended.
GRAYS are placed at various posts. Seemingly way too many of
them for the playful, innocent scene that's unfolding...

A YOUNG BOY, knees tucked under him. NAKAMURA YAECHIYO (7) -- son of the late Taikō -- next in line to become military ruler of Japan... and right now he's playing a game with Toranaga. Each with their hands positioned in front of them.

Yaechiyo's paper grips Toranaga's rock. The boy laughs.

YAECHIYO

Try harder, Uncle, you always lose!

TORANAGA

This is a new game for me, my Lord. It's very complicated...

YAECHIYO

Didn't you learn how to play when you were small?

TORANAGA

When I was your age, I was a hostage. Traded amongst enemies until I was this tall.

He raises his hand above Yaechiyo's head. The boy smiles.

YAECHIYO

What was it like being a hostage?

TORANAGA

I shouldn't tell you. I promised your father that I would keep you a boy for as long as I could.

Toranaga stares into the boy's eyes. Affectionate, paternal. Yaechiyo leans in and stares back.

Behind them, an ELDERLY WOMAN approaches. DAIYOIN (70s), widow of the Taikō, in the habit of a Buddhist nun. Once, she was fierce and deadly, but she's softened with age. She regards the Grays with disdain as she walks past --

DAIYOIN

Your uncle doesn't tell you the truth, young Lord. He wants you to remain a boy, so he can learn from you what it's like to be young.

YAECHIYO

Hello, Daiyoin-sama.

DAIYOIN

You're late for your writing lesson, as you well know.

YAECHIYO

May I practice archery instead?

TORANAGA

A leader must write clearly and beautifully. He must be the very best in all things.

YAECHIYO

This is what my Mother says too. Is she coming home soon?

A knowing look from Daiyoin to Toranaga. Then --

TORANAGA

I hope. Go practice.

Yaechiyo runs off, the swarm of Grays following in his wake.

DAIYOIN

Ishido has taken no chances with you, I see.

Toranaga doesn't respond. They walk together towards a footbridge, Toranaga gingerly assisting her.

DAIYOIN (CONT'D)

I heard about your meeting. I can't imagine what he promised those Regents to fall in line.

TORANAGA

My fief, probably.

DAIYOIN

He'll kill them next. And then the Heir. It's the Dark Centuries starting again...

TORANAGA

I'll never let him be harmed.

DAIYOIN

If only there were some way you could guarantee his protection.

Toranaga pays her a glance. They've had this talk before.

DAIYOIN (CONT'D)

It's your name they fear. Not this "Yoshii Toranaga," the name you carry. They fear the name that is in your blood: Minowara.

TORANAGA

*I don't seek the title of my
ancestors.*

DAIYOIN

*Because you are a good man. But
now is the time for a Shōgun.*

And with that word, the conversation changes. Toranaga looks out over the garden as if a chill had run through it.

DAIYOIN (CONT'D)

*You could adopt the Heir as your
own. I know why you resist, but --*

TORANAGA

*I don't seek to be Shōgun. It's a
brutal relic from a bygone time.*

Daiyoin sighs sadly. They come to a magnificent conifer stretching its arms far and wide. At its center is a pole, taller than the tree, sending ropes down on all sides.

DAIYOIN

*That was planted the hour Yaechiyo
was born seven years ago. Brings
a feeling of age and stability,
doesn't it? The ropes support its
growth-- like you and the boy.
You've kept him safe so far. But
what happens when you're gone?*

Off Toranaga's face, we PRE-LAP an eerie PEASANT'S SONG...

EXT. ANJIRO COAST, BEACH - EVENING

The sun is half sunk into the sea. The song floats on the water like the last bits of glow. Its source:

VILLAGERS -- men, women, children -- working in unison to haul cargo and cannon from the Erasmus to shore. Fishing boats and dinghies go back and forth. A line of ants.

Down the shoreline is the trapdoor to the CELLAR. VOICES shouting from below, going nowhere. They are calling to --

EXT. ANJIRO COAST, STORAGE CELLAR - EVENING

One of the sailors, Pieterzoon, being pulled from the depths.

PIETERZOON

Please. We're just merchants...

Front and center is a great IRON CAULDRON made to render whale blubber. A nervous samurai lights the firewood beneath it. Others mumble uncertainly. Omi ignores them. They truss Pieterzoon like a chicken -- hands tied to feet.

PIETERZOON (CONT'D)

For the love of Christ...

The samurai lower a terrified Pieterzoon into the cauldron.

24 EXT. ANJIRO VILLAGE - NIGHT

24

Unsettled villagers sit on ledges outside their homes.

PIETERZOON (O.S.)

I beg you, have mercy!

25 INT. ANJIRO VILLAGE, MURAJI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

25

An unconscious, exhausted Blackthorne. His naked, filthy body being lowered into a bath of a different kind... hot, scented water. He's scrubbed with rough sponges and pumice.

26 EXT. ANJIRO COAST, STORAGE CELLAR - NIGHT

26

The fire burns steadily beneath the cauldron. Pieterzoon SHRIEKS in panic, tries to bludgeon his head against the lip of the cauldron. Omi can't even watch. He turns and leaves.

27 EXT. ANJIRO VILLAGE, OMI'S HOUSE, GARDEN - NIGHT

27

A blossom tree lit only by the glow of the household. A petal spirals to the ground, then another.

POV THROUGH LATTICE: Yabumoto kneels amidst a rock garden, wearing a dark *haori* over his somber kimono. Meditating to the sound of Pieterzoon's DISTANT AGONY, which now comes in waves. His mouth is slack, his wet lips parted.

REVEAL: Oku watches him through the lattice. Omi comes in, sickened. Walks past her without a word.

28 EXT. ANJIRO VILLAGE - NIGHT

28

VIGNETTES of villagers as the shrieks escalate. A child sitting in the square covers her ears.

29 INT. ANJIRO VILLAGE, OMI'S HOUSE - NIGHT 29

Yabumoto slides open a *fusuma*, bathed in sweat. Waiting for him in his bedroom is KIKU (20), the most deft and renowned courtesan in Izu. Seated next to her is a YOUNG MAN (18).

Yabumoto assesses their bodies like meat. A DISTANT SCREAM draws the nervous Young Man's attention outside, but Yabumoto roughly grabs his face. Forcing him to stare into his eyes. Tense. The Young Man is afraid. Which Yabumoto likes.

Kiku gently distracts Yabumoto by opening his robe. She drifts downwards, out of frame. Yabumoto keeps his eyes on the Young Man... getting off as the SCREAMS continue...

30 INT. ANJIRO COAST, STORAGE CELLAR - NIGHT 30

The sailors, haunted by what they hear. Vinck has had enough. He rises and approaches Masujiro, the hostage. Sounds of quiet agony as the samurai is bludgeoned by HAND...

31 EXT. ANJIRO COAST, BEACH - NIGHT 31

Finally the screams STOP. Oil lamps dot the water like fireflies. No sound but the water lapping...

32 EXT. ANJIRO VILLAGE - DAY 32

Morning light casts onto a modest Buddhist temple. Omi, Muraji, and MOHEI, another peasant, bow over a SHROUD-COVERED CORPSE on a pyre. They remove the shroud to reveal PIETERZOOM'S PURPLE FACE. Lips peeled back in anguish.

MURAJI

*Barbarian. Please forgive our
lord's cruelty.*

Omi stares. Nods at the peasants to light the pyre.

33 INT. ANJIRO VILLAGE, OMI'S HOUSE - DAY 33

Oku sits quietly, not in the mood for breakfast, while Yabumoto, well-rested, gorges happily. Omi joins them.

YABUMOTO

It's lovely. Your garden.

OMI

It's sufficient.

YABUMOTO

*There's a rock in mine. I call it
The Waiting Stone, because we were
waiting for the Taikō to attack
when I found it. Why not put it
here, in your garden.*

OMI

You honor my home.

Oku quietly leaves. Yabumoto slurps his *nukamiso* with gusto.

YABUMOTO

*He took a long time to die. He
was stronger than most Christians.*

Omi nods, shaken. Yabumoto puts down his bowl. Stares.

YABUMOTO (CONT'D)

Give me a poem about him.

A long beat. Omi knows he's being tested. So finally --

OMI

*His eyes
Were just the end
Of Hell --
All pain,
Articulate.*

Yabumoto breaks out into a grin. Going back to his food.

Blackthorne sits up, suddenly awake. He's clean. And naked. No idea where he is. The room GLOWS with diffused light.

He rises, toes sinking deeper into a thick FUTON. A landscape of SILK. Then the surprising texture of TATAMI MATS. All of this is so foreign to him.

A SMELL sharpens his senses. Next to him is a TRAY bearing bowls of pickles, fish soup, and a porridge. He DEVOURS it.

He stands. Nude. Turns to the *shōji* screen facing outside. Approaching it, as one would approach a door, hand raised -- PUSHING IT -- and his hand GOES RIGHT THROUGH. Blackthorne pulls back -- *shit* -- only to tear more paper with it.

HASTY FOOTSTEPS in the hallway behind him. He retreats, looking for something to cover himself. The *fusuma* SLIDES OPEN, revealing an OLD WOMAN (60s) in a kimono.

Blackthorne is painfully aware of his nudity. Resorting to covering his man-parts with his hands.

BLACKTHORNE

I'm sorry... Jesus... where are my boots...?

The woman can't be bothered with embarrassment. If she's struck by the sight of his masculinity, she's certainly not showing it. She motions toward a WARDROBE TRAY, next to Blackthorne's pillow. On it rests a clean kimono, waiting.

EXT. ANJIRO VILLAGE, MURAJI'S HOUSE, GARDEN - DAY

Blackthorne emerges, barefoot, clinging to his thin kimono. Following the Old Woman as she shuffles down the hall past...

An outdoor veranda. Steps leading to a simple garden surrounded by a high wall. A CHILD, and an OLD GARDENER stop their work to bow. Blackthorne returns the bow. His kimono flaps open. He hurries to close it, blushing as he does.

CHILD

Oba, the barbarian is ugly.

The Old Woman shushes the Child and ushers him away. MURAJI steps out on the deck. Gives a small bow, giving Blackthorne a chance to clock the CRUCIFIX hanging from his neck.

MURAJI

I, Muraji. My home.

BLACKTHORNE

You're Christian.

MURAJI

Christ'an. *Hai.*

BLACKTHORNE

I'm Christian too.

Muraji's eyes narrow. Blackthorne quickly pivots:

BLACKTHORNE (CONT'D)

Muraji. How do I say "thank you" in your language?

MURAJI

Thank you, *hai!* *Arigato.*

BLACKTHORNE

Arigato, Muraji. For inviting me into your home. I am grateful.

Muraji bows. Blackthorne waits a polite unit of time, then --

BLACKTHORNE (CONT'D)
But I must be brought to my ship.
And to see my men. I'm worried
for their health, understand?

Muraji shakes his head, not following. Blackthorne points
outside, towards himself, back outside...

BLACKTHORNE (CONT'D)
My... men. See them. Friends.

Muraji begins to understand a little, his face going dark.

MURAJI
Sorry. Friend... killed.

BLACKTHORNE
Who?

MURAJI
(crosses himself)
Itashikata-gozaimasen...

BLACKTHORNE
On whose orders was anyone killed?
We didn't come here to harm you
people. Are you listening?!

Muraji keeps his head bowed as he utters in Japanese...

MURAJI
*Please stop with your anger. You
have no control over these things.
Let his karma be his karma.*

BLACKTHORNE
I don't understand what you're
saying. *Karma?* What is *karma*?

Muraji averts his eyes. He bows and leaves.

MURAJI
Sorry for friend.

Yabumoto and Omi emerge into the bustling village.

YABUMOTO

You've done well here, nephew. My brother never told me about the great qualities of his son.

OMI

Thank you, but my efforts could have been much better.

YABUMOTO

Your fief is increased from five hundred koku to three thousand. I'll see to it as soon as I'm home.

Omi bows. Yabumoto starts to walk away when --

OMI

Uncle, if I may ask... why was it you spared the pilot's life?

Yabumoto turns to him, penetrating him with his gaze...

YABUMOTO

You tell me. Why would you spare a barbarian who hates the Christians, at a time like this?

Omi is being tested and he knows it. This is his moment:

OMI

You mean, this time of Toranaga's rumored impeachment...

YABUMOTO

Of all bad alliances I've made in my life, pledging loyalty to that sorry Minowara was the worst... he's given up his advantage now. Trapped in Osaka. Waiting to die.

OMI

And after, there will be war. Lord General Ishido will be the most powerful Regent, but he'll have to contend with the Christian lords.

YABUMOTO

With their Christian weapons.

OMI

Ishido lost most of his guns during the Taikō's campaign in Korea...

Yabumoto stares. Omi is beginning to put it together...

OMI (CONT'D)

*So a lord who possesses a ship
with these weapons... would make a
valuable ally.*

YABUMOTO

Who would you choose to ally with?

OMI

*I should think, the lord whose
offer is the best.*

YABUMOTO

(beat, smiles)

*I see why your father hid you from
me. He probably feared I would
take you as my own son.*

Omi bows, flattered. And then -- SHOUTS draw their attention to the harbor. A SAMURAI RUNS UP to bring a message --

MESSENGER SAMURAI

Lord! A ship's arrived!

37 EXT. ANJIRO COAST, BEACH - DAY

37

A majestic GALLEY has docked at the jetty. A sixty-oared vessel. The top platform holding several dozen BROWN SAMURAI. The flag waving with Toranaga's recognizable crest.

And off the gangplank walks HIROMATSU, a man on a mission. His sword in its scabbard. His eyes set on THE ERASMUS.

Samurai roll out a mat. A makeshift greeting area. Yabumoto and Omi rush to greet him. Bowing respectfully.

YABUMOTO

*Ah, Hiromatsu-dono. You honor me
by coming to one of my villages.*

Hiromatsu bows, but not low, which concerns Yabumoto.

YABUMOTO (CONT'D)

*How is Toranaga? We've heard
troubling news from Osaka.*

HIROMATSU

*He had requested you wait for him
at Edo with the other daimyos.*

YABUMOTO

*I felt it was important to our
cause to be here.*

(MORE)

YABUMOTO (CONT'D)

We've seized a foreign ship and its crew. Not friendly to the Portuguese --

HIROMATSU

And where are the cannon?

Yabumoto flinches. Hiromatsu twists his sheath in his hand.

HIROMATSU (CONT'D)

I'm told there are five hundred muskets, twenty cannon, and several crates of silver and gold on board that ship. In addition to the barbarian crew.

YABUMOTO

I had everything brought ashore.

HIROMATSU

Good, you've done the work for me. As President of Foreign Relations, Toranaga hereby confiscates this ship and all of its contents.

YABUMOTO

With respect. Izu is my fief.

Hiromatsu just stares. Behind him, his fifty samurai.

HIROMATSU

So sorry. It was my understanding that you were loyal to our lord.

Yabumoto recognizes the tension of the moment. Anything could happen... so he makes a choice...

YABUMOTO

Toranaga has no need to confiscate this ship... because it's already his. It is a gift, though I had wanted it to be a surprise.

Hiromatsu feigns approval and rises.

HIROMATSU

He'll be pleased with your generosity. Have everything brought to my galley. And the crew's leader brought aboard. Our lord wishes to meet him.

Yabumoto opens his mouth to speak, decides against it. Bows. Hiromatsu turns. Then stops, as if he's just had a thought:

HIROMATSU (CONT'D)

*You should come too. Our lord
will be delighted to receive this
bounty from you directly.*

EXT. ANJIRO COAST, BEACH - DAY

YABUMOTO, furious, as muskets are being carried past him. All of his plunder is being loaded aboard the galley. His plans foiled. A troubled Omi is beside him.

YABUMOTO

*He wasn't surprised to see me in
Anjiro. He already knew.
(turning, deathly cold)
There's a spy in your village.*

Omi reacts to this with grave concern.

Meanwhile, FOUR SAMURAI are leading Blackthorne down the slope. His hands are bound. Muraji is beside him. He regards the galley tied to the dock.

BLACKTHORNE

*Where am I being taken? What is
this, what's going on?*

YABUMOTO

Shut that pilot's mouth!

Blackthorne's eyes narrow on Yabumoto. He strides right for him. Omi and the samurai hold him back --

BLACKTHORNE

*You. This one, look at me. You
murder prisoners without a trial,
is that how it's done here?!*

Yabumoto holds his ground, absorbing Blackthorne's hatred --

-- when Hiromatsu steps off the galley, drawn to the sight of Blackthorne. Omi bows. Blackthorne imitates him.

HIROMATSU

*The barbarian learns quickly. Tell
him he's being taken to Osaka.*

Omi once again looks to Muraji, who points at the galley --

MURAJI

You go Osaka.

BLACKTHORNE

No. I'm not going anywhere until
I see my men.

MURAJI

(trying to calm him)
Please. *This man is very powerful --*

Blackthorne angrily rises. Omi shoves him back down.
Samurai reach for their swords. Death is near, when --

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey! *Piss-eating bastards...*

A SPANISH SAILOR hops out of a rowboat being fastened to the
galley. Sloppily dressed in seaman's clothes. This is
RODRIGUES (30s). And Rodrigues is flat-out nuts.

RODRIGUES

*Kinjiru, neh? Kinjiru! Is he the
pilot? The Anjin, ka?*

Rodrigues draws a PISTOL, waves in Blackthorne's direction.

RODRIGUES (CONT'D)

*Toda-sama. Rodrigu-sama
responsible for him. Give him
drink, then blow head off. Yeah?
Good. Real good.*

Hiromatsu nods at Omi to release Blackthorne. Rodrigues
holsters his pistol and helps him up.

RODRIGUES (CONT'D)

*Bow to the bastard-sama if you
wanna live. Man's like a king
here. Tell him oyurushi kudasai.*

Blackthorne relents. Looks to Hiromatsu. And bows.

BLACKTHORNE

Oyurushi kudasai.

RODRIGUES

*Real good. You do that just like
a Japper. Oyurushi kudasai to all
sod-eating samas!*

He gives a theatrical bow, then pulls Blackthorne along.

RODRIGUES (CONT'D)

You pilot of that Dutchman?

BLACKTHORNE

Who are you...?

RODRIGUES

Young little shit, aren't you?
What's the latitude of The Lizard?

BLACKTHORNE

(bewildered)

Forty-nine degrees, fifty-six
minutes North. And watch out for
the reefs, south-southwest...

RODRIGUES

...or they'll send you tits-up.
By God, you are a pilot. And
Ingeles too. Fuck me...

BLACKTHORNE

Listen sir, you speak Japanese. I
must know if my crew is alive.

Rodrigues turns to Omi and calls back in Japanese:

RODRIGUES

Samurai-sama. Pilot friends?

OMI

*One has been executed. The rest
are prisoners of Lord Kashigi.
They stay in Anjiro. If the pilot
behaves, I will bring his men out.*

Rodrigues turns back to Blackthorne:

RODRIGUES

Well then! Good news and good
news. Only one of your crew is
dead-- but! The Jappers say
they'll free the rest of 'em if
you play nice.

BLACKTHORNE

Who of my men is dead --

RODRIGUES

Here it is, Ingeles: your men
belong to them now. Maybe you'll
see 'em if you get back. But it's
out of your hands. And mine.

(hops up gangplank)

Now I told these *samas* I'd be
responsible for you, so no tricks.
Your word, pilot to pilot.

Blackthorne reluctantly strides aboard. Rodrigues climbs to the quarterdeck, turns over the half-hour glass sand timer.

BLACKTHORNE

Where are we going?

RODRIGUES

Osaka. Big city. The great Lord Yoshii Toranaga wants to meet you.

BLACKTHORNE

What does a lord want with me?

RODRIGUES

Play with your balls maybe, how should I know? But he's a powerful sort, so I'd let him.

Blackthorne casts a look back down at Yabumoto and Omi.

BLACKTHORNE

More powerful than these men?

RODRIGUES

Toranaga? Aye. He's Lord of the Kantō. A million of them fanatics would die for the honor of wiping his arse...

Blackthorne regards the Erasmus. Thinking of what's aboard.

BLACKTHORNE

I didn't get your name, friend...

RODRIGUES

Rodrigues. And I'm a Spaniard who sails for the Portuguese, I'm not your friend.

BLACKTHORNE

Any chance of me fetching clothes aboard my ship, Rodrigues?

RODRIGUES

Can't do. See those boys?
(points to samurai on jetty)
Those are samurai. They fear nothing. Least of all death. Kill you as easy as they shit.

Hiromatsu and Yabumoto board and the gangway is pulled.

HIROMATSU

Rodrigu-sama. Ikuzo. Ima!

RODRIGUES

Ima! Ima it is. Means now. You gonna help me cast off, or stand there with your dick in the wind?

39 EXT. ANJIRO COAST, BEACH - DAY

39

LATER. Yabumoto stands on the galley amidst several of his GREENS. A last look at Anjiro as the crew ROWS him away.

Blackthorne is on the top deck beside Rodrigues, who reclines in his pilot's seat, feet kicked up. Blackthorne's eyes never leave the SHORELINE, where his men are being kept.

40 EXT. OPEN SEA, GALLEY, TOP DECK - DAY

40

Moving on calm seas. Yabumoto and Hiromatsu looking out.

YABUMOTO

Feels odd, going to Osaka. Like volunteering to be prisoner. No?

Hiromatsu remains silent. Yabumoto just sighs.

CUT TO BLACKTHORNE, near the stern next to Rodrigues. Hands still bound. Eyes fixed on CLOUDS on the horizon.

BLACKTHORNE

There'll be a storm by sunset.

RODRIGUES

Hope it's not a *taifoo*. We'll go northwest. This crew'll love to keep within sight of land.

Rodrigues turns the till. Blackthorne watches the men row.

BLACKTHORNE

You came over with the Portuguese?

RODRIGUES

Sail for a living, *hai*.

BLACKTHORNE

And how long did it take you to learn these people's language?

RODRIGUES

Don't get any ideas. Young *cojones* like yours... how'd you get here, anyway?

BLACKTHORNE

Came by Magellan's Pass. Merchant mission. Captain-General held us in Chile too long. I warned him the winds would die-- he wouldn't listen. We crossed the equator...

RODRIGUES

Doldrums.

BLACKTHORNE

Floated for weeks. Then scurvy.

RODRIGUES

And now command rests on you. That's some destiny you've got. Or *karma*, if that's your fancy...

BLACKTHORNE

Karma. What is that, exactly?

RODRIGUES

It's like an attitude to them. Everything's connected, part of a whole. Life, death. You just gotta accept your place.

Blackthorne casts his gaze towards Yabumoto at the bow.

BLACKTHORNE

That's how they justify torturing and killing innocent men?

RODRIGUES

Who of us is innocent.

BLACKTHORNE

They're a godless people.

RODRIGUES

Or maybe they just don't give a shit what you think. That ever occur to you? Young, scheming little pirate...

Blackthorne looks back, guarded.

BLACKTHORNE

You believe I'm a pirate?

RODRIGUES

Merchant ship with big guns...

BLACKTHORNE

That's right. Defending ourselves
from unlawful Portuguese galleons
piloted by Spanish dogs.

RODRIGUES

Nah, we don't bite.

BLACKTHORNE

And so you know, we drifted here by
accident. We're peaceful. All we
ask is to return home.

Rodrigues laughs, then defuses the moment by pulling his sea
cloak tight and settling deep in his chair.

RODRIGUES

I like you, Ingeles. You'll be
dead in a week, but I like you all
the same. In fact, I'll allow you
the honor of taking this watch.

BLACKTHORNE

Kind of you to trust me.

RODRIGUES

Why not-- you're a pilot, not a
godless savage. *Understand?*

Blackthorne takes the tiller. But as he turns to the sea,
his face drops under the weight of his plight.

41 EXT. OPEN SEA, GALLEY - NIGHT

41

A RAGING STORM. The galley's in the thick of it.
Blackthorne and Rodrigues hang onto the gunwales as the ship
pitches and rolls, wearing lifelines lashed to the binnacle.

In the well of the main deck, the OARSMEN are working two to
an oar, being shouted at by the Japanese CAPTAIN.

42 INT. GALLEY, DAIMYO'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

42

Yabumoto and Hiromatsu are holding on for dear life.

HIROMATSU

I curse the sea...

43 EXT. OPEN SEA, GALLEY - NIGHT

43

Blackthorne watches as the galley tilts violently.

Twenty oars now up in the air on one side, the port gunwale awash, water flowing. He shouts over the howling wind:

BLACKTHORNE

We'll have to ship those oars!

RODRIGUES

Where are your *cojones*?

BLACKTHORNE

Where they should be, by God, and where I want them to stay!

The galley is turned away from the wind, taking water fast.

RODRIGUES

Forget it, ship the oars!

Rodrigues cuts Blackthorne loose from his wrist bindings.

RODRIGUES (CONT'D)

Can you swim?

BLACKTHORNE

Can't you?

RODRIGUES

Never learned. Better to drown quickly, right? Go with God, you pirate bitch!

BLACKTHORNE

Piss on the Spaniard who serves the Portuguese!

RODRIGUES

Piss on all English, long live Spain!

Blackthorne drops into the well, crawling over sick oarsmen.

BLACKTHORNE

Get these oars in! Hurry!

Blackthorne fights forward through the men, shouting orders --

-- when A SWELL HITS THEM. Waves coming over the side -- Blackthorne losing his balance -- FALLING to the side -- his legs flailing out from under him. Oarsmen tumble over each other. The Captain goes OVERBOARD. But not Blackthorne --

He CATCHES onto the gunwale just before he goes over. Reaches out and pulls the Captain back from the grip of the sea. Looking up to the top deck, where he sees --

THE PILOT'S SEAT IS EMPTY.

BLACKTHORNE (CONT'D)

Rodrigues!

He runs to the gunwale and sees Rodrigues out there, gasping, struggling in the churning sea. The Captain throws him a wooden life ring. The sea sweeps it out of reach.

Blackthorne grabs an oar, THROWING IT LIKE A JAVELIN --
Rodrigues grabs it just as the SURF DRAGS HIM OFF.

Blackthorne turns back to the injured Captain, the weary men. Yabumoto climbs down, looking around, realizing Rodrigues is gone. Locking onto Blackthorne. Who STARES BACK...

BLACKTHORNE (CONT'D)

Okay you bastards, you wanna live?

He pushes past Yabumoto and helps the men ship the oars. He shoves more men to empty posts. Most are too sick to argue, THROWING UP at his feet but taking their positions anyway. Finally he climbs to the top deck. Taking over the galley --

BLACKTHORNE (CONT'D)

Everyone on my command: PULL!!!

Even Yabumoto takes a seat beside a rower, grabbing the oar. As they begin to row against the driving storm, we --

CUT TO:

EXT. ISE COAST, PROTECTED BAY - DAY

Calm waters. The galley floats gently now. Everyone is passed out. Injured oarsmen, exhausted by the night's work. Hiromatsu climbs up to the top deck, sees Yabumoto slumped over against a rail. And Blackthorne, reclining, exhausted. Eye contact between them. Blackthorne POINTS...

AT LAND. Their galley's safe in the bay. Hiromatsu nods, grateful. Blackthorne turns to the Captain:

BLACKTHORNE

You're Captain-sama again.
Understand? You. Captain-sama.

CAPTAIN

Understand. Yes, thank you.

The Captain shouts commands at his oarsmen. Meanwhile, Blackthorne goes to the side and begins untying a SKIFF.

HIROMATSU

Captain, what is the pilot doing?

CAPTAIN

I think he wants to go ashore.

Blackthorne looks back at Hiromatsu, points to land:

BLACKTHORNE

Rodrigu-sama.

Hiromatsu shakes his head, no. Blackthorne gestures --

BLACKTHORNE (CONT'D)

Go look.

HIROMATSU

*Captain. Set course for Osaka.
Our lord is waiting.*

The Captain turns and shouts new orders. The men wearily move to stations. Blackthorne reads all this...

BLACKTHORNE

*Your pilot is still out there!
Go look! Rodrigu-sama!*

HIROMATSU

Naran!

Blackthorne defiantly cocks his leg over the rail.

BLACKTHORNE

*I don't care what sort of savage
you are. I'm pilot of this whore-
bitch ship now. Where I come
from, we don't leave a man behind.*

Hiromatsu is stunned by Blackthorne's impudent tone. He puts his hand on his sword. But Yabumoto finally steps forward:

YABUMOTO

*If this man is a guest of our
lord's, we should honor his
wishes. No? It'll be faster to
find this corpse, if it's so
important. Let me send six men.*

HIROMATSU

You go too. Make sure it's quick.

45 EXT. ISE COAST, SHORELINE - DAY

45

PANNING OFF A SKIFF tied to a rock, towards a windy cliffside, where Yabumoto, Blackthorne, and six Green samurai climb together, single-file, up the bluff along the cove. Blackthorne once again has his hands BOUND.

PASSAGE OF TIME as they walk along a narrow switchback. The path dips and rises along the cliff face, two hundred feet above the crashing surf below. Blackthorne catches his breath while searching the shore. The sea below spills back and forth. Yabumoto walks in steady silence.

Finally, one of the samurai SHOUTS SOMETHING ahead and points down into a gulch... Blackthorne runs up to join him...

46 EXT. ISE COAST, CLIFF SUMMIT - DAY

46

RODRIGUES is far below, his corpse caught in a cleft between two great rocks. His arm locked around the broken oar. Yabumoto studies the way down.

YABUMOTO

No footholds. It's too dangerous.

Blackthorne moves closer to the edge. One of the samurai STOPS HIM with his hand.

BLACKTHORNE

I'm only trying to get a look.

YABUMOTO

Don't let the pilot put himself in danger like that again.

The samurai nods, holding his grip on Blackthorne, who stares back and realizes, they need him alive. And now he gets an idea. He points to the body and gestures:

BLACKTHORNE

I'll bring him up. Me.

Again he moves forward, as if to climb down. Again they restrain him. He feigns great anger, gesturing wildly:

BLACKTHORNE (CONT'D)

Now listen, you bastards! This goes against basic decency! Either I recover that body, or you.

(Yabumoto stares back)

That's right. Can't turn down a challenge in front of your men, can you?

Yabumoto looks down. Weighing the climb. The wind.

BLACKTHORNE (CONT'D)

Go on then. Maybe the fall will
kill you before you drown.

Yabumoto takes a COIL OF ROPE off a young samurai's shoulder.

YABUMOTO

Fetch more ropes from the ship.

The boy sprints away. He taps on the hilt of his sword.
Yabumoto removes his kimono to reveal a powerful body.

HEAVY SAMURAI

Lord, let me go in your place.

He anchors the rope around a nearby tree, tossing it down,
and tests a ledge with his feet. Glaring at Blackthorne:

YABUMOTO

*Don't you see what he's doing?
The barbarian wants me to fail.
He's very simple, though he
doesn't know it.*

47 EXT. ISE COAST, CLIFF FACE - DAY

47

With Yabumoto as he descends carefully, showing great skill.

48 EXT. ISE COAST, CLIFF SUMMIT - DAY

48

Blackthorne and the Green samurai watch him from above.

49 EXT. ISE COAST, CLIFF FACE - DAY

49

Yabumoto momentarily slips -- HIS LEFT HAND GRABBING AN
OUTCROP -- SWINGING between life and death, his fingers
digging deeply. His toes find a cleft just as his hand rips
away. His hand grabs the hanging rope for stability.

Looking back up at his panicking samurai. And Blackthorne.
Eye contact between them. Yabumoto, defiant. He's not
dying... until the rope catches on A SHARP ROCK and SNAPS --

50 EXT. ISE COAST, BOTTOM OF GULCH - DAY

50

YABUMOTO FALLS THE REMAINING TWENTY FEET... his body tumbling
down the sloped face and coming to a rest in a human ball.

51 EXT. ISE COAST, CLIFF SUMMIT - DAY 51

Blackthorne, content that he's dead...

BLACKTHORNE

Well, sorry about your piece-of-shit master.

...but then he notices Yabumoto trying to rise. Ankle twisted. Arms lacerated. Blood dripping from his fingers...

52 EXT. ISE COAST, BOTTOM OF GULCH - DAY 52

Yabumoto is alive! He collapses under his own weight, unable to walk but determined. A column of spray douses him. He eases himself across a sea-weeded crevice and comes to --

RODRIGUES. Twisted, broken. Yabumoto reaches to him, notices RODRIGUES'S BACK IS RISING AND FALLING.

53 EXT. ISE COAST, CLIFF SUMMIT - DAY 53

Blackthorne and the others listen as Yabumoto calls up:

YABUMOTO

The pilot is alive! Send down more rope.

Blackthorne reacts. The game has changed.

54 EXT. ISE COAST, BOTTOM OF GULCH - DAY 54

Yabumoto turns Rodrigues's body over. He holds him as a WAVE crashes down on him. He looks up: THE TIDE IS COMING IN.

55 EXT. ISE COAST, CLIFF SUMMIT - DAY 55

One of the samurai sees this too.

HEAVY SAMURAI

The tide.

All of the men hurry. Blackthorne helps the men unfurl another length of rope, tying it to the one that snapped.

BLACKTHORNE

Get it down there. They'll be pulled out to sea! Hurry!

56 EXT. ISE COAST, BOTTOM OF GULCH - DAY 56

Yabumoto sees the TIDE MARK -- wet stone above his head. He eases Rodrigues out of the surf. A bone is jutting from the man's leg. Every perch is slippery -- impossible.

57 EXT. ISE COAST, CLIFF SUMMIT - DAY 57

The samurai quickly lower the new rope down -- the last of what they have. It's still short. Blackthorne picks up Yabumoto's kimono and begins tearing at its threads. A samurai sees this and helps him tie off a longer stretch.

58 EXT. ISE COAST, BOTTOM OF GULCH - DAY 58

The water rushes in now. Yabumoto can't see for the spray. Finally he feels a ROPE landing beside him. He fastens it around Rodrigues's body. Gesturing to his men to pull...

59 EXT. ISE COAST, CLIFF SUMMIT - DAY 59

Blackthorne and the men strain under Rodrigues's weight --

60 EXT. ISE COAST, CLIFF FACE - DAY 60

An injured Yabumoto can only watch as Rodrigues is hoisted upwards. He remains below, the ocean waves now swirling around his waist. Dragging him farther out.

61 EXT. ISE COAST, CLIFF SUMMIT - DAY 61

The samurai see the tide level coming up --

HEAVY SAMURAI

*Faster! We'll never get it back
to him in time!*

Then Blackthorne looks down and notices something...

62 EXT. ISE COAST, BOTTOM OF GULCH - DAY 62

Yabumoto has steadied himself against wet rock with one hand. Raised weakly on his knees. Looking out at the ocean amidst the slamming waves that are moments from drowning him...

...clarity dawning on his face. He draws his KNIFE from his scabbard. Looking back up to cast a long gaze at...

63 EXT. ISE COAST, CLIFF SUMMIT - DAY

63

Blackthorne, on the cliff above. Staring back as if only the two of them existed. Yabumoto, fixed and resolute, nods proudly, almost defiantly. As if content in the service he's accomplished, and ready to die if he must.

He turns away from Blackthorne, eyes fixed on the sea. Blade in his hands, now turning to his belly...

BLACKTHORNE

Christ, what is he doing?!

The samurai haul up Rodrigues over the edge and quickly remove the rope from his body. Tossing it back down. SHOUTING at their master over the roar of the surf --

SAMURAI

Kashigi-sama!

BUT HE DOESN'T HEAR THEM. He's still staring out at the sea.

A YOUNG SAMURAI takes matters into his own hands, heroically leaping onto the rope and sliding down as quickly as he can.

64 EXT. ISE COAST, BOTTOM OF GULCH - DAY

64

Yabumoto's eyes lift to the CLOUDS. Studying them. Fascinated by something. He's not in pain anymore. Total acceptance of his part in the larger whole. No sound but the crashing surf. His hands, about to thrust the knife...

65 EXT. ISE COAST, CLIFF SUMMIT - DAY

65

The men are a flurry of activity, throwing rocks, shouting to get Yabumoto's attention. Blackthorne is incredulous...

BLACKTHORNE

Goddamnit, look back you bastard!

66 EXT. ISE COAST, BOTTOM OF GULCH - DAY

66

The Young Samurai lands at the bottom of the cliff and drags the rope with him, knee-deep in water --

YOUNG SAMURAI

Lord! Let me help you.

-- and only now does Yabumoto OPEN HIS EYES. Momentarily disoriented. Seeing his man with the rope...

...and returning the knife to his scabbard. The Young Samurai wraps an arm around him. Helps him to stand. Dragging him back to the ledge as the waves begin to wash up.

EXT. ISE COAST, CLIFF SUMMIT - DAY

A comatose Rodrigues lies at the top of the cliff. Samurai are fashioning a stretcher. Blackthorne isn't looking at that... he's staring in complete wonder as --

Yabumoto is lifted back over the cliff. The samurai eagerly tend to his wounds, but he pushes them away. Rising to his knees and staring at Blackthorne. He BOWS with a PRIDE that no one can deny. Least of all Blackthorne, who bows too.

AS WE CUT TO:

EXT. OSAKA CASTLE, WEST PALACE FORECOURT - NIGHT

Lanterns. Shadows. An urgent swishing of fabric. WOODEN GETA walk on a footpath outside Toranaga's keep. Passing the CLOSED WOODEN GATE. Grays watching through a portal.

INT. OSAKA CASTLE, WEST PALACE, MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

A GUARD announces himself and slides open a door for MARIKO, with TWO LADIES-IN-WAITING behind her. She bows, surprised, because waiting for her across the room is -- TORANAGA.

MARIKO

*So sorry, my Lord. I was told I'd
be meeting my father-in-law.*

TORANAGA

*I sent Toda Hiromatsu away on
business. I asked for you.*

She rises. Toranaga takes her in. Eyeing her CRUCIFIX.

TORANAGA (CONT'D)

*How long has it been since you
married into my general's family?*

MARIKO

Sixteen years, Lord.

TORANAGA

*And so rarely have we spoken.
Thank you for helping Usami Fuji
through her grief the other day.*

MARIKO

I wish I could have done more.

TORANAGA

Do you believe she will obey my order and deny herself death?

MARIKO

Yes. Her duty is now all she has.

He steps toward a lanterned garden. Walls surrounding him.

TORANAGA

Such a waste. Death is everywhere I look, since Ishido aligned the Council against me...

MARIKO

If the Regents vote for your death, we will welcome it with you.

Toranaga turns back to her. Staring.

TORANAGA

I'm told you speak Portuguese.

MARIKO

Only as a student.

TORANAGA

Your father-in-law is bringing a prisoner from Anjiro. A barbarian from a foreign ship. I want you to translate for me.

MARIKO

Surely the Portuguese will send Tsuji-sama to translate. My skills are nothing compared to his...

But Toranaga isn't satisfied. Probing her with his gaze:

TORANAGA

It's been fourteen years since your father's death?

MARIKO

Fourteen years and three months.

TORANAGA

Akechi Jinsai was brave and principled, and I revered him...

Mariko bows her head, uncomfortable. Toranaga steps closer:

TORANAGA (CONT'D)

*But I know it's haunted you, not
having been able to die alongside
him that day. Like Fuji. Your
soul robbed of all purpose.*

(a beat)

*What if, as your liege lord, I
could restore you to this purpose?*

And now her face lifts, revealing storm beneath.

TORANAGA (CONT'D)

*First, answer me: the barbarian is
an enemy of your faith. Would
your loyalty to God conflict with
your service to me?*

MARIKO

*If I were just Christian, perhaps.
But I am more than one thing.*

A beat. Then Toranaga nods. Turning again to his garden...

TORANAGA

*I think our fate has brought us
together. You, me, and this
barbarian who could turn the tide.*

EXT. OSAKA COASTLINE, GALLEY, TOP DECK - DAY

The galley, streaking along. We're in the pilot's hut at the stern. Blackthorne is on the floor, hands once again bound. Staring at the ceiling. Rodrigues is laid up in a hammock.

RODRIGUES

*You make a foul nurse, Ingeles.
My leg's on fire, my head's
bursting, and my piss pot's full.*

Blackthorne snaps to. He empties the chamberpot and tosses it back. Reclining again and staring at the ceiling:

BLACKTHORNE

*How long have you been in this
country?*

RODRIGUES

*Long enough I can't see my way
back, if that's what you mean.*

BLACKTHORNE

*That man was going to kill himself
on that cliff.*

(MORE)

BLACKTHORNE (CONT'D)

Risked his life to save you, and when he was done for in those waves, he didn't... fight, he could have tried, but he just... turned and drew his blade.

RODRIGUES

To spare himself the humiliation of drowning. What better end can a man ask for, in this chaotic world... than to go out on his own terms. That's the way.

Blackthorne just stares, lost.

BLACKTHORNE

Will I die here?

RODRIGUES

Likely.

BLACKTHORNE

Is there really no fight to be had?

RODRIGUES

You do think those currents are yours to control...

BLACKTHORNE

How can you just accept being powerless to these savages?

RODRIGUES

To life. *Itashikata-gozaimasen*. We cannot resist the path of nature --

BLACKTHORNE

Bollocks. I fought too long over too many seas to get here. I won't succumb to this madness. I won't.

RODRIGUES

That's funny. I thought you washed up by accident.

A look. Then Rodrigues reaches into a hidden compartment...

RODRIGUES (CONT'D)

Listen Pilot, seeing as you saved my life, I think it's only fair I tell you... I found these hidden on your ship, before we left.

...pulling out a SACHEL containing TWO BOOKS.

RODRIGUES (CONT'D)

This rutter was stolen off a Spanish sailor, I imagine. That's how you must have found your way through Magellan's Pass...

(opening the second book)

Which means this belongs to you. A list of all the Catholic bases you and your so-called merchant crew were putting to the torch.

A beat as that falls. Blackthorne knows the game is up.

RODRIGUES (CONT'D)

Your orders: "Plunder any Spanish territory, reach the Japans, and open trade in the New World."

Blackthorne's face changes. His secret is now in the open.

BLACKTHORNE

I guess this puts us in a difficult position.

RODRIGUES

One of us more so. I swore to convey these to the Portuguese as soon as I arrive.

Blackthorne suddenly rises, but Rodrigues anticipates it -- lifting A PISTOL to his face. Blackthorne just glares.

BLACKTHORNE

I won't be stopped. You'll see. Not in this uncivilized land.

RODRIGUES

Tell you what: we're coming into port soon. Why don't you go on up there, tell me what you see?

71

EXT. OSAKA BAY - DAY

71

THE GALLEY heading into port. Blackthorne comes to the bow.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

Tell me, when you set eyes on Osaka, if you really think our world's the hilt of civilization.

AS WE REVEAL FOR THE FIRST TIME: OSAKA. In all its splendor. An advanced city spreading out for miles. Looming large.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
Ask yourself what kind of man
wields power in a land like this...

72 EXT. ANJIRO COAST, RIDGE ABOVE - DAY

72

Same location as the opening. MURAJI walks over the rocks...

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
The one who schemes in the open...

He's going to a PIGEON CAGE. Tucked behind a wall of rocks.
He gently lifts a pigeon out. Slipping a SMALL NOTE into a
canister by its talon, and releasing it...

73 EXT. OSAKA CASTLE, WEST PALACE, PIGEON HOUSING - DAY

73

The pigeon lands in its coop. Toranaga reads the message.
Muraji is Toranaga's spy.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
...or the one you never see.

74 INT. OSAKA CASTLE, WEST PALACE, USAMI RESIDENCE - DAY

74

Tadayoshi sits in a stark room wearing a white robe. He
finishes pressing his death poem to paper. Nagakado stands
behind him, wiping WHITE POWDER from his sword with PAPER.
The poem is removed by a servant and replaced by a *wakizashi*,
or DAGGER, positioned on a plate.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
There's a saying out here, every
man has three hearts. One in his
mouth for the world to know...

Tadayoshi stands and waits at an open *fusuma* door. Fuji is
in the next room, holding their son, now dressed in a DEATH
KIMONO. Mariko sits nearby, head bowed. The time has come.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
Another in his chest, just for his
friends...

Fuji gives over her child. The *fusuma* slides closed.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)
And a secret heart, buried deep
where no one can find it...

Mariko watches Fuji's face, knowing her impossible agony...

75 INT. OSAKA CASTLE, WEST PALACE, MEETING ROOM - DAY 75

Toranaga sits alone on a *zabuton*, looking grief-stricken.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

That's the heart a man must keep
hidden if he wants to survive.

76 EXT. OSAKA RIVERBANK - DAY 76

Multiple SKIFFS pull up to the shore. In one boat, Yabumoto is unconscious on a stretcher, being tended to by a doctor.

Blackthorne is being led off another boat by Hiromatsu and a small army of SAMURAI GUARDS. A last look to Rodrigues, leaning on his crutch. SATCHEL in hand. A tragic nod.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

You'll understand soon, Ingeles.

77 EXT. OSAKA CASTLE, WEST PALACE FORECOURT - DAY 77

Blackthorne is led through the wood gate, seeing the West Palace for the first time. Humbled by the scale of it all.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

Who knows? Maybe your *karma*
brought you here for a reason...

78 INT. OSAKA CASTLE, WEST PALACE, MEETING ROOM - DAY 78

Shōji screens slide open, bringing Blackthorne before TORANAGA AND MARIKO. Guarded by two dozen samurai.

RODRIGUES (V.O.)

Maybe you'll live long enough to
find out what it is.

Blackthorne drops to the floor and BOWS LOW. PULL BACK FROM OUR THREE LEADS. Their fates now inextricably linked...

AS WE CUT TO BLACK.

* * * END OF 101 * * *