

MISHIMA/ GOJIRA CALLBACK SIDES

GOJIRA

Sensei, they said -

MISHIMA

I know. Soon.

GOJIRA

I don't think I -

MISHIMA

It is written that to choose the place where one dies is the greatest joy in life. This is a gift, Gojira. Our ancestors smile upon us.

GOJIRA

I'm not like you, sensei.

MISHIMA

Look. Look out at the city.

GOJIRA

But I have to hang the gong.

MISHIMA

Take a breath. If this is your final moment, then it is the moment in which you must live the most. Do you understand?

Gojira turns and begins fumbling with the gong. Mishima inhales deeply.

MISHIMA (CONT'D)

Beautiful. Do you see? It is beautiful. It is in the end of things that we find the sublime. Tokyo will enjoy a good death, radiant as never before. Do you see? Gojira. I said, do you see? *(He bellows with the affectation of a Mifune samurai.)* GOJIRA!

GOJIRA

Mishima-sensei.

MISHIMA

How long does it take to hang a gong? Come. Sit. You must see this.

GOJIRA

If it is worth doing, sensei, it is worth doing --

MISHIMA

GOJIRA!

GOJIRA

Yes, sensei.

MISHIMA

Do you see?

GOJIRA

Yes. I see.

MISHIMA

What do you see?

GOJIRA

Darkness.

MISHIMA

You don't see darkness, you oaf. Darkness is what you do not see. What you DO see is everything else.

GOJIRA

It's night, sensei.

MISHIMA

What do you see in the night, then?

GOJIRA

Lights. Thousand of little lights, like paper lanterns on the sea.

MISHIMA

A bad poem? The end of the world, and all you offer is a bad poem? I have failed you, Gojira.

GOJIRA

I thought it was pretty good.

MISHIMA

All right. Pretty good. Now tell me. No poetry, no pretense. What do you see?

GOJIRA

I see ...

MISHIMA

Yes ...

GOJIRA

Lights. Just blurry lights. You know my eyes aren't the best, sensei.

MISHIMA

Tonight the time of words will end. Tonight only our actions matter. The page gives way to the flesh, as the flesh gives way to spirit.

GOJIRA

I don't know if I'm ready, sensei.

MISHIMA

You are.

The city goes dark. Gojira gasps.

GOJIRA

It's happening.

MISHIMA

Hai.

Flashes in the distance. Sounds of artillery and fighter planes. Gojira runs to the edge of the roof.

MISHIMA

It begins.

GOJIRA

It's like the war, the war all over again. I thought we were done with all that. I prayed we were.

MISHIMA

I know you did.

GOJIRA

Don't mock me, sensei.

MISHIMA

I know you did, my friend. As did everyone I know.

GOJIRA

And you? Mishima-sensei?

MISHIMA

If the emperor is dead, is God dead?

GOJIRA

No ... for God lives in the next emperor.

MISHIMA

Good. So, if there is no new emperor, is God dead?

The night suddenly blazes red. The light dances on their faces.

GOJIRA

Oh, no ... the city ...

MISHIMA

No. God is not dead. God rises anew.

Gojira falls to his knees, weeping.

GOJIRA

It's burning. It's all gone. Everything.

MISHIMA

We lost God. And now God returns. A new Emperor. A new God, rising from the sea. More powerful than the old Emperor ever was, greater than Japan ever dared imagine itself. God has come, Gojira. Immanuel. God is with us.

GOJIRA

Look at the city. God doesn't do that. A devil. A devil does that. Something from the darkest places.

MISHIMA

What we call him doesn't matter. He joins us from a world that defies words. He is God. He is devil. All things at once. *(A satisfied look comes over his face.)* Akuma-shin.