

MARINE BOYZ '79

by

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

This is an early work by Takahashi Rumiko, better known for series like *InuYasha* and *Urusei Yatsura*. She published it in the monthly special edition issue of *Weekly Shounen Sunday* in July 1979 at the age of 21, while still in college; she doesn't specify how old her protagonists in this story are but you get the sense she's scarcely any older. I think this gives her a lively deep feeling for what they might be pondering or going through as characters in this kind of media, and the work itself is also rather covingly impressive as something made by a 21-year-old college student.

I tried hard to make it "come alive" in English here, while staying as true as I can manage to both the raw semantic, prosodic, and orthographic content of the Japanese text and the way the impact of the text feels to me overall. I've probably hewn a bit closer to the original Japanese than you might encounter in a typical commercial translation in certain ways, partially out of wanting to give the reader a window into the original and partially out of my own raw affection for the qualities of original Japanese text—I hope you'll indulge me a bit in that regard.

Takahashi has an entertaining fondness for dense wordplay that poses interesting challenges for a translator. I've tried as hard as I can to carry each pun, portmanteau, mixed meaning, and off-kilter joke into English as closely as I can manage so as not to diminish the English-speaking reader's potential enjoyment. These sorts of things rarely carry over into the target language perfectly, but sometimes you can get remarkably close.

The presentation I've used is different from that of typical scanlation. I have the original Japanese pages on the left and an English translation in script format on the right, including scene descriptions and notes for the reader. I acknowledge this is unusual; one of my main motivations was personal in that I wanted to make a close study of this work from the standpoint of writing comic scripts, since I ultimately want to try writing my own original comic scripts. It also has the advantage for you as the reader that I was not constrained by the need to carefully fit my translated text in the speech bubbles, deal with redoing the Japanese sound effects, or any of the other art-side challenges that hamper comic translation efforts, and my scene descriptions may clarify things for you that might otherwise be hard to understand just looking at the art (such as things that require cultural background knowledge).

Whoever scanned in the pages for this left out a strip of some of the left-side pages. Occasionally, this obscures part of the dialogue; I've translated what is still visible and marked the affected lines with (*frgmt.*). If I get ahold of better scans at some point I'll do a revision. Thankfully the plot is still fully comprehensible and the impact is only slight.

Speaking of the plot, this is actually book 3 of the 5-part series *Dust Spurt!!*—but, don't worry about that. It's fine, I promise. Not only is this a self-contained story, but I ran across it flipping through the pages of the compilation *Rumic World Vol. 3* without any prior knowledge or context of the series and read it with extreme delight. I'm basically trying to share that experience with you by writing this. Some aspects of the story might seem bizarre or confusing when you

first encounter them, but don't worry, just read on.

Oh, and you may want to put your PDF reader in double-page mode if it isn't already. Select "Even Spreads" if you're given the option.

——*Zoë Sparks, April 2026*

P.S. After reading this my partner Lily said that she really wants to read the other 4 issues, so I just thought I would note that I don't mean to say I won't also do the other ones. Obviously I'm feeling pretty enthused after reading this one.

マリン・ボーズ'79の巻^{まき}



MARINE BOYZ '79

(Note: The Japanese title, *MARIN BOUZU '79*, has a layered meaning which is a bit complex. The word *bouzu* often refers to a bald-headed Buddhist priest, and by analogy also commonly refers in a familiar or even sometimes mocking way to a boy, suggesting something of a general "some kid with a buzz cut" sort of image in that context. It forms yet another analogy in the context of the word *umibouzu* or "sea *bouzu*"—you might say "marine *bouzu*"—referring to a well-known bald-headed *youkai*, often of large size, that rises out of the ocean and sinks ships.

(Takahashi definitely intends to bring out the *umibouzu* aspect of *MARIN BOUZU* here as we see an *umibouzu* looming in silhouette in the background.

(The "boy" connotations are also present inasmuch as this is *shounen* in genre—and in particular, there's a 1969 Fuji TV anime called 『海底少年マリン』 i.e. *Kaitei Shounen MARIN* or e.g. *MARINE: Seabed Shounen*, which is a great example of the sort of media this comic is an affectionate send-up of. It was preceded by two smaller series in the same vein called 『』 *DORUFIN Ojou* i.e. *Dolphin Prince* and *Ganbare! MARIN KIDDO* i.e. *Hang in there, Marine Kid!*. There's an 1965 American dub of *Ganbare! MARIN KIDDO* under the name *Marine Boy*, and at least from brief viewing of both the Japanese version and the American dub, I'd say the dub seems like a quite faithful transmission of the series into a 1960s American TV context. If you can find some episodes of it it's worth watching for at least a few minutes just to give yourself a sense. The way Takahashi writes the dialogue of the central characters Yuri, Tamuro, and Mr. Sekoi is right out of a series like that (well, at least three-quarters of the time or so). As a side note, an obvious way to write *Marine Boy* in Japanese is as マリン・ボーイ—I'm sure you can see the visual resemblance of that to the written title at left on the page.

(In any case, Takahashi was 8 when *Ganbare! MARIN KIDDO* aired and 11 when *Kaitei Shounen MARIN* aired, so it would be really unsurprising if she saw them at that age and meant for this to be her own personal "1979 version" of the series. I poked around and couldn't find explicit confirmation of this, but I think it's likely enough to be worth noting here.)



EXT. A CAPE ABOVE A BAY EARLY EVENING

YURA stands, holding binoculars at chest height and looking into the distance, wearing a bikini under an open cardigan.

YURA

So boring!!

YURA and TAMURO are keeping watch over a bay from the edge of a tall rocky outcropping far above the water. TAMURO has on an athletic t-shirt and swim trunks, sports a mod haircut, and is seated next to her. They appear to be in their late-teens-to-early-20s.

YURA

We've been keeping watch here for
over three hours...

TAMURO

Nothing's shown up at all.

Down in the bay, we see MR. SEKOI sailing in a small skiff. He has short, coiffed black hair and faint sideburns, slightly balding on the sides, looking not a little like a youngish Roger Moore. He wears a hoodie with the Japanese flag on the front pocket, and the sail of his boat is also styled like the flag.

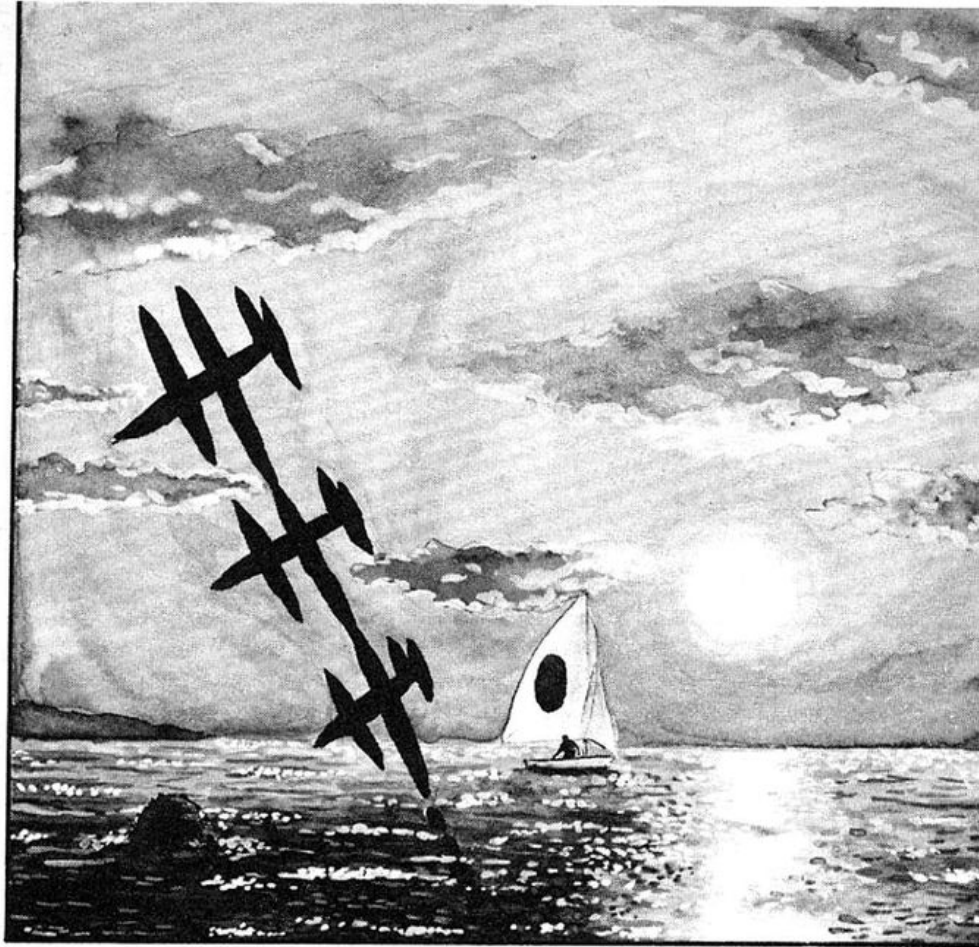
We see his very serious face in close-up. It seems to gleam brightly, casting rays of light all around.

TAMURO

Wehhh!! If I stare at Mr. Sekoi's
face any longer, I'm gonna get a
sunburn.

YURA

You shouldn't look directly at it!!



For a moment we see the bay from the beach in wide view, with MR. SEKOI's boat set against the setting sun glinting off the waves. The surf is heard echoing throughout.

TAMURO and YURA are now seated side-by-side on the outcropping.

TAMURO

Was the whole thing about the
umibouzu just a false rumor in the
end?

YURA

But...12 cases of fatal shipwreck
have actually happened in this cove
recently.

YURA stands up and yawns, spreading her arms.

YURA

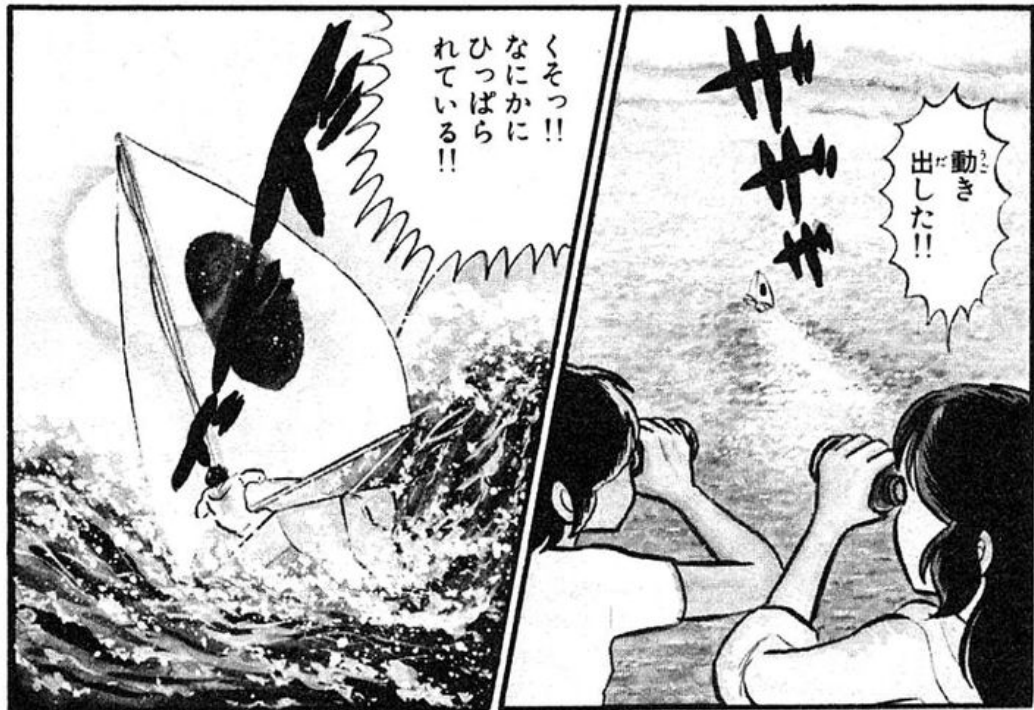
fwaaaa

We pull out and down towards the sea momentarily to view the outcropping from below as she does this. A huge wave smashes against the rock.

YURA

(thinking) Who's that over there?

YURA looks behind her towards an elegantly-dressed YOUNG WOMAN sitting a ways away from them looking mournfully out to sea.



We draw near the YOUNG WOMAN, with YURA in the background.

YOUNG WOMAN
(thinking) I wonder how long those
kids have been here...

YURA
(thinking) Since when did she get
here, I wonder?

YURA
(thinking) She's creepin' me out for
some reason.

The YOUNG WOMAN stares out to sea lost in thought.

YOUNG WOMAN
(thinking) Just awful...

YOUNG WOMAN
(thinking) Naturally I have no idea
what to do with them here.

Now we see YURA in close-up; she pulls down her binoculars and shoots
the YOUNG WOMAN a sidelong glance.

YURA
(thinking) She's been keepin' an eye
on us for a little while now...

TAMURO calls out suddenly, looking through his binoculars at something
in the bay.

TAMURO
Yura!!

YURA turns and looks beside him with her own binoculars. MR. SEKOI's
boat appears to be moving abruptly across the water at high speeds.
They can hear his boat sloshing around in the bay below.

YURA
He's started moving!!

We draw close to MR. SEKOI. Waves crash thunderously around his small
craft.

MR. SEKOI
Drat!! Something's dragging me along
somehow!!

ダストスパート



Suddenly whirlpools appear in the water, and something seems to be rising up from below.

A giant *umibouzu* bursts out of the water with a huge splash!

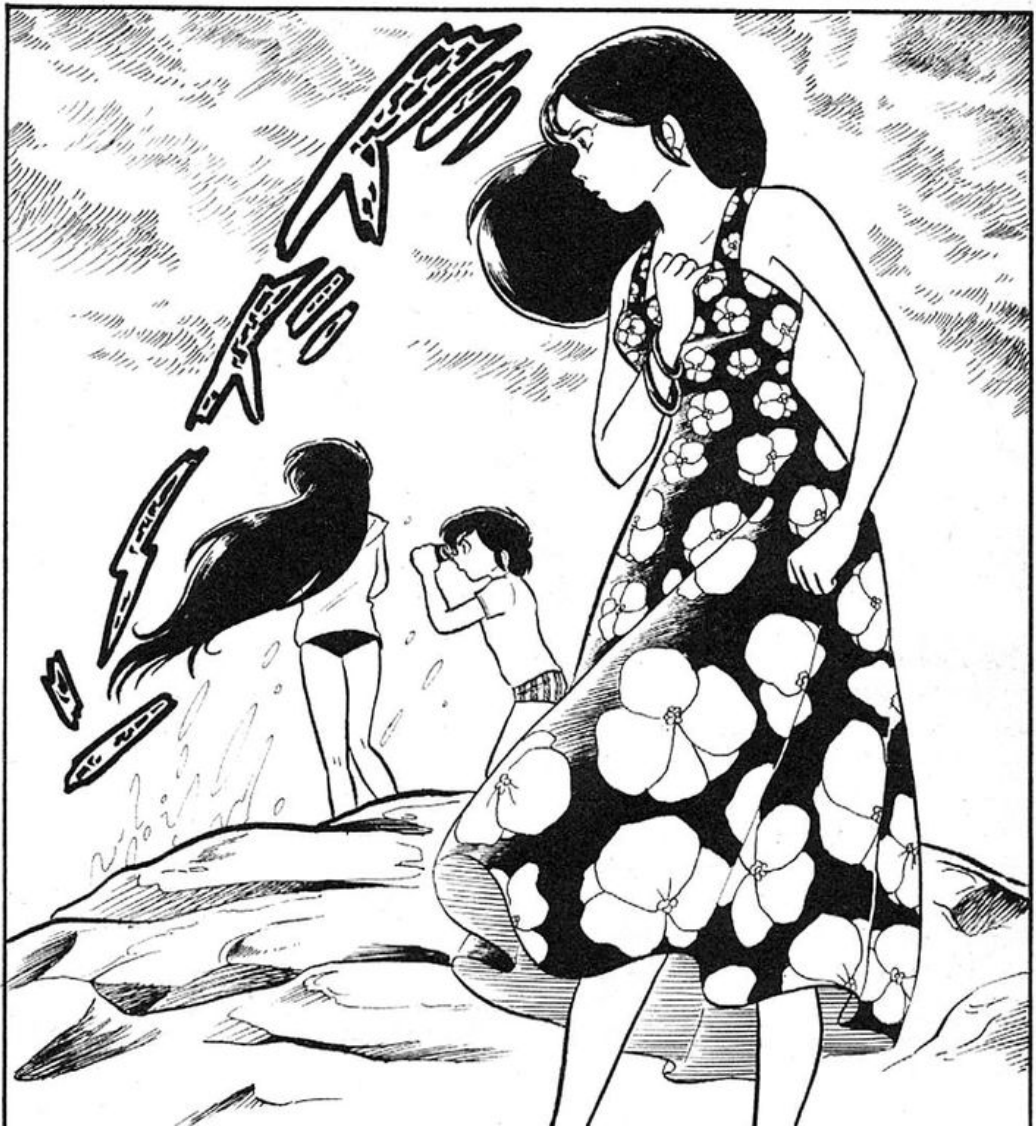
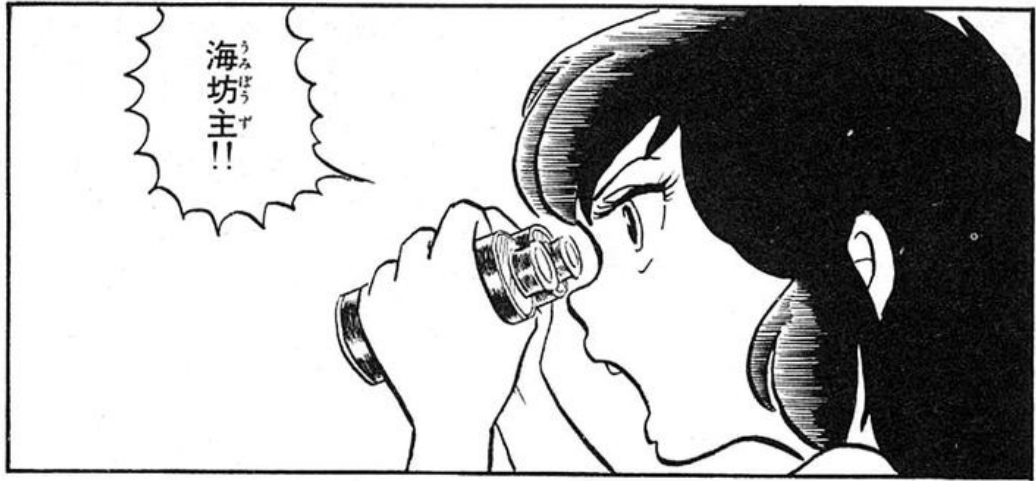
MR. SEKOI

Waaaagh!!

MR. SEKOI is a bit freaked out.

MR. SEKOI

It emerged!!



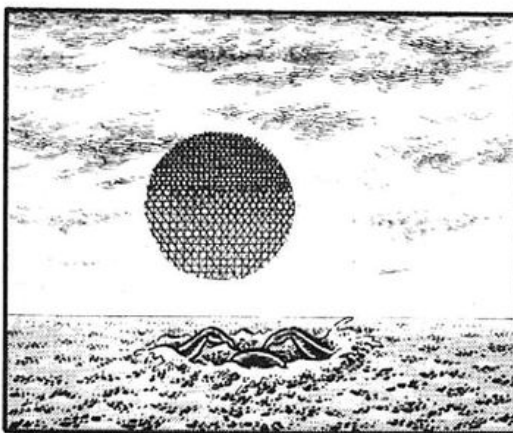
We return to YURA in close-up, who calls out in alarm watching through her binoculars.

YURA

Umibouzu!!

We then pull back to see the YOUNG WOMAN behind them stand in alarm at YURA's pronouncement, as a wave crashes thunderously against the outcropping from below. YURA and TAMURO are behind her, glued to the events in the bay.

ダストスパート



YURA
—doing something!! (*frgmnt.*)

TAMURO pulls down his binoculars for a moment.

TAMURO
Grrr!! I can hardly see what's
happening with the setting sun
there!!

The *umibouzu* swipes at the water powerfully and creates a huge wake.

MR. SEKOI's boat is swamped and begins to sink.

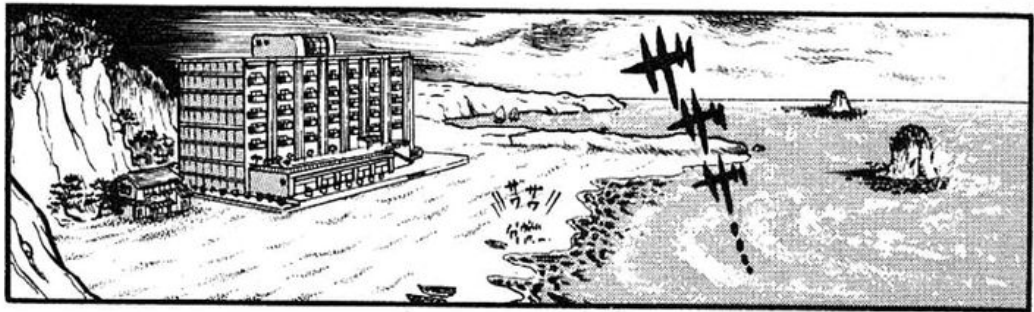
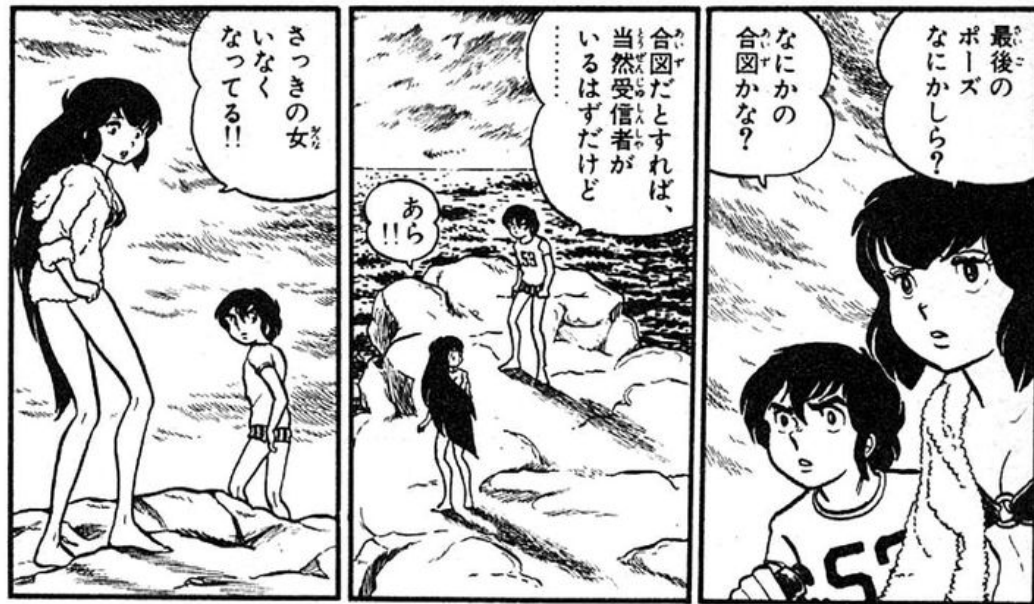
YURA and TAMURO look on with deep concern.

YURA
He got sunk...

TAMURO
Mr. Sekoi!!

The *umibouzu* turns towards them and does a strange tapping motion
against its head with both hands.

It then disappears into the sea.



YURA and TAMURO stare incredulously. TAMURO is shocked as he has a realization.

YURA
What was up with the *bouzu* at the end
there?

TAMURO
Some sort of signal maybe?

We see the two of them from the air. TAMURO looks around suspiciously.

TAMURO
If that was a signal, the intended
recipient must be around here
somewhere—although...

No one else appears to be there with them on the outcropping. YURA checks behind her.

YURA
Huh!!

We come down behind YURA near the ground.

YURA
That woman who was here a bit ago
took off!!

EXT. DOWN ON THE BEACH EARLY EVENING

From up high on the cape, we see the beach down below. There is a large hotel next to a rustic Japanese-style bed-and-breakfast, with the ever-present sound of waves. A commotion seems to be happening down by the water.

Having made their way down towards all the rucus, TAMURO and YURA approach to see MR. SEKOI carried away from the water on a stretcher. A crowd of people is standing there muttering amongst each other.

SUNBATHER
Apparently he just swam here on his
own power.

HER FRIEND
Such grit!!

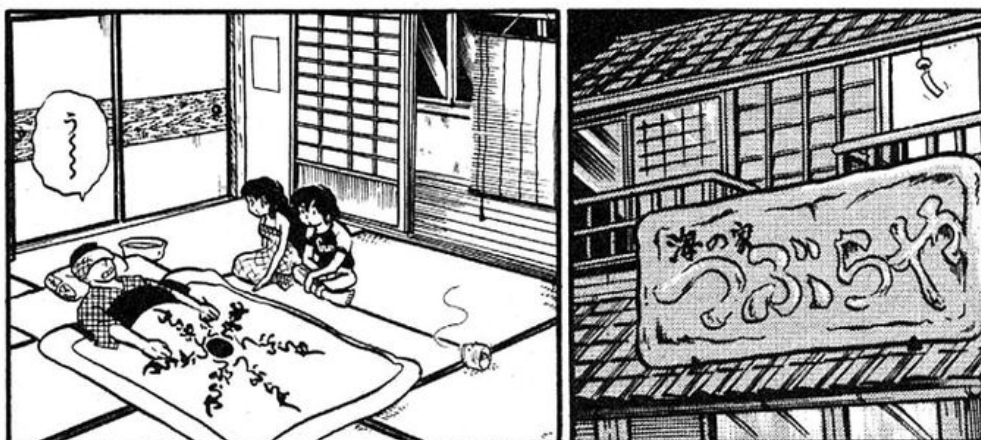
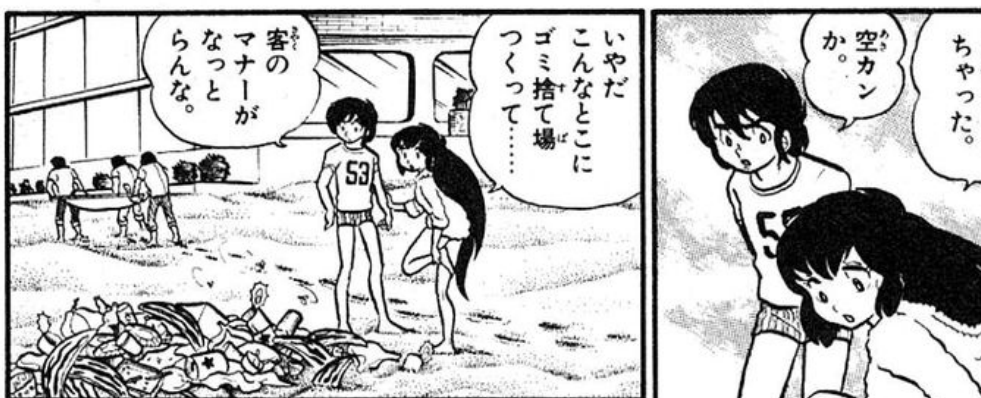
YURA and TAMURO lean close to MR. SEKOI, who appears to be in pain and delirious.

YURA
Mr. Sekoi!!

He speaks desperately through gritted teeth.

MR. SEKOI
Buh-...bucket.....

ダストスパート



—(frgmt.) TAMURO

YURA
What could that be about?

YURA
OWW!!

All of a sudden she reaches down to grab her foot.

TAMURO
What happened!?

YURA
(kneeling) My foot got—(frgmt.)

TAMURO
An empty can, huh.

TAMURO looks down disapprovingly at a jagged can lid in the sand.

YURA stands back up, holding her leg with one hand and balancing on TAMURO with the other.

YURA
It's terrible how people are using
this place as a trash dump...

There is a giant pile of garbage next to them. MR. SEKOI is being carried away in the distance.

TAMURO
They got no manners whatsoever.

INT. TSUBURAYA NIGHTTIME

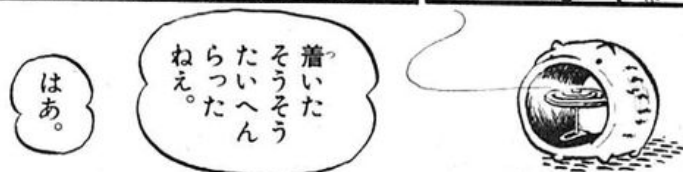
We see the bed-and-breakfast from a slight distance away against the black night sky as the waves echo in the distance.

Zooming in, its handcarved sign reads "Tsuburuya", with smaller text reading "Home of the Sea".

(Note: Tsuburaya is the name of the production house that does *Ultraman*. Their founder Tsuburaya Eiji was co-creator of *Ultraman* and *Godzilla*.)

In a room, MR. SEKOI is convalescing while TAMURO and YURA sit at his bedside. TAMURO is wearing khakis and a two-tone t-shirt bearing the English word "Gun", while YURA has on a windowpane-patterned sleeveless dress. MR. SEKOI is wearing bedclothes and an eyemask that have been provided by the inn. His bedcovers have the word "Tsuburuya" repeating in rotation on a white field around a central red circle. A small pig-shaped incense burner smolders in the corner.

MR. SEKOI
Urrrrrh



TAMURO and YURA lean in closer to him.

TAMURO
Mr. Sekoi.

YURA
You've got to wake up!!

MR. SEKOI
Ohhh

MR. SEKOI speaks wearily.

MR. SEKOI
Buh-...bucket.....

TAMURO is consternated.

TAMURO
"Bucket" again, huh...

YURA
That's all he's said for a while now.

A small old woman in a traditionally-patterned kimono comes into the room, bearing two huge slices of watermelon on a platter.

INNKEEPER
What how, folks. Have some watermelon.

TAMURO
Ah, thanks.

We then see the incense burner close up.

INNKEEPER
Well, there's been an awful lot of mischance, hasn't there?

TAMURO
For sure.

YURA and TAMURO lay into the watermelon with weary pleasure.

INNKEEPER
I just feel thankful his life was spared.

TAMURO
Well, he can cling to life like nobody else can.

Close-up on YURA.

YURA
Miss, have you ever seen an *umibouzu*?

We then see the three of them conversing from the side.

INNKEEPER

Ah, well of course!! That's been
passed down out in this area since
back in the years when I was a child.

YURA

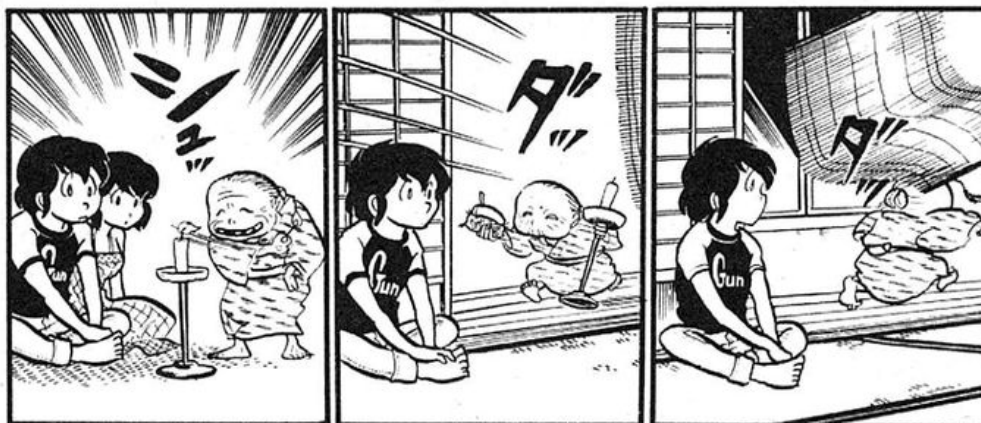
Like how?

TAMURO

Would you be up for telling us the
whole story?

-

ダストスパート



The INNKEEPER and TAMURO face each other in a moment of portent, both grinning.

INNKEEPER
You wanna hear about it?

TAMURO
We waaannna. Please.

She dashes off abruptly, knocking the blinds off a nearby window.

She then returns as quickly as she came, holding a candle in a large candleholder and a "singing bowl"-with-mallet of the sort used to accompany Buddhist sutra chanting etc. (called a *rin* in Japanese).

Grinning ear-to-ear, she lights the candle with the single swipe of a match. Fwoom!

She then sits down and begins to tap gently on the *rin* with the mallet, making a *chiin*, *chiin* sound.

YURA
eeeeek

TAMURO
(watching the innkeeper) She's so into it...

YURA turns to TAMURO nervously.

YURA
Aaahh, I just caaan't...ghost stories, um, super freak me out.

TAMURO
(whispering) You're kidding!!

The INNKEEPER intones, with a *chiin*, *chiin* from the *rin*:

INNKEEPER
By an anonymous author, dramatized by this ol' hotel hag, a sea spirit's story.....

We see a man alone out in a small skiff in what looks like the Edo period, with the moon reflecting off the water. He has two little Japanese flags sticking up along the stern pointing in opposite directions.

INNKEEPER
'twas a dark and profane night.....

INNKEEPER
They say a man went rowing along in the open sea that night, nightfishing.....

INNKEEPER

Ooohhhh....there in the quiet, he
sensed that something was coming out
of the darkness before him.

We see the FISHERMAN in the boat close up. He bears a suspicious
resemblance to MR. SEKOI and the pattern his clothing bears is a
complicated mixture of Japanese and American flag imagery. He casts his
gaze around suspiciously.

INNKEEPER

Then, at that very moment.....

-



She leaps at TAMURO and YURA with a horrifying facial expression.

INNKEEPER
GRAAAAAAANT MEEE A
LAAAAAAAAAAAAADLLLLLLLLLLE

YURA bear-hugs TAMURO in fright and a worrisome cracking sound is heard from his neck.

YURA
KYYYYAAAHHHH!!!

TAMURO
Gyyuuggk!!

The INNKEEPER looks up at TAMURO and YURA. YURA is turned towards TAMURO with her hand raised in concern, while TAMURO rubs his neck with tears in his eyes.

INNKEEPER
What was that sound?

YURA
Ahh.... Ahh....

TAMURO
My neck's.....all out of whack.....

She props up one side of his head with her fist and karate chops his neck on the other side with immense force. CLUNK!!

YURA
So sorry!! I'll fix it right away!!

TAMURO
Khhhhhh!!

The INNKEEPER gives the two of them a touch of side-eye.

INNKEEPER
Might I go on?

YURA looks sheepish while TAMURO rubs his neck and mutters.

YURA
Sorry for breaking up your story.

TAMURO
Breaking up the story, breaking up my
neck.....

We return to the tale. A pale, gaunt GHOST with stringy black hair is seen hovering above the FISHERMAN's boat with wisps of shade fire hanging all around. The FISHERMAN offers a large wooden dipper to the GHOST in prostration.

INNKEEPER

They say, though the man was afear'd
well full, he heeded the pleas of the
ghost and handed over a ladle.

INNKEEPER

And with that, the ghost...

We see the GHOST using the dipper to pour water all over the FISHERMAN
and into his boat as he reaches out desperately to no one.

INNKEEPER

...used the ladle to deluge his boat
with waaaaaaater!!

FISHERMAN

Kyaaaaah!!

-

ダストスパート



The INNKEEPER taps the *rin* in from of a stark monochromatic vision of the FISHERMAN's boat being pulled under the water in a giant whirlpool.

INNKEEPER

They say his boat sank plainly in the
time it takes to say "ah"...

YURA bear-hugs TAMURO with supernatural tightness.

YURA

aaaaaaaaaah scaaaaaaaryyyyyyy

TAMURO

URK!!! My organs, perforated.....

The INNKEEPER continues to intone, her face lit ominously by the candle.

INNKEEPER

Since that very day, the areas's
fishermen always come ready with a
ladle missing its bottom when they go
out a-fishing...

We see another FISHERMAN like the one before offering a dipper with no bottom to the ghost.

INNKEEPER

Seawater will pass well anon through
a bottomless ladle,

The GHOST is now alone in the ocean, mostly submerged and dejected.

INNKEEPER

so as for the ghost,

GHOST

A curse upon yeeeeee.....

INNKEEPER

and so having said, it sinks back
beneath the waves...

INT. TSUBURAYA NIGHTTIME

We see a wind chime (a *fuurin*, to be specific) blowing in the night breeze from the eaves of the inn, making a soft *chirin*, *chirin*. YURA can be heard speaking from somewhere down below.

YURA

A ladle, huh...

We now see her seated in the opening of screen to the outdoors, with the large hotel and the night sky visible behind her.

YURA

If you swap the ladle from the story
earlier with a bucket.....

Pulling back, we see TAMURO in agony in the foreground laying on a futon next to the delirious MR. SEKOI, with YURA sitting behind them.

YURA

Eh? You're in bed already?

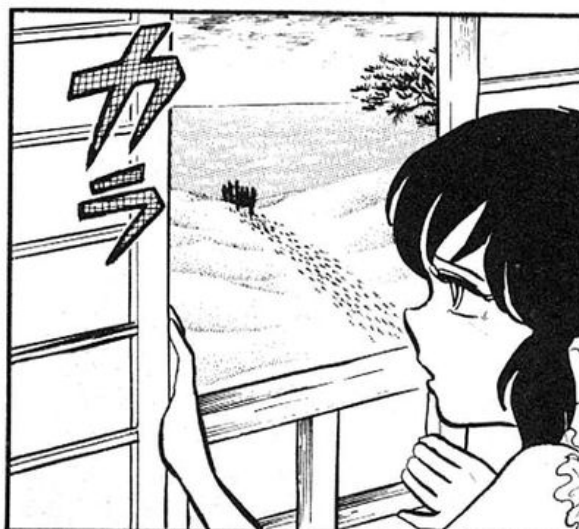
MR. SEKOI

...buuucket...buuucket...

TAMURO

After those bear hugs of yours
earlier, what else could a person *do*
but lie in bed!!

-



INT. TSUBURAYA MORNING

Birds can be heard chirping from the cliffs above the inn. We see its exterior in the foreground.

We then move inside to see YURA passed out on a futon. She's wearing light pyjamas with ruffle hems and little mustard flowers. The birds can still be easily heard indoors.

A voice can be heard through the screen from out in front of the inn.

SOMEONE

Welp miss, later. We'll be back.

A lot of loud shuffling can be heard from outside. YURA'S eyes open drowsily.

YURA

Mmmm...?

She sits up and approaches the screen.

YURA

Who on earth could be doing all that
rushing around out there?

She slides the screen open and sees many footprints down below in the sand. A large crowd is disappearing behind a sand dune in the distance, going towards the ocean.

ダストスパート



YURA slides open the screen to the room where TAMURO and MR. SEKOI are sleeping. She's changed into a knee-length sleeveless dress with diagonal checks, while TAMURO is still in plaid pyjamas.

YURA
Tamuro, get up!!

She looms over him in bed, highly agitated. His eyes are barely open.

YURA
Some mysterious guys left just a
second ago!!

TAMURO
.....

YURA goes on.

YURA
——were. There aren't any guests
like that in this inn. (*frgmt.*)

TAMURO
Hmmm....

He flops over and pulls the covers above his eyes. YURA is alarmed.

TAMURO
I see.

YURA abruptly yanks his futon out from under him.

YURA
STAYING IN BED, EH PAAAAAL?!

TAMURO flops out dazedly onto the floor.

EXT. OUTSIDE TSUBURAYA MORNING

YURA has run outside with TAMURO tailing. He's put on his "Gun" shirt and khakis again.

TAMURO
fwaaa

YURA
Come on!! See, we've already lost
sight of them because of our
dawdling!!



YURA runs up to the water. She gestures to the shoreline in front of her with her left hand and points in TAMURO's direction with her right hand. TAMURO is further away behind her running along the trail of footprints, which stop in a dark channel running parallel to the ocean between the two of them. He points towards the channel. We hear the lapping surf in the background.

YURA
It looks like they got up to
something around here.

TAMURO
Right about there.....

TAMURO and YURA meet in the dark channel. TAMURO kneels down and points at the ground.

TAMURO
The mountain of trash that was here
yesterday was right in this spot.

YURA
That's true. It's been totally
disposed of.

TAMURO peers thoughtfully into the distance.

TAMURO
Could it have been some sort of youth
association doing volunteer trash
removal?

YURA
Whatever happened, let's see about it
a bit later.

YURA walks a ways down alongside the channel, then turns and gestures towards it.

YURA
Of course, it's different along here.
Whoever was carrying the trash
could've come along this way.

She looks up to see someone wearing a finely-made knee-length dress with a wavy hem, a gauzy chiffon shawl, and open-toed high heels, standing on a small low outcropping with the waves splashing all around. TAMURO looks up as well.

YURA
Ah!!

ダストスパート



It's the YOUNG WOMAN from up on the cape. She appears bedazzlingly refined and glamorous before the surf, to the extent that the air literally glitters around her.

TAMURO and YURA peek out at her from behind from behind a rocky protrusion.

TAMURO

It's the woman from yesterday!!

Eyes closed, the YOUNG WOMAN stuffs a small note into a thick glass jar.

She snaps a lid onto it with a definitive *KH!*

Then, she hurls it overhand into the sea.

She watches with a piercing, portentous glare, and we hear the jar *ker-plash* into the water.

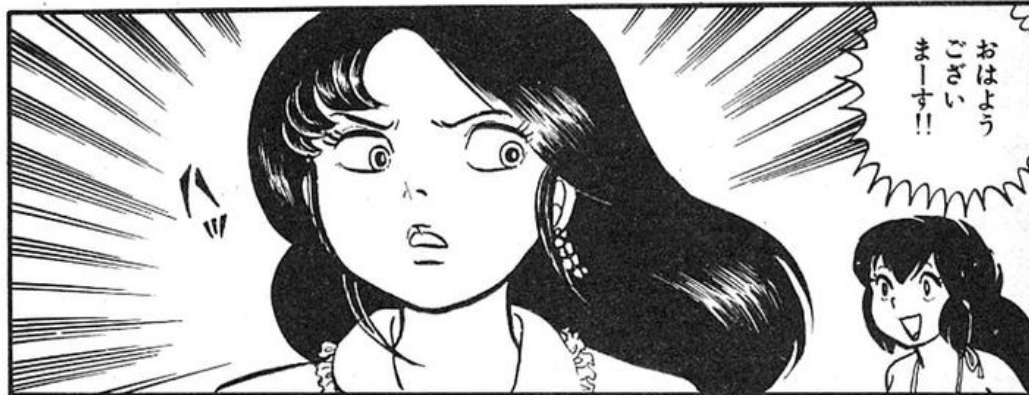
YURA and TAMURO kneel down behind the protrusion to confer.

YURA

Tamuro, you go and retrieve that jar!! I can divert her attention.

TAMURO

Totally.



YURA approaches the YOUNG WOMAN from the left, all cheeriness. The YOUNG WOMAN, more than a bit scandalized, glances in YURA's direction with a sharp intake of breath, as her hair and her little string-of-cowries earrings wave in the seabreeze.

YURA
Good MOOOOOORNIIIIING!!

YURA grins affably with her hands behind her back as the YOUNG WOMAN turns hesitantly towards her.

YURA
So, we meet again, eh?

YOUNG WOMAN
Ah...it's you.....

YURA approaches a bit closer. The YOUNG WOMAN is like "WTF..?!".

YURA
Are you out on a stroll?

YOUNG WOMAN
Eh...yes, I suppose so.

The YOUNG WOMAN thinks to herself resentfully.

YOUNG WOMAN
(*thought*) Tch!! Whether it be
yesterday or today...

YOUNG WOMAN
(*thought*) ...they never fail to
interrupt!!

She turns and begins to walk off. YURA over at her with folded arms, rather put out.

YOUNG WOMAN
I'm afraid you must excuse me.

YURA glares sidelong at her back as she walks away along the shoreline.

YURA
She seems flustered.....is that not
suspicious...

ダストスパート



TAMURO splashes over from the other direction.

YURA

Ah, Tamuro!!

She gets down on her hands and knees to talk to him down in the water. He's carrying the note in his mouth like a cat or otter.

YURA

How'd it go?

He climbs up onto the low outcropping and he and YURA spread the note out on the rock.

TAMURO

The jar got smashed against a rock and ended up in pieces.

YURA

Waaa, the ink is running!!

She looks closely at the note.

YURA

It's better-preserved in some places than others.....

YURA

This sea...sinks...boat...killing
perfección.....Tokugawa Aoi...

TAMURO's ears prick up.

TAMURO

Perfección?

YURA looks up at him with deep portent.

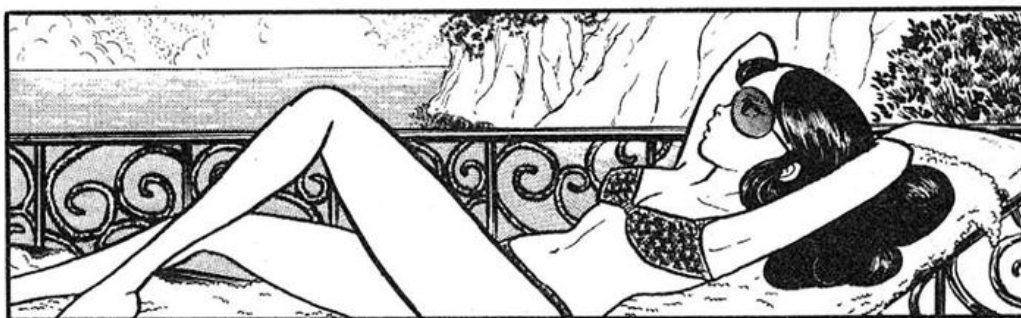
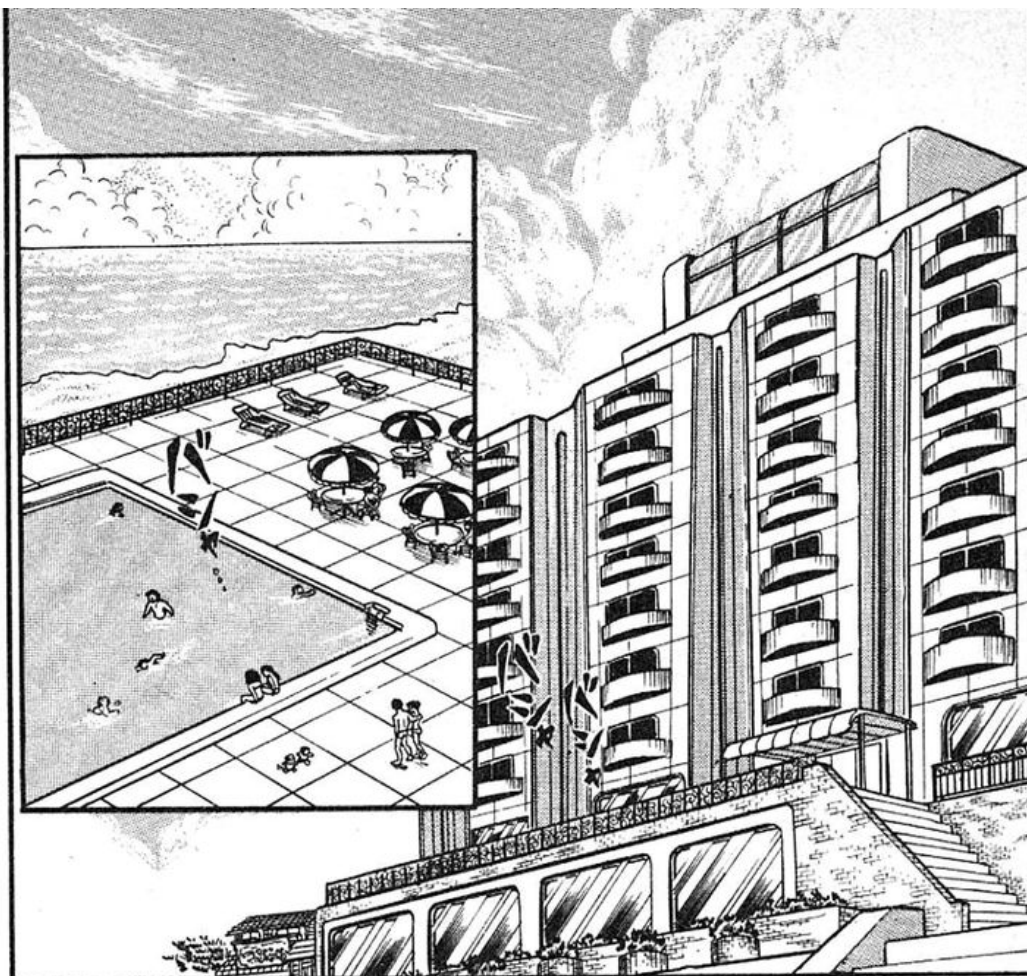
YURA

Perfectón.....

TAMURO

This is *correspondance*!!

(Note: The written characters for "Perfectón" in Japanese are shown here as " 完璧の豚" or *Kanpeki no Buta*, i.e. "Perfect Pigs". However, the actual Japanese pronunciation that Takahashi specifies is *paafekuton*, a portmanteau of the English word "perfection" and another Japanese word for pig, *ton*.)



EXT. THE BIG HOTEL'S POOL AFTERNOON

We see the large hotel next to the bed-and-breakfast and hear sounds of splashing from a large raised courtyard in front of it.

Looking down from above the courtyard, which unsurprisingly turns out to be a pool deck, we see a big pool with lawn chairs and tables with umbrellas. Many people are milling about in swimwear.

TOKUGAWA AOI is sunbathing on a lawn chair, wearing big fancy sunglasses and a polka-dot bikini.

Behind her, YURA is sitting at one of the tables with what appears to be melon soda in a nice glass with a maraschino cherry and a barberpole-striped straw. She wears a gigantic semitransparent visor, a little shark's tooth necklace, and a dark flat-colored bikini, and mutters to herself resentfully.

YURA
That woman is truly revolting!!
Staying at some high-class hotel!!

ダストスパート



We see now TOKUGAWA AOI close up enough to make out her earrings, which each have a little hanging clamshell. She glances back in YURA's direction while YURA eyes her sidelong.

TOKUGAWA AOI
It's that kid again.....

She turns away and lays on her hand.

TOKUGAWA AOI
(*thought*) There's no mistaking it—
I'm being followed!!

TOKUGAWA AOI
(*thought*) This is truly tiresome...

She gets up from her chair.

She then approaches YURA's table as she puts up her sunglasses. YURA eyes her with a slight wan grin.

TOKUGAWA AOI
It's nice to see you again.

TOKUGAWA AOI
Mind if I sit down?

YURA
Feel free.

They sit there smiling at each other all cheerily. TOKUGAWA AOI has her arms and legs crossed while YURA fidgets with her drink.

YURA
(*thought*) She really has some nerve
to approach me, that *vixen*.

TOKUGAWA AOI
(*thought*) Well how about that—the
detestable brat didn't even flinch!!

TOKUGAWA AOI keeps the conversation going. YURA rests her chin in her hands.

TOKUGAWA AOI
You having fun here with your
boyfriend?

YURA
Oh, yeah, right now he's actually...



Her eyes open wide. Behind her and TOKUGAWA AOI we see a vision of TAMURO paddling around the bay in a little boat. TOKUGAWA AOI is extremely raised-eyebrow.

YURA
...going to meet an *umibouzu*.

TOKUGAWA AOI
An *umibouzu*.....?

We cut to TAMURO on the boat having a stretch. He's wearing his athletic shirt again and has a bucket sitting next to him.

TAMURO
Ahhhhhhh...is it gonna come ooouut
soon or whaaaat!!

Back to YURA and TOKUGAWA AOI. YURA, in the background, bows her head. TOKUGAWA AOI, in the foreground, is suddenly at attention.

YURA
Since it seems suicidal, I told him
he should drop it, but.....

TOKUGAWA AOI
Oh?!

Back to TAMURO. Suddenly, the water gushes up next to his boat.

TAMURO
Mm?!

Something thunders up out of the water. The water gushes all over, threatening his boat.

TAMURO
Wahh!!



A wave splashes hard against him. He shields his face with his arm and grimaces.

Then, the *umibouzu* looms before him.

TAMURO

Soooooooo, you turned up, huh!!

It extends a hand.

UMIBOUZU

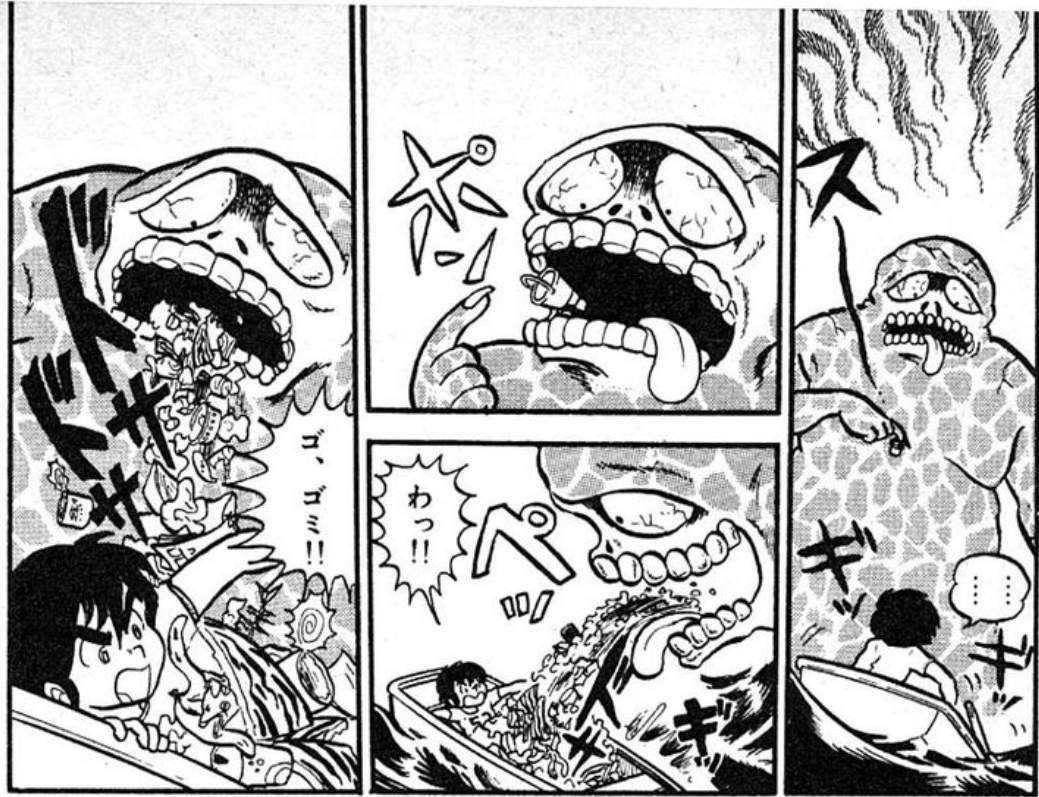
HAAAAND OOOOVER THE BUUUUCKEEEEET

Its giant hand reaches down towards TAMURO. TAMURO backs away nervously.

TAMURO

"Bucket".....

In a moment of fate, he hands the bucket over.



Its arm makes a loud ssssss sound as it lifts up the bucket. TAMURO's boat splashes back and forth in the waves.

TAMURO

.....

The *umibouzu* tosses the bucket in its mouth with a *pón!*

Then it suddenly vomits garbage into TAMURO's boat, going *behhhhhh*.

TAMURO

Wahh!!

TAMURO is getting swamped by trash, which clatters everywhere.

TAMURO

G-garbage!!

Voluminous quantities of garbage stream from the *umibouzu*'s mouth into the ocean, overwhelming TAMURO's boat.

All disappears beneath the waves as the *umibouzu* looks on...

Back on the pool deck, there's quite a commotion.

MAN IN SWIMSUIT

It's an *umibouzu*!!

GIRL WALKING WITH HER FRIEND

An *umibouzu* came up out of the water!!

A poolgoer points towards the scene in the bay with alarm.

GUY WITH GLASSES AND SIDEBURNS

(pointing) Hey, what's up with that boy (*bouzu*) down there?!

TOKUGAWA AOI watches intently. YURA shoots her a suspicious sidelong glance.

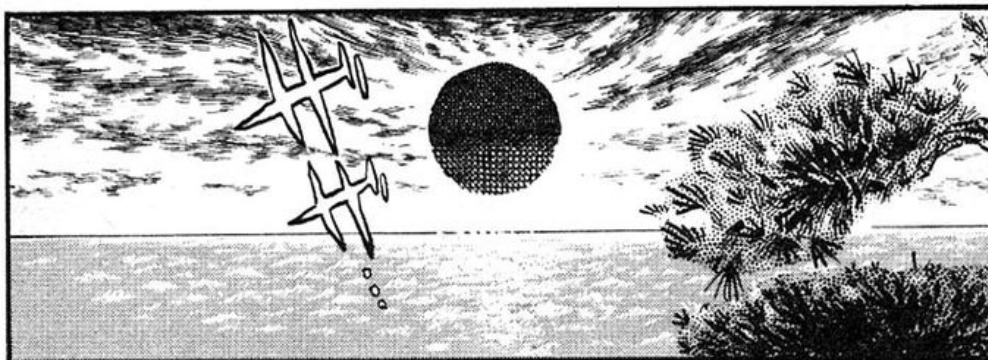
TOKUGAWA AOI

.....

YURA

(*thought*) Since all this got started, the only thing she's been able to do is stare.....given that, I bet she's going to receive a message.....

ダストスパート



INT. TSUBURAYA TWILIGHT

We see the sun low on the horizon from up in the trees above the inn. The surf gently echoes throughout the bay.

YURA stands rather fidgetingly in the doorway of the inn's kitchen while the INNKEEPER prepares dinner.

YURA

Miss, let me give you a hand.

INNKEEPER

Ahh, 'twouldn't be right for me to accept help from a guest.

YURA sits down in the entryway, politely distressed.

YURA

But, I can't relax no matter what I do, y'know?

INNKEEPER

They have yet to find your travelling partner?

YURA walks over next to the INNKEEPER at her workstation.

INNKEEPER

Well, you could go and forwarp the scraps there.

YURA

Forwarp...? Oh, throw them out?

She picks up a cutting board with food detritus on it and carries it off.

We see her face in close-up from slightly above. She looks deeply concerned.

YURA

(thought) It can't be true...it really looked like Tamuro went under...

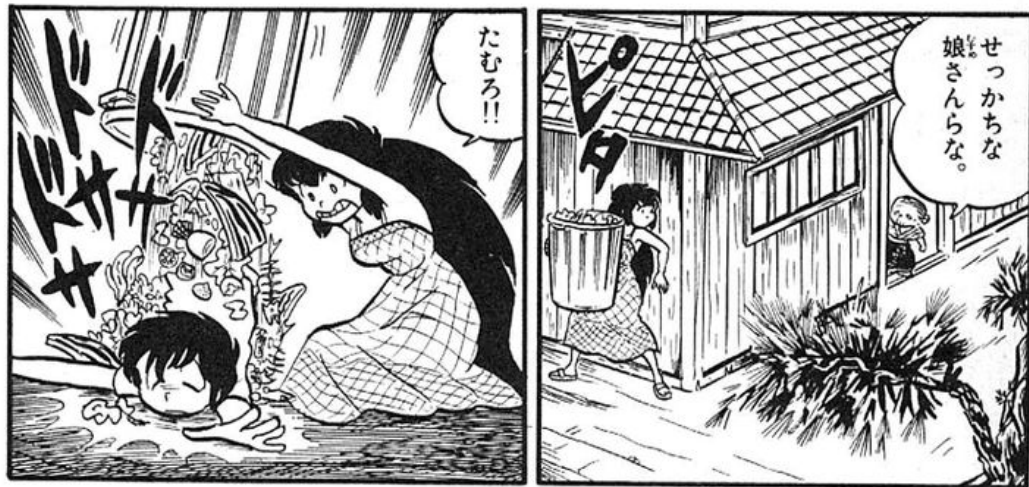
She opens the lid of a trash can to throw the scraps out, very preoccupied, with her eyes closed

YURA

(thought) On the surface of the ocean, there's no way he could teleport, is there.

YURA

(thought) Since there's no garbage out there.



She opens her eyes and peers down into the trash can. TAMURO is nestled in amongst the garbage, unconscious.

YURA

WHA—!!

The INNKEEPER hears her exclamation and turns her head. YURA shoves TAMURO's head down under the trash.

INNKEEPER

What was that there?

YURA

W-, well the garbage has really piled up in this!!

She picks up the can and dashes for the exit as the INNKEEPER reaches out after her.

YURA

I'll go take it out.

INNKEEPER

Ah—but that can is all well!!

The INNKEEPER peeks out the door after her. YURA hides flat against the back of the inn, garbage in tow.

INNKEEPER

All since she's a hasty young maid.

YURA overturns the can and shakes all of its contents onto the ground. TAMURO falls out headfirst.

YURA

Tamuro!!

YURA pulls his cheeks out wide with an alarmed expression as his eyes blearily open.

YURA

You've got to wake up!!

TAMURO

Quiit iiiit!!

ダストスパート



INT. TAMURO AND MR. SEKOI'S ROOM LATE EVENING

The INNKEEPER blows air on YURA and TAMURO with a big round paper fan while they eat dinner next to MR. SEKOI. TAMURO has changed back into his "Gun" shirt. He has X-shaped bandages on his cheeks which make him look a bit like a chipmunk.

INNKEEPER

It's a good thing you were all right,
m'honored guest.

TAMURO

Thank you. I'm terribly sorry for the
concern.

YURA looks a bit put out as she picks up some food from one of the bowls.

YURA

Hey, just a second ago you were
making a ton of rice balls—what
happened with those?

YURA and TAMURO's eyebrows perk up at the INNKEEPER's response.

INNKEEPER

—that they went along their way.
(*frgmt.*)

TAMURO

Hmmmmmm.

INT. TAMURO AND MR. SEKOI'S ROOM LATER THAT NIGHT

TAMURO peers out through the open screen into the night sky, with his arm resting on the railing, while YURA speaks from indoors.

YURA

Well, we finally polished off the
potboiler of the bucket.

We move back inside to see YURA sitting on the floor. TAMURO has turned back around. A hippo-shaped incense burner lies on the floor next to them.

YURA

—sinking is something truly odious
—that does sound like Perfectón.
(*frgmt.*)

TAMURO

Despite the trouble, it did allow me
to trashport.

A close-up on TAMURO.

TAMURO
Furthermore, what about those
"honored regulars" the old lady was
talking about.....?

YURA looks up thoughtfully while TAMURO crosses his arms vexedly.

YURA
Think they might have been the trash
collection party after all?

TAMURO
Sure smells like it.

-



EXT. OUTSIDE TSUBURAYA MORNING

Birds are chirping. The INNKEEPER is just outside speaking with a few strange men in scuba gear holding bags of trash. One of them hands her some money.

INNKEEPER

'Tis the whole of the day's garbage.

SCUBA MAN

And here's your fee.

TAMURO lays on the floor while YURA leans against the screen, both napping. TAMURO hasn't changed his clothes, whereas YURA is now wearing a sporty romper with a sailor-style collar. The talk from outside carries into the room.

SCUBA MAN

Well miss, see you later.

INNKEEPER

Great thankings.

YURA suddenly snaps to attention.

She shakes TAMURO lightly.

YURA

Tamuro, get up!!

YURA slides the screen open with a *K-CHUNK*. She and TAMURO peer out over the railing at the scuba guys, who look back up at them.

They're shocked and furious. Each has a little insignia of a "P" filled in with a pig's face on the right breast of his scuba outfit.

SCUBA MAN 1

HCIA espers!!

SCUBA MAN 2

What on Earth are they doing here?!

(Note: Takahashi's specified pronunciation for "HCIA" indicates that the "H" in "HCIA" stands for *hi no maru* i.e. "sun circle", the symbol on the Japanese flag.)

YURA shouts at the top of her voice. The scuba men begin to scamper away with their bags of garbage. They run surprisingly fast for men wearing flippers.

YURA

ALERT!!

YURA

It's Perfectón, of course!!

TAMURO leaps over the railing with YURA close behind.

TAMURO

Halt!!

YURA

Stop, why don't you!!

-

ダストスパート



TAMURO is knocked aside by a flying garbage bag, thrown by one of the scuba men. One of the others starts up a moterboat in the water.

BAG-HURLING SCUBA MAN

Eat raw trash!!

YURA leaps at them but they're already speeding away out into the ocean. TAMURO looks on, with his whips coiled at his sides.

TAMURO

God *dammit*!!

He suddenly points towards a large yacht passing by.

TAMURO

Oh!! There's a cruiser over there!!

YURA

At a time like this, why don't we just get on!!

TOKUGAWA AOI looks towards the sea with an earnest expression, hands on the wheel of the yacht. She wears a densely-patterned sleeveless cheongsam with a cloverleaf-shaped clasp at the neckline.

TOKUGAWA AOI

(thinking) This time it's sure to go well...

TOKUGAWA AOI

(thinking) As if a soul could possibly hinder me today...

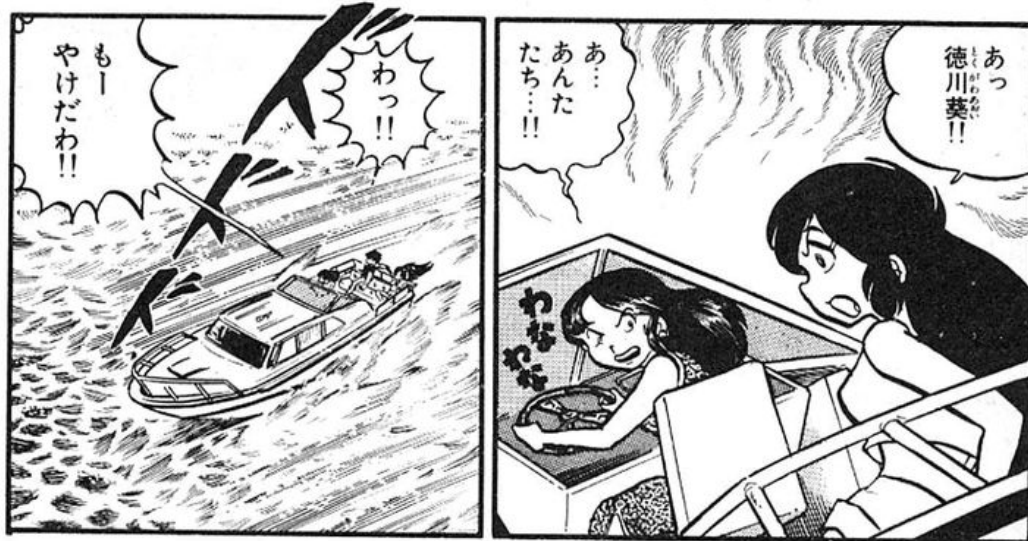
YURA and TAMURO suddenly loom up behind her. TOKUGAWA AOI is the pure definition of shocked and infuriated. Her heart is pounding.

YURA

Excuuuuuuse uuuuuuus.

TAMURO

Pleeeeeease, give us a ride!!



YURA is deeply taken aback, while TOKUGAWA AOI is fast becoming enraged. The steering wheel makes a squeaky sound as she twists it wildly to-and-fro.

YURA
Whoa, Tokugawa Aoi!!

TOKUGAWA AOI
Oh...*you* folks...!!

TOKUGAWA AOI takes evasive maneuvers, trying to fling them off her moving yacht. Water splashes everywhere around the boat as YURA and TAMURO are flung about in the back seat.

YURA
Waaaaa!!

YURA
Such desperation!!

TOKUGAWA AOI glares at them furiously while she steers. They look pretty irate and stressed out.

TOKUGAWA AOI
Somehow you two *insist* on troubling
me all the way up unto the bitter
end.

At this, YURA and TAMURO are beside themselves.

YURA
That's awfully high and mighty for an
umibouzu's accomplice!!

TAMURO
Yeah, and we've obtained proof of
your correspondance with Perfectón!!

TOKUGAWA AOI
What sort of gibberish is this!!

He whips out the note she threw into the ocean. Her face wears an expression of wide-eyed astonishment as she peers at it.

TAMURO
Don't play dumb!! What's this if not
a message to them?!

She takes it in hand in utter disbelief.

TOKUGAWA AOI
What on Earth!! If it isn't my
suicide note!!

ダストスタート



TAMURO and YURA are dumbstruck and rather apprehensive.

TAMURO
...suicide...note...?

TOKUGAWA AOI
"Sinking into the sea, my boat will
pass beneath the setting sun. As
miserable as I am, in the gorgeous
twilight hour I truly believe that my
life will conclude with absolute
perfección."

TOKUGAWA AOI
You two have everything absolutely
wrong!!

We see her in close-up behind the wheel, immensely vexed. She crumples
the note in her right fist while she steers with her left.

TOKUGAWA AOI
I thought the note would float away
into somebody's hands and it would be
highly romantic.....What on Earth is
it doing here!?

YURA and TAMURO mutter to each other and exchange significant glances.

YURA
What do you make of *this*.....

TAMURO
Sounds like she's telling the
truth...

YURA and TAMURO leap up in alarm.

YURA
You've got to reconsider!!

TAMURO
A-a-absolutely—you've got so much
left to live for!!

TOKUGAWA AOI
SHUT IT!!

She steers her yacht with steely determination.

TOKUGAWA AOI
I have tired of the pleasures of this
life!! Having spent about as much
money as a person possibly can,
suicide now strikes me as preferable
to the endless tedium of the
everyday!!

YURA is incensed.

YURA

And you intend to do us in with you!?

TOKUGAWA AOI

I'd say it's your bad luck for
deciding to carpool.

She drives on in the background while TAMURO and YURA confer in the foreground.

TOKUGAWA AOI

Soon the *umibouzu* will come put us
all to rest.

TOKUGAWA AOI

What a romantic way to go...

YURA

I sense the plot thickening.

-



TOKUGAWA AOI plows the boat at top speed towards an ominous burbling in the water.

TOKUGAWA AOI
I yearn to die at once!!

TOKUGAWA AOI
Death, death, death for me!!

The *umibouzu* bursts out of the water, with TOKUGAWA AOI's yacht riding high in its wake.

UMIBOUZU
HAAAAND OOOOVER A BUUUUUCKET!!

TOKUGAWA AOI
Yaaaay!! Mr. *Umibooooouzuuu*!!

TAMURO hurls a bucket from the yacht in the direction of the *umibouzu*'s open mouth while TOKUGAWA AOI waves for its attention.

TAMURO
Eat this!!

TOKUGAWA AOI
Do me in right awaaaaay!!

TAMURO wraps his arms around her and YURA.

TAMURO
I'll trashport us inside the
umibouzu!!

YURA
Got it.

TOKUGAWA AOI
?

ダストスパート



The *umibouzu* vomits garbage onto them and all three blink upwards in a flash.

The falling garbage clangs and thuds around dropping into the open yacht.

The three appear just behind the *umibouzu*'s teeth inside a huge steel receptacle reading "GARBAGE BIN" with a loud pop like a cork from a champagne bottle. Its interior walls are made of steel plating, and a ladder below leads down through an open hatch. A guy in flip flops, jeans, and a t-shirt with the P-pig insignia is perched on a ladder above them holding a bucket filled with rags. Another guy wearing the same outfit and holding a megaphone looks in their direction with irate astonishment.

TAMURO leaps into the air and grabs at the neck of the guy on the ladder, who reaches for a nearby handhold. YURA vaults over the side of the bin and kicks the megaphone guy in the face with a loud THWAP!

Two more P-pig guys in the room down the hatch hear the commotion and look up above.

P-PIG GUY WITH SIDEBURNS
Huh? What's that!?

P-PIG GUY NEAR THE LADDER
We got trouble?



YURA leaps down the hatch and kicks the sideburns guy in the jaw. TAMURO wraps his whip around the neck of the one near the ladder.

YURA then hurls a few P-pig guys into an instrument panel. TAMURO strangles another one with a whip in the background.

YURA
I guess it's no surprise things would
end up this way.

TAMURO
Yeah, seems like it's just a normal
submarine inside.

TOKUGAWA AOI peeks down through the open hatch above.

TOKUGAWA AOI
Wooooooooow, fascinating!!

Crack!!

TOKUGAWA AOI
A desire to live has welled up inside
me!!

Thud!!

TAMURO gestures towards a chart on the wall matching *umibouzu* movements to special messages, as YURA holds a P-pig guy in a headlock in the foreground. Beneath the chart is a console with two large levers.

TAMURO
Yura, there's a secret code chart
here!!

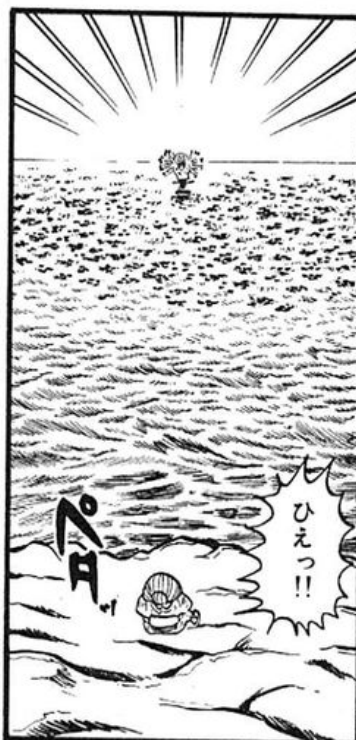
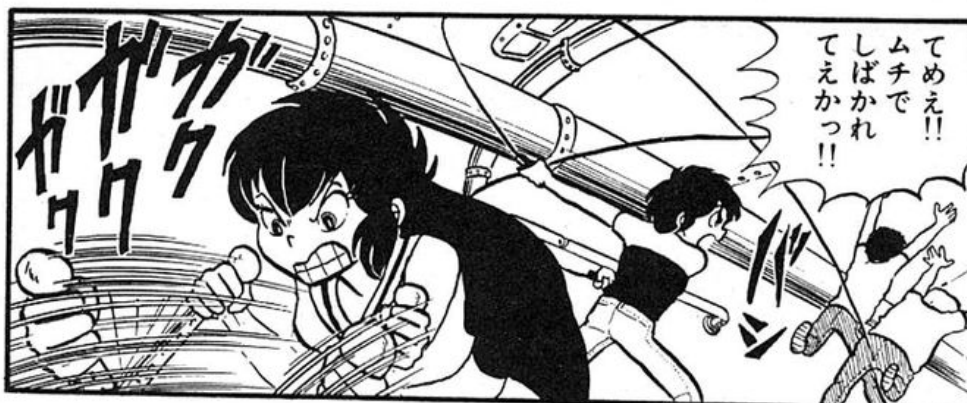
YURA approaches the console and cracks her knuckles.

YURA
So they *have* been sending signals to
someone with this, huh.

She furiously yanks the levers up and down as two P-pig guys panic and rush towards her in the background.

YURA
Hyaaaah!! How about I have a go!!

ダストスパート



TAMURO drives them back as YURA passionately works the levers.

TAMURO

You fucks!! You want the whips?!

Outside, the bow of a giant submarine thrusts high into the air while the mechanical *umibouzu* atop it waves its arms around wildly. TOKUGAWA AOI's yacht appears miniscule beside it.

Far away on the cape, the INNKEEPER watches the *umibouzu* closely through binoculars.

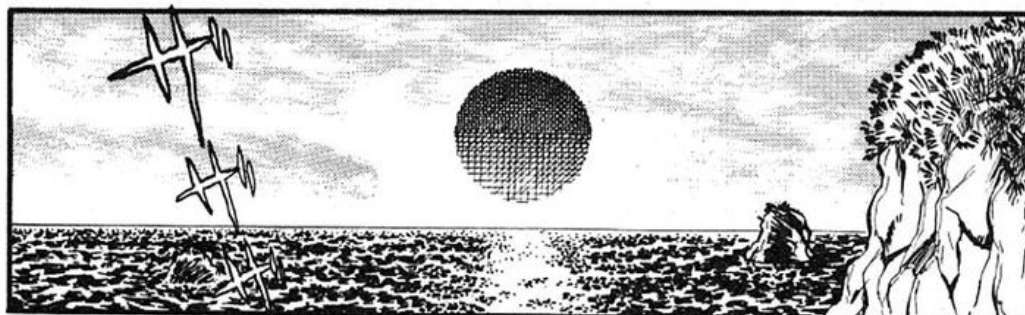
INNKEEPER

Yeesh!!

She pulls down her binoculars.

INNKEEPER

They say today I need to cook for a
hundred-strong party?!



EXT. A CAPE ABOVE A BAY EARLY EVENING

The sun hangs low above the water as the surf gently rolls in.

MR. SEKOI
This case was settled while I was
unconscious.....

He looks out at the setting sun while seagulls fly all around, wearing a densely-checked kimono.

MR. SEKOI
My reason for existence is slipping
away from me.....

MR. SEKOI
Perhaps...would I not be better off
dead?

He stands ruminating at the edge of the cape in the background. In the foreground, TOKUGAWA AOI peers up at YURA longingly, with a hand on her arm. Both are in their bikinis.

TOKUGAWA AOI
I beg of you!! Continue to entertain
me!!

TOKUGAWA AOI
I'll surely die of boredom
otherwise!!

TAMURO, in swim trunks, calls out to MR. SEKOI from next to YURA and TOKUGAWA AOI.

TAMURO
Mr. Sekoi, let's get moving!!

The INNKEEPER approaches from behind him wearing an apron.

INNKEEPER
All of you, come on down to eat.

INNKEEPER
I cooked for a hundred but there's
nary a single guest.

YURA, unhearing, recoils from TOKUGAWA AOI.

YURA
Enough already—quit following us
arooooouuuund!!

終