

DRIVE MY CAR.

Yusuke and Misake drive 200 miles to the village where she grew up. They get out of the car and walk.

Yusuke:
Is this where you...

Misake:
Probably. Its changed a lot.
Could we go up there?

Yusuke carries some flowers. They climb up a snowy embankment together. Misake puts out her hand and he gives her the bouquet. She takes out a flower and throws it in the snow.

Misake: (cont.)
My mother had a separate
personality named Sachi.

Yusuke:
Sachi.

Misake:
Yes.

She continues throwing flowers.

Misake:
She first appeared when
I was fourteen. She said
she was eight but she
never aged in four years.

Misake: (cont.)

Sachi would often appear after my mother beat me up terribly. It was like her awareness didn't match the body of an adult, so she couldn't move well. She'd try to walk and fall over... and would end up just sitting still. Sachi liked puzzle rings. We did crosswords together. Sachi cried a lot for no reason. Whenever she did, I'd hold her and rub her back over and over. I liked those times.

She throws the rest of the flowers down in the snow and lights a cigarette.

Misake: (cont.)

I don't know if my mother was mentally ill... or if she was acting to keep me close to her. But even if she were acting, it was from the bottom of her heart. Becoming Sachi was my mother's way of surviving in a hellish reality, I think. When that landslide occurred... I knew that my mother's death meant that Sachi died, too. Even so... I didn't move.

She makes her way up the embankment towards where Yusuke is standing. She slips and tries to regain her footing. He puts out his hand. She takes it.

Misake: (cont.)

Mr. Kafuku, about Oto... Would it be hard for you to accept her, everything about her, as genuine? Maybe there was nothing mysterious about her. Would it be hard to think that she was simply like that? That she loved you dearly and that she sought other men constantly don't seem to contradict each other or sound deceptive to me. Is that strange? I'm sorry.

Yusuke:

I... should've been hurt properly. I let something genuine slip by. I was so deeply hurt. To the point of distraction. But, because of that I pretended not to notice it. I didn't listen to myself. So I lost Oto. Forever. Now I see. I want to see Oto. If I do, I want to yell at her. Berate her. For lying to me all the time. I want to apologize. For not listening. For not being strong. I want her back. I want her to live. I want to talk to her just once more. I want to see her. But its too late. There's no turning back. There's nothing I can do.

She steps towards him and puts arms around him. They hold each other tightly.

Yusuke: (cont.)

Those who survive keep thinking about the dead. In one way or another... that will continue. You and I must keep living like that. We must keep living. It'll be okay. I'm sure... we'll be okay.