

WICKED GAME

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FADE IN:

EXT. ST. AUGUSTINE CHURCH - HONOLULU - DAY

The green, copper front door of the Waikiki landmark opens and a beautiful Polynesian woman steps out.

NANI MANOA (20s) shields her eyes from the sun and walks over to a statue of Jesus out in front of the church.

Offers a prayer. Eyes closed. Hands folded.

A GOLD PENDANT around her neck gleams in the sunlight, a unique bijou with a cluster of tiny emeralds above two tiger claws pointed toward one another.

Nani blesses herself. Walks on sunshine down steps to a street lined with parked cars and coconut trees.

A gust of wind lifts her skirt. Gives the world a flash of her gorgeous brown legs and pink underwear.

She brings the skirt down. Moves on up the sidewalk.

PAST A BLACK CADILLAC CT5-V

The shadowy figure of a LARGE MAN at the wheel.

His POV out the passenger window - a REPLAY of the rising skirt, the sensuous contours of Nani's lower body.

FAVOR - PASSENGER SIDE MIRROR

Reflecting Nani. Walking away. The man's eyes upon her. Linger.

He starts the car. Pulls a U-ey.

Trails Nani down the street. Turns when she turns into a parking lot behind the church. Past a sign:

"NO ENTRY"

DISSOLVE TO:

NIGHT

A gentle rain, the soft slanting drizzle delivered nightly by the Trades. Raindrops PINGING off the "No Entry" sign.

A tall drunk man staggers by with a bottle of whiskey in one hand and something long in the other we can't quite make out.

He drains the whiskey. Tosses the bottle in the street and lurches forward into the rain.

THE BRASS HANDLE OF THE CHURCH FRONT DOOR

EXPLODES before our eyes, smashed opened by a blow from a sledgehammer.

INT. SAINT AUGUSTINE CHURCH - NIGHT

RICK MANOA steps into the nave of the dark church and glares at this house of God with a tortured look in his eyes.

This is a handsome man, in the prime of life, all power and purpose, but tonight he appears broken, shattered, driven over the edge by inconsolable grief.

He weaves down the aisle between the pews.

Reaches the altar. Raises the sledgehammer and slams it down.

RICK

AHHHH!

BAM!! The cloth-draped marble altar splits in two.

Rick grips the hammer and stares at what he's done.

Doubles-down on his retribution and unleashes his rage on everything in sight.

Candles, flowers and brassware fly across the altar.

The wooden pulpit pulverized. Potted palms swept aside. A Bible launched in the air, loosed pages fluttering.

Rick wields the hammer like a man possessed, avenging himself on God the only way he can.

He rips down a curtain. Strikes a wall, the tabernacle, even the floor. Heavy blows that RESOUND off the ribbed walls of the church and RATTLE her stain glass windows.

Suddenly he stops, breathes heavily and rakes the area with a gaze - nothing intact but the crucifix.

Rick looks eye to eye with the suffering Christ.

Raises the hammer. Steps into the strike then falters and drops to his knees.

The aborted blow strikes the feet of the statue throwing up a veil of white dust that clouds around Rick's head.

Rick sits back on his haunches below the crucifix and lets the hammer slip from his hand. Slumps over and weeps.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - KAHALA HILTON - DAY

A gold tower - a CLOSE-UP of an upright lipstick case.

VICKI VALENTI (25) takes the lipstick and applies red to her lips, seated in front of a mirror in a yellow panty with her full brown breasts in plain view, perfectly beautiful.

Behind her on the bed lies a large Polynesian man half under the covers. Mouth agape. Out cold. We'll come to know him as DANNY AHUNA JR. (20s), son of a Hawaiian crime boss.

Vicki puts her lipstick in her purse then goes over to Danny and looks down on him with contempt.

On the carpet, a fallen glass and ice cubes melting. A white residue along the bottom of the glass.

Vicki steps onto the bed and stands over Danny. Straddles him then drops with all her weight onto his stomach.

The big man jiggles on the bouncing bed but doesn't stir. Whatever she slipped him, it's potent stuff.

Vicki lifts his eyelid, turns his face side to side.

Gets off the bed and ties on a pareu. Wrapping the versatile garment around her chest so it wears like a dress.

She shoulders her purse and goes to a closet and removes a briefcase. Spots a holstered gun hanging inside. Considers taking it, but then leaves it and shuts the door.

Looks back at Danny, at a gold chain around his neck.

She goes and checks it out: A pretty pendant with GREEN GEMS AND TWO TIGER CLAWS.

She likes it. Takes it. Turns and walks out.

EXT. DOLPHIN LAGOON - KAHALA HILTON - DAY

A bottlenose dolphin breaches and falls with a splash.

Near Vicki crossing a short rail-less walkway spanning the lobby-side lagoon.

EXT. VALET STAND - KAHALA HILTON - SAME

A red Civic Si pulls up. A young valet hops out and holds the door for Vicki. She tips him. Gets in and drives away.

EXT. KAHALA AVENUE - DAY

The sporty coupe flies down the residential road lined with coconut trees and posh homes.

INT. COUPE - DAY

Vicki driving. Thinking. Remembering...

INT. HAWAIIAN SUNSET NURSING HOME - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

DOROTHY VALENTI "NANA" (80) sits in a wheelchair. The one she sits in all day, every day. Functionally blind, crippled by arthritis, an unwitting victim of too long a life.

Vicki feeds her dessert.

VICKI

Here, c'mon, have some more pudding.
You need to eat.

Nana opens her mouth too narrowly for the spoonful. Spills pudding on her chin. Vicki wipes it clean with a napkin.

NANA

Where've you been, I haven't seen
you for months.

VICKI

No, Nana, I'm here all the time. You
just don't remember.

NANA

Don't say that. Of course I remember.
You haven't been here in... oh, I
don't know how long.

(looks at an empty bed)

Barbara, isn't that right? I haven't
seen anybody for months now. Right?
Barbara? Barbara?

(to Vicki)

Is she sleeping again? I can't see.

VICKI

Barbara's gone, Nana.

Nana stares at her granddaughter like she's half-mad.

NANA

(adamant)

I just spoke to her this morning.

VICKI

No, Nana, you're just a little confused, that's all. Barbara died almost a month ago. She passed away in her sleep.

NANA

Oh, yes, that's right...

(chokes up)

Oh, I'm going to miss her. Now who will I talk to? The people here are terrible. They just leave me in here all day with no one to talk to, and when they come in they just march in and out with nothing to say... Oh, I don't like it here.

Nana tears up and Vicki takes her hand.

VICKI

Hey, it's all right. I know it's hard but you won't be here much longer. Pretty soon I'm going to get you out of here, I promise. You're going to come live with me. We'll have to move, Hawaii's too expensive, but it'll be just the two of us. Okay?

NANA

Oh, that sounds lovely, dear. You've always been such a good daughter.

VICKI

Granddaughter, Nana.

NANA

Oh, of course, I know that. What did I say?

Vicki gets up and kisses Nana on the forehead. Puts her hands on Nana's cheeks and looks into her eyes.

VICKI

I know you're in there, Nana...

Nana stares back with a child-like innocence.

VICKI (CONT'D)

and I love you.

NANA

I love you more.

END FLASHBACK

RESUME VICKI

At the wheel. In the CITY now. KAMEHAMEHA HIGHWAY.

She drives past a sign: "OAHU CORRECTIONAL CENTER (OCC).

CUT TO:

RICK MANOA - IN OCC

Behind bars. Inside a sally port. The door in front of him CLANGS open. Rick walks through past TWO GUARDS, a big Hawaiian and a smaller Japanese guy.

HAWAIIAN GUARD

Good luck, braddah.

Rick acknowledges with a nod. Walks out.

Hawaiian Guard looks skeptically at Japanese Guy.

HAWAIIAN GUARD (CONT'D)

He'll be back.

JAPANESE GUY

What makes you say that?

HAWAIIAN GUARD

'Cause they neva found da guy who killed his wife... but he will.

EXT. OCC - DAY

Rick stands on the street outside the jail, a barbed-wire fence behind him.

He looks around at a beautiful day.

Blue skies. Soft white clouds. The outer fingers of Honolulu grasping at the green ridges of the Koolaus.

Rick turns and walks up the street.

EXT. ALL-ISLAND TOWING - DAY

Rick exits an OFFICE SHACK with keys in his hand and gets in a black, mint-condition 1987 El Camino.

Drives out of the tow yard.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A rolling expanse of green grass, shade trees and grave stones. Rick's El Camino approaching along a narrow access road that cuts the cemetery in two.

RICK

Searches among the graves with flowers in his hand.

CLOSE ON - A BRONZE GRAVE MARKER:

"AGNES 'NANI' MANOA"

Rick stands over his wife's resting place, a freshly dug grave in the shade of a blooming plumeria. White fallen flowers on the ground.

Rick kneels and sets the small bouquet on the grave.

Remains there, silent and still, mourning his wife.

OUR VANTAGE POINT

Shifts. Moves skyward, where we view Rick as a RECEDING IMAGE.

Losing him as we rise over the cemetery.

Past the clouds. Leaving OAHU and her great port city behind.

TRAVELING over the royal blue Pacific.

Past MOLOKAI, MAUI and LANAI.

To the BIG ISLAND - HAWAII.

ACROSS her black lava-rimmed coast.

SWEEPING IN over the lush countryside, the great bowl-shaped valleys below Mauna Kea. The gentle slope of the shield volcano snow-topped and draped in clouds.

DESCENDING TO A RANCH

a magnificent spread with green felt-like pastures.

Herds of cattle and horses.

Packs of Paniolo cowboys riding the range.

SETTLING

On the RANCH HOUSE. A stately structure atop a hill where a private winding road ends at the front door.

Mercedes and Wranglers out front.

A helicopter on a pad out back next to a lush banana patch and sizable corral for horses. The home of a man of means, power and position: a baron of the Big Island.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - DAY

DANIEL AHUNA, (45) the baron himself, lies in bed, BLONDE HOTTIE in his arms. Ahuna is huge and so's his bedroom, all koa wood and plate glass windows.

ANCIENT HAWAIIAN WEAPONRY

on the walls: feathered spears, daggers and war clubs. Unique, oddly shaped weapons tipped with shark's teeth, marlin spikes and razor-sharp stones.

PHONE RINGS

Ahuna answers.

AHUNA

Yeah.

CUT BETWEEN Danny Ahuna in his HOTEL ROOM and his father.

DANNY

(voice thin with fear)

Dad... it's Danny.

Ahuna stares at the ceiling. Pissed. He shouldn't be getting this call.

AHUNA

What?

DANNY

Something happened, Dad... 'Dis fuckin' bitch... She set me up... She took da gambling pay out. All of it.

Ahuna lies there in silence, fuming. He grabs the girl by the hair and yanks her awake.

BLONDE HOTTIE

Heyyy!

One look in Ahuna's eyes and she clams up, grimacing.

AHUNA

(low and menacing)

Get out.

The girl stirs. Too slow for Ahuna. He puts his foot on her ass and kicks her out of bed. The nude, terrified girl scoops up her clothes and sprints out the door, bare feet pattering.

ON DANNY

Sitting on the HOTEL ROOM floor. Head in hand. Eyes closed.

DANNY

Dad, I'm sorry. I know I fucked up.
You always told me to--

AHUNA

Shut up... Shut up, Danny, and listen
to me. I want you to tell me
every'ting dat happened on your trip.
You understand? Every'ting.

FLASHBACK - DANNY'S TRIP -

INT. HILO AIRPORT - DAY

Locals and tourists queue up to board a plane.

Among them Danny and his BODYGUARD - a middle-aged Hawaiian man, smaller than Danny, but harder, much harder, all malice and muscle.

INT. BOEING 717 - DAY

The two men sidle down the crowded aisle. Find seats. Danny takes the window. Bodyguard the aisle. A seat between them.

A thin, blonde WHITE GUY in his 20s comes down the aisle. Slides into the middle seat.

CUT TO:

THE BOEING 717 IN FLIGHT - DAY

Soaring over an array of cotton ball clouds.

INT. BOEING 717 - DAY

Danny with his head back, dozing. Bodyguard perusing a magazine, his burly arms dominating the armrests.

White Guy stares straight ahead. Gathers his nerve. Puts his forearm on the armrest and nudges Bodyguard.

Bodyguard gives him an incredulous look. Elbows the scrawny arm aside.

DOWN CABIN

A flight attendant serving coffee turns to a disturbance.

The two men scuffling, their voices carrying through the cabin: White Guy's complaints and Bodyguard's harsh retorts... "Hey stop it, asshole!... Fuck you, brah!"

The flight attendant rushes over. Comes upon Bodyguard with White Guy in a headlock, his squashed face nearly purple.

EXT. HONOLULU AIRPORT - DAY

Cuffed Bodyguard is placed in the back of a cop car.

BODYGUARD
(over his shoulder)
Call your Dad, Danny! Call him!

Danny stands frozen on the concourse, cabs, shuttles and travelers passing by. He pulls out his phone.

Brings up Dad's number. Stares at it. Hesitating. Fearful.

He puts away his phone.

Picks up his carry-on and heads for a cab stand.

EXT. KAMA'AINA SCRAP METALS - DAY

A mountain of scrap metal dominates the sky behind a wood-worn, one-story trailer-like office.

The king-size tools of the scrap trade strewn across the red earth yard - a SUGAR CANE CLAW CRANE, rusted attachable magnets, dumpsters and a huge, red, FOUR-STAGE CAR-CRUSHER.

A yellow "Aloha" cab pulls into the fenced-off business in the midst of a sugar cane field.

INT. OFFICE - KAMA'AINA SCRAP METALS - DAY

An open briefcase packed with stacks of \$100s.

Danny nods. KAIPO MOHEKA(30) a tall, fat Hawaiian gangster, closes the case and hands it over.

KAIPO
Where your patna'?

DANNY
He's around.

KAIPO
Betta be... dat's a lot of *kala*.

He leads Danny out.

Into an adjacent room packed with thugs.

OUT THE WINDOW

A Ford pickup pulls in with more men in the bed.

DANNY
 (to Kaipo)
 What gives?

KAIPO
 Ah, we got some trouble wit' da Palolo
 Valley Boys, so I called in some of
 da crew. It goes down tomorrow night
 at Ala Moana Park.
 (grins derisively)
 Wanna' cum?

DANNY
 What kine' of trouble? Somethin' my
 Dad should know about?

KAIPO
 Nah, brah, a small beef, one on one.

DANNY
 Then why all da guys?

KAIPO
 (shrugs)
 You neva' know.

Danny looks around at the stone faces of the heavy artillery.

CUT TO:

EXT. KAHALA HILTON - TWILIGHT - ESTABLISHING

The luxury hotel on the east side of the island set between
 a white sand beach and the famed Waialae golf course, the
 original home of the Hawaiian Open.

INT. KAHALA HILTON - NIGHT

Danny at the registration counter. A PRETTY CLERK checks
 him in, hands him a security card.

PRETTY CLERK
 Welcome back, Mister Ahuna. I hope
 you enjoy your stay.

DANNY
 First time here.

Pretty Clerk checks her computer screen.

PRETTY CLERK

Oh, really? Our records show you here last month.

DANNY

My fadda', Daniel senior. He always stays here when he comes to Oahu.

PRETTY CLERK

Oh, sorry, I'm new.

DANNY

No problem... Hey, how 'bout a drink when you get off?

Pretty Clerk feigns disappointment and raises a wedding band.

Danny gets a look like the last guy picked for basketball. Shakes it off with a snort and walks away.

ENTERS AN ELEVATOR

Vicki Valenti slips in before the door closes.

Danny lights up at the sight of the Polynesian beauty.

Vicki catches her breath. Turns and smiles at Danny.

VICKI

Hi!

END FLASHBACK

RESUME DANNY

On the phone, sitting on the floor with his back to the bed.

AHUNA (V.O.)

Fool!

Danny endures a span of dreadful silence.

AHUNA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Don't leave the room.

DANNY

Are you coming here? Dad?

CLICK. The phone goes dead.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - OCEAN SAFETY AND LIFEGUARD SERVICES - DAY

"R. MANOA". A handwritten name tag on a locker.

Rick opens his locker and clears it out, putting his personal items in a gym bag. A HALF-DOZEN LIFEGUARDS in tank tops and red shorts observing him, a quiet respect pervading the room.

Rick zips up the bag and looks around at his co-workers and mates. A tall ASIAN GUY breaks the silence.

ASIAN GUY

You sure about this, Rick? It won't be the same without you.

RICK

Yeah, I'm sure.

ASIAN GUY

(offers his hand)

Stay strong, braddah.

Rick shakes his hand.

Leaves through a gauntlet of well-wishers, handshakes and pats on the back.

AD LIBBED farewells follow him out.

RICK GETS IN HIS CAR

The classic black '87 El Camino. He looks out the window at a parking sign:

"LIFEGUARDS ONLY"

And two lifeguards loading orange life preservers and a surfboard into a red City and County pick-up truck.

Rick sits there a moment looking back on a chapter in his life. Turns the page and starts the car.

CUT TO:

"DUKE'S" - A BAR SIGN

painted on the side of a canoe hung from the ceiling of the famous Waikiki watering hole.

DETECTIVE KEVIN BEHRENS

A burly, hard-nosed guy in his 30s sits out on the patio nursing a beer. Beached tourists, like so many sea lions and the crashing surf of Waikiki behind him.

Rick approaches through the crowded bar, attractive women following him with their eyes as he walks by.

Kevin stands and embraces Rick like an old friend.

KEVIN

Hey, man, howzit goin'? It's good to see you.

RICK

Yeah, you to.

Kevin looks Rick in the eye, takes a moment to convey empathy over Rick's enormous loss.

The two men sit with Rick facing the beach.

KEVIN

When did you get out?

RICK

This mornin'.

KEVIN

And what, called me first thing?

RICK

After I went to see Nani.

Kevin nods, of course.

A PRETTY WAITRESS arrives.

PRETTY WAITRESS

(to Rick)

Can I get you something?

RICK

No, I'm good.

KEVIN

I'll have another. But how 'bout a cold one this time?

Pretty Waitress gives Kevin a look and leaves his empty.

Kevin turns his attention to Rick - a friend in need.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Man, I wish I had better news for you, but so far no one's got a clue. They've got me and a half dozen other detectives on the case and so far we've come up with nothin' - a big fat zero.

RICK

What about forensics?

KEVIN

Same thing. There's not much to go on - there was nothing behind the church and just some tire tracks out in the cane field. We got no witnesses, no hard evidence, nothin' but theories right now.

RICK

Yeah. What kind of theories?

KEVIN

Look, no one's sure, we're all just guessing, but right now we think it was probably a tourist, or a drifter just passing through. They're running the MO against cases on the West Coast, but the guy's probably left the island by now.

RICK

It wasn't a tourist, the guy's here. What tourist goes out to Waipahu with a body?

KEVIN

Yeah, I know, we looked at that. But we think he just got on the freeway to get out of town - then took the first exit into the cane fields. I'm sorry, Rick, really, I wish we had more. But I want you to know no one's gonna' let up on this. I swear we're gonna' catch this guy.

RICK

Yeah, right.

Rick stands, disappointed, ready to go.

KEVIN

Hey, hold on a sec. Look, I'm not big on advice and I've got no idea what you're going through. But just hang in there. All right? Something will break. Right now just focus on putting your life back together.

RICK

What life?

CUT TO:

RICK'S EL CAMINO

Driving along Oahu's southern coast.

Cruising past DIAMOND HEAD LIGHTHOUSE.

INT. EL CAMINO - DAY

As Rick drives we are launched into a MONTAGE of memories of his life with Nani accompanied by a hauntingly beautiful THEME SONG.

MONTAGE BEGINS:

CUT TO:

A BEACH -

To Nani Manoa rising out of the shallows, her beautiful brown body glistening wet.

She runs up the sand and lies down on a towel next to Rick.

Rick smiles and leans over and pulls Nani into a kiss.

VIEWED FROM ABOVE

The two lovers make-out in the sand, the swaying shadows of a coconut tree sweeping over them, playing with the light.

RESUME RICK

Driving. Pulling off the road.

Cruising down an incline that leads to a

BEACH

The same beach of his reverie, one of their favorite spots.

Rick walks along the shore of the idyllic setting.

A cloud-veiled sun on the horizon laying a swath of golden light on the rippled surface of the sea.

Rick sits down in the sand and remembers...

NANI

Dolled up for dinner, smiling - so beautiful.

She sits across from Rick in the "TOP OF THE I" - a rotating fine dining restaurant at the top of the Ilikai hotel with a magnificent view of NIGHTTIME Honolulu.

A candled birthday cake arrives, there's joy and laughter.

Rick hands Nani a small present and she opens it and takes out the tiger-claw necklace.

Rick, now behind her putting it on her neck, kissing her cheek.

EXT. SACRED FALLS PARK - DAY

Rick and Nani hike along a TRAIL beneath the steep green cliffs of Oahu's PALI MOUNTAINS.

Swim together in the secluded pool under SACRED FALLS.

INT. HONOLULU CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

Nani plays second violin with the Honolulu Orchestra.

Rick wearing a tux in the audience. Proud as can be.

EXT. PIPELINE - NORTH SHORE - DAY

Rick takes off on a huge wave during a contest - gets lost in the barrel then shoots out the tube.

Nani on the beach, greeting him.

At his side as he accepts the trophy.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Incense burns. Fragrant smoke wafts up.

Past Nani standing nude beside the bed. She takes off the tiger-claw necklace. Sets it on a nightstand. Rick, also nude, steps from the shadows and embraces her from behind.

He kisses her neck. Turns her toward him and eases her onto the bed. Tasting her belly, her breasts, her lips. Nani wraps herself around him hungering for more.

EXT. BEACH - DUSK

Rick and Nani walking hand-in-hand on a strip of beach.

END MONTAGE AND SONG by DISSOLVING to:

Rick all alone on the beach. Watching the sunset.

A last golden arc of sun slipping below the horizon.

CUT TO:

INT. THEATER - DAY

BLACKNESS. A torch flares to life. Illuminating the frightful face of a Hawaiian tiki.

Rapid, stick-to-log DRUMMING begins. TOCK-TOCK-TOCK, TA-TOCK-TA-TOCK-TOCK...

WHIP PAN

To reveal a Samoan fire-knife dancer racing out on stage.

SAMOA SAMOA, a heavily-muscled young man. Traditional tattoos, boar tusks-necklace, shredded tea-leaves around his calves.

He launches into his performance... spinning a flaming, double-bladed knife with whirlwind speed.

Forming a ring of fire as it twirls, highlighting him against the deep shadows of the stage.

He dances. Leaps. Spins and rolls. SHOUTS A WAR CRY.

All to the delight of the audience.

OFF STAGE

Vicki Valenti waits in a line of Tahitian dancers in traditional costumes - white grass skirts, coconut shell bras, bare midriffs; plumed, colorful headdresses.

DRUMMING ends - APPLAUSE erupt.

Samoa hustles off stage. Stops next to Vicki, his thick chest heaving between breaths.

SAMOA
(fiercely into her eyes)
You got it?

VICKI
Yeah.

SAMOA
Where?

VICKI
Not here...
(quickly adds)
but close by. I'll meet you after
the show.

Samoa snorts his disapproval.

The DRUMMING resumes. The procession of dancers moves on stage. Samoa grabs Vicki's arm, detains her.

SAMOA

Don't get lost.

Vicki forces a smile.

VICKI

Of course not.

Vicki follows the other girls out, hips shaking.

Samoa looks after her with hard suspicion in his eyes. Turns and darts away.

INT. LIVING ROOM - RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Ahuna stretches his massive frame across a couch. Sips Scotch. Thinks. His heavy-lidded eyes sullen with concern. He picks up his phone. Scans with his thick finger.

CLOSE ON: His call list. Names and numbers.

He stops on "Skip da Bull".

CUT TO:

A MASSIVE BROWN FACE

Attila the Hun reborn. Meet SKIP DA BULL.

Head like an upright watermelon. Wild, frizzy hair - like a tumbleweed glued to his head. Mountainous shoulders. Crazy, feral eyes. 350 pounds of appetite and danger in the form of a man.

He sits up front in a CHEVY SILVERADO regular cab. Kaipō at the wheel.

The truck cruises through ALA MOANA PARK parallel to the beach, her flat dark waters shimmering in the moonlight.

Skip da Bull checks the dashboard clock:

11:55 p.m.

Several other trucks packed with large Polynesian men follow close behind. None of the vehicles out of second gear.

They cruise as silent and somber as a funeral procession through a gauntlet of LOCAL MEN on both sides of the road. A show of force from the Palolo Valley gang - thirty, perhaps as many as fifty, Polynesian warriors of various ages.

KAIPO

Dat's a lot of guys, Skip.

SKIP DA BULL

Fuck 'dem.

EXT. ALA MOANA PARK - NIGHT

TWO CHIEFTAINS of the Palolo Valley gang stand with a BALD GUY between them. Bald Guy is in his forties, hard as nails, a head taller than the chieftains who are both over six feet.

Across from them, the men from the trucks - the Kalihi Valley Boys. Out front, Kaipo and Skip da Bull.

You may not have noticed, but no one's armed. No clubs, no chains, no knives. Nor any guns to be seen. An island ritual to settle a dispute with its own native-born ideas of honor.

KAIPO

(steps forward)

Okay, 'den let's get started. I no like be hea' all night.

BALD GUY

(points at Skip da Bull)

What da fuck is he doin' hea'?
Where's Troy?

SKIP DA BULL

Troy's my cuz, brah, but he's sick,
so I cum instead. For da family honor.

The two Chieftains look at each other, unsure about this.

CHIEFTAIN 1

(to Kaipo)

Dat won't settle dis, brah.

(re: Bald Guy)

We want da fuckin' guy who screwed
his wife.

SKIP DA BULL

(points his thumb at
himself)

Right hea', brah. I fucked dat slut
too... in every hole.

Bald Guy whips off his shirt.

BALD GUY

Fuck you!

Skip da Bull grins at Kaipo: got what he wanted.

Bald Guy puts up his guard.

MMA style. Moves in and out.

Side to side. Low kicks snapping.

Connecting - THWACK! Hard on Skip's calf.

Skip, unfazed, creeps forward.

Closing the distance. Cutting off the angles.

The two gangs in half circles around them.

Backing up when the fighters come near.

Closing the gap when they move away.

Bald Guy's lean. Fast. Real fast. A highly trained fighter.

He feints. Skip bites. And WHOOSH a spinning back kick slams into Skip's ribs.

Skip GROANS, halts where he stands.

When WHAM! Another kick lands. This time low - right to Skip's knee. Down he goes.

Bald Guy lunging. Kicking - WHACK! WHACK! Sharp strikes to Skip's back.

The big man rolls, gets to his feet.

Bald Guy following up, lightening quick.

BAP-BAP-BAP! Cobra-like jabs into Skip's face.

THUD! A right hand lands behind them.

Snaps Skip's head. Blood drawn from his nose.

Enraging Skip who CHARGES.

Bald Guy side-steps, hooks Skip's ankle and sweeps him to the ground.

Skip's hands land in the dirt, head unguarded - an opening.

That Bald Guy sees. Steps into with a lethal kick - WHACK!

His foot lands firmly in Skip's massive hands.

Skip da Bull looks eye to eye with Bald Guy.

Grins madly and bolts up.

Shoving the leg skyward.

Driving it into Bald Guy's face.

Knocking him over. Falling with him onto the raised leg.

POP! Bald Guy's femur is torqued out of the socket. An AGONIZING SCREAM from underneath Skip.

Who mounts his opponent. Lets fly with his fists.

BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! Pile-driving blows pummel Bald Guy's face. Blood spews. Shattered teeth fly.

FAVOR SKIP - HIS RAGING EYES.

CHIEFTAIN 1

Stop it, brah! Stop it! You'll
kill 'em.

Skip freezes, clenched fist suspended in the air, blood dripping off the knuckles. He glares at Chieftain.

Defiantly delivers a last blow to Bald Guy's nose. A sickening THUMP that emits a geyser of blood.

ANGRY CRIES

From the Palolo Valley Boys who come forward as one.

Kalihi Valley Boys answering. Battle lines closing in.

Chieftain #2 throws out his arms.

CHIEFTAIN 2

NO!
(to his guys)
Back off!

The Palolo Valley Boys hold up.

Kaipo comes over to Skip and offers his hand. Skip knocks it away and stands over his unconscious opponent.

Skip da Bull scans the line of Palolo Valley Boys. Ready for any challenge. No takers. Not on your life.

Skip snorts his contempt and turns his back on them.

Walks away through the Kalihi Valley Boys who part before him. Every eye filled with respect.

INT. CHEVY TRUCK - LATER

Skip da Bull wipes his nose with a rag, his hands. Pulls a bit of tooth out of a knuckle. Looks out the window at...

BALD GUY

carried to a truck by Palolo Valley Boys.

SKIP DA BULL

Drains a can of Bud and belches. Looks at Kaipo.

SKIP DA BULL

C'mon, brah. What'chu waitin' for,
Christmas?

Kaipo starts the truck.

THE KALIHI VALLEY BOY'S TRUCKS

Disperse. Pull out and drive away.

"TINY BUBBLES" plays - a ringtone.

SKIP DA BULL

Takes out his cell. Reads a text.

SKIP DA BULL (CONT'D)

Guess who?

KAIPO

I don't know. Who?

SKIP DA BULL

(reading)
Mister Ahuna.

KAIPO

For real?

Skip studies the text in silence. Sets down his phone and stares straight ahead.

SKIP DA BULL

He's comin' to Honolulu. Today.
Wants us at da Kahala Hilton at
twelve.

KAIPO

Ah, shit, he was just hea' lass munt'.
Somethin' must be up.

SKIP DA BULL
 (wheels turning)
 Yeah. Go on, turn around, get on da
 freeway.

KAIPO
 What for? I was goin' my house. I
 like crash.

SKIP DA BULL
 No. Head to Kane'ohe. I gotta'
 talk to some haole guy out dare. He
 lives on...
 (checks his text)
 Lilipuna road.

KAIPO
 Ah, shit, Skip, I like sleep.

SKIP DA BULL
 Fuck sleep.

INT. BAR - WAIKIKI SHERATON HOTEL - NIGHT

ANNIKA EKMARK, an attractive Nordic bartender in her 50s,
 tends the quiet classy bar near the end of her shift.

Vicki walks in with a costume bag slung from her shoulder
 and takes a seat at the bar.

ANNIKA
 Hi, Vicki. How was the show tonight?

VICKI
 Crowded.

ANNIKA
 Yeah, we had a rush earlier, but
 since midnight it's been like this.

Annika notes a lone tourist couple off in a corner.

ANNIKA (CONT'D)
 What can I get you, the usual?

VICKI
 Yeah, but make it a double.

Vicki checks the clock.

It reads: 1:35.

VICKI (CONT'D)
 Hey, has Samoa been in?

ANNIKA

Haven't seen 'um. Isn't he working?

VICKI

Yeah, I'm supposed to meet him here.

ANNIKA

Well, I'll take my time closing up
if you like. In case he shows up.

Vicki doesn't bother to answer, her mind on other things.
She checks the far door trying to decide what to do.

Annika gives Nani her drink and notices the green TIGER-CLAW
NECKLACE around her neck. She stares it then averts her eyes
when Vicki turns and picks up her drink.

INT. RICK'S HOME - NIGHT

Rick stands on his wooden balcony looking out over a black
lava-rock landscape at the moonlit sea.

He cells rings.

CUT BETWEEN

Rick and Annika now in the back of her bar.

RICK

Hello?

ANNIKA

(speaking softly)

Hey, Rick, it's Annika Ekmark.

RICK

Hey. This is a surprise.

(jokes)

So what's up, is bar too high?

ANNIKA

No, of course not, everything's cool.
Sorry to call you so late, but...
where are you? Are you at home?

RICK

Yeah, why? What's wrong?

ANNIKA

Nothing, really. It's just... you're
not gonna believe this but, I think
one of the Hawaii Nei dancers just
walked in wearing Nani's necklace.

RICK
(breathes out)
What?... Are you sure?

ANNIKA
Rick, I've seen it enough times. I
know that necklace. It's gotta be
it. It's too unique.

RICK
Keep her there. I'll be there in ten
minutes.

ANNIKA
All right. But hurry.

INT. BAR - WAIKIKI SHERATON HOTEL - SAME

Nani and Annika now alone in the bar.

Rick comes in through the far door and takes a seat two stools
away from Vicki.

ANNIKA
Hi, Rick. What can I get you?

RICK
I'll take a Bud.

Karen takes a beer from some ice and pours him a glass.

Rick looks over at Vicki absorbed with her phone, SEES...

The TIGER-CLAW NECKLACE around her neck.

He stares harder, can't believe his eyes. Just then Samoa
strides in behind Vicki and takes her brusquely by the arm.

SAMOA
Hey, girl. You ready?

His hard eyes bounce off Rick, Annika - no suspicions, just
a habit, his way of dominating a room.

He escorts Vicki out.

Rick stares after them. Wheels turning. He drops a ten on
the bar and follows them out.

ANNIKA
(calls after him)
Thanks, Rick.
(softly to herself)
Good luck.

EXT. PARKING LOT - WAIKIKI SHERATON BAR - NIGHT

Rick emerges from the bar and stops in his tracks.

Across the quiet lot Vicki and Samoa stand between the Red Honda Civic Si and a Blue 4-door Charger.

Rick steps out of a globe of light at the entrance and observes from the shadows.

Vicki takes a briefcase from the trunk of the Si and hands it to Samoa.

SAMOA
You open 'dis?

VICKI
How could I, it's locked?

Samoa smiles slyly. Turns abruptly and opens the back door of the Charger. Vicki at his heels.

VICKI (CONT'D)
Hey, Samoa, what are you doin'?

SAMOA
(turns)
What, sista?

VICKI
I get half, that's what you said.

Samoa just stares. Eyes cold, threatening.

SAMOA
I'll give you half.

VICKI
When?

Samoa puts the case in the car beside his performance knives.

SAMOA
Tomorrow. Come my place. You'll
get your share.

Vicki draws a lot of courage out of a 120 lb. frame.

VICKI
I want it tonight. I'm not stupid,
Samoa.

Samoa measures her with contempt.

SAMOA

I see you tomorrow.

He shuts the rear door. Turns away and opens the front.

Vicki stands there frozen in place. Temper rising. At a loss what to do.

She loses it. Throws opens the rear door, grabs the briefcase and tries to run.

Samoa bounds after her, quick as a cat. He grabs her by the hair and shoves her hard against the Charger.

Rips the briefcase from her hand.

SAMOA (CONT'D)

Fuckin' bitch! What you t'ink you're doing? Huh! Huh!

(slaps her)

You wanna' fuck wit' me!

Suddenly Rick flies into frame and tackles Samoa.

Plants him on the ground. Briefcase knocked from his hand.

Vicki snatches it up. Runs around and gets in the Si.

Samoa and Rick now on their feet. Exchanging blows. Grappling. Up against the Si.

Which pulls out from under them.

Dropping them hard to the asphalt.

The car PEELING OUT. Leaving the two men on the ground.

Samoa with an arm around Rick's neck, choking him.

Rick grabs the arm, powers to his feet and slams Samoa back on the ground. Stunning him. Freeing himself.

Rick races across the parking lot to his car. Jumps in.

CRANKS THE KEY

Backs up - the enraged Samoan suddenly at the window, hands grasping at Rick.

Rick floors it. Off-balancing Samoa who slides off the car and rolls across the parking lot.

RICK'S EL CAMINO

Fishtails onto KALAKAUA AVENUE.

Speeds down the Waikiki thoroughfare through late night quiet.

RICK

Checks the road ahead.

The Honda Civic stopped at a red light.

Ricks pulls up behind.

VICKI

looks in the mirror at the black El Camino on her tail.

She waits. Times it perfectly and accelerates through the red light ahead of a tour bus. A daring move that leaves...

RICK BEHIND

Waiting for the bus and two cars to clear.

Waiting... Waiting... seconds crawling by.

Finally it clears and Rick guns it through the intersection.

Speeds down the avenue, scanning the side streets for any sign of the Honda.

There! Traveling down a side street.

RICK WHIPS AROUND

Tracks her.

The red Honda pulls into the underground garage of an APARTMENT BUILDING.

Rick swings over to the curb. Engine running. Eyes on...

The five story building. The dark balconies and a few lit apartments.

Rick waits, SEES...

A light come on in an apartment and Vicki closing a drape.

Rick studies the apartment, counts the floors and shuts off the engine.

A PERFECTLY ROUND MOON

Rises over the turtle-like profile of Mokapu Peninsula and the glassy black waters of KANE'OHE BAY.

PAN DOWN

To a modest WATERFRONT HOME. A wooden one-story nestled into the jungle-clad slope along the shore.

The Chevy truck coasts to a stop out front, headlights off.

INT. CHEVY - NIGHT

Skip slips on a pair of latex gloves.

Rummages through a plastic shopping bag at his feet. Moves aside a box of gloves, a new pair of pants, shirt and slippers. Comes up with a black shower cap.

Skip puts it on and looks at Kaipo and smiles - a funny sight that makes the gangster grin.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A soft breeze lifts and lowers a floral print curtain above blonde White Guy (from the plane) asleep in his bed.

ON HIS FACE - his eyes slowly opening. Groggy, stalled at the gateway of sleep.

Suddenly he bolts up and throws back the sheet.

Uncovers his ankles handcuffed together.

Silent and huge, Skip da Bull balloons out of the dark and clamps a gloved hand over White Guy's mouth. Shoves his head onto the pillow.

White Guy panics and thrashes about, twisting his body, clawing at Skip.

SKIP DA BULL
(tight lipped)
Stop, you fucka'. Lie still!

White Guy puts up his hands and surrenders, utterly terrified. Who wouldn't be?

Skip da Bull sits atop of one of White Guy's arms, pinning him to the bed, the black shower cap concealing his hair and highlighting the utter fierceness of his face.

SKIP DA BULL (CONT'D)
(quietly)
Make a sound and I kill you.

White Guy jiggles his head in agreement and Skip takes his hand off White Guy's mouth.

SKIP DA BULL (CONT'D)

What 'chu t'ink, brah, huh? Dat we
not gone find you? Stupid haole...
(snorts)
Not even one day.

WHITE GUY

I'm sorry... I'm sorry, I didn't
know. Honest, I didn't. I swear.

SKIP DA BULL

Know what, brah?

WHITE GUY

What this was about, man. I had no
idea. Samoa just told me to start a
fight... That's all...
(sobs)
You know. No big deal... like a
joke. I mean I got arrested but he
gonna's give me three grand.

White Guy weeps and Skip looks at him with pitiless eyes.

SKIP DA BULL

Samoa who?

WHITE GUY

Samoa... Samoa.

Skip's hand clamps over White Guy's mouth and nose.

SKIP DA BULL

Don't fuck with me, brah.

White Guy fights for air - thrusting his cuffed legs, grasping
wildly with his free hand.

Skip grabs the hand and pins it to the bed then leans into
White Guy, staring right his face, suffocating him.

White Guy's eyes plead for his life. Begin to fade... when
Skip lets go and White Guy gulps in air.

WHITE GUY

(sobbing)
I swear... I swear... that's his
name... He works with me at the
Sheraton... in the Hawaii Nei Show.
I'm one of the techs and he's my
friend...

White guy looks toward a poster of the "HAWAII NEI SHOW"
which shows Samoa twirling his flaming knife bracketed by
several Tahitian dancers on a dark stage.

WHITE GUY (CONT'D)

That's him... He's a fire-knife dancer. I wouldn't lie... I swear, I'm telling the truth.

SKIP DA BULL

And da girl?

WHITE GUY

(mystified)

What girl?

Skip studies his answer. Seems satisfied. And suddenly Skip appears bored - has what he came for.

He nods at the frightened little man and smiles mirthlessly.

SKIP DA BULL

Okay 'den, dats it, brah, we pau. It's all over. Just keep your mouth shut, okay?

WHITE GUY

(all teary-eyed)

Oh yeah, man, sure, of course. Thanks.

Skip's false smile morphs into a sneer.

SKIP DA BULL

You stupid fuck.

Skip whips out a ka'ane, an ancient Hawaiian garrote, and raps it around White Guy's throat.

Yanks him around like a rag doll and tightens the strings of the ka'ane into an X.

White Guy's eyes bulge in his head, his tongue sticks out followed by a spurt of blood as his windpipe CRACKS!

Skip drops the lifeless body back onto the bed. Stands over it and removes the cuffs.

Grabs White Guy's body and drags it into a

BATHROOM

Where he tosses it in the tub.

Skip washes his gloved hands in the sink and notices a scratch on his arm. He goes to the body.

Grabs the dead man's hand and examines his nails. Thinks.

EXT. KAMA'AINA MORTUARY

Thick night. The Chevy pulls into the driveway of the lifeless mortuary.

Turns down an alley leading to the back. Headlights killed.

Truck slowing to a stop along a brick wall.

SKIP

Reaches out the window and presses a buzzer.

MOMENTS LATER

A man in silhouette steps out of a door in front of the truck.

Kaipo pulls up to him - a CHINESE MAN in his sixties.

Without a word, Skip hands him the shopping bag and the Chevy pulls away.

INT. KAMA'AINA MORTUARY - SAME

Chinese man carries the bag through the dimly lit mortuary.

Passing through a couple rooms.

Into a CREMATORIUM.

Skip's clothes, slippers, gloves and shower cap get tossed into an OPEN FURNACE.

Chinese man pauses and looks in the bag at...

White Guy's severed hands and a lot of blood.

He throws the bag in the furnace and shuts the door.

Off the DOOR SLAM

CUT TO:

A SUITCASE DROPPED ON A BED

Next to the stolen briefcase - in VICKI'S APARTMENT where she urgently packs in the soft yellow haze of her night light.

Lingerie. Clothes. Some shoes. Only the essentials. No time for anything else.

She darts into the bathroom. Drops toiletries into a kit.

Hurries back to the bedroom and runs straight into Rick.

VICKI
(in his grasp)
No!... Get out!

Vicki flails with her fists, struggles briefly then gets pinned to the bed by Rick.

RICK
Hey! Hey!
(clasping her wrists)
Cut it out.

Vicki freezes, hair-tousled and wide-eyed.

RICK (CONT'D)
I just want to talk to you. All
right? I'm not gonna' hurt you.
D'ya understand? Don't be afraid.
I just wanna' ask you some questions.

Vicki breathes and calms. Rick releases her and steps back from the bed. Vicki sits up, her eyes flashing to the briefcase then back to Rick.

VICKI
(breathing hard)
What is it? What do you want?

Rick points at the tiger-claw necklace on Vicki's neck.

RICK
Let me see that?

VICKI
(touches necklace)
What this?

RICK
Yeah, c'mon, let's have it.

Vicki takes off the necklace and hands it to Rick who studies it - it's too unique not to be Nani's.

RICK (CONT'D)
Where'd you get this?

VICKI
It was a gift.

RICK
Don't lie.

VICKI
All right, I stole it.

RICK

From who?

VICKI

Someone you don't wanna' know... Now why don't you get out of here, huh? Why are you chasin' me?

RICK

That guy I was fighting, you get it from him?

VICKI

No, someone else. Look, if you want it, just take it and get out of here. All right? I don't care, just leave me alone.

RICK

(holds up the necklace)
I want the guy you got this from.

VICKI

Why? What's he to you?

RICK

He raped and murdered my wife.

The revelation hits Vicki like a fist, everything making sense at once.

VICKI

(breathes out)
Oh, shit.

RICK

This guy, what's his name?

VICKI

I don't know, he called himself Danny.

RICK

Danny what?

VICKI

I don't know his last name.
(off Rick's look)
He was a mark, all right. I never saw him before. I didn't know him... he was just a guy staying at the Kahala Hilton.

RICK

When?

VICKI
Yesterday.

RICK
What room?

VICKI
I don't remember?

RICK
The hell you don't. Now what was it?

VICKI
I don't remember the fuckin' room
number! It was on the fourth floor,
all right. I was just there to set
the guy up. I drugged him - to steal
that.

She points at the briefcase on the edge of the bed.

Rick grabs the briefcase and Vicki's springs after it.

VICKI (CONT'D)
Hey, that's mine! I risked my life
for it.

Rick brushes her off and sits on the bed. Puts the necklace
aside and lays the briefcase on his lap.

Tries opening it. It's locked.

He stands and smashes it against the floor... BAM! BAM!

VICKI (CONT'D)
Hey, cut it out!

BAM! the briefcase pops open and stacks of 100s spill out.

Rick looks at the money, disinterested and drops the case.

Vicki stands there confused, hardly believing Rick doesn't
want her money.

Vicki gathers up the money and puts it back in the case.
Pauses with a stack in each hand.

VICKII
You're not gonna' try and take this
are you?

RICK
Keep your money.

Rick picks up the necklace and runs it through his hands, thinking, tired of the whole stinking mess.

Vicki shuts the case, stands and backs away from Rick then checks the door.

RICK (CONT'D)

If you make a run for it. I'll beat the shit out of you and take your money.

Vicki looks Rick in the eye, no doubt he means it.

RICK (CONT'D)

I want you to take me to this guy.

VICKI

No way, you're crazy, he's Syndicate. I'm gettin' outta' here. Samoa doesn't know where I live but it won't take him long to find out.

RICK

Who's Samoa?

VICKI

The guy you were fighting. He's the one who set this up, told me about the gambling take.

RICK

Look, I told you I don't want your money. I could give a shit about it. Just help me find the guy who had this....
(holds up the necklace)
Point him out to me, that's all. Then you can take a flyin' fuck with your money. I don't care.

VICKI

And if I don't help you?

RICK

I'm not giving you a choice.

Vicki takes a moment to measure Rick, her situation. Decides.

VICKI

(re: the necklace)
Was that your wife's?

RICK

Yeah.

VICKI

What was her name?

RICK

Nani.

VICKI

Pretty name.

Vicki smiles and sees Rick for the first time for what he really is - a grieving husband.

EXT. WAIKIKI - DAY

Sunrise over Waikiki Beach. A glorious golden sun rises like a phoenix over the curved rim of Diamond Head crater.

THE ROAR OF A JET ENGINE takes us to

HONOLULU INTERNATIONAL

A private LEARJET 35 touching down.

Taxing.

DANIEL AHUNA

Stepping off the airstair onto the tarmac.

Entering a waiting black sedan. A DRIVER holding open the back door. Think Oddjob, only thicker if that's possible.

EXT. VICKI'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Rick and Vicki exit the building with Rick holding the money.

EXT./INT. EL CAMINO - DAY

They enter Rick's car with the case between them on the seat.

VICKI

Hey, how am I suppose to get back?
I need my car.

RICK

Take a cab.
(re. briefcase)
You can afford it.

Rick cranks the wheel and pulls away.

SHOTS OF EL CAMINO TRAVELING - DAY

- Through KAPIOLANI PARK below Diamond Head.
- Past DIAMOND HEAD LIGHTHOUSE and a scenic view of the ocean.
- Along KAHALA AVENUE on the back side of Diamond Head.

EXT. BLACK POINT ROAD - DAY

The El Camino turns up the incline of Black Point Road.

INT. EL CAMINO - DAY

Vicki looks back sharply.

VICKI
Hey, where you takin' me? The
Hilton's that way.

RICK
I gotta' stop at my house. I need
somethin'.

Vicki looks suspiciously at Rick.

VICKI
Look don't get any ideas, all right.

Rick glances over and scoffs.

RICK
Yeah, right.

EXT. RICK'S HOUSE - BLACK POINT - DAY

The El Camino pulls into an open garage.

INT. RICK'S HOUSE - BLACK POINT - SAME

Rick and Vicki enter the house.

VICKI
Where's your bathroom?

RICK
(points)
That way. But make it quick.

VICKI
(walking away)
Yeah, sure. Anything else, want me
to leave the seat up?
(under her breath)
Asshole.

Rick reacts to her sass with a look, sees some charm in it.

He goes to a cabinet and takes out a steel case. Unlocks it
and removes a Sig Sauer P365.

Loads a magazine with a SMACK into the small dark pistol.

Water pours from a BATHROOM faucet.

Vicki washes her hands. Dries with a towel.

Comes out into a HALL and surveys an assortment of photos on the wall that reflect Rick's life as a former big wave surfer, lifeguard and husband of Nani.

- Rick on the cover of SURFER MAGAZINE riding a huge wave - a caption reads: "*Legendary Lifeguard Rick Manoa Wins the Pipeline Masters*"

- More shots of Rick surfing.

- And as a lifeguard on the beach with Nani, the bikini babe at his side.

- The two of them enjoying a torch-lit dinner by the sea.

- At a table with friends at a sunny luau, Detective Kevin Behrens among them.

- Exchanging vows on their wedding day. Et cetera.

Rick appears at the end of the hall. Observes Vicki perusing his photographs.

Vicki turns and hold Rick's gaze, more connected to his grief.

RICK

C'mon.

Vicki leaves with Rick. But we remain, moving in on a large photo of Rick and Nani, their happy faces side by side.

PICK UP

Ahuna's car traveling the H-1 FREEWAY.

Cruising WAIALAE AVENUE.

Pulling into the roundabout of the KAHALA HILTON.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - KAHALA HILTON - DAY

Danny Ahuna sits in front of a TV making a meal of his nails.

Skip da Bull and Kaipō eyeing him from across the room. The two thugs dwarfing a table with a mountain of McDonald's food between them.

They share a look, contempt for Danny.

SKIP DA BULL
 Hey, Danny. Brah, if you're hungry,
 we got plenty.

Skip sweeps his hand over the food and grins maliciously.

Danny spits a nail at him then drops his hand.

Skip da Bull picks up a load of french fries and lowers them into his mouth, speaks as he chews.

SKIP DA BULL (CONT'D)
 (garbled, to Kaipo)
 McDonalds makes da best french fries,
 brah.

Kaipo crams a dollar cheeseburger into his mouth in one go. Nods in agreement.

BAM-BAM! Someone knocks and Danny's eyes snap to the door.

SKIP DA BULL (CONT'D)
 (mocking him)
 Ut, oh, Danny, Daddy's home.

Skip da Bull and Kaipo bust out laughing.

Danny looks dagger-eyed at them both then goes to the door. Takes a breath of courage and opens it.

Daniel Ahuna greets his son with an icy stare. Moves brusquely past him. His Driver toting a travel bag walking at his heels. Danny planting himself against the wall out of their way.

CUT TO:

RICK AND VICKI

Exiting his house. Entering the El Camino and driving away.

INT. DANNY'S ROOM - KAHALA HILTON - DAY

CLOSE ON the displeased, broad face of Daniel Ahuna. He sits in a chair with his elbows on his thighs across from Danny who sits on the bed with his head down.

Skip da Bull and Kaipo still at the table, the Driver standing off to the side.

AHUNA
 Stupid fuck. Put together by a bitch...

Danny looks up, tears on his cheeks.

AHUNA (CONT'D)
and now you cry like one.

Ahuna slaps his son across the head.

Danny straightens up and puts on his toughest face. Ahuna so disgusted with his son you'd think he'd shoot 'em.

He turns to Skip.

AHUNA (CONT'D)
What'd you find out?

SKIP DA BULL
Da haole on da plane was a decoy.
Just told to start a fight. Some
sole' put him up to it.
(looks to Kaipo)
We got a line on him.

KAIPO
His name's Samoa Samoa. He's an
entertaina' at da Sheraton. Works
in da Hawaii Nei Show.
(lays a piece of paper
on the table)
I got his address from my connec' at
HPD. He's got a record. Done time
at OCC - burglary, assault. Usually
works alone.

AHUNA
What about da girl?

SKIP DA BULL
No clue. But I'm sure da sole' can
fill us in.

Ahuna nods.

DANNY
Hey, Dad...

Ahuna looks sternly at his son.

DANNY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry... I know I fucked up.
Big time. How 'bout I handle 'dis...
(with a shaka sign)
make it right.

AHUNA

(viciously)

You handle 'dis... make it right.
Shut da fuck up. Take him with you,
Kaipo. Get him outta my sight before
I break his face!

KAIPO

Take him where, boss?

AHUNA

The fuck do I care. Take him to da
goddamn zoo with da other jackasses.
Just get him outta' hea'!

He stands and slaps Danny again.

Danny scrambles away, cowering. He gathers up his suitcase.
Turns to go.

AHUNA (CONT'D)

Hey!

Danny freezes.

AHUNA (CONT'D)

And you pay da fuckin' bill. Leave
my card hea'.

Danny pulls a card from his wallet and lays it on the table.
Leaves with Kaipo following him out.

Ahuna fumes. Pockets his card. Looks at the paper with
Samoa's address.

AHUNA (CONT'D)

Gimme dat.

Skip hands it to him.

Ahuna reads, snorts like a bull - a scoffing commentary.

AHUNA (CONT'D)

Hawaii Kai... What da fuck kinda'
sole' lives out dare?

CUT TO:

INT. CHARGER - DAY

Samoa Samoa driving, singing along to Elton John's "Tiny
Dancer". Really into it. Pretty good.

THE SLEEK BLUE CAR

Winds along the S-shaped curves of LILIPUNA ROAD. The teal green waters of Kane'ohe Bay visible through gaps in the trees, beyond the low triangle roofs of the houses.

Samoa mutes the sound. Makes a call. The RINGING CELL PHONE takes us to...

White Guy's corpse in the BATHROOM. Follow the RINGING into the BEDROOM...

Past the POSTER of Samoa performing in the Hawaii Nei Show.

Over to the nightstand where a cell phone RINGS next to the bloodstained bed.

INT. CHARGER - SAME

Samoa hangs up.

Cruises to a stop in front of White Guy's

WATERFRONT HOME

He approaches the front door.

Knocks. Waits. Then tries the handle. Open.

He pauses in a hallway and listens. Proceeds down a dark flight of stairs to a lower level where he SEES...

A wide open door beyond a washer-dryer area.

Samoa freezes, alert to danger.

He creeps into the BEDROOM, onto the disheveled scene.

Moves into the BATHROOM and finds White Guy lying in the tub with severed hands, totally soaked with blood.

Samoa stares at the corpse. Thinks. Then bolts from the room.

EXT. KAHALA HILTON - DAY

Rick's El Camino pulls into the drive leading to the hotel.

Parks in a LOT in sight of the entrance.

INT. EL CAMINO - ON VICKI

Eyeing the hotel, nervous, beads of sweat on her upper lip.

VICKI

So what exactly do you want me to do?

RICK

We're gonna' go to the fourth floor
and see if you can remember which door.

VICKI

And if I don't remember?

RICK

Then we knock on all the fuckin'
doors. But if he's here, we're gonna'
find him.

VICKI

No way, that's not gonna' work. I
don't want this guy to see me.

RICK

I wouldn't worry about that.

VICKI

Yeah. And what does that mean?
What are you gonna' do?

Rick's eyes speak volumes.

VICKI (CONT'D)

Oh, no. No way. I ain't gettin'
mixed up in no murder. Especially
mine!

Vicki grabs the briefcase and opens her door. Rick reaches
across and shuts it, his face close enough for a kiss.

RICK

You wanna' go? Go!

He pulls the briefcase from her hand.

RICK (CONT'D)

But this stays.

VICKI

(struggles for it)
Hey!.. Fuck!.. That's mine!

Rick brushes her off and puts the briefcase between his feet.

RICK

It was yours. Now it's mine. Don't
like it? Go to the cops. Tell them
I took it from you. Then tell 'em
how you got it.

Vicki glares at Rick.

VICKI
I hope he kills you.

RICK
Yeah? Well, if he does then you won't get your money - they will, and they'll still look for you. So what do we do, huh? It's your call.

VICKI
You fuckin' prick.

Vicki gets out of the car, looks toward the hotel then quickly slips back inside.

VICKI (CONT'D)
That's him!

Vicki points at...

DANNY AND KAIPO

Waiting at the VALET STAND. A valet brings up the Chevy pickup and they both get in and drive away.

RICK
Are you sure that's him?

VICKI
Positive. The guy in the blue shirt.

Rick starts the car. Pulls out and follows the pickup.

VICKI (CONT'D)
Hey, wait a minute, give me my money!
Let me out!
(bangs the dash)
Hey, c'mon, you said I could go!

RICK
Calm down, you'll get your money. I just wanna' be sure. Clever girl like you, you might be lyin'.

Rick keeps pace with the truck several car-lengths ahead.

VICKI
Fuck you, I'm not lying... It's him.

RICK
Yeah? Okay. Good... Now put on your belt. I don't want a ticket.

Vicki looks at Rick like he's half out of his mind.

CUT TO:

AHUNA'S CAR

Traveling along the beachside portion of KALANIANAOLE HIGHWAY.

HIS HUGE PORCINE DRIVER

At the wheel. Ahuna and Skip riding in back, gazing out the windows in comfortable silence. Then out of the blue...

AHUNA

I don't t'ink Danny is right for
'dis business.

He looks over at Skip.

SKIP DA BULL

No shit.

HEAT WAVES

Rise off the pale gray pavement of KEALAHOU DRIVE.

BLURRING the air and Samoa's blue Charger cresting the steep road. COMING INTO FOCUS...

Descending into the sub-division of HAWAII KAI - a ritzy, haole-town in southeastern Oahu.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - SAME

The Charger turns onto a quiet street.

Pulls into the garage of an isolated two-story home.

INT. KITCHEN - SAMOA'S HOUSE - DAY

Samoa sets his performances knives on a counter top.

Goes to a fridge and guzzles water from a pitcher.

Enters his garish LIVING ROOM - modern tasteless: leather, rattan, flower and leopard prints.

He sits at a wet-bar across from a wall-size photograph of him performing in the Hawaii Nei Show.

NOTE: This is an enlarged photo of the one used on the poster.

Samoa stares at the photo when Ahuna's black car passes by outside the window.

Samoa sees it and is immediately on his feet.

He dashes to the window. Peers out from the side of the curtain at the black car parked down the street.

Driver and Skip da Bull stepping out, approaching the home. Driver slipping a gun under his shirt.

Samoa darts away from the window.

EXT. SAMOA'S HOME - DAY

Driver walks up to the front door and stops.

Waits for Skip to clear a fence at the side of the house.

AHUNA

In the car, enjoying a glass of Scotch set up on a custom made fold down tray. Waiting. Unconcerned.

SKIP

On the back patio moving with stealth.

Pulling a gun from his waistband.

Opening a sliding door. Quietly.

DRIVER

Rings the DOORBELL. Waits. Nothing.

He rings again and the door pops open and a FLASH OF SILVER arcs down onto his head, SAMOA'S KNIFE landing with a THUD, splitting Driver's skull to his eyebrows.

Driver drops to his knees with his mouth agape, slumps over dead at Samoa's feet.

Samoa checks the car down the street. Looks behind him at...

Skip da Bull rounding a kitchen counter with a gun.

Samoa throws the blade - expertly - end over end at Skip. Striking his arm. Knocking the gun from his hand.

Samoa grabs a second blade on a door-side table. CRIES OUT and charges and the fight is on.

Skip backs up, ducking and dodging, amazingly nimble for a man his size.

Samoa swings the blade with blinding speed. Making a figure eight. Closing in on Skip. Cutting off any retreat.

Skip answers with anything at hand.

A lamp. A chair. Hurlled at Samoa.

Who knocks them aside.

The thrown blade now on the floor at his feet.

Samoa flicks it in the air with his foot. Catches it with practiced ease. Comes forward whirling the knives.

Skip backs up. Heaves a recliner.

Samoa sidesteps. Lunges. Swipes at Skip's thigh. Connecting. Lacerating the quad.

Skip limps back, blood blooming on his pants.

He glances at his leg. A throw rug underneath.

Skip hurls a plant. A painting.

Samoa bats them aside. An opening for Skip.

Who grabs the throw rug. Yanks it out from under Samoa's feet and drops him hard to the floor.

Skip moves in - then halts - as Samoa kips up and in one fluid motion is back on his feet swinging the knives.

Skip backs into the kitchen.

Yanks the refrigerator down before him.

Samoa leaps on it. Long knives swinging. WHOOSH!

Skip ducks, a tuft of his hair sliced into the air. Samoa half-turned from the follow-through...

A chance for Skip. He dives in. Tackles Samoa's legs.

Samoa's backhanded swing passing over his back.

They roll off the refrigerator onto the floor.

Skip atop Samoa.

BAM! BAM! BAM! Three powerful blows from Skip and just like that the fight is over.

Samoa out cold and bloody on the floor.

Skip goes and picks up his gun. Runs to the door.

Checks for neighbors.

Grabs Driver by his feet and drags him inside. Blood and brain matter smearing a trail on the doorstep.

MOMENTS LATER - SKIP

Puts handcuffs on an unconscious Samoa. Slaps him awake.

SKIP DA BULL

Hey.

Skip shakes Samoa's chin.

SKIP DA BULL (CONT'D)

HEYYYY!

Samoa comes to. Finds Skip leaning over him.

Ahuna's grim face entering frame.

AHUNA

Two questions, brah...

(holds up his fingers)

Two. Answer 'dem and no lie.

Odderwise'...

He looks to Skip. Skip holds up one of Samoa's blades.

AHUNA (CONT'D)

He starts wit' your balls.

Skip lets the blade drop onto Samoa's groin.

AHUNA (CONT'D)

Where's da money... and da girl?

Samoa nods, eager to cooperate.

SAMOA

Vicki Valenti. Dats her. She got da money. Fuckin' cunt stole it from me. I swear!

Ahuna studies him with a penetrating gaze.

SAMOA (CONT'D)

Mister Ahuna, I'm a fuckin' thief, I know, and I fucked up, but I ain't lyin', for real - she got da money. It's not hea'.

AHUNA

Where is she?

SAMOA

I don't know. She lives somewhere in Waikiki. She works with me in da Hawaii Nei show.

AHUNA

You t'ink she's stupid enough to go back to work?

SAMOA

No... no, but I can find her. She's got a grandma in a nursing home. Means every'ting to her. Was raised by her. Same name - Valenti... I'll fine' her for you. I promise.

Ahuna looks at Skip da Bull, amused.

AHUNA

(mocks Samoa)

He promise?

Samoa gets it. He's fucked. It rekindles his dignity.

SAMOA

Fuckkk youuu!

And BAM! Skip slams down the blade across Samoa's mouth, nearly severing his head through his cheeks.

A LIGHTER FLAME

Ignites a curtain. Climbs toward the ceiling.

EXT. SAMOA'S HOME - DAY

Ahuna and Skip da Bull walk away from the home. Makeshift bandages on Skip's arm and leg.

Samoa's home a RAGING INFERNO behind them.

EXT. KAMA'AINA SCRAP METALS - DAY

FAVORING the hydraulic arm of a Caterpillar sugar cane claw set against the backdrop of a clear blue sky like some kind of iron replica of a Godzilla claw.

Beyond the machine a wire fence and narrow dirt road.

A truck approaching through a cane field.

Kaipo's Chevy angles to a stop before the gate.

The big Hawaiian gets out. Unlocks. Then returns to his truck and pulls in.

RICK - FOLLOWING IN THE EL CAMINO

Easing his way down the isolated road, peering through a windshield coated with dust and dead insects.

The rusted tin roof of Kama'aina Scrap Metals visible in the distance, elevated over the CANE FIELD that surrounds the scrap yard.

Rick stops at the border where the cane meets the fence, out of sight of anyone in the yard.

He reaches across Vicki and opens the glove box.

RICK

Excuse me.

Takes out the gun and puts it in his waistband and grabs the briefcase between his feet.

VICKI

You're an idiot. You know that?

RICK

An idiot, with your money.
(holds up the briefcase)
So what's that make you?

VICKI

Hey, look, mister -

RICK

My name's Rick... Yours?

VICKI

My name's fuck off!... And if you think I'm goin' in there with you, you can just forget it. There's no way. You understand? You'd have to shoot me first.

RICK

Now why would I do that?

Vicki looks at him trying to figure him out.

VICKI

Don't you know who these people are?

RICK

Yeah, I know. Do you?...
(suddenly curious)
How'd you get mixed up in this anyway?

Vicki thinks on it. By her eyes, some regrets.

VICKI

A quarter million's a lot of money.
And Samoa had a plan.

RICK

Yeah, I'll bet he did.

VICKI

Everything was fine until you came along.

RICK

Really? And that scene in the parking
lot? What was that, a lover's spat?

Vicki's silent, retort-less and out of options. Rick spells
it out for her.

RICK (CONT'D)

In five minutes, I'm either gonna'
come back with the guy who killed my
wife or I'm gonna' be dead. Now you
can go if you want...

(looks back down the road)

it's not that long a walk... or you
can wait here and verify I got the
right guy. If you do, I'll give you
your money. Your choice.

Rick steps out of the car.

VICKI

Fuck, you're crazy! You know that?
You don't have a chance. What do you
think this is, some kind of wicked game?
You can't win against the Syndicate.

RICK

Who said anything about winning?

Rick shuts the car door and walks off.

EXT. KAMA'AINA SCRAP METALS - DAY

Rick walks into the yard between the SUGAR CANE CLAW just
inside the gate and the huge CAR CRUSHER - a red, four stage
machine with a loading platform, crusher bin, conveyor belt
and dumpster.

He stops and looks around.

Forklifts, dump trucks, magnets and giant mounds of scrap
iron all around the yard. Kaipō's truck in front of the
office - all quiet.

INT. OFFICE - KAMA'AINA SCRAP METALS - DAY

Danny sits on a ratty-looking love seat, feet on a table, eyes on a flat screen TV. Kaipo at a desk pecking away at a keyboard with his pickle-like fingers.

A stone CRACKS against a window louver. Kaipo looks up. Listens. Another CRACK. The indolent Hawaiian teeters onto his feet and looks out the window.

RICK stands in the yard holding the briefcase.

KAIPO

Hey, Danny. You know 'dis guy?

DANNY

What?

KAIPO

'Dare's some guy outside. I t'ink
he's got your money.

Danny comes to the window.

DANNY

Motherfucker!

Danny bolts out of the office. Kaipo, far less excited, takes a moment to follow.

EXT. KAMA'AINA SCRAP METALS - DAY

Danny steps out onto what serves as a porch - two wooden steps under a small overhang.

RICK

Howzit'. You guy's open for business?

Danny scans the area for Rick's back up.

Not a soul in sight.

He's a bit puzzled by Rick's brazen maneuver and wary.

DANNY

What'cha got dare, brah? Somethin'
dat belongs to me?

Rick grins coldly. Eyes shifting to...

Kaipo arriving behind Danny.

RICK

Yeah. Could be. Who are you?

DANNY

Who am I?

Danny raises his shirt revealing his gun tucked in his pants.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I'll tell you I am... I'm trouble.
'Dats who.

Rick mirrors the move - reveals he's armed too.

RICK

All right, man, what?... You wanna'
go there or you wanna' talk?

Danny takes his hand off his gun, lets his shirt fall.

Kaipo backs up and tries to slip inside.

RICK (CONT'D)

Hey, braddah, hold up! Right there's
good.

Danny blindly backhands Kaipo's arm - stay put.

DANNY

So whatchu want, brah?

RICK

Nothin', man. I came to give you
somethin'...

(raises the briefcase)

Somethin' you lost and I found.

DANNY

Found, my ass, you stole it, brah.
You and that lyin' bitch!

RICK

Nah, man, it wasn't me. I had nothin'
to do with that, and I can prove it.
But first there's a little matter of a
finder's fee.

DANNY

Hey, brah, you know who I am? What
you're gettin' into? You wanna'
take my money?

(points at Rick)

Braddah, all you're gonna' get is a
bullet in your ass!

RICK

Sorry you feel that way. It's just
business, you know.

Rick places his free hand over his gun and backs away.

Danny - suddenly uncertain. He looks at Kaipo - who wants to be told what to do.

DANNY

(to Rick)

All right. All right! Hey, wait a minute. Where you goin'?

Rick stops.

RICK

You tell me?

Danny takes a moment, wheels turning.

DANNY

So what's da deal, huh? How much?

RICK

Ten percent.

DANNY

(contemptuously)

Ten percent.

Something dawns on Danny and he grins.

DANNY (CONT'D)

You know, brah, you ain't too smart, are you? You bring me my money, yourself. So now I know how you look. Then you try and shake me down for a cut. Like I won't find you.

RICK

Yeah, you got a point. Not all that smart. Is it? But you see, you don't got the whole picture yet. When you do maybe you won't be so pissed, might even be a little grateful.

DANNY

Oh yeah, why's that?

RICK

Look, man, you can kill me if want. I know it, you know it. But you see I got friends too, just like you...
(looks at Kaipo)
Guys in the same line of work, only on da 'udder side: HPD, U.S. Marshals, DEA. A few even know I'm here.

(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)

Now if somethin' happens to me, they're gonna' start askin' a lot of questions. Pokin' their noses in where they don't belong... All that attention's not too good for business.

On Danny, Rick's got him thinking.

RICK (CONT'D)

On the other hand I got your money right hea'. And in my car...

(points over his shoulder)
right out there, I got a friend of yours... a real pretty friend with sticky fingers.

Danny looks at Kaipo, excited at the prospect. Scans the perimeter of the yard looking for the car.

DANNY

Ten percent, huh?

RICK

Small price to pay for everything - da money, da girl... no heat.

Danny decides.

DANNY

Bring her here.

RICK

No. No, man, that's not gonna' work. Maybe you know what's for good business and maybe you don't. I like to be careful. Come to my car, alone. You get the girl and da briefcase, minus one stack for me.

Danny checks Kaipo.

DANNY

What chu t'ink?

Kaipo shrugs.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Ah, you're fuckin' useless.

(looks again at Rick)

All right, brah, you gotta' deal.

Danny steps off the porch. Walks over to Rick and they head toward the gate with a safe distance between them.

Kaipo stands there thinking - not his strong suit.

He hurries into the OFFICE.

Grabs a rifle hung over the door.

Comes back outside and SHOOTS.

The bullet sparks off the gate.

Surprising Rick, who ducks. And Danny makes his move.

He barrels into Rick, shoves him hard against the fence, the briefcase falling to the ground.

VICKI

Hears the SHOT. Looks out the windshield.

Rick out of sight beyond the gate along the road ahead.

She gets out of the car. Moves at an angle and SPOTS...

RICK

With his back against the fence wrestling with Danny.

VICKI

Dashes into the CANE FIELD across the road from the yard and hides. Watches the fight from a distance...

RICK

Pinned against the fence by Danny.

Rick brings up his hand. Slowly. Tightly. Gets it under Danny's chin and shoves him back.

When Kaipo arrives, huffing and puffing, pointing the rifle in Rick's face.

Rick freezes and puts up his hands.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Don't shoot! I want him alive.

Kaipo stares wild-eyed at Rick, finger on the trigger, sweat on his brow, panting.

Danny takes the gun from out of Rick's waistband.

Slugs him in the stomach for good measure and Rick doubles over in pain.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Watch him!

Danny goes to the briefcase lying on the ground and opens it. Smiles at all the cash. He tucks Rick's gun in his belt then takes the case and hurries out the gate.

Jogs over to Rick's El Camino down the road.

Checks it. Empty.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Fuckin' liar.

Danny looks up and down the road. No cars, no people.

Vicki watching through stalks in the cane field.

The GROWL and RUMBLE of a Hyster forklift takes us to:

RICK'S EL CAMINO

raised high in the air, tires removed.

Kaipo under it driving the forklift, setting the car down on the car crusher platform.

A control lever is raised.

The platform rises like a dump truck.

And the El Camino slides into the bin and lands against the twin cylindrical teeth of the crusher.

RICK

kneels in the dirt with his hands jammed into his pants pockets, watching his car get destroyed. Danny standing over him holding a gun and the briefcase.

DANNY (CONT'D)

'Dats a nice car, brah.

(chuckles)

Watch 'dis.

Kaipo at the side of the big red crusher operates the controls - presses a large yellow button.

THE CRUSHER TEETH

Spin and clamp down on the front bumper of the El Camino.

DANNY

Waves Kaipo over.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Watch him.

He takes out his phone. Moves away from the noise of the crusher and calls. Leaves Kaipo with the rifle on Rick.

CUT BETWEEN: DANNY - AHUNA IN HIS CAR - AND THE CAR CRUSHER.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Hey, Dad. I got da money!

AHUNA

(in the back seat,
Skip driving)

What? Where you at?

The teeth of the crusher bite into a fender... pull the car deeper inside... STEEL CRUNCHING.

DANNY

Da scrap yard. 'Dis guy showed up
with da briefcase, all da money.
Tried to make a deal, da dumbfuck.

AHUNA

What guy?

The car squashed between the teeth... bent, twisted,
contorted... the whole front end devoured in seconds.

Danny takes out Rick's wallet and flips through it, finds
Rick's City and County ID.

DANNY

I think he's some kine' of lifeguard.
Ah, fuck Dad, you know who 'dis is?
(does a double-take on Rick)
It's Rick Manoa... da surfer! Fuckin'
idiot.

There is a moment of breathless silence while Ahuna digests
the news, his wheels turning.

DANNY (CONT'D)

He says his friends at HPD know he's
here. I t'ink it's bullshit.

Half the car's gone... the chopped pieces moving out from
under the teeth onto the conveyer belt that deposits them in
the dumpster.

AHUNA

What about da girl?

DANNY

He wanted to give her to us, part of da deal. Told me she was hea', but it was more bullshit... What do you want me to do with him?

AHUNA

Nothin', keep 'em dare. I'm comin' to you.

The last pieces of car disappear into the shredder... going, going, gone.

The titanium knobbed cylinders spin freely, hungry for more.

VICKI

Moves through the cane in a crouch. Stops and checks...

RICK

Parallel to her beyond the gate, still on his knees with his hands in his pockets, near the crusher which...

DANNY

Goes to and TURNS OFF.

DANNY

(to Kaipo)

Keep an eye on 'dis fucka'. I'll be right back.

Danny heads toward the office.

VICKI

Sits low in the cane. Thinking. Her eyes going from...

Kaipo with his back to her to

The SUGAR CANE CLAW... linking the two.

She parts the cane with her hands.

Creeps toward the road.

ON RICK

In a fix, sweating. Eyes shifting to movement in the cane...

Vicki emerging in a crouch.

Crossing the dirt road.

Taking cover behind a sign where the fence meets the gate.
 She locks eyes with Rick and points to the sugar cane claw.
 Rick surveys the situation, nods ever so slightly that he understands the plan.

RICK
 (to Kaipo)
 Hey, man, how 'bout some water? I'm
 thirsty. It's fuckin' hot.

KAIPO
 Shut up!

RICK
 (puts on the pidgin)
 Ah, c'mon, braddah, don't be like
 dat... I didn't keep da money, did
 I? I was just tryin' to make a little
 deal, you know. You can't blame me
 for tryin'.

Kaipo lumbers over to Rick. Vicki's chance.
 She scoots through the gate and behind the cane claw.
 Kaipo puts the rifle under Rick's chin. Raises his head
 with the tip.

KAIPO
 Listen, brah, don't talk to me. You
 understan'? Keep your big mouth shut
 or I'll blow your fuckin' head off!

Rick clams up and concurs with a nod, while...
 Vicki slips into the cab of the SUGAR CANE CLAW.
 Stays low. Raises her eyes to the windshield and peers out
 at Kaipo.
 Standing before Rick with his back to her.
 She checks the office.
 Quiet.

DANNY

In the OFFICE BATHROOM taking a crap.

BACK TO RICK

Smiling at Kaipo.

RICK

Okay, brah, not another word, I
promise.

Kaipo sneers. Suddenly the sugar cane claw ENGINE ROARS to
life.

Startling Kaipo, who turns.

VICKI at the controls. Working them like a pro.

Shifting the control arms. Spinning the cab.

Kaipo raises the rifle.

Rick hops up and kicks him in the back.

Kaipo falls. Rolls over, surprisingly quick.

He gets to his knees. Aims at Rick... ready to shoot.

When WHAM! the sugar cane claw drops and CRUSHES HIM into
the dirt.

Vicki pokes her head out of the cab and checks her aim.

Perfect, a bullseye!

DANNY

Hears the RUMBLING ENGINE... the LOUD THUMP...

He listens a moment then pulls up his pants and hurries
outside.

VICKI

Jumps out of the cab. Runs over to Rick.

RICK (CONT'D)

Good shot. How the hell'd you do that?

VICKI

Why do guys always think women can't
do shit? My uncle owned a carnival.

(re: heavy equipment)

I can handle anything in this yard.

Suddenly A BULLET WHIZZES past their heads.

Danny on the porch aiming. FIRING!

Rick grabs Vicki and pulls her against the crusher, bumping
the yellow ON/OFF button in the process.

The huge machine ROARS TO LIFE, steel teeth rotating.

BULLETS PINGING off the big red bin, tracking Rick and Vicki who race around the crusher ducking their heads.

Danny goes after them. Moves in an arc around his side of the car crusher, trying to get a fix on

RICK AND VICKI

On the far side. Squatting low. Hiding from DANNY. The deafening RUMBLE of the crusher in their ears.

RICK
(takes Vicki's arm)
Do exactly what I say.

He backs up behind the crusher and runs with Vicki to a rusted loader in front of a MOUNTAIN OF SCRAP.

Rick keeps an eye out for Danny as he sifts through the debris. Comes up with re-bar as long as his arm.

BANG! BANG! BANG! SHOTS SLAM into the scrap pile. Kicking up sparks.

FIRED by DANNY at the far end of the crusher.

Rick and Vicki run back to the crusher and hide from Danny in sight of the gate.

RICK (CONT'D)
Go on! Get outta' here. Make a run
for it.

Vicki hesitates, scared to break cover.

RICK (CONT'D)
Go on!

Vicki dashes toward the gate and Rick steps out from behind the crusher and SEES...

Danny coming straight at him... FIRING!

Rick hurls the iron rod and jumps back behind the crusher.

The iron rod takes out Danny's legs. He falls - then SHOOTS under the crusher at Vicki racing for the gate.

BULLETS TWANG off the metal gate in front of Vicki and she stops, veers, and runs to the

SUGAR CANE CLAW

and hides behind it.

RICK

Plays hide and seek with Danny on the other side of the crusher, the jarring RATTLE of the machine adding to the tension.

Danny creeps along.

Rick moving down the other side, in sight of the office with Kaipō's Chevy out front.

Rick stops by the conveyor belt. Looks back...

at Vicki still crouching behind the sugar cane claw.

Danny suddenly pops out at the front end of the crusher, looking from Vicki to Rick - unsure what to do.

He FIRES at Rick.

Who leaps onto the top shield, a metal platform between the conveyor belt and crusher bin.

Danny comes after him. Reaches the top shield and climbs across the crusher.

Rick hiding on the other side of the top shield, hanging off the big red bin. Waiting, waiting... leaping out...

Surprising Danny. Getting hold of his gun-hand. FIGHTING on the top shield.

A FAST-MOVING CONVEYOR BELT (that starts under the top shield) on one side...

The SPINNING STEEL TEETH of the bin on the other.

VICKI

Watches. Desperate to help. She opens the door to the sugar cane claw and SPOTS...

A wrench on the cab floor.

DANNY'S GUN HAND

Is slammed against the rim of the crusher bin.

Again and again until the gun drops into the crusher and gets chewed up by the teeth.

Changing the struggle into a hand-to-hand duel to the death.

The two men trade blows. Gouge eyes. Pull hair.

Rick pressed against the edge of the crusher bin, the metal rim cutting into his back.

Suddenly Vicki appears behind Danny, raising the wrench.

WHAM! Danny turns and kicks her...

And she falls onto the conveyer belt and gets WHISKED up the ramp and dropped in the dumpster...

A break for Rick. Who grabs Danny, turns and heaves, throwing him like a wrestler...

INTO THE BIN

Danny grabbing at the edge, hanging on... his shoes skipping off the rotating wheels.

DANNY

NO!

Danny's eyes plead to Rick as he dances on the teeth that clamped down on his shoe and CHEW UP HIS FOOT.

DANNY (CONT'D)

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

The rotating cylinders pull Danny in. Swallow his foot. Eat through his calf, his knee and upper leg.

Rick jumps off the top shield.

Runs to the yellow button and BAM!... shuts off the machine.

MOMENTS LATER

A curious mynah bird, and they're all curious, alights on the side of the dumpster.

Just over Vicki lying on her back on a pile of metal, breathless and sore but not seriously injured.

VICKI

(to the bird)

What are you lookin' at? I saved him didn't I.

She climbs out of the dumpster.

Rick across the way. Standing with his back to her on the top shield. Looking down into the crusher bin.

Vicki climbs up beside Rick then turns sharply away.

VICKI (CONT'D)

Oh, my god.

ON DANNY

Both legs in the crusher up to mid-thigh. A mass of blood, muscle and bone where his body meets the cylinders. Still alive. His quivering arms braced against the machine.

Rick climbs into the crusher and kneels beside Danny.

Vicki takes a breath and recovers. Steals a glance at Rick and Danny then slowly backs away.

Rick looks Danny in the eye.

RICK

(low and intense)

Hey, you know me?

Danny shakes his head "No".

Rick holds up Nani's tiger-claw necklace.

RICK (CONT'D)

Remember this? The woman you took it from? I'm her husband.

A spark of recognition flares in Danny's eyes.

DANNY

(feebly)

What?

Danny remembers.

FLASHBACK:

INT. DANNY'S BEDROOM - AHUNA'S RANCH HOUSE - DAY

A shirtless Danny makes out with a gorgeous FILIPINO GIRL naked on his bed. He rises to his knees. Opens his pants.

FILIPINO GIRL

Hey, you got a condom?

Danny freezes. Fuck! He wants to object but thinks better of it and hops off the bed and goes and opens a drawer.

Finds an empty box of condoms.

DANNY

Shit!

Danny hustles through the house into...

AHUNA'S BEDROOM

Where he opens a dresser drawer and finds condoms and a stash of women's jewelry and assorted lingerie, including a pink panty - a predator's trophies.

Among the jewelry - the tiger-claw necklace.

Danny picks it up, admires it.

END FLASHBACK

RESUME DANNY

Staring at Rick, bewildered.

DANNY (CONT'D)

That?...

(emits the tiniest
scoff)

I stole it from my Dad.

Danny's arms give out and he slumps over dead.

ON RICK

thunderstruck. He's killed the wrong man.

The CHEVY TRUCK ROARS by.

And Rick stands and looks out of the bin at...

VICKI

In Kaipo's truck speeding toward the gate, the briefcase of money on the seat beside her. Vicki cranks the wheel and...

THE CHEVY

spins into the road and takes off through the cane field through a cloud of red dust.

INT. OFFICE - KAMA'AINA SCRAP METALS - DAY

Rick walks in and finds his gun and wallet on a desk.

Noses around.

Checks out a photo on the wall of a group of men standing out front of Kama'aina Scrap Metals.

CLOSE ON THE PHOTO: the men's faces... moving past those we don't recognize to Kaipo, Danny and Ahuna.

A CAPTION READS:

"THE FOUNDING MEMBERS OF KAMA'AINA SCRAP METALS CELEBRATE TEN YEARS IN WAIPAHO: (FROM THE LEFT) JOHN THOMAS, KEVIN MOHIKA, KAIPO ROBINSON, DANIEL AHUNA JR., DANIEL AHUNA SR."

FOCUSING ON father and son then ZEROING IN ON AHUNA, his cruel face, MAGNIFYING IT, burning it into Rick's mind.

RICK

Removes the photo from the frame and pockets it.

In his eye-line, outside a window - MOTORCYCLE HANDLEBARS.

Rick checks it out - a Kawasaki KX 500 dirt bike among more machinery BEHIND THE OFFICE.

The kick-starter is slammed. The back tire whipped around.

Rick rides out from behind the office.

Exiting the scrap yard, DOPPLERING away down cane field road.

CUT TO:

PHEIDOLE MEGACEPHALA, BIG-HEADED ANTS

Moving in a column. A black line in the dirt ending at Kaipo's corpse under the sugar cane claw.

A BLACK SEDAN

Pulls into the yard. Skip da Bull and Ahuna step out.

Ahuna stands like a statue. His eyes registering...

Kaipo, what he can see of him.

Skip draws his gun and rakes the scrap yard with a hostile gaze then looks at Ahuna.

Both men turn to the office.

Skip walks toward it holding his gun.

Ahuna waiting. Watching.

Skip cautiously opens the office door. Peers in from the door frame then slips inside.

Ahuna looks again at Kaipo.

Flies all over the body.

He takes out his phone.

PULLS UP "DANNY" and calls.

Hears the RINGING on his phone... and nearby.

Ahuna searches for it.

Climbs onto the top shield and looks in the crusher bin.

TIGHT ON AHUNA

The color draining from his face. His massive hands gripping the bin.

Ahuna drops to his knees in a paroxysm of grief, shaken to his core at the sight of...

DANNY CUT IN TWO - pinned in the teeth of the crusher.

Suddenly Skip da Bull is there, climbing onto the top shield beside Ahuna. Finding Danny...

And nothing, Skip might as well be looking at a squashed bug.

Ahuna pulls himself to this feet. Catches sight of Danny again and turns sharply away.

AHUNA

Get him outta dare...
(voice trembling)
Call an ambulance.

He turns to Skip. Tears in the corners of Ahuna's eyes.

AHUNA (CONT'D)

Fuck da money! You find him, Skip -
find him and bring him to me.
(points at his feet)
You put him on his knees in front of me.

A tearful Ahuna looks away from Skip.

AHUNA (CONT'D)

Now get my boy outta' dare!

EXT. PARADISE INN - NIGHT

A seedy motel in the wrong part of town with a neon sign out front with half its coconut trees experiencing outages.

"DO NOT DISTURB" SIGN

Hangs outside a faded aqua-colored door.

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Vicki showers. Steps out and dries off with a towel.
Goes and sits on the bed. Pulls up a number on her cell:
"HAWAIIAN SUNRISE NURSING HOME"

While it RINGS she flips through \$10K stacks in the open
briefcase beside her.

VICKI

Hi, Celeste. This is Vicki Valenti.
Who do I talk to about having my
grandmother discharged?

CUT TO:

"LOCAL CRIME FIGURE ACQUITTED OF MURDER"

An article headline on a computer screen with a photo of
DANIEL AHUNA

GO WIDE to reveal RICK in his HOME OFFICE. Surfing the
Internet for articles and images of Ahuna.

OTHER ARTICLES READ:

"CRIME BOSS INDICTED FOR RACKETEERING AND MURDER"

"THE HAWAIIAN SYNDICATE: THE DARK SIDE OF PARADISE"

BLACK & WHITE and COLOR IMAGES OF:

Ahuna and thugs on a street outside a building.

A bloody corpse on a pristine beach.

Detective Kevin Behrens and his PARTNER kneeling on either
side of a block of cement with a man's body encased inside.
Only the soles of his shoes visible. CAPTION READS:

"MARITAL ARTIST WITH TIES TO SYNDICATE MURDERED"

RICK'S PRINTER

Spits out another photo: AHUNA'S RANCH HOUSE.

INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Ahuna and his slick NISEI LAWYER sit across a table from
Detective Behrens whose PARTNER stands by an open window.

Over Partner's shoulder, swaying coconut trees and a rising crescent moon. Such is the grind of police work in Honolulu.

AHUNA

When can I have my son's body?

DETECTIVE BEHRENS

Right after the autopsy.

NISEI LAWYER

Daniel, I'll handle all the arrangements for you. His body will be flown home immediately after they release it to my custody.

Ahuna nods in silent approval. Turns a glare on Detective Behrens.

AHUNA

Anyt'ing else?

Behrens checks his Partner - who's got nothing to say.

DETECTIVE BEHRENS

No, that's all. We're done.

Ahuna and his lawyer stand and go to the door.

DETECTIVE BEHRENS (CONT'D)

Mister Ahuna...

Ahuna stops and looks back.

DETECTIVE BEHRENS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for your loss. We all know you're a resourceful man. But I would strongly advise that you let us handle this.

Ahuna's eyes are like twin black holes.

AHUNA

Of course, you're da police.

He turns his back on the detective and departs.

A BRILLIANT SUN

Reflects off the windshield of a car where a white sticker in the corner of the glass reads: "HERTZ".

PULL BACK to reveal a rented white Buick Lacrosse in the parking lot of a NURSING HOME.

Skip da Bull steps out of the car carrying flowers.

INT. NURSING HOME #2 - DAY

Skip enters and approaches a young RECEPTIONIST.

RECEPTIONIST

Hi! Can I help you?

SKIP DA BULL

Yeah, I got some flowers hea' for
ah...

(he reads a card)

Mrs. Valenti. They're from her
granddaughter, Vicki.

The receptionist types into a computer.

RECEPTIONIST

(reading the screen)

I'm sorry. Are you sure you're at
the right place? We don't show anyone
here with that name.

She looks up to see Skip already halfway to the door.

EXT. DEPARTMENT OF PLANNING AND PERMITTING (DPP) - DAY

Rick pulls into the parking lot on the motorcycle.

Passes a wooden sign out front with the state seal:

"CITY AND COUNTY OF HONOLULU DEPARTMENT OF PLANNING AND
PERMITTING"

INT. DPP - DAY

Rick enters through a glass door labeled: "BUILDING PERMITS".

BEHIND A LONG COUNTER

Rows of filings cabinets and a lone clerk, DEBBIE RIOLO,
early thirties, pretty but plump. A mom with a fragile hold
on her younger, sexier self.

She smiles at Rick when he walks in.

DEBBIE

Oh, my! Look what the cat dragged
in. Ricky boy, long time no see.

She comes around the counter and gives him a hug. Pinches
his large bicep.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Gee, look at you... handsome as ever.
(MORE)

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

(feigns annoyance)

Why is it that you men always get
better looking with age and us gals
only get fat.

She laughs that easy laugh that tells us this is a woman
totally cool with herself.

RICK

How've you been, Deb, you doin' okay?

DEBBIE

Ah, you know, kids, husband, da life.
My only time to myself is when I'm here.

She looks at Rick with an air of melancholy, harkening back
to days gone by.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Why didn't I run off with you when I
had the chance.

Rick smiles warmly as if he too remembers the days.

RICK

You were too smart for that.

Debbie smacks his arm playfully.

DEBBIE

Ah, don't gimme' dat. I missed every bus
that came my way. Dat's why I'm here.

(laughs)

But I'm happy - life is good.

RICK

Hey, I need to ask a big favor?

DEBBIE

What's wrong, dear?

He hands her the Internet picture of Ahuna's ranch house
with a handwritten address on the bottom.

RICK

I need the original building plans
for that house.

Debbie studies the picture, recognizes the place.

DEBBIE

Tell me that's not Daniel Ahuna's estate.

She looks at Rick. His stern expression is answer enough.

EXT. NURSING HOME #3 - DAY

Skip da Bull exits another nursing home.

Gets in the Buick and picks up a list.

Draws a line through the third of a dozen nursing homes.

EXT. PATIO - RANCH HOUSE - DAY

Ahuna dozes in a wicker chair. A half bottle of Jim Beam and a glass of whiskey on the table beside him. Next to a pile of OLD PHOTOS of Danny.

- As a chubby brown baby beaming with innocence.

- A wide-eyed little leaguer posing with a bat.

- Teen-aged Danny in a cap and gown. Ahuna with his arm around his son, graduation day proud.

- As a young man with Ahuna, Skip da Bull and a boat captain and the huge marlin they caught off the Kona Coast.

INT. HAWAIIAN SUNRISE NURSING HOME - DAY

On RECEPTIONIST #2.

RECEPTIONIST #2

Let me see... Yes, right here.
Dorothy Valenti... Room 245B.

Skip da Bull standing before her desk holding some flowers. Smiling, creepy as hell.

INT. HALLWAYS - HAWAIIAN SUNRISE NURSING HOME - SAME

Skip da Bull walks down a hall checking names and room numbers on plaques posted outside the open doors.

Halts next to a room that reads: "245B - DOROTHY VALENTI"

Skip pokes his big head in the door and smiles at Vicki's Nana sitting in her wheelchair watching TV.

NANA

(turns innocently)
Hello.

INT. BATHROOM - ALOHA INN - DAY

Vicki puts on the finishing touches of her make-up.

Her cell phone RINGS.

She looks at the number: "HAWAIIAN SUNRISE NURSING HOME".

VICKI

Hi Nana?

Vicki gasps. Stunned by what she hears.

VICKI (CONT'D)

(breathes out)

No... please...

EXT. ALOHA INN - DAY

Vicki hurries out of her motel room carrying the briefcase.

Enters her red Civic Si in the parking lot.

Peels out onto a quiet street and speeds away.

INT. BEDROOM - RICK'S HOUSE - DAY

Sharp gleams of sunlight stream across Rick lying shirtless on his bed, REMEMBERING...

Another afternoon. He and Nani making love in the same bed. This FLASHBACK memory accompanied by our THEME SONG.

The MUSICAL INTERLUDE should be similar to the earlier sequence, but with a greater focus on the passionate nature of their love.

DISSOLVE LOVEMAKING and end the INTERLUDE with Rick and Nani lying nude, post coital, the two of them holding each other, speaking in lover's tones.

NANI

Something wrong, babe?

RICK

No.

NANI

Why so quiet?

RICK

Just thinking.

NANI

About what?

RICK

How perfect this is.

Rick looks at Nani.

RICK (CONT'D)
I'm trying to lock it all in my mind,
so I never forget.

Nani strokes Rick's chest.

NANI
Why, babe? We're only just getting
started. We've got a whole lifetime
ahead of us.

RICK
Yeah, I know.

NANI
(getting playful)
Besides... what if I told you it
gets even better?

Nani slides on top of him, her silky black hair cascading
off her shoulders.

Leans down and kisses him... DING! DONG! The doorbell rings.

END FLASHBACK

RICK

Comes off the bed - leery, not expecting a visitor.

He puts on his shirt. Takes his gun off the nightstand and
heads toward the RINGING at the front door.

Opens it to find a Vicki on his doorstep, looking distressed.

RICK
What the fuck are you doin' here?

VICKI
Please, don't be mad. I need your help.
They took my Nana.

Vicki chokes back tears.

Rick's pissed at Vicki, and he has every right to be. But
this is a woman in need and his lifeguard instincts come to
the fore.

He steps out, gun raised and checks the yard.

No one around, just Vicki's red car out on the street.

He takes Vicki by the arm, brings her inside and ushers her
into the living room.

VICKI (CONT'D)

They called me from my grandmother's room. They're gonna' hurt her unless I do what they say.

RICK

Who called you?

VICKI

Who do you think, the fuckin' Syndicate!

Rick stares calmly at Vicki. It has an effect. She makes an effort to speak more composed.

VICKI (CONT'D)

They said I have to bring them the money. But I know if I do they're gonna' kill me. They said they wouldn't, but I know they're lying. Oh, fuck, what have I done.

Vicki breaks down and Rick puts a hand on her shoulder.

RICK

Hey, c'mon... easy now.

Vicki wipes her tears and Rick tucks the gun in his waistband and goes to a cabinet bar.

He makes a drink and brings it to Vicki.

RICK (CONT'D)

Here, take it. It'll settle your nerves.

Vicki takes a drink.

RICK (CONT'D)

Where do they want to meet?

VICKI

They gave me an address. I got it right here.

Vicki sets down her drink, fumbles through her purse and hands Rick a piece of paper.

VICKI (CONT'D)

It's somewhere near Kewalo Basin.

Rick reads the address.

RICK

What'd you do with the money?

VICKI
It's in the car.

RICK
You left a quarter million dollars
in your car?

Rick doesn't wait for an answer.

RICK (CONT'D)
Gimme' your keys?

VICKI
Why? What are you gonna' do?

RICK
Nevermind, just give 'em to me.

Vicki hands over the keys.

RICK (CONT'D)
Now just stay here. I'll be back as
soon as I can.

VICKI
You're gonna leave me alone?

RICK
You'll be all right here. Unless you
were followed. You weren't followed,
were you?

VICKI
No, I don't think so. Why would
they follow me? They could just
take the money.

RICK
Yeah, well maybe they want a little
more than just the money.

Rick walks to the front door and opens it. Looks outside
then back at Vicki.

RICK (CONT'D)
Remember don't leave... and don't
use your phone. If I'm not back by
this evening, I'd get the fuck off
this island if I were you.

Rick steps OUT OF THE HOUSE and shuts the door.

Checks the bushes around his yard then heads towards Vicki's
red Civic out on the street.

Rick stops at the car and looks around.

Nothing, just a peaceful day in the neighborhood - a few cars here and there and a white work van parked up the road.

Rick gets in Vicki's car and puts in the key - CLICK, CLICK - it doesn't start.

SUDDENLY BLAM! The driver's window shatters and Skip da Bull is there pointing a gun at Rick's head.

SKIP DA BULL
Easy, brah. C'mon, get out.

Rick gets out and the white work van pulls up along side them, its sliding door thrown open by a SKINNY THUG inside.

SKIP DA BULL (CONT'D)
(holding the gun on Rick)
Inside. Face down!

Rick lies down in the van and Skinny Thug cuffs him.

Takes a needle from a bag and jabs Rick's neck.

Rick's head snaps to the side.

RICK
You fuckin'...!

Rick's eyes cloud over and he passes out.

INT. RICK'S HOUSE - SAME

Vicki stands by the front door waiting, listening.

She hears FOOTSTEPS approaching followed by... BAM! BAM!

She opens the door for Skip da Bull who stands before her like an emissary from Hell.

CUT TO:

THE WHIRLING BLADES

Of an AW 119 kx helicopter.

The 6 passenger airship idling outside a HANGER in a back area of HONOLULU INTERNATIONAL.

The white van approaching across a board expanse of asphalt.

THE SIDE DOOR OF THE CHOPPER

Is thrown open. An UGLY THUG hops out and helps Skinny Thug move an unconscious Rick from the van to the chopper.

Skip behind them leading Vicki roughly by the arm.

Skinny Thug gets in the van and drives away.

The chopper powers up to speed. Elevates and flies off into a skyline of gathering clouds.

EXT. SKY - OVER OAHU - DAY

Ahuna's private helicopter soars out over the water leaving behind the white concrete sprawl of Honolulu.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Vicki sits in the last of three pairs of passenger seats, with Skip da Bull beside her.

Rick, handcuffed and slumped over, at an angle to her in a forward seat next to Ugly Thug.

Skip da Bull turns to Vicki.

SKIP DA BULL

Hey, who's 'dis guy, your boyfriend?

VICKI

No, I met him a couple days ago. He broke into my apartment - fucked up everything.

SKIP DA BULL

No, sista, you did dat.

Vicki looks into Skip's stern brown eyes.

VICKI

Are you gonna' kill me?

SKIP DA BULL

I don't know. It's not my kuleana.

VICKI

Whose is it then?

SKIP DA BULL

Da boss, Mister Ahuna.

VICKI

You got the money.

Skip's blank stare tells her what little that means.

VICKI (CONT'D)

Is there anything I can do to save
my life?

SKIP DA BULL

Be nice. Da boss likes pretty girls.

EXT. SKY - APPROACHING THE BIG ISLAND - DAY

The helicopter soars over a bank of purple-tinted rain clouds toward the snow-covered summit of Mauna Kea.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - DAY

Ahuna's helicopter comes down through a drizzling rain.

Lands on the helipad behind the home, the rotor blades whipping the trees of the nearby banana patch into a frenzy.

RICK'S EYES

Open slowly and take in his surroundings.

A dimly lit BASEMENT filled with workout equipment. No chrome, no carpet, just concrete and iron - the kind of workout room where you leave sweat on the floor.

Rick sits against a wall with his hands cuffed behind him to a water pipe, Vicki beside him in the same predicament.

Rick winces.

RICK

Fuck, what'd they give me? Feels
like I got mud in my veins.

He looks over at Vicki.

VICKI

Now you wake up, finally. I've had
to listen to your snores for hours -
fucking torture, just shoot me
already.

Rick rolls his head and shakes off the cobwebs.

RICK

I hope they do more than shoot you.
You set me up you fuckin' bitch.

VICKI

You think I had a choice?

RICK

Yeah, I do. You could'a told me they were outside, at least give me a chance.

VICKI

To do what, get me and my Nana killed? I told you they found her. And if I didn't do what they said, they'd kill her.

RICK

They might anyway.

VICKI

What for? What's she gonna' do? She doesn't even know what month it is.

Rick observes Vicki with a shade of understanding, the last traces of anger departing from his eyes.

RICK

(looks around)
Where are we?

VICKI

On the Big Island, waiting for the *big boss* to kill us. Shit! Why did you have to fuckin' come after me? I'd been on the mainland by now.

RICK

Oh, I see - I got you into this.

Vicki sneers at Rick and then is quiet for a moment. Thinking. Scared. She loses her cool and turns to Rick.

VICKI

Well, come on, surfer-man, you're not just gonna' sit there and wait to die are you? Do something!

RICK

Like what?

VICKI

I don't know, pick the lock...
(looks overhead)
break this fuckin' pipe, anything...
(rattles her cuffs)
just get us outta' here!

RICK

Hey...

Vicki turns, scared and teary-eyed.

RICK (CONT'D)
Do they know who I am? Why I'm after
them?

VICKI
I don't think so. They didn't ask
and I didn't tell them.

RICK
Good girl.

Vicki cracks a faint smile at the compliment.

RICK (CONT'D)
Look, I'll tell them stealing the
money was all my idea. That I forced
you into it. Maybe that'll help.

VICKI
(hopeful)
You think so?

Rick doesn't expound on the comforting lie.

A DOOR OPENS

Atop a staircase behind them. THUMP-THUMP-THUMP! Heavy
steps come down the stairs.

Ugly Thug comes around a corner and stands over them. Looks
at beautiful Vicki with something more than an admiring eye.

DINING ROOM

Skip da Bull scarfs down on a plate of ribs at a long koa
wood table, the briefcase of cash not far from his plate.

His cell phone RINGS. Skip answers.

SKIP DA BULL
Yeah.

CUT BETWEEN: SKIP - AND AHUNA IN A FUNERAL PARLOR.

AHUNA
So what's up, are you hea'?

SKIP DA BULL
Yeah, boss, I'm at your house right now.

AHUNA
Any problems?

SKIP DA BULL

Nah, I got it handled, everyt'ing's
hea'. We're just waitin' for you.

AHUNA

They just brought in Danny's body
from da airport. I gotta' make da
arrangements for da funeral, but I
shouldn't be long.

Two men wheel Danny's casket into the reception area.

Ahuna clicks off his cell. Looks solemnly at the shiny wooden
box that contains his son.

INT. BASEMENT - AHUNA'S RANCH - DAY

A key opens handcuffs.

UGLY THUG

Kneels beside Vicki and uncuffs her from the pipe. Pulls
her roughly to her feet and pins her arm behind her back.

RICK

Hey, where you takin' her?

Ugly Thug kicks Rick.

UGLY THUG

Shut up!

He leads Vicki toward a dark corner in the gym.

VICKI

(struggling)

Hey, you fucker! Don't!... Let go!

Ugly Thug and Vicki move out of sight.

RICK

Vicki! Hey! Hey!!!

SKIP DA BULL

Leaves the table and walks to a sliding glass door and checks
the weather.

A blustery wind batters the trees, but the rain has subsided.

Skip steps out onto the wet RAISED DECK and fires up a joint.
Takes a drag and sends a plume of gray smoke into the wind.

CLOSE ON VICKI

Beads of sweat on her face, her head turned to the side, grimacing in discomfort and disgust.

Ugly Thug has her pressed against a wall, her wrists held at her sides, his broad, hard face buried in her breasts.

RICK

Pouring with sweat, his triceps bulging - pulling hard on the cuffs trying to snap the steel link.

He exhales, rests his BLEEDING WRISTS and tries again.

VICKI'S PANTS

Get pulled open.

Her FRIGHTENED EYES roaming the room.

Catching sight of a steel pipe behind Ugly Thug's head.

VICKI

(breathlessly)

Hey man, if that's what you want, no problem. I'll play... I'll make nice. All right?

Ugly Thug comes up for air. Sweating. Consumed with lust.

VICKI (CONT'D)

Okay? Let me show you... I know what you want... Right?

Vicki moves her hand toward his crotch and Ugly Thug lets go of her wrists. Cups her breasts and kisses her.

Vicki unzips Ugly Thug's pants. Offers her neck to his mouth.

VICKI (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah baby...

Ugly Thug kisses her neck, licks her ear and Vicki grips his torso.

VICKI (CONT'D)

Yeah, like that...

Vicki moans then SHOVES HIM as hard as she can.

Ugly Thug's head SMACKS the pipe and he falls to the floor.

And Vicki runs. Across the room to a squat rack where she turns and looks back.

Nothing. No one giving chase.

RICK
(shouts)
Where is he?

Vicki, breathless, looks over at Rick.

VICKI
I don't know. I don't see him. I
think I hurt him.

RICK
Get the key!

Vicki stares into the dark corner. Scared to go back. Knows she has to.

VICKI
Fuck.

She creeps over. Peers into the corner.

Ugly Thug out cold on the floor with blood around his head.

RICK
Come on, hurry! Get me out of here.

SKIP DA BULL

Leans over the deck smoking his joint. RAIN falls. He takes a last drag. Pins the roach and heads inside.

VICKI

Goes through Ugly Thug's pockets. Finds the key and runs back to Rick.

Hands shaking as she works the cuffs. Drops the key.

RICK (CONT'D)
C'monnn!

Ugly Thug staggers out of the corner buckling his pants.

VICKI
(sees him)
Oh, shit!

Ugly Thug grabs a curl bar like a club and rushes them.

The handcuffs unlock and Rick's on his feet.

Facing the thug who swings. Misses. And SMASHES a mirror.

SKIP DA BULL

Shuts the sliding door and pauses. Might have heard something but not entirely sure. He listens.

RESUME - RICK

Fighting for the curl bar with Ugly Thug.

Knocking it out of his hand.

The two of them coming to grips with their grimacing faces just inches apart.

Vicki backs out of the way. Picks up a 10 lb. weight and looks to help Rick.

Ugly Thug and Rick spinning wildly around the room.

Banging into the walls locked together with first one then the other getting the upper hand...

Delivering a blow, taking one themselves.

Vicki circling, aiming.

Throwing the weight at Ugly Thug.

MISSING. Shattering another mirror.

Ugly Thug picks up a shard and wields it like a knife.

Swings it at Rick. Drives him back across the gym.

Into a corner where Rick snatches a jump rope off the wall and lashes his hand...

Ugly Thug drops the shard...

And Rick BARRELS INTO HIM. Drives him backward over a rack of dumbbells.

Rick coming out on top - grabbing a dumbbell - 25 POUNDS.

He slams it down on Ugly Thug - WHAM!

Raises the dumbbell dripping with blood and delivers another blow that finishes him off.

Rick drops the weight, stands and looks down on Ugly Thug...

At a face as red and pulpy as a mashed watermelon.

Rick comes over to Vicki.

RICK
(breathing heavily)
C'mon, let's go.

They hurry to the staircase.

Start up the steps when Skip da Bull opens the door at the top of the stairs.

Rick backs up into the gym with Vicki. Picks up the curl bar and knocks out the overhead lights.

Moves with Vicki into the darkness and hides.

SKIP

stands at the top the stairs weighing his options.

He looks down into the dark basement. Turns and leaves.

Goes into the LIVING ROOM.

Up to gun cabinet with glass and steel bars.

He takes a key from a desk and opens the cabinet.

Selects a pump-action shotgun and locks up the guns.

Checks the basement door then takes shells from a drawer, pockets them and loads while he returns to the

STAIRS

where he calls down to Rick.

SKIP DA BULL
Hey, brah! You hear me? Dare's no
way out of dare. And I got a gun.

He PUMPS the shotgun and listens, seeks clues in the silence.

RICK

Moves quietly with Vicki around the gym checking for a way out. His eyes flashing to the stairs at every turn.

When there, high on the wall, a window. Just big enough.

SKIP MONITORS

The dark at the bottom of the stairs, wary, but impatient.

SKIP DA BULL (CONT'D)
Fuck 'dis.

He takes the plunge, storms down the stairs.

Swings around the corner into the gym aiming the shotgun.

ACROSS THE ROOM

WIND and RAIN blow in through an open window.

PICK UP RICK AND VICKI

Moving along the SIDE OF THE HOUSE. Just out of the rain.
High winds whipping the trees around them.

They climb a SMALL GRADE. Slip in the mud.

Reach the top and find themselves at the

FRONT OF THE HOUSE

Near a Wrangler and Cadillac parked in the drive.

SKIP DA BULL

Hustles up the basement STAIRS.

And rushes through the HOUSE.

RICK AND VICKI

Racing to the cars.

RICK
Check for keys!

Rick takes the Caddy - the wet door handle - locked.

Vicki the Wrangler. It's open. Keys in the ignition.

VICKI
Here! It's got keys.

Vicki hops in, starts the Jeep.

And Rick hops in the passenger seat.

THE WRANGLER REVERSES

Whips past the front door - which FLIES OPEN.

Skip da Bull barreling out. Shotgun raised.

BOOM! BOOM! He fires.

The Jeep WINDSHIELD SHATTERS. Glass everywhere.

Vicki screams, arcs out of control and crashes into a fountain in the drive.

SKIP DA BULL

Reloads and FIRES again.

BOOM! He hits a jerry can on the back of the Wrangler.

Which EXPLODES. Flames gushing over the canvas top. The whole back of the Jeep suddenly aflame.

VICKI

throws open her door.

RICK

NO!

Rick grabs her and pulls her back. When BOOM! A blast blows Vicki's door off the hinge.

Rick and Vicki spill out the other door.

Scamper away from the BURNING JEEP through the RAIN.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NEAR AHUNA'S RANCH - NIGHT

Ahuna's Mercedes travels through the driving rain.

AHUNA - IN HIS CAR

Peering out through the wipers.

In the distance the glow of a FIRE and FLASHES OF GUNFIRE in the elevated black void of a distant hill.

Ahuna steps on it and the Mercedes takes off.

PICK UP RICK AND VICKI

Running back down the slippery GRADE.

Falling in a pile then scrambling to their feet, running on through the relentless RAIN.

They arrive at the BACK OF THE HOUSE in sight of the HELICOPTER on the pad beyond a patio.

CUT TO:

SKIP DA BULL

Coming after them, reaching the SMALL GRADE.

Moving down it with one hand braced against the house.

VICKI

Stops on the PATIO to catch her breath.

RICK

Come on!

Rick takes Vicki's arm and hurries away when BOOM!

A wicker chair explodes beside Vicki...

BITS OF WICKER HITTING HER LEG, drawing blood.

Vicki falls and Rick pulls her to her feet.

Skip da Bull, at the corner of the house, AIMING... FIRING.

BOOM! BOOM!

Shotgun blasts slam into posts and furniture tracking Rick and Vicki who run for their lives into the...

BANANA PATCH

Where they hide among the densely-packed trees.

SKIP

Walks onto the patio.

Comes upon spots of BLOOD ON THE CEMENT.

Follows them with his eyes toward the banana patch.

CUT TO:

AHUNA - IN HIS MERCEDES

Pulling off the HIGHWAY onto the RANCH ROAD. Peering through the DRIVING RAIN at his house a quarter mile away.

The BURNING VEHICLE out front casting an orange glow over the structure.

RICK AND VICKI

Hide in the BANANA PATCH among the tightly packed trees.

Skip approaching, his HEAVY FOOTSTEPS coming closer and CLOSER.

ON RICK

Looking around for a stick or stone, any kind of weapon.

SKIP

Now deep in the trees, stops and listens.

RICK AND VICKI

Waiting. Listening.

Skip walking by just a few feet away.

Rick WHISPERS to Vicki.

RICK (CONT'D)

Stay here.

He bolts up. Races away. Zigzagging as he goes.

SHOTGUN BLASTS tracking after him... BLASTING TREES, blowing the leaves to pieces.

THE DEAFENING BOOMS practically in Vicki's ear.

Skip moves. Gets a better angle on Rick. RELOADS right next to Vicki.

Too much for her to bear. Vicki bolts up and limps away.

Surprising Skip who drops a wet shell.

Picks it up. Loads.

Draws a bead on Vicki crossing the HELIPAD in the rain.

And BOOM! Skip fires.

A swarm of pellets sail past Vicki's head. Scaring the wits out of her, sending her stumbling to the ground.

She gets to her feet.

Runs to the helicopter and catches her breath.

AHUNA

Weaves around the last turn leading to his house, headlights shining on the WIND-DRIVEN RAIN.

SKIP

Bursts out of the banana patch heading straight for

VICKI

who tries to run but slips and falls.

RICK

Scampers out of the trees into the corral beyond the helipad.

Moves along a rail fence. SEES...

Vicki coming to her feet, backing up to the helicopter away from Skip.

She turns and opens the door. Climbs inside and...

SKIP

Grabs Vicki by the hair and pulls her across the seat.

VICKI

NOOOO!

She clutches at his hands.

Braces her legs against the dash.

Her foot HITTING A SWITCH.

That STARTS THE ROTOR TURNING - SLOWLY.

Skip yanks Vicki's head around.

Looks into her face. His evil grimace like the devil himself.

He puts the shotgun against her head...

WHEN WHAM!...

Skip gets smacked across the face. BLOOD AND TEETH spewing into the air as he falls and DROPS THE SHOTGUN.

RICK IS THERE

Wielding a broken fence post like a bat.

He strikes Skip across his back. Again and again.

Skip crawling away, shielding his head with his arm.

AHUNA

Pulls up in front of his HOUSE.

MERCEDES sliding to a stop in a puddle of rain.

He flips open a glove box. Takes out a gun and an extra clip and bolts from the car.

RICK

Swings at Skip now flat on the ground trying to avoid the blows, blocking the post with his bloody arms.

Rick draws back to swing...

When Skip hooks Rick's ankle with one foot and kicks his shin KNOCKING RICK DOWN.

Skip rolls over the ground onto the shotgun and comes up FIRING through his legs at point blank range.

But Rick FLINGS THE POST and strikes the barrel as it goes off and BOOM!...

The altered shot BLOWS AWAY THE COPTER WINDSHIELD.

Vicki inside, showered by glass.

VICKI (CONT'D)
(cringing)
NOOO!

AHUNA - SIDLES DOWN THE BASEMENT STAIRS

Moves through the dark until he comes upon Ugly Thug lying in a pool of blood.

The SOUND OF A DISTANT SHOTGUN BLAST reverberates through the house and Ahuna turns and runs up the stairs.

RICK AND SKIP

Circle each other like warring Medieval knights - Rick wielding the fence post, Skip the empty shotgun.

Both men swinging. Missing. RAIN POURING down around them.

Rick feints at Skip then strikes him hard on the thigh - THUMP!

Skip takes it and answers. Swings the shotgun and knocks the post out of Rick's hands.

Follows it up with a blow to the ribs.

That drops Rick to his knees.

Vicki watching from the helicopter. Terrified for Rick. WIND and RAIN assailing her through the breached windshield.

She NOTICES...

The slow, rotating chopper blade. Gets an idea.

SKIP DA BULL

stands over Rick on his knees in the rain - all bloody and helpless before his enemy.

VICKI'S HANDS

Sweep over the controls. Trying this switch and that.

SKIP RAISING

The shotgun like an executioner, poised for a finishing blow.

VICKI

Hits a switch that...

Speeds up the rotor blades, gets them WHIRLING.

Distracting SKIP, who looks up.

And with a strength born of hate... Rick gets off his knees, grabs Skip round the thighs and lifts him high in the air.

THWACK! The helicopter rotor DECAPITATES SKIP...

And rips his body out of Rick's arms.

Skip's head flung across the helipad.

Landing with a SPLASH in the water. Rolling to a stop facing upwards - Skip's mad, feral eyes staring into the rain.

Rick staggers over and collapses against the helicopter.

Vicki flicks a switch - and the rotor slows.

She climbs out on her wounded leg and leans against Rick. Her gaze falling on...

Skip's headless body in a pool of red water.

She turns away in disgust.

RICK
(breathless)
Are you all right?

Vicki smiles and breathes. Looks up at the rain and lets it pour over her face.

VICKI
(beyond relieved)
Yeah. I'm okay.

Suddenly BRIGHT LIGHTS flash in their eyes, blinding them.

A RING OF FLOODLIGHTS

Coming on in succession around the helipad. Spotlighting Vicki and Rick.

AHUNA

Working a control panel at the side of the helipad. Flicking on switches, lighting up the entire area behind the house.

Ahuna aims his pistol and FIRES.

AND RICK AND VICKI

Make a run for it.

Bullets WHIZZING past them as they tear across the HELIPAD...

Onto the PATIO and into the HOUSE through a sliding glass door that SHATTERS behind them.

INT. AHUNA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rick and Vicki rush through the dimly-lit home.

Out of the KITCHEN...

Into the LIVING ROOM.

Where Rick halts and looks around for a weapon.

He goes to the gun cabinet - locked.

Grabs a poker off a fireplace.

Vicki finding the briefcase on the table. She takes it.
HEARS A CRASH.

AHUNA

Kicking his way through the shattered glass door.

RICK

Hustles over to Vicki.

RICK
(re: briefcase)
C'monnn, leave it!

Rick pulls Vicki away and they run across the living room, Vicki clutching the briefcase like a first-born child.

AHUNA

Enters the expansive LIVING ROOM. Stops and looks down a HALLWAY on his side of the room.

No sign of Rick or Vicki.

He creeps forward through the dark, gun drawn, listening.

RICK AND VICKI

Hide in a 2ND HALLWAY at the far end of the living room. Rick ready with the poker, Vicki hiding behind him.

AHUNA

Stops midway through the living room and looks at the blind corner of the 2ND HALLWAY where Rick and Vicki hide.

He thinks. Backs up and goes down the 1ST HALLWAY.

Takes the first door into a

LIBRARY

And sneaks up on Rick and Vicki from behind.

RICK AND VICKI

Hide at the corner of the living room. Rick ready with the poker, listening for Ahuna. Waiting. Waiting. Too long...

Rick peeks into the living room...SEES

No sign of Ahuna.

Looks behind him at the LIBRARY DOOR.

Grabs Vicki's hand. And runs down 2ND HALLWAY. Past the library door.. as BLAM-BLAM-BLAM!!!

Bullets rip through the door into the hall.

TRACKING Rick and Vicki who tear down the hallway and

UP A FLIGHT OF STAIRS

Library door POPPING OPEN behind them.

Ahuna stepping out, FIRING.

Shooting at Rick and Vicki as they disappear up the stairs.

Ahuna goes after them.

INT. UPSTAIRS - AHUNA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rick and Vicki come off the stairs.

Run down a hall and enter

AHUNA'S BEDROOM

With its ancient Hawaiian weapons on the walls.

Rick tosses aside the poker and takes a KNIFE and TWO SPEARS off the wall, nasty-looking weapons with shark teeth-points.

Ahuna STOMPING up the stairs after them.

Rick runs with Vicki to a BALCONY at the end of the bedroom.

Throws open a sliding glass door...

WHEN IN A WHIRL OF ACTION

- Ahuna suddenly behind them, FIRING. Emptying his clip.
BANG! BANG! CLICK!

- SHATTERING the glass balcony door.

- HITTING Vicki who GROANS and flings the briefcase...

- That slides across the balcony and over the side.

- Rick spinning. Hurling a spear. Then pulling Vicki behind a wall inside the master BATHROOM.

The spear lands THWACK!... deep in Ahuna's thigh.

AHUNA

AHHHHHH!

Ahuna slumps to the floor and scoots back behind a wall.

AHUNA (CONT'D)

(holding his leg,
grimacing)

Fuck, FUCK!

RICK AND VICKI

Hide behind the wall on the other side of the bedroom.

Rick with a spear and the knife. Sweating. Listening.

Vicki leaning against him, her eyes reeling.

She slides down the wall to the carpet holding her side, blood oozing through her fingers.

VICKI
 (weakly)
 Hey.

Rick looks down at Vicki shot in the ribs.

RICK
 Oh, shit. All right, Vicki, hold
 on. Just hold on, girl...

Rick tucks the knife in his belt and puts down the spear.
 Takes off his shirt and ties it around Vicki's wound.

RICK (CONT'D)
 C'mon, press on it. Here, like this.

Rick guides her hands and Vicki complies. Rick picks up the
 spear, braced on one knee with his back to the wall.

AHUNA (O.S.)
 Hey, brah! You hear me?

AHUNA

in a shitload of pain. Sweating. Sucking in air. He ejects
 a clip. Reloads.

RICK
 Yeah, I hear ya'!

AHUNA
 Good fun, eh?

Ahuna lays the gun in his lap. Readies himself. Then pulls
 out the spear and GROANS in excruciating pain.

He covers the wound, blood seeping through his hands.

Rick listens for Ahuna then turns to Vicki who is now on the
 edge of unconsciousness.

Ahuna tears his shirts and ties the strip around his leg.

AHUNA (CONT'D)
 Ah, you fucka', you got me good. And
 you killed my son... My boy!

Rick ready with the other spear. Thinking.

He spots a low window across from them. Moves over quietly
 and opens it. LOOKS OUT...

At a twenty-foot drop.

He opens a cabinet over Vicki's head and takes out a stack of sheets while he talks.

RICK

Yeah, that's right, the little shit!
And I'm gonna' kill you too! Ya'
hear me?

Ahuna looks at the wall with the missing weapons.

AHUNA

You're gonna' try, brah!
(more to himself)
You're gonna' try...

Rick ties two sheets together...

As Ahuna muscles himself to his feet.

AHUNA (CONT'D)

You wanna' know some'ting, brah. If
I was you...
(chuckles)
I'd kill me too. I know who you
are. Why you're hea'. And it ain't
about da money is it?

Rick ties a sheet to the spear.

AHUNA (CONT'D)

I heard about you on da news, brah.
(laughs)
You really fucked up that church, huh.

Ahuna creeps closer to the edge of the wall, gun against his chest. Preparing to charge.

AHUNA (CONT'D)

Hey, let me tell you somet'ing, brah.
I've had all kines' of pussy, all kines'.
(laughs wickedly)
But that wife of yours... oh, man,
she was SWEET!

Rick puts Vicki over his shoulder in a fireman's carry and looks out the window.

It's a long way down.

AHUNA

Listens. Nothing from Rick. Just dead silence.

AHUNA (CONT'D)

You hear me, you fucka'? Hey! What was your wife's name, brah?

He peeks around the corner - wants a reaction from Rick.

AHUNA (CONT'D)

'Cause, you know something!... I think she liked it. Fuckin' loved it.

Ahuna comes out FIRING... BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

But there is no Rick and Vicki just the open window with the spear across the frame, the taut sheet attached, MOVING.

Ahuna rushes up and looks out the window. SEES...

The tied sheet ten-feet short of the ground, fastened to the ceramic top of the toilet, swinging in the wind.

RICK GRABS AHUNA FROM BEHIND and puts the knife to his throat.

RICK

Her name was Nani, you SONOFABITCH!

Rick cuts his throat and Ahuna's eyes go wide as saucers.

Rick turns him around and takes the gun...

As a stunned Ahuna backs up clutching his throat, blood seeping through his fingers and out of his mouth.

Ahuna stares at Rick, terrified that he's dying.

He backs into the wall then slumps slowly to the floor, drops his hand and dies.

Rick looks down at the man who murder his wife. Justice served. It's something, but not enough, not nearly enough.

Rick goes into the BATHROOM and picks up a swooning Vicki who is seated against a wall.

CUT TO:

AN AMBULANCE

And two fire trucks speeding along the dark HIGHWAY leading to Ahuna's ranch, SIRENS WAILING.

EXT. AHUNA'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

In the glow of the burning Jeep, Rick sits against the fountain holding Vicki, the briefcase of money beside them.

The night as calm as the eye of a hurricane, the long storm finally over.

EXT. QUEEN'S MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

A stone sign under the broad green reach of a banyan tree. It reads: "QUEEN'S MEDICAL CENTER".

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - QUEEN'S MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

Vicki sits in bed reading a magazine.

Rick enters with a bouquet of flowers and Vicki puts down the magazine, pleased to see him.

VICKI
(smiles)
I hate flowers.

Rick holds the flowers over a waste basket.

VICKI (CONT'D)
Just kidding.

Vicki takes the flowers and smells them.

VICKI (CONT'D)
I didn't think I'd see you again.

RICK
Oh? Why's that?

VICKI
I figured you'd be in jail or something.

RICK
I may yet. I'm gonna' need your help with that.

VICKI
Yeah, of course. The truth will set us free.

Rick and Vicki share a moment - nothing romantic, but there's a level of intimacy between them, a bond of sorts.

RICK
I brought you something else, beside flowers you don't like.

Rick takes out a key and hands it to her.

Vicki studies it, puzzled.

VICKI

It's too small for a car. And I already have one.

(mildly alarmed)

Unless something happened to it?

RICK

Your car's fine. That's a key to an airport locker... in Kona.

Vicki smiles, elated.

VICKI

You were able to keep it?

RICK

I hid it. Just went back for it yesterday. I would have brought it to you, but I didn't know how to get it back to Oahu. So I left it in a locker... for you.

VICKI

(tears up)

No, really? Thank you.

She wipes her tears.

VICKI (CONT'D)

How much do I get, half?

RICK

No, all of it - except for a small finder's fee.

Vicki is touched. She puts out her arms.

VICKI

Come here.

(hugs Rick)

I'm so sorry for your loss.

(pulls back and looks at him)

But thank you, you're amazing.

Vicki hugs him again.

Rick pulls back, shares a look, and gently squeezes her hand then turns and walks out of the room.

CUT TO:

A BLOOMING WHITE PLUMERIA TREE

Shading Rick standing over NANI'S GRAVE. Begin our theme song that PLAYS OVER THESE FINAL SCENES.

Rick kneels down and digs a small hole with his hands. Buries Nani's tiger-claw necklace next to her name.

Rick looks around at the beautiful setting:

The sun-bathed fields of grass. The flowering trees. The peace and serenity of it all.

INT. KONA AIRPORT - DAY

Vicki, under big sunglasses and a wide brim hat, approaches a row of airport lockers.

INSERTS A KEY and removes the briefcase.

AIRPORT BATHROOM - SAME

Vicki enters a stall. Opens the briefcase... packed with all that money. But there's a gap - two stacks are missing.

CUT TO:

AN ARRAY OF TALL CANDLES

In SAINT AUGUSTINE CHURCH.

Rick standing off to the side admiring the new crucifix and restored altar. Next to him, a donation box.

A sign on it reads: "ALTAR RESTORATION FUND".

Rick reaches into a paper bag and takes out a couple stacks of hundred dollar bills. Puts them in the donation box.

EXT. SAINT AUGUSTINE CHURCH - DAY

Rick emerges from the green front door of the church and walks off into the sunshine of a bright Hawaiian day... as our haunting *theme song plays out and ends*.

THE END