

WICKED GAME

John Royan

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 (25) shields her eyes from the sun and walks over to a statue of a saint out in front of the church.

Offers a prayer. Eyes closed. Hands folded. As pious as the cleric she prays to.

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. 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'S 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., 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. Thinks about 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 handsome, effeminate, 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: the girlish cries of White Guy, 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
 They 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, mates; and 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. But 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 it's 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.

CHIEFTAN 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.

Here ends the free excerpt of my script. If you would like to read more, please visit the "MEMBERS PAGE" to find the full version of *Wicked Game*, and my other posted scripts in their entirety.

Thank you very much for taking an interest in my work.

John Royan