

HAWAII NEI

Pilot Episode

by

Matt Boorlund

&

R.C. Davidson

Tahoe Film Group
775-622-1798
rcdavidson@tahofilmgroup.com

TEASER

FADE IN

A black screen. IRIS IN on a MASSIVE BROWN FACE.

Attila the Hun reborn. Meet SKIP DA BULL, 30s.

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

INT. KAIPO'S TRUCK - ALA MOANA PARK - NIGHT

Skip sits up front in a Chevy Silverado regular cab next to KAIPO MEHEULA (20s), a fat Hawaiian gangster at the wheel.

The truck cruises through the quiet park parallel to the beach, her flat dark waters shimmering in the moonlight.

A dashboard clock reads 11:55.

EXT. ROAD - ALA MOANA PARK - NIGHT

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.

INT. KAIPO'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Kaipo looks out at all the fierce faces lining the sides of the road.

KAIPO

Dat's a lot of guys, Skip.

SKIP DA BULL

Fuck 'dem.

EXT. FIELD - ALA MOANA PARK - NIGHT

TWO LEADERS 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 two leaders who are both 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)

Who da fuck is dis'? Where's Troy?

SKIP DA BULL

Troy's my cuz, brah. He's sick, so I cum instead... His subs-ta-toot.

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

GANG LEADER 1

(to Kaipo)

Nah, brah. Fuck dat.

(re: Bald Guy)

He's want da guy who screwed his wife.

SKIP DA BULL

(points 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 as an AGONIZED SCREAM comes 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.

GANG LEADER 1
Stop it, brah! Stop! You'll kill
'em.

Skip freezes, clenched fist suspended in the air, blood dripping off the knuckles. He glares at Gang Leader 1.

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.

Gang Leader 1 throws out his arms.

GANG LEADER 1 (CONT'D)
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. KAIPO'S 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,
Chris'mus?

Kaipo starts the truck.

EXT. ROAD - ALA MOANA PARK

The Kalihi Valley Boys' trucks pull out and drive away.

"TINY BUBBLES" PLAYS, A RINGTONE.

INT. KAIPO'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Skip da Bull answers his cell.

SKIP DA BULL

Yeah.

He listens. Grabs a discarded fast food bag off the floor.
Taps Kaipo and gestures for a pen.

Kaipo pulls one from the driver's visor and hands it to Skip.

SKIP DA BULL (CONT'D)

(writing)

Yeah, got it.

CUT IN: Skip's scribbled writing, an address:

45-445 Lilipuna Road

SKIP DA BULL (CONT'D)

Okay, 'den. See you tomorrow.

Skip ends the call.

KAIPO

Who dat?

SKIP DA BULL

Who you tink'.

KAIPO

I don't know.

SKIP DA BULL

Ahuna.

KAIPO

For real?

SKIP DA BULL

Yeah. He wants us at da Hilton
tomorrow... at ten.

KAIPO

Somethin' must be up. Yeah?

Kaipo reaches the park exit on ALA MOANA BOULEVARD. Starts
to turn right.

SKIP DA BULL

No, dat way.
(points)
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 the address)
Lilipuna road.

KAIPO

Ah, shit, Skip. I like sleep.

SKIP DA BULL

Fuck sleep.

END TEASER

**Here ends the website excerpt of Hawaii Nei. If you'd like
to read the full script, contact R.C. Davidson at Tahoe Film
Group: rcdavidson@tahofilmgroup.com.**