

HAWAII NEI

Pilot Episode

by

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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. Crazy, feral eyes. 350 pounds of appetite and danger in the form of a man.

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

Skip sits up front in a Chevy Silverado regular cab next to KAIPPO 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. KAIPPO'S TRUCK - NIGHT

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

KAIPPO

'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, Kaippo 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 dat 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. KAIP0'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 t'ink.

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

ACT I

INT. HOTEL ROOM - KAHALA HILTON - NIGHT

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 to Danny. Looks down on him with contempt.

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

Vicki steps onto the bed and stands over Danny. Drops with all her weight onto his stomach.

The big man giggles 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. Looks back at Danny, at a...

Gold chain around his neck.

She checks it out-- a classy emerald pendant. She likes it. Takes it. Turns and walks out.

EXT. WAIKIKI BEACH - NIGHT

A full moon over Diamond Head lays a silvery sheen on the black water and white caps in front of the glittering hotels.

OUR VANTAGE POINT

Shifts. Leaving OAHU and her great port city behind.

TRAVELING over the rolling dark Pacific at night.

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 moonlight.

DESCENDING TO A RANCH

a magnificent spread with green felt-like pastures.

Resting herds of cattle and horses.

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 in his HOTEL ROOM and his father.

DANNY

(voice thin with fear)

Dad... it's me.

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

AHUNA

What?

DANNY
Somethin' happened... '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
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
everyt'ing dat happened on your trip.
You understand? Everyt'ing.

FLASHBACK - DANNY'S TRIP

INT. HILO AIRPORT - DAY

Locals and tourists queue up to board an Aloha Airlines plane.

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

INT. ALOHA AIRLINES BOEING 717 - DAY

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

LARRY LUDELL, a thin blonde guy in his 20s, comes down the aisle. Slides into the middle seat.

EXT. ALOHA AIRLINES BOEING 717 - IN FLIGHT - DAY

The sleek airliner soars over an array of cotton ball clouds.

INT. ALOHA AIRLINES BOEING 717 - SAME

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

Larry 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: Larry's complaints and Bodyguard's harsh retorts...
"Hey stop it, asshole!... Fuck you, brah!"

The flight attendant rushes over. Comes upon Larry held 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 his Dad's number. Stares at it. Hesitating. Fearful. He puts away his phone.

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

INT. BAR - NIGHT - START MONTAGE

Of Danny collecting the gang's monthly gambling take.

He opens a briefcase and puts in several stacks of cash.

MORE BARS... More money.... Into the briefcase.

Bar signs. Nude dancers. COUNTING ROOMS. Matrons and thugs.

The briefcase fills. Is closed.

Carried by Danny...

INT. KAHALA HILTON - NIGHT

Through the lobby of the Kahala Hilton amid late-night quiet.

He enters an elevator. Presses his floor, when Vicki slips through the closing doors and Danny lights up at the sight of the Polynesian beauty.

Vicki catches her breath. Turns and smiles.

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 da room.

DANNY

Are you coming hea'? Dad?

CLICK. The phone goes dead.

INT. LIVINGROOM - AHUNA'S ESTATE - NIGHT

A printer springs to life and spits out a

HONOLULU POLICE DEPARTMENT INCIDENT REPORT.

Strings of words read... *Aloha Airlines incident...*

Perpetrator: Dwayne Kanekoa... Assault and battery...

ZEROING IN ON

Victim: Lawrence Luddell 45-445 Lilipuna Road, Kaneohe.

AHUNA

dressed in a robe, takes the page.

Sits on his couch. Sips Scotch and thinks. His heavy-lidded eyes sullen with concern. He picks up his cell.

Scans his contacts, names and numbers.

Stops on... "SKIP DA BULL".

INT. EDEN NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

RACHEL KOA-ELLIS 20s, hapa (of mixed race), hip, hot, and dressed to show it, looks down from an OFFICE at the main floor below. DANCE MUSIC THRUMMING through a pane of glass.

The bar's packed and so's the dance floor.

Where RICK KOA and KEHAU KAI weave through the crowd. A power couple in their 20s. Think Dwayne Johnson and Kelly Hu in the *Scorpion King* and you'll have the right mix of ethnicity and charm.

RACHEL
My brother's here.

She turns to NATE ELLIS-- late 20s, black and buff, driven and direct, he is the high performance engine that runs Eden. He's seated across the plush room at a mahogany desk in front of a computer.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Wanna say hi?

NATE
(eyes on a sales report)
No, you go. I wanna wrap this up.

A BOTTLE OF LOUIS ROEDERER "CRISTAL" CHAMPAGNE

pops open and is poured into a flute. PULL BACK to reveal

A waiter serving Rachel, Rick and Kehau seated in a VIP BOOTH where the DANCE MUSIC is down a notch.

RICK
Cristal. You're payin' right?

RACHEL
When do you ever pay?

RICK
When you're not here. Which is never.

RACHEL
Yeah, well, it's paying off. We've had a great year. Nate's killin' it.

KEHAU
Where is he?

RACHEL
Still working.

RICK
It's after midnight.

RACHEL
I know. He just goes and goes. He's
twenty-four seven on the club, and
it's made all the difference.

KEHAU
I think it's awesome.

Kehau takes in Eden's stylish paradise-themed decor.

KEHAU (CONT'D)
It's beautiful now, and so open.
It's amazing what you guys have done.

RACHEL
Thanks.

Kehau taps Rick's leg.

KEHAU
Be right back.
(to Rachel)
Time to check out the new bathroom.

Kehau goes to the ladies room.

RICK
So, business is great, but what about
you? You good?

RACHEL
Yeah, I'm fine.

RICK
And Nate?

RACHEL
Nate's Nate...
(off a look from Rick)
We're better now. But it doesn't
help that Kaweka's still on his back.
Would you talk to him?

RICK
I don't talk to Kaweka. You know
that.

RACHEL
C'mon, Rick. He won't listen to me.

RICK
Tell, dad.

Rachel scoffs.

RACHEL
Don't you think I tried. It's like
talking to a wall. He's just not the
same anymore. He doesn't want to get
involved.

RICK
Neither do I.

RACHEL
Just put in a good word for Nate.
All right. Talk about what a great
job he's done.

RICK
I haven't seen Kaweka in months.

RACHEL
You're coming to dad's birthday party,
aren't you?

RICK
Is it just family?

RACHEL
No. Mom wants a big affair. She rented
a ballroom at the Ilikai.

RICK
She would... I'll pass.

RACHEL
C'mon, Rick, he's turning sixty.
When's the last time you saw dad?

RICK
(taps a scar on his brow)
When he gave me this.

EXT. EDEN - PARKING LOT

Rick and Kehau get in Rick's black El Camino.

RICK
Your place or mine?

KEHAU
Yours. I wanna wake up to the sunrise.

START MUSIC INTERLUDE

EXT. WAIKIKI - NIGHT

Rick and Kehau drive with the top down.

Along KALAKAUA AVENUE in sight of the beach.

They pass KAPIOLANI PARK and

DIAMOND HEAD LIGHTHOUSE

with its white tower and red top.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A WHITE CONE OF INCENSE burning in RICK'S BEDROOM. Fragrant smoke wafting up.

Past Kehau standing nude beside the bed.

She removes her watch and sets it on a nightstand. Rick, 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. Kehau wraps herself around him hungrily for more as MUSIC ENDS.

Kehau's long black hair drapes over her face. Slides back and reveals

KUUIPO "KUI" AHUNA...

another black-haired beauty, late 20s, arched in ecstasy as she climaxes on a bed in a stylish HOTEL SUITE.

A slender brunette of mixed race, NAN RAMIREZ, 21, comes up from between Kui's knees and kisses her.

MOMENTS LATER

Kui puts on her blouse in front of a dresser mirror.

Behind her in bed are Nan and a sexy, nude ITALIAN MAN. The man licks a joint. Picks up a lighter.

KUI

You light that and I'll put your eyes out.

The guy turns to Nan who gives him a look-- don't test her. The guy puts down the joint.

Kui takes her purse off a chair, pulls out cash and sets it on the dresser. Looks in the mirror at Italian guy.

KUI (CONT'D)
That's for her.

She heads for the door.

KUI (CONT'D)
(flippantly)
Aloha.

With Kui gone, Italian Guy turns to Nan.

ITALIAN GUY
What a bitch.

NAN
No act. You loved it.

CUT TO:

A PERFECTLY ROUND MOON

rising over the turtle-like profile of Mokapu Peninsula and the glassy black waters of Kane'ohe Bay.

DROP DOWN

To a modest WATERFRONT HOME-- 45-445 Lilipuna Road. 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 fat gangster grin.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A soft breeze lifts and lowers a floral print curtain above Larry Luddell, thin blonde guy from the plane, in bed asleep.

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 Larry's mouth.

Shoves his head onto the pillow.

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

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

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

Skip da Bull sits on one of Larry's arms and leans over him, the black shower cap concealing Skip's hair highlighting the utter fierceness of his massive face.

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

Larry jiggles his head in agreement and Skip takes his hand off his mouth.

SKIP DA BULL (CONT'D)
What 'chu t'ink, brah, huh? Dat we
not gonna find you? Stupid haole...
(snorts)
Not even one day.

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

SKIP DA BULL
Know what, brah?

LARRY
What this was about, man. Samoa
just told me to start a fight...
That's all...
(sobs)
I mean I got arrested but he gonna's
pay me three grand.

Larry whimpers and Skip looks at him with pitiless eyes.

SKIP DA BULL
Samoa who?

LARRY
Samoa... Samoa.

Skip's hand clamps over Larry's mouth and nose.

SKIP DA BULL
Don't fuck with me, brah.

Larry fights for air, thrusting his cuffed legs, grasping wildly with his free hand.

Skip grabs the hand and pins it to the bed then stares straight into Larry's face, suffocating him.

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

LARRY
(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. He's my
friend...

Larry looks toward a poster of the "HAWAII NEI SHOW" which shows a bare-chested, powerful Samoan man creating a ring of fire with a twirling, flaming knife on a dark stage.

LARRY (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?

LARRY
(mystified)
What girl?

Skip studies Larry. Seems satisfied. 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.
Just keep your mouth shut, okay?

LARRY
(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 wraps it around Larry's throat.

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

Larry'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 Larry'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 60s. 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 Larry's severed hands and a lot of blood.

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

END ACT ONE

ACT II

EXT. WAIKIKI - DAY

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

INT. BEDROOM - RICK'S BLACK POINT HOME - MORNING

Rick eases his long frame out of bed. Goes to an open curtain and shuts out the brilliant sunrise.

MOMENTS LATER

Rick, dressed in red lifeguard shorts and a white tank top, leaves a note next to Kehau half under the sheets, her nude flawless body and silky black hair the envy of Aphrodite.

Rick looks down on Kehau and it's in his eyes-- she is the light of his life.

INT. BEDROOM - SKIP DA BULL'S APT - DAY

Skip comes out of the bathroom, nude. He's all man, in every way. He sings. Baritone. Pidgin accent. Not well, but with some soul. It's funny or maybe charming in its own way.

SKIP DA BULL

*And you know... Dat it's true... Dat
for me... And for you... Da world is
a ghetto, oh-oh-oh.*

Nan Renteria, nude, lies face-down among the sheets. She turns to Skip who puts on his pants.

NAN

What the fuck? Why are you up?... We
just went to bed.

SKIP DA BULL

What'chu mean, just went to bed?
It's almost nine. And I gotta meet
at ten. So I'm outta hea. You too.
As soon as I leave, get da fuck out.

Nan sits up, half-asleep. Takes a drink from a glass of water beside the bed.

SKIP DA BULL (CONT'D)

So what'd you find out, huh?

NAN

Nothin'.

Skip flips through a rack of shirts in a closet.

SKIP DA BULL

Fuck dat-- nut'ting'. She told you
someting'. Whudd' you talk about?

NAN

It was all bullshit, Skip. Everything
was like, girl talk. You know, stupid
shit. Nothing about her family.

SKIP DA BULL

(turns)

So what? You neva' ask?

NAN

Fuck no. She's wicked smart, and I'm
not stupid. If I bring up her family
Kui will know in a second I'm workin'
her.

SKIP DA BULL

Ah! You're fuckin' useless.

NAN

Fuck it then, don't use me.

Skips slips on a shirt and approaches the bed.

SKIP DA BULL

What about Adrian?

NAN

I'm gonna' see him tonight. Maybe.
He's supposed to text me.

SKIP DA BULL

Well? Fuckin' check.

Nan leans over and checks her cell on the nightstand. Her
incredible brown ass pointing straight at Skip.

NAN

Yeah, it's here. Tonight. Ten o'clock,
his place...

She turns back to Skip.

NAN (CONT'D)

Yacht Harbor Towers.

Skip stares at Nan.

Comes around the bed and takes her firmly by the chin.

SKIP DA BULL
I wanna know what dat fuckin' pake'
is up to. You understan'?

Nan nods, fearful. This is not fun and games.

SKIP DA BULL (CONT'D)
Turn over.

Nan complies and Skip unbuckles his pants.

INT. KUI'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Kui leans on her balcony railing looking down on SAN SOUCI
BEACH. Sips coffee, taking in the

Surfers paddling out. Joggers along the shore.

A pale tourist setting out his towel who will be pink by the
end of the day.

Her cell CHIMES.

KUI
Yeah.

CUT IN: DANNY in his HOTEL ROOM, now fully dressed and sitting
at a table.

DANNY
Kui, it's me. I need to see you.

KUI
What for?

DANNY
It's important... I fucked up.

KUI
Are you drunk?

DANNY
No. Nothin' like dat. I'm at da Kahala
Hilton, room 404. Come on, get over
hea'. I need you.

KUI
Fuck no... What's this about?

DANNY
Dad's coming.

KUI
Oh, you stupid shit. What'd you do
now?

EXT. WAIMANALO BEACH - LIFEGUARD TOWER 6A - DAY

Rick sticks a sign in the sand that warns of JELLYFISH in the water. Walks back toward his white, modern lifeguard tower up the beach.

TWO LITTLE BOYS

laugh and chase after elusive sand crabs that pop out of holes in the sand, crawl a few feet and then scoot back into their holes.

RICK
(approaching)
Hey. That's not how you do it. Here,
I'll show you. Like this.

Rick picks up a handful of sand.

RICK (CONT'D)
Now you wait... Not too close.

Rick stands over a hole with the boys behind him.

A crab comes halfway out. Pauses, then scurries onto the beach. As soon as it does Rick throws the sand over the hole and the confused crab is soon caught by the boys.

RICK (CONT'D)
Keep it as a pet or let it go, but
don't kill it. We're not murderers.
Right?

BOYS
(in unison)
No, sir. Thanks!

The boys run off with the crab to show their parents who are on a blanket up the beach.

Rick looks after them, meaningfully. Does he yearn to be a father or remember his youth? Who knows? Perhaps both?

Rick looks around at a beautiful day, at puffy white clouds along the horizon and a brilliant climbing sun.

INT. THEATER - DAY

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.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)
All right, that's enough.

LIGHTS COME ON... revealing the show's

DIRECTOR

his assistants, and a handful of cast and crew milling around the auditorium.

DIRECTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Okay, Samoa, you're outta here. I'll see tonight.

Samoa walks off stage.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
(calls after him)
And be on time for a change!

OFF STAGE

A half-dozen Tahitian dancers in traditional costumes wait to rehearse. Vicki last in line. Samoa stops beside her, his thick chest heaving between breaths.

SAMOA
(fiercely into her eyes)
You got it?

VICKI
Yeah.

SAMOA
Where?

VICKI
At home... I hid it. It's safe.

SAMOA
You heard from Larry?

VICKI
No. Isn't he here?

SAMOA

No. And he neva' called in.

VICKI

What happened? Did he get hurt?

SAMOA

Nah. He was fine. I talk to him last night. Da police let him go. No charges. He's suppose to be hea'.

VICKI

Call him.

SAMOA

I did. No answer.

The DRUMMING resumes. The procession of dancers moves on stage.

SAMOA (CONT'D)

After dis, go straight home. You hear? And wait for me. I'll find Larry.

Vicki starts to leave and Samoa grabs her arm, detains her.

SAMOA (CONT'D)

Hey... And don't get any ideas, huh.

VICKI

(forces a smile)

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.

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.

OLI (V.O.)

Daniel Ahuna, head of the Ahuna crime family. Currently, the most powerful criminal organization in the islands.

A BODYGUARD, think Oddjob, only thicker if that's possible, opens a door and Ahuna enters a waiting black sedan.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - PROSECUTOR'S OFFICES - DAY

Prosecuting Attorney of Honolulu SHAWN "OLI" OLIVEIRA (60), heavysset, briefs an organized crime task force, an ethnically diverse group of brass, detectives, undercover and uniformed cops, about twenty in all.

Oli taps photos of Danny and Kui.

OLI

His son-- Daniel junior. Daughter-- Marianne "Kuuipo" Ahuna. Don't let the pretty face fool ya. She's a real "sweetheart" that one.

He points to Skip.

OLI (CONT'D)

And Kahakili Kapuli...aka Skip da Bull. Ahuna's number one enforcer. These four form the backbone of the Ahuna organization.

Oli moves toward two other pyramids of photos that make up an Org Chart of Hawaii's three major crime families.

OLI (CONT'D)

The Koas and the Chong family. The Ahunas' biggest rivals. Each of them a tightly-run criminal organization. It will be our job to derail them.

DETECTIVE MANU NAKANALUA, 30s, stands in the back. A seasoned cop, he is ruggedly handsome and built like a fullback. He downs aspirin with the help of coffee while Oli drones on.

OLI (O.S.) (CONT'D)

As of today, people, the gloves are off. With this task force we're finally hitting back... hard.

ROY GRIEVES (40s) Manu's partner, could be the poster-boy for a haole cop, looks over at Manu. Holds up his fist and mouths the word "hard", mocking Oli.

Manu grins.

MOMENTS LATER

Oliveira gathers his papers at the podium. Manu last to exit.

OLI (CONT'D)

Hey. Got a minute.

Manu comes over.

OLI (CONT'D)

I want you on Ahuna. All right?
He's the key. Whatever he does will
dictate what the other families do.
So stay on him, close. He's priority
one.

MANU

And the Chongs? Words out that they're
up to something big. We might be
looking at a whole new playing field
if what I'm hearing is true.

OLI

The Sun On Yee?
(off Manu's look)
Don't buy it. It'll never happen.
Not while old man Chong's alive.
He's too smart for that. No. Ahuna's
the key. And I'm gonna nail that
motherfucker.

MANU

Sounds personal.

OLI

You're damn right it is.

Oli walks out.

Manu looks at the Org charts, the three men at the top--

Daniel Ahuna. Arthur Koa (brawny Hawaiian, 60s). His gaze
settling on Tao Chong.

MATCH CUT TO:

TAO CHONG

70, wisdom personified. A thin, serene, highly-cultured man
with a dark interior. He sits on a covered lanai overlooking
Honolulu from his HOME ON TANTALUS.

A lovely CHINESE MAID brings him tea. Bows and backs away.

The Honolulu Star-Advertiser is on the table. A front page
article with black and white photos of Daniel Ahuna, Arthur
Koa and Tao Chong reads:

TASK FORCE TARGETS LOCAL CRIME LORDS

His son arrives-- ADRIAN CHONG (30) Mr. Altogether. Adrian is the full package, style, sex-appeal, smarts, and the balls to use them.

He takes a seat across from his father. Picks up the paper with his father's photo.

ADRIAN
(drops the paper)
Fucking reporters.

Tao shrugs it off as if it's just part of their trade.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
I've got some other news-- more interesting than that. Someone ripped off the Ahunas. Got their whole monthly gambling take.

TAO
The Koas?

ADRIAN
No one knows. Maybe. But it could be an inside job or just some dumbfuck who didn't know any better.

TAO
When?

ADRIAN
Last night at the Kahala Hilton. Got it off Danny Ahuna.

TAO
Was he hurt?

ADRIAN
No. A honey trap.

TAO
Perfect.

ADRIAN
Is this gonna mess with our plans?

TAO
To the contrary. I wish I'd thought of it... What about the surfer? Do we have eyes on him?

ADRIAN
Yeah. They're in place.

TAO

Good.

Adrian weighs something. Decides.

ADRIAN

You sure you want to go through with this? It might backfire.

TAO

Perhaps.

ADRIAN

One thing's for sure, Kaweka Koa's gonna go crazy.

TAO

I'm counting on it.

Tao Chong calmly sips his tea.

CLOSE ON: His cold, calculating eyes.

END ACT II

ACT III

INT. SAMOA'S CHARGER - DAY

The sleek blue car winds along the S-curves of LILIPUNA ROAD. The steel blue waters of Kane'ohe Bay visible through gaps in the trees, beyond the low triangle roofs of the houses.

Samoa makes a call. The RINGING CELL PHONE takes us to

INT. BATHROOM - LARRY LUDELL'S HOME - DAY

Larry's corpse in the tub. Follow the RINGING into the

BEDROOM... Past the POSTER of Samoa 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 Larry's

WATERFRONT HOME

He approaches the front door.

Knocks. Waits. Tries the handle. It's open.

INT. LARRY LUDELL'S HOME - SAME

Samoa pauses in a hallway and listens.

Creeps into the BEDROOM, onto the disheveled scene.

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

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

INT. TRUCK - ROAD - WAIMANALO BEACH - DAY

Two mean-looking mokes in their 20s, LONO and KALANI sit in a car. NOTE: "Moke" equates roughly to Polynesian thug.

LONO

in the front passenger seat trains binoculars on

Rick Koa a hundred yards away near his lifeguard stand.

RICK

gets a call on his cell.

RICK
Hey, babe. What's up?

CUT IN: KEHAU

in Rick's home.

KEHAU
Are you on your way home?

RICK
Almost. My relief should be here any minute.

KEHAU
I packed a lunch. Okay? I don't wanna' eat out.

RICK
What? No plate lunch. No two scoops rice and macaroni salad?

KEHAU
No.

RICK
Worried I'll get fat?

KEHAU
You're already fat.

RICK
Yeah, right. I'm barely two hundred.

KEHAU
I wasn't talking about your weight.

RICK
Oh, you nasty girl.

KEHAU
Always... Hurry up. I'm hungry.

A red City and County truck pulls into the beach access road.

RICK
I'm on my way.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - KAHALA HILTON - DAY

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

Skip da Bull and Kaipo eyeing him from across the room. The two huge Hawaiians 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 fries and lowers them into his mouth, speaks as he chews.

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

Kaipo crams a 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 for

Kui Ahuna.

DANNY
Ah, Kui. Cool. T'anks for coming.

KUI
(walks in)
So, what's up? What'd you do, burned
down his house?
(seeing Skip and Kaipo)
Oh, shit. What the fuck are they
doing here? Fuckin', Danny. What a
way to start my day.

DANNY
C'mon, Kui, stop it. Let's talk. Out
hea'.

Danny ushers Kui to the balcony.

KUI
 (to Skip as she goes)
 I guess he doesn't trust you. Neither
 do I, blalah.

She makes a face like pig a scarfing up food. Then steps
 onto the balcony with Danny who shuts the glass door.

SKIP DA BULL
 (eyeing Kui)
 Fuckin' cunt.

He bites a burger.

EXT. RICK'S HOME - BLACK POINT - DAY

Rick pulls into his garage. Gets out and grabs a surfboard.
 Secures it to a rack in the El Camino's bed.

Kehau, comes out with a small cooler and beach towels, dressed
 for a day in the sun. They get in the car and drive away.

BLACK POINT GATE

Rick's El Camino comes out of the private gated community
 and drives past a car on a side street.

KIMO (20s)

a menacing, heavy-set partner of Lono and Kalani waits in
 the car. He starts the car and follows the El Camino.

EXT. ROOM 404 - KAHALA HILTON - DAY

A breathtaking vista of the teal-blue Pacific and the beige
 sands of Kahala beach serve as a backdrop for Danny and Kui
 on the balcony.

DANNY
 So what? Are you gonna' help?

KUI
 Help what? You fucked up, royally.
 What am I supposed to do?

Danny weighs his situation, worried.

DANNY
 What do you think he'll do?

KUI
 Nothing. What can he do? You're his
 son. You're fuckin' bodyguard's toast.
 I can tell you that.

DANNY

Fuck him. Asshole. He got me into this.

KUI

No, Danny. That was all you.

Kui looks down at a black Cadillac pulling into the roundabout in front of the hotel entrance.

KUI (CONT'D)

And what do you know... Here he is.

INT. DANNY'S ROOM - KAHALA HILTON - DAY

The broad, displeased face of Daniel Ahuna slips into frame. He sits in a chair with his elbows on his thighs across from Danny who's seated on the edge of his bed with his head down.

AHUNA

Stupid fuck. Put together by a bitch...

Danny looks up, teary-eyed.

AHUNA (CONT'D)

and now you cry like one.

Ahuna slaps his son across the head, and Kui, seated near the balcony glass door, comes to her feet.

KUI

Oh, fuck, Dad. What good is that gonna do? Don't hit him.

AHUNA

(to Kui)

Shut up.

SKIP DA BULL AND KAIPŌ

are still at the table. Ahuna's Driver standing by the door.

DANNY

sits upright 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 works at
da Sheraton, in da Hawaii Nei Show.
He's got a record. Done time at OCC--
burglary, assault. Usually works
alone. I got his address from my
connec' at HPD, but it didn't check
out. His landlord told our guys that
he moved last munt. Doesn't know
where. But we'll find him. We're
checking da utility companies now.

AHUNA

What about da girl?

SKIP DA BULL

Right hea.

Skip brings over a laptop and shows Ahuna. Kui joins them.

He plays the SECURITY FOOTAGE of Vicki in the elevator with
Danny. ZOOMS in on her gorgeous face.

ON KUI

recognizing her. Her wheels turning, opportunity knocks.

KUI

Oh, fuck, Danny, she's hot. I guess
it was worth it? Huh?

Danny shoots his wiseass sister a black look.

AHUNA

(to Skip)

Once you find 'dis bitch. You hold
her until you hear from me. Got it?

SKIP DA BULL

What about da sole'?

AHUNA

Fuck him.

Skip takes his laptop and goes back to the table.

DANNY

Hey, Dad...

Ahuna looks sternly at his son.

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

AHUNA
(viciously)
You handle 'dis... make it right.
Shut da fuck up. Kaipo, get him
outta hea. Take him before I break
his face.

KAIPO
Take him where, boss?

AHUNA
What-da fuck do I care. Take him to
da goddamn zoo with da utter
jackasses. Just get him outta hea'!

Ahuna slaps Danny again. And Danny scrambles away, cowering.
He grabs his carry-on and heads out the door with Kaipo
following.

Kui goes after Danny and turns to her father as she goes.

KUI
You're a fucking asshole. You know
that?

EXT. ISOLATED BEACH - DAY

Rick, carrying his board and the cooler, and Kehau with a
beach bag and towels come down an isolated strip of beach.

Kehau lays out a towel. She slips off shorts, revealing a
bikini, and sits.

Rick, waxing his board, looks at Kehau applying suntan oil.

RICK
Hey. There's no one around.

KEHAU
Yeah. For how long?

They share a look, consider it. Kehau shakes her head "no".

KEHAU (CONT'D)
I hate sand.

RICK

Me too.

Rick grins. Picks up his board and heads into the water.

INT. KAHALA HILTON - DAY

Danny, steaming, walks with Kaipo through the luxury hotel. Kui coming up fast behind them.

KUI

Danny! Danny, wait.

Danny stops.

KUI (CONT'D)

What the fuck? Don't let him treat you like that. Stand up to him.

DANNY

Fuck you! Shuttup.

KUI

Yeah, exactly. Like that.

Danny takes a moment to gather himself.

DANNY

Look, I know you wanna help. But just stay out of it. All right?

KUI

C'mon, Danny. Ease up. Don't get so upset.

DANNY

Yeah. Right? Dat's easy for you. You're fuckin' perfect. He loves you... But I hate him. I fuckin' hate him!

Danny storms off toward the pool.

KUI

Danny, don't. Come here.

DANNY

(wheels)

No. FUCK OFF! Both of you.

Hotel patrons and staff stop and ogle the scene.

Danny heads toward the pool and Kaipo turns to Kui.

KAIPO
What da fuck? He's pissed.

KUI
(eyeing Danny)
Yeah... and stupid.

She turns to Kaipo, lowers her tone.

KUI (CONT'D)
You got your gun?

KAIPO
In my truck.

KUI
Get it. I need you for something.

EXT. OUT ON THE WATER - ISOLATED BEACH - DAY

Rick paddles out to the break.

EXT. ISOLATED BEACH - SAME

Kehau sits cross-legged under sunglasses and a wide brimmed hat eating a sandwich.

A couple of locals walk by along the shoreline.

Kehau looks off to her right.

At the far end of the beach, some sixty-yards away, Kimo, the lone moke from the car, sits under a coconut tree and looks out at the water.

Kehau takes a drink from her bottled water.

INT. POOL BAR - KAHALA HILTON - DAY

Danny takes a seat at the bar.

BARTENDER
(lays out a napkin)
Sir, what can I get you?

DANNY
Tanqueray tonic... wit' bittas.

The bartender makes the drink.

Danny watching him like he's loading a shotgun, thinking.

He gets up and goes to a RESTROOM at the end of the bar.

RESTROOM - KAHALA HILTON - SAME

Water pours.

Danny comes up from washing his face in a sink.

Looks in the mirror. A man weighed down by anger and self-loathing staring back at him.

POOL BAR - SAME

Danny exits the bathroom and walks straight out of the bar into the LOBBY and stops.

Thinks in a moment of decision.

He turns around.

Goes back to his seat and picks up the drink.

INT. DANNY'S SUITE - KAHALA HILTON - DAY

Skip sits at the table. Ahuna a few feet away in a plush chair looking out the beautiful ocean vista. Both men waiting.

After a time.

AHUNA

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

He looks over at Skip.

SKIP DA BULL

No shit.

Phone RINGS. Skip answers. Writes on a napkin and hangs up. Shows Ahuna what he wrote.

SKIP DA BULL (CONT'D)

Da sole's new address. He's close. Kaimuki.

AHUNA

Go get my money... And find that cunt.

Skip stands to leave.

SKIP DA BULL

You gonna' be hea?

AHUNA

Fuck no. I hate hotels... I'll be at da Waianae house. You got da airport covered?

SKIP DA BULL

First t'ing dis mornin'.

AHUNA

What about da flight's last night?

SKIP DA BULL

Already checked. Da sole' wasn't on 'dem. So he's hea'. I t'ink she's hea' too. Once we get her name. I'll find her. I always do.

Skip da Bull walks out.

INT. VICKI'S HOUSE - DAY

Vicki sits on her couch, waiting anxiously. A rum and coke on the coffee table and a suitcase nearby.

She answers her cell.

CUT BETWEEN Vicki and Samoa in his Charger parked along the side of a road in RESIDENTIAL KAIMUKI.

VICKI

Yeah?

SAMOA

Where you at?

VICKI

Home. I'm waiting. Where the fuck are you? Did you find Larry?

SAMOA

Yeah, he's good. I told him to wait.

VICKI

Why didn't he show up for rehearsal?

SAMOA

What do you care? I told you, he's good. Now listen. I gotta go my house and grab somethin'. Then I'll be right over. Okay? So don't - fuckin'-move. You hear me?

VICKI

I'll be here.

CLICK... Samoa hangs up.

Vicki lowers the phone and looks across her livingroom at NANCY "TITA" PUKAHI (40s) square and thick. As crude and powerful as Vicki is lively and beautiful. Tita is a female version of Skip da Bull.

EXT. ISOLATED BEACH - DAY

Kehau rises out of the water, her beautiful brown body glistening wet.

She looks up the beach at a surfer and his girlfriend talking with Kimo who has come to his feet.

She walks up the beach and lays down on her stomach. Sees...

KIMO

now alone again, sitting in the sand, gazing at the sea. The surfer and his girlfriend nowhere in sight.

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S HOME - BEHIND SAMOA'S HOUSE - DAY

Samoa exits his car and enters a yard.

Moves to a wooden fence and peers over it.

Jumps into his own BACKYARD, and is quickly greeted by THREE PIT BULLS, barking and excited to see their master.

SAMOA
(whisper)
Shut up.

Samoa runs to a sliding glass door at the back of his house.

INT. SAMOA'S HOUSE - DAY

He slips into the livingroom dominated by a wall-size photograph of himself performing in the Hawaii Nei Show.

Looks around... all clear.

INT. BEDROOM - SAMOA'S HOUSE - DAY

He peers into his room. Hurries to a desk and takes out his passport and a .38 Special.

Packs a gym bag with some clothes.

LIVINGROOM

Samoa grabs a laptop off a desk and puts it in the bag. Moves to a front window where he peers out from behind the curtain.

A black Cadillac pulls up across the street.

Skip da Bull steps out.

Samoa goes to the sliding glass door. Opens it for his dogs.

SAMOA
Come on, inside.

The dogs come in and Samoa steps out and shuts the door.
Runs to the wooden backyard fence. Hops over it and leaves.

EXT. SAMOA'S HOUSE

Skip da Bull comes up Samoa's side walkway. Looking around.
Checking for neighbors. No vehicle in the carport.

He pulls his gun from a belly-band holster worn under his
shirt. Opens a gate in the wooden fence and enters the yard.

AROUND BACK

Skip reaches the sliding back door and eases it open.

SAMOA'S HOME

He steps into the LIVINGROOM and listens-- silence.

Skip holsters his gun when RAWH! RAWH! RAWH!

THE THREE PIT BULLS

rush out of a hall and the fight is on...

SKIP DA BULL

Uses a chair. A couch. His arms and legs, to fend off an
attack that carries all over the room.

A dog is kicked.

Another thrown. WHAM! into a wall. Animal stunned.

Skip is bit on the arm.

And again on the leg, amidst a CHORUS OF GROWLS.

He cries out in pain. Falls to his knees. Grabs a coffee
table with one hand. Arcs it and...

WHAM! Smashes it onto the dog biting his leg. Back SNAPPING.
Dog YELPING!

SKIP DA BULL
AHHH!!

A Pit Bull bites down on his arm.

Skip shoves his finger up its nose.

The dog WHINES. Lets go.

And Skip grabs it by the collar and flings it across the room. Comes to his feet...

But the attack's relentless, fast and lethal and the surviving Pit Bulls come at him again.

Skip kicks a dog that flips end over end.

Then hammers a dog latched to his leg. Breaks its neck. Pulls his gun and... BLAM!

Shoots the last dog as it leaps for his throat.

And just like that the fight is over.

A breathless Skip holsters his gun, blood pouring from his wounds. He looks down at the dead dogs and clenches his fist.

SKIP DA BULL (CONT'D)
HAA! HAA!! YOU FUCKAS!!!

TIGHT ON

Skip's fierce face, his crazed, feral eyes.

END ACT III

ACT IV

INT. KUI'S APARTMENT - DAY

A bookshelf. Scan past the literature-- Conrad, Dostoevsky, Morrison, et al-- to a group of yearbooks for LA PIETRA: HAWAII SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Kui takes down the annual for her senior year. Kaipo near a wet bar a few steps away.

KAIPO

It's okay if I make-a-drink?

KUI

(flips through the book)
Fuck, no. And don't touch my shit.
In fact, get away from there. Just
stand over there...

(points)

There. And don't talk. It's so
irritating.

Kaipo backs up and stands there like an unplugged automaton.

CLOSE ON - YEARBOOK

All the diverse, young faces.

KUI (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(mutters to herself)

Now what was her fucking name...?

She flips through the pages, stops and flips back.

Zeros in on VICKI VALENTI'S yearbook photo-- a 17-year-old girl with a come hither look too adult for her age.

Kui's fingertip placed under the photo.

KUI (CONT'D)

Vicki Valenti.

(looks at Kaipo)

Hey...

Kaipo turns.

KUI (CONT'D)

Call your connec' at HPD. I need
some information.

INT. BATHROOM - LARRY LUDDELL'S HOME - DAY

CLOSE ON Larry Luddell's corpse with its missing hands, lying in an open black body bag. ZIP...

Paramedics seal up the bag, lay the body on a gurney and take it away. Passing DR. LISA JOHNSON (60) African-American, the coroner, talking to Manu in an outside hallway.

DR. JOHNSON

Time of death was sometime last night between twelve and two. He appears to have been strangled. His windpipe's cracked and I'd say his lungs are filled with blood. I'll know more after the autopsy.

Dr. Johnson walks out past Roy who comes on the scene.

ROY

Guess what? This guy was involved in an assault yesterday morning. He got his ass kicked over an armrest on a flight from Kona.

MANU

Who was the perp?

ROY

A Dwayne Kanekoa. A minor player on one of Ahuna's crews.

MANU

For real? Could he be that stupid?

ROY

Kanekoa. No. It wasn't him. He didn't make bail until ten this morning. Besides, it doesn't add up. Nobody connected is gonna bring this kind of heat over a stupid beef on a plane.

MANU

Yeah, right... So what does?

INT. BAR - KAHALA HILTON - DAY

CANDY LACROIX (30) Hapa and hot, in a trashy way. Enters the ritzy watering hole and sees

DANNY

sitting at the bar, munching peanuts, watching a surfing contest on an overhead TV. Danny's drunk, but not so far gone that they won't serve him.

CANDY

sidles up to Danny.

CANDY

Hi, Danny. What are you doing here?

DANNY

Hey, sista. Howzit... What's your name?

CANDY

Candy. Don't you remember?

DANNY

Yeah, I remember. But I forget.

Danny sizes her up. Grabs her and pulls her close.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Come hea'. Fuck, girl, you're lookin' good.

CANDY

(strokes his arm)

Good enough to buy me a drink?

DANNY

Oh, yeah, right hea'. Have a seat. Hey brah...

He taps the guy on the seat next to him.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Give her your seat.

The guy, MR. MILD-MANNERED, looks to the bartender who turns away.

DANNY (CONT'D)

C'mon, show some class.

CANDY

Danny, don't. I'm fine right here.

MR. MILD-MANNERED

No problem, lady. Here, go ahead.

The guy gets up and heads out of range of Danny's glare.

DANNY

(to Candy)

What you want, sweetheart. Huh? Champagne?

CANDY

No. Too early for that. A beer's fine.

DANNY
(to bartender)
A beer for da lady.
(points at his glass)
And one more for me.

Candy slides onto her stool casually rubbing her breasts against Danny as only some women know how to do.

DANNY (CONT'D)
So, whatchu been up to?

CANDY
(sly and foxy)
Same old, same old... workin'.

She puts her hand on Danny's thigh.

EXT. ISOLATED BEACH - DAY

Kehau lies on her stomach sunbathing. Eyes closed. She opens her eyes and looks down the beach where

Kimo still sits in the sand looking out to sea.

Kehau sits up and notices

another local man-- Kalani at the other end of the beach, mirroring Kimo, sitting in the sand facing the sea.

Each man is sixty yards away, but it's an unsettling scene and Kehau looks out at the ocean for any sign of Rick.

EXT. ON THE WATER - ISOLATED BEACH - SAME

Rick drops in and catches a tube.

Kicks out and paddles toward the incoming swells.

INT. VICKI'S HOUSE - DAY

The briefcase with the gambling money lies on a coffee table.

Vicki on a couch and Tita in a chair, both waiting in silence.

TITA
Dis is stupid. I'm tellin' you, dare'
already lookin' for you. I bet right
now 'dare are men at da airport with
your photo.

VICKI
How do you know?

TITA

'Cause I'm not stupid, like you.
They got cameras all ova da Hilton.
And da people you fucked with, they
can get those pictures.

VICKI

But Samoa said they wouldn't report
it because it was gambling money.

TITA

Report what? They just get da fuckin'
pictures. Lie dat, easy. Fuck... No
wonder you called me. You *know* you're
stupid. And I'm da only one dat can
save your stupid ass.

Vicki polishes off her rum and coke. Grabs the bottle to
pour another.

TITA (CONT'D)

No. No more. I need you sober.

VICKI

I'm fuckin' nervous, all right. And
scared.

TITA

You should be... stupid, girl.

Vicki tears up. Gathers herself.

Tita with a touch of empathy, takes on a sisterly tone.

TITA (CONT'D)

Listen. Dis whole t'ing is all fucked
up. Samoa won't give you your cut.
He's gonna take it all. He might
even kill you.

VICKI

He wouldn't do that.

TITA

Yeah he would. His dumbass plan is
gonna blow up in his face, and all
he can do is run... And you? You're
in his way. I'm telling you, let's
take dis money and get da fuck outta
hea.

VICKI

Oh, yeah, that's real smart. Burn
Samoa, so he comes after me too.

(MORE)

VICKI (CONT'D)
Half the money's all I need. I just
called you to watch my back. Can you
do that? I told you I'd pay you.

TITA
Oh, yeah. You'll pay all right.

BAM! BAM! BAM! comes a knock at the door.

Vicki looks at Tita in a moment of truth.

EXT. ISOLATED BEACH - DAY

Kehau, now in shorts, looks anxiously up and down the beach
at the two mokes who just sit there looking out to sea.

She scans the ocean

The tiny figure of Rick riding a wave.

CUT IN:

Rick on the wave, hitting the lip. Wiping out.

LONO

the moke who spied on Rick with the binoculars, appears off
to Kehau's left, joining Kalani at the far end of the beach.

KEHAU

now clearly frightened at the arrival of a third man.

INT. FOYER - VICKI'S HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE ON-- Samoa's fearsome face.

SAMOA
Where is it?

Vicki leads Samoa from the doorway into the LIVINGROOM. The
briefcase is on the table, but Tita, nowhere in sight.

SAMOA (CONT'D)
(grabs the briefcase)
You open 'dis?

VICKI
How could I, it's locked?

SAMOA
Yeah, right.

He takes locksmith picks attached to a chain from his pocket.

VICKI
What, don't you trust me.

SAMOA
Ha! Don't make me laugh.

Samoa works the lock as they talk.

VICKI
So do they know about us? They do,
don't they?

SAMOA
Why you say dat? You see someone?

VICKI
No. But I've been thinking. There
are a lot of cameras in that hotel.
What if they got my picture?

SAMOA
Just relax, huh. Don't worry. I got
it all worked out.

CLICK the case opens-- it's packed with money.

SAMOA (CONT'D)
(eyeing the money)
Look at dat.
(to Vicki)
Nice, huh?

Samoa shuts the case.

SAMOA (CONT'D)
Okay, den. You stay hea'. I'll be
right back.

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

VICKI
(goes after him)
Hey, Samoa! What are you doin'?

He stops and turns.

SAMOA
What, sista?

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

SAMOA
Dat's right. Dats what I said.
(MORE)

SAMOA (CONT'D)

Now I'm saying dis-- you fucked up.
You got Larry killed. You know that?
(grabs her hair)
You stupid bitch. You know what they
did? They cut off his hands! They
cut off his FUCKIN HANDS!

VICKI

Stop it! Let go... Samoa, don't...

SAMOA

Fuckin' bitch! Huh! What? You wanna'
fuck wit' me!

He shoves Vicki to the floor and kicks her.

Turns to leave when WHAM! Tita smacks his forehead with a
blackjack.

Samoa drops like a sack, blood streaming down his brow.

Tita pockets her blackjack and looks at Vicki on the floor.

TITA

I told you.

Tita pulls a Glock 42 from her waistband, kneels and puts it
to Samoa's head.

TITA (CONT'D)

(to Vicki)

Get up. Go on, move!

VICKI

(stands)

No, Tita, don't! Don't shoot him. I
live here. I'm on the lease.

Tita looks from Samoa to Vicki and back again.

TITA

Fuckin' asshole.

She shoves the gun hard against Samoa's head, but doesn't
fire. She stands and grabs the briefcase.

TITA (CONT'D)

Get your t'ings. Come on, let's go.

Vicki grabs a small suitcase from behind a couch, finds her
purse and hurries out the door with Tita.

Samoa left on the floor with blood pooling around his head.

EXT. ISOLATED BEACH - DAY - KEHAU'S POV OF

Kalani, now standing, talking with Lono down the beach.

AN ANXIOUS KEHAU

holds her purse. Looks at Kimo who is also standing and looking the other way, as if keeping watch for any people.

OUT ON THE WATER

Rick sits on his board, waiting for a swell. He looks toward the beach.

IN THE DISTANCE

He sees Kehau standing, dressed. And the three men positioned on both ends of the beach.

A couple approaches Lono and Kalani. The men confront them and the two people turn back and head the other way.

ON RICK

Alarmed. He turns his board toward the beach and paddles hard. Catches a small swell and gets propelled toward shore.

KEHAU'S

alarm bells are ringing too. She looks out to sea and sees

RICK

paddling in.

AND LONO

now coming her way.

The big man walks along the shoreline like he's out for a stroll. Ignores Kehau until he reaches her and turns.

LONO

Howzit.

Kehau, fearful and uncertain, gives him a languid wave.

And Lono just stares, like a carnivore.

SMASH CUT TO:

RICK - ON THE WATER

Paddling hard, catching ever-smaller waves that move him closer to shore. His anxious eyes locked on the...

LARGE MAN

walking up to Kehau.

KEHAU
(backs up, points)
My boyfriend's right there. He's
coming.

LONO

looks at Rick. WHISTLES to his partners and points.

KIMO AND KALANI

rush to intercept Rick from both ends of the beach.

ON KEHAU

her indecision smashed. She bolts. And Lono runs after her.
Catches her and throws to the sand.

RICK

out on the water.

RICK
Hey! Leave her alone! Stop!

Rick paddles like a madman.

CUT BETWEEN:

The ASSAULT ON THE BEACH and RICK RACING TO SHORE.

Kehau flails at Lono who gets on top of her.

Kimo and Kalani converging on Rick who comes off his board,
runs through the shallows and onto the shore.

Lono smacks Kehau. Grabs a handful of hair and flips her
over, burying her face in the sand.

Kehau lifts her chin and fights to breathe.

RICK

engaging Kimo and Kalani. Swinging his fists in a whirlwind
arc-- BAM! He connects and Kimo drops to the sand.

Kalani barreling into Rick, taking him to the ground.

LONO

On top of Kehau face down in the sand. He pulls her arm behind her back. Rips off her bottoms exposing her ass.

KEHAU

No!

RICK WRESTLING

with Kalani.

Getting the upper hand.

He stands, kicks the man.

Runs past Kimo...

And smash-tackles Lono off of Kehau.

Wraps his arm around his throat and rolls over the sand.

A tearful Kehau stands and pulls up her clothes.

Kimo and Kalani race up the sand and join the fight.

Now it's three on one and Rick has no chance.

They beat him mercilessly.

KEHAU (CONT'D)

Stop it! Stop! Leave him alone!

DOWN THE BEACH

Four surfers round a point and come into view.

KIMO

sees the surfers heading their way.

KIMO

Lono! People.

Lono, on top of Rick, turns and looks.

ONE OF THE SURFERS

has his cell to his ear, calling in the incident.

LONO

gets off of Rick.

LONO
All right, fuck it. Leave him. Let's
go.

He looks to a tearful, terrified Kehau.

Picks up her purse.

LONO (CONT'D)
Hey, t'anks.
(chuckles)
Good fun, eh?

The three mokes run off down the beach as the group of surfers
rush onto the scene.

RICK

bleeding. Badly. Lies on his stomach in the sand. A tearful
Kehau leaning over him, her voice SOUNDING MUFFLED through
his dazed senses.

KEHAU
Rick, honey, are you all right? Hang
on baby. We'll get you some help.

RICK'S POV

of the three Mokes moving out of sight down the beach.

A ring of blackness appears in his peripheral vision and
contracts as we IRIS OUT to BLACK.

MUSIC UP

END PILOT