

Sands of Lanikai

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SANDS OF LANIKAI

FADE IN:

EXT: HONOLULU, HAWAI'I - DAY - ESTABLISHING

A grand PALACE overlooks lush green. Koa and Palm trees adorn and stand tall. Golden-spiked fencing defends the manicured grounds.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Honolulu, Hawai'i. Iolani Palace - January 17, 1893"

In an upper window, a drape parts.

INT. THRONE ROOM - DAY

The regal throne room blends breathtaking opulence with cultural heritage. Plush crimson carpet flows beneath lavish gilded chairs. Large candelabras cast warm shadows off ornate walls.

QUEEN LILI'UOKALANI (50s) stands by a window. Her fingers separate a drape to gaze out. A storm brews in her soulful eyes. The weight of her people-bound by invisible chains of aloha-hangs heavily upon her.

Something ominous approaches, something insidious. It threatens the very peace she clings to, fights for-the queen furrows a brow, presses her lips together.

With quiet steps, porters and servants shuffle to one side. The tension is palpable. BUTLER KHALE (60s), more friend than steward, approaches and stops.

KHALE

Your majesty, your guests have arrived.

Queen Lili'uokalani lets go of the drape.

QUEEN

(anxious)

Guests?

KHALE

Iwalani. And a young haole man.

QUEEN

I see.
 (steadies herself)
 Send them in.

The queen strides with purpose toward her elevated throne and sits down. A guard swings open a grand wooden door.

Pretty IWALANI KAMAKAWIWO'OLE (20s) bursts into the room, eyes sparkle with excitement. Handsome WILLIAM SANDS (20s) hesitates at the threshold. Unease washes over him as he surveys the grandeur. William gestures for her attention.

WILLIAM

Iwalani, we can't be here. It's not safe.

She glances back at him. Her eyes plead for his favor. Kahale steps forward, announces.

KAHALE

Miss Iwalani Kamakawiwo'ole and Mr. William Sands.

Iwalani can no longer contain herself. She rushes forward, kneels before the queen. William is slow to follow. He fidgets as if the room might swallow him whole. The queen extends a hand. Iwalani kisses it reverently.

QUEEN

It's wonderful to see you, my child. You're radiant. How is your sister?

IWALANI

She sends her aloha, your majesty. You won't believe what I have to share.

QUEEN

Does this news involve your companion?

Iwalani glances back at William, whose rigid stance betrays discomfort.

IWALANI

Yes! William-

He glances toward the outside, shifts in place.

WILLIAM
Iwalani, perhaps you should-

Iwalani beckons him forward, her face lit up with enthusiasm.

IWALANI (CONT'D)
William works at the shipyard. I was there for fish, but then the rally started-

She looks up at him, searches for support. William swallows hard, braces himself.

IWALANI (CONT'D)
Just like you said. I was taking notes. But the Honolulu Rifles-

He struggles with how to voice his concern.

WILLIAM
Iwalani-tell the queen why I'm here.

With anticipation, the queen studies Iwalani.

QUEEN
(firmly)
The rally... and the riflemen?

The uneasiness escalates, charged with a promise of revelations to come.

EXT. IOLANI PALACE - DAY

A battalion of U.S. MARINES strides toward the imposing Iolani Palace entrance. Polished gear glints in the sharp light of the sun.

The quiet rustling of palm fronds sway to their rhythmic footsteps, creating a disturbing harmony.

AMERICAN MILITIA follow in tight formation. An intensity radiates from their ranks.

PALACE GUARDS, ashen with fear, raise rifles but waver. A prolonged silence hangs in the balance-

A quick retreat has them ascending palatial steps with wide eyes, seeking refuge within.

A BATTERING RAM slams against the entry gate. The crash echos like thunder. It bursts open with a collapse of spiked metal.

Marines and militia take combat positions, train guns at the palace. Mechanical whirring cuts through the stressed atmosphere. A GATLING GUN swivels into place.

INT. THRONE ROOM - DAY

Guards burst into the throne room to form a disciplined line. The QUEEN rises regally in response. Iolani and William step back and away.

CAPTAIN AKAMU (30s) loyalty etched on his features, rushes forward. He removes his helmet, kneels deeply, a blend of urgency and respect in his voice.

AKAMU

Your majesty. The American haoles have soldiers arriving. Should we notify-

The queen straightens with resolve, a vulnerability beneath her facade.

QUEEN

No-

(pause)

No Hawaiian blood shed today.

She exhales, turns toward Iwalani, an edge of fear in her eyes.

I'll prepare to meet them.

As she speaks, Iwalani steps forward.

IWALANI

But your majesty, will they listen?

The queen holds Iwalani's gaze, a shared understanding.

QUEEN (CONT'D)

Take the carriage-before it's too late.

Her command has weight. Iwalani nods once.

QUEEN (CONT'D)

(to guards)

Make it so.

STAIRS

The guards lead Iwalani and William down a swift flight of royal stairs, their faces set with determination.

A GUARD opens a back door. The faint sound of approaching footsteps grows louder.

An ADJACENT GUARD (30s) waves them forward.

ADJACENT GUARD

Hurry!

They slip through, the urgency propels them into the uncertain world outside.

INT. CARRIAGE - DAY

A CARRIAGE door swings open. Iwalani and William scramble up into the quilted compartment.

They sit shoulder to shoulder. Iwalani clings to his arm, knuckles white.

IWALANI

What if they stop us?

Their eyes meet-his determined, hers haunted by uncertainty. The door SLAMS shut behind them.

EXT. CARRIAGE - DAY

The GUARD flicks the reins. The carriage careens forward as carriage WHEELS CREAK against the ground, kicking up dust. They veer away from the palace.

MILITIA rush into position. Rifles bristle through the fencing. The air erupts with the SOUND of GUNFIRE

Bullets WHIZ through the air. SMOKE curls up-thick, acrid-mingling with the sweet aroma of danger.

CARRIAGE

The jarring ride tosses them about. Iwalani leans out, eyes darting back toward the chaos erupting behind them. SPARKS from bullets ping off the carriage metal frame.

WILLIAM
 (urgent)
 Iwalani, get down!

William throws himself over her as a bullet strikes a shoulder. Iwalani gasps, her body folds against him, a marionette with cut strings.

IWALANI
 (weakly)
 William, I-I can't...

He cradles her, desperation threading through his voice.

WILLIAM
 Hold on! We'll make it, I promise!

GATE

GUARDS swing open a back gate. Spooked horses rear up, the carriage leaps forward down the narrow path.

The vehicle SCREECHES and sways, almost overturning. It lurches into the open and down the road beyond.

As the carriage vanishes into the distance, the guards bolt the gate shut.

WILLIAM (V.O.)
 (grips her hand)
 I'm here for you. I'm here,
 Iwalani.

A Hawaiian flag drops down low on a distant staff.

EXT. SS LURLINE - O'AHU, HAWAII - DAY

Steam trails tease the large outline of O'ahu, Hawai'i.

SUPERIMPOSE: "NOVEMBER 5, 1941"

The SS LURLINE slices through dark, roiling seas. In the background, a distant rumble hints at heavier tides.

WILLIAM SANDS (70s) now frail, leans against a deck railing that overlooks the stern.

He is weathered, yet reflective, eyes closed as he trembles-a face marked by years of memories.

WILLIAM
 (softly)
 I'm here Iwalani, I'm here.

PAUL SANDS (20s) approaches in silence from behind. Tall, handsome, athletic, he moves with an ease that contrasts his inner turmoil. A mask of confidence veiling deep-seated anger.

Paul joins William at the railing, scans through binoculars the expanse of tropical paradise.

PAUL
 That must be Diamond Head.

WILLIAM
 The memories... they come flooding back.

PAUL
 You've been here before?

WILLIAM
 Long before your time.
 (pauses, then softer)
 You miss your mom and dad, don't you.

Paul's grip on the binoculars tightens as a shadow casts across his face.

PAUL
 You think its easy? I'm here aren't I?

WILLIAM
 A gift, this view... beautiful, isn't it?

William rests a hand on his shoulder, seeking connection.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
 The sands of the beach change with each new wind. Listen closely-

Paul shifts his stance. Uncomfortable, he backs away.

PAUL
 All I hear is my heart breaking.

WILLIAM
 Let the ways of Aloha guide you-it's a feeling, not just words.

PAUL
Enough with the secrets and the
sayings-
(squints through binoculars)
Is that a whale out there?

A sleek submarine breaks the surface, glistening like a steel shark with its RED DISC and I-24 INSIGNIA.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Japanese?

William's expression tightens, as he moves toward an access door, lingering for a moment.

WILLIAM
Aloha nui loa, my grandson. Our
bond is stronger than the tide.

He looks off into the distance, the weight of unspoken truths heavy between them.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
As promised, my heavenly
seabird-together again.

He smiles, a mixture of sadness and hope, before slipping inside, unnoticed.

Paul lowers the binoculars, as the certainty of the moment sinks in.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

William approaches a stateroom (bedroom) door. Passengers with luggage weave past him, their conversation a distant hum.

A faint discussion drifts from an adjoining stateroom. William pauses, intrigued.

Cautious steps move him forward. He presses himself against the wall. William peers through the open door jam.

STATEROOM

ISAMU ANZAI (20s) Japanese. Sinewy, predatory stares out a portal window. A smile creeps across his face, thoughts of power and control unfettered.

He turns toward OTTO KUEHN (40s) dark-eyed, withdrawn, who meticulously packs a suitcase on a bed, tension etched into his features.

ISAMU

They wait for us.

(pauses, assesses Otto)

You understand what's at stake?

Otto hesitates, a flash of uncertainty crosses his face.

OTTO

Ja, report on U-S Navy... but the risks-

(swallows hard)

We could be compromised.

ISAMU

Compromised? This is our chance. Seize the future-my future. With the correct information, we will defeat them.

Otto flinches at the implication, his hands shake as he packs.

OTTO

At what cost? Why should I risk everything for your ambitions?

ISAMU

They will never accept you. Are you willing to die for nothing?

Otto's eyes darken, betrayal in the air.

OTTO

Only for the information-

(stiffens)

I will not be your pawn.

Isamu leans in closer, his voice a lethal whisper.

ISAMU

Disappoint me and you won't live to tell.

Otto's bravado crumbles, resumes packing in silence.

Isamu removes a SMALL POUCH from a pants pocket. Reaching inside, he removes a SMALL VIAL filled with a WHITE powder.

ISAMU (CONT'D)
If you're caught-

William leans in closer. A loud CREAK of a floorboard pierces the air. The old floor betrays him.

Isamu's head snaps toward the sound. He catches sight of William.

ISAMU (CONT'D)
Someone's listening!

WILLIAM'S INTERNAL STRUGGLE

William's heart races: should he flee? The dark conspiracy holds him captive, the thought of Iwalani pulls him back.

WILLIAM
(Whispers to himself)
I can't let this go.

He reinforces himself but decides to run.

CORRIDOR

William bolts down the hall, adrenaline fueling his flight. The door flies open behind him.

Isamu gives chase, the vial in hand, its glass gleaming menacingly in the dim light.

The pouch slips from his grasp. It bursts open, sending WHITE POWDER swirling like sinister snow adrift in the air.

SHIP DECK

William bursts through a ship hatch door, looks for an escape-

A HAND and SHOE prevent its closing. Isamu shoves the door open with a feral snarl.

William stumbles back toward a railing. He backs up against it, salty air mixing with the scent of fear.

ISAMU
You cannot run from this!

Isamu lunges forward, throwing hard strikes as William struggles vainly to deflect them.

The THUD of fists and the CREAK of the ship's motion only heighten the disorder.

Fingers grip his throat, William gasps, panic washes over him in waves. Isamu forces open his jaw.

On the back of Isamu's hand, a SICKLE SHAPED SCAR. The contents of the vial spill into William's mouth.

ISAMU

Now you die-

William chokes, grabs at his throat. His world narrows. Death seizes its opportunity.

He falls to his knees, hands grasp at the air, as life deserts him.

WILLIAM

(fading)

No-not like this...

His vision blurs, the roar of the ocean fades. A last bit of strength-William reaches for a railing-misses.

Sliding down, the spirit is wrenched from him. A final breath escapes, its whisper lost to the winds of fate.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A body tumbles over the ship railing into the ocean below. Water crashes against the hull, reverberates, swirls and swallows.

Paul, standing at the rail, stares wide-eyed into the waves, breath hitching in his throat.

The world around him stands still-replaced by the chilling reality of what just occurred.

PAUL

(whispers)

Was that a body?

Pushing back from the rail, he steels himself, masking his inner turmoil beneath a layer of bravado.

EXT. HONOLULU PORT - LURLINE - PAUL - DAY - (LATER)

The harbor bustles with activity. The SS Lurline settles into its pier, greeted by a throng of enthusiastic onlookers.

Many are garnished with colorful leis. They wave at the vessel, anxious smiles concealing an undercurrent of worry.

A MARCHING BAND plays jubilant tunes while hula dancers sway rhythmically. Hawaiian men dive into the iridescent water.

PAUL

All these flowers-are we
celebrating or mourning?

Ramps are secured. Officials board, a large BANNER unfurls-A-L-O-H-A.

Paul scans the crowd.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(voice lowers)

Was that really a Japanese
submarine? What if they come for
us?

He spins around.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Gramps? Grandpa?

Paul weaves through an indistinct mass of passengers who grow restless-some glance at him with rough expressions.

Isamu and Otto loom nearby, their conversation sharp against the festive atmosphere.

ISAMU

(to Otto, low)

Everything's in place. They won't
know what hit them.

Paul brushes past Otto, overhears and narrows his eyes. He bumps into Isamu.

PAUL

Sorry.

He locks eyes with Isamu, who scowls. The crowd around them holds its breath, a sudden hush to their chatter.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 (assertively)
 What are you planning?

Isamu steps in closer.

ISAMU
 Mind your business. It's not your
 fight.

The crowd shifts uneasily around them, sensing conflict.
 Paul's eyes narrow, the joy of arriving now tainted.

PAUL
 It becomes my business if it
 threatens family.

He stands firm. Isamu smirks, a wild gleam in his eye,
 signaling that this is far from over.

The energy of the departure slowly resumes around them.

EXT. LOCAL BEACH - DAY

HEALANI LUIS (20s) Exotic, lithe and stunning, handles a
 well-groomed steed as it gallops along shoreline surf.

Her supple figure radiates a deep sense of pride, as does a
 wisdom that belies her years.

She rides tall in the saddle, an agile silhouette against
 the back drop of aqua-blue seas.

She brings the horse to a halt. The echo of rhythmic waves
 slices through the poetic calm.

Her sharp eyes scan the shoreline, catching a glimpse of
 something drifting in the shallows.

Unease claws at her heart.

HEALANI
 (to herself)
 What could that be?

With a refined, yet cautious move she dismounts. Opaque tide
 pools reflect her image as she inches closer.

HEALANI (CONT'D)
 Clothing?

Iwalani leans in, drawn by curiosity. Her eyes widen in
 horror as she discovers the truth-

The body of William Sands sways in a shallow eddy, skin pale against the blue water-lifeless eyes fixated on the sky.

HEALANI (CONT'D)

Oh, my God.

The haunting rhythm of the waves clashes with her racing heart. Iwalani recovers from the shock. She steps back, steadies her mount with a hand that trembles, climbs on.

Spurred on by a sense of urgency, she commands a gallop. The steed thunders away. SAND sprays from quickened hooves.

INT. HONOLULU POLICE STATION - DAY

The police station buzzes with an intensity that hangs thick in the air. A well lit room is partially open to a hallway.

The checkered flooring gleams under the pulse of fluorescent lights. The faint hum of a ceiling fan battles thick humidity.

On a credenza, a fan whirs. It sends a weak breeze across the cluttered desk of-

OFFICER JACK BURNS

DETECTIVE

BACK TO SCENE

JACK BURNS (30s) is lanky, his sharp features showing a trace of stubbornness. The meticulous nature demands respect, though a willed indifference hides a great earnestness held hostage within.

Jack sifts through the pile of paperwork, an unlit cigarette dangles from his mouth like a forgotten thought.

A RINGING telephone jolts him from his task. He snatches the receiver with a brewed irritation.

JACK

Burns here.

(pause)

Yes... when was this?

His posture stiffens-he flicks the cigarette onto the desk.

JACK (CONT'D)

Found where?

Jack pens a note, jaw firm, hand writing sharp and precise, just like his personality. He hangs up.

JACK (CONT'D)
 (muttering)
 Another day... another body in the water.

JACK'S mind drifts to an unsettling memory—a coastal town—where waves whispered a siren song and a young boy almost drowned.

He stands abruptly, pulls a hat from a coat rack ornamented with well-worn garments.

He moves toward the blinds, separating the slats with his fingers. Outside, dark clouds brood and gather to threaten a storm, foreboding and heavy.

He retrieves a lightweight rain jacket from the rack, slides it on. One final glance back, he kicks a file drawer shut. The noise echos in the quiet room.

JACK (CONT'D)
 (to the room)
 Let's see what trouble we can find today.

With that he strides out, determination etched on his face.

EXT. LOCAL BEACH - DAY

Paniolos (Portuguese cowboys) inch forward toward the resting body. Healani stands before them, heart racing, the ocean air whipping through her hair.

HEALANI (V.O.)
 I've seen the sea claim many things, but never a life. Why here? It should wash away sorrows, not create them.

She raises a hand. They halt their advance. JACK approaches from behind, the spit of rain warning of things to come.

JACK
 Who is Healani?

HEALANI
 That is me.

Jack kneels down, drops an evidence bag onto the beach, the crunch of sand resonates beneath it. He snaps on gloves.

JACK
Did anyone touch it?

HEALANI
No. I've kept them away.

JACK
Know him?

HEALANI
Never met him. It's so sad. Where
did he come from?

Jack turns the bloated figure slowly, assessing the pockets. A WALLET and wet C-notes clutched by a silver MONEY CLIP. He flips open the wallet. A California I.D. spills forth-

INSERT: I.D. CARD

In official lettering, WILLIAM SANDS.

BACK TO SCENE

JACK
Mm mm.

Rain peppers the ocean. Jack removes his rain jacket, hands it to Healani.

JACK (CONT'D)
Hold this-over him.

Healani hesitates but complies. Jack removes a scallop edged PHOTOGRAPH from a shirt pocket, shakes it to dry.

He drops the items into the evidence bag. Jack zips it closed, stops short. A brief stillness hangs in the air.

Swollen lips draw his attention. He slides a finger under an upper lip, over teeth and gum. A tacky white PASTE reveals itself.

JACK (CONT'D)
(realizing)
Well, look at this.

Healani gasps softly, her eyes wide as she processes the implication.

HEALANI
What does it mean?

Jack meets her gaze-a shared question forged in tragedy.

JACK
We're about to find out.

INT. SHIP STATEROOM - NIGHT

DOCTOR PETERSON (60s) peers over bifocals scribbling notes on a clipboard. Paul sits on a bed, gripping his head in despair.

A wall clock ticks, a metronome of passing time. Peterson leans in, concern creeps into his voice.

PETERSON
Paul, listen to me-is your
grandfather nearby?

PAUL
What? Oh... he should be here. I
live with him.
California-Hollywood.

PETERSON
Hollywood? He's in the film
industry?

PAUL
No.
(pause)
Shipping.

PETERSON
I see. And you... have you
registered for the draft?

Distant FOOTSTEPS approach, resonate against the walls. Paul wavers, a spark of anxiety crosses his face.

PAUL
I'm 4-F... knee problems. Sixth
man, Columbia University.

The door bursts open. Jack and two muscular policemen stride in with a sense of purpose.

JACK
Detective Burns, Honolulu Police
Department. Paul Sands-

Paul leaps to his feet, eyes wide.

PAUL
Where's my grandfather?

JACK
You need to come with us. It's
about William Sands.

PAUL
What do you mean? Where is he?

He blanches, a mixture of gloom and dread depletes him.

JACK
A formal inquiry has been opened
into the circumstances of his
death.

PAUL
My grandfather's... dead?

A moment of silence loiters in the air. Paul sways at the
news, as if absorbing a punch.

JACK
I'm sorry to inform you-we need to
ask you some questions.

Jack holds his stare. The tension thickens. Paul shudders as
he clenches his fists.

PAUL
No-this can't be happening.

The gravity of the situation settles between them. They
shift to one side, like opposing gunfighters circling in a
corral.

A dark realization sweeps over Paul. He blinks, the storm of
emotions unraveling within.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Just... give me a minute.

The clock ticks louder, a haunting echo in the background.

JACK
We must go... now.

INT. HONOLULU POLICE STATION - DAY

The clamor of ringing telephones and footsteps fills the air. Jack leans back against his desk, lost in thought. He pulls on the striker of a cigarette lighter-no flame.

Jack squints at it. Flicks it open, an amused smirk on his lips as it sparks to life.

With a snap, he closes it. FBI AGENT DAUGHTRY (30s) strides past the open entryway, the weight of the world visible on his shoulders.

JACK

How's my favorite G-man? Up against the desk again?

Daughtry pauses, brow furrowed as he turns back.

DAUGHTRY

Hey, Jack. Same old chaos. Makes the war in Europe feel like a picnic. D-C's talking internment now. Not just the mainland-right here, too. Germans, Italians and get this-

He glances around, lowering his voice as if the walls have ears.

DAUGHTRY (CONT'D)

Japanese. We have orders to follow up on it.

Jack flares at the edict, his jaw tightens.

JACK

As if you have nothing better to do-got enough work as it is.

DAUGHTRY

That name you asked about-

Daughtry, duty focused, scans a clipboard, flips a paper over.

JACK

Otto Kuehn.

DAUGHTRY

Germanic?

JACK

My gut says German-but could be Dutch.

DAUGHTRY

He's on the list.

Jack nods tersely. Daughtry, sensing his stress, moves off and away. DESK SERGEANT HONAN (40s) leans in, folder in hand, eyes darting.

HONAN

Got a moment?

JACK

Any update on the Sands work-up?

HONAN

Here's the prelim-don't flip your wig.

Jack takes the folder, flips through it with an increasing frustration. He halts on a page, disbelief seeps into his voice.

JACK

No way-inconclusive? You've got to be kidding-substance requires further testing? What the-

HONAN

(voice low)

We can't hold him. He's being released.

Jack glances around, resolve oozing from his pores.

JACK

We're not letting this slip through. Not on my watch.

Honan nods once as Jack stands firm. Daughtry observes from the hallway opening, a glint of camaraderie in his eyes.

EXT. HONOLULU PORT - NIGHT

A soft breeze drifts over the dimly lit port as the sound of waves slap at the hull of the Lurline. Shadows scatter as ship spotlights sweep across the scene.

Paul sits slumped on a weathered bench, lost in thought, the weight of a liquor bottle resting against him.

He lifts it to his lips, a long swig. The alcohol burns down his throat-a momentary escape from turbulent thoughts.

As he sets the bottle down, it slides through his fingers with a hollow thud, shattering the eery quiet of the night.

He leans back against the bench, a heavy sigh escapes him as memories swirl of laughter, love... loss.

He reaches into his shirt pocket and pulls out a photograph, flipping it over to view the backside.

INSERT:

In feminine cursive - ALL MY LOVE FOREVER, LANI

BACK TO SCENE

The words awaken no memory, make no sense. He gently returns the photograph. Shifting uncomfortably, he fishes out a folded pamphlet from a rear pants pocket, unfolding it with a shaky hand.

INSERT:

In decorative lettering - SOUVENIR PASSENGER LIST

F DECK

S.S. LURLINE

SAILING FROM LOS ANGELES HARBOR, NOVEMBER 1, 1941

FOR HONOLULU, T.H.

BACK TO SCENE

He skims over the manifest of names-one name catches his breath-WILLIAM SANDS.

PAUL (V.O.)

What other secrets did you hide?

Paul looks out toward the twinkle of lights that border the port entrance.

PAUL

(whispering)

I will find out the truth.

Facing a swell of emotion he leans back, closes eyes-his mind floats back to the confrontation.

EXT. HONOLULU PORT - LURLINE - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

Paul weaves through the bustling crowd. Isamu and Otto converse as they press forward, their faces unreadable. He bumps into Isamu-hard, looks back.

Isamu scowls. Paul shifts his attention to OTTO, whose face shows alarm as the face-off unfolds.

EXT. HONOLULU PORT - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK ENDS.)

Paul sits up straight, a spotlight illuminating his troubled appearance. His FINGER slides down the manifest before pausing on a name-

INSERT:

In formal type- BERNARD J. OTTO KUEHN

BACK TO SCENE

VOICES approach in the distance, snapping Paul from his reverie. A wave of panic grips him. He slips back into the shadow behind the bench, heart racing.

Paul folds the list, sliding it into his back pocket. He peers through the bench slats, breath caught in his throat as he watches.

AUSTRALIAN STEWARDS, CORBYN (20s) and HANLEY (20s) stroll toward the boarding ramp, their laughter cutting through the weighted air.

CORBYN

I'm going to chuck a willy if we
don't depart soon.

Hanley flicks a lit cigarette into the water, watching it sizzle against the brine.

HANLEY

Why the rush? You carry on like a
pork chop-must be love.

Corbyn grins, the unlatched gate swings wide as Hanley slides it back, bold and carefree.

Both move through, leaving the gate ajar. They ascend the ramp, stepping onto the ship as it beckons them.

Paul watches them vanish, a longing and dread twisting in his gut.

He ambles over to the gate, hesitates, squeezes through the opening.

Paul weaves his way up the gangplank, each step heavy with uncertainty, drifting into the night-and the unknown.

EXT. SHIPYARD PARKING LOT - JACK - NIGHT - HIGH AERIAL

The stark, cold light from tall posts brighten an empty parking lot. Shadows shift in a secluded corner, hinting at a mystery.

POLICE CAR

Inside the POLICE CRUISER, Jack sips coffee from a thermos, eyes narrow as he spots movement through the windshield.

He drains the cup, setting it aside. With an anxious hand he raises binoculars.

Through the lenses, he sees Paul, unsteady on his feet, zigzagging up the gangplank. His jaw tightens as Paul disappears into the Lurline.

JACK
(murmuring)
Don't do this.

Jack lowers the field glasses, a stern look on his face. He keys the ignition.

PARKING LOT

The police cruiser ROARS to life. Lights flash onto the empty expanse. Jack accelerates through the parking lot, a sense of duty propelling him into the encroaching darkness.

INT. SHIP STATEROOM - NIGHT

Paul stands before the locked stateroom door, a desperate expression tattooed on his face.

He checks the handle-frustration bubbles to the surface. Paul steps back and KICKS it.

The door bursts open, splintered wood flying. A distant SHAPE on the hallway floor catches his eye, draws him in.

Paul staggers over, bends down to inspect-a BROKEN VIAL and POUCH, white powder shimmering in the faint light. He leans in to sniff, recoiling in an instant.

PAUL
(whispers)
What the-

CAPTAIN EDWARDS (50s) and Jack appear near the doorway, their presence overshadowing his shocked surprise.

EDWARDS
What are you doing?

Paul rises, wobbly, in a whirl of panic and regret.

PAUL
I thought I could find
something-maybe a secret-to explain
it all.

EDWARDS
By breaking in? Real smart, genius.

Paul clenches his fists, edges of anger and despair surfacing. Jack steps forward, his voice hardens as he notices the contraband on the floor.

JACK
More like hiding-hiding evidence.

Jack pulls Paul's arms behind him, sensing the moment.

JACK (CONT'D)
Paul Sands, you're under arrest for
the murder of William Sands.

HANDCUFFS SNAP tight around his wrists. The sound echos through the distressed silence.

PAUL
I couldn't-I didn't. You've got to
believe me... I was looking for the
truth.

The atmosphere is suffocating. The faint sound of distant swells lapping against the ship-a chilling reminder of reality closing in.

JACK
Good-so am I.

Jack turns with authority and leads Paul away.

INT. HONOLULU JAIL - DAY

A PRISON GUARD (30s) walks a stark corridor. Skeleton keys jangle from a hand-held ring, echoing off the cold walls.

A smaller Scotsman, MR. G (50s) trails behind. His tweed hat slightly askew, a friendly warmth radiates from rosy cheeks perched on top an infectious smile-he whistles a Scottish tune.

The guard halts at a thick wooden jail door, peering through the barred peephole.

GUARD
(gruff)
In there.

Paul paces the length of a small prison cell, anxiety in every step.

PAUL (V.O.)
Arrested for something I didn't do.
Will I ever get out?

The guard keys the lock, the door swings open. They step inside-blocking the light. A rich brogue fills the air.

MR. G
Paul?

Paul stiffens, heart racing. The guard stands as a barrier, obscuring his vision.

PAUL
Mr. Gillespie? Is that you?

With an unexpected spring, Mr. G pops out from behind the guard, adding a breath of fresh air to the dreary cell.

MR. G
Aye, it's been far too long- what's
it been... five, six years?

PAUL
Mr. G!

They embrace, a silent connection-filled with unspoken fears.

MR. G
I hear you've rolled into quite a
spot o'trouble.

Paul looks down, the weight of Mr. G's concern rushes over him.

PAUL
I didn't think I'd see a friendly
face again.

Mr. G offers a reassuring smile.

MR. G
I can certainly see that. You need
more than just a jolly tune at the
moment.

He tries to lighten the mood.

MR. G (CONT'D)
It's just a bend in the road, my
friend. You'll figure it out.

They exchange a look of camaraderie and unspoken hope. A pause hangs between them.

MR. G (CONT'D)
How 'bout we start with getting ye
out of here.

The surprise freezes Paul. Mr. G smiles, motions for him to follow, a twinkle in his eyes.

Relief washes over Paul, a flicker of light in sad eyes where only shadows once stood.

EXT. HONOLULU JAIL - DAY

The bright Hawaiian sun beats down on tall barb-wired JAIL fencing. The air is thick with heat and the distant sound of waves crashing against a shore.

Mr. G approaches a parked 1941 HUDSON, its sleek beauty and convertible top testament to his love for the open road.

Paul lags behind, dragging a tattered suitcase. He glances back at the jail, heart heavy, relieved to be free.

Mr. G reaches the car and turns back toward him, pleasant-faced, a spark of encouragement in his voice.

MR. G
Poor fella. Alone, locked up- in
the news, no less-
(softer)
(MORE)

MR. G
I came as quick as I could.

Paul catches up, stares into the distance.

PAUL
Can't stop thinking about him.
He's-
(sighs)
He's gone... forever-
(choking up)
I think I saw his body go over the
side-I should get the hell out of
here.

MR. G
And be wanted for the rest of your
life? Let it blow over. Stay with
me and Nan-sleep in the guest room.

PAUL
I never got to apologize. How did
this happen?
(then)
I should've told him I loved him.

Mr. G's face softens, an understanding nod.

MR. G
Come along, laddie. Let's load up
the car and be off with you.

WHEELS spin, pebbles spit, the Hudson speeds away, leaving
behind the shadows of regret-heading toward an uncertain
beginning.

EXT. WINDWARD OAHU - KANEOHE RANCH - DAY

JORGE LUIS (30s) rides a spirited quarter horse on a
sun-drenched grassy hillside. He embodies the Paniolo life,
rugged and defiant, as cattle graze nearby.

HEALANI trails him on horseback, watches him hawk-like,
sensing the uneasiness radiating from him. She loves this
land, this life, but it doesn't come without its burdens.

From the curve of the landscape, the HUDSON, top down,
barrels around a bend.

A whisper of wind flows through tall green, but the peaceful
air is shattered by the distant ROAR of military vehicles.
Jorge's black eyes harden as the SOUND of JEEPS closes in.

JORGE

Damn you! This ain't your road.

The G.I.s IN JEEPS G.I. zoom past, laughter mingling with jeers, including G.I. MORGAN (20s).

MORGAN

Hey, Joe! Look at the wannabe cowboy.

Jorge pulls hard on the reins. The horse bucks beneath him, sensing his frustration.

JORGE

It's Jorge! Jorge Goddamn Luis and I'm no joke!

He swings off the horse, gripping the saddle as he approaches the road.

A trailing jeep clips a fence post, sending chips flying. Jorge gestures an obscenity with a swift motion. Healani slows her horse, concern fixed on her face.

HEALANI

Don't do this, Jorge. Let them go.

Isamu approaches on horseback with a chilling confidence. He sneers while watching the departing caravan.

ISAMU

American devils. They'll eat dirt one day. Clowns, all of you.

In the heat of anger, Jorge spins around, fists raised.

ISAMU (CONT'D)

Healani, we must talk.

JORGE

You think you're so clever. C'mon, get down. I'm tired of your bull shit.

Before the moment sinks in, the HUDSON pulls up, drawing attention. Mr. G leans out from the driver's seat, his presence grounded amidst the discord.

MR. G

Olá. Como você- está? Is everything all right?

JORGE turns, caught off guard by familiarity.

JORGE

Mr. G-

His eyes dart to Isamu, then to Mr. G.

JORGE (CONT'D)

(resolute)

Isamu was just leavin'.

In the front passenger seat, Paul stands up as he recognizes Isamu.

PAUL

I've seen you before.

He catches the gaze of Healani. Isamu notices. As if orchestrated, he whips out a knife, a flick of the wrist spinning an expert toss.

JORGE ducks just in time. The KNIFE wedges into a fence post, quivering ominously.

PAUL

What the hell?!

Paul attempts to leap from the car. Healani's sharp vocal stops him in his tracks.

HEALANI

Enough! You're like children-

She turns her gaze to Paul, her voice tinged with desperation.

HEALANI (CONT'D)

And you aren't helping. Please,
just go.

ISAMU

(grins darkly)

Save yourself, haole.

JORGE, fists still clenched, fights the urge to lash out as he glares at Isamu.

JORGE

(to Mr. G)

We're good. We're all good.

Mr. G nods knowingly, sensing the undercurrents.

MR. G
Paul-let's go.

Paul glances between Healani and Mr. G., uncertainty flickers across his face. He sinks back down into the car, resigned.

With a final, lingering heaviness the Hudson roars away, leaving behind the echos of unrest.

KANEOHE RANCH

Healani looks at Jorge, her disappointment palpable. She backs up her horse, turning it toward Isamu.

HEALANI
The answer is still no, Isamu.
It'll always be no. Stop stalking
me.

His eyes narrow, a carnivore sizing up his prey.

ISAMU
Think carefully about your words,
ko'u aloha. One day, you might
regret them. Only a fool resists.

A hard kick to the horse's flank. Rider and mount disappear over the hill, leaving behind a sense of dread in their wake.

Jorge, fists clenching at his side, watches Isamu go, the clash of history swirling around them like dust in the wind.

EXT./INT. PALI HIGHWAY - DAY - (LATER)

The late sun bathes the landscape in a warm glow, casting long shadows as the HUDSON crests the PALI. Mr. G angles the vehicle to one side and parks.

A column of ARMY TRUCKS thunder past, rumbling down the hill, a stark reminder of a world in turmoil.

Paul gazes out, lost in thought, watching the trucks disappear around the bend. He bears the weight of loss, memories of his grandfather and parents swirling.

MR. G
You've had a run of it, haven't
you, lad? First your parents-
(then)

(MORE)

MR. G

Now this.

Paul turns slightly, meeting his eyes, vulnerability in his gaze.

PAUL

(softly)

I keep thinking-maybe I could've done something.

Mr. G nods, sensing the turmoil. He moves to exit the car, pauses to take in the view.

MR. G (CONT'D)

When I'm feeling blue, I stop right here. Mark Twain said it's the best view in the world. Come on, I'll show you.

Paul hesitates, glances at the last of the trucks, back to a comforting Mr. G.

PAUL

(swallows)

I don't know Mr. G.-

MR. G

(with warmth)

Just trust me. Let it speak to you.

They ascend a grassy hill in silence, shadows stretching along side them, a shared burden of understanding.

They reach a clearing, revealing an expansive view of the coastline.

The tranquility relaxes Paul. A breeze tousles his hair, there seems a clarity in the horizon ahead.

MR. G (CONT'D)

Don't let the past darken your path. Hope waits just over the hill.

Paul looks back at Mr. G, nods once. Perhaps, just maybe, there is some purpose ahead.

EXT. PALI LOOKOUT - DAY

PAUL and Mr. G move along a short, rugged stone wall. Below, a cavernous ravine yawns like an open wound, painted by a thick tapestry of flora.

Paul inhales a deep breath, letting the crisp, on-shore air flood his lungs.

MR. G

Won't make you forget your troubles, but isn't it breathtaking?

PAUL

It's... beautiful.

MR. G

Kamehameha the Great stood right here. Chased enemies off these very cliffs during the Battle of Pali.

Paul's expression grows thoughtful, history presses up against him. The wind increases, a supernatural incarnation swirling about him. He closes his eyes for a moment, straightens-

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

FORTY-NINE YEARS EARLIER

EXT. SHIPYARD - WILCOX RALLY - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

A bustling harbor market buzzes with energy. Vibrant banners flutter on a makeshift stage, an excited CROWD of HAWAIIANS standing united before it.

Hands are raised high with signs-*REFORM*, *EQUAL RIGHTS*, *LIBERTY*, *VOTES ARE POWER*. Young WILLIAM strains to see over the pulsing throng.

SUPERIMPOSE: "WILCOX RALLY - MAY, 1892"

The devoted audience hangs on every word uttered by the CHARISMATIC ROBERT WILCOX (30s), dressed in an ITALIAN MILITARY UNIFORM, his voice commanding their attention.

ROBERT WILCOX

What kingdom? What elections? These aren't elections. Where is your power?

The multitude roars its approval, but William's gaze drifts. landing on IWALANI, who scribbles notes, brows contracted, as if she wishes to hide her eyes beneath them.

ROBERT WILCOX (CONT'D)

Where is your right to vote? Send those letters! Demand reform!

Cheers pulsate in approval, igniting the fires within William-this is bigger than a rally, this is a fight for their future.

As the crowd chants, "No more tyranny!", his heart races. He captures Iwalani's eye, their connection instant, timeless amidst the clamor.

A military WAGON thunders into view, interrupting the raucous atmosphere. Tension chokes the air as rifle-bearing HONOLULU RIFLES pour out, advancing toward the commoners.

CLARENCE ASHFORD (40s), a hard-edged man on horseback, brandishes a RIFLE.

CLARENCE

Arrest that man!

The crowd stiffens, the moment seems to stand still. William grimaces, twists instinctively toward Iwalani, grasps her elbow. He feels her tremble, sees her resolve harden.

WILLIAM

(urgent whisper)

Stay close!

A loud CRACK of gunfire shatters the uneasiness. The alarmed mob reacts with screams, scattering like leaves in a storm.

CLARENCE

(with megaphone)

This is an illegal assembly. Disperse or face arrest.

The solidarity crumbles, but Iwalani stands firm, her eyes lock with William's, fear battling courage in her stare.

IWALANI

We can't let them do this.

Two riflemen advance. One grabs her arm, but she struggles-undeterred-breaks free.

WILLIAM
 (shouting)
 Run- I'll hold them off!

For a moment their eyes meet in pure desperation. Her heart pounds as she sprints off and away.

William turns to confront the riflemen, fists flying before he is struck down.

With one final glance, he sees Iwalani disappear from view, hope following her like a lantern in a storm. The butt of a RIFLE descends, darkness devours him.

EXT. PALI LOOKOUT - DAY - (END FLASHBACK.)

The lush Pali scenery sharpens into focus. Paul steps back, still reeling from cryptic reflections, turns toward Mr. G.

PAUL
 What the-what was that?

MR. G
 Aw... the Kama'aina-the locals.
 They say the mountains sing to
 those who must listen-

Paul raises an eyebrow, the corners of his mouth tighten.

PAUL
 To echos, or secrets in the past?

Mr. G smiles warmly, sensing the depth of Paul's confusion.

MR. G
 Maybe both. They feel the land has
 a spirit-you see this around you?

He sweeps an arm across the landscape, his gaze holding a deep admiration.

MR. G (CONT'D)
 This is all Castle property.
 Kaneohe Ranch. The largest ranch on
 the island.

His finger points out Kailua Bay, its jeweled waters beckoning.

MR. G (CONT'D)
 And that's Kailua, which means "Two
 Waters." A perfect balance... like
 how we should navigate life.

Paul pulls out the faded photo and the money clip as his agitation surfaces. He thrusts them toward Mr. G.

PAUL

Nothing makes sense, Mr. G. These
were with him. The photo's ancient!
Who are they?

Mr. G glances at the money clip, holds up the photograph. Two women pose in fine dress. The oldest wears a BUTTERFLY HAIRPIN-

INSERT:

Black and white photograph-SNAPSHOT OF IWALANI AND QUEEN LILI'UOKALANI

BACK TO SCENE

He lowers the photo, shaking his head, returning the items to Paul.

MR. G

I wish I could help, but- I don't
know these wahine.

The moment hangs in the air. Mr. G studies Paul for a heartbeat, offers a comforting invitation.

MR. G (CONT'D)

I can smell me missus cooking from
here-how about we grab a bite? It
might clear the mind a bit.

With a slight smile he nods and motions for Paul to follow, leading him back toward the Hudson. The majestic Pali fades away in the background, holding its songs close once more.

EXT. LANIKAI BEACH COTTAGE - DAY

Paul returns from a swim, (a la Burt Lancaster) water glistening on his skin. He approaches a quaint 1930s beach house nestled between towering neighbors, its spacious yard trimmed with vibrant flowers swaying in the wind.

At the edge of the yard, Mr. G and a Japanese landscaper, KENJI FUJIMOTO (40s) wear broad-brimmed hats.

Both men labor under the oppressive sun, sweat staining their clothes like badges of hard work.

MR. G
 Hope you didn't miss breakfast,
 laddie. Nan was starting to worry.

Paul's gaze drifts to Kenji, who tends to a plant.

MR. G (CONT'D)
 Kenji-

Kenji shuffles over, measuring each step with precision.

MR. G (CONT'D)
 Paul Sands... Kenji Fujimoto.

Kenji bows deeply, while Paul extends a hand. Kenji meets it with a gloved one, shaking the fingers gently.

MR. G (CONT'D)
 Tell Paul your secret for keeping
 the Hibiscus blooming.

KENJI
 Coffee grounds. What the missus
 throws out makes fine fertilizer.

Kenji beams with pride, bows again. Paul surveys the thriving yard.

PAUL
 If only gramps could see this
 place-Damn detective.

Mr. G exchanges a knowing glance with Kenji before dismissing him with a wink.

MR. G
 Thanks, my friend.

As Kenji resumes his work, Mr. G pulls Paul aside.

MR. G (CONT'D)
 This ain't Hollywood, big fella.
 Easy on the full court press. Many
 moons ago I had a run-in with the
 the H-P-D. Thought I was better
 than the cops. I didn't win,
 believe me.

PAUL
 Doesn't change the fact they don't
 listen... that powder smelled
 sweet, then it turned nasty-a real
 headache, you know?

Mr. G nods, takes off his gloves, slaps them together.

MR. G
First things first. Let's see what
Nan has for you.

Mr. G throws his hat and gloves on a nearby bench. Paul grabs a shirt off a porch railing. The entrance invites-footsteps crunch the gravel as they stride inside.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Otto pilots a small skiff on the open sea, the distant silhouette of windward O'ahu shimmers under a midday sun.

The boat slows to a stop, idles. He squints at his watch, each rhythmic tick scratching at his anxiety. The waves undulate and rock, a tranquil counter-point to his feelings.

Without warning, a rubber raft breaks clear from the glare of open ocean. Isamu paddles up to one side, his face a blank pallet.

OTTO
Guten Tag.

ISAMU
Konnichiwa-we speak English.

OTTO
It's taking forever. Every minute feels like a warning. They should be ready-what if we miss the window?

Isamu's eyes narrow, assessing Otto's tone.

ISAMU
Keep your focus. It will happen. The codes have changed. Updates are required... now-not later.

He tosses a satchel into the skiff with a practiced ease. Otto intercepts it, frustration flaring.

OTTO
Again? We just changed them! What is wrong with your operation?-it's never ready.... what if they suspect us?

ISAMU
 You question my orders? You are
 testing my patience.

Otto raises a hand, attempting to calm the storm brewing
 between them.

OTTO
 Alles klar. Ich verstehe. I do my
 job, even if it risks-

ISAMU
 (cuts him off)
 No mistakes! Your life depends on
 it. Protect the mission-understood?

As the sharp command pierces like an arrow from a bow,
 Otto's loyalty wavers, but he silences his doubts.

OTTO
 (strained, almost to himself)
 Glory to the fatherlands.

Isamu leers at him, anger hardening as he senses the lack of
 resolve.

ISAMU
 (coldly)
 I remain undercover.

He pushes a paddle against the boat. The raft turns and
 heads off, leaving Otto behind, uncertainty etched deep in
 his eyes.

As Isamu shrinks into the horizon, the waves increase in
 volume, echoing the dread that beats in his racing heart.

INT. LANIKAI BEACH COTTAGE - DAY

NAN GILLESPIE (50s) petite. with styled silver hair, stands
 before a proud kitchen. Radiating warmth, she is gentle,
 reserved, the yin to Mr. G's unabashed yang.

The table is set with fine china and matching chairs.
 Everything is pristine, like her nature. Mr. G, in a
 cheerful spirit, grabs a chair and plops down.

Paul bends down to hug her, sensing her soft nostalgia, as a
 calming accent welcomes him.

NAN

You look so relaxed today. Is the room to your liking?

Paul winks, but a hint of tension lingers.

PAUL

Bed's a little short.

They settle into their seats. Nan's eyes scan Paul for something more.

NAN

You've been through so much lately, my dear. Don't hesitate to talk, we're here for you-

Paul puts up a brave face, but his mind drifts elsewhere. Mr. G leans in, sensing the gravity in the room.

MR. G

Now's a good time. Show her-show her what you showed me.

Paul slides over the PHOTO and MONEY CLIP. As Nan catches a glimpse of Iwalani, she raises her brows.

NAN

She's attractive-

Reading glasses hang from a chain around her neck. She uses them to study the clip, a gleam in her eyes.

NAN (CONT'D)

You should take this to Kailua Town. The jeweler might help you.

His thoughts resurface, a harsh realization bubbles forth.

PAUL

I can't shake the feeling that time is running out. I need to know what all this means.

Nan hands the items back to Paul.

MR. G

Let's do that later. I got me an idea-just what the doctor ordered. Who needs a mystery when we can have a little adventure.? You and I, lad, are going to the horse races!

Paul leans back, surprised and yet intrigued.

PAUL
Horse races?

Nan rolls her eyes playfully, while the smile on her lips appreciates Mr. G's intent.

NAN
Just don't let him bet the house!

The moment lightens, they all share a laugh.

EXT. KAILUA RACE TRACK - OTTO - DAY

The sun hangs high above a swaying coconut grove, casting dancing shadows over an oval horse racing track-ocean air sharing the sounds of hoofbeats and eager chatter.

A car crunches into a dirt lot kicking up dust, where a medley of vehicles are parked in haphazard rows.

It veers between two trucks and parks. The engine purrs to silence as the driver's door swings open.

Otto steps out, camera slung over a shoulder, scanning the frenetic scene with a mix of curiosity and caution.

Snippets of conversation float in on a breath of wind. He lingers at a truck headlight, leaning out to inspect the lively atmosphere.

KAILUA RACE TRACK ENTRY - CONTINUOUS

A line of eager patrons snakes its way forward toward a track entry gate, their vibrant outfits contrasting sharply with the natural backdrop.

Mr. G hustles toward the entrance, glancing back at PAUL, who trails a few paces behind.

MR. G
You go ahead, I'll catch up

He nods to a small man in a giant hat, whose hands flutter about, paper currency between fingers, a magician conjuring his next sorcery.

Mr. G discreetly exchanges a small wad of bills for a sliver of paper. Returning to Paul, his eyes glimmer with mischief.

PAUL
A winner, or a dreamer?

MR. G
Just you wait-Jorge Luis is on
Paniolo Pleasure-best horseman
around these parts!

The roar of the crowd swells as they inch closer to the gate, the excitement audible.

Paul glances over Mr. G's shoulder, scanning for familiar faces. He spots Otto hidden behind a grandstand support, focusing a lens, snapping photos of the crowd.

PAUL
(recognizes Otto)
He was on F Deck-

They move closer to the entrance, Mr. G tugs on his arm.

MR. G (CONT'D)
C'mon, hurry-races are about to
start. I can smell me a winner!

As they pass through the gate, losing themselves in the pulsating sea of spectators, the moment crystallizes, leaving Paul caught with a quiet question in his mind.

PAUL
(to himself)
What are you really after, Mr.
Kuehn?

EXT. KAILUA RACE TRACK INFIELD - DAY

Paul and Mr. G lean against an infield barrier. Riders parade their horses in a paddock. The air is electric, tinged by the internal fires of worry and speculation.

Jorge leads Paniolo Pleasure by the reins, waving at a packed grandstand. An announcement booms over the crowd.

TRACK ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Last call for the Kailua Stakes.
Last call!

Jack approaches unnoticed. An authoritative hand grips Mr. G's shoulder.

JACK
 Never one to miss out on a little
 action, I see.

Startled, Mr. G turns. Jack's stern face softens into a smile.

MR. G
 Well if it ain't Jack Burns! You
 gave me a right start, ol' friend.

JACK
 Betting on the sweepstakes?

MR. G
 Not so sure-
 (to Paul)
 What's your take?

Paul's glare is steely, filled with unresolved contempt.

PAUL
 You think a horse race matters
 right now?

MR. G
 Just having a bit of fun, Paul.

Paul stiffens, frustration boiling just beneath the skin.

M.R. G (CONT'D)
 (Stepping in)
 Sorry, Jack. But it's important.
 Paul has questions about his
 grandfather.

JACK
 The autopsy will shed light.

MR. G
 How long might that take?

JACK
 Could be a few more days-

PAUL
 Stop the charade-just arrest me. We
 both know why you're here.

JACK
 You don't call the shots, Sands.
 These aren't your islands.

Paul surges forward but Mr. G intercepts, glaring up at him.

MR. G
 Apologies, Jack-just trying to get
 to the bottom of things. Did you
 know his grandfather had a history
 here on O'ahu?

JACK
 Can't say that I did.

MR. G
 Could you for an ol' Scotsman,
 scour some records?

Jack glances at Paul, who shifts warily.

JACK
 For you, my friend? I'll see what I
 can find.

His eyes wander to Otto, who weaves through parked cars,
 taking photos.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Who's that man with the camera?

MR. G
 That would be Otto Kuehn. Bit of a
 strange bird-odd fellow, if you ask
 me.

Jack nods, respect for Mr. G in his gaze.

JACK
 Catch you next time, Mr. G.

He strides away but pauses, turning back toward them.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Oh-good luck with Jorge.

Jack melts into the infield crowd, leaving tension hovering
 in the air.

KAILUA RACE TRACK

Horses and riders gear up at the Start Line. Jorge jockeys
 Paniolo Pleasure into position-eyes focused, radiating
 determination.

A hush drifts over the crowd. A shoed HOOF paws at the
 ground, anticipation crackling like static.

A START GUN blast echos. They're off. Paniolo Pleasure is jammed against the rail.

The lead horses surge forward, distancing themselves. Mr. G slumps, excitement and worry now at odds.

RACE TRACK - HORSES

The pack makes a wide turn, entering the backstretch. Jorge fights his way through, Paniolo Pleasure responding, instinctively to his touch.

Thundering hooves drum a wild symphony, the chaos flinging dirt and mud. FLASH BULBS pop like firecrackers. The crowd roars, its tidal wave of emotion sledge-hammering Paul.

TRACK ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
It's a blanket finish!

A collective breath holds-hearts racing.

TRACK ANNOUNCER (CONT'D) (V.O.)
Paniolo Pleasure, winner by a nose!

Cheers erupt, an explosion of jubilation sweeps the infield. Mr. G jumps up and down, exuberant. Hats fly in the air.

From the euphoric crowd, Healani glides toward the race track, her presence magnetic. Paul tracks her every movement, eyes narrowing below a stitched brow.

Jorge holds the reins to Paniolo Pleasure, waving amidst the merrymakers. Healani approaches him, draping a lei over his head.

They hug, the warmth of connection a stark contrast to Paul's intensity. He steps back as revelers obscure his view.

EXT. ROAD TO KAILUA TOWN - DAY - (MOVING)

The Hudson glides along a winding road that hugs the coastline. Sun-drenched, contemplative, Paul grips the wheel with one hand. The wind tussles Mr. G's hair as he leans out, savoring the salty breeze.

MR. G
(shouting)
Can you smell that? It's paradise!

Sunlight gleams off a weathered stone pillar-

LANIKAI

BACK TO SCENE

Ironwood trees whip past, casting shadows as the road curves inward. The sky shifts to a splash of orange and gold, its colors hinting at the late afternoon.

A BURMA-SHAVE billboard, tall and jovial, whizzes by, giving way to a large, colorful wooden sign-

WELCOME TO KAILUA TOWN

BACK TO SCENE

Kailua Town unfurls before them, a blend of island charm and bustling energy. The Hudson rolls to a stop.

The mixture of military vehicles adjacent to a vibrant KAILUA TAVERN are a stark reminder of their heavy influence. A charming BEER sign hangs precarious, neon light catching the eye.

PAUL

(nervous)

You think the military is here for a reason?

MR. G

(laughs)

Probably just thirsty. Best you not think too hard about it.

A theater marquee showcases HOPALONG CASSIDY, hinting at the simple pleasures of the townsfolk. Across the way, a HARADA STORE window reflects a rainbow of parked cars.

To one side, a small, charming building trimmed in lush foliage flashes a flickering JEWELER signboard. Mr. G's eyes dart to the jeweler shop, urgency in his tone.

MR. G

If you're gonna find answers, better hurry.

Paul parks, tosses the keys to Mr. G, who catches them. Mr. G gets out and strides off toward the store.

MR. G (CONT'D)

I'm heading to Harada. Meet you at the bar.

PAUL
You sure about this? I mean-

MR. G
Relax, just a quick stop-loosen up!

A sudden loud RUMBLE, a roll of thunder in the distance. Both men turn, lingering for a moment-unaware of its warning of things to come.

INT. JEWELER - DAY

A door strap jingles as Paul bursts into the shop, urgency plastered on his face. Warmly-lit, the light reflects off glass showcases filled with glittering treasures.

Jeweler tools are strewn about, creating a chaotic, yet enticing display. JEWELER WATANABE (60s) distinguished by a frame of grey hair, looks up from behind a glass counter.

PAUL
(slightly out of breath)
Excuse me, still open?

WATANABE
About to close, young man. What can I do for you?

Paul steps closer, sliding the money clip across the counter, his eyes ablaze with inquiry.

PAUL
I need your help to read the inscription.

Watanabe inspects it, his expertise evident as he deftly dips into a polishing solution, revealing years of tarnish in an instant. He reaches for an eyepiece.

WATANABE
Sterling silver-the highest quality. Nineteenth century. Only the royal palace could afford such craftsmanship.

He focuses, eyes sharp behind the eyepiece, fingers tracing its contours.

WATANABE (CONT'D)
I-W-A-L-A-N-I. Iwalani...

PAUL

Iwalani? Lani... royal palace? What about this?

Paul slides the faded photo over, the edges now curled. Watanabe studies it. He looks up at Paul.

WATANABE

You not know? Diamond butterfly-worn by a great woman-by the queen, herself. To be featured in the picture? Special friend indeed.

His words seem to suspend in the air. Paul's eyes fall for a moment, the weight of the revelation setting in.

PAUL

(whispers)

I was hoping for answers.

Watanabe observes Paul closely, his gaze softening. He places a reassuring hand on the counter.

WATANABE

Sometimes the past finds a way to reveal itself. Every piece is part of the story. This one waits for you.

The setting lingers on Paul, a mix of introspection and resolve as he contemplates the depth of his quest.

INT. KAILUA TAVERN - NIGHT

The bustling roadhouse bursts with energy as military personnel and locals mingle. An enormous juke box bellows big band tunes, struggling to be heard above the cacophony.

Paul leans against the bar, waving for attention. KIMO (30s) a massive bartender, pretends not to see him, lost in serving others.

Mr. G scans the raucous mob and spots JORGE across the room, laughing with a rowdy group of Paniolos.

JORGE

(booming)

Mr. G! Over here!

Mr. G elbows Paul. They push through the sea of partiers, laughter and shouts ringing about them. JORGE springs from his seat, pulling Mr. G into a bear hug.

MR. G
You were magnificent today!

JORGE
Not bad for a Portugee, huh?

Mr. G gestures toward Paul, still catching his breath.

MR. G
This is my buddy, Paul Sands.
Hollywood's finest!

Jorge hollers a warm greeting, slapping the table for attention.

JORGE
Hollywood! Get over here, you movie
star!

Heads turn, eyes glinting with curiosity.

JORGE (CONT'D)
Ladies and gentlemen, drinks on me!
Sir Hollywood!

Jorge points toward Kimo, raising his voice above the hubbub.

JORGE (CONT'D)
Mais um para mime meus convidados,
por favor!

Kimo lifts a nod, acknowledging Jorge's order.

KIMO
Comin' right up, Jorge.

MR. G
No thanks, amigo.

Mr. G leans closer to Paul, a conspiratorial wink.

MR. G (CONT'D)
Missus wants me sober tonight.

PAUL
You sure? This place looks like a
blast.

MR. G
You'll be fine here, right?

PAUL
Don't worry-get back to Lanikai.

Mr. G waves a farewell, merging back into the crowd.

TAVERN

The tavern atmosphere thickens with spirits. Paul and Jorge dive into camaraderie, toasting their glasses. A BUZZING ARMY PRIVATE (20s) leaps onto a table, belting out an off-key tune to cheers. MUGS crash, BEER spills.

A beefy, DRUNK SAILOR CHASE (20s), chip on his shoulder, stumbles into them and shoves JORGE.

CHASE
(slurring)
Get the hell out of my way, you
stinkin' Paniolo!

Jorge, ignited, lunges to throw a punch-he miscalculates-his fist lands square on an unsuspecting ARMY SERGEANT (30s).

ARMY SERGEANT
(shocked)
Damn! What the hell?

A BEER BOTTLE SHATTERS against the head of Jorge. Paul reacts and throws a haymaker at CHASE.

PAUL
You picked the wrong fight, sailor!

A melee erupts. Sailors, G.I.s and Paniolos throw punches-tables flip, chairs crash. CHASE, fueled by aggression, dives toward PAUL. PAUL ducks under a wild swing, his movement fluid as he counters with a brutal uppercut, sending CHASE reeling.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Don't start what you can't finish!

Jorge and Paul find a moment beside the door, catching their breath amidst the free-for-all.

JORGE
Ain't this just the bee's knees?

PAUL
Feels like I'm in a movie all
right.

They share a laugh, the tension easing for a moment. A sudden noise jolts them back-a G.I.s punch sends Jorge flying across the doorway.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Jorge!

Paul rushes forward, helping him to his feet. They stagger toward the exit.

JORGE

It ain't over yet!

EXT: PORCH

Jorge and Paul clamber onto porch steps, the cool night air hitting them. JORGE clutches the back of his head, slurs words.

JORGE

(Grinning)

Welcome to Hawaii, Hollywood.

They stumble into the street, bruised yet standing. That smirk returns.

PAUL

More like, "Welcome to fight night."

JORGE

Damn dogfaces.

A rusty 1930s PICK-UP TRUCK skids to a halt. HEALANI storms out, hands on hips, fierce and protective.

HEALANI

Are you out of your mind, Jorge?

JORGE (CONT'D)

Little sis to the rescue-huh?

He tries to climb into the truck but she blocks his way.

HEALANI

Get in. Now!

She slams the door after him, eyes darting toward PAUL.

PAUL

Little sis?

Coolly, she glares back, ready to defend her brother.

HEALANI
 Family comes first.
 (to Jorge)
 Stay close, he's trouble.

She swings up into the cab, guns the engine and speeds off, TAILLIGHTS disappearing into the evening gray.

EXT. LANIKAI BAY - DAY

From the shoreline, PAUL surveys the sparkling bay. The SOUND of AIRCRAFT fills the air as NAVY P-40 fighter bombers pass by in perfect formation.

With a deep breath, Paul dives into the surf. His arms slice through the water with Olympic precision, propelling him forward. Paul pauses to tread water, the cool of the ocean refreshing against sun-kissed skin.

A swimmer approaches in the distance. Healani glides through the water with effortless strokes. Paul floats closer. Healani pulls up short-wary, eyeing him.

PAUL
 Hey there-out for a swim?

HEALANI
 Oh, it's you.

She hesitates then turns, swimming further out, ignoring him. Paul pursues. Healani slows to a stop, facing him, curiosity mingled with caution.

HEALANI (CONT'D)
 What's you're deal? Following me?

PAUL
 I wanted to apologize. I think we got off on the wrong foot. I'm Paul-Paul Sands.

Just beyond, sea turtles break the surface, gliding gracefully.

HEALANI
 Honu.

Paul glances back, fascinated by their gentle grace.

PAUL
 They're incredible.

He moves in closer, drawn to the creatures.

HEALANI
Don't scare them.

A large shadow looms beneath the surface. The turtles scatter. Healani senses something amiss.

HEALANI (CONT'D)
Swim toward the shore-don't splash.

PAUL
I deserve that.

Intrigued, he matches her pace-backward treading, eyes darting.

HEALANI
It's a shark-a big one!

Fear races across his face, adrenaline flowing as reality sets in. He glances back where, suddenly, a large TIGER SHARK breeches the surface-primal, ruthless-its fin slicing through the water like a sharp blade. The pace quickens as the shark zeros in.

PAUL
(fiercely determined)
Go!

Paul thrusts Healani out ahead of them, instinct kicking in. He kicks hard against the water.

The shark hesitates, then lunges, mouth agape. Paul delivers a powerful kick forcing the shark to zigzag away into the murky depths.

He reaches the sandy bottom and helps Healani reclaim her footing. They bend over white sand, gasping for breath.

HEALANI
We need to warn everyone. If it's a Tiger, it's trouble.

She straightens, urgency in her eyes.

HEALANI (CONT'D)
Head up the beach. Tell the locals to keep the kids out of the water. I'll alert the fishermen.

PAUL
Okay-got it.

Paul scrambles up the beach, brushing sand off a bruised foot, stealing glances back at Healani.

HEALANI

The ocean can be unpredictable,
like life.

Paul pauses to feel the weight of her words.

HEALANI (CONT'D)

What you did back there-it was
brave. I appreciate it. I'm
Healani, by the way.

PAUL

(processes the moment)
Nice to meet you, Healani.

Their eyes meet, a silent understanding passing between
them-the tension of the moment binding them.

EXT. BAY HOMES - DAY

Small hillside homes dot a deserted, sandy street. Paul
stands near one of them, scanning the bay's tranquil waters,
a furrow in his brow.

PAUL

(calling out)
There's a shark in the bay.

A HAWAIIAN FAMILY spills out of a small, adjacent home.
Laughter fills the air as CHILDREN race about, encircling
Paul like a small swarm. Their cupped hands reach up,
eagerly anticipating candy.

Paul directs his attention to the adults. Among them a tall
hapa man, KEONI KAMAKAWIWO'OLE (50s) who watches intently.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Keep the children out of the water.

A soft poke in the ribs pulls his focus. He looks down to
IWALANI KAMAKAWIWO'OLE (70s) her deep, probing eyes studying
him. Her once youthful enthusiasm transformed into the
wisdom of a matriarch.

IWALANI

You have no fear, young one. I see
the strength of a warrior. Much
koa, indeed.

PAUL

I'm just trying to warn everyone.

She places her hand over his heart.

IWALANI
 (smiling gently)
 A warning is only as strong as the
 heart behind it.

She leans closer, lowering her voice as if sharing a secret.

IWALANI (CONT'D)
 Long ago, there was a fisherman who
 feared the ocean's depths. One day,
 he discovered his strength was not
 just in his hands but in his
 spirit. That day, he caught the
 biggest fish he had ever seen.

Paul's curiosity piques as he processes her words.

PAUL
 (softly)
 Are you... Lani?

Iwalani's smile falters, her gaze shifts and she withdraws,
 retreating back to the small home, children in tow.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 Iwalani.

She pauses and glances back, a flicker of recognition
 passing through her eyes. Then she vanishes around a corner.
 Paul stands there for a moment, absorbing her message.

PAUL (V.O.)
 (reflective)
 Strength from here.

He pivots back onto the sandy road, a sense of purpose
 inscribed on his face.

BAY HOME - OTTO

Continuing down the sand packed road, Paul glances at
 distant aircraft landing on Mokapu. An upper level door on a
 seaside cottage opens and OTTO steps out, binoculars in
 hand. Paul hurries over to the side of a house, ducking
 behind a bush to spy.

Otto surveys the ocean with a practiced eye, hangs the field
 glasses on a peg, then creeps down the steps. He approaches
 a clothesline, uneven sheets billow like sails in the wind.

Otto removes and rearranges the sheets with meticulous precision. From dense growth, ISAMU emerges. Otto nods once, an acknowledgment flickering between them. He retreats up the stairs, scanning the area before picking up the binoculars again. Paul crouches low, heart racing.

ROAD

Isamu strides down the street, glancing back at Paul as he rises to watch him disappear around a corner. Curious, Paul hurries after him, stopping short of a hedge to peek.

Isamu confers with a gang of LOCALS, laughter mingles with the sounds of the ocean. Paul leans in closer, adrenaline surging, but-a knife's cold tip presses against his chest.

ISAMU
(voice low)
What do haole say? Curiosity kills
the cat.

PAUL
(raising hands, backing up)
Don't threaten me.

Isamu brandishes the knife, his eyes fiery.

ISAMU
Moron-Healani is mine. Leave
Hawaii... now.

Paul's heartbeat drums in his ears as he focuses on the locals-silent sentinels observing.

PAUL
(defiant)
The hell she is- who are they?

He nods toward the local gang, steeling his resolve. Isamu lunges forward, swiping his arm wide. Paul twists, barely avoiding the blade as it tears a gash in his shirt.

ISAMU
(snarling)
Haole deaf? Leave-or die.

Paul scrambles back, rage ignited as he checks his shirt.

PAUL
You were there-on F Deck-with the
German. What happened to my
grandfather?

Fever bright, Isamu growls at Paul. He sheaths the knife, the danger receding, yet his gaze lingers.

ISAMU

You have nothing.

The gang joins him, shadows rising behind them as they fade into the distance, leaving unresolved questions lingering in the salty air.

EXT. KAILUA BAY - DAY

Paul strides down a sloping path toward a group of fishermen who stand rigid, casting wary glances at the water. Their faces, weathered and focused, show a mix of concern and resolve. The men nod in unison to Healani, then scramble for gear, boarding moored boats with an urgent speed.

Above them a truck rumbles to a stop. JORGE bursts out, slamming the door behind him. He stomps downhill, purpose etched in a furrowed brow. Hearing the disorder, Healani turns, her posture worried. She heads uphill catching sight of Paul.

PAUL

Jorge--didn't expect you out here.

Jorge waves Paul off, a dismissive gesture that sharpens the uneasiness.

JORGE

This has nothin' to do with you, Hollywood. Keep your nose out of it.

PAUL

Out of what, exactly?

Before Jorge responds, Healani steps in, her expression firm as she turns toward Jorge.

HEALANI

Enough! You can go.

JORGE

Go? There's a shark in the bay!

Healani glances at Paul, her eyes drawn to the cut in his shirt. She reaches for it but halts, a mixture of gratitude and worry dance across her features.

HEALANI

I can handle myself... let the fishermen do their jobs.

JORGE

You think I can just sit back? You were out there alone!

Her eyes flush with defiance: she knows this isn't just about the shark, it's about control.

HEALANI

You can't watch over me like I'm your child.

JORGE

Healani-

HEALANI

We reported the shark. Paul helped me. Can we please discuss this later?

As she pleads, Jorge's shoulders slumps, defeated but conflicted. He turns, striding uphill, his voice tinged with frustration.

JORGE

Helpful, huh? Then be at our ranch house at nine A.M.-

(then)

Hope a movie star can ride a horse.

He climbs back into the truck, slamming the door with finality. The vehicle lurches away, kicking up dust. Paul swivels toward Healani, eyes narrowed by concern.

PAUL

He's just looking out for you.

HEALANI

(looking out toward the ocean)

And I'm grateful, but I need to do this on my own.

Healani takes a deep breath, the breeze tousling her hair, as she stares out over the now-still water and the scattered boats of the fisherman. The tension lingers as they hear distant alarms-a warning siren blaring from the beach. She nods, determination flaring back to life.

HEALANI (CONT'D)

Let's go.

They sprint toward the beach, a shared urgency propelling them forward. The looming threat raises the stakes not just of the moment, but in their relationship, as well.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - DAY

The warm sun spreads over a large lot, rays filtering through the rustling leaves of Ironwood trees. The distant sound of a horse neighing rides a gentle breeze.

Paul walks a private entry road taking in the beauty of the homestead. Uncertainty churns in his stomach from the recent events and initial bond with Healani-it seems a world away now.

A Navy jeep loiters near the larger of two homes. Jorge appears in the doorway of the smaller house, arms crossed and a smirk poised on his lips.

JORGE

Wonders never cease. Our hero is on time. Too bad I don't have a white one-

He tosses Paul a well-worn cowboy hat.

JORGE (CONT'D)

It'll block the sun.

Paul catches it, a smile breaking through his doubt. He plops the hat on his head, a sense of calm washing over him.

PAUL

Better than swimming with sharks, right?

JORGE

(playful)

Don't count your horses before you gallop.

Jorge angles off toward the barnyard. Healani strides in, guiding two horses past him. A cowgirl hat hangs from her neck like a badge of honor. Her confident presence stirs something new inside Paul.

HEALANI

Here you go.

She hands a rein to Paul, her fingers brushing against his-the moment lingers.

HEALANI (CONT'D)

They don't bite-unless, you provoke them.

With an effortless grace, she climbs onto her filly, donning her hat with a flick of independent spirit. Jorge rides up, another horse in tow.

Paul loops long legs up and over, settling into the saddle with conviction. Jorge hops off, ties the trail horse to Paul's steed.

JORGE

We'll take the beach road across the Kawai Nui... watch out for the dips, they sneak up on you. I'll take my colt to Kailua. You two drop these horses off-hitch a ride back.

Jorge swings back up onto his saddle, casting a knowing side-glance at Paul.

HEALANI

(teasing)

You ready to keep up, hero?

PAUL

Just try to stay in front of me.

The small parade breaks into a trot, canters off and away, leaving the whispers of a new companionship behind.

EXT. SEASIDE ROAD - DAY

The caravan trots along a rugged dirt path. Sunlight glimmers on the ocean, mingling with salted air and blooming plumeria. JORGE maneuver's his horse closer to PAUL'S.

JORGE

Kailua and Lanikai are changin'. They're talking about a hotel on the beach. I hate it.

Jorge gestures toward MOKAPU, where navy planes slice through the sky, their engines rumbling.

JORGE (CONT'D)
 And the military-taking our best
 grazing land. What a mess.

The trail veers toward a bridge. They traverse, slowing to a stop. Jorge squints through binoculars, then snaps them down in alarm.

JORGE
 Caramba! You two keep goin'; I'll
 catch up!

He kicks his horse into a sprint, sending up a cloud of bronzed dust. The horses stomp impatiently, sensing the energy.

JORGE (CONT'D)
 Haw!

Jorge disappears down the trail leaving a whirlwind in his wake. Healani and Paul's horses twitch with excitement, shifting into a swift trot.

TRAIL

Healani and Paul weave through thick foliage. Vibrant green leaves rustle above them. A fluted spine of the Ko'olau range ascends splendidly in the backdrop. The trail bends downward, opening up to reveal a MILITARY BASE.

HEALANI
 Kaneohe Naval Station.

An entrance bustles with naval personnel practicing ground drills. PBY CATALINA planes taxi, engines humming, filling the air with an energetic buzz.

HEALANI (CONT'D)
 They're busy. Jorge thinks it's a
 big operation. Our navy tenants are
 rarely home.

PAUL
 I thought he hated the military?

HEALANI
 Business is business. But the
 grazing rights? Personal. The
 Castles have a thousand head. He'd
 fight tooth and nail for them.

His eyes drift toward the horizon, contemplating.

PAUL
Change is inevitable-but what has
changed since Gramps was here?

HEALANI
I'm sorry about your loss. We
talked about it last night.

A shadow crosses Paul's eyes.

PAUL
It was sudden. I'm still in shock.

HEALANI
Will you have a service?

PAUL
Tomorrow. I can't believe it.

HEALANI
(pause)
Did you know I was the one-

His anger flares and simmers.

PAUL
They're rushing me to bury him. I
haven't even seen the autopsy
report-what's the cause of death?!

Her gaze sharpens: does he know?

PAUL (CONT'D)
The whole thing's a fubar.

PATH

Trees arch overhead, leading to a clearing nestled beside a
sparkling stream. Healani observes Paul in earnest.

HEALANI
My ancestors have called this home
for centuries. My father's side is
Portuguese from the Azores.

Paul blinks, pulled from his thoughts.

PAUL
So you're both Portuguese-Hawaiian?

HEALANI

Jorge is my half-brother... same father.

PAUL

What about you?

HEALANI

My mother was pure Hawaiian. Makes me a hapa girl.

PAUL

That's beautiful.

She slows her horse, a hint of curiosity in her eyes.

HEALANI

Tell me about your grandfather.

Paul fumbles in a pocket, retrieving the worn photo.

PAUL

This was with him when he died.

She takes the photo, her eyes darting over the image, then recoils slightly.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You okay?

HEALANI

I'm fine-just... reminded me of something.

She inspects the picture, turning it over.

HEALANI (CONT'D)

Beautiful girl. If her name is Lani, it means heavenly.

PAUL

I think it's short for Iwalani.

HEALANI

Heavenly seabird.

She hands it back, her expression considering.

HEALANI (CONT'D)

Her dress looks royal. A gift, perhaps?

PAUL

Did my grandfather know the queen?

HEALANI

There are records-

(then)

Maybe it's just about a girl.

PAUL

A lot of things are just about a girl.

She flips her hat back, kicks her horse into a canter.

HEALANI

C'mon.

Paul hesitates for a moment, caught between curiosity and desire before spurring his horse forward.

BYPATH - (LATER)

The air hangs thick with humidity. Healani halts her horse, tying her hair back. She motions at the trailing horse.

HEALANI

Paul, could you hand me a towel from the saddle bag?

He reigns in his horse, dismounts and fetches the towel, handing it to her. He removes his hat with an awkward smile.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I was thinking-what if we... hung out? Without Jorge, that is.

Healani wipes her neck, arching an eyebrow at him.

HEALANI

You're tall. Play basketball?

Paul leans in, feeling hopeful-a playful toss of the towel-Healani hits him square in the face.

HEALANI (CONT'D)

Git.

With a bold kick, she sends her horse into a gallop. Stunned, Paul holds the towel in hand.

Returning hat to head, he climbs back on, grabs the rein and kicks a flank. The trail horse resists. His steed rises high on hind legs.

PAUL

Whoa! Wait-was that a yes?

She fades into the colors of the horizon. Cheeks flushed, Paul scrambles to catch up.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A small, rural cemetery. Frugal headstones lean at odd angles, worn by time, each a monument of loss. PAUL, hand trembling, leans forward to place a delicate rose upon a wooden casket.

Eyes cast down, grief overwhelms him. Flashbacks flood back-moments of fishing trips, warm laughter shared-memories that now ache in his chest.

He steps back and for a moment-becomes unsteady. Mr. G, standing close, approaches to place an arm around PAUL, a silent pillar of support amid the heavy heartbreak. A swirl of air whispers its bittersweet melody, surrounding them in a cocoon of sorrow.

CEMETERY - JACK - CONTINUOUS

Above and away, Jack leans against a police car. He watches them from afar.

He checks a wrist watch, takes a drag from a cigarette. A self-made cloud catches the breeze.

POLICE CAR

Mr. G notices Jack. He alerts Paul, encourages him to follow. They stride toward him.

Jack straightens, extinguishes the cigarette.

JACK

Mr. G.... Mr. Sands. Please excuse the poor timing.

MR. G

What have you got for us, Jack?

Jack reaches inside a jacket to pull out a manila envelope.

JACK

In summary, the autopsy didn't confirm a cause of death. It remains undetermined.

MR. G
What does that mean?

Jack hands the envelope to a red-eyed Paul.

PAUL
What about the other thing?

Jack holds up a hand.

JACK
The investigation remains open. A blood sample was sent to the university. We wait for the analysis.

PAUL
Am I still a suspect?

Mr. G cautions him.

MR. G
Remember what I said.

JACK
As to your request, Mr. G there's no record of a William Sands. But there was a William Sanderson recorded in '93.

MR. G
Much obliged, Jack. Despite how it sounds, we do appreciate it.

Jack moves toward the driver side door. He opens it.

PAUL
That man at the race track- the one you asked about. He was at a beach house moving sheets on a clothesline, using field glasses. It seemed- strange.

Jack nods once. He slides inside, closes the door. The car accelerates off and away.

INT. OTTO KUEHN HOME - DAY

Filtered light streams into a living room. Isamu sits in a chair. Methodical swipes on a whetstone sharpen a knife.

Otto traverses the room. He paces back and forth.

ISAMU

We need more detail on the harbor movements.

Otto stops in mid-stride, turns toward him.

OTTO

I was just there. I'm not just some schleichen. Some- sneak.

ISAMU

Stop your whining. Victory comes soon. You will have glory-

(then)

And I will rule Hawaii.

OTTO

No. Nicht mehr. Tell your Kapitan I quit. I'm done- fertig.

Otto turns away. Isamu catapults forward, grabs Otto from behind.

The KNIFE presses against his neck. A nick trickles blood.

Isamu whispers into an ear.

ISAMU

You quit, your family dies. Maybe you die, too.

OTTO

Meine Familie? Bitte- verletzen Sie meine Familie nicht.

Isamu slides the knife under his jaw.

ISAMU

What did you say?

OTTO

I- I said nothing. I make report. No mistakes.

EXT. KAILUA SCHOOL YARD - DAY

Paul watches teenagers play basketball on an outdoor court.

HARUTO SUZUKI (14) dribbles in-between them. MIKE CACCAVALE (15) takes a wild swing.

MIKE
Stop hogging the ball. Ball hog!

The other boys throw up their hands, move to leave.

PAUL
Just a minute- hold on.

They respond to his voice and return. Haruto stops his dribble.

Paul motions for the ball. Haruto throws it to him.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Handling the ball is fun- but
basketball is about teamwork.

Healani approaches.

HEALANI
I see you have your hands full.

Paul executes a two handed pass to Haruto.

HEALANI (CONT'D)
They lost their basketball coach.
He went off to join the military.

HARUTO
Why don't you be our coach, Mister?

PAUL
You just work on making your
teammates better.

Haruto dribbles off and away. He delivers a bounce pass to Mike, who makes a layup.

PAUL (CONT'D)
That's what I'm talking about.

He pivots toward Healani.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I was hoping you would join me for
a date tonight.

She feigns a deep thought.

HEALANI
I might be persuaded if you were to
say, coach our basketball team.

Paul eyes her.

PAUL
That sounds like extortion to me.

The grin of a Cheshire cat.

HEALANI
Yes, Mr. Sands, it does.

EXT. KAILUA TOWN - NIGHT

Healani and Paul walk hand in hand. LAUGHTER from a pool hall fills the air.

She releases her hand from his, backs away, crosses her arms.

Healani stares at him for so long he's moved to ask-

PAUL
Something wrong?

HEALANI
I don't know. I just don't know.
Someone might get hurt.

PAUL
What're you talking about?

HEALANI
You... me. I'm not some notch on a
bedpost.

Paul moves forward to close the distance.

PAUL
I never could think of you that
way.

HEALANI
Really? You don't even know how
long you'll be here.

He pulls her close, kisses her.

PAUL (CONT'D)
You'll see. Tomorrow- at the
basketball court.

The kiss surprises her. Healani puts a hand on his chest.

HEALANI

Don't say these things just to be cute. Are you really going to help the team?

PAUL

I've played, just never coached- I'll try.

She perks up, slides her hand into his.

HEALANI

You know what you need? You need to believe.

Healani touches her head, then her heart.

HEALANI (CONT'D)

Not just here- in here.

PAUL

I've heard this before.

HEALANI

Find your inner aloha. It's not about what you are, it's about who you are.

PAUL

Now who's being cute.

HEALANI

Who knows? Maybe this starts the career of a hall of fame coach.

They pass Isamu and the gang of locals. He snarls at the sight of them.

PAUL

Detective Burns- like oil and water.

HEALANI

I've met him.

PAUL

They sent a blood sample to the university.

HEALANI

Do they know what it is?

PAUL
Don't have a clue.
(then)
I do think it killed him.

They stop, turn toward each other.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I want to confirm- do I have the
plague?

HEALANI
They think you're an outsider.
Learn about Hawaii. Show them you
care.

PAUL
Easier said than done.

HEALANI
I should tell you. It was me. I'm
the one who found-

DOWNTOWN

The gang approaches, startles Healani. They surround both of them.

Some carry baseball BATS. Isamu moves forward, shoves Paul hard.

ISAMU
Haole not learn. Get away from my
girl.

Paul stumbles backward and is pushed back. Isamu delivers a vicious kick.

Paul doubles over. Isamu circles him.

ISAMU (CONT'D)
Yankee dung. You were told to
leave.

Paul straightens. A quick right cross stuns Isamu. He staggers back and away.

From behind, bats slam down hard on his back.

Paul grimaces, sinks to a knee. Healani rushes in to protect him.

HEALANI

Stop! You're hurting him.

Isamu advances toward her. He grabs a fist full of hair.

ISAMU

Change is upon us. Don't be naaupo-
don't be stupid.

The shrill SOUND of WHISTLES. POLICE approach from distance.

Isamu throws her head forward, steps back, spits blood,
wipes his mouth.

He motions for the gang to follow. They hurry off and away.
Paul watches them dissolve into a group of onlookers.

INT. HONOLULU LIBRARY - DAY

Paul enters a library lobby. He favors a painful back. On a
display table, a text book labeled HAWAII.

He picks it up, opens it, scans the "Table of Contents",
stops on a page.

Paul makes his way over to the desk of a Hawaiian LIBRARIAN
(30s). She turns in her chair, as if to ignore.

He moves to position the book for her to see, points at the
type.

She leans in-

INSERT:

In bold type- HAWAIIAN CENSUS Pg. 391

BACK TO SCENE

The librarian stares up at Paul, nods once. She points
toward a row of book aisles.

Paul nods in appreciation.

PAUL

Mahalo.

LIBRARY

Paul scans the bookshelves. He searches up and down the row, backs up for a broader look.

On a low shelf, he makes a discovery. It's a thick, embroidered hardback.

Paul pulls it out-

INSERT:

Gold bound-

REPORT OF THE GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT OF THE CENSUS 1890-1900

BACK TO SCENE

Paul surveys the area, moves toward a vacant table. On it, a colorful book cover.

He picks up the manual.

INSERT:

Illustrated Book Sleeve-

POISONOUS FLOWERS AND PLANTS OF THE UNITED STATES

BACK TO SCENE

Paul places the census report on the table, sits down in an adjacent chair.

He skims through the flora identifier. Paul flips past a page, then turns back to it.

There awaits the image of a white-flowered plant with a magnified prickly seed pod.

Paul leans in closer-

INSERT:

SPECIES: D. WRIGHTII

FAMILY: SOLANACEAE (SACRED DATURA)

BACK TO SCENE

He scans the body of type. Paul turns ashen, closes the book. A firm push shoves it away.

He looks about, picks up the report, slides down low in the chair.

EXT. NU'UANU HOME - DAY

The Hudson turns into a Nu'uauu estate driveway. Walls of fitted stone guide the car through a canopy of vegetation.

It opens to a circular driveway. Paul stops the Hudson, gets out.

Square cut stepping stones lead to an entryway and a handcrafted front door.

Paul leans forward to knock-

The door swings wide open. HOUSE BOY JUNICHI (17) greets him with a bow.

JUNICHI

Iwalani not see visitors. Keiki
come back another time.

NU'UANU HOME

Paul straightens, steps back. In bright colored mu'umu'u, Iwalani approaches.

Junichi steps aside, bows again.

IWALANI

It's okay, Junichi.

Iwalani ushers Paul in. She motions toward a living room love seat. He sits down.

PAUL

Thank you- thank you for seeing me.

Iwalani glides over to an interior fish pond. She kneels to swirl fingers. Colored fish dart and scatter.

IWALANI

Many keiki have stirred their
fingers here, yet the fish thrive.
It's the Hawaiian in them. They
have much koa.

She glances up at Paul.

IWALANI (CONT'D)
 We have met before. You knew my
 name. What is yours?

PAUL
 Paul. I'm staying with friends
 outside of Kailua Town.

IWALANI
 I love Kailua. When I was young,
 the queen and I spent time there
 together- she was such a
 magnificent woman.

Iwalani rises up and curtsies, as if to greet royalty.

IWALANI (CONT'D)
 Her soul was full of ho'okipa. She
 wrote many songs-
 (then)
 Have you heard one of them?

PAUL
 Can you hear them at the top of the
 Pali?

Healani steps back.

IWALANI
 The mauna' mele sings to you?
 Oh-oh, you must listen.

PAUL
 I have. It's why I'm here.

Junichi enters through a side door and caters cups of tea.
 Iwalani accepts a cup and retreats to a daybed.

Paul declines. Junichi leaves.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 My grandfather came with me to
 Hawaii. Before he died-
 (then)
 I think he was here to see you.

IWALANI
 What was his name?

PAUL
 William- William Sands. Or maybe
 Sanderson?

Iwalani drops her tea cup, places a hand over her mouth.

IWALANI

No... no.

She stands up. Tears stream down her cheeks.

IWALANI (CONT'D)

My keiki, my dear keiki. No more talk.

Paul hesitates, then stands.

Iwalani approaches him. She throws her arms wide to kiss the air.

He opens a palm, reveals the money clip and photograph.

PAUL

But, do you remember these?

Iwalani stares at them. Shock drives her back and away to sit down.

She bows her head.

IWALANI

Iwalani not see visitors. Keiki come back another time.

Between stifled sobs, Iwalani weeps.

INT. OTTO KUEHN HOME - NIGHT

Otto navigates a stairwell. On an adjacent wall, lighted frames highlight Nazi Swastikas and 1930s Adolph Hitler rallies.

He enters a loft, pulls on a lamp chain to light a naked bulb. In front of a small desk, a worn chair greets him.

On a 1941 calendar, 'X' marks cancel out December 1st-5th. Otto takes a seat. He reaches over. A GRAMOPHONE clicks on.

The vinyl record spins slow, then fast. A NEEDLE descends. German MUSIC plays.

Otto pushes the lamp toward a window sill. A pull back of a curtain corner exposes a square pane of glass.

His WRIST WATCH ticks the seconds. Otto releases the curtain.

He repeats the process, each time a different interval. Flash of a PEN marks an 'X' on December 6th.

Otto leans back, falls into a deep sleep.

The needle reaches an inner ring. Trapped within, its satanic rhythm scrapes the surface.

EXT./INT. SUBMARINE - NIGHT

A PERISCOPE breaks the surface of a pitch-black sea. Specks of light glitter on darkened shores.

CROSS HAIRS magnify. A hillside home lamp blinks then stops, blinks, then stops.

SUBMARINE CAPTAIN SAKURA (40s) pulls the periscope in, shuts the latch and handle.

He turns toward a Japanese OFFICER TAKAHASHI (20s), lean and stern, who salutes him.

-All dialogue in Japanese-

SAKURA
Status of decipher reports?

TAKAHASHI
Sir, codes have been analyzed. They are authentic.

Sakura reviews a card held in hand.

SAKURA
The American warship- is it confirmed?

TAKAHASHI
Yes, it has entered the harbor.

Sakura barks a command.

SAKURA
Ready all crew for Operation Z- do it now!

Takahashi stands aghast, approaches him, then refrains. He salutes, walks away.

BULKHEAD

Isamu meditates on a bulkhead floor. The churn of overhead pipes pound a rhythm.

The wheel of a hatch door spins, clicks. The door opens. Takahashi peers through the opening. He hesitates, then enters.

Isamu opens his eyes. Takahashi bows.

-All dialogue in Japanese-

TAKAHASHI

Most Honorable One. Captain
requires your immediate
preparation.

He bows again. Takahashi leaves the room, closes the door. The hatch wheel spins into place.

Isamu springs to his feet, enters a small bathroom to face a mirror.

He takes a straight edged razor from a cup, holds it high. Isamu glares at his image.

ISAMU

World under one roof.

ISAMU (CONT'D)

(English)

Soon... victory for Japan.

EXT. LANIKAI BAY - NIGHT

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A) Mokulua islands rise up from Lanikai Bay, O'ahu, Hawaii.

B) A waning gibbous moon slips between clouds.

C) Anchored, a fishing boat bobs in deep water.

It sways to the melody of a UKULELE.

LANIKAI BEACH

The concave beach cradles two lovers. They weave through dunes of sand, drunk with romance.

A quick move. Paul traps and holds Healani.

PAUL

How'd I get so lucky?

He leans in to kiss her. She pushes free, runs out and away, bends to retrieve a sea shell.

HEALANI

So you think you're gonna' get lucky?

She throws it at him. He ducks. She laughs, scampers away. Long strides close the gap.

Their bodies entwine- a deep kiss.

FISHERMAN'S BOAT

Hairless hands strum along the ukulele. A JAPANESE-HAWAIIAN FISHERMAN (60s) sits bow side on a wooden bench.

The glow of a kerosene lamp streaks out into the black of night. It casts a shadow within the small cabin.

Nets curl in a pile. Bamboo rods dangle over a side.

BAY

BUBBLES appear on the water. A large fish approaches, or not.

A PERISCOPE emerges some distance behind and away from the fishing boat.

Serpent in water, it swims forth, vanishes and-

SUBMARINE

The hull of a JAPANESE SUBMARINE breaks the surface. An external HATCH rotates. It swings open with a quiet, greased SOUND.

A DUFFEL BAG appears. A CLANK of metal as it hits the deck. The slim silhouette in ninja blue springs into a crouch.

Isamu scans the area. He lifts the bag over a shoulder. The hatch closes from within.

Nimble feet traverse the deck, tip-toe, stop and balance. A ballet leap lands Isamu on the fishing boat.

BOAT DECK

Isamu lays down the duffel bag. From a belt sheath, he displays a large knife.

Rising up, he slips past the cabin. Isamu assaults the fisherman from behind.

The KNIFE cuts deep. The UKULELE hits hard on the deck. Its neck splinters.

Isamu steps inside the wheel house. The lamp fades to dark. He steps back out, looks about.

Isamu reaches down, drags the corpse across the deck. A trail of blood follows the body.

He leans the cadaver against a side rail, pays homage.

ISAMU

Rest, rōjin. Rest. Nippon-koku
applauds your sacrifice.

Isamu cleans the knife, sheaths it. He hoists the body up and over the side.

The submarine vanishes under a cascading wave.

LANIKAI BEACH

Boats toss in shallow water. A motor rumbles in the offing. The engine grows louder.

The hull of the fisherman's boat slices into wet beach. An ANCHOR drops down into a shallow sea.

The motor grumbles to a stop. Isamu slides off the boat and into the water.

The moon dances free of a cloud to illuminate. Isamu wades thigh deep.

He reaches forward to grasp the bow. The bite of a crescent scar reveals itself.

Paul approaches the fishing boat.

PAUL

Isamu-

Isamu shrinks back, leans against the side.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I know it's you.

Isamu unsheathes the knife, clenches it between teeth. He turns to drop neck deep into the water, glides away.

Paul advances forward, stops.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Leave Healani alone. She's not yours. She never was. Stay away. Stay away from us.

He backs up. turns away. From near the water's edge, Isamu stalks his prey.

A sudden movement behind Paul. The knife blade presses against his jugular.

Isamu pulls back, down and close. He whispers in an ear.

ISAMU

I should cut you open like a pua'a.

Healani gasps.

HEALANI

Isamu- no!

Isamu cocks his head.

HEALANI (CONT'D)

I beg of you. Let him go. I promise. You and me. Together. Okay?... let him go.

He removes the knife, shoves Paul away.

ISAMU

Lolo- lucky for you she made a good choice.

HEALANI

(Hawaiian)

You got what you wanted, now go.

Isamu points the knife at Healani.

ISAMU

I will deal with you later.

He spins the knife into its sheath, backs away. Paul scowls, makes a move to follow.

Healani grabs his forearm.

HEALANI

Paul!

He resists. She throws her weight into it, holds on tight. He gives in. Their forms fade into darkness.

Isamu reconnoiters near the boat, hoists the duffel bag, scampers up the beach.

A dog BARKS. The yelp of a wounded animal... silence.

INLET - (LATER)

Healani and Paul walk toward a secluded cove. Pristine sand reflects intermittent moonlight.

She holds his arm, he leans into her.

HEALANI

Isamu is so hewa- so evil.
Fishermen don't come in that late.

PAUL

He won't get to you. He has to walk
over my dead body first.

HEALANI

We should report this.

PAUL

Now? He's gone. Tomorrow, okay?

He pulls her near.

HEALANI

What am I going to do with you?

Paul eases her down onto the sand, removes his shirt, places it behind her. Healani leans back.

A strap slips from her shoulder. His mouth finds hers.

EXT. LANIKAI BEACH - DAY

Morning sun streams through clouded skies. Turquoise water shimmers in the calm.

SUPERIMPOSE: "DECEMBER 7, 1941 7:52 A.M."

Paul and Healani stroll the beach. She turns toward him.

HEALANI

We should get back. Jorge will be looking for me.

Large EXPLOSIONS, MACHINE GUN fire surprise and confuse. They turn toward Mokuapu.

Black SMOKE mushrooms above the air base. Airplanes hover over, bank toward the ground.

PAUL

On a Sunday?

Two planes peel away, fly toward Lanikai Beach. One veers off and dives. Distant GUNFIRE scours the ground.

They back up in horror.

RISING SUNS reflect on metal skin. Pelicans skimming, the JAPANESE ZEROS merge, drop low, fly straight toward them.

The roar of MACHINE GUNS. They spit trails of water and sand. Healani screams. They race for cover.

The aircraft bank up and away. Pilots mock salute, waggle wings. A steep climb. They fade from view.

More air base EXPLOSIONS echo. Paul and Healani cringe behind the greenery.

A truck comes to a halt. The door flies open. Jorge leaps out of the cab.

Frantic EYES discover.

JORGE

The Japs are attackin'. Hurry, Hurry!

Healani and Paul sprint toward the truck. They all get in.

INT./EXT. TRUCK - DAY - (MOVING)

White knuckles strangle the steering wheel. Jorge stomps on the accelerator. The truck zooms forward.

JORGE
They shot at me. Shot at me! Can
you believe it?

He turns on the truck radio. Church MUSIC blares.

JORGE (CONT'D)
Doesn't anybody have a clue?

Paul leans out of the window to look skyward. It's dotted with aircraft.

PAUL
The navy base- they need our help.

HEALANI
We need to find Lieutenant
Billings.

Jorge frowns, shifts gears. The truck speeds away.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - DAY

Sunday morning quiet. The truck brakes hard. Jorge jumps out, sprints toward the front door.

Paul and Healani get out. They run toward the big house. She pounds on the door.

HEALANI
Lieutenant Billings. Lieutenant
Billings!

The SOUND of a chair as it scrapes the floor. From within, a shuffle of motion.

The door opens.

Sleepy eyed, naval officer LIEUTENANT BILLINGS (40s) draws a welcome.

BILLINGS
Mornin' Healani. Out early on a
Sunday?

HEALANI

They're attacking Mokapu. They shot at us. What should we do?

Billings stares at Healani.

BILLINGS

Holy mackerel. I'll be right there.

He retreats back inside.

o.s.

BILLINGS (CONT'D)

I need a ride to Kaneohe.
Lieutenant Masters has the jeep.

Paul leans forward to be heard.

PAUL

We're going there now.

Jorge hustles back to the truck and calls out to them.

JORGE

I can't reach anyone. Phone lines are busy. Stay here, Healani. Keep tryin'.

Jorge hops into the driver's seat and waves.

JORGE (CONT'D)

C'mon. We gotta go.

Healani turns toward Paul.

HEALANI

I'm scared. Don't go. You don't have to go.

PAUL

I'm coming back. I'm not losing you.

HEALANI

Promise?

He nods once. They kiss.

In full uniform, Lieutenant Billings exits the home and joins Paul. They run to the truck and squeeze in.

The truck spits dirt and speeds away. Healani cups her hands around her mouth.

HEALANI
I'll call the Gillespies.

INT. CHEVY TRUCK - DAY - (MOVING)

The men bounce on the truck seat. A radio announcement interrupts the church music. Jorge turns up the radio.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Pearl Harbor is under attack! Pearl
Harbor is under attack!

A STATIC hiss. They exchange looks.

BILLINGS
Damn. It's the real McCoy. We're
sittin' ducks.

JORGE
We'll get you there, Lieutenant.
Hold on.

EXT. KANEOHE NAVAL STATION - DAY

The truck streaks past a crushed guard gate. A body hangs from a guard shack window.

A dazed and bloodied sentry stumbles out and about. They zoom forward.

Billings leans out the window.

BILLINGS
Pull over-

The truck stops. Fires blaze. A charred jeep burns. They scramble out of the truck.

Billings calls out, points toward the sky.

BILLINGS
Here they come!

He sprints off and away. The ROAR of plane engines increase. A ZERO banks, takes aim.

MACHINE GUN fire rakes the ground. It tracks Billings, he is slain in mid-stride.

Paul and Jorge dive low, roll under the truck. Bullet HOLES dance across the truck bed.

The Zero soars away, heads off.

They roll back out, jump up. Paul points toward a barracks. They run over, lean against it.

Jorge's breath comes in sobs-

JORGE
Let's get out of here.

A JAPANESE BOMBER dives toward an AIRSTRIP. The heavy thump of BOMBS create large craters.

Both are really moving now. Like a diving falcon, a Zero swoops in for the kill.

Paul shoves Jorge forward-

A MACHINE GUN volley plows a furrow behind and past Jorge.

They slide down a shallow grade into a stand of coconut trees. Jorge winces, grabs at an ankle.

The Zero soars, flies off.

INT. HONOLULU FBI BUILDING - DAY

Jack enters a large room crammed with office staff occupying desks. Phones RING nonstop.

A RECEPTIONIST (20s) cradles a receiver against an ear, speaks into another.

She nods once toward an office entry. Jack takes notice. He hurries over, opens the door to a small office.

Before him, a practical desk with NAMEPLATE.

ROBERT L. SHIVERS

SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE

BACK TO SCENE

Slender, black hair center-parted, ROBERT SHIVERS (40s) sits behind.

He cups a hand over a phone receiver.

SHIVERS
Governor Poindexter.

Jack nods once, closes the door.

SHIVERS (CONT'D)

Yes, sir. It's necessary. I agree with General Short.

Robert frowns.

SHIVERS (CONT'D)

Yes-

(then)

Yes, of course. But we can't wait. You must issue the order. Agents are in the field.

(then)

I understand, sir... I know.

(then)

I promise. We'll do everything in our power.

(then)

Thank you, sir. God bless.

He hangs up. Jack sits down in a chair by the desk.

SHIVERS (CONT'D)

I can't believe this. What a nightmare. The Governor was crying.

Jack shakes his head.

JACK

So is it a go?

SHIVERS

It's a go.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - DAY

Jorge brings the truck to a halt, chews on a fingernail.

Paul swings the truck door wide, gets out, runs toward the front door. On it, a NOTE held firm by a pin-

INSERT:

In fine cursive-

All OK

MEET ME AT GILLESPIE HOUSE

LOVE, HEALANI

BACK TO SCENE

Paul rips the paper off, runs back toward the truck. He opens the door, hops back in, closes it.

The truck peels off and away.

INT./EXT. TRUCK - DAY - (MOVING)

Radio static fills the cab. A stretch of beach whizzes by. Military vehicles surround GI's who dig foxholes.

Wooden hedgehog barriers dot the shoreline. PILLBOXES aim machine guns toward the sea.

PAUL

That submarine- I should've reported it.

Jorge takes his foot off the accelerator. The truck slows. He points toward the front windshield.

JORGE

Look.

A military ROAD BLOCK impedes. Armed MARINES guard it, weapons drawn.

MARINE PRIVATE DAVIDSON (20s) puts up an arm.

DAVIDSON

Halt!

Davidson approaches, rifle ready.

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

Where'd you come from?... Where you goin'?

He surveys the truck bed. Jorge leans out.

JORGE

Kaneohe- heading for Lanikai.

Davidson turns to give a thumbs up. A check point guardrail swings open.

The Marines wave them through.

INT. LANIKAI BEACH COTTAGE - NIGHT

A sofa faces chairs. Mr. G and Nan hold hands. Healani clings to Paul on the couch.

Jorge limps around the room.

A SHORT WAVE RADIO TRANSMITTER sputters a broadcast.

SHORT WAVE RADIO TRANSMITTER (V.O.)
(filtered)
Possible Japanese parachutes seen
near St. Louis Heights. Confirm and
report. Alpha hotel six out.

Nan points at his calf. A blood stained pant leg sticks to it.

NAN
Oh my word, Jorge- your leg.

Jorge stops, looks down, lifts the trouser. An open wound coagulates beneath a torn sock.

NAN (CONT'D)
Let me get something for that. You
might need a doctor.

She stands, leaves the room.

MR. G
We heard Battleship Row was lit up.

SHORT WAVE RADIO TRANSMITTER (V.O.)
Possible Japanese mini-sub. Bellows
Field... Waimanalo Point.

Nan returns with a first aid kit.

NAN
Someone said they were invading the
North Shore. Thank God it wasn't
true-

MR. G
They declared martial law-

JORGE
Good reason to stay inside. We
should prep for the blackout-

NAN
Not before we dress that wound.

INT. LANIKAI BEACH COTTAGE - DAY

Glint of first light streams through a screened Lanai. On a cot, Paul spoons Healani.

Jorge kicks his butt. Paul stirs and ignores. He nudges him again.

JORGE
Get up. Get up, Hollywood. Follow me.

Paul sits up, yawns. Healani moans, resettles.

PAUL
What the hell?

He stands up, stretches.

JORGE
C'mon. Hurry up.

Jorge shuffles into the living room. Paul trails him. Mr. G emerges from a hallway.

MR. G
What're you lads up to?

JORGE
Glad you're up, Mr. G.

PATIO - KENJI

Kenji paces back and forth in the shadows of a patio. Jorge, Paul and Mr. G step outside through a screen door.

Kenji turns at their presence, bows.

KENJI
Much thanks Mr. Jorge, Mr. G- Mr. Paul. I need help very bad. I fear men take me today.

Mr. G raises his voice.

MR. G
What men?

Kenji puts a finger to his lips.

KENJI

Shh. They arrest many of my kind.
We hear many bad things.

PAUL

Such as?

KENJI

If you with Buddhist or make trip
to mother country, you suspect. I
make trip last year. Bury
grandfather.

MR. G

That doesn't make you a criminal.
How can we help? You could've been
shot coming over here.

KENJI

Must hide personal things. No hide,
no safe.

MR. G

We don't treat good neighbors like
this.

KENJI

I know this to happen. You not
stop. There is other thing. Maybe
worse thing. Not everyone good
neighbor.

Kenji clasps his hands together.

KENJI (CONT'D)

I fear someone is here who should
not be. He look like me- not act
like me. He was with German man at
temple.

JORGE

Is that a problema?

KENJI

They not go there- then bombing
start.

MR. G

Would we recognize him?

KENJI

Man have scar on hand. Man up to no
good.

PAUL
I know who it is.

JORGE
A real jerk.

PAUL
You should report this.

Kenji shakes his head.

KENJI
No, I tell you. Man like me- no
trust.

EXT. KAILUA SCHOOL - DAY

Overcast skies hang heavy. Jorge's truck rolls onto the Kailua School grounds.

Paul exits the truck. Jorge speeds away.

Tents dot the area. Somber women move about. Some weep, some cry out- as children play hide and seek.

A RED CROSS van parks. Civilians and soldiers surround it. Healani approaches, collapses into his arms.

HEALANI
All of these families. Their
husbands, their fathers-
(then)
The wounded are in a classroom.
Hospitals are full.

PAUL
How can I help?

She wipes a tear, points toward Mr. G, who unloads a truck.

HEALANI
Mr. G- he'll know.

Paul releases Healani, walks toward him. Mr. G turns, tosses him a stack of blankets. Paul manages to catch them.

MR. G
Glad you're here. Distribute those-
help with the food.

A HAM RADIO broadcast paralyzes.

BROADCASTER (V.O.)
 Now hear this! Now hear this!
 Today, at 12:30 P.M. Eastern Time
 the United States Congress
 officially declared war with Japan.

A sedan rolls up, brakes hard. Two large FBI MEN (20s) in dark suits, jump out.

An Isamu GANG LOCAL (30s) unloads food from a military jeep. The men approach him.

They wrench back his arms, handcuff his wrists, escort him to the sedan.

A police cruiser pulls in, stops. The driver window rolls down. Jack leans out, motions for Mr. G to come close.

Paul hands out a blanket, looks back. Jack looks around and past Mr. G. He nods an approval toward Paul.

The window rolls back up. Both vehicles leave. Mr. G walks back toward Paul.

MR. G
 It's happening everywhere. They
 arrested Otto Kuehn.

INT. LANIKAI BEACH COTTAGE - NIGHT

Folded cardboard shields a candle. Reflections flicker in the dark. A black curtain drapes a bay window.

Healani and Paul sit at the kitchen table. Nan washes dishes in the sink.

She looks back over a shoulder.

NAN
 Your letter to the coroner-

PAUL
 I know- all this death. They're
 swamped.

HEALANI
 But you have information. You must
 try.

PAUL
 I can't make the war go away.

HEALANI
Where is it?

PAUL
In the guest room- it won't bring
him back.

HEALANI
What?

Healani's temper is of the shortest. She rises up to stand
over him.

HEALANI
It was me... me! I was the one. I
found your grandfather.
(then)
You owe him. You owe us. You, you-
(Hawaiian)
Can't stop believing!

Healani storms out of the room. Paul slumps.

PAUL
I wasn't giving up.

Nan consoles him.

NAN
She's just tired. We're all tired.
The morning will bring a new day.

INT. LANIKAI BEACH COTTAGE - DAY

Paul is asleep on the living room couch. The CREAK of a
front door hinge awakens him.

He props himself up, looks over at it. Healani stands in the
doorway, dressed to ride.

HEALANI
I can't stay- I'm going home.

The door slams behind her.

Paul scratches his head. He drops back down, stares at the
ceiling.

EXT. LANIKAI BEACH COTTAGE - DAY

Healani moves to untie her horse from a trail post. Isamu sneaks up from behind. He pulls her back and away.

Isamu holds a knife to her neck. A gloved hand covers her mouth. His eyes are dark, hard as flint.

ISAMU

Not a sound or you die.

They walk backward toward an idling car. Gang members wait inside.

A back door swings open. Isamu pushes Healani down and in. A hood slips over her head.

Isamu scans the area. He slides in beside her. The back door closes as the car speeds away.

COTTAGE - (LATER)

A persistent telephone RING. Paul awakens to the sound. He sits up, wipes the sleep from his eyes.

Paul locates the telephone, rises with an effort, pads across the living room.

He reaches for the receiver.

PAUL

Hello- Gillespies.

JORGE (V.O.)

(filtered)

Hollywood. Meet me in Kailua.

PAUL

What's going on?

JORGE (V.O.)

(filtered)

Just hurry. I need help with the horses.

Jorge hangs up. Paul stares at the receiver.

EXT. KAILUA TOWN - DAY

The stillness of a ghost town. Jorge and Paul ride their mounts down the main street of Kailua.

U.S. ARMY SOLDIERS, at street corners, smoke cigarettes.

JORGE
I haven't seen Healani.

PAUL
Wait a minute. She went home- but she did leave her horse.

Jorge gestures toward the cinema marquee.

JORGE
There's a vacant building behind the theater. Someone was there last night. I got to thinkin' about what he said.

PAUL
You mean Kenji?

JORGE
Yeah. I went to talk to him. He's been arrested.

PAUL
Sheesh, poor guy.

He looks over at Jorge.

PAUL (CONT'D)
You think it was Isamu?

JORGE
Healani called me this morning. I rode here to meet her.

PAUL
What're you saying?

JORGE
She never leaves her horse.

PAUL
What about the military?

JORGE
You know how they think- they called me loco.

PAUL
If he took her-

JORGE
He's obsessed- we should check that
building.

They exchange glances. Simultaneous kicks. Their horses bolt into a gallop and head off.

INT. VACANT BUILDING - ISAMU - DAY

Isamu pulls a trip wire across the entryway of a large sliding door. He secures it to the firing pin of an anchored GRENADE.

The SOUND of approaching horses. He moves over to peek out of a front facing window.

TETHER POST

Jorge and Paul come to a halt, swing off their saddles, dismount. They tie up their horses to a tether post.

Paul hand signals to suggest they split up. Jorge acknowledges.

They approach the building from different angles.

VACANT BUILDING

Isamu grabs the duffel bag, throws it over a shoulder, retreats to the rear of the building.

He stops to look back. A lip curls with intent. Satisfied, he moves off and away down a back hallway.

VACANT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Jorge points at a fixed window. Paul signals his desire to move toward the side of the building.

He creeps around the corner, disappears from view. Jorge hobbles forward.

He slides up against the building, stares through the window.

SIDE OF VACANT BUILDING

Paul edges toward the rear of the structure. From cover, Isamu breaks into a sprint.

Paul yells.

PAUL

Jorge- Jorge! Over here-

A powerful BLAST resonates. Paul looks back in horror. A plume of smoke extends into the air.

He breaks into a run toward the front of the building.

SLIDING DOOR

Bruised, battered, Jorge lies in a heap. Charred, burning rubble surrounds him. A gaping hole smolders where once stood the sliding door.

Paul stares at it. He crouches down to hold Jorge.

JORGE

Sorry, Hollywood.

PAUL

It's okay, amigo. It's okay.

JORGE

Take care of my sis'.

(then)

Be good... to her.

Jorge succumbs to his wounds. Paul slumps, tears well. He grieves in silence, then screams.

The voices of approaching SOLDIERS invades the sorrow. Grief gives way to anger.

He looks off in the direction of Isamu. Rising up, Paul moves to untie his horse.

He swings up and onto the saddle, demands a sprint. Horse and rider gallop off and away.

EXT: KAWAI NUI - DAY

Paul reaches the Kawai Nui (marsh). He slips off the horse, ties it up.

Swaying reeds restrict his search. Paul flings them open. A trampled trail shows itself.

He looks back, all is clear. Paul slips between the tall stalks.

The leafy curtain closes and conceals.

EXT. MAUNA - DAY

Paul follows an elevated path. The grade grows steep. He continues the climb.

A fogdog streams through. Metal scrapes the ground above him. Paul looks out from behind an overhang.

Isamu, knife in mouth, drags the duffel bag to a level area.

Behind and to one side Healani sits on the ground. Rag tied over mouth, wrists and legs bound.

Her eyes widen at the sight of Paul.

Isamu stands tall, opens the bag, pulls out a tripod. It springs open to rest upright.

Paul gathers himself, edges closer.

PAUL
Time to believe.

Paul charges straight for Isamu.

MAUNA

Isamu reacts, spins to avoid Paul. The knife flies from his mouth. It slides over near Healani.

Paul wallops the duffel bag. It bounces away, down and off a steep cliff.

He leaps back up. Isamu strikes hard. Paul stumbles backward. Isamu advances.

A solid punch knocks him back and away. Isamu recovers, whirls, delivers a kick.

Paul flips him. He lands on his feet.

Healani leans forward, reaches for the knife. Fingernails scratch the ground- just short.

She works her body closer. Healani stretches... success. She pulls it close.

Paul grabs the tripod. He heaves it at Isamu. Isamu dodges the flying legs, smiles at the attempt.

He bobs and weaves. They exchange hard blows. Isamu gets the better of it. Paul drops to a knee.

Holding the knife in both hands, Healani saws at the leg restraints.

Isamu bends down. He picks up a LOG off the ground. A quick spin strikes Paul flush on the temple.

Paul falls back. Isamu approaches, stands over him.

Paul shakes his head, struggles to rise. Blurred vision clears.

ISAMU

Fools- your grandfather, now you.

Isamu stands triumphant.

ISAMU (CONT'D)

Healani is mine- time to die.

(then)

Hakkō ichiu!

The CRESCENT SCAR rises, the log in hand descends-

Healani stabs Isamu in the back. He cries out in pain.

Paul spins out and away to whip a leg at an ankle. Isamu slams down hard.

The momentum forces him backward toward the abyss. Fingers claw for a grip.

He slides downward and off-

An outcrop halts the fall. Isamu steadies himself.

PRECIPICE

Healani slips down to rest beside Paul. Isamu cries out.

ISAMU
Help- help me!

She locks eyes with him. He nods once.

Paul crawls forward to the edge of the chasm. He reaches out and down to extend a hand.

Isamu reaches up and past, grabs a handful of shirt. He pulls hard.

Paul slides forward. A desperate move wedges a SHOE into a crevice. He throws an arm out wide.

Fingers wrap around the limb of a bush. It bends from his weight-

And holds firm.

The rock beneath Isamu breaks free. He loses his grip, slips off and over the crag.

Arms flail at the air. Isamu screams. Tree branches rush up to embrace.

Paul peers out and over the vertical. Isamu and the duffel bag drape the canopy of a tree.

He sits back, leans against a rock. Eyes roll back. Paul slips into unconsciousness.

INT. QUEENS HOSPITAL - PAUL (P.O.V.) - DAY

The blurred image of a HOSPITAL NURSE (40s) in medical scrubs, sharpens. She is checking a chart.

The nurse smiles at Paul, gives a thumbs up and turns to leave the room.

His perspective clears. Healani sits in a chair beside the bed. She notices he is awake.

Healani rises up from her seat to give him a gentle hug.

HEALANI
I thought I lost you, too.

He looks into her wet eyes.

PAUL
Jorge... I'm so sorry.

She covers her mouth to stifle a cry. Sighs. Healani touches his arm.

HEALANI
He would be proud of you.
(then)
I- I mailed that letter.

She forces a smile.

HEALANI (CONT'D)
What am I going to do with you?

Paul sags back, sighs.

PAUL
Fall in love with me?

HEALANI
I have good news. Someone is here-
someone very special.

She backs away, moves toward the door, waves for an entry. Iwalani and Keoni enter.

There are traces of William in his stature. His smile, Iwalani.

She approaches Paul. Iwalani hangs a LEI on the T-frame of a drip dispenser.

IWALANI
It's pikake. They smell so sweet. I
hope the nurses let you keep them.

Keoni approaches the edge of the bed. Iwalani turns toward him.

IWALANI (CONT'D)
Keoni, this is Paul. Paul- Keoni.

KEONI
Nice to meet you, Paul.

Paul hesitates.

PAUL
Nice- nice to meet you, too.

KEONI

I'm a volunteer here at the hospital. We support those who are recovering. If you need me, just ask.

Paul relaxes, touches his head gauze.

PAUL

Could you find me a new head?

A collective laugh.

KEONI

I'll look around but no promises. I best leave you now. Take care- Aloha.

He backs up and away. Keoni blows a kiss toward Iwalani who returns it.

He leaves the room.

HEALANI

Iwalani has a wonderful surprise.

PAUL

Nothing can surprise me now.

She casts a knowing look toward Iwalani.

HEALANI

Oh, this might.

Iwalani sits on the edge of the bed.

IWALANI

Remember when you came to see me? You brought such terrible news. Those feelings... I hadn't-

Iwalani collects herself. Paul adjusts to sit higher in the bed.

She sighs.

IWALANI (CONT'D)

Your grandfather- what a wonderful man. I should've known he would try to return.

Healani conveys an empathetic smile.

IWALANI (CONT'D)

It was a troubled time. There was
so much hate-

She snickers.

IWALANI (CONT'D)

It didn't matter. We were in love-
aloha hohonu.

Iwalani looks off and away.

EXT. RAIN FOREST FOOTPATH - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

Iwalani and William walk a path encircled by a tropical forest. It opens wide to a white waterfall that feeds a deep hole.

They turn to hold each other, a passionate kiss.

IWALANI (V.O.)

I had to see the queen- share the
good news. The plan was to marry.
But the coup de'tat... they shot
me.

EXT. NU'UANU HOME - DAY

A guard pulls hard on carriage reins. The royal coach slows to a stop in front of the Nu'uanu home.

The door to the home opens. William removes a comatose Iwalani from the carriage, carries her inside.

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

Thanks to William, I survived. And
though he warned me, I still
supported the monarchy- helped them
hide their guns.

EXT. BAMBOO HUT - DAY - IWALANI

Arm in a sling, Iwalani opens the door to a bamboo hut. She scouts the area, signals.

HAWAIIAN MEN, carrying GUNS, emerge from the murkiness. They stream past her to step inside.

Healani looks about, retreats inside, shuts the door.

IWALANI (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The repression- it grew even worse.

EXT. SUGARCANE FIELD - DAY

Armed militia confront and surround HAWAIIAN SUGAR CANE WORKERS who carry picket signs.

They attempt to seize the signs. The workers resist.

A RIFLE stock strikes down hard on the bridge of a nose. The bloodied worker collapses to the ground.

Others try to fight. They are hit, beaten back.

IWALANI (V.O.)
They arrested many. It was just a matter of time. But your kapuna kane protected me- he removed the guns.

EXT. BAMBOO HUT - DAY - WILLIAM

William exits a bamboo hut carrying rifles. A dirt path is fenced in by tall reeds.

He crosses it, backs up into the foliage, disappears.

INT. QUEENS HOSPITAL - DAY - (END FLASHBACK.)

Paul leans forward. The movement causes pain. He winces, holds his head.

PAUL
So he was jailed- because of you?

IWALANI
Those in power were angry. They demanded death. And of all things, I was with child.

His response hovers on parted lips.

PAUL
He didn't die- a child?

IWALANI
When I finally secured bail, they refused to let me see him. He was taken to a ship and sent away.

Paul leans back.

PAUL
So those records-

IWALANI
Were filed under an assumed name.

PAUL
What about this child?

IWALANI
It's Keoni. He's our son- ko'u
keiki hanau.

Paul looks skyward.

PAUL
Let the ways of Aloha guide you.

IWALANI
I'm your step Tutu- welcome to our
'Ohana!

EXT. KAILUA SCHOOL YARD - DAY

Paul stands near a basketball court. A metal whistle dangles from his neck.

Kailua PANIOLOS and a Honolulu squad do lay-up drills. Bleachers fill with uniformed military, Hawaiians, locals and Japanese.

A police car pulls up close, stops. Jack gets out. He walks toward Paul.

JACK
Paul Sands-

Paul turns toward the inquiry.

PAUL
Detective Burns- can't this wait?

JACK
You'll want to read this.

Jack produces an envelope, hands it to him. Paul pulls out the formal letterhead from within.

INSERT:

In official lettering-

OFFICIAL DOCUMENT

AUTOPSY REPORT

DEPARTMENT OF CORONER

ANATOMIC FINDINGS - DEATH DUE TO NATURAL CAUSES

WHITE SUBSTANCE ATTRIBUTED TO CRUSHED FLOWERS

FRANK KELLY, CORONER

BACK TO SCENE

Jack notices the Paniolo lettering on a player's jersey.

JACK

Paniolos.

He nods once. Jack motions for Paul to come closer.

JACK (CONT'D)

Your letter- the university
concur. Those flowers were-

PAUL

Datura wrightii. Sacred Datura...
poison.

JACK

When I arrest someone, I'm always
right. I was wrong about you-

Paul glances over a shoulder and up at Healani, who takes a
seat in the bleachers.

JACK (CONT'D)

It didn't stop you from taking down
Otto Kuehn.

Paul looks back at him, nods once.

PAUL

Maybe you're the reason why.

He slides the document back inside the envelope.

JACK

National security prevents us-

PAUL

Thanks for clearing his name-
(then)

(MORE)

PAUL
And mine.

JACK
These are your islands now. Just
don't get any ideas- still not sure
I like you.

Jack looks past Paul.

JACK (CONT'D)
Don't you have a basketball game,
Coach?

PAUL
That I do.

JACK
Then go kick some Honolulu butt.

Jack tips his hat, turns, walks away. Paul pockets the envelope, spins back around.

He looks toward the stands. Healani blows a kiss. Mr. G and Nan wave. Kenji stands up, bows.

Paul blows the whistle. The Kailua team runs over to surround him.

PAUL
Time to believe. In your team and
yourself. All hands in... One- Two-
Three- KAILUA!

WHITE TEXT OVER BLACK:

-OTTO KUEHN - Mugshot Photo

The "Spy of Kailua," Bernard Julius "Otto" Kuehn sent coded information to the Japanese until his arrest on December 8th, 1941.

-DETECTIVE JACK BURNS - Photo

John "Jack" Anthony Burns was with the Honolulu Police Department from 1934-45, becoming Captain in 1941. He was later to be elected Governor of Hawai'i three times.

FADE OUT

THE END

