

FADE IN:

EXT. MAUKA MALL PARKING LOT/HONOLULU - DAY

A ragged taxi cab pulls into a stall. The majestic Ko'olau mountains provide a green, serene backdrop, but the man who emerges from the car does not feel them. He is DOUG WETTELAND, 40 and Caucasian. He strides angrily to the indoor mall entry.

INT. MAUKA MALL-CONTINUOUS

Christmas decor is everywhere. Doug proceeds down escalators to the

ARCADE

He stops and scans the large game room, eyes settling on a teen male, busy at a virtual battle. This is DYLAN WETTELAND, 15. He YELPS when a strong hand grabs him by the collar and yanks. DOUG tows him out the door.

DOUG

March!

The youth is directed past the shoppers, military style, to the

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Dylan stops to face off with the heated adult. Behind them, a gentle slope of lawn and trees.

DYLAN

Okay Dad, chill! Just chill!

DOUG

Take a last good look at freedom, Dylan.

DYLAN

Oh yeah, right. You gonna put me away now? Lock me up somewhere?

DOUG

Not me, son. The state of Hawaii. It's called truancy. When we get home you can look it up.

DYLAN

You're full of shit.

Whap! Dylan's cheek shines a pink slap mark. He shuffles backward to the lawn and sits down. Further up the lawn, atop the grassy hill, AN OLD MAN with a straw hat leans on a rake, watching.

DYLAN

So tell me, why is it better living with you? What have you got to offer me?

DOUG

What do you mean "what can I offer you?" I'm your father, you're my son. The benefits are built in. You think you can find something better? Go ahead, I dare you.

DYLAN

Benefits? You trying to tell me I've got a good life with you? That family is where it's at? You're never home. Mom doesn't give a shit about me. So how would I know anything about family?

The caretaker quietly rakes leaves in the distance.

DOUG

Your mother made a choice. A bad one, but we have to live with it. I work two jobs because I have to. Because feeding two mouths isn't cheap, and because like it or not, you're my responsibility. That's the bottom line.

DYLAN

Yeah that's right. I'm your responsibility. Nothing more. Just another job.

DOUG

I don't want you to have my life, Dylan. I want you to go to school, be somebody, do something well. You're two steps from Juvenile Hall or a Boy's Home, but if that's what you want, fine. Then when you get out, I'm sure my boss can use another fry cook.

DYLAN

Jeez Dad, you make it sound like I'm some sort of loser.

DOUG
That's exactly what you are!

The words ECHO across the lot, the lawn... almost as if to the mountains.

DOUG
Damn it, why do you have to make it so difficult?

Dylan stands up. His PAGER remains in the grass.

DOUG
Where are you going?

DYLAN
Don't worry about me, Dad. I'm going to Matt's house, another loser. I'll stay the night.

Doug watches Dylan walk off. Frustrated, he returns to his car. As they walk, a SUDDEN GUST OF WIND surges across the lot towards the lawn. Father and son stop to shield their faces. The prolonged breeze subsides, and Doug opens his taxi door.

DYLAN lights up a joint as he walks, inhales deeply.

COMPASSIONATE EYES

beneath a straw hat observe all.

INT. "THE WORKS" RESTAURANT KITCHEN - NIGHT

Doug wears a greasy apron, goes to a phone and dials.

INT. A MODEST HOME - NIGHT

A middle-aged woman answers the phone. This is PHYLLIS KANESHIRO, busy in her own kitchen.

INTERCUT PHONE DIALOGUE

PHYLLIS
Hello?

DOUG
Hi Phyllis, it's Doug.

PHYLLIS
Aloha, Doug. Dylan is here, if that's why you're calling.

DOUG

I was hoping he'd be home by now.
Been paging him all night. Could
you put him on the phone?

PHYLLIS

Look Doug, it's no problem for him
to stay here tonight. He and Matt
are in the garage. He's fine.

DOUG

You sure it's okay?

PHYLLIS

Positive. If he were a problem I'd
send him home.

DOUG

I could come by after work and get
him.

PHYLLIS

At one in the morning? I don't
think so. I'll get them to school
tomorrow, don't worry.

DOUG

I'm sure you didn't want another
son to raise. Christ, you had him
on Thanksgiving. I promise he
won't be around so much, give you a
break.

PHYLLIS

It's the Hawaiian way. I don't
mind having a *hanai* son.

She glances at the laundry room where a dog with 6 puppies
lie, nursing.

PHYLLIS

By the way, want a puppy?

DOUG

Sure, give me a dozen.

PHYLLIS

I'll tell him you called.

DOUG

Thanks again, Phyllis. Good night.

PHYLLIS

Good night.

INT. KANESHIRO HOUSE-GARAGE - NIGHT

Dylan tinkers with a dirt bike along with his friend, MATT KANESHIRO, 15, a Hawaiian-Japanese mix. The house door opens. Phyllis fills the space.

PHYLLIS
Your father called, Dylan. He said
you can stay the night.

DYLAN
Cool. Thanks.

She watches the industrious twosome.

PHYLLIS
Matt, did you finish your homework?

MATT
Of course.

PHYLLIS
Dylan?

DYLAN
Yeah, I'm good.

Phyllis hovers over Dylan, not willing to be brushed off.

PHYLLIS
He says he's been paging you all
night.

DYLAN
I lost my pager. Honest.

PHYLLIS
Maybe you should let him know that.

DYLAN
I've already seen him today. Once
is enough.

Dylan grabs a wrench, then reaches for the bike. She kneels down and gently grabs his hand.

PHYLLIS
People need fixing too. Remember
that.

Her concern breaches a tiny chink in his armor... but the armor remains. She stands, then ambles to the door.

EXT. MAUKA MALL PARKING LOT - DAY

Dylan skateboards across the paved expanse to the lawn, and stops at the grassy border. He studies the ground, looking further up to where a great monkeypod tree looms over the green plateau. He ascends the hill.

At the top of the slope, he stops again. He looks around in quiet amazement. What he sees is a graveyard, embellished with lush, tropical plants. The headstones are old and weathered, many with faded photos.

Hunched over a cracked one is the old man, pulling weeds. He is SEBASTIAN DONAHOE, and Dylan approaches him.

DYLAN

Excuse me, sir.

The brown-skinned caretaker squints up at the silhouetted figure of youth.

SEBASTIAN

Well hello there, son. What can I do for you?

DYLAN

I lost my pager on the grass yesterday. Have you seen it?

The old salt rises, revealing soft eyes in a weathered face. He extracts from his trousers the pager.

SEBASTIAN

This it?

DYLAN

Oh man, thanks. My dad would kill me if I lost another one.

SEBASTIAN

It went off all night long. You're a popular one, aren't you?

DYLAN

No, not me.

SEBASTIAN

Not even a little?

Dylan shakes his head. Sebastian wipes his hands on a rag.

SEBASTIAN

Well, somebody likes you. Dang near beeped me out of my mind.

Dylan takes the pager.

DYLAN
It was just my dad.

SEBASTIAN
Can't blame him for checking on the
likes of you. You look like a
handful.

DYLAN
That's what I'm told.

They've touched a nerve. Sebastian offers his hand.

SEBASTIAN
Sebastian Donahoe. Nice to have a
visitor.

DYLAN
I'm Dylan. This is a weird-ass
place for a cemetery.

Dylan follows Sebastian around the yard.

SEBASTIAN
Oh it's an old place. If some
powerful men had their way, they'd
pave right over it. I know that
for a fact. But here, it's
special. Too sacred to be
forgotten.

Sebastian trims a green vine from a grave.

SEBASTIAN
It's named after this vine, Pothos.
Some call it Pathos.

DYLAN
Pathos?

SEBASTIAN
That's right. Welcome to Pathos
Garden.

Dylan's eyes follow the vine. It flourishes to every far
corner of the graveyard.

SEBASTIAN
The vine is akin to something else
in life, something you nor I would
ever ask for, but it's something we
need.

Dylan lights up a cigarette and puffs.

DYLAN

An asshole for a father?

SEBASTIAN

Suffering. Hardship. Nobody wants it, but it's God's truth that we need it. Without it, we lack form or shape.

Dylan hangs on his every word. Sebastian wields a spade.

SEBASTIAN

This spade would be useless if someone hadn't beaten it, sharpened it, given it the rightful lines and weight. Now, it's a heck of a tool. It's almost a weapon.

DYLAN

(weakly)

Life sometimes beats you too hard.

Sebastian's look is like a salve.

SEBASTIAN

Come here, son.

He heads over to a coconut tree. The ground is dotted with fallen baby coconuts.

SEBASTIAN

Where are you from?

DYLAN

All over. My dad was Army so we moved around. He grew up in Hawaii, though. First chance he got, he moved back.

SEBASTIAN

When I was a boy, growing up here in Kane'ohe, we used to play war games. One of the weapons we made was this torpedo.

Sebastian rips a leaf off the palm frond and strips the green away, leaving only the stiff spine. He then picks up a baby coconut. He inserts the stiff end of the spine into the soft core of the nut.

DYLAN

A Hawaiian torpedo!

Sebastian grabs the unweighted end of the leaf spine and twirls it a few times. When he releases it, the mini-bomb soars high and far into the air, landing across the cemetery.

DYLAN

Cool!

The old man chuckles.

SEBASTIAN

We broke our fair share of windows.
And yeah, I had a father to deal
with too.

Dylan checks the time on his pager.

DYLAN

I gotta get going. My dad's off
tonight.

SEBASTIAN

Then home is the place to be, son.

DYLAN

I'll see you around.

SEBASTIAN

Don't be a stranger.

Sebastian picks up baby coconuts as he watches Dylan leave.

EXT. STARBUCKS - DAY

Dylan skates slowly past the tinted window of the cafe.

INT. STARBUCKS - DAY

A blonde student gazes at her laptop, coffee in hand. She takes a quick look around the busy room and then heads for the bathroom.

Dylan sees the girl abandon her laptop, and brakes. He casually enters, sauntering past the patrons to the laptop. He zips open his bag, closes the laptop and drops it in. Six steps later, he's out the door, skating away.

EXT. HOUSE WITH WROUGHT IRON FENCE - LATER

A pitt bull rests behind the gate to this suburban home. Two large trucks with oversized wheels fill the driveway. Dylan skates up to the gate, and WHISTLES.

The dog snarls until a wiry, brown-skinned thug, age 30 and wearing shades, emerges from the garage and greets Dylan. This is KEPA. He opens the gate and leads Dylan through the garage.

Through the large front window, we see Dylan exchange handshakes with MANU, a big, burly thug. Dylan slips off his backpack and unzips it, handing over the laptop. Manu looks pleased.

EXT. HOUSE WITH WROUGHT IRON FENCE - DUSK

Dylan emerges, sans backpack. He looks loaded as he stuffs a wad of cash in his jeans pocket. Kepa opens the gate for him and they bump fists in farewell. Dylan skates off, down the street.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DUSK

Dylan skates up the driveway, past his dad's taxi.

INT. WETTELAND'S HOUSE- CONTINUOUS

Doug is seated at a small dining table. Next to his cold beer is a pile of opened mail. Dylan enters.

DYLAN

Hey.

DOUG

I got a letter from your school counselor.

Dylan kicks back on a couch across the room.

DOUG

They plan on keeping you back a year if you don't pass enough classes.

DYLAN

(nonchalant)

Bummer.

DOUG

You wanna be the oldest sophomore in town?

DYLAN

Doesn't matter to me.

DOUG
 (angry)
 Well it matters to me! Where's
 your book bag?

DYLAN
 I dunno.

DOUG
 (stands up)
 You don't even know where your
 goddam books are?

DYLAN
 Somewhere, Dad. Just chill!

DOUG
 You've got thirty seconds to
 remember where, and then we're
 going to get them.

Dylan glares at Doug, then stands up.

DYLAN
 I don't know.

DOUG
 You got something in that bag
 you're trying to *hide*?

Dylan makes a dash for the door. Doug intercepts him.

DOUG
 You're going to go over to that
 bookshelf and pick a book, any
 book, and spend the rest of the
 night in your room, reading. In
 the morning when I take you to
 school, you're going to tell me all
 about what you read tonight. Is
 that clear?

The two face off with steely resolve. Dylan storms off to his room. Doug goes to the bookshelf, picks a World War II book, and follows. He opens the bedroom door, and tosses it onto Dylan's bed.

EXT. PATHOS GARDEN - DAY

Dylan enters the graveyard via the obscure street walkway. He carries both his book bag and his skateboard. When he reaches the grass, he sees Sebastian and a young woman conversing across the yard.

The woman is NANCY CAPELUTO, 33, and she repeatedly embraces Sebastian. Her demeanor is fretful, and her voice is broken by intermediate SOBS. The caretaker is nothing but comforting.

They exchange farewells, and the woman passes Dylan without a sideways glance.

DYLAN
Wassup Mr. D.

SEBASTIAN
Aloha, my young friend! And how
are you today?

Dylan shrugs.

DYLAN
I got some homework to catch up on.
I thought I'd spread out here if
it's all right with you.

SEBASTIAN
Fine, fine.

DYLAN
My dad says I'll be a sophomore all
my life if I don't study more.

SEBASTIAN
Sophomore... the word means "wise
fool." Lord knows we have enough
of those in the world.

Dylan settles under the monkeypod tree, his look pensive.

SEBASTIAN
You okay?

DYLAN
Yeah I'm okay. You?

SEBASTIAN
Oh sure, I'm fine.

DYLAN
She okay?

SEBASTIAN
Naw, she's not too okay, going
through a nasty divorce. Her ex is
trying to take their two young boys
from her. He just might do it too.

DYLAN
They're lucky.

Sebastian squints at him, puzzled.

DYLAN
Both parents want them.

SEBASTIAN
Her name is Nancy Marie Capeluto.
She's one of those sensitive types,
feels a little too deeply
sometimes. In her case, when she's
feeling blue, she winds up in the
hospital, a broken bird.

Sebastian tosses some crumbs from his pocket. Turtle doves
descend to feed.

SEBASTIAN
Her in-laws know this, and they're
doing their best to make her look
like an unfit mother. She loves
her boys though. I just wish she'd
pull it together.

DYLAN
I'd choose the mom if I were them.

SEBASTIAN
Oh now don't you go throwing stones
at the entire dad species. You're
sounding like a sophomore.

DYLAN
Still, a broken mom is better than
no mom at all.

SEBASTIAN
Maybe so, son. A woman is the
heart of every household. Without
a mother in their lives, those boys
might not learn how to feel.

Sebastian leans on the tree.

SEBASTIAN
She's looking for strength, and
comes here hoping to find it. It's
a peaceful place, that's for sure.

DYLAN

So why here? Why not see a therapist or a doctor or something?

SEBASTIAN

Oh she has one of those. She comes here because her granddad is buried here. She feels a connection.

Dylan follows the old man to a small grave with a plain headstone inscribed with:

"THOMAS B. PRATT 1917-1941 Beloved Father and Son"

SEBASTIAN

He was a wise fool who pulled it all together at the end. Unfortunately for him, it was at the very end.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE:

EXT. HONOLULU HARBOR-DAY

S.O. "1940"

The cruise liner MARIPOSA approaches Pier One, loaded with passengers. In the midst of the smiling faces on board is a young couple, the man wearing Navy Officer whites, his arm around his petite wife. This is THOMAS and KIM PRATT.

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)

His name was Thomas Pratt. He came from Illinois, a place called Libertyville. His dreams were in full fruition that day the boat brought ashore. He had Kimberly, his sweet bride. He was dressed in his first Formal Navy Whites, and he was about to step ashore on the one destination any young sailor could hope for: Hawai'i.

ON THE PIER

hula dancers and local musicians make a festive welcome.

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)

His father was a decorated World War I veteran; the first American to operate a British tank over enemy lines.

(MORE)

SEBASTIAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
 Because of that, Thomas received
 his commission from the Naval
 Academy as a Lieutenant Junior
 Grade. In other words, he skipped
 a whole rank without even having to
 earn it.

The passengers disembark. Two Hawaiian girls welcome Thomas and Kim with leis. The atmosphere is lively. The young officer receives looks of admiration from all sides.

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)
 That was the first mistake in the
 untimely demise of a wise fool.
 When things come too easy, they
 lose their value. And what a shame
 when the most precious things in
 life are not prized for what
 they're worth.

A YOUNG SAILOR approaches the Pratts, and salutes.

SAILOR
 Petty Officer Second Class
 Armstrong sir, here to assist with
 your arrival.

Thomas revels in the respect of an enlisted man, who escorts the couple with their baggage down the dock, amidst the colorful throngs of new arrivals.

I/E BUICK ROADMASTER - DAY

The sailor chauffeurs the Pratts past Pearl Harbor to the military housing district.

EXT. MILITARY HOME - LATER

The Buick pulls up before a modest 2-bedroom house, the lane bedecked with bougainvillea. Kim is delighted at the sight of their new home. Thomas beams with pride.

THOMAS
 (to Kim)
 One score and three more.

KIM
 (kisses Thomas)
 One score and three more, sweetie.

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)

Those were happy times for the newlyweds. Thomas saw nothing but a straight line of promotions up the chain of command, much like his father had. Kim envisioned years of raising children alongside her devoted husband.

BACK TO SCENE

Sebastian shakes his head.

SEBASTIAN

Ah, the passions of youth.

DYLAN

So what happened? Did he fight in the war?

INT. MILITARY OFFICE - DAY

Thomas exchanges salutes and handshakes with a host of officers and sailors in his new workplace.

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)

We weren't in the war yet. That was soon to come. It was with the passions of youth the new lieutenant would wage his greatest battle. That would prove to be a war in itself.

A strapping man of 50, REAR ADMIRAL STURROCK, takes Thomas aside for an orientation and chat.

STURROCK

So I see you chose to come by civilian boat. Had to be expensive.

THOMAS

Yes sir. It was our honeymoon. We decided to enjoy a bit of a vacation after Academy.

STURROCK

Your honeymoon eh? Well congratulations lieutenant! I'll see to it that you get the expense reimbursed on your next paycheck. That'll be my wedding present to you, and a welcome gift to Hawaii.

THOMAS

Thank you, Admiral Sturrock! Kim and I love the islands and are thrilled to be here.

STURROCK

A great place to start a family.

THOMAS

We already have that in mind, sir.

Admiral Sturrock leads Thomas on a tour of the office.

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)

He was designated Supply Officer at Pearl Harbor. Thomas was responsible for twenty men.

EXT. LOADING DOCK- DAY

Thomas oversees sailors unloading supplies off a docked Cargo Cruiser.

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)

He enjoyed giving orders. But his favorite time of day was at the Officer's Club. Yep, just him and the boys.

INT. OFFICER'S CLUB-NIGHT

Thomas and several other young officers have drinks. Two of the most rambunctious are ENSIGN EMMIT MACGREGOR, and LIEUTENANT MARK LEWIS.

LEWIS

So Pratt, you didn't come over on the Monterey, like MacGregor here. What's the story?

MACGREGOR

That was a helluva boat party. You missed out, pal.

THOMAS

Well I'm a married man. Seemed more fitting to spare my wife the indecencies of navy drinking contests.

LEWIS

(leering)

I can't imagine Regulations changed in three years since I graduated. Marriage is forbidden during the first two years of a Navy Commission.

THOMAS

Yeah well, I asked for permission, and it was granted.

LEWIS

Oh really? And these same Powers-that-be, they're the same ones that helped you skip rank?

THOMAS

I was a damn good midshipman, one of the best in my class. Ask MacGregor, he knows that's true.

LEWIS

I just have never seen so many rules bent for one person. You must be bending over for someone else, eh?

They all laugh. MacGregor nudges Lewis.

MACGREGOR

Naw c'mon, Lewis. We all heard the stories about his daddy. Some kinda war hero.

THOMAS

Yeah well I aim to measure up to him, and then some.

LEWIS

Here, here, I'll drink to that! We need more heroes in the U.S.A.!

Drinks clink together and go down the hatch.

MACGREGOR

So tell us Pratt, how is married life?

THOMAS

Exactly as I had hoped. Kim and I, we have a little saying: "One score and three more." We lived twenty-three years without each other, so we're shooting for twenty-three more together. By then, I'll retire.

They all stare at Thomas, envious.

MACGREGOR

Guess you won't be coming with us tonight to Hotel Street. If you could only see the Polynesian honeys at "Sweet Leilani's"...

Thomas polishes off his drink.

THOMAS

I have my own sweet thing at home, waiting. Besides, you know I'm doing you a favor if you guys want any chances with the girls.

A hearty round of JEERS from the boys.

EXT. PRATT HOME - DAY

Kim is gardening. Thomas mows the lawn. Kim YELPS when she steps on a bougainvillea thorn.

THOMAS

What's the matter?

KIM

Damn bougainvillea.

They go inside the house. Thomas sets her down on a chair, holding her pierced foot on his lap. He extracts the thorn; she winces. He holds up the nasty thing.

THOMAS

Baby you can't go barefoot around the house like that.

He leaves the room, comes back with first aid.

KIM

I thought that's how it's supposed to be: barefoot and pregnant.

Thomas freezes, alcohol swab in hand. She puts her hand over her abdomen.

KIM

One score and three more.

THOMAS

You're kidding! You're not serious?

She shakes her head. They exult.

A MONTAGE:

Kim and Thomas sharing Thanksgiving together.

Thomas and a now-showing Kim at a formal Christmas party, where they all toast to her pregnancy.

Kim opening gifts at her baby shower.

INT. OFFICER'S CLUB-NIGHT

Thomas sits around with the boys again, Lewis and MacGregor at his side.

LEWIS

It's just getting uglier, boys. The war in Europe, it's like a cancer.

MACGREGOR

Word has it even the Aussies got some action in Africa today. How much longer can we look the other way?

LEWIS

I never thought I'd see war in my lifetime. Hell I still remember the last one. I don't think we're gonna be spectators much longer.

THOMAS

I hope to God you're wrong.

LEWIS

Oh come on now, teacher's pet. You can see what's coming just like we can. Every man will be put to the test before his career is over, I guarantee you that.

Thomas toys with his beer bottle, unnerved.

MACGREGOR

Don't worry, Tommy. You got too many friends in high places looking out for you. You'll be changing diapers for the next couple of years, that I guarantee.

THOMAS

My duty is to my country first. I'll go wherever they send me.

LEWIS

You also have a duty to your wife.

MACGREGOR

How is the love nest, lover boy? What're us bachelors missing?

THOMAS

Not much, nowadays. All Kim does is sleep and eat. No sex.

MACGREGOR

No sex? How long?

THOMAS

It's been weeks now.

LEWIS

Lieutenant, you need to join your fellow officers out on the town tonight.

Thomas starts to protest.

MACGREGOR

Come on, Tommy. Let your poor wife sleep.

LEWIS

You need some therapy, the kind only a female can give.

The officers are pumped up at this, and finish their drinks.

EXT. SWEET LEILANI'S LOUNGE - NIGHT

Thomas, MacGregor, and Lewis amble down lively Hotel Street, past the hookers and sailors to this smoky bar.

INSIDE THE LOUNGE

Thomas' eyes immediately latch onto a beautiful HAWAIIAN/ASIAN MIX GIRL at the bar. She sees his attention, and gestures to the bar stool next to her. He responds like a lapdog.

GIRL
Hi sailor boy. You handsome man.
Must be officer, eh?

THOMAS
U.S. Navy. My name is Thomas.
Thomas Pratt.

GIRL
And I am Kanani. Local girl with
big heart.

Thomas raises his hand to the bartender.

THOMAS
Can I buy you a drink, Miss Kanani?

GIRL
Oh you can buy me whatever you
want, Mr. Pratt.

Lewis and MacGregor smile from across the room.

EXT. PRATT HOME - MORNING

Thomas walks up the lane, hair and clothes disheveled. Kim stands at the screen door.

KIM
Thomas Pratt, where on earth have
you been?

Before he can answer, he vomits into the bougainvillea.

THOMAS
I just went out with the boys,
honey.

KIM
All night? Captain Lee called, and
asked me why you didn't report to
work!

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)
It didn't get much better.

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

Thomas coming home late at night, drunk.

Thomas at Leilani's Lounge, with Kanani. They kiss.

Thomas at his office, asleep at his desk. A VOICE from the RADIO calls his name; it falls on deaf ears.

Thomas and Kanani under the sheets, in a shabby room.

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)

In fact, it went quickly downhill from there. June came and it was supposed to be a time of celebration: his wedding anniversary, and then the birth of his son.

INT. PRATT HOME - NIGHT

Thomas, lipstick on his collar, argues with Kim in their living room over the sounds of a CRYING BABY.

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)

But there was no celebrating. His career was coming to an end, only he didn't know it. There's a little stipulation in Navy regulations which covered such things as adultery. And Thomas Pratt couldn't seem to bend the rules anymore.

INT. NAVY SUPPLY OFFICE- DAY

Thomas enters in sloppy attire. His men gawk at him. REAR ADMIRAL STURROCK awaits him with TWO ARMED GUARDS.

STURROCK

2nd Lieutenant Thomas Pratt, in accordance with the Uniform Code of Military Justice, Article 134, paragraph 62, I do hereby assign you to the containment cell on Ford Island for the duration of your Court Martial...

The guards handcuff the baffled Thomas.

STURROCK

...for bringing shame upon the United States Navy through improper and openly lewd conduct, for failing to remedy such behavior, and for the neglect of your duties as a lieutenant junior grade in the United States Navy.

They take him away.

EXT. FORD ISLAND BRIG - DAY

Kim enters the front, baby in tow.

INSIDE

She meets with her estranged husband at a table. Guards stand by. He looks like hell. She tries to hold it together.

KIM

Tommy...

He sneers at her pleading eyes.

THOMAS

You did this to me, didn't you?

KIM

I'm your wife. We have a son. Don't you love me anymore?

He turns away.

KIM

Don't you even want to try?

Angry silence.

KIM

What about your vows, our vows?

THOMAS

It was you and Lewis and MacGregor and all the rest. You all couldn't stand to see me do well. You had to bring me down, didn't you? You all conspired to ruin me.

KIM
 (crying)
 I don't know how you could say
 that. I love you, Tommy... *one
 score and three more.*

Thomas pats his son on the head.

THOMAS
 I don't think I can hang in there
 that long. Goodbye Kim.

Her sobs fill the empty room as he leaves.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAYS LATER

Thomas reclines on his simple bed, reading the newspaper. He rises, grabs his metal cup, and goes to the cell door, sticking his arms out into the hall.

THOMAS
 Dombroski! Hey Dombroski, how
 about some coffee for your superior
 officer?

Down the hall a sentry guard, SEAMAN DOMBROSKI, sits at a desk.

DOMBROSKI
 You're only allowed two cups,
 Pratt.

THOMAS
 Aw c'mon Dombroski! I'm gonna be
 outta here in a few days. Who you
 gonna have to keep you company,
 huh? Now do me a favor and get me
 some more coffee... please?

MACHINE GUN FIRE and BOMB BLASTS rock the building. Both men jump to full alert.

DOMBROSKI
 What the hell!

They listen: AIRPLANES BUZZ closely overhead, many of them.

THOMAS
 Holy shit, Dombroski! We're under
 attack! Get me out of here!

The seaman fumbles with his keys and opens his cell. The two men run to the windows and look out.

The sky is dotted with incoming Japanese bombers. The nearby naval ships funnel heavy black smoke as the EXPLOSIONS continue to rumble the brig. Men fall under the incoming barrage of gunfire from low flying warplanes.

DOMBROSKI
Munitions are in the back!

The two men race to a door. They open it to

PANDEMONIUM on FORD ISLAND

Japanese bombers and war planes fly in low, bombarding the moored fleet. Dombroski unlocks a storage unit, grabs a Browning .50 caliber machine gun.

Thomas wheels out a mobile 3 inch anti-aircraft gun. Dombroski FIRES liberally at a series of incoming planes. Thomas is struggling with the apparatus, then finds his target: a warplane descends fast upon them.

THOMAS
Dombroski! A match, I need to
ignite!

Dombroski reaches into his pocket, tosses a book of matches. Thomas quickly lights the fuse.

Dombroski and the plane exchange rounds of fire. The plane is 400 yards off.

Thomas aims his gun, tracing precisely his foe. BLAM BLAM BLAM! Thomas is hit by the incoming plane's fire. At that precise moment, his gun FIRES... and HITS it's mark.

The Japanese warplane bursts into flame and dives a straight line into the ocean behind them. Thomas slumps to the ground, bullet-ridden. Dombroski rushes to his aid, dragging him back to shelter.

KABOOM!

The two men are felled by a TORPEDO. The battle rages on over their corpses.

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)
He played his hand like a spoiled kid who's used to being bailed out of trouble. But this time, he had to reap what he'd sown. He lost his dignity, his family, and his career. That was visible to all.
(MORE)

SEBASTIAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
 But what no one saw, or at least
 lived to tell, was his last noble
 act.

EXT. PATHOS GARDEN - DAY

A navy jet flies overhead. Dylan is deeply absorbed in the war story.

SEBASTIAN
 Funny thing about wise fools. Not
 many take the chance to redeem
 themselves. Thomas got his the day
 he died.

Dylan stares at the engraved headstone before him as Sebastian pulls weeds.

SEBASTIAN
 When it came right down to it,
 Thomas Pratt gave his life
 defending the country and people he
 had forgotten to love, and in so
 doing made peace with himself, and
 with God. He wasn't remembered as
 a hero, nor as someone who did
 anything remarkable in that tragic
 hour. His discharge was
 Dishonorable, and his burial was
 civilian. Here he lays, a
 forgotten man.

DYLAN
 He never got to know his son.

SEBASTIAN
 Nope.

Dylan reflects, looking up into the sky.

SEBASTIAN
 So now, what were you saying about
 your old man?

DYLAN
 Nothing.

SEBASTIAN
 Don't you love it when something
 bad becomes a nothing?

Dylan squints at him through the afternoon sun.

DYLAN
I gotta get going.

He gathers his things. They both rise and part ways.

SEBASTIAN
Go and be well, son. I know that
story wasn't suited for the
Holidays.

Dylan turns back after ten paces to accost the old man.

DYLAN
I'll come visit you again.

The weathered caretaker smiles and chuckles.

SEBASTIAN
Go on and get home now. You got a
dad waiting on you.

INT. "THE WORKS" RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Dinner rush. Waitresses and cooks feeling it. Dylan enters with his book bag and approaches the hostess, PATTY.

PATTY
Dylan, right? What are you doing
here?

DYLAN
My dad working?

PATTY
Yeah, he's in the back. Kind of
busy right now but I'll tell him
you're here. Go sit in that corner
booth over there okay?

Dylan sets up in the corner with his homework splayed out.

INT. "THE WORKS" RESTAURANT - LATER

Doug approaches Dylan's table, still dressed in cook's uniform.

DOUG
What's going on, son? You hungry?

Dylan looks up bleary-eyed from his books and nods.

DOUG
Grilled cheese okay?

DYLAN
And a vanilla shake.

Doug grins.

INT. "THE WORKS" RESTAURANT - LATER

Doug is out of uniform and returns to the table. Dylan is asleep amidst books and the crumbs on his dinner plate.

DOUG
Dylan, come on son, it's time to go.

The two gather their things and amble to the door.

EXT. WETTELAND HOUSE - NIGHT

The taxi parks in the driveway. Doug and Dylan drag themselves to the door.

DOUG
Are you caught up on your schoolwork?

DYLAN
Trying. I found a cool place to study. Under a tree at the mall.

DOUG
The mall's off limits. At least during the week.

DYLAN
Outside the mall. Some kind of garden with an old dude gardener. He was cool. Cool to talk to.

They're at the house door.

DOUG
What was his name?

DYLAN
Sebastian Donahoe. He found my pager.

EXT. PATHOS GARDEN - DAY

The taxi parks at the border of lot and grass. Doug looks curiously at the green oasis before him. He sees a hat from behind a tree. He approaches and finds Sebastian stringing a plumeria lei.

DOUG

Hello, I'm looking for Sebastian Donahoe.

SEBASTIAN

You found him.

They examine each other.

SEBASTIAN

You look a lot like the young man I met yesterday. Must be a relative.

DOUG

I think that's my son, Dylan.

SEBASTIAN

That was him.

DOUG

Nice to meet you. I'm Doug.

SEBASTIAN

Nice kid, your Dylan. He has a sharp mind.

DOUG

That's actually why I came to see you. He spoke of you last night. You made quite an impression. Enough to make him do his homework. Not even I can do that.

SEBASTIAN

He's no dummy, that much I could gather.

DOUG

He will be if he doesn't stay in school. I work day and night and can't keep an eye on him enough to keep him out of trouble. It's the one job I got that doesn't pay.

Sebastian listens intently, smiling at Doug's last remark.

DOUG

Somehow you've inspired him.
Whatever you said, it did the job
I've been trying to do since his
mother left. I guess I came here
to thank you for that.

Doug studies Sebastian shrewdly.

SEBASTIAN

Most certainly welcome. You and I
were boys once, we remember
crossing over to manhood.

DOUG

Wasn't greener pastures when I got
there, and I don't think it will be
for Dylan.

SEBASTIAN

Some of that's a choice, some of it
isn't.

Doug tries to grasp his message. Sebastian pulls a small
plant from the soil next to him.

SEBASTIAN

Our kids are tiny sprouts growing
in the shade of a bigger tree.
Without the shade and soil, they
wither before they even start to
look like a tree.

Doug is mesmerized by the wise old man.

SEBASTIAN

I'm sorry if your childhood had
little shade. But you have a boy
who needs that protection, and you
cast a large shadow. That I can
see.

DOUG

You a father too?

Sebastian rises and leans on the tree.

SEBASTIAN

You kidding? I'm like one of these
big old trees: I've got a bunch of
sprouts. I want to show you
something. You remind me of this
boy, Glenn Hartman, here...

He leads Doug to a grassy patch and points to a small grave with a smooth, polished headstone. A faded color photo of a boy smiles from beneath the inscription: "Glenn Hartman, beloved son and brother 1963-1982".

DOUG

He died at nineteen.

SEBASTIAN

Just short of his 20th birthday.
That little sprout needed
protection big time. It's a sad
story.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE:

INT. HOSPITAL/NEONATAL WARD - DAY

SHANNON and MARK HARTMAN stroll the halls with their new infant son, GLENN. Two year old sister ALEX trots alongside.

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)

He was different right from the start. A powerful kind of spark, he had. Doctors say he didn't breathe for several minutes, then suddenly he just came to life. Years later they'd find out his little lungs and heart didn't work very well, kept him from running around like the other kids.

INT. HARTMAN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Shannon and Mark take turns comforting four year old Glenn as he struggles to breathe. Shannon rubs a menthol ointment on his chest, Mark strokes his hair.

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)

But little Glenn had a gift. He had the ability to create a world of make believe so real, it made Santa Claus look like the mailman. His best friends were his books and toys. He knew the words and title of every record and book in the house before he could even read. The Hartman home was filled with the sounds of his hearty laugh every waking hour of the day.

INT. GLENN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Six year old Glenn stands atop a chair which is on his bed, reaching to pin on the wall the upper corner of an elaborate tapestry he has created out of canvas and cutout felt designs.

The tapestry depicts a kingdom with a castle on a hill. Fairies and elves dance in the trees. Glenn then hangs his bird cage back on its stand, and places the mouse cage back on the night stand. The bird and mice seem to gawk at their new backdrop.

Glenn reposes on his bed, staring with contentment at it all. Shannon walks in and is floored by the impressive sight.

SHANNON

Did you do that all by yourself,
sweetie?

Glenn nods.

SHANNON

You made it?

GLENN

Uh huh.

She tickles him. He roars with laughter.

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)

He was adored by all, and they knew
that he was special.

EXT. HARTMAN BACKYARD - DAY

8 year old Glenn is perched in a young coconut tree amidst the fronds. He stands up and waves his arms, talking to the winds as though he commands them.

INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

The teacher peers out at her class of 6th graders with stern eyes. She turns to the chalkboard where the words: "CHAPTER 12 MATH TEST 40 MINUTES REMAIN". She erases the "40" and writes "30".

Glenn closes his exam booklet, puts down his pencil and looks up at the teacher. She looks back at him, and her stern faces warms slightly into a smile.

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)

You could call him unique, and gifted, but some would also call him peculiar. It was obvious that he got along better with the girls than the boys. What wasn't clear was if he liked them the way a boy should. That became a bit of a problem.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Glenn and a table of girls eat lunch, talking and giggling. A pack of boys walk by, looking directly at Glenn.

BOY STUDENT

Hello girls.

An awkward silence. Glenn looks sheepish.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

Eighth-grader Glenn strolls along the sidewalk. A pack of boys on skateboards go by. They point at him and LAUGH. When he reaches his driveway, he steps aside as his father screeches his car onto the road and drives off.

INT. HARTMAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Shannon is in angry tears. Fifteen year old ALEX leans against the kitchen counter, disgusted. Glenn enters.

GLENN

What's the matter, Mom?

Shannon can't answer and heads to her room. He looks to Alex.

ALEX

Mom's got a boyfriend and thought it was a secret.

He's speechless. She heads for the door.

ALEX

I'm going to Jane's house and no, you can't come with me.

Glenn stands alone, dumbstruck.

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)

The family is like a garden. A green young thing will thrive under the right conditions. But if the weeds come in before its roots take hold... well you know what happens. It's not a pretty sight.

INT. GLENN'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Shannon is drinking and smoking pot with a GROUP OF HIPPIES. Glenn enters the front door and stops, mortified by the sight.

SHANNON

Oh hi sweetie! Come here and say hello to everybody.

Glenn just stands there, offended.

SHANNON

Glenn, I said come here and say hello.

He heads down the hall to his room and closes the door.

SHANNON

Damn it, get back here! Where are your manners?

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)

His parents divorced. His mother got a job where a lot of young people worked. In no time she was shacking up with a younger man. Glenn and his sister? They soon became baggage.

INT. GLENN'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sixteen year old Alex enters, only to see her drunk mother and BOYFRIEND eating Chinese food. Shannon's face turns frightful with rage at the sight of her pretty daughter. She gets up and pins Alex to the wall.

ALEX

Stop it Mom, you're hurting me!

SHANNON

Alex Hartman, just who the hell do you think you are?

(MORE)

SHANNON (cont'd)

You think you can come home any damn time you feel like it? Huh? Answer me!

She slaps Alex hard. The young boyfriend sits like a meathead, unmoved. Alex struggles past her mother and flees the house.

Glenn meanders down the hall from his room. Shannon turns her diabolical eyes on him.

SHANNON

What the hell do you want? Get back to your room!

GLENN

I just want to use the phone, Mom!

Shannon returns to her boyfriend's side. Glenn goes to the kitchen phone and dials.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB DINING ROOM - NIGHT

THE HOSTESS answers the phone.

INTERCUT PHONE DIALOGUE:

HOSTESS

Dining room, Tonya speaking.

GLENN

Is Mark Hartman there?

HOSTESS

Yes he is, one moment please.

Glenn huddles over the phone.

Mark is on the other end.

MARK

Hello?

GLENN

Dad, it's me.

MARK

Hey son. What's up?

GLENN

Can I stay with you tonight?

MARK
Is everything okay?

Glenn lowers his voice a notch.

GLENN
Mom's going off the deep end again.

Shannon stands behind Glenn, listening.

SHANNON
You son of a bitch.

Glenn jumps with fear. She grabs the phone and hits him with it. He yells.

MARK
Damn it Shannon, don't you touch
him! Don't you--

She hangs up the phone.

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)
Somehow he survived two more years
of that. But only in body. The
spirit of the boy was crushed, and
without his home life as a refuge,
he wasn't equipped to find his
place in the world.

INT. AIRPORT GATE - DAY

Eighteen year old Glenn exchanges hugs with friends and family.

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)
To his credit, he gave it a try.
But he had already lost faith in
humanity, and when that happens
life slowly loses its color.

INT. DORM HALLWAY - DAY

Glenn sits with 40 OTHER YOUNG MEN, listening to the HALL SUPERVISOR read the rules of dorm life. The YOUTH next to Glenn sees the name tag on his shirt identifying his home as Hawaii.

DORM BOY 1
You really from Hawaii?

GLENN

Yeah, you?

DORM BOY 1

Very cool. I'm from Orange County.

GLENN

Ah, L.A.?

DORM BOY 1

Noo, Orange. Big difference.

INT. DORM HALLWAY - NIGHT

A PACK OF FRESHMEN head down the hallway, knocking on doors and opening them. The hallmates are forming their nightly posse to head to dinner. When they get to Glenn's door, they rush in where they find him napping.

Several guys pounce on him, and bounce on the bed. Others raid his closet and pick out a shirt and pants. They then strip him of his casual rags and dress him in the ensemble. When finished, they drag him into their formation and down the hall again.

One lively youth, ALAN, puts his arm around Glenn as they walk.

ALAN

Can't go to dinner looking like a, what is it, *Menehune*? We'll make a college prep out of you yet, Hawaii boy.

Glenn glows from the affection.

EXT. FRATERNITY HOUSE - NIGHT

Glenn and Alan are partying hard at a frat party. They each attempt the famous Beer Bong.

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)

He made a lot of friends there. But one in particular brought some color back into his life. What Glenn wanted most was structure, the familiar trappings of loved ones that reinforced his belief that the world was a good place to live in.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - AFTERNOON

Glenn sends a ball down the alley, then slips and falls.
Alan is doubled over, laughing.

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)

His new friend Alan gave him a
small sense of structure, and like
a reawakening, Glenn began to feel
again.

INT. GLENN'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Glenn lies in bed, wheezing in his sleep. Only the night
light is on. Alan creeps in and sits on the bed. He gently
strokes Glenn's hair. The wheezing subsides.

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)

But what was awakened was a torrent
of emotion, feelings that had been
stifled and pent up for too long.
He knew this surge of love and
affection for his friend was too
powerful. But there was no turning
back.

LATER

Glenn sits at his desk, pen in hand. The letter reads:

"Alan,

Words fail me but the feelings don't, when I think of you. I
wish I could turn back this tide of emotion that you stir up
in me..."

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)

His feelings led him to write a
letter, a love letter.

Glenn slides the sealed envelope under a dorm room door.

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)

It was a gamble, and he knew the
risk. Sadly, he lost the bet. It
was an awkward thing for a college
boy to have to understand, and his
friend Alan chose not to try.

INT. THE DORM HALLWAY-NIGHT

The posse of hallmates knock on doors, gathering the boys for dinner. When they come to Glenn's door, Alan motions to stop. They move on to the next room.

INT. THE CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Glenn eats alone.

INT. GLENN'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Glenn looks out the window, watching all the preppies heading to parties.

EXT. HONOLULU INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Alex greets Glenn at the baggage claim with a quick hug.

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)
It's an interesting thing watching
a candle lose its flame.

INT. ALEX'S CAR - LATER

Alex looks like a beach bunny at the wheel. Glenn's eyes are almost lifeless as the city of Honolulu whirls by.

GLENN
Isn't Dad coming back soon?

ALEX
I think he's gonna stay awhile
longer. Vienna's so pretty right
now. It's kind of hard to end a
honeymoon, ya know?

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)
At first it's brilliant. Its light
is so great, even the smallest
flicker casts large shadows.

I/E ALEX'S CAR/HARTMAN HOME - CONTINUOUS

Alex stops the car before reaching their driveway.

GLENN
You coming in?

ALEX

I don't want to be anywhere near
that bitch.

She helps him unload his luggage, then drives off. He
trudges up to the house.

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)

Then it shrinks... still a flame,
but the darkness moves in.

INT. HARTMAN HOUSE - DAY

Shannon, drink in hand, escorts Glenn to

HIS BEDROOM

SHANNON

You must be tired sweetie. Why
don't you take a nap and then we'll
have a barbecue tonight.

GLENN

Sounds good.

He surveys his lonely old room. The mouse and bird cages are
empty. His *Lord of the Rings* blacklight posters hang on the
walls. He pulls a high school yearbook from a shelf and
leafs through it.

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)

And then, before the inevitable,
just a blue nub of a flame remains.
It doesn't cast a light, and
carries almost no heat. It's like
the last burning ember.

GLENN

is fast asleep on his bed, still in his travel clothes. He
is jolted awake by the NOISY ENTRANCE of his drunken mother,
drink in hand.

SHANNON

Glenn, wake up. Where the hell is
your sister? Who the hell does
that little witch think she is,
huh? Does she think she's better
than me? She can't even show her
face to my door when her brother is
home?

Shannon's boyfriend tries to pull her away and calm her down. She pushes him off, and turns her rage on him.

BOYFRIEND

Come on baby, leave him alone.

SHANNON

Keep your hands off me! I know you think Alex is pretty. I've seen you look at her!

BOYFRIEND

Just relax, Shannon. You're not making any sense.

She turns back to Glenn.

SHANNON

Why are you even here, huh Glenn? Why aren't you with Alex, or your father? You think you're better than me too, don't you?

She draws her face next to his.

SHANNON

If that little bitch even comes near this house, I'll knock her from here to Kingdom Come!

The boyfriend pulls her forcefully out of the room and down the hall. Glenn's morose face stares at the floor.

GLENN'S SLEEPING FACE

looks peaceful. SHANNON'S VOICE calls from afar.

SHANNON (O.S.)

Glenn! Glenn!

DOORS OPEN AND SHUT, FOOTSTEPS... and we are still looking at Glenn's sleeping face. When Shannon's voice subsides, we hear the gentle murmur of an IDLING CAR MOTOR.

Still, Glenn sleeps.

We hear another DOOR OPEN, and Shannon's VOICE is clearer now.

SHANNON (O.S.)

Oh God, no! GLENN!

INT. HARTMAN GARAGE - DAY

Glenn is laying down in the driver's seat of a car. Windows rolled up, engine on, a garden hose connecting the exhaust pipe and the car interior over the top of a window.

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)

His light went out on the 3rd of June, 1982. His first day back from school.

EXT. PATHOS GARDEN - DAY

Sebastian lights a candle in a hurricane lamp and puts it on Glenn's grave.

SEBASTIAN

It's never easy to see these young ones slip away.

Doug stares at the candle. His flinty exterior betrays him as his eyes flash an angry spark, and his voice registers alarm.

DOUG

It's inexcusable! Where was his father?

SEBASTIAN

I don't like it any more than you, son. What I wouldn't do to give a one like this a second chance.

NANCY (O.S.)

Don't we all want a second chance.

The two men turn to the voice. Nancy ambles over to the grave carrying a shopping bag. She and Sebastian hug.

SEBASTIAN

Nancy Marie, is it afternoon already?

She extracts a Christmas ornament from the bag.

NANCY

Sorry, didn't mean to sneak up on you. I just came to give the place some Holiday cheer.

She is nervously interested in Doug whose composure is still impassioned. She offers her hand. He shakes it.

NANCY
Hi, I'm Nancy.

DOUG
Doug Wetteland.

NANCY
You come to visit someone special?

SEBASTIAN
Forgive my manners. Nancy comes here to visit her grandfather.

Doug looks quizzically at Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN
No, not me. Him.

He points to Thomas Pratt's grave.

DOUG
Ah, no. I don't really know anyone here. I mean...

Nancy nods with an amused smile.

SEBASTIAN
You two should form a single parent's club.

Her eyes spark.

SEBASTIAN
Doug here gets extra points for raising a teenager.

DOUG
Raising, or trying to put back in the earth, I haven't decided.

Sebastian shuffles off to a distant rake.

NANCY
I'm sure your son will turn out just fine.

DOUG
If I can ship him off to military school, that just might happen.

NANCY
(tenderly)
You don't mean that. They grow so fast.

Doug is touched. He points to Sebastian.

DOUG
You sound like him.

Sebastian shuffles back with the rake.

SEBASTIAN
I have disciples everywhere.

A light moment of smiles and then:

DOUG
Well it's been nice meeting the
both of you. I really have to go.

SEBASTIAN
Now don't be a stranger, son. Old
Sebastian loves visitors, so you
come back anytime, all right?

Doug extends his hand to Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN
Be a man of character. Give your
son every reason to admire you.

For a moment, Doug looks uncertain.

DOUG
Thanks, and Merry Christmas.

SEBASTIAN
Mele Kalikimaka.

NANCY
Good bye. Merry Christmas.

As Doug strides away, Sebastian plucks the solitary purple
puakenekene blossom from a white puakenekene tree.

SEBASTIAN
A purple puakenekene.

Doug stops and turns.

SEBASTIAN
A very rare thing. Change is
coming.

Nancy and Doug simply gawk.

SEBASTIAN
That's what it means. Be ready.

Doug fakes a smile, then leaves.

NANCY
What kind of change?

Sebastian circles the tree, pruning.

SEBASTIAN
Change of the season, I imagine.

NANCY
And what's that supposed to mean?

With no reply from Sebastian, her eyes drift over to the distant figure of Doug.

SEBASTIAN
One thing at a time Mrs. Capeluto.
You're not ready for a man.

NANCY
(smirking)
Don't rain on my change of season.

EXT. CASTLE HIGH SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

The classrooms stream forth cheerful students, many bedecked in festive holiday apparel. A large sign stretches between two pillars: "Happy Holidays! See You Next Year!"

Amidst the yuletide wishes and exchanges, Dylan strides away from his hallway locker and onto the parking lot, slinging his bookbag over his shoulder.

EXT. KEPA AND MANU'S HOUSE - LATER

Dylan walks up to the gate. Pitt bull barks like hell. Kepa steps out to let him in.

INT. KEPA AND MANU'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Kepa leads Dylan to the game room where Manu is playing pool. He and Kepa both wear dark shades and tank tops, revealing their neck bling and tattoos. Dylan bumps fist with Manu.

MANU
Wassup haole boy?

DYLAN
I got some time to kill now.
School's out for awhile.

Manu concentrates on a long shot, then sinks it.

MANU

Looking for some easy money huh?

DYLAN

Would be nice, you know, at least
get my dad something for Christmas.

Kepa and Manu exchange a fast look.

MANU

Yeah I got a job for you if you
want it.

Dylan anxiously rubs his hands together. Manu circles the
table, looking for an angle.

MANU

Chinatown. Gotta watch your back,
haole boy. You're stepping up with
this one.

DYLAN

You can trust me. You know you
can.

MANU

Sixty percent to the house.

Manu nods to Kepa.

MANU

Follow Kepa. He'll give you what
you need.

DYLAN

Mahaloz Manu. You rock.

Kepa motions to Dylan. As they leave the room:

MANU

Merry Christmas, haole boy.

Dylan throws him the shaka sign.

EXT. KEPA AND MANU'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Kepa leads Dylan to the gate, where he hands him a wrapped
cloth package.

KEPA

We be watching you, braddah. No
ack up, aiight?

They shake hands, island style, then bump fists.

DYLAN

I won't let you down, brah.

Kepa reaches into his pocket and extracts a small plastic bag
with 2 small bumps of crystal meth.

KEPA

Here's one small kine Christmas
present, brah. Catch you latahz.

He tosses it to Dylan, who catches it mid-air. His eyes and
smile widen at the sight of its contents.

DYLAN

Latahz, Kepa!

EXT. MAUNAWILI STREAM - DAY

Dylan and Matt frolic in this lush rainforest setting. A
swing rope attached to an overhanging branch serves as the
boys' bomb-drop entry into the swim hole.

Matt makes a wild splash. Dylan takes to the rope and
follows. They swim and then perch among the mossy stones.

DYLAN

I wish we could stay up here
forever.

MATT

Too cold.

Dylan squints up at the dense foliage overhead.

DYLAN

We could build a tree house and
live off the fruits of the valley.

MATT

Brah, you wouldn't last a week.

DYLAN

The ancient Hawaiians did it. It
would be cool.

They bask in the serenity of their private swim hole.

DYLAN
You remember your Hawaiian history?

MATT
Most of it.

DYLAN
Wasn't "Donahoe" an important name?

MATT
Wallace Donahoe, one of the first missionaries to Hawaii. Supposedly educated all the native Hawaiians on the windward side of Oahu.

DYLAN
I don't remember any of this.

MATT
Brah you never came to class.

Dylan swims over to his dry shirt, pulls out a joint and lights up. Matt grimaces as Dylan inhales.

MATT
Brah...

DYLAN
The Hawaiians did this too, right?

Matt shakes his head with disapproval.

DYLAN
So is that it?

MATT
He married a Hawaiian. Her family kinda freaked. They thought the missionaries were going to take over their *kuleana*, all their land, so they attacked and killed them.

DYLAN
Damn!

MATT
Their son escaped though, inherited everything.

DYLAN
What was his name?

MATT

I don't remember. But he's the founder of the filthy rich Donahoe Estate.

DYLAN

You're smarter than you look. You know that?

Matt splashes him. They lounge peacefully for a moment.

MATT

Wanna go see it?

Dylan perks up like a puppy.

EXT. A LUSH GREEN VALLEY FOREST - MOMENTS LATER

Matt and Dylan trudge through the foliage. They emerge from the forest to behold a sweeping vista of landscaped hills, several large mansions perched atop them. A huge perimeter of ranch fencing surrounds the property.

DYLAN

No way!

MATT

Pretty amazing, huh?

Matt leads Dylan to the grand iron gate with a family-crested insignia. The inscription:

"Kipona Aloha No Lahui Kanaka Lanakila Make Loa Pahe'e"

Their lips quietly mutter the words.

DYLAN

What does it mean?

MATT

(slowly)

Love for the people... conquers death. Wait, the grave. Something like that.

DYLAN

That's deep shit.

MATT

Imagine growing up a Donahoe, here in this place.

DYLAN
I'd have horses. And a couple of
bikes. We could tear these hills
up, you and me.

MATT
It's too bad. No Donahoes left, I
heard. Just a bunch of trustees.

DYLAN
Serious?

MATT
Good people though. They gave my
Mom a scholarship. Hopefully me
too.

DYLAN
At least something good came out--

The boys leap back at the appearance of 3 ferocious German
Shepherds, barking loudly across the fence.

INT. KANEOHE VALLEY FOREST - MOMENTS LATER

Matt and Dylan run carefree, shirtless, through the lush
greenery.

DYLAN
Hey, you wanna go to Chinatown with
me tonight?

Matt squints a look of befuddlement at Dylan.

MATT
Chinatown?

DYLAN
Yeah, just me and you.

MATT
That's crazy.

DYLAN
Why not? No school tomorrow.

MATT
That's a bad ass place to be at
night.

DYLAN
So, come on. Live a little.

MATT
Naw, I'll pass.

Dylan stops jogging.

DYLAN
Then I think I'll need to borrow
your bike for a few hours.

Matt stops with a "you gotta be kidding me" look.

EXT. KANESHIRO HOUSE - NIGHT

Matt helps Dylan wheel the dirt bike down the driveway.

MATT
How long you gonna be?

DYLAN
Not long. And don't tell my dad.

MATT
Do I look stupid to you?

Dylan runs alongside the bike down the street, then hops on before he fires it up.

EXT. PALI HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Dylan zooms over the cliffside highway.

EXT. CHINATOWN - LATER

Dylan parks the bike in a narrow alley. He reaches in his jacket, extracts the cloth package, and places it on the bike seat. He unwraps the cloth to reveal several slim tools and a denim sack.

Once the street is clear, he approaches the nearest parking meter. His first two tool choices don't fit the lock; the third one does. Quickly, he empties the bank of coins into his sack.

He proceeds warily to each meter on the street.

EXT. CHINATOWN STREETS - LATER

Dylan is carefree, cruising past the hookers, the homeless, the street urchins, the drunk military entourages.

He turns a corner and stops immediately at the sight of Doug's taxi pulling aside with a fare. Dylan does a U-turn and zooms around the corner.

INT. KANESHIRO HOUSE - NIGHT

Matt sleeps in his bedroom. A TAP at the window wakes him.

EXT. KANESHIRO HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Matt opens the front door to let Dylan in.

MATT
(whispering)
Did you bring me Chinese food?

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

Neighborhood homes decorated with colorful lights and Christmas trimmings. END ON:

EXT. WETTELAND HOUSE - EVENING

A weathered and chipped plastic Santa sits alone in the neglected front yard. The taxi sits in the driveway.

INT. WETTELAND HOUSE - EVENING

A weary Doug emerges from his bedroom and ambles down the hallway. Dylan sits at the dining table, eating soup and watching the TV.

Doug takes a beer from the fridge and pops it open. He takes a swig, then walks by Dylan and swats him on the back of the head. Soup spills as the youngster glares at the culprit.

DYLAN
What the hell?

DOUG
Nice life you got there kid, coming
and going whenever you please.

DYLAN
It's Christmas break, Colonel.
What do you want me to do?

DOUG
Empty the garbage, clean the
kitchen, your room.

DYLAN
You expecting company? What's the
big deal?

DOUG
The big deal is I have no idea what
you're doing or where you've been.
Would it hurt to make a phone call
now and then?

DYLAN
You kidding me? You got me this
piece of shit pager. You won't
even let me have a phone!

DOUG
A kid like you can't have a phone.
I got that pager for free. That's
all you need. When I was your age,
I never had a phone.

Dylan stares at his Dad like he's a lunatic.

DOUG
When I was your age, I didn't even
have half of what you got.

Dylan stands up and throws the pager at the couch, where Doug
is seated.

DYLAN
You know what? You can have your
shit pager! I don't want it. I
don't want anything from you!

He stomps off towards his bedroom.

DYLAN
Oh yeah, Merry Christmas!

Doug chugs his beer.

IN DYLAN'S BEDROOM

Dylan lights up a joint, inhales deeply.

INT. WETTELAND HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

Doug emerges from the bathroom, hair slicked back and groomed. He slides a note under Dylan's door, then leaves.

IN DYLAN'S BEDROOM

Dylan sees the note and opens it. In simple handwriting: "ON THE BACK PATIO". He opens his door and heads to the

LIVING ROOM

He pulls back the curtains and the sliding glass door. On the back patio sits a dilapidated dirt bike with a red bow on it. A slow smile creeps across his face.

INT. WETTELAND GARAGE - DAY

Tools, lumber scraps, oil everywhere. Matt and Dylan toil over the new bike.

MATT

Brah, now we can go riding together.

They knock fists.

MATT

Tonight, all the old folks from the Nohonani Home go Christmas caroling. We could, you know, make an appearance. Bring the Ghosts of Christmas Past, make it a parade.

Dylan's face is all mischief.

DYLAN

Matt, you rock!

They tinker with the bike and then:

MATT

So what else did you get? Anything from your mom?

DYLAN

Nope. Not even a card.

MATT

Brah, maybe you should just contact her. Be the man.

Dylan slaps his tool down.

DYLAN

Dude, I don't even know where the hell she is! She quit her Cruise job, and took off with some guy she met on the boat.

Matt is just as flustered, and tries to understand.

MATT

Man, that sucks.

Dylan goes to the tool shed and reaches to the top shelf, on his toes. His hand finds pliers, but then he catches a parcel in a brown paper bag. It falls to the ground.

Curious, he pulls the contents out: a jumble of letters and cards with opened envelopes, all addressed to Dylan Wetteland... from Bonnie Wetteland, 1411 Lark Ave., Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. Some return addresses begin with simply "Mom".

Dylan gags with emotion.

INT. "THE WORKS" RESTAURANT - EVENING

Doug works over the grill. Patty comes to the counter with a parcel and hands it to him.

PATTY

From your son.

Doug opens it. The letters and cards are bound together with a note that says, "DAD OF THE YEAR". His face drops.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - EVENING

A throng of senior citizens, some wearing angel halos, meanders from house to house SINGING CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

DOWN THE STREET

Dylan and Matt sit atop their idling bikes. They are attired in Grim Reaper costumes, with flowing robes and scythes.

Dylan lifts his mask, and lights up an ICE PIPE. He inhales and smiles. Matt lifts his mask in disgust.

MATT

Brah, what the hell are you messing with that junk for?

DYLAN
It was a gift.

Matt grimaces.

MATT
You can have fun without it, brah.

They don their masks and REV their MOTORS.

MATT
That is not cool.

The bikes hum along at high speed.

The Reapers reach the carolers, and circle them like a rodeo roundup. The seniors are scared, bewildered, and angry.

The boys reach behind with their scythes to the exhaust pipes on their bikes, and puncture two white powder-filled baggies attached to the ends. They REV their bikes: clouds of powdered sugar POOF into the air, alighting on the trembling seniors.

DYLAN
Ho ho ho! Merry Christmas!

MATT
Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow!

Dylan plucks an angel halo off the head of a man with his scythe. The bike riders buzz off down the street. Dylan knocks over trash cans at the curb, spilling Christmas day garbage, then flings the halo into the air.

MATT
Chill, brah!

From a doorway, A WOMAN dials a number on her phone.

EXT. ANOTHER NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Dylan and Matt streak down the serene, decorated streets.

DOWN THE ROAD

A large van is parked, the printed words "Our Lady of Hope" on its side. Twenty young boys, ages 4 to 12, file out under the direction of a frocked nun. This is SMILING NUN. They are all dressed festively, and gather in front of a well-lit home to sing.

THE BIKE RIDERS

Approach the youths and nun with a vengeance, swinging their scythes in the air, LAUGHING like the Crypt Keeper. The frightened boys disperse, running and SCREAMING in all directions.

Matt zooms ahead and stops at the side of the road. He looks back to see Dylan pursue a SMALL, ASIAN BOY. Dylan pops a wheelie. The boy falls; his red-ribboned, stuffed SNOOPY flies from his arms to the ground.

Dylan scoops up the stuffed animal with his scythe. The boy and Dylan exchange a brief look: one of terror, the other of masked malevolence.

Dylan revs the throttle. As he zooms away he flings the Snoopy doll. It lands on a distant roof.

IN THE VAN

Terrified faces peer through the windows.

EXT. "THE WORKS" RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Doug strolls to his car as a police vehicle pulls up. An officer, COP 1, steps out.

COP 1
Mr. Wetteland?

DOUG
Yeah, that's me.

COP 1
We've got your son at the station.
Again.

Doug's tired face grimaces.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Doug is escorted by COP 1. Dylan reclines behind bars. Doug approaches his son.

DOUG
Have fun tonight?

DYLAN
Not bad.

DOUG
Vandalism, disturbing the peace,
terroristic threatening, all on
Christmas.

Dylan glares back.

DYLAN
Shall we make a list of your fine
accomplishments?

DOUG
(to the officer)
Keep him here over night. I'll
come get him in the morning.

Dylan rushes to the iron bars.

DYLAN
Then call my mom! He knows how to
reach her! You bastard, call my
mom!

Doug strides out of the holding area, Dylan's RAGING VOICE in
a pitch.

DYLAN
You asshole! You bastard!

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Doug is filling out papers with an officer, COP 2. Another
officer, COP 3, brings Dylan out to the waiting area, scruffy
and morose. Doug signs the last paper.

Cop 3 places the Grim Reaper robe, scythe, and ice pipe on
the desk.

COP 2
Your son was less of an angel than
you think. Crystal meth. Wasn't
sure if you knew that.

Doug examines the ice pipe.

COP 2
City Prosecutor has given him
something to think about. Told him
if he reveals his dealer, all
charges will be dropped.

Doug shakes his head, already stressed.

COP 2
Try and have a good Holiday.

DOUG
Thanks, I will.

Dylan is already heading out the door.

OUTSIDE IN THE COURTYARD

Doug is striding to catch up with his son. From across the courtyard, Nancy sees Doug and heads his way. She's dressed in a two piece business suit looking neat, pretty and nervous.

NANCY
Hi there! Doug, right?

DOUG
Hey, yes, uh... Nancy was it?

NANCY
That's right.

An awkward moment. Doug glances at Dylan who drops to a bench, arms crossed defiantly.

NANCY
So what brings you down here the day after Christmas?

Doug gestures towards Dylan.

DOUG
My son, Dylan.

Dylan's body language tells the story.

NANCY
Ah, I see.

DOUG
And what about you?

NANCY
I have a custody hearing in 15 minutes.

DOUG
Two boys, right?

She nods. He leans on the scythe.

DOUG
I wish I could give you some good
advice.

Volumes are spoken as they study each other in silence, each
face emoting a weary longing for comfort.

NANCY
If I can get through these
hearings, I can get through almost
anything.

DOUG
We'll have another talk when your
kids are in high school.

NANCY
(flirtatious)
Hopefully we can talk before then.

He flashes a comforting smile.

DOUG
I look forward to it.

Nancy looks back for Dylan. He's gone.

NANCY
Tell your son I hope he had a Merry
Christmas and all that.

Doug looks at the empty bench, startled.

DOUG
I will.

Doug races off to the street and looks in every direction.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - DAY

Frantic, Doug drives through the ghettos, the public parks,
the school parking lots.

EXT. PATHOS GARDEN - DAY

Birds chirp in the foliage.

Flowers adorn branches in abundance.

Christmas ornaments dangle in the breeze.

Tinsel floats down from a pine tree onto a groomed grave.

Dylan sits beneath the pine, his feet resting on the cement frame of the grave. On the other side of the pine tree, Sebastian reclines in the shade.

Doug arrives to this peaceful scene. Both heads turn.

DOUG
Hello Sebastian.

Sebastian tips his hat.

SEBASTIAN
Douglas.

DOUG
Dylan, get in the car.

Dylan ignores him.

DOUG
Don't embarrass me in front of Mr.
Donahoe, son.

No response.

SEBASTIAN
Last thing he said he wants to be
shipped off to South Carolina.

Doug drops his head.

DOUG
Would you tell him that would be a
big mistake?

Both Dylan and Sebastian gnaw on straw grass. Doug kneels near Dylan.

DOUG
Son... I'm sorry. I hope one day
you understand. I just can't
forgive someone for walking away
from their responsibilities, from
their family.

Dylan glares fiercely at his father.

DYLAN
So it's better to punish me?

Doug feels the bite of his anger.

DOUG

Of course not. I'm trying to protect--

DYLAN

The hell you are! Our phone number is unlisted. You've put me in three different schools. She can't reach me without your help. You had a mother! Let me have mine!

Doug stands and sighs. A long pause for nature to mollify the boy's sobs, and then:

SEBASTIAN

Follow me, both of you.

They follow him across the lot to a shady clearing under a large shower tree. Sebastian wipes the leaves from a flat headstone, revealing the inscription: "Lita Villoria 1916-1932 Nothing But a Majestic Memory Remains."

SEBASTIAN

Resting here is a little girl who knew the secret to happiness. It's something I wish she could pass on to the both of you.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE:

EXT. OAHU SUGAR CANE PLANTATION - DAY

LITA, a 16 year old Filipina, walks down the long dirt roads that pass through the sugar cane fields of leeward Oahu. She holds school books to her bosom, and wears a plain gingham dress.

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)

Her name was Estrelita. The word means "star light", and that she seemed to have when she flashed her girlish smile.

Two small Filipino boys run past her, playing chase. Their dialect is Ilocano. Lita HUMS A TUNE, her voice is sweet.

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)

She was born in the Philippines. Opportunity for a better life brought her parents to Hawaii, to the town of Waipahu to work for Oahu Sugar Company.

Lita approaches a shanty town of simple huts. This camp is her people's home. Young children play everywhere. She enters her humble dwelling.

INT. VILLORIA HOME - CONTINUOUS

Lita puts her books on a chair and proceeds to the tiny kitchen. Above the wood stove on a shelf is a rusty coffee can. She pulls this down and shakes it. A coin CLANGS inside.

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)

The plantation owners took pretty good care of all their needs. If you didn't have a taste for luxury, life was good.

Lita heads out the kitchen door to the

COMMON GARDEN

Where a host of Filipinos tend to flourishing vegetables. She spots her MOTHER, a tiny brown woman. Lita goes to her and kisses her.

LITA

(Ilocano)

I see you got a bonus today! Thank you, Mother!

Her mother smiles, then resumes the social task of gardening.

Lita is HUMMING A TUNE again. Now she heads down a dusty path to

A STREAM

Several men are ankle deep, harvesting rice and watercress. Lita accosts her FATHER, a little man with her smiling eyes.

LITA

(Ilocano)

Father, how are the watercress today?

MR. VILLORIA

(Ilocano)

We will see at dinner, daughter!

She regains the path and strolls back to the dirt road, HUMMING all the way.

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)

In terms of property or possessions, this girl had little. Yet she had a wealth of her own, on the inside: an appreciation of life that started with the simple things. And it all had its roots in the family.

ON THE DIRT ROAD

Lita happily ambles along. From both sides of the road, hidden within the sugarcane, she is ambushed by thrown clods of dirt. YOUNG VOICES GIGGLE from their hiding places. Lita storms the green stalks, SCOLDING the youths. One of the boys, her young brother EMILIO, bursts forth. She chases him.

LITA

(Ilocano)

Wait until Mama sees what you did to my dress, Emilio!

She tends to her dress as she continues down the road. Minutes later she reaches the

COMMUNITY CENTER

A General Store, barbershop, and train station all coexist side by side. Dozens of youths hang out. Groups of Portuguese, Hawaiians, Japanese, Chinese, Filipinos and Puerto Ricans congregate at leisure. Only a handful of Caucasian boys are found in this mix, and they are dressed noticeably better than the rest.

Leaning against the general store, 4 white teen boys chew gum and toss coins against the wall, gambling. Their names are ADAM, BRIAN, TIM, and the most handsome, CHARLES.

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)

The Carnegie family owned the sugar company, a well-off white family from Detroit. Their youngest son was about the same age as Estrelita. His name was Charles, and every afternoon he waited for her.

CHARLES steps away from his friends to greet Lita. The 3 boys sneer at the sight of this budding romance.

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)

Of course, this sweetness he had for her was frowned upon.

(MORE)

SEBASTIAN (V.O.) (cont'd)

The races were supposed to stick to themselves. Heaven forbid the son of the big boss would fall for a Filipina. But love finds its own way, even across cultures.

CHARLES

Hi.

LITA

Hi.

CHARLES

How was your day?

LITA

(broken English)

Good. I feel rich today.

She flashes the penny. He smiles.

CHARLES

Ooh, a penny. Let's go spend it.

Charles glances defiantly at his leering buddies, then escorts Lita into

THE STORE

She smiles continuously as she peruses the candies, the soaps, the sweetened shave ice. Charles watches with adoration, amused at her joy of shopping.

She finally chooses a small bag of flavored rock candies and proceeds to the clerk. Charles swoops in behind her and grabs everything she handled: 2 soaps, a candle, licorice sticks, and then he addresses RANDY, the clerk.

CHARLES

One shave ice, Randy.

RANDY

Today's flavor is pineapple.

Charles looks to Lita for approval. She smiles shyly.

CHARLES

Make it two.

He dumps the goods on the counter.

RANDY

Coming right up.

CHARLES

On my tab.

Lita slowly begins to understand what's going on. She tries to protest.

LITA

No, Charles. That is too much.

He touches her hair.

CHARLES

I like to buy you things.

Randy completes the transaction and the two lovebirds amble

OUTSIDE THE STORE

They stroll past the various groups to Adam, Brian and Tim who are wagering over TWO CHINESE CHILDRENS' kite. It is made of bamboo, newspaper, and flour.

CHINESE CHILD 1

Five cents! Five cents!

ADAM

Okay, okay. If it flies for the count of ten, we'll each pay you five cents.

BRIAN

If it doesn't, you give us the kite.

TIM

I've seen these things fly. I'm out.

CHARLES

Tightwad. I'm in.

CHINESE CHILD 1

Okay, mister.

The two kids walk a distance. The Chinese Child 1 breaks into a run. The string's slack tightens, and the kite begins to hover.

CHINESE CHILD 2

(Cantonese)

Run! Run! Run!

All eyes are on the little Chinese "Ben Franklins" as they maneuver the kite into the sky.

CHARLES
I'm going to walk Lita home. I'll
see you guys later.

TIM
Right, later.

As Lita and Charles stroll away, Brian scoffs:

BRIAN
Nice dress.

EXT. DIRT ROADS - LATER

Lita and Charles finish their shave ice treats.

CHARLES
So teach me a new word in Filipino.

LITA
Hmmm. Okay, here's one: naragsak.
It means "happy."

CHARLES
Naragsak. You make me naragsak.

Her smile widens. He is flushed with fever for her.

LITA
Why do I make you naragsak?

He takes her hand.

CHARLES
Because your smile is warmer than
the Hawaiian sun. Because you're
sweeter than this pineapple shave
ice. Because... I don't know, just
because.

LITA
I told you before I feel rich
today. But the truth is, I feel
rich everyday. I am always
naragsak.

They continue on to her house, hand in hand.

EXT. PATHOS GARDEN - DAY

SEBASTIAN

Ah, young love. It truly is sweeter than pineapple.

Dylan glances at the grave.

DYLAN

This story already bothers me. It doesn't have a happy ending.

SEBASTIAN

No, son. It doesn't.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

In the midst of the sugar cane fields, a large clearing with a baseball diamond and bleachers. A game is underway, and a large mixed-ethnic crowd is cheering for the Japanese and Hawaiian teams.

Lita and Charles sit on a bench, cheering. They snack on peanuts.

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)

Their courtship was ahead of its time. That was just too much controversy for its day. It was only a matter of time before things got ugly.

CHARLES

You having fun?

Lita nods and smiles enthusiastically.

CHARLES

Let's go for a ride.

Charles and Lita leave. Many curious eyes watch. Among them, the leering eyes of Adam, Tim and Brian from the bleachers.

A STUDEBAKER

is parked outside the field. He helps her in and then fires the engine. They drive through the winding plantation roads, down to

THE BEACH

They kick off their shoes. Charles rolls up his trousers and they head down to the rocks. Crabs crawl everywhere, and the 2 youths giggle and frolic trying to catch them.

Finally they sit on the sand, watching the surf roll in.

CHARLES

So teach me something new. Give me
a new word.

Lita looks at him fondly, the wind blowing their hair.

LITA

Nasingpet. You are very *nasingpet*.

CHARLES

Okay you've told me I'm handsome,
that's *naguapo*. I know I'm fair-
skinned: *napudaw*.

He pauses to think.

CHARLES

Perfect. It means I'm perfect.

They both giggle.

LITA

It means "nice" and "kind". You
are a very kind person.

CHARLES

Like you.

They gaze into each other's eyes, then Charles leans forward to kiss her.

THE RUMBLE OF AN ENGINE

As his car ignition kicks over, above the beach. They look back, and see the Studebaker zooming away. They rise to their feet and scramble up the sand in hopeless pursuit.

EXT. DIRT ROADS - LATER

It's late in the day. Lita and Charles are trudging up the long plantation road, past endless fields of sugar cane. Charles is muttering curses.

CHARLES

I'll kill them, those assholes.
I'll have their parents fired
before this day is through.

EXT. CARNEGIE HOUSE - DUSK

Charles and Lita arrive to this grand home, sweaty and smudged with dirt.

The Studebaker is at the side of the house.

A screen door swings open.

MR. and MRS. CARNEGIE, Charles' parents, form an imposing duo on the veranda.

MRS. CARNEGIE

Charles Carnegie, you get in the house this instant!

Mr. Carnegie descends the stairs to the yard. Dapper in dress, his visage is fierce. He points at Lita.

MR. CARNEGIE

Young man, I know where you've been. You've been with *her*. Your friends told us.

CHARLES

We just walked five long miles--

MRS. CARNEGIE

They said they found the car down at the beach, the keys inside and no trace of you anywhere.

CHARLES

Do you believe them, or do you believe me? I saw them take the car, Mom!

MR. CARNEGIE

Serves you right, messing around with the laborers' girls. Now get in the house. And you, go home!

The two teens exchange distressed looks. Charles lumbers up the yard to the house. Lita turns back to the road and walks away.

EXT. DIRT ROADS - LATER

The sun has gone down, darkness begins to fall. Lita limps her way through the fields. Suddenly, standing before her are Brian, Tim, and Adam, and they look like trouble.

TIM

Have a nice day at the beach?

They circle her like sharks.

ADAM

How was your day with the master?
Why, you're almost the lady of the
plantation!

TIM

I suppose we should be a little
more respectful.

BRIAN

You know, I've always wanted to try
a flip girl. What do you think,
boys?

They exchange evil looks. Then they grab her and drag her into the dense sugar cane. Her SCREAMS are muffled as we hear the SOUND of CLOTHES BEING RIPPED.

EXT. DIRT ROADS - LATER

Lita limps down the moonlit roads again. Her dress is torn, and only her SOBS break the stillness. Up ahead, some lights.

VILLORIA HOUSE

She reaches her door. Her family rushes to take her in. The neighbors gather at her door. The camp is in an UPROAR of distress.

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)

Months went by and her family hoped
their peaceful life would remain
undisturbed. But it wasn't to be.
The rumor spread that Lita was
carrying Mr. Carnegie's grandchild.
Truth is she was pregnant. But it
wasn't a Carnegie heir.

EXT. VILLORIA HOME - NIGHT

The Studebaker pulls up. Charles steps out and awaits Lita, who comes out of her house to greet him. They embrace.

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)

The two young lovers had to meet on the sly. But even their clandestine romance was headed south. It was a train wreck bound to happen. They were just too naive to see it coming.

EXT. DIRT ROADS - LATE AFTERNOON

The Studebaker roars through the fields, kicking up clouds of dust in its wake.

EXT. THE VILLORIA HOME - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Villoria and neighbors pull vegetables in the garden. The vehicle pulls up. Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie, along with two white men, step out. We'll call them HITLER and EICHMANN. They enter the Villoria house.

Lita SCREAMS in protest.

They drag her out. Her pregnancy is obvious. The women from the garden rush to stop this abduction. PANDEMONIUM ensues.

Lita YELLS for her mother, who tries to pull her from her captors. Lita is forced into the car. The Studebaker speeds back down the road.

EXT. CARNEGIE HOUSE - DUSK

Charles' VOICE YELLS throughout the house. We can hear his TRIPPING FOOTSTEPS descend flights of stairs.

CHARLES

No! NOOOOO! Please noooo!

He storms through the front door and down the stairs, in tears. He races across the yard to the road.

INT. A SHED - DUSK

Lita is strapped to an old mattress. Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie stand back in the darkness. HITLER and EICHMANN circle the helpless girl.

Hitler wields a wooden paddle. Eichmann covers her mouth with his hand. The paddle is raised, and comes down hard on her belly.

Lita lurches in pain.

Again and again, the paddle strikes the 7-month old fetus.

EXT. DIRT ROADS - EVENING

Charles runs like a crazy man.

CHARLES
Lita! Estrelita!

IN THE SHED

The beating continues. Blood flows between Lita's legs. Her eyes flutter and close. Hitler raises his paddle again. Mrs. Carnegie finally steps forward.

MRS. CARNEGIE
Stop! That's enough!

Eichmann's hand is still over her mouth, but he suddenly removes it. He looks alarmed. Mrs. Carnegie rushes to her side, and puts her hand near her nose. Her face twists in horror. She puts her ear to Lita's chest.

Mrs. Carnegie crumbles in shock.

MRS. CARNEGIE
Oh dear God! What have we done!
Oh dear God!

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)
It was like Shakespeare had mapped
out their destinies. Another
romance, another tragedy, another
void that can't be filled.

EXT. DIRT ROAD-NIGHT

Charles yells into the night, tears streaming down his face.

CHARLES
Estrelita!

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)
Lita was born and died in poverty.
Hers was a meager existence, a
humble slice of life.

(MORE)

SEBASTIAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
 But she took something with her
 that night both she and her baby
 died.

EXT. VILLORIA HOME - NIGHT

Mr. and Mrs. Villoria, Emilio and neighbors WAIL in tears.

MRS. VILLORIA
 Estrelita!

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)
 She saw the value of life, the
 opportunity and joy in every
 moment. It's a lucky soul who
 begins and ends each day with the
 knowledge that they are loved.
 Estrelita Villoria both received
 and gave to that equation.

MR. VILLORIA
 (Ilocano)
 Daughter!

EXT. PATHOS GARDEN - DAY

Doug and Dylan are stunned by the story.

SEBASTIAN
 Life is precious. The birth of a
 child is precious, a cause for
 celebration.

Doug looks tenderly upon Dylan. Dylan stands up.

DYLAN
 I don't think I can handle any more
 stories.

They make a taciturn trio in the shade of the tree. Sebastian
 eyes them sagaciously.

SEBASTIAN
 Their stories can teach and
 inspire. But they all lead here,
 and that's pretty sad stuff.

He taps the ground for emphasis.

DYLAN
 I guess the Donahoes have had their
 fair share.

Sebastian eyes Dylan curiously. Then, as though reflecting on a tragedy, he nods.

SEBASTIAN
No doubt about it.

Dylan meanders away.

DOUG
It's the Holidays. I'm going to
try and... grab a beer or
something.

Sebastian's eyes follow Dylan.

SEBASTIAN
Good luck, son.

DOUG
Maybe you should do the same.

SEBASTIAN
Old Sebastian is always enjoying a
holiday.

DOUG
Have a good one then, Sebastian.
I'm sure we'll see you again.

SEBASTIAN
I look forward to it. Malama pono.

Doug looks curiously at him. Sebastian pats his hand over his heart.

SEBASTIAN
Find harmony. And keep it.

Doug briefly ponders his words, then turns and follows Dylan.

SEBASTIAN
(mumbling to himself)
Listen and learn. Yep, listen and
learn.

He stands to his feet and brushes his trousers clean.

SEBASTIAN
(chuckling)
Celebrate, that's what I say. It's
always a holiday.

ON THE STREET

Doug nearly catches up to Dylan.

DOUG
Want a ride?

Dylan doesn't miss a step.

DYLAN
Nope.

Doug stops and watches his son saunter off.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - LATER

Dylan strolls aimlessly, angry. A big truck with oversized wheels pulls up alongside. Kepa and Manu look at him through dark shades. Dylan stops, and sighs.

MANU
Yo haole boy. Where you been?

DYLAN
Wassup Manu. Kepa.

MANU
Heard you got locked up.

Dylan hesitates, then confesses.

DYLAN
Yeap.

MANU
Hope you didn't say anything shady.
You know, disrespectful to your
Hawaiian family.

Manu pats his own chest with his closed fist.

DYLAN
Naw, it's all good brah.

Kepa and Manu exchange looks of apparent satisfaction.

KEPA
You still got something that
belongs to us.

DYLAN
I'll come by later, once my dad's
off my back.

MANU

Ok haole boy. Don't make me come
looking for you.

DYLAN

No worries, Manu.

They all bump fists. The truck drives off.

INT. WETTELAND HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Doug sits at the table with a cold beer. He has the pile of
letters and cards from Bonnie strewn in front of him.

Dylan enters and detours in the kitchen. He comes to the
living room with a can of soda.

DYLAN

You're not working.

DOUG

I called in sick.

DYLAN

You're not sick.

DOUG

So I could be with you.

The boy hovers near the table, looking at the dispersed
letters. His temper percolates below the surface.

DYLAN

So when did you plan on telling me?
When I have my first child?

DOUG

When it makes sense. When your
mother walked out on us two years
ago, leaving a goddam note next to
a casserole, she closed the door on
parenthood. She left her duty as a
mother and a member of this family,
and I'll be damned if she can do
that and still reap the rewards.

The Wetteland gene for a hot temper surfaces in both.

DYLAN

Maybe if you offered her more than
just a list of duties to perform
she'd still be with us. Why is
everything a fricking job to you?

DOUG
Because like it or not, it IS a
job.

Doug frantically gathers all the letters together as he talks, then offers them snidely to his son.

DOUG
Here Dylan, contact your mother.
Let her take her best shot at
redeeming herself.

He drops the pile on floor.

DOUG
Go ahead, do it.

Doug stands up, flushed with alcohol.

DOUG
It'll be a cold day in hell before
she wins this battle!

He stomps into the kitchen and grabs another beer, then onto

HIS BEDROOM

where he SLAMS the door. He gazes at the small framed photo on a shelf of a much younger Doug, BONNIE, and infant Dylan.

THE IMAGE COMES TO LIFE

Dylan gurgles and flexes his tiny limbs as his parents look on, tickling him here and there.

Bonnie and Doug kiss.

Baby Dylan giggles...

Then starts to cry.

Doug's face twists in pain as he takes the framed photo and SMASHES it to the ground. Glass shatters everywhere. He leans on the shelf and SOBS.

INT. MALL ARCADE - DAY

Dylan is busy playing a video game. Nancy enters with her two small boys in tow: MICAH, age 9, and KEVIN, 6. The boys are having a blast. Nancy spies Dylan and approaches him.

NANCY
You're Dylan, right?

He casts a sideways glance.

DYLAN

Yeah.

NANCY

I'm a friend of Sebastian.

He continues to play his game.

DYLAN

Yeah I remember. What's up?

NANCY

Oh no I uh, I just never got a chance to really introduce myself when I saw you the other day. So uh, hi, I'm Nancy!

She extends her hand. Dylan keeps his eyes on the machine.

DYLAN

(blasé)

Nice to meet you.

Nancy's eyes search the room.

NANCY

So is uh, your dad here too?

DYLAN

Nope. Just me.

She watches his skill at the game. He's racking up points.

NANCY

Wow, you're pretty good at that.

He works the game with ferocity, ignoring her. She glances at her boys.

NANCY

Well you could just tell your dad that everything worked out. The other day, at the courthouse. Really well.

Dylan's game ends with a series of DIGITAL CLANGS and APPLAUSE. He raises his hands in victory as the machine spits out streams of scrips.

DYLAN

All right!

He turns to Nancy and finally looks at her.

DYLAN
That's cool.

NANCY
Yeah I got my boys. They're giving me a six month trial period to see how it goes. And if all goes well, I get full custody.

Dylan looks over at the two busy boys. His stern face flashes a glimpse of tenderness... and then hardness again.

NANCY
Oh I'm sorry, let me introduce you.

She twists to yell to her sons.

NANCY
Boys! Come here a minute! I want you to meet someone.

The boys ignore her. Their fun is all-consuming.

NANCY
Micah! Kevin! Don't be rude!
Come here and say hello to Dylan!

Micah yells back without looking.

MICAH
Aww Mom, not now! We're busy!

She looks at Dylan with a look of joyous embarrassment.

NANCY
They just love video games.

Dylan throws her a curve ball:

DYLAN
If you fell in love with another man, would you leave your sons?

Her face registers horror.

NANCY
Oh my God no! I don't think I could live without my children.

They study each other with peculiar interest. Micah and Kevin slide under Nancy's arms.

NANCY
Boys, this is Dylan. Dylan, this
is Kevin and Micah.

The boys each murmur a soft HELLO. Dylan waves a casual hand.

DYLAN
Hey.

Kevin displays a small handful of scrips.

KEVIN
Mommy, look. We won some scrips.

NANCY
That's wonderful, sweetie! Do you
want to play some more?

Dylan shows his own pile of scrips, then points to the redemption store across the arcade.

DYLAN
Let's go see what they got.

They all saunter over to the

REDEMPTION STORE

Where they gawk at the toy models, stuffed animals, and water guns. Dylan goes to the counter and accosts the CLERK as he points to a poster overhead that reads "Hawaiian Holiday Extravaganza at the Waikiki Shell New Years Eve!"

DYLAN
How many concert tickets can I get
with this?

He plops his pile of scrips on the counter.

CLERK
Just a minute.

The clerk goes back to a booth.

NANCY
You going to take your father?

DYLAN
He doesn't do stuff like that.
Besides, I want to have a good
time.

The clerk returns.

CLERK
Fifty-two hundred points. You have
enough for five tickets.

Dylan reflects briefly, then turns to Nancy.

DYLAN
Wanna go?

She lights up like a Christmas tree.

NANCY
Really? Me and the boys?

DYLAN
Sure, why not.

NANCY
But what about your dad? It's New
Years E--

DYLAN
(to the clerk)
I'll take five.

He receives the tickets and hands her 3. They amble their
way through the store.

NANCY
Why did you ask me that question?

He looks unsure.

NANCY
About leaving my children.

DYLAN
Because I'm trying to understand
adults, the decisions they make.

Nancy ponders before speaking, then stops in the aisle.

NANCY
If you won't trust your dad, then
trust in God. He's bigger and a
bit older.

They stop at the arcade entrance. Nancy grabs her kids'
hands.

NANCY
He got me this far.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - MOMENTS LATER

Dylan strolls through the crowds and stops in front of a jewelry store. He looks through the glass at a tiny, bejeweled bride and groom atop a faux wedding cake display.

A YOUNG COUPLE in the store look at it. The man is in military uniform, and they hold hands affectionately. His fiancée points to a ring under the glass. Dylan studies them with vulnerable eyes... then turns and disappears into the crowd.

INT. WETTELAND HOUSE - DAY

Dylan is in his bedroom, stuffing a small backpack with clothes. He heads out to the

LIVING ROOM

Where he sees the pile of letters from his mother on the table. He pauses, then grabs them and stuffs them into his bag.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Dylan zooms on his dirt bike, helmet and backpack strapped on. He turns off the highway miles later.

EXT. OUR LADY OF HOPE SEMINARY AND BOYS HOME - DAY

Dylan steers down a winding road in a lush valley, finally emerging onto the compound. It's a large, old European style building with arched entries and columns. The parking lot is spacious. He pulls his bike against a tree and takes off his helmet, beholding this antique structure.

INT. SEMINARY AND BOYS HOME - CONTINUOUS

Dylan walks down an austere, clean hallway. High ceilings and polished slate floors create an ECHO for his footsteps. The only decor is a statue of a saint in a wall recess every 20 feet. He enters

A GRAND SANCTUARY

Where he kneels before the large crucifix, and bows his head.

DYLAN

I think you know why I'm here.
Everyone seems to know you but me.

He swallows hard.

DYLAN

I don't feel like I belong anywhere
right now. If you've been
watching... you know I've been a
bit out of control.

He looks up at the immobile Jesus on the cross.

DYLAN

Guess I just wanted to say I'm
sorry.

He pulls the stack of letters from his bag, and places them
on the steps.

DYLAN

Right now life really sucks. So
I'm asking you for this one thing:
please bring my Mom back. Because
without her, I don't really have a
home. And I don't wanna go back.

He stares hard at the lifeless Savior, then gathers himself
to his feet. Returning to the hall, he hears FOOTSTEPS.

A sister, STERN NUN, shuffles towards him, and without
stopping she scolds:

STERN NUN

Are you a new arrival?

He tries to look calm.

DYLAN

Uh... yes ma'am. I am.

STERN NUN

You know where to process in. Spit
spot! Hurry up.

She shuffles out of sight. He stands in thought. And then,
an idea. He continues on to a grand room dead ahead. A
large red satin tapestry hangs on the wall behind a crucified
Jesus. At the doorway, he gently knocks.

IN THE ROOM

THE MOTHER SUPERIOR sits at her desk, shuffling papers. She looks up with a weak smile.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
Yes child, what is it?

Dylan approaches her desk, all manners.

DYLAN
My name is Dylan.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
That's strange. I don't think I was expecting you.

She shuffles through papers on her desk.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
Did Social Services send you?

DYLAN
No, ma'am. I am here because...
because I want to hang with the
kids.

She surveys him thoroughly, her stoic face missing nothing.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
Have a seat, Dylan.

He removes his backpack and sits.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
How old are you?

DYLAN
Fifteen. I'm a sophomore.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
We're not hiring, if that's what
you mean.

DYLAN
I'm not looking for a job.

Her eyes join her strengthening smile.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
Now why would you want to spend
your school break with orphans?

Dylan points to the crucifix on the wall.

DYLAN

Doesn't the Bible say "take care of the orphans among you"? I figured they need a friend.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Interesting. We normally have teen counselors over the summer. They're a great help in keeping the children entertained.

She scrutinizes him again.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

This used to be a convent too. We found we needed the male presence to help rear these boys to manhood, so it became a seminary and the convent moved down the road. The sisters continue to oversee the orphanage, but the one thing missing is a younger influence...

Dylan listens respectfully.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

You're just a boy yourself, and many of these children are sad, angry souls. Why does your heart beat for such things?

DYLAN

I know how angry kids feel.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

And you think you'll be a blessing to my brood of sad boys?

Dylan smiles as he nods. She stands with a widening smile, and seems to float around the desk.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Come with me. The boys will be having dinner in a few hours, but the rest of their afternoon is free.

He follows her down several echoing corridors, ending in

THE LIBRARY

TWENTY YOUNG BOYS, ranging in ages of 4 to 12, mull around the room. One pair SQUABBLE over a set of crayons.

Dylan's eyes scan them quickly, falling on the SMALL ASIAN BOY, Snoopy's former owner.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Attention boys! We have a visitor, his name is Dylan. He wishes to give you some companionship and amusement over the Holiday. Please give him your respect and your aloha.

She seems elated as she turns to Dylan.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

This should be a welcome relief to Father Kamali'i.

She exits. Dylan looks around the lifeless room. A small Christmas tree sits square in the center of the study area. The boys all gawk at this teen stranger.

DYLAN

So, who wants to play "Zoom Schwartz"?

Silence.

DYLAN

All right, how about the "Poetry Game"?

Blank faces.

DYLAN

Anyone know how to play "Dictionary"?

A crayon rolls off the table to the floor. Dylan SIGHS.

DYLAN

Anybody want to ride a motorcycle?

The room comes to LIFE with enthusiastic boys.

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

Dylan and a boy tandem-riding on his bike around the parking lot, the flustered Stern Nun in hot pursuit...

Dylan and the boys playing football on the grassy playground...

Dylan and the boys lounge on the branches of a large tree. His backpack is open and he dispenses handfuls of M&Ms...

INT. SEMINARY AND BOYS HOME - EARLY EVENING

Dylan and the boys file down the halls, sweaty and smudged from play. A Hawaiian man, 50s, in Catholic priest's frock, steps into the hall to greet them. This is FATHER KAMALI'I.

FATHER KAMALI'I
Okay children, wash up before
dinner. *Ho'olale*, hurry up.

The boys scatter, Dylan remains. The cheerful priest approaches and shakes his hand.

FATHER KAMALI'I
So you must be Dylan.

DYLAN
Yes sir, I mean, Father.

FATHER KAMALI'I
Father Kamali'i. It's so nice to
have a helper at this time of year.
Lord knows these boys need some
fun. Thank you for giving so
selflessly.

DYLAN
It's no big deal. I'm having fun
too.

FATHER KAMALI'I
Wonderful! I understand you're on a
school break. Tell me, will you be
able to stay with us for awhile?

DYLAN
That would be cool. I'll just call
my dad and tell him what's up.

FATHER KAMALI'I
Excellent! Now I'll have to fill
out some paperwork and I'll need to
know your full name, as well as
your parents' if you don't mind.

DYLAN
Dylan Wetteland. My father is
Doug.

FATHER KAMALI'I
Okay then Dylan, that'll do for
now. Follow me and I'll show you
where to clean up for dinner.

The animated priest leads Dylan down a polished hall.

INT. "THE WORKS" RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Patty greets a dolled-up Nancy as she enters.

PATTY
Dinner for one?

NANCY
Yes, please.

PATTY
Right this way.

Patty leads Nancy to a table and opens a menu.

NANCY
Could you tell Doug the cook that
he has a visitor?

PATTY
Sure, no problem.

INT. SEMINARY AND BOYS HOME/DINING HALL - NIGHT

3 Sisters, Father Kamali'i, Dylan, the boys, and a half dozen priests sit before plated dinners. A HUSH is over the orderly gathering.

FATHER KAMALI'I
Tyrus, would you like to give the
evening prayer?

The little Asian boy of 7, TYRUS, stands up, eager to be heard.

TYRUS
Dear Lord, thank you for the
nourishment placed before us this
evening to strengthen our bodies,
and for the fellowship of my
brothers and sisters who provide me
with friendship to strengthen my
soul.

He cracks an eye open to glance at Dylan.

TYRUS
And most of all, thank you for our
new friend, Dylan. Amen.

The hall echoes with a resounding group AMEN, and the feasting begins.

INT. "THE WORKS" RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Nancy scrapes the last of her dessert and takes a swig of coffee.

Doug peeks out from the kitchen and spies her. He comes to her table, ragged but relaxed. They both smile.

DOUG

Well what a surprise.

NANCY

I heard of this fantastic eatery where the chef served up a one-of-a-kind menu, so I just had to come and see for myself.

DOUG

Well, I'm no chef.

NANCY

Anything fancier than macaroni and cheese with hotdogs is the work of a chef to me!

He takes a seat.

DOUG

I think you overdressed just a bit. You look good though.

NANCY

I'm celebrating. I suppose you heard the news?

He shakes his head.

NANCY

Oh... well I won my case, for now anyway. I have custody for at least six months.

She grins uncontrollably.

DOUG

Quite a nice Christmas present.

NANCY

A gift from Heaven.

They both turn introspective for a moment, and then:

NANCY

Say, would you like to go for a walk or something? Are you almost done?

Doug looks at his watch.

DOUG

Yeah, that would be great. Give me thirty minutes.

NANCY

I'll be here.

INT. SEMINARY AND BOYS HOME/SLEEPING QUARTERS - NIGHT

Dylan reclines in a simple twin bed. He shares a room with 4 slumbering priests. He clicks on a bed light, and reaches into his bag for his letters. He opens an envelope and begins to read the letter.

BONNIE (V.O.)

Dear Dylan, my precious son. I hope this letter finds you well, but I suppose I should hope first that it finds you at all.

He shifts into a fetal position.

BONNIE (V.O.)

For I love you more than the breath in my body, and I want you to rest assured that we will be reunited soon. I will put to ease your troubled mind about your wicked, deserting mother.

His eyes close, still clutching the letter.

EXT. KUHIO BEACH PIER/WAIKIKI - NIGHT

Doug and Nancy stroll the sidewalk, heading towards the torch-lit pier.

DOUG

So where are the kids?

NANCY

My sister took them for the night.

DOUG
You have family here? That must be nice.

NANCY
Where is your family?

DOUG
I don't have one.

NANCY
Oh, come on. Everyone has *some* family.

DOUG
The Catholic Church raised me.

Nancy stops, incredulous.

NANCY
Oh my God.

Doug smirks.

DOUG
Yeah, one of His. I had brothers and sisters that wore frocks and gowns.

NANCY
I just find that amazing.

They stroll again in silence.

DOUG
If only they knew how much I've failed them.

They stop. They've traversed half the pier, and Nancy gestures to sit at a bench. Doug looks troubled in the torch and moonlit night.

NANCY
What do you mean?

He looks at her admiringly.

DOUG
I see you, and how devoted you are to your kids. I imagine you loved them before you even had them.

NANCY
A lot of people are like that.

DOUG

It must be a female thing then,
this nurturing quality. Or at
least passed on from a mother to a
child. I never had a mother.

NANCY

But you love your son.

Doug starts to crumble.

DOUG

Do I? Is that love, to keep my son
from his mother? I stop and wonder
sometimes, why am I giving him the
same, parentless life that I had?
Am I loving my son, or simply
passing on my own misery?

NANCY

It's never too late to--

DOUG

I didn't even want him, for God's
sake! I asked Bonnie to lose the
baby, how many times did I ask her
to not have this baby!

He looks her fully in the face, shattered with guilt.

DOUG

(sobbing)

You know, I never wanted to be a
father.

Nancy pulls him to her shoulder.

INT. SEMINARY AND BOYS HOME - NIGHT

Mother Superior is at her desk. She types into a computer.

THE COMPUTER SCREEN

shows several blank fields of information for "Our Lady of
Hope Parish; Boys Home Staffing". The nun enters the name
"Dylan Wetteland" and the position "counselor". Then in the
PARENT/GUARDIAN field, she types "Doug Wetteland."

A small window pops up: "MATCH File Name Found. Birth
Family History Available." Her face registers surprise.

INT. SEMINARY AND BOYS HOME/THE DINING HALL - MORNING

It's a rainy day. The boys are quietly eating while gazing out the windows at the torrent. Smiling Nun enters the room.

SMILING NUN
Children, when you have finished,
please wash up and proceed to the
library.

She approaches Dylan.

SMILING NUN
Do you think you can contain them
indoors for a day?

He nods.

SMILING NUN
No motorcycles?

He smiles with a mouthful.

INT. WETTELAND HOUSE - MORNING

Doug exits his bedroom with extreme bed head. He scratches, then looks into Dylan's room: empty, bed untouched. He checks the empty living room. The pager sits atop the couch. He shuffles to the phone and dials.

INT. SEMINARY AND BOYS HOME/LIBRARY - MORNING

The boys are in a circle. Dylan conducts a game of "Zoom Schwartz Pavigliano." The kids are competitive, but the game ends in fun and laughter. His eyes fall upon the large screen TV and DVDs across the library.

The boys watch him amble to the TV, and start to chant their wishes.

YOUNG BOY
Cartoon! Let's watch a cartoon!

OLDER BOY
No cartoons!

YOUNG BOY
Sponge Bob!

OLDER BOY
The Matrix!

Outside, the rain pours.

DYLAN

We've got plenty of time. First a cartoon, then *the Matrix*.

He selects *Bambi* from the shelf and inserts the disc in the player. Stern Nun enters the room and quietly approaches Dylan.

STERN NUN

Mother Superior would like to see you in her office.

DYLAN

Sure.

He follows her, taking a last look at the boys who have settled in around the TV.

INT. MOTHER SUPERIOR'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Stern Nun opens the door for Dylan who enters, then shuts herself out. Mother Superior sits behind her desk with her constant half-smile. Father Kamali'i sits in an ornate chair.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Dylan, come in young man. Please have a seat.

He sits. Father Kamali'i smiles at him.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Now first of all, Father Kamali'i and I want you to know how grateful we are for your time spent here with the boys. They do seem to like you a lot, and it benefits us all to see them having so much fun.

FATHER KAMALI'I

Perfect timing. It was perfect timing.

DYLAN

I'm glad I came, too.

She exchanges a brief look with Father Kamali'i.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

There's something else we want to discuss with you.

(MORE)

MOTHER SUPERIOR (cont'd)

A matter of interest has been brought to our attention. When I was entering your family names into our computer, a cross referenced file came up bearing your father's name.

Dylan's eyebrows shoot up when he hears of his dad.

FATHER KAMALI'I

We don't mean to be intrusive, young man. But we are curious to know what you can tell us of your family, at least on your father's side.

DYLAN

My dad always told me his parents died before I was born. I never really questioned it. But I do know that he was born and raised here in Honolulu.

They all reflect on this information exchange.

DYLAN

What do you mean, my dad's name came up?

She reclines into her grand chair and takes a deep breath.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

His name is in our database. Apparently your father was one of our very own boys, raised here at the parish, a long time ago.

Dylan is stunned.

DYLAN

My dad... was an *orphan*?

MOTHER SUPERIOR

He bears his mother's last name. She was never married, and died when he was only a toddler.

Dylan scratches his head in disbelief.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

I know this is perhaps a lot for you to digest, and we certainly don't mean to open any old wounds or secrets.

(MORE)

MOTHER SUPERIOR (cont'd)
 But his family history has become
 available since he left us, so we
 would like you to give him this.

She hands Dylan a stuffed envelope with a large wax seal on
 the flap. The front bears the words "DOUGLAS WETTELAND."
 Father Kamali'i puts his hand on Dylan's shoulder.

FATHER KAMALI'I
 We think a person's heritage can
 add meaning and some perspective to
 life, especially when it's been a
 mystery for so long.

DYLAN
 (lying)
 I'll get it to him right away.

The two robed adults rise.

MOTHER SUPERIOR
 In the meantime, we want you to
 stay as long as you are permitted
 to stay. In a way, you almost have
 a right to be here.

Dylan gazes at the heavy letter in his hands.

DYLAN
 Thank you, Mother Superior.

FATHER KAMALI'I
 Now run along, child. The boys are
 missing you.

He gently removes himself from the room. The adults stand
 rooted in deep thoughts.

THE LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

Dylan enters. Smiling Nun is trying to squelch an argument
 amongst the boys. Two of the youngest are bawling their eyes
 out. The 6 oldest boys scoff at the sight.

SMILING NUN
 No tears! No tears! Crying is for
 the faint of heart, not becoming of
 a man!

The largest boy, RONALD age 12, is a real hard ass.

RONALD

You big babies. You can't even watch twenty minutes of Bambi without bawling your eyes out.

His accomplice, DENNIS age 11, chimes in.

DENNIS

"Don't kill the mommy! Don't kill the mommy!" It's just a dumb cartoon.

SMILING NUN

Dennis! Ronald! That's enough. Negative attitudes are not wanted here!

DYLAN

And who needs a mom anyway, right?

All eyes turn, every voice stops. The nun is delighted to see him, and heads for the door.

SMILING NUN

Thank Heaven! They're all yours.

She exits, but Dylan has his eyes on Dennis and Ronald. He slowly walks to the bullies, while the young boys sniffle their last.

DYLAN

First of all, there's nothing wrong with a seven year old crying. Second of all, never disrespect someone who misses their mother. *Never.*

The two bullies drop their eyes, then sit down in surrender. Dylan goes to the DVD shelf and loads *Milo and Otis* into the player.

INT. SEMINARY AND BOYS HOME/BOYS SLEEPING QUARTERS - NIGHT

Dylan sits on the edge of Tyrus' bed. The lights are off except for the starry sky glowing in through the windows.

TYRUS

So tell us a story.

Dylan inhales and thinks, then launches into a story.

DYLAN

Once upon a time there was a boy named Ikaika, and he liked to surf every day.

20 pairs of eyes are on Dylan.

DYLAN

He tried to get his parents to surf with him, because he liked it so much. But they wouldn't go. So he surfed alone every day.

DENNIS

They needed surfboards.

DYLAN

Everybody has a surfboard. Now listen. Ikaika's parents were very unhappy. They fought all the time. He begged them to join him out on the water, because it seemed like they forgot how to have a good time.

14 pairs of eyes are plugged into the storyteller.

DYLAN

One day his parents took his surfboard and sold it, and told him he could not surf anymore. He asked them why and they said... they just said it was a waste of time.

8 faces still watch and listen. The rest make SLEEPING SOUNDS.

DYLAN

So he stayed home and listened to them fight all the time. Until one day, he decided he would make things easier on them, and he left. He got another surfboard, and he paddled to an island where everybody is happy and surfs all day long. No more arguments. No more stupid rules.

4 boys remain awake.

DYLAN

Years went by, and he began to miss his unhappy parents.

(MORE)

DYLAN (cont'd)

So he got on his board, and paddled all the way home. When he got there, he couldn't believe what he saw.

Only 2 pairs of eyes and ears are clued in to the story: Dennis' and Ronald's.

DYLAN

When he got to his house, his Mom and Dad were nowhere to be found. Instead, he saw a large stone in the middle of a small pond.

DENNIS

Where did they go?

DYLAN

When Ikaika left, his Mom cried and cried for years, until she turned into a puddle of tears. That was the pond that he found.

RONALD

And his Dad?

DENNIS

I bet he ran away too.

DYLAN

His Dad got so angry and hard, he just turned into a stone.

The two boys are dumfounded.

DYLAN

Ikaika was so sad, he fell to the ground and cried until he turned into the rarest plant, a Hinahina.

DENNIS

That's it? That's how it ends?

DYLAN

No. The Creator was watching all this from above, and he too was sad. So he took all three of them and put them in the sky, as stars. When the moon is low, you can see them, clustered together, like a family.

Dylan points to the flickering stars, then peers through the dimness of the room: Dennis and Ronald are both fast asleep.

INT. WETTELAND HOUSE - MORNING

Doug checks in on Dylan's room again. Nothing has changed. He wanders into the living room and sits on the sofa, staring at the lonely Christmas tree. The pager BEEPS. Doug grabs it and looks at the number, then dashes to the phone.

EXT. WETTELAND HOUSE - MORNING

Manu and Kepa sit in their truck, parked curbside across from Dylan's house. Manu's cell phone RINGS. He answers it.

MANU

Wassup haole boy. Where you been?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION:

DOUG

Who is this?

Manu is surprised at the adult voice in his ear.

DOUG

Do you know where Dylan is?

MANU

Uhhh...

DOUG

Please, just tell me where he is.

Manu hangs up his cell phone. It RINGS again. He turns it off, then drives away.

EXT. OUR LADY OF HOPE SEMINARY AND BOYS HOME - DAY

Dylan and the boys make Hawaiian torpedoes, flinging them throughout the grassy acreage of the valley. Mother Superior and Father Kamali'i watch the fun through the large windows.

DYLAN (V.O.)

Dear Mother Superior, I suppose some meetings and encounters are almost spooky, the way they bring some sort of payoff.

INT. SEMINARY AND BOYS HOME/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Dylan enjoys the company of the youths at the dinner table. Even the priests are somewhat jovial.

DYLAN (V.O.)

When I came to visit the other day,
I wasn't looking for anyone to
touch my life, I was looking to
touch theirs. Spending time with
these boys, I can't help but feel
their hopes for a bright future.

INT. SEMINARY AND BOYS HOME/BOYS' QUARTERS - NIGHT

Dylan is fully dressed with his backpack on. He stands at the doorway of the dimly lit room, gazing fondly at the small slumbering bodies in their beds.

DYLAN (V.O.)

And it is my hope that they have
one. All of them. But there is
one thing that I request. These
boys need a mother, or they will
one day turn into angry fathers. I
can see the signs already.

Dylan walks the dark corridors of the seminary.

DYLAN (V.O.)

To the best of your ability, try to
fill that need. I know it's a big
request, but they are my little
brothers now, and I know what lies
ahead. I know my stay was brief,
but I will be back.

He slides a folded letter under Mother Superior's door.

DYLAN (V.O.)

And when I return, I will have a
late Christmas gift for them all.
It's something I know they all will
enjoy.

EXT. SEMINARY AND BOYS HOME/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Dylan pushes his dirt bike up the long, winding driveway.

DYLAN (V.O.)

Give my best to the boys and to
Father Kamali'i. I wish you all a
Happy New Year. I will see you
soon. Love and Aloha, Dylan.

AT THE TOP OF THE DRIVEWAY

Dylan fires up his bike, dons his helmet, and buzzes onto the highway.

EXT. KANESHIRO HOUSE - NIGHT

Dylan pushes his bike around to the back yard, then leans it against a tree. He sneaks up to a window and TAPS it.

Matt comes to the window, eyes blinking sleepily.

MATT

Brah, where you been?

DYLAN

Let me in, I'll tell you everything.

INT. KANESHIRO HOUSE/MATT'S ROOM - NIGHT

The two boys recline on their blankets, Dylan on the floor.

MATT

Brah I thought you OD-ed somewhere.
Your dad's been calling for days.
He might have called the cops.

DYLAN

No big deal. I'll wait until next year, then I'll give him a call.

MATT

(chuckles)
That's tomorrow.

DYLAN

You're smarter than you look.

Matt throws a pillow on Dylan's face.

EXT. PATHOS GARDEN - SUNRISE

Sebastian sits against a tree, looking east over the distant Kane'ohē bay. The sun peers above the horizon. He speaks to it.

SEBASTIAN

Okay Mr. Rise-and-Shine, this is your last day to do a miracle. One more chance to fix some things, and then we'll call it a day. Malama pono.

He rises to his feet.

SEBASTIAN

Come on now, Sebastian could always
use a little help.

INT. KANESHIRO HOUSE/MATT'S ROOM - MORNING

The two boys are in deep sleep. The door opens; Phyllis stands in its frame. Shaking her head, she nudges Dylan. He opens his tired eyes and sees her. She gestures to follow with her finger.

He follows her to the hallway.

PHYLLIS

Your father is on the phone. What
should I tell him?

He scratches his head, and then every body crevice.

DYLAN

Just tell him I'm all right, and
that I'll see him tomorrow.

She gives him a hard look.

PHYLLIS

Are you in some kind of trouble?

DYLAN

No, Aunty Phyl. I've been good.

PHYLLIS

Your father's working hard to pay
the mortgage, and you're out there
somewhere acting like Huckleberry
Finn.

He blinks sleepily. She turns to walk away.

PHYLLIS

There's spam, rice and eggs in the
oven.

He follows her into the kitchen, where the puppies sleep in a pile. He picks one up gently.

DYLAN

Oh, Aunty Phyl...

She stops to listen.

DYLAN

I need to ask a favor.

She studies him with amused eyes.

EXT. WAIKIKI SHELL CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

A large crowd gathers in queues to enter the outdoor grounds of this grand venue.

Nancy, Micah, and Kevin pass through the gate and marvel at the festive sight. Streamers, brightly colored flags, and SHIMMERY LIGHT EFFECTS dazzle everybody.

Nancy leads her sons to the upper lawn where many concertgoers spread out beach mats and deck chairs. CHRISTMAS MUSIC fills the air.

THE MASTER OF CEREMONIES takes the stage.

MC

Aloha and welcome to the Waikiki Shell! Hauoli Makahiki Hou! Happy New Year! We're going to be partying all night long to bring in the New Year 2010, and saying aloha to 2009.

The excitement in the air is electric with good feeling.

MC

We have an awesome lineup of entertainment tonight. There's something for everybody, so sit back, relax, enjoy the music. Please give a warm welcome to our kickoff band, the *Hana Hou!*

DYLAN AND MATT

Walk to the upper grounds of the concert. Dylan drops his backpack to the ground, revealing dozens of Hawaiian torpedoes, accentuated with streamers and tinsel. He unzips a pocket of the backpack and pulls out his ice pipe.

Matt gives him an angry look. Dylan pretends he's going to place it on his lips... then drops it to the ground, and crushes it with his foot.

MANU AND KEPA

Saunter through the standing crowds, pickpocketing randomly.

The lights go full on the band who begin to rock the house. The crowd swings and sways to the LIVELY HAWAIIAN ROCK SOUNDS.

Nancy moves to the music as her eyes search the crowd.

On the far side of the grounds are 2 wooden sound towers. Up the rungs, several speakers and electrical boards sit on platforms, thirty feet in the air .

Dylan and Matt stand on these platforms, high above the crowd. They dance and groove to the music while tossing Hawaiian torpedoes. They take turns hurling them into the air, to the front and side of the audience.

Micah notices a torpedo that lands nearby. Looking back, he sees Matt and Dylan up on the sound tower.

MICAH

Look Mom! There's Dylan!

The band is playing a real WILD NUMBER, and the crowd response intensifies with it. Dylan and Matt hop and jump to the music, swinging their torpedoes.

Nancy waves frantically, trying to get his attention.

NANCY

Dylan! HEY DYLAN!

Dylan sees Manu and Kepa home in on an oblivious woman's purse. He deftly hurls a torpedo. It hits the woman, who flinches and turns. Manu and Kepa freeze in their tracks. The woman glares at them suspiciously.

Manu looks back and spies Dylan up the tower.

DYLAN

Oh shit!

Dylan crouches behind the speaker as Manu and Kepa amble up the lawn to the tower.

Across the lawn Nancy and her boys maneuver through the crowd.

Manu and Kepa reach the tower and begin to climb.

MATT

Do you know these dudes?

Dylan cowers as Manu and Kepa reach the platform.

MANU

I've been looking for you, haole
boy.

He brandishes a switchblade.

Nancy stands at the foot of the tower, looking up.

Suddenly, the platform crumbles. Dylan, Manu and the
equipment plummet to the ground. Kepa clings to a rung.
Nancy is crushed under the rubble.

Micah and Kevin cry for their mother.

INT. LANDMARK HOSPITAL/E.R. - NIGHT

An ambulance crew wheels in the 3 injured passengers: Nancy,
Dylan, and Manu. DOCTORS and NURSES gather to attend.

INT. LANDMARK HOSPITAL/WAITING ROOM - LATER

Matt and Phyllis hold each other in a chair. Micah, Kevin,
and their father, TED CAPELUTO, age 35, occupy the rest of
the room. Ted paces anxiously while Micah sits by his
sleeping brother.

Doug enters, distraught and greasy. Phyllis rises to greet
him.

DOUG

What happened?

MATT

We were just watching the concert.
We didn't mean to cause trouble.

PHYLLIS

(hushed)

Apparently he was up some tower.
It wasn't very sturdy and--

MICAH

They were making torpedoes, the
kind Sebastian makes.

DOUG

They were making what?

MICAH

Hawaiian torpedoes. Sebastian
taught him.

Doug's eyes flicker rage, then looking upon Micah, he softens.

DOUG
Where's your mom, big guy?

He points down the hall to the ICU rooms.

PHYLLIS
She was in the wrong place at the wrong time, Doug.

Doug feels the barb of two tragedies in one night. He hangs his head.

TED
She's in critical. Just like your son.

Doug strokes Micah's head, then heads to ICU.

IN ICU - CONTINUOUS

Doug strides to the nurses' station and addresses the woman behind the counter.

DOUG
I'm Doug Wetteland. Where's my son?

Her face is sober.

NURSE
Right this way.

Doug follows her to Dylan's room. The nurse waits outside.

NURSE
I'll send the doctor in to see you.

Doug enters the room past a curtain. His face falls at the sight of his son. Dylan is badly bruised and wounded. He touches the small hand, and through tears, says:

DOUG
I can't lose you too, son.

He sees Dylan's bag on the chair; a few torpedoes remain.

DOUG
I knew that man was trouble. Damn it, Dylan! I'll be back, son. Don't you worry.

He exits the room and passes the next one. Nancy's children and Ted are inside, gathered around her bed. Doug pauses, then storms down the ICU corridor.

EXT. MAUKA MALL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Doug's cab screeches to a stop. Unlit Pathos Garden looms in the distance. He steps out of his car and strides across the empty lot, then bangs on the closed entrance to the mall.

DOUG
Hey! Anybody there? Hello!

He walks to the next entrance and bangs again, making the same RUCKUS.

A SECURITY GUARD driving a cart pulls up with his radio and flashlight. Doug stops his shouting.

SECURITY GUARD
The mall's closed, Mister. It's after ten.

DOUG
(frantic)
I need to speak with the mall manager. Please? I need to talk to him!

SECURITY GUARD
The office is closed, sir. Won't be open until after the holiday. Is there anything I can help you with?

DOUG
Yes, I need the address and phone number of that caretaker, the one at the cemetery.

SECURITY GUARD
The caretaker?

DOUG
Yeah you know, the one over there. If you could just tell me how I can reach him.

SECURITY GUARD
That graveyard is a separate property from the mall, sir. We have nothing to do with it.

(MORE)

SECURITY GUARD (cont'd)

If there is a caretaker, it would most likely be a volunteer. You know, like a family member.

DOUG

No, no no, there *is* a caretaker. I've talked to him several times. His name is Sebastian Donahoe.

SECURITY GUARD

Donahoe? As in the Donahoe Estate? They own half the real estate in this district.

DOUG

No, he's just a simple man, a gardener.

SECURITY GUARD

What did you say his name was?

DOUG

Sebastian Donahoe.

The security guard flashes a twisted smile.

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT- MOMENTS LATER

Doug sprints across the parking lot toward Pathos Garden. The WIND blows in sudden gusts as he reaches the dark lawn.

IN PATHOS GARDEN

The treetops heave and sway in yielding to the blustery breezes.

He employs his keychain flashlight, and frantically runs from headstone to headstone: "Leila Ching"... "Oswaldo Membrere"... "Thomas Pratt"... name after name.

He trudges into the ivy ground cover beneath the monkeypod tree, kicking aside vine and underbrush until finally his foot kicks something solid.

He bends down, pushing aside the ivy to see a small, weathered gravestone. The windblown tree branches allow intermittent rays of moonlight to hit ground.

The name on the rugged stone reads: "Sebastian L. Donahoe, Beloved Husband and Father, 1830-1904."

Twenty feet behind Doug, the wind whips soil from the ground. It develops into a strange SWIRL.

Doug peers closer to see a faded black and white photo of a young Sebastian on the piece of rock.

THE SWIRL has manifested into a shape: a shape of a man in the dark.

The tree above GROANS with the wind.

Doug snaps erect, all senses primed. He turns, and sees the looming silhouette of a man: the unmistakable figure of Sebastian.

The two men face off in the stormy night, beneath the shadow of the great tree. After a long pause, Doug speaks:

DOUG

How did you know all those stories?

The shadowed figure is still.

DOUG

Who told you them?

Silence again.

DOUG

There's no way you could know all those things! Who are you?

The wind blows hard.

DOUG

What are you?

The moonlight splashes across Sebastian's features. His demeanor is aloof and frightening.

Doug blinks hard, incredulous, in the blowing wind.

DOUG

You, you're... you're not who you said you are.

SEBASTIAN

Have you come here to cast blame again, Douglas? Are you still just a poor victim of life?

DOUG

Shut up! You think I'm going to take advice from a dead man?

They circle each other like thieves.

SEBASTIAN

I take care of all the souls that
come into this special place.

DOUG

I don't think I like the sound of
that.

SEBASTIAN

Lost souls come here, both dead and
alive. It is *I* who eases their
troubled minds, and it is *I* who
shows them the way home.

Rain begins to fall.

SEBASTIAN

It's on those magnificent journeys
to God's own door that I learn of
their precious, brief lives. They
were here, and then they're gone.
Only a majestic memory remains.

DOUG

And why are you here?

SEBASTIAN

Because I don't forget!

Thunder and lightning clap.

SEBASTIAN

I remember all their heartaches.
It's for the sake of the living
that I linger, to pass on the
wisdom, the wrong turns, the
lessons learned by ones who have
traversed the ground before you.

DOUG

You want my son! That's it!
That's what you're up to! You want
him dead, don't you?

Sebastian takes 3 steps towards the excited father.

SEBASTIAN

Your son is dangerously close to
needing my help. Go to him, be an
anchor for his vacillating soul.
Do something right, for once! Go!

Doug takes 3 steps backwards and falls. His terror-struck eyes fixed on Sebastian, he gets up and hightails it down to the parking lot.

INT. LANDMARK HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Doug walks through the halls, still rain-soaked. Arriving at the ICU Ward, he sees Phyllis curled up on a chair. Further down the ward, outside Nancy's room, Micah, Kevin and Ted all sob. A doctor emerges from her room and puts his hand on Ted's shoulder.

Doug intercepts the doctor.

DOUG
How is Nancy?

The doctor shakes his head.

DOCTOR
I'm sorry, her wounds were too severe.

The doctor leaves him. Doug stands speechless, then proceeds to Dylan's room. Matt is standing at his bedside. Dylan is comatose.

DOUG
I'll take over from here, kiddo.

Matt walks to the door and turns back.

MATT
Uncle Doug, he was clean tonight.
No ice. Just wanted you to know.

Doug's gaze searches first Matt's vulnerable face, then his son's.

DOUG
It's okay. You and your mother get some rest.

Doug goes to the bedside. He gazes at the swollen face, tubes everywhere. With care, he gently climbs on the bed and curls up with his son.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

Fireworks light up the midnight sky.

THE CLOCK

passes 8 hours. Doug looks over at Dylan's backpack on the chair. He takes it and rummages through. He finds the sealed letter, and opens it.

MOTHER SUPERIOR (V.O.)

Dear Mr. Wetteland: It has been some years since you have left us here at Our Lady of Hope Boys Home. Twenty two years to be exact. In that period of time, your Birth Family History has become available to you. This often happens in situations such as yours.

The sun shines morning rays through Dylan's ICU room window.

MOTHER SUPERIOR (V.O.)

An illegitimate child sired by a member of a wealthy family is often kept a secret. But sometimes there is a change of heart, and the family seeks to embrace the lost family member, and to redress the harm and unnecessary sense of shame in bearing an out-of-wedlock child.

Dylan groans in his bed. Doug touches his hand, and continues to read.

MOTHER SUPERIOR (V.O.)

Your mother gave you your surname. She was Marian Lynn Wetteland. You were brought to us as an infant after her death. She died from a collision with a drunk driver on her way home from work.

EXT. OUR LADY OF HOPE SEMINARY AND BOYS HOME - MORNING

Phyllis carries a box of puppies with red ribbons for collars across the lawn to the building.

MOTHER SUPERIOR (V.O.)

Your father's name was Trent P. Donahoe, a trustee of the well known Donahoe Estate, and a descendant of the famous Missionary family that came to Hawaii almost two hundred years ago.

Boys and puppies run to meet each other in midfield.

MOTHER SUPERIOR (V.O.)
 Enclosed is your genealogy that was
 sent to us by your father before
 his death ten years ago.

IN THE ICU ROOM

Doug opens the second page on which a family tree delineates his paternal parentage: Father, Trent P. Donahoe born 1932... Grandfather William G. Donahoe born 1903... Great Grandfather Jeremiah R. Donahoe born 1871... Great Great Grandfather *Sebastian L. Donahoe* born 1830... Great Gr. Gr. Grandfather Wallace J. Donahoe born 1801.

MOTHER SUPERIOR (V.O.)
 And so in closing, Mr. Wetteland,
 or more appropriately, Mr. Donahoe,
 I hope this missive finds you well
 and glad to receive such elusive
 tidings.

EXT. OUR LADY OF HOPE SEMINARY AND BOYS HOME - MORNING

The surprised, smiling nuns join the puppy frolic outdoors.

MOTHER SUPERIOR (V.O.)
 We know the Donahoe goodness has
 survived the many generations, as
 we have delighted in the company of
 your son these past few days. You
 should be commended for raising
 such a fine young man, another
 Donahoe. Sincerely, Anna Noel
 Mother Superior.

IN THE ICU ROOM

Doug pulls out a cell phone. Dylan opens his swollen eyes as slits, and weakly mumbles:

DYLAN
 Dad?

Doug rushes to his son, stroking his head, kissing his cheek.

DOUG
 Yes son, it's dad. I'm right here.

He dials a number into his cell phone.

DOUG
(to phone)
Bonnie, this is Doug. Your son
needs you here.

INT. ICU ROOM - DAY

BONNIE arrives and rushes to Dylan in his bed. She is weeping and overwhelmed at the sight of her bruised but weakly-smiling son.

EXT. PATHOS GARDEN - DAY

A funeral is in progress. Ted, Micah, and Kevin Capeluto are in attendance. A MINISTER conducts the service.

INT. ICU ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mother and child examine each other in an emotional reunion.

EXT. PATHOS GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Doug stands outside the funeral. His eyes search the crowd; no Sebastian. His gaze falls upon Sebastian's hidden gravesite. A solitary purple puakenekene has bloomed among the Pothos and ivy.

INT. ICU ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bonnie thrusts a pile of wrapped Christmas gifts on Dylan's lap.

EXT. MAUKA MALL PARKING LOT - DAY

A TEENAGE GIRL and her HAT-BEDECKED MOTHER walk briskly amongst the cars. They are QUARRELING with considerable volume.

WOMAN
And as long as you are living in my house young lady, you will NOT take any of my clothes or belongings without my permission! Is that clear? It's a simple matter of respect. I did not raise a thief.

DAUGHTER

Mom, if you would buy me more clothes I wouldn't have to look in your closet. It's a simple matter of my clothes don't FIT!

WOMAN

Ha! I suppose my jewelry around your neck has the same weak excuse? I hardly believe that your dress size has anything to do with--

A gust of wind blows the angry woman's hat off, sending it flying across the paved lot, to the green slopes of

PATHOS GARDEN

She gives chase to her precious hat. It eludes her, passing over a fresh grave with the headstone bearing: "Nancy Marie Capeluto 1975-2009 Beloved Mother".

The woman reaches the hilltop.

The hat is blown against the booted legs of a gardener.

WOMAN

Excuse me, I just came here for my hat. This damn wind!

The gardener turns around. It's a smiling Nancy, and she bends down to retrieve the wayward hat. Returning it to the woman, she exudes a sincere warmth. The woman seems to bask in it.

NANCY

Oh now don't blame the wind. They used to say it's just the moon trying to blow out the sun's candle. But I think it's God's way of trying to cool down a hot temper.

The woman is touched by Nancy's soothing demeanor.

WOMAN

I never knew this place existed. It's lovely!

Their conversation fades as we

FADE TO BLACK.

