

Sands of Lanikai

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FADE IN:

EXT: IOLANI PALACE, HONOLULU - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Golden spikes crown emerald fencing. ROYAL GUARDS perform a changing of the guard.

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

Birdsong. PALM trees shudder in the breeze. Waves crash against a distant cliff.

A silk drape snaps open in an upper window.

INT. THRONE ROOM - DAY

Pikake blossoms. Polished koa wood. Crimson carpet beneath gilded chairs. The glow of candelabras.

King Kamehameha and King Kalakaua murals watch with stoic eyes.

WINDOW

QUEEN LILI'UOKALANI (50s) grips the drape, knuckles tight, stares beyond the glass.

In the reflection: ghostly images of protesters, they desecrate Hawaiian flags.

She releases the drape. BUTLER KAHALE (60s) appears beside her.

KAHALE
(softly)
Your Majesty, guests have arrived.

The queen hesitates.

QUEEN
(anxious)
Guests? Now?

KAHALE
Iwalani. With a haole boy.

A flicker of concern. She smooths her holokū.

QUEEN
 Let them enter.
 (then, quietly)
 The greatest of dangers are the
 ones we don't see.

The queen glides to an elevated throne. A guard opens the
 grand koa wood door.

IWALANI KAMAKAWIWO'OLE (20s) bursts in, radiant.

WILLIAM SANDS (20s) follows, nervous, scans the room as if a
 threat hides in every corner.

KAHALE
 Miss Iwalani Kamakawiwo'ole and Mr.
 William Sands.

Iwalani kneels. William hovers, uneasy.

QUEEN
 Rise, my child. You're glowing. How
 is your sister?

IWALANI
 She sends her aloha, your
 Majesty... you won't believe what I
 have to share.

QUEEN
 Does this news involve your
 companion?

William stiffens. His boot taps.

IWALANI
 Yes. William-

She beckons him forward.

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

William swallows hard.

IWALANI (CONT'D)
 (lowering voice)
 I was taking notes. Then the
 Honolulu Rifles-

WILLIAM
Iwalani - tell her why we're here.

A beat.

He glances toward the window, as if the world closes in.

IWALANI
We're going to get-

QUEEN
The rally? And the riflemen?

William cuts in, voice low, urgent.

WILLIAM
I overheard them. While hiding.
(eyes darting)
They plan to surround the palace.
Before sundown!

A gull shrieks outside.

QUEEN
Sundown... my people.

She clutches an armrest, studies William.

A distant drumbeat.

QUEEN (CONT'D)
And you risked bringing this to me?

William trembles - beneath it, a spark of conviction.

WILLIAM
They're not here for peace. They
want Hawaii... for themselves.

This lands. Hard.

EXT. IOLANI PALACE - DAY

U.S. MARINES march toward the palace. AMERICAN MILITIA
follow, rifles ready.

The GUARDS flee to safety.

A BATTERING RAM smashes the gate. A GATLING GUN whirs into
position.

INT. THRONE - DAY

CAPTAIN AKAMU (30s), grips his helmet, kneels before the queen. Eyes dart back toward the door.

AKAMU
Your Majesty, the American haoles,
should we notify-

QUEEN
No. No Hawaiian blood shed today.

She turns to Iwalani, fear beneath her resolve.

QUEEN (CONT'D)
Take the carriage. Before it's too
late.

STAIRS

Guards rush Iwalani and William down a flight of royal stairs. A SENTRY (30s) waves them forward.

SENTRY
Hurry!

They slip out the back door.

INT. CARRIAGE - DAY

Iwalani trembles. William masks fear with determination.

IWALANI
What if they stop us?

She clings to him.

WILLIAM
(to himself)
I won't let anything happen to her.
Not now. Not ever.

The door SLAMS shut.

EXT. CARRIAGE - DAY

The carriage bolts forward. WHEELS CREAK. They veer away from the palace.

MILITIA rush into position. GUNFIRE erupts. Bullets WHIZ through the air. Sparks ping off metal.

WILLIAM

Get down!

He shields her. A bullet tears into her shoulder. Iwalani gasps. Her body folds against him.

IWALANI

(weak)

I wanted aloha... for us.

WILLIAM

Hold on! We'll make it!

The carriage bursts through the back gate.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

(to himself)

I'm here, Iwalani. I won't fail you. I won't fail Hawaii.

A Hawaiian flag lowers in the distance.

EXT. SS LURLINE - O'AHU - DAY

The SS LURLINE glides through dark waves.

SUPER: "NOVEMBER 5, 1941"

WILLIAM SANDS (70s) grips the deck railing, as if he still holds Iwalani. He stares at a looming Diamond Head.

WILLIAM

(softly)

I'm here, Iwalani... as promised.

PAUL SANDS (20s) approaches - tall, athletic, handsome, yet selfish with heartache.

PAUL

That must be Diamond Head.

William brightens.

WILLIAM

Memories.

PAUL

You've been here before?

A long pause.

WILLIAM
(softly)
Miss your mom and dad, don't you.

Paul stiffens.

PAUL
You think its easy? I'm here,
aren't I?
(then, quieter)
I need answers, Grandpa.

William studies him, a decision forming.

WILLIAM
Learn to see what isn't seen.
Listen to what isn't said.

Paul rolls his eyes.

PAUL
I can only hear my heart breaking.

WILLIAM
The sands change with each new
wind... let the ways of Aloha guide
you.
(beat)
These are things your mom-

William wipes a tear.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
Never got to tell you... things I
should have.

Paul looks at him, surprised.

PAUL
Guide me?
(then)
Wait, what is that?

A submarine breeches the surface. Red disc, I-24 insignia.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Japanese? They're too close. This
is a passenger route.

Paul's distracted. William's expression tightens.

WILLIAM
Aloha nui loa, my grandson.

He moves away, looks off into the distance.

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

He lingers, as if it's goodbye, then slips inside.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

William approaches a stateroom (bedroom). He hears a filtered word. It freezes him.

"Navy"

He stops, listens.

STATEROOM

ISAMU ANZAI (20s) Japanese spy, predatory, cunning - a trained assassin, studies the ocean through a porthole.

OTTO KUEHN (40s) German spy, tense, conflicted - packs a suitcase.

ISAMU
Tokyo expects results. Hawai'i will
be ours - before the year ends. And
I have a plan.

Otto hesitates.

OTTO
Germany needs intelligence. We've
poked the Soviet bear -
(swallows hard)
I didn't sign up for this.

Isamu steps closer.

ISAMU
They'll never accept you. But serve
me - and you'll have honor.

Otto's eyes darken, jaw tightens.

OTTO
I'm not your pawn.

Isamu glares at him. He pulls out a small POUCH, reveals a vial of WHITE POWDER.

ISAMU
If you're caught-

A CREAK of a floorboard. Isamu's head snaps toward the sound.

He signals Otto - a practiced gesture.

ISAMU (CONT'D)
(whisper)
Someone's listening.

William's breath catches. He backs away.

WILLIAM
I can't let this go.

He runs.

CORRIDOR

William bolts down the hallway.

Isamu pursues - fast, disciplined. Yet, the pouch slips.

Powder explodes into the air.

EXT: SHIP DECK

William bursts out. Isamu follows, feral.

ISAMU
You can't run from death!

He attacks - precise, trained, ruthless. William struggles in vain.

A SICKLE-SHAPED SCAR gleams on Isamu's hand.

The vial spills into William's mouth. William collapses, his last breath... carried by the wind.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The flash of a scarred hand. A human form tumbles into the waves.

Paul reacts - baffled, then horrified. He straightens, scans the deck. No alarms, no witnesses.

PAUL
(whispers)
Was that a body?

He steadies himself, confusion hardens into suspicion.

EXT. HONOLULU PORT - DAY

The Lurline docks.

Crowds wave colorful leis, their joy mixed with unease.

Paul frowns, the earlier jolt still weighs on him.

PAUL
(to himself)
All these flowers. Celebrating...
or grieving?

Ramps are secured. Officials board. A large BANNER unfurls:

A-L-O-H-A.

Paul scans the crowd, brow furrowed. A MARCHING BAND plays jubilant tunes.

Hula dancers sway. Hawaiian men dive into iridescent water.

PAUL (CONT'D)
(uneasy)
That sub was running dark... no
flags, no signal. Why would they be
here?

He turns, searches for William.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Gramps? Grandpa?

He pushes through the human crush. Some eye him with suspicion.

Isamu and Otto's voices cut through the noise - sharp, conspiratorial.

ISAMU
(low, controlled)
Our contacts wait. Deliver the
schedules, then it begins.

Paul brushes past Otto. He bumps into Isamu.

Isamu scowls. The crowd hushes.

PAUL (CONT'D)
(assertive)
Schedules? Whose schedules?

Isamu's eyes harden.

ISAMU
(cold)
Walk away. It's not your fight.

Paul steps forward, jaw set.

PAUL
Not if lives are at risk.

Isamu steps to the side, circles, eyes sharp with anger.

Paul catches a glimpse of the scar.

The threat lingers... Isamu scowls, then turns.

He slides into the crowd, joins Otto.

The departure resumes.

EXT. LOCAL BEACH - DAY

HEALANI LUIS (20s) an exotic, lithe beauty, rides a horse
along the shoreline - confident, connected to the land.

Healani slows the horse. Something drifts in the shallows.
Unease tugs at her lip.

HEALANI
(to herself)
What's that?

She dismounts, approaches with caution.

HEALANI (CONT'D)
Clothing?

She leans in - freezes.

William Sands' lifeless body sways in the tide, pale against the blue water, eyes fixed on the sky.

A white residue clings to his mouth, dissolves in the wash.

HEALANI (CONT'D)
Oh, my God.

She steadies herself, mounts quickly, gallops off.

INT. HONOLULU POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

A bustling command station. Phones ring. Footsteps echo.

OFFICE

DETECTIVE JACK BURNS (30s), sharp features, stubborn scowl, works at a cluttered desk.

An unlit cigarette hangs from his mouth. His desk phone rings.

JACK
Burns here.
(pause)
When was this?

He stiffens, flicks the cigarette onto the desk.

JACK (CONT'D)
Found where?

A memory flashes - a younger Jack almost drowns. He shakes it off, hangs up the phone.

JACK (CONT'D)
(mutters)
Another day, another body.

He grabs a rain jacket.

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

With a kick to close an open drawer, Jack strides out.

EXT. LOCAL BEACH - DAY

Paniolos (Portuguese cowboys) inch forward toward the resting body.

Healani blocks them, raises a hand. Ocean air whips through her hair.

HEALANI
The sea gives life... today it
brings sorrow.

JACK approaches.

JACK
Who is Healani?

HEALANI
That is me.

Jack kneels, drops an evidence bag. The crunch of sand resonates.

He snaps on gloves.

JACK
Anyone touch him?

HEALANI
No. He deserves respect, even now.

Jack checks pockets - finds a WALLET and wet C-notes, a silver MONEY CLIP.

He flips open the wallet. A California I.D. spills forth.

INSERT: I.D. - WILLIAM SANDS

Jack exhales. Rain begins to fall. He hands Healani his jacket.

JACK
Hold this over him.

Healani hesitates but complies.

Jack removes a scallop-edged PHOTOGRAPH, shakes it dry, bags it.

A stillness. Something is off. He lifts William's lip - finds a white paste.

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

Healani gasps.

HEALANI
What does it mean? Why him? Why
now?

Jack meets her gaze.

JACK
We're about to find out.

INT. SHIP STATEROOM - NIGHT

DOCTOR PETERSON (60s) scribbles notes. Paul sits, head in hands.

A wall clock ticks. Dr. Peterson leans in.

PETERSON
I know this is difficult, but...
where's your grandfather?

PAUL
He's on the ship. We're from
California. Hollywood.
(frustrated)
You've got to listen to me.

PETERSON
Hollywood? Film industry?

PAUL
(shakes head)
Shipping.

PETERSON
And the draft?

Paul tenses.

PAUL
I'm 4-F. Knees. Sixth man...
Columbia.
(then)
Would you please listen? I think a
body went over the side.

The ship groans. The door bursts open. Jack and two burly
POLICEMEN enter.

JACK
Paul Sands. Detective Burns.
Honolulu Police Department.

Paul stands, alarmed.

PAUL
Where's my grandfather?

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

PAUL
What do you mean?

The clock ticks louder.

JACK
A formal inquiry has been opened
into his death.

Paul reels.

PAUL
No... No! This can't be - you're
wrong.

JACK
We need more information.

Paul sways in place, absorbs the punch.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Give me a minute.

JACK
We must go - now.

The policemen escort him out.

INT. HONOLULU POLICE STATION - DAY

The clamor of typing. Jack leans on his desk.

FBI AGENT DAUGHTRY (30s) passes the open entryway, the world
on his shoulders.

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

Daughtry pauses, brow furrowed, as he turns back.

DAUGHTRY

Chaos. War in Europe feels like a picnic. D-C's talking internment. Germans, Italians and get this-

He glances about as if the walls were to have ears.

DAUGHTRY (CONT'D)

Japanese. Orders are to follow up on it.

Jack bristles.

JACK

As if you have nothing better to do.

DAUGHTRY

That name you asked about - Otto Kuehn.

Jack waits.

DAUGHTRY (CONT'D)

He's on the list.

Jack nods once.

DESK SERGEANT HONAN (40s) approaches with a folder. Eyes dart, in secrecy.

HONAN

Got a moment?

JACK

Any update on the Sands work-up?

HONAN

(voice low)

Prelim report. Don't flip your wig. We can't hold him. He's being released.

Jack turns the pages - disbelief, furious.

JACK

Inconclusive? Substance requires further testing... you've got to be-

He slams the folder.

JACK CONT'D
We're not letting this slip. Not on
my watch!

Honan nods once. Jack stands firm. Daughtry approves.

EXT. HONOLULU PORT - NIGHT

Spotlights sweep the harbor. Waves slap against the
Lurline's hull.

Paul, slumped on a weathered bench, drinks from a bottle. He
sets it down. It slides through his fingers.

THUD

He pulls out a photograph, backside up.

ALL MY LOVE FOREVER, LANI

He pockets it, shifts in place.

He pulls out a SOUVENIR PASSENGER LIST.

Finds:

WILLIAM P. SANDS

PAUL
(to himself)
What else did you hide?

He leans back, eyes close.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. HONOLULU PORT - LURLINE - DAY

Isamu and Otto are on the deck. Isamu circles, eyes full of
menace.

Otto panics, moves to leave.

FLASHBACK ENDS

Paul sits up, scans the list.

Finds:

BERNARD J. OTTO KUEHN

VOICES approach from distance. Paul slips backs into the shadows. He peers through the bench slats.

RAMP

Two STEWARDS approach the boarding ramp. They leave the gate ajar, ascend it, step onto the ship.

Paul watches them disappear.

PAUL
(whispers)
Something was missed. I'll find out
the truth.

He rises, weaves over, slips through the gate.

EXT. SHIPYARD PARKING LOT - JACK - NIGHT

Jack sits in his POLICE CRUISER. Eyes narrow as he spots Paul boarding the ship.

JACK
(quietly)
Don't do this, Mr. Sands.

He starts the engine.

The police cruiser ROARS to life, lights flash across the lot.

Expression grim, Jack accelerates into the darkness.

INT. SHIP STATEROOM - NIGHT

Paul tries the door - it's locked. He hesitates, breath tight, then...

KICKS IT IN. Splinters fly.

He looks over. In the hallway -

A broken vial, pouch, white powder on the floorboards.

Paul kneels, studies them. Sniffs the powder - recoils.

PAUL
(under his breath)
This isn't right.

Jack and CAPTAIN EDWARDS (50s) appear.

EDWARDS
What the hell are you doing?

Paul rises, rattled but holding it together.

PAUL
I thought... I thought I could find something. Something that made sense.

EDWARDS
By breaking in? Brilliant.

Jack spots the contraband - sharp, efficient.

JACK
More like trying to hide evidence. Paul Sands, you're under arrest for the murder of William Sands.

HANDCUFFS SNAP.

PAUL
I wasn't hiding anything. I was trying to make things right.

Jack tightens the handcuffs, unmoved.

JACK
Good. So am I.

Jack leads Paul away.

INT. HONOLULU JAIL - DAY

Light slices through the brick corridor. A PRISON GUARD walks. Skeleton keys jangle from a belt.

MR. G (50s), a sprite Scotsman with a weathered gentleness, follows. The guard stops, opens a prison cell.

Paul paces, haunted. He halts mid-stride to look up.

PAUL
Mr. Gillespie?

MR. G
Paul.

Paul stiffens, then breaks into a relieved embrace.

PAUL
Mr. G!

MR. G
Aye, lad... far too long.

Paul's eyes drop - shame, guilt vs. innocence, grief.

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

MR. G
You've rolled into quite a spot o'
trouble.

Mr. G offers a reassuring smile.

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

A beat.

MR. G (CONT'D)
Let's start by getting ye out of
here.

Paul blinks - hope flickers.

EXT. HONOLULU JAIL - DAY

Hawaiian sun beats down on the barb-wired compound.

Mr. G stands beside a 1941 HUDSON convertible. Its smooth
curves reflect his free-spirit.

Paul carries a battered suitcase. He glances back at the
jail.

MR. G
Poor fella. In the papers, too.
Came as quick as I could.

Paul stares out at nothing.

PAUL
I can't stop thinking about him.
He's gone. Forever.
(voice cracks)
The body was his - I should get the
hell out of here.

Mr. G softens.

MR. G
Come along, laddie. Stay with Nan
and me. Let the dust settle.

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

MR. G
Let's load up the car and be off
with you.

Paul nods, barely holds himself together.

TIRES spin, pebbles spit, the car speeds away.

EXT. WINDWARD OAHU - KANEOHE RANCH - DAY

JORGE LUIS (30s) rides a spirited quarter horse across
sun-drenched hills. Cattle graze nearby.

He personifies the Paniolo life - rugged, passionate.
HEALANI follows, watchful.

The HUDSON approaches from distance. Wind rustles through
the tall grass. And then... ROARING JEEPS.

JORGE
Damn you! This ain't your road.

G.I.s tear past, laughter mingles with jeers, led by G.I.
MORGAN (20s).

G.I. MORGAN
Hey, Joe! Look at the wannabe
cowboy.

Jorge reins hard. The horse bucks beneath him.

JORGE
Idiot. It's Jorge Goddamn Luis!

He swings off the horse, grips the saddle.

A trailing jeep clips a fence post. Wood chips fly.

Jorge flashes an obscenity.

HEALANI
Jorge - let it go.

ISAMU rides up, cold confidence radiates off him. He sneers at the departing caravan.

ISAMU
American devils. They'll choke on their arrogance.

Jorge spins, fists clenched.

JORGE
You got somethin' to say? More bullshit?

Before it escalates, the HUDSON rolls to a stop. Mr. G leans out - calm, steady.

MR. G
Olá, Jorge. Is everything all right?

Jorge's anger falters.

JORGE
Mr. G.

Paul recognizes Isamu. Steps out - locks eyes with him.

PAUL
I've seen you before.

His attention diverts to Healani. Isamu's expression tightens.

He whips out a knife and THROWS.

The blade THUDS into a fence post inches from Jorge.

HEALANI
Enough! All of you. Isamu, stop!

Isamu smirks.

ISAMU
Save yourself, haole.

JORGE trembles with rage.

JORGE
(to Mr. G)
We're fine. Everything's fine.

Mr. G senses the danger.

MR. G
Paul. In the car.

Paul hesitates, eyes still on Healani - then obeys, reluctant.

The Hudson pulls away, tension lingers like steam.

KANEOHE RANCH

Healani wheels her horse toward Isamu.

HEALANI
(defiant)
The answer is no. Stop following me.

Isamu's eyes narrow - the wolf sizes up his prey.

ISAMU
Choose your words carefully, ko'u aloha. Destiny never waits for fools.

He kicks his mount, disappears over the ridge.

Jorge watches, jaw tight.

JORGE
We ain't fools.

Shared history swirls like dust in the wind.

EXT. PALI HIGHWAY - DAY

The HUDSON crests the PALI. Mr. G pulls over.

ARMY TRUCKS thunder past, reminders of a world in turmoil.

INT. SAME TIME

Paul watches them fade around a bend.

MR. G
You've had a run of it, haven't you, lad? First your parents... now this.

Paul's voice is a whisper.

PAUL
I keep wondering if I could've
changed anything.

EXT. SAME TIME

Mr. G steps out, breathes in the splendor of the Nu'uanu Pali.

MR. G
When I'm feeling blue, I stop right
here. Mark Twain said it's the
best view in the world.

Paul gets out.

PAUL
I don't know, Mr. G.-

He glances back at Mr. G's reassuring smile.

MR. G
Come along... trust me. Let it
speak to you.

Paul hesitates, then follows.

EXT. PALI LOOKOUT - DAY - LATER

PAUL and MR. G walk along a short, rugged stone wall. The ravine yawns below - vast, ancient, alive.

MR. G
It won't erase your troubles, but
it reminds us, beauty endures.

Paul takes it in - the wind rises around him.

MR. G (CONT'D)
Kamehameha the Great stood here.
Fought for his people. For their
future.

Something shifts in Paul - a spark, a kinship.

The wind swirls. His eyes close...

FLASHBACK:

EXT. SHIPYARD - WILCOX RALLY - DAY

A bustling harbor - a fish market. Crowds with BANNERS. Shouts for reform.

SUPER: "WILCOX RALLY, MAY 1892"

Young WILLIAM pushes through the throng. IWALANI writes notes, fierce and focused.

PLATFORM

ROBERT WILCOX (30s), in an ITALIAN MILITARY UNIFORM, rallies the people. The crowd chants, "No more tyranny!"

A military WAGON thunders into view. HONOLULU RIFLES spill out. They advance toward them.

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

CLARENCE
Arrest that man!

The crowd stiffens. GUNFIRE cracks. Havoc erupts.

William catches Iwalani's arm. He feels her tremble, sees her resolve harden.

WILLIAM
Run!

Clarence raises a megaphone.

CLARENCE
This is an illegal assembly.
Disperse or face arrest.

Iwalani stands firm, defiant.

IWALANI
We can't let them do this!

Two riflemen advance. One lunges, grabs her arm, pulls her away.

She struggles, breaks free.

WILLIAM
(shouting)
I'll hold them off!

Their eyes meet... she sprints away.

William fights - is overwhelmed, collapses.

The butt of a RIFLE descends.

Darkness.

FLASHBACK ENDS

EXT. PALI LOOKOUT - DAY

Paul staggers back, shaken.

PAUL
What the hell was that?

Mr. G smiles.

MR. G
The Kama'aina say these mountains
sing to those who must hear them.

Paul studies him - unsure, unsettled.

PAUL
As echos... or secrets?

Mr. G senses the confusion within Paul.

MR. G
Perhaps both.

He gestures across the landscape.

MR. G (CONT'D)
All Castle property. Kaneohe
Ranch... largest on the island. And
there - Kailua, "Two Waters". This
is balance, lad. The trick to life.

Paul pulls out the faded photo and money clip.

PAUL
These were with him. The photo is
ancient. Who are these women?

Mr. G examines them, holds up the photograph.

Two women are in elegant dress. The oldest with a jeweled
BUTTERFLY HAIRPIN.

He hands them back.

MR. G
Sorry, Paul. Don't know these
wahine.

A beat - something unspoken between them.

MR. G (CONT'D)
Come. I can smell supper from here.
Clear your mind a bit.

They head back toward the car.

The Pali wind whispers goodbye.

EXT. LANIKAI ROAD - DAY

The Hudson winds down a narrow coastal road. Golden light
glints off the ocean.

Paul studies the photo - the butterfly hairpin, the faces,
the age of it.

Not in grief, in evaluation.

PAUL
(quiet, to himself)
Why would he have this...?

Mr. G glances over, reads him.

MR. G
Whatever you're puzzling over,
lad... don't let it swallow you
whole.

Paul doesn't answer, but his eyes reveal - he has a theory.

EXT. GILLESPIE HOUSE - DAY

Sunset. Emerging stars twinkle in the sky.

A modest home beneath ironwood trees. Warm light spills from
the windows.

Mr. G parks. Paul steps out, suitcase in hand, takes in the
quiet.

MR. G
Nan will be thrilled. Just... mind
the cat. She hates everyone.

Paul almost smiles.

INT. GILLESPIE HOUSE - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

NAN GILLESPIE (50s) - Scottish, sharp-eyed and warm, yin to Mr. G's unabashed yang, opens the door.

NAN
Paul Sands! Look at you - a sight
for sore eyes.

She pulls him into a hug before he can protest.

PAUL
It's good to see you, Nan.

NAN
You look like you haven't slept for
a week. Sit. Eat. Then we talk.

Paul sits at a kitchen table.

Nan sets down a plate of food, pours a glass full from a pitcher.

Mr. G watches Paul with interest.

MR. G
Tell us what you're thinking.

Paul's knife scrapes the plate. He nods - slow, deliberate.

PAUL
Not sure yet. I just know one
thing-
(then)
I'm done pretending it was an
accident.

Mr. G shares a glance with Nan.

GILLESPIE HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - LATER

Paul sits alone in a guest room. Moonlight spills over the bed.

He studies the photo again - the butterfly hairpin shimmers in the lunar light.

He notices a faint watermark:

"K.L - 1892"

Paul's breath catches.

PAUL
(whispers)
Kailua... what was that queen's
name?

He's not sure, but the thought triggers.

TABLET

Paul pulls out a notebook, writes:

Grandpa -> last moments?

Powder?

Photo?

Vision?

Isamu?

He circles a written word: WHY?

Paul's eyes narrow.

EXT. GILLESPIE HOUSE - SAME TIME

Outside, a SHADOW watches... lurks near the ironwoods. A cigarette ember glows, follows it.

The figure stops beyond the treeline - unseen by Paul. The ember drops. A boot crushes it.

The figure slips away into dark.

INT. GILLESPIE HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Paul closes the notebook, exhausted but centered. He lies back, stares at the ceiling.

The wind outside rises - a low, distant hum.

Paul's eyes drift shut...

FLASHBACK:

EXT. HONOLULU - NIGHT

A lantern-lit street. Rain puddles between cobblestones.

Young William slides through the murkiness.

He clutches rifles to his chest.

SHADOWS

Footsteps behind him, shadowed FIGURES follow.

William turns a corner, disappears into the gloom.

FLASHBACK ENDS

PAUL'S ROOM

Paul jolts awake - sweat beads on him.

He sits up, breathes hard. He looks at the photo again.

It seems different. It's no longer a relic. It's a clue.

EXT. GILLESPIE HOUSE - DAY

Soft light creeps over the ironwoods. Birdsong filters through the stillness.

Paul steps out onto the porch. He looks tired, yet focused - a man with a purpose.

He scans the yard. Something catches his eye: Faint footprints in the soil near the ironwoods.

TREELINE

Paul crouches, studies them. Not Mr. G's boots. Not Nan's slippers.

A crushed cigarette butt - someone was watching.

Paul's jaw tightens - not in fear. Resolve.

INT. GILLESPIE KITCHEN - DAY

Nan flips pancakes with military precision.

Mr. G reads the paper, glasses low on his nose.

Paul enters, distracted.

MR. G
You look like you fought the
mattress and lost.

Paul sits with purpose.

NAN
You're up early.

PAUL
Couldn't sleep.
(then)
Someone was outside last night.

Nan freezes mid-flip.

NAN
Outside... here?

PAUL
Footprints. Fresh.

Mr. G lowers the paper - concerned but not surprised.

MR. G
You sure?

Nan drops the pan, sudden - protective.

NAN
If someone's following you-

PAUL
Not me. It's whatever gramps got
mixed up in.

This hits. Mr. G and Nan nod in unison.

EXT. GILLESPIE HOUSE - LATER

Mr. G loads tools into the Hudson.

MR. G
We'll head to the ranch. Jorge will
know if anyone is snooping around
these parts.

PAUL
You mean the cowboy... and the
girl?

MR. G
Healani.

Paul nods.

PAUL
She knew that guy. Isamu. He was on
the ship. Same deck.

Mr. G pauses - a thought, something unreadable.

MR. G
Aye. Sharp as a tack, she is. Mind
yourself with that Isamu.
(then)
That lad's temper runs hotter than
the Pali wind.

Paul climbs into the car, determination settles in.

EXT. KANEOHE RANCH - DAY

The HUDSON rolls up the dirt road toward a barn.

Jorge repairs a fence post. A knife is embedded in the wood.

He yanks it free - hard - as Paul and Mr. G approach.

JORGE
Bom dia.

He eyes Paul - not hostile but wary. Mr. G nods.

PAUL
Someone was outside the house last
night. Watching.

Jorge's expression darkens.

JORGE
So you say.

PAUL

Yeah.

Jorge glances toward the hills.

JORGE

Could be him.

(inspects knife)

Could be someone worse.

Paul steps closer, lowers his voice.

PAUL

What's his problem with me?

Jorge hesitates, then looks him in the eye.

JORGE

Isamu hates outsiders. Most of all,
he hates anyone showin' interest in
Healani.

Paul absorbs that.

PAUL

So, he's jealous.

JORGE

Perigoso... dangerous. Tied up with
things you don't wanna know.

PAUL

But I need to know. Whatever
happened to my grandpa... it didn't
end on the ship.

Jorge studies him - sees the resolve.

JORGE

Then you best talk to Healani.
She's down by the corral.

He points toward the near pasture. Paul nods and heads off.

Mr. G watches him go - thoughtful, worried.

He glances at Jorge, who shakes his head.

EXT. PASTURE - CONTINUOUS

Healani stands beside a horse, brushes its coat. She looks up as Paul approaches.

Not surprised, not afraid - defiant, guarded, yet curious.

HEALANI
You're back.

PAUL
I need your help.

She analyzes him - sees the shift in him.

HEALANI
Yesterday, you made things
worse. Today, you seek help.
Chasing ghosts?

PAUL
Maybe.

He holds up the photo - her eyes widen. Recognition, but she hides it well.

She swings up onto her horse.

HEALANI
You're stepping into something old.
Older than you think.

PAUL
Then share with me what you know.

Healani exhales - slow, controlled.

HEALANI
Not now. And certainly not with
you.

Healani snaps the reins and rides off.

Paul watches her leave - stunned by rejection and the weighted warning.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

A small skiff cuts across the water. OTTO pilots. He scans the horizon, nerves etched on his face.

A rubber raft approaches - ISAMU paddles with hard-eyed precision.

OTTO
Guten Tag.

ISAMU
Konnichiwa.
(then)
We speak English.

Otto checks his watch, panic bubbles to the surface.

OTTO
It's taking too long. Every minute
is a warning. What if they miss the
window?

Isamu's eyes narrow - he assesses, calculates.

ISAMU
Focus. The codes have changed. New
updates are needed.

He tosses a satchel into the skiff. Otto catches it,
frustration boils.

OTTO
Again? We just changed them! This
operation... what if they catch on?

Isamu's glare is lethal.

ISAMU
You question my orders? The lion
always eats first. Understand?

Otto freezes.

OTTO
Ja, ich verstehe.

ISAMU
No mistakes. Your life depends on
it.

Otto swallows hard.

OTTO
Glory to the fatherlands.

ISAMU
I remain undercover.

Isamu paddles away, consumed by the horizon.

Otto stares into the deep water - shaken.

EXT. - GILLESPIE HOUSE - DAY

Paul returns from a swim. He scans the yard, its border trimmed by a riot of flowers.

Mr. G and KENJI FUJIMOTO (40s) work in the garden, their broad hats shade sweat-stained clothes.

MR. G
Hope you didn't miss breakfast,
laddie. Nan's ready to send out a
search party.

Paul's gaze drifts to Kenji - precise, gentle, almost reverent with the plants.

MR. G (CONT'D)
Kenji - come meet Paul Sands.

Kenji approaches with a quiet grace, bows slightly.

Paul offers a hand. Kenji shakes it with gloved fingers.

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

KENJI
Coffee grounds-
(sparkle in his eye)
Missus say it's magic.

Paul almost smiles, but his mind is elsewhere.

PAUL
Gramps said life is like a garden.
(scoffs)
That detective wouldn't know a
flower from a weed.

Mr. G exchanges a glance with Kenji - something unspoken - then dismisses him with a nod.

MR. G
Thanks, my friend.

Kenji bows, returns to trimming.

Mr. G pulls Paul aside, his tone shifts.

MR. G (CONT'D)
Remember, beauty can bloom even in
the toughest of soil.

Paul's frustration simmers.

PAUL
Nobody's listening. That powder was
sweet... then it turned nasty. A
real headache.

MR. G
Trust me, lad. I had a run-in with
the H-P-D once. You lose their ear,
it's a long way back.

Paul softens, but the tension remains. He grabs his shirt
from a railing, lingers.

PAUL
Maybe it's time I make my own
garden.

Seagulls cry. A wave crashes. Beyond the horizon, warships
leave white wakes in a gray ocean.

INT. GILLESPIE HOUSE - DAY

Nan's kitchen is warm, inviting. She greets Paul with a
gentle smile.

NAN
You look more relaxed today. Is the
room treating you well?

PAUL
Bed's a little short... but much
appreciated.

Nan chuckles, her eyes search him - she senses the weight he
carries.

Mr. G enters.

MR. G
Show her what you showed me.

Paul slides the PHOTO and MONEY CLIP across the table. Nan
points at the photo.

NAN
She's beautiful.

She examines the clip - something ignites in her expression.

NAN (CONT'D)
You should take this to Kailua
Town. The jeweler might help you.

Paul exhales, as if overwhelmed.

PAUL
I get the feeling time is running
out.

Nan squeezes his hand.

NAN
Then follow where it leads.

Mr. G claps his hands.

MR. G
Later. First, a little adventure.
You and me are going to the horse
races!

Paul blinks.

PAUL
Horse races?

Nan rolls her eyes.

NAN
Just don't let him bet the house!

The moment lightens. They share a laugh.

EXT. KAILUA RACE TRACK PARKING LOT - DAY

A sedan grinds to a stop in a dusty overflow lot, tires
crackle underneath.

It settles between two trucks. The engine dies. OTTO steps
out, camera slung with purpose.

His eyes sweep the area. Otto calculates, mutters to
himself. Low, clipped.

OTTO
Orders are orders. They want
pictures, I take pictures.

He moves with a quiet precision, pauses at a truck's
headlight.

In the chrome reflection, he studies the crowd - faces, uniforms, patterns.

He lifts the camera. Click. Another angle. Click. Each shot, deliberate.

Reconnaissance.

EXT. KAILUA RACE TRACK ENTRY - CONTINUOUS

A line of race-goers snakes toward the entrance. Bright outfits pop against the lush greenery.

Mr. G hustles forward, glances back at PAUL, who trails a few paces behind - steady, alert. Looking for clues.

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

Mr. G approaches a wiry man in an over-sized hat. The man's hands tremble, bills flutter like trapped moths.

A discreet exchange - cash for a sliver of paper.

Paul notes it. Nothing is casual. Mr. G returns, grins.

PAUL
A winner... or a dreamer?

MR. G
Just you wait. Jorge Luis rides
Paniolo Pleasure. Best horseman in
these parts.

The crowd noise swells - cheers, chatter, the hum of anticipation.

Paul scans the perimeter, instinct tugs him toward...

OTTO

Otto snaps photos with surgical precision. Not of horses. Not of friends.

Infrastructure. Entrances. Security... CLICK.

Paul stiffens, the sound sparks the memory of a jail door closing.

EXT. KAILUA RACE TRACK INFIELD - DAY

Paul and Mr. G lean against the infield barrier. The crowd buzzes with nervous energy.

Paul's attention is elsewhere - he scans the packed grandstand.

Paddock

Riders parade their horses. Jorge leads Paniolo Pleasure, waves at the excited patrons.

Paul watches Jorge, but more so, who watches him.

TRACK ANNOUNCER
Last call for the Kailua Stakes.
Last call!

JACK

Behind them, Jack approaches with a stealthy confidence. A firm hand clamps onto Mr. G's shoulder.

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

Mr. G jumps, then laughs as he turns.

MR. G
Well if it ain't Jack Burns!
Knocked ten years off a' me.

JACK
Betting on the sweepstakes?

MR. G
Just thinking-
(to Paul)
What's your take?

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

PAUL
You think a horse race matters right now?

Mr. G sighs, tries to lighten the mood.

MR. G
What's life without a bit of fun?

Paul's jaw tightens.

M.R. G (CONT'D)
(to Jack, covering)
Sorry. We're a bit on edge. Paul's
digging into questions about his
grandfather.

Jack's expression shifts - professional, guarded.

JACK
The autopsy should tell us what we
need to know.

MR. G
How long might that take?

JACK
Could be a few more days-

PAUL
(interrupting, low)
Stop the charade. Just arrest me.
That's why you're here.

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

Paul moves forward but Mr. G blocks him, eyes sharp with
warning.

MR. G
Easy. Just trying to understand
what happened.
(to Jack)
Did you know his grandfather had a
history here on O'ahu?

JACK
Can't say that I did.

MR. G
Any chance you could dig up some
records for an ol' Scotsman?

Jack hesitates, then nods.

JACK
I'll see what I can find.

His gaze drifts past them - toward OTTO. Jack's eyes narrow.

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

MR. G
Otto Kuehn. Odd sort, if you ask
me.

Paul watches Otto, too. This time with suspicion, and something colder.

Jack gives Mr. G a respectful nod.

JACK
Catch you later, Mr. G.
(then)
Good luck with Jorge.

Jack melts into the crowd, leaving a tension that doesn't fade.

KAILUA RACE TRACK - LATER

Horses and riders line up. Jorge and Paniolo Pleasure stand poised, focused.

A hush falls. A single hoof paws the dirt.

START LINE

A START GUN cracks. They're off - Paniolo Pleasure is squeezed against the rail.

The leaders surge ahead. Mr. G deflates, then glances at Paul, who barely reacts.

His attention drifts - toward Otto, toward the stands, toward anything that doesn't fit.

BACKSTRETCH

The pack thunders into the turn. Jorge fights for position.

Thundering hooves create mayhem - the air fills with dirt and noise. Flashbulbs explode. The crowd roars.

For Paul, it overpowers - noise, motion, chaos. He searches for patterns in the frenzy.

TRACK ANNOUNCER
(filtered)
It's a blanket finish!

The crowd holds its breath.

TRACK ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
(filtered)
Paniolo Pleasure - winner by a
nose!

The infield erupts. Hats fly. Mr. G dances a jubilant jig. Paul barely registers it.

HEALANI

Healani glides toward Jorge. Paul focuses on her - drawn in, but wary.

She drapes a lei over Jorge's shoulders. They embrace. Revelers surge around Paul, block his view.

He stands alone, surrounded by the revelry. The present and the past swirl about him.

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

The Hudson glides along the coastline. Paul drives, brow furrowed - deep in thought.

Mr. G leans out, lets the wind whip through his hair.

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

A weathered stone pillar flashes by:

LANIKAI

The road curves inland.

A BURMA-SHAVE sign passes.

Then:

WELCOME TO KAILUA TOWN

Military vehicles line the street near a TAVERN. Paul tenses.

PAUL
You think the military is here for
a reason?

MR. G
Beer.
(laughs)
They're thirsty.

Paul's eyes drift to a small building draped in foliage.

A JEWELER signboard flickers out. Mr. G notices.

MR. G
If you're gonna find answers,
better hurry.

Paul parks. Mr. G catches the keys.

MR. G (CONT'D)
I'll meet you at the bar.

Flashes of lightening above the saloon. Thunder rumbles overhead.

A JAPANESE FLAG flutters, ominous, in the distance. A storm approaches.

A human storm.

INT. JEWELER - DAY

A door strap jingles. Paul bursts in. The warm light bounces off glass showcases.

PAUL
Still open?

WATANABE (60s) looks up - calm, dignified.

WATANABE
For a moment longer.

Paul slides the money clip across the counter.

PAUL
Can you read the inscription?

Watanabe polishes it, reveals its shine.

WATANABE
Sterling silver. Nineteenth
century. Only the royal palace
could afford this.

He peers through an eyepiece.

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

PAUL
Iwalani... Lani... royal palace.

Paul shows the photo. Watanabe's eyes widen.

WATANABE
Diamond butterfly, worn by a great
woman - the queen. To be in
picture? Special friend.

Paul absorbs this, shaken - he was right.

PAUL
I was hoping for answers.

Watanabe reassures. His hand rests on the counter.

WATANABE
The past is patient. It waits for
you.... you've just begun.

Paul straightens. The revelation sinks in.

INT. KAILUA TAVERN - NIGHT

The roadhouse is alive - music, laughter, uniforms.

Mr. G spots JORGE across the room, motions for Paul to
follow.

JORGE
Mr. G! Over here!

They push through the crowd. JORGE hugs Mr. G.

MR. G
You were magnificent today, mi
amigo!

JORGE
Not bad for a Portugee, huh?

Mr. G gestures toward Paul.

MR. G
I never introduced you two... Paul
Sands. Hollywood's finest!

Jorge claps Paul on the back.

JORGE
Hollywood! Drinks on me.

Mr. G leans in.

MR. G
Missus wants me sober tonight.

PAUL
You sure?

MR. G
You'll be fine.

Mr. G waves a farewell, slips away.

Paul and Jorge toast - camaraderie forming.

A drunken SAILOR, CHASE (20s) - stumbles over.

CHASE
(slurring)
Think you're better than us,
Paniolo? Look at you, all hugs and
laughs.

Jorge stands to take a swing - misses - hits an Army
sergeant.

All hell breaks loose.

Paul ducks a punch, counters with a clean uppercut.

PAUL
Don't start what you can't finish!

The brawl explodes. Tables flip. Bodies fly. Glass shatters.

Jorge is struck with a bottle. Paul grabs him.

PAUL
Come on!

They stagger outside.

EXT: TAVERN PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Jorge wipes blood from his head.

JORGE
Ain't this just the bees knees.
Welcome to Hawaii, Hollywood.

They stumble into the street, bruised yet standing.

PAUL
Feels like fight night.

JORGE
Damn dogfaces.

A pickup skids to a stop. HEALANI jumps out, furious.

HEALANI
Are you out of your mind, Jorge?

JORGE (CONT'D)
Little sis to the rescue, huh?

She blocks him from climbing in.

HEALANI
Get in. Now.

PAUL
Little sis?

Healani slams the door shut behind Jorge.

She turns to Paul - cold, assessing.

HEALANI
Stay close, he's trouble.

Jorge sheepish, grimaces.

She swings up into the truck. Drives off.

Paul watches the taillights fade, regret settles in.

EXT. LANIKAI BAY - DAY

PAUL swims, tries to clear his head.

Aircraft roar overhead. P-40 FIGHTERS.

He spots Healani, who swims nearby. Paul draws closer.

PAUL
I- I wanted to say I'm sorry. I'm
Paul... Paul Sands.

She keeps her distance.

HEALANI
Right. Whatever.

A large shadow moves beneath them. Her face drains.

HEALANI (CONT'D)
It's a shark. Stay calm.

Paul thinks it's a joke - until he sees the TIGER SHARK.

PAUL
Go!

He shoves her toward the shore.

HEALANI
It's coming!

The shark lunges. Paul kicks hard, strikes it, redirects its charge.

They burst onto the sand, gasp for breath.

HEALANI
We need to warn everyone. It's a
tiger!

She hurries up the sand. Paul follows, limps.

HEALANI (CONT'D)
Head up the beach. Tell the locals.
I'll get the fishermen.

She turns back - softer now.

HEALANI (CONT'D)
What you did... that was brave. I
wouldn't have thought-

She stops herself.

HEALANI (CONT'D)
Thank you. I'm Healani.

Paul almost smiles. He knows.

PAUL
Nice to meet you, Healani.

A connection stirs - fragile, real.

EXT. BAY HOMES - DAY

A row of small hillside cottages lines a quiet, sandy street.

With a hitch, Paul moves inland from the shoreline, breath still short from the encounter.

PAUL
(shouting)
There's a shark in the bay!

A HAWAIIAN FAMILY spills out of a nearby cottage.

Kids chase each other. They laugh, cupped hands reaching up. He gently waves them back, eyes on the adults.

A tall hapa man, KEONI KAMAKAWIWO'OLE (50s) watches Paul with a steady, assessing calm.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Keep the children out of the water!

A soft poke at his ribs. Paul looks down.

IWALANI KAMAKAWIWO'OLE (70s) stands before him - poised, eyes deep as tide pools.

IWALANI
You have no fear, young one. I see the koa of a warrior... fierce strength. But even warriors must respect the sea.

PAUL
I'm just trying to warn everyone.

She leans closer, voice drops to a secretive hush.

IWALANI
A warning is only as strong as the heart behind it. Bravery is knowing when to place your trust... the power of Aloha is within you.

Paul ponders her familiarity - unsettled, intrigued.

PAUL
(softly)
Are you... Lani?

Her smile falters.

A glint of recognition - or warning - crosses her eyes.

She withdraws, ushers the children back to the cottage.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Iwalani.

She pauses to glance back - a brief, knowing look - then disappears around the corner.

A distant shout snaps him back. Paul turns toward the sandy road. His resolve hardens.

EXT. BAY HOMES - OTTO'S COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Paul walks on, glances toward Mokapu where distant aircraft descend in the distance.

A second-story door of a seaside cottage opens. OTTO steps out, binoculars in hand.

Paul ducks behind a bush, watches.

STAIRS

OTTO scans the ocean with precision.

He hangs the field glasses on a peg, descends the steps in silence.

He moves to a clothesline - uneven sheets flap like signals. Otto adjusts them with meticulous care.

ISAMU

From brush, ISAMU emerges - silent, controlled. A single nod passes between them. No words, just intent.

Otto retreats up the stairs, picks up the binoculars, slips inside.

ROAD

Isamu strides down the street.

He glances back - eyes narrow as he spots Paul rise up from behind the bush.

Paul follows at a distance. Isamu turns a corner.

HEDGE

Isamu joins a small group of LOCAL MEN - their laughter masks something sharper beneath.

Paul leans forward from the barrier to listen. The point of a sinister blade presses against his chest.

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

Paul raises his hands, steps back.

PAUL
Don't threaten me.

Isamu moves forward, brandishes the knife.

ISAMU
Moron. Leave Hawaii. Healani is
mine.

Paul glances at the locals - silent, watchful, loyal to Isamu.

He steadies himself.

PAUL
(defiant)
The hell she is. Who are they?

Isamu lunges - a swift, practiced strike. Paul twists away. The blade slices a clean gash through his shirt.

ISAMU
(snarling)
Haole deaf? Leave, or die!

Paul scrambles back, anger simmers.

PAUL
You were on F Deck. With the
German. What happened to my
grandfather?

Isamu freezes - a flash of recognition, then fury.

He sheaths the knife with a sharp motion.

ISAMU
You are nothing.

He turns away. The gang falls in behind him, shadows stretch
across the sand as they disappear.

Paul stands tall. Shirt torn, breath short. His eyes
sharpen. He touched a nerve.

EXT. KAILUA BAY - DAY

Paul strides down a sloping path toward a cluster of
fishermen. They stand rigid, eyes dart across the water.

The men nod to HEALANI, who commands the moment with quiet
authority.

They scramble for gear and board moored boats with
experienced speed.

TRUCK

A truck skids to a stop above Paul. JORGE jumps out, slams
the door, storms downhill.

Healani turns at the commotion, worry creeps across her
face.

She spots Paul approaching Jorge.

PAUL
Jorge... didn't expect you out
here.

Jorge waves him off - sharp, protective, on edge.

JORGE
Nothin' to do with you, Hollywood.
Stay out of it.

PAUL
Out of what, exactly?

Before Jorge can answer, Healani steps between them.

HEALANI
Enough. You can go.

JORGE
Go? There's a shark in the bay!

Healani's eyes drift toward Paul's torn shirt.

She reaches for it - stops, pulls back.

HEALANI
Let the fishermen do their jobs.

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

HEALANI
I'm not porcelain. Stop protecting me.

JORGE
Healani-

HEALANI
Paul helped me report the shark.
Can we discuss this later?

Jorge deflates - frustrated, conflicted. He turns uphill.

JORGE
Helpful, huh? Then be at our ranch house at nine A.M.-
(then)
Hope a movie star can ride a horse.

He slams the truck door, drives off.

Paul watches him go, turns to Healani.

PAUL
He's just looking out for you.

HEALANI
(staring at the water)
I'm grateful. But I need to do this on my own.

A distant siren echos along the beach.

Healani straightens - her resolve returns.

HEALANI (CONT'D)
Let's go.

They hurry toward the sound - something shifts between them.

EXT. RANCH - DAY

Warm sunlight spills across the ranch. Horses whinny in the distance.

Paul walks the entry road, takes in the serenity - unease shadows his eyes.

A Navy jeep is parked near the main house.

JORGE

Jorge appears in the doorway of the smaller dwelling, arms crossed, smirk ready.

JORGE
Wonders never cease. Our hero's
even on time. Too bad I don't have
a white horse.

He tosses Paul a weathered cowboy hat.

JORGE (CONT'D)
It'll block the sun.

Paul catches it, grins despite himself. He settles it on his head.

PAUL
Better than swimming with sharks,
right?

JORGE
(playful)
Don't count your money before the
horses run.

Jorge angles off. Healani approaches, leads two horses.

A cowgirl hat hangs from her neck - confident, effortless.

HEALANI
Here you go.

Their fingers brush as she hands him the reins - a spark neither acknowledges aloud.

HEALANI (CONT'D)
They don't bite... unless, you
provoke them.

She mounts her filly with fluid grace.

Paul swings onto his saddle, adjusts the hat - courage settles in.

Jorge rides up with another horse, ties it to Paul's.

JORGE
We'll take the beach road 'cross
the Kawai Nui. Watch the dips, they
sneak up on you. I'll take my colt
to Kailua. You two drop off these
horses. Hitch a ride back.

He mounts again, giving Paul a loaded side-glance.

HEALANI
(teasing)
You ready to keep up, hero?

PAUL
Just try to stay in front of me.

They break into a trot. Their silhouettes fade into the bright horizon.

EXT. SEASIDE ROAD - DAY

The trio rides along a rugged dirt path. Plumeria bloom. The ocean glitters. Jorge maneuvers closer to Paul.

JORGE
Kailua and Lanikai are changin',
Hollywood. There's talk about a
hotel on the beach... makes me
sick.

Jorge gestures toward MOKAPU, where navy planes roar overhead.

JORGE (CONT'D)
And the military snatched our best
grazin' land. I watch the future
disappear, piece by piece.

They reach a bridge and slow. Jorge lifts binoculars - stiffens.

JORGE (CONT'D)
Caramba! You two keep goin'. I'll catch up.

He kicks his ride into a sprint, dust swirls about him.

JORGE (CONT'D)
Haw!

Jorge disappears down the trail, a whirlwind in his wake.

Healani and Paul's horses twitch, eager. They move into a brisk trot.

EXT. TRAIL - DAY

Healani and Paul weave through rich foliage, a fluted spine of the Ko'olau range towers above.

The trail dips, reveals a bustling MILITARY BASE below.

HEALANI
Kaneohe Naval Station.

Ground drills. PBY CATALINA planes taxi across a runway.

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

PAUL
I thought he hated the military.

HEALANI
Business is business. But grazing rights? Personal. The Castles have a thousand head. Jorge would fight tooth and nail for them.

Paul scans the horizon - his expression, troubled.

PAUL
Change is inevitable. But what's different since my Gramps was here?

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

His face tightens.

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

HEALANI
Will you have a service?

PAUL
Tomorrow... can't believe it.

Healani hesitates, something unsaid on her tongue.

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

Paul cuts her off.

PAUL
They're rushing to bury him.
Without an autopsy report! What's
the cause of death?
(then)
The whole thing's a fubar.

Healani studies him - does he know more than he's saying?

EXT. PATH - DAY

Trees arch overhead. A stream flows near them. Healani eyes
Paul - reads him.

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

Paul pulls himself out of his thoughts.

PAUL
So you're both Portuguese-Hawaiian?

HEALANI
Jorge's my half-brother. Same
father.

PAUL
What about you?

HEALANI
Mother was pure Hawaiian - full of
stories and tradition. Makes me a
hapa girl.

PAUL
That's beautiful.

She slows.

HEALANI
Tell me about your grandfather.

Paul fumbles in a pocket, pulls out the worn photo.

PAUL
Here's what I showed you. It was
with him when he died.

Healani takes it - her expression shifts, subtle but
unmistakable.

She recoils a fraction.

PAUL (CONT'D)
You okay?

HEALANI
I'm fine. It just reminds me of
something.

She looks again.

HEALANI (CONT'D)
Beautiful girl. If her name is
Lani, it means heavenly.

PAUL
I think it's short for Iwalani.

HEALANI
Heavenly seabird.

She hands it back to him - wistful, unsettled.

HEALANI (CONT'D)
Her dress looks royal. A gift,
perhaps?

PAUL
Did my grandfather know the queen?

HEALANI
There are records-
(then)
Maybe it's just about a girl.

PAUL
A lot of things are just about a
girl.

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

HEALANI
Let's go.

Paul hesitates - caught between desire and suspicion. He
urges his horse forward.

EXT. BYPATH - LATER

Humidity hangs thick.

Healani halts her horse, ties her hair back. She gestures to
the trailing horse.

HEALANI
Paul, hand me a towel from the
saddle bag.

He dismounts, retrieves it, hands it over - awkward,
hopeful.

PAUL
I was thinking... maybe we could
get together sometime? Without
Jorge, that is.

Healani wipes her neck, eyebrow arched.

HEALANI
You're tall. Play basketball?

Paul leans in, hopeful. She tosses the towel in his face.

HEALANI (CONT'D)
Git.

She kicks her horse into a gallop.

Paul stands there, stunned, towel in hand.

He scrambles back onto his horse - just as it rears.

PAUL

Whoa! Wait - was that a yes?

Healani disappears into the horizon's colors.

Paul chases after her, cheeks flushed.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A small, rural graveyard. Frugal headstones lean at odd angles, worn by time, each a eulogy to a loss.

PAUL'S hands tremble. He lowers a delicate rose onto a wooden casket.

PAUL

(whispering)

How can I ever say good-bye?

His eyes shut as grief overtakes him.

Flashes of fishing trips, warm laughter, shared gifts flicker like old film.

He steps back, unsteady, breath hitching.

MR. G

Mr. G approaches. Not in pity, just present. He wraps an arm around Paul's shoulders.

A gust of wind rattles the dry grass. PAUL blinks hard, fights the sting in his eyes.

MR. G

You'll get answers. One step at a time.

Paul nods, but his jaw tightens - there's conviction behind the grief.

CEMETERY PARKING LOT

In the distance, JACK stands beside his cruiser, arms locked across his chest, expression unreadable.

He checks his watch, takes a drag on a cigarette. The smoke curls into the air like a warning.

Mr. G notices.

MR. G (CONT'D)
Paul... we best speak with Jack.

They stride toward him.

Jack straightens, snuffs out the cigarette - sheds discomfort like an old skin.

JACK
Mr. G.... Mr. Sands. My
condolences.

Mr. G keeps his voice steady.

MR. G
What have you got for us, Jack?

Jack pulls out a manila envelope, his tone deep.

JACK
Autopsy didn't give us a cause.
It's still undetermined.

He hands the envelope to Paul. His fingers shake as he receives it.

PAUL
(hoarse)
What about the other thing?

Jack lifts a hand - a quiet warning.

JACK
The investigation stays open. A
blood sample is at the university.
They'll run the analysis.

A spark of purpose behind the grief.

PAUL
Am I still a suspect?

Mr. G steadies him with a firm hand.

MR. G
Easy Paul, breathe.

Jack clears his throat.

JACK
As for your inquiry Mr. G, no
William Sands on record. But a
William Sanderson shows up in '93.

MR. G
Appreciate it, Jack.

Jack nods, heads for the driver's door. Paul hesitates, then
steps forward.

PAUL
That man at the race track - the
one you asked about. I saw him
again. At a beach house. Sheets on
a line. Field glasses. He was
watching something.

Jack studies him. A beat of recognition, concern. He nods
once, gets in the car.

Door shuts. Engine fades down the road. Mr. G waves.

Paul stands in the quiet, the envelope heavy in his hand.

INT. OTTO KUEHN HOME - DAY

Morning light filters through dusty air.

OTTO stands at the mantel, fingers tremble. He clutches a
photo of his children.

Behind him - the slow scrape of metal. ISAMU sharpens a
knife with deliberate strokes.

ISAMU
We need more detail on the harbor.

Otto turns, breath quickens. The family picture crashes to
the floor, glass cracks.

OTTO
I was just there! I'm not some
schleichen - to be caught in the
open.

Isamu surges forward, closes the space.

ISAMU
Stop your whining. Victory is
close. There will be glory.

OTTO
Glory? At what cost?

Isamu's eyes harden.

ISAMU
My request was granted. By decree,
I shall rule Hawaii.

Otto's fists clench. Fear, guilt war on his face.

OTTO
Nicht mehr. I can't do this. I'm
fertig. Tell your Kapitan I quit.

He turns away - a wave crashes outside.

Isamu moves fast, grabs Otto from behind. The KNIFE kisses
Otto's neck, a thin line of blood.

ISAMU
(hisses)
You quit, family dies.

Otto stiffens.

OTTO
Meine familie? Bitte... don't hurt
them.

The blade shifts. A cold truth under his jaw.

ISAMU
What did you say?

OTTO
(whisper)
Nothing. They are innocent. I make
report. No mistakes.

Isamu tightens his grip, tension enough to choke on.

ISAMU
Remember... I'm watching.

Isamu shoves him forward. The knife's bloodied edge glints a
final warning.

Otto shakes in place - hope deflates like air from a
punctured lung.

EXT. KAILUA SCHOOL YARD - DAY

The sun beams down on a sprawling playground. A basketball thuds in a steady rhythm on a weathered court.

PAUL

PAUL watches from the sideline. HARUTO SUZUKI (14) weaves past a pack of teenagers.

He smiles, eyes brighten, the memory of playing ball.

MIKE CACCAVALE (15) lunges for a wild steal.

MIKE

Stop hogging the ball! Ball hog!

Groans of frustration. A few boys drift away.

PAUL

Hold up, fellas. One minute.

They pause. Haruto fires a pass at Mike. Paul steps in - snatches it clean.

He breaks into a smooth dribble. A jumper drops clean through the net.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Alright. Keep it moving.

He snaps a crisp pass back at Haruto. The kid catches it, eyes wide.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Dribbling is fun. But the game is also about sharing the court.

A shadow draws near - HEALANI approaches, amused.

HEALANI

Busy man. I heard they lost their coach to the military.

HARUTO

Mister, you should be our coach!

Paul winces, rubs a knee, masks the pain.

PAUL

You just work on making each other better.

Haruto pivots, fires a perfect bounce pass to Mike.

His shot banks in. The boys erupt.

PAUL (CONT'D)
That's it. Lift each other up.

He glances at Healani, a grin tugs at him.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Speaking of lifting spirits... how
about a date tonight?

She tilts her head, mock-considering.

HEALANI
Maybe. If you were to say... coach
the team.

Paul laughs, plays along.

PAUL
Sounds like you're negotiating a
trade deal.

She steps closer. Eyes bright.

HEALANI
It's more like extortion, Mr.
Sands.

They share a laugh.

The court noise fades under Paul's thoughts.

PAUL
(to himself)
What if this slips away... like my
family?

His smile dims. The import of the day settles back onto him.

EXT. KAILUA TOWN - NIGHT

Healani and Paul walk hand-in-hand. LAUGHTER spills from a pool hall.

A distant shout fractures the calm. Tension hums beneath the evening air.

Without warning, Healani slips her hand from his, folds her arms - guarded, protective.

HEALANI
I can't help but feel someone might
get hurt.

Paul slows, concern tightens his brow.

PAUL
I don't follow.

Her gaze drifts, haunted by something not said.

HEALANI
You... me. I know where this leads,
Paul.

Paul steps closer, voice low, urgent.

PAUL
I don't think of you that way.

HEALANI
(sarcastic)
Oh? You don't even know how long
you'll stick around.

He pulls her close and kisses her - gentle, grounded.

PAUL
Tomorrow, at the court... I'll be
there.

She raises an eyebrow - surprised, amused.

HEALANI
Are you really going to help the
team, or are you just being cute?

PAUL
I played some. Never coached. I'll
give it a shot.

A smile breaks her face. She threads her fingers through
his.

HEALANI
You know what you need? To believe.

Healani taps her head, then her heart.

HEALANI (CONT'D)
Not just here-
(then)
In here.

PAUL
I've heard this before.

HEALANI
It's not about what you are - it's
about who you are.

PAUL
Now who's being cute?

HEALANI
Maybe you'll be the next Hall of
Fame coach.

They round a corner. The atmosphere shifts.

ISAMU and his gang linger in the shadows, their presence
chills the air.

Paul stiffens.

PAUL
Detective Burns... we're like oil
and water.

HEALANI
I've met him.

PAUL
They sent a blood sample to the
university. No word yet.

HEALANI
Does anyone know?

PAUL
I think it had something to do with
his death. I just can't prove it.

They pull up short, eyes lock - the truth weighted between
them.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I ask for information, they turn
away. Do I have the plague or
something?

HEALANI
Islanders see you as an outsider.
Show them you care - about Hawaii.

PAUL
Seems easier said than done.

HEALANI
I should tell you, I found-
Before she can finish, Isamu and his gang close in, baseball
bats in hand.

ISAMU
Haole, you were warned. Move away
from my girl.
He shoves Paul - hard.
A vicious kick drops Paul to a knee.

ISAMU (CONT'D)
Yankee dung.
Paul rises. Pain burns, the resolve ignites.

PAUL
(grimacing)
I won't back down.
He throws a quick right cross - Isamu is caught off-guard.
But the victory is brief. BATS slam down, stagger him again.

HEALANI
Stop! You're hurting him.
Isamu grabs a fist full of her hair - rage twists his face.

ISAMU
Don't be na'aupō. Don't be stupid!
WHISTLES pierce the night - POLICE approach fast.
Isamu shoves Healani away, wipes blood from his lip.

ISAMU (CONT'D)
The world is changing - so will
you.
He signals the gang. They vanish into the shadows. Police
flood the street.
Healani turns to Paul - breathless, shaken.

HEALANI
That was reckless. We need to talk
about this.

PAUL
I won't let him intimidate us.

She reaches out, rests a hand on his arm. The connection
deepens.

HEALANI
I know... but we need to be smart
about it.

Healani looks into his eyes.

HEALANI (CONT'D)
Meet me tomorrow night. By the old
heiau above the ridge.

PAUL
I'll be there. Together, then?

HEALANI
Together.

Sirens echo - sealing their pact.

INT. HONOLULU LIBRARY - DAY

Paul limps into the lobby, winces as he shifts weight. A
hand presses against his lower back.

He inhales, scans the quiet aisles, aware of eyes on him.

A display table. A text book draws his attention:

HAWAII

He grabs it, flips through - stops at:

INSERT:

HAWAIIAN CENSUS - Pg. 391

Paul approaches a LIBRARIAN (30s).

She avoids his gaze, twirls a pen.

PAUL
(urgent)
Excuse me.

The librarian doesn't respond, until he holds the book up.
She leans in, curiosity breaks her indifference.

LIBRARIAN
(quiet, wistful)
The census holds many secrets.

A subtle kinship forms. She gestures toward a row of
aisles... find your story there.

PAUL
Mahalo.

LIBRARY AISLE

Paul scans the shelves - back aching. Something catches his
eye.

A thick, embroidered hardback. He pulls it free.

INSERT:

REPORT OF THE GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT OF THE CENSUS 1890-1900

Wary of prying eyes, he glances over a shoulder, moves to a
table.

TABLE

Another book captures his attention - colorful, inviting.

INSERT:

POISONOUS FLOWERS AND PLANTS OF THE UNITED STATES

Paul sets the census aside. He skims through the flora
guide.

Pages flutter, then stop. Magnified white flowers. A spiked
seed pod.

INSERT:

SPECIES: D. WRIGHTII

FAMILY: SOLANACEAE (SACRED DATURA)

His face drains. Realization slams him.

PAUL
(panic rising)
No... no.

He snaps the book shut. Breath quickens, sweat beads.

Paul grabs the census, slides low in the chair. The truth weighs heavy, hits like a falling rock.

EXT. ANCIENT HEIAU - EVENING

Wind sweeps across a stone platform, carries the sunset. The sky burns orange.

Paul climbs the final steps, breath uneven.

Healani waits at the edge of the heiau - calm, grounded, a silhouette in fading light.

She turns as he approaches.

HEALANI
You found something?

Paul nods once.

PAUL
I know now... he was poisoned.

Healani takes it in - not in shock, crestfallen. She gestures for him to sit beside her.

HEALANI
This place... my ancestors came here to listen. Not to the wind, but to what it carried.

Paul sits. Unsure, vulnerable.

PAUL
I'm not sure what to do next.

Healani studies him, really sees him.

HEALANI
You look for answers in books. But some are within the essence that guides life.

She sighs.

HEALANI (CONT'D)
Your grandfather wasn't just a
visitor. He was connected to
something much deeper.

Paul swallows hard.

PAUL
I think I met her. Iwalani. At the
bay homes.

Healani's eyes widen, brief recognition.

HEALANI
Then the past is waking up for you.
And once it does, it doesn't go
back to sleep.

Paul looks out over the valley.

PAUL
Why me?

Healani leans closer - voice soft, certain.

HEALANI
Because you're not running anymore.

Paul meets her gaze, puts an arm around her.

The sun dips low. Golden hues touch the landscape.

A deep resonance, the heiau vibrates. An ancient past hums
in harmony.

EXT. NU'UANU HOME - DAY

The Hudson glides through a lush canopy. Fitted stone walls
guide the way toward a secluded estate.

It opens to a circular drive. Paul cuts the engine. Stepping
stones lead to a handcrafted wooden door.

A sudden movement - it swings open. JUNICHI (17), the house
boy, bows deeply.

JUNICHI
Iwalani not see visitors. Keiki
come back another time.

Paul straightens, unsure - a soft voice murmurs approval.

IWALANI, radiant in a colorful mu'umu'u, approaches with a quiet authority.

Junichi bows again, steps aside.

INT. NU'UANU HOME - CONTINUOUS

The interior is serene - tropical decor, soft light, the SOUND of trickling water.

Paul sits where Iwalani motions.

PAUL
Mahalo... thanks for seeing me.

She glides to an interior fish pond, kneels.

Iwalani swirls her fingers in the water - fish dart near her touch.

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

She turns, meets Paul's gaze - searches him.

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

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

Her eyes brighten.

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

Iwalani rises - elegant, wistful.

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

Paul leans forward, anxious.

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

A soft, reverent smile.

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

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

The stillness settles - heavy, expectant.

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

Her breath catches.

IWALANI
What was his name?

A fish splashes, as if in warning.

PAUL
William. William Sands. Or maybe...
Sanderson?

Iwalani's expression collapses - disbelief, sorrow. Memories
crash over her.

IWALANI
No... no.

Tears well. She clutches her chest - grief, decades old,
rises anew.

Silence consumes the room. Her eyes glisten, a haunted
sadness.

IWALANI (CONT'D)
My keiki, my dear keiki... no more
talk.

Paul stands, unsure. Iwalani steps forward.

She embraces him in the Hawaiian way, kisses the air beside
each cheek.

He steadies himself, reveals the money clip and photograph.

PAUL
Do you remember these?

Iwalani stares blankly - the moment drains color from her face.

She backs away, sinks into a chair. Tears spill freely.

IWALANI
Iwalani not see visitors... keiki
come back another time.

Her past presses down, suffocates. She weeps.

For Paul, the truth is close, but - too painful to speak.

INT. OTTO KUEHN HOME - NIGHT

Otto climbs a narrow stairwell, framed swastikas and Hitler rallies hang from the wall.

The images glow under dim bulbs - symbols once revered, now tight around his throat.

He stops. Stares. Loosens his collar.

LOFT

Otto enters the attic and pulls on a chain.

A naked bulb sparks to life, illuminates a worn chair and distressed desk.

A 1941 calendar hangs tilted, December 1st-5th marked through with heavy X's.

OTTO

He lowers himself into the chair. The wood groans under the burden of memory.

Hands tremble. He sets a GRAMOPHONE spinning. The vinyl wobbles, then steadies.

German MUSIC fills the cramped space.

LAMP

Otto drags the bulb toward the window, pulls back a curtain - uncovers a barred square of glass.

His wristwatch ticks - each second a sinister reminder. Otto releases the curtain.

Repeats the ritual. Again. Again.

OTTO

Eventually, Otto exhales - marks an X on December 6th. He leans back. Eyes close. Sleep overtakes him.

The needle reaches an inner ring - it scratches out a rhythm.

Harsh, relentless. Like war.

EXT. SUBMARINE - NIGHT

A PERISCOPE breaks the surface of a black sea. Distant lights shimmer on the hillside.

INT. SUBMARINE - CONTROL ROOM

CROSS HAIRS magnify a seaside home. A single lamp BLINKS twice, then goes dark.

CAPTAIN SAKURA, (40s), hardened by battle, lowers the periscope. He locks it with a practiced ease.

He turns to JAPANESE OFFICER TAKAHASHI (20s), lean, disciplined, stands at attention.

SAKURA
(subtitle)
Status of decipher reports?

TAKAHASHI
(subtitle)
Sir, codes are confirmed authentic.

Sakura tightens his grip on a small card - his hand shakes.

SAKURA
(subtitle)
The American warship... confirmed?

TAKAHASHI
(subtitle)
Yes. It has entered the harbor.

Sakura's eyes burn. He barks a command.

SAKURA
(subtitle)
Ready all crew for Operation Z. Do
it now.

A sailor freezes. A wrench slips. It crashes to the floor.

Takahashi flinches, a moment of doubt - he salutes sharply,
exits with rigid precision.

INT. SUBMARINE - BULKHEAD

ISAMU sits cross-legged on the cold metal floor - eyes
closed in meditation.

Pipes throb overhead - a pulse that echos. The hatch wheel
spins. A heavy CLICK.

Takahashi steps inside, hesitant. Isamu's eyes snap open.

TAKAHASHI
(subtitle)
Most Honorable One. Captain
requires your immediate
preparation.

He bows, then withdraws, seals the hatch behind him.

Isamu rises in a fluid motion - moves to a cramped bathroom.

He faces the mirror - fierce, unwavering.

ISAMU
(subtitle)
World under one roof.

A beat.

ISAMU (CONT'D)
(English, fervent)
Soon - victory for Japan.

He lifts a STRAIGHT-EDGED RAZOR from a worn cup, wets it.
Lowers the razor...

Not to his throat, but to his scalp. Slow, deliberate
strokes. The hair falls in soft clumps.

Isamu holds the razor high. He snarls, eyes ignite.
It begins.

EXT. LANIKAI BAY - NIGHT

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A) Mokulua islands rise like silhouettes over Lanikai Bay, O'ahu, Hawaii.

B) A waning moon drifts between slow-moving clouds.

C) A fishing boat sways. It tosses to the soft strum of a UKULELE.

EXT. LANIKAI BEACH - NIGHT

Two lovers weave through the dunes - PAUL and HEALANI, breathless with joy.

He catches her in a playful embrace.

PAUL
How'd I get so lucky.

She slips free, laughs, scoops up a seashell.

HEALANI
So you think you're getting lucky?

She tosses it. He ducks. They collide in a heated kiss.

EXT. FISHERMAN'S BOAT - NIGHT

A JAPANESE-HAWAIIAN FISHERMAN (60s), sits at the bow - ukulele in hand.

A kerosene lamp casts shadows across nets, bamboo rods.

Beneath the boat - BUBBLES rise. A huge shape glides past.

A PERISCOPE surfaces behind the fishing boat - disappears.

SUBMARINE

Moments later - a JAPANESE SUBMARINE breaks the waterline - silent, stealthy.

A HATCH exhales, opens. A DUFFEL BAG lands on the deck with a clank of metal.

ISAMU

Isamu emerges, dressed in dark blue, scans the night.

He shoulders the bag - crosses the submarine deck - leaps onto the fishing boat.

Effortless precision.

BOAT DECK

Isamu sets down the duffel. Draws a knife - the blade catches moonlight.

He moves past the cabin, the ukulele stops - a muffled cry.

SILENCE

He reappears, composed. Isamu drags the corpse across the deck.

Murderous ink tracks the body.

Isamu pauses... a moment of solemnity.

ISAMU

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

Isamu cleans the blade, sheaths it, hoists the body overboard into the water.

EXT. SHORELINE - NIGHT

The fishing boat grinds into shallow surf - the motor sputters out. An anchor drops.

Isamu slips over the side, wades toward shore.

BEACH

Moonlight breaks through clouds, silvers the boat.

Isamu reaches for the bow - the crescent scar glistens.

A voice near him.

PAUL

Isamu-

Isamu recoils, presses against the hull.

Cautious, Paul approaches.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I know it's you.

Isamu draws the knife, slips into the water, neck-deep.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Leave Healani alone. She's not
yours. She never was.

Paul turns away.

Isamu emerges behind him. Silent, sudden - the blade at
Paul's throat.

ISAMU

I should cut you open like a pua'a.

Healani gasps, steps forward.

HEALANI

Isamu... no.

A beat. Conflict covers her face.

HEALANI (CONT'D)

Let him go. I promise - you and me,
together. Just let him go.

Isamu cocks his head, the dark urge to kill hovers.

He lowers the knife. Shoves Paul away.

ISAMU

Lolo. Lucky for you.

HEALANI

(Hawaiian)

You got what you wanted. Now go.

Isamu points the knife at Healani - resolve hardens.

ISAMU
(intense whisper)
I will deal with you later.

He slips into the shadows. Paul moves to follow - Healani grabs his arm.

HEALANI
Paul.

He stops. Breathes. They stand together, shaken.

HEALANI (CONT'D)
That scar... the man is haunted by something.

Paul nods, protective.

PAUL
We're safe now.

They turn into the darkness.

Isamu reaches the boat, lifts the duffel - disappears up the beach.

A dog BARKS - a sharp, sudden silence.

EXT. INLET - (LATER)

Healani and Paul walk hand-in-hand toward a secluded cove, moonlight glides over untouched sand.

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

PAUL
(firm, protective)
He won't get to you. He'd have to walk over my dead body first.

HEALANI
We should report this.

PAUL
Now? He's gone. Tomorrow, okay?

He draws her closer. A quiet moment. Healani exhales, tension eases from her shoulders.

HEALANI
What am I going to do with you?

Paul eases her down, places his shirt beneath her. She leans back, a strap falls loose.

Their lips meet - a deep kiss. The tide approaches closer. It whispers secrets to the shore.

EXT. LANIKAI BEACH - DAY

Morning sun filters through overcast skies. The teal water shimmers with prismatic light.

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

PAUL and HEALANI stroll along the beach. She watches him, concern tugs at her brow.

HEALANI
(biting her lip)
We should get back. Jorge will be
looking for me.

A quiet pause. The cry of seagulls in the distance.

MOKAPU

A sudden BLAST shakes the air. MACHINE-GUN FIRE rips across the distant landscape.

Paul and Healani spin toward the airbase. Black SMOKE mushrooms upward, stains the sky.

Airplanes swoop like predatory hawks. They bank toward the ground.

PAUL
(puzzled)
What the hell? On a Sunday?

Planes peel away - they slice toward Lanikai Beach.

One breaks formation, dives - unleashes a burst of gunfire, shreds the stillness.

LANIKAI BEACH

Rising suns glint off METAL skin. Two JAPANESE ZEROS sweep low, straight for them.

HEALANI
(trembling)
What's happening?

Paul and Healani stumble back. They panic, run.

MACHINE GUNFIRE rips into sand and surf around them. Healani screams - raw, terrified.

The planes arc into a steep climb. Pilots offer a mock salute, vanish into chaos.

EXT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Paul and Healani crouch behind bushes, hold each other.

A truck SCREECHES to a halt.

JORGE leaps out. Frantic, wild-eyed, he stares at bullet holes stitched across the truck bed.

JORGE
(breathless)
The Japs are attackin'! We gotta go... HURRY!

Healani and Paul sprint toward him.

PAUL
(urgent)
Get in! Let's get out of here.

They pile into the cab, united by shock, bound by fear.

INT. TRUCK - DAY - MOVING

Jorge grips the wheel, knuckles white. The truck careens forward.

JORGE
They shot at us! Can you believe it?

A distant explosion echos. He cranks the radio - CHURCH MUSIC blares, absurd against the mayhem.

HEALANI
Doesn't anyone know what's
happening?

Paul and Jorge exchange a worried look. Jorge shifts gears.

EXT. TRUCK - SAME TIME

The truck barrels down the road, dust clouds trail behind.

INT. HONOLULU FBI BUILDING - DAY

Jack strides through a bustling office.

Phones ring, typewriters clack, agents shout over each other.

A RECEPTIONIST (20s) juggles two calls, eyes wide. She nods toward a nearby door.

SPECIAL AGENT

Jack enters a cramped room. A brass NAMEPLATE gleams:

ROBERT L. SHIVERS

SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE

ROBERT SHIVERS (40s), slender, composed but strained, grips a phone.

He cups a hand over the receiver, acknowledges Jack with a glance.

ROBERT
Governor Poindexter.

Jack closes the door softly, the click echos. Robert's tone shifts. He forces calm into his voice.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Yes, sir. It's necessary. I agree
with General Short.

He braces himself, listens.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Yes-
(a moment of silence)

(MORE)

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Yes, of course. But we can't wait.
You must issue the order. Agents
are in the field.

Jack leans forward, every muscle taut.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
I understand, sir... I know.

Another long silence.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
I promise. We'll do everything in
our power.
(then)
Thank you, sir. God bless.

He hangs up - relief, then dread cross his face. Jack sinks
into a chair.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
I can't believe this. What a
nightmare. The Governor was crying.

Jack shakes his head, stunned.

JACK
So is it a go?

The words hang heavy, inevitable. Shivers rubs his temples.

ROBERT
It's a go.

The weight shifts between them. Jack leans forward - steady,
resolute.

JACK
Then we move. We owe it to the
people... to Hawaii.

Shivers nods once, a grim pledge secured.

INT./EXT. TRUCK - DAY - MOVING

The truck cab buzzes with static. Outside, beach blurs past
in streaks of sand and surf.

Military vehicles line the road - SOLDIERS dig foxholes -
hedgehog barriers dot the shoreline.

PILLBOXES stare out to sea, machine guns ready.

PAUL
That submarine... I should've
reported it.

Jorge's jaw tightens - he eases off the accelerator. The
truck slows.

HEALANI
(glances at Paul)
Look.

Ahead - a military ROAD BLOCK. Armed MARINES stand like
statues, rifles raised.

MARINE PRIVATE DAVIDSON (20s) steps forward, rifle aimed.

DAVIDSON
Halt!

He approaches the truck, eyes sharp.

DAVIDSON (CONT'D)
Where'd you come from? Where you
goin'?

Jorge leans out, sweat beads on his brow.

JORGE
Mokapu... Lanikai.

Davidson studies the truck bed, then Jorge.

DAVIDSON
You armed?

PAUL
No! Just trying to get to safety.

Davidson's eyes bore onto Paul - test him.

DAVIDSON
What's the rush?

Paul swallows, grips the seat.

PAUL
We need to check on our friends.

Davidson flips off the safety. CLICK.

A beat.

He flips it back on, lowers the rifle - gives a thumbs up.
The guardrail swings open.

The Marines wave them through. Uncertainty hangs in the air like smoke.

INT. GILLESPIE HOUSE - NIGHT

A SHORT WAVE RADIO TRANSMITTER sputters static and sporadic updates.

MR. G and NAN sit close, hands intertwined.

HEALANI clings to PAUL wide-eyed, breath labored. JORGE paces like a caged bull.

RADIO
(filtered)
Possible Japanese parachutes seen
near St. Louis Heights. Confirm and
report. Alpha hotel six out.

Silence settles - heavy, suffocating. Nan rises, leaves the room.

MR. G
(eyes on Jorge)
We heard Battleship Row was lit up.
The whole world is watching.

RADIO
(filtered)
Japanese mini-sub. Bellows Field...
Waimanalo Point.

NAN (O.S.)
Someone said they were landing on
the North Shore. Thank God it
wasn't true.

Nan re-enters. The radio crackles again - a grim soundtrack.

MR. G
Even the strongest walls can
crumble... they declared martial
law.

JORGE
(grim)
Good reason to stay inside. We
should prep for the blackout.

Paul and Healani exchange a worried look. Their plans, their future, fractured under the weight of war.

HEALANI
What if they invade us?

The question hangs - raw, real.

PAUL
Then we fight like hell.

Paul stares out the window. Concern pools in his eyes.

INT. GILLESPIE HOUSE - DAY

First light filters through the lanai. PAUL spoons HEALANI on a cot.

Jorge nudges him. Paul groans. Jorge nudges harder.

JORGE
Rise and shine, Hollywood. Follow me.

Paul sits up, yawns. HEALANI murmurs, curls deeper into her blankets.

PAUL
What the hell, Jorge?

He stretches, feet hit the floor.

JORGE
C'mon. No time to explain.

Paul follows him into the living room. MR. G emerges, rubs sleep from his eyes.

MR. G
What's all the commotion about?

JORGE
Glad you're up, Mr. G. We have a situation.

He leads them toward the patio.

EXT. PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Kenji paces in the shadows, ocean waves crash behind him. Jorge, Paul and Mr. G step out.

Kenji spins, bows.

KENJI
 Much thanks, Mr. Jorge... Mr. G,
 Mr. Paul. I fear they will take me
 today.

Mr. G steps closer, protective.

MR. G
 Who's coming for you?

Kenji glances around, nervous.

KENJI
 (hushed)
 Shh... they arrest many of us.
 We've heard troubling things.

PAUL
 Such as?

KENJI
 If you with Buddhist, or make trip
 to mother country... you suspect. I
 make trip last year. Bury
 grandfather.

MR. G
 That doesn't make you a criminal.
 How can we help?

KENJI
 Must hide personal things. No hide,
 no safe.

MR. G
 We stand together or we fall apart.

KENJI
 There is other thing. Not everyone
 good neighbor.

Kenji wrings his hand, desperate.

KENJI (CONT'D)
 Someone here who should not be. He
 look like me - not act like me. He
 was with German man at temple.

JORGE
 Why is that a problema?

KENJI
They not go there - then bombing
start.

MR. G
Would we recognize him?

KENJI
Man have scar on hand. He is up to
no good.

Paul stiffens.

PAUL
I know who it is.

JORGE
A real jerk.

PAUL
You should report this.

Kenji shakes his head.

KENJI
Man like me... no trust.

They exchange a look. Kenji needs their help.

EXT. KAILUA SCHOOL - DAY

Overcast skies cast a gray pallor. Jorge's truck crunches
over gravel.

Paul steps out, stunned.

The school grounds have transformed. It's a crisis center.

Jorge speeds away, leaves him behind.

VAN

Tents everywhere. Women weep. Children play - innocence
collides with grief.

A RED CROSS vehicle pulls in, siren muted. CIVILIANS and
SOLDIERS gather.

HEALANI rushes to Paul, collapses into his arms.

HEALANI
 All these families. Their husbands,
 fathers-
 (voice breaking)
 We're losing them. The wounded are
 in classrooms. The hospitals can't
 take them.

PAUL
 Anything I can do? How can I help?

She wipes a tear, her finger points toward MR. G, who
 unloads supplies with a focus.

HEALANI
 Mr. G... he'll know.

Paul releases her, purpose forming.

He approaches Mr. G, who tosses him a stack of blankets.

Paul catches them - a brief smile cuts through the gloom.

MR. G
 Glad you're here. Distribute those.
 Help with the food. It's all hands
 on deck.

A HAM RADIO crackles.

BROADCASTER
 (filtered)
 Now hear this! Now hear this!
 Today, at 12:30 P.M. Eastern Time
 the United States Congress declared
 war with Japan.

A sedan SCREECHES to a halt. Two LARGE FBI MEN (20s) leap
 out - authority radiating.

An ISAMU GANG LOCAL unloads food. He freezes as they
 approach. They wrench his arms back, handcuff him.

A police cruiser pulls in. The window rolls down. Jack leans
 out, scans the area - spots Mr. G.

JACK
 Mr. G... over here!

Paul hands out a blanket - looks up in time to see Jack's
 approving nod.

Their eyes meet. Distrust gives way to something else.

The vehicles pull away, tension hangs in the air.

Mr. G rushes back to Paul.

MR. G
It's happening everywhere. They
arrested Otto Kuehn.

Paul's expression hardens. They share a look, camaraderie
forged in crisis.

INT. GILLESPIE HOUSE - NIGHT

Folded cardboard shields a flickering candle. Soft light
caresses the walls. A black curtain drapes a bay window.

Paul and Healani sit at the kitchen table - a gulf of
unspoken words between them.

Nan washes a plate. The clank of dishes punctuates the
silence. She glances over a shoulder, senses the tension.

NAN
Your letter to the coroner-

PAUL
(weary)
I know... too much death. They're
swamped.

Healani leans in, intensity rises.

HEALANI
But you hold the key to a locked
door. You must try.

PAUL
The war isn't going away.

She searches his eyes.

HEALANI
Where is it?

PAUL
In the guest room. It won't bring
him back.

A beat. Her temper flares.

HEALANI (CONT'D)
 (voice rising)
 It was me... me! I was the one who
 found your grandfather.e

Her voice cracks - grief, frustration clash.

HEALANI (CONT'D)
 You owe him. You owe us.
 (Hawaiian)
 The path is clear!
 (soft, urgent)
 You can't stop believing.

She clenches her fist, storms out. Regret floods Paul's face.

PAUL
 I wasn't giving up.

NAN turns off the faucet, wipes her hands. Her voice is gentle, yet firm.

NAN
 She's tired. We're all tired. You
 haven't turned back, right? The
 morning is a new day.

She rests a comforting hand on his shoulder.

NAN (CONT'D)
 In the eye of the storm - find your
 strength.

Paul nods, stares into the shadows.

INT. GILLESPIE HOUSE - DAY

Paul sleeps on a couch. The CREAK of a front door wakes him.

Healani stands in the doorway, dressed to ride, eyes conflicted.

HEALANI
 I thought of facing this together.
 But I can't watch things unravel.
 (then)
 Not when everything else is falling
 apart.

The door SLAMS behind her. Paul stares at the ceiling, stunned.

EXT. GILLESPIE HOUSE - DAY

Healani unties her horse. The morning hush deepens - the roar of the ocean fades.

From the shadows - ISAMU appears.

He yanks Healani back, gloved hand covers her mouth, knife against her neck. His eyes burn with treachery.

ISAMU
(hissing)
Silence... or feel my wrath. Let's
go for a walk.

He drags her toward an idling car. Gang members lurk inside. A back door swings open.

He shoves her in. A hood slips over her head - her muffled gasp pierces the silence.

Isamu smirks. He scans the area, slides inside. The door SLAMS shut. The car peels away.

GILLESPIE HOUSE - (LATER)

The PHONE rings, relentless. Paul jolts awake, scrambles to his feet.

He grabs the receiver.

PAUL
Hello. Gillespies.

JORGE
(filtered)
Hollywood.... meet me in Kailua.

PAUL
Is it Healani?

JORGE
(filtered)
Just hurry. I need help with the horses.

The line goes dead. Paul stares at the phone.

EXT. KAILUA TOWN - DAY

The main street is empty under the morning sun. Dust swirls. PAUL and JORGE ride horses down the center.

U.S. ARMY SOLDIERS linger at corners, eyes wary. Cigarette embers glow.

JORGE
(taut)
Healani didn't come home.

PAUL
She left her horse - something's wrong.

Jorge's gaze darkens. He stares at the cinema marquee, once vibrant - now blank.

JORGE
There's a vacant building behind
the theater. Someone was there...
last night-
(then)
What he said, I can't shake it.

PAUL
You mean Kenji?

JORGE
Yeah. I found out, he's in custody.

PAUL
No way! Poor guy.

He pauses.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Do you think it was Isamu?

JORGE
(low)
She called me this morning. I rode
here to meet her.

PAUL
She's in trouble.
(realizes)
If he took her-

His concern twists his features. A gull shrieks above them.

JORGE
The man is obsessed.

PAUL
We should check that building.

They lock eyes, kick their horses into a gallop.

INT. VACANT BUILDING - ISAMU - DAY

Isamu pulls a trip wire across the entryway of a massive sliding door.

An anchored GRENADE. He steadies himself, breath shallow. He secures the wire to the firing pin.

The distant SOUND of galloping horses echos through the building. Isamu creeps over to a window - eyes narrow.

EXT. TETHER POST - CONTINUOUS

Paula and Jorge slow their steeds. Boots hit the ground. Leather creaks as they secure the reins.

Paul meets Jorge's eyes, a resolve shared.

JORGE
You sure about this now, right?

PAUL
If he's here, Healani might be, too.

Jorge nods, masks his fear. Paul signals - they split up.

INT. VACANT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Isamu grabs the duffel bag, slings it over his shoulder - retreats toward the rear exit.

A sinister smile curls his lips. He savors the chaos he's about to engineer.

Isamu slips into the darkness.

EXT. SIDE OF BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Paul edges toward the rear. Isamu bursts from his cover, sprints away.

PAUL
Jorge. Jorge! - Over here!

A deafening BLAST erupts. The shock slams into Paul. A plume of smoke spirals skyward.

He races toward the front.

EXT. SLIDING DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Jorge lies broken. Charred ruins, smoke, debris surround him.

Paul drops to his knees, trembles at the sight.

JORGE
Sorry, Hollywood.

Paul's eyes fill, disbelief chokes him.

PAUL
It's okay, amigo. I've got you.

JORGE
Take care of my sis'-
(weak)
Keep her... safe.

A faint smile. A final breath. Jorge dies.

Paul collapses - a guttural scream. He clenches his fists, pain bends his face.

The SOUND of SOLDIERS approaching pulls him back. Grief hardens into rage.

PAUL

Paul rises, unties his horse - mounts in one motion. He kicks hard. The horse surges forward.

EXT: KAWAI NUI - DAY

Paul leaps off the horse, ties it to bamboo with shaking hands. Swaying reeds hiss in the wind, cloak his search.

He tears them apart. A trampled trail leads deeper into the marsh.

TRAIL

He looks back. All is clear. A deep breath. Paul slips between the tall stalks.

The leafy curtain closes behind him - conceals his path toward confrontation.

EXT. MAUNA - DAY

PAUL climbs with purpose, follows an elevated trail. The slope steepens. A fogdog drifts through the ridgeline.

A metallic SCRAPE splits the air. Paul freezes - peeks from behind an overhang.

ISAMU, knife clenched between teeth - drags the duffel bag to a level clearing.

MAUNA CREST

Behind him, HEALANI sits bound and gagged. Her eyes widen - disbelief and fear colliding at the sight of Paul.

ISAMU stands tall, oozing confidence. He opens the duffel, a TRIPOD unfolds with a heavy CLUNK.

Paul gathers himself, inches closer - raw emotion creeps across his face.

PAUL
(with grit)
Time to believe.

A burst of energy, Paul charges. Isamu spins to avoid.

The knife flies from his mouth - skids to a stop near Healani.

Paul slams into the duffel. A SIGNALING LAMP rolls free. It bounces, gains speed - launches off the cliff.

PAUL

Paul rebounds, but Isamu retaliates. A brutal strike staggers him.

Paul recovers, a primal yell - lands a wild punch.

HEALANI

Healani leans forward, strains against the bindings, fingers inches from the knife.

A frantic shift - she pulls it close.

PAUL

Paul grabs the tripod, hurls it. ISAMU dodges, grins.

A flurry of strikes. Isamu has the upper hand. Paul drops to a knee - down, but not defeated.

HEALANI

Healani saws at her leg restraints. Fibers fray. The strap breaks free.

ISAMU

ISAMU grabs a LOG, spins it. CRACK. It slams into Paul's temple.

He collapses, dazed but conscious.

ISAMU
(disdain)
Such fools.

Isamu revels in the moment - towers over Paul.

ISAMU (CONT'D)
Now, you die.
(then)
Hakkō Ichū!

He raises the log. The crescent scar gleams.

Healani appears behind him. She summons everything she has...

A primordial scream. She drives the knife into his back.
Isamu howls.

ISAMU

No!

Paul spins, sweeps Isamu's ankle.

Isamu hits the ground, slides backward - hands claw in desperation.

He slips over the edge! A stroke of luck. An outcrop stops his fall.

He clings there. Panting, bleeding - relief washes over him.

PRECIPICE

Isamu looks up. His wolf-like cunning returns.

ISAMU

Help! HELP ME!

Healani's gaze falls upon Paul. He nods once, drags himself to the edge - extends a hand.

ISAMU (CONT'D)

Don't leave me like this!

Paul reaches, the fear of betrayal flickers.

Isamu lunges - grabs Paul's shirt, yanks him toward the drop.

The ground shifts, Paul's eyes widen.

HEALANI

Paul. Watch out!

Paul wedges his boot into a crevice. His free hand grabs a bush... it bends but holds.

ISAMU'S grip falters. The rock beneath him crumbles. He plunges - flails at the air, screams.

ISAMU

N00000!

Branches rush up to swallow him. He and the lantern vanish into the treetop canopy.

Silence.

PAUL

Paul slumps back against a rock - shivers, pants. His vision blurs.

Healani's face appears - close, alive, filled with concern.

PAUL
(whispers)
I thought I lost you.

Darkness spreads, pulls him under. Paul collapses into unconsciousness.

INT. QUEENS HOSPITAL - DAY

A blurred image sharpens: A HOSPITAL NURSE checks a chart.

Paul's eyes flutter open. Her face softens, she nods - approval, relief. She exits the room.

Sunlight filters through a window, warm and gentle. Paul blinks, vision clears.

HEALANI

Healani sits beside him. She rises, wraps him in a soft hug.

HEALANI
I thought I lost you.

Paul meets her tear-filled gaze. Jorge's death weighs heavy.

PAUL
Jorge... I couldn't save him.

Healani stifles a sob, touches an arm - grounding him.

HEALANI
He wouldn't want you to carry that.
(then, hesitant)
I sent your letter.

A bittersweet smile touches her lips.

HEALANI (CONT'D)
What should I do with you?

Paul leans back.

PAUL
Fall in love with me?

Healani shakes her head, but her smile betrays her.

HEALANI
There is good news. Someone special
is here.

She moves toward the door, beckons for an entry.

KEONI enters, warm, resilient. IWALANI follows, dignified
even in sorrow.

She hangs a LEI on the T-frame of an IV stand.

IWALANI
It's pikake. They smell so sweet. I
hope the nurses let you keep them.

Keoni steps closer. Friendly, open.

KEONI
Nice to meet you, Paul. I'm Keoni.

Paul swallows, emotions swirl.

PAUL
Nice... nice to meet you, too.

KEONI
I'm a volunteer here. We believe in
the healing powers of community.
Should you need anything-

PAUL
Got any extra brain cells?

They share a laugh, tension eases.

KEONI
Remind me to check the lost and
found.
(then)
Best I leave you now. Until next
time - Aloha.

He blows a kiss to Iwalani. It's returned with a soft smile.
Keoni exits the room.

Healani turns toward Paul.

HEALANI
Iwalani has a surprise for you.

PAUL
Nothing can surprise me now.

Healani and Iwalani exchange a knowing look.

HEALANI
Oh... this might.

Iwalani settles on the edge of the bed - gentle, serious.

IWALANI
Remember when you came to see me?
You carried such heavy news about
William... such a lovely man.

She pauses, gathers herself.

IWALANI (CONT'D)
I always knew he would find a way
to return.

Healani nods at the gravity of the moment.

IWALANI (CONT'D)
It was such a troubled time. So
much hate. But we always had each
other. Aloha hohonu.

Her gaze drifts, memory overtakes her.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE:

EXT. RAIN FOREST FOOTPATH - DAY

A vibrant, tropical woodland. Birdsong. Sunlight through leaves.

IWALANI and WILLIAM walk hand-in-hand along a path. A waterfall cascades into a crystal lagoon.

They kiss - tender, passionate.

IWALANI
(filtered)
I had to see the queen. Share our
dreams of marriage.
(then)
But the coup de'tat... they shot
me! I thought it was the end.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NU'UANU HOME - DAY

The roar of the waterfall fades.

A GUARD yanks on the reins of the royal carriage. It comes to a halt. The door creaks open.

William emerges - urgent, terrified. He carries a comatose IWALANI in his arms.

IWALANI
(filtered)
Thanks to your grandfather, I
survived.
(pause)
And though he warned me, my loyalty
cost us dearly.

He carries her inside, her eyelids flicker.

IWALANI (CONT'D)
(filtered)
My heart was divided. Torn between
duty... and love.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BAMBOO HUT - DAY

Iwalani, arm in a sling, hesitates at the doorway. She pushes it open - breath quickens.

From the shadows, HAWAIIAN MEN with rifles rush past her - coordinated, determined.

Her face tightens - danger everywhere. Iwalani slips inside.

EXT. SUGAR CANE FIELD - DAY

A hot sun bears down on a parcel of sugarcane.

IWALANI
(filtered)
The repression grew. There was
brutality... and death.

Armed militia confront HAWAIIAN WORKERS, who hold picket signs. GUNSHOTS echo.

Shouts. Signs fall. Chaos erupts, workers fight back, blows land hard in return.

IWALANI (CONT'D)
(filtered)
They arrested many. It was only a
matter of time. But your kupuna
kāne removed the guns.

SOUNDS of violence mix with the rustle of cane...

EXT. BAMBOO HUT - DAY

Tall reeds sway, shadows dance. WILLIAM exits the hut, rifles clutched against him.

He pauses, glances back. A deep breath. William disappears into the greenery.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. QUEENS HOSPITAL - DAY

Paul leans forward. A sharp pain spikes. He winces, holds his head, eyes dart with concern.

PAUL
So he was jailed... because of you?

Iwalani's expression softens.

IWALANI
Those in power were furious. They
demanded death. And of all things,
I was with child.

Paul's eyes widen, empathy swells.

PAUL
He didn't die... a child?

IWALANI
When I finally secured bail, they
refused to let me see him. He was
taken to a ship and sent away.

Paul leans back. The truth crashes over him.

PAUL
Those records-

IWALANI
Filed under an assumed name. I
thought I was serving the people.

PAUL
What about the child?

Tears glisten in Iwalani's eyes.

IWALANI
It's Keoni. He's our son. Ko'u
keiki hanau. My beloved son.

Paul looks to the sky. He exhales, a burden lifts.

PAUL
Let the ways of Aloha guide you.

A beat.

He looks at both women - vulnerable, open.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I thought all was lost. The sorrow
we carry... can we break the cycle?

Healani touches him.

HEALANI
Through the power of love.

A quiet promise, exchanged.

Iwalani reaches across, cradles Paul's hand.

IWALANI
I'm your step-tūtū. I think it's
time to weave our stories together.
Welcome to our 'ohana, Paul.

Their eyes meet, fates once divided now entwined.

EXT. KAILUA SCHOOL YARD - DAY

The vibrant noise of a packed basketball court. Paul stands
near mid-court, hands a line-up card to a referee.

KAILUA PANIOLOS and their HONOLULU rivals run lay-up drills.

Laughter and cheers rise from new bleachers. Hawaiians,
locals, Japanese and U.S. military fill them.

SEDAN

A POLICE CAR pulls up. Engine hums, then falls silent. JACK steps out, scans the scene. He spots Paul.

JACK
Paul Sands.

Paul turns - curiosity, tension mixed.

PAUL
Detective Burns... can't this wait?

Jack steps closer, glances at the bustling court.

JACK
You'll want to read this.

He hands Paul an envelope. Paul opens it, unfolds a formal letterhead.

PAUL
An autopsy report?

He scans the contents.

INSERT:

In official lettering-

OFFICIAL DOCUMENT

AUTOPSY REPORT

DEPARTMENT OF CORONER

ANATOMIC FINDINGS - DEATH DUE TO NATURAL CAUSES

WHITE SUBSTANCE ATTRIBUTED TO CRUSHED FLOWERS

FRANK KELLY, CORONER

Jack smiles at the PANIOLOS name on a passing jersey.

JACK
Your letter... the university
concurs. Those flowers were-

Paul's expression darkens.

PAUL
Datura wrightii. Sacred Datura.
Toxic.

Jack meets his gaze - concern, respect uniting.

JACK
I've seen a lot in this line of
work. When I arrest someone, I'm
usually right.

PAUL
But you were wrong about me.

Jack nods, accepts it. The crowd cheers.

JACK
You helped take down spies. No easy
feat.

Paul almost smiles - a spark of recognition.

PAUL
Maybe you're the reason why.

Jack studies him. Admiration breaks through his guard.

JACK
National security prevents us-

PAUL
Thanks for setting the record
straight - for both of us.

Jack's expression softens.

JACK
These are your islands now. Just
don't get any ideas... still not
sure I like you.

Paul chuckles, tension dissolves.

JACK (CONT'D)
(almost smiles)
Don't you have a basketball game,
Coach?

PAUL
That I do.

JACK
Then go kick some Honolulu butt.

Jack tips his hat, turns away.

Paul watches him go. A quiet moment of reflection. He looks
toward the stands.

HEALANI blows a kiss. MR. G and NAN wave. KENJI stands up, bows.

Paul calls to his Kailua team.

PAUL
Bring it in!

The players circle around him. Paul closes his eyes for a beat - the moment swirls around him. He leans forward.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Time to believe! In each other, and
ourselves.
(raises his voice)
All hands in!
(then)
One - two - three-

TEAM
KAILUA!

The players erupt with energy. The crowd roars. Paul basks in the spirit of community, belonging... family.

His family!

WHITE TEXT OVER BLACK:

-OTTO KUEHN - Mugshot Photo

The "Spy of Kailua," Bernard Julius "Otto" Kuehn sent coded information to the Japanese until his arrest on December 8th, 1941.

-DETECTIVE JACK BURNS - Photo

John "Jack" Anthony Burns was with the Honolulu Police Department from 1934-45, becoming Captain in 1941. He was later to be elected Governor of Hawai'i three times.

FADE OUT.

THE END