

THE WACKYS

Written by

Caleb Stone

FADE IN:

1 EXT. VERMONT - DAY

BEGIN TITLES:

BEGIN MUSIC CUE: "House of Blue Light" by Billy Joel

A covered bridge glows beneath orange autumn leaves.

The white steeple of STOWE COMMUNITY CHURCH rises above blazing fall foliage.

The Burlington skyline rises over Lake Champlain.

A tree-lined street. Kids leap into leaf piles.

2 EXT. CHURCH STREET MARKETPLACE - DAY

In downtown Burlington,

ALANA HALE (18), Hawaiian, long dark wavy hair with a flower over one ear, rides through the crowd – confident, impossible to ignore.

She glides effortlessly through the crowd.

She stops at a RED light. A GREEN MOUNTAIN TRANSIT BUS rolls past.

The light flips GREEN. Alana turns right.

3 INT. TRANSIT BUS - SAME TIME

NATHAN "NATE" WACKY (18), slender, brown hair, Red Sox cap, stares out the window – annoyed.

4 EXT. UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT - DAY

SUPER: University of Vermont - Burlington, Vermont

The bus pulls into a BUS STOP beside the campus.

The front doors open, Nate exits the bus.

NATE
(To the driver)
Thanks, sir.

END MUSIC CUE

The bus pulls away. Nate continues on, Alana pulls up on her bike.

(CONTINUED)

ALANA
Aloha Nate.

NATE
For crying out loud Alana, You're
in Vermont.

ALANA
(Parks her bike at the
nearby rack)
I know Nate, just showing my
Hawaiian pride.

Nate rolls his eyes. Starts walking.

ALANA falls in beside him.

REMY (O.S.)
Hey--wait up!

REMY LEWIS (18), Black, bald, jogs up -- winded, grinning.

Nate immediately brightens.

NATE
There he is.

They dap each other up -- easy, familiar.

REMY
Sorry I'm late. Some lady said she
could talk to squirrels.

ALANA
Seriously?

REMY
They hate taxes.

Nate snorts.

FELICITY STANMORE (18), brown hair, easygoing, joins them.

FELICITY
You guys heading to class?

Remy casually puts an arm around her.

A quick beat -- Nate glances at her just a little too long,
then looks away.

They keep walking.

CUT TO:

5 INT. LECTURE HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Packed lecture hall. Students crammed shoulder-to-shoulder.

PROFESSOR RICK JAMISON (mid-50s), grey hair, short beard, paces the front.

Nate, Alana, Remy, and Felicity sit together.

PROF. JAMISON

So, if anyone knows the meaning of government. Give me a heads up, because government is bullshit.

A tall student in a Ravens shirt raises his hand.

GAVIN PHILLIPS (19), tall, brown hair, Baltimore Ravens shirt.

GAVIN

Did your wife cheat on you with another man?

PROF. JAMISON

Yes Phillips, my wife is cheating on me with a Romanian diplomat. Any other shit?

GAVIN

It's Gavin, sir.

NATE

First lecture and he's already unhinged.

REMY

Already?

PROF. JAMISON

What's that Wacky?!

ALANA

(Nervous smile)

He's just saying you're... very passionate about anti-government politics.

PROF. JAMISON

I'm on to you Moana!

ALANA

(Insulted)

It's Alana.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

PROF. JAMISON
Sure. Whatever.

Nate smirks.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. CAMPUS DORM - AFTERNOON

Nate reads a true-crime novel on a bench.

Alana approaches.

ALANA
Aloha.

NATE
(Not amused)
You ever take a day off from that?

ALANA
I don't have the Hawaiian Blues.

NATE
Everyone from Hawaii gets them.
It's travel channel logic.

ALANA
Nope. I'm perfectly fine.
(beat)
Thriving, even.

Nate studies her.

A beat.

She's lying.

NATE
(Sighs)
Yeah. Sure you are.

He stands.

NATE (CONT'D)
I gotta go to work before I get the
"you're late" blues.

He leaves. Alana stands there, puzzled—just a little shaken.

CUT TO:

7 **EXT. THE KRU COFFEE SHOP - LATER**

Church Street Marketplace bustles with life. People chatter, cars roll by, a saxophone busker plays off-key.

8 **INT. THE KRU COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS**

Nate wipes the counter, half-dead inside. He looks up— Everything slows.

Across the shop: long, flowing hair. Soft lighting. Romantic glow.

Nate straightens. Fixes his hair.

This is it. He steps forward—

RECORD SCRATCH.

It's a GUY. Very much a guy.

Nate freezes.

NATE
(Under his breath)
...damn.

The guy turns.

LONG-HAIRED MAN
You got a problem?

NATE
Nope. No problem at all.

CUT TO:

9 **EXT. CAMPUS DORM - NIGHT**

Alana crosses campus, exhausted.

Felicity sits on a bench reading The Philadelphia Inquirer.

FELICITY
Hey.

ALANA
Hey.

Nate walks up.

NATE
Hey Felicity.

(CONTINUED)

FELICITY

Hey. Remy and I are heading out.

She folds the paper and joins Remy nearby.

Nate watches her leave a little too long.

Alana notices immediately.

ALANA

Aloha, Nate. Long time no see.

NATE

I uh—I gotta take this.

(pretends to answer)

Hey, did my package show up?

(beat)

What do you mean it's still in customs?

(beat)

Yeah, because it came from China. Shit.

ALANA

I don't hear anyone over the phone.

NATE

...wrong number.

Nate hesitates, hums a few notes— Instant regret crosses his face.

ROBERT WONG (18), slender, dry sense of humor, appears beside them.

ROBERT

(Chinese Accent)

You bring ultimate dishonor!

NATE

Oh Robert, I am so sorry—

ROBERT

(normal, laughing)

Relax, I'm kidding.

CHINESE EXCHANGE STUDENT (O.S.)

(Mandarin)

你太丢人了，傻逼！

SUBTITLE: "You absolute dumbass!"

Everyone freezes. Nate slowly turns.

(CONTINUED)

9

CONTINUED:

A CHINESE EXCHANGE STUDENT looks at Robert like he just insulted his entire bloodline.

Beat.

Robert doesn't turn. Then—

ROBERT
...yeah okay that one definitely
wasn't me.

CUT TO:

10

INT. NATE AND ROBERT'S DORM ROOM - LATER

Nate is lying on his bed, watching a Boston Red Sox game on his phone.

NATE
Come on, Red Sox, just hit one damn
home run—
(frustrated)
No! Come on—the Marlins? Seriously?

Robert walks back into the room, and puts his bag down.

ROBERT
Red Sox lose again?

NATE
Yup. Miami crushed them. Nine-zip.

ROBERT
Damn, Miami has everything.

NATE
Well, give it a few years — I heard
they're literally sinking.

SFX: PHONE BUZZING

ROBERT
Oh damn — matched with someone on
Tinder.

Nate scoffs loudly — dramatic and bitter.

NATE
Must be nice. After my high school
girlfriend dumped me, I swore I'd
never love again.

ROBERT
...What are you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

Nate stares off into the distance.

NATE
It's a long story.

Robert waits.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

FADE TO:

11 **EXT. BURLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL - AFTERNOON**

TITLE: "Burlington High School - Four Months Ago"

Students flood out of the building.

LACEY JACKSON (18), blonde hair, bright smile, walks beside Nate.

LACEY
I still can't believe we're
graduating soon.

NATE
Best feeling ever.

She nudges him playfully.

LACEY
Love you, Nate.

NATE
Love you too.

They kiss lightly.

Lacey heads toward the crosswalk. Nate watches her go. Then—
SCREECHING TIRES.

A FEDEX TRUCK blows through the intersection— SLAMS INTO
LACEY.

NATE (CONT'D)
Oh my God! Lacey!

CUT TO:

12 **EXT. HOSPITAL - EVENING**

An ambulance pulls into the ER bay, lights spinning across
the pavement.

13 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME TIME

Lacey lies bruised and bandaged in bed.

Her MOTHER stands nearby, crying.

JOHN WACKY (late 40s), bald, keeps a steady hand on Nate's shoulder.

NATE

Lacey...?

Her eyes slowly open. Blank.

LACEY

Um... who are you?

Nate is shattered.

LACEY (CONT'D)

Are you a Harvard guy?

NATE

Uh... no.

LACEY

My boyfriend went to an Ivy League school.

Nate looks like he's been hit by a truck himself.

John gently pulls him away.

JOHN

Come on, son.

Nate stares at Lacey one last time before exiting with him.

END FLASHBACK

BACK TO:

14 INT. NATE AND ROBERT'S DORM ROOM - PRESENT TIME

Nate sits on the bed, overwhelmed, still recovering from the flashback.

Robert sits beside him, patient.

NATE

That moment... man, it hit me
harder than anything else ever has.

Robert nods, gentle.

(CONTINUED)

ROBERT

Bro, none of that was your fault.
It was that FedEx driver who blew
the stop sign.

Nate exhales, shaky.

NATE

Yeah, I know. But everything
after... that hit me too.

Robert thinks for a moment, then smiles softly.

ROBERT

Honestly? I still think you and
Alana would make a good match.
You both survived some heavy stuff.

NATE

(Disgusted)

Are you kidding me? Her nonstop
happy sunshine act drives me
insane. And honestly? She's lucky.
Her mom actually cares about her.
Mine was an alcoholic - barely even
in the picture.

(beat)

I bet you right now Alana is having
the time of her life.

CUT TO:

15

INT. ALANA AND FELICITY'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Alana sits on her bed, scrolling through photos on her phone
- childhood beach days, family luaus, her dad smiling.

Her face is tight, eyes glassy. She wipes them quickly when
Felicity walks over.

FELICITY

Hey, how's it going?

Alana forces a small smile.

ALANA

Just... miss home.
(soft exhale)
Sometimes it hits harder at night,
you know?

FELICITY

Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

ALANA
Ever since my dad died.

FELICITY
Oh my god — how did it happen?

ALANA
Plane crash. He was a pilot.

FELICITY
Wow... I'm so sorry.
(Beat)
And what was the other thing you
wanted to tell me?

ALANA
I... have a crush on Nate.
But he keeps brushing me off,
shutting me out, and I don't know
why.

FELICITY
Remy told me a little about Nate.
He never had a mother figure
growing up. He's built some pretty
thick walls.

ALANA
If only he knew how much I relate
to that... Instead he just gives me
the cold shoulder.

Felicity pats Alana's back.

FELICITY
Give it time. He'll come around.

ALANA
I hope so.
(Sniffs)
I really do.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN HALL BUILDING - THE NEXT DAY

SFX: THUNDER

Outside, it is raining with thunder and lightning. Alana
runs to the door with a poncho.

Nate runs for the door with a broken umbrella.

(CONTINUED)

ALANA
Aloha Nate—

NATE
(Panicking)
No no no no NOOOO! I'm using the
handicap door, I'd rather drown
than owe you a "Mahalo."

He violently mashes the handicap button.

The door answers with an **AGONIZINGLY SLOW, ROBOTIC WHIRRRRR.**

It creeps inward. Inch by inch.

Nate just stands there. Soaked. Defeated. Staring at it.

Thunder **BOOMS.**

The door moves another HALF INCH.

NATE (CONT'D)
Fuck... okay, maybe that was a little
much.
(beat)
...but she started it with the Aloha
thing.

He squeezes inside like he's entering a submarine.

Alana exhales hard through her nose, absolutely done.

Robert jogs up just as she's still holding the regular door.

ROBERT
(Passes by)
Thanks Alana.

ALANA
(flat, dead)
Noooo problemo.

She lets the door swing shut behind her with a frustrated flick.

INT. AUDITORIUM - MOMENTS LATER

Students file into the auditorium. Nate sits between Remy and Gavin.

REMY
Hey Nate, how's it going?

(CONTINUED)

NATE

Exhausting. Didn't sleep a wink.

GAVIN

Same, I hope they hurry this trip up.

NATE

What trip?

GAVIN

The debate competition in New York.
Dude - how do you miss everything?

He leans back in his seat, arms crossed - confident.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Look, I'm not worried, I'm the
number one pick.

Nate blinks.

NATE

You're that sure?

GAVIN

I earned it.
Stats, wins, professor recs - this
thing's locked.
(then, the tell - calm
but revealing)
You don't grind this hard just to
be passed over.

REMY

(Angrily)

Ok, we get it!

GAVIN

(Doesn't care)

You'll see.

He walks off and finds another seat.

NATE

(Quietly, to Remy)

If they choose me, I will be the
happiest I've been in a while.

Felicity plops down beside Remy.

REMY

Why? Because of Alana?

(CONTINUED)

NATE
(annoyed, Felicity rolls
her eyes)
Yeah, it's pretty obvious.

FELICITY
Nate, can you not complain for once
in your life?

REMY
Yeah, man. Felicity's right - try
looking on the bright side for
once.

Two seats ahead, Robert is sitting next to Alana to his
left, Gavin joins and sits next to Robert to his right.

ROBERT
I wonder who they're picking.
His phone BUZZES. He checks it - a text from Remy:
"Let's hope the plan works."
Robert nods. Alana notices.

ALANA
What are you and Remy texting
about?

ROBERT
(nervous, shoves phone
away)
Oh - uh - we were talking about...
promoting a YouTube video we made.

ALANA
Isn't that like a waste of money?

Before Robert can reply, the COLLEGE DEAN (late 50s, bald)
taps the microphone.

SFX: MIC BEAT.

The audience falls silent.

COLLEGE DEAN
Is this thing on?
(realizes how dumb that
sounded; silence)
Right, sorry.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

COLLEGE DEAN (CONT'D)

(Beat)

Today's the announcement for this year's Lawrence Debate Union team — the students representing us at the Museum of Modern Art competition in New York—

Prof. Jamison strolls onstage, snatches the mic, holding *The Catcher in the Rye*.

PROF. JAMISON

And it's illegal to read this book under the constitution!

COLLEGE DEAN

(Beat)

Rick, get the hell out.

PROF. JAMISON

Whatever.

He storms off.

COLLEGE DEAN

Anyway. The winning participants this Sunday will win forty thousand dollars.

The audience GASPS. Nate PRAYS under his breath.

NATE

(whispering)

Pick me but not her. Pick me but not her.

COLLEGE DEAN (O.S.)

And the selected participants are... Nathan Wacky.

NATE

(elated, Remy and Felicity clap)

Yes!

COLLEGE DEAN (O.S.)

And Alana Hale.

Nate's smile DIES.

NATE

(Devastated)

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

Alana jumps up, thrilled.

ALANA
(Cheering)
Yes! Whooo hoooo! Mahalo!

Gavin slumps back, disappointed.

NATE
(Outraged)
Are you kidding me?!
Fuck this—I'm appealing. There's
gotta be an appeal.

He shoots up, ready to storm off — Remy stops him.

REMY
Bro. Chill.

NATE
Wait — you and Felicity were behind
this?

FELICITY
(Embarrassed)
Uh... yes. We told the dean. But he
said everyone still had to win
based on merit.

18

INT. HALLWAY OF MAIN BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

The hallway is packed with STUDENTS.

Nate stands alone, fuming, practically vibrating with
irritation.

Robert and Remy weave through the crowd toward him, worried.

ROBERT
Hey Nate... you're not still mad at
us for trying to set you and Alana
up, right?

NATE
Oh, I'm mad. I'm lava-flow,
volcano-eruption mad. She never
gives me a break. Every time she
says "Aloha," it's like she's
telling me I should greet people by
saying "Green Mountain."
(throws hands up)
Which makes zero fucking sense.

(CONTINUED)

REMY

Bro, you two were basically the loneliest people alive. We thought we were doing you a favor.

NATE

You helped one person. ONE.

(points to himself)

The other one - me - is getting slowly driven insane.

Not too far from them, Alana and Felicity are chatting about the same thing.

ALANA

Wow, that's amazing, how were you able to convince the dean about the idea?

FELICITY

We tried, but it didn't work. Total flop. But then-coincidence- your name got picked anyway. So Remy, Robert, and I made a whole "prove they're soulmates" plan.

(shrugs)

...We just didn't think it'd explode like this.

ALANA

(Grateful, hugs Felicity)

Thank you so much!

FELICITY (O.S.)

(Nate overhears, shakes his head in utter disbelief)

No problem, I'll tell Remy and Robert you said so.

Nate's eye twitches.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPUS DORM - AFTERNOON

The rain has finally stopped; sunlight cuts through the lingering mist.

Nate trudges toward the dorms, brooding like it's his full-time job.

Alana jogs up behind him.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

ALANA
Aloha Nate,

NATE
(Annoyed, stops dead)
Oh, perfect. It's you.

He turns around exasperated.

NATE (CONT'D)
Listen, just because we're stuck
traveling together does not mean we
have to be... whatever this is.

ALANA
Come on, Nate-

NATE
(Interrupts, sharp)
No. Nope. Don't "come on Nate" me.
(sighs, fed up)
Look, our flight to New York is at
7:30 AM.
(beat)
Try not to say "Aloha" before noon.
I'm allergic.

Alana's smile fades.

BEGIN MUSIC CUE: "Tell Her About It" by Billy Joel

CUT TO:

20 EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY - SUNRISE

The next morning, A Boeing 737 MAX 8 lands at the airport.
(SFX: SCREECH AS IT'S TIRES TOUCH THE RUNWAY)

21 INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL (CHECK IN) - CONTINUOUS

Nate and Alana wheel their bags toward the CHECK-IN COUNTER.

MAN ON P.A (O.S)
Welcome to Patrick Leahy Burlington
International Airport, all
unattended bags will be confiscated
by airport security and may be
destroyed.

NATE
Great. Early morning chaos.

CHECK IN AGENT (O.S.)
Next.

(CONTINUED)

END MUSIC CUE

NATE

Oh that was sooner than I expected.
At least Hawaiian Airlines ain't an
option here.

Alana stops. Glares at him.

ALANA

Hey. First of all - Hawaii is my
home, my 'ohana is there. And
second, you really need to learn
when to shut up.

NATE

(Scoffs)

Whatever.

They reach the counter. The CHECK IN AGENT, is the only one
at the post.

CHECK IN AGENT

May I help you?

NATE

Yeah - two tickets to New York.
JFK.

CHECK IN AGENT

(Checks her computer)

I'm sorry, that flight is
completely sold out.

(Beat)

There is a flight to LaGuardia at
7:50, but you'll have to connect in
Philadelphia.

NATE

Shit. Okay-Newark?

ALANA

(instant, disgusted)

New Jersey? Noooo thank you.

Nate doesn't hesitate.

NATE

Forget it, we'll take the train.

Alana blinks - surprised.

CUT TO:

22 EXT. BURLINGTON UNION STATION - DAY

A taxi cab pulls up outside the station.

The song "Paper Walls" by Marc Cohn plays softly through the cab stereo.

Alana grabs their luggage from the trunk.

23 INT. TAXI CAB - CONTINUOUS

Nate hurriedly digs through his wallet.

A VERMONT CABBIE watches him impatiently.

VERMONT CABBIE
Come on dude.

NATE
(Throws him cash)
Twenty percent. Thanks.

Nate jumps out.

24 EXT. TAXI CAB - CONTINUOUS

Alana closes the trunk. The music CUTS OFF.

The cab peels away.

NATE
What a fucking jerk.

ALANA
(nods)
Rideshare drivers tend to be nicer.

The cab blows through a red light—

WHAM.

A GREEN MOUNTAIN TRANSIT BUS slams into it, the bus clearly having the right of way —

BOOM.

ALANA (CONT'D)
Fuck!

NATE
Why do cab companies even hire guys
like that?

CUT TO:

25 **EXT. UNION STATION/AMTRAK TRAIN - MOMENTS LATER**

An Amtrak train loads passengers on the platform.

Nate and Alana hurry out of the station building with their luggage.

Other travelers mill about.

SFX: TRAIN HORN

 WOMAN ON P.A (O.S)
 Attention passengers, the 9:25
 Amtrak Ethan Allen Express to
 Albany and New York City's Penn
 Station is now boarding.

 ALANA
 You got the tickets?

 NATE
 Yeah, I got the tickets.
 (hands her hers)
 But we're not sitting together.
 Consider it my gift to myself —
 seven hours of peace.

26 **EXT. AMTRAK TRAIN - DAY**

Passengers climb aboard as a CONDUCTOR stands by the coach steps, helping travelers with bags.

Nate and Alana approach.

 CONDUCTOR
 Do you need luggage assistance?

 NATE
 (Alana boards with her
 luggage)
 We're good.

Nate gets on the train with his luggage.

CUT TO:

27 **INT. AMTRAK TRAIN (COACH CAR) - CONTINUOUS**

Nate steps into the car. The vestibule door seals shut behind him.

He scans the rows. Every seat is taken — except one.

(CONTINUED)

The empty seat is right next to Alana, smack in the middle of the car.

She brightens. Nate deflates.

ALANA (V.O.)
(Smiling)
Perfect.

He sighs, annoyed.

He hoists his luggage onto the overhead rack, right above Alana.

SFX: TRAIN HORN

The train starts to move with a slight **JERK**.

NATE
(Startled)
Whoa-

CONDUCTOR (O.S.)
(On P.A.)
Good morning, welcome aboard Amtrak
Ethan Allen Express train #290 to
New York Penn Station. This is a
sold out train, please make all
seats available for other
passengers, not your bags.

Nate slumps deeper into his seat at the announcement, exhaling a long, frustrated sigh.

He rubs his face with both hands, clearly already done with the entire day.

CONDUCTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(Still on P.A.)
All tickets must be out at this
time. If you do not have a ticket,
you will be removed at the next
stop.

Alana settles into her seat, letting out a slow, contented sigh—completely the opposite of Nate.

She looks out the window as the train glides past a railroad crossing, the flashing red lights reflecting off the glass.

Beyond the crossing, **Lake Champlain** spreads wide and shimmering under the morning sun.

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED:

ALANA
 (Softly, awestruck)
 Lake Champlain is so beautiful.

The water sparkles, dotted with small boats. The mountains across the lake rise like a painted backdrop.

Nate doesn't even look. He leans toward her just enough to mutter, voice low and sharp, making sure only she can hear him.

NATE
 (Mutters)
 Yeah... beautiful.
 (beat)
 Too bad I'm awake for it.

CUT TO:

28

EXT. BIKE TRAIL - SAME TIME

SFX: TRAIN HORN, CROSSING BELL, WHEELS CLACKING ON RAIL

The Ethan Allen Express blasts across a waterfront crossing.

Cyclists pause. A dog barks. Waves slap the rocks.

The crossing gates rise.

A large sign comes into view:

"MAIN STREET LANDING - PUBLIC PARKING GARAGE"

Leaning against it-HOWARD PITTMAN (50s), rough, wide-shouldered, permanent scowl.

He grips a cheap flip phone.

PITTMAN
 (Into phone, low and menacing)
 So they took a train.
 Where's it going?
 (Listens)
 ...New York City.

A beat. His jaw tightens.

PITTMAN (CONT'D)
 You get me the five grand,
 or this job's done. Got it?

He ends the call with a violent snap of the phone, nearly ripping the hinge off.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

The warning bells suddenly start again.

CLANG-CLANG-CLANG

The crossing lights flash red. Pittman looks up, already irritated.

PITTMAN (CONT'D)
(Under his breath)
Shit...

SFX: TRAIN HORN

A Vermont freight train crawls through the crossing.

Pittman flips it off.

PITTMAN (CONT'D)
My fucking car is on the other
side!

JUMP CUT TO:

29

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - MOMENTS LATER

BEGIN MUSIC CUE: "Jesus to a Child" by George Michael

The Amtrak Ethan Allen Express slices through Vermont – fast, steady, alive.

VARIOUS SHOTS -

– The train curves along Lake Champlain, water shimmering beside it.

– A burst of autumn color – reds and oranges streak past the windows.

– From above, the silver train cuts through the vast, quiet wilderness.

The music swells – soft, aching.

30

INT. AMTRAK TRAIN (COACH CAR) - CONTINUOUS

Alana sits alone by the window. Small. Folded in on herself.

Outside, clouds drift past. She watches them... then loses focus.

A breath catches. She breaks. A tear slips down her face. Then another.

She presses her palm to the cold glass.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

Beat.

ALANA
(soft, cracking)
Daddy... I miss you.
(beat)
Everything's beautiful...
(beat)
...none of it feels right without
you.

31 INT. TRAIN RESTROOM

END MUSIC CUE

Alana slips inside. Door shuts. The small metal room hums.
She sits on the toilet lid. Hands over her face. And then—
Full, uncontrollable sobs.

32 INT. AMTRAK TRAIN (CAFE CAR) - SAME TIME

The café car hums. Low chatter. Coffee. Movement.

Nate waits in line. Taps his foot. Glances back toward the
coach car—

Relieved. No Alana. He steps up.

The CAFE ATTENDANT smiles.

CAFE ATTENDANT
Hi, may I help you?

BEGIN MUSIC CUE: "Fresh" by Kool & The Gang

The world softens. Nate freezes—completely struck.

A slow push in— He forgets what he's saying. His eyes drift—

ANGLE ON HER HAND

A wedding ring.

SFX: RECORD SCRATCH — MUSIC CUTS

Reality slams back. Nate clears his throat.

NATE
(stammering)
Uh—yeah. Cheeseburger... chips... two
waters.

(CONTINUED)

She nods, already moving.

CAFE ATTENDANT
That all?

NATE
Yeah.

CAFE ATTENDANT
Twenty.

He taps his card.

BEEP.

CAFE ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
Thanks.

NATE
No problem.

He takes his food. Drops into a booth.

Beat.

He stares ahead. Annoyed.

Glances around— No one watching.

He pulls out a small pack of laxatives.

Hesitates.

NATE (CONT'D)
(mutters)
Yeah... great idea.

He unscrews a bottle. Pours. Shakes. A crooked grin.

NATE (CONT'D)
(low)
Okay... sunshine—
(beat)
—for your Honolulu ass.

He caps it.

Slides the bottle closer to the aisle. Ready.

A quiet, satisfied breath.

BACK TO:

33 INT. TRAIN RESTROOM - SAME TIME

Alana sits on the closed toilet lid, shoulders shaking.
She tries to wipe the tears away—More come.
Her reflection in the metal dispenser—warped, unfamiliar.
She looks away. A breath. Broken.
She pulls out her phone. Hesitates. Then presses CALL.
SFX: RINGING

CUT TO:

34 EXT. HALE HOME - SUNRISE

A hillside home on O'ahu overlooks the Pacific. Diamond Head in the distance.

PATRICIA HALE (late 40s to early 50s) tends to hibiscus plants, hair tied in a loose bun.

Her phone RINGS.

ALANA CALLING.

Her expression brightens — then shifts to concern when she hears the trembling breath on the other end.

Patricia answers.

PATRICIA
(Picks up phone)
Hey honey.

ALANA (O.S.)
(Via Phone, crying)
Hi Mom.

PATRICIA
(gentle, voice trembling
with empathy)
Honey, what's going on?
You sound... shaken.

35 INT. TRAIN RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alana holds the phone tightly, tears dripping onto her dress.

(CONTINUED)

35

CONTINUED:

ALANA

Thanks, but this trip right now, it
doesn't seem right without Dad.

Her voice cracks deeply.

36

EXT. HALE HOME (BACKYARD) - SUNRISE

Still on the phone, Patricia steps into the backyard - a
cliffs edge overlooking the ocean.

She steadies herself.

PATRICIA

(soft)

I know.

(beat)

I miss him too.

WIDER -

MALIE HALE HENDERSON (22) sits on an outdoor sofa, sobbing
into her husband FRANKIE (22).

He holds her close, steady.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Hold on Alana, Malie is also here
and she is also upset.

MALIE

(Sobbing)

I just want him back.

FRANKIE

I know.

He holds her close.

Patricia gently takes the phone, steadying herself.

PATRICIA

(To Malie)

Malie, honey, I have your sister on
the line. She's having a hard time
too.

MALIE

(sniffles)

Hey, Alana.

(CONTINUED)

BEGIN INTERCUT

ALANA

It's just so hard.
Everywhere I look...
I keep thinking how much he
would've loved this trip.

A beat.

FRANKIE

(gently, but clear-into
the space)
He talked about trips like this all
the time. Said they were meant to
be shared.

Malie looks at him - grateful.

MALIE

He would've loved it.
And he'd want you to be there, even
if it hurts.

ALANA

(Voice cracking)
I know.

FRANKIE

You don't have to enjoy it.
Just... let it be. That's enough
for now.

A long silence on the line.

PATRICIA

I know, baby. And I have your
back-always. It may not be easy,
but it will be okay.

A single tear slips down Patricia's face as she looks out
toward the ocean.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Why don't you put something on.
Anything dumb. Just... let it play.

ALANA

(sniffing weakly)
Sure thing Mom.

She wipes her nose with her sleeve, trying to breathe
normally again.

(CONTINUED)

END INTERCUT

PATRICIA (O.S.)
(Via phone)
I love you sweetie.

ALANA
(tearful, but softer now)
I love you too.

Alana lowers the phone. Silence.

She exhales. Not okay. But steadier.

She wipes her face. Stands. Not better. But moving.

CUT TO:

37

INT. AMTRAK TRAIN (CAFE CAR) - MOMENTS LATER

Nate is halfway through his lunch. Alana drifts in, trying to force herself into a better mood.

NATE
Hey, Alana. Got you a water. You
pick whatever misery-meal you want.

ALANA
(sighs)
Great. Hopefully they sell junk big
enough to drown my feelings in.

NATE
(Sarcastic)
Oh? And what tragic burden are you
carrying today, Honolulu?

ALANA
(Angry)
None of your business, Burlington.

She marches toward the counter. Nate smirks.

NATE (V.O.)
Yeah... I'll take depressed Alana
over Aloha Alana any day.

Alana reaches the cash register.

CAFE ATTENDANT
May I help you?

(CONTINUED)

ALANA

Aloha. I'll take the Caesar salad...
and two chocolate chip cookies.

CAFE ATTENDANT

Rough day? Got the Hawaiian Blues?

ALANA

Yeah. It sucks. Hence the emotional
support cookies.

CAFE ATTENDANT

Alright, that'll be \$25.

ALANA

(Takes out her credit
card)

Credit, miss.

She taps the card. The reader BEEPS - approved.

CAFE ATTENDANT

(hands over the tray)

Here you go.

ALANA

Mahalo.

Alana walks back with her meal and sits at the same booth,
across the table from Nate.

NATE

I got you a bottle of water - full
one. Take it.

ALANA

(Smiles)

Mahalo.

NATE

(Rolls his eyes, playful)

Here on the mainland, we just say
"thank you."

ALANA

(twists open the bottle,
chugs)

Refreshing. Though honestly... part
of me wishes I'd gotten coffee.

NATE

I don't drink coffee. I go for
energy drinks. Like, you know-
RRRRED BULL.

(CONTINUED)

ALANA
(disgusted)
That tastes like crap, obvious
crap.

Nate scoffs—

His stomach GROWLS. Long. Wet. Angry.

NATE
...Oh no.

Another RUMBLE. Worse.

ALANA
What the fuck is that noise?

A loud, WET FART rips out of him.

NATE
Oh shit— NO—
bathroom— NOW—

He launches from the booth. Another eruption mid-run.

The bathroom door SLAMS.

A beat.

Then—

NATE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'M GONNA DIE IN HERE!

Alana quietly eats a cookie.

ALANA
(mutters)
Emotional support cookies putting
in overtime.

From the bathroom—

NATE (O.S.)
Alana?!
If I don't make it out—
delete my browser history!

ALANA
(deadpan)
No promises, Burlington.

A ghost of a smile flickers. Not happiness. But enough. The
train rumbles on.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

38 INT. TRAIN RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Absolute carnage. The tiny restroom AMPLIFIES every horrific sound.

Pure horror crosses Nate's face.

CONDUCTOR (O.S.)
Ladies and gentlemen, we are now
approaching New York Penn Station.

NATE
Oh no.

Another eruption.

CONDUCTOR (O.S.)
New York Penn Station will be our
final stop.

39 EXT. AMTRAK TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

BEGIN MUSIC CUE: "All for You" by Janet Jackson

The train glides peacefully along the Hudson River toward Manhattan.

Sunlight. Water. Trees. The George Washington Bridge rises ahead in the distance.

...while HORRIFIC ECHOES continue from inside.

NATE (O.S.)
Oh Fuck No! Not the pop music!

40 EXT. AMTRAK TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

The train glides beneath the George Washington Bridge — steel and shadow flicker across its windows.

ANGLE ON TRAIN

It races south along the Hudson.

Manhattan's West Side slides past — fast, loud, alive.

41 EXT. NEW YORK CITY - LATE AFTERNOON

A rapid montage BLASTS by:

— The Statue of Liberty.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

- Manhattan's skyline.
- Times Square.
- The Brooklyn Bridge.
- Grand Central's celestial ceiling.
- Rockefeller Center.

A breathless preview of the city awaiting them.

CUT TO:

42 INT. NEW YORK PENN STATION (CONCOURSE) - CONTINUOUS

They emerge into Penn Station.

Nate looks wrecked. Pale. Exhausted.

Fluorescent lights. Low ceilings. Crowds.

WOMAN ON P.A (O.S.)

5:20 NJ Transit North Jersey Coast
Line to Long Branch, final call
track 4.

ALANA

Damn... this is not what I pictured
Grand Central at all.

NATE

(Rolls his eyes)
That's because this is Penn
Station. Grand Central has
dignity. Penn Station has
trauma.

WOMAN ON P.A (O.S)

5:38 Amtrak Northeast
Regional train #94 to New
Haven, Providence, and Boston
now boarding track 14.

Alana takes it all in - cramped corridors, angry commuters,
the faint smell of despair.

ALANA

So... subway or cab?

END MUSIC CUE

NATE

Let's take the subway.

ALANA

I've heard some bad stories about
it.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

NATE
(Icy)
Then take a cab. I'm taking the
subway.

He storms off, impatiently.

ALANA
(quiet, uneasy)
...Okay then.

CUT TO:

43 INT. 34TH ST SUBWAY STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Nate ascends into the Uptown C/E platform from the LIRR
concourse.

Commuters tap phones and credit cards at the OMNY readers.

NATE
Finally... peaceful.

He taps his card, breezes through the turnstile, and steps
onto the platform while checking his phone.

44 ON THE PLATFORM

NATE
Alright... looks like I'm taking
the E train.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. WACKY HOME - EVENING

A white two story colonial in the Northern part of
Burlington.

A basketball hoop in the driveway next to the garage, and a
RED 2020 TOYOTA SIENNA van in the driveway.

46 INT. WACKY HOME (KITCHEN) - CONTINUOUS

In the kitchen, John is sitting at the table eating Chinese
for dinner, when suddenly, there is a COMMOTION (SFX: LOUD
CRASH)

JOHN
What the hell?

He gets up from the dinner table and walks over to where the
commotion is.

47 INT. WACKY HOME (LIVING ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

JOHN rushes in.

JOHN
What the hell happened?

DEVIN WACKY (14), lanky, restless, hides a video game behind his back.

GRACE WACKY (16), sharp-eyed, quick to call people out, points at him.

GRACE
Devin bought Grand Theft Auto.

JOHN
Devin? That's it, you're grounded.
Go to your room.

DEVIN
This is so unfair!

He storms upstairs.

John exhales. His phone VIBRATES.

JOHN
(Smiles, answers)
Hey Nate, how you doing?

BACK TO:

48 INT. 34TH ST SUBWAY STATION (PLATFORM) - SAME TIME

Nate stands on the platform, on the phone. A train pulls out behind him.

NATE
Hey Dad, I'm doing fine, just
letting you know I arrived in New
York.

BEGIN INTERCUT

JOHN
Neat, so you took the train, right?

NATE
Yeah, flights were a disaster, so
we took the train.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Hey-be smart out there, okay? New York's not Burlington.

(beat)

Just... watch yourself.

NATE

Only thing I ran into was someone asking for money to get to the Bronx.

JOHN

Alright-did you give her anything?

NATE

No.

JOHN

Good. Keep it that way.

GRACE

Hey Bro, don't forget to buy those souvenirs.

NATE

Hey sis-yeah, I got you. Devin around?

JOHN

He's in his room. I grounded him-kid bought Grand Theft Auto.

SFX: GLASS BREAKS

JOHN (CONT'D)

Oh-shit. Nate, I gotta call you back-
Sounds like your brother just commit another crime.

END INTERCUT

NATE

Alright-love you. Talk later.

He hangs up, Alana then shows up, slightly out of breath.

NATE (CONT'D)

And there goes my peaceful subway ride.

ALANA

Aloha-couldn't find the taxi stand.
Who were you calling?

(CONTINUED)

NATE

My dad.

(beat, already annoyed)

Can I get five seconds without the third degree?

ALANA

Okay—geez.

A TRAIN ROARS IN. BRAKES SCREECH.

The doors slide open. They board.

NATE

(Under his breath)

Finally.

49

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Rush hour chaos. Bodies packed tight. The doors slam shut.

The train lurches forward, dives into the tunnel. Alana pulls out her phone. No signal.

Her face tightens.

ALANA

What? No Bars? You've got to be kidding me!

Nate rolls his eyes.

NATE

(Dismissive, strained)

Aw, come on — it's a subway. You'll survive.

(under his breath, barely audible)

...crybaby.

A beat. The train rattles louder.

Alana stops. Turns. The hurt registers immediately.

ALANA

Excuse me? Wow.

Nate exhales, already irritated with himself but doubling down.

NATE

If you're in a tunnel, you lose signal. That's how it works. Get used to it.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

She glares at him, genuinely insulted.

CUT TO:

50 EXT. 5TH AVE 53RD ST SUBWAY STATION - SUNDOWN

At Lexington Avenue 53rd Street Station in Midtown Manhattan, Nate and Alana exit the subway station onto the street.

NATE

Alrighty, hotel is at 52nd and
Madison.

(Then V.O)

I better get two separate rooms.

Both continue on with their luggage, Alana looks around,
amazed.

ALANA

Wow, I always wanted to visit the
Big Apple, could we see a Broadway
show together?

NATE

No.

ALANA

Okay... Central Park then?

NATE

No.

ALANA

Hmm, Ooh, how about the Museum of
Sex?

NATE

(Disgusted)

Oh hell no, not with you.

ALANA

Excuse me?

NATE

That's not a thing we are doing
together.

A beat. Alana studies him - then:

ALANA

Wow. Relax crybaby.

That hits.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

NATE
I'm not.

He keeps walking - a little faster now.

NATE (CONT'D)
Whatever.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. CORNER STORE - SUNDOWN

A quiet Burlington neighborhood.

A LIGHT BLUE TOYOTA YARIS pulls up.

CLOSE ON - Vermont plate: "PITTSOFHELL."

Pittman steps out. He lights a cigarette. Across the lot-

IVAN VOLKOV, mid-30s, slim, Russian accent, waits outside the store. Impatient.

VOLKOV
What the fuck took you so long
Pittman?

PITTMAN
Traffic Volkov, you know how bad it
is these days.

VOLKOV
(Storms over to Pittman)
I've been waiting for ten hours.
You haven't called.

PITTMAN
The losers are headed to Manhattan,
and they have the money. So we
won't just get the money from the
boss.

VOLKOV
Bruce Springsteen?

PITTMAN
No you fucking halfwit, our boss!

VOLKOV
I was playing around, fool.

PITTMAN
Whatever, get in the fucking car.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

52 EXT. HOTEL - SUNDOWN

Midtown Manhattan buzzes.

Traffic crawls east on 52nd Street. Taxis line the curb.

Nate and Alana arrive at the hotel, exhausted. They head inside.

53 INT. HOTEL (LOBBY) - CONTINUOUS

A long line of GUESTS.

A CONCIERGE waves them over.

CONCIERGE
(To Nate and Alana)
Hello, I can take you two.

NATE
Thanks. We've got a reservation for
four nights.
Any chance of separate rooms?

CONCIERGE
Unfortunately, only one is
available.

NATE
King or Queen?

CONCIERGE
King, sir.

NATE
Please tell me there's a cot.

CONCIERGE
There is.

Nate exhales — relieved. Alana, less so.

NATE
Thank god.

CONCIERGE
(Gives Nate and Alana
their room keys, which
are cards)
Okay, here are your room keys. Room
1904, on the 19th floor.

(CONTINUED)

53

CONTINUED:

NATE

Thanks so much ma'am.

He heads over to the elevators, Alana remains by the front desk.

ALANA

Do you have a guide to any attractions?

CONCIERGE

(Gives her a map)

Yes we do, here is a map with a guide for the entire city.

ALANA

Thank you.

Alana catches up to Nate as he is waiting for the elevator.

One elevator arrives with a DING. The doors open.

ALANA (CONT'D)

(Catches up to Nate)

Hey Nate, wait up.

NATE

Oh nuts, fortunately, we won't share the same bed.

Both enter the elevator with their luggage, CLOSE UP TO ELEVATOR DOORS CLOSING.

54

INT. HOTEL (HALLWAY) - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE UP TO ELEVATOR DOORS OPENING

Nate and Alana exit the elevator, and see their room is right across the hall from it.

NATE

Perfect, our room is right across.

55

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nate opens the door to the hotel room. (SFX: KEY BUZZ) Both enter the room.

ALANA

Can I take the bed?

NATE

Fine.

(CONTINUED)

Both arrive and get settled, Alana opens her suitcase, and takes out her toiletries kit.

Nate heads over to the bed, he picks up the remote and turns on the TV, which shows an episode of the show "Beavis and Butthead".

Alana looks at him, annoyed.

ALANA

Nate, you said I could take the bed.

NATE

(smug)

Changed my mind.

After hours of Aloha-ing from your Honolulu ass, I need a break. Vermonter time.

(beat)

Vermonters sleep in the bed.

(looks right at her)

Not in the cot.

(quiet, deliberate)

Moana.

ALANA

(furious, through clenched teeth, pointing at him)

Don't... you... dare!

NATE

(Freaked out)

Whoa-okay, relax.

I'm still taking the bed.

ALANA

(Groans in frustration)

Fine! I'm gonna go to the bathroom.

On the TV, Cornholio appears. Nate bursts out laughing.

NATE

(Doing Cornholio)

Give him TP for his bunghole.

INT. HOTEL ROOM (BATHROOM) - CONTINUOUS

Alana is in the middle of getting dressed, wearing only a bra and women's underwear when she hears Nate, still laughing loudly.

(CONTINUED)

ALANA
(Scoffs)
Vermonters, and so much for being a
gentleman.

NATE (O.S.)
I heard that!

57 **INT. HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

It's late. 1:00 AM. Lights out.

Alana lies stiff on the cot, pillow over her ears, trying to
block out the TV.

ON THE TV — SOUTH PARK blares.

ALANA
(tired and annoyed,
whispers)
Have you ever heard of the concept
of other people?
Me trying to sleep?

NATE
Maybe if Moana stopped complaining,
she could fall asleep.

ALANA
(quiet, deadly)
Call me that one more time and your
Burlington ass is going to be the
one on the cot!

NATE
(Caught off guard)
Ok, Ok, Ok.
(He turns off the TV,
chuckling nervously)
Good night.

ALANA
(Fuming)
Mahalo, and good night.

She turns over, trying to sleep.

A beat. Then—

Nate grins in the dark. He quietly pulls out his phone.

MUSIC BLASTS.

BEGIN MUSIC CUE: "Immigrant Song" by Led Zeppelin

(CONTINUED)

57

CONTINUED:

Alana shoots upright.

She storms over, kills the music.

END MUSIC CUE

NATE

Hey, what the hell?!

ALANA

And that means no music either,
Vermonter!

NATE

(deflating)

Alright, alright, alright...

She stares him down – wins. Storms back to the cot.

Nate sighs, annoyed... but slightly impressed. He lies back.

CUT TO:

58

INT. HOTEL (DINING ROOM) - MORNING

Multiple PATRONS are downstairs dining for breakfast. Nate walks over to the buffet.

NATE

Scrambled eggs, pork sausage, boy
am I starving.

Alana is already sitting down at their table, and is already eating pork bacon with a blueberry muffin, and home fries.

Nate arrives with his plate of pork bacon, sausage, and home fries.

ALANA

Aloha,

NATE

(Tries to tolerate it)

Oh hey, is that a blueberry muffin?

ALANA

Uh, yeah it is.

NATE

Wish I could have one, but I'm
allergic. Anyway, too bad they
don't have the Vermont maple syrup.

(CONTINUED)

58

CONTINUED:

ALANA
 (Her iPhone buzzes)
 Oh, can you hold on for a second?
 (She sees it's a spam
 text on her phone)
 Just a spam.

NATE
 I hate those.
 (Then V.O)
 And her.

BEGIN MUSIC CUE: "Low Rider" by Barry White

59

EXT. NYC MONTAGE - DAY

-- Alana rides atop a double-decker bus through Times Square, snapping photos.

She opens a bottle of Sprite.

POP. Sprite explodes all over a TOURIST beside her.

ALANA
 ...Aloha?

-- The waterfalls of the 9/11 Memorial.

Nate quietly studies the names.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a coin.

NO COINS IN THE MEMORIAL

NATE
 Damn.

He pockets the coin and walks on.

-- **SPLAT.** Bird crap lands directly on Alana's shoulder atop the Brooklyn Bridge.

ALANA
 You've gotta be kidding me.

Nearby teens laugh.

ALANA (CONT'D)
 Aloha to you too.

-- On the Staten Island Ferry, a drunk HOMELESS MAN approaches Nate holding a bottle of Jack Daniel's.

(CONTINUED)

HOMELESS MAN
Hey, buddy. Spare a dollar?

NATE
Sorry, man.

The HOMELESS MAN mutters angrily in Italian.

Nate stops.

Turns back.

NATE (CONT'D)
(In Italian)
Mi scusi?

SUBTITLED: "Excuse Me?"

The HOMELESS MAN blinks, surprised.

HOMELESS MAN
(In Italian)
Fatti gli affari tuoi.

SUBTITLED: "Mind your business."

NATE
(In Italian)
Sei fottutamente ubriaco fuori di testa.

SUBTITLED: "You're fucking drunk out of your mind."

HOMELESS MAN
(In Italian)
Vaffanculo.

SUBTITLED: "Screw you."

NATE
(In Italian)
Addio, sfigato.

SUBTITLED: "So long, sucker!"

The HOMELESS MAN angrily stumbles after Nate--

SLIPS on the wet deck--

AND SPLASHES INTO THE WATER.

Everyone GASPS.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

NATE (CONT'D)
...Oh shit.

DECKHANDS rush toward the railing.

Beat.

The HOMELESS MAN pops back up in the water, coughing.

HOMELESS MAN
(In Italian)
Vaffanculo!

SUBTITLED: "Screw you."

-- Alana kneels beside what she thinks is a tiny dog tied near a subway entrance.

It's a RAT.

ALANA
Oh-nope--

She bolts toward a nearby subway station.

CUT TO:

60 EXT. HOTEL - EVENING

END MUSIC CUE

A BLACK STRETCHED LIMOUSINE pulls away from the hotel entrance.

61 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nate lounges on the bed watching "500 Days of Summer." His phone BUZZES.

NATE
I totally forgot. New Beavis and Butthead tonight.

CUT TO:

62 EXT. STARBUCKS - SAME TIME

Alana emerges from the subway near a Starbucks.

ALANA
Hot chocolate sounds amazing right now.

63 INT. STARBUCKS - CONTINUOUS

The song "Don't You (Forget About Me)" plays overhead.

A BARISTA stands at the register.

ALANA
One hot chocolate with whipped
cream, please.

BARISTA
\$5.93.

SFX: CARD MACHINE BEEP

The BARISTA hands over the drink.

BARISTA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Great song.

ALANA
(smiles)
Right?

64 EXT. STARBUCKS - MOMENTS LATER

Alana sips the hot chocolate while heading back toward the subway.

65 INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - LATER

Alana boards a crowded F train.

Almost immediately--

ALANA
Oh God.

An ECCENTRIC LADY approaches.

ECCENTRIC LADY
I need money to stop zombies from
boarding this train.

ALANA
Yeah, bullshit.

The woman curses at her in Spanish.

SUBTITLED: "Fuck you!"

SUBWAY DRIVER (O.S.)
This stop, 5th Avenue-53rd Street.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

ALANA
That was quick.

66 I/E. SUBWAY STATION/TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

The doors open.

Alana exits the train.

Her phone rings.

FELICITY.

ALANA
(Picks up phone)
Hey Felicity, what's up?

CUT TO:

67 EXT. UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT - SAME TIME

BEGIN INTERCUT

Felicity and Remy stand outside the campus student center.

FELICITY
So... how are things going with
Nate?

ALANA
Better this morning. Somehow we're
not killing each other yet.

Remy quietly smiles.

FELICITY
See? Progress.

REMY
Tiny progress.

ALANA
I'll take tiny progress.

A subway train ROARS behind her.

FELICITY
Just keep giving him a chance.

ALANA
I'm trying.

A beat.

(CONTINUED)

67

CONTINUED:

ALANA (CONT'D)
Anyway, I gotta go before New York
throws another rat at me.

Remy laughs.

REMY
Honestly? That's fair.

FELICITY
Call us later, okay?

ALANA
I will.

They hang up.

END INTERCUT

Felicity lowers her phone. Her smile fades slightly.

REMY
You think this is actually working?

FELICITY
I don't know anymore.

CUT TO:

68

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Nate watches Beavis and Butthead, laughing.

SFX: HOTEL ROOMKEY UNLOCK

We hear the door open, Alana walks in.

ALANA
Aloha-

A towel lies on the floor. She trips on it - FALLS HARD.

The hot chocolate SPLASHES onto the TV.

It CRACKLES - then SHUTS OFF with a POP.

Nate freezes - then-

NATE
NOOOOO! MY SHOW!

ALANA
(Gets up from the floor)
Oh my god, I'm sorry!

(CONTINUED)

NATE

(Enraged)

Way to go you fucking moron, you
are the worst klutz on this planet!

Alana GASPS – insulted.

Something snaps.

She hurls her bag across the room.

Nate is startled by this.

NATE (CONT'D)

Whoa!

ALANA

Excuse me?!

(She glares at him – he
stutters)

I've had it!

Every time I talk to you, it's just
insults – tearing me down!

NATE

(Livid, gets out of the
bed)

Don't blame me – it's your fault!
All that constant "Aloha,"
"Mahalo"–

ALANA

Here you go again! Every fucking
time I try to help you, you throw
it right back in my face!

NATE

You don't get it! You grew up in
paradise! Summer 24/7/365!

ALANA

Oh yeah? At least you have snow,
fall colors, maple syrup, and a
father–

NATE

My father raised us alone because
my mother was a drunk! At least you
have a mother who gives a shit
about you.

ALANA

What the fuck did you just say to
me?!

(CONTINUED)

NATE
At least you have a mother...
MOANA.

Alana SLAPS him. Hard.

ALANA
That was the LAST STRAW! You don't
know JACK SHIT about the pain I
endured over the last seven months!

NATE
Oh yeah, real tragic. Hono boo hoo.

ALANA
(Voice breaking)
Here's a little news flash for you,
Vermont-turd! My father was killed
in a plane crash, he never came
home!

Nate freezes.

ALANA (CONT'D)
Does that count as not being hard
enough for you?!

NATE
(Shocked)
What?
(beat - realization hits)
Oh my god...
I didn't know.

ALANA
(Tears forming)
Yeah. I didn't enjoy prom.
I didn't enjoy graduation.
We were all just... trying to hold
each other together.

NATE
(speechless, mouth open,
shocked)
I, uh...

ALANA
(tears rolling)
And tomorrow?
It's his birthday.
(beat - breaking)
Do you have any idea what that
feels like? Celebrating your dad's
birthday without him?

(CONTINUED)

NATE
(quiet, shaken)
...No.
(beat)
I don't.
(he swallows it)
But I got you completely wrong.

ALANA
Because of that pain-
I was crying in a train bathroom!
(Beat)
While you were putting laxatives in
my drink!

NATE
(ashamed)
Yeah...
I know.

ALANA
(firm now)
You know what Nathan...
(Beat)
fuck off!

NATE
(Walks to the door,
overwhelmed with guilt)
I screwed up. And I'm not gonna
forgive myself for it.

ALANA
(picks up the remote)
Yeah?
(she hurls it - it SLAMS
against the wall)
NOW GET THE FUCK OUT!

NATE
(Sadly)
Okay. I'm out.

ALANA
(Nate walks out, the door
slamming behind him)
Good!

Alana collapses face-down on the bed, sobbing.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Nate stands there for a second. Still. Then-

(CONTINUED)

He presses the elevator button. Hard.

His phone BUZZES.

FACETIME — REMY.

He stares at it. Lets it ring once... twice... Then answers.

ON SCREEN — REMY and FELICITY, both furious.

REMY
(Via phone video)
Way to go Nate, way to go.

NATE
(Into his phone)
You guys are mad at me too? I
figured.

REMY
(Via phone video)
Mad? You think you could just treat
Alana like that and we're gonna let
it slide?

FELICITY
(Via phone video)
Not a chance Nate.

REMY
(Via phone video)
You crossed the line man.

NATE
(Into his phone)
Remy, I-

REMY
(Via phone video)
Save it! Consider our friendship
ended, asshole!

A beat.

FELICITY
(In tears)
We're done with you!

The screen goes black.

Nate just stands there... wrecked.

BEGIN MUSIC CUE: "Like I'm Gonna Lose You" by Meghan Trainor
ft John Legend

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

Nate then receives a text.

ON THE SCREEN:

A text from Robert.

"This time I mean it, you bring ultimate dishonor."

BACK TO SCENE

NATE
(under his breath)
...What have I done?

CUT TO:

70 **EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - EVENING**

An MTA bus splashes Nate with rainwater as it passes. He barely reacts.

71 **EXT. CENTRAL PARK - EVENING**

Ahead, a LITTLE GIRL runs into her father's arms laughing.

Alana stops cold. Her face crumples.

She turns away quickly, walking off through the park crying.

72 **EXT. UNION SQUARE - EVENING**

Nate walks through Union Square, holding back tears.

Nearby, a MOTHER plays with her young SON. That does it.

NATE
Fuuuuuuuuuck!

People stare. Nate storms off.

73 **INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - SAME TIME**

Alana scrolls through beach photos.

She stops on her father's face.

The train SCREECHES into a tunnel.

Alana looks up — surrounded by strangers. Tears roll down her cheeks. No one notices.

74 **EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT**

Nate stands alone at a crosswalk.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

The WALK signal flashes. People move around him. He doesn't.

The signal switches to DON'T WALK. He exhales, defeated — and keeps standing there.

END MUSIC CUE

CUT TO:

75 EXT. PITTMAN'S CAR/HIGHWAY - SAME TIME

Across from the Welcome to Vermont sign, Volkov smokes crack in the car while Pittman talks on the phone outside.

PITTMAN

So the event is, when did you say
it was?

BEGIN INTERCUT

76 EXT. CHURCH STREET MARKETPLACE - CONTINUOUS

Gavin sits on a bench, furious, on his phone.

GAVIN

It's on Sunday.
Those idiots stole my shot at the
money.

(beat)

So you two go over there...
and take out the Red Sox fan—

(beat)

and the Aloha girl.

PITTMAN

We're on it.

GAVIN

(Sternly)

Good.

Gavin hangs up.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Those morons had their chance.

END INTERCUT

CUT TO:

77

EXT. UNION SQUARE - NIGHT

Alana arrives, she sits down on a park bench at Union Square.

She sadly looks up towards the night sky. A tear down her cheek.

Nate approaches her, guilt ridden, he doesn't know what to say.

NATE
(Trying)
Aloha.

Alana looks at him, tired, raw.

ALANA
Hey.

NATE
(Frowns)
You're not angry at me... are you?

Alana shakes her head.

ALANA
No, I'm just mourning my father.

A beat.

NATE
Do you wanna talk about it?

ALANA
Yeah.
I just... didn't know how to bring it up.
I didn't want you to feel like you had to pity me.

NATE
(quietly)
You didn't deserve that.

ALANA
(Brushing it off, but
with a sad smirk)
I kinda had a funny feeling about those laxatives, karma was looking out for me.

(CONTINUED)

NATE
(Smirks sadly)
Yeah, you're right,
(Then serious)
so was your dad a pilot?

ALANA
Yeah. Air Force.
After that, he flew for a skydiving
company.

NATE
Skydiving, I always wanted to do
that.

ALANA
It was my favorite thing in the
world. Besides surfing.

NATE
How long had he been flying?

ALANA
Thirty years.
He even owned a Piper Navajo for
the island hops.
(A beat)
He and his friend were coming in
toward Honolulu. Something went
wrong on approach.
(voice breaking)
They crashed into the ocean.

Nate puts an arm around her as she sobs.

ALANA (CONT'D)
That day, I'd just finished track
practice.
(beat)
My mom showed up...
(quiet)
with a look I'll never forget.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

78

EXT. MCKINLEY HIGH SCHOOL - DAY/A FEW MONTHS PRIOR

TITLE "McKinley High School, Honolulu, Hawaii, 7 Months Ago"

Alana exits the gym, sweaty and tired.

PATRICIA (O.S.)
Alana!

(CONTINUED)

78

CONTINUED:

Patricia rushes toward Alana — frantic.

ALANA

Mom, what's going on?

PATRICIA

Your dad, his plane went down by the coast. They're on site now but they haven't found him.

ALANA

(Gasps in horror)

Oh no!

PATRICIA

Come on, everyone is here, they are on their way.

CUT TO:

79

EXT. HONOLULU AIRPORT SHORELINE - DAY

Yellow police tape flaps in the wind.

Out over the water, distant wreckage is being lifted from the ocean — indistinct, broken.

Alana arrives with PATRICIA.

Ahead, MALIE clutches FRANKIE, barely holding herself together — trying to stay upright for everyone else.

Nearby stand two unfamiliar figures — LONO (20) and his twin sister, ANELA (20).

Lono stares straight ahead, hollow. Not crying. Just empty.

Anela is not okay. She's folded into herself, shaking, eyes red and unfocused — already shattered by what she knows.

No one speaks.

Alana takes them in — her family already here, already fractured by the loss.

Patricia's breath catches. She can't look. Alana does. Her face collapses.

She stumbles — Malie, teary eyed as well, moves instantly, catching her.

Frankie steadies them both.

Patricia pulls her daughters close.

(CONTINUED)

79

CONTINUED:

Lono steps in, uncertain. Tear down his cheek.

Anela breaks again, clinging to Malie – sobs she can't control.

They form a tight, broken circle. No words. Only the sound of the ocean.

END FLASHBACK

BACK TO:

80

EXT. UNION SQUARE - NIGHT

Alana is crying quietly now, exhausted.

Nate holds her.

ALANA

The saddest thing is, we never got
to say goodbye.

She buries her face in his shoulder.

A tear rolls down Nate's cheek.

NATE

(soft)
...Yeah.
(beat)
I'm sorry.

CUT TO:

81

I/E. PITTMAN'S CAR/INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - SAME TIME

PITTMAN drives, relaxed.

VOLKOV checks a bag in the passenger seat.

VOLKOV

Yeah. Got everything we need.

He zips it shut.

PITTMAN

Good.
(beat)
Boss better show.

VOLKOV

He will.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

Pittman glances over, not fully convinced.

PITTMAN
Yeah... he better.

CUT TO:

82 INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Nate walks into the hotel room.

The TV is suddenly WORKING again.

Onscreen: HOWARD BEALE from "Network."

TV
I'm as mad as hell, and I'm not
gonna take this anymore!

Nate stops. Confused.

Alana sits on the bed trying not to smile.

ALANA
I called downstairs while you were
in the shower.

Nate looks back at the TV.

NATE
Wait... they actually fixed it?

ALANA
They replaced the whole thing.

Nate laughs quietly for the first time all day.

NATE
Okay, that's actually kinda
amazing.

A softer silence now.

BEGIN MUSIC CUE: "One of Us" by Joan Osborne

Alana shifts closer.

ALANA
Nate... there's something I need to
tell you.

NATE
What is it?

(CONTINUED)

82

CONTINUED:

She hesitates.

ALANA

I didn't come all the way out here
just for the tournament.

(Beat)

I think... I needed to find
something.

(Softer)

And I did.

(Beat)

I love you.

Nate takes that in. A little stunned.

NATE

(half-smile)

...Wow.

He stops himself. Shakes his head.

NATE (CONT'D)

Yeah. I love you too.

They both laugh—relief more than humor.

They kiss. It builds—natural, earned.

FADE TO:

83

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

END MUSIC CUE

The lights are out. The TV is off.

Nate and Alana lie in bed together, holding each other.

Alana texts Felicity saying "It worked."

CUT TO:

84

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT - NIGHT

Robert, Remy, and Felicity walk across campus.

Felicity's phone BUZZES. She checks it — her face lights up.

FELICITY

(Smiling)

It worked.

REMY

What?

(CONTINUED)

FELICITY
They're together.

Remy breaks into a grin.

REMY
No way—finally!

Robert exhales, relieved.

ROBERT
About time.
(beat)
Guess I went a little hard on him.

Unbeknownst to them, Gavin stands a few yards away —
watching. Still. Silent. His jaw tightens.

GAVIN
(Low, to himself)
Enjoy it while you can.
(Beat)
They had their shot.

A cold smile.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
Now it's mine.

BACK TO:

85 INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Nate and Alana are asleep.

Alana's iPhone BUZZES on the nightstand. She slowly opens
her eyes.

INSERT - PHONE SCREEN

MOM

Alana answers quietly.

ALANA
(Tired)
Hey Mom, what's up?

86 INT. HALE HOME (KITCHEN) - SUNDOWN

Patricia stands at the counter, phone to her ear.

PATRICIA
Sorry to wake you honey.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
I just...
(softly)
Tomorrow's gonna be hard.

BEGIN INTERCUT

ALANA
Yeah.
(beat)
I know.

PATRICIA
First birthday without him.

Alana swallows emotion.

ALANA
Mom...
I actually have something to show
you.

PATRICIA
What is it?

ALANA
(small smile)
Check Facebook.

Patricia looks confused, then opens the app.

INSERT - PHONE SCREEN

"Alana Hale is in a relationship with Nate Wacky."

Patricia's eyes widen. A hand covers her mouth.

PATRICIA
(emotional)
Honey...

ALANA
Surprise.

Patricia tears up immediately.

PATRICIA
This is the first time I've felt
happy in months.

Alana tears up too.

(CONTINUED)

ALANA
Love you Mom.

PATRICIA
Love you too sweetheart.

END INTERCUT

Alana lowers the phone. Nate stirs beside her.

NATE
(half asleep)
Your mom?

ALANA
Yeah.
(beat)
She's happy.

A quiet pause. Alana looks down, emotional.

NATE
(quietly)
I was an ass earlier.

ALANA
You were.
(gentler)
But you're here now.

Nate exhales.

NATE
I'll make it up to you.

ALANA
(faint smile)
You already are.
(beat)
Tomorrow... I wanna get something
for my dad.

NATE
Okay.
(sincere)
We'll do it together.

She leans into him.

They settle back into bed. Quiet. Safe.

CUT TO:

87 **EXT. COLUMBUS CIRCLE - THE NEXT DAY**

BEGIN MUSIC CUE: "Don't Stop" by Fleetwood Mac

Nate and Alana are ordering Hot Dogs at a Hot Dog Stand.

88 **EXT. CENTRAL PARK - CONTINUOUS**

Nate and Alana sit together on a Central Park bench, eating hot dogs and sharing fries.

89 **EXT. CENTRAL PARK/HORSE AND BUGGY - DAY**

Nate and Alana are riding a HORSE DRAWN CARRIAGE and snuggling.

90 **EXT. TIMES SQUARE - DAY**

Nate and Alana take selfies at Times Square.

91 **EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE ARCH - DAY**

Nate and Alana are POSING for PHOTOS at the Washington Square Arch.

92 **EXT. OCULUS - DAY**

Nate and Alana are shopping at the Oculus in Lower Manhattan.

93 **EXT. 9/11 MEMORIAL - DAY**

MUSIC CUE STOPS WITH RECORD SCRATCH

SFX: WATER CASCADING INTO THE MEMORIAL POOLS

Alana stands at the fountain, quietly crying.

Nate glances toward camera.

NATE

...This was a huge mistake on our part.

ALANA

(through tears)

May we never forget. It reminds me of him.

94 **EXT. FERRY - DAY**

RESUME MUSIC CUE: "Don't Stop" by Fleetwood Mac

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

Nate and Alana are on a ferry and are happily taking photos of the Statue of Liberty.

95 EXT. HIGH LINE - DAY

Nate and Alana are riding citibikes on the High Line.

96 EXT. HOBBY LOBBY - DAY

END MUSIC CUE

Alana suddenly stops. Across the street sits a HOBBY LOBBY.

ALANA

Wait, you guys actually have these here?

NATE

Oh no. They're the Chick-fil-A of arts and crafts.

ALANA

We don't have them back home.

(beat)

I wanna get something for my dad.

Nate softens immediately.

NATE

Uh... okay.

Five minutes.

97 INT. HOBBY LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Nate and Alana walk through the doors of the Hobby Lobby.

Immediately—

STAFF in MAGA hats stare.

CASHIER

(Eyeing Nate's Gulf of Mexico shirt and Alana's appearance)

Red Alert!

He SLAMS a button.

An alarm BLARES:

ALARM

LIBERAL! LIBERAL! LIBERAL!

Red strobe lights FLASH.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

ALANA
Uh... I think we better—

The MANAGER bursts out in a Nazi uniform.

MANAGER
(giving Nazi Salute)
Heil Hitler!

NATE
Ruuuuun!

98 EXT. HOBBY LOBBY - DAY

Nate and Alana sprint from the store — pursued.

NATE
Great, now what?!

A subway entrance ahead.

ALANA
Over there!

CUT TO:

99 INT. SUBWAY STATION - CONTINUOUS

Nate and Alana run downstairs to the uptown platform. A 3 train sits on the express track.

100 INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Nate and Alana board the train.

ALANA
Thank God.

The doors SLAM shut just before the hate group can board.

Nate and Alana gasp for air.

NATE
Babe, if you want arts and crafts,
the best place is Michael's.

ALANA
Okay, we don't have Michael's in
Hawaii either.

NATE
Much less fascism there.

CUT TO:

101 **EXT. UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT - DAY**

Gavin stands beside his black Accord coupe.

He scrolls — photos of Nate and Alana.

GAVIN
Pathetic.

He jumps in — **PEELS OUT.**

102 **EXT. BATTERY STREET - CONTINUOUS**

Gavin weaves through traffic, reckless.

Up ahead — Felicity jogs.

The car SWERVES onto the sidewalk.

FELICITY
Whoa! What the fuck?!

The car clips a speed limit sign — back onto the road.

FELICITY (CONT'D)
Was that, Gavin?
(Scoffs)
What a moron.

103 **EXT. BELLA AZBUG PARK - LATE AFTERNOON**

Autumn light washes over the park. Leaves drift around Nate and Alana on a bench.

Alana pulls out a glass candle holder.

Engraved: "THE MOMENT YOUR HEART STOPPED, MINE CHANGED
FOREVER. MARCH 15TH 2025. MISS YOU DADDY."

NATE
(soft)
It's beautiful.

ALANA
Glad I found it.

A beat.

NATE
You want to light it tonight?

ALANA
(shakes head)
When we get back to Vermont.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

NATE
Yeah... better.
(beat)
I'm starving. You hungry?

ALANA
(smiles faintly)
Yeah.

NATE
Fancy Asian fusion?

She nods.

104 EXT. BUDDAKAN - DUSK

City lights flicker on as people pass.

105 INT. BUDDAKAN DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Warm, elegant. Low lighting. Quiet energy.

Nate and Alana sit across from each other, menus in hand.

A WAITRESS approaches.

WAITRESS
Ready to order?

ALANA
Yes, I'll have the Cod.

WAITRESS
(Writes it down)
Glazed black cod.
(Turns to Nate)
And you?

NATE
Lamb chops. Medium well.

The waitress nods and walks off.

BEGIN MUSIC CUE: "Isn't She Lovely" by Christina Perri

NATE (CONT'D)
(To Alana)
I love this song.

ALANA
Isn't she lovely?

NATE
Makes me think of you.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

NATE (CONT'D)
Beautiful, sweet... way too good
for me.

ALANA
(Moved)
God, I love you so much,
Nate.

Alana inches toward him.

NATE
I love you too.

She pecks him on the lips.

END MUSIC CUE

CUT TO:

106 EXT. MAJOR DEEGAN EXPRESSWAY - DUSK

Traffic blurs past. Gavin's car weaves through lanes - too fast.

107 I/E. GAVIN'S CAR/MAJOR DEEGAN EXPRESSWAY - CONTINUOUS

Music BLASTS - "Self Control" by Laura Branigan.

Gavin grins, jittery, tapping the wheel. He flicks a cigarette out the window.

GAVIN
NYC at last. Tomorrow those two
motherfuckers disappear.

108 EXT. EXIT RAMP - MOMENTS LATER

Gavin takes the exit too fast -

SWERVES -

SMASH!

The car slams into a utility pole.

AIRBAGS EXPLODE.

Silence. Smoke.

109 INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Gavin sits there - stunned.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

Then—

GAVIN (O.S.)
Fuck!

110 **EXT. CRASH SITE - CONTINUOUS**

BYSTANDERS rush in.

Gavin stumbles out — shaken, but okay.

GAVIN
I'm good, I'm good — car just—
A car SCREECHES up.

PITTMAN behind the wheel. VOLKOV beside him. Window down.

VOLKOV
(Low, dark)
You better get in quick.

Gavin doesn't hesitate — jumps in the back. The car PEELS OUT.

Behind them—

Gavin's wrecked car starts to SMOKE.

MALE BYSTANDER
Yo... is this a scam or—

The car **IGNITES**.

MALE BYSTANDER (CONT'D)
Oh shit — it's burning!

BOOM!

The car EXPLODES — debris flying.

People SCATTER.

FEMALE BYSTANDER
What the fuck?!

CUT TO:

111 **INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Nate and Alana are relaxing in the bed, WATCHING a DANCE SCENE the movie "The Notebook"

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

Alana turns to Nate, with a sexy, come hither look in her eyes.

ALANA
I feel like dancing.

NATE
(Sexy look on his face)
I was about to say that same thing.

He turns off the TV, and then puts on a song on his phone.

BEGIN MUSIC CUE: "Ribbon in the Sky" by Stevie Wonder

ALANA
Oh my god, that's one of my
favorites.

Nate gets up from bed, with a sexy look.

NATE
It makes me think of you.

Alana chuckles as she also gets out of bed. Both start dancing together.

ALANA
You know what's weird?

NATE
What?

ALANA
A week ago I couldn't stand you.

NATE
And now?

ALANA
Now I don't wanna leave your side.

They continue to slow dance romantically.

ALANA (CONT'D)
In Hawaiian, "I love you"
is Aloha wau iā 'oe.

NATE
Aloha wau iā 'oe kekahi.
Took me forever to learn that.

They both chuckle, they kiss while continuing to slow dance.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

ALANA
You are my person.

NATE
You are my person too.

ALANA
Now I think I'm in the mood
for something a little less
innocent.

NATE
What about Touch my Body by Mariah
Carey?

ALANA
Okay, now you're speaking
my language.

He heads over to his phone, and CHANGES THE SONG.

END INITIAL MUSIC CUE

BEGIN NEW MUSIC CUE: "Touch my Body" by Mariah Carey

Alana takes off her shirt, but keeps her bra on. Nate takes
off his shirt, but leaves his PJ's on.

Nate glances out the window. His face drops. Something's
wrong.

NATE
Alana-

ALANA
What is it?

Nate heads over to his phone and pauses the song, END MUSIC
CUE.

NATE
(Points out the window)
There's a drone—right outside.

ALANA
(turns)
What the fuck?!

They scramble. Alana yanks the curtains shut.

112 EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Gavin, Pittman, and Volkov stand across the street. Volkov
operates the drone.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

ON SCREEN — the blinds slam closed.

GAVIN
Shit — they saw it.

The image GLITCHES.

VOLKOV
We're losing it.

GAVIN
What?

The drone suddenly DROPS—
CRASH! Onto Pittman's car.

CAR ALARM BLARES.

Pittman silences it.

Gavin fumes.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
You had one job!

VOLKOV
(flat)
Battery died.

A beat.

Gavin stares up at the hotel.

GAVIN
(dark)
Tomorrow.

They get in the car and drive off.

BACK TO:

113 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Nate and Alana are catching their breath.

NATE
We should probably report that.

ALANA
Maybe... but we don't even know who's
flying it.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

ALANA (CONT'D)
(beat - then teasing
again)
Now...
(smiles)
Where were we?

NATE
(grins)
Right about here.

He hits play again.

MUSIC RESUMES.

They kiss again - lighter this time, more grounded.

Less "this is the best day ever" More "this is real."

END MUSIC CUE

MATCH CUT TO:

114 INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

The lights are out, Nate and Alana are sleeping in the bed.

SFX: PHONE BUZZING

Nate checks his phone.

TEXT FROM DAD: Saw your FB photos. Congratulations.

Nate texts back: "Thanks Dad, I'll let you know how tomorrow goes."

He puts his phone down and goes back to bed.

DISSOLVE TO:

115 EXT. OVER THE NYC SKYLINE - SUNRISE

Facing the Chrystler building during a beautiful sunrise over the horizon.

116 INT. HOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

SFX: IPHONE ALARM

Alana shuts off the alarm.

Nate wakes beside her, groggy.

Alana grins at him.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

ALANA
Hey honey, do you want some morning
delight?

Nate perks up.

NATE
Absolutely.
Round two, baby.

They dive beneath the covers.

CUT TO:

117 EXT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART - DAY

Nate and Alana arrive outside the Museum of Modern Art.

Semi-formal clothes. Hands intertwined.

ALANA
Wow, we have come a long long way.

NATE
You know... crazy how I didn't even
want you here at first.
Now I can't imagine doing any of
this without you.

ALANA
(Moved)
I feel like I'm the luckiest girl
alive.

NATE
Now let's rock this thing!

Across the street, Gavin watches.

His jaw tightens. Then he storms off into the crowd.

CUT TO:

118 INT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART (HALLWAY) - MOMENTS LATER

Nate and Alana move through the museum hallway.

Modern art lines the walls.

NATE
They said it's at the Celeste
Bartos theater.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

ALANA
(Sees the theater)
I found it, we're right outside.

NATE
Wow, that was quick.

119 INT. CELESTE BARTOS THEATER - CONTINUOUS

Nate and Alana enter.

Nearly fifty OTHER ATTENDEES settle into their seats.

ALANA
I'm a little nervous.

NATE
Me too, all we have to do is just
try our best.

CUT TO:

120 EXT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART (ALLEY WAY) - DAY

Pittman's car pulls into an alley adjacent to MOMA.

After he parks near, he and Volkov exit the car.

GAVIN, approaches them with a STERN LOOK on his face.

GAVIN
What the fuck... took you... so
long?

PITTMAN
Parking was costly, didn't wanna
pay a single buck for it.

VOLKOV
Forget the parking issue, I'd
rather get this shit done because
how the fuck are we gonna get the
money?

GAVIN
That's why I came up with the
master plan and all you bastards
have to is follow it, is that so
fucking hard? I'm making it simple
for you, you fucking bozos.

PITTMAN
We'll do it now.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

121 INT. CELESTE BARTOS THEATER

Nate and Alana sit among the crowd.

ALANA
I'm a little nervous.

NATE
Me too, all we have to do is do the
best we could honey.

The EVENT DIRECTOR steps onto the stage.

She taps the microphone. The room falls silent.

EVENT DIRECTOR
Is this thing on?
(Beat, everyone knows
it's a dumb question.)
Welcome, everyone, to this year's
debate finals—

BOOM!

Smoke and debris rain from the ceiling.

NATE/ALANA
What the hell?!

Teargas pours through the vents. EVERYONE coughs.

ALANA
Nate I can't breathe!

NATE
Neither can I and my skin and eyes
are burning.

Both start running with the crowd of other SPECTATORS AND
EMPLOYEES.

122 INT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART (HALLWAY) - CONTINUOUS

Nate and Alana push through the chaos.

ALANA
Is this an active shooter, a
terrorist attack, are we in
danger?!

NATE
I don't know, my eyes are burning!

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

A gas-masked VOLKOV grabs Alana.

ALANA
What the fuck?! Nate!

NATE
Alana!

A gas-masked PITTMAN grabs Nate.

PITTMAN
Got'ya!

NATE
What the hell?! I don't know who
the fuck you are, but just let go
of my girlfriend!

PITTMAN
Well, I'm afraid that's impossible.

CUT TO:

123 INT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART (BOILER ROOM)

Pittman and Volkov force Nate and Alana deeper inside at
gunpoint.

ALANA
Your boss really pays you enough to
do this crap?

Both handcuff them to a PIPE.

VOLKOV
Enough to make us very happy.

ALANA
Communism wasn't good to you, was
it?

124 EXT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART - DAY

QUICK CUT:

-NYPD Police cars and SWAT Team Vehicles arrive on scene.

-OFFICERS quickly exit their cars.

-SWAT OFFICERS exit a truck with tactical gear.

-SNIPERS set up on a ROOFTOP across the street.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

POLICE CHIEF
Alright, move into position!

125 INT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART (BOILER ROOM)

ALANA
My father met Russian airmen while
serving in Afghanistan. He said
they were honorable people.
But because of people like you, the
Russians get a very poor
reputation.

VOLKOV
Eh, quit with your political
lecture, we're just men doing our
job.

NATE
Yeah, because "just following
orders" always works out great.

The door CREAKS OPEN.

Gavin walks in slowly.

ALANA
Oh thank God—
Gavin, get us out of here!

Gavin just... smiles.

ALANA (CONT'D)
...Gavin?

GAVIN
Yeah... that's not happening.

A beat.

NATE/ALANA
What?!

GAVIN
I'm the reason you're here.

NATE
(Enraged)
You're kidding me—

GAVIN
You took something from me.
(steps closer)
Now I'm taking it back.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

Nate lunges toward Gavin—

—but the handcuffs yank him back.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Oh—and Nate?

(beat, smirks)

That ride you were counting on? I
made sure it wasn't going anywhere.

He turns and walks out laughing.

CUT TO:

126 INT. WACKY HOME (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

John is watching the news about the hostage situation going
on at MOMA.

ON SCREEN

A NEWS ANCHOR from WCAX 3 News in Burlington is reporting on
the crime.

NEWS ANCHOR

Breaking news, multiple sources are
reporting that there is a hostage
situation at the Museum of Modern
Art in Manhattan. Police say two
people in gas masks are holding two
people hostage.

BACK TO SCENE

JOHN

Oh shit.

He shoots up from the couch.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Grace! Devin!

Grace runs in, frantic.

GRACE

Dad, what's going on?!

DEVIN follows behind her.

DEVIN

Why are you yelling—

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

JOHN
Your brother and his girlfriend are
being held hostage in New York.

The room goes dead silent.

GRACE
Wait... what?!

DEVIN
No way—

JOHN
We're going. Right now.

CUT TO:

127 EXT. WACKY HOME - MOMENTS LATER

John, Grace, and Devin sprint outside.

They rush to the minivan—

John tries to start it.

SFX: ENGINE CRANKING

Nothing.

JOHN
Are you fucking kidding me?!

ROBERT'S AVALANCHE pulls up. REMY leans out.

REMY
Get in! We saw the news!

CUT TO:

128 INT. AVALANCHE - MOVING - DAY

Everyone rides in panic.

JOHN
Floor it.

ROBERT
I am!

Suddenly—

SFX: CLUNK. SPUTTER. GRIND.

The Avalanche jerks violently.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Oh no.

The vehicle slows.

REMY

Don't you dare—

The Avalanche DIES.

CUT TO:

129 EXT. ROADSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Everyone piles out.

JOHN

YOU HAVE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME.

ROBERT

I swear it was fine yesterday!

FELICITY checks her phone.

FELICITY

The Greyhound station is ten minutes from here.

GRACE

We're taking a bus?!

DEVIN

This day keeps getting worse.

CUT TO:

130 EXT. BUS STATION - LATER

The group runs toward a GREYHOUND bus.

CUT TO:

131 INT. BUS - MOVING - DAY

Everyone crammed into seats.

John anxiously taps his foot.

JOHN

Come on, Nate... just hold on.

132 INT. HALE HOME - PATRICIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Patricia sleeps peacefully.

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

Her phone suddenly BUZZES on the nightstand.
She groggily grabs it. Looks at the screen-
Her eyes widen in horror.

PATRICIA
Oh no... No, no, no...

She bolts upright and rushes out.

CUT TO:

133 INT. HALE HOUSE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Patricia pounds frantically on the bedroom doors.

PATRICIA
Everybody up! NOW!

Doors burst open.

Malie, Frankie, Lono, and Anela emerge groggy and confused.

MALIE
Mom?! What happened?!

PATRICIA
Your sister is in danger.

Everyone freezes.

LONO
What do you mean?

PATRICIA
She and her boyfriend are being
held hostage in New York.

A stunned silence.

ANELA
What?!

FRANKIE
Jesus Christ...

MALIE
No, no, no...

Patricia begins tearing up.

PATRICIA
I lost your father...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

(beat)

I am NOT losing her too.

That hits everyone hard. Lono steps forward immediately.

LONO

Then let's go get her.

FRANKIE

Right now.

MALIE

Come on.

They all rush off.

CUT TO:

134 EXT. HONOLULU AIRPORT (TERMINAL 1) - PREDAWN

A GREY HONDA ODDYSEY with LYFT stickers and emblems arrives at the departures area.

WOMAN ON P.A (O.S.)

(Via PA System)

Aloha, and welcome to Honolulu
Daniel K Inouye International
Airport, be advised that all
unattended vehicles will be
ticketed and towed.

Patricia, Malie, Frankie, Lono, and Anela exit the van.

PATRICIA

Ok, I'm gonna see if they could put
us on the first flight out.

135 INT. HONOLULU AIRPORT TERMINAL 1 (CHECK IN) - MOMENTS LATER

As Patricia, Malie, Frankie, Lono, and Anela arrive at the Hawaiian Airlines check-in counter, there is not a line since it is very early.

A CHECK IN AGENT (MALE) is already behind the counter.

CHECK IN AGENT 2

Aloha, may I help you?

PATRICIA

Five tickets to New York.

(CONTINUED)

CHECK IN AGENT 2

(Checks the computer for flights but by the look on his face, it's booked)

Ouch, we are completely booked.

(Checks and sees another flight)

Oh, there is another flight, but you are gonna have to change in Seattle followed by Atlanta, followed by Chicago, followed by Salt Lake City, followed by Philadelphia, followed by Boston, (Malie rolls her eyes) followed by Phoenix, followed by Los Angeles, followed by Minneapolis, followed by San Francisco, followed by Dallas-

PATRICIA

(grabs him, yanks him in)

My daughter's in New York.

(voice cracking)

I already lost my husband.

(locks eyes - ice cold)

I am NOT losing her.

(quiet, lethal)

So help me, you son of a bitch- get us on that flight. Now.

CHECK IN AGENT 2

(Nervous)

Uh ok, let me check again,

(Checks his computer again)

turns out there are five seats available.

PATRICIA

(lets go of him)

Thank you.

CUT TO:

EXT. HONOLULU AIRPORT - SUNRISE

A Hawaiian Airlines Airbus A330 thunders down the runway and lifts into the orange dawn, landing gear retracting as it climbs.

CUT TO:

137 **EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER THAT DAY**

A **CAMERA WHIP-PAN** blurs past the GREYHOUND BUS barreling down a Vermont highway, roaring through peaceful countryside like it has somewhere way more important to be.

138 **INT. GREYHOUND BUS - CONTINUOUS**

The bus is PACKED, LOUD, and smells faintly of mystery fumes.

Robert, Remy, Felicity, John, Grace, and Devin occupy a cluster of seats that look like they've seen war.

 JOHN
 (Sarcastically)
 This is gonna be one, long, ride.

 DEVIN
 Am I still grounded?

 JOHN
 No, not anymore, I let you off the
 hook this morning, I forgot to tell
 you.

 DEVIN
 Seriously?!

 JOHN
 Don't make me change my mind.

Devin quickly shuts up. John turns toward Felicity.

 JOHN (CONT'D)
 Has Nate's girlfriend's family
 taken off yet?

 FELICITY
 Yeah, they just left Oahu.
 They should land at JFK in a few
 hours.

 JOHN
 Lucky bastards.

The bus suddenly HITS A MASSIVE BUMP. EVERYONE bounces in their seats.

 GRACE
 Jesus Christ.

 ROBERT
 I think this thing has no shocks.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

REMY

I think this thing has no laws.

Another bump.

DEVIN

I think my spine just disconnected.

A HOMELESS MAN three rows back loudly SNEEZES.

Everyone freezes.

JOHN

Oh hell no.

GRACE

Dad if I get sick before we save
Nate, I'm gonna be furious.

JOHN

Trust me, kid, I'm already furious.

Robert leans forward looking out the window.

ROBERT

Only five more hours.

EVERYONE GROANS.

CUT TO:

139 EXT. HAWAIIAN AIRLINES AIRBUS A330 - DAY

The plane is flying at 35,000 ft over heavy clouds.

140 INT. HAWAIIAN AIRLINES AIRBUS A330 - CONTINUOUS

Patricia, Malie, Frankie, Lono, and Anela sit anxiously in
their seats.

Patricia watches CNN coverage of the hostage situation on
the seatback TV.

PATRICIA

We've been in the air for hour and
still no damn update.

ANELA

(checking flight tracker)
Looks like we just crossed into the
mainland. Still got five more
hours.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

PATRICIA
Five more hours? Feels more like
five damn years.

LONO
Yeah, this sucks.

MALIE
(quietly, emotional)
We better not be too late.

Everyone goes silent. Patricia stares at the TV, trying not to break.

PATRICIA
(softly)
We won't be. We are NOT losing her.

CUT TO:

141 EXT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART - DUSK

NYPD OFFICERS are still on scene with their guns drawn.

142 INT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART (BOILER ROOM)

Back in the boiler room, Nate and Alana are still chained to pipes.

Gavin, Pittman, and Volkov are still pointing their SIG SAUER 9mm pistols at them. Alana is breathing shallowly.

NATE
(trying to stay calm)
Hey... Look at me.

Alana does.

NATE (CONT'D)
We're getting out of this, I
promise.

ALANA
(Frightened, snapping)
Nate, don't say that unless you
know it's true!

NATE
(Tear forming)
Then whatever happens... we face it
together.

(CONTINUED)

ALANA
(Moved but still anxious,
a tear rolls down her
cheek)
I know. At least.

Gavin grins cruelly.

GAVIN
Any last words, Moana?

Alana instantly SNAPS.

ALANA
(Enraged)
YOU SON OF A BITCH!

She lunges toward Gavin-

-but the cuffs violently yank her back.

NATE
(Furious)
Hey, call my girlfriend that one
more time and I'll knock you out
cold.

ALANA
(To Nate)
Relax, babe. I got this.

GAVIN
You two seriously still
think, you're getting
out of this. There is no
way out.
(Snickers evilly)
Any last words, Red Sox-

CLICK.

One hand slips free.

CLICK.

The other follows.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
What?!

ALANA
(Holding up paper clip)
That's right, asshole.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

ALANA (CONT'D)
I learned this from a prison
documentary.

GAVIN
(Screaming)
Get her!

Pittman and Volkov rush her—

Alana reacts instantly—

She KICKS Pittman in the groin—he drops.

She SWINGS at Volkov—CONNECTS—

He goes down.

Nate is amazed. Gavin is furious.

NATE
Oh god, that's my woman.

Gavin lunges—

SMACK!

Alana slaps him hard—he hits the ground.

ALANA
Oh that felt so good!

NATE
(Alana uses the paper
clip to open up his
handcuffs)
Good thinking babe.

ALANA
Thanks honey, now we need to find
the exit.

They both run off, they make their way into—

143 **THE HALLWAY.**

Where Nate and Alana run to find the exit.

144 **INT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART (BOILER ROOM)**

Gavin angrily gets up, he has a black eye.

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

GAVIN
Pittman, Volkov, stop screwing
around.

PITTMAN
(High-pitched voice, he
and Volkov gets up)
I swear to God, that wasn't us!

VOLKOV
(In Russian, subtitled in
English)
Нас было определенно не двое.
(Definitely wasn't the
two of us.)

GAVIN
After them!

They run after Nate and Alana.

145 INT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART (HALLWAY)

Nate and Alana search for the exit.

Gavin, Pittman, and Volkov emerge from the boiler room.

ALANA
(Panicked)
Shit, they're gaining on us!

NATE
Quick, over there!

The two turn and run into a

146 CONFERENCE ROOM.

Gavin, Pittman and Volkov run by.

ALANA
Phew, that was close. Should we
text our families?

NATE
Yes, we should.

CUT TO:

147 EXT. HENRY HUDSON PARKWAY - DUSK

We FLY over the Greyhound Bus as it travels South on the
Henry Hudson Parkway in Manhattan.

148 INT. GREYHOUND BUS - SAME TIME

Remy, Robert, Felicity, John, Grace, and Devin are sitting in their seats. All are visibly worried.

SFX: IPHONE TEXT TONE (DING SOUND)

John takes out his iPhone, and by the look on his face, it's bad.

JOHN
Oh shit, it's confirmed!
(He calls over to the
DRIVER)
Hey sir, could you drop the six of
us off by the Museum of Modern Art?

GREYHOUND DRIVER
Sorry, no can do. Port Authority
only.

GRACE
My brother is being held hostage
there!

GREYHOUND DRIVER
Sorry, no can do.

A nearby ANGRY PASSENGER turns.

ANGRY PASSENGER
(To Grace and John)
Yeah, I have a connecting bus to
Harrisburg so why don't you two
shut your fucking potholes!

REMY
You shut your fucking pothole,
schmuck!

CUT TO:

149 INT. HAWAIIAN AIRLINES AIRBUS A330 - SAME TIME

The plane is closer to New York according to the inflight map. Alana's family members are still holding hands, praying for a miracle.

SFX: IPHONE TEXT TONE (TRI-TONE SOUND)

Patricia checks her phone. Her face drains.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

PATRICIA
(Panicked)
Oh no... it's official.
They are being held hostage.

LONO
We're almost there.
Once we land, we move.

CUT TO:

150 EXT. JFK AIRPORT - NIGHT

The Hawaiian Airlines A330 lands.

151 EXT. JFK AIRPORT (TERMINAL 8) - NIGHT

The Hale family BURSTS out of baggage claim.

PATRICIA
Where the fuck is the taxi stand?!

She spots it.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
Oh there it is!

They run towards a TOYOTA SIENNA TAXI VAN.

Patricia gets in the front, the others pile in the back.

152 INT. TAXI VAN - CONTINUOUS

The CABBIE appears befuddled as he sees them piling in quickly.

NEW YORK CABBIE
Uh, where to?

PATRICIA
Museum of Modern Art.

NEW YORK CABBIE
At this hour?

PATRICIA
My daughter is being held hostage
there, so STEP ON IT!

153 EXT. PORT AUTHORITY BUS TERMINAL - NIGHT

Remy, Robert, Felicity, John, Grace, and Devin BURST out of the terminal onto 8th Avenue.

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED:

JOHN
Damn it, where's the fucking cab
stand?

FELICITY
I just heard from Alana's mom—she
just landed.

REMY
Taxi van! Over there!

They sprint toward a waiting NISSAN NV200 TAXI VAN.

JOHN
(To the Cabbie)
Museum of Modern Art, NOW!

They close the doors, and the cab DRIVES OFF.

BACK TO:

154 INT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART (HALLWAY) - LATER

Nate and Alana are still scrambling to find the exits.

Nate sees an EXIT SIGN on the ceiling, an arrow next to it
pointing towards a door.

NATE
I think we found it.

They open the door.

GAVIN (O.S.)
(Laughs evilly)
Miss us motherfuckers?

We PAN towards Gavin, Pittman, and Volkov, who despite
appearing bruised, are still determined.

NATE
Oh for crying out loud!

ALANA
Run!

They sprint as Gavin, Pittman, and Volkov give chase, all
three still armed.

Gavin FIRES—

BANG!

The shot misses Nate and Alana by inches.

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED:

NATE

Shit!

CUT TO:

155 I/E. TAXI VAN - NIGHT

The taxi van carrying Alana's family SWERVES through heavy Grand Central Parkway traffic like it's auditioning for Fast & Furious: Queens Drift.

Malie, Frankie, Lono, and Anela cling to whatever they can grab.

PATRICIA

Can't you drive any faster?

NEW YORK CABBIE

I'm doing as best as I could
without breaking any laws!

MALIE

Drive slower!
Drive slower!
Drive slower!

PATRICIA

Got to take some risk guys.

LONO

We're certainly not in Hawaii
anymore.

156 EXT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART - LATER

The Nissan NV200 cab arrives outside the barricaded area.

Remy, Felicity, Robert, John, Grace, and Devin exit the cab.

They see multiple NYPD officers and SWAT team members, as well as POLICE AND NEWS HELICOPTERS hovering by the scene.

JOHN

Oh shit.

Then the taxi van carrying Alana's family arrives. All six get out as well.

Patricia frantically runs over to a NYPD Officer.

PATRICIA

Excuse me sir, this is a photo of
my daughter, she is among the
hostages!

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER

Maam, we are doing everything we could, but this is a touch and go situation and we'll share more information.

JOHN

(Furious)

Why don't you stop being pig-headed and give us the information now! My son is trapped in that building!

PATRICIA

Could you just arrest those psychos?!

JOHN

(Turns to Patricia,
fearful)

Can I see a photo of your daughter, what does she look like?

PATRICIA

(Takes out a photo of her
and Nate together)

Here's a photo.

157 ON SCREEN

A photo of Nate and Alana happily posing by a fountain at Central Park.

158 BACK TO SCENE

JOHN

That's my son—your daughter is with my son.

PATRICIA

That's Nate?

JOHN

Yeah.

PATRICIA

My daughter's Alana.

JOHN

I'm John.

PATRICIA

Patricia.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

JOHN
We'll introduce ourselves better
later. Right now we get them out.

CUT TO:

159 EXT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART (ALLEY WAY) - NIGHT

Nate and Alana's families and friends rush down the alley
toward the museum's rear entrance.

They stop at a HEAVY SECURITY DOOR.

ANELA
Damn it! How the hell do we get
through this?!

They all look around frantically. Patricia notices something
on the pavement.

INSERT - CAR KEYS.

Nearby sits PITTMAN'S CAR.

PATRICIA
Wait—I think I found our way in.

She picks up the keys.

PATRICIA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
And I found the asshole's car.

FELICITY notices the vanity plate.

FELICITY
"PITTS OF HELL?" Who the hell puts
that on their car?

ANELA
Probably some lunatic.

Patricia smirks.

PATRICIA
Everyone move.

The group backs away. Remy squints.

REMY
Uh... what exactly are you doing?

Patricia climbs into the driver's seat.

(CONTINUED)

159

CONTINUED:

PATRICIA

This is gonna get destructive.

REMY

And HOW exactly?

Patricia starts the engine.

PATRICIA

Ramming down the door.

EVERYONE

WHAT?!

QUICK CUT:

Patricia SLAMS the gas.

The tires SCREECH. The car ROARS forward—

CRASH!!!The vehicle **SMASHES** through the security door, blasting it inward.

Smoke pours from the wrecked hood. The car is completely totaled.

Patricia calmly steps out.

PATRICIA

It worked. Let's go!

Everyone stares in disbelief.

JOHN

...Holy shit.

They all rush inside.

160

INT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART (HALLWAY) - CONTINUOUS

Nate and Alana sprint through the halls as Gavin, Pittman, and Volkov chase close behind.

Pittman FIRES—

The bullet ricochets off the wall.

ALANA

Nate, this way!

NATE

WHERE?!

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED:

ALANA
Just follow me!

She points toward a nearby door.

NATE
GO!

They burst through it—

CUT TO:

161 INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

They press against it, gasping for air.

Outside—

Gavin, Pittman, and Volkov run past.

PITTMAN (O.S.)
Damn it, we lost them!

Nate and Alana exchange relieved looks.

ALANA
Phew—I think we lost them.

NATE
We gotta find a way out—

PATRICIA (O.S.)
Alana, honey?!

ALANA
Wait—Mom?!

JOHN (O.S.)
Nate! Son!

NATE
Dad?!

They rush downstairs.

ANGLE ON:

Their families emerge. Everyone freezes in relief.

ALANA
Mom!

NATE
Dad!

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED:

They run into their parents' arms. Tight emotional embrace.

ALANA

What are you guys doing here?! This is dangerous!

PATRICIA

We came to get you out!

NATE

No, listen—You shouldn't be here.

JOHN

Why not?

NATE

Because this isn't terrorism—It's Gavin.

Everyone freezes.

NATE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

He planned this whole thing. He's got two armed psychos helping him.

ROBERT

...Oh hell no.

REMY

You're shitting me.

FELICITY

I knew I should have never trusted that prick.

ALANA

We have to move NOW before they find us.

MALIE

We're with you.

NATE

Then stay close.

162 INT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART (GALLERY) - CONTINUOUS

Nate, Alana, their friends and families are running quickly but quietly through the hallway, trying to find the exit.

Nate stops and checks an intersecting hallway.

NATE

Ok, the coast is clear.

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED:

They start tiptoeing forward—until Frankie suddenly stops dead, staring wide-eyed at a painting.

FRANKIE
(whisper-awed)
Holy crap... that's beautiful.

MALIE
(whisper-snaps)
Frankie, move your ass!

Frankie blinks, jolted back to reality.

FRANKIE
Right—appreciate culture later,
don't die now.

CUT TO:

163 INT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART (HALLWAY) - CONTINUOUS

They continue into the hallway, a window can be seen.

NATE
I see a sign for the elevators.

GAVIN, PITTMAN, and VOLKOV, pop out of another passageway.

GAVIN
Aaaaah-ha!

NATE
Aw come oooooon!

GAVIN
(Sees the others inside)
Well, look at that.
Even more people to watch you fail.
Kill them.

The three draw 9mms.

Gavin aims at Nate and Alana on their knees while Pittman and Volkov cover the others.

ALANA
Gavin, it doesn't have to be this way!

GAVIN
You were supposed to choose me—not
this woodchuck bastard.

(CONTINUED)

ALANA

Eww, no thank you, I'm not into
evil Balti-morons like you.

GAVIN

Balti-moron?! Oh, that's cute. Keep
joking—let's see if Woodchuck Boy
is still laughing when he's six
feet under!

JOHN

You're not strong.
You're scared kids with guns. And
you already lost.

PATRICIA

I have lived through real tragedy.
You think you scare me? Please. Put
the toys down and grow up.

GAVIN

You think I care about your sob
story? Everyone loses someone
eventually. Consider it practice
for what's coming next.

FELICITY

Well, it's only a matter of time if
the police put a stop to this!

GAVIN

Oh shut up, Woodstock. You're not
getting rescued.

(Leans in, sneering)

They're probably too busy dealing
with actual crimes.

He cocks his pistol — slow, deliberate.

NATE

(To Alana, fearful)

If I die, I want you to know
something,

(Tear rolls down Alana's
cheek)

I love you.

ALANA

I love you too.

GAVIN

Get a room because I saw enough of
that on the drone!

(CONTINUED)

163

CONTINUED:

Nate and Alana gasp, furious.

NATE
(To Gavin)
It was you?

GAVIN
It was, not that there was much to
see, but because Tourist-Trap Luau
Princess over here slammed the
motherfucking curtains shut!
(To everyone else)
Any last words, pussies?!

NATE
I also want everyone to know how
sorry I am for the bad things I
done.

ALANA
We forgive you.

Everyone else knods.

PITTMAN
(Sarcastically)
Hooow Heartwarming, now say hello
to our little-

BANG!

GLASS SHATTERS.

Pittman screams - hit in the arm by a sniper from across the
street.

PITTMAN (CONT'D)
Ah-oh-FUCK-shit-mother-FUCK!

GAVIN
(Apopleptic)
WHAT?! WHERE THE HELL DID THAT COME
FROM?!

ALANA
(Laughs at them)
Looks like somebody got owned!

Pittman, disoriented from pain, stumbles blindly - then
PLUMMETS off the ledge.

CRASH!

Nate and Alana scramble to their feet.

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED:

NATE
(Winces)
Ooooooh.
(Beat)
Addio, Sfigato!
(So long sucker!)

ALANA
...Was that Italian?

NATE
Yep.

The Officers BARGE IN with their weapons drawn.

NYPD OFFICER
Freeze! Hands in the air!

GAVIN
(He and Volkov have their
hands in the air)
What?! Don't blame me, it was the
Russian communist!

Gavin and Volkov are both arrested.

The other officers tend to the others.

CUT TO:

164 EXT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART - NIGHT

Paramedics check Nate and Alana's injuries beside an ambulance while their families gather nearby.

Their families and friends gather anxiously nearby.

PARAMEDIC #1
You're both fine. No serious
injuries.

PATRICIA
Oh thank god.

ALANA
(Shaky)
I can't believe we're still alive.

NATE
Me neither. My knees still think we
died.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICIA

Well, you're not allowed to die.
Not on my watch.

Alana manages a small laugh.

A body pouch is being put in a medical examiner's van.

Gavin and Volkov are marched out in cuffs – Volkov yelling in Russian, Gavin screaming in English.

GAVIN

(Being shoved toward a
squad car)

I WOULD'VE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT! If
it wasn't for that meddling Red Sox
fan, the Aloha girl, the nerd from
the ghetto, the hippie who reads
the Philadelphia Inquirer too damn
much, AND that Xi Jinping wannabe!

ROBERT

You bring ultimate dishonor,
motherfucker!

NATE

Well said Robert.

REMY

Honestly? I stopped listening after
"Red Sox fan."

The Event Director approaches with the briefcase full of
winner's money.

EVENT DIRECTOR

So... uh... considering the gunfight,
the terror, and the guy falling off
a balcony...
You two still technically won.
Here's your prize money.

The group reacts – stunned, thrilled, buzzing.

ALANA

Oh my god!

NATE

We won!

The group erupts into cheers. Nate and Alana grab each
other, hugging hard before slipping into a relieved,
adrenaline-fueled makeout.

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED:

A loud stomach growl breaks the moment. Everyone turns. Remy freezes, embarrassed.

REMY

Yo, we're getting food after this, right? I need fries. Emotional support fries.

ALANA

Well... we did just win. We could buy... a stupid amount of fries.

NATE

Yeah, especially since this is our last full day before we head back to Vermont.

FELICITY

Last full day?
Oh hell no. We're doing fries, dessert, midnight fries, and 2 a.m. fries.

REMY

I'm gonna leave New York ten pounds heavier and spiritually repaired.

CUT TO:

165 EXT. AMTRAK TRAIN - THE NEXT DAY

The train pulls out of New York City.

BEGIN MUSIC CUE: "Everybody's Got to Go" by Buddy Guy

166 EXT. AMTRAK TRAIN - DAY

The train glides along the Hudson River, sun flashing off the silver cars as it heads north.

167 EXT. AMTRAK TRAIN - SUNDOWN

The Ethan Allen Express cuts through the Vermont countryside.

Fields. Barns. Long shadows stretching under an orange sky.

The sun sinks behind rolling hills.

168 EXT. AMTRAK TRAIN - NIGHT

The train moves through darkness.

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED:

The Green Mountains rise in the distance.

Moonlight washes over forests and small towns— quiet, steady— as the train nears home.

169 EXT. UNION STATION - NIGHT

Cold Vermont air hits the platform.

A crowd waits — families, friends, reporters, excited locals. Even a dog in a tiny flannel vest.

The place BUZZES.

SFX: TRAIN HORN BLARES LOUDLY

The Ethan Allen Express glides into view, brakes squealing as it rolls toward the platform.

The crowd erupts in cheers.

MAN IN MAPLE LEAF HAT
(cheering)
They're here! They're back!
Whooooo!!

The same WOMAN ON THE P.A. Earlier from the same station, chimes in above the noise:

WOMAN ON P.A (O.S.)
Attention, Amtrak Ethan Allen
Express Train 291 from New York is
now arriving.

A group of OLDER VERMONTERS in winter hats cheer like it's the Super Bowl.

OLD MAN #1
There it is! I told you they'd be
on this one!

OLD WOMAN #1
Of course they're on this one,
Harold, it's the only one!

A cluster of teens hold up a very homemade sign which reads, "WE LOVE YOU NATE AND ALANA!"

A LOCAL REPORTER pushes forward, almost losing her cameraman.

REPORTER
Okay, okay — eyes up, they're about
to get out! Don't miss this, Jeff!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

REPORTER (CONT'D)
(to cameraman)
Jeff - JEFF, you're filming your
feet!

The train finally stops with a hiss of steam.

The doors slide open. The conductor opens the trap doors and
puts a step stool on the platform.

END MUSIC CUE

The crowd explodes with applause.

RANDOM GUY
They survived New York!! WOOOO!!!

RANDOM LADY
(shouting at the doors)
Nate! Alana! Whoever else is in
there - welcome home!!

A cute golden retriever starts barking excitedly. Its owner
shrugs:

DOG OWNER
He's a fan.

Nate steps out first, blinking at the sea of cheering
Vermonters.

NATE
(laughing, stunned)
Whoa--wait, all of this is... for
us?

He looks genuinely touched and a little overwhelmed - in the
best way.

Alana steps beside him and her face immediately lights up.

ALANA
Oh my gosh... this is amazing!

She clutches Nate's arm in excitement, almost bouncing on
her toes.

Patricia steps off right behind them, her jaw dropping and
eyes misting.

PATRICIA
Oh my goodness... you guys, look at
this!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
(laughing through
emotion)
They actually came out to welcome
you home!

John follows, face warming into a huge grin.

JOHN
Well I'll be damned... what a sight.

He gives Nate a proud pat on the back.

Remy, Felicity, Malie, Frankie, Grace, Devin, Lono, and
Anela spill out behind them – stunned by the crowd.

REMY
Okay Vermont, I see you!

FELICITY
This is... honestly kind of
adorable.

MALIE
Aww, this is the cutest thing ever!

Frankie beams, soaking it all in.

FRANKIE
I love this! First time in Vermont
and they know how to party!

GRACE
Okay but... are we famous now? Did
something happen?

DEVIN
(low whistle)
Bro. Vermont has never clapped for
me. Ever.

Lono pulls out his phone, filming the cheering crowd like
he's capturing a wildlife migration.

LONO
(whispers to camera)
Here we see... the wild Vermonter
in it's natural habitat...

Anela elbows him, laughing.

ANELA
Stop narrating everything like a
documentary! They can hear you!

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED:

LONO

I know. I want them to.

Felicity bursts out laughing as the applause grows louder.

FELICITY

Okay this is officially the most
wholesome chaos I've ever walked
into.

170 NEAR THE LOCOMOTIVE

Alana looks up toward the sky—this time not searching, but
claiming the moment. Triumphant. Grounded. Certain.

Nate steps beside her, soft smile, matching her energy
instead of trying to guide it.

NATE

I bet your dad is looking down
proud.

ALANA

I know he is.

Nate glances at her—really glances—caught up in the strength
behind her calm.

NATE

He'd love this version of you.
(gentle)
The one who isn't just
surviving..... but shining.

Alana swallows, eyes bright but steady.

ALANA

He always told me to chase the
moments that felt like home.
(looks at Nate)
Feels like I finally caught one.

Nate's smile deepens—quiet, moved.

A tear of joy rolls down Alana's cheek.

The friends and families catch up to them.

FELICITY

(softly, noticing Alana's
tears)

Those are happy ones... right?

Alana wipes her cheek, laughing gently.

(CONTINUED)

ALANA

Yeah.
(beat, sincere)
Really happy ones.

Remy steps up beside Nate, nudging him with an elbow.

REMY

Good. Because if you made her cry
for the wrong reason, we were all
ready to jump you at the same time.

Nate gives a mock salute.

NATE

Understood, I fear the mob.

Anela wraps an arm around Alana's shoulders.

ANELA

(soft, sister
voice-concerned but
gentle)
You okay, sis?

Alana smiles, brushing her cheek.

ALANA

Yeah.
(exhales)
Yeah, I'm really okay.

Anela pulls her into a brief but firm sibling hug—the kind
that says I've got you without needing to.

Right then, Lono steps up beside them, taking one look at
Alana's face, then Nate.

LONO

(playfully threatening)
Bruh... if you made my sister cry,
say your goodbyes. I will literally
suplex you into the nearest
snowbank.

Nate lifts his hands, palms open.

NATE

I swear—these are good tears.
Really good ones.

Alana laughs softly, nudging Lono.

(CONTINUED)

ALANA

He's fine. You can relax.
(smiling)
Both of you.

Lono softens instantly, the protective big-brother act cracking.

LONO

Good.
(sincere now)
Because... Dad would've loved this,
Alana.
All of it. You. Right here. Doing
this.

Alana's smile grows, warm and watery. Patricia nods, wiping under her own eye before anyone notices.

PATRICIA

He's proud of you. We are too.
Every day.

Alana swallows—a steady, glowing kind of emotion. Nate watches her, moved.

NATE

(quietly, to her)
They're right, you know. You're
making him proud.

Alana meets his eyes—soft, certain. Malie sheds a tear of joy as well.

ALANA

It feels easier... doing that...
(beat)
with all of you here.

Lono slings an arm around all three sisters, pulling them into a wide, chaotic Hale-sibling half-hug.

LONO

That's right. Hale crew rolls deep.

MALIE

Agreed.
(Frankie nods as well)

Nate smiles at the three of them—respectful, admiring, fully understanding the power of this family moment.

(CONTINUED)

170 CONTINUED:

NATE
(genuine)
You've got a good team behind you.

ALANA
(Looks at him, soft)
Yeah.
And you're part of it.

They start making out, and the crowd instantly explodes into cheers—so loud even the locomotive honks like it's joining in.

FADE TO:

171 EXT. WACKY HOME - DAY

TITLE: ONE MONTH LATER

A crisp November wind rustles what's left of the maple, oak, and sycamore branches.

The yard is dotted with enormous piles of leaves — some neat, some scattered, some looking like a leaf-based fistfight happened (it did).

Kids dart around the neighborhood, laughing as they jump into the piles. Adults half-heartedly tell them not to.

172 INT. WACKY HOME (KITCHEN) - SAME TIME

Warm Thanksgiving energy fills the house. It's cozy, calm, almost idyllic.

Alana stirs pie filling. Nate peels potatoes.

Patricia rules three burners at once. John bastes the turkey with zen-like focus.

For a brief, glorious moment — everything is peaceful.

PATRICIA
Alright... turkey needs ten more
minutes, pie filling looks perfect,
potatoes are ready for seasoning—

She turns to Nate.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
Sweetheart, that's sugar.
We're making potatoes, not a
birthday cake.

(CONTINUED)

NATE
I knew that.

Alana tries not to laugh.

From the living room comes soft chatter —

Remy teasing Robert, Felicity helping Grace with decorations, Frankie and Devin arguing over the rules of a board game.

It's calm. Cozy. Nice. Then—

A single voice breaks the peace:

LONO (O.S.)
HEY—
WHO TOOK MY SPOON?!

Everyone stops. Patricia exhales like this is muscle memory.

PATRICIA
There it goes.

Lono BURSTS into the kitchen holding an empty hand mixer.

LONO
My spoon is GONE.
This is sabotage.

From the hall, ANELA shouts:

ANELA
It's called PUTTING IT BACK IN THE
DRAWER, genius!

MALIE appears in the doorway —oldest-sister energy, arms crossed.

MALIE
Lono. Why are you whisking potatoes
with a spoon?

LONO
Because the whisk betrayed me LAST
THANKSGIVING.

Malie sighs like she's aged ten years in three seconds.

MALIE
Just... give me the mixer.
I'll do it.

He hands her the mixer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Except—it's ALREADY ON.

WHRRRRRRRRRRRRRR—

The mixer EXPLODES out of Malie's hands like a helicopter fleeing the scene of a crime.

MALIE (CONT'D)
OH—NOPE—NOPE—

It spins across the kitchen.

John, completely calm, lifts a baking tray like he's in a riot drill.

JOHN
Incoming.

The mixer SLAMS into the tray with a CLANG... then ricochets into a bowl of cranberry sauce.

SPLAT.

Cranberry sprays the cabinets.

The counter.

Lono's shirt.

Malie's face.

Frankie pokes his head in.

FRANKIE
...Sooo dinner's going great, I see.

Malie wipes cranberry off her cheek with slow, murderous calm.

MALIE
Lono, if that mixer twitches again, I'm putting you in the yard.

LONO
Understood.

Alana hands Malie a towel, trying not to laugh.

ALANA
This is still the calm part of the day, right?

(CONTINUED)

NATE
(looking at the walls)
If this is calm, I'm terrified of
"moderate."

John checks the oven with the calm precision of a Vermont dad who has survived many holidays.

JOHN
Turkey's got four minutes.
Everyone stay focused.
No more surprises.

Patricia lifts her hands innocently.

PATRICIA
Hey, I'm not touching anything. I'm
a guest.
Guests don't cause chaos.

Alana and Nate immediately share a look.

ALANA
...Mom.

PATRICIA
What? I haven't caused chaos in—
(checks imaginary watch)
twenty whole minutes.

From the hallway comes a dull THUMP. Everyone freezes.
Another THUMP. Then—

A DEER

blurs through the hallway like it just did three espresso shots.

ALANA
What the fuck?!

NATE
Who let the deer in?!

REMY
(Embarrassed, hand half-
raised)
Okay— technically— I opened the
door, but I didn't invite him! He
just— charged.

The deer skids across the hardwood, knocks into a shoe rack,
ricochets off a wall, and sprints deeper into the house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEGIN MUSIC CUE: "Every Little Thing I Do" by Soul For Real

NATE
(Furious, eye twitching)
Reeeeemmyyyyyy!

Remy panics and bolts after the deer. Nate bolts after Remy.
Now it's a full-on three-tier chase through the living room:
the deer Remy Nate

FELICITY
Thanks a fucking lot Remy!

ALANA
Can someone open the back door?!

John calmly walks over, opens the sliding door with the serenity of a man who has accepted his fate.

Everyone watches as Remy barrels across the room, deer in front of him, Nate behind him – all three blast out into the backyard.

PATRICIA
(Softly; impressed)
Well... that's new.

MALIE
Yeah. Happy Thanksgiving Alana.

ALANA
(Smiling, helpless)
Welcome to the family.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.