

ISLAND LOVE

Written by

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Draft #7

831-345-8191

FADE IN:

EXT. HAWAIIAN SUGAR PLANTATION - DAY

Looking from across a jungle gorge through the oval of a hand-held telescope, we see a neighboring plantation, with equipment barns, worker's shacks, smoke-stack and cane refinery - the run-down but still-operating Cromme family sugar plantation.

The telescope POV zooms in on the large old colonial-style house and overgrown gardens. The sound of a live local Hawaiian band warming up can be heard -

EXT. CROMME HOUSE BACK YARD [CONTINUOUS]

In the back yard, a big local luau/barbecue is being prepared, with Filipino and Hawaiian help preparing picnic tables, flower arrangements, pit-roast pig etc.

An 18-year-old, hauntingly-beautiful white girl - Rebecca - comes walking out of the house toward the picnic tables, carrying two large pitchers. She tosses her long dark hair and laughs lightly about something with the household help.

The telescope is momentarily aimed at her shapely legs and then rising to her breasts, then her face -

EXT. HILLTOP ACROSS THE LAGOON

A middle-aged man, GATLIN MCGRABBIN (physically powerful, dominated by raw masculine impulses) is looking through a hi-power portable telescope placed on his pickup hood.

Gatlin takes his eye from the telescope - shakes his head.

GATLIN

(muttering)

God - Rebecca. What do you expect me to do, just go jump off the cliff?

The SOUND of a jet overhead catches his attention and he glances at his watch, then looks up -

GATLIN (cont'd)

(to himself)

Ah, Mickey's flight!

EXT. BACK YARD CROMME PLANTATION HOUSE [CONTINUOUS]

Rebecca likewise hears the sound of the jet, looks to her own watch, then looks up, her expression suddenly animated.

INT. PASSENGER JET [CONTINUOUS]

A young man, 19, MICHAEL MCGRABBIN (slender, handsome, inward-tuned) is sitting in his seat with mini practice keyboard in his lap. He looks down at the island below.

EXT. BACK YARD [CONTINUOUS]

Still looking up at the descending jet, Rebecca puts a hand over her breast, caught in a moment of eager passion -

Excited, she goes running away from the party preparations, down along a trail through tropical woods alongside the plantation's private LAGOON.

The SOUNDS of surf and birds overwhelm the Hawaiian music - and then we begin to hear a strong young male voice intoning a traditional Hawaiian chant.

EXT. TROPICAL WOODS [CONTINUOUS]

Rebecca comes to a stop, standing in lush jungle, looking through ancient trees toward the chanting.

We see overgrown stone walls - an old Hawaiian settlement reduced to abandoned half-wall RUINS.

EXT. HAWAIIAN RUINS [CONTINUOUS]

A solitary sincere young Hawaiian man wearing shorts, with long black hair - LOKOKANI - is performing an ancient native ritual with total mastery.

He makes a dramatic dance move - and the shot becomes visually aglow, showing the dancer in a transformed CGI environment -

EXT. SAME LOCATION BACK IN 1897 - DAY

In a FLASHBACK we see rapid-shifting, live-action and CGI images of these SAME RUINS as they looked over a hundred years ago - with two dozen native Hawaiian huts, plus well-tended taro patches, and the Polynesian canoes of a traditional Hawaiian village.

With mixed CGI imagery, Lokokani is dancing ceremoniously with half a dozen other native men, while maybe 50 adults and children watch or continue with communal activities -

Suddenly a bunch of drunk HIRED HANDS from the adjoining sugar plantation come busting in upon the peaceful scene. Brandishing guns and lit torches, they roughly chase the native inhabitants off, and torch the grass/bamboo huts.

GRAVESs are being looted, and Hawaiian artifacts loaded onto a wagon and hauled away - the great wooden FIGURINE of the Hawaiian shark god, in front of a rustic native temple, is purposely torched.

EXT. RUINS - PRESENT MOMENT

Rebecca stands there after the flashback is gone, looking stunned by the historic vision she's just experienced.

As she gazes vaguely at Lokokani, he stops dancing - and stands staring intently at her.

Birds chirp, the sound of the surf is rhythmic, soothing. We begin to HEAR the sound of a BULLDOZER.

Lokokani looks up in the direction of the sound.

EXT. ACROSS THE LAGOON [CONTINUOUS]

On the other side of the wide lagoon is a beautiful little cove and beach, with a tall cliff to the right and a steep terraced hill to the left, with vague signs of overgrown Hawaiian ruins here and there.

A big D8 BULLDOZER is atop the hill, coming to a halt. The engine sound drops to a low diesel purr.

EXT. TOP OF HILL [CONTINUOUS]

A PICKUP drives fast along a dirt road, comes to a stop a hundred feet up above the bulldozer, with Gatlin at the wheel.

He stops the pickup and gets out - stands looking down over the private beach and lagoon without seeing Rebecca and Lokokani way over on the other side.

Gatlin looks conflicted - then makes up his mind about something - takes off walking fast down toward the awaiting bulldozer.

EXT. BULLDOZER ON HILLSIDE [CONTINUOUS]

Gatlin jumps up onto the Cat to talk with the DRIVER.

GATLIN

(with authority)

OK, gimme an easy grade, something we can drive down 4-wheel - my wife, you know, her bum knee and all. Let's give her a nice surprise.

The driver, a local Hawaiian, is hesitant about the job.

DRIVER

But - so close to those ruins down there, no permit or anything?

GATLIN

(off-hand)

Hey, there's acres of ruins, one little road isn't gonna hurt anything, all this is just terraces over here anyway, no graves. My wife deserves to come down to her own beach, for Christ's sake.

Gatlin jumps off the Cat and walks away.

The bulldozer driver pulls out a small whiskey bottle and takes a drink - then guns the dozer - down goes the blade -

EXT. THE RUINS BY THE LAGOON [CONTINUOUS]

Across the lagoon, Rebecca watches as Lokokani, down below, stands, staring aghast at what's happening over on the neighboring plantation.

Lokokani shouts into the din of the engine -

LOKOKANI

Hey, what - you can't do that!

But the crashing sound of the bulldozer blade plowing into rock ruins mostly obliterates his voice.

Frantic, Lokokani dives into the lagoon, swims across -

EXT. GATLIN'S PICKUP [CONTINUOUS]

Gatlin walks back up to his pickup - turns to watch the bulldozer working a moment - then gets into his pickup.

Lokokani comes running up fast to the pickup - grabs and opens Gatlin's door.

LOKOKANI

(enraged)

Damn you, Gatlin - stop that dozer,  
you got no right!

GATLIN

(remaining calm)

Off my case, Loko, I'm staying way to  
the north of your sacred ruins.  
Anyway that's my land, all this side  
of the lagoon.

FLASHBACK:

We see another very short FLASHBACK to the original  
desecration of this area -

END FLASHBACK:

EXT. PICKUP ABOVE BULLDOZER

Gatlin and Lokokani watch the CAT make a turn that heads  
toward graves hidden under hao bushes, pushing aside large  
stones and rock structures -

LOKOKANI

(panicking)

Stop him, he's headed straight for a  
grave site!

GATLIN

(losing patience)

Ease up - no graves there.

Lokokani reaches into the cab and grabs Gatlin's shoulder  
menacingly - we see Gatlin react, reach for a PISTOL -

The bulldozer noise stops suddenly. Lokokani looks in that  
direction again - and Gatlin comes out of the pickup.

Both he and Lokokani hurry down toward the dozer.

EXT. THE DOZER [CONTINUOUS]

The driver comes down off the dozer.

DRIVER

(wildly to Gatlin)

I just wiped out an entire Hawaiian family burial site - we're in deep shit now, the spirits coming. I'm out'a here!

The driver looks guiltily at Lokokani - takes off fast.

Lokokani runs around the bulldozer - skeletal remains of adults and children are strewn all around in the dirt, bones broken, skulls crushed. Sacred artifacts such as feathered capes, bowls, poi pounders are everywhere.

Lokokani sinks to his knees in tears of rage and loss. Gatlin grimaces, shocked by the extent of the destruction.

GATLIN

Oh shit, I had no idea. Now why'd this have to happen - goddamn!

Gatlin turns, walks quickly away.

Lokokani, mourning his disturbed ancestors, looks up at Gatlin's disappearing back in acute anger -

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROAD LEAVING AIRPORT - DAU

A JAGUAR sedan pulls out of the airport drive and takes a right turn north onto the main county road. The sedan roars along, with young Michael McGrabbin staring out at the beauty of the island.

His mother, Vanessa - a slight British-bred woman, mid-forties - is driving. She looks tensely at her son and he meets her eyes, smiles.

MICHAEL

(bright)

Hey Mom - great to be back.

She doesn't answer. Emotions cloud her face.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

What is it? (Beat) Pops?

She tries to speak without getting emotional.

VANESSA

(British accent)

I so want this summer to be a happy family time but yes, your father. He's caught up again, fighting all the McGrabbin family devils, and you know him - alcohol. I must tell you, Mickey, this time I'm at my absolute limits.

Michael doesn't respond. He stares at the passing scenery.

He sees a rather run-down but once-classy formal entrance go by. An old sign says: CROMME PLANTATION. Michael nods at the entrance.

MICHAEL

Uhm - so how's Becky?

VANESSA

Oh, fine, fine. We haven't seen her much recently. Your father's fighting again with her father, this time over the new development project. But oh, she's grown, she's so beautiful.

MICHAEL

Yeah. We've stayed a bit in touch.

EXT. NEAR THE LAGOON - DAY

Rebecca comes running fast up from the lagoon toward the run-down Cromme polantation, her expression wild with shock and aggression -

INT. CROMME PLANTATION HOUSE [CONTINUOUS]

Rebecca comes running inside the house to the kitchen where her mother GLENNA (forties, bright-spirited) is overseeing several cooks preparing dishes for the party.

REBECCA

God, Mom - I could kill him!

Glenna pauses in her work.

GLENNA

What happened - kill who?

REBECCA

I can't believe he - Gatlin! He's a monster.

Rebecca collapses into a chair, overwhelmed with feelings -

GLENNNA

(shocked)

Oh no, he didn't, you didn't let him touch you - God, if you two've actually gone and -

REBECCA

Mom!

GLENNNA

Becky, he's your father's age - I've seen how you flirt with him every time - he'll assume you want to -

REBECCA

Mom - are you kidding? Do you think I'd actually let him -

GLENNNA

Maybe to you it's just flirting but I know Gatlin, he'll expect you to -

REBECCA

But you know I love Michael, not his father.

GLENNNA

Then you'd better make sure you don't lead that man on any further.

REBECCA

I haven't led him anywhere. And what he's done, it's something far worse than if he'd kissed me - or whatever you're imagining. It's the lagoon, Mom, the graves, his bulldozer - that access road he's been threatening to make down to the beach.

GLENNNA

(beat)

Oh no - he wouldn't.

REBECCA

He did - just now!

GLENNNA

But, what's Vince going to say - his heart - and on his birthday too.

REBECCA  
 And now I'm afraid Lokokani's going  
 to kill Gatlin, he's in a wild rage.

EXT. FARTHER DOWN THE BEACH TOWARD TOWN [CONTINUOUS]

Lokokani is moving fast along the rugged beach, hopping from one large volcanic rock the next.

He stops - stares out to sea as if sensing something - and shouts loudly in Hawaiian - waits a moment -

Out to sea, the fin of a large SHARK cuts the water.

A short FLASHBACK shows the great wooden SHARK GOD at the old Hawaiian temple, going up in flames -

LOKOKANI (V.O.)  
 (threateningly)  
 Now we gobble them, gobble them.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE MCGRABBIN PLANTATION - DAY

From high above, the Jaguar sedan is seen driving along the county road. The sedan turns right onto the McGrabbin plantation, just north of the Cromme plantation - separated by the river gorge and lagoon.

From our drone shot (plus CGI) we see that most of the McGrabbin sugar-cane fields have been left to go fallow. On the north end of the property, a high-end residential REAL ESTATE DEVELOPMENT with twenty luxury houses is in progress.

EXT. MCGRABBIN HOUSE [CONTINUOUS]

The Jaguar sedan comes up the long driveway, and parks at the old plantation house, which has been recently remodeled and has well-landscaped gardens and swimming pool.

INT. CAR [CONTINUOUS]

As Michael looks out the window at the house, Vanessa watches him closely.

MICHAEL  
 (reflectively)  
 Jeez -

VANESSA

What?

MICHAEL

It's just a shock somehow, after being away. Compared to my college friends' family homes, this is just totally some other world out here.

They stare at each other - then look and see Gatlin's pickup. It drives up fast, and Gatlin gets out, walks eagerly toward the Jaguar.

Michael and Vanessa share a final look - then Michael gets out of the car.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE [CONTINUOUS]

Michael finds himself engulfed in a bear hug from Gatlin.

GATLIN

(gregarious - warm)  
Shit, look at you - been too long, Mickey, too long. You gotta give up all that East Coast school shit.

Michael shrugs his shoulders.

GATLIN (cont'd)

Well if nothing else will, your Becky's gonna keep you home this time, I was talking to her yesterday - she's on fire for ya.

MICHAEL

(a bit bashful)  
Uhm, good.

GATLIN

Come on, go take a jump in the pool, cool off before we head over to her place for the birthday - we gotta get going soon or we'll miss the cake. She's expecting you - otherwise they wouldn't have invited me, you can be sure.

Michael looks back and forth from his mother, who's standing apart, to his father.

A very old JAPANESE GARDENER comes walking up, bows formally to Michael - and Michael bows formally back.

Gatlin takes Michael's suitcase out of the trunk. Vanessa comes over to him and he spontaneously reaches for her, kisses her.

But she reacts - pushes away.

VANESSA  
(harsh)  
You've been drinking, you promised  
not to today - damn you!

Angry, she heads into the house.

Michael has seen this - he shakes his head unhappily.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MCGRABBIN HOUSE, UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - DAY

Vanessa is doing her make-up, her expression tense. In her mirror, she sees Gatlin come in behind her.

VANESSA  
(emotional)  
I'd rather stay home if you're  
drinking.

Gatlin looks eager to get along.

GATLIN  
(conciliatory)  
Hey, two drinks max, I promise.

With tenderness, he comes up behind her, touches her bare shoulders - but she distastefully pushes his fingers away.

VANESSA  
(rejecting)  
Don't.

He turns, frustrated - stomps out of the room.

INT. LIVING ROOM [CONTINUOUS]

The large old room is full of elegant European heirlooms, fine furniture. Covering an entire wall is a collection of OLD PHOTOGRAPHS of the McGrabbin family, several generations born here in Hawaii, and also earlier ancestors posed back in Scotland.

Gatlin comes downstairs, frowns at the photos a moment - then goes over and pours a drink from the liquor cabinet.

He turns at the sound of someone entering the house. It's Michael with towel around him, wet from his swim. They eye each other - then Gatlin downs his drink.

GATLIN

(friendly/gruff)

Hey mate - get dressed, time to call on your beloved. What's the matter, you look pale - nervous about seeing Becky? Listen to me, don't let women get to you, they'll tear you apart - look at me.

Gatlin turns, pours another shot.

MICHAEL

Becky doesn't scare me.

GATLIN

Well if I was in your shoes, she'd have me melted right down.

He downs his drink, able to drink a lot and hold it well.

Michael heads for the stairs.

GATLIN (cont'd)

(going on)

You don't know how lucky you are to have the hottest female on this entire island so hot for ya.

Michael pauses, turns around.

MICHAEL

Sounds like you're the one in love with her.

GATLIN

Like every other red-blooded man on the island.

MICHAEL

Mom says her dad's mad as hell at you for that housing project.

GATLIN

(defensive)

So I'm raising houses instead of cane - saving the McGrabbin holdings for you is what. Cane's suicide these days. Vince is crazy, keeping cane going - end of an era is all.

(MORE)

GATLIN (cont'd)

Time to roll, get dressed, you can drive if you want. Really, Mickey, I gotta tell ya how good it is, have you home again. Your Momma recently, she's been hell to live with.

MICHAEL

Well just maybe that's because you've started drinking again.

GATLIN

(exploding)

Oh Goddamn, gimme a break - a man drinks, that's his nature. I'm a McGrabbin, I like a buzz now and then - take me or leave me.

Michael tries to stay open, he shrugs his shoulders, makes his characteristic "whatever..." expression, turns and heads up the stairs.

Gatlin watches him, then hears the SOUNDS of a car coming up the drive and goes out the front door to see who it is.

EXT. FRONT PORCH AND DRIVEWAY [CONTINUOUS]

A fancy RENTAL CAR comes fast into the driveway.

A Japanese woman of about 30 - HUTI NISSIKO - gets hesitantly out of her car.

The GARDENER stands up from weeding and meets her eyes, bows formally. She pauses, bows formally to him - then walks toward the house.

Gatlin comes out of the house, recognizes the Japanese woman and looks disturbed by her presence, vulnerable - then he gets tough and comes stomping impatiently down to face her. He glances back at the house, worried - then squares off in front of Huti.

GATLIN

(growling quietly)

Dammit Huti, I told you never to come here. Besides, no is no and that's that.

HUTI

(determined)

But you cannot so easily eliminate me, not after all the planning, the dreaming - my investors, they are now fully prepared, everything is in order. Gatlin, please - we had our agreement. For me there is no other location on th whole island.

She softens, steps intimately close to him,

HUTI (cont'd)

You must not deny me this deepest desire, not after all we have known of each other's dreams, each other's -

GATLIN

(struggling)

Hear me - it's over. You picked the wrong guy and the wrong island for your resort. I'll pay you back the money you've put in so far. It's just too big an idea for me, that's all. And to tell you the truth, finally I've woken up - it'd ruin the whole coast. I just can't do it - sorry.

Huti eyes him hotly - Gatlin's face involuntarily softens.

Vanessa appears thirty feet away on the porch. Huti glances at her - nails Gatlin with a final intense look - then spins and walks fast to her car.

Michael comes out the front door - walks past his mother down to his father.

GATLIN (cont'd)

(mumbling defensively)

Damn Japs - still think they won the war.

Michael eyes him.

MICHAEL

You don't mean that - why say it?

The rental car roars away and disappears. Michael's in a hurry to take off.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

I'll get the Jeep.

He takes off at a jogger's pace toward the garage. His parents are left alone together.

VANESSA  
(very stiff)  
So - who was that?

GATLIN  
(gruff)  
That architect I told you about, she won't give up on buying Kapana Bay for her showpiece resort - no way!

VANESSA  
You've been seeing her, I can tell.

GATLIN  
Hey, no way.

Upset, Vanessa turns and walks down the steps toward the approaching Jeep.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING IN TOWN - DAY

In a small apartment, rundown but comfy, with Hawaiian Sovereignty posters on the walls, a Hawaiian woman - NALANI (25 yrs old, tense with emotion) is typing at her computer.

Her door bangs open and in comes Lokokani - half-wet, breathing hard.

Nalani comes over and into his arms - but he pushes back.

NALANI  
(jolted)  
Something's happened.

LOKOKANI  
(wild)  
It's McGrabbin - bulldozed graves at the lagoon. You gotta get an article out on it, fast. Some photos too. Come with me, we'll talk, I gotta find Grandfather.

EXT. PLANTATION DIRT ROAD - DAY

The Jeep is driving fast along a back road across an old bridge, over the river to the adjoining Cromme plantation.

INT. JEEP [CONTINUOUS]

Gatlin and Vanessa are arguing hotly, Gatlin leaning over the seat looking back at her -

VANESSA

I still say, you had no right! From the first day I met you you've been doing things that involve both of us, without asking me.

GATLIN

(honestly)

But I just wanted to surprise you - open up the beach for you, your bad knee and all. Just one little path through all that tangle of rocks - how was I to know there'd be graves? (beat) I really was doing it for you. Honest.

Vanessa almost gives in - but then catches herself.

VANESSA

If you wanted to do something for me, you could have stayed away from alcohol, today of all days. And now Vince has to deal with what you've done - I hate you for that, Gatlin. I'm at my limits, I'm warning you.

Gatlin tries to stare her down - loses. He turns around to face forward. When he looks to Michael at the wheel, Michael just drives on - fast.

EXT. CROMME BACKYARD - DAY

We're moving underwater in a gold-fish pond, surrounded by several giant Japanese goldfish swimming around. One of the fish swims up toward the surface, burst forth into the air.

Rebecca is staring into the pond, lying on the lawn. The SOUND of voices talking and laughing is heard in the distance, along with the live Hawaiian music.

Rebecca whispers eagerly, bashfully, to the fish -

REBECCA

Michael's back!

FLASHBACK - TO SIX MONTHS AGO

Rebecca is sitting with Michael in his Jeep. They're kissing with deep passion and full sexual engagement.

FLASHBACK ENDS

The SOUND of an approaching vehicle busts in on Rebecca's romantic memory. She looks up, tense with excitement and a touch of youthful apprehension.

EXT. DRIVEWAY [CONTINUOUS]

Michael's Jeep comes roaring into the parking area a little too fast, and slides to a stop next to half a dozen cars already parked -

INT. THE JEEP [CONTINUOUS]

Michael shrugs his shoulders.

MICHAEL  
(lightly)  
Oops, a bit fast there.

EXT. CROMME FRONT YARD [CONTINUOUS]

Rebecca comes walking awkwardly toward Michael as he gets out. He's shy too - she's the first to let go of her self-control. She come running and give him an overt young-lover's hug.

She whispers in his ear -

REBECCA  
Mickey, ah - it was too long, too long...

As she hugs him again, Gatlin approaches, looking awkward but trying to keep things light.

GATLIN  
(to his son)  
Hey guy, what'd ya do to get a girl like her?

Gatlin gives Rebecca a playful friendly smile, steps over to her for a hug too -

We see a very fast FLASHBACK to the grave desecration -

She pushes him angrily away from her -

REBECCA  
How dare you - don't touch me!

GATLIN  
(reacting)  
What's the matter -

REBECCA  
I'll hate you forever!

She turns and runs away - Gatlin looks devastated.

Michael glares at his father - then follows after her.

A man about Gatlin's age but gaunt, not looking well at all - VINCE CROMME, Rebecca's father - is standing nearby, watching the whole thing, his expression pained.

Gatlin sees him, walks over to him awkwardly.

GATLIN  
(to Vince)  
Hey, listen, honest, Vince. We were way off from the ruins, how was I - I mean, it was going to be just a dumb footpath, for Vanessa, down to my own beach.

VINCE  
(not forgiving)  
But to bulldoze a graveyard -

GATLIN  
I tell you, I had the driver headed a hundred yards the other side!

Vince doesn't give in - he stares Gatlin down. Gatlin turns away and walks toward the house.

Vanessa comes up beside Vince.

VANESSA  
(defensive)  
I'm so sorry - and on your birthday. He's just not acceptable. I've had it with him.

VINCE  
Typical Gatlin, ever since he was a kid. He's too impulsive, always was - leaps without looking.

VANESSA

You must believe me - I had no idea.  
(beat) You're looking pale, Vince -  
come, out of the sun with you.

They walk together in silence a moment, arm in arm.

VANESSA (cont'd)

Ah Vince, it's been so difficult  
recently, not getting to see the two  
of you since that last blow-up over  
the housing development.

VINCE

I thought maybe I could forgive him  
for that - make peace again. But now  
this has to happen. He's been doing  
nasty things since we were little  
kids. Well - I suppose even this will  
heal. But damn, he makes me deep-down  
so angry!

FLASHBACK - HAWAIIAN VILLAGE, 1897

As Vince talks, again we see the original looting of the  
graves down at the village by the lagoon. Flames leap up -  
the beams of the small native temple burn with a hot flash  
of heat and light:

VINCE (V.O.)

Over a hundred years now, those  
McGrabbins have been desecrating  
sacred native ground - when's it ever  
going to stop?

We go deeper and deeper into the flames ...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EXPENSIVE BEACH-SIDE HOUSE - DAY

As we pull back from the flame, we're looking up close at a  
fancy cigarette lighter's flame -

Huti is sitting in a contemporary living room, the ultimate  
hi-rent Hawaii spot. Sucking on her cigarette, her  
expression disturbed, she flips TV stations with total  
concentration.

Impatient, she turns off the TV, sits there perfectly still  
for a moment. Her eyes close - she seems to go into a  
meditative trance.

The phone rings - rings again. Her eyes slowly open - she mutters in Japanese (English SUBTITLES through this scene):

HUTI

Ah - Father.

She answers up the phone and says softly, in Japanese -

HUTI (cont'd)

Hello, Father.

INT. LIVING ROOM IN JAPAN

Her FATHER is sitting in the family's ancient, luxuriant but small Japanese country estate - he's about sixty, in traditional robes but otherwise modern:

FATHER

You are feeling at home?

HUTI

No, very far from home - and recently so very lonely.

FATHER

Ah - difficulties in the beginning.

She's tense, emotional.

HUTI

I want to come home.

FATHER (VO)

You must remain loyal to your dream.

HUTI

But father - I have fallen in love.

FATHER

(after a pause)

So you are now in the ultimate power position.

HUTI

No, the opposite - I am so weak.  
(beat) I wish you were here.

FATHER

(stern)

You must not let go your vision.

She tries to pull herself together.

HUTI  
 (bravely)  
 Yes - well - I do as you insist.

They're silent together a moment.

FATHER  
 I have only called to hear your  
 voice. I say goodbye for now.

HUTI  
 Yes. Goodbye, Father.

She hangs up - staring gloomily into space. Her eyes notice something in the room, and her expression softens -

She's staring longingly at an intricate, beautiful scale model of an architecturally-brilliant resort complex, designed to fit into the north end of Kapelo Bay, a hundred yards up the coast from the McGrabbin/Cromme lagoon.

Huti walks over to the model, touches it lovingly -

HUTI (cont'd)  
 (dreamily)  
 So real, the vision - why so much  
 resistance to such overpowering,  
 intrinsic beauty? Ah - Gatlin.

Her expression slowly shifts into a state of inner determination and certainty.

HUTI (cont'd)  
 (determined)  
 Gatlin. You must bow to me.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BACK YARD, CROMME HOUSE - DAY

A glass of wine is being poured - it's Gatlin getting himself another. Vanessa gives him a judgmental glance.

There's about 30 PEOPLE at the informal gathering, sitting around a long table heaped with tasty island food. The BAND a short distance away sings with three-part harmonies - one of the old Hawaiian favorites that everybody at the table sings along with - this is a big neighborly get-together.

At the long table is the supervisor of the sugar mill, Umberto - part Portuguese, part Hawaiian - with his four children and full-blooded Hawaiian wife. An Episcopalian priest sits beside them.

Across from Vince, Gatlin is now talking, laughing and drinking - socially awkward but unable to be quiet.

Vanessa is down a few seats beside Glenna - they're talking in hushed tones.

VANESSA

But yes,, of course, it's an excellent proposal, and they do have every right - but what can I do? Gatlin sees it all so entirely different than you, or them - or me.

Close by, Rebecca and Michael are side by side, glancing at each other with bashful eyes - she's gobbling food, he's hardly able to eat.

She glances over and watches Gatlin until he notices her. For a moment they stare into each other's eyes. He smiles a relatively innocent, hopeful smile.

She spontaneous smile back - there's something private and intense in their eye contact for just a moment. But then Rebecca reacts to his eager attention, makes a face at him -

He shrugs his shoulders apologetically, grins hopefully back. Someone says something to him, continuing a conversation - it's Vince talking to him, quite seriously.

VINCE

(patiently)

You're not listening to me, Gatlin. You're not going to be able to just sluff this one off. Not since the time of your grandfather has there been such an overt plantation violation of that lagoon. The locals, they're going to be after you - and you deserve it.

GATLIN

Goddammit, I didn't violate anything - I just made a little road down a little hill!

Vince glances for a moment to Rebecca, who's now listening hotly to the conversation - then back to Gatlin.

VINCE

(remaining calm)

Well you've added pressure for us both to accept what Lokokani and his group are proposing for the ruins - and if I were you, I'd immediately phone him and accept. Tell him that you and I will go down first thing in the morning, and sign the deed. Maybe it'll finally right at least some of the wrongs that have happened in both our family names.

GATLIN

(hotly)

That's what they always want - us to give and give and give and them to take take take.

VINCE

Gatlin, you know in your heart - it was our own great-grandfolks who came over here and did the initial taking taking taking.

GATLIN

(reacting)

Hey, my family bought our place absolute fair and square. Locals who sold out way back then, that was their free legal choice - and it was as final as any other land sale on this planet.

Vince looks steadily into Gatlin's eyes until Gatlin looks away, turning to Umberto, Vince's supervisor, who's been listening quietly.

GATLIN (cont'd)

Umberto, tell me - you've got a whole bunch of Hawaiian blood in you, you even married one. So are you expecting Vince here to just up and give away, for nothing, that prime beach-front of the Cromme family's hard-earned land - you tell me now.

Umberto meets Vince's eyes, then speaks quietly to Gatlin.

UMBERTO

The past is gone - I let it pass. We have a good life.

Rebecca speaks up, unable to contain herself.

REBECCA

But that's not true - all the native Hawaiians living without land to call their own - this was all theirs a hundred years ago. Both our families, we had no right to take it. And now it's up to us to correct the wrong - and ask for forgiveness.

There's a moment of silence following her words. Gatlin downs his drink, exasperated, glancing from here to there - then firing a sharp look back at her.

GATLIN

Lokokani's twisted your mind with all this talk of some picturesque native settlement on that lagoon. I tell you, he's just another lazy Hawaiian punk not willing to get out and do a full day's work to earn a living.

Vanessa speaks up, her tone quiet but sharp.

VANESSA

Gatlin, you be quiet, leave that boy alone. You know in your heart that Becky's right.

Gatlin fires a hostile look at his wife.

GATLIN

Oh - so what you think then, that I can go back to my native homeland in Scotland and claim my long-lost ancestral land back - just because my father's father's mother was born there? That's a total dumb argument.

Glenna speaks up.

GLENNA

(with power)

Please, this is my table - stop. No more arguing here. (beat) I ask you, where is Spirit among us when we shout at each other like this? It's time for dessert and coffee. This is Vince's birthday, please hold in your hearts some Christian peace and harmony - and yes, I call in the blessing of true Hawaiian aloha at this birthday table.

Everyone takes a welcome breath, stands up and goes to serve themselves at the dessert table.

Michael chatting in line for dessert with several of his old high school buddies. Gatlin and Rebecca end up in line together - and when she sees Gatlin behind her she reacts - frowns and walks away to avoid him.

EXT. BACK GARDENS [CONTINUOUS]

Rebecca walks down and over to a stand of trees and sits on a bench alone. Gatlin appears, following her. He sits down beside her - they both remain silent a long moment.

GATLIN

(honest emotions)

Please - I feel like hell with all this conflict but I gotta defend my own. If I give away that first chunk to Lokokani's gang, they'll be after it all and you know it.

REBECCA

(hotly)

I don't want to talk to you or see you. I wish Michael wasn't your son.

GATLIN

(gently)

I said I'm sorry. You know how I feel toward you - always have, always will. No way I can stop it, short of dying.

REBECCA

Go love your wife, not me.

GATLIN

She never loved me like I need it, you know that - obvious. (beat) At least don't shut me out entirely. Please, Beck.

REBECCA

You always confuse me - I never know my feelings, with you.

GATLIN

Well I Promise, I'll do everything I can to make things okay with those graves.

REBECCA

That's not enough. Either you sign that agreement of Lokokani's or I'll never talk to you again your whole life and I mean it - you choose.

She stands and walks away from him, over to where Michael is standing, watching them both from a distance.

Gatlin growls with anger - but he's also hurt.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LOCAL BEACH IN TOWN, A PAVILION - DAY

By the ocean around a large cement picnic table, under shade trees, THREE DOZEN PEOPLE are gathered together in an informal meeting. There are a few local old-timers, some well-dressed community leaders - plus an angry group of agitated youngsters.

In the middle of the gathering Lokokani is talking quite emotionally about the grave desecration.

LOKOKANI

... that dozer went right through everything, and McGrabbin was right there giving orders - now there's nothing but smashed bones, shredded capes, broken poi pounders.

Silence a moment. Then an OLD MAN of Portuguese descent, drinking a can of beer, speaks up.

PORTUGUESE MAN

You Hawaiians - if that's your land, just go grab it, take it back - but you better get one damn good attorney because when they catch you, they gonna throw the key away.

Nalani is tghere, bursting with emotion.

NALANI

I'm studying all this - we can occupy the lagoon under civil protest and let them arrest us, then we confront them in court. Purposefully tampering with graves is a federal offense.

A retired JAPANESE FISHERMAN rises to address the group.

## JAPANESE FISHERMAN

Last year when the Coast Guard tried to board our fishing boat, our captain told us not to grab the rope they threw on board. We just kept to our jobs and their dingy, it capsized and they went away. But that's not my ancestors' graves over there - you must decide.

He nods in oriental style, and falls silent.

An old CHINESE MAN, with white beard and pipe, a Chinese cap and old but neat clothes, begins speaking in a frail voice.

## CHINESE MAN

I remember long ago, early in the morning before the sun, we would go out working side by side, rock by rock till the sun go down. Then we come home, take a bath, eat and relax - life was simple. Now I see too many unhappy faces, everyone living like strangers.

He falls silent.

There's a hippie TEENAGE GIRL, maybe black, wanting to belong somewhere - modest and polite -

## TEENAGE GIRL

Where I come from on the mainland there's freeways, subdivisions, garbage, guns - it's so beautiful here. You Hawaiians have every right, it's not fair - is there anything I can do, to help? I want to do something.

Silence a moment. Most in the group are now looking over to where an old Hawaiian is sitting silently - Lokokani's Grandfather TAPO, the local Kahuna spiritual leader.

He stands up, turns to where the sun is setting. There's a moment of silence - then Tapo turns to the group.

## TAPO

We will never forget how the temples were burned, the graves robbed, our way of life destroyed. Remember the plagues, the famine, martial law forcing us to abandon our fields. We lost our homes, our loved ones.

(MORE)

TAPO (cont'd)  
We must decide - when shall we go  
back home? We must look for a sign.

He eyes Lokokani and then, having spoken his peace, turns and walks down toward the shore. Lokokani hesitates, then follows.

The two men stand looking out to sea. They see a large shark cutting through the waves -

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CROMME LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Piano keys are suddenly attacked - Michael is playing a solo from a Beethoven concerto with great finesse, power and emotion - performing with eyes closed, total concentration.

Most of the people at the party are now gathered in the big living room, listening. Rebecca is standing beside her mother Glenna - both rapt with the music.

An old lady in a wheel chair, GRAMMA CROMME, is listening with tears in her eyes, watching Michael adoringly.

Gatlin comes up behind Vanessa, puts his hands again on her shoulders lovingly - but again she pushes him from her.

Rebecca's eyes move, meet Gatlin's - again they get caught involuntarily in each other's gaze for a moment.

Michael opens his eyes, happens to catch his father and his girlfriend looking at each other -

His fingers take off of their own volition, suddenly breaking with the traditional form, improvising upon Beethoven in a Keith Jarrett solo/jazz jagged style.

Everyone goes breathless listening to the music - it's beautiful but it's so wild -

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DOWN IN THE WOODS - NIGHT

In moonlight deep in the woods by the lagoon, Michael and Rebecca come running along a path. She's leading him, laughing, galloping down toward the lagoon.

EXT. LAGOON [CONTINUOUS]

The water is rippling in full moonlight as they arrive at the shore of the lagoon. Without hesitation Rebecca slips off her skirt and top, and in underwear and bra, dives into the cool deep water of the lagoon.

She shouts and waves to Michael - until he does the same and they frolic, wrestle underwater. It's great fun and they loosen up - touch and kiss.

MICHAEL

Ah - wow.

REBECCA

(breathless)

Each day, I'd remember Christmas and everything - God, I hungered . . .

They come into each other's arms. As he kisses her, their playful romance ignites into serious physical passion - they're a beautiful sight.

INT. THE CROMME HOUSE - NIGHT

The party continues. Gatlin is downing another drink while Vince, Glenna, and Vanessa have him cornered in conversation. He's slightly drunk, trying to stay civil but not willing to yield the argument.

GATLIN

My great-grandfather, whatever he did, nobody really knows - but it's not my fault. There's no way I'm giving up what belongs to my family, just because somebody's laying a goddamn guilt trip on me.

He eyes GRAMMA CROMME who's sitting in her wheelchair listening. She meets his eyes solidly.

GLENNA

Gatlin, all they're asking us for is a few acres as a sacred preserve - the lagoon, the taro terraces, the heiau and ruins. And why not? We can all share the beach.

VINCE

(remaining calm)

Even if our great grandfolks didn't actively participate, the American take-over of the Hawaiian government was -

GATLIN

(blunt)

Past tense. End of story. Hawaiians want land, they buy it like everybody else. That's my last word.

He glares at Vince, then Vanessa - finishes off his drink, turns and walks abruptly away.

Vanessa speaks to Glenna and Vince, her emotions a mess.

VANESSA

Alcohol - the McGrabbin curse. (beat)  
Please promise me, don't tell anyone but I'm leaving Gatlin, leaving with Michael after the summer - going home to London. It's finally all over.

Gramma Cromme meets her eyes. Nods.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Lokokani is walking alone, hopping from boulder to boulder in the moonlight.

He pauses, sits in the sand, just looks off silently into the moonlit ocean.

LOKOKANI

Some day we gunna rise up. Someday  
the white man is gunna go down.  
Someday we'll see justice!

EXT. RUINS IN THE WOODS - NIGHT

Michael and Rebecca are sitting close together in their underwear with her skirt under them. They're leaning against a mossy rock wall of the ruins, a soft hidden spot in the middle of the woods with a full view of the lagoon.

MICHAEL

(beat) My dad, you gotta understand, I'm not gonna take sides against him in this.

REBECCA

(impatient)

But you can't just run away, Mickey, as if you're not involved here at all.

MICHAEL

Well I'm not. I'm a musician, I have my life - and I don't like fights.

REBECCA

(reacting)

Now like your dad again, you talk like you never did really open your heart to this island.

MICHAEL

(with strength)

Hey, don't attack me. And stop identifying me with Gatlin. Can't you see - you're both, your side and his side, entirely one hundred percent right. I see both sides, that's why I stay out of it all.

REBECCA

Someday you'll inherit the McGrabbin plantation - then you'll have to take sides.

Michael sits looking out over the lagoon in the distance.

MICHAEL

(beat) Coming back this time, I see - I grew up here, but no, I'm not a real Hawaiian. I just don't feel I belong here. Sometimes I feel I don't belong, anywhere.

Michael's face shows anguish. Rebecca leans against him to comfort him.

REBECCA

Of course you belong here. It's just your father who is making this all so ugly. Strange, I used to have such fun with him, he was my favorite ...

They're silent a moment.

REBECCA (cont'd)

It feels like everything is falling apart. Mickey, please, let's not you and me fall apart.

He turns to her, takes her hands.

MICHAEL

Becky, maybe you should do what I'm doing, get out into the world more, go to college or something - break free from all this inbred island shit. This island, it's a crazy place, everybody hopelessly caught in everybody's business. WE could take off right now, just the two of us - go to the mainland or maybe England. You'd love it in London, you're so good with your painting, there's great art schools, you could -

REBECCA

No. No, Mickey. At least right not now. You must honor how I feel part of all this - something important is happening. You should talk with Lokokani tomorrow, he's been staying mostly here at the lagoon the last few months and he's become so - so strong. (Beat) But enough. Right now I don't want to think any more about any of that. I just want to be with you. Jeez, Mickey, all those crazy wild emails you sent me - I could hardly breathe ...

They look into each other's eyes, letting go of words. She makes a quick move and kisses him on the lips, hungry for him even though he seems slightly withdrawn.

He responds - they ignite with raw erotic passion and down they go in each other's arms, surrendering to the intensity of full sexual encounter. In a beautiful young-love interlude they lose all control and slip into a nature-imbued erotic coupling -

EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

Gatlin comes out of the house in a huff, feeling attacked from all sides. Someone comes up to him, but he walks away.

Alone, he pauses. Looking tormented, he downs his final drink and walks on down toward the lagoon.

EXT. RUINS [CONTINUOUS]

In the moonlight, we HEAR the final moment of orgasmic breathing - Michael on his back under Rebecca - he gasps gutturally several times - it's over, at least for him.

They're both momentarily lost in this tender moment of intimacy. Rebecca is still languidly wild with passion, still kissing him, perhaps not having come -

There's something internal disturbing Michael - his looks are far away suddenly, something or someone on his mind. He struggles with himself, finally comes out with it.

MICHAEL

Beck - I, uhm, I have to tell you.

She reluctantly lets go of her pure sexual desire.

REBECCA

Well - what?

MICHAEL

(confessional)

It's, I don't know how - back in Boston, at school, there was this girl, Jenny. We did it - just a couple times -

Rebecca is shocked. Hit to the quick by his confession, she pushes, pulls away from him, sits up.

REBECCA

(aghast)

No, you wouldn't, not after what we, not after - you promised, that we would -

MICHAEL

I'm telling you, it was nothing, nothing, compared to us.

She can hardly say the words -

REBECCA

You - had intercourse - with her?

Michael tries to make it light.

MICHAEL

Hey, we were drinking, smoking, she was wanting to so bad, it was just one of those things, we just -

But Rebecca is on fire, unable to stop herself from rejecting him. Mortally wounded in her romantic heart, she shouts loudly at him -

REBECCA

Aghh - you lied, you cheated, I can't take this - go away, I hate you - go on, get out of here - now - leave me alone!

Michael stands up, defensive anger flaring -

MICHAEL

Hey - I said I'm sorry.

REBECCA

(shouting - in tears)  
Go away - away - it's over, over!

Michael glares at her, ready to explode -

MICHAEL

I was honest - you can't mean that.

She shouts at the top of her lungs.

REBECCA

Leave, don't come back here - ever!

He shouts right back at the top of his lungs.

MICHAEL

Then - hell with you! Hell with this whole goddamned island!

He grabs for his clothes - stomps off half-dressed.

INT. HOUSE

Glenna and Vanessa, talking to the priest, have heard the distant shouting. They look worried.

VANESSA

What was that?

EXT. BEACH

Lokokani has paused, listening carefully. He starts walking fast along the surf toward the ruins.

(CONTACT: steinerbirgitta@gmail.com for full screenplay)