

PARADISE

An Original Screenplay

by
Noel Quick

Noel Quick
PO Box 151
Honokaa, HI, 96727

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FADE IN:

EXT. HAWAII - DAY

The camera pans the stunning view of an azure Pacific Ocean beyond a verdant landscape of lush greenery and exotic flowers. Eventually the back of TRENT GOLD can be seen as he takes a long final drag from a cigarette, his gaze immersed in the scenery.

He exhales and throws down the cigarette, smushing the butt into the ground with his foot.

TRENT

God, I love this place.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD IN HAWAII - DAY

A child's face is smashed into the ground by a heavy pair of hands. TAYLOR GOLD, age twelve, fights back as best he can against the bigger Hawaiian Boy, WARREN LOKA. Taylor knocks the hands aside, punching at the brown face above him. He connects, but takes two in retaliation before a Teacher, ROGER, finally comes up to separate the boys. Warren connects on a last swing to Taylor's face and is pulled off.

WARREN

Howlee piece of shit!

Several of the BOYS crowded around murmur assent as Warren is led away and Roger scowls at them as he passes.

A few other boys including JOSH move to help Taylor as the crowd dissolves. Several GIRLS, including LEHUA, look on and talk amongst themselves.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING IN HAWAII - DAY

Exquisite Hawaiian scenery in the background, Trent, in his maroon Lotus convertible with a vanity plate that says BUILDIT, pulls past a sign that says KONA COAST OFFICE CENTER into a parking lot for a one-story office building with tropical architecture.

Trent gets out of the car and goes to a door that has GOLD DEVELOPMENT etched into the glass door. He goes in as if he owns the place.

INT. GOLD DEVELOPMENT OFFICE - DAY

NIKKI is seated behind the reception desk of the three-room office: reception area, private office, conference room.

She is on the phone taking notes and motions for him to wait as he starts to stride past her. Then she finishes taking the note.

NIKKI

Yes, Mister Takahara, I'll tell him.
No, I don't expect he will. You, too,
aloha.

She hangs up and glances at Trent as she reads the note.

NIKKI (CONT.)

Good afternoon, Mister Gold. That was Terry Takahara. In case you care, we've agreed you won't like this news. So now you're ready. Terry suggested quote if you had any cards left to play with the county then you'll want to get your we'll-edit-that-part down to the Department of Water Supply meeting that starts

(she glances at her watch)
in forty-five minutes and play them.
All. Unquote.

TRENT

Kukui Cliffs?

Nikki nods and hands him the note. Without looking, he crumples it.

TRENT (CONT.)

We don't have the votes.

NIKKI

We don't have the votes.

INT. DEPT OF WATER SUPPLY CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Seated behind a conference table that stretches almost from one side of the room to the other are seated nine COMMISSIONERS. They are a mix of native Hawaiians and other races such as Japanese, Caucasian, and Portuguese. Several onlookers are there.

COMMISSIONER EIGHT

No.

COMMISSIONER NINE

(a long hesitation)

I also vote no.

The Hawaiian woman in the center, KANIU, slides up slightly to the only microphone at the table, located in front of her.

KANIU

By a vote of seven to two, the motion to provide water upgrade rights for the Gold Townhouse project in Kukui Cliffs is rejected.

A cheer goes up from a large segment of the audience. Trent, also in the crowd, stands up.

KANIU (CONT.)

The next item agenda is J-one-two-six-one-oh, regarding the possible use of outside contractors for the Keawe Street project.

He takes a long look at three of the Commissioners, including Commissioner Nine, but they don't meet his gaze. He storms out.

EXT. GUARD SHACK - DAY

Trent turns the Lotus towards a closed gate with a security guard shack at the entrance to an exclusive neighborhood of homes. The gate swings open as he approaches.

As he slows, ROCKY the gate guard sticks his head out and waves. Trent waves back in passing.

INT. GOLD HOUSE

Trent goes into a nice home with a spectacular view of the ocean from the living room, a room with sliding glass walls that are currently pulled back so the room is open to the air. The house also has a pool in the yard.

Trent can see the back of the top half of Taylor as the boy lays with his torso on the pool deck, his lower body in the water. Trent moves that way.

TRENT

Taylor! Taylor!

EXT. GOLD HOUSE - DAY

Not getting a response, Trent steps through the wall from the living room into the yard and onto the white concrete pool deck.

TRENT (CONT.)

Come on, son. I need to talk to you.
Let's not play games, I'm not having a
very good day.

Taylor turns his head to reveal his face, black and blue with one of his eyes almost fully shut from the swelling.

TAYLOR

Yah?

INT. GOLD HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Taylor, dressed, sits on the couch holding an icepack to his face.

TRENT

One more time. I want you to tell me
who--

TAYLOR

Oh, for Christ's sake, you check your
voice mail? We have a parent teacher
conference tomorrow at seven thirty. All
will be revealed.

TRENT

Screw a parent teacher conference. I'll have the little bastard arrested.

TAYLOR

Trust me, dad. He's not that little.

INT. SCHOOLROOM - DAY

The brooding Warren sits at one end of a semi-circle of chairs that stretches around the teacher's desk belonging to MALIA KA'OLE, mid-thirties, Hawaiian.

At the other end of the semi-circle is Taylor, sprawled back in his chair with his sunglasses on and looking generally miserable.

Occupying two of the chairs in-between are the two fathers, Trent and KELLY. In the center seat between them is Roger.

Leaning against the wall in the background in his blue uniform is the huge OFFICER CAIN, his arms folded as he watches.

TRENT

This is what you teach as aloha spirit?

WARREN

Fuck you.

KELLY

Warren, shut up.

WARREN

Fuck you, too.

CAIN

Hey little brudda, you ain bigger dan me, yah? You show respek to ohana.

TRENT

(as if he was never interrupted)
Taylor was born here, he's as kama-aina as anybody else who--

Kelly snorts.

TRENT

What does that mean? What exactly is it you think someone has to do to be Hawaiian?

ROGER

Gentlemen, I really don't think this road takes us anywhere.

MALIA

The point is we have to make peace around it, gentlemen. And I mean gentlemen. And I mean all of you. Or does one of you prefer that I not refer to you in that way? Children?

TRENT

This the sort of amateur psychology you learn on this island to be a teacher?

MALIA

I didn't get to be teacher by sending in a pile of cereal box tops, Mister Gold. But you're quite right, this isn't my job, I'm volunteering. My job here doesn't start until eight-fifteen. I'll go get some chai and actually relax for a half-hour, I haven't seen the inside of the Teacher's Lounge since Bush was President. The first one.

TRENT

What do I care? I assume Officer Cain here is the next stop on this buggy ride. Maybe somebody will finally learn a lesson in acceptable behavior.

MALIA

It's a very small island, Mister Gold.

TAYLOR

You got that right.

KELLY

Did you say acceptable behavior? You are the same Trent Gold who wanted to build a
(MORE)

KELLY (CONT.)

waterslide into Waipio Valley, aren't you? And who wanted the council to approve the two-oh-nine bypass that would have run through the ancestors' burial ground near Kailua? And who wanted to move Kamehameha's heiau in Kawaihae to put in some townhomes?

TRENT

What does any of that have to do with your son punching mine in the face?

KELLY

It has to do with acceptable behavior.

TRENT

Look, we didn't pick this fight.

KELLY

You certainly live up to your reputation, Mister Gold.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Taylor, still in sunglasses, closes his locker to find Lehua and several other Hawaiian GIRLS walking towards him. He pulls off the sunglasses and glances around nervously.

GIRL ONE

Okay, Gold, look, we know you're kind of a ne-wal--

LEHUA

But we wanted you to know that even so Warren Loka and his friends are total losers. Like been nowhere done nothing is a badge or something.

GIRL ONE

Anyway, if he tries any of that shit again he'll be pulling my fingernails out of his back until he's old enough to drive.

GIRL TWO

And mine.

TAYLOR

Okay. Okay, thanks. Mahalo, really.

The girls wander away with Lehua and Taylor sharing a longer look as if she still has something to say. Distracted, Taylor fails to notice as Josh comes up behind him and taps him on the shoulder.

Taylor jumps and spins around.

JOSH

Hey! Woah!

TAYLOR

Josh! Jesus, you scared the crap out of me.

JOSH

No Kona coffee for you, my friend.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Trent places a bag of Kona coffee in his shopping cart. As he straightens, he sees Malia just at the other end of the aisle. They share a quick glance and then she moves in the other direction.

Later in the store, they pass so closely that conversation cannot be avoided. Although she struggles to be polite, her expression says she is less than thrilled. As she starts to speak, he holds up his hand to stop her.

TRENT

Before you say anything, I wanted to apologize and to say thank you for helping calmer heads to prevail.

MALIA

(a long look at him)
Sometimes it isn't clear to me that your heart is in what you say, Mister Gold.

TRENT

Just another one of those island things I should learn to accept?

MALIA

That depends entirely on you.

TRENT

You just criticizing? Or are you actually offering some sort of guidance?

MALIA

Would you accept it if I was?

EXT. GOLD NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Rocky is completing a cursory look around the area of the gated neighborhood entrance. As he returns to the guard house, he notices a PICK-UP truck parked there, its driver's side door still open. The DRIVER, a native Hawaiian, is standing and staring in past the closed gate. Rocky walks up.

ROCKY

Can I help you, brudda?

DRIVER

I used to come down here, brah . . . all summer . . . thirteen, fourteen, from when I was a keiki. First they took the beaches. Now they take it all. Can't even walk the aina.

(straightens up)

Well. I am going to walk the aina. I hear the ancestors and I'm going.

ROCKY

I can't, uh, can't really let you do that.

Without warning, the Driver tries to grab and push Rocky out of the way. Rocky deftly sidesteps and with practiced skill quickly puts the Driver in a painful arm-hold. Rocky's gentle smile returns but his grip stays firm as he escorts the Driver back to the pick-up truck and deposits him through the still open door right into the driver's seat.

ROCKY

Now, you have a nice day. Everything changes. We might not like it very much, but there it is. And the ancestors are all dead.

He slams the door. With a sullen look, the Driver nods and pulls away. Rocky watches him go just as Trent pulls in.

TRENT

Hey, Rocky . . . howzit?

ROCKY

Oh, same as always, Mister G.

(opens the gate, smiles)

You have a nice day.

Trent starts to drive though and then stops.

TRENT

Hey, Rocky. Let me ask you something. Taylor is having some issues at school, not with grades or anything, just with some of the, well, big kids. I'm really thinking it would be best if he can somehow handle it himself instead of--

ROCKY

I read you, Mister G. Actually my son Joe was an alternate for the Olympic Team for Tae Kwon Do. And he's even giving a demonstration this Saturday for the kids at ol' Tutu's House in Waimea. Might be educational, yah?

TRENT

I'll make the suggestion. Mahalo.

INT. MALIA'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Trent approaches the open doorway from the hall as a STUDENT darts out of the room past him. Trent moves to doorway and peeks in to see Malia gathering up the last of her homework and belongings. From her expression, it appears to be the end of a very long day.

TRENT

Miz Ka'ole, may I come in?

She waves her hand without looking and he moves into the room and towards her desk. When she finally does look up, she is surprised.

MALIA

Mister Gold. Is there a problem?

TRENT

No, no problem, nothing like that.

(notes her expression)

Are you feeling all right?

MALIA

Once in a while, Mister Gold, there are days when this job can make you feel a bit like pasta dough, just run through the squeezer over and over until you're flat--do you cook?

TRENT

No, but it relates to why I came.

MALIA

Which is?

TRENT

I'd like to take you up on your offer.

MALIA

In what way?

TRENT

How about a very platonic dinner?

MALIA

I don't think that's a good idea.

TRENT

Look, I don't know how much appreciation you have for this, but being a single parent isn't all that easy just as it is. Racism isn't something I expected to find in paradise. I don't exactly wear it, but I'm Jewish, born in America. I've been lucky enough never have to have faced it as a Jew. If my son is facing it

(MORE)

TRENT (CONT.)

as a white person, for God's sake, and you seem to think I can do something about that, then I need all the help I can get.

MALIA

Mister Gold--

TRENT

Trent.

MALIA

Trent. Do you know what a coconut is?

TRENT

I take it you don't mean the obvious.

MALIA

A coconut is someone who is dark on the outside and white on the inside. Do you know what the word haole, what you say as howlie, do you know what it means?

TRENT

It means foreigner, someone from the mainland.

MALIA

Haole means He Who Lives Without Breath. Ha meaning breath and 'aole meaning none. To be truly Hawaiian means to own your breath.

TRENT

I don't understand.

MALIA

(closes her eyes, sighs, opens them)
All right, Trent. One dinner.

INT. GOLD HOUSE - EVENING

Trent fiddles with his tie in front of the mirror and doesn't look happy about what he gets. Taylor yells at him from the bathroom.

TAYLOR (O.S.)

Dinner! Dinner! How can you take one of my teachers to dinner!

(toilet flushes O.S.)

Oh, for Christ's sake, Dad, will you get rid of that thing, nobody wears a tie in Hawaii. What is this, turning into some kind of date?

Trent discards the tie and turns to face Taylor, who has come out of the bathroom carrying a glass of water. Taylor drinks most of the water as Trent speaks.

TRENT

Taylor, I was talking with Rocky the other day. His son is doing a martial arts thing in Waimea this weekend. Would you be interested in checking it out?

TAYLOR

Sounds lame. Lame, get it? Karate? Use your legs? Lame?

Trent looks at him and goes out. Taylor drinks the rest of the water, rolls his eyes, and follows him out.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Trent and Malia are at the end of a lovely dinner, the lighting is dimmed but not overly romantic, the setting modestly formal. A WAITER is clearing the dishes.

WAITER

May I offer you some dessert?

TRENT

The mango pudding is manna from heaven.

MALIA

If you say so. One dessert. Two spoons.

The waiter smiles and moves off.

TRENT

So . . . mind if I change the subject from all of the school stuff?

MALIA

I suppose that depends.

TRENT

I have a real estate project over in Kukui Cliffs. At least I think I still do. Warren's father certainly seemed to know who I am and I don't get the impression that was a good thing.

MALIA

How long have you lived in Hawaii?

TRENT

Jeez, I don't know. Twelve years I guess.

MALIA

In all that time I don't think you've made a real connection to it. I know how it is. Took me a long time after I got back from four years of school in L-A and I knew what I was looking for.

TRENT

This is by far the longest I've lived anywhere.

MALIA

That isn't what I mean at all. Take the word mana, you just used it. In the Hawaiian language, mana is energy, earth-power. This island is just pulsing with it, you can see it, feel it, the flowing lava. There are people in my ohana, my family, that can do amazing things with mana. The Big Island has been known as The Healing Island for countless generations. Don't align with the energy here and things will always pop up, toast that never finishes.

TRENT

You do like to cook, I see.

MALIA

I admit I'm curious to taste the mango pudding! That does sound yummy.

TRENT

Okay, so if I understand what you're saying, you suggest I change the ingredients in my real estate recipe. Something more palatable for the community. Maybe something with spam?

MALIA

Very nice.

The Waiter arrives and sets the dessert between them. A rolled up napkin with two spoons is placed next to the dessert. The waiter departs.

MALIA (CONT.)

They say a sense of humor is a sign of intelligence.

Trent picks the rolled napkin. It unrolls and sends the two spoons clattering to the floor. Busboys scramble as several heads turn.

TRENT

Well, there are exceptions to every rule.

MALIA

If you really do want to build your own bridge to the local culture, I can actually think of a way you could start.

TRENT

And that is?

MALIA

My auntie teaches Hula.

EXT. BALL FIELD - DAY

A long LINE OF TEEN GIRLS practice their Hula routine before an INSTRUCTOR. The girls wear long grass skirts and flower leis,

swaying their hips to and fro as the Instructor taps a drum and chants.

Taylor is walking past the edge of the field with Josh when he sees Lehua among the girls in the line.

The instructor stops chanting.

INSTRUCTOR

All right, all right, stop stop stop.

The girls all do so.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT.)

Madison, you have to step up and then to the left or Isis can't step through there, all right? Let's try it again. Just one week to the show, girls.

She taps the drum and begins to chant. The girls dance gracefully.

Josh and Taylor, backpacks slung over their shoulders, watch from the background.

JOSH

I'm guessing it isn't the one who called you a nerd without a life. Why don't you invite her to Halloween Lu'au?

Taylor looks at Josh as if Josh has lost his mind, shakes his head, and walks on.

INT. GOLD DEVELOPMENT OFFICE

Trent is at his desk, nursing a cup of coffee. There is a book open on the desk. He is browsing the web on his computer and taking notes.

He scribbles something on his pad and double-underlines it. A CLOSE-UP on the notes reveals the word HULA next to the words HAWAIIAN HEALING which are double-underlined. The phone buzzes. Trent punches the speakerphone and continues working.

NIKKI (O.S.)

Marshall Cassidy on one.

TRENT

K . . .

(pauses)

Marshall?

MARSHALL (PHONE)

Hey, there, Trent! Long time no talk story. How's Taylor?

TRENT

Good, good. How long have you been back on island?

MARSHALL (PHONE)

Oh, couple months. Long enough to hear you had some trouble down at Water Supply with your Kukui Cliffs place.

TRENT

Oh you did.

MARSHALL

So you lookin' to dump it yet? I have cash buyers.

TRENT

You know what, Marshall? Not quite yet. Not quite yet.

Trent sees something on the web and nods his head. He writes the word WELLNESS and circles it twice.

INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM

Trent sits in the crowd as the SPEAKER drones on from the front of the room.

SPEAKER

. . . And so, my fellow travel professionals, what is that magic word for this year? What single idea will compel travelers even in these difficult economic times? Sustainability.

INT. PLANNING DEPARTMENT

Trent waits, standing at an empty counter beyond which is a logo that says COUNTY OF HAWAII.

A CLERK approaches at last, carrying rolled up PLANS. He hands them across the counter to Trent.

CLERK

Yep, this is definitely the one you want. Tax plot for parcel pee-oh-two-zero-one-one.

TRENT

Bull's eye. Mahalo.

He takes the scrolled plans in one hand and leaves the County office.

On his way out the front door of the building into the bright Hawaiian sunshine, he smacks the plans into his other palm in celebration.

INT. TAYLOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A poster of singer BRITNEY SPEARS hangs on the wall next to a banner for HAWAII WARRIORS FOOTBALL and an image of tennis player ROGER FEDERER. There are a few small tennis trophies on his bookshelves.

Taylor is engaged in homework, seated at the computer. His phone buzzes. He picks it up, reads, and texts a message back. There is a KNOCK at the closed bedroom door. Taylor texts a quick goodbye and sets down his phone.

TAYLOR

Come in, Dad.

Trent enters.

TRENT

Hey.

TAYLOR

Hey.

TRENT

(glancing around)
How are you feeling? Getting your exercise lately? You haven't played any tennis in a while.

TAYLOR

Come on, Dad, I just had both racquets restrung. And yeah, okay, I'll go to that karate thing in Waimea sometime. So what's up? I have homework.

TRENT

Tell me something. Who exactly was this Kamehameha guy?

TAYLOR

Are you kidding? Uh, well, okay. He was the greatest of the Hawaiian chiefs, he united all the islands. Why?

TRENT

I thought there was something about him being Polynesian.

TAYLOR

He was. They conquered the ancient race of Hawaiians who were here already. I mean, he was born later, but he was the same people, they called them ali'i. Why are you asking me all these weird questions?

TRENT

Mmm. Homework.

TAYLOR

(laughs)
You always tell me to do my own!

TRENT

One more question. Kamehameha would have had a lot of what they call mana, right?

TAYLOR

He was seven feet tall, whatever you call it. I call it Not good to mess with.

TRENT

No. Not good to mess with.

EXT. KUKUI CLIFFS MAUKA - DAY

Trent, on an ATV, bumps along a trail through pristine, undeveloped forest. He pulls off the trail into a clearing to reveal he is uphill from the coast with spectacular, panoramic views of the ocean sprawling below. He considers.

EXT. KUKUI CLIFFS VALLEY - DAY

Trent stands smoking a cigarette at the foot of a vast green valley. He puffs and thinks, puffs and thinks.

EXT. KUKUI CLIFFS MAKAI - DAY

Trent gets out of his Lotus as the waves crash on the black rocks below. He walks a piece of undeveloped cliff-side land. There are a few stakes planted here and then, every parcel has an incredible edge-of-the-ocean view. Trent smiles as if he has made a decision. He flips opens his cell phone and dials.

TRENT

Nikki? It's me. How would you like to set up a meeting with the gang tomorrow? Ten A-M is perfect.

INT. SCHOOLROOM - DAY

The clock reads one minute to ten. There is a buzz of hustle-bustle amongst the STUDENTS in the room as a teacher, MISTER SOTO, watches from the background. Most of the students are seated at their desks, working on their laptop computers, a group that includes Josh and Warren. Three other students, including Lehua, move quickly in and out of the rows as they observe over the shoulders of the seated ones and nod. Taylor is standing in the front, supervising. He is holding a bottle of water and sipping from it regularly.

TAYLOR

One minute to deadline!

STANDING STUDENT ONE

Ready to upload!

LEHUA

Ready to upload!

STANDING STUDENT THREE

Ready.

TAYLOR

Go!

All of the laptop mouses click at once. There is a pause.

TAYLOR

Anyone?

LEHUA

I think we're good.

TEACHER

Congratulations everyone on a fabulous total team effort! The first issue of this year's version of the Waimea Middle School Times is now available on line. And make sure you add it to your Favorites!

The students all laugh and break into a general mingling of congratulations.

Josh comes past Taylor and they do a hi-five lo-five elbow dance before Josh moves on. After a moment, Lehua comes to Taylor.

LEHUA

Nice job, Mister Editor in Chief.

TAYLOR

Well, I'd be nothing without all of you little warriors and warriorlettes.

LEHUA

Yes, you would.

She wanders off. Warren comes up to Taylor and shakes his hand with a very firm grip.

WARREN

You can't hide behind the wahine
forever, tiny little man.

He winks and walks away. Taylor turns to Soto nearby.

TAYLOR

Mister Soto? I'd like to go to the
bathroom please.

INT. GOLD DEVELOPMENT OFFICE - DAY

Trent is standing at an erasable whiteboard with words KUKUI CLIFFS DEVELOPMENT written across the top and erasing everything else on the whiteboard. Four people are seated around the conference table watching him including Nikki, ANNE, BRIAN, and CARLOS, all young professionals. Carlos drains an energy drink.

BRIAN

Now? Today?

ANNE

(cracks her gum)

I don't think we're wasting any time
as I hear it.

CARLOS

All three parts at once? I'll need
a whole case of these!

Trent winks at him. Carlos rolls his eyes as Trent writes the word WELLNESS RETREAT on the whiteboard.

ANNE

So what you're calling Wellness Retreat
is the five acre section down by the
cliff. And it would have the ten
bungalows.

Trent is already writing again, this time ECO-TOURISM.

BRIAN

So the nine-hundred ninety acres up mauka will be for that, eco-tours. Nature hikes, horseback rides.

Trent writes a third time on the whiteboard, this time he writes COMMUNITY.

CARLOS

And Kukui Cliffs Gulch becomes a botanic garden, right? Clearing out all of the invasive species that are in there right now is quite the project. This is the sustainability stuff you mentioned before, right?

BRIAN

Make a lot of positive news that way.

ANNE

(cracks her gum)

So the first thing you want me to do is check on the zoning change.

CARLOS

And you want me to contact the Forest Service, right?

BRIAN

And I will contact the forest. And I'll take a surveyor with me.

TRENT

Bull's eye!

INT. THEATRE - NIGHT

Trent and Malia are part of the standing-room only crowd in the modest community theatre.

On the stage, three rows of large Hawaiian men thunder through a Kahiko Hula dance using Kala'au, the Hula Sticks. The rhythm, the power of the aggressive stomping dance, the magnetism of the artfulness with which the dancers crash their sticks together, it all weaves an atmosphere of magical connection to a deeper layer of Hawaii.

TRENT

This is Hula?

MALIA

I wasn't sure you had the correct idea.

TRENT

I didn't.

The dance finished with a flourish. The room erupts in applause. The dancers leave the stage and the audience begins to file out, with Trent and Malia among the first.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - NIGHT

Trent and Malia walk down the sidewalk of the small Hawaiian town. All the shops are closed.

TRENT

I've never seen anything like it.

MALIA

My son Kiko especially likes it when they stomp. He likes to stomp.

TRENT

Your son? I thought, I mean, I thought you didn't have any children.

MALIA

You said it, I didn't. When you mentioned I didn't know what it's like to be a single parent. Actually Kiko is what Sarah Palin would call a special needs child. I have a hard enough time teaching sixth grade English, I can't imagine how she could have been Vice President and taken care of him. I must have lost my Wonder Woman lasso somewhere.

TRENT

I guess sometimes I don't always have the best style when I communicate.

Malia looks at him. She rolls her eyes. They walk on.

INT. DOJO - DAY

A wooden board flies apart as a foot smashes it. Trent and Taylor are part of a modest crowd watching a martial arts demonstration given by a twenty year-old EXPERT wearing a ghi and black belt. Another series of kicks and hand blows takes care of every board in the circle.

As the onlookers applaud, TWO CHALLENGERS emerge from the crowd. They are both much larger than the Expert and also wearing black belts. The first Challenger is quickly attacked by the Expert striking low and hi with feet and hands and with amazing speed. The Expert kicks the Challenger in the knee to bring down the defense and the head of his opponent, and then with a spectacular whirling kick, the Expert connects to the jaw and lays the Challenger flat.

The second Challenger grabs the Expert from behind. The Expert applies leverage and pressure and particular points on the attacker's arm, breaks the hold and steps free. Suddenly, it is all reversed as the Expert locks the Black Belt in a painful arm bar hold, identical to the one used by Rocky earlier at the security gate.

The Expert then proceeds to walk his subdued opponent around the room as he speaks, in total control. An occasional tweak to the hold shows from the face of his victim that it can be very painful indeed if the Expert chooses.

EXPERT

So as you can see, there are several different ways to deal with opponents of all shapes and sizes . . . as Bruce Lee liked to say, just use what works.

EXT. KUKUI CLIFFS MAUKA - DAY

Brian stands in a forest clearing next to a bright yellow pick-up truck that says BIG ISLAND SURVEYORS on the side. A tropical breeze blows through the trees of the vast forest as the ocean spreads panoramically far below.

The SURVEYOR alongside Brian fumbles with his cell phone.

SURVEYOR

This isn't working.

BRIAN

You new to the Big Island?

SURVEYOR

Yeah, how'd you know?

BRIAN

You sounded surprised.

The Surveyor stuffs his cell phone back into his pocket with a bit of frustration.

SURVEYOR

Well. Anyway. Now it isn't my area,
but I've been around upcountry Maui
enough to know how they would want to
cut the horse and A-T-V trail through.

(a gesture)

That'd be over there.

The both move to the edge of the clearing, providing them with an overview of a treed meadow.

BRIAN

That also isn't a surprise. The real
question is

(pointing)

. . . . is that section right in there
still on our property.

The Surveyor turns, walks to the truck, and picks up his tripod.

SURVEYOR

Well, let's go find out.

INT. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE

Law books line the shelves of a sedate private office. Anne is seated in the visitors chair as an ATTORNEY, wearing a tie, looks at her from behind a desk. Anne cracks her gum.

ANNE

We can't just sit back and wait to find out if the county council will approve the zoning.

ATTORNEY

I agree. But you're going the right direction. Down the scale. They should be happy you don't put in a factory! Which as your attorney I can actually advise you that you have the legal right to do, just as is. So this should be as easy as catchin' a wave.

ANNE

Surfing is a lot harder than it looks.

EXT. PAAULIO GULCH - DAY

Carlos and a female FOREST RANGER stand overlooking Kukui Cliffs Gulch, the same lush green crevice that Trent saw earlier from the bottom.

Both look on in silence, Carlos in awe and the Ranger in disapproval. Carlos drains an energy drink and smacks his lips in approval.

CARLOS

Just beautiful.

RANGER

Not so much. That right there is all kahili ginger, and that kahili flower. We're just drowning in the stuff, and none of it native to the island. Even that ash tree there, invasive. And we call that bright red miconia you see all over the place, we call that the brown tree snake of Hawaii, it chokes everything. I could go on for an hour. I have to tell you, this really is some great idea you guys are on, restoring this. We can use all the help we can get.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - DAY

Taylor rides his bike on back roads, stunning views of paradise all around. It's a relaxed, weavy, aimless ride. At one point he goes down a hill, exhilaration on his face. At the bottom of the hill is a parking lot with a few cars and he turns into the city park.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Taylor rides over to a water fountain and climbs off his bike for a drink. A children's baseball game is in progress on the baseball field. Malia watches with other PARENTS from the stands nearby. One of the PLAYERS hits a pitch into the field and begins to run. As the action of the game goes on, from behind the home plate fence, KIKO, a boy with Down Syndrome, runs out and picks up the bat, then brings it to the bench area behind the fence.

MALIA

Good job, Kiko!

He smiles at her and waves, then sits. Again, after the next player bats, Kiko runs quickly out and fetches the bat, puts it with the rest of the bats, then returns to his seat.

MALIA

Good job, Kiko! Way to hustle!

He smiles at her and waves.

Taylor, watching from the background, recognizes her. He looks at Kiko and his gaze lingers. Then his gaze turns inward. He climbs back on his bike and rides off. He takes a single look back, then he rides on with renewed vigor.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD GUARD SHACK

Trent pulls up in the Lotus as Rocky is allowing another car to go through. Rocky waves Trent through but Trent stops.

TRENT

Sorry I haven't had a chance to chat since my son and I finally got out to see your boy do his demo. He's phenomenal. Who taught him?

ROCKY

Um, uh, um, I did.

TRENT

You? You're the nicest guy on the planet!

ROCKY

Wasn't always that way.

TRENT

(after a long look)

Will you--you, not your son--will you teach Taylor to defend himself?

ROCKY

If he asks me, okay.

TRENT

I'll tell him as soon as he gets home.

Rocky nods. Trent offers his hand. Rocky laughs and takes it. Trent nods and drives into his neighborhood.

INT. GOLD HOUSE - DAY

Trent goes in just as the PHONE rings. He moves quickly to shed himself of briefcase etc and answer it.

TRENT

Hello? Well, hello Malia. This is a pleasant surprise.

(a pause, tone change)

Now that you mention it I have noticed him drinking a lot of water.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD GUARD SHACK

Taylor rides up and Rocky opens the gate with a wave.

TAYLOR

My dad here?

ROCKY

Five minutes ago.

TAYLOR

Perfect.

EXT. GOLD HOUSE - DAY

Taylor rides up, leaves his bike on the grass, and goes into the house.

INT. GOLD HOUSE - DAY

Taylor comes in to find Trent on the patio outside smoking a cigarette and staring off into space.

TAYLOR

Hey, dad, there you are, listen, I was thinking about that martial arts stuff and I think I wanna go for it. Can you hook it up?

TRENT

Yeah, maybe later, son. Listen, I want--

TAYLOR

What do you mean, maybe later? I thought you'd be all amped, you've been on me for like forever. Now all I get is maybe later? What kind of totally bogus--

TRENT

Taylor, I just want to make you an appointment with the doctor before you do that, okay?

TAYLOR

What? Why?

TRENT

Just to be safe.

TAYLOR

Safe from what?

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Malia has school materials spread all over the floor as her friend JOLENE sits on the couch weaving a Ti leaf lei.

At the dining room table working at a sewing machine is another friend also of similar age, NANI.

NANI

Jolene, you see sistah bring the hoale to Hula in Pahoia last week.

MALIA

Don't even go there, Nani.

JOLENE

Okay, okay, bring all kine to Hula, all kine. Cats, dogs, goats, too.

They all laugh.

MALIA

I'm sure he'd appreciate that.

JOLENE

(still chuckling)
Everybody need the healing, no mattah who they are. Like the lei holds the mana. Hula is the same.

NANI

Man should show respect, I think is all.

MALIA

Men? Respect? You gone wish for the moon, too? Come right down and sit on your finger?

They all laugh again. Nani holds up her work, an elaborate princess costume.

MALIA

Oh, Nani, it's beautiful. She'll be the prettiest Snow White ever.

Nani smiles in satisfaction.

JOLENE

Malia, even if you wan bring dwarves
to Hula, you bring, yah? We teach
them all dance!

They all laugh again.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Trent and Taylor sit before a stern-faced DOCTOR as he closes a
manila file folder.

DOCTOR

I'm sorry I don't have better news.
On the plus side, they do make the
latest blood test kits in a lot of
cool colors. And you get to pick.

TAYLOR

How can I have diabetes? I'm just a
kid.

TRENT

And I don't let him eat a lot of sugar.

DOCTOR

I'm afraid it isn't that simple. Type
two diabetes is caused by a complex
condition called insulin resistance.
Your body normally reduces your blood
sugar using insulin. Sometimes for
some reason it doesn't work the way it
should or as well as it should. Or
sometimes your body just doesn't make
enough to do the job for you.

TAYLOR

I'm not gonna die?

DOCTOR

Of course not! You can live a
completely normal life. I'm afraid
you'll just have to learn some new
habits for the rest of your life.

TAYLOR

Nothing sounds normal about that.

INT. TRENT'S CAR - DAY

Trent drives the Lotus with Taylor in the passenger seat and the top down. There is a long silence as Taylor stares out, the wind rushing through his hair. The winding drive takes them along the ocean.

TRENT

How you doin'?

TAYLOR

Great.

TRENT

It'll be all right.

TAYLOR

Yeah I know.

Silence.

TAYLOR

Did you know Miz Ka'ole has a kid?

TRENT

I do know that.

TAYLOR

Did you know he has Down Syndrome?

TRENT

She mentioned something about it,
yes.

TAYLOR

The doctor said diabetes was an
incurable disease. I don't even feel
like I have a disease. Do you think
her kid feels like he has a disease?

TRENT

I don't know.

Silence.

TAYLOR

Can I still do that karate stuff
with Rocky?

TRENT

If you want to, you sure can.

TAYLOR

Good.

INT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Trent is among several new Hula students roughly attempting their first few moves in a long line of dancers before a KUMU. At the side of the room a pair of older WOMEN, wearing leis, chant and tap their drums in rhythm.

KUMU

That's very good, everyone. This
is where the women step forward . . .
yes, that's it, keep it flowing, one
and two, men big and bold in the
back . . . good!

We can now see that one of the women in the group of dancers is Malia. Her friends Jolene and Nani are there as well. And the music finishes. The Kumu applauds.

KUMU

All right, pau for now. Three minute
break. Rest!

And the structure of the line begins to dissolve as the dancers all begin to move and mingle. Malia drifts over to Trent and smiles reassurance.

MALIA

For a first timer, not bad at all.

TRENT

Well, it's nothing if not good
exercise, anyway.

MALIA

True on all levels!

TRENT

Sorry?

MALIA

Really builds the mana.

TRENT

Oh, yeah, definitely good for that.

She looks at him as Jolene approaches them and talks to him.

JOLENE

So, what you think of Hula?

TRENT

It's a lot harder than it looks!

Jolene just stares at him and then bursts out laughing. She touches Malia on the arm and, still laughing, walks away.

TRENT

What?

EXT. COASTLINE - DAY

Taylor rides his bike along the spectacular rocky coastline. He pulls off in a special spot the tropical colors bright and vivid, the beauty of it is overwhelming. But his mood doesn't match it. He throws his bike down and walks away from it. Then he sits down and has a good cry.

A breeze comes up. He lifts his eyes and wipes away his tears. Not three feet in front of him is a LITTLE OLD HAWAIIAN WOMAN. With a smile, the woman bends down to caress his face. Taylor is too startled to do anything. As her hand makes contact with his face, he instinctively lurches back even as we can see that it begins to pass through, insubstantial.

TAYLOR

Woah!

And the vision is gone.

EXT. GOLD HOUSE POOL DECK - DAY

Trent is there alone, shaded by an umbrella attachment to his deck chair. His feet are up on another chair as he reads THE SACRED ART OF HULA. He sighs and looks around. Then he reads some more. He looks around again and with a sound of dismissal, pulls his feet down and closes the book. He tosses the book on the chair and dives into the pool for a swim.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD GUARD SHACK - DAY

Taylor comes riding up on his bike, his expression still showing some wonder in it as Rocky raises the gate for him.

ROCKY

Taylor, howzit? You okay?

TAYLOR

My dad said you'll teach me if I ask. When can I start?

ROCKY

You sure?

TAYLOR

Something tells me this is the time.

ROCKY

Get yourself a uniform.

INT. DOJO DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Taylor is in the final stages of dressing in his ghi, the rest of the dressing area is empty. From an athletic bag he pulls out his white belt and ties it around himself. He checks it as if assuring it is done properly.

He picks up his shoes and socks to put them in the bag, checking the inside of the bag as he does. He finds his blue personal insulin meter, pulls it out, looks at it, makes a face, tosses it back in the bag and throws his shoes and socks in on top of it.

INT. DOJO - DAY

Taylor comes out of the dressing room, his white karate uniform wrapped in a white belt. His steps into the main area of the dojo are a bit uncertain.

About a dozen other KARATE STUDENTS are there, forming themselves into two lines, both facing the front of the room where Rocky can be seen wearing a black belt. Taylor slips to the back line as Rocky brings the room to order.

ROCKY

Aloha, everyone.

ALL

Aloha, sensei.

ROCKY

Are you ready?

ALL

Yes, sensei.

ROCKY

With me . . .

All but Taylor speak as he watches and listens to the others speak in unison.

ROCKY AND ALL

I practice my art to better myself.
My art is used only for defense, never
for attack. Honor and discipline are
the foundation of my art. Self-control
is the flower of my art. I am one with
my chi, true power is found within.

They all stop speaking and as one, including Rocky, they drop to push-up position, up on their hands and toes, arms extended, and hold themselves frozen. Taylor follows along.

ROCKY

Martin, count please.

One of the Orange Belts, MARTIN begins to count as they all do push-ups.

MARTIN

One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six.
Seven. Eight. Nine. Ten.

They all stand up quickly.

ROCKY

Good. Okay. I see one or two new students here, good. So maybe this is the right time to ask. How many of you are here because you wanted to learn to kick ass?

Several laugh. Some hands go up. Taylor's goes half-up as well.

ROCKY

The first thing I want you to know is no matter how good you get to be, or think you are, there is always someone better. That is a dead end road. If all you learn here is how to fight better, you've missed everything important.

(barks)

Side kicks, ready? Fighting stance, move!

As one, the students turn sideways and put their hands up in defensive posture.

ROCKY (CONT.)

Go!

With the synchronicity of dancers, the students do the kick. Taylor, wide-eyed, looks on and does his best as Rocky begins to pace back and forth.

ROCKY

Go!

The students continue. Already Taylor is a tiny bit better as he follows the movements along with the rest.

Rocky watches. A trace of a grin appears very briefly and then disappears.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Trent is seated before the mahogany desk of MAYOR LEE, the STATE OF HAWAII flag in the corner of the office.

The Mayor has a huge bowl of macadamia nuts and a nutcracker on his desk. He indulges as he talks, cracking the nuts open, munching, and piling the shells on the corner of his desk, an impressive pile already.

LEE

It's always good to learn from your mistakes.

TRENT

Bull's eye, Mister Mayor. I'd like to avoid any last-minute surprises this time.

LEE

I'm not sure the Water Board shooting this idea down really came as a surprise. Well, to you, maybe.

TRENT

(ignores the barb)

It wasn't this idea. This idea is about local people making money locally, this side of the island, away from the resorts, your constituents. I thought you were looking for ways to bring the economy back.

LEE

So these local people would perform the service jobs at this wellness center?

TRENT

No, no, no. They're the stars of the show, they get top dollar all the way. Hundred dollars an hour, maybe more.

LEE

Hmph.

He gets up from his chair.

TRENT

This is just the kind of thing that could put a political campaign over the top. It's sustainable. I know you know what that means.

Lee and walks over to pick up the garbage can from next to a nearby bookcase, carrying it back to his desk.

LEE

All right. I'll tell you what, Trent. If you can get the local community to back this idea, I'll support it. Otherwise . . .

He sweeps the whole pile of shells into the garbage.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Taylor sits working at his laptop at an empty table in a quieter corner of the large and noisy room full of STUDENTS with trays of food and drinks. Lehua pulls away from her friends on the way out and comes over to the table.

LEHUA

Hi . . .

As he turns his face to say hello, we can see he has another black eye.

LEHUA (CONT.)

My God! Again? This is the most disgusting--

TAYLOR

(laughing)

No, no, no. I got this at practice. My own fault, I didn't think she was that fast. With her feet, I mean.

LEHUA

Uh, huh. Did you use your one good eye to review my piece on the changing lunch menu?

TAYLOR

It's my lead story. Everybody needs to know they can eat better here. I hope you don't mind if I edited it a little.

LEHUA

That's why I voted for you. I think you're a good writer. That thing you did for the last issue on Down Syndrome was totally inspired.

TAYLOR

Thanks.

She looks at him and waits as if expecting him to go on. He doesn't.

LEHUA

You know I've tried to show you that I like you. Without being, you know, fast.

TAYLOR

I, uh, I like you, too, Lehua.

LEHUA

Is there a reason you haven't asked me out?

TAYLOR

Spell that W-A-R-R-E-N. I just don't really need to add gasoline to that fire.

LEHUA

I'm not seeing Warren.

TAYLOR

Yeah, I know. I just don't want to make trouble for you.

LEHUA

Uh, huh. You know what, Chief? This kind of thing isn't inspired at all.

And she walks off. He frowns and puts his head on his hand, but he touches his sore cheekbone as he does and he grimaces in pain

and sits up. His cell phone alarm goes off. He picks it up and looks at it with a scowl. Making sure no one is watching, he reaches into his pocket for his insulin blood test tool and, still scowling, jabs it into his finger.

INT. POST OFFICE - DAY

Trent comes out through the glass door of the picturesque small town post office just as Office Cain, in uniform, is going in.

TRENT

Office Cain.

CAIN

Mister Gold. I hear your boy is taking self-defense. Good for him.

TRENT

Where'd you hear that?

CAIN

Rocky teaches the police force. We've been known to have a beer after class. Taylor's making a good impression.

TRENT

Good to know. Thanks.

CAIN

And speaking of impressions, you know I wouldn't get the wrong impression of Warren Loka. I used to be a lot like that, he's not a bad kid, he just needs some outlets.

TRENT

Positive outlets.

CAIN

Agreed. Aloha!

They part as Cain goes in. Trent heads for his convertible and climbs in. As he is pulling out, Malia pulls in and parks nearby. She gets out as he drives by, and he waves as she notices him. They call out to each other.

MALIA

Hey! Hula Tuesday night at eight,
don't forget!

TRENT

Who could forget? A hui hou!

She waves acknowledgement with a smile and he drives off.

EXT. OCEANSIDE PARK TENNIS COURT - DAY

Taylor is on the court alone, whacking a ball against a backboard on the fence. He hit harder and harder and then lets loose with one way over the fence. He takes another ball and does the same. And he really creams the last one, letting out all of his frustrations.

It sails out, bounces, and, unseen, finally comes to rest near the parking area for an oceanside gazebo.

EXT. OCEANSIDE PARK GAZEBO - DAY

The ocean spreads in a spectacular panorama behind them as Trent, Anne, Carlos and Brian meet.

ANNE

(cracks her gum)

So my suggestion is that we organize
a community meeting. Hit it hard.

CARLOS

Oh, yeah, meetings are great, especially
in places like this! You are a great
boss, Mister G.

Toasts the air in the direction of Trent with his energy drink and drains it.

BRIAN

You are.

TRENT

You guys are gonna earn yourself some
Chicklets.

ANNE

(cracks her gum twice, loud)
Is anyone listening to me?

TRENT

Yes, yes, sorry, Anne. So a meeting.

ANNE

And invite everyone we've been talking to. Like Park Rangers.

BRIAN

Oh yeah yeah! And Professor, um, Barton.

CARLOS

Bertrand, you mean, from the University of Hilo.

BRIAN

Yeah yeah. And that travel guy. From the seminar you went to.

ANNE

All of them, that's what I mean. So it isn't just you. You have experts to back you up, right there.

CARLOS

This is a good plan. Who thought of this again?

Anne looks darkly at him and cracks her gum with force. But she doesn't speak.

TRENT

We'll have to do a big announcement.

BRIAN

Put the list of guests like that on it. That will impress everyone. All we have to do is show the locals what we're doing and they'll love it.

CARLOS

This will be a piece of cake.

TRENT

The bottom line is this is our one opportunity to connect with the community. Let's not blow it.

INT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

The clock on the wall says 8:20 as the Hula practice goes on. Malia looks around as she dances. Trent is not there.

EXT. BALLFIELD - DAY

Lehua, still in her grass skirt, stands and chats with some of her friends after outdoor Hula practice.

Taylor and Josh walk by in the background. They chat briefly, then Josh goes on alone as Taylor moves alone slowly in the direction of the girls. The girls see him coming and Lehua moves towards Taylor as the rest of the girls stand unmoved not far away.

TAYLOR

You're the best one by far.

LEHUA

You just got here!

TAYLOR

I've seen you before.

LEHUA

I've been doing it since I was three. It isn't really fair that way, my mom is Kumu Hula. She teaches the class down in Laupahoehoe Miz Ka'ole dances in.

TAYLOR

I think my dad went to that once.

LEHUA

Once?

TAYLOR

I don't know for sure.

LEHUA

Doing Hula once is like eating one chocolate chip. What did he expect to get out of that?

TAYLOR

My dad's not really like that.

LEHUA

Like what?

TAYLOR

Looking at anything past right now. When I go to California to see my mother she complains about that all the time, something about being a spender not a saver. I don't think he means any disrespect to your mom. Like I don't mean any towards you if for right now I just want to be friends, yah?

LEHUA

Friends.

TAYLOR

I do like you! I just . . . I have a lot of stuff going on right now.

LEHUA

Uh, huh. You came all the way over here to tell me that?

TAYLOR

Well, yeah.

LEHUA

I'll see you tomorrow, Taylor.

And she turns and walks back to her group of friends. From his expression as he finally turns away alone, not a very satisfying encounter. He can hear the girls laugh as he walks away.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Malia is in the checkout line with a modest order of groceries. The CHECKOUT GIRL, slides the last item across the scanner.

CHECKOUT GIRL

Thirty-one eighty. So how is Kiko?

MALIA

Something special every day. And what about Earl? Hip replacement okay?

Malia swipes her charge card in the reader and signs.

CHECKOUT GIRL

Good. We hiked out to the lava flow last week. Kalapana.

MALIA

Ooo, I heard it was fantastic now. You see lightning, too?

CHECKOUT GIRL

Oh, yeah. In the steam cloud above where the lava goes into the sea, just amazing to see. So much is possible when you're healthy! Well, you have a good day.

Malia smiles and starts to leave, then she notices the small local NEWSPAPER. Above the fold the headline says WELLNESS CENTER COMMUNITY FORUM. She gestures to the paper.

MALIA

Throw me in a Hamakua Tribune, yah?

EXT. SIDEWALK IN TOWN - DAY

Kelly is seated there with two of his FRIENDS, just relaxing and watching the slow-paced bustle of town go by. He is rolling his own cigarette. The same newspaper is on the bench next to them, its headline partially visible. One Friend gestures at it with his chin.

FRIEND

You hear about this.

Kelly nods and calmly finishes rolling his cigarette. He leisurely puts his pouch away, the cigarette in his mouth.

FRIEND

Well?

KELLY

It's an announcement. Better tell everybody. It's what the man wants.

He light up as his friends chuckle.

EXT. WELLNESS FAIR - DAY

A vast open field is filled with vendor booths and tents as Trent walks the crowded aisles between the stalls along with other PATRONS. He walks past a CRYSTAL SHOP, a place with little vials and tubes that says IALA'S INFUSED OILS, and a quieter booth called REIKI BY RAE with a single female doing light-touch work on a seated CLIENT, both with eyes closed.

Trent is typing into his Blackberry hand-held device as he walks. ZOOM IN over his shoulder shows his last four entries on a list as he finishes typing: HERBS, CRYSTALS, INFUSED OILS, REIKI.

He notices the next booth says LOMI-LOMI and his attention is so focused on the sign that he nearly bumps into Malia before he notices her standing just outside the lomi-lomi tent. Inside the tent a back massage is going on and CATHY the masseuse uses her forearms as she works.

TRENT

Hi!

MALIA

I see you really are into wellness now.

TRENT

This is my homework. You?

MALIA

Aunty Cathy is a friend of mine, I just stopped in real quick to offer moral support. This fair can bring in a lot of tourists. That's good and bad.

A glance from Auntie Cathy inside the lomi-lomi tent suggests to Malia that she take the conversation elsewhere. Malia acknowledges and urges Trent into a walk so gently he hardly notices.

TRENT

So this lomi-lomi is a part of Hula?

MALIA

Lomi-lomi is not Hula, it is Hawaiian healing using massage, just as la'au lapa'au is healing using herbs and plants. They are as separate as the branches of a tree of separate. By the way, I was sorry to hear about Trent and the diabetes.

TRENT

Where'd you hear that?

MALIA

The school nurse likes to let the staff know of any health issues we should keep an eye out for.

TRENT

Is there such a thing as private personal business on this island?

MALIA

If anyone else knows about it, of course not! The Big Island is a small town, just one that's all spread out. I'm really surprised you could have lived here for all this time and not know that yet.

TRENT

You say that to me a lot.

MALIA

It's not unusual.

TRENT

You mean for transplants. Not to have these kinds of understandings.

MALIA

You have to want to pay attention.

TRENT

I read all the papers.

MALIA

That is not at all what I meant. I'm talking about paying attention to where you are. But I did notice the article in the paper about your community meeting next week in Kukui Cliffs. I see you can show some stick-to-it-ive-ness when you put your mind to it.

TRENT

Uh, yeah, sorry about that last Hula class. I should be able to get back to it in a few weeks.

MALIA

You'll also want to look around for other Kumu Hula and classes. Have a taste of different kumu styles.

TRENT

Oh, I'm sure the one you go to is--
(stops himself)
What do you mean? Why would I need to do that? Or have I been uninvited?

MALIA

For whatever reason, it's good to have choices.

TRENT

What I'm asking you is if going back to where we went before is still one of those choices.

MALIA

Not really, no.

TRENT

I see. Is there a particular reason?

MALIA

Because despite what it looks like,
there's a lot more to Hula than just
going through the motions.

She looks him squarely in the eye. Then she pats him on the arm
and walks alone back in the direction of the lomi-lomi tent.

EXT. GOLD HOUSE SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Trent and Taylor lay in bathing suits and sunglasses, baking in
the sun on chaise lounges just a few feet apart on the pool
deck. Without movement, they appear to be asleep.

TAYLOR

Girls suck.

TRENT

Pretty much. Don't worry, it doesn't
get any better as you get older.

TAYLOR

Thanks, Coach.

TRENT

Everything has its pros and cons.

TAYLOR

It's hard to be friends with them.

TRENT

Funny, I used to say the same thing
to your mother.

(a pause)

You're not sorry you chose to live
here instead of there, are you?

TAYLOR

Not most days.

Trent sits up and reaches for sunscreen on a nearby table. He
applies as he talks.

TRENT

Everything okay at school?

TAYLOR

Yeah. I hardly see Warren. When I do . . . I don't know, he treats me, I don't know, not so . . .

TRENT

You carry yourself a little differently now. I'd bet that's enough to keep a bully at arm's length.

TAYLOR

Well, anyway, yeah, for right now the local trouble is over.

TRENT

Glad to hear it.

Trent replaces the sunscreen and lays back down, settling in with his eyes closed again.

TAYLOR

Except of course for the girl.

TRENT

Ah, local girl, eh? I know what that's like.

TAYLOR

Oh really? So you like Miz Ka'ole?

TRENT

No. No, that isn't what I meant. I just meant I know there can be cultural differences that can lead to communication challenges.

TAYLOR

Uh huh.

TRENT

Never mind, Taylor.

A long silence.

TAYLOR

Let's just get a cat.

EXT. KUKUI CLIFFS HONGWANJI - NIGHT

Tiki torches outside the door help alight the faces of ONLOOKERS as they crowd around both large double-doors that lead into the Buddhist temple.

Those outside are actually part of an overflow crowd that is spilling out, along with light, from the large gathering area within.

INT. KUKUI CLIFFS HONGWANJI - NIGHT

Inside the large main chamber of the temple, HUNDREDS of PEOPLE are packed in, seated facing the front of the room. At the front, alone, holding a microphone, is Trent.

Artfully prepared models and plans and drawings surround him in a broad semicircle open to the audience.

TRENT

So looking at just the guided tours up mauka and the wellness center down by the water, we're talking about the most sustainable use of the land right there. But we can do more than that, we can even be proactive in bringing some of local land back to its original condition by cleaning up Kukui Cliffs Gulch. To talk more about that, my last guest is Doctor Arnold Armand from U-H-H. Uh, that's the University of Hawaii-Hilo.

Doctor ARMAND rises from the front row of the crowd and takes the microphone. Mid-fifties, glasses and a grey beard, his nasal tone is a mismatch and doesn't sound pleasant over a microphone.

ARMAND

Aloha, everyone.

A murmur is all he gets in return. He shifts and pushes his glasses up on his nose.

ARMAND (CONT.)

Invasive species are one of the most serious threats we face on the island. We are well aware of the coqui frog problem, but that's only because we can hear the coquis. It's happening all around us, even if we don't hear it. My research of the Kukui Cliffs Gulch shows that a full sixty percent of the species found there are non-native. That is why the proposal for a Botanic Garden makes so much sense.

TRENT

Because we're actively replacing those non-native species with native ones.

ARMAND

Yes, that's right, action is needed. We can't sit by like the sky and just watch our island be overrun by invaders. We need to do something to protect what we have. This plan for the Gulch can work economically and ecologically. It is very feasible. So we should support it.

He hands the microphone back to Trent and sits down again.

TRENT

Folks, that pretty much concludes my presentation. This community needs just this kind of development. It's sustainable, holistic, and low impact. I really want to thank you all for your time, I'm glad so many of you could make it out here tonight. Now I'd like to open the floor for questions . . . there's another mike back there . . . right, thanks, Anne.

Several hands go up immediately as Anne moves along the side of the room. We can now see Trent's helpers Anne, Carlos and Brian, each with a microphone, moving in the aisles. Anne gives the microphone to someone on the end of the row and it gets passed in several people to a Hawaiian, JASON.

JASON

My name is Jason, I'm from here in Kukui Cliffs. I want to say I am opposed to this idea in every way.

A loud murmur of assent in the room.

JASON (CONT.)

I've been coming to this little beach for thirty years. We're already, what did you say, overrun by invaders. This will only make it worse. You are the one who just said that we have to protect what we have. No resort.

A smattering of applause as that microphone is passed back in Anne's direction. Brian moves quickly to the next person, a blonde man with a surfer style, SHEA, on the other side of the room.

SHEA

My name is Shea Harrison, I'm a teacher here in Kukui Cliffs. And I saw just this kind of thing happen on Waikiki. Concrete jungles rearing up and taking over the most beautiful scenery in the world. Well, that's why I came to this island, to this side of this island, where life and people are still real. You'll ruin it. I like this place just the way it is.

More applause as he sits down and Anne takes the mike and moves again, this time closer to the front of the room.

TRENT

Okay, okay, hang on a second. First of all, I am not doing any kind of hi-rise or anything hi-density like that. Even though it might mean more revenue. You can see from these plans that all of the bungalows are one story buildings, and we plan to use green renewable processes to build them.

The next person from the audience has stood up. It's Kelly.

KELLY

And why should we believe you, Mister Gold? Didn't you make the same promise about your last development project in Ookala? Look at it now. Three-story luxury homes packed together like mochi cubes. You told us those houses would be a hundred feet apart at minimum.

TRENT

That was not my fault. The subcontractor I used for the project violated the provisions of our agreement. We are in the midst of taking legal action, but it takes times and it's very expensive.

KELLY

Again, the same question, why should we believe you? Wait, wait. Before you answer again. Maybe I can make this a little simpler for you.

(turns to face the room)

Can I see a show of hands to those completely opposed to this idea?

More than eighty percent of the hands in the room go up. The room murmurs general assent as they all see.

Trent looks stricken. Kelly turns to face him again.

KELLY (CONT.)

Mister Gold, the community has spoken. Your project is not welcome here.

INT. GOLD DEVELOPMENT OFFICE - DAY

Trent comes in, sunglasses on, and goes past Nikki without speaking. She waits a moment then follows him as far as his office doorway.

INT. TRENT'S OFFICE - DAY

Trent is in his office with his head down on his desk, his briefcase unopened. Nikki speaks from the doorway.

NIKKI

Look at it this way. They could have used the tiki torches to set the place on fire. At least that didn't happen.

TRENT

Thanks, Coach.

Nikki laughs and turns to go.

NIKKI

Come on, boss. Whatever is happening, it's better in Hawaii.

INT. SCHOOLROOM - DAY

Josh and Taylor are among the stragglers as the last of the STUDENTS files out of Malia's classroom. She is cleaning the chalkboard in the front of the room. Taylor dawdles.

JOSH

You comin'?

TAYLOR

Yeah, in a second.

Josh goes out. Taylor moves to Malia.

TAYLOR

Miz Ka'ole, can I ask you something?

MALIA

It's always fun when things start out with that first. What's the question?

TAYLOR

What does Pele look like?

Malia stops what she's doing. She looks surprised and relieved and then her gaze narrows.

MALIA

What happened?

TAYLOR

Um . . . I think I'm not sure exactly.

MALIA

Sometimes she looks like flowing lava.
Sometimes she looks like a beautiful
young woman with flowing black hair.
But according to my mother, her
favorite shape is a little old woman.
She'll walk on the side of the road.

TAYLOR

Or hang out on the rocks ala kai.

MALIA

You saw her at the ocean?

TAYLOR

She stroked my face.

Malia looks at him for a long time. She searches his face. He fidgets.

TAYLOR

Did I say something wrong?

MALIA

No. It's just that I'm always
reluctant to . . . mm. Mmm. Well,
this feels right. Odd. Maybe not
so odd. Who knows? Taylor, if you
will have your father get in touch
with me, I would like to introduce
you to my tutu.

EXT. OCEANSIDE CAFÉ - DAY

Trent is alone at a table at a shaded ocean-side café, the white sand beach, palm trees and cobalt blue ocean filling the view all around. His feet are up on another chair. On the table is row of six shot glasses, half of them are empty.

Trent reaches out, snags the fourth shot, and drains it. As he sets the glass down, a WAITER drops off a plate of nachos.

TRENT

Bull's eye. Thanks, mahalo, mahalo.

WAITER

Anything else right now?

TRENT

Yep. I'd like to order a whole new island. One that's just my size, please, Goldilocks, okay?

The Waiter laughs and walks away. Trent doesn't seem as amused as he digs sloppily, almost angrily, into the plate of nachos and eats. Brian appears in the café, spots Trent, and heads over to the table.

BRIAN

Hey, boss, howzit?

TRENT

Perfect. In fact, buddy, it's so perfect, that as your direct superior I can tell you directly that this is the perfect time for you to get lost. A superior time to get lost. Soup. Eerier.

Brian pulls out a chair and sits down.

BRIAN

Aw, yeah, hey, don't take all that too hard, that's just the way it is around here with the locals when you first try to bring an idea--

Trent cleans messy fingers without looking at Brian.

TRENT

(cleaning his fingers)
Are you deaf or fired?

BRIAN

What?

TRENT

Oh, good, deaf. Good. I did say to go away and I am the boss. And so like I said, if not deaf, you know, that would be bad. Really, really bad. Bull's eye!

He dives back into the nachos.

BRIAN

Are you serious?

Trent glances at him and winks--a lethal wink. Then he goes back to the nachos. Brian stands up angrily and walks out of the café. Trent belches and keeps eating.

EXT. RESORT PARKING LOT - DAY

Trent walks and weaves through the parking lot in the direction of his car parked some distance away. He pulls the keys out of his pocket, then looks at them to see what they are. Then he drops them. He bends to pick them up and as he straightens up again a voice comes from O.S.

ROCKY (O.S.)

Hey, Mister, you feeling okay?

(sees the face)

Mister G! What you doin' here?

TRENT

Hey! Rocky, buddy. What are you doing here? I'm, uh, uh . . .

ROCKY

This my other job. I work security for the resort on my off days. You don't look so good, Mister G.

TRENT

Now, buddy, don't start--

ROCKY

You not thinking of driving?

TRENT

Now, look, Rocky--

ROCKY

Oh, now, Mister G, couldn't let you do that.

Rocky has carefully and unobtrusively managed to position himself between Trent and the car.

TRENT

Now, Rocky, it isn't very far. You're not gonna stop me.

ROCKY

Mister G.

TRENT

Don't fuck with me, Rocky. I'm having a bad day.

ROCKY

It could get worse.

Trent utterly fails to see the steel warning wrapped in the last statement. He sighs, starts to turn away, and then tries to sucker punch Rocky.

For Rocky, it might as well be slow motion as he deftly steps aside, grabs Trent's arm, uses his leg for leverage and flips Trent bodily right over onto his back where Trent lands with a heavy thud.

Trent lets out a loud groan of pain and immediately reaches for his lower back as Rocky stands over him, his expression worried.

ROCKY

It got worse. Oh, Mister G.

He reaches down, throws Trent's arm over his shoulder and helps Trent to his feet. Supporting most of Trent's weight, Rocky steers them away from the car in the direction of the hotel. Trent moans and groans and there is not a trace of fight left in him anywhere.

TRENT

Was that . . . necessary?

ROCKY

I could have punched you.

INT. STARBUCK'S - DAY

Trent, hungover, in sunglasses, pays the ATTENDANT for a coffee.

ATTENDANT

Punch your card, sir?

TRENT

No, no punching.

As Trent is on the way out the door, he sees that holding that door open for him is MARSHALL on his cell phone. Trent would like to just be polite and pass through, but Marshall's face lights up in greeting.

TRENT

Hey, Marshall.

MARSHALL

(into phone)

Wait, hang on. Trent! I heard about what happened in Kukui Cliffs, too bad. You ready to sell that place yet?

TRENT

You know what? Maybe the time has come. Why don't you call me end of the week.

MARSHALL

You got it.

EXT. PRIVATE LAND - DAY

Trent and Taylor, each in sunglasses, ride in the convertible as Trent turns into a rough driveway leading into acreage. He drives very slowly as the driveway goes on for several hundred yards past groves of fruit and nut trees. Nearer the house are well-tended herb gardens.

As they pull up, Malia can be seen talking with an older Hawaiian woman, TUTU.

After parking nearby, Trent and Taylor get out of the car, Trent moving pretty slowly and stiffly, favoring his back still. Tutu looks at him critically.

TUTU

Which one of you needs the healing?

MALIA

My goodness, Trent. You told me you were feeling better.

TRENT

This is better.

TUTU

Need lomi-lomi is all.

TRENT

You mean the same as Taylor?

MALIA

Taylor is here for La'au Lapa'au.

TRENT

Oh. Uh . . . that's not, uh . . .

Tutu ushers them impatiently towards the front door of the house and talks directly to Trent as both Trent and Taylor go past her and inside.

TUTU

Come on, come on, don't have all day. For him, kolomona bark. Tea. Five weeks. Six maybe. And noni fruit. Then healing. You, need alignment with yourself. What kine exercise you get? Malia, why you let them get like this? So much harder this way!

Tutu follows them into the house. Malia rolls her eyes and follows after.

INT. TOWN LIBRARY - DAY

Lehua is seated with her laptop at a table in a corner of the nearly silent town library. A few PATRONS can be seen in the background talking with the LIBRARIAN or checking out books as she sits at her checkout desk. Leahua is concentrating and doesn't notice Taylor come up.

TAYLOR

Hi.

LEHUA

Hi.

TAYLOR

I just wanted you to know I got the latest article you sent me for the class paper. The one on juvenile diabetes.

LEHUA

People should know about it.

TAYLOR

Um, well . . .

LEHUA

That it's a real problem for the youth of America.

TAYLOR

Um, yeah. I just wanted to say, um, um, boy I have a hard time talking around you, I just wanted to say, um . . . so how did you find out?

LEHUA

Find out what?

Taylor looks at her.

LEHUA

Oh, come one, Taylor. I'm a reporter for the paper, too. I didn't have to be Katie Couric to get the idea that you might care about the topic. The way you duck down behind the lunch table now you look like you have gum stuck on your shoe all the time. Not like I see what the big deal is anyway, but it isn't like I'm gonna tell anyone.

TAYLOR

Thanks. If I can offer a suggestion about re-writing the article--

LEHUA

Re-writing!

TAYLOR

You might want to include some stuff
of the way Hawaiians treat the disease.
Using local stuff. Some of it is
pretty cool.

Lehua stops herself in mid-retort and when she speaks again, her
defiant energy has changed.

LEHUA

That's a really good idea.

TAYLOR

I can give you the inside scoop.

LEHUA

I promise I'll quote only anonymous
sources.

TAYLOR

Deal.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

SURFERS dot the water and ride the waves as Trent strolls the
beach. Brian is on the beach, examining his surf board
carefully, as Trent comes up. Brian notices who it is and turns
his attention back to the board.

TRENT

Problem?

BRIAN

Hit a big rock I think. Just making
sure no nicks. Conditions were
a little rougher than I expected.

TRENT

Hopefully no permanent damage.

Trent offers his hand. Brian accepts it and they shake. A
smile is shared.

TRENT

See you tomorrow.

He walks off.

EXT. BALL FIELD - DAY

Malia once again sits in the parents' bleachers as the Little League baseball game is played on the field. Again, Kiko is there as the bat boy, and she cheers him on even as they other parents cheer the action. Trent approaches her seat from the direction of the parking lot and steps up onto the bleachers to take the empty seat next to her. She glances over and then does a double-take.

MALIA

Long way from your neighborhood.

TRENT

Taylor told me you're here every Saturday.

MALIA

So did I, I think.

TRENT

Yeah, well, I'm not so sure I've been too good at listening to you the first time you say something. That's why I'm here. So you wanna take a little walk around the park? We can call it exercise.

Malia stands up and applauds, calling out.

MALIA

Nice job, Kiko! Way to move!
(to Trent)
Okay.

EXT. PARK - DAY

The game going on in the background, Trent and Malia walk.

MALIA

So what else did Tutu say to you?
After she fixed the tea for Taylor
and you two were out on the lanai.

TRENT

She told me not to close my heart.
What do you suppose she meant by that?

MALIA

Tutu only talks about choices. And
not ones in the past.

TRENT

Well, no doubt I still have on my
plate a few of those that could start
to take me away from here. After I
met her I'm starting to feel like
maybe I've been missing something and
I need to see what it is before I do.

MALIA

She gives great lomi-lomi, doesn't she?

TRENT

No, it's more than that. I mean, yes,
she does. But it's something . . . else.
It's more than how my back feels from the
massage. Even though I appreciate this
place, she makes me feel like I take it
for granted.

MALIA

I think it really is time for you to
come back to Hula.

Trent looks at her and starts to smile.

MALIA (CONT.)

And when Kavika does his blessing on
Taylor, I think you should be there.

EXT. KILAUEA CALDERA - DAY

The wind whips around as Taylor and Trent trudge the final few
feet to the edge of the Kilauea volcano caldera. Trent is
carrying a single folded camping chair.

The native Hawaiian KAVIKA goes a few steps before them. Steam
rises from the crater, a great plume in a brilliant blue sky.

KAVIKA

Here we are.

The view is breathtaking, the floor of the crater smokes.

KAVIKA

Very strong mana here. Very strong.
Pele's place.

TAYLOR

Pele lives here, Kavika?

KAVIKA

As much as anywhere. Just set that
here, Trent.

He indicates a flat spot not far from the edge. Trent unfolds the chair quickly and sets it down. Kavika gestures to Taylor, who takes a seat.

Kavika turns to the caldera and begins to chant. It is a rich, full sound, rising from his chest and wafting across the crater and into the sky. He continues for many moments, walking to and fro at the crater's edge.

When he's finished, he walks over and stands behind Taylor. Kavika places his hands gently on Taylor's head. They both close their eyes.

KAVIKA

In the names of Pele, of Poliahu, of
Lilinoe and all the sisters of this
glorious place, of all the great
healers, in the name of the Universe of
Light and in the name of Kavika Hamaka,
I call forth the energies and spirits of
the ancestors and the guardians and the
angels to be in harmony with this child,
Taylor Adam Gold. I command that the
healing energies of a loving Conscious
Universe be brought forth and made
manifest this child and that in harmony
with the energies of nature that he be
free to heal himself of the pattern
called diabetes. I command that he be

(MORE)

KAVIKA (CONT.)

free from all emotional and past hurt
in this lifetime or others that have
contributed to this dis-ease and that
he go forward in the highest and
healthiest vision of himself . . .

EXT. COASTLINE - DAY

Hawaiian racing canoes with full and hard-working CREWS tear through the waves, only a few meters apart. The finish line approaches and their efforts increase.

On the shore nearby are Malia, Trent, Kiko and Taylor, all part of a modest crowd cheering them on. The race ends in exciting fashion and the team that they were rooting for crosses the line first.

TAYLOR

Kiko! Hi five!

Kiko turns to him and they slap hands overhead.

KIKO

Yeah!

Taylor laughs. So do Trent and Malia.

EXT. LAVA FIELDS - DAY

Different clothes, different day. Malia and Trent scramble among the lava rock as she shows him the amazing assortment of ancient Hawaiian petroglyph symbols carved in the rock along the coast.

MALIA

Hawaiians never had any alphabet
before the missionaries came. So
they put their ideas in symbols.

TRENT

Like the Egyptians.

She stops and points to a particular symbol, round with concentric circles, the innermost circle solid and set slightly off-center.

MALIA

Yes. And this, this is the symbol for connection to the Universe. You know what your pico is?

TRENT

My belly button I think.

MALIA

That's right! It joins you to your mother. This pico joins you to the rest of the Universe. You can connect. Feel the power of it in you.

TRENT

This whole place is covered with ideas like that?

Malia smiles.

TRENT

Incredible.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Taylor and Trent are again seated with the Doctor at his desk as he flips through his file on Taylor and shakes his head.

DOCTOR

Simply incredible. I don't understand it. I've never seen diabetes go into remission, there is no such thing. It doesn't even make sense to think about.

TRENT

Do you want to do the test again?

DOCTOR

I did it three times already.

He looks at Taylor.

DOCTOR

What did you do, switch blood with someone?

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY

Taylor's bloody face. He breathes heavily. But he is standing up and holding a karate fighting stance. Around him and his opponent, Warren, is a circle of students. Warren's face is also bloody.

Warren swings, misses. Taylor kicks him in the knee, hard. Warren cries out, lowers his guard, and Taylor punches him in the face. Warren reaches for him, stumbles, Taylor hits him again as he passes and Warren slips and falls.

Taylor steps back, not pressing the advantage. Warren rolls over and gets up, a real mess now. In the background, a few STUDENTS plus ROGER are running towards them.

TAYLOR

I'm still here. You want more?

WARREN

Howlee fuck.

TAYLOR

I'm not afraid of you, Warren. I'm sick of this shit. I might not win. But your blood will be on the ground, I promise you. You want it, bring it. Otherwise just leave me the fuck alone.

Roger steps boldly through the circle of students to confront them. Taylor stays ready to fight.

ROGER

If there's a problem here, someone is in real trouble.

Taylor never takes his eyes off of Warren and says nothing. Warren spits blood and wipes his mouth. He glances at Roger, then back at Taylor, then he nods almost imperceptibly at Taylor.

ROGER

So I will ask this only once. Is there a problem here?

TAYLOR

No. I think we're pau.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD GUARD SHACK - EVENING

Trent pulls up as Rocky smiles and opens the gate. Trent is on his cell phone. Rocky comes out of the shack to talk to him.

TRENT

(into phone)

Okay, wait, wait, hang on sec,
Marshall.

(to Rocky)

Howzit, Rocky.

ROCKY

Hey, Mister G, howzit? You see
Taylor yet this afternoon?

TRENT

Not yet, on my way home right now.

ROCKY

He did good.

Trent smiles and nods and goes through the gate. He looks back as he raises the cell phone to his ear.

INT. BATHROOM - EVENING

A recent shower hasn't cleaned Taylor up enough to calm Trent as he hovers behind his son in the steamy bathroom. Taylor examines his swollen lip in the mirror, but now it seems more like a badge of honor.

TRENT

This is good? I thought you told me
this issue was over and done with!

TAYLOR

It's over now.

TRENT

Really? And how do you know that?

TAYLOR

You should see his face, dad!

TRENT

Really?

TAYLOR

Now I think for the first time he
can see some mutual best interest.

EXT. ROAD DOWN INTO WAIPIO VALLEY - DAY

Trent is in the passenger seat as Malia drives an old pickup truck down a steep incline and a sign that reads 4-WHEEL DRIVE ONLY.

Spread before them is another breathtaking Hawaiian view of ocean, lush greenery and multi-colored cliffs. At the bottom of the valley, far off in their view, in some areas farmed parcels can be detected.

MALIA

You been down here before, yah?

TRENT

Never. My car's not a four wheel drive.
Only ever been as far as the lookout
with the rest of the tourists.

MALIA

I guess you must be a local now.

TRENT

You know I do appreciate this. I feel
like I've taken over all of your days
off. With your son I'm sure you don't
have much time to spare.

MALIA

My pleasure. It's good. Kiko doesn't
like to be alone, that doesn't mean he
always wants to be with his mother. So
he's free this way for a few hours at
the Manor House with his friends. They
don't have the money to be open all
the time, but it worked out today.

TRENT

I didn't think you liked me that much.

MALIA

I didn't.

TRENT

So?

MALIA

I used to come down here all the time when I was growing up. The best times. My whole halau. We still have a half acre near the back of the valley, my brother still spends a lot of his time down there with the taro.

TRENT

It's the perfect vision of paradise.

MALIA

It's the most powerful mana in all the Hawaiian Islands. That's what Tutu used to say to me every time. Respect the mana, feel the flow, don't fight it, hear it, this is a special place. There are wild horses all over the valley. There are mangoes, grow all over. Want to make friends? Offer a horse a mango.

TRENT

Bull's eye.

MALIA

Except this one horse. He wouldn't take it. And it got so it didn't matter to me who else wanted it, I had to give my mango to that horse. Day after day, I'm trying to give my delicious fresh mango to that one horse and only that horse. So of course one day he says Enough. And he kicks me. And that was the end of a beautiful relationship that never was.

(MORE)

MALIA (CONT.)

I went crying to Tutu and she says, What you expect? You too proud to give your prize to the one who wants it? One big waste of time. And a waste of a good mango. Never forget that the value of a thing depends on both the giver and the receiver.

TRENT

You mean I have to see a gift as a gift. As something valuable. Or I miss it.

MALIA

I have to do what is mine to do. And still in the end, that choice is totally up to you.

EXT. WAIPIO BEACH - DAY

Malia and Trent walk next to each other on the pristine black sand beach. They carry their shoes, splashing their toes at the water's edge. The only other people visible, and there aren't many on the whole beach, are far off in the distance. As she carries her shoes in her right hand, Malia rubs that forearm absent-mindedly with her left hand.

TRENT

So . . . what made you finally decide I wasn't a horse who would kick you?

MALIA

Did Taylor tell you that he saw Pele?

TRENT

What?

MALIA

It's a meaningful sign. Her spirit is very alive here. I think she wanted you to see more of the deeper Hawaiian world. Both of you.

TRENT

I can see why.

They walk on toward the distant cliff. He notices Malia rubbing her wrist as she looks into the brilliant blue sky towards a distant flying bird.

TRENT

You okay?

MALIA

There's a white owl up there. That's unusual on the coast like this. It means good luck. Interesting.

TRENT

I meant your arm.

MALIA

Grading lessons this weekend. A little too much mouse I think.

TRENT

Give it to me for a second.

They stop as the waves splash over their feet. She considers, then offers her arm. He tosses his shoes up the beach and takes it in both hands, rubbing soothingly along her forearm.

TRENT

You know, what happened with him. Some people would call that a miracle. Or magic. I barely believe it myself. Diabetes is supposed to have no cure.

MALIA

People pick up cars by hand to save their children. Healers don't heal anyone, they just remind people that they can do it themselves. You might be able to do a lot that you don't think you can do.

TRENT

I couldn't even get Tutu or Kavika to accept any money for it.

MALIA

For most of them, money and Hawaiian healing equals oil and water.

TRENT

A missed mix that just leaves them poor.
(indicates her arm)
Better?

MALIA

(moves her arm)
Yeah, it's good. Thanks.

EXT. WAIPIO VALLEY - DAY

The sound of the ocean can still be heard crashing in the background as Trent and Malia walk slowly along a narrow trail. All around them is lush, tropical forest rich with colorful flowers. Trent smokes a cigarette.

MALIA

I wasn't certain I could. See why Pele meant you, I mean. So you're also offering me the chance to see from outside of my own kukui shell. Actually I like surprises.

TRENT

So do all Hawaiians know all of this?

MALIA

(laughing)
I have a very good ohana.

TRENT

That must be nice. Having a positive family. My folks are both dead. We lived three thousand miles apart when they were alive. Hard to feel any impact from death that way.

Malia looks sharply at him. Then she shakes her head, a wry smile almost appearing but not quite.

TRENT

Hmm. Sorry about that. Dark thoughts kind of out of place in such lovely surroundings.

MALIA

Actually this is a passageway to the
Hawaiian spirit realms of the dead.
You're . . . tuning in to the mana.
To use your words, I can hardly
believe it!

Trent laughs. They walk a bit on the trail and as it widens
into a clearing they find a waterfall with a pond at the base of
a massive centuries-old monkey-pod tree. Malia gestures them to
sit on two flat rocks near the edge of the pond.

TRENT

This valley really is fantastic. I
feel like I've gone back in time.

MALIA

Ancient spirit of aloha here.

TRENT

It's all so rich. This whole place,
the whole island, the culture here.
It's more than Taylor's response to
the herbs from Tutu and the well,
whatever that was, that power blessing
at the caldera. That guy Kavika is on
a whole other level. But that's what
I mean. It's like the ocean. You
could spend a lifetime enjoying
yourself on the surface and no matter
how good a time you were having on
your sailboat you'd have missed an
entire universe right beneath you.

MALIA

You have to be willing to look.

Trent is finished with the cigarette. He has no place to
dispose of the butt as he looks around. So he puts it in his
pocket.

TRENT

I think you mean you have to be willing
to see.

She reaches out and squeezes his hand.

MALIA

Maybe I cook sometime for you, yah?

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Taylor and Lehua are next to each other near the checkout of the school cafeteria line. Their trays have only healthy items like fruit, yogurt, pasta salad, etc.

TAYLOR

Took them long enough to finally get this going.

MALIA

Yeah, but now that they did it actually looks pretty good. Did you try the quiche?

TAYLOR

Um, no. But the tarot chips are pretty much like potato chips I guess.

MALIA

Still fried.

TAYLOR

Yeah, I know, I know, but I'm going in the right direction.

They get to the checkout and the CHECKOUT GIRL. Malia starts to reach for her money and Taylor stops her.

TAYLOR

Let me. Consider it our first date.
(to the Checkout Girl)
These two together.

LEHUA

Not a chance!

TAYLOR

You won't let me pay?

LEHUA

Oh, you can pay if you want to. But it is totally not a date.

TAYLOR

I was just joking.

The Checkout Girl looks at him impatiently.

CHECKOUT GIRL

This lover's quarrel gonna last
all day?

Taylor pays for them both. They walk to a large table and sit at an unoccupied end. They begin to eat with Taylor poking at his salad.

TAYLOR

I thought you wanted me to ask you
out.

LEHUA

If you're gonna ask me out, ask me
out. You really want the school
cafeteria lunch line to be our first
date?

TAYLOR

Well, no. I guess not. But it might
make a great second date.

LEHUA

We'd have to have a first one.

TAYLOR

Yeah, I guess we would.

He smiles. Lehua smiles back at him. And then as she sees something in his eyes, her smile turns self-conscious and even shy. She eats. He laughs.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

A lovely harbor can be seen in the background as Trent waits by the front desk in the informal environs. Behind the desk is the HOSTESS. Up the stairs from outside come Malia and Tutu, arm in arm. Tutu cannot even get through the door before the first PASSERBY gives her a warm hello and a hug. It happens yet again with a second PERSON even before she gets to the desk where Trent waits.

MALIA

Aloha, Trent.

TRENT

Aloha, Malia. Aloha, Tutu. I'm honored you would come to have lunch with me.

TUTU

You're being ridiculous.

Yet another PERSON approaches with the clear intention of hugging Tutu. Tutu touches Trent on the arm, smiles and speaks softly.

TUTU (CONT.)

But it's very sweet and polite.
Mahalo.

And then she breaks into another big smile and is embraced again by another PERSON.

HOSTESS

This way?

And she leads them towards a table right at the edge of the water. Tutu clasps two hands of SITTING PATRONS as they weave their way through the dining room. Those that do not get clasped get waved to, she might as well be a celebrity of love. At last they arrive at the table. Trent pulls out a chair for each and they both sit before he does.

HOSTESS

Your server will be with you in a moment. Enjoy your lunch!

She walks away. Malia talks to Tutu as they settle in.

MALIA

Any new lapa'au students today?

Tutu shakes her head. Malia frowns, then reads her menu. Trent turns his gaze to Tutu, finding it on him already.

TUTU

Finish before we eat. Work and eat same time gimme gas.

TRENT

Finish what?

TUTU

Malia said you two have something you wan ask me.

MALIA

Oh, no, no, this is all his idea from the ground up including the idea to ask you in the first place. I'm an observer and I'm not involved.

TUTU

So what you wan ask me? Ask. Oh, wait, have something for you from the ancestors.

She rummages around in her bag and pulls out something palm-sized and wrapped in tissue-paper.

She hands it to him. He looks at her, nonplused. She gestures for him to unwrap it, and he does.

It is an exquisite carving of a white owl.

MALIA

Another white owl!

TRENT

Wow. Mahalo nui loa, Tutu.

TUTU

Okay, you're welcome. Enough 'aumakua. Talk story.

Trent reverently sets the owl next to his plate where it stands looking at him as he talks.

TRENT

Uh, well, okay, well, I have, had, have an idea for a real estate development project near here. I wanted . . . well, I wanted to see if you liked the idea.

TUTU

Mmmm.

TRENT

It's a wellness retreat, a place where visitors would come and experience real authentic Hawaiian healings from the local people. Other things, too. Reiki and all that. But that's the foundation of it. What you do. The true native stuff.

Tutu browses her menu.

TUTU

Mmmm.

TRENT

It would benefit the community. Bring money from the resort side of the island. Not to mention I, or someone else, could sure do a whole lot of other things with the land that would make a very different impact.

TUTU

Mmmm?

TRENT

It's zoned light-industrial. Could be used for anything. Same with my thousand acres of trees up mauka. Just simple ag zoning.

TUTU

Really?

Tutu looks up at him, chuckles, and resumes reading the menu.

TUTU (CONT.)

You know hardball? Play.

TRENT

What?

TUTU

Hardball, hardball, play hardball.

Trent looks lost.

TUTU (CONT.)

You know pono?

MALIA

Pono is something that is correct on all levels for everyone.

TUTU

Yes, and there you go. Doesn't matter who does it. Pono is pono.

TRENT

You mean you like the idea?

MALIA

She likes the idea.

TRENT

Wow! Well, too bad the rest of the people in the community don't see it that way.

TUTU

So explain it to them. People don't know what they're missing. What's obvious to you might not be obvious to everyone. When it comes right down to it, everything comes down to choices.

Suddenly Trent smiles.

TRENT

You mean really explain it to them. All of it. Play--wow. This is Hawaii. I didn't you did things that way here.

TUTU

It might be Hawaii. It's still planet Earth.

The WAITER comes to the table.

WAITER

So you folks ready to order?

TRENT

Oh, you bet we are.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD GUARD SHACK - DAY

Rocky is filling out a report when he glances up and sees Trent, in a sweatsuit, jogging towards the gate from inside. Rocky opens it and Trent comes through runs in place, panting.

ROCKY

Looking good, Mister G!

TRENT

Just started.

ROCKY

Ah.

TRENT

Say, Rocky, something I'd like to--talk to you about--when I get back, yah?

ROCKY

Taylor?

TRENT

Me this time.

ROCKY

I'll be here.

Trent nods and runs off.

EXT. GOLD HOUSE FRONT YARD - DAY

A sweating and exhausted Trent stumbles the last few feet into his yard and stands there breathing heavily, bent over with his hands on his knees.

TRENT

Uh, God . . . how sharper than a serpent's tooth is a tutu's tongue, ah!

As he wallows in self-pity and recovery, Taylor comes out the front door, cleaned up and with his hair combed. Trent notices.

TRENT

Ooo, buddy! Could shock my system in this condition! Got a hot date?

TAYLOR

Uh, actually, yeah.

TRENT

What?

Taylor jumps on his bike.

TAYLOR

Be home in a while.

TRENT

By dark!

Taylor rides off. He looks at his watch and then pedals even faster.

INT. MALL - DAY

Taylor and Lehua come out of the ice cream shop, each with a cone. They walk together in the late afternoon sunshine through the outdoor mall, passing several shops and a HAWAII TOURIST INFORMATION booth.

TAYLOR

Your last bus is in about a half hour. You wanna walk this way?

LEHUA

Okay.

(eats)

Your lip looks better.

TAYLOR

Hmp! Yeah, ice cream makes the swelling go down I guess!

She laughs.

LEHUA

You're not like all full of yourself,
are you? Not like a haole really.
I mean, I guess I could understand it
it he was punching Randy Toller.

Taylor laughs.

TAYLOR

I think that was a compliment,
right?

LEHUA

Definitely!

TAYLOR

Randy's okay, you know.

LEHUA

Oh, come on!

They laugh some more. They pass a secluded alley with a water fountain and he gestures as they eat.

TAYLOR

Thirsty?

She nods and they go down the narrow passageway. She drinks as he eats nearby. She straightens up and looks at him.

LEHUA

So, that's coconut cream?

TAYLOR

Uh, huh. Wanna taste?

She nods. He holds out the cone to her. She looks at him and shakes her head. They kiss.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

Mayor Lee watches as Kelly tees off.

LEE

Kissed that baby.

Kelly nods and picks up his tee. He steps back and watches as Lee drives.

They stroll off the tee box and put their clubs in the back of the cart. They climb in and drive off down the fairway.

KELLY

You hear the round eye wants another meeting. Slow learner.

LEE

Kaniu will follow my lead at the water district. The wind still doesn't blow here unless we say so. I'll nod a lot and pretend to be interested, just like I did last time. And of course I won't go to the meeting at all, it's too hands on. Why visibly take sides? Let's have the public decide again and let it rest.

Kelly laughs.

KELLY

In peace.

INT. GOLD DEVELOPMENT OFFICE - DAY

Trent is seated at the table with Carlos, Anne, and Brian.

CARLOS

So you want me to contact the Forest Service guy again, right?

ANNE

(cracks her gum)
And the professor.

BRIAN

And the travel guy.

TRENT

Nope. One thing we know for sure, the last plan didn't work. So this time, we're gonna go about it a little differently.

ANNE

Meaning?

TRENT

I want you guys to find out everything you can about Pele, Poliahu and Lilinoe. They're Hawaiian Goddesses.

EXT. MALL - DAY

Trent and Malia come out of the same ice cream store, each with a cup of ice cream. Trent holds the door open and Kiko comes out after them and has his own cup. His attention totally on the ice cream, he moves to a nearby fountain and sits and eats.

MALIA

I haven't had ice cream in years.

TRENT

I didn't know how else to get you out of the house.

MALIA

I have standardized tests coming up for them. Lots of work, yah?

TRENT

Hm, yeah. I can empathize. I have a pretty big final test of my own coming up pretty soon.

MALIA

I'm sure this meeting will be much better than the last one.

Kiko stands up and he turns and looks at the fountain pool, then he looks at Malia.

KIKO

Can I put my feet in?

MALIA

Take your shoes off.

He sets down his ice cream and begins to remove his shoes.

TRENT

You said at lunch a few weeks ago with Tutu that you weren't involved. Do you want to be?

MALIA

In my position as a teacher, I really shouldn't pick sides in a--

TRENT

Oh, don't start with that. I had a teacher at the last one, some guy named Shea. Didn't stop him from diving in with both feet.

Kiko puts his feet in the fountain and laughs. He eats his ice cream too, just having a merry old time.

MALIA

Shea. From Oahu. I know Shea.

Trent looks at her, expecting her to go on.

MALIA (CONT.)

I really don't know what I can do for you. And I have so many other things--

TRENT

Do you want to help? Then help! I am trying to do this for the community, but in the end it's the local people who have to step up and do it. It's your island, isn't that what everyone around here tells me all the time? It's like pulling teeth the people here, just trying to be nice!

MALIA

You need to understand why they hesitate. People haven't always respected Hawaiian culture. Did you know thirty years ago it was illegal to teach our own language? On our own island? Treating people like what they have as people is worthless isn't the best way to make friends.

TRENT

That's why this is important, this is the chance to earn that respect.

MALIA

I don't know. We'll see.

TRENT

Fine. Well, just so you know, I already mentioned there are other possibilities. So this has to work, it's my last try. I have someone hovering over me who has a furniture business and he wants the wood. The way this is coming together, that land may be worthless to me unless I sell it when I can.

MALIA

I understand.

Trent makes a face, either at her or at his ice cream, and he pitches what's left of his ice cream in the trash.

TRENT

You know, it took me a while to figure out what was actually being kind to this island. Even when I thought I was already. Are you sure you aren't making the same mistake?

(to Kiko)

I'll see ya, little man.

And he walks away, shaking his head, with Malia staring after him.

KIKO

Bye Trent!

EXT. PARK - DAY

Josh and Taylor walk together, backpacks in place carrying their school supplies. Taylor works his cell phone with both hands, texting away.

JOSH

So he has to heave it up at the end
and they lose because they have no
time outs left. Unbelievable!

Taylor ignores him and texts away as they walk.

JOSH

Did you hear about the dead body they
found outside the kickball fence?

TAYLOR

Uh huh.

Taylor reads again and texts again.

JOSH

Did you know you have a big ball of
snot on your lip?

Taylor ignores him. Josh, exasperated, snatches the cell phone
away from Taylor and runs.

JOSH

Just who are you texting all this to
anyway?

TAYLOR

Hey!

He runs after Josh. Josh plays with the cell for a moment and
then stops. He turns to Taylor as Taylor catches up.

JOSH

Dude? You wanna tell me why a heart
has replaced a tennis racquet as your
logo?

Taylor grins.

INT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Trent is among the Hula students in the line of dancers before
the Kumu. As the of older Women wearing leis at the side of the
room chant and tap their drums, Trent dances with passion and
energy and in the rhythm, not yet up with the rest but almost,

much improved. The Kumu notices. So do the older Women. So does Malia.

INT. MALIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Only a single lamp light shines as Malia tucks Kiko into bed.

MALIA

You put your paints away?

KIKO

Yep.

MALIA

Clean the brushes, not like last time?

KIKO

Yep. It's easy when the water works.

MALIA

You mean it still isn't fixed at the Manor House?

He shakes his head. She frowns briefly, then kisses him on the forehead. He smiles.

MALIA

Well, mahalo for the effort.

(a pause)

Kiko, do you like Trent? You always have such a good sense with people.

KIKO

He's okay I guess.

MALIA

You mean because he bought you ice cream.

KIKO

Yeah! But not only. I think his mana's okay. Maybe he just doesn't feel it right. You could help him.

MALIA

I love you, son.

KIKO

I love you, mom.

INT. MAYOR LEE'S OFFICE - DAY

Lee is reviewing a report at his desk. He cracks and is eating a macadamia nut when his buzzer rings and his SECRETARY's voice comes out of his phone.

SECRETARY (O.S.)

Your two o'clock is here, sir.

Lee rolls his eyes.

LEE

Send her in.

He sets down his report, puts a smile on his face and rises just as Tutu enters. She smiles.

TUTU

Hello, nephew.

EXT. COASTLINE - DAY

Taylor and Lehua ride their bikes along the spectacular rocky coastline to the same spot where Taylor had his cry those many months ago. They set their bikes down and scramble along the rocks, the blue ocean, blue sky, black rocks and white foam brilliant and blazing in the sun.

TAYLOR

Right here.

LEHUA

This is where you saw Pele?

TAYLOR

So you think I'm mental, right?

LEHUA

Absolutely not.

He smiles and takes her hand, then kisses her hand. She laughs. Then she points as a whale spouts and flukes only a few hundred yards away.

TAYLOR

Lehua, do you think your mom would help my dad?

EXT. PARK - DAY

Malia leads Trent into a lush and wooded area.

TRENT

Where we going?

MALIA

It's right over here.

They come out of the path into a clearing with a stream, burbling along and reflecting brilliant sparkles of sunlight.

MALIA

Not the top of Mauna Kea or the black sand of Waipio, but it's my own special little spot, I come here and talk to the island.

TRENT

And it answers?

MALIA

What do you think?

They sit near the stream.

MALIA

Hula is connection to the sacred through motion and rhythm. And lomi-lomi is bodywork. All facets of the same gem. And there is ho-o-pono-pono. Literally to make more right the path. It means to make peace, to get the most out of every situation, do what you can to get to its highest purpose.

TRENT

I think that's what you were doing the day I first met you with my son. I want you to know that I . . . for the first time I feel like I have a purpose for what I'm doing. I didn't even realize it was missing in my life. Maybe my ex was right. I didn't have a plan. Thank you for that.

MALIA

I had no idea what I was getting into!

TRENT

Looking back on it . . . I'm not sure I behaved very well.

MALIA

Ho-o-pono-pono starts with taking personal responsibility for what you did and what you can do. It's not about making your minimal effort and holding everything else in the Universe responsible for it.

(laughs)

I don't think I'd be very happy if you wind up doing it better than I do!

There is a rustle in the trees. A white owl has taken up a perch in one of the braches. They both see it.

TRENT

Beginner's luck.

MALIA

So tell me again . . . what night is this next community meeting of yours?

INT. KUKUI CLIFFS HONGWANJI - NIGHT

The place is packed again. All of the same PEOPLE are in the audience as before, including Kelly, Shea, and Jason. Also in the crowd and sitting together are Kelly and Kaniu, the head water commissioner.

Trent is seated at the front of the room, this time his displays are still cloaked. Rocky is standing with the microphone addressing the crowd. Officer Cain stands off to the side.

ROCKY

We cannot go back to the nineteen fifties. That isn't an option. What we need to do is to decide how we go forward. Now. Today. Malia?

Malia steps forward from the first few rows of the audience and she takes the microphone.

MALIA

Aloha.

The room murmurs.

MALIA (CONT.)

I just wanted to remind everyone of the bigger picture. Make no mistake. That land in Kukui Cliffs will be developed.

In the crowd, Kelly winks at Kaniu next to him.

MALIA (CONT.)

Legally it's only a matter of time, it always has been, no matter what you think right now. Not every developer even tries to listen to the community. You have to give Trent credit for that at least. His last plan would have been respectful of the aina, it would have created local jobs and honored our culture. I know that it's in an effort to listen to your concerns that he came up with his new ideas. So, Trent?

Trent stands and takes the microphone as Malia passes him and returns to her seat.

TRENT

Aloha. I see many of the same faces here that were here at the last meeting, so I won't rehash your concerns and my recap of where we stand will be very brief. My previous proposal involved
(MORE)

TRENT (CONT.)

a wellness retreat with hi-paying jobs for native Hawaiian healers and the use of my nine-hundred ninety plus acres as a place to hold eco-tours and horseback rides. As a part of the project, we planned to clean out the Gulch of invasive species and make a botanic garden. That plan would have meant an actual down-zoning of the land near the ocean from light industrial, as it is currently, to light residential. But as a community, to quote Kelly Loka, you told me it was unwelcome. So today I brought two new proposals for you.

With a flourish, he pulls the cloth away from his two models. They look very different than the ones he brought to the previous meeting.

TRENT (CONT.)

On the left, plan one. It's a forty-story hi-rise vacation rental community. Honestly just a few bungalows wasn't exactly the most profitable use of the land. This building will be a landmark on the Big Island, it would be the tallest building here.

The room murmur is not so friendly now.

TRENT (CONT.)

Here is plan two. I sell the property. You'll notice that this model isn't a for sale sign.

There is some grumbling and then Shea the schoolteacher speaks up from the crowd.

SHEA

Wait a minute. That looks like a wood mill.

TRENT

I'll tell my model builders they did a good job.

Jason, the local person, speaks.

JASON

You're not gonna build a wood mill
here, bruddha.

TRENT

No, I'm not. I told you, I'd be
selling the property. It's the next
owner who plans to put in the mill.

The room erupts. Several people stand up and start shouting at
once.

CAIN

Everybody settle down!

The room settles down as most of the crowd sits. Kelly is left
standing and he starts to speak before his words can clearly be
heard above the din.

KELLY

. . . Outrageous and insulting.
First of all, you are only trying to
scare everyone. I do not believe you.
You say you have a buyer who will
turn Kukui Cliffs makai into a mill?
Show him to us.

From another part of the crowd, Marshall stands up.

MARSHALL

Hi! Here I am.

KELLY

Who are you?

MARSHALL

I'm the buyer. You just asked to see
me, right? Marshall Cassidy, Cassidy
Associates. Somebody wanna give this
man my card?

Kelly just blinks, gathering himself as the crowd passes
Marshall's business card in Kelly's direction.

MARSHALL (CONT.)

We will go ahead and cut the nine hundred plus acres of trees up mauka, they'll be harvested for a furniture business. There is an agricultural noise exemption on the books for exactly this purpose, so I would expect we'd be running the operation twenty-four seven. So you can pretty much expect hauling trucks up and down Mud Road six solid days a week, maybe seven. From our end, the great thing about this plan is that it requires exactly no zoning change and no expansion of water rights or needs. If Trent will sell the land, it could all be implemented by this time next month.

KELLY

No such projects will ever happen on this island, that isn't what we believe in around here.

TRENT

Is that true, Mayor?

And he gazes past Kelly towards a side door beyond Officer Cain. Surprised into silence, the crowd follows his gaze.

Mayor Lee is just coming into the room. He walks to the front of the crowd where he takes the microphone.

Kelly is the most surprised of all and not happy about it.

LEE

Technically, no, it isn't true. In fact we do believe in commercial agriculture in this community, sugar cane supported us for a hundred years or more. The first idea would give us a major new attraction. And both of these plans will generate large tax revenues for the county.

KELLY

You support this?

LEE

I would need to gather more information. But I wouldn't say it could never happen. That's one of the reasons it's unfortunate that Mister Gold's previous proposal received so little support from the community.

KELLY

It was what?

LEE

His unique and forward thinking development idea did present a workable and sustainable economic model. And green, gentle on the environment. According to the Visitors Bureau, and I'd like to take a moment to personally thank Director McKeown for this latest data, tourism will double here in the next fifteen years. The plan you rejected would have begun to manage the kind of people that would come.

TUTU (O.S.)

And it honored our culture.

All heads turn as Tutu comes in through the side door, her presence creating a pregnant hush over the crowd.

TUTU

And before you, Kelly Loka, tell everyone what our culture is and isn't, I would like to ask you where it's going?

KELLY

What?

TUTU

Where are the children eager to learn our ways? Our children? Who am I to teach?

KELLY

They will always come.

Tutu comes to the front of the room and her voice is strong even without a microphone.

TUTU

Will they? Why? My own life tells me this is not so. What future is in it for them? They see no value, no connection to the life they live. Who respects those ways? Who honors them and wishes to help sustain them?

(pointing at Trent)

He does. Let us be very clear. I am Hawaiian. I believe in aloha. I believe in ho-o-pono-pono. Not because I should or should not but because in the heart of what is they are correct. We do not blame others for what is our kuliana. Money is not evil. It is nothing but potential, utterly without value unless exchanged for something else. With this power, what should we exchange it for? Anything we wish once it is in our hands. If I can assist my community to prosper, and so too myself and family, by making my healing offerings, could that not attract my grandson or granddaughter as a honeybee is drawn to the sweet nectar of a flower in bloom? If they can see that this path can be pono for them, that they can not only honor what is sacred as a people, as their ancestors would have them honor it, but also to live comfortably in the modern world, pay their bills, own their home, see and have hope, is that not a far superior picture to the endless bleak canvas of self-worthlessness?

KELLY

(to her)

You call it honoring our culture? You would sell the soul of what we are.

TRENT

You can't put a gate across the future.

KELLY

(to him)

You cannot value what we are in gold.

TRENT

I'd pay a hundred times over for what Kavika did for Taylor. Anyone would. And you know what? If you are a healer and you don't like the money, you don't have to keep the money.

KELLY

What does that mean?

TRENT

Does your church need money? You can give out of what you earn from doing healings at the wellness center. Does the community center need new plumbing?

MALIA

Let's ask my son about the Manor House.

The room murmurs, and it lacks the same intensely foreboding energy from earlier as some of the crowd connects to the ideas offered.

TRENT

Give the money you received, paid fairly by those who need and value your work and can afford to pay. Does your local school need hi speed internet? A new soccer field? Create it out of what you and your people have to offer visitors! Any healer could be a conduit of abundance to those they care about. If they want to. They don't, you don't, have to. But the people who would come to a place like that retreat have more money than peace. They have nothing else to offer you.

KELLY

We have seen what money does here. It feeds only the purposes of those who come from somewhere else.

TUTU

Those choices were made by others. I can choose differently. Once that flow is created for me, to me, that power is mine, the choice is mine. As his choice had been to try and do this thing in this place. As it is now your choice what this place will be.

TRENT

Meaning a mill or a new landmark. Those are the choices you wanted. Those are the only choices left. Pick one.

The room is silent.

INT. DEPT OF WATER SUPPLY - HALLWAY

Trent, Anne, Carlos, and Brian wait in the hallway. In the background, next to the closed door reads a plaque that says DEPARTMENT OF WATER SUPPLY.

On the door itself is a hand-written sign that says COUNCIL MTG IN PROGRESS.

Trent smokes, Anne cracks her gum, and Carlos paces nervously from one side of the hall to the other.

BRIAN

Have another energy blast there, Carlos.

Carlos looks at him and rolls his shoulders.

CARLOS

I think I'll hit the john.

He starts off. Anne whispers to Trent.

ANNE

So what do you think?

The door opens behind them. Carlos stops. They all turn.

INT. DEPT OF WATER SUPPLY CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Seated behind the same conference table that stretches almost from one side of the room to the other are seated the same nine Commissioners with Kaniu in the middle. Few onlookers are there as Trent and his group enter.

Without formality or preamble, barely acknowledging their presence with a glance, Kaniu once again slides up slightly to the only microphone at the table, located in front of her.

KANIU

By a vote of nine to zero, the motion to provide water upgrade rights for the Gold Wellness project in Kukui Cliffs is approved. The next item on the agenda--

CARLOS

Yeah, baby!

He hi-fives Brian. Kaniu looks over disapprovingly at all of them. Trent meets her eye, beaming. He nods a thanks. She doesn't appear to respond.

KANIU

As I was saying, the next item on the agenda is k-one-three-three-one-one . . .

EXT. KUKUI CLIFFS MAKAI - DAY

Kavika's incredible, rich, cacophonous chanting fills the air as he stands before a small group composed of Trent, Taylor, Lehua, Malia, Kiko, Anne, Carlos, Brian, Rocky and Tutu.

Kavika finished his blessing. Tutu's eyes shine as Kavika comes to her for a honi embrace, forehead to forehead. They are both truly, deeply touched.

Brian comes and shakes Trent's hand.

TAYLOR

So how do you feel, Dad?

Trent smiles hugely, laughs, and hugs Taylor.

TRENT

It's a start.

MALIA

It's a good start.

She kisses his cheek. Kavika trudges off towards the parked cars as we pull up and away and then

FADE OUT.