

RED SUN BURN

Written by

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EXT. HONOLULU, HAWAII/WAIKIKI BEACH - DAY

Reveling in the moment, JOHN BURN, 30's, athletic, Aviators, garish Hawaiian shirt, swim shorts, lets out an exaggerated exhale of satisfaction, finishing cola through a straw with a loud percolating suck while stretched out on a sun lounger.

He places the empty glass on the table between him and a pair of bronzed feminine thighs and admires the glistening, oiled figure on the sun lounger beside him.

STEFANIA FABRIZI, 30's, controlled, way out of John's league, hides under her oversized Christian Lacroix sunglasses, flowing dark hair and her one-piece. Classy. Poised. She breaks a smile, but it's for show.

Plumped at the foot of their sun loungers is MOLLY, 3, in her own world, in pink frilly hat and swimsuit playing with a bucket and smacking the sand with a spade.

Passing behind Molly on the sand, a hotel waiter elegantly balances a tray of drinks. John coolly CLICKS his fingers for attention. The waiter on a mission, ignores him.

John's POV - The waiter stops at a pair of sun loungers occupied by a gleaming, bald, thick-necked WHALE of a man. His blubbery body impressively tattooed head-to-toe in stunning Koi, cherry blossom and angry writhing dragons.

Stefania's POV over her sunglasses - The Whale's competitively tattooed skinny BARRACUDA side-kick sharply watches the Whale motion aggressively to the nervous waiter.

In a flash of violence the Whale rolls over, rises and flips the waiter's tray sending the drinks splashing to the sand.

The shell-shocked waiter skitters past John and Stefania.

Out of earshot under the cacophony of surf and sun seekers, the fishy duo gesticulate wildly, laughing at their own joke.

John peers over his upside-down John Le Carré.

Stefania peers over her chemical engineering magazine.

John and Stefania's joint POV - Another waiter carrying a tray of fizz briskly strides across the sand toward the fishy duo. He bows and hands over each drink. Then excuses himself.

Molly pokes a small crab in her bucket of water.

LATER

The Whale and Barracuda lie prostrate, glistening in the sun.

Stefania and John observe over their sunglasses.

Further down the beach fresh fruit are being sold off the back of a mobile market stall.

John checks his watch. Stefania plays with her wedding ring.

Molly pulls faces as Stefania applies suncream.

Stefania grabs her purse, sandals, rises and wanders off toward the fruit seller.

Molly plays in the sand under the parasol.

John watches Stefania's shapely figure as she plods through sand toward the fruit seller, then drifts off to sleep.

The Whale is unmoved on his lounge.

Families play the surf.

Couples play ball games.

John is rudely awakened by Molly SUCKING orange-juice through a straw up close in his face.

Stefania's lounge is still empty. She is nowhere to be seen.

The Whale and Barracuda have left their loungers unattended.

John checks his watch and scans the area. It's now or never.

He gently puts Molly on the sun lounge under the parasol.

John rises and approaches the loungers formerly occupied by the fishy duo.

He nonchalantly reconnoiters the area as a dashes past on the sand.

John's POV - Endless sun worshippers reddening like sausages under a grill.

John gingerly crouches down and rifles through the Whale's beach bag.

Distracted, he glances over to Molly. She merrily squirts suncream all over his towel.

He delicately unzips a pocket in the Whale's bag and pulls out the Whale's Hawaiian Princess hotel room key-card.

His eye's dart about him; everyone's enjoying their themselves.

He discretely pulls out an another Hawaiian Princess hotel key-card from his Hawaiian shirt pocket.

Carefully placing his key-card in the same zip-pocket, he rises and casually walks back to his lounge unable to contain a little smirk. Slick.

Nonchalantly turning around, he CLASHES into the nervous waiter, sending drinks flying to the sand once again.

John sheepishly excuses himself and darts back to his sun lounge.

The nervous waiter mopes away.

Molly has gone.

John's heart is in his throat.

Stefania appears, melon in one arm, Molly on her hip. Not judging. John relieved, discretely flashes the key-card.

Stefania nods, all business.

LATER

John's POV - The fishy duo, wet, puffed up and slumped on their beds. The Whale rolls over and rummages in his bag. He gestures to a waiter who dashes over. The waiter points in John's direction.

John sinks into his sun lounge behind the book.

Stefania, glances to John, then to the oblivious Molly.

John and Stefania's POV - The Whale chats to the Barracuda and both stare at John and Stefania.

They rise and bear down upon the couple. Nobody breathes.

The Barracuda gestures to the melon. The Whale scratches.

Stefania exhales and points to the fruit seller moving away down the beach. The Whale grunts and they slope off.

John and Stefania watch the Whale and Barracuda head down the beach. As if in reflex, she hands him a phone. Prompt.

INT. HAWAIIAN PRINCESS HOTEL/CORRIDOR - DAY

John approaches a door and BANGS on it.

Silence. He swipes the key card.

INT. HAWAIIAN PRINCESS HOTEL/YAKUZA SUITE - DAY

John creeps around the plush suite and over to the balcony.

John's POV - Through the palms, holiday makers enjoying themselves down on the beach. The A/C hums gently (O.S.).

EXT. WAIKIKI BEACH - DAY

Stefania relaxes on her sun lounger. Calm.

INTERCUT. INT/EXT. HAWAIIAN PRINCESS HOTEL/YAKUZA SUITE /  
WAIKIKI BEACH - DAY

Crouching down in front of a safe, John brushes powder on the buttons and turns on a small blacklight torch on his phone.

Dense finger-prints on the key pad illuminate the most heavily used digits.

John presses the corresponding numbers.

Stefania's POV - The Whale and Barracuda return to their loungers, melons in hand.

The Barracuda's mobile rings. He hands it to the Whale.

INT. HAWAIIAN PRINCESS HOTEL/FOYER - DAY

Fifteen steely YAKUZA SHARKS, the Don older and leatherier than the rest, all sunglasses, tattoos and Hawaiian shirts, stand expectantly as one of their number listens on a mobile.

INTERCUT. INT/EXT. HAWAIIAN PRINCESS HOTEL/YAKUZA SUITE/  
WAIKIKI BEACH - DAY

John stares into the safe and photographs the contents in situ before removing a leather-bound ledger.

Stefania's POV - The Whale and Barracuda stand up, pack up their belongs and dart from the beach. Harassed.

Stefania, goes to grab her phone. It's vanished. She rummages everywhere for it.

Molly's BUCKET of water.

Stefania gingerly lifts out the dead, very wet phone from the bucket, shaking the crab off as she does so.

She gazes apprehensively up at the hotel. Her chest tightens.

John slowly turns over pages of the ledger, photographing each. He stops at a page of names and dates and stares at it.

INTERCUT. INT/INT. HAWAIIAN PRINCESS HOTEL/CORRIDOR / YAKUZA SUITE - DAY

The Whale and Barracuda approach the hotel door and swipe card. Nothing happens. They rattle the door. Impatient.

They swipe again and rattle the door again. Harder.

John is frozen. Ears on muffled NOISES outside (O.S.).

He smoothly pulls a GUN out from under his shirt.

The Barracuda walks away. The Whale waits.

INT. HAWAIIAN PRINCESS HOTEL/FOYER/FRONT DESK - DAY

The Barracuda is handed a key card from the Concierge.

The SOUND of a throat clearing behind (O.S.). The Barracuda rotates slowly.

INT. HAWAIIAN PRINCESS HOTEL/YAKUZA SUITE - DAY

The Whale coughs in the corridor (O.S.). John delicately puts the ledger back and gently closes the safe.

He winces as the safe combo BEEPS while depressing the buttons, then winces further as the safe LOCKS.

He can't breathe. Sweat runs down his nose.

INT. HAWAIIAN PRINCESS HOTEL/CORRIDOR - DAY

One headphone plugged into an ear, the Whale listens to chattering on his mobile (indistinct).

INT/INT. HAWAIIAN PRINCESS HOTEL/ELEVATOR / FOYER - DAY

A meek Barracuda surrounded by Yakuza Sharks.

Stefania's POV - the elevator doors close on the Sharks.

INT. HAWAIIAN PRINCESS HOTEL/CORRIDOR - DAY

The Whale bows low to the incoming Sharks and one barracuda.

INT. HAWAIIAN PRINCESS HOTEL/YAKUZA SUITE - DAY

John slides the balcony door open. The A/C cuts out.

INT. HAWAIIAN PRINCESS HOTEL/YAKUZA SUITE - DAY

Everyone piles in. Barracuda goes to the loo. Whale listens for the A/C. Sunlight shafts through a gap in the balcony doors. Frowning, he approaches the doors

and LOCKS them.

The A/C starts up as a fire alarm BLARES (O.S.).

The Barracuda exits the loos. Everyone stares at each other. Instinctively, Barracuda nods to the old Shark and empties the safe.

INT. HAWAIIAN PRINCESS HOTEL/KITCHENS - DAY

Molly in her arms, Stefania stands by a pulled fire alarm. Water sprays from the ceiling soaking them both.

EXT. WAIKIKI BEACH - DAY

Hotel guests pour onto the beach as fire engines WOW (O.S).

LATER

Stefania applies lotion to John on her sun lounger. He's very sunburnt, with ripped shirt and is a little scratched up. He then sidles up as Molly jumps onto her belly.

INSERT - MOBILE PHONE/STEFANIA'S FINGERS SWIPE IMAGES:  
Holiday shots of the trio. The Whale and Barracuda always in the background; the safe; ledger pages; a vertigo-inducing drop over the Yakuza suite balcony to the balcony below.

Stefania holds up the phone, they pose for a selfie. CLICK!

INSERT - MOBILE PHONE IMAGE: The happy grinning trio. In the background, the Sharks, Whale and Barracuda around a long bar table. Captured in the frame is the same put-upon waiter having his tray flipped by an amused Shark. Drinks flying.

The End.