



Honolulu CRU

written by
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HONOLULU CRU

FADE IN:

1 EXT. GOLF COURSE - MORNING

1

A brilliant blue sky. Verdant fairways. Manicured, chemical green, greens. Palm trees rustle in a gentle breeze.

Two electric golf carts, modified to look like miniature Rolls Royces, pull up to the 18th tee. Four stocky, red faced, businessmen from Chicago, sit in the carts ignoring the view chomping on cigars. One of them, GARY (50), jumps out and walks off in a huff.

GARY
(irritable)
I gotta clean my balls.

MAN #1
When all else fails...

The three MEN chuckle as GARY angrily cranks his golf ball through the washer.

MAN #2
What're you down, Gary?

GARY
(gritting his teeth)
Enough.

MAN #3, bespectacled - the accountant in the foursome, pulls out a pad of paper. He checks it and whistles.

MAN #3
About five grand.

MAN #2
(to Gary)
Oh man. Paula is gonna kill you.

GARY picks up his club, he's come to a decision.

GARY
Paula's not gonna kill me, because I'm gonna make it all back, right now. Double or nothing. One hole. Sudden death.

GARY tees his ball. He looks down the fairway: 185 yards - par 3. GARY'S knuckles are white on the grip, he's starting to sweat. He rears back and takes a massive swing. The ball rockets straight down the fairway...

(CONT...)

MAN #3
Whoa. Lookin' good.

Then bounces over the green and lands on the other side of a bunker in a sand trap. GARY hurls the driver into the air.

2 EXT. GOLF COURSE GREEN - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

2

Three white balls sit in various positions on the green. GARY jumps out of the golf cart and walks across the green to the sand trap on the other side. GARY'S ball has landed on what, at first, looks like the top of a mound of sand.

GARY
(sarcastic, to himself)
It doesn't get any better than this.

As GARY gets closer he sees that the ball is perched between the nose and upper lip of a dead man partially buried in the sand. GARY stops, his jaw drops. He turns towards his friends, who're waiting by the carts and can't see what he sees.

GARY (cont'd)
Hey...guys....guys...

MAN #2
(laughing)
Play it as it lays!

MAN #1
You can't move the ball. Two stroke penalty!

GARY, takes a beat to decide, then positions himself over the ball, studies the shot.

GARY
This is bad.

GARY chips the ball off the face. The ball hopping along the green, rolling towards the pin, and dropping in the cup. The MEN erupt in cheers and run to congratulate him.

The MEN stop short when they see the body in the sand. GARY looks like he's about to vomit...

GARY
Oh this is bad.

FADE TO BLACK.

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 EXT. DOCKS - DAY 3

A cherry '69 Mustang convertible parks along the docks, near some fishing Boats and a rusty old freighter.

Climbing out of the car is Detective GEORGE AKIYAMA (27), a handsome Japanese-American man with a powerful and compact build and his partner, Detective Sergeant THOMAS MCMANUS (41), a sandy haired and attractive man whose lanky posture and breezy style suggest a sardonic worldview.

A third man, JASPER COLLINS (25) an Australian, sits in the back. JASPER holds up his hands revealing a pair of handcuffs.

JASPER

Can I get these off.

THOMAS

Not yet.

JASPER

Why couldn't you put the top up? I'm gettin' sunburned here...

GEORGE

They keep you locked in a room. You're gonna need your vitamin D.

THOMAS and GEORGE pull JASPER out of the car and lead him towards the gangplank.

THOMAS

Ever been to Guam, Jasper?

JASPER

Guam? What am I gonna do in Guam?

GEORGE

You can swim home to Sydney from there.

JASPER

You can't do this! You can't do this to me! I'm a tourist! A guest!

A couple of muscular CHINESE SAILORS walk down the gangplank and grab JASPER.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

That's where you're wrong, Jasper. You got caught sellin' dope. We could lock you up, waste a lot of hard working taxpayer money...or we can have you dropped off in Guam.

THOMAS

This is our version of a warning.

JASPER

It was oregano! Oregano and glue!

THOMAS gets in JASPER'S face.

THOMAS

That's even worse.

GEORGE nods and the CHINESE SAILORS drag JASPER up the gangplank. THOMAS and GEORGE turn and start walking back to the car.

As they walk they see a tour group of young JAPANESE WOMEN getting off a day boat.

THOMAS

Beautiful. Isn't it?

GEORGE

What? The tourists?

THOMAS

Yes. The beautiful tourists.

GEORGE

I know all about the tourists. My parent's keep trying to marry me off to one. In fact I've got another date tonight. All the way from Tokyo.

THOMAS

You're the luckiest man in Hawaii.

GEORGE

You got bamboo fever?

THOMAS

What are you talking about?

GEORGE

Alienated childhood? That would explain your attraction to people distinct from yourself.

THOMAS

Oh, look who's talking! What's a nice Chinese/Japanese boy doing trying to find a redhead in Hawaii?

GEORGE

(dissembling)

There's just something about them...

THOMAS

Take a long look in the mirror before you profile me, Sigmund.

Before GEORGE can respond the police radio in the car crackles to life.

DISPATCH

(filtered)

D-6 McManus and Akiyama proceed to homicide... Kahala Bay Country Club...

4 EXT. COUNTRY CLUB PARKING LOT - DAY

The Mustang pulls into a parking lot already filled with Police Cars, Media Vans, an Ambulance, etc.

Visible from the parking lot, the 18th green has been transformed into a crime scene. Yellow tape and uniformed OFFICERS control the perimeter, attempting to keep the MEDIA at bay, as NEWS CREWS set up their cameras and equipment.

THOMAS gets out of the car and clips his badge to the front of his vintage Hawaiian shirt. He pulls a comb out of his pocket and begins combing his hair.

THOMAS

Maybe we'll make the news.

GEORGE

I don't think so. The Chief and the Mayor are on their way.

THOMAS stops preening.

THOMAS

I wore my nice shirt.

They walk towards the crime scene.

5 EXT. GOLF COURSE GREEN - DAY

5

THOMAS and GEORGE walk past the media, under the tape, and over to a stocky Korean-American man, DET. STEVE DENNISON (47).

DENNISON

(hearty)

Top of the mornin', Thomas. Let me show you what I've got...

DENNISON leads them into the sand trap where the body is now draped with a sheet.

DENNISON (cont'd)

(a la Mr. Rogers)

You guys from CRU don't see this too often. This is a dead guy. Someone killed him. We call that a homicide. Can you say homicide?

GEORGE

(taking the bait)

Homicide...

THOMAS

(interrupting)

Don't...

DENNISON yanks the sheet up, revealing the corpse. Now unburied, we see a handsome Filipino man in his twenties, wearing slacks and a blood stained shirt.

DENNISON

Gentlemen I'd like you to meet Ray Cuerdo. He's here on vacation from the Philippines.

GEORGE takes a look at the wound. THOMAS notices the abrasion on the face.

GEORGE

Nine millimeter?

THOMAS

Pitching wedge.

DENNISON

Sand wedge, actually. Guy who found him hit a shot right off his nose.

THOMAS

He make the shot?

(CONTINUED)

DENNISON nods. THOMAS stands and looks at the hole.

THOMAS (cont'd)

Sweet.

DENNISON

The Chief wants this case closed in time to make the five O'clock news. That's why we pulled you guys off your important Crime Reduction Unit work...What is it you do again? Annoy and irritate the crumbs?

GEORGE

(bristling)

We proactively target...

DENNISON rips a piece of paper out of his notepad, hands it to GEORGE.

DENNISON

(interrupting)

Here's the stiff's hotel. See what you can proactively dig up. I'll work forensics and ballistics.

DENNISON walks off.

THOMAS

(quietly mocking Dennison)

Forensics and ballistics...tough job.

6 EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

6

As GEORGE and THOMAS walk back to the car, Chief of Police HAMASAKI (57) a starched man in a starched uniform, makes a statement to the gathered MEDIA.

CHIEF HAMASAKI

Honolulu is one of the safest cities in America...we do not tolerate crimes of this nature. Detectives from Homicide will join forces with Detectives from the special Crime Reduction Unit to bring a swift resolution to this....

7 EXT. AERIAL - DAY

7

GEORGE and THOMAS cruise down the highway in the Mustang, sunglasses on, wind whipping their hair. Diamond Head, Waikiki, and the blue ocean glisten in the distance.

8 EXT. ILIKAI HOTEL - DAY

8

A monstrous structure, built in the fifties and architecturally similar to LAX. The Mustang pulls into the circular driveway.

9 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY

9

A BELLHOP leads THOMAS and GEORGE down the generic Hotel corridor. The BELLHOP stops in front of a room, takes a master key, and unlocks the door. THOMAS and GEORGE enter the room. The BELLHOP waits, tentative.

THOMAS

We don't tip. Police regulations.

The BELLHOPS vanishes.

10 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

10

THOMAS and GEORGE begin to search the room. They are thorough and efficient. Two suits hang in the closet. A single suitcase sits open and empty on the floor.

THOMAS

Looks like he was here on business. I don't even see a swimsuit.

A small shaving kit and toothbrush in the bathroom.

GEORGE

Not everybody swims.

Socks, underwear, etc. in the dresser.

THOMAS

This is Hawaii. They go to the beach. Sit by the pool.

GEORGE sifts through the underwear.

THOMAS (cont'd)

All those hours of grad school and here you are...fondling a strange man's skivvies.

GEORGE makes a face and moves towards the bed.

GEORGE

The future of law enforcement is changing...

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS

I know, I know. I'm a dinosaur.

GEORGE opens the nitestand drawer and discovers a stack of photocopied flyers.

GEORGE

Subject may have been a compulsive sex addict.

GEORGE holds up the flyers, they all advertise escort services.

THOMAS

You mean he liked girls?

GEORGE

Yeah. Basically.

ANGLE:

THOMAS finds an envelope full of snapshots. He lines them up on the bureau...

THOMAS

Here's Ray... who's the babe?

The photos all show RAY with a very attractive young woman. Several are of the woman by herself. THOMAS reads the back of the photo.

THOMAS (cont'd)

(reading)

Me and Vivian...

THOMAS opens another drawer, and pulls a notebook - like a college composition book - out from under some shirts. He flips through it.

THOMAS

I'd say he had more than a recreational interest in escorts.

GEORGE

What have you got?

THOMAS

(looking at notebook)

They're all here. Every escort service in town. He was working his way through them. Checking them off. Maybe he was a compulsive sex addict.

(CONT:)

ANGLE:

GEORGE picks up a pair of shoes on the floor...shakes them. A key drops out. GEORGE picks it up. The key has a fat orange handle with HONOLULU AIRPORT stamped on it.

GEORGE

Airport. This could be interesting.

THOMAS turns and looks as GEORGE holds up the key.

11 INT. AIRPORT - DAY

11

Inside the main terminal... the usual hustle and bustle as TOURISTS from around the world arrive with pale, eager faces, or depart with tan skin and a smile. Almost all of them wear flower leis.

GEORGE walks up to a bank of lockers, locates the right one and sticks the key in. THOMAS hangs back.

GEORGE

Aren't you curious?

THOMAS

I'd hate for it to be a bomb.

GEORGE freezes and shoots THOMAS a look.

THOMAS (cont'd)

Or the girl.

GEORGE

Don't say another word.

GEORGE takes a deep breath and carefully opens the locker.

ANGLE:

Inside the locker is a big stack of cash and several handguns.

THOMAS

Beaucoup kala.

12 EXT. DISTRICT 6 CRU HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Formerly Trader Vic's, this lava rock, A-frame, tiki resort on Kalakaua Ave, has been converted into the headquarters of the Waikiki CRU Unit.

13 INT. D-6 CRU HEADQUARTERS - DAY

13

The restaurant interior has been left intact, drywall cubicles have been erected to make small offices and storage rooms. The murals, lighting, carpeting, etc. still reek of mai tai soaked tourists and Polynesian steak dinners.

CHIEF HAMASAKI, flanked by two snappily uniformed OFFICERS, leans close to LT. CYNTHIA LITTLETON (33). LT. LITTLETON, formerly with the New York City Police Dept., is a true police professional: direct, no bullshit, Jack Webb would've married her.

CHIEF HAMASAKI

Listen Lieutenant, If you want to keep your special unit and your special budget you clear this case today.

LITTLETON

It might take more than a day. We don't have anything to go on.

CHIEF HAMASAKI

(intense)

You don't understand. That's my Country Club.

CHIEF HAMASAKI turns to leave and almost collides with GEORGE. HAMASAKI breaks into a big smile.

CHIEF HAMASAKI (cont'd)

Detective Akiyama! How are you?

GEORGE

Good. Chief. Nice to see you.

They shake hands.

CHIEF HAMASAKI

Give this case your personal attention. For me.

GEORGE

Absolutely. Sure. Ok.

CHIEF HAMASAKI nods and exits. LITTLETON and THOMAS stare at GEORGE as he walks to his desk. GEORGE passes a giant marker board filled with Japanese/English, Cantonese/English, Tagalog/English, etc. translations. (i.e. Buka=Weapon).

A couple of CRU members are there, waiting to get their assignments. They are: LARRY (40) a skinny Caucasian who, because he doesn't look like a Cop, is the most assaulted

(CONTINUED)

police officer in America, and DET. KAMAKAWIWO'OLE (29) a huge, muscular Hawaiian and DET. TANUMAFILI (28) a Samoan and former nose tackle for Florida State.

The DETECTIVES wear jeans, T-shirts, shorts, whatever helps them blend in with vacationing tourists. LARRY has a bright band-aid on his nose.

THOMAS goes to his desk and notices that the tower of Skoal chewing tobacco cans on his neighbor's desk has collapsed onto his. He shoves them aside and looks at DETECTIVE CHRISTIANSON (33) a mixed race man they call COWBOY.

THOMAS

Do you mind?

COWBOY

Thirty more cans and I can get a genuine silver belt buckle.

THOMAS

How many cans for a new set of teeth?

COWBOY looks the other way and spits into a coke can. LITTLETON enters.

LITTLETON

Listen up. You saw the Chief? He wants a full court press on this.

KAMAKAWIWO'OLE

Over a dead guy on a golf course?

LITTLETON

People come here to play golf. They don't wanna be trippin' over bodies. Detective Sergeant McManus? What've you got?

THOMAS adopts an overly serious manner - just like LITTLETON - he holds up the snapshots of VIVIAN.

THOMAS

Couple dozen photographs of an unknown female.

GEORGE

(playing along)

Photocopied flyers advertising escort services.

GEORGE passes the various flyers around.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE (cont'd)

He was documenting the various services
in a notebook.

THOMAS holds up the notebook.

THOMAS

He only used ten pages.

LITTLETON fidgets - she's getting annoyed.

LITTLETON

That's it? Photos, flyers, a notebook?

THOMAS

We believe they're all connected.

LITTLETON groans.

GEORGE

We found the key to an airport locker.

LITTLETON

And?

THOMAS

(disingenuous)

Oh yeah. We found a hundred thousand
dollars and two nine millimeter handguns
in the locker.

LITTLETON shoots them a look.

LITTLETON

Was that comedy?

LARRY

(holding a flyer)

We popped some guys, we think might be
connected to the Mexican Mafia from L.A.
They were passing these out on the
boulevard.

COWBOY

They caught this fella snoopin' around,
they might do something.

LITTLETON

Good. Akiyama and McManus are already
working with Homicide. The rest of you
find where these guys are stayin'. Then
we'll do a little knock an' talk . See

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LITTLETON (cont'd)
what the Angelenos know about escort
services.

The meeting breaks up as everybody gets to work.

THOMAS
(thinking out loud)
I busted a service a few years back. The
crumb was a football player turned porno
star turned pimp. I'll see if I can look
him up.

GEORGE
Let's check him out.

LITTLETON
(loud, getting their attention)
F.Y.I...if you already haven't received
one...the Governor has sent a memo to all
state employees...

LITTLETON pulls the memo out of her pocket and quotes it.

LITTLETON (cont'd)
All state and city employees will now use
the word "Aloha" instead of "Hello" when
conducting official business.

This is met with groans of derision from the DETECTIVES.
LITTLETON exits to her office. As the DETECTIVES get ready to
work a young JAPANESE MAN (22), dressed in a suit with polo
shirt and brush cut hair, enters the office carrying a
handcarved wooden box. The JAPANESE MAN walks directly up to
THOMAS and, with a deep and respectful bow, hands him the
box.

JAPANESE MAN
Nakashima.

The JAPANESE MAN gives THOMAS a long look. THOMAS takes the
box, the JAPANESE MAN exits. THOMAS carries the box to his
desk.

GEORGE
What'd that guy say? Nakashima?

THOMAS
Nakashima's a Yakuza guy I put away ten
years ago.

THOMAS opens the box.

ANGLE:

(CONTINUED)

Inside the box is, what looks like, a Japanese painting rolled up like a scroll. THOMAS unrolls it. It is oddly shaped, like an animal skin.

GEORGE

What is it? What did he send?

LARRY

That from Nakashima?

THOMAS looks closely at the painting, feels it. His expression suddenly changes. He turns pale and slumps in his chair.

THOMAS

It is Nakashima.

Fully unfurled on his desk we see the painting for what it is: ornately tattooed human skin. GEORGE feels the skin, reacts.

GEORGE

I don't get it. Who is this guy?

LARRY

About ten years ago some gangsters from Kobe, in Japan, moved in and were trying to muscle out the Samoan gangs.

14 INT. STYLIZED FLASHBACK - NIGHT

14

As LARRY begins to describe the following, we see broken images of the raid on Nakashima's house. THOMAS and other OFFICERS silhouetted, moving in shadows. The front door splinters...a young woman, NAKASHIMA'S WIFE...holding a teapot...the spout in shadows, looking exactly like a gun...shots...the tea pot falls and tea spills on the tatami floor....shouts...THOMAS reacting..

LARRY (V.O.)

They're like the Japanese Mafia. It was a bad scene. Gang war. We raided this house, looking for illegal guns...and...

THOMAS (V.O.)

The guy's wife comes out of the kitchen carrying a tea pot...I blew her away.

LARRY (V.O.)

It wasn't like that. These Yakuza guys were heavy. We were expecting the worst.

15 INT. BACK TO SCENE

15

The memory is obviously painful for THOMAS.

THOMAS
She had a little kid.

LARRY
(to Thomas)
You were cleared by the commission.

THOMAS
Killed his Mom, put his Dad in jail.

GEORGE
So why did you get his skin?

THOMAS looks at the box, he doesn't know the answer to GEORGE's question. He opens the bottom drawer of his desk and places the box in it...closing the drawer.

16 EXT. WAIKIKI BEACH - DAY

16...

GEORGE and THOMAS stroll along the crowded beach. Hundreds of TOURISTS are out, splashing in the waves, baking in the warm sun. THOMAS sees something up ahead. GEORGE follows his look.

THOMAS
That's the crumb.

Right next to the Kiosk selling beach mats, hats, sunscreen, etc. sits RAMSEY (30) a crew cut, All-American surfer wearing a tank top and jams. RAMSEY sits next to a sign advertising tickets to an "EXOTIC HAWAIIAN LUAU".

GEORGE and THOMAS approach.

THOMAS
(sarcastic)
Wow. A real luau.

GEORGE
Does that include Pua'a pig and poi?

RAMSEY recognizes THOMAS.

RAMSEY
You can shove the poi right up your...

GEORGE
(interrupting)
Be nice...

(CONTINUED)

RAMSEY stands.

THOMAS

We're curious about this "Luau" of yours...

GEORGE gets in RAMSEY'S face.

GEORGE

It's not some new angle on an escort service is it? You know? Take a bunch of Shriners to an isolated spot, feed them spam and pineapple while you toot a conch shell and some hookers dance around.

RAMSEY looks at THOMAS.

THOMAS

He was born here. Doesn't like to see the culture exploited.

RAMSEY

(shrugging)

If some tourist and a hula girl hit it off...

GEORGE

You wouldn't...you know...take a percentage?

RAMSEY freezes for a beat, then suddenly takes off, running fast down the beach.

THOMAS

Nice work, Professor.

GEORGE sprints after RAMSEY. THOMAS turns and walks off towards the street.

17 EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

17

GEORGE chases RAMSEY down the beach. They hurdle over sunbathers, etc.

18 EXT. KALAKAUA AVE - DAY

18

THOMAS approaches a small Police station, just off the beach. He flashes his badge to a POLICE OFFICER in a Cushman - normally used by Meter Maids, but what the Waikiki Cops drive.

THOMAS

End of the beach.

(CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED:

13.
18

He jumps on, the Cushman takes off.

19 EXT. BEACH - DAY

19

GEORGE continues to chase RAMSEY. As they near the end of the beach, RAMSEY angles towards the street. He turns into a parking lot when suddenly THOMAS jumps out from behind a bush and trips him. RAMSEY goes down hard, skidding and rolling across the pavement. He tries to get up and run, but THOMAS has his gun out.

THOMAS

I'm not a runner. Bad knee.

GEORGE comes running up, sucking wind, sweat pouring off of him. His cellphone starts ringing. GEORGE, who's out of breath, hands the phone to THOMAS.

THOMAS

(into phone)

McManus. (BEAT) Yeah. Thanks. We'll be right there.

THOMAS hangs up the phone and turns to the POLICE OFFICER in the Cushman.

THOMAS

Take him to D-6 CRU. Have them hold him until we get back.

20 INT. MORGUE - DAY

20

THOMAS and GEORGE enter the large tile room with its bank of stainless steel corpse refrigerators. Several gurneys with sheet shrouded bodies are lined against a wall, clipboards balanced on top of them.

The Coroner, DR. KOLONELO (55), a rotund man, stands in front of a small TV set.

KOLONELO

You asked me to call if there was anything unusual about the golf course man.

THOMAS

Anything?

KOLONELO

His sister came to claim the body.

KOLONELO looks at THOMAS and GEORGE.

(CONTINUED)

KOLONELO (cont'd)

I found it unusual. Let me show you.

KOLONELO pops a video cassette into a VCR and turns on the TV. THOMAS and GEORGE walk over.

KOLONELO

I keep a surveillance of everyone who comes.

KOLONELO points to a small surveillance camera mounted on the wall above his desk.

KOLONELO (cont'd)

Here...

He clicks on the VCR. A grainy black and white image flickers on the screen. Two MEN and a WOMAN. She sits at the desk filling out a form.

KOLONELO (CONT'D)

This is the woman.

GEORGE

You sure she's his sister?

KOLONELO

I saw her passport.

We instantly recognize the woman as VIVIAN from the photos in Ray Cuerdo's hotel room. She's flanked by two serious looking men, ESTEBAN RODRIGUEZ (27) a tough looking Latino and a swarthy white guy named FRANK PIPES (39). The MEN dwarf VIVIAN, who looks small, miserable, and scared.

KOLONELO (cont'd)

The men did not let her speak.

As THOMAS and GEORGE watch it becomes apparent that VIVIAN is here against her will. At one point FRANK reaches over and twists VIVIAN's arm, causing her to wince in pain.

GEORGE

I know that guy...that's Frank Pipes...

THOMAS' face falls. He fights to suppress his rage as the two MEN sadistically torment VIVIAN.

FADE TO BLACK

END OF ACT

(CONTINUED)

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

21 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

21

RAMSEY sits at the end of a table. KAMAKAWIWO'OLE sits on the other end of the table staring at RAMSEY as he slowly eats animal crackers. TANUMAFILI sits opposite KAMAKAWIWO'OLE cracking his knuckles and staring at RAMSEY. RAMSEY attempts to play it cool, but is starting to get nervous.

RAMSEY

Just get it over with.

No response from KAMAKAWIWO'OLE or TANUMAFILI.

RAMSEY (cont'd)

Go ahead. Kick the crap outta me.

Suddenly GEORGE and THOMAS enter the room. They talk fast and loud. RAMSEY looks at them, totally confused.

GEORGE

(to Ramsey)

Contestant number one? Are you ready to play? Detective McManus! Tell him what he's won...

THOMAS steps forward.

THOMAS

You won't believe the deluxe vacation we've got planned for you! First you'll be taken to beautiful downtown Honolulu Hawaii for a luxurious spa treatment. After your delousing you'll be whisked away in a chauffeur driven car to a fabulous facility where we will keep you four to seven years. The food, entertainment, companionship...

THOMAS winks at RAMSEY.

THOMAS (cont'd)

And I mean real companionship... forget good friends and candlelit dinners and get ready for big hairy lifers!

RAMSEY

Hey. Hey. Hey.

(CONT'D)

THOMAS
(to George)
Monty? He doesn't want to play.

RAMSEY
Play what?

GEORGE
Let's make a deal! The Police version of
the popular TV game.

RAMSEY
I don't wanna play. No thanks.

KAMAKAWIWO'OLE and TANUMAFILI suddenly stand, knocking their
chairs over.

TANUMAFILI
(to Kamakawiwo'ole)
Now can we play our game?

KAMAKAWIWO'OLE
(to Tanumafili)
Think he'll bounce?

RAMSEY finally understands.

RAMSEY
(miserable)
Dudes. C'mon. What do you want?

GEORGE hands him one of the escort service flyers.

GEORGE
Tell us about this?

RAMSEY
Oh man. C'mon. I don't have anything to
do with this. This stuff is like...it's
heinous.

THOMAS
How so?

RAMSEY
The chicks aren't hookers 'cos they wanna
be. They're forced.

THOMAS and GEORGE react.

THOMAS
Forced?

RAMSEY

Forced. Coerced. Tricked.

THOMAS

What does Frank Pipes have to do with this?

RAMSEY's demeanor suddenly changes.

RAMSEY

I am not part of it. You did not hear this from me. No testimony. No court. I am The Invisible Man. That cat is evil, man. E-V-E-L.

THOMAS

Don't hand me that. Frank is a harmless pornographer. You worked for him didn't you? Said he was an artist.

RAMSEY

He's changed. He's beyond artistic. He finds young chicks in the Philippines or Mainland China...chicks who wanna come stateside. He gets them visas an' stuff...but then the girls owe him. And they gotta work it off. That is all I know. Honest.

GEORGE looks over at THOMAS for a reaction, but THOMAS is holding the photograph of VIVIAN...staring at it.

22 INT. D-6 CRU HEADQUARTERS - DAY

22

THOMAS sits at his desk. He opens the drawer and looks down at the wooden box for a beat. He closes the drawer. He can't deal with it yet.

23 EXT. SURF RIGGER HOTEL - DAY

23

The CRU pull up in unmarked vans and climb out. LITTLETON, LARRY, COWBOY, KAMAKAWIWO'OLE, TANUMAFILI, and five UNIFORMED OFFICERS. They check their guns, and prepare to enter the building.

KAMAKAWIWO'OLE

They're up on the fourteenth?

LITTLETON

(looking at her watch)
Larry and Cowboy, take the stairs. Cover any exits.

(CONTINUED)

COWBOY

Where's Thomas and George? They should take the stairs.

LITTLETON

They're kickin' the crumb loose, so you get the honor.

24 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

24

The CRU and the COPS are met by five Hotel SECURITY GUARDS. The various UNIFORMS nod and smile, silently shake hands. Ding. The elevator doors open and everyone crowds in.

25 INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

25

LITTLETON pushes the button for the 14th floor. The doors close and the elevator begins to ascend. Suddenly it lurches...and stops. LITTLETON pushes the button again. Nothing happens.

LITTLETON

What's the weight limit on these things?

SECURITY GUARD #1

Two thousand pounds.

Everyone on the elevator turns and looks at TANUMAFILI and KAMAKAWIWO'OLE. The two big men take a tiny step back. The elevator tilts slightly.

KAMAKAWIWO'OLE

We shoulda taken one by ourselves.

LITTLETON

Great. I wanted to get to these guys before they went out for a night on the town.

LITTLETON fiddles with her police walkie-talkie. Inside the elevator shaft they get nothing.

LITTLETON (cont'd)

Unbelievable. Radio's don't work in here.

One of the SECURITY GUARDS has picked up the phone.

SECURITY GUARD #2

(into phone)

We're stuck! The elevator is stuck!

It's hot in the elevator, everybody begins to sweat. The SECURITY GUARD hangs up the phone.

(CONTINUED)

SECURITY GUARD #2 (cont'd)
They have to get the elevator repairman.

LITTLETON
How long will that take?

The GUARD shrugs.

TANUMAFILI
This ever happen in New York, Lieutenant?

LITTLETON looks up at the massive bulk of TANUMAFILI and KAMAKAWIWO'OLE.

LITTLETON
In New York the people are actually smaller than the elevators.

26 INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

26

COWBOY and LARRY climb up the stairs. They are both panting and covered in sweat. COWBOY looks at the door. It reads: 11. ... He groans, pulls off one of his cowboy boots.

COWBOY
My dogs are killin' me.

LARRY
It's your boots. Look at 'em. They're totally inappropriate. Why do you wear those things?

COWBOY looks at LARRY's cross-trainers.

COWBOY
'Cos a man doesn't wear sneakers when he's workin'.

27 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

27

The CRU is sweating copiously now. It's hot and there's not much air.

One of the SECURITY GUARDS begins singing, what sounds like, "MacArthur Park".

LITTLETON
Shut up.

SECURITY GUARD #1
(defensive)
I sing when I get nervous.

(CONTINUED)

LITTLETON
(an edge of menace)
Don't be nervous.

28 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY 28

COWBOY and LARRY peek out of the exit door. The hallway is quiet - too quiet.

LARRY
Where is everybody?

29 EXT. SURF RIGGER HOTEL - DAY 29

GEORGE and THOMAS walk towards the Hotel entrance. The elevator repair truck is parked right in front.

30 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY 30

GEORGE and THOMAS enter the lobby. The ELEVATOR REPAIRMAN has the electrical panel out, wires hang everywhere.

GEORGE
Elevator stuck?

ELEVATOR REPAIRMAN
(laughing)
Yeah. And it's full of Cops.

GEORGE pulls out his radio.

GEORGE
That's not funny.

ELEVATOR REPAIRMAN
(catching on)
Uh. I'm working on it as fast as I can.

GEORGE walks away, attempting to use his radio. THOMAS turns to the REPAIRMAN.

THOMAS
Shoulda said Shriners...that's funny.

GEORGE listens to the radio. We hear LARRY'S voice.

LARRY
(filtered)
We're on 14. In the stairwell.

THOMAS
Fourteen! Christ!

ELEVATOR REPAIRMAN
(helpful)
The other elevator works fine.

31 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY 31

The elevator doors open and THOMAS and GEORGE walk out. It's still quiet - too quiet.

COWBOY peeks out of the stairwell and waves them over.

32 INT. STAIRWELL - DAY 32

LARRY, COWBOY, GEORGE, and THOMAS.

LARRY
What'dya wanna do? I'm worried the crumbs'll be goin' out any minute.

GEORGE
There's four of us. Let's do the knock an' talk.

They look at each other.

33 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY 33

No one talks now. They are miserable. Sweaty. Looking like extras on the voyage of the damned.

34 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY 34

LARRY leads the way.

LARRY
Fourteen Zero Three.

LARRY stops at 1403. GEORGE, THOMAS, and COWBOY all take casual poses around the door.

THOMAS
Don't forget, you have to say "Aloha".

LARRY knocks on the door. After a beat the door swings open to reveal a gigantic LATINO MAN (22). In the background we see about ten other MEN, some LATINO other CAUCASIAN, and seven or eight PROSTITUTES.

LARRY
Aloha!

Without a sound the LATINO MAN punches LARRY hard in the nose. LARRY goes down.

(CONTINUED)

In the instant it takes LARRY to fall to the floor... the MEN draw weapons... the CRU unit draw theirs. Even LARRY, on the floor with a bloody nose, has his handgun out, pointing up at one of the MEN'S crotches. It's a Mexican Standoff... anyone shoots...they all die. It's excruciating.

LATINO MAN #1
(calmly)
Can I help you?

THOMAS
Honolulu Police. Put down your weapons.

No one blinks.

THOMAS (cont'd)
I'm required to say that.

THOMAS and GEORGE recognize one of the MEN as ESTEBAN RODRIGUEZ, last seen on the surveillance tape from the morgue.

No one breathes.

In the back of the action, halfway in the hotel room, a young PROSTITUTE stands tightly griping an unopened champagne bottle. The wire cage is off the bottle...it's only a matter of seconds before the pressure in the bottle pushes out the cork.

Sweat drips off of ESTEBAN'S forehead. THOMAS stares with deadly intent into one of the LATINO'S eyes. GEORGE sees a redheaded WOMAN and discreetly eyes her. And then....

POP. The champagne opens.

Everyone flinches, their lives passing before their eyes. But no one pulls the trigger...

35 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

35

LITTLETON kicks the door in frustration.

LITTLETON
Move! Just...move!

The elevator lurches and begins to ascend. Everyone sighs with relief.

LITTLETON (cont'd)
New York attitude. Gets things done.

DING!, the elevator arrives on the 14th floor.

36 INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

36

The doors open revealing the standoff. The CRU, the UNIFORMED OFFICERS, the HOTEL SECURITY...all respond immediately, pulling weapons and leveling them on the MEN. The balance of power has shifted dramatically.

ESTEBAN and LATINO MAN #1 exchange a brief glance and slowly put their guns on the floor. The other MEN follow.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT

(CONTINUED)

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

37 INT. HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

37

GEORGE and THOMAS sit in a holding cell. ESTEBAN RODRIGUEZ sits opposite, handcuffed to a chair.

THOMAS

How do you know Frank Pipes?

ESTEBAN

I want a lawyer.

GEORGE

So you keep saying.

THOMAS

Where is Vivian Cuerdo?

No response.

THOMAS (cont'd)

Who killed her brother?

ESTEBAN

You don't got nothin' on me.

GEORGE throws several official looking forms on the table.

GEORGE

Why did we find these in your hotel room?

ESTEBAN

What is that?

GEORGE

The paperwork requesting the release of Ray Cuerdo's body.

ESTEBAN

I want a lawyer.

GEORGE

Ok. We'll get one first thing in the morning.

ESTEBAN

I'm not sleepin' in no jail. I want a lawyer.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS

Hey. Esteban. This isn't L.A. Honolulu lawyers don't work nights.

THOMAS and GEORGE exit the room leaving ESTEBAN to stew.

38 EXT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

38

THOMAS and GEORGE close the door to the interrogation room.

THOMAS

I need to run an errand.

GEORGE senses something in THOMAS' voice.

GEORGE

Want me to come along?

THOMAS

Yeah.

39 INT. LE FEMME NU - NIGHT

39

A gaudy, neon lit, nightclub. THOMAS, carrying the wooden box, and GEORGE are admitted without so much as a second glance. A scantily clad young HOSTESS leads them away from the stage - where a live sex act is currently being performed - to a quiet booth in the back. GEORGE fidgets, obviously uncomfortable in these surroundings.

GEORGE

I can't stay long. I've got a blind date.

THOMAS

Shouldn't take long.

A muscular Japanese man, HARA (39), the epitome of Yakuza chic, dressed in a sport coat, long sleeved golf shirt, and slacks, his hair done in a brush cut, sits in a booth next to another HOSTESS (22), wearing a diaphanous slip.

HARA stands when he sees THOMAS and GEORGE.

HARA

Detective McManus.

THOMAS

Hara-san. You're looking healthy.

HARA scrutinizes GEORGE.

(CONTINUED)

HARA
Anata wa amari ii otoko de keisatsu
jyanai 'yo.

GEORGE
I'm sorry I don't speak Japanese.

HARA
(laughing)
You are Japanese? No?

GEORGE
My father. My mother's Chinese.

HARA
How American.

HARA turns to THOMAS.

HARA (cont'd)
You said it was urgent.

HARA sits, they join him.

THOMAS
I received this.

THOMAS hands HARA the box. HARA opens it reverently.

THOMAS (cont'd)
You know what it is?

HARA nods.

THOMAS (cont'd)
Why was it sent to me?

40 INT. STYLIZED FLASHBACK - NIGHT

40

The same images as before flash in and out, only this time the images are from HARA's point of view and seem to indict THOMAS.... Nakashima, handcuffed, being dragged away as he reaches for his dying wife. Thomas cradling her...covered in blood. The teapot spilling tea on the floor. The toddler watching in the background.

HARA (V.O.)
You killed Nakashima's wife. He didn't forget. None of us forgot what you did. You burst in to a man's home and shoot down his wife. What kind of man does this?

(CONT:)

THOMAS (V.O.)
It was a mistake.

HARA (V.O.)
You greet her with a bullet.

THOMAS (V.O.)
She was holding something...I thought...

HARA (V.O.)
You didn't think. You were covered in her blood...

THOMAS (V.O.)
I couldn't stop it. It just kept coming out of her. (BEAT) I look up. Nakashima's staring at me. He's in handcuffs and...he can't even touch her...they wouldn't let him touch her.

41 INT. LE FEMME NU - BACK TO SCENE 41

GEORGE is alarmed, he's never seen THOMAS like this.

THOMAS (cont'd)
I think of her every day.

HARA closes the lid on the box, takes a sip of his whisky and tea.

HARA
It is unusual. I will make some calls.

42 EXT. LE FEMME NU - NIGHT 42

THOMAS, still carrying the box, and GEORGE exit the club. GEORGE looks at his partner.

GEORGE
The box represents all of your past failures. You need to put it behind you. Throw it away. Break with the past, live for the future.

THOMAS
Like I said. Don't profile me.

43 EXT. ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL - NIGHT 43

GEORGE, now spruced up in pressed slacks and a fresh Aloha shirt, walks down the tiki lined path to the entrance of the classic old hotel.

44 INT. ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

44

GEORGE strolls into the massive lobby and scans the room. A couple of porcine TOURISTS from Kansas City, some blond GERMANS, and, sitting alone, a beautiful young Japanese woman, TOKIKO (23), squeezed into a very mod dress, wearing black vinyl go-go boots, with streaks of red and blue color in her chopped bob. A Tokyo fashion plate.

GEORGE smiles broadly as he approaches her.

GEORGE

Tokiko?

She looks up.

TOKIKO

He's handsome.

GEORGE extends his hand. She takes it.

GEORGE

Surprised?

TOKIKO looks him over, she smiles. They are an odd couple, yet there is an undeniable spark between them.

TOKIKO

Relieved.

45 INT. D-6 CRU HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

45

THOMAS sits staring at the wooden box on his desk. LARRY comes up.

LARRY

I checked out the phone calls from the Angelenos hotel room. Lotta calls to one place...I think it's a fancy love shack for tourists. I got the address too.

LARRY hands him a slip of paper.

THOMAS

We'll check it out tomorrow.

LARRY points to a nasty bruise on his forehead.

LARRY

You know this puts me two up on that cop in Dallas.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS

Yeah?

LARRY

(triumphant)

Once again, I am the undisputable
champion! The holder of the trophy! The
Most Assaulted Cop in America!

THOMAS

Congratulations.

LARRY moves off, still exultant, while THOMAS looks at the
address.

46 EXT. CHINATOWN STREET - NIGHT

46

THOMAS sits in his Lincoln. He takes his badge and his gun
and locks them in the glove box. He double checks the address
on the piece of paper, then gets out of the car and crosses
the street towards an OLD MAN sitting on a folding chair by a
door. THOMAS walks up to him. The OLD MAN gives THOMAS the
once over. He nods and THOMAS walks past him, down a dark
alley, to a small door.

47 INT. BORDELLO - NIGHT

47

The door opens to reveal a large candle lit atrium built
inside a warehouse. A fountain gurgles in the middle...a bar
lined with huge sake bottles...about a dozen WOMEN, dressed
in lingerie drift around two KOREAN BUSINESSMEN. THOMAS
enters, scans the room. A large MAN stands by the door. He
comes up behind THOMAS and discreetly pats him down.

An older Caucasian woman, LYNDIA (48), dressed in an Ivana
Trump meets Dragon Lady outfit, greets THOMAS.

LYNDIA

Good evening.

THOMAS

Hi.

LYNDIA

We require payment in advance. Club
rules.

THOMAS

How much is it again?

LYNDIA

Two hundred to start.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS opens his wallet and peels off some cash.

THOMAS
Glad I didn't stop for gas.

LYNDA smiles and pockets the cash.

LYNDA
We have a wide selection of girls.

Out of the corner of his eye THOMAS sees VIVIAN enter the room carrying a tray of drinks. LYNDA follows THOMAS' look.

LYNDA (cont'd)
You've made your choice?

THOMAS
Yes.

48 INT. BORDELLO ROOM - NIGHT

48

A nightstand with several candles, a pump action bottle of personal lubricant and a stack of condoms sits next to a large bed.

VIVIAN leads THOMAS in and closes the door. She is sexy, alluring.

VIVIAN
You are a big man. Relax. Take off your clothes and get on the bed.

THOMAS sits on the bed, looks at her.

THOMAS
(softly)
Who killed your brother?

VIVIAN jumps, momentarily startled.

VIVIAN
Who are you?

THOMAS
Someone who can help.

She wants to believe him, but is not convinced.

VIVIAN
Don't.

THOMAS pulls a business card out of his wallet and hands it to her. She reads it and shudders.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS
I'm investigating his murder.

VIVIAN
(handing the card back)
If they find me talking to a policeman
they will kill me.

THOMAS
Who?

VIVIAN doesn't answer.

THOMAS (cont'd)
What was your brother doing here?

VIVIAN
He wanted to take me home.

VIVIAN sits on the bed next to him.

VIVIAN (cont'd)
They told me I would clean houses for a
year, or work as a nanny. They would
give me the proper visa to live in
America.

THOMAS
Who promised you that?

VIVIAN
You sign a contract. Then a man comes and
takes you...and it is not what was
promised.

THOMAS
Give me a name. I can help.

VIVIAN
No more talk. Take off your clothes.

THOMAS shakes his head.

VIVIAN (cont'd)
You don't want to?

THOMAS
Not like this.

VIVIAN stands and puts on a robe.

VIVIAN
You have to leave here happy.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS
Who has your contract? Tell me and I'll
go. With a smile.

VIVIAN
Why do you want to help me?

THOMAS doesn't answer.

VIVIAN (cont'd)
It is too late. They are moving us to Los
Angeles. They need to make room for new
girls.

THOMAS
I can stop them.

VIVIAN looks at him.

THOMAS (cont'd)
They killed your brother.

VIVIAN
(deciding)
Frank has the contract. Frank Pipes.

CUT TO:

49 INT. BORDELLO ROOM - LATER

49

VIVIAN stands in her robe, burning THOMAS' business card in
the candle flame. Even though it hurts her to hold it, she
makes sure it is completely destroyed.

FRANK PIPES enters the room.

FRANK
Vivian? Busy?

VIVIAN reacts, his voice makes her skin crawl.

VIVIAN
Not really.

FRANK
Who was that guy?

FRANK walks up to her and touches her, putting his hands
under her robe.

VIVIAN
I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK
I heard a lot of talking.

VIVIAN
(shrugging)
He liked to talk.

FRANK kisses her neck.

FRANK
Let's be quiet for a little while.

A look of utter resignation passes over her face.

50 EXT. AKIYAMA HOUSE - MORNING 50

An older, neatly kept, clapboard home nestled amidst palm trees beside the pale turquoise of Waimanalo Bay.

51 INT. AKIYAMA HOUSE - MORNING 51

Inside the house has been transformed into a hybrid traditional Asian home. Tatami mats, worn from years of use, shoji screens, mix with heavy Chinese furniture and statues of Lin Kwan. GEORGE'S parents, EVELYN (58), a lovely Chinese woman and HIRO (60), a barrel chested Japanese man, sit at the table. EVELYN has prepared a Japanese breakfast of grilled fish, rice, and pickled vegetables.

GEORGE enters the kitchen.

GEORGE
Good morning.

He opens a cabinet and pulls out a box of Raisin Bran and pours himself a big bowl.

EVELYN
You were out late last night.

GEORGE pours milk on the cereal.

EVELYN (cont'd)
Must've had a good date.

GEORGE sits at the table and begins eating.

GEORGE
She's very nice.

EVELYN and HIRO exchange a hopeful look.

(CONTINUED)

HIRO
Is she pretty?

GEORGE
(sly)
I've never seen anyone like her.

HIRO and EVELYN beam.

EVELYN
You should bring her home for dinner.

GEORGE
I don't know... I don't want to be too
forward.

HIRO
Her parent's are old friends. They
wouldn't think that.

EVELYN
Please.

GEORGE takes a beat, relishing this.

GEORGE
I'll ask her.

Suddenly there's a knock at the door. GEORGE walks over and
opens it. THOMAS, unshaved and bedraggled, stands there. He
holds a picture of VIVIAN.

THOMAS
I found her.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT

(CONTINUED)

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

52 INT. D-6 CRU HEADQUARTERS - DAY

52

A strategy session in progress. LITTLETON stands in front of the marker board. LARRY, KAMAKAWIWO'OLE, TANUMAFILI, COWBOY, and GEORGE load guns, put on bulletproof vests, etc. They take turns checking each others gun to make sure a bullet is in the chamber. THOMAS stands next to LITTLETON, he's energized, driving the investigation.

THOMAS

We don't have much time. They're planning to move the girls. It's a whole circuit, Honolulu, LA, Las Vegas, Anchorage. Until they work off their contracts.

COWBOY

I checked with the airlines. The guys from LA came on round-trip tickets. But each one has got an extra ticket goin' back. Scheduled to leave today.

TANUMAFILI

Hard to believe Frankie finally made the big time.

THOMAS

Pipes is connected to the murder. I know it.

LITTLETON

Can you be sure?

GEORGE

The victim was trying to buy his sister out of her contract. They're worth a lot of money. That's your motive.

LITTLETON

We're gonna need evidence.

THOMAS

The contracts.

LITTLETON

(with a look towards Thomas)
You have to find them legally. No more solo trips. Don't go in without a warrant. The rest of us will run the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LITTLETON (cont'd)
Angelenos out of town before they can
move the girls.

KAMAKAWIWO'OLE
He knows we popped the Angelenos...he's
gonna be jumpy.

LITTLETON
(to Thomas)
Be careful.

53 EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

53

LITTLETON and the CRU escort ESTEBAN and the MEN down the
open, elevated, walkways of the airport.

LITTLETON
I want to thank you for accepting our
little offer. There's no reason for you
to rot in our jails when you can be on
probation at home.

ESTEBAN
We didn't do nothin' wrong.

LITTLETON
That's a good feeling, isn't it?

Suddenly LITTLETON stops - something clicks - she sees a
dozen Caucasian MEN, mixed ages, all slightly seedy looking,
escorting a dozen young Asian WOMEN. The WOMEN are dressed in
simple, rural, clothing.

LITTLETON (cont'd)
Whoa. Hello. Hello. This is my lucky day.
(BEAT) Cowboy. Get some INS people over
here pronto.

COWBOY sees what she sees and breaks into a run. LITTLETON
pulls her badge and her gun and stops the group.

LITTLETON (cont'd)
Honolulu Police. I need you all to line
up over there...against that wall.

One of the MEN looks at her.

MAN #1
Who are you guys?

(CONTINUED)

LITTLETON

You haven't heard of us? Why we're the Crime Reduction Unit. We take big, bad career criminals...like yourselves...and we find ways to make you itty little career criminals. That way we can keep you in a our pocket...or a shoebox.
(BEAT) So like the name says, you all can consider yourselves reduced.

LARRY has his gun out. A couple of UNIFORMED OFFICERS arrive for backup. Some of the MEN exchange knowing looks.

LITTLETON (cont'd)

Don't worry...we'll poke airholes in the box. We're not cruel.

She turns to KAMAKAWIWO'OLE.

LITTLETON (cont'd)

Remind me to buy a lottery ticket later.

Suddenly ESTEBAN makes a break for it. He throws his body over the side of the open walkway, and lands in the bushes.

KAMAKAWIWO'OLE and TANUMAFILI don't hesitate. They leap off the walkway after ESTEBAN.

ANGLE:

The two massive Detectives land right on top of ESTEBAN. lays there, stunned, and unable to breath.

KAMAKAWIWO'OLE

(waxing poetic)

We have a saying here - Pepe lomia e ka Inu-wai - to be crushed and mashed by the water drinking wind...

TANUMAFILI

Beautiful isn't it?

ESTEBAN groans.

54 EXT. AIRPORT - LATER

54

ESTEBAN lays on a gurney in an ambulance, his legs mangled, his ribs crushed from the impact of KAMAKAWIWO'OLE and TANUMAFILI. PARAMEDICS have rigged an IV. COWBOY sits next to ESTEBAN. ESTEBAN looks up and blinks...he doesn't have enough wind to say a word.

(CONTINUED)

COWBOY
You like the hat? Yeah? Garth Brooks has
the same kind. You know Garth?

COWBOY starts to sing.

COWBOY (cont'd)
(singing)
I got friends in low places where the
whiskey drowns and the beer chases my
blues away....

ESTEBAN lets out a moan.

COWBOY (cont'd)
It ain't like I'm singing "Prop Me Up
Beside The Juke Box When I Die"....now
that song is....sad. Funny sad, really.

COWBOY examines ESTEBAN'S torso.

COWBOY (cont'd)
I broke my ribs once, hurt like a
mother... You want some advice? Never
walk behind a horse. That's right...makes
'em nervous...like you're gonna poke 'em
with somethin'. That's why they kick.
They don't trust people. People just
aren't trustworthy. Horses know that.
Must be what they mean by horse sense.
I'm the same way. I got horse sense. You
come creepin' up behind me...I'll kick
your ass. Yup. Kick it bad.

The Ambulance starts up, COWBOY stands and looks back at
ESTEBAN.

COWBOY (cont'd)
Nice talkin' with ya.

A PARAMEDIC shuts the door. COWBOY watches the Ambulance
drive off.

55 INT. MUSTANG - EVENING

GEORGE pulls the car to the curb of a Chinatown street and
looks down an alley. THOMAS follows his look. They sees the
cluster of LOCALS and two MEN holding roosters.

GEORGE
Cockfight.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS
Yeah. Looks that way.

GEORGE
Let's take them down.

THOMAS
We've got bigger fish.

GEORGE turns off the car, looks at THOMAS.

GEORGE
This is what bugs me about you.

THOMAS
What?

GEORGE
The big fish, little fish thing. I mean there's always a bigger fish. That doesn't mean the little fish get to break the law.

THOMAS
Hey, I love putting people in jail.

GEORGE gets out of the car and walks towards the cockfight.
THOMAS reluctantly follows.

56 EXT. ALLEY - EVENING

56

The group of MEN look warily at GEORGE as he approaches.
GEORGE walks right up to one of the MEN holding a rooster.

GEORGE
Hey. Hi. You know I couldn't help noticing your bird here.

MAN HOLDING ROOSTER
Who are you?

GEORGE
(flashing his badge)
Sorry. Inspector Akiyama, Department of Agriculture.

The MAN HOLDING ROOSTER shifts nervously.

GEORGE (cont'd)
There's been an outbreak of Malaysian Fowl Influenza. We're trying to contain it.

(CONTINUED)

MAN HOLDING ROOSTER
Nothin' wrong with this bird.

GEORGE checks the roosters eyes.

GEORGE
Looks like early stage MFI. We're going
to have to quarantine this bird.

The MEN back away from the contaminated rooster. The MAN
HOLDING ROOSTER looks like he's about to cry.

In the background THOMAS notices a withered OLD MAN, who'd
been sitting on the folding chair near the entrance to the
bordello, see them and begin walking down the alley. GEORGE
sees what THOMAS sees. The OLD MAN has made them...and is
about to warn FRANK.

GEORGE
I'll give you a receipt.

GEORGE, with the rooster tucked under his arm, and THOMAS
sprint after the OLD MAN. GEORGE pulls his walkie-talkie out
of his back pocket and radios.

GEORGE (cont'd)
(into radio)
Akiyama and McManus proceeding into
building... get that warrant here...

57 INT. BORDELLO OFFICE - NIGHT

57

FRANK PIPES sits behind a desk, taking contracts out of a
small safe and putting them into his briefcase. There's a
tapping at his door.

FRANK
Yeah?

The OLD MAN sticks his head in.

OLD MAN
There's police outside Mr. Pipes.

FRANK
Thank you.

58 INT. BORDELLO - NIGHT

THOMAS and GEORGE walk through the door into the large area.
There are several CUSTOMERS and WOMEN in the room. MAN #2
approaches them.

(CONTINUED)

MAN #2
Can I help you?

GEORGE
(flashing his badge)
Where's Frank?

Before MAN #2 can answer, MAN #3, this one packing an Heckler & Koch SP89 automatic weapon, enters the room and sprays fire at THOMAS and GEORGE.

THOMAS and GEORGE dive for cover as MAN #2 becomes the recipient of a half dozen bullets. The CUSTOMERS and WOMEN scatter. Run out the door. Others cower.

GEORGE and THOMAS return fire as MAN #3 runs towards them. One of GEORGE'S bullets ricochets off the ground and blows a hole in MAN #3's foot. MAN #3 falls into the fountain. GEORGE releases the cock and runs towards MAN #3.

FRANK PIPES and LYNDA, come out of the corridor and see THOMAS and GEORGE. They turn and run back down the hallway.

GEORGE (cont'd)
(indicating Man #3)
I got him. You go.

THOMAS runs for the corridor, while GEORGE pulls MAN #3, dazed and wounded, out of the pool.

59 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

59

The rest of the CRU has arrived. LITTLETON is on the radio. COWBOY and LARRY are climbing the fire escape. KAMAKAWIWO'OLE takes a shotgun and creeps through the front door. TANUMAFILI follows.

60 INT. BORDELLO CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

60

LYNDA has disappeared. THOMAS has a clear shot at FRANK when a curious young WOMAN sticks her head out of her room...THOMAS almost shoots her. He looks up at the last second...stricken. FRANK fires and THOMAS has to duck for cover.

61 INT. BORDELLO - CONTINUOUS

61

GEORGE is trying to cuff MAN #3 when suddenly the BARTENDER jumps up with a handgun and blasts at him. GEORGE shoves MAN #3's face under water, to keep him subdued, as he fires back at the BARTENDER. The BARTENDER ducks behind the bar, then jumps back up with a Benelli M3 Automatic 12 gauge shotgun...a very bad looking piece of hardware.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

47.
61

GEORGE knows better than to stay...he launches himself towards cover as the auto shotgun shreds the room.

62 INT. BORDELLO CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

62

THOMAS begins a room by room search for FRANK.

THOMAS kicks in a door and sees a frightened young WOMAN huddled in the corner. He moves back into the hallway. Shadows flit across the walls.

Another door. Another room. Another WOMAN.

THOMAS reaches the door to VIVIAN'S room. He opens it gently. VIVIAN sits on her bed, as if expecting him.

THOMAS
Vivian. You Ok?

VIVIAN
(quickly)
They keep a record of everything in the office. I heard them say they're going to burn it.

THOMAS
Let's get you out of here.

63 INT. BORDELLO - CONTINUOUS

63

Thick smoke fills the room, the debris settles. GEORGE looks up and sees the BARTENDER hurdle the bar and run towards the door. The BARTENDER runs smack into TANUMAFILI and KAMAKAWIWO'OLE. GEORGE nods and runs after THOMAS.

64 INT. BORDELLO CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

64

GEORGE rounds the corner just in time to see...THOMAS leading VIVIAN out of her room as LYNDA, armed with a Tec-9 machine pistol comes up behind them.

GEORGE
(shouting)
Down!

THOMAS reacts instinctively...he covers VIVIAN, knocking her to the floor as LYNDA pulls the trigger. GEORGE shoots LYNDA in the shoulder. She reels backwards, wounded, into a room.

THOMAS pulls VIVIAN to her feet. Suddenly FRANK bursts out of a room with two handguns blasting. THOMAS shoves VIVIAN into a room and dives after her. GEORGE does the same as wood

(CONTINUED)

splinters fly. FRANK ducks into another room. For a moment the hallway is empty except for smoke. A long, quiet, beat.

THOMAS hears a WOMAN screaming for help in a room at the far end of the hall. He slips into the hallway, moving stealthily towards the sound. THOMAS creeps past the room where FRANK is hidden - THOMAS checks the room but doesn't see FRANK.

As THOMAS moves warily towards the screaming WOMAN. FRANK slips out of hiding and comes up behind him, ready to pull the trigger when...BOOM! FRANK falls to the ground. THOMAS turns in time to see GEORGE standing behind FRANK, the barrel of his gun still smoking.

The two men exchange a look as sirens sound in the distance.

65 INT. AKIYAMA HOUSE - AFTERNOON

65

HIRO and EVELYN sit waiting. They are excited, giddy. They hear a car pull up and run to the door. They open the door to reveal GEORGE and TOKIKO. TOKIKO has really outdone herself, she's wearing a leather mini-skirt and black bra under a see-through top. Her hair is streaked with orange, blue, and red. Her face painted in neo-Samurai make-up.

HIRO and EVELYN stand there, open-mouthed and speechless.

GEORGE

I told you. She's one in a million.

GEORGE can't contain his grin.

66 EXT. YAKUZA HOUSE - AFTERNOON

66

THOMAS parks his car in front of a spectacular house set on cliffs overlooking the beach in Kahala. A young JAPANESE MAN waits at the front door. THOMAS, carrying the wooden box, walks towards him. The JAPANESE MAN holds his hand out and THOMAS gives him his gun. THOMAS removes his shoes and follows the MAN into the house.

67 INT. YAKUZA HOUSE - AFTERNOON

The interior is elegant, austere, and surprisingly modern. Tortured bonsai trees line the walls of the main room. The MAN leads THOMAS to a small room that opens on to a beautiful garden overlooking the ocean and gestures for him to sit.

THOMAS puts the wooden box on a low table and sits on the floor. A middle aged JAPANESE WOMAN (44) enters with a tray. She smiles at THOMAS and places a small sake cup in front of him.

(CONTINUED)

JAPANESE WOMAN

Sake?

THOMAS

Please.

She pours from a large bottle. As she does this, a large man, wearing only a rolled cotton G-string (what Sumo wrestlers wear), his body covered with incredibly beautiful and intricate tattoos, enters the room and sits at the table across from THOMAS. He is NOBURO TAKAYAMA (50), the Obayun, the Yakuza Godfather. He grunts and the WOMAN pours him a sake. She bows and exits.

The OBAYUN lifts his sake and nods at THOMAS. They both drink.

THOMAS (cont'd)

Thank you for seeing me, Takayama-san. I realize it is unusual, but I have an unusual problem.

THOMAS hands TAKAYAMA the wooden box. TAKAYAMA opens it.

TAKAYAMA

He sent this to you?

THOMAS

Yes.

TAKAYAMA pulls the skin out and reverently unrolls it across the table. He points out a large red carp in the tattoo. He smiles at THOMAS.

TAKAYAMA

The carp is a very brave fish. When you go to kill it, it holds still. Knowing it has lost, the carp shows his strength of character.

TAKAYAMA takes a sip of his sake. THOMAS notices that TAKAYAMA also has a large carp tattooed on his back.

TAKAYAMA (cont'd)

A Yakuza can only send his skin to another Yakuza.

THOMAS

I'm certainly not Yakuza.

TAKAYAMA

Nakashima believed you to be.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS looks skeptical.

TAKAYAMA (CONT'D)

He has honored you.

THOMAS

I don't understand.

TAKAYAMA

Ya-ku-za. It means eight-nine-three. It is a losing hand in an old card game. To be Yakuza is to be a loser.

THOMAS

A loser?

TAKAYAMA

You Americans are so literal. Being a loser gives you strength. Your actions can not dishonor you, you no longer have honor. You have lost everything, there is nothing to lose. You can be strong, fearless, for the worst outcome has already fallen on you. (BEAT) This is a very special freedom.

THOMAS

Freedom from what?

TAKAYAMA

You have taken two lives by your actions.

THOMAS

Only one.

TAKAYAMA

No. You have taken your own as well.

This hits THOMAS.

TAKAYAMA (cont'd)

You have no family.

THOMAS

True.

TAKAYAMA

You are more a ghost than Nakashima's wife. His skin is a message.

THOMAS sips his sake, he is flooded with emotions. TAKAYAMA smiles.

(CONTINUED)

TAKAYAMA (cont'd)

It takes some getting used to. This is Nakashima's gift. It will make you strong again. If you accept it. He is at peace. The rest is up to you.

68 EXT. WAIKIKI BEACH - MAGIC HOUR

68

VIVIAN sits on the sand. Tiki torches flicker in the breeze behind her as conchs sound and cocktail hour begins. THOMAS comes up to her with an overstuffed manila envelope. He sits next to her.

THOMAS

You're free to go.

VIVIAN

Where?

THOMAS

This was your brothers.

THOMAS sits next to her and hands her the envelope. She opens the envelope and gasps.

VIVIAN

How did he get this much money?

THOMAS

(shrugs)

Enough for a fresh start.

VIVIAN looks into his eyes, they share a moment of mutual attraction and empathy.

VIVIAN

I think I owe you something.

THOMAS considers for a beat, then shakes his head.

THOMAS

Not like this. You don't owe anyone anything.

He stands and walks off down the beach.

69 EXT. ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL - NIGHT

GEORGE and TOKIKO stroll back towards the hotel. They are giddy, laughing, enjoying each other.

(CONTIN :

GEORGE

The look on their faces...I can't thank you enough.

TOKIKO

My parent's try the same thing. Only I think they'd approve of you.

GEORGE

No they wouldn't. I don't speak Japanese.

TOKIKO laughs.

TOKIKO

Well I approve of you.

They stop in front of the hotel. TOKIKO looks into his eyes.

TOKIKO (cont'd)

Would you like to come in?

GEORGE hesitates. He wants to go with her, but... ..

GEORGE

I would, but I have this... predilection.

He whispers in her ear.

TOKIKO

(grinning)

I've got just the thing.

70 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

70

TOKIKO, wearing a bright red wig, and GEORGE are laying in bed. Kissing, fondling, playing around.

TOKIKO

You want to learn some Japanese words?

GEORGE

I know a few.

She smiles at him, mischievously.

TOKIKO

You don't know these.

And she dives under the covers.

71 INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

71

GEORGE and TOKIKO lay sleeping. Wrapped in each others arms. The windows to the balcony are open, the curtains swaying to an ocean breeze. Suddenly a rooster begins crowing and we see, standing on the balconies railing, the rooster GEORGE rescued from the cockfight.

FADE TO BLACK.